

Reitume

The

Gift

Prologue ✨

A woman's duty is to endure.

You have to be strong ausi.

Tears are for the weak.

Carry the whole world on your shoulders if you have to.

I've been hearing these things almost all my life, that's basically how I was raised. My mother used to say "You're not just going to be a woman ausi, you have to earn that title". Little did I know back then that I was raised that way to be shipped off into marriage right after I finish highschool.

But things weren't always bad at home. My parents were loving, I got along very well

with my siblings and I loved who I was, what I lived and who I lived it with.

Life is different now. I'm 27 years old and I'm a grown woman who now understands that life ain't all rosey.

Many think I live a lavish life. I mean who wouldn't? My house is fabulous, my husband is a very successful businessman and I wear sunglasses that amount to other people's annual car instalments.

If only they knew what goes on behind these walls. The torture, the fear, the oppression. My husband is a 49 year old man, and I hate him with all that is within

me. We got engaged when I was 17 and the following year when other kids were busy choosing and deciding on their looks for the matric farewell I went wedding dress shopping and preparing for my wedding day with an old hag. We've been married for 9 years now and nothing has been better since day one. I submit to him to a point where it disgusts me, coz if I don't he'd send me to the ground with the back of his hand, sometimes it's a fist, it depends on his mood.

Join me on this journey...

Insert 1

“Thank you for all your help doctor” I say as I stand up from the chair.

“The pleasure is all mine Mrs Mokete, have yourselves a good afternoon” she says and stands up, I flash a smile. My husband and I walk out of the office and down the passage to the parking lot. He’s walking in front of me and in a very fast pace I must say. I have to run my ass behind him, while avoiding looks and stares, until we get to the parking lot. Him and I get into the car and he speeds off. My head bumps the car roof a couple of times as he passes speedbumps like they’re stop signs. He’s really angry, I guess I’ll be getting punches instead of slaps tonight, I can already feel tears threatening but I hold them in.

SLAP I guess I was wrong then. The next one comes too quick, before I even get to hold my cheek. Now the tears roll, they roll out of my eyes and drop on my chest. I quickly wipe them and cover my face with my arms. That just triggers him to batter my thighs with his hand. I'm quiet, he quiet, the only thing audioable is his hand whipping my flesh.

It's always like this. He doesn't say much when he hits me, he just breathes heavily and lets out a loud groan when it's gone and passed.

The car swiftly stops and I bump my head on the car roof again. Headacheeeee.

"Get out" the monster says calmly. I quickly open my door and he roughly pushes me out. I fall on my side on the pavement and

he speeds off, leaving me lying there. I gather strength and halt myself to my feet. On my way to the house I lock eyes with Vuyo, the gateman. Oh my god did he see what just happened???? Nobody should know about this except me and my husband. He continues staring at me with a concerned look on his face until I look forward and resume to walk towards the door.

Sigh, my house, cold as always. I drag my body up the stairs and change my clothes. I get dressed in leggings and a baggy t-shirt. I pull my socks up to my knees and head downstairs to start cooking. If that man comes home and doesn't find a warm meal waiting for him he's going to hurt me, as usual. Wait...he didn't groan after he hit

me...which means he's not done with me yet...

.....

Mzwakhe's POV

I just got home from work and I'm drained. That motherfucker called Mikai just can't make up his mind about what he wants and it fucken pisses me the fuck off, nxxx.

Right now I wish I didn't have to deal with his arrogant ass but I want that 6 million euros he's bringing into my pocket so I might as well deal nje.

I'm eating cornflakes with cold milk at 9pm. Being a bachelor is really a problem when it

comes to this part but I'm not ready to put down my player card, just not yet. My friends are all married and they often advice me to settle down, but I'm not there yet. They talk about the homemade food, the clean house and everything else, they are whipped those ones. Imagine giving up all the booty calls for that, just that, argh I'd rather continue eating cold cornflakes at 9pm, I don't mind wethu.

I get in and out of the shower and after that and get into bed. I'm still fucking mad about fucken Mikai, fuck him, nxxx! I doze off...

.....

Boitumelo's POV

I managed to get out of the bedroom this morning to get the monster ready for work although my body stings. I'm busy making it breakfast so it can vanish off to work asap. I don't even want to look at it, the sight of it makes me wanna gag.

It finished me off with fists when it returned home and when it finally groaned like the monster it is I let out a sigh of relief although I was bleeding. But it was too soon for relief. As I laid my aching body on the bed it kicked me off so hard that my body banged on the cold tile floor, for a minute I felt myself fading away.

I had to sleep there, let's forget the fact that it's winter and the tile gets super cold during this time of the year, let's just focus on the fact that I was bleeding and the walls

of my mendula oblongata were buzzing louder than the most annoying mosquito. I could've stood up and walked to a guestroom but that would've gotten me slashed even more. So for my own sake I just laid there, with no blanket and no pillow, and I managed to doze off.

It walks down the stairs hours later, the mofo bathes like a woman, even I don't take that much time dolling up though. He's his own tupa woman this one. It sits on the dining room table and waits for me to bring its food. *Damn it Boitumelo! You're not done cooking! Shit!*

“I don’t have all day mosadi (woman)” it says checking its wristwatch. My palms start sweating.

“Uhm...It’s going to be ready in a few minutes honey” I say.

“Argh mahn forget it! You’re one useless piece of crap! Nx!” it says standing up from his chair.

“Are you going to skip breakfast darling?” I ask as it walks to the door.

“I’ll eat at Mimi’s house” it says and bangs the door shut. Good riddance! I hope she packs it lunch as well so the monster won’t have to come home during the day to eat. I gag when I remember that I just called him honey and darling, sies to me. I finish up cooking this heavy breakfast of his, it eats pap and meat with salads for breakfast that

one. That's why it has that disgusting mkhaba (belly).

I clean up the kitchen and start cleaning the rest of the house. I'm not allowed to hire a maid so I do all that by myself. "I will not have a lazy wife nna, my wife will do everything by herself" the monster said when I asked for a maid.

Oh uhm, Mimi is the monster's mistress, they've been together for 2 years now. You're probably wondering why I'm not at all bothered by this so let me tell you why, Mimi does what I don't want to do, including having sex with the monster. I like her, she's a distresser that one. She does things to spite me but yoh nna I don't give a fuck hle. Sometimes the monster sleeps over at her place and he comes home late

everyday and that honestly makes me happy. I finish up cleaning and get myself ready to head out. I have to go shopping, the groceries are getting finished now.

.....

Mzwakhe's POV

I escape office after dealing with that mofo once and for all. I'm happy that I did manage to secure the 6 million dollars. But this bachelor doesn't have food, nor does he have a partner who can do shopping for him...well there's some people...but they're not exactly my partners although they think they are...but...whatever, you won't understand.

Foodlovers is packed, I can't even find a parking space here. I give up and head to the mall. I pull my hoodie over my head and head into the mall. Why am I trying to hide myself? It's a long story.

Anyway I grab a trolley and start picking out what I came here for, first fruits. I pick up bottles of whiskey as well, I can't resist. I stock up my fridge with frozen foods coz I don't like going out to these fast food outlets, not even to get takeaways, even the drive-through is a problem.

Yoh! This lady is taking forever! What's so hard in decide what she wants?

"Excuse me miss" I say, pissed beyond all fuckeries. She looks up and...oh my god. I swear if I had something in my hand right

now it would've dropped on the floor. I snap out of the amazement and I compose myself. She's still looking at me.

"You sure do take a lot of time grocery shopping" I say. What did I just say? Did I really just say that crap? But she smiles, and chuckles. Damn she has a killer smile.

"Oh sorry, I didn't notice that you were there" she says and moves her trolley back.

"It's okay, I can wait for you to finish" I say.

"Sure?" she asks.

"Sure"

She moves her trolley forward again and looks into the fridge. I can't help but stare at her beauty. She puts things in her trolley and closes the fridge. She then smiles at me.

“Thank you” she says and walks away.
Damn, that walk... Wait! I didn't get her name. I run behind her but I can't see her anymore. I quickly pay and decide to wait for her outside the store. Am I really standing outside Checkers for a lady to tell me her name? What has my life come to? What is this lady doing to me?

She walks out an hour later with an overflowing trolley. Yes I waited for an hour. I run to her, and she gets startled.

“Oh sorry for scaring you” I say.

“Oh it's okay, for a minute I thought I was getting robbed” she says with a smile. That smile will be the death of me, god bless.

“I apologise, I’m Mzwakhe” I say. She looks up at me with a smirk as we continue walking to the parking lot.

“Just Mzwakhe?”

“Yeeeeeah”

“Well I’m Boitumelo, Mrs Boitumelo Mokete” she says wiggling her fingers at me. Ouch. She has a big shiny ring on her ring finger. Why does that hurt?

“So you’re taken?”

“Yah” she says. The fact that she just admitted that makes my heart ache again. We stop by a Hundai SUV, I’m guessing that’s her car. I become a gentleman and help her load the grocery in the boot.

“So Mrs Mokete why are you hiding under that hoodie?” I ask.

“You’re also wearing a hoodie, why are you wearing it?” she asks.

“Because I’m trying to avoid drama, and other things” I say, which is funny because I wouldn’t answer that question if it was asked by someone else. She frowns.

“What drama?”

She doesn’t know who I am I guess.

“It’s a long story, you still haven’t answered my question”

She chuckles and shakes her head.

“I’ll see you around Mr Mzwakhe” she says and gets into the car.

“But you still haven’t answered me”

“I don’t have to” she says, closes the door and drives away. Cocky much, not what I expected from that heavenly face but I like it.

I get to my car and pack my shopping. After that I drive off to my apartment. Boitumelo Mokete...I can’t stop smiling to myself when I think about that killer smile.

(The next insert will follow when this one hits at least 20 likes 😊)

Insert 2

Boitumelo’s POV

SNIFF Aaah I caught a flu. It's really bad
ey but I've decided to go to a chemist to
purchase cough syrup instead of visiting the
doctor. I'll be fine after that. Afterall I'm a
big girl, a woman, I can't be whining about
such things. I can't decide which medicine
to buy though. They all look okay, I guess.

"Gal let's go out" a text comes in. It's from
Roxy. God be with me.

"Can't, flu" I text back. The amount of
words I just used there is a percentage of
how much I enjoy her company, (not very
much). The half Chinese half Coloured
woman visits me too often and acts like
we're close friends. We met 5 months ago
through our husbands and I don't want to

meet her unless it's at a business dinner or some conference.

"Ncoww, I'm so sorry babe. I'm coming over with snacks and movies" she texts. I could tell her that I'm not at the house right now but she's very pushy, I won't be surprised to find her at my gate waiting for me.

"Okay" I text back and put my phone in the pocket of my sweater. So yaaaah... choosing cough syrup. Hai why is this so hard though?

"Even at the chemist? You know how to do your thing woman! Woman with a hoodie" - ??

I look up...it's a man. I recognise him. Ohhh we met at Checkers about a week ago. I

don't have a good memory, especially when it comes to names, but I remember his, he said his name is Mzwakhe. He's smiling, I return the smile.

"It's not my fault there's so many different brands" I say and shrug. "And leave my hoodie out of this" I say. He chuckles.

"You know I'm know for making the best medicine, I'll brew up something for you" he says.

"Are you asking me to put a stamp on my death? No thank you Mr Mzwakhe" I say. We both laugh. He's a fiiiine looking man I have to admit.

“I wouldn’t intentionally harm such a beautiful lady, trust me” he says with a smile revealing his dimple.

“Naah, thank you very much but I’ll stick to these” I say and try choosing a bottle.

“It’d be so much better choosing to trust me you know, look at you busting your brains about choosing a medicine brand” he says. I just chuckle and shake my head. “Tell you what I’ll quickly go home to brew your medicine and I’ll bring it to you” he says. Wow, the people we meet out here though.

“Okay Mr Mzwakhe” I say to get him off my back.

“I’ll see you soon Miss Boitumelo” he says and turns around. Smh, crazy individual.

I anyways pick up a bottle and head to the paying counter. Then I head out of the chemist and drive back home. I find Roxy parked at my gate, told yaa. She's one persistent woman. She drives in behind me and parks in the driveway. I get out of the car and we meet each other halfway.

"Hey baby, where have you been?" she says hugging me.

"The chemist to buy cough syrup, sorry for keeping you waiting for so long, I should have told you" I say pulling out of the hug.

"It's okay babe, how are you feeling?"

I feel like I've been run over by a train.

Extreme headache, aching body, fever, you name it.

"I'll be fine babe, and you?" I ask.

“I’m good thanks for asking” she says.

“You do look good” I say smiling. She’s draped in Versace. She chuckles.

“Thank you babe, but you look like the exact opposite. That hoodie hides so much of your beautiful features” she says trying to take it off. I chuckle and stop her.

“Let’s go inside Roxy” I say. I open the door and let her in first. It’s not as cold as usual coz the sun has made its way through the windows and warmed it up a bit.

“Oh and I brought wine, white, just the way you like it” she says. She’s not kidding, it is my favourite. But I’m wondering how she knew this coz I never told her. I chuckle.

“Thank you babe, you’re the best” I say.

“Lemme go get glasses from the kitchen so

we can get the party started” I say and head for the kitchen. I come back with glasses to find her all comfortable on my couch with no shoes on. I join her with a big fleece blanket I just got from the laundry room and we get comfortable together. The first movie is For Coloured Girls. One of the movies I don't like watching because it's filled with so much emotion. Especially when it comes to Helen, damn she's got it bad.

By the end of the movie Roxy and I have salt water leaking out of our eyes and trying to comfort each other. Geez, I'm never watching this movie again. We binge on more wine and I swear the next glass is going to send me into drunkenness coz I'm already feeling tipsy.

Movie number two; Why did I get married too.

In the middle of the movie we're disturbed by my ringtone. I'm already annoyed thinking it's the monster. But I'm surprised to see that it's an unknown number. Weird, I don't remember giving anyone new my numbers though.

"Hello?"

"Doctor Nxumalo has come to deliver Miss Boitumelo's medicine" – Caller. What? Doctor Nxumalo? Medi.....ohhhh.

"Mzwakhe?" – me. He chuckles.

"Yes it's me, come get your medicine" – him. What?

“Come get.....?? Come where?” – me. I’m really confused now.

“Come outside your house, I’m waiting” – him. What the heck? What does he mean he’s outside my house? He hangs up while I’m still asking myself those questions.

“What’s wrong babe? That didn’t sound like a pleasant call” Roxy says.

“It’s nothing babe, I’ll be right back” I say and get up from the couch. I’m scared to death right now. This guy is seriously starting to creep me out. How did he know where I live? How did he get my numbers? And now that I think about it he might have come to the chemist to meet me coz I remember very well that he didn’t purchase anything. Oh my god, is he stalking me? I

instantly snap out of being tipsy at the thought of that. Does he want to kidnap me? Should I call the police?

Mzwakhe's POV

I'm in Jim Foché Park parked outside Boitumelo's house. It took me a week to finally figure out where she lives, and to get her cell number. My stuurboys say it's hard to find out more about her so I had to call up one of my friends to do that for me. It took him 4 hours. We call him Fly, because he can get through everything and anything in no time, just like a fly.

I'm feeling all sorts of emotions as I patiently wait for Boitumelo to come out. I

feel like a bloody teenager. A call comes in, it's her. I'm already smiling like a retard.

"I'm st-"

"Go away" she says. Huh?

"I'm not sure I understand Boitumelo"

"Listen Mzwakhe I refuse to be a victim of such things, please leave before I call the police on you, and don't ever call me again, please" she says. A victim of what things? She hangs up. I'm so fucken confused, I don't even know what to do now.

.....

Boitumelo's POV

I hope that call makes him back off once and for all. My hands are still shaking. I put

my phone on the kitchen counter and walk back to the lounge.

“Are you okay babe?” Roxy asks, looking concerned. I sit down next to her.

“Yeah I’m fine, listen Roxy I have to start cooking before my husband comes home. It was really nice binging with you” I say to her.

“But our movie isn’t out yet” she says.

“Yeah I know but I just really need to start cooking” I say.

“Are you sure you’re okay babe?” she asks looking at me. I also look at her deep in her eyes. Sigh, I eventually give up the tough appearance and tell her the whole thing...

“Geez babes, that’s kinda creepy” she says. I know bruh. There’s a knock on the door and I get so startled. What if he managed to get past security? Roxy stands up and walks to the door. She opens up and...oh it’s Vuyo.

“A man just told me to give this bottle to Tumi” he says handing Roxy a Tupperware bottle.

“Thank you” Roxy says and Vuyo walks away. I look at the green bottle with so much fear, I don’t know what’s going on with me. Roxy puts it on the kitchen counter and takes another look at it. “It looks harmless to me though” she says and shrugs. Yes it does but you never really know. “Are you sure you want to be alone?” she asks. On second thoughts I want Roxy’s

company right now. She helps me cook, well she takes over my kitchen while I sit by the kitchen counter. I dig my eyes on the bottle and dig deep into my brain. This Mzwakhe guy is the only thing though.

.....

Mzwakhe's POV

I feel like my head is cracking. Boitumelo...I can't get her off my mind. I'm asking myself what the fuck I did wrong. And what the fuck was she talking about when she said what what victim?

"Did I do something to offend you Boitumelo?" this is the 4th message I sent to her. I'm thinking of sending another one.

“Mzwakhe!” ?? I snap out of my thoughts immediately. They’re all looking at me.

“What?”

“Ungathi what apha, you’re the one who has to tell us what the fuck is going on with you” Dorado says.

“We’ve been talking here and you’re there staring at your phone like your whole world depends on it” Alma says. Argh. I look down at my phone again.

“Mzwakhe marn!” Sthe says.

“Thatha le phone” Mayson says. My phone swiftly gets snatched out of my hand. Argh baya dika laba. I let them be.

“Hey mjita who the hell is Boitumelo? And why are you starting at her numbers?” – Dorado.

“Ungenaphi wena? Zisani iphone yam marn” I snap.

“It’s clear what’s going on apha, this man is whipped” – Sthe.

“No mjita, there’s no way” – Mayson.

“Look at him mfwethu, and then tell me what those puppy eyes” – Sthe. There’s silence for a while, then these motherfucken idiots burst out laughing. They think this is fucken funny, nx!

“My man, you’re whipped?” – Alma. I just glance at him and continue gulping my beer.

“Hee! I never thought I’d see the day!
Mighty Mzwakhe?! Whipped?!” – Mayson.

“Fuck you marn!” – me. They continue
laughing, until they decide it’s not funny
anymore.

“So tell us ke mfwethu” Dorado says giving
me back my phone.

“Tell you what?” I snap.

“Tell us about Boitumelo mjita” – Alma.

“There’s nothing to tell” I say dismissively.

“Ahh come on man, there’s definitely
something going on if you’re this gloomy”
Mayson says.

“Leave me alone marn” I say. This bunch of
idiots is really starting to get on my nerves.

“Come on mjita” Dorado says throwing his arm around my shoulders.

“You know we gatt you man, just tell us, who knows whether we’ll be able to help you or not?” – Sthe. I look at them...sigh...gulp my beer...sigh again...and then I tell them everything.

“...I mean I don’t get it, everything was fine, she even agreed to let me make her cough medicine, all of a sudden she fucken flips, telling me that I should never call her again and all that crap”

“Wait, did you just say that this woman is married?” – Alma. I nod.

“Haibo then it’s a good thing she told you to back off, you can’t be hitting on other people’s wives” – Mayson.

“Mjita if you umncwasile the way you’re telling us then you need to go after her” – Sthe.

“Blade are you serious?” – Mayson.

“Man look how fucken whipped this idiot is, finally someone was able to get him on a leash” – Sthe.

“True, this lady has to be something special” – Dorado.

“I wasn’t going to give up on her anyway, that woman is mine married or not, she’s mine” – me.

“Aybo listen to this 31 year old bully” – Mayson.

“Hold on mjita, hold on to her” Dorado says and pats my back.

“Just make sure you the husband doesn’t kill you” – Alma. We all turn to look at him, and burst out laughing. Imagine me being killed by some random Sotho man, what a joke.

(Still love you Pookies ✨)

Insert 3

I’m still not able to sleep. It’s exactly 4am and Boitumelo has my thoughts captive. Now it’s clear to me that this woman is not just beautiful but there’s something more about her that draws me to her. I don’t

know what it is but it has made her the first and last person I think about in a day.

Damn, I think I'm really whipped. What is this woman doing to me?

Boitumelo's POV

"Cook a feast tonight, the kids are coming over" he says putting on his wristwatch.

"I'll do so Mokete" I say looking down. I'm not allowed to make eye contact with him, and I'm not allowed to call him by his name, he considers it very disrespectful. I'm interested to know why the kids would come home during the week but I'm not allowed to ask "too many questions", he'd smack me silly.

Oh Hines (the monster's name) has 3 children, they existed before I came into the family though. The first born, Mokete is just 2 years younger than me. He's recently graduated from university as a lawyer and he's now scouting for a job. Second born Tshidi is a journalist trying to make her way up the ladder. Tshidiso, the last born, is studying in the UK and he's very troublesome, like most boys his age. Although we're a few years apart these kids have a lot of respect for me, and weirdly enough none for their father.

Mokete and I don't talk much, but when we do it turns into a blast. Tshidi was going through those teenage things that make her

moody when she and I met, but I've always understood because I've been there as well. She used to call me and her father 'lame', that child never understood black people shame. But now she's getting better, I was the first person she called when she got her big break in one of the most popular newspaper companies in South Africa. And then Tshidiso, my baby. He's always calling me complaining about not having this and that, and how the campus is stressful and all that. He still sees me as his mom. I raised him since he was 2 years old when I got in this marriage and he's been my baby ever since. I never heard anything about his biological mother but when we first met he called me Dimamzo (slang for Mommy), so yaaah...Dimamzo I've been.

Honestly speaking these kids make this marriage better, although they know their father's true colours. I often tell them not to bother themselves with such but it affects them so much. I remember the day Tshidiso discovered bruises on my neck after Hines had strangled me, he was sooo mad. He even went up against the monster and fought with him. I had to stop that fight with the police. This is the reason I refuse to be impregnated by the monster, this is no environment to raise a child, it was hard enough when Tshidiso was young and I'm not doing that again.

Anyways...so yah they're coming home. Like I said, they don't usually come home during

weekdays, actually they don't come home unless I ask them to. I wonder what's going on now. Imma call the last born and check, but right now I have to head out to buy red velvet cake ingredients. I always bake them a "thank you for finally dragging your important selves here, here's a cake to compensate all the trouble" cake to make them feel guilty.

.....
I've got everything I need to bake the cake for tonight. I also picked up things like custard, whip cream and a ton of other junk, I've always been a fan of spoiling the kids. And my mom is so against it, she says that spoiled kids grow up to be irresponsible adults with bad attitudes. I disagree with that statement till this day, I believe it's all

in the way you raise your kids. You can teach them humanity and kindness whilst still making sure that they're smiles grow wider each day with all the materialistic things you get them. Besides, what's wealth when your kids don't benefit from it? I'm here at the supermarket just these things and I took an hour, I'm sure by now you've noticed how indecisive I am.

“Hey wena moshemanyane o lebetse ona le mme ka Soutafrika? (Hey you boy did you forget that you have a mother in South Africa?)” I say when he finally answers.

“Eish Dimamzo, neketlo o founela eseng kgale, dintshang? (Eish Mommy I was about to call you soon, what's up?)” he says.

“So your own mother had to hear from other people that her long lost son is finally coming home to visit?”

“Eish Dimamzo why the drama now? It hasn't been too long, don't say I'm long lost”

“Drama? Are you saying that I'm melodramatic now?”

“Calm down Dimamzo. Okay fine I'm sorry for not telling you about my trip to SA but I wanted to surprise you. But I also didn't know about this until a few hours ago so I didn't have time to inform you”

“Oh okay, didn't he tell you what the meet is about though?”

“Nope, I thought you knew about this”

“Nope, mababy you’ll call me when you land right?”

“Sho, love ya”

“Love you too”

I hang up. By the time I finish talking on the phone it’s my turn to pay. I greet the cashier and she starts tilling my items. I pay and head out.

When I left the house I made sure I left the kid’s bedrooms ready and spick and span. I also left the turkey to marinade and the beef stew in the slow cooker with the potatoes. I still have to make the salads and cook the pap though. Oh, and I have a cake to bake.

“Boitumelo!” ???

“Boitumelo!” ??? This time I turn around and my sight lands on...jizas! Now I’m not scared I’m angry. I turn around again and speed up. This guy is really stalking me.

“Tumi please wait” he says and grabs my arm. I swiftly turn around to face him.

“Please hear me out Tumi” he says.

“Listen to me Mzwakhe I wasn’t joking when I said I’m going to call the police if you don’t leave me alone” I say trying to let loose from his grip.

“My heart is bleeding Tumi” he says. Huh?

“I’ve tried forgetting you but I just can’t, I need you Tumi, I love you” he says. My heart starts beating fast all of a sudden.

“But...” I don’t know what to say. I’m lost for words.

“I know you’re a married woman Tumi but I just can’t, I can’t help it. I love you soo soo much Tumi” he says cupping my face in his hands. “I need to to be mine as in like yesterday” he says. I just standing here, speechless, with my heart throbbing in my chest.

“I...I...we’ve just recently met Mzwakhe, where is this coming from?” I ask. He removes his hand from my face and takes mine. He puts it on his built masculine chest. His heart is also throbbing in his chest. I feel his heartbeat in my fingers while I get lost in his eyes. Its so strong, and it matches mine. I’m still searching for his soul through his eyes. I feel a connection so strong that it startles me. I quickly remove my hand from his chest, but I can’t get my

eyes off his. Next thing I know he's delicately sucking my top lip with so much passion that I find myself doing the same to his bottom lip...this feels so good...and so right...

Insert 4

...I instantly remember what I was and I pushed him away from me. I was so harsh that his back banged on the car behind him. I'm a married woman I can't be doing this! Instead of apologising I sprint off to my car and drive away. What just happened? What the heck did I just do? Hines would kill me dead if he found out about this. I just stood in a public parking lot and kissed a man who isn't my wedded husband. What the heck is

wrong with me? And what was that weird energy I felt between him and I? It felt as though our souls intertwined.

And what did he mean when he said he loves me?

What the heck is love?

The man I married didn't, doesn't and won't show me any 'love'. He went straight from being a stranger to being my husband, and he didn't need to love me to get there.

Did he really mean it when he said he needs me?

Did he really mean it when he said he loves me?

Was it all honesty or just lies?

And why do I feel the need to be next to
him so much?

Am I in love with him too?

What is love by the way?

“It’s feel good Thursdays, let your body
loose and indulge in feel good jams. Next up
its Lira – Believer” – the radio.

I believe in love, love reveals just who we
are

But in our fear we may loose out on our star

Love brings us closer while fear tears us
apart

Love sets us free but our fear will keep us
closed in

But ouuu, I'm a believer

Ouuuu, I'm a believer

Ouuuu, I'm a believer

Ouuuu, I'm a believer

Love, love heals while fear brings on disease

Love opens up while fear closes us in

Love breeds the courage to do the things
that we once feared

Though we feel the fear still we move right
on in love

But ouuu I'm a believer

Ouuu, I'm a believer

Ouuu, I'm a believer

Ouuu, I'm a believer

Believe it with all my heart and my mind
and all my actions

Believe it with all my heart and my mind
and all my actions

Believe it with all my heart and my mind
and all my actions

Believe it with all my heart and my mind
and all my actions

Oooho.....

I have tears rolling out of my eyes. I can't
cry silently, my heart is full of so many
emotions. I'm overwhelmed by all of them,
especially the love and the fear.

Why is Mzwakhe making me feel this way?

What is this man doing to me?

.....

“Mamzo!” he shouts walking through the door with a wide smile on his face. I just smile at him while standing in the middle of the room. He rushes to me, blankets me into a hug and lifts me. Geez he’s so strong. He repeatedly kisses my cheeks and forehead, then looks at me with his smile fading. “And then? Where’s the melodramatic lady who called me long lost just now now?” he says.

“Argh don’t be silly mahn” I say and kiss him on the cheek and caress it after. He blankets me again and lifts me up.

“I missed you soo much Dimamzo” he says and kisses my cheek again, then he puts me down.

“I missed you too boy” I say with a slight smile.

“It’s man now mah” he says after clearing his throat.

“You’ll always be a boy to me mababy” I say and caress his cheek again.

“You’re always so melodramatic mah” he says walking to the stairs. I don’t have the energy to entertain him though, not tonight.

Mokete walks in with his sister following behind him. I’m not surprised they came

together coz they both live in Pretoria. But they don't have luggage with them. I frown.

“Diaparo? (Clothes?)” I ask.

“Not staying for long” Mokete says and hugs me. I hug back. I also hug Tshidi.

“Reason?” – Me.

“I have to be at work early tomorrow” – Tshidi.

“Oh okay, and you?” I say looking at Mokete.

“Long story, tell you later, where's Tshidiso?” he says walking past me and up the stairs. I shake my head, he'll have to answer to his father then. And now it's just me and Tshidi.

“What would you like to do?” I ask.

“Let’s drink your wine Mamzo” she says.

What? I look at her and she has a wide smile on her face.

“Come on Mamzo, I know you’ve got some around here”

“You’re insane if you think I’m going to drink with you”

“Come on Dimamzo, don’t be so” she says. I really need a glass right now. I want it white, sweet, and cold.

“Okay, but we have to drink from mugs so that your father doesn’t see” I say and walk to the kitchen.

“That’s the spirit Mamzo” she says walking behind me.

We sit on the highchairs near the island counter and we start sipping. Mzwakhe has occupied my mind, again. I just can't get him out of my mind.

Tshidi and I set up the table and make it look nice. I can't avoid the scent of Mzwakhe's expensive cologne. I took a quick shower after I got home but it's still there. It smells so bold and powerful. The more I take in this scent is the more I die to be in his arms.

The door opens and the monster walks in first and doesn't close the door. Behind him is a woman...holding his hand. There's immediate silence in the house. I recognise

that lady. It's...it's Mimi, with suitcases...and a ring on her ring finger...uhm what's going on?

"I'm so glad that everyone could make it" he says with a smile. Nobody responds, we all just look at each other, and then them. "Uhm before we feast I'd like to make an announcement" he says with a wide smile. Then he looks at the girl beside him. He lifts her left hand. "I'm taking a second wife!"
Silence.

Are my ears playing tricks on me?

Or is it that I'm tipsy?

"Isn't it great? Aunty Mimi is going to be your second mom" he says looking at Tshidiso.

“What?!” – Mokete.

“Are you fucken kidding us?” – Tshidi.

“Watch your tone” he says pointing a finger at her.

“You’ve really got to be fucking with us” – Tshidiso.

“I’m warning you kids” – him.

“So what about Mamzo? Are you going to just dump her like that?” – Tshidiso.

“No, like I said Mimi is going to be my other wife” he says.

“Why the fuck do you think you can fuck women up like this? Who do you fucken think you are? You’re not god!” – Mokete.

PUNCH Oh my goodness!

“What do you think you are son? Who the fuck do you think you are boy?” – Hines. Mokete attacks this father and the fight starts. Tshidiso joins. Now Tshidi and I have to intervene because miss Mimi is standing far away looking like she’s about to poop her panties.

Don’t be shocked if you want to get married into this family, this happens almost all the time girlie

“You won’t fucken do that shit to Dimamzo” – Mokete. I’m holding him back.

“Calm down Mokete” I say. Miss Mimi finally gains mobility and helps her man up.

“Get out of my fucken house!” he shouts.
The boys both look at him.

“I said get the fuck off my house you little fuckers!” he shouted again.

“Fine!! Stay here with your little slut!!!” –
Mokete.

“Come on Mamzo” – Tshidiso. He says this
while pulling my arm. I resist.

“Uhm...I’m going to be okay, you babies go”
I say. I honestly want to go with them but
that would be me signing on my death
certificate.

“Are you sure Dimamzo? You don’t have to
feel threatened by him” Mokete says.

“No I’m not feeling threatened babies, we
adults need to talk about this thoroughly
anyway. But don’t drive to PT so late, go to

my parent's house and spend the night" I say giving them a reassuring look.

"What are you still doing here?! Get out mahn!!" – Hines. Geez can he tone it down a bit? I have a headache for God's sake!

"We're going, wena you're not gonna find what you're looking for in this man, you will get the opposite" Tshidi says to Mimi.

"Just fuck out of here!" Hines says. His blood pressure is going to raise if he keeps acting like this. The door slams shut and it's only the three of us. Hines looks up at me, then Mimi.

"Let's go upstairs to get some rest, it's been a long day" Mimi says kissing Hines' cheek.

“Are you going to distress?” he asks putting his arm around her waist.

“Mmmh” Mimi says and they end up kissing. She thinks this is going to spite me when in actual fact I’m disgusted by what I see. That mkhaba is just a total turnoff shame, and that beard...let’s not go there. They walk up the stairs and I start clearing up the table. Storing the food in containers and putting them in the fridge. Putting away the cutlery, napkins, plates and glasses.

After that I trek upstairs and walk into my bedroom. I need a serious....what the...?

“Ahh!” Mimi screams looking at me and Hines turns around.

“What the fuck?!” he says. I know the look on his face very well. I turn around and walk to the door.

“I’m so sorry, I didn’t know you guys were-“
I close the door. Whew! But I feel like washing my eyes with Jik to unsee what I just saw. Hai it’s too much!

Just as I open the guest bedroom door I feel something pull me from the back.

“How dare you walk away while I’m still talking to you?” it’s Hines. My heart starts throbbing.

“I’m so sorry Mokete I didn’t kno-“

PUNCH

PUNCH

PUNCH

PUNCH

“I’m so sorry....I’m sorry....I’m sorry...I’m sorry!!!!” I scream. I have my arms over my face as he punches me all over my body. My knees fail me and I slide to the ground. That provokes him to jab his foot into me. My nose is bleeding, and I still have a terrible headache but he doesn’t stop.

“Hines stop, please stop, that’s enough, she’s learnt her lesson now, let’s just go to bed” I hear Mimi’s voice. I uncover my face and look at her. She looks scared to death but what she said just crushed me. What lesson have I learnt?

“From now the main bedroom belongs to me and Mimi, do you hear me?” he says with his foot on my neck, pressing hard onto me. I nodded. “Talk! God gave you a mouth so that you can talk so use it!” he shouts.

“Yes yes yes” I struggle to get the words out.

“Go get all your rags first thing tomorrow morning, do you understand?” Hines says.

“Yes” I say and he starts walking away. I slowly crawl to the door and flip the handle. I crawl all the way and pulled one pillow. I put my head on it and begin crying almost silently. I’m not crying because I’ve been hit but because that woman acted like I

deserved it. What kind of woman does that?

I pull out my phone from my sweater pocket and dialed a number.

.....

Mzwakhe's Pov.

I'm woken up in the middle of the night by a phonecall. I don't even know how and when I finally slept. I pull it from the side of my headboard and answer looking at the screen.

"Hello?" – me.

"*SNIFF* Mzwakhe"

I immediately sit up straight. This is Boitumelo.

“Tumi?”

(Unedited, sorry)

Insert 5

Silence.

“Hello?” – me.

Silence.

“Tumi are you still there?” – me. I hear her sniff again. I think she’s crying. What’s going on? Why is she crying?

“Tumi what’s going on? Should I come?” I ask already getting out of bed.

“No...just don’t hang up” she says and sniffs again.

“Do you want to talk?” I ask hoping she would.

“Uh-uh” she says. Oh? So we’re going to be silent nje? I love this woman but why is she so much work? This is going to be a loooong night, and I’m not going to hang up. She’s a lot of work but you have to work hard to get what you badly want right? I lie back on the bed and wait for her to talk again.

We’re silent for a couple of minutes.

“Are you still there?” I ask.

“Mmh” – she.

We’re silent again. I’m wondering why she’d call me so late but doesn’t have anything to say. Maybe she feels what I feel

too. That kiss was something! I'm still raving in my mind when I think about it.

"Are you still there?" she says startling me up from slumber.

"Y-yeah, I'm still here" I say.

"Okay" she softly says. I check the time and it's 10pm. We've been on this call for 2 hours now, and I'm very drowsy. I need a bit of energy. I get up from bed and walk to the kitchen. I pull out a beer from the fridge and I gulp it down my throat. I feel a bit better now. I decide not to go back to the bedroom and I sit on the kitchen counter. I put my phone beside me on loudspeaker.

The time passes so slow. 2 more hours down now. I finish my 4th beer and drink cold water. I can hear her breathing from this side.

“Mzwakhe” she says softly.

“Hmm?” – me.

“I love you too” – she. My heartbeat accelerates. I’m so happy that I don’t know where all my drowsiness went. I don’t even know what to say, but I’m smiling like a freaking retard.

“But I can’t” she says. My heartbeat stops beating fast, my smile fades a bit.

“You can’t what Tumi?” I ask jumping off the counter.

“I can’t be with you no matter how much I want to. My life is a mess, I have too much baggage” she says.

“My love we can work through whatever you’re going through together” – me.

“No Mzwakhe, I can’t, I can’t complicate my life worse. And I won’t let you get tangled into this mess” she says. What the fuck is this woman saying? I’m pacing to and from the living room with so much anticipation.

“Tumi I love you and when I say I want you by my side I mean all of you. I’m not expecting you to be perfect my love. We’ll clean up the mess as we move along”

“You don’t understand
Mzwakhe...(*SNIFF*)...it’s too much.
They’ve always encouraged me to leave
Mokete, even his kids, the marriage is so

toxic. And now he's marrying another woman and here I am trying to make this marriage work for the kids, Mokete and Tshidi will understand but my poor Tshidiso will never, what will I even say to him? On the other hand my parents are living under his control, under his rules, under the house that was bought by him, and what are they going to say? If I leave this man my parents are going to end up homeless, they're too old for that, they're going to die, if I leave him I'M gonna die, this man I married will strangle me to death in the middle of the night, then what's going to happen to Tshidiso? He can't loose a mother again, all this is so messed up!"

Whoa! She just vented there. I knew she's going through a lot but I didn't think it was this deep.

We're silent again as she continues to breathe heavily and sniff.

She said one thing that caught my attention most. I'm not sure if I should ask this question because if I get the answer I'm anticipating I'm going to flip.

"Does this man hurt you?" I ask and swallow hard. She continues to sniff and cry. "Tumi does he hit you?!"

"(*SNIFF*)...y-y-ye-yes"

That son of a-

"Mzwakhe? Mzwakhe what's going on?" – she. I'm trying to get my breathing back to normal, I'm fuming. I think she heard the

beer bottle breaking. “Mzwakhe? Are you okay?” she asks. I take a deep breath.

“Yeah”

“Are you sure?”

“Mmh”

Boitumelo’s POV

I’ve locked the door and now I’m in bed, in my tracksuit since I can’t go get my sleepwear from the bedroom that’s been mine for 9 years now. But oh well at least I’m warm. It’s past midnight and I’m still on the phone with Mzwakhe. I confessed my feelings for him. I don’t know what’s going on that side but I told him about my situation and that I can’t be with him. So

right now I don't know where we're going from here. I just heard glass splattering on his side and his breathing is starting to freak me out. I don't know what's going on with him but it doesn't seem good.

"I'm fetching you first thing tomorrow morning, pack everything that belongs to you you're coming with me" he says. What?

"Mzwakhe I told you-"

"I don't care what you said! You're coming with me! I'm not going to let continue living in that house with that monster" he says.

"But-"

"I'll be there by 9am, be ready" he says and hangs up. What the heck?

(-❤️🌸-)

Insert 6

As I'm sitting outside on the porch sipping tea anticipation creeps all over my body. I still can't get Mzwakhe out of my mind, especially what he said when we last spoke. I hope he was joking, for my own sake. A red Mini Cooper makes its way into the yard and parks in the driveway. It's Tshidi's car, I didn't know they were coming though. I walk into the house to meet them by the door.

“Morning Dimamzo” Tshidiso says and hugs me tight.

“Hey” I say and hug him back. I hug the other 2 and we walk into the living room.

“Are you okay?” Mokete says inspecting me up and down.

“I’m okay boy” I say and stop him from pulling down my hoodie. He frowns.

“You sure?” – Tshidiso.

“Didn’t he put his hands on you?” – Mokete.

“Your eye sacks are dark” – Tshidi.

“It’s just because of the flu” I say. That’s a white lie coz the darkness was caused by not sleeping enough last night. I was up till around midnight with Mzwakhe on the phone and I woke up at 6 o clock to get Hines ready for work. Oh and Mimi followed me around like a lost puppy while I

did everything for her fiancé. It's almost like she was trying to see how I do what I do so she can do it. Oh and she totally reminded me to move my things out of the main bedroom, smh.

“Are you sure you're okay Dimamzo? You can tell us if he did something, we'll sort him out” – Tshidiso. Jizas!

“Noooo he didn't do anyyyythiiiiing to meee, now calm yourselves down” I say and continue sipping my tea while they steal glances with each other.

“And then?” – me.

“Did you talk yesterday?” Mokete asks. Oh lawd! I look down at my fingers.

“Look, you guys are old enough to know that the relationship between your father and I is not like many normal relationships. You know very well that he doesn’t need my permission for anything” I say calmly looking at them.

“So you’re just going to let him do that?” – Tshidi.

“What can I say?” I say with a shrug.

“I still can’t believe that such a cruel person could be my tima (dad)” Mokete says shaking his head.

“Guys let’s just move on from this tuu, can I make you breakfast?” I say.

“Nkgono (granny) gave us breakfast before we left so” – Tshidi.

“But we can eat again” Mokete says. I laugh.

“Of course YOU can eat again” I say. They all lightly laugh. “I’ll make you something quick” I say and walk to the kitchen. I decide to warm up last night’s leftovers and I call them to the dining room. And as expected the boys chow like there’s no tomorrow while Tshidi eats lightly. That’s only for a while, she’ll be munching in no time.

“Your food is the best Dimamzo, but don’t tell my mom I said that” Mokete says. We laugh.

“Dimamzo is better than any chef out here, mmm” Tshidiso says.

“Well katseba hore pitsa ke ntho yaka mare ska bua ontso hlafunya boy (I know that pots are my thing but don’t talk while chewing), it’s rude” I say.

“Okay sorry” he says.

“So where’s the cake Mamzo?” a now EATING Tshidi asks.

“What cake?” – me.

“The one you always bake for us when we come home” she says. Oh...I left the ingredients at the parking lot...

“I was going to bake you guys a cake but...it’s a very long story. Didn’t you say you’re going to work today?” I say dismissing the cake topic.

“Oh I was but I called in sick because we had to come check on you” she says.

“That’s wrong Tshidi” I say.

“I couldn’t just leave Welkom without checking on you mos” she says shrugging. I just shake my head and continue eating my food. Mzwakhe occupies my mind, for the million and fifth time this morning. I’m still very nervous about what he said. I was thinking he’d say he was joking about fetching me but I got a message from him not so long ago asking if I’m packed.

My phone rings and I immediately pick it up from the table. Uhm...that wasn’t supposed to happen like that. Now the kids are looking at me with question marks.

“You okay?” – Tshidiso.

“Yeah I’m fine, I just need to pick take this call, excuse me” I say and stand up. I walk all the way to the porch and then I answer.

“Mzwakhe”

“You ready to go?”

“Listen Mzwakhe, I don’t think it’s a good idea to just leave like this”

“Should I come get you?”

“No!”

“Then come before I do”

He hangs up. What the heck though? I can’t just leave, the kids are here. What am I going to say to them? Also, I didn’t pack anything. I check the time and it’s exactly 9pm, geez this man doesn’t joke. Well at least I took an early bath today. I walk

back into the house and close the sliding door. I walk to the dining room where I find the kids still eating. They're still looking at me with question marks.

“What was that about?” Tshidi asks.

“I-uhm...it was the fertility doctor, you know your father and I have been trying to have kids for a long time now” I say. I'm not even good at lying.

“Argh you shouldn't give that...THING...kids” – Mokete. That's why I'm secretly on birth control ey.

“Uhm guys I need to go somewhere quickly, lock up when you leave” I say already walking out of the room.

“Where are you going?” – Tshidiso.

“Son don’t question your mother” I say and out I go. I walk up the stairs and quickly into my bedroom. I put on slipper boots, put my ring on the dressing table and run down the stairs. I continue to run out of the house and out of the yard.

There he is. Sitting on the bonnet of a Mazarrati sports car. I have to admit though that he’s one fiiiine looking brother.

“Hey” he says and pulls me into a hug, I hug back. Then he slowly pecks my lips. I let him open the car door for me and I get in.

Nobody has ever done that for me, and I feel very special now. He gets into the car and we speed away as I look around me in amazement, the interior is amazing.

The drive is silent but he keeps glancing at me and he's holding my hand. We slow down when we get to a row of townhouses. The gate opens up and he drives in. I guess this is where he lives. He parks in the driveway and we both get out of the car at the same time. He holds my hand as we walk into the house. I am shocked by what I see. I look up at him standing behind me waiting for me to comment.

“Why don't you have a couch?” I ask. But most importantly why is there a snooker table in the middle of the room? He gives me a silly smile and shrugs. I shake my head and walk in further into the house. This house looks more like a man cave than a

living space. It's pretty unbelievable and I can't help but laugh.

"It's not much but I'm comfortable here" he says and shrugs again. I don't understand why you'd drive a Mazarati yet you live in a townhouse. Some people though, smh. I'm starting to doubt it's his car now.

"It's okay, although it needs a bit of a woman's touch" I say and shrug. He widely smiles.

"You have enough time to do that" he says. I just smile. I don't even know where to sit now, yuu ha.a the people we fall in love with though. "Let's go sit on the porch" he says. Well atleast there's a porch. I hope the

porch has chairs and not a mini golf course set up.

Oh okay, it has chairs. And the backyard is larger than I expected. Before I sit down my hoodie gets blown off my head by the wind, exposing my hair, most importantly my neck. Last night's bruises are visible, in black and purple.

I quickly put it back on without looking at Mzwakhe.

"What's that?" he asks breathing heavily next to me. I look up at him and he has the scariest look on his face.

"I-its nothing" I say and sit down.

"Was it him?" he asks.

“It’s not important Mzwakhe, please” I say without looking at him.

“Answer my question” he says trying to act calm, his breathing is deceiving him.

“Yes he did” I say without looking at him. His breathing is seriously scaring me. I hold both his hands and look at him in the eye.

“Mzwakhe, please look at me” I say. He doesn’t. “It’s over, I’m with you now” I say. He finally looks down at me. “Calm down, he’ll never hurt me again” I say.

“Hell yeah he won’t” he mumbles. He pulls down the hoodie from my head and starts unzipping it. I stop him halfway.

“What are you d-“

“I want to see” he says before I finish speaking and continues unzipping. He

pushes it off my shoulders and suddenly stops, closes his eyes and clenches his teeth.

“I’m going to destroy that-“

“Hey, please calm down” I say and hold his hands again. He breathes out heavily and looks at me. I caress his face and he sits down on one of the other chairs. I properly wear my hoodie and zip it up.

“I didn’t think you were serious” I say. He gives me the inquiring look. “About me coming to live with you, that’s why I didn’t pack” I say.

“By now you should know that I don’t kid when it comes to you” he says. I look down.

“That’s also why I want to marry you” he says. What? I swiftly look at him.

“Huh?”

(Also unedited, so sorry)

Insert 7

“I said I want you to be my wife Tumi” he says. I’m still looking at him, dumbfounded. He holds my hand. “You’re filing for divorce, andithi?”

“Yeah...”

“So as soon as you’re divorced I’m going to marry you, I want you to be mine for life” he says. Somehow I’m smiling. “And don’t

worry about that baggage you were talking about, I've already sorted half of it out" he says. That sounds very suspicious, but I don't ask anything, I just smile at this good looking dark skinned man sitting in front of me.

And then I remember something...

"Uhm...I don't think-" point of correction...

"Hines will never let me go that easily, there's going to be hell to pay, and he's going to torment my family...my parents" I say.

"If Hines Mokete wants war with Mzwakhe Nxumalo then war he'll get, ungabi nexhala (don't worry) baby I'll deal with that moth-"

"Please don't swear" I say before he finishes speaking.

“...er of monsters” he says. Oh... I laugh out loud. He smiles and stares at me. I stop laughing.

“Do I have something on my face? My teeth?” I ask already trying to remove whatever it is.

“Uh-uh, I’m just admiring what’s in front of me” he says. I look down while blushing.

“You’re such a beautiful human Boitumelo, but there’s something else that draws me to you, it makes me wanna go deeper and deeper in you, it makes me fall harder and harder with you, dammit I’m so in love with you Boitumelo” he says. A swarm of butterflies goes rife in my abdomen, and I blush.

“I love you too Mzwakhe” I say. He smiles wider.

“So we’re waiting for divorce right?” he says. I take a deep breath and let it out at the thought of divorce.

“Yeah, but that might even take a year because of that monster” I say.

“Argh it’s gonna take a month, max” he says.

“You’re also going to ‘sort it out’?” I say jokingly.

“Baby don’t underestimate your man tuu, I make the tings to happen” he says with a smile. I laugh.

“Okay Boitumelo’s man make the tings to happen” I say while still laughing.

“Yes baby just trust me” he says with a calmer smile now.

“Okay leadership, you have my trust” I say.
He bursts out laughing.

“Don’t call me leadership baby, that’s for
the stuurboys”

“What should I call you heh?”

“Call meee...abuti baby” he says. I laugh.

“Okay abuti baby” I say. “And you’re going
to call me aus baby?”

“Yeah, it sounds good” he says with a smile.
It’s getting colder out here now.

“I’ve been here for quite some time now
and you’ve haven’t offered me anything
abuti baby, that’s so rude of you, or
mokgwahao o sonnig? (or are you stinge by
nature?)” I say. He laughs.

“Apologies aus baby, let’s go get you
something to drink, and eat” he says

standing up. I also stand up and we walk to the door. He's walking behind me.

We get to the kitchen and...I thought not having couches was worse, but this, this is unbelievable.

"Where's your kettle?" I ask. He laughs and shrugs. Can things get worse? Because WOW, smh.

"I don't like tea, I have soda though" he says walking to the fridge.

"No, it's too cold for soda, I'll boil water using a pot" I say.

"Suit yourself then, I'm having beer" he says and pulls it from the fridge. He shows me where the pots are and I start boiling water while he takes out a box of Dr Oedker pizza

from the deep fridge and puts it in the oven. And I notice something else that just shocks me.

“Why don’t you have a microwave?” I ask leaning on the cupboard. He comes near me and grabs me by my waist. He brings his face closer to mine, too close, we’re a centimetre apart I think. He removes his hands from my waist and gently presses himself on me. I swear there’s a butterfly party in my stomach as he runs his cold hand on my back under my hoodie and the other hand grabs my butt.

“My food is already warm” he says with a smirk. I stare at him, gobsmacked by what he just said. I should be feeling uncomfortable by now but I’m not, I just...

“Heehee” I laugh and turn around. Because WOWZER, just...wow. I look back at him and he chuckles. Hee this guy.

Anyways, I finish making myself hot starch water, because this guy doesn't have tea or coffee, just sugar and milk. He also finishes making that pizza and now we're faced with the issue of where to sit.

.....

Mzwakhe's POV.

“I'm not going back outside, it's too cold” she says. I've never had a woman in this house, I didn't know we're going to face so many problems though.

“Let’s go sit in the bedroom” I say. She looks up at me with one eyebrow lifted. “Relaaaax I won’t eat you, not yet” I say. She laughs.

“Okay then the bedroom it is” she says with a smile. I also smile and lead her down the passage. Then we get to the main bedroom.

“It’s nothing special but I sleep peacefully here, when I’m not thinking about you” I say. She blushes.

“Atleast it’s big and spacious, I like it” she says. Somehow this woman finds beauty in everything, it’s no wonder I keep falling in love with her everyday.

We sit on the bed and start eating.

“Why did you choose him?” I ask. I want to know why she married that old man. I need

to make sure that I'm not dealing with a gold digging tramp here, just saying. She stops eating and looks up at me.

"I didn't, he chose me" she says. I'm not sure I understand, but I keep quiet and continue looking at her so that she can continue. "My father was known for making the poorest decisions with money when I was young, after I turned 16 he got caught up in a big mess with one of the biggest and meanest loan sharks in the township, and we ended up losing everything, including our house. So we went in and out of shelters for almost a year, sometimes sleeping on the streets, until my mother met Hines. Hines was offering his help, but only under the condition that I married him, because out of all my sisters I was the only

one who was still a virgin. So when I was 17 I prepared for my wedding day and when I turned 18 we got married. The deal was that he'd wait for me to complete high school and he'd pay my parents' loans and get us back our house. I didn't want to but I love my parents to death and I'd do anything for them to sleep on a bed again" she says. Hmm, that's deep.

"When did he start hitting you?" I ask. She chuckles, it's not a gleeful chuckle by the way.

"He's been hitting me since day one of our marriage, that's how he got my pride. When I told him I wasn't ready to start sleeping with him he hit me and took what he wanted" she says. I clench my jaw. I want to punch something soooo bad and soooo

hard, but I do the breathing routine Conquest taught me.

“So why did you stay? He’d already paid for your parents’ house so why didn’t you just leave?” I ask. I just don’t understand women sometimes, smh.

“He’d have found me and killed me, but I found my joy somehow. He was living with his 2 year old son at that time, Tshidiso, he made so happy. I never heard anything about his biological mom but I become his mother since the first day we met. He’d keep me sooo busy (*CHUCKLE*), but I loved him sooo much, I still do” she says. She has a certain glimmer in her eyes when she talks about him.

“I badly wanted to leave at that time but I had to stay for that little boy. I promised

myself that I'd leave when he was old enough to understand. I think he's old enough now, I think he'll understand. They also know the kind of monster their father is anyway. I need to tell him about us, tonight" she says. We keep quiet and continue eating our food without looking at each other. I stop eating and look at her.

"Tumi"

"Hmm?" she says looking up at me.

"I will never put a finger on you, never, okay?" I say. I just feel the need to ascertain her.

"I hope so" she says with a slight smile and continues looking down at her fingers.

“I mean it” I say and hold her hands. She looks up at me.

“I love you enough to trust you, just make sure you don’t break that trust Mzwakhe” she says.

“Noted, I can’t wait for you to be mine forever” I say and smile at her.

“Yeaaah...about that...” she says. I frown.

“What is it Tumi?” I ask. “I hope you’re not having second thoughts about being with me”

“No, not at all, I am going to end up being your wife, but can we please wait for some time after I get divorced?” she says.

“Why?” I ask, confused really.

“I just want to experience being a girlfriend, that’s an experience I never had and I badly

want it. I want to have ‘while we were still dating’ stories you know?” she says. Oh, that’s understandable.

“Oh okay. So how long?” I ask. You might see me as being pushy but I’m desperate to spend my lifetime with this woman.

“Two months after divorce maybe?” – she.

“A month?” – me.

“Okay, deal” she says smiling. I smile back at her.

“I see you didn’t drink my medicine” I say.

“I did” she says. I’ve haven’t known her for that long but it’s already so easy to tell when she’s lying.

“You’re so bad at lying” I say and facepalm. She giggles.

“You’re right, I threw your bottle away but-
“

“You did what?”

“Do you blame me though? You were stalking me, and I thought you were trying to kill me” she says and laughs. I facepalm again. Conquest is going to kill me for that bottle of hers.

“It’s okay, you’re lucky I always keep a bottle of that syrup in the house” I say. “Let me go get it” I say and stand up. I take the dishes and walk to the kitchen. I put the dishes in the sink and grab that bottle, and a spoon and walk back to the bedroom. I find her still sitting on the bed. I give her a spoonful and she swallows hard. She has a look of disgust on her face.

“(*COUGH*)...what is this thing?” she asks and coughs again.

“A family remedy” I say. She continues coughing.

“Its terrible, what’s in there?”

“Crushed garlic, lemon puree, cayenne pepper and white pepper. Not much but it kills flu instantly” I say shaking the bottle.

“Not much? Are you trying to kill me?” she says. I laugh.

“Lie down, it’s going to knock you out for a while” I say.

“I better be for a while Mzwakhe, if I don’t wake up you’ll know me” she says lying back on the bed. I laugh again. She’s such a character. I take off her shoes and walk to sit next to her.

“Close your eyes, you’re going to feel better when you wake up” I say and put a blanket over her. She puts one hand below her head and closes her eyes.

“Mzwakhe”

“Aus baby?”

“I love you”

I smile.

“I love you too baby” I say and peck her lips. She gently smiles with her eyes still closed. I get up from the bed and walk out of the room, I properly close the door on my way out. I need to make an important phonecall. I walk out to the porch, close the door and light a cigar, then I dial a number.

“Leadership” he says when he answers.

“Tau, I’ve got a small assignment for you”

“Leadership”

“Hines Mokete, I want to know everything about him, from his shoe size to whether he’s left-handed or right-handed. Dig deep, I want to know where he comes from, how much he earns monthly and his darkest ghosts of his past”

“Leadership”

I hang up and continue smoking my cigar. If that man tries to make things difficult for Boitumelo he’ll rue the day he was born.

I finish smoking and walk into the house. First I rinse the dishes and then walk to the bedroom. She’s sleeping so peacefully. And she looks so beautiful, even under that

hoodie she's always wearing. Her curly bouncy pitch black hair is out of her hoodie and now on her beautifully dark glowing cheekbones. Her black/purple full lips are automatically pouted, like always. She's so beautiful in that dark tone, I can't help but peck her lips.

After a while of doing that I retire behind her. The feeling of having her huge behind on my member is out of this world. She's hella gifted. But I only found that out when I grabbed her ass in the kitchen. It filled my hand and beyond. That feeling was also out of this world, and I can't wait to smash. But right now I'm just going to enjoy having her in my arms like this. I close my eyes and doze off...

😊 – Admin.

Insert 8

Tshidiso's POV

I'm starting to get worried about my mom now. She's been gone since early in the morning, it's now 5pm and she hasn't gotten back from wherever she went. And I can't freaking contact her because she left her phone on the dressing table in the second guest bedroom. I also found her wedding ring there. I'm starting to wonder why she'd take it off. Argh! All this is starting to frustrate me now. She can't just

go like this without telling anyone. Mokete and Tshidi even left without saying goodbye to her. I was supposed to catch my flight tonight but I'm not leaving without saying goodbye to my mom.

Okay look, you can call me a momma's boy all you want but my mom is my world. That woman has, is, and will always be the queen of my heart. I just hate the kind of life she's living. My father treats Dimamzo like shit. That's why Mokete, Tshidi and I are always fighting for her. But sometimes it's just so hard and discouraging because Mamzo takes in all the abuse silently. She literally just turns the other cheek in that asshole's direction, she always has. I wanted to study here in Welkom to at least

make sure he doesn't do anything to her but she encouraged me so much to go overseas. I put up my best fight, trust me, but Mamzo has a way of talking to people, making them understand and honestly that just kills me.

I'm up in my bedroom balcony when a Porsche drives in. Oh it's Miss fuck the availability of fucking. I roll my eyes as I watch her catwalk to the door. Only Jesus know how much pissing off happens to me when I see her and that fucker I call my father. I've always hated him but now he made it worse by announcing his second marriage to this whore. And by the look of things Mamzo already knew about this, hence she wasn't shocked. Or is it those

calming nerves she has? Mamzo has excess calming nerves because a normal person would've flipped when that was being announced.

I finish up my 4th cigarette and light another one, the wind whips out the flame from my lighter. Now I'm wondering whether Dimamzo is getting cold or what. Let me call up one of my girls, just to pass time.

"Hey baby" – she.

"Hey, you good?" – me.

"Yeah, and you? You haven't checked on me since you arrived in that godforsaken place" – she. She's referring to my grandparents' house. She says it

godforsaken coz it's in the township, smh,
bloody fucken snob.

“Yeah, I'll tell you everything when we link,
talk later?”

“Oh okay, I love you then”

“Sho”

I hang up. This girl is starting to annoy me. I must get rid of her. I didn't know she was this much of a snob when we started fucking, I hate snobs honestly. Somehow their fucked up minds give them the impression that looking down on other people is cool or something. They should find themselves a fucken hobby.

Most people get the impression that I'm also a snob just because I come from a

wealthy family and all that but my momma raised me well. She taught me that instead of looking down at people we should help build each other. Her teachings didn't fall on deaf ears.

Speak of the devil. She walks past Vuyo and straight to the door. I take a quick long puff of my cigarette and rush downstairs. She's already in the kitchen beginning to cook.

"Dimamzo"

She swiftly turns around, then she smiles.

"Hey boy" she says.

"You okay?" I ask.

"Couldn't be better my boy, couldn't be better" she says with a wide smile.

Something is different about her today. Earlier on she was jumpy and nervous but now she's beaming with joy, you can just see it on her face.

"You sure?"

"Yep, I'm sure" she says and continues chopping.

"Where were you today? I was missing you" I say.

"You obsess about me, so of course you missed me" she says and laughs. What's going on with her today?

"Mamzo are you sure you're fine?"

"Yaaah" she says. Now I just think she's high.

"Why did you leave your phone?"

"Didn't want distractions" – she.

“Where did you go?” – me. She puts her knife down and turns around, looking much serious now.

“We need to talk” she says.

“Talk about what?” I ask.

“Us” – she. Guys I think my mom really is high. I sit on one of the stools near the island counter and she comes to sit next to me. We’re facing each other. She holds my hands and smiles again.

“Boy you know how much suffering I’ve gone through in this marriage right?” – she.

“Yeaaah” – me.

“You know how submissive I’ve been to your father right?” – she.

“Yeah” – me.

“You know that I’ve tried my all for this marriage to work, right my boy?” – she.

“Where are you going with this?”

“I want you to know that I’ve had enough now. I’m approaching my thirties and I can’t continue living this life of oppression.

You’ve been my only motivation to keep this marriage alive but now you’re grown up and I think you can handle your father without me, you don’t need me now” she says. Is she saying what I think she’s saying?

“I still need you” I say holding her hands tighter.

“And I’ll always be there for you when you do, just not in this marriage” she says. I look at her and she gives me a half smile.

“So you’re getting a divorce?” I ask. She nods. Whoa whoa whoa! So this is why she left her ring on her dressing table. But I don’t understand...

“So you went to meet a lawyer about the divorce?” I ask. She shakes her head.

“I was with a guy” she says. What?

“Huh?” – me. She nods with a smile. “Like a guy as in...your guy?” She nods again. “So you’re having an affair? How long has this been going on vele?”

“It’s only a few days, and it’s not an affair I’m just moving on” she says. My jaw is hanging open, I didn’t think Dimamzo was capable of such things. I’m sure it’s hailing in hell. I take a deep breath.

“So what’s happening from here?” I ask.

“I’m moving out, pushing divorce proceedings and going out to live my life with Mzwakhe” she says. I guess she’s referring to the dude when she says Mzwakhe.

“So what about me?”

“What about you?”

“Are you still going to be my mom?”

She smiles and strokes my cheek.

“Always my boy, you will always be my offspring” she says. It’s relieving to hear her say that though. I don’t want to loose Mamzo but I can’t encourage her to stay in this loveless marriage. Honestly I’m happy to see her smiling and laughing like this.

This Mzwakhe person must be something special.

“So you love this Mzwakhe dude a lot huh?”
I ask. She nods.

“He’s a good man” she says.

“Well before things get super serious I want to meet him” I say.

“Okay, you’ll meet him soon then” she says and gets off the stool. I also jump off, decide to put on an apron and assist her.

.....

Boitumelo’s POV

I wanted to leave without letting anybody know but Hines took a day off to spend


time with his fiancè so leaving the house is going to be tricky. But my boy has come up with a plan. He said I should leave when he leaves. I'm going to pretend like I'm going to drop him off at the airport and then never come back.

Honestly speaking I didn't think he'd understand when I explained things to him yesterday but he surprisingly did. Clap hands for me people, it's official that I've raised a man.

My flu is gone. After I drank that awful remedy Mzwakhe made me drink and after that nap I felt so much better. It was quite a long nap but what made it even better was that when I woke up I found Mzwakhe

resting behind me with his arm around my waist, holding me close to him. It honestly felt good to be held like that.

I'm struggling with my food this morning. Mimi slaved her pretty self in the kitchen and yes her food is not bad but I can't just eat, what if there's some poison in here? Sorry but I don't take leaps of faith when it comes to my life. My phone beeps and I pick it up.

"Morning aus baby. I hope you slept well, abuti baby still loves you " a message says, from abuti baby. I can't help but blush.

"Aw mnakwethu ma umomothela ekseni kangaka kwenzenjani? (What's going on

when you're blushing so early in the morning sister wife?)” Mimi says.

“Oh it's nothing serious MaKhumalo, my sister just sent me a hilarious video of her 2 year old running behind a chicken wanting to kill it, she's savage, do you want to see?” I say.

“Uh-uh, I do anything that has to do with animal cruelty” she says with a look of disgust on her face.

“Okay MaKhumalo dear” I say.

“It's very disappointing that you'd find something like that hilarious, just saying” she says and shrugs.

“Well you don't know me well enough to be disappointed by anything I do or say, just saying” I say and shrug. From the corner of

my eye I see Tshidiso laughing in silence.
Hines has his face buried in a newspaper, I
doubt he heard anything.

“Well I have to get going” Tshidiso says
standing up. I also stand up.

“Where are you going?” – Hines.

“I’m going to drive Tshidiso to the airport
Mokete” I say.

“Come back early, you know I don’t like it
when you’re out of the house for too long”
he says.

“Understood” I say and walk away. I grab
my Hundai car keys from the kitchen
counter and out we go.

So this is my last day in this house. Sigh, it
feels so unrealistic. I never thought I’d make

it out, atleast not while still alive. But I am and I'm so emotional. I don't know why I'm so emotional though.

The 30 minute drive to Bloem is going to be a long one. Tshidiso wanted to play those house songs of his but this car is mine so we're going to listen to Elaine, Snoh Allegra, Ami Faku, Jhenè Aiko, Zonke Dikana, Lira and some Lebo Sekgobela. You can tell a lot about me by the music I listen to. Unlike some people I only listen to songs I can relate to, it makes the 'feel' much stronger.

I am a child born of love

So let love remain in my heart and my mind.

Let love and joy be my friend, give me
peace with no end.

Let me live with no fear and no shame.

Let me begin to see love come alive in my
life.

Let me feel how it feels to be me.

The grooving has already started with Lira's
Soul in mind.

Mzwakhe's POV

I'm trying to finish all my work so that no
work is left tonight when I go to fetch Tumi
from Bloem. I want us to officiate our

relationship finally. I check on Tumi and then I call Conquest.

“And then he remembers he has a sister” she says when she answers. I laugh.

“Come on sisi don’t be like that” I say.

“Don’t be like what Mzwakhe?”

“Don’t guilt trip, hawu. I’ve just been caught up with some things, sorted a few out” I say.

“I wonder whose daughter’s heart you’re ‘sorting’ ke ngoku” she says.

“I’m not playing with anyone’s heart, this time I’m serious” I tell her.

“Argh marn I’m not one of the hoes you’re used to lying to Mzwakhe”

“Haibo sisi kutheni unga dikholwe nje?
(Why don't you believe me though?)”

“Because I can see through you, okay?
Tarhu bawo umoshile ngobuhle apha
(Father god wasted beauty here)”

So that's my sister, all of her. She's too much and annoying sometimes but I still love her though.

She's all the family I have. We don't have any other siblings and our mother passed away when I was born, our father passed away when I was 6 and she was 10. Family members turned their backs on us and we've been alone together since then. She dropped out of school and got a job as cleaner at a restaurant, that way she could provide for us. She tried her best but things

got too much when she was sexually assaulted by her boss. He was the first human I put in a body bag. Life went south and I started my illegal mshigashiga. I wanted to make sure that my sister needn't work another day in her life. I made my way up the economical ladder and ended up here. The first thing I did with my first million was to build Conquest her dream house. The second went to buying her a car. Then with the third I bought her her dream business. Although it brings in a lot of money I still give her money nje, just for just. I love my sister, she practically raised me.

Now that we're up where we are family members want to come back into our lives,

well they can kiss my black ass before that happens, nx.

My phone rings as I put it down on the table. It's Tau.

“Monna Tau, empebe ong tshwaretse tse monate (I hope you have good news for me)”

“Of course leadership”

“Good then, I'll drive past your house soon”

“Leadership”

I hang up.

(Yoh I don't have any sleep  – Admin)

(Sorry for not editing, my fingers are frozen sana)

Insert 9

I pop into the hood after sorting out more work. I park into Tau's yard and walk right in. They all stand up immediately.

"Leadership" – they all say.

"Sho, give Tau and I a moment alone" I say.

"Leadership" they say and walk out. I walk closer to where Tau is standing and I find a brown envelope on the table.

"All in here?" I ask picking it up.

"Leadership" he says nodding once.

“Sweet” I say and we fistbump. I turn around and walk out the door. I salute the other gents before getting into my car and driving off.

Boitumelo’s POV

“I’m proud of you” he says. I laugh. “I’m serious Dimamzo and if your new guy gives you problems don’t hesitate to call me” he says.

“Oh okay Mr Tough Guy, I’ll call” I say jokingly and give him his backpack. We hug and I peck his cheek.

“I love you Mamzo” he says.

“I love you too but you need to stop smoking” I say. His eyes pop out. “What?”

Didn't you think I knew? Have a safe travel Tshidiso Mokete, and don't forget to stop smoking" I say and turn around starting to walk away. I leave him standing there in awe.

I get into the car and drive back onto the highway. Right now so many thoughts are going through my mind. I'm starting to have doubts about what I'm doing. Or is it just nerves? I'm starting to wonder more about Mzwakhe. Come to think of it I don't know much about this guy. I don't know where he comes from, I don't even know what he does for a living. I've seen that he's a good guy, yes. He seems to have his life in order, he cares about me, a lot, and I think he loves me as well.

See all my life I've been scared of letting people in my life without any reservations. During my highschool years I was one of those girls whom every boy raved about but knew he wouldn't get. Most of my time was spent burying my face in books in the school library and being silly with my nerd friends. But my sisters however were the exact opposite. Puseletso, the oldest was 'the it girl'. She went to every hosted party, dated all the hot studs, even ended up in the principal's bed (story for another day). The second sister, Matshidiso was almost exactly like Puseletso but she was a bit calm, I think. She wore glasses and if you didn't know her you'd swear she was an

angel. She secretly looooooved boys, especially the younger ones.

However though, we are siblings and of course we have similarities. We all very gifted, big curves and booty with tiny waists and apple boobs. Just that now I'm skinnier than them and their assets have grown larger than mine. And we look alike, just that we different shades of pretty. And we've always been dark but flawless.

I've never had self-esteem issues. I just lived my life however I wanted. I, however, have never been comfortable revealing too much of my body, as gifted as I am. When I got married Hines would dictate what I wear and what I don't wear so that just added to

hiding my body more. He also told me to hide my face when I went into public so I resorted to baggy hoodies and tracksuits.

I just hope Mzwakhe doesn't turn out to be like Hines. Honestly, I'm terrified of starting a new life like this but I just have to. I can't keep living the life of oppression. And I love Mzwakhe, I just want to be with him.

I park on the side of the highway and take out my bags from the boot. I place them near the car and stand outside for some fresh air. When last have I been in the open like this breathing fresh air?

A green Lamborghini stops in front of my car minutes later. I want to run but the door opens and Mzwakhe gets out of the car. He's wearing a pair of jeans and a hoodie...a Givenchy hoodie. Oh okay. I get my bags and walk to him. He wraps me in a hug, oh and he smells so goooood. He pecks my lips and looks at me.

"That's all?" he asks looking at my bags. I didn't pack much. Just a few clothes and important documents.

"I already had too much baggage, didn't want to add more" I say and shrug. He laughs. I don't get the joke though. But anywayzzz... We walk to the car and drive off to Welkom again. Again I can't help but look around me in fascination. Where does

this guy get all these cars? What does he do for a living hantlantle? This is my chance to find out then. I take a deep breath and look at him.

“Mzwakhe” I say.

“Hmm?” he says still looking straight at the road. Now I’m stuck, I can’t just ask the dude straight up what he does for a living, that’s just going to make it seem like I’m with him for the wrong reasons. “So you just felt like saying my name?” he says. I look out the window. “Damn you love me that much?” he says and places his hand on my thigh.

“Argh don’t be too full of yourself” I say looking at him now. He laughs. I hold his

hand. "I just wanted you to tell me about yourself" I say.

"Myself?"

"Yes, I wanna know where you come from and all that" I say.

"Weeeeelll...I was born in Eastern Cape, PE. I have one sibling, a sister, 4 years older than me. My parents passed a long time ago and that left my sister to raise both she and I" he says. That's not much but there's shimmer in his eyes when he talks about his sister.

"Well she raised a beautiful human being" I say and stroke his cheek.

"I know hey" he says with a smirk.

“Kere ke zama motho ka compliment yena he takes it too serious” I say and laugh. He also laughs.

“Well nnete ke nnete aus baby” he says and shrugs.

“Well your sister sounds like a beautiful human being as well” I say.

“Mmh” he says with a calm smile.

Mimi's POV

The sun is setting and that woman hasn't come back from dropping Tshidiso off. In her absence Hines has been so busy with my body. This is the forth time and I'm already tired of fake moaning. But I let him knock himself out and I continue giving him

the impression that he's doing me right. I seriously don't know how Boitumelo has been doing this for 9 whole years. Sex with this old man is like having sex with a dead sheep. Jizas! I hope he finishes soon.

Honestly the only reason I'm with him is so that I can milk him money to support my siblings back at home. I work but my job as a waitress is not enough so I've been relying on these old stupid men for money. They think they're maintaining me when in fact they're supporting my siblings at home. You might be wondering how my life has come to this. I'm also wondering the same thing. 24, beautiful, smart, ambitious, how the hell did I get here?

I'd like to blame it on my parent's death but that's not the reason I turned to this. Well I can at least give myself credit for hustling for my siblings. All this is for them and their survival.

He stops moaning and collapses on me. Yoh bagithi he's soooo heavy. I roll him off to lie on the other side. He frowns and I smile at him. Eventually he also smiles and gets out of bed.

"Go start cooking" he says to me. What?

"But why doesn't Boitumelo do that?" I ask.

"I want food cooked by you tonight" he says.

“Okay” I say and get out of bed, go to the toilet, get dressed and head downstairs. In the past two years I’ve learnt not to argue with Hines. What I saw him do to Boitumelo just days ago isn’t something new to me.

I get to the kitchen and start chopping. He walks down the stairs an hour later with a ring and a paper in his hand. He looks pissed off and nervous at the same time.

“What’s going on?” I ask. He roughly puts those two things on the kitchen counter and starts pacing up and down breathing heavily. I first pick up the letter and start reading it.

Dear Hines.

I'm going to file for divorce and you know why. I'm tired of living in fear. I'm tired of living with bruises. I'm tired of being what you made me become. I just want to start afresh and forget about the hurtful things you do to me. Thank you for helping my parents out when they needed it most but I just can't continue living with someone who's hurt me deep into my soul like this. I hope you and Mimi have a good life together and that she gives you the children you've always wanted. I'm not sorry for leaving but I do apologise for leaving like this. I wish I could do it face to face but you know how you would've reacted.

- Boitumelo.

Wow, that's huge. I pick up her ring and look at it in close range. Things are worse than I thought if she's leaving this lavish life. I'm starting to doubt whether I should even be getting married to this man. I love the money but is it worth it?

.....

Boitumelo's POV

We get to the townhouse and my phone rings for the first time. It's Hines. I figure he found my letter. I reject the call and put it in my pocket again. Mzwakhe parks the car in the driveway and we walk into the house. Hines calls and I reject. We seriously need

to talk about this snooker table if I'm going to be in his life for the rest of life. And we have to get a microwave and a kettle. My phone rings again. Argh this is going to go on for the rest of the night. I reject the call and switch my phone off.

We dish up the take aways we bought on our way here and we go chill in the bedroom and eat while lighting conversing. He turns on the aircon and suddenly I'm just getting hot. He goes to put the dishes in the kitchen and I find the opportunity to quickly change into my pyjamas. He comes back with a bottle of red wine and two glasses. Before anything else he changes into sweatpants and a long sleeved t-shirt. My

lord, I've been gifted with my own Vuyo Dabula.

"Let's save the staring for later on" he says to me. I didn't even realise I was staring. I clear my throat and look the other way, scratching my chin. He gets into bed and hands me a glass before I can even lie that I don't drink. "Let's toast to new beginnings" he says.

"And to long lasting love" – me.

"And to honesty" – him.

"And to trust" – me.

"And to good food" – him.

"And to good health" – me.

"And to good sex" – him. I laugh for a while. Then I look up at him with a smile.

“And to good sex” I say. We both lift our glasses and toast.

In this new beginning I’m looking forward to a lot of things, except that last part. It just doesn’t excite me. I vowed to abstain after I left Hines but with this man sitting next to me I don’t think it’s going to happen. But heh we’ll just have to see what’s going to go down in this relationship I guess.

(Do you think Mimi is a bad person after all? Do you think Mzwakhe is shady? Is Boitumelo doing the right thing? Is Mimi doing the right thing? Leave opinions in the comments section)

Insert 10

Something short.

Mimi's POV

Yah noh she's really gone. I had to wake up at 6 o'clock to get things ready for Hines. I can't wrap my head around the fact that she's been doing this for 9 whole years. Hai this is too much. Hines is too much! My feet are sore, my back is sore and I have a headache for waking up so early in the morning. I'm done making breakfast for him and he walks down the stairs in casual wear. Those aren't the clothes I picked out for him. Isn't he going to work kanti?

“Hey, I’ll serve you quickly” I say. Silence. Oh okay then. He sits on the stool and I put his plate in front of him. He looks at the plate, then me.

“What the fuck is this?” he asks.

“Hawu it’s breakfast” I say.

“You call this shit breakfast?” he says and throws his plate at me. I dodge but the hot bacon sticks onto my arm and the plate breaks into many pieces.

“Ah!” I shout and remove the bacon. Fuck! I’m burnt!

“Don’t you ever call this shit breakfast do you hear me?!” he shouts.

“I’m sorry” I say already crying. He marches towards me and I take a couple of steps

back only to meet the counter. Hines grabs my face quicker than Usain Bolt and presses his fingers into my cheeks.

“The stage of making this English breakfast shit is over!!! You are becoming my wife and you need to understand that I’m a black man who wants to eat real food!!! Do you understand?!!” he shouts at the top of his lungs. I continue crying as he digs his fingers into my face. “Yey! Do you fucken understand what I’m saying?!” I quickly nod. He lets go of me and starts walking away. “Don’t let me come back to find those tears on your fucken face” he says and walks upstairs. I quickly wipe my tears and start nursing my wound. I’m badly burnt. This is going to be permanent. He

speeds down the stairs with car keys, his phone and a paper in his hand.

“I’m going out, clean up that shit” he says pointing to the floor. He bangs the door on his way out.

Matshidiso’s POV

I’m sitting outside under the tree at one of my friends’ house with a few of my other friends sharing a laugh and a box of cocktail when I notice a familiar car speeding past us. I have a feeling that I should go check on my parents but whatever. I brush the odd feeling off and resume chatting with my friends.

“How I wish I had a man who drives that kind of car” Yolanda says.

“Keep dreaming mokgotsi, here we have Sticks, Spitjo, and Mejo, choose which one you prefer” Kearabetswe says. We all laugh.

“Ooh but I can’t deal with the stench mokgotsi” Soso says.

“You’ll just have to deal” Kearabetswe says show her the hand. We laugh.

“Yoh Matshidi your little sister is sooo lucky to have married that rich man, although he’s so old” Yolanda says.

“Hopefully he’ll die soon and leave her with all the money, I hope she claimed for him” – Soso. I just laugh. That’s the best I can do really. I haven’t told them why she married

the man, and I don't plan on doing so, this is a private family matter.

"I hope so too" I say and we laugh out loud.

Later on Soso and I walk home together. She lives a few houses away from mine. We say goodbye and I walk into the yard. I get the washing from the line and walk in.

"Dumelang (Good afternoon)" I say and walk to my bedroom. Something doesn't seem right. I put the washing on my bed and walk to the living room where both my parents are sitting like zombies.

"Bathong, ke itse dumelang (I said good afternoon)" I say looking at both of them. My mother looks up and fakes a smile.

“Oh good afternoon Matshidi” she says. I sit on the arm of the couch my father is sitting on.

“What’s going on?” I ask.

“It’s nothing serious Matshidi, start cooking” she says.

“Come on Mah, I’m not 22 years anymore, I can see there’s something wrong” I say.

Silence. “Papa” I say looking at him. He points to the table. There’s a little paper on the table. I pick it up and start reading.

Divorce?!!

“What?!” – me.

“Hines was here earlier, he said he wants what he paid for the house” my father says.

“What?!!” I shout again. This has to be a mistake! Tumi couldn’t have possibly wrote that! I take out my phone a try calling her a few times.

“We’ve already tried that with no luck” my dad says.

“I can’t believe my baby girl has been going through that much in that marriage” my mom says, tears are filling the wells of her eyes. Right now I don’t care about Tumi. How the hell are we going to pay back Hines all that money?! I march to my bedroom and call Puseletso, she picks up at the first ring.

“Ausi we have a crisis” – me..

“Bathong Matshidi, what’s going on now?”
– she.

“Your little sister is fucking up our lives” –
me.

“Bathong? Tumi? What has she done?” –
she. I tell her everything, she flips.

“How could Boitumelo do that to us?
What’s doing to happen to Mama and
Papa?” – she.

“Nna I don’t know what’s going on in that
girl’s head sefapano sa ntate modimu” –
me.

“How does she think our parents are going
to survive on the streets again?” – she.

“I don’t think she’s using her brain right
now” – me.

“What did she say?” – she.

“All calls are going to voicemail, I think she’s avoiding us on purpose” – me.

“Yoh bo Boitumelo bathong! I’m finishing my shift in a few minutes, I’ll be there soon so we can try to solve this” – she.

“Okay sista, we’ll talk then” – me.

“Sharp” – she.

“Sharp” – me.

I hang up. Yoh Boitumelo is ruthless. How can she do that without thinking about us? I have a 3 year old baby to think about for heaven’s sake! Didn’t she think about her and what’s going to happen to her? We have babies living in this house. Pusy has 3, I have 1 and our last born has 1. What’s going to happen to them? Geez this girl is making me fucking mad!

“Mama ke lapile (Mommy I’m hungry)” a little voice says pulling my skirt. I look at her with so much sadness. I pick her up and walk out to the kitchen. I start cooking while she eats a packet of chips on the kitchen floor.

(Do you think Mimi is going to survive the marriage, let alone the engagement? Do you think Matshidiso is right for being angry at Boitumelo?)

Insert 11

Boitumelo’s POV

I have never been this happy before.
Waking up in Mzwakhe's arms is soo nice.
Waking up next to Mzwakhe in general is heavenly. Besides the fact that he so dreamy my heart beats different when I'm with him. My gosh I'm soo in love.

Yesterday we spent the day in the house. Binging on romance movies, cuddling and just being silly with each other. Oh and he can get very silly that one. But today he said he had some work to do that's going to force him to go out of the house and honestly speaking I don't want him to go but the man has to work (even though I still don't know what that work is 🙄).

Anyways I left him in bed, coz he's still sleeping. I'm so used to waking up early. He didn't tell me what time that work of his needs to be done so I'm just going to let him be and wake him up with breakfast in bed. I almost cooked an entire meal but I was saved by the fact that there's no groceries in this house. So I've put pizza in the oven and I'm serving him with soda. I find him still resting peacefully. He's such a good looking specimen though. I put the tray on the bed and gently shake him. He opens his eyes and immediately smiles at me.

"I made you breakfast" I say indicating to the tray.

“Mmh” he says and rubs his eyes. I figure he does that when he wakes up. And he looks so cute while doing so. He sits up straight and puts the tray on his thighs. “What did I do do deserve such a good woman?” he says. “I think I’m going to gain weight though” he says.

“That’s one of the signs of a happy man abuti baby” I say. He laughs lightly and digs in while I drink my starch water.

“So I spoke to my lawyer last night, he’s going to be representing you in your divorce. He says you guys can start discussing it anytime you’re comfortable” he says. Sigh, khana I still have to go through that. I’ve been so happy in the past days that I’ve even forgotten about Hines and all the other drama out there. “We can

move slower if that's what you prefer" he says when I don't answer him. I snap out of my thoughts.

"Oh, no, let's just get it over and done with" I say and look at him.

"You know you don't have to do things just to please me right? It's your heart that needs healing, we can move when you feel you've completely healed" he says.

"I know, but I'm not that broken, all I have to do is to let go of the past hurt and pain. I'm in love and I've decided to jump head first. I'm not going to hold back because of someone who wanted to replace the Boitumelo I have always been with a bitter ticking timebomb Boitumelo. The sooner I let go of the past, the better" I say. He puts

his arm around me and pulls me to him. He kisses my forehead gently.

“Whatever you decide to do always remember that I’m your number one supporter, okay?”

“Okay” I say.

I quickly iron a white crisp shirt and take it to the bedroom. The door is slightly open so I just open wider and let myself in.

“I’m do-“

He turns around. I freeze and stare. It’s his smile that snaps me out of amazement.

“I-I-I’m so sorry I didn’t realise you were still-“ I walk out of the bedroom with so much shame. Why didn’t I knock? I’m so

embarrassed that I can feel my palms sweating.

“Babe can I have my shirt?”

I turn around faster than Speedy Gonzalez and I find him looking at me. He looks so good although half of his body is exposed. All those tattoos on those perfect muscles beneath that dark coffee skin...my lord lead me not into temptation.

“Babe” he says. I snap out of hypnotism and look at him. “Can I have my shirt please” he says. Oh yes! His shirt. Where is his shirt though? I for it around me. “It’s in your hands” he says. I look down and indeed the shirt is in my hands. I give it to him and he smiles. He puts it on, tucks it into his formal pants and buckles his belt.

“Babe I said we should save the staring for later” he says with a smirk. I didn’t even realise I was still staring at him. I fake smile and walk to the kitchen. I decide to start washing the dishes.

He comes out of the passage minutes later looking like he just walked out of a fashion magazine. He’s wearing a red coat over those black pants and the white crisp shirt. And he’s wearing a black tie.

“I’ll text you the pin” he says giving me a black card.

“What’s this for?” I ask.

“I figured you could start giving the house a woman’s touch since I’m not around. But

you can use it for anything else, buy clothes, get your hair done, you can even get yourself those fake nails” he says.

“Okay” I say. He gently pushes my face up so that I can look at him.

“You don’t have to be embarrassed for seeing me naked you know. What you saw today you’re going to see for a very long time” he says with a smirk. I fake a smile. He pecks my lips and lets go of me. I walk him just to the door and say goodbye.

He gets into a black Rolls Royce and off he goes. Where’s the Lamborghini? I also don’t know. Right...I have to get ready to go out. I’m dreading it because it’s so cold. But I start cleaning from the bedroom up to the kitchen. I get into the bathroom and sink

my body under warm bubbly water before I start bathing. It's a long one because it's so cold.

Mzwakhe's POV

I hate that I had to leave my lady's side but I have to work eventually. The gents and I are going to meet up with the Italians today to seal a deal. I don't know if you've noticed but I only cut deals with people as high up as I am. Amajita and I own SA. It started out so small and innocent but now we own it and anyone who wants into the biz has to go through us first. Basically they all work under us.

Sbu is already parked in the parking lot. He's looking clean. I park next to him and get out of my car.

"Hola mjita" I say.

"Hola eita" he says and we bump shoulders.

"You looking good mjita" he says.

"As always, not so bad yourself" I say. Alma also arrives looking clean and good too. And so the cars keep coming in until we're complete. One thing we've learnt is to look good in order to be respected. Not that we need much clothes to be respected but this is a business meeting with the Italians and we just have to look good.

“Ey majita I have an important announcement to make” Mayson says.

“Zkhiphani?” – Sbu. We all stare at him waiting for the news.

“Zimzim and I are expecting” he says with a wide smile.

“That’s good news mjita” Dorado says embracing him. We all end up doing the same.

“We’re happy for you mjita” I say.

“I hope it’s a girl, I’m so tired of being surrounded by dicks” – Alma. We all laugh. He has 2 boys, Sbu has one and Dorado has 3. That’s 6 boys in total.

“Well I hope it’s a boy, I’m not tired of them as yet” – Dorado.

“Shut up Dora the explorer” – Alma. We burst out laughing. We call him that to piss him off. My phone rings as I’m still laughing my lungs out. It’s Tumi, I answer immediately.

“Aus baby” – me.

“Hey abuti baby” – she.

“You miss me already?” – me.

“Not yet” she says laughing. Her laugh still makes me smile like an idiot.

“So what’s up?” – me.

“I wanted to ask you like...do you...like perhaps...by any chance like...have like...a....normal car?” she says. I laugh.

“They’re in the garage” I say.

“I mean like...a car that is not complicated” she says. I laugh again.

“None of them are complicated” I say.

“Babe I don’t want to use these cars, they are so intimidating and scary and they’re going to attract so many hijackers, and what’s going to happen when I crash it or it gets stolen or something? So I’m asking again...do you have a car that doesn’t do any that I mentioned?” – she. I laugh before I answer.

“No” I say. “But don’t worry, I’ll send a NORMAL car for you soon”

“Okay then” she says.

“Be safe, I love you” – me.

“I love you more and triple” she says. I laugh and hang up. Damn, this woman is

such a character. I put my phone in my coat pocket and step back into reality. Only to be met by enquiring looks from the gents.

“I love you to who now?” – Sbu.

“It’s rude to listen to people’s phone conversations” I say.

“Argh rude my crooked dick, you’re the one who stood in front of us and answered your fucken phone” – Mayson.

“Okay fine, not that it’s any of your fucken business, but I was talking to Boitumelo” I say.

“Boitumelo?” – Dorado.

“The married Boitumelo?” – Alma.

“The soon to be divorced Boitumelo” I say.

“You’re already getting her divorced? Heeh you don’t waste time mjita” Sbu says laughing.

“Mzwakhe Nxumalo is a marriage tornado, don’t let your wife near this man!” Mayson shouts pointing at me.

“What the fuck is wrong with you man?” I say.

“I have to inform other married men out there how much of a homewrecker you are mjita” he says.

“Well I’m reminding you married men to treat your wives better than great” I say.

“Forget about this idiot and tell us how you did it” – Dorado.

“Well she wanted out for a very long time because of the abuse, but she’s never been

able to because that old hag she's arranged with was going to find her wherever she went, and possibly kill her. I insured her protection, but mostly was because she loves me" I say.

"Whoa whoa whoa! So this woman was being abused?" – Alma.

"And she's married to a hag?" – Dorado.

"An arranged marriage?" – Sbu. I nod.

"Damn I thought I had it bad with Zim and her mood swings. Mjita you have it bad" Mayson says.

"I know, but right now she just wants to forget about all that and start on a clean slate with me, hence we're pushing her divorce so fast" I say.

"Wow hey" – Alma.

“So you at the moment you’re distressing her right?” Dorado says. Distressing?

“Huh?” – me.

“Don’t act dumb, are you chowing?” Sbu says. Oh now I understand. I laugh.

“No majita come on, we’ve been dating for a couple of days nje” I say.

“Don’t be stupid mjita, the woman needs distressing” Alma says making banging gestures in the air.

“With the gifts she carries I’m tempted, but we’re not there yet” I say lifting my hands.

“Mxai you’ve turned into a softie, what happened to the ruthless fucker we know?” – Mayson.

“So now you’re on team Mzwakhe?” – me.

“I’m on team Boitumelo, I feel sorry for the poor woman, she doesn’t know what’s waiting for her” he says.

“Sorry for what?” – me.

“Don’t ask stupid questions you know the kind of mochanda you have” he says. We all laugh.

“Come on man don’t exhaggerate” I say.

“Remember Rose?” – Alma. We laugh.

“Don’t act like I’m the only one with a mochanda” – me.

“Leave ours out of this, right now we’re talking about yours” – Mayson.

“Mjita just make sure you don’t tear the poor woman’s intestines” – Sbu.

“Ah come on, with her I’ll be gentle” I say.

“You better hope so, or else she’s going to run away from you and your big mochanda” Mayson says.

Boitumelo’s POV

That man is insane. He wanted me to use one of these cars of his. Imagine me driving around in those cars. There’s the Maserati, the Lamborghini and a Porsche. I would never use those cars. That’s why I drove a Hyundai SUV at the Mokete household. It’s not that he didn’t have luxurious cars but I didn’t want to use them. They scare me honestly speaking.

My phone has close to 60 missed calls. From my parents, sisters, Hines, Tshidiso and Roxy. I decided to return only Tshidiso's missed call. The rest I'm not in the mood for them. He said his father called him frantic asking him where I went. Hines is such a freak.

As I'm sitting in the kitchen waiting for the car Mzwakhe said he's going to send there's a knock on the door. I attend to it and there's a guy with a scar on his cheek. He looks very scary I have to admit.

"Hi" I say.

“Good morning ma’am, Mr Mzwakhe asked me to get you a car” he says handing me BMW car keys.

“Thank you” I say with a smile. He turns around and walks away. I peep outside and I see a yellow BMW. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a BMW like this before. Didn’t I make it clear that I want a NORMAL car?

.....
I’ve just picked out the entire living room set when a call from Roxy comes in. I walk away from the sales consultant and answer.

“Mosadi where are you?” that’s what’s she says when she answers.

“Hey Roxanne, I’m also good” I say.

“Boitumelo cut it, Hines was at my house yesterday saying you want a divorce, what’s going on?” she says. He went to Roxy’s house now? Wow.

“It’s true Roxy” I say.

“Wait a minute, can we meet up for lunch?” – she. I sigh.

“Sure” – me.

I hang up. Now back to the sales consultant.

“So when are they going to be delivered?” I ask.

“Tomorrow morning” she says with a smile.

“Oh okay then” I say. I pay and out I go.

They didn’t trust that the owner of the card gave me the card so I had to give them Mzwakhe’s contacts so they could confirm

with him. I could see from the woman's look on her face that Mzwakhe was giving her a piece of his mind. But anyways. I get into the car and drive to Macro to buy groceries. I ignore the awe stares I get from people and get into the store. I pick out all that I want, including a microwave and a kettle, and a few fleece blankets and throws and scatter cushions and a couple of plates, mugs and glasses...okay WAIT. I think I went a little overboard with this. Modimu I hope I didn't blow the man's account. I can't return any of the things because I'm next in line. I hope the card doesn't decline. If it does I'm going to be soooooo embarrassed.

“Next customer please” the cashier says. I take a deep breath then I push my first trolley to the paying counter. I leave her to till the first few and I go fetch the other trolley. Her eyes pop when she sees me approach. Yeah I know. She finishes tilling and now it’s time to pay. I give her the card and close my eyes. *Card please don’t decline, please don’t decline, please don’t decline*

“Please come again” the cashier says. I open my eyes and I find her smiling. She gives me back the card and the two slips and I walk out. Escorted by one of the guys who work here pushing the other trolley. He helps me load the things in the boot of the car, some in the backseat and I thank him. Now I’m just confused. I spent R12 790

in an hour, I'm very ashamed about that by the way, let's not even mention the fact that the living room set (couches and coffee table) cost me R184 000. Yoh and the TV and those chairs....okay let's not go there. I feel so bad. I need to check how much I left the man with though. I lock the car and walk to the ATM. I check the balance and....what? I pull the card out and stick it in again. I press check balance and....it shows me the exact same balance. What the?

I walk to the car and speed off to where Roxy said she is. Before I get out of the car my phone beeps and it's a message from Hines. Sigh.

“I’m going to fuck you up Boitumelo, I’m going to destroy you”

I put my phone into my pocket and walk into the restaurant. I can already spot her with her expensively clothed self. We greet each other and hug.

.....

Roxy’s POV

Yoh this girl and hoodies though. But at least they’re expensive and nice. This time it’s Gucci and DG kicks. She’s also so beautiful under that hoodie I’ve never seen her out of. Can you believe I’ve never seen her hair? Like her real hair not the hair she wears

when we attend functions and business dinners.

“So girl? What’s going on?” I ask.

“Hines told you, I’m filling for divorce” she says.

“Yes I know but I want to know why you’re divorcing” I say.

“Yoh girl we’re gonna need some wine” she says. I don’t know if things are that bad or if this woman is just a wine addict but I order anyway. I seriously care about Boitumelo and I can see that something is not right, I always have but I’ve never been comfortable to ask. She sips her wine a couple of times and then looks at me.

“I’m just tired Roxanne, I tired of him” she says. I wait for her to continue. “I’m just fed up with his abuse and everything else” she says. Wait....abuse???? “I’ve been tolerating for 9 years but now I’m tired Roxy and I want to move on. The arrangement is just killing me now. I want out, period” she says. Honestly the only thing I heard her was was abuse and it’s the only thing I have my head wrapped around.

“Hines abuses you?” I ask. She nods and tells me everything. Damn, I don’t even know what you say to her. My heart is bleeding. I could never imagine myself in a situation like hers. So this is why she cried so much when we watched For Coloured Girls. “I’m so sorry to hear that Boitumelo, I

don't even know what to say to you. I'm so sorry I pressured you tell me I j-

"It's okay Roxanne, I'm okay now. I'm moving on" she says. How does this girl do this? She somehow finds the good in everything. How does she remain so calm?

"Are you sure? Do you need help? A place to stay?" She smiles.

"I'm fine Roxanne, I'm living with Mzwakhe" she says.

"Mzwakhe? Is he like a friend or a cousin?" I ask.

"He's like a friend, a good loving friend" she says with the widest smile. I think there's more to this Mzwakhe guy but I won't push it, I've already done enough of that.

“Oh okay, I hope I get to meet this guy soon” I say to her. She giggles. I conclude in my mind that this Mzwakhe guy is more than just a friend.

“Girl I have to get going now, it’s getting late” she says.

“Yeah, I have to pick up Hakeem from the daycare before going home” I say and stand up. We walk together to the parking lot. She clicks onto the remote in her hand and a yellow BMW monster lights up.

“Girl what is that?” – me.

“I also don’t know shame” she says.

“Heeeh rich people neh?” I say and clap once.

“Says the girl who owns two Porsches and a gorgeous Merc” she says. I laugh.

“Girl you slaying on a whole different level”
I say.

“Girl bye tuu” she says and walks to the car.

“Bye” I say and get into my Porsche.

Boitumelo’s POV

Although what I spent today didn’t hurt his pocket I still feel very guilty. So to ease my guilt a bit I cooked him a fine meal and I hope he forgets that I chowed his money like a gold digger. I freshen up and wear my black short dress with gold sandals and my hair tied in an updo. I’m dolling up hoping he’ll forget what I did, honestly. Don’t judge me please, I feel guilty enough. The black Rolls Royce parks in the yard and he comes

in. He stands still in the middle of the door and stares at me.

“Wow” he says. I don’t know what he means by that but okay.

“I cooked you a feast” I say with a smile. He smirks, closes the door and walks to me.

“You look gorgeous Boitumelo” he says looking at me up and down, but mostly down.

“Thanks, let me help you with your coat” I say turning him around and taking his coat off his shoulders. I’ve put the outside table and chairs in, just so today we can eat properly. “Sit down I’ll be back now now” I say and walk to the bedroom. I hang his

coat and then I walk back to the living room.

“The food smells amazing, you look amazing” he says still looking at my legs. Yeah I know hey. I dish up for him and I and then sit in front of him.

“So how was your day?” I ask.

“It was okay, nothing special” he says shrugging and continuing to eat like there’s no tomorrow.

“So there was nothing special?” I ask.

“Yeah nothing, and yours?” – him.

“It was busy, very busy” I say.

“I can tell by how much you spent” he says. Oh no.

“I uhm...I’m...I’m so sorry, I didn’t me-“

“I’m just joking babe. You should have spent more” he says. Is he serious? “Damn babe your food is so good” he says. He’s done eating now.

“There’s more in the pot” I say. He immediately stands up and walks to the kitchen. He comes back minutes later with a full plate. Geez that’s a bit too much.

“So I noticed you checked my bank balance” he says. Chills of embarrassment and shame crawl all over my skin. He probably thinks I’m a gold digger now.

“I uhm wanted to check if I didn’t blow up your account” I manage to say. I can’t even look at him in the eye. Geez this is so embarrassing.

“So ask me” he says. Huh? “You’ve been wondering so ask me” he says. I’m quiet for

a while. Well since he wants me to ask I'm going to ask.

"Uhm it's just that I was wondering about the cars, and I wanted to know-"

"Well part of my money comes from business investments here in SA, and most of it comes from overseas. I invest in properties and buy a couple of assets in Italy, Spain, America and the UK" he says and looks at me.

"Well that explains a lot" I mumble.

"What babe?" he asks looking at me. Then I remember that I wasn't supposed to say that out loud.

"Oh nothing" I say.

"And no I don't think you're a gold digger" he says. I swiftly look up at him. Does this

guy read minds? “Come here” he says. I hesitate a little but I stand up and walk to his side of the table. He makes me sit on his lap and he kisses me. “Tumi you and I are going to be together forever and you need to warm up to the fact that I don’t mind you blowing up my account, it’s ours now” he says and kisses me again. I smile. What did I do to deserve such a man?

(I’m looking forward to a bright future 🧐, but ekar Hines is up to something. What’s going to happen when Mzwakhe finds out he’s threatening his woman? Heeh it’s about to go down 🙊)

Insert 12

Mzwakhe left early for work today. At around 3am I think. It was still very cold but I managed to get out of bed and get him ready to go out. Ironing, making breakfast, seeing him off and all that. He did reassure me that he can do it himself but what kind of woman would I be if I didn't?

I also had to do a thorough spring cleaning before the furniture arrives so at around 5 I started shifting and moving things around, washing walls, blinds and ceilings, cleaning the cupboards and neatly arranging the wardrobe. I had to move most of his things into the guest bedroom coz yoh it's too masihi. But I have to admit that this man of

mine has an incredible sense of style though.

Whilst moving things around I was crossing fingers not to find some woman's underwear behind something. Phela the male species are very unpredictable sometimes. To my relief I found nothing of that sort, instead I found a big safe in the top of the wardrobe. I can't wrap my head around it though. But I found billions of dollars in the man's bank account so I guess he needs it?

Around 7 the same scary guy who brought me the BMW yesterday came to fetch the snooker table. He said "leadership" sent him. He scares me so much though. But anyway I'm glad that the table is gone now. The house looks much bigger and brighter.

The spring cleaning did wonders although I didn't finish it all. I've decided to save the blanket washing for another day, right now I'm so tired. I don't know what time the furniture is arriving but I'm going to take a nap. I told them to call me when they arrive.

.....

Mzwakhe's POV

This Hines madala doesn't seem like anything to go up against. I mean the man is 49, has heart disease, diabetes and high blood pressure. I shake my head and slam the brown envelope on the table. But for his own good I hope he stays far away from my woman. I want this divorce to go

smoothly, but if he causes trouble I won't even consider the fact that he has 3 kids.

I pick up my pen and start filling in invoices. I've been in 3 different provinces today. Meetings with partners and potential partners left right and centre. I'm dog tired. The fact that I'll only be home in the evening depresses me even more. As a bachelor I wouldn't have minded going home at 12am from these meetings but now I have someone waiting for me. I left at 3am today so that I can at least make it home before my lady falls asleep. There's nothing that completes my day like that killer smile of hers.

Yesterday she cooked a little cute dinner for me, and I appreciate but she was wearing a

black just over the knee dress and DAMN!! That woman has thighs for days! And those curves...that big fat ass...let me not mention those full perfectly shaped breasts.

Sleeping next to that woman is torture I tell you! My member is always up. Sometimes I literally have to get up and take a cold shower, but sometimes I run my hands on her thighs over her long pyjamas pants, very pervy, I know, but I can't, I just can't help it.

I have a boner just thinking about how stunning she'd look stark naked in that beautifully dark skin. So this is what drought feels like? I never thought my life would come to imagining women naked yaz. Normally if I want to smash I smash. Yah nor, aus baby is showing me tings ey.

Boitumelo's POV

The house finally looks like a home. This woman touched it shem! I have to give myself credit for that. My only worry is if Mzwakhe will like it though. It's getting a dark outside and I'm still cooking a meal.

My phone is still ringing off the hook! Hines. Mama. Papa. Matshidi. Pusy. Hai it's too much! I thought they'll give up after some time but nix. Hines even sent me a couple of scary text messages but I'm ignoring them although they scare me a bit. But who am I kidding? Ignoring these people won't make them go away, I know my family and my soon to be ex husband very well ey. Let

me just call one of them to find out what it is that makes them rave about me so much. And without a doubt I'm calling Mama. She's going to be lenient no matter what, she's always been like that when it comes to us. I call and she answers at the first ring. It's like she's been waiting for this moment her entire life.

"Kgotsong Mama" I say.

"Boitumelo ngwanaka, o phetse hantle? Ntse ke kgathatsehile ka wena mababy, o phetse? (Boitumelo my baby, are you okay? I've been worried about you my baby, are you alright?)" she bombards me with the questions, as expected.

"Ke sharpo Mama, lona le jwang? (I'm okay Mama, how are you guys?)" – me.

“Put her on speaker” that’s Matshidiso’s voice. “So the owner of the universe finally decides to call” she says after a while. I guess I’ve been put on speaker.

“Matshidiso!” – Mama.

“Argh Mama stop treating her like an egg!”
– Pusy. Why is she shouting?

“Ngwanarona (Little sister) tell us where you’ve been sleeping in the past days” – Matshidi.

“At a friend’s place” I say.

“The same friend that is encouraging you to divorce your husband of 9 years?” – Pusy.
What the? How do they know about this?

“Cat caught your tongue ngwanarona?” – Matshidi.

“That’s enough” – Papa. His tone is low but his voice is stern. That alone sends us all into silence. My father has always been able to do that, only God know how he does.

“Boitumelo” – Papa.

“Papa” – me.

“Come home tomorrow, we need to speak about this” – him.

“Eya Papa (Yes dad)” – me.

“O itlhokomele Tumi (Look after yourself Tumi)” – him.

“Eya Papa, salang hantle (goodbye)” – me.

“Alright” – him. I hang up. Yah, it’s about to go down. I go back to cooking. All kinds of thoughts are flowing in my mind. I’m very nervous about tomorrow.

I feel arms wrap around my waist and presence drawing very close to me from behind. I smile immediately. A kiss on my shoulder and he rests his head on it.

“Good afternoon aus baby” he says. I put one hand on his arm and one caresses his face.

“Afternoon abuti baby” I say.

“Did you have a good day?” he asks.

“It was just okay, and yours?”

“It was long, couldn’t wait to come home to you” he says. I can tell by how hard he is. I turn around to face him. “The house looks nice by the way” he says.

“Seriously Mzwakhe? Just nice? After I worked so hard on it you say it’s nice?” I say.

“No I-I mean this...I meant it looks good” he says.

“If you don’t have anything nice to say today you should keep those remarks to yourself” I say trying to get his arms off my waist. He doesn’t let me, instead he holds me closer to him. My knees are starting to get weak now.

“I didn’t mean it in a bad way, I just didn’t have the right words to describe how beautiful it is” he says. I’ve stopped trying to get his arms off me and I’m just looking at him.

“Mhm” I say.

“Forgive me” he says and pecks my lips. I look the other way. “Do you?” he says and turns my face straight to him with his

fingers. He pecks my lips again. “Do you baby?” he says and pecks my lips again.

“Mhm” I say. He leans closer and starts sucking my lips. I follow suit with my arms now around his neck. Tingling sensations are attacking the inside of my nana, deep inside. The kissing is now filled with so much passion. His hands go under my skirt, caressing my thighs and butt. I feel my skirt going higher and higher. We both breathing heavily into each other’s mouths. I feel him attempt to lift me up but I put my hands on his chest and gently pull out. I down at my feet.

“Fuck” he cusses under his breath. He slowly gets his hands off my assets which are now out in the open. But he pulls down my skirt again and clears his throat. “Let’s

go eat dinner before I do things that's gonna scare you" he says. I giggle and he walks to the living room. He makes himself comfortable on the couch and turns on the TV, only to be met by little black and white spots moving all around the TV.

"Babe didn't you get a decoder?" he says.

"No, the DStv guys are coming tomorrow to install it" I say starting to dish up.

"Oh, okay" I hear him say. I continue to dish up and finally walk to him with a plate and juice on a tray. Yes, juice, I'm not taking his beer nonsense today. I put it on the coffee table and walk back to the kitchen to get my plate and juice. I settle next to him. He's already eating like the sun won't ever shine again.

“So I have something to tell you” I say. He immediately looks up at me.

“Mmh?”

“Hines ran to my parents and told them about the divorce, now my parents want me at home tomorrow” I say.

“Are your parents upset about the divorce?” he asks.

“I’m not sure really, but my sisters are, and they know I’ve been living with you” I say.

“And what do they say about that?” he asks.

“My sisters...argh, I don’t really care about what they have to say to me. It’s not like anything they say or do is going to make me

unlove you. I just wanna go there to hear what my parents want to tell me” I say.

“How long are you going to be gone?” he asks.

“I don’t know really, I was thinking maybe 2 weeks since-“ he chokes on his food. I frown. “You okay?” I ask rubbing his back.

“Two weeks baby?” he says looking at me.

“Yeahhhhhhhhhh, I just haven’t seen them in a long while” I say.

“Ha.a baby, iveki ezimbili zininzi (No baby, two weeks is too much)” he says. I sigh.

“Okay you big baby, one week then, and it’s non negotiable” I say. He looks at me like he wants to say something but he holds back. I resume eating my food. He does the same

eventually. I've just remembered something now.

"Baby" I say. He looks at me. "Can I meet with your lawyer before I go home tomorrow? Maybe in the morning?" I say.

"Okay, I'll let him know" he says.

"Okay" I say. "There's some left in the pot you know" I say. He's literally licking his bone. Ai right there I make peace with my mind hore nor marn my cooking skills are for the holy ones. Hai shem!

He stands up and walks to the kitchen. I continue eating my food until I finish. I walk to the kitchen to put my plate in the sink and I find this man stealing meat.

“Why are you stealing food?” I ask.

“I’m not stealing anything, this is my house, I can’t steal in my own house” he says and walks away with a piece of meat in his hand. I shake my head and put the plate in the sink. I’ll wash dishes after showering. I see him on the porch talking on the phone, I hope that’s the lawyer. I walk into the bathroom and take a shower. It ends up taking long because it’s so cold.

Eventually I get out of the shower and I realise that I didn’t bring a towel with. I tiptoe to the bedroom naked and properly close the door. I turn around and...BOOM.

He stands still and scans my stark naked body head to toe. Lust is visible in his eyes, his jaw is dropped, his dick print...morena!

“You look stunning” he mumbles. Of course I look stunning to him, I’m naked! I gain strength and walk to the other side of the bed. I start moisturising my skin with lotion and totally disregard the fact that he’s in the room, and staring at me. I walk to the wardrobe and pull out my PJs. I quickly put them on and my gown and walk out of the room. I wash the dishes and pots and head back to the bedroom. I’m just going to act like what just happened didn’t happen. To my surprise I don’t find him in the bedroom. I take off my gown and put it on the chair. Just as I was about to get into bed the door opens and he walks in.

Looks like he just took a shower. Sprinkles of water sliding down every curve of his

muscles. I'm already wet just looking at him. He closes the door and walks to me. My eyes, filled with lust, follow his every move. He stands in front of me and we stare at each other for a while. He comes even closer and I feel his damp hands pull me closer to him. Now there's no space between us. We stare deeper into each other's eyes. I'm getting weaker and my nana is dripping wet. I can't take it anymore, I stand on my tiptoes and start kissing him. His hands move from my waist to my butt and he grabs and massages. My hands go to the back of his head. Every touch is filled with so much hunger and emotion. Every lip sucking is done with so much passion. Although we're so hungry for

each other we still very gentle with every move we make.

My fingers travel down his body and stop where the towel starts. I loosen it and it falls to meet the cold tiles. His member is so hard on my abdomen. I feel my hands go up, material being pulled off my upper body and my skin being gently caressed by his hand. Damn, I've never had feels this strong. He moves back and I find myself on my back. I feel him slip away from my grip and open my eyes. He's going down, so are my pj pants. He left trails of his warm tender kisses all over my body on his way down. Not long after I feel completely naked he parts my legs and looks between them.

“Fuck” he cusses under his breath. His voice is hoarse and he looks so defeated. I can’t help but feel so exposed. He kisses the inside of my thighs and...is he doing what I think he is? I feel his lips before his tongue enters me. I gasp as he does what he does. I grab onto the sheets whilst my moans fill the room and beyond. Not long into what he’s doing I feel the urge to let go of something. It’s coming from my nana. I grab onto the sheets for dear life trying to hold it in. I curl my toes so bad that I think they’re having a cramp. My body is refusing to hold it in, what if whatever it is splashes on his face? I shout my last moan and let go. My body trembles.

He descends from down there through my thighs. He licks his lips and smiles at me. I’m

too weak to smile back. He leans closer to me and starts kissing me again. I put my hand on his back and the other one on his cheek, we're deep into it. It's so deep that I didn't notice or feel him position himself at my entrance. He makes the first push. I dig my fingers in his back and gasp as my walls expand to welcome his warmth. He pushes again, I gasp again. The third push is almost painful. The fourth is downright painful. And the fifth is EXTREME! I look down and tap his back continuously.

"It's too big Mzwakhe" I say.

"It's in baby, calm down" he says near my ear. He moves out then in again. I shut my eyes, fingers digging deeper into his flesh.

"Look at me" he says. I open my eyes and

find his right next to mine. He leans closer and kisses and nibbles on my neck and shoulders.

Sooner than later the pain is gone and I'm moaning and shouting his name in pure pleasure. My grip is still tight on his back and his head is still buried between my neck and shoulder.

The same sensation that hit me a while ago hits again. This time it feels so much stronger. I hold Mzwakhe's back like it's the last time. My moans and shouting have shot up. I feel like my fingers and toes are crippling up. I dig my teeth into his shoulder and shut my eyes. I feel him lift his upper body. He grabs my thighs tenderly and pulls out.

“Let it go” he says softly. I immediately let go and something splashes on his genitals. My whole body trembles with tingling sensations crawling all over it. I’ve never felt something like that. My body is weak. I’m about to apologise to Mzwakhe for whatever I splashed on him but I feel one of my legs being lifted and warmth entering again. I welcome it with open arms.

.....

Mzwakhe’s POV

I make the last push into her and cum deep inside her. That was steaming hot. I put her leg back on the bed. It’s been on my shoulder for almost an hour now. I smile at her and peck her soft lips. She smiles

awkwardly and looks away from me. And then? Did I do something wrong? Did I hurt her? I thought she was into it as much as I was. Judging by the way she called out my name I thought she enjoyed that. Oh and she squirted. Isn't that a sign that I hit it right? I pull out and lie besides her. She quickly closes her legs and pulls the blankets up to her neck. I lie facing her. She looks shocked or something.

"Is there something wrong?" I ask. She shakes her head. "Are you sure?" I ask. She nods again.

"I just never thought I had pleasure sensory nerves down there" she says. No kidding! I look at her hoping she'll say it's a lie. She doesn't. I burst out laughing. Yeses!

“Hold on, so madala didn’t hit it right?” I ask trying to hold back a laugh.

“Not really, it was just about his pleasure, he didn’t care about mine” she says shrugging. Ek’s! You don’t say! I wanna laugh so bad but I’m feeling sorry for my poor woman. No pleasure for 9 years?! Aowa!

“Well here we put the ladies first, you get it however you want it” I say and kiss her neck. She giggles. Damn, my woman is the ish.

.....
Hines’ POV

That bitch! Leaving me for some young stupid boy?! What does she think she’s

doing? First of all I helped her fucken parents and bastard siblings. I kept a roof over their heads! I paid for that fucken house! If Boitumelo thinks she's just going to get away just like that then she has got another thing coming. I'm Hines Mokete, nobody messes with me like that! I'm going to fuck her up so bad when I find her! So bad that she'll even forget her name! She should know better than what she's doing!

And that boy of her's, nx! This means war!

(Ku nuka umsoon 😊)

Insert 13

Boitumelo's POV

I'm woken up by a very pleasant smell, and the sound of music. I don't know where it's coming from but I assume it's Mzwakhe's doings because he's not in bed. I'm still embarrassed about peeing on him or whatever it is that I did last night during our session. I wish I could stay in bed and not face him but this pressing urge to pee isn't doing me a favour. My legs feel a bit numb, but I push myself out of bed. I put on my indigo gown and slippers and head out to the toilet. Geez my nana is lifeless. I think it's traumatised from Mzwakhe and his snake of a penis. That thing is big, only God knows how I was able to fit it in me.

I wipe myself, flush, wash my hands and walk out of the room. I do the walking to the bedroom as silent as I can. As I am about to flip the door handle open I feel arms wrap around my waist. He kisses my neck. I sigh.

“Good morning beauty” he says.

“Hey, m-morning” I say. I don’t know why I just stuttered.

“How did you sleep?”

“Good”

“Mmhm, come to the kitchen, I made you breakfast” he says. Oh lawd, time to face him already? Sigh.

“Okay, I’ll be there in a few minutes” I say.

“Okay” he says and lets go of me. I flip the door handle opening the door and he spanks my butt as I enter the bedroom. I look at him and he’s smiling. Mxm, I smile, shake my head and let him be. I close the door and take off the gown I’m wearing. I put on my PJs and then my gown again. It’s time to face Mzwakhe then. There’s a song playing from the living room speakers. A song by Anthony Hamilton. I love Anthony Hamilton’s songs. Ouuu and his voice, morena!

It’s simple, I love it, having you near me, having you here.

Our conversations, outrageous.

You smile, and I smile and I say ouu this is getting personal.

Let's stay for a while and play.

Girl lets make this a moment, ooohhh.

"Giving you the best of me" I start singing along. "Amazing, amazing"

"Having you close to me, amazing, outrageous, giving you the best of me" – us. We both laugh and I sit on the stool in the kitchen. He puts a plate of English breakfast in front of me. He continues singing.

"Good morning, here's breakfast, lost track of time but we had a ball. Let's catch a movie, then dinner, tonight's the night we'll just unwind and say hey, let's stay personal, personal, personal" he's a bad singer but heh I'm enjoying his singing. I burst out laughing and he stops singing.

“Halala abuti baby” I say and clap my hands.

“Thank you, I’m the next Idols winner yaz”
he says with a smirk.

“Shine wooden mic winner shine” I say. I
can’t stop laughing.

“Mxm, eat your food and stop raining on
people’s parades” he says.

“People deserve some rain out here, let
Anthony do what he’s good at, aowa” I say.

“I’m surprised you know Best of me” he
says.

“I love the Back to love album” I say.

“Mmh?”

“Mmh”

“One thing we have in common then” he says. “And the fact that we both terrible singers” he says.

“Heeeh, baby you don’t know me wena, I’m the best thing you’ll ever listen to” I say.

“Argha, eat and tell me how it tastes” he says.

“Aowa didn’t you taste?”

“I don’t taste when I cook, it kills the pleasure of eating for me” he says.

“Are you sure it’s just that and not the fact that you might be trying to kill me?”

“Why would I want to kill such a lovely human being? Who would I sing for then?”

“Nna ke Tomas, ke tlala ka ho bona” I say and pick up a piece of bacon.

“Okay Tomas” he says and bites the bacon. “It’s crispy” he says with a smile. I take the same bacon and bite it. Mmh, it’s delicious. I put it all in my mouth. “So Tomas the critic, how’s my cooking?” he says. I chuckle.

“Okay” I say and shrug.

“You’re really not a good liar yaz” he says eating his food. I laugh.

“It’s good heh, who taught you?” I ask. He looks at me and smiles.

“Conquest” he says. Huh?

“Huh?”

“My sister, Conquest” he says. The woman’s name is CONQUEST? “Actually she didn’t teach me. She used to work 9 to 5 and me being stubborn as I was I used to refuse

cooking because I had the idea that it's a woman's job. And she used to let me be like that and cook when she gets home, but yoh hunger was too much, so I cooked pap, then little by little I got a hand of everything" he says.

"Oh reverse psychology?" I say. He laughs.

"Yeah"

"Mmh I like your sister already, she's my type" I say. He laughs.

"I think she's going to like you too" he says with a smile. I smile back at him. I'm totally forgetting the peeing thing. I don't think he minds it. He even licked his lips the first time it happened, besides it's all his fault. Had he not done what he was doing to me I wouldn't have peed on him.

I have a handsome man watseba, wow shem. And that body is to die for, seriously. I've never liked tattoos but his are just my favourite shem. They're only on one place and it's his arm. Most of them I can't even see what they're written but one catches my attention coz it's written in red. It reads N.O.L.O.Y.I.S.O. Noloyiso? It's on his wrist. I hope that's not an ex's name. And whoever it is I hope they're dead.

A knock on the door pulls me out of my thoughts.

"I'll get that" he says and walks to the door.

"Morning Motseki" Mzwakhe says.

"Good morning Nxumalo" a man with a very deep but husky voice says. I turn around. A tall light skinned man walks in.

They both walk towards me, the man behind Mzwakhe.

“Baby this is advocate Motseki, Motseki this is Boitumelo, the one I told you about” Mzwakhe says.

“Hi” the man says reaching out for a handshake. I nod and we shake hands. “I’m going to be representing you in court, for your divorce” he says. Ooooh, he’s the lawyer. But he doesn’t look like one, he’s dressed in casual and all.

“Oh uhm okay, I hope you’re a bulldog though because it’s going to be a real fight in court” I say. He chuckles.

“I might not seem that intimidating but I can be really mean when I want to so wena relax” he says with a smirk. I laugh.

“I’m grateful you’re representing me then” I say.

“Not many have the privilege so you should be” he says. I chuckle.

“I’ll cherish this my whole life” I say jokingly. He laughs.

“May we begin?” he asks.

“Sure, after you” I say standing up. We walk to the living room.

Mzwakhe is being such a baby watseba. He’s had his arms wrapped around my waist the entire time that I’ve been packing. He won’t let go. He says he’s going to miss me too much and he wants to cherish the time we’re together. It’s going to 6 o clock soon and I’m still not fully packed. We spent the

whole day together. Binging on all sorts of movies and wine. My parents didn't say what time they want me home so I figured I should nurse this big baby of mine before going home.

Finally I finish packing and we head out the house. He's going to drive me home. I refuse to go into the township in either a Maserati or a Lamborghini or a Rolls Royce. So we use the NORMAL BMW tonight. The drive is accompanied by Luther Vandross. Jizas, the man is most lovely. And we sing along to almost every song. I enjoy being with this handsome muscular baby of mine watseba.

We get to my street and already we have everyone's attention. So much for

normality, geez. He's parked a couple of houses away from home.

"Here" he says putting his card on my lap.

"What for?" I ask.

"Anything, and everything" he says.

"But I-"

He cuts my sentence with a kiss on my lips. This man is unpredictable watseba. I end up responding to the kiss warmly. We kiss for a very long time. I finally pull out when I feel my nana reacting. He sits properly in his seat and breathes out. He opens the window a bit to get some air. I chuckle and open the door.

"Bye-bye Mzwakhe" I say.

“Miss me too much” he says looking out the window. I chuckle, shake my head, and jump out of the car. The boot opens, I take my bag and close the boot. I then walk to his window.

“I love you baby” I say and peck his lips.

“I love you more and better” he says and kisses my lips.

“Don’t die before I come back okay?” I say. He laughs.

“Let’s have a quickie and maybe salt won’t kill me” he says. I laugh.

“You’re crazy, good night” I say and turn around. He spanks my butt and I jump.

“Are you sure you don’t want to reconsider?” he says with seductive eyes.

“No thank you, my nana still has to recover from your snake” I say. He laughs out loud.

“Goodbye aus baby” he says and the engine comes to life.

“Goodnight abuti baby” I say also walking away.

“Never forget that you have my heart so don’t stay away for too long coz I might die” he says slowly driving next to me. I laugh.

“Never” I say. He smiles and the window slowly goes up. Then he speeds off, leaving dust as his only trail. I shake my head and walk further to home. Nothing beats the feeling of being home after a long time shame. The excitement of seeing my parents and siblings is out of this world. I knock on the door and Kanalelo, Pusy’s oldest baby opens the door.

“Mamane o fitlhile (Aunt has arrived)” he says walking away. I see myself in and close the door. I’m hit by the warmth of the heater. I walk to the living room where I find everyone seated, including the kids. My mother rushes to hug me, as expected. She kisses me multiple times before letting me go eventually.

“Sista” Tshepo says when he sees me approaching further.

“Ngwanarona, ho jwang? (Little bro, how are you?)” I say and sit on the arm of the couch.

“Easy easy” he says. By that he means good. My sisters are watching TV, totally ignoring

the fact that I'm here. I don't know what their problem is.

"What took you so long? Don't you know your way home now?" my dad says.

"I'm sorry Papa, I had a meeting with my lawyer for the divorce" I say.

"Heeeh! You're seriously going on with that crap?!" – Pusy.

"Puseletso!" – Papa. Silence. "I don't care how old you kids get but this is still my house and you'll have respect for me, do you understand?"

"Eya Papa" – us.

"Now I want you all to go to bed, we'll talk tomorrow, do you understand?" – Papa.

"Eya Papa" – us.

“Latellanang heh (Now follow each other)” he says pointing to the passage. We all stand up and head to the bedrooms. But there’s a debate about who should sleep where now because my room is taken over by Pusy’s kids.

“Why don’t Mohau and Emily sleep with their mother and then Sista can sleep with Kananelo?” Tshepo suggests.

“Lekgale (never)” – Pusy. Matshidi is nowhere to be found with her baby Dineo.

“Bathong Sista” – Tshepo.

“No Tshepo! She can’t come out of nowhere to kick my kids out of their bedroom” Pusy says.

“But it’s still her bedroom” Tshepo says shrugging.

“No it’s fine ausi, your kids can continue sleeping in my room, I’ll make a plan” I say.

“You better” she says and walks into her bedroom. Her kids get into ‘their’ bedroom and close the door. Tshepo and I stand in the passage and look at each other for a while in silence.

“You can take my room and sleep with Keratilwe” he says. Kera is his daughter.

“And you?” I ask.

“I’m tough, I’ll sleep on the couch” he says with a smirk. I laugh.

“Okay tough man, tanki (thanks)” I say.

“No sweat” he says already walking to the living room. I take a deep breath and walk to his bedroom. I find Kera already on the bed. She’s 2 years old, she must have fallen

asleep long time ago coz it's long past bedtime. I put there in bed, careful not to wake her, then I change and get into bed. I only doze off after speaking to Mzwakhe.

I wake up at 5 as usual and start cleaning and cooking breakfast. Out of boredom I head outside to sweep the yard. Today it's not that cold, I can atleast hold a broom. I head back inside the house when I'm done and I find Tshepo eating already.

“And you steal my food, for the why?” I ask standing next to him.

“Hai sista you still have it in you, your cooking brings many career wives to shame” he says. “Your porridge, simple

porridge tastes like Mageu” he continues. I chuckle.

“Eat quickly or else you’re gonna be late for work” I say. He stands up from the couch and walks to the kitchen to put his bowl in the sink. He comes back to the living room to put on his boots. Tshepo works as a driver at some trucking company. The salary is good and he keeps the house in check. My parents do help from time to time with their grant but Tshepo is the main breadwinner. And although he’s the breadwinner, I’ve never heard of him having disrespect towards our parents or any of the sisters. Yah, he’s very meek. He’s currently in the middle of building himself a backroom here in the yard.

“Bye-bye Sista” he says walking to the door with his backpack on his back.

“Take the lunchbox I made for you” I say pointing at it.

“Tanki Sista” he says and walks out the door. Right, it’s 6 o clock now and nobody else is awake. What should I do now?

“Kani baths first, then it’s Mohau and then Emily, okay?” I hear Pusy’s voice from down the passage. She walks into the kitchen and finds me. She immediately turns sour but ignores my presence completely.

“Can I help you with something Sista?” I ask.

“I’ve been doing fine in your absence, I can continue like that in your presence” she

says. Oh-kay? I put the broom away and wash my hands.

“Your kids have grown so much” I say. Silence. “Especially Kani, he was still wrapped in blankets when I left here” I say.

“I don’t have time for chitchat, it’s too early” she says showing me the hand.

“Okay” I say and walk to the bedroom. I have nothing to do in here so I text Mzwakhe, just to annoy him a little. He doesn’t respond so I know he’s still sleeping. I put my phone down and head to the living room. I find my dad sitting on the couch, watching TV.

“Dumelang Papa (Good morning)” I say.

“Mmh” he says. My dad is not a morning person so he doesn’t talk to us until 11am.

My mother hates that about him, so do I. I anyways dish up for him and take his food and sugar to him via a tray. It's going to be a long 7 days.

Noloyiso's POV

I'm still knocking on his door. Only God knows what makes Mzwakhe sleep like a dead person. But I won't leave here until he opens his bloody door.

"Geez, and then? What are you doing here so early?" he says when he opens the door.

"Haybo that's no way to welcome the love of your life home, I can come here

whenever I want, that's what you said remember?" I say walking in.

"Okay, fair, but where are your keys?" he asks.

"I don't know" I say walking to my bedroom along with my suitcase.

"How did you get through the gate without your keys?" he asks standing at the door.

"I jumped over, your security ain't tight you know" I say.

"Mmh, you can take a person out of the ghetto but you can't take the ghetto out of the person. How long are you staying?" he says. Mzwakhe never asks me how long I'm staying at his house though.

"Why are you asking?" I ask.

“Because this is my house and I want to know how long I’ll be hosting Noloyiso, tell me” he says.

“Andazi (I don’t know) Mzwakhe, could be a couple of days, or a week” I say. He shakes his head and walks out.

“I know you missed me though, I missed you too you know” I say.

“Mxm” he says from the kitchen. This room looks different. It’s much more open and bigger, and the walls look much more whiter, so do the blinds, but whatever, it must be my eyes. “Can you make me something to eat, please. The drive from PE was too much” I say walking to the kitchen.

“Noloyiso uyahlupha, yerr” he says.

“Whatever Mzwakhe” I say stopping by the living room.

“And why didn’t you catch a flight?”

“Because I don’t-“ Wait a minute! There’s couches and a TV and a coffee table and ornaments in the living room now.

“Where’s the snooker table Mzwakhe?” I ask walking to the kitchen.

“It’s gone” he says avoiding eye contact. There’s highchairs instead of bar stools now. Heeh!

“Mzwakhe Nxumalo what have you been up to in my absence?” I ask.

“Ima ngezquestion ndiyacela tuu (Wait with the questions please). Here’s your coffee, one milk four sugars, just the way you like

it” he says. He turns around and walks down the passage.

“Aybo Mzwakhe, askaqibi incokolo yethu mos. And awkandenzel ibreakfast (we haven’t finished our conversation. And you haven’t made my breakfast)” I say.

“You know your way around here Nolo, it’s practically your second house, make yourself breakfast” he says. Argh fuck him. “I still love you though” he says and closes the bedroom door.

“Yeah whatever” I say looking at the vase filled with water and flowers next to the kitchen. They’re pretty. The house looks very beautiful, and expensively furnished, but Mzwakhe better come up with some type of explanation because I know he

didn't do all this. It's written WOMAN all over. Hmm.

.....

Boitumelo's POV

I'm calling Mzwakhe but he isn't answering his phone. I'll assume he's still sleeping then because he's very much a sleeper. I swear he'd choose to sleep over TV that one.

That's just how much he values his sleep.

"Tumi" my dad calls from the living room.

Yep it's past 11am.

"Kenna oo Papa (I'm on my way)" I say already getting off the bed. I walk to the living room. They're sitting together, and I just know what this is about. I sit on the

couch opposite theirs ready to defend myself.

“I want to talk about this divorce of yours Tumi” he says.

“Eya Papa” I say looking down.

“What happened that makes you want to leave your husband so much?” he asks. I take a deep breath.

“Uhm, he abuses me Papa, he always has, and he’s marrying a second wife so I find it better to get out of their way and not disturb them” I say. Silence.

“How long has he been hitting you?” he asks.

“Our whole 9 years of marriage” I say. Silence.

“And this second wife you’re talking about, when did she come into the picture?” – Mama.

“Two years ago Mama” I say.

“And you’ve known about it?” – Mama.

“Yes” – me.

“So what’s the problem now?” – Papa.

“I don’t want to be in a polygamous marriage Papa, I just want to move on” to bigger and better things, if you catch my drift 😜.

“Mmh, I understand Tumi, you have my blessing then” Papa says. Oh? That was easy. I came armed and they just didn’t make me use my guns. Sigh, ai, mxm.

Hines' POV

I get a text message as I'm drowning my Johnny Walker. I can't even see what it's written.

"Go get your wife" it says. I immediately stand up and run upstairs. I grab my keys and rush back downstairs. I get into my car and speed away. Boitumelo is going to regret this. I'm going to kill that bitch.

(Pookies I'm sorry for the late insert, or should I say early but late? Anyways I'm sorry and please engage. Who do you think Noloyiso is? Do you think Mzwakhe could possibly be cheating on Tumi? What do you

think is going to happen when Hines finds Tumi? Who do you think the text message is from? I still love y'all ❤️)

Insert 14

Mimi's POV

Its late in the afternoon and I'm enjoying my wine, it's actually Boitumelo's but it's mine now because I've taken over. Peace and stillness fill the inside of the walls of this house. I like it. The warmth of the winter sun is slowly but surely turning into dusk filled with piercing winter wind. But I enjoy the sunset. It's the most beautiful thing to watch with a glass of red wine and

reminiscent thoughts of what once was. I've retired on a chair outside the balcony with a light blanket and I've just finished reading a book. I love peaceful moments like these and I couldn't be less bothered by Hines Mokete and his whereabouts. He's the storm, the tornado, the hurricane. Let me call my siblings while I have the chance. They live all the way in KwaZulu Natal in a village, I wonder if they've charged the phone at the container because they don't have electricity at home. Life of torture I tell you.

“Sawubona (Hey) sisi” Thando answers.

“Sawubona Thando, baphi abanye? (Hi Thando, where are the others?)”

“ULuyanda usase practice ye bhola, Ntsiki ukhona la maduze, ithi ngiyo mbheka (Luyanda is still at soccer practice, Ntsiki is somewhere near, let me go look for him)” she says.

“Okay Sisi” – me. Thando is so responsible. But I can’t help but feel guilty about putting all that responsibility on her shoulders. She’s still young and raising two boys has to be hard, especially those two stubborn teenagers. She puts the call on loudspeaker and we converse. Just the usual, me asking about new things in their lives and them blabbing without pause. Luckily when I was still on the call Luyanda walked in and I was able to talk to him as well.

“Okay sisi, I’m going to deposit the money tonight before I go to sleep” I say.

“Okay sisi, I hope the Aromat pap and mayonnaise tonight won’t be as bad as I’m expecting it though” she says laughing.

“Change of mind I’m going to send the money right now, you’ll have time to buy something to eat with that pap” I say.

“Hayi khululeka (no don’t worry) sisi we’ll be fine tonight” she says.

“Are you sure?” I ask.

“Yah, besides I don’t think we’re going to find anything to eat today. Send the money tomorrow and first thing in the morning I’ll be in town to buy groceries, khululeka (don’t worry) sisi” she says. Gosh this 21 year old makes me so proud of her. Just her

positive energy motivates me to keep going in this abusive relationship, I'm doing it for them after all.

"Okay Thando, keep well okay?" I say.

"Okay sisi, nawe uzkhipte well" she says. I laugh.

"Okay Thandokazi yam, I'll do so" I say.

"Goodbye Melemina, umelethina, siya ku thanda" she says.

"I love you guys too, goodbye" I say and hang up. Argh my siblings are just the best. I swear they're my heartbeat. Should anything happen to them, god forbid, I would die.

Anyways I have to get started with the cooking before I get in trouble with Hines. I'm not in the mood for cooking today shem. I'm cooking rice with chicken, one salad and gravy. I put the chicken in the pot along with spices, wash the rice and boil it. The gravy I'll cook later on, I don't want it to get cold.

My phone rings and I look at it. It's a weird unknown number. I don't answer unknown numbers mina. I'll wait for whoever it is to stop calling. I stir here and there and my phone rings again, unknown, again. This time I answer it.

"Who are you and what do you want?" I answer.

“It’s Hines, I’m in jail”

My brain freezes for a minute. Wait what?

“Huh?”

“I’m in jail! Stop acting like a retard!” he shouts. “Keep it down old tima, you’re disturbing our peace” someone says from the other side.

“Listen Melemina, I have to get out of here, I need to get out of here, get me out of here” he says. I switch off the stove.

“Okay, uhm, okay, I’m uhm, I’m on my way” I say running upstairs.

“Make it fast” he says and hangs up. Okay uhm, that was an unexpected bomb.

What’s he in jail for? I grab car keys and run back downstairs.

.....

Noloyiso's POV

We're chilling all cosy watching movies. He's resting his head on my laps whilst I run my fingers through his hair, just like in the old times.

Mzwakhe can be a heartless and cruel at times but he's a really good man and I love him for that. He goes to very extreme measures to protect what and who he loves and that's what makes him so crazy sometimes. You mess with what's precious to him you better start singing Amagugu for yourself. I bend down and kiss his forehead. His eyes go up to me, like he's side eyeing me. His eyes go back to the TV.

“And that’s for?” he asks.

“Big sis can’t kiss you no more because you’re grown?” I say.

“I’m not saying you shouldn’t but I want to know what’s going on in your mind, I know there’s something” he says.

“It’s nothing really, I’m just wondering who the lady is” I say.

“You could have just asked you know” he says.

“So there is a lady?” – me.

“I told you a long time ago and you didn’t want to believe me, remember?” he says.

“I didn’t think you were serious, well at least not this serious” I say pointing around the living room. He chuckles and lifts his head from my laps.

“I’m very serious Sisi, I’m going to marry her” he says. Whoa!!!!!!

“What now?”

“I’m going to marry her Sisi, I love her a lot” he says with the stupidest smile I’ve ever seen on him. I still can’t process this into my mind.

“You’re trying to tell me that Mzwakhe, a whole entire Mzwakhe Mfanomnye Nxumalo, is wifing someone?” – me.

“Yep, a whole me” he says with that smile. Yaz this boy is serious.

“Who is she and what is she doing to you?” I ask with a frown, defeated really.

“I’m glad you asked, her name is Boitumelo, and she’s driving me insane, but I like it” he says. I smile.

“So you’re finally going to make babies?” I ask.

“Yuu ha.a Sisi” he says and gulps his beer again.

“I think you’re sterile, with all the people you sleep with you still don’t have a child? Cha mntase, you should go check yourself before you trap that poor girl in a childless marriage” I say.

“Come on Sisi, you know me well enough to know that if I wanted a child by now I would have one. Even the opportunists know not to try and trap me with a child because they know me very well” he says. Yeah, he has a point.

“So you love her huh?” I say.

“More than I’ve ever loved any living thing, but don’t worry you’ll always be number one” he says.

“I hope so” I say. He chuckles. “So you’re living together?” I ask.

“Yep”

“How long have you been together?” I ask.

“Not too long”

“So when am I meeting her?” I ask.

“Argh we still have to sort out some things before all that, but when we’re done you’ll surely meet her” he says.

“Your relationship already seems like it’s on the rocks” I say. He chuckles.

“Naah, we’re fine, we just have to get through her divorce so that we can be more than fine” he says. Let me recall that...

“Divorce?”

“Yeah”

“She’s still married?”

“Yeah”

Dafaq?

“You’re dating a married woman? Some man’s wife?”

“Technically, but she’s in the process of divorce so she’s seperated” he says.

“That makes a difference legally but not socially Mzwakhe. On top of all the things you’re infamous for do you want to add stealing wives on the list?” I say.

“I don’t even care about that right now Nolo, being with her is all that matters” he says. My brother has officially lost his

common sense. I give up. I shake my head and stand up.

“Uyaphi ke ngoku? (Where are you going now?)” he says.

“I’m leaving you alone so you can think about your married girlfriend escapades” I say and walk to my bedroom. I close the door and get into bed. I don’t know what’s gotten into Mzwakhe. He’s smarter than this nonsense. Imagine a married girlfriend. A whole wife!! Someone’s till death do us apart. Yeses this boy is...argh!

Minutes later he knocks on my bedroom door.

“I’m going to bed, goodnight” he says. I ignore him. “Haybo sisi uqumbile? (Are you angry?)” he asks. I get up from the bed and walk to the door.

“So quickly tell me something Mzwakhe, when you say you’re going to marry this girl what are you going to be? A second husband Mzwakhe Mfanomnye Nxumalo?”
Silence.

“I thought as much” I say and walk back to bed.

“But I love her sisi” he says.

“Hai she bewitched you marn!” I say.
Leaving her husband to ride on a richer dick? Geez I don’t even like this Nyoitumelo harlot. I’m sure she’s in it for the money.
Well I won’t let her! She’s not going

anywhere near Mzwakhe's money! Dirty bitch! Nxxx.

Mzwakhe's POV

Conquest is being really unreasonable right now. I love Tumi. I'm not going to leave her under any circumstances. But does that mean I have to choose between the two of them? Who would I choose between the woman who moulded and shaped me and the woman who has tamed me? That kind of decision would really tear me. I don't want to choose. I love them both wholeheartedly.

Puseletso's POV

The police cars just left. The last ambulance is the one inspecting and cleaning Papa's wounds. I take a deep breath and walk to Papa's ambulance. He's the one who got hurt the most because he stood in Hines' way as he was trying to stab and punch Tumi. I'm shocked that no one got severely hurt to the point of hospitalisation. That man is savage. The way he kept trying to hit Tumi shook me out of my skin. It became so bad that neighbours had to call the police. I'm still traumatised. This is the kind of beating Tumi would get? I thought she was exaggerating a slap or something. I never knew it was this bad.

The last ambulance drives off and the family walks into the yard. Nobody talks, we just all zombie walk into the house. We all sit in the living room, emotionally dead. I thought we were going to die today. My father is literally a pulp. My mother's cries still haunt me deep into my soul.

“We didn't mean to, we didn't think it was this bad Tumi, please forgive us” – Matshidi. Loud sobs escape my mouth as salty water streams down my cheeks. Tumi turns to look at her, confused and seemingly distant.

“What are you saying Matshidiso?” – she.

“We texted Hines and told him you were home, we're really sorry Tumi” Matshidiso says.

“Why?! Why Matshidiso and Puseletso?! Why?!!!!” Mama shouts. She throws a scatter cushion at Matshidi. I’ve never heard Mama raise her voice that much. I’ve never seen her this angry in fact. Tumi gives Matshidiso a dead, silent stare for a minute then she looks forward at Mama.

“Mama can I help you get Papa to bed?” she asks.

“Okay” Mama says. The two most humble souls carry Papa to bed, limp by limp, but they make it. That’s the last time we see them. I’ve never felt as bad as I do right now. This time we messed up really bad.

.....

Tshepo’s POV

“Aw sharpo Tshepos” the driver says when I get off the truck.

“Sharpo Ta Thiza, dankie for lift Ta Thiza” I say.

“Moja moja” he says and drives away. I begin walking home. The street is awfully quiet today. Too quiet for my liking. There’s absolutely no hype today. I’m pitifully greeted by a few people. For why? I’m also wondering. And then my day brightens up immediately.

“Candice the queen of Canada” I say.

“Hi Tshepos” she says. So she’s not mean today?

“Does that mean I’m getting 10 digits?” I ask hugging her. I’ve noticed since the last

and first time we hugged that she gets weak by my touch. I should use this more often.

“Don’t push your luck Tshepos” she says.

“Oh you’re still mean” I say not letting go of her waist. We walk to my house like this. One arm around her waist.

“Uhm Tshepo I wanted to say sorry about what happened today, I gotta go” she says loosening the grip on her waist. My golden beauty disappears down the dark street. One day is one day, I’m going to get that one. I swear she did some bewitching on my heart. Anyways I get home and it’s surprisingly quiet from outside. I’m shocked to find people still awake.

“Dumelang” I greet and sit on the couch. Kera rushes to me and sits on my lap. Matshidi stands up, picks up Dineo and they walk down the passage. I’m left with Pusy and Kananelo. Pusy is surprisingly quiet today, she’s never quiet by the way.

“Mama le Papa bakae (Where’s mom and dad)?” I ask. She doesn’t answer me, nor does she look at me. Ai something is not right. “Sista” I say. She snaps out of her thoughts and looks at me.

“Hmm?” – she.

“Are you okay sista?” I ask.

“Mmh” she says with a nod.

“Where’s mom and dad?” I ask again.

“Sleep-sleeping” she says. Her voice stutters. Nor something is definitely not

right. I take Kera, who's now sleeping and walk to the bedroom. When I open the door I see a very unpleasant sight. Boitumelo is lying on her stomach, her cheek resting on her hands and sobs escaping her mouth.

“Sista” I say walking in. Silence. “Why are you crying?” I ask. Silence. I put Kera besides her in bed. Hopefully she'll stop crying when she sees Kera. I put my hand on her shoulder. She flinches and I quickly remove it. “Please stop crying” I say to her. The bed moves along with the rhythm of her chest. She's still crying. Sit besides her for a couple of minutes until I give up. I walk out of the room and go to the living room. Pusy is now gone with her children. Usually the kids stay up till late on Fridays and now

they don't anymore? And why was Tumi crying? Something is not right.

.....

Boitumelo's POV

I don't get it. What is it? Pure hate? Jealousy? Past grudges? Revenge? I don't get why my own blood sisters could do that. Am I adopted or something? Even if I was, nobody deserves this kind of betrayal. Going behind my back to tip off my soon to be ex husband about my whereabouts? That's extreme. Mzwakhe has been blowing my phone. I text him to say I'm okay. I then close my swollen eyes and try to comfort myself to sleep...

(The beginning of the storm ☁️. Mzwakhe is caught between two people that he dearly loves. Who do you think he's going to choose?)

Insert 15

The next morning I wake up feeling better than I did when I came to bed. I remember waking up in the middle of the night to drink warm milk and some painkillers. After that I went back to the bedroom, changed and got into bed. Kera is not next to me, she must be up already running around the house. Lucky her, she doesn't have to deal with all the mess going on right now. I get out of bed, put on my gown and boot

slippers and walk out of the bedroom. I find my mom and dad in the living room. Mama is trying to feed Papa who's trying his best to open his swollen and cracked lips. My heart is in shambles. To think that this all is my fault...

"Morning" I say and sit on the couch next to theirs.

"Morning Tumi, how did you sleep?" Mama asks.

"I managed, and you guys?" I ask.

"We managed, and I know you're worried about your father, don't worry he's going to be fine" she says.

"Do you need help with anything? Applying ointment?" I say.

“I’m fine” she says. I hate how my mom likes acting all tough. I sigh. But this is what she taught me, she said it’s part of being a ‘woman’.

“Good morning” Matshidi says standing next to my couch. Looking all guilty. I return my gaze to my mom who’s also not acknowledging Matshidiso’s presence.

“I’m going to make something to eat” I say.

“I cooked enough porridge for all of us” she says directing a spoonful to Papa’s mouth.

“Okay” I say and stand up. I walk to the kitchen without even looking at Matshidi. I dish up some porridge for myself in a bowl and walk back to the living room.

Matshidiso is still standing where I left her. I sit where I’d been sitting and start eating

my porridge. Matshidiso comes to sit next to me on the 2 sitter.

“I’m really sorry ngwanarona, I didn’t mean for things to get this bad” she says. I totally ignore her. She looks down at her thighs.

“I’m willing to make it up to you however you want Tumi, just please forgive me, I know the damage is too much but-“ My phone rang, cutting her off. I stand up and answer it up as I walk out of the living room.

“Abuti baby” – me.

“Aus baby are you okay? Why weren’t you answering my calls yesterday?” he bombards me.

“I’m okay babe, just that uhm, there was no electricity yesterday, you know how townships are” I say.

“Oh okay, I just wanted to check on you to make sure you’re okay nje” – him.

“Are you okay?” – me.

“Yeah. Conquest is visiting, she’s been keeping me busy” he says.

“Oh okay, pass my regards” I say.

“Okay I will. So how are things that side? Any new updates?” – him. And y’all know I’m not about to tell him about yesterday. I just have a strong feeling to not tell him. I feel like it’s for the best.

“Things are okay, I got my parent’s blessing to divorce Hines, so the divorce can continue” I say.

“Really? Wow, that’s good news babe” – him.

“It is, I’m glad they understand the circumstance. And I think I’m going to come home earlier than what we had planned” – me.

“You wanted 2 weeks, why the sudden change of heart?” – him.

“Argh I miss you, I want to curl my body around you and not let go” I say in a whining voice. I hear him chuckle.

“Okay then, now you’re getting me excited about your return” he says. I laugh.

“Don’t be too excited though, too much excitement isn’t good for the heart” – me.

“The heart you say, something else is very excited” – him.

“Aowa, fakela daai man a blome tuu (No, tell that guy to chill please)” – me. He laughs.

“Just come home already, the township has already turned you ghetto” he says.

“I will, relax” I say with a chuckle.

“So what’s today’s plans?” –him. I haven’t really thought about that, but I know I don’t want to be in this house though.

“Can I please go shopping?” I say. I’m hoping he’ll say yes after I almost blew his pockets the last time I went shopping with his money.

“Why are you asking? Didn’t I give you that card for anything and everything?” he says.

“You did, but I-“

“Boitumelo you can spend my money however you want, it’s yours as well, don’t ask me how to spend it” he says sounding annoyed or something. “In future don’t ever ask me that question again, uyaqonda (do you understand)?” he says. I nod.

“Boitumelo” he says.

“Yes, I understand” I say.

“Good, now go shopping, I’m going to raise the swiping limit to 800 000, you’ll call when you want it to go higher right?” – him.

“Yeah” I lie.

“I’m sending a car for you okay?” – him.

“No it’s okay, I’ll use taxis” I say.

“My woman? Taxis?” – him. I roll my eyes out of annoyance.

“You can send the car heh” – me.

“Okay, have fun, I love you” – him.

“I love you too” I say. He hangs up.

Shopping it is then. I don’t even know where to start shopping, Welkom is small hle. I call Roxanne. She answers just when I think of giving up.

“Mosadi” she says, out of breath.

“Mosadi, are you okay?” I ask.

“Yeahhhhh, you just distuuuur...bing my morning glory, ahhh” – she. What the hell?

“Roxy why didn’t you just ignore my call if you’re busy?” – me.

“Mmhh, it doesn’t matter, talk nowww” she says.

“No, call me when you’re done” I say.

“Okkkay...suit yourself, mmmh” – she. I hang up. Jizas! Roxanne! Hai, the friends we keep, smh.

I anyways start cleaning, from the bedrooms to the kitchen. I boil watter in the boiler and mix it with cold water in a basin. My phone rings, it’s Roxanne. That took her long enough.

“Mosadi” – me.

“Mosadi, onoreng (what did you want to say)?” – she. Yeah she knows and speaks Sotho like she was born into a Sotho family.

“That took you long enough” I say.

“What can a woman say when her husband is a beast in bed?” she says. I can hear the

pride in her voice. I chuckle and shake my head.

“Are you up for some shopping?” – me.

“Yeah sure. I wanted to get my hair done, I’ll do so today, but the salon is all the way in Pretoria” she says.

“Its cool, we can do our shopping there as well” I say.

“Okay cool. And Tumi don’t wear a hoodie today” she says. I laugh. “Look representable, please” she says.

“If it’s heels you want me to wear then lebala (forget) mosadi. I’ll be at your house in an hour or so” – me.

“I’m gonna deal with you if you come here looking ghetto” she says. I laugh.

“Okay Roxy, I’ll call you later, send me your location in the meantime” I say.

“Sharp” – she. I hang up. I hear quick footsteps to the bedroom. There’s a knock on the door.

“Kena (come in)” – me. It’s Tshepo. He walks in frowning and all. “Ngwanarona, aren’t you supposed to be at work?” I ask. He sits next to me on the bed.

“I have offs on weekends” he says. Oh.

“Okay” I say.

“Yeah, a scary man just dropped these off” he says showing me car keys. I notice them immediately. “He said I should give them to you, do you know him?”

I have to lie fast and convincingly.

“Yeah...he must be a delivery guy from the car company” I say.

“Car company?”

“Yeah, I hired a car for the day, I’m going to Pretoria” I say.

“Pretoria? Why?” – him.

“Because I’m going shopping” – me.

“Oh, but did you see the car they sent?” – him.

“Yeah, I’ve been using it for a while” – me.
He looks at me and narrows his eyes. I look away.

“Can I have the keys?” – me.

“Oh okay” he says and gives me the keys.
He stands up and walks out of the room.

.....

Tshidiso's POV

“What did she say?” Matshidi asks when I walk into the kitchen.

“She hired it” I say standing next to her.

“With what money? I’m sure Hines blocked all her cards by now” she says.

“I don’t know, I didn’t ask” I say.

“I’m going to ask her when she comes out of there” she says.

“I think we should stay out of her business, especially after yesterday” I say. She drops her eyes. I still can’t believe what she and Pusy did though. After Tumi sacrificed herself for us, they can’t even support her when she needs them the most, instead they betray her like that. To say I was angry

would be an understatement. I was fuming, on top of that I had a to be told what happened by Kani. The sight of Papa is just disturbing really. But I had to forgive these two bossy sisters of mine, family is family. You can live without them but you can't live without them.

I need to stop staring at this BMW monster. I need some fresh air. I need my queen of Canada. The one and only Candice.

Mimi's POV

I tried getting Hines out of jail. He said anything right? I went ahead to bribe the police. But still they wouldn't let him out. I'm even scared to call his kids. I don't think

they care much about Hines. From what I've seen they're on Boitumelo's side. I don't know what it is about that woman though. Yes she's beautiful in her beautifully dark skin but there's just something more to her. Her warmth is so inviting. When you see her you can't help but want to know her more.

Anyway enough about Boitumelo. I have to get that man out of jail soon. His bail hearing is next week. Courts are closed during weekends. He has so angry when I told him that. But he still wouldn't tell me who he assaulted.

I've been awake since yesterday, I need to rest now. My head feels so heavy.

.....

Roxy's POV

She arrives 30 minutes late in the yellow BMW. I need to know where she got this car watsiba. She parks in the driveway and I get out of the house to meet her.

“30 minutes late” I say.

“Relax, it's only 30, it could have been 60” she says closing the car door.

“Mxm, I'm glad you came though” I say walking closer to her. She's got to be kidding me! “Boitumelo Mokete what did I say about hoodies?” I say. This time it's a blue and red Balenciaga with white DG kicks, she effortlessly looks good but what is

it with this woman and hoodies? She shoots me with her perfect Colgate smile.

“Oh I’m sorry Roxanne, I don’t have any other clothes” she says walking to me.

“You don’t even sound sorry yaz” I say. She giggles and we hug.

“Wuu ghel and you’re wearing heels watseba” she says holding her cheek.

“Of course I’m wearing heels, what did I say I’m going to do if you’re not looking representable?” – me. She laughs. I take her hand and lead her into the house. “You think I’m joking wena”

“Aa Roxanne, it’s too cold to be looking good hle” she says.

“Haibo wena, stop being crazy, it’s never too cold to look good” I say. She sighs and I continue pulling her by her hand up the stairs as she praises my house. It’s her first time here. We get to my bedroom and I lead her further to my walk-in closet. She throws herself on the couch.

“Your house is so beautiful Roxanne” she says looking around.

“Dankie liefling (Thanks darling)” I say looking through my clothes for something she can wear. She’s a bit bigger than me though. I put a Versace dress, thigh high heels and a fur coat on the other couch.

“Wear that” I say. She shakes her head.

“I’m not taking my clothes off thank you” she says.

“I’m not going anywhere with you looking like that” I say.

“Then you’ll have to rip these off me” she says.

“Okay” I say and walk closer to her.

“No! I was just kidding Roxanne, chill mosadi geez” she says laughing. I also laugh. “Lets make a deal” she says.

“I’m listening” – me. She smiles again.

.....

We walk out of the house finally concluded on something. I let her keep the hoodie on the condition that she’ll keep the hoodie off. I made her wear blue jeans and red

thigh high heels. And damn girl got an ass. The only jeans that could fit her were the Versace I wore after my pregnancy. They fit her perfectly though except her waist part. I could fit my wedding ring on that tiny thang.

We get into the car and off we go.

.....

After going in and out in shops we finally retire in a restaurant. We've both got our hair done, she convinced me to get a straight up although I wanted Peruvian inches. But I have to admit that I look good, it's different. When Musa sees me I'm certain he's going to fall in love with me all over again. She also looks good in a straight

up, but I'm suspicious about that card she's been hesitantly swiping in every shop we've been to. I have a strong feeling it belongs to the owner of the yellow BMW but I don't wanna seem nosey. She'll tell me when she's ready. For now I'm just enjoying the time I'm spending with her. She's a lovely person shame. Hines doesn't deserve her.

"I want a Greek salad with coriander seeds and balsamic dressing" I say.

"I want a chicken strip salad with apple cider vinegar" she says.

"And white wine, the best you have" I say before the waiter disappears.

"This is so painful, I swear I'm cutting my hair next time" she says.

“You’re going to be fine Tumi, and I’m sure Mr M Nxumalo is going to go crazy when he sees you” I say. Her eyes pop and her lips form into a smile.

“Who told you about M Nxumalo jwale?” she says giggling. She’s blushing. I laugh.

“I saw the card” I say. She laughs.

“Mhm I thought you were stalking me” she says. I laugh.

“I would never” I say putting my hand on my chest.

“Mmh, innocent you are” she says. I laugh. After a while we are served our food and wine and we start eating.

“So how’s the divorce coming along?” I ask. She gets serious again. I think I poked a nerve.

“I don’t know Roxy” she says and shrugs.

“With the way things are going at this moment I think we’re still gonna be married for a long time” she says. I give her the ‘carry on’ look. “So I’ve been at my parents’ house because they wanted to talk about this divorce thing and yes I did get their blessing to divorce but yesterday my sisters, who despise the thought of my divorce, went behind my back and texted Hines, telling him my whereabouts. When he got home things went from zero to hundred in less than a minute. I swear that man wanted to kill me yesterday. It turned into a huge fight and he kept stabbing and punching my father who was in front of me trying to prevent me from getting hurt. The next moment we hear police and

ambulance sirens. Luckily though, my father was not hurt to the point of hospitalisation. Hines is in jail and I'm sure there's smoke coming out of his nose and ears. Even if I get the divorce papers ready for signatures I'm certain that he'll tear them up or spit in my face. At this point I just want peace Roxanne, peace and freedom and Mzwakhe's loving. I'm deeply in love and that's the kind of life I want to live. I want to wake up peacefully in Mzwakhe's arms, but at this point I don't think I'm going to get that. Hines is making my life hell. I just feel myself loosing more and more of myself in this, I'm loosing control of my life Roxanne" she says. Wow, that's a lot.

"You can't Boitumelo, you can't loose yourself because of some man. You can't

hand over your life like that, you have to boss up and take control. If it's a divorce you want then do whatever it takes to get it. This is your life Tumi, take it back. If you love this Mzwakhe person the way you're portraying then do whatever it takes to ensure that each night you go to sleep in his arms and each morning he's the first person you see. This is your life Tumi, love and take care of yourself, your well being comes first. For a change stop putting people in front, put yourself and your wellbeing first. You've got to take care of yourself babe" I say. She looks up at me and slightly smiles.

"You're right, I have to put myself first from now on" she says smiling.

"I'm glad you understand. Now tell me about Mr M Nxumalo" I say. She laughs.

.....

I get home when it's almost dark. Musa is home I'm sure but I told him I'm going to be a bit late so I don't think we have a problem. I indeed find him in the house. He's just ate his dinner. I told Rose to cook today.

"Hey babe, how was your day?" I asks.

"It was okay, you look gorgeous" he says and pecks my lips.

"Thank you baby, can we go to bed?" I say. I'm really tired. That salad I had for lunch is still keeping me full.

"Okay babe, I'll be up in a few minutes, I have to edit my proposal first" he says.

"Okay baby, you'll find me upstairs" I say and trek up the stairs with my shopping bags. I shower and head to bed. Musa

comes into the room and starts changing into his sweats.

“Since you’re looking all pretty in silk and a new hairstyle can I fuck you to sleep while you dig your claws into my back and scream my name?” he says nibbling my neck. I giggle.

“Sounds tempting but this morning you rode me till I couldn’t take it no more, so no mister” I say. He chuckles and wraps his arm around my waist.

“This is exactly what I need” I say and out my hand on his arm.

“Was your day that hectic?” he asks and kisses my cheek.

“More than that” I say. I tell him everything, including what Tumi told me.

“That old man is so crazy” he says.

“You can say that again”

“We all know the reason he’s so obsessed with Tumi is because Tumi is his trophy”

Musa says. He’s right. Hines is recognised in the industry because of her. He’d be nowhere without Boitumelo. Which makes me wonder why he treated her like that when he basically needs her to survive.

“Goodnight, I love you” Musa says.

“I love you too baby” I say and close my eyes.

Insert 16

Boitumelo’s POV.

I'd forgotten how Sunday feels watseba. When I got married it turned into another day. It wasn't because of Hines by the way, I just felt that these other churches lacked giving me sense of belonging. My church, although it goes on for 4 hours straight, is the only church that I feel belonging to. But it's too deep into Thabong so I couldn't make that travel every week so I stopped going to church. I take full blame for not going to church, but at least I pray and read the good news when I can (a very important point in my case).

The house is busy. People are rushing others to finish bathing and others are being rushed to finish ironing. I'm still in bed, the phone conversation I just had with

Mzwakhe put me in high spirits. He's still raving about the pictures of myself that I sent him last night. He knows how to make me melt that one.

A knock on the door puts an end to my blushing and giggling.

"Kena (Come in)" I yell. Tshepo walks in, with a plastic basin consisting of water in his hands and Kera following behind him.

"Morning Sista" he says walking further in.

"Morning Tshepos, o sharpo (you okay?)" I say looking at my phone.

"Yah yah, flip?"

"Me too" I say looking at him. He puts the basin on the floor and looks at me.

“Do you mind?” he says. I already know what he’s talking about.

“Sho” I say and get out of bed. I put on my gown and slippers and walk out of the bedroom, with my phone in my hands.

My ears are immediately hit by Ntate Thuso Motaung and moruti Maine’s voices. I chuckle and shake my head. Things in this house never change yong.

Pusy is in the passage ironing a looot of clothes. I greet and pass, she looks shocked that I just greeted her. The kids are running around like headless chickens trying to get ready for church and Mama and Papa are lounging in the living room. It falls silent when I enter the living room.

“Dumelang” I greet and throw myself on the couch.

“Hey” Matshidi says walking in.

“Morning” – Mama. Papa just continues staring at the blank TV screen.

“Haleye kerekeng? (Aren’t you going to church?)” I ask Mama.

“No, your father has to stay at home and heal” she says sipping her tea. I glance at my father and he has a begrudging look on his face. I’m not surprised, the old man loves church. I take it the decision was not discussed with him first. “Oh Tumi, I took out your old church uniform for you to wear today” Mama says. I smile.

“Thank you Mah, I was a little worried about what I was going to wear coz I didn’t bring any dresses or skirts, I hope it still fits though” I say with a light chuckle.

“Go try it on, if it doesn’t then you can take my old uniform” she says.

“Aowa mah, I can’t wear old ladies’ uniform, isn’t that for women who have kids?” I say.

“That uniform gives you a steady place in society, it’s for women, you’re not classified as a woman only when you have kids Tumi. You’re still married, you can’t wear girls’ uniform” she says in a calm but strict tone. I look down.

“You’re not alone ngwanarona, Pusy and I also wear the old ladies’ uniform, Mama made sure of it” Matshidi says. I give her a

half smile. I'm not the type that gets angry for a long time, I guess they're forgiven for their little shenanigan. Plus I think they've learnt their lesson.

Tshepo finished bathing with his child and I get into the bathroom with my basin full of bathing water. When I'm done I fit my uniform and unluckily enough it doesn't fit me. Argh I have no choice but to wear Mama's uniform. I quickly iron it...and guess what? It fits me! Heh! I'm the same size as my mother, can things get worse than this?

"You look priceless" Tshepo says laughing like his life depends on it. Then he takes a picture of me without me realising it at first.

I give him a bored look but end up laughing with him.

“Joke’s over, hand me those pumps” I say pointing at the pumps Mama’s borrowing me for today. I put on a white doek instead of the hat that’s part of our uniform because of this hairstyle on my head. It hurts like nobody’s business. I don’t want to hurt myself by forcing the long ponytail into a hat.

We walk out of the house all wearing church uniform. I have to admit we look quite respectful though. We stop by the shop to get the kids snacks and off we go.

.....

Mzwakhe’s POV

The house is silent. I hope I don't meet Conquest. Yes I'm hiding from her, in my own house. Argh I just wish she could just stop talking about how bad Boitumelo is for me. I can't take her rumblings anymore. She hasn't even met Boitumelo but because of our complicated relationship she's already judging her.

But I've thought about what she said and I'm actually in a relationship with someone's wife. Yes I knew I knew that when I went after her but someone actually pointing that out just made me view our relationship in a different way. I'm actually kinda like a second lover. I hate the sound of that. Man I have to push this divorce.

I make myself a proper breakfast and retire on the couch with my beer. The DStv has been installed so I'm tuned in to SS4.

Conquest walks out of the passage with her phone in her hands, staring and tapping the screen.

"Morning Nolo" – me. She glances at me and continues walking to the kitchen.

"Morning" she says and takes an apple from the fridge. This weekend has been hell. She has been trying to talk me out of my relationship with Tumi. I love my sister but she can be very mean sometimes and I'm certain that when she meets Tumi she's going to be downright mean.

She throws herself next to me and continues staring at her phone screen.

“Where’s the married main chick?” she asks. I sigh. She’s starting to bore me now. I seriously want her to go back to EC, I’ve had enough.

“Her name is Boitumelo Nolo, and she’s getting divorced”

“But I-“

“And I love her with all of me. And I’m not breaking up with her, whether you like her or not-“

“That’s gonna ha-“

“And I’m going to marry her. You’re the only family I have and if you’re not going to happy about my happiness you’ll be really

breaking my heart Conquest” I say and stand up and walk out of the room.

.....

Boitumelo's POV

We got to church late. And because we're part of the women's union we had to face the states and go sit in the front with the rest of the women's union, the mamas and the gogos.

But the service was nice nonetheless. It was very fulfilling. The new young Pastor knows his stuff shame. I think they said he's Pastor Modise. Funny enough my maiden surname is Modise. Anyway I'm hungry and I wanna go home. I doubt Mama cooked a proper

Sunday meal though because of Papa. But I'd eat anything right now coz I'm dyyyyyyyyying.

“Kani go get the kids” Pusy says. Matshidi has her baby with her, as always. They're holding hands. I've noticed how close they are. Matshidi really loves her daughter shem. And I have to point out that she's very well taken care of. Her baby daddy makes sure of that, I guess that's why she doesn't work. Oh well.

“Tumi” a voice I don't recognise calls out. I turn around and I spot the pastor's wife. They said her name is Maipato...or something like that. She's smiling, I return the gesture and meet her half way. When

we get to each other we can't decide whether to hug or shake hands. Actually I want to hug her but she wants to shake hands and when I change my mind and decide to shake her hand she wants to hug. So we settle for;

"Hi" – me, with a smile.

"Hey Tumi" she says and looks at me like she's expecting something to happen. This is getting awkward. She tilts her head and narrows her eyes on me, still I smile.

"So you don't remember me vele?" she says, sending me down to Confusion Ville. I stop smiling and also narrow my eyes.

"Not really, I'm sorry" I say.

“Tumi it’s me, Maipato” she says smiling. Confusing me even more. I smile though because I don’t know what else to do right now. “Bathong Boitumelo, who was your best friend throughout highschool?” she says. AND THEN IT KICKS IN!!! Those cheekbones, that meek smile, those light brown eyes, they’re all familiar!!!! I scream with my hands on my cheeks and embrace her in a hug.

“Too tight, can’t breathe” she murmurs. I let her go and laugh, with my hand still on my cheeks.

“Oh my word Maipato! It’s really you!” I shout. She laughs. I can’t help but hug her again. “When did you get back from Cape Town?” I ask.

“Argh a long time ago, it’s been 7 years already. And I’ve been trying to contact you since” she says.

“Argh that’s all in the past now. You look so...” I don’t even have words to describe how she looks.

“What? Fat? I know, I haven’t been able to loose baby weight” she says and rolls her eyes. I laugh.

“No silly, you look good, those are womanly curves” I say.

“You’re the first to say that besides Teboho, thank you by the way” she says. I conclude that Teboho is the husband, the pastor.

“You’re welcome, sooo baby weight huh? How many?” I ask.

“Just two” she says. Just she says. I laugh.
“And you?” she asks.

“None that I’ve birthed” I say and shrug.
Her face turns sad, or rather pitiful? “No
there’s nothing wrong with me, I’ve been
on birth control” I say.

“Oh” she says in relief, but then suspicion
crawls onto her face.

“Argh it’s a story for another day” I say
waiving my hand dismissively. She gives me
a half smile.

Let’s exchange numbers, we’ll link
sometime and I’ll tell you all about it, and
you’ll tell me how the heck you ended up as
a pastor’s wife” I say. She giggles and I
smile. We exchange numbers and talk for a
while longer until a twinado of little boys
come running towards us.

“Mama we’re hungry” they both say at Pato. They look freakishly alike, they’re twins I’m sure.

“Didn’t I tell you guys not to disturb me when I’m with adults?” she reprimands.

“It’s fine Pato, also starving so I think we should all go home” I say with a smile.

“Okay Tumi, take care” she says and stretches her hand. I narrow my eyes.

“When did you become a handshaker?” I ask. She laughs and leans in for a hug. We say our goodbyes and go our separate ways.

My siblings, who were waiting impatiently for me, and I walk home together. Faster

than we were walking to church because we're all starving shem.

We get home and luckily for us Mama cooked a proper meal. I go straight to the bedroom and change into leggings and a t-shirt that belongs to Mzwakhe. I didn't pack it on purpose, I didn't even notice that I packed it until now. But I'm glad I did because I don't wanna wear a bra and it's perfect for that purpose. It smells soo much like him, causing me to miss him soo much more. That's it! I'm going home tomorrow. I miss my man too much now. I decide to take a few pictures and send them to him via WhatsApp.

“😂😂” – his response. I’m offended by that actually. “So you steal people’s clothes now? 😊” another message. I laugh.

“I didn’t steal, I borrowed MY man’s t-shirt, PEOPLE must chill” I message back.

“Mmmh your man 😊 But it looks good on you anyways” – him.

“I know abuti baby, your aus baby looks good in anything and everything, I even slay in maponapona (nudes) 😊” – me.

“👊👊👊” – him. “Well I can’t argue against that 😊” – another one.

“I miss you” he messages again.

“I miss you too, I’m coming home tomorrow” – me.

“Okay miss TWO WEEKS, come home to YOUR man” – him. I laugh out loud. I’m not going to answer that.

“Tumi” a voice says. I turn around to see Pusy by the door. “The food is ready, and getting cold” she says.

“Oh okay, I’m on my way” I say and turn to her. I’m barefoot, it’s actually hot. I walk out with my phone in my hands.

I get my plate from the kitchen and join the adults in the living room. I don’t know where the kids are. I sit between Mama and Papa, much to my mother’s annoyance, and dig into my food. I’m disturbed by my phone beeping. I pick it up from my lap and open the message from Mzwakhe. I wonder what it is now. I open it and...it’s a video. I

press the play button and immediately smile when I hear the song in the background. It's Best of me. And he's singing along.

"What is it that's making you smile so much?" my mother says and peeps at my phone screen. I quickly press the power button and the screen turns black.

"It's nothing" I say and resume eating. I notice them giving each other glances. I ignore. My phone beeps again, this time I ignore it, Mzwakhe must chill. I'm sure whatever he sent is either going to make me blush or laugh out loud.

“You’re not going to check your phone?” –
Mama.

“No, I’m sure it’s not important” I say. She
glances at me suspiciously before going
back to her food. My phone beeps again.
Ignore again.

“So tell us Tumi, where did you get money
to buy all those clothes you bought
yesterday?” – My mother. I think about
lying but I’ve been doing a lot of that lately
and one more lie might send me straight to
hell.

“My b... someone borrowed me their card” I
say.

“You mean your boyfriend borrowed you
that card? And he’s the owner of that
yellow expensive car that was here

yesterday?” – mom. My mouth is literally hanging open.

“I...” my mental wordbank is on a go slow, I swear.

“Speak up Boitumelo” – mom. “Who is he? What’s his name? What does he do for a living? Do you love him?” she continues. I’m on mute right now. Maybe I shouldn’t have told her the truth. “Boitumelo I’m talking to you” she says and looks at me.

“Yes” – me. I can’t even look at her in the eye. Geez, I feel like a teenager.

“Yes what?” – Papa. So they’re ganging up on me now?

“Yes I love him” – me. Silence. I lift my eyes to look at my siblings and they’re eating and

looking at us like we're an entertaining movie.

"Is it? What's his name?" – Papa. I'm quiet for a while.

"Mzwakhe, Nxumalo" – me.

"MZulu, MXhosa, kapa (or) MSwati?" – Mama.

"MXhosa" – me.

"What does he do for a living?" – Mama. Hai this is enough, I'm not answering that.

"Is he the reason you've decided to leave your husband?" – Pusy. I swiftly look up at her, she looks down.

"No he's not. I just happened to feel different about him, different than I've ever

felt with any man. I love him” I say and return my eyes to my food.

“So-“ – Matshidi.

“And I don’t want anybody’s opinion about my relationship with him. I’ve put my life, my dreams, even my pride aside for you people. That’s all in the past now because I’ve decided to put myself first. I’m living for me, and please don’t try to stop me because I’m going to get out of line, please” I say and continue eating.

(They stood up for their relationship □)

Insert 17

I've decided to spend some time with my mother before going back home. It was actually fun sitting with her and sipping tea whilst she told me about all the relative feuds over the years. Sometimes it's hard to believe that I'm related to those people watseba.

But anyways, I've finished packing and I'm on my way to the townhouse. I'm a little worried about Hines coming back for my parents but he's still in jail plus we got restraining orders against him, so I guess we should be fine, for now.

Mzwakhe didn't say anything about his sister so I guess she left. I didn't want to distract him from work so I'm going straight

to the townhouse without telling him, he'll find me there. It shouldn't be a big deal. Oh and guess what? I'm using a taxi. Most of y'all would find this weird but I enjoy it shem. Those random conversations that someone has with the person next to them that end up being the whole taxi's entertainment are priceless. Mzwakhe can chill. What he doesn't know won't hurt.

I unlock the door and walk into the house. It's cleaner than I expected. Not that I expected it to be a mess since Mzwakhe knows how to clean after himself but a little dust should be a sign of my absence. But I guess it's because his sister is here. Anyways I walk down the passage and straight into my bedroom. I put my bag

down and take off my shoes. I walk out of the bedroom to the kitchen to get water from the fridge. I was planning to watch TV but I see someone on the couch. I walk closer and...it's a lady. Pretty and light skinned, maybe in her early thirties. She could be Mzwakhe's sister because they kinda look alike. And she's looking at me.

"Hi" I say with a smile. She continues staring. I don't like the look on her face. I keep smiling. "I'm Boitumelo, you must be Conquest, I've heard so much about you" I continue.

"Only Mzwakhe can call me Conquest, to you it's Noloyiso, nothing else, uyaqondisisa (do you understand clearly)?" she says with a truck load of attitude. Still I smile.

“Okay Noloyiso, I’m sorry” I say. She gives me a nasty look from head to toe and returns her gaze to the TV screen. Okay nor, it’s no secret, she doesn’t like me. For what though?

I drink the water I came to drink and walk back to the bedroom. I throw myself on the bed and get busy with my phone. I play Joyous Celebration on medium volume and put my phone beside me. Lord knows I need it before I face that sister-in-law of mine. I’m kinda relieved that she’s THE tattoo Noloyiso. Mzwakhe must really love his sister to have her name punctured with a sharp object on his flesh, in red. I don’t know what’s gonna happen further since she doesn’t like me much.

Mzwakhe's POV

“Majita I need your help with something” – me.

“What is it mjita?” – Alma.

“So Conquest doesn't like Boitumelo (they whistle) and I need to find a way to make her like her or better yet love her” – me.

“Hai mjita you know Conquest. If she doesn't like you, she doesn't like you, she'll never like you, I'm a living proof” – Sbu. We all laugh.

“She has very specific reasons why she doesn't like you mjita” – Dorado.

“What did I do wrong mjita?” – Sbu.

“You asked her on a date, how did you think that would turn out?” – Mayson.

“Asking a beautiful lady on a date has never been a sin” Sbu says and shrugs.

“Well it turned out to be a sin for you because she’s been making your life hell since then” – Dorado. We all laugh.

“Mxm” – Sbu.

“And I have a feeling that this man didn’t tell you because he knew you were gonna be snubbed” Mayson says pointing at me. I put my hand on my chest and laugh again.

“Come on majita don’t tell me you thought I’d let this fucker possibly date my sister, hell no, I put in a good word for you before you approached her” I say.

“You motherfucker!” – Sbu. I continue laughing.

“Hayi marn majita I came here so you can assist me with my problem and you’re talking about Conquest” – me.

“I hope things don’t work out between them you asshole” Sbu says and gulps his beer in one go. I just chuckle.

“You could try to get them under one roof so they can sort out their issues” Mayson says.

“There is not ‘their issues’, it’s ‘Noloyiso’s issues’. And knowing my lady the way I know her she’d probably just sit there and take in Nolo’s bullshit with a smile plastered on her face. And then one day when she’s tired of it and blows up its going to get really bad” I say.

“Yah you have a point, quiet motherfuckers are ticking atomic bombs” Mayson says.

“Well since it’s Conquest who has a problem why don’t you try to make her see what you love about Boitumelo, all those qualities that make this woman this special to you. Maybe when she sees that she’ll warm up to her” Sbu says.

“For a man who got snubbed you sure have good ass advice” Alma says. We burst out laughing.

“Mxm leave me alone” he says and drinks his beer.

“I’ll try that out and see how it turns out mjita, thanks for the advice” I say.

“Fuck you” he says. We laugh.

“So when can we finally meet this lady of yours?” – Alma.

“Yes when?” – Mayson. I scratch my head lightly.

“Ahh...when we’re done with this divorce thing” I say.

“And when is that?” – Dorado.

“Approximately after a month” I say.

“You already have the judge?” – Dorado.

“Yep, Makhubela, she got the deal” I say.

“Wait a minute with the judges and whatnots, mjita why are you hiding this lady from us?” – Mayson.

“Does she have a crooked face?” – Alma.

“A missing tooth?” – Mayson.

“Even if, we promise not to laugh or judge”
– Alma.

“Speak for yourself” – Sbu. We laugh.

“I’m not hiding her from you, and no she doesn’t have a crooked faced or a missing tooth. She’s very beautiful with snow white perfect teeth for your information. Just that I want us to get past this tough phase first before I can introduce her to you motherfuckers, you know you’re a shit and a half, each” I say. They burst out laughing.

“You have a point mjita, you should also get time to know her to see how she’ll react to these shits” – Dorado.

“Haybo Dora, you’re also a shit and a half” I say. They all laugh.

“Can we atleast see a picture of her then?”
– Sbu. I press the power button on my phone and hand it to them. She’s on my wallpaper. Alma whistles.

“Haybo haybo haybo” – Sbu.

“Dark beauty” – Dorado.

“I finally understand why you’re so obsessed with her, she’s hot mjita” Alma says adjusting his belt. I snatch my phone from him.

“You stupid ass, are you seriously getting a boner looking at my woman?” – me. He laughs.

“No” he says with his hands in the air.

“Then what were you doing with your belt?” – me.

“I was adjusting it” he says.

“You better be” – me. I put my phone back in my pocket. I won’t lie and say I’m not pissed about that.

“So have you finally tapped?” Mayson says. I laugh.

“What kind of question is that?” – me.

“A straight forward question, answer” – him.

“What the fuck?” – me.

“We just wanna know if this lady is looking after our boy” Dorado says and throws his arm around my shoulders.

“But when it comes to my bedroom business you need to stay out” I say.

“Ai it’s obvious, the answer to the question is obvious” Alma says laughing. I also laugh.

“You didn’t hurt her did you?” – Dorado.

“No I didn’t hurt her, I promised I’d be gentle” I say and shrug. “That walk...” I chuckle, shake my head and sip my beer.

“...is proof that I satisfied each and every one of her feels” I say. They laugh.

“Well well, the man is giving himself credit” Dorado says. I laugh.

“I’m not giving myself credit, even the way she moaned my name is evidence” I say.

“Okay you can stop polluting our minds with your porn” Mayson says. I laugh.

“How’s Zim?” Dorado says looking at Mayson.

“Zim...Zim is pregnant” he says.

“Argha we know she’s pregnant but how is she?” Sbu says. Mayson sighs.

“She’s scared, super scared to give birth and she’s making my life hell” he says.

“Making your life hell how?” – Alma. I cross my arms and fix my eyes on him. I wanna hear this one.

“Zim is turning into a nightmare. She can be angry, happy, sad, over the moon, all that, in 30 minutes. This other day she literally cried because I put her on her knees. I don’t even know how to soften her up anymore when she’s angry, I don’t know how you guys did it but I’m loosing my mind” he says.

“Haybo mjita what did you expect when you shot your sperms right to her womb?” Sbu says. I laugh.

“Does she have to be like that though?” Mayson asks frowning.

“She’s pregnant mjita, hormones are doing what they do best. And as you said, she’s scared to give birth so anxiety is also taking its toll. What you have to do is to assure her that you’re there for her, not just by words, but by actions. Avoid all the sex positions she’s not comfortable in, spoil her, give her more love, more attention, more money, give her anything and everything that she wants. She’s going to soften up eventually. And you’ll have a happy baby momma” Dorado says and smiles. I clap my hands with a smile on my face.

“Aww Dora the godfather” I say and clap further. They laugh and Dorado punches my arm. I laugh. Dorado has always been the one who gives the best advice. He’s the one who got into serious relationships first, the first one who got married, the first one who had kids, aintlik he’s always been more matured than all of us. Since we were young he knew the kind of life he wanted and wouldn’t be stopped by anything to get it.

“Wena when are you having offspring?”

Mayson says to me.

“Arhhh...me? I’m not at that level yet” I say.

“Come on mjita” Sbu says.

“I’m not ready” I say with a shrug.

“You sound like a bitch” Alma says. We all laugh.

“Because I’m not ready to have kids? Relaxa tuu” I say and sip my beer.

“You’ll turn 40 saying that, you’re not getting younger” Dorado says.

“If I’m not ready I’m not ready” I say with a shrug.

“When you’re not ready that’s when they’re going to come, trust me, I’m a living proof” Sbu says.

“You’re a living proof to everything, wena uqalekisiwe nje (you’re just cursed). You just need to find whoever it is you badly hurt and ask for forgiveness, I swear

intlanhla embi iyo phela nya (the bad luck will end)” I say.

“Fokof” he says. We all laugh. “But on a serious note, nothing can bring you more happiness than your own offspring” Sbu says.

“Not even blowing someone’s brain?” – Mayson. We all laugh.

“Not even that mjita, once you become a father nothing can amount to the kind of happiness your kids bring you” Alma says.

“Yah neh” Sbu says looking at his beer bottle with a smile on his face. We’re all quiet for a while.

“Majita let’s get back to work before that Italian motherfucker starts his shit” Dorado

says removing his arm from around my shoulders.

.....

Noloyiso's POV

It's getting late and I've seen no sign of that girl. I still don't like her but at this point I'm defeated. After I even gave her attitude she gave me a warm smile. That smile melted me but I'm a fighter and I refuse to let her defeat me like she did with my brother. I have to admit though that she's really beautiful, her skin is also beautiful and flawless. Her face is the only thing I could see because she's wearing sweatpants and a big hoodie, covering every aspect of her body and her hair.

Anyways I have been invited by my friends, just a night out for fun. I have to get myself ready. It's been so long since I've been out to have fun. We're going to a welcome back party at a club in JHB. The theme is all white with a touch of gold. Luckily I have a few nice clothes with me that I can wear to the party.

I haven't been this excited in a long while. I'll deal with lil bro and his harlot later. I have a party to get to ayeye! I get up from the couch and head to the bathroom.

.....

Mzwakhe's POV

The house is quiet today. No I'm wrong, I just heard footsteps coming from the passage, more like heel footsteps. I close the door and put my bag on the couch. Conquest comes out of the passage, in a white short dress and gold heels. And then? "Uyaphi (where are you going?) Sisi?" I ask. "To have some fun, don't wait up for me, I'll be back very very late" she says packing up keys from the kitchen counter. "Oh and your married main chick is here, she's been couped up in the bedroom all afternoon, I don't know what her problem is" she says. And then I remember that Tumi said she's coming home today! Damn! How could I forget that?

“And in case you’re wondering no, I didn’t do anything to her” she says and walks to the door. She kisses my cheek and opens the door. “Ciao!” she shouts and closes the door. I hear an engine come to life and a car drifting away.

I walk to the bedroom already feeling guilty as fuck. I open the main bedroom door slowly and peep inside. Whew! She’s sleeping. I close the door and walk closer to her. There’s music playing from her phone. Some gospel songs. I switch it off and put the phone back on the side of the headboard.

My woman is totally out. Her mouth his slightly open but she still looks pretty as fuck. I kiss her on the lips, sucking a few

times, with the intention to wake her up but she's really out. After a while of doing that she opens her eyes slowly and slightly smiles at me.

"Hey" I say.

"Hello" she says and rubs her eyes with her fingers.

"How did you sleep?" I ask.

"Just okay" she says with a yawn. She then breathes out heavily. "And you? How was your day?" she asks.

"Just got better now that you're here" I say. She smiles then chuckles.

"You missed me that much?" she says.

"Mmh" I say whiningly.

“I missed you too” she says with a wide smile.

She brings my face closer to hers and starts kissing me passionately. I kiss her back until I end up on top of her, between her legs. It’s getting heated. I put my fingers underneath the elastic of her sweatpants and attempt to pull them down, she stops me. We stop kissing and I give her an enquiring look.

“Why doesn’t your sister like me?” she asks. I swear I felt my dick soften immediately. I slowly get off her and lie next to her. “Is it because I’m married?” she asks again. I take a deep breath.

“Its not that she doesn’t like you, she just doesn’t know you” I lie.

“Don’t lie. Will she like me better when I’m divorced?” she says caressing my cheek. I don’t answer. “I’m talking to you Mzwakhe” she says calmly. I take a deep breath.

“I think so, I’m not sure” I say. I see her face saddening and she stops caressing my cheek. “Look babe, Nolo is very protective of me, and in whatever I do she wants to know if I’m okay. This is my first serious relationship and I think she’s scared that I might get disappointed or something. Please be patient with her, she’ll come around” I say. She’s silent for a while.

“Okay” she says and continues stroking my cheek. I smile.

“You understand?” – me.

“Yah” she says and smiles. I peck her on the lips.

“And guess what?” I say climbing back on top of her. She smiles widely.

“You’re hungry like me?” she says. I laugh.

“Yes, and because Nolo is out we can have each other for dinner” I say and nibble her neck. She giggles.

“But I want real food” she says.

“Baby I’m a real meal, that can get you satisfied in less than 2 minutes, please allow me” I whisper and nibble her neck again.

“Do it Mzwakhe, satisfy my feels” she says and bites her lower lip. I smirk. Her eyes are getting smaller. She’s getting weak. I get even hornier when she gets weaker under my control.

“Fuck” I cuss under breath and go in for a deeper kiss.

Noloyiso's POV

"Hi Nolo" my friend Charmaine says walking to me.

"Hey Charmaine, how are you my darling?" I say to her. There's a girl walking next to her in a white dress. You've got to be kidding me! Is that the same dress I'm wearing?

"I'm good darling, and yourself?" she says and we hug.

"I'm good thanks" I say. "You look good" I continue. She chuckles. She's wearing a white Versace top with black and gold chains and white jeans with a Gucci handbag.

“Thank you my darling, and you look...” she looks at the girl with her and then me “...just like Abby” she says and laughs. ‘Abby’ and I also laugh, although this is not funny. To make matters worse, she looks better in it than I do. The dress is hugging every curve and dip on that Faith Nketsi body. Jesus why are you so unfair?

“This is my friend Abby, Abigail this is my friend Nolo, the one I told you about” Charmaine says.

“Nice to meet you Nolo, my clone for the night” she says. We laugh. Again, it’s not funny!

“Nice to meet you too Abby, you have good taste by the way” I say. She giggles.

“You too” she says. We laugh. Okay, this time it’s a bit funny. Lol.

“The party has not started yet?” I ask looking at the club we supposed to be going to.

“Yeah, the owner has not arrived” Abby says.

“But we can go get the party started in the meantime, Mr owner ota re thola pele (Mr owner will have to catch up)” Charmaine says. We laugh. This is exactly why I love going out with this girl, she knows how to have fun.

“Masambeni ke (let’s go then)” I say and lock my car. I’m hoping is warm inside coz it’s already so cold outside. We walk to the club and the bouncers let us skip the line. They know Abby apparently. Anyways we get inside the club and head to the VIP. There’s really not much searching around to do, we just look for a group of very expensively dressed girls and that’s our bitches!

“Bo darling” Charmaine says.

“Hey ladies” I say and sit down next to Mikateko immediately.

“Heeeey!” they all say.

“Ladies this is Abigail, a dear friend of mine” Charmaine says, standing next to Abby, who’s looking kinda nervous.

“Hi” she says.

“Hi Abby” Rori says.

“We’re the best squad you’ll ever meet, I promise” Ursula says. We all laugh and they join us.

“You ladies look drunk, you started the party without us?” I say.

“Of course, fun waits for no man, or woman” Rori says. I laugh. Isn’t it supposed to be ‘TIME waits for no man’?

“Have my Sex On The Beach, I’ll get another one” Mikateko says.

“Thanks babes, you’re the best” I say and take the cocktail she’s drinking. We’ve always been like this, we share each other’s things a lot.

“I’ll call a waiter guys, I need a drink” Abby says. Shyness gone already? Anyways we call a waiter and fill up the table. This is what I love about these ladies. We never ever need a man to buy us drinks, in other cases we buy men drinks. I think we kinda enjoy having that kind of power, lol.

Insert 18

Different in my own way

Rose gold baby in my own shade baby yeah

Living in the new age

Guess I'm just a limited edition not to many
edits like me

No you cannot wine or dine me

Guess I'm just a sucker for the independent
mama drama

Imma do whatever

I can't need you to understand

I'm nothing like what you had

I'm nothing like what you have

If you can get where I'm going I promise to
love you particularly just to the way you
need

Put your heart in my special place

True colours all the way yeah

Baaaby, baaaby, baaaby, baaaby

You, you gotta know I'm different

You gotta know I'm different

Different in my own way yeah

The vibe is so chilled. It's doesn't even feel like I'm at a club, more like a chillas or something chilled marn.

"Nolo you still can't hook me up with your little bro?" Enhle says.

"I'd love to, just to get that girlfriend of his out of the picture" I say.

"What's wrong with the girlfriend?" Mika asks.

"She's married" I say. Their mouths drop.

'No way' Charmaine mimes out of disbelief.

“Damn Mzwakhe is so bold, dammit!” –
Enhle.

“Your brother has an obsession with danger
neh?” Ursula says.

“I think so too. He’s getting the girl
divorced” I say.

“Well then the girl must really love him if
she’s willing to leave her husband for him”
Mika says.

“Or it could be for money, Mzwakhe is a
billionaire afterall” Abby says.

“You know Mzwakhe too?” I ask.

“Darling who doesn’t? Him at that squad of
his are infamous, and hot” she says and
giggles. Hai I shake my head and laugh.

“Well girl I think you should stay out of your
31 year old brother’s business and find

yourself a man, you can start looking here”
Mika says. I laugh.

“Me? A man? For what?” I say and laugh.

“You need a man, or else you’re going to
get pimples from salt” Rori says. I laugh.

“Girl I get some when I want some” I say.
The laugh out loud.

“But still Nolo, you need a stable
relationship, you’re too old for this booty
call thing” Mika says.

“Just because you just recently got
engaged, leave me alone tuu” I say and
resume sipping my cocktail. This is the 4th,
but it’s still not hitting the spot. I need a
cider. We are joined by a group of good
looking guys, but they look kinda young,

Mzwakhe's age maybe. They look like the VW GTI or TSI type.

The music stops playing and we hear the DJ speaking.

“Hear here hear here, ladies and gentlemen can I please get your attention. Mr Ozioko is literally 4 minutes away, can we please prepare to give him a warm welcome, thank you” he says. This Ozioko is the owner I guess. But I couldn't care less, I came here for fun not him, although this is his club and his party. I continue taking pictures with my phone until the crowd cheers.

“Welcome Mr Ozioko welcome” the DJ says. Ozioko has arrived. But I can’t even see the entrance because of these people blocking my way. He makes his way, with 3 other guys and one bodyguard, past our table and straight to the table in the corner. But whatever, my girls and I continue having our own fun. Minutes later people stop cheering and everyone goes back to doing their own thing.

“Oh my gosh Nolo did you see how he looked at you when he passed here?” Ursula says excitedly. The Siphos guy who’s sitting next to me looks at Ursula in a weird way, then me.

“Who?” I ask confused.

“The Ozioko man” she says with a wide smile. Alcohol must be going to her head and messing with her eyes.

“My prayers are being answered” Mika says. I chuckle, shake my head and go back to taking pictures. The drinks keep flowing in. And I’m getting tipsy.

“The following playlist is in courtesy of Mr Ozioko” the DJ says. My favourite song gets played.

“That’s our jam!” Mika looking at me. It is our jam!! “Lets go!” she says pulling my hand as she runs to the dancefloor. Abby follows with Enhle. As soon as we get there we take over.

Your body na killa o o o e

No be lie you body for real ah oe

Kere ngwano kamo feela o o o e

No be lie

Your body na killa o

“You got me upside down low, got me twisted loco, I’ve been thinking bout you a lot o, thinking bout your bombom bombom, you can do what you want no just togo, dive with no fear no fokol, retla thata dizolo, if you wanna tie it up go forth, saka saka, saka saka mababy yoo, saka saka saka, ungaloci loco loco, loco loco loco, ungaloci mababy yoo, loco loco loco” – us. We don’t even know some of the lyrics but we are dancing and having the time of our lives! Minutes

later we are joined by a few of the guys we were sitting with.

The good songs keep coming. Mad over you, If, Anybody, Soke and Gbona. And then when Jeje plays we go even crazier! I can't help but notice that all these are African artists.

"Aowa babes my heels are killing me! Let's go chill!" Mika shouts.

"Go Mika! I'll come later, still enjoying!" I shout back.

"Aowa I brought you here and I'm taking you back!" she says already holding my hand. I roll my eyes.

“Uyadika, torho!” I shout and let her pull me by hand through the dancefloor to the VIP area. We get to our area where those guys are still sitting, with Charmaine, Rori and Ursula. I get water for Mika and I and we start sipping to level the alcohol. Phela we can’t be sloshed in public, that would be downright embarrassing. After our drowsiness has decreased I feel the urge to go pee.

“I wanna go pee” I say near Mika’s ear.

“I’m coming with” she says standing up.

“Excuse us” I say taking my handbag after standing up.

“Do you ladies need company?” Siphos asks.
Yoh this boy is gonna annoy me now.

“No, we’ll be fine” I say and slightly smile. Mika and I walk away from the table and go into the ladies’ room. We both pee and wash our hands. Then we do a few touch ups on our facebeats. The dancing almost ruined our make up.

“Yoh babes my heels are killing me! I’m going home” Mika says.

“Nyemezela babes, you can’t leave me here, who am I going to groove with?” I say.

“Aowa babes, I’m going home” she says.

“You’re such a bore Mikateko” I say and roll my eyes. We walk out of the bathrooms and walk back to our area in the VIP. Mika wastes no time in sitting down. She says goodbye to the group and goes home. One

of the guys walks her to her car while we sit and another round of alcohol comes in.

Enhle and Abby are back from the dancefloor, with those guys. I'm having a good time though. These guys know how to entertain us. That's really just what they are, entertainment.

"Good day, I was asked to deliver a drink for the lady in a white dress" some waiter person says.

"Me?" Abby says.

"No ma'am, this lady" he says looking at me. I frown.

"Me?" I ask, confused.

“Yes ma’am” he says and slides the drink in front of me. I look at it. It’s colourless with a mint, a strawberry and a slice of lemon in it.

“Who is it from, if I may ask?” I say, still confused.

“The man in grey, at the corner table” he says pointing at some table in the far corner. I look there and a dark skinned gorgeous man lightly waves at me. I lightly wave back at him, and he shoots me with a wide Colgate smile. I return my eyes to the guy next to me.

“Get a double whiskey from the bar, the most expensive one you have and go give it to him, add it to my bill” I say to him.

“Okay ma’am” he says and turns around.

“And then?” Siphos asks.

“Mr Ozioko is making his first move, azishe (let it begin)” Ursula says. The way she said azishe net! Lol.

“He’s the Ozioko man?” I ask.

“Yep” she says with a silly smile. I can feel Siphos’s eyes on my cheek but I ignore him. The waiter walks to the bar and does what I told him to do. He walks back to the man in grey and gives him the glass of whiskey. The man smiles, then lifts his glass in the air and looks at me. I lift mine in the air and we both start drinking our alcohols at the same time.

“Are you serious?” Siphos says sounding pissed off and annoyed at the same time. Ai

this guy is boring me now. I glance at him.
“You’re flirting with him? In my presence?
You don’t respect me do you?” he says. I
look at him.

“What are you? My father?” I say. His
mouth opens up in disbelief.

“I’m leaving! You’re bloody disrespectful”
he says attempting to stand up.

“Cha Siphon, you’re going to sit here and
entertain me and my friends further
because I’m still buying you drinks” I say.

“I don’t ca-” – him.

“And if you refuse your wife is going to get
those pictures I took earlier” I say.

“You’re a who-” – him.

“That just bought you a R70 000 bottle of
whiskey, shut the hell up Siphon before I turn

it into your bill” I say. He sits down and continues drinking the whiskey I bought him. Minutes later I finish my drink and I’m ready to go home. I’m not going to drive to Free State in this state though. I’ve booked a penthouse suite at Protea Hotel. It’s not far from this club, I just hope I make it in one piece. I’m drained, as soon as I get into bed I’m going to pass out.

“I’m ready to go bo darling, I’ll see you tomorrow” I say hugging Ursula. She’s the last one.

“Bye darling” Enhle says behind me. I start walking away to the parking lot. I’m looking for my car keys while walking to my car. It’s so freaking cold!

“Miss!” I hear a husky deep voice shout. I turn around and...well well, look what we have here. He smiles while walking to me, I just slightly smile. He takes off his hoodie, remaining in a tank top. I admit that he has nice muscles but was that supposed to impress me? He ties the arms of the hoodie together around my waist and smiles at me, putting his hands in his pockets. And then? I give him a confused look first.

“I wanted to say thank you for the whiskey, it was lovely” he says in an off accent. Sounds like he’s from somewhere up the continent.

“It only seemed right to return the gesture” I say.

“Although I could tell that your boyfriend didn’t like that very much” he says with a smirk. I chuckle, turn around and keep walking. I open my car and get inside, start it and drive to the exit, leaving him there.

.....

Mimi’s POV

I finally managed to get hold of one of Hines’ friends and he’s going to help me get Hines out of jail. I don’t really need help but he’s a well known man and he can get strings pulled. Hines’ court day is tomorrow morning. I have the bail money sorted and ready. I just don’t think I’m ready for him. The past 3 days have been so good without him.

I know this might sound weird but I'm one of those people who like being alone, love being alone in fact. That kind of peace is priceless to me. I got to read and finish 6 books, yes I'm a bookworm.

Anyways enough about books, I have an old man to get out of jail tomorrow.

.....

Noloyiso's POV

I wake up with the mother of all headaches! My head is banging like I can't even describe. I manage to get out of bed and go to the bathroom. I brush my teeth to get rid of the alcohol smell and I wash my face with

the provided soap to remove the make up. I can't believe I slept in make up though. I also slept with Ozioko's hoodie around my waist. I can smell his expensive cologne from up here. It smells good though.

I untie it and put it on a chair and drink painkillers. I know it's on an empty stomach but what else can I do? I unzip my dress and slowly pull it up my head...oh no! Am I on my periods? My dress has a huge blood stain on the behind. I am on my periods! When did I start though? No no no please don't tell me that's why Ozioko tied his hoodie around my waist, please don't. If it is then the whole club must have seen. Oh fada god take me now. I facepalm. Wasn't I supposed to start tomorrow? Argh!

I run a bubble bath and sink my body in. I have endless missed calls from Mzwakhe. I'll call him a little later. I call up Mika.

"Darling" she says when she answers.

"Hey darling, are you still in Joburg?" I ask.

"Yes darling, I'm leaving this afternoon, what's up?" – me.

"I need a favour darling, I need pads and washing powder please, I'm at Protea Hotel" I say.

"Oh okay darling, I'm on my way" she says and hangs up. I call Mzwakhe in the meantime.

"Sisi, where are you? You scared me" he says when he answers.

“I’m fine Zwakhe. I was a bit drunk last night so I slept at Protea now I just found out that my cycle started and I’m waiting for Mika to bring me pads. I’ll be home in the afternoon maybe” I say.

“Okay Sisi, be safe neh?”

“I will, love you”

“Love you too, talk later”

“Sharp”

I hang up and put my phone on the side of the bathtub. I’m enjoying the warmth of the bath an hour later when my phone buzzes and it’s a message from Mika asking for my room number. I tell her and a couple of minutes later I hear a door open.

“Nolo!” she shouts.

“I’m in the en suite!” I shout. I hear footsteps and she walks in.

“Hey darling” she says and kisses my cheek.

“Morning doll” I say. She puts a plastic on the floor and sits on the closed toilet seat and exhales deeply. “What happened to you? And where did you sleep last night?” I ask.

“At that guy from last night’s place” she says and puts her head against the wall.

“Was it that bad?” I ask.

“No, it was good, you know these middle class niggas have a lot to prove since places in society are different” she says. I laugh lightly.

“Then what’s the problem?” I ask.

“I feel so guilty Nolo, Vukosi would never forgive me for this” she says. Vukosi is the name of her fiancé.

“Come on Mika, what Vukosi doesn’t know won’t hurt Vukosi. Besides that guys from last night was just a guy from last night, you’ll never see him again, make sure of that” I say. She removes her head from the wall and looks at me with a meek smile.

“You’re right yaz, you’re right” she says.

“Turns out I don’t need to be in a relationship to give good relationship advice, well well” I say. She laughs and I follow lightly. “That plastic seems heavy what else did you buy?” I ask. She picks up the Woolworths plastic bag and pulls out another plastic bag from it, a Woolies

plastic bag. Then another plastic bag, a Clicks plastic bag this time.

“I figured you don’t have clothes so I got you an outfit and new underwear, don’t worry I know the size of that ass” she says and puts the plastic down. I laugh lightly.

“And in here I have Vanish, Kotex, Stayfree, Always, Comfiplus and 100% cotton Clicks brand sanitary pads, I wasn’t sure which pad brand you use” she says with a shrug.

“And then I got you heatpatches and Painblock tablets. And I have ingredients for that hangover and all sorts of snacks” she says. Geez, girl went all out.

“This is exactly why I love you so much” I say.

“I know hey” she says with a smirk. I laugh.

“I’ll go dish up the takeaways” she says standing up.

“What did you get?” I ask.

“Your regular fix” she says. That’s so boring. I wanted something different this morning.

“I wanted some meat though” I whine.

“Nope no meat, I wouldn’t want you to loose that Connie Ferguson body before my wedding” she says walking out. I laugh.

“I’ll be out in a few minutes” I say standing up. I wrap my body in a towel and drain the bathtub. I walk to the bedroom and find the plastic bags on the bed. I get my body lotion my body and quickly put on a gown and

slippers. I soak my dress, panty and Ozioko's hoodie in the bathtub. I put on the heatpatch and walk out of the bedroom to the lounge.

"So girl have you decided where you're going to host your bachelorette party?" I ask throwing myself next to her on the couch.

"I'm considering Lephallale, but Vukosi said they're going to a private resort so I don't know" she says.

"You're considering a private resort?" I ask.

"Yah" she says.

"Mhm" I say and take a container of salad from the table and open it.

“You know as my maid of honour this bachelorette should be your duty” she says.

“Hayibo Mika, I’m being paid for the wedding, not the bachelorette mos” I say.

“Conquest Events is being paid for the wedding not Noloyiso Ntombenye Nxumalo” she says.

“Oksalayo (What matters is) I’m Conquest Events, Conquest Events is me” I say taking the first bite of my salad.

“Mxm. Why aren’t you wearing the clothes I bought you? When are you leaving vele?” she asks.

“I’m not sure when exactly I’m leaving, maybe tomorrow, I’m not sure. I’m gonna wear clothes later on” I say.

“Later on to where?” she asks.

“I’m gonna look for Ozioko” I say looking at my salad. She chokes on her salad. She looks at me with a huge smile, like bitch didn’t just choke on her salad seconds ago.

“For what????” she asks.

“I need to return his hoodie” I say still minding my chips.

“Where the heck did you get- what the hell is going on?” she says. I laugh. “Tell me everything, from the start” she continues closing her salad container.

“Last night he bought me a drink, I also bought him a drink and when I was leaving he followed me to the parking lot and he tied his hoodie around my waist, I assume

I'd stared with my periods by then and I didn't notice" I say.

"So he covered you up with his hoodie to save you from humiliation, now what a lovely love story" she says.

"Mxm" I say and close the salad container. She laughs.

"I hope you two end up together" she says still laughing.

"Hayibo Mika! What if this guy is a psychopath or a sociopath? You don't want me dead don't you?" I say. She laughs.

"So what are you gonna say when you find him? 'Hi thank you for saving my dignity last night'?" she says still laughing.

"Mika stop kidding" I say and lightly slap her thigh.

“I’m not, I’m just asking” she says with a shrug, still laughing. I don’t understand what’s so funny about this whole thing.

“I don’t know Mika, I’ll surely thank him though” I say pulling my phone out of the pocket of my gown.

“With your vagina on a desert bowl?” she says.

“Mika shut up” I say.

“Alright alright, I’m just checki-” she shuts up when I look at her. “Okay, sorry” she says with a shrug and a smile.

“Sometimes you annoy me yaz” I say.

“But most of the time you loooooove me” she says. I roll my eyes and get back to my phone. I dial Tau’s number and wait for him to answer.

“Suster” he answers finally.

“Hey Tau, I have a small job for you” I say.

“Suster” – him.

“Ozioko, I’m not sure if that’s his name or surname though, but he owns a club called Neon, and he has a Nigerian accent so I’m guessing he’s Nigerian or something” I say.

“Suster. Uhm suster?” – him.

“Yah?”

“Is he troubling you or something?”

“No Tau, just do what I told you and sent it via email” I say.

“Suster” – him. I hang up.

“Azishe” this one next to me says rubbing the palms of her hands together. I laugh. What is it with my friends and ‘azishe’ though?

Insert 19

Mzwakhe’s POV

I kiss her shoulder, leaving a trace of toothpaste on. She looks at me through the mirror, then her shoulder.

“Sies Mzwakhe I’ll spit on you” she says pointing her toothbrush at me through the mirror. I chuckle and spit in the basin.

We took a shower together, although we did more sexing than showering, but at least we managed to finish showering. Now we're doing the last part of our hygienic process, brushing our teeth. She's standing in front of me with a towel around her body and I have a towel wrapped around my lower body. My dick is pressed on her ass, and my mind is traveling elsewhere in a land of shooting stars.

"Mzwakhe you're pressing too hard" she says moving her ass sideways. That on its own hardens my boner. "Babe!" she whines moving away from me. I laugh and pull her back to me with her arm. I put my hands on her butt and hold her close to me. I lean

closer to her face in attempt to kiss her.

“Don’t kiss me with your filth, rinse your mouth first” she says putting her hand on my mouth.

“Okay rinse your mouth first” I say turning her around. I put my arms on her waist and she bends over and starts rinsing her mouth. Her ass is directly on my dick. I squeeze her ass...damn!

“Fuck babe” I moan and bite my lower lip. She gets up from the tap and looks at me through the mirror.

“You know you just looking, you ain’t getting none” she says with a frown.

“Come on” I beg.

“After what you did to me last night and this morning? No mister” she says getting out of my hands. She walks out of the bathroom leaving me standing here hard AF. I chuckle and start rinsing my mouth. I want to take a cold shower but the weather just doesn’t agree with me, so I walk out of the bathroom with a boner.

I get to the bedroom and find her in a white lace bra and panties set. She looks so innocent. All I wanna do is turn her around and start hitting it from the back. Damn my woman is sexy. My mind snaps out of it as soon as she puts on clothes. I wonder why such a gorgeous looking woman doesn’t show off. Not that I want my assets out in

the open for everyone to see but a jean wouldn't hurt.

“Babe how come I've never seen you in a tight fitting dress or something revealing?” I ask sitting on the bed.

“Because I don't like revealing clothes” she says with a shrug.

“A jean isn't revealing” I say.

“I don't have jeans, just sweatpants, sweatshirts, hoodies and maxi dresses” she says with another shrug.

“What did you buy that day you went shopping?” I ask.

“More hoodies, sweatpants and long sleeved sweatshirts” she says with another shrug. I nod in understanding.

“Well tomorrow I want to take my beautiful lady out for dinner, what are you gonna wear?” I say. She smirks.

“Can I wear sweatpants and a hoodie?” she asks with a silly but cute smile.

“Nope, no sweatpants, no hoodies, I want to see my beautiful sexy woman in something that hugs those sexy perfect curves she bears” I say. She giggles, I smile.

“Okay, I’ll make a plan” she says walking to the door barefoot.

“Don’t hesitate on the price” I say. She laughs and walks out of the room. I chuckle and start applying lotion to my skin. I also put on sweatpants and a hoodie and walk out of the bedroom. I find her doing what she does best on the stove. The smell of whatever she’s cooking arouses me so

much. I wonder what it is and I'm tempted to go look but I'd rather it be a surprise. I grab the remote on the coffee table and lie back on the couch. I flip through channels with no success of something watchable or enjoyable. This is shit. I pay so much money for unlimited access to entertainment and nothing entertains me nje, nxai!

"Breakfast is served" she says putting a tray in front of me on the coffee table. It features a container of sugar, milk and a bowl of a yellow...thing. I look up at her.

"What's this?" I ask.

"Yellow porridge" she says. I look at it again. This yellow thing she claims to be 'porridge' looks sticky and gooey and...is it eatable? She sits on the mat, sprinkles sugar, pours

milk and stirs the yellow thing. She hands the bowl to me. "Try it" she says.

"Its not going to make me gag is it?" I ask.

"No, not really, come on, eat up" she says. I slowly stir the so called porridge. Well there's no harm in trying, if I die I die, and I'll rise from the dead and haunt her for the rest of her life, she doesn't know me.

I put the spoon in my mouth and...it's not bad...no scratch that, its delicious! I put another spoon in my mouth, and another, and another, and another, never mind that it's hot. I look at her and I find her smiling.

"You didn't gag did you?" she says. I laugh.

"No, it's delicious" I say.

“I know, it was made by me afterall” she says with a smirk. I laugh. “So since you don’t know soft porridge what did you eat in the morning before you went to school?” she asks.

“The previous night’s pap and tea, sometimes the mealie meal wouldn’t be sufficient for the morning so we ate the burnt scraps of pap” I say. It’s getting easier opening up to her, easier than its ever been to anyone. Her face turns sad all of a sudden. “That is why I hate tea so much, I drank it every morning for 11 years of my life” I say and chuckle. She slightly smiles. “Is there anymore of this thing?” I ask pointing at my bowl. She widely smiles.

“Yah, it’s in the pot Mr gag” she says.

“Mxm” I say with a smirk and stand up. I dish more of the porridge and walk back to the living room. We finish eating at the same time and she goes to put the dishes and the tray in the kitchen. She sits on her feet again on the floor. I figure she’s more comfortable there than on the couch because she likes sitting on the floor.

“What are we watching today?” she asks.

“I don’t know, come sit up here” I say.

“I wanna sit here though” she says flipping through channels and staring at the TV screen.

“But I want you up here” I whine.

“Why though Mzwakhe?” she says, still not looking at me.

“Because”

“Because what?”

“Because I want to here”

“Mxm, that’s not a real reason” she says. I lean down where she’s sitting and lift her up, by holding her legs, and put her on the couch. She laughs. “You happy now?” she says. I smile widely.

“Very much” I say. She laughs. Suddenly she puts the remote down and looks at me with a serious look on her face.

“Babe, I’ve been meaning to talk to you about something” she says.

“About what?” I ask. She look on her face is not promising.

“About me” she says. My heart skips a beat. Oh my lord is she pregnant? She can’t be

pregnant! I hope she's not pregnant. My throat feels dry all of a sudden.

"Are you pregnant?" I ask, my voice rusty. She chuckles.

"No silly, I'm on birth control" she says. My heartbeat returns to normal. Whew!

"Oh okay, what do you want to talk about then?" I say.

"I don't want to be dependent on you for the rest of my life babe, so I wanna get a job" she says. Huh?

"A job?"

"Yes a job" she says.

"What job?" I ask. Does she even have job experience?

“I don’t know maybe as a waitress, a cleaner, a-”

“Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! What the fuck?” I say. She laughs.

“I’m just joking babe, I wanna get a job in my field” she says. And what field is that I wonder. I give her an enquiring look. “I’m gonna get a job as a nurse” she says. Wait what?

“A nurse?” she nods. “With what qualification?” I ask.

“I have a qualification silly. I did my nursing degree in secret, nobody knew about it. I’ve always wanted to be a nurse, that’s just one dream I wouldn’t allow Hines or anyone else crush” she says. “I’m gonna start job hunting tomorrow” she says. So she wasn’t

asking for my permission? She was telling me aintlik. That just turns me on.

“But why you wanna work though? You’re too beautiful to work” I say putting my arms around her waist. She laughs.

“I want independence babe, I’m tired of depending on people” she says. I take a deep breath.

“Whatever makes you happy then” I say and kiss her shoulder. She laughs.

“Thank you for your support my love, it’s deeply appreciated” she says with her hands on my face.

“Did I just hear you say my love?” I say. She laughs. “Please say it again” I say. She giggles.

“My love” she says with a wide smile.

“Again”

“My love”

“One last time”

“My love my love my love” she says. I laugh and pull her closer to me. We indulge in a kiss. I wonder how people get their lips to be this soft though. Pick her up and place her on top of me. Her legs on either side of me. “I want to talk to you about something else” she says. I continue kissing her.

“What?” I say between her lips.

“As soon as...(kiss)...I...(kiss)...I get...(kiss)...babe! Stop” she says pulling out of my hands. I look at her with a slight smile.

“Can’t it wait?” I ask pulling her closer to me by her ass.

“No it can’t” she says. I stop grabbing her butt.

“Okay, what’s up?” I say.

“As soon as I get a job I wanna find my own place” she says. Wait what?

“You want to move out?” I ask putting her next to me.

“Yes I wanna move out” she says. I sit facing her.

“Where is this coming from?” I ask.

“Its really not a bad place babe, I love staying here, it’s comfortable and lovely and I love you, but I wanna experience living alone” she says.

“What is it with you and experiencing things?” I ask.

“Bathong!” she says and looks at me.

“No seriously babe what is it?” I ask. There’s a knock on the door that disturbs our conversation. She stands up and walks to the door. “We’re not done with this conversation” I say. She rolls her eyes and opens the door. It’s Motseki. I forgot that they were supposed to meet up today.

“Good morning advocate” she says.

“Morning Tumi” Motseki says entering the house. “Nxumalo” he says to me.

“Sho Motseki” I say. This time he’s dressed in formal. Suit, shoes, tie, briefcase and laptop bag. He comes to the living room.

Tumi sits next to him on another couch. I'm kinda jealous about that, I hope she's not doing that because she's angry at me right now. They go through the last details of the divorce as they stare at Motseki's laptop screen. I'm shocked that Tumi said she wants nothing out of this marriage, she wants to give that filthy old man everything. Her exact words; "He can have it all, everything".

"When can I expect all this on paper?" Tumi asks.

"I'll bring the documents tomorrow morning before heading to the office" Motseki says.

"Okay" she says nodding. I trust this motherfucker. Our friendship stretches to

way back. He's gotten me out of the deepest shit ever. I got him, I got judge Makhubela, in a month or less my woman will be divorced. And as for that one, she wants a job so she can move out right? Well she can draw that job in quicksand. I'm going to make sure no one in Welkom gives her a job. I own SA, Welkom is water under the bridge.

My phone beeps and I take it from the table. It's a message from Conquest.

"I'll be home tomorrow, don't worry I'm fine, I love you" it says. My sister has always liked going out but it's never for this long, if it is then I'm notified that it's a weekend

away or something. This time around things are just weird. I wonder what's going on.

.....

Noloyiso's POV

This outfit isn't something I'd go for on any given day but it was bought by my dear friend so I have no choice but to wear it ke. Black jeans, black long sleeved turtle neck and a baggy light button up cardigan sweater that's bold red in colour and black boots. But the clothes are expensive by the way, not as expensive as I'm used to but remind me to buy this friend of mine a big, expensive wedding present. I put on my wig and beat my face lightly with a red lipstick and I'm ready to go. I take my handbag and

Ozioko's hoodie and head out of the bedroom.

"Halachu!" she shouts. I laugh. "Yah nor you're definitely going to blow Ozioko away with this one" she says with her hands on her hips.

"I'm not going there to blow Ozioko away, I'm giving back his hoodie" I say.

"Yeah sure, but I wouldn't be shocked if you told me you woke up on his chest" she says.

"Mika shut up!" I shout. She laughs out loud.

"Well girl remember to use protection okay?" she says.

"I'm on my periods, remember?" I say sarcastically.

“So if you weren’t you were gonna give it up?” she says. I give her a bored look and roll my eyes. She laughs and grabs her handbag. We walk out of the penthouse and walk out of the hotel. We get into my car and off we go to the airport, I’m going to drop her off.

“What did you say Ozioko’s name is again?” she asks.

“Will, William” I say.

“He works where again?” she asks.

“He has his own surgery, 8 clubs by the name of Neon, 2 car dealerships, and a petrol garage. He has a few businesses in Lagos Nigeria and some in Ghana” I say. By

the time I finish saying all that she's looking at me with her mouth hanging.

“Wait, surgery as in...?”

“Yes he's a doctor” I say with a sigh. She screams and almost gives me a heart attack.

“Ozioko is dripping in money mos?” she says. Argh, like we've ever cared about that.

“Yeah whatever, I just want to give him his hoodie, thank him and never see him again” I say. She laughs.

“Yeah right. I heard that Nigerian man are heavily gifted, don't you wanna find out if that's true or a myth?” she says.

“Mika!” I reprimand.

“Alright alright! But you'd make cute babies with him” she says.

“You’re literally one word away from walking to the airport” I say. She laughs. Mikateko can be annoying at times yaz. The drive to the airport is silent, I think she’s lost in her thoughts.

“Nolo” she says.

“Hmm?” I say turning to look at her.

“It’s time you forgave and gave love a try, be different this time around” she says. I look back at the road ahead. I feel my heartbeat accelerate but I chuckle, keeping my cool. “I have a good feeling about Ozioko, just be different this time” she says. I tighten my jaw and keep driving in silence, ignoring her and her presence.

Finally after what seems like decades I drop her off at the airport and drive to the surgery. I wonder what I'm going to say when I get there yaz.

30 minutes later I park at the surgery's parking lot and get out of the car. I have to admit that there's a lot of cars here though, and they're expensive. I walk into the surgery only to be greeted by one looong snake if a line. It's a beautiful place but I don't have the will and energy to wait for that long. I'm just going to leave the hoodie at the reception. I walk up to the receptionist.

“Hi, please give this to doctor Ozioko” I say putting the folded hoodie on the counter. Her eyes light up immediately!

“Finally!” she says, sounding relieved and happy at the same time. She walks away and disappears in a corner. Seconds later she appears next to me like a groundhog. Scaring the fucking daylight out of me.

“Sorry about that, we’ve been waiting for so long, come this way” she says and directs me down a passage.

What’s going on?

Insert 20

Something short.

I AM AMID BEGRUDGING LOOKS from the people sitting in the long queue. They're all looking at me like they're hungry, although they look like they're monied. I look at this tiny white woman in front of me, she's walking very fast. Too fast for my liking. Wait, why am I still following this woman? I stop in my tracks.

"Uhm, excuse me" I say. She turns around. "Where are you taking me? And why?" I ask.

"Doctor Ozioko is waiting for you" she says. "For what? I just came here to drop off his hoodie, I don't want to see him" I say. She

gives me a look, it kinda looks like she just rolled her eyes but she didn't.

“Listen here miss just follow suit and go to Doctor Ozioko's office” she says. Is she ordering me? I fold my hands and lift an eyebrow. I do not take well to orders, more especially when they come from strangers. I turn around and attempt to walk away. She holds my hand as she walks further into the passage.

“Think about the people who have been waiting in this line atleast! Because of you they've been sitting in this line waiting to see Dr Ozioko! But because Doctor Ozioko wants to see you first they have to wait! What if someone dies sitting here? Please do not be selfish” she says and pushes me into a room. Jesus that tiny woman is

strong! I turn around and there he is. In a white shirt and black formal pants. Every muscle in every part of his body is traced on his clothes. He can't see me though because he's looking the other way, talking on his phone. The hand he's holding the phone with is flexing his biceps, I can tell he works out a lot, it's a beautiful sight really.

I clear my throat and he swiftly turns around. He says something I really don't know on his phone and hangs up. He leans on the window and crosses his arms and legs.

"Hi, I came to return your hoodie, thank you" I say putting the hoodie on the table. He slightly smiles.

“Not even an apology?” he says. I frown.

“Excuse me?” I ask.

“You’re 3 hours late, you’re not going to apologise?” he says. I frown even more.

“Late for what?”

“For giving back my hoodie” he says. I was supposed to give it back at a certain time?

“But you didn’t inform me about the time I should bring it back” I say.

“Its okay, I forgive you for not using your brain” he says. Excuse me?!

“Don’t insult me like that” I say pointing a finger at him. He takes a deep breath.

“Miss you owe me” he says.

“I don’t owe you shit” I say.

“I helped you out last night, not that I want you to pay me back for that but you returned my good luck hoodie late. The least you can do is pay me pack” he says. Pay him back he says? FINE! I open my bag and pull out my cheque book and a pen.

“How much?” I ask clicking on the pen.

“Miss I don’t want your money, what I want back is my 3 hours, the 3 hours I waited for you” he says. Dafaq?

“Mr Ozioko I don’t know if you’ve noticed or not but I’m not god, I cannot turn back the hands of time” I say.

“Its okay, I’m taking you out tonight, for 3 hours” he says. Who’s performing witchcraft on me maar? I’m standing in

front of this man, defeated. I don't even know what to say to him.

“I'd love to walk you out but those people waiting in the line might kill me” he says. I take a deep breath, turn around, and start walking. I walk and walk without stopping. That man, a man I've know for a couple of hours just ordered me. The last time- no! No! No! This man doesn't know me! “Be different this time around” Mika said. Mr Ozioko does not know Noloyiso Ntombenye Nxumalo! I wipe the tears I didn't realise were rolling down my cheeks and walk out of the surgery.

.....
Boitumelo's POV

At this point what I want is a peaceful divorce. My relationship with Mzwakhe is going well, I'm going to start job hunting tomorrow, I'm just content with my life right now. A call comes in, from Mokete. I wonder what's up because he doesn't call me much.

"Hey boy" I answer.

"Dimamzo, so is it true?" – him.

"What?" I ask, confused.

"The divorce thing" he says. I should have known. "Is it true Mamzo?" he asks again. I sigh.

"Yes it is Mokete" I say.

“Wow! So why are we the last to know?” – him. Demanding, just like his father.

“I was going to tell you when it’s over Mokete, I didn’t want to stress you guys out about this” – me.

“Stress me out Mamzo? Stress me out?” – him.

“Yes Mokete, I didn’t want to stress you out. I’m sure job hunting is keeping you occupied as it is, and Tshidi is trying to climb the ladder, I can’t stress her out about minor things” I say.

“What about Tshidiso? He knew” he asks in almost a scoff.

“Tshidiso is still a kid Mokete, I needed to explain it to him more, but you guys are adults and understanding would be easier,

well I thought at least” I say. I hear him sigh.
We’re silent for a while.

“I hear you Mamzo, I’m sorry” – him.

“Its okay boy” I say. We’re silent for a while.

“I got a job” he says. Joy and excitement
fills my heart.

“What! Oh my gosh! When? Where? Are
you working already?” I ask. I hear him
chuckle.

“Two days ago, in Cape Town and I’m
starting on Thursday” he says.

“Oh my gosh! Mokete that’s exciting news,
are you ready though?” – me.

“The idea of being away from home scares
me a bit but yes I’m ready. From Pitori to
Kapa” he says. I laugh.

“Well I’m so happy for you, and proud, I’m sure your mom also is” I say.

“Yeah. I’m also proud of you Dimamzo, finally you’re leaving that fat pig” – him.

“Mokete don’t insult your father like that, he’s still your father” I say.

“Yeah whatever, talk later moms” he says.

“Sharp” I say. He hangs up. I shake my head and put my phone back on the couch.

Mzwakhe walks in right then. He just walked Motseki out. He throws himself on the couch next to me. Oh I didn’t forget about the little tantrum he threw minutes ago. He looks at me like he’s surprised or something.

“So you’re giving him everything?” he asks.

“It’s yet another experience” I say. He looks down at his fingers.

“About that, can you forgive me?” he says. There isn’t even a single trace of sorry on his face. I shake my head and keep looking at the TV. “Babe” he says.

“What Mzwakhe?” I say looking at him.

“Please” he says.


“It’s fine Mzwakhe, I’m still going to move out once I find a job though” I say.

“Okay” he says. Why is his face so hard to read right now though? He smiles and kisses my cheek. I can’t help but blush.

Noloyiso’s POV

I'm leaving this place! I want myself out of here as soon as the sun rises. My flight is booked for 10am. Where does that man think he gets the audacity to order ME! The idiot could have just asked me properly to take me out. Not tell me he's taking me out. Who the hell does he think he is?

I throw myself on the bed. I can't stop tears from running down my face. A man I barely even know has opened up something I've been trying to cover up for a long time. He just reminded me of the pain and the torture that I did my best to forget. I hug my legs and bury my face between my knees. I cry my heart out.

(Feedback? I love to hear your opinions so please leave some in the comments section – Admin )

Insert 21

Hines' POV

I still smell like jail. Those blankets and that stinky mattress I slept on for the entire weekend took control of my body. I literally smell like pee and I'm thinking of taking another bath. But to avoid all the unnecessary drama I put on a lot of cologne and put on comfortable clothes. Melemina is in the kitchen cooking breakfast. She's not that bad of a cook but I don't think

anyone can beat Tumi in this cooking thing. Yah that woman knows her way around the kitchen.

“Good morning, breakfast will be done in a few minutes” she says with a smile.

“Why isn’t it done already Melemina?” I ask. I’m already pissed. Her eyes travel on the kitchen counter instead of her answering me. It pisses me off! I bang the table once and her whole body shakes with fear, filling my heart with satisfaction I can’t even explain.

“I’m sorry, the pap was taking a bit longer than I expected” she says. I’m tempted to

scare her again but we are disturbed by a knock on the door.

“Be useful and attend to that” I say to her. She immediately stops what she’s doing and walks to the front door. I can’t see who’s at the door.

“Good morning...yes he does...ohw? Okay...come in” she says. After that a man, no scratch that, I wouldn’t really call him a man because he looks Tshidiso’s age. A boy walks in, towards me. He has a serious look on his face, like he wants to be intimidating or something. I give him a straight face.

“Hines Mokete?” he says. I lift an eyebrow. “You’ve been served” he says giving me a

brown envelope. WTF? He walks away before I can ask what's in the envelope. Mimi closes the front door and walks back to the kitchen. I open the envelope and pull out the document inside.

WHAT THE FUCK?!!!

I angrily toss the stupid papers on the floor and bang the table. I swear I will destroy Boitumelo when I find her. She wants to divorce me? Me? Never! It'll be a cold day in hell before I sign this nonsense. Boitumelo is mine!

“SHE’S MINE!!!!!!!!!!” I roar banging the table again. I’m not going to divorce her! She

ought to be out of her mind if she thinks I will. That woman has been my bread and butter for 9 whole years. I wasn't this successful when I met her and those big brains of hers that came up with all those smart ideas for the business.

How will I survive without her? I know for sure that she would never think of leaving me, her husband, ever. She's submissive towards me, no means no to her and my word is final. She'd never do this to me. I'm sure that boy she ran away with is behind all this.

I can't let this madness continue! I try calling her but it says the line is busy. Dammit! She blocked my calls!

“You’ll find a divorce in hell. You are MINE!”
I send a message to her. I bang the table
one last time.

“She’s fucking me up!” I roar. I turn to the
kitchen to find Mimi staring at me. There’s a
perfect punching bag to release all my
anger into. I rush to her and she already has
fear written all over her face. I smirk and
yank her up the stairs with her arm.

“Hines ngiyak’cela! Angenzanga lutho!
Hines ngiyeke, ngiyak’cela! (Please Hines! I
didn’t do anything! Hines let me go,
please)” she shouts already crying. We get
to the end of the stairs and I send her to

kiss the floor with a fist. “Ncese, ncese Mokete, ngiyak’cela sthandwa sam (Sorry, sorry Mokete, please my love)” she cries trying to get up from the floor. I’m standing over her, the power fills me up with so much joy. I swiftly punch her face again. She cries louder with her arms covering her bleeding face.

Her cries motivate me to thrust my foot into her. She coughs out blood from her mouth. She cries louder and louder as I jab my foot into her stomach and her side. The cries stop and my adrenaline dies down. I kick her again, but I get no response.

“Fuck you!” I scream. Boitumelo also liked doing this silence shit. She knows it kills the

pleasure for me. And now this hairy idiot does it as well?! Can't I just pleasure myself in peace?! I halt her up using her arms. I give her a tight slap, I get no response.

Blood keeps gushing out of her nostrils and mouth. I give her another tight slap but her eyes remain closed and her body remains weak. I drop her lifeless looking body on the floor and lean on the stair rails.

“Melemina!” I call out her name. She lies still on the floor. Her chest isn't even moving. She looks dead. Oh fuck no! Could she be dead? I walk closer to her and put my fingers on her neck. I can't feel anything. I step back a bit. “Mimi?” it comes out as a whisper.

“You stupid bitch!! You can’t die on me!!! Wake up Melemina before I slap your idiot face!” I roar. Still she doesn’t move. The stupid bitch is dead! I kick her once more and roar. Now I have to clean up this mess as well! I’m not going back to jail for this bitch!

I take her one foot and drag her down the stairs. This fucken bitch! Nxxx.

.....

Mzwakhe’s POV

I’m in the living room typing my last work when the door opens and Conquest enters. She’s wearing different clothes but holding

the same bag she was holding when she left here.

“Molo (Hey)” she says walking past the living room.

“Hey” Tumi says. She’s sitting next to me with her phone ‘job hunting’.

“Sisi, Molo (Hey)” I say. She disappears down the passage. Something is not right with her. Tumi and I look at each other, she shrugs. I stand up and look outside, her Mustang GT is nowhere to be found.

“She doesn’t look okay, go check on her” Tumi says. I close my laptop and walk to her bedroom. She’s half naked. I stand by the door and look at her.

“Hee wethu, uryt (are you okay)?” I ask. She nods and turns around. She gets a dress from her bag and puts it on. She flaps the bedding open and gets inside. I look at her eyes and...I recognise that shallowness. I swiftly get into the room, banging the door closed, I sit next to her.

“What’s his name?” I ask. She doesn’t answer me, instead she faces the other way. “Sisi, talk to me” I shaking her.

“I’m fine Zwakhe, just tired” she says. Her voice is rusty.

“Sisi don’t lie to me, who is he?!”

“I’m telling you that nothing happened Mzwakhe! Just listen for once!” she shouts.

“Sis-”

“Leave me alone!” she shouts.

“I just want-”

“HAMBBA (leave) MZWAKHE!” she roars. I get up from the bed and go out of the bedroom. That conversation just left me worried and cracking my head. I know Conquest very well, she’s not going to tell me anything. She’s just going to shut down until she feels like talking to someone again.

“What’s wrong?” Tumi asks. I throw myself on the couch and call her with my hand. She comes to me and attempts sitting next to me. I make her sit on my lap and I rest my head on her breasts. She puts her arms

around my head. “What’s wrong?” she asks again.

“She’s going to shut down for a while” I tell her. It takes her a while before she responds.

“Why?” she asks.

“It’s her response to bad things” I say. She’s quiet, waiting for me to respond I guess.

“Conquest has a bad experience with men, she was raped” I say. I hear her heart beat faster, then it returns to normal as she strokes my head. “She did her best to forget about that, but everytime she feels like she’s being controlled by a man it sends her down that road, she remembers the past and it sends her into shallowness, she shuts down” I explain. I bury my face into her

breasts. Seeing my sister like that hurts me so bad. I need to forget about this, even if it's just for a while. I lift up her t-shirt and because she's not wearing a bra her nipple pops out next to my lips. I start kissing and sucking it.

“Mzwakh-”

“Shhh” I turn her and pull down her pants, tear her panties and separate her legs. I pull out my member and hold her waist.

“Your sist-” I enter her from behind. She gasps as she holds onto the table for dear life.

“Fuck” I cuss and push down her back with my other hand.

Mokete's POV

I just came from Welkom from my girlfriend's house. I wasn't really sure about going for a long distance relationship but we've been pushing it for 3 years and I guess the love makes it all easier. I don't know how we're going to do now that I'm moving all the way to Cape Town. She says she's going to start looking for a job there because she wants to move there. I'm not sure she's going to get one though. She's a PR manager at a law firm and jobs like that are hard to come by. It pays good and she's been helping me out during the period in which I was looking for a job. She's the most supportive girlfriend I've ever had, I have to

do something big for her once I start getting paid.

I didn't want to leave Welkom without seeing Dimamzo but I don't know where she currently stays so I guess I'll see her some other time. On the way out of Welkom I immediately stop in my tracks when I see a brown thing in the middle of the road. It must be a dead animal. But who the hell kills an animal and leaves it in the middle of the road like this?

I open the door and get out of the car. I walk to the animal folding the sleeves of my shirt up to my elbows, with the intention of dragging whatever this is out of the way. I bend over a bit and pull it without looking. I

hand is on something tender and soft. I get my hands off it and look closely at the animal.

This is not an animal...it's something else, wrapped in a brown blanket. My heart starts beating fast, I hope this is not what I think it is. I turn the thing up and a hand falls out. Oh fucking shit! I run to the car. I'm holding my chest trying to calm my breathing down. What the fuck is that?

I hear a car hooting behind me but I don't move. Fuck I'm still traumatised.

"Excuse me!" a female voice shouts, it's coming near. "Excuse me you're blocking

other people's way" she says standing next to me. She looks at me, expecting an answer. She looks where I'm looking and walks over there. I'm still standing still.

"Oh my word" she gasps. She looks at me, then the body again. She removes the blanket completely and puts her fingers on the body's neck. "There's a pulse, call an ambulance" she says. Hearing that the person isn't dead pulls me out of my thoughts in an instant. I rush into my car and pick up my phone from the seat. I dial a number and walk out of the car again. This time I have strength to go back to the body.

"She's badly hurt, I don't think she's going to make it" the lady says looking at the face

of the person. I crouch next to her and look at the face of the person. Wait a minute I know this person.

No fuck no! This is the same girl Hines said he's going to marry. I recognise her face! He said his name is Mimi or something like that. Is it pos....oh fuck! Oh fuck! Fuck fuck fuck fuck! I stand up and start pacing.

"I think we should take her to the hospital" I say.

"The ambulance is going to arrive soon, I think we should wait" she says.

"What if she dies? She can't die on us" I say.

"Please calm down, let's just wait for the ambulance now" she says. Why is she so

calm about this? I continue pacing up and down the road, I think I'm going crazy!

I see blue and red lights approaching. And the noise can't be missed, I already know what it is. I run to meet the cars halfway, waving my arms in the air. First there's a police car.

"They're there" I say pointing at the spot where Mimi is lying. The ambulance also makes its way and the jump out of the car with a stretcher. I run to where they are. The lady paramedic puts her middle and index fingers on Mimi's neck.

“Is she going to be okay?” I ask crouching next to her.

“I can feel a pulse, let’s get her on the stretcher” she says to the other paramedic.

“Which hospital are you taking her to?” I ask.

“Bongani” one of them says.

“Okay I’m following in my car” I say already rushing to my car.

“Sir! We have a few questions to ask” someone says.

“Can’t it wait?” I ask as I continue rushing to my car.

“I’m afraid it can’t sir” he says. I sigh and turn to look at him.

“Fine, make it quick” I say rushing him.

.....

After surviving the detective's questions I rush to Bongani. I'm a nervous wreck. I wonder if she's a live. Whether they were able to recover her. Did she undergo surgery? Did she survive the surgery? I recklessly park my car in the parking lot and rush to the reception area.

"Hi I'm looking for a patient who's just recently got admitted here, badly hurt" I say. I don't even know what I'm saying.

"She's currently undergoing surgery" she says without looking at me. I can't sit anywhere, it's full in here. I pace up and down the corridor until I decide to go wait

in the car. It's kinda cold so I turn on the engine and switch on the AC.

.....

Mzwakhe's POV

I wake up early in the morning remembering I had a couple of meetings. I bathed and dressed to kill. Tumi is resting peacefully. I don't want to wake her up because I'm the reason she's still sleeping at this time. Normally she'd be awake but I kept thrusting her last night hoping to release enough pain and hurt. We finally slept at 3 o'clock, I think.

I cover her naked body with the blankets and slowly peck her lips. God knows I love

this woman, I hope I didn't hurt her. I walk out of the bedroom and walk to Conquest's bedroom. She's also sleeping. I walk in and kiss her forehead. I love this one too, I just don't know how to make her hurt stop. I sigh and walk out of the room, closing the door properly behind me. I grab my keys and head out of the house. The first car I see I take and off I go.

.....

Mokete's POV

I open my eyes in a strange foreign place. I immediately remember where I am. I don't remember when I slept though, the AC must've made me doze off. I think of Mimi and a lump forms in my throat, I swallow

hard, hoping it'll go away, it doesn't. I wonder whether she's alive now or what.

After gathering enough strength I get out of the car and walk to the hospital. It's so fucken cold. I walk in and straight to the reception area.

"Hi I'm looking for a patient who got admitted last night, she was badly hurt and underwent surgery last night" I say.

"What's her name?" she asks looking at a computer screen.

"Mimi" I say.

"And surname?" she asks. Dammit I'm stuck.

“I don’t know” I say. She looks up at me, above her glasses.

“Then how am I supposed to find her if you don’t know her surname?” – she. I feel someone tap my back. I turn around to find a doctor, male.

“Hi, aren’t you the man who found a person lying in the middle of the road?” he asks.

“I am” I say.

“Please come with me, we’ve been looking for you” he says staring to walk away. I follow behind him like a little lost puppy.

“Uh is she okay?” I ask.

“The surgery went well but she’s in a coma right now, we do not know how long the coma is going to last though. She has a few broken ribs and her arm is broken, we’ve

put a cast on it” he says stopping at the door of the ICU. I also stop. “Are you related to her?” he asks.


“Yeah, sh-she’s my stepmom” I say. His eyebrows arch. “It’s a long story, can I go in to see her?” I ask.

“Sure, oh uhm...I’m sorry but we lost the baby” he says before I can walk in. Damn.

I walk in and skip two beds, the last one, there she is. She looks like she was badly beaten. Who would do this to another human being though? How cruel can people be? Wait a minute! I think I know who did this. The remaining question though is why. Why would he beat up an innocent looking girl like this?

I sit besides her and sigh. I may have not liked her but I don't wish death upon her. I hope and pray she doesn't die. Don't die Mimi okay? Don't die, please.

Insert 22

Unedited, ncese 

Boitumelo's POV

There's a cold empty space where Mzwakhe is supposed to be resting. And the house is extremely quiet so I conclude that he went off to work or something. It's extremely cold so I switch on the AC to warm the house up a bit. I wrap my naked body with

the comforter and walk to the bathroom. It's a big struggle but I make it anyway. I get into the shower, shower for a good 15 minutes and wipe the water with a clean towel. Now feeling a bit warmer I walk to the bedroom, quickly lotion my body and wear sweatpants and a long sleeved sweatshirt.

I walk to the kitchen and start cooking breakfast. Noloyiso must still be sleeping. But I wouldn't be sure because she's been in her room since she arrived yesterday. What Mzwakhe told me really broke my heart. And it left me wondering what could've happened when she was in Joburg. On the other hand it put Mzwakhe in a foul mood. Last night he thrust me until I

couldn't take it anymore. It started in the living room and we ended up in the bedroom, I don't know how. He kept flipping me like a pancake on the bed and tightly grabbing my breasts. Just when I thought he was done he gained more strength and continued like the sun will never shine again, it went on for 5 hours straight. My nana was burning and I wanted him to stop by all means but I couldn't let him keep all that hurt inside. I just laid there on the bed and pressed my lips together to avoid crying.

I finish making breakfast and put the food on a tray along with a cup of coffee and milk and sugar coz I don't know how she likes her coffee. I take the tray and do the

struggle walk to her bedroom. I knock a couple of time but there's no response.

"Its me Noloyiso" I say. There's silence. I wait a few more seconds for a response, but she doesn't answer. I knock again, this time a bit harder but there's still no response. "I made you breakfast" I say. Still silence. "Nolo, I'm coming in" I say. There's the silence again. Oh well. I flip the door handle and open the door, I'm glad it wasn't locked. I let myself in and stop before reaching the bed. She's under the blankets and I want to turn around thinking she's sleeping but after the way I knocked she ought to be awake.

“Good morning” I say. Silence. “I’m putting your food here on the dressing table, please get out of bed and eat a bit so you can give your body the strength it needs. I’ll run you a bath when you’re done” I say and put the tray on the dressing table. Still I get no response. I turn around and walk out of the bedroom. I walk to the living room and start eating my breakfast.

I hope Noloyiso gets out of her blackout soon. It pains Mzwakhe that he can’t do anything about it but he has to let her take her time healing. Although in this situation I feel like we need someone to get her out of that dark place she was once in, make her forget completely and show her a lot of love. But hey not everyone needs love in

tough situations. Some people need a tight slap from reality, the honest truth and nothing but the honest truth.

I finish eating and put my dishes in the sink, I'm not in the mood to clean today. But at least the house isn't dirty, just a few dishes, I'll wash them when I get the energy. I take my phone from the charger and switch off the aeroplane mode. Immediately a message comes in, from Hines. Didn't I block this guy?

“You'll find a divorce in hell! You are MINE!” it says. Sigh. It's gonna be a looong divorce process.

Mokete's POV

Visiting hours are long finished. Now I'm on my way to that old man's house. I need answers. Why would he do that to Mimi? He is every awful thing but a murderer. If he didn't mean to kill her then why would he leave her for dead?

Vuyo opens the gate immediately when he sees it's me and I park in the driveway. I walk into the house and it's completely quiet. I look around in the kitchen and the living room but he's nowhere to be found.

"Mokete!" I shout. Silence. "Mokete come out I want to talk to you!" I shout again.

Silence. This time I decide to walk upstairs. “Don’t be a coward Mokete come talk to me!” I shout walking into the main bedroom.

It’s a mess in here. The bed is messy, lamps are broken, curtains are torn. Hantlantle what happened here? I walk in further looking around when my foot steps onto something hard. I look down and it’s a purse. Mimi’s purse I assume. I open it up and...yep, it’s her purse. I can tell by her ID card and debit cards. I take all the cards and slip them in my pocket.

“Mokete, are you lost?” I hear a voice behind me. I slowly turn around and the devil himself is standing in front of me. Tall

and proud like he didn't hit a girl 20+ years younger than him and left her to die.

"No Mokete, I wanted to talk to you" I say. He lifts an eyebrow.

"Hmm?" he says and puts his hands in his pockets.

"Where is Mimi?" I ask. He frowns.

"Hmm?" he asks, this time confused.

"Mokete I said where is your fiancè?" I say walking closer to him.

"You came here to ask me about Melemina? What business do you have with her?" he says.

"I have none, I just want to know where she is and if she's okay" I say with a shrug.

“Well you and your siblings will be glad to know that Melemina upped and left with a new blesser, you’ll never see her again” he says. White lies! Hee you should see this fat pig looking all innocent in front of me, sies! I chuckle.

“Is it?” I say with my eyebrows lifted. He goes back to frowning.

“What do you mean by that?” he asks.

“Nothing, I’m just wondering. Mokete you do know that your sins will catch up with you someday, right?” I say.

“We all facing judgement day, whether we like it or not” he says.

“Wena I’m sure god won’t even consider sending you to heaven, you going straight to hell” I say. He walks closer.

“Are you insulting me in my own house boy?” he says narrowing his eyes at me.

“Neva grootman” I say lifting my hands.

“But always remember what I said” I say and walk past him. I leave him standing there and jog down the stairs. I walk out of the house before he can show up from the stairs. Today I’m not in the mood for his stunts. I get into the car and instantly remember that woman I left at the hospital whose in a coma, I just got in the mood for his stunts. I get out of the car and walk into the house, jog upstairs and find him sitting in his study. He lifts his eyes and when he sees me he leans back in his chair.

“Are you back to insult me more?” he says. I walk closer to him.

“I wanted to tell you that I found your fiancè, the one you beat to a pulp, wrapped in a blanket and left her in the middle of the road for dead” I say. He stares at me with no emotion on his face at all. That’s the thing about this devil, he hides his emotions very well, you just never know what he’s thinking. “Mokete what’s wrong with you aintlik? Why do you find satisfaction in putting women in pain and scaring them? Why are you so hungry for power? Why do you enjoy seeing poor helpless women in oppression? I don’t get it” I say and lean on the wall with my hands in my pocket. There’s still no emotion on his face.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about” he says and returns his eyes to the laptop screen.

“Will you know once you in a jail cell? As a jailbird?” I say. He lifts his eyes. I give him a death stare. “I’m going to sing your name to the cops Mokete, I will do it trust my words” I say. He returns his eyes to the laptop screen.

“Knock yourself out son” he says. This motherfucker is just going to sit here and pretend there’s nothing wrong that he did? He stands up from his chair and walks to the window. “I’ve always known that you like Melemina but I didn’t think you’d go to this extent to snatch her from me like this, that’s a low blow son, even for a pauper like

you” he says. I take a deep breath. Is this guy serious? I stop leaning on the wall.

“I’m done with this conversation, see you in court Mokete” I say, turn around and begin walking away.

“Make sure you’re not the one who’ll be in the box son” he says. I stop in my tracks and turn around. He looks at me and laughs, an evil laugh, as evil as he is. “Who do you think the cops are going to believe son? A lustful 25 year old or a respectable 49 year old businessman? You tell me son, then you can go sing, don’t forget to bring home a cup for papa” he says with a laugh. The fact that he calls me ‘son’ makes me sick.

“You disgust me” I say. He laughs louder. I honestly think this hag is possessed, I mean

who does this? “What the hell is wrong with you though? On a serious note Mokete, what the fuck is wrong with you? Were you born like this or did someone perform some serious witchcraft on you?” I say.

“Maybe its witchcraft, witchcraft performed by your witch of a mom” he says and turns around to face the window. I chuckle.

“I think I know what the problem is” I say.

“You lack” I say. He side eyes me then looks out the window again. I’m poking a nerve.

“You fail to satisfy the female spices in bed, and because you think everyone can see that you become frustrated, then little by little you release your anger by hitting those poor women when infact you should go see a doctor about your disability” I say.

“You’re not a man Mokete, you’re an excuse, a power hungry old excuse of a man. Real men do not hit women in case you’ve haven’t heard. You might have a genital hanging just below your torso but you remain an excuse, a disgrace, I’m ashamed to say you made me because of how much of an excuse you are Mokete, you’re a disgrace! An EXCUSE!!!”

By the time I finish that sentence he’s in front of me, pushing his lower arm on my neck.

“I dare you son, say that once more” he says with his jaws clenched.

“YOU ARE AN EX-”

His fist meets my face before I finish my sentence. I touch where he punched me and I come back with blood. Oh he started it! I return the gesture, 3 more times than he did. He stumbles back and hits his back on the table.

“You’re an excuse Mokete! AN EXCUSE!!! AN EXCUSE!!!!!!!”

“ARHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!” he roars and another fist meets my face. We return gestures, no one wait for the other though. We’re both bleeding, but he’s worse, it’s even gushing out of his nostrils and his hairline. He stumbles to the table and puts his arms on it, putting his weight on.

“Look at yourself Mokete, you’re pathetic! Pathetic!”

Next thing I know he’s holding a gun in his hand, he lifts it up and points it to my face. I swear I felt sweat come out of my armpits. It suddenly feels too hot in here, but I won’t give him the satisfaction of scaring me.

“What are you doing Mokete? Pointing a gun at me? Are you planning to pump a bullet in me? Me? Your heir? Otlo thola omong kae (where will you find another one)?” I say.

“What’s the use of having one when they’re a bullshitter? Rather I don’t have one and

live my life in peace” he says walking closer to me.

“Do it heh Mokete, I will not beg for my life if that’s what you’re hoping to get out of this” I say. “My statement still remains, YOU ARE AN EXCUSE!” I continue. He walks faster and pushes the gun on my forehead. It’s coldness sends shivers down my spine and makes the hairs at the back of my neck stand up, but again, I will not give him the satisfaction of scaring me.

“I dare you to say that again son, say it again. This time tread lightly son, coz I will not hesitate pulling the trigger” he says. I swallow the lump in my throat hard.

“You-are-an-excuse, total disgrace” I say. His eyes get darker. We both stare until he pulls his arm down and turns around.

“ARRHHHHHHHH!!!!!! I HATE YOU
MOKETEEEE!!!! I HATE YOU!!!!!!”

BAH!!!! BAH!!!! BAH!!!! BAH!!!! BAH!!!!
BAH!!!! BAH!!!! BAH!!!! BAH!!!!

I cover my ears with my arms, until the
extremely loud sounds stop.

Ci ci ci ci ci ci. The bullets are finished. Boy
am I glad! There’s no other sound in the
room rather than his loud panting. I look up
at the ceiling and it has uncountable holes
in it. The mofo did a number on it. I look at
him panting on the floor and turn around. I
manage to make a proper exit although my
knees are wobbling like no one can imagine.

I jog down the stairs and I bump into Vuyo. We lock eyes until I break the awkward staring and continue jogging down.

I literally run outside the house and stop when I get to my car. I get in and exhale in relief. If I didn't die today I swear death will get me by mistake. My heart is still throbbing in my chest. I pick up my water bottle and gulp down the water inside. I forgot that my mouth was bleeding so I swallowed the blood along with the water. But that doesn't matter, I'm just glad that I made it out of this house alive. I start the car and speed away. I call Mamzo.

“Boy” she says when she answers.

“Mamzo, I’m in Welkom and I need a place to crash” I say.

“Oh, okay, yeah I’ll send you a location you’ll go there” she says.

“Okay, thanks”

“Sure” she says. I hang up.

.....
Noloyiso’s POV

After eating the food Boitumelo made for me I felt a bit better, my strength was coming back bit by bit. Then she ran me a bath. I couldn’t refuse that either because I needed one. What I loved about the one she did is because it had almond milk and rose petals in it. I wonder where moghel got rose petals though but I’m not complaining

because it left me better as well. She then replaced the breakfast dishes with lunch and left again. She did try to make conversation but I just wasn't feeling it. Now I think I have 76% of myself back. I'm a lot better I have to say.

I hear the door open, then footsteps approaching. That warm aura can never be missed, she's back. I feel movement on the bed and then it stops.

"I brought dinner, be careful when you turn around because I put it on the bed" she says. There's movement again and I hear footsteps. I see her come to my side and she closes the blinds. She walks away and the room brightens. I feel movement on the bed again.

“I understand what you’re going through Nolo, I’m leaving my phone with earphones next to your dinner. There’s a playlist that’s saved as Fav, those are the songs that helped me remain sane when I was going through what you’re going through, I promise you’re going to feel better after listening to that playlist” she says. I feel movement on the bed again and footsteps. “Good night” she says and closes the door.

.....

Mzwakhe’s POV

I switch off aeroplane mode and I find 26 missed calls. I’ve been avoiding calls from my former fuck buddies the entire day. I’m

not in the mood to talk to them really. I have much bigger problems to worry about and a woman waiting for me at home.

I get into my car and drive out of the airport. It's going to be a long drive but luckily I'm driving a Lamborghini so the drive should be shorter, approximately 30 minutes. I call Tumi but it rings unanswered. I hope she's not angry at me. But she did call me in the morning to check on me. But then she's a woman, those people are unpredictable and their mood changes like nobody's business. Sigh, I just hope she's not angry.

I get home when it's already dark. I park in the garage and make my way into the

house through the kitchen door. The TV is lit and the AC is on. I see a plate on the counter covered with a microwave cover, that's my dinner I guess.

"Tumi" I call out.

"I'm here" the voice come from the living room. I see her peep from the behind the couch. She smiles. "Hey" she says.

"Hi, I've been calling you but you weren't answering" I say walking to the living room.

"Sorry, my phone is with Nolo" she says.
Huh? I frown.

"Where?" I ask sitting on the couch. She's sitting on the mat as usual with a light blanket over her.

“Its no biggie, how was your day?” she says.
I immediately remember last night.

“Oh, it was okay, long” I say.

“Go take a shower, I’ll warm up your food”
she says standing up. The way she walks to
the kitchen...sigh. I’d feel very proud of it
was just a normal day but now I’m just
feeling guilty. Sigh. I walk to the kitchen and
wrap my arms around her waist. She stops
what she’s doing and puts her hands on my
lower arms. I kiss her cheek.

“I’m so sorry about what happened-what I
did” I say.

“Its okay baby, I’m okay” she says stroking
my cheek. I know she’s lying though. But
I’m not going to push her. I kiss her neck

repeatedly and she giggles. I smile, that makes me feel a whole lot better. “Go shower so you can eat” she says.

“Alright, kiss me first though” I say. She giggles then turns around to kiss me. I put my hands on her ass and grab. Man I am blessed! She pulls out of the kiss and giggles. “Go” she says pulling out of my grasp. I smirk and walk out of the kitchen straight to the bathroom. I quickly shower then head to the bedroom. I put on sweatpants, with tank top and socks. I open Conquest’s bedroom door and I find her eating, it’s a relief to me.

“Hey, Sisi” I say. She looks at me.

“Zwakhe” she says. She’s talking? That’s better than good. I walk in and close the door.

“How are you feeling?” I ask.

“Okay” she says.

“Sure?” I ask. She nods. I smile. “Okay, goodnight then” I say and stand up. She doesn’t answer me but at least she spoke. That I’m very happy about. Usually Conquest doesn’t talk, for a very long time.

I find my food already waiting for me in the living room. She’s sitting down again leaning on the couch behind her and watching the TV. She’s watching these soap operas of hers, she loves them, too much for my liking but hey what can I say.

“What did you do to my sister?” I ask. She looks at me with a frown. “Why is she better all of a sudden?” I ask.

“Argh it’s nothing big, I just fed her and run her a bath” she says. I smile. Well I don’t really care what she did as long as Conquest is good. Maybe after this whole thing she’ll realise that Tumi is a rare gem.

I end up watching with her although I don’t understand what’s going on. There’s a hoot outside and she quickly looks at me. Then stands up and looks out the window.

“Oh shoot!” she says steps away from the window. I stand up immediately.

“What’s wrong?” I ask.

“Its Mokete, I totally forgot to tell you that he’s sleeping over” she says with her hand on her forehead. Wait what?

“Huh?” – me.

“Its Mokete” she says pressing the remote of the gate through the window.

“Mokete your husband?” I ask.

“No, his son, the first born” she says.

Ooooh. So now I’m meeting the son of the monster. I’m trying to play this cool but I’m seriously nervous. Aus baby treats and loves those kids like her own so what if he doesn’t like me? It’s already too late.

There’s a knock on the door. She rushes to the door and opens.

“Boy boy” she says and hugs the boy. He hugs back.

“Dimamzo” he says and pulls out of the hug. He kisses her cheek and she strokes his. If he wasn’t what he is I’d be hella jealous. He walks in and she closes the door. He’s walking towards me. Oh fucking shit.

“Hi, Mokete” he says extending his hand for a handshake.

“Mzwakhe” I say. We shake hands and he slightly smiles.

“I heard you’re a good man” he says. I smile slightly.

“Well sometimes” I say with a shrug.

“Well as long as Mamzo is good. That’s all that matters” he says.

“Boy can I get you something to eat?” aus baby asks.

“Yes please, I’m starving” he says looking at her.

“Okh” she says and walks to the kitchen. I lead the boy to the living room and he drops on the couch with a sigh. He looks like he’s had a hell of a day.

“You okay?” I ask. He looks at me.

“Yeah, I’m okay” he says. I don’t believe any of that.

“Okh” I say and return to eating my food.

Insert 23

Unedited futhi, uxolo bandla 🥲

Noloyiso's POV.

After eating dinner I put the tray on the dressing table and return to bed. I take Boitumelo's phone and put on the earphones. It doesn't have a password or anything like that. I go straight to the music app and I look for the playlist until I find it. I play the first song, it's Mmatema and Spirit of praise – Make a way. I get into the blankets and lie back. I already like the beat, I turn up the volume.

For I have good plans for you

The plans to help you (prosper)

The plans to help you (perish)

Trust in me I'll make a way

I don't have to count your mistakes

I forgive you for all your sins

I am the great I am

Just trust in me I'll make a way

Even in my darkest shame

Lord you are still my light

The way, the truth, the light

I trust you will make a way.

I love you even when you fall

My love for you will never fail you

His love for you will never fail you

Just trust he has made a way

Wait patiently in my plans

Just be still and know I am God

I'll never let you down

Just trust I have made a way

Even if you don't see it

It doesn't matter

God I am still your lord

I'm the way, the truth, the light

(Just trust I have made a way)

Even in your darkest sins

Am God, I'm am still your lord

I'm the way, the truth,

I trust

(Know you will make a way)

(I believe you will make a way)

(I trust you will make a way)

For he has good plans for you

And they're plans to help you (prosper)

Not plans to make you (perish)

Just believe he has made a way

Even in my darkest sins

I still shine so bright

For am the way, the truth, the light

He has made a way.

This Mmatema has a beautiful voice. I'll have to look her up and get more of her songs. And yah this is a really nice song. The lyrics are touchy. The next is Lift up your

eyes by Joyous Celebration. I lie on my side facing the window and close my eyes.

Maybe this girl isn't bad at all, just maybe.

Boitumelo's POV

Mzwakhe looks nervous for some unknown reason. I retire on the mat again and resume watching TV.

“So Mzwakhe” Mokete says. We look at each other. “What are your intentions with Dimamzo?” he continues. What a question! That's a question that should be asked by my father, right? I chuckle, then look at Mzwakhe.

“Uhm, I wanted to marry her after she’s done with the divorce but she wants to wait for some time, so we’re still dating, but the true intention is to marry her” he says. I smile. Mokete keeps nodding.

“Mhkay” he says. Time to brush off this awkward topic.

“So wena Mokete what are you doing in Welkom? Aren’t you supposed to be preparing to go to Kapa?” I ask. His face changes.

“Yoh Dimamzo some shit happened” he says. I’m alarmed by that immediately.

“What’s wrong?” I ask.

“Your husband, my father” he says. Hines?

“What did he do?” I ask.

“He beat Melemina to a pulp” he says. Mele what?

“Who?” I ask.

“Mimi, the fiancé” he says. Oooh. Oh no though! I put my hand on my mouth as a sign of shock. “He beat her up to a pulp and wrapped her in a blanket and threw her away” he says. WHAT THE F? Mzwakhe and I look at each other.

“He did what?” I ask, in disbelief.

“Yep, he left her for dead, but she’s not dead don’t worry” he says. I’m relieved but I have sooo many questions in my mind. But first of all...

“And how do you know about that? Did he tell you that?” I ask.

“No, I found Mimi on my way to Pretoria, she was half dead half alive” he says. What the hell????

“Where exactly did you find her?” Mzwakhe asks.

“I’m the middle of the road” he says.

“That possibly means he didn’t exactly mean to kill her, he knew she wasn’t dead dead and wanted her to get help but didn’t want to take her to hospital himself because he didn’t want to end up in jail?” I ask. I hope he didn’t mean to kill her. It doesn’t make it right but I hope.

“Or because he felt guilty for killing her so he wanted her body to be found so she could be buried with dignity” Mzwakhe says. And that makes much more sense.

“I went to confront him and trust me, the pig doesn’t have 2% remorse. Instead, we did what we do when we’re in same room and out of nowhere he started firing shots” he says. NO FRIGGEN WAY!

“Hines has a gun?” I ask in a low voice.

“Yep” he says. “I thought I was gonna die in there Mamzo, seriously but I wasn’t going to give him the satisfaction of scaring me. When I told him to pull the trigger I really thought he was going to do it” he continues. Yoh I feel like I’m living in a soap opera, seriously.

“So where is Mimi now?” I ask.

“In hospital, in a coma. That fat pig broke her ribs and her arm” he says shaking his head.

“That man enjoys seeing people suffer” I say.

“And I have a feeling he’s not going to let Melemina live to tell the tale” he says. Yep, that’s very true. “So I’m taking her with me to Cape Town” he says. What?

“You’re going to start your new life with her?” I ask.

“I have no choice Mamzo, I want that pig behind bars for what he did to her, he can’t get away with what he did, I have to keep Mimi close to me” he says. You can’t miss the anger in his voice.

“Yoh wow, but I’m glad you put the fact that you didn’t like her aside and help Mimi” I say.

“Yah” he says.

Hines is a lot of things but I didn't expect this from him. But then again when he hits you he hits like you wouldn't guess.

Sometimes he hit me till I got amnesia, but it was only for a few minutes, 30 max. But that doesn't make it right hey.

I go to Noloyiso's room to get the dishes and I find her with earphones on. I smile a bit, I didn't expect her to do what I told her. Maybe she's opening up to me, just maybe. I walk out and head to the kitchen, wash the dishes and we all head to bed. I say goodnight to Mokete and go to my bedroom, with Mzwakhe walking behind me. I get into bed while Mzwakhe goes to switch off the lights. The bed is so cold.

“Your husband is something else hey” he says and gets into bed. Can people stop calling him my husband though?

“He’s not my husband that man, ene yep he is something else. Yesterday he sent me a text saying I’m his and that I’ll get a divorce in hell, I don’t think he’s going to make things easy for me that one” I say.

“Mmh?” – him.

“Yep” I say. He wraps his arm around my waist and spoons me.

“Well that means I have to have a little chat with him then” he says. Oh no no no.

“No babe I don’t think that’s a good idea, once he knows who you are things are going to get messy, you heard that he pointed a pistol at his own son” I say. I turn

to face him. “Baby I can’t let you do that, Hines is dangerous, he has a gun” I say hoping to get him out of these crazy thoughts.

“Don’t worry aus baby. We’re going to do that thing you ladies like, what’s it called again? Woman to woman, yah woman to woman” he says. “But we’ll do the male version of it” he says.

“But baby-”

“Don’t worry baby, we’re two fully grown men, we won’t do anything crazy” he says and kisses my forehead. Mxm, I don’t think I can talk him out of this one.

Yep, I can’t talk him out of this one. He’s standing in front of the mirror fixing himself

to go see Hines. I don't even know where they're meeting.

"Mzwakhe Nxumalo if you don't get back to me in one piece I'm going to kill you" I say. He chuckles.

"I already told you not to worry aus baby" he says turning around. He kisses my forehead and puts on cologne.

"Goodbye baby, I love you" he says. I wrap my arms around his waist.

"I love you too my love, be safe" I say and let him go.

"There's that word I like" he says with a smile. Mxm I'm busy being worried here and this idiot is being silly.

“Baby I’m serious mahn” I say. He puts his arm around my shoulders and pulls me to him, my face is on his hard chest.

“I’m sorry MY LOVE, I’ll be safe” he says and kisses my forehead.

Narrated

Hines is cracking his head. He hasn’t found Melemina anywhere and he knows that if she recovers she’s going to sing a song that’s sending him straight to jail, and it’s not going to be for a weekend like last time.

“Fuck fuck fuck!!!” he screams as he bangs the steering wheel. He feels as though the walls are caving in. He wishes as though he

really killed Melemina. He should've stabbed her with a knife or shot her to make sure that all this wouldn't come bite him in the ass. If only...

He makes a slow turn in the next lane and suddenly a green Lamborghini comes out of no where and stops in front of his car. He almost hit it. Hines is pissed beyond what the word describes. He gets out of the car and so does the driver of the sports car.

“What the fuck??!!!” he shouts. The owner of the Lamborghini seems much more calmer, even his strides are slow as he approaches Hines. He has a brown envelope under his arm.

“Hines Mokete, finally I get to meet the
bullshitter, the woman beater” he says.
Hines frowns, his anger subsides.

“Who the fuck are you?” he asks. The
owner smirks, then softly chuckles.

(Please leave a comment guyzini. It’s really
difficult writing without motivation.

Icomment ngiyacela – Admin )

Insert 24

Hines’ POV.

After the accident this motherfucker almost caused he has the nerve to call me names and insult me. Who the fuck is this boy?

“I said who the hell are you and what do you want?” I say again. He’s still striding towards me, which pisses the sense out of me.

“Mzwakhe, Nxumalo, your wife’s new partner” he says. OH FUCKEN HELL!!!! I march towards him.

“You mothe-”

“Calm the fuck down sir” he says, pulls out a gun and points it at me. I’m a metre away but I stop in my tracks. “I just want to talk sir” he says. I don’t understand why this motherfucker is so calm.

“Talk about what?! You stole my wife and now you want to TALK to me?!” I bark.

“Sir I said calm down so we can talk, please don’t make me push the fact that you’re a father to the back of my head” he says and lifts an eyebrow. I can see he’s a motherfucker, one wrong move and I’m dead.

“What do you want to talk about son?” I ask. He pulls the gun down.

“I like the sound of that” he says and walk back to his car. He sits on the bonnet and calls me closer with his hand. I hesitate but walk to him eventually. When I get near he hands me a big brown envelope.

“What’s this?” I ask.

“Divorce papers, I want your signature on them” he says. I chuckle. This idiot has to be kidding me.

“I’m not gonna sign this crap” I say and throw the papers on the ground.

“Sir I don’t think you know me but I’m not someone you’d want to mess with” he says shooting me with a dead stare, but his voice is still calm. “So sir let’s talk like adults and get this over and done with” he says and puts his gun next to him on the bonnet. I see an opportunity. I chuckle.

“Son I don’t believe in divorce, it’s a sin” I say with a shrug.

“Come on” he says and tilts his head a bit.

“You don’t honestly think you have a chance of going to heaven do you? What’s one more sin?” he says. I chuckle and shake

my head. My eyes swiftly travel from him to the gun.

“Don’t even think about it. I will fuck you up badly, please don’t mistake my calmness and respect for weakness” he says. He puts his hands in the pockets of his formal pants and gives me a death stare.

“I refuse to sign, so what now?” I say and shrug. He smiles.

“Come on Mokete, you’re an old man who’s supposed to be enjoying his money, I can give you some money as well if you want just sign the papers” he says. Is this mofo bribing me? I laugh, let’s see if he can handle that.

“Did your girlfriend tell you that she still owes me the money I paid for her parents’ house?” I say.

“Malini (How much)?” – him.

“150 000” I say.

“And how much do you want so the divorce proceedings can go smoothly?” he asks. I give him a death stare. “Okay, alright” he says with his hands lifted. He stands up and opens the door of the passenger side, he does something inside the car, like he’s looking for something. I look at the gun again. Again I think about taking it and shooting him dead but the fact that he left me with it without hesitation makes me doubt whether what I want to do is wise.

He closes the door and comes back to me with stacks of money. When I say stacks I means many many R200 notes binded together using an elastic band. There's about 9 or 10 of those. I frown. Who is this boy? He sits on the bonnet again and hands me 7 of those stacks.

“That’s 200k, here’s a pen, sign” he says handing me a pen. I shake my head.

“I’m not giving up my wife of 9 years for your dirty money” I say. He puts the rest of the money next to him on the bonnet.

“I tried being nice hey” he says and picks up the gun. “Sit down” he says. Huh?

“What?”

“I’ve been nice but since you wanna act like a freaking 5 year old I’ll treat you like one, sit down” he says. This boy has some jokes. He points the gun at me. I laugh.

BHA!!!

WHAT THE FUCK?!!

“You son of a bitch!!” I shout in agony. The mofo just shot me in my arm!!

“I said sit down, I don’t want to repeat myself” he calmly says with the gun still pointed at me.

“You just fucken shot me and you want to order me around?!”

BHA!!!

“Fuck!! Are you crazy?!!”

“I said sit down” he says. I look at the ground, then him again. He lifts an eyebrow. “On the road? You want me to sit on the road?”

BHA!!!

“FUCK!!! Okay fine!” I shout. The damn mofo just shot me on my arm, the same arm he shot the last two times, on the same place he shot me the last two times. How the fuck did he get his aim so accurate?

“I’m an important man Hines, we can’t do this the whole day you know” he says.

“Okay fine, I’m sitting, don’t shoot” I say going down to the ground. The tar is very uncomfortable but I couldn’t care less, I don’t want this mofo to shoot me again.

“Here” he says throwing two more stacks at me and a pen. “To compensate for your arm, if it does get amputated” he says with a meek smile, that disappears sooner than expected.

“Now sign sir, I have important places to be” he says folding his arms. I scoot towards the brown envelope then open it and take out the papers.

“But I’ve haven’t read them” I say.

BHA!!!

WHAT THE HELL?

I pinch my thigh to avoid feeling the pain, but it's unavoidable.

“Sorry, that one was for fun” he says with a wide smile. THIS MOFO!!! “She’s giving you everything Mokete, every single thing so just sign” he says. I look at the papers, then him. I feel so disempowered right now and I HATE IT!

“FUCK!!!” I shout. He frowns.

“Stop throwing tantrums and just sign” he says. I look at the papers and then him again.

“Does your girlfriend know you’re busy shooting me right now?” I say.

“For once quit being a bitch, don’t involve my woman in this” he says. I smirk.

“So she doe-”

BHA!!!

“Arhhh!” I shout.

“The next one goes straight to your head” he says giving me a death stare. I lift the pen and struggle with the signature. My hand is full of blood. I put the pen down and look up at him.

“Happy?” – me. He smiles widely.

“You’ve made me the happiest man sir” he says picking up the papers from the ground. He looks at the papers with a smile and throws the last stack of money to me.

“Nx” – me.

“I’m glad you finally got to meet me Mokete, although it was under very unpleasant circumstances, but I’m glad you now know I don’t fuck around” he says, stands up and turns around. I also stand up.

“What are you after?” I ask. He stops walking. “What do you see in her because honestly there’s nothing there except that good looking body” I say. He turns around and looks at me. I think I poked a nerve. I look down at my arm. I hear him chuckle.

“Your soon to be ex wife is a gem Mokete, I didn’t expect you to notice that though because you’re such an asshole. She, she’s beautiful, I don’t wanna mention that warm smile” he says with a wide smile. It makes me sick.

“Boitumelo is a kind hearted woman, she’s funny and she’s smart. I mean she managed to start and complete a nursing degree without you even suspecting something, well I don’t know if she’s that good at hiding things or it’s just your slow dumb brain” he says. A nursing what? How? When?

He sees the confusion on my face and laughs. When he’s done knocking himself out he shakes his head and turns around.

“You’ve lost a rare gem Mokete, the rarest of them all” he says and continues walking to the driver’s side. He gets in and closes the door. I hear the engine come to life and he speeds off.

I look at my bleeding arm and scoff in anger. I can’t believe I’ve just been controlled by a boy. A BOY!! Me, Hines Mokete. On the other hand I have to find that bitch Melemina. I feel like all this is a nightmare. Someone please wake me up. WAKE ME UP!!

“FUUUUUUCK!!!”

Boitumelo’s POV.

“Done” a text from Mzwakhe says. I’ve been worried about him all morning and all he does is send a text saying done?

“What?” I text back. And then I remember that he went to see Hines. Does done mean done? Done as in signed and sealed?

“How?” I text again.

“I’ll tell you when I come home. I’m taking the papers to Motseki” he text back. I sigh.

“Okay” – me.

“I love you” – him.

“I love you back” – me. I put my phone on the bed and resume lotioning my legs. I put on my underwear and my tracksuit. I wear my socks and kicks and take my phone. Oh today I’m going to the hospital with Mokete

to see Mimi. It's not to gloat by the way. I'm just concerned and I want to see her progress.

I walk out of the bedroom and pop into Noloyiso's bedroom before I go to meet Mokete. I knock.

"Ngena (come in)" she says from inside. I open the door and let myself in. She's sitting with her back on the headboard. She's in bed and looking and tapping her cellphone.

"Morning" I say. She nods and looks at her phone again. Okay. "I'm going out and you'll be alone, bye" I say and turn around. I walk out of the bedroom and close the door.

Atleast she didn't give me a nasty cold stare like the first time we spoke. I guess she's opening up to me, Mzwakhe did mention that she's a tough cookie so I guess the nod is her warming up to me. I found my phone on the charger this morning with the earphones next to it.

Mokete isn't in the spare bedroom or the living room. I walk out of the house and I find him in his car, well it's not his car, it's a silver C class. I guess it's his mom's. Yoh I've been doing to much guessing this morning geez.

He quickly hides a lit cigarette behind him and looks at me like he's holding his breath. What is it with these boys and smoking? Ai I'll never understand watseba.

“You ready to go?” I ask. He nods. He's still holding the smoke in. “Use your words boy” I say and fold my hands. His eyes pop, and they wonder around. “Haibo don't you want to talk to me?” I ask. He smiles and shakes his head. His eyes pop further, he coughs and smoke comes out of his mouth and nostrils. He's now holding his chest and still coughing.

I shake my head and chuckle, leaving him there. I get into the car and wait for him. I

see him puff his cigarette once more, he drop it to the ground and steps on it.

He blows out the smoke, opens the car door and gets in. The engine comes to life and we drive out of the yard.

“How long?” I ask.

“Mamzo?” he says. I look at him.

“How long have you been smoking?” I ask. He clears his throat and looks at the road ahead.

“Not long” he says not looking at me.

“How long is not long?” I ask.

“11 years” he mumbles. 11 whole years???? I chuckle.

“And your brother Tshidiso?” I ask.

“Since he was uhm....14 or 15 I think” he says. Yoh!

“Heeh! Wow” I say and look out the window. Speaking of which I’ve haven’t spoken to that one in a long time. He did say he wanted to meet Mzwakhe before things get serious but things with me and Mzwakhe got serious from the word go. Mokete even got to meet Mzwakhe before him.

“So what do you think?” I ask looking at him. He frowns.

“Think about what Mamzo?” he asks.

“Mzwakhe, do you like him?” I ask. He slightly smiles.

“I don’t think you need my approval for anything Mamzo, but I think he’s a good guy, he wants to wife you so I guess that’s a good thing” he says and shrugs. I smile.

“Mhm” I say.

“So you’re getting divorced and getting married?” he asks. I laugh.

“Its not like that boy, I’m getting divorced then I’m doing a few things-”

“Few things like what?” he asks before I finish speaking.

“I’m currently looking for a job” I say.

“A job? What job? Do you even have work experience Mamzo?” he says. I chuckle and shake my head.

“No I don’t have work experience, I’ve never worked in my life, you know that, everybody knows that” I say.

“So what job are you looking for? Isn’t Mzwakhe capable of taking care of you?” he says.

“Aowa Mokete!”

“I’m just asking” he says with his hands lifted.

“He’s more than capable, but I want independence Mokete, I badly want it. I’ve been depending on people for far too long, it’s time it did things for myself” I say.

“Mhk” he says.

“Yeap, I’m just waiting for a reply from the hospitals and clinics I applied to” I say.

“Hospitals? What job do you want?” he asks.

“A want a job as a nurse” I say. He looks at me.

“A nurse? You studied?” he says with a frown.

“Yeap, I studied” I say.

“Your husband allowed that? How?” he says.

“He did allow it, look at the road please I don’t wanna die” I say. He looks at the road, then me again then the road.

“Then how did you do it?” he asks.

“Secretly, I did my widely duties early in the morning and when he went to work I went to college, then came home early enough to

do the rest of my duties” I say. He slightly smiles.

“That’s nice Dimamzo, it was a risk but worth it” he says.

“Yeah, it was worth it” I say.

She’s been moved from Bongani to St Helena Private Hospital. We get to the hospital and immediately we go to Mimi’s room. She’s been moved out of the ICU now. I sit on the chair on the bedside as Mokete talks to the doctor about Mimi’s move to Cape Town.

“How long is it going to take for her to get to Cape Town?” – Mokete.

“She can’t be out of Intensive care for long so it’s going to take 3 or 4 days because of the stops they need to make along the way” – doc.

“Can’t we get her there sooner?” – Mokete.

“We can get her there by a chopper but it’s going to cost” – doc.

“Its fine doc, I’m ready to pay” – Mokete.

“Well okay, the papers are ready for signing, she’ll be there tomorrow” he says.

“Okay, I’ll sign them before I leave” – Mokete.

“Okay, have a good day” he says.

“Same to you doc” Mokete says and they handshake. The doc looks at me.

“Mrs Mokete” he says with a nod.

“Thanks doc” I say. He smiles and walks out of the room.

“Mzwakhe would kill that guy, fela for the way he looks at you” he says.

“Haha, the guy was just being friendly” I say and turn to look at Mimi.

“Mmh sure he was” he says and sits on the bed, next to Mimi’s feet.

“She looks dead” I say. She’s all swollen and stitched. The fact that she’s light skinned isn’t doing her any good. I’ve gotten beatings of all sorts from Hines but this?! This is breaking the record, because wow. He sighs, and clenches his jaws. I see sadness in his eyes, but there’s more than sadness that I see, I just can’t figure out what it is.

“Are you sure you wanna take her with you?” I ask. He looks at me.

“If I don’t he’s going to find her and kill her” he says.

“But I’m here, and St Helena is the last place he’s going to look” I say. He shakes his head.

“No, I still don’t feel safe with that” he says. I nod in understanding.

“Precious is she?” I say. He chuckles and shakes his head.

“She doesn’t deserve to die, she deserves justice. Once she recovers then we getting her justice” he says.

“And you’re going to be representing her Mr advocate?” I say playfully. He laughs. It’s good to see him laugh.

.....

Noloyiso’s POV.

I’m woken by knocks. They’re from the living room because I’m alone in the house. They’re sooo loud, jizas! I’m a deep sleeper so you can imagine how loud they are to have woken me. I scoff and roughly flap the bed covers open. I put on my gown and slippers and walk out of the bedroom. I already hate the person on the other side of that door.

I get to the living room and open the door...and oh my lord! The supper white teeth, the pitch black thick eyebrows, the midnight eyes. Jizas! I close the door and put my back against it. I feel my heart racing in my chest, I'm trying to calm myself down. Maybe some water will do...no alcohol, yes! Alcohol will do. I rush to the kitchen and pour myself a cup of wine. I gulp it down and rinse the cup.

“Calm down Nolo, you can do this. What's he doing here though? How the hell did he find Mzwakhe's house? What the fuck though?”

A knock stops me from pacing up and down. The realisation knocks in. He's here! He's

here! He's here! How can I? I'm not ready to face him though!

"Miss" I hear his husky deep voice. Jesus Christ!!! HE'S HERE!!! HERE!!!

Okay calm down Nolo, just go open the door and hear him out. Yeah do that. Yeah let me do that. Yeah I'm going to do that. I take a deep breath and open the door.

"Good afternoon miss" he says, Colgate smile guaranteed. I keep my cool and fold my arms.

"Ozioko, what do you want?" I say with a straight face.

"Can I atleast come in miss?" he says. Sigh. I look at him for a while and open the door

wider. He smiles and walks in. I'm acting very cool but I'm feeling nervous, why? I don't know! HE'S HERE! WHY IS HE HERE?

Insert 25

18SNLV.

I close the door and look at him. The nigga didn't even wait for me to tell him to sit, argh.

"Are you lost?" I say.

"Not unless you don't own a Mustang GT" he says showing me car keys, my car keys.

"Nice house" he says looking around with a

'mediocre but not bad' look. I roll my eyes and walk closer to him.

"Where did you get my car keys?" I ask.

"At the dealership" he says like he didn't just rock up here with my car keys. What the fuck? I take the keys from him. "It's a pleasure" he says. I roll my eyes again.

"How did you get my car keys Ozioko?" I ask.

"I can get car keys of any car I want, it's my dealership" he says. Right, I should have known.

"And you thought rocking up at my doorstep with my car keys was a good idea?" I say.

"I just wanted an excuse to come see you" he says. Okay I have no come back. My eyes

wonder around the room. “Miss I want to apologise” he says in the most sincerest tone. I look up at him. “Shelly told me you were crying when you left my office the other day, I apologise for whatever it is that I did that upset you” he says.

“Shelly is the strong little woman?” I ask. He laughs lightly.

“Yes” he says.

“Okay” I say while nodding.

“Okay to my apology?” he asks. I stare at him for a while, then down at my thighs.

“Okay” I say.

“Great, now let’s start afresh” he says stretching out his arm for a handshake.

“William Ozioko” he says. I also reach for a handshake.

“Noloyiso Nxumalo” I say and we shake hands.

“You still owe me though” he says.

“Didn’t we just start afresh?” I say.

“We did but bygones can’t be bygones in this situation” he says. I’m not going to ‘pay’ this man back, he doesn’t know me. I sigh and sit on the arm of the couch.

“Don’t you have somewhere to be?” I say. I’m annoyed really. He looks at his watch, then he looks at me with a blank expression.

“No, I’m free for the next 74 hours, just for you” he says. 74 hours? For me?

“What?” I ask. He gives me a bored look then he sighs.

“Miss you disappeared for 3 days remember?” he says. So this guy is counting hours? I can’t help but laugh. How did it go from 3 to 74 though? Ai my ancestors are turning their backs on me here.

“Why are you so adamant about this hours thing Mr Ozioko?” I ask.

“Because I bought you a drink and you also bought me a drink, you wasted 74 hours of my time, I have to do the same Miss Nxumalo” he says.

“So you’re offended by the fact that I bought you a drink?” I say with a chuckle. He puts his hand on his chest.

“No, never, that turned me on by the way. I love independent women Miss, women like you and honestly I wouldn’t have drove all the way here if that car wasn’t yours” he

says. I'm looking down at my thighs, doing my best not to show him that I'm smiling. I take a deep breath, wiping the smile on my face off and I look at him.

"So what exactly are you saying Mr Ozioko?" I ask.

"I'm saying that I was really impressed by you at the club the other day and I want to get to know this lady more" he says. Okay now I can't hide my smile. "Go get ready so we can leave Miss" he says.

"Leave to where Mr Ozioko?" I ask.

"Psh...I don't know, we'll go anywhere you want to go" he says.

"But I don't want to go anywhere with you Mr Ozioko" I say.

“Ouch, okay okay, but you still have to take me to Joburg soo...” he says biting his bottom lip while shrugging. Again I smile.

“|-”

“I don’t have transportation Miss, this small town of yours isn’t acquainted with things such as Ubers or cabs, please take me to Joburg Miss” he says.

“Mr Ozioko you should have known that this town of mine doesn’t have cabs and Ubers so you should’ve-”

“I know I should have but I didn’t so please take me home Miss” he says.

“I didn’t-”

“Miss please. Should I go on my knees?” he says. This pain in the butt could’ve easily arranged transport for himself but I can see

he gets a kick out of annoying me. Now I have no choice but to agree to take him home, mxm. I stand up and walk out of the living room. “That’s a yes right?” he says. I turn to look at him and he has the stupidest smile ever. I roll my eyes.

“It’s not like you’re giving me a choice Mr Ozioko, and just so you know I’m not a walkover, you woke me up from slumber and you’re going to pay for that” I say.

“Yes ma’am, but you look too pretty for a person who just woke up” he says smiling. I roll my eyes and walk down the passage. This sonnomabish is annoying really. He is beautiful though. Yes, not handsome, beautiful.

I get into the shower, it takes a bit long but I finish and head to my bedroom. I lotion and put on a pair of black jeans with a white turtleneck sweater and a black leather jacket, unzipped. I put on black thigh high flat boots, a natural facebeat with clear lipgloss comb my wig and I'm ready to go.

Whilst I was showering I decided to leave Free State today. When I get back from Joburg I'm going straight to Port Elizabeth. I miss my house, as big and lonely as it may be I miss being by myself in my home office doing work. Speaking of which, I have been neglecting my work a lot these days, I have to catch up if I want my businesses to remain afloat.

I take my handbag and my suitcase and walk out of the room. I walk up the passage and into the living room. Will is busy with his phone, he can't see me where I'm standing.

"Lets go" I say. He slowly looks up at me, and stares. I don't give him time to do that any further. "Lets leave Mr Ozioko" I say already walking past him to the door. I can feel his eyes on me. I get to the door and look behind me. He's still looking at me but he didn't move an inch.

"Mr Oziokooo!" I say. He snaps out of his thoughts and quickly stands up. He clears his throat.

"Uhm you look amazing" he says.

“I know, now let’s go” I say. He clears his throat.

“...yeah...right” he says and starts walking to me. He’s still in his own world though. We walk outside and I lock the door. I take my phone out of my back pocket and dial Mzwakhe’s number.

“You need help with those bags?” Will says. I walk past him.

“I can carry my own bags” I say walking to the car.

“Okay Miss independent” he says with his hands lifted. I roll my eyes and walk to the car. I open the boot and stuff my suitcase in. I hang up and call Mzwakhe again. He answers at the 4th ring.

“Sisi” – him.

“Zwakhe, I’m calling to let you know that I’m leaving your house” – me.

“Leaving my house? Ngoba (Why)?” – him.

“A friend of mine brought my car and I’m taking him back to Joburg after that I’m going back to headquarters” I say.

“Mmh okay sisi, be safe vah?” – him.

“I will, love you” – me.

“Love you too, sharp” – him.

“Sharp”

I hang up and get into the car, along with this Ozioko man. I start the car and open the gate. I drive out and close the gate. I drive off.

“So that was him?” the sonnomabish asks.

“Who’s him Mr Ozioko?” I ask.

“The young looking boyfriend I saw you with at the club the other day” he says.

“Kahle Mr Ozioko, for the record I don’t do BOYS and I’m too old to be disrespecting partners by calling them boyfriends. The kind of men I’m into are MEN Mr Ozioko not BOYS, if they’re lucky enough they end up being PARTNERS not BOYFRIENDS” I say. He’s looking at me with a smirk. I don’t know if that’s a good or bad thing though.

“I see, so if the boy isn’t your partner then who is?” he asks. I chuckle.

“I don’t have a partner” I say.

“Why?” he asks. I chuckle.

“Why what Mr Ozioko?”

“Why are you single? I mean from an outside perspective you’re the kind of woman who can get everything she wants whenever she wants, why don’t you have a partner?” he says.

“When a woman can have everything she wants it doesn’t mean she wants everything she can have” I say.

“Does that mean you don’t want a partner?” he says.

“Its not that I don’t want a partner Mr Ozioko” I say.

“Then what is it? You don’t have time for a partner?” he asks.

“I can gladly make time for a worthy partner Mr Ozioko, that’s one of the

benefits of being your own boss, I just don't think many men are worthy of that" I say.

"Then back to my question, why are you single miss?" he asks.

"I'm a bold woman Mr Ozioko, some men don't understand that and many can't handle me" I say.

"Understandable" he says nodding.

I get to a garage and fill up. I go into the convenience store, coz I'm kinda starving and I buy 2 pies and juices. I don't know if Will wants food but I'm buying, just in case he does. I pay and head outside. Petrol attendants are praising and raving over my car. I'm used to turning heads. I get into the car and give him his drink and pie.

“Thanks” he says.

“Welcome” I say and start the car. We drive out of the garage and drive away. He’s already eating.

“So how old are you?” he asks.

“You can’t ask a woman that question Mr Ozioko” I say.

“But I just did, how old are you?” he says. I chuckle.

“I’m old enough to be old enough” I say. He laughs.

“Miss I seriously want to know, please tell me, okay I’m begging you to tell me” he says.

“Why are you concerned about my age Mr Ozioko? It’s just a number you know” I say.

“As much as your maturity and boldness is attractive I wanna know how old you are” he says. I blush.

“I’m as old as you are” I say. He nods while laughing.

“And why am I not surprised that you know my age?” he says.

“Because I can get anything I want whenever I want” I say. He continues laughing. Geez his husky deep voice is stroking the inside of my stomach in circles. I end up smiling while looking at his dreamy facial features.

“Please concentrate on the road Miss, I have a daughter who still needs her father”

he says. I turn to look at the road, a bit embarrassed, but I'm a fighter, I get back up.

"A daughter?"

"Yep"

"How old is she?"

"7, turning 8 later this year" he says.

"Mmh okay" I say. The drive is silent all the way till we pass Bloemfontein. Didn't this guy say he wanted to get to know me? Hai smh.

"How many hours left?" I ask. He chuckles.

"The hours haven't started yet miss" he says. I turn to look at him.

"What?!"

“Look at the road please miss” he says.

“What do you mean the hours haven’t started Mr Ozioko?” I ask.

“You driving me back doesn’t count because I spent the same time driving to you” he says. Oh my lowd!!! Where’s holy intervention when I need it?

“Come on don’t act like you’re mad, I know you secretly happy that you’ll be spending more time with me” he says exposing those pearly whites of his by smiling. I roll my eyes really hard and look at the road again.

“So what do you want us to do tomorrow?” he says. I don’t answer. “There’s this really nice restaurant I know, we could dine there” he says.

“I want to go to the gym” I say. He lifts an eyebrow.

“Really?” he asks in disbelief.

“I’ve been neglecting that part for some time and I should go to gym, we’ll go together” I say.

“Mmh” he says pursing his lips together.

“Are you worried you might not be able to keep up?” I say. He looks at me and laughs lightly.

“No, not at all Miss, I’m just shocked that you’d want our first date to be at a gym” he says.

“It’s not a date Mr Ozioko, it’s payback, remember?” I say. He laughs and nods.

“Okay, speaking of payback what did you mean when you said I’m going to pay for waking you up?” he says.

“Mmh you’ll see” I say. He gives me a suspicious look, then he smiles.

“Okay, let’s switch, you look tired” he says.

“The trip to Joburg is approximately 2 – 3 hours, we’ll switch when I’ve at least driven for 1 hour and 30 minutes” I say. He smiles and nods.

“50/50, sounds good” he says. I give him an understanding nod.

He buys me a drink, I buy him a drink. He drives from Joburg to Welkom for me, I drive from Welkom to Joburg for him. I waste 74 hours of his time, he wastes 74 hours of my time. This is some serious

50/50 shandis. Hai I don't see a good future shame. We're the same age and honestly we're going to be competing, it sounds weird but trust me we are.

“One and a half hours passed, time to switch” he says. Yep definitely time to switch. I'm even feeling drowsy and sleepy. I pull over to the side and we switch. I take out my laptop from my laptop bag. Yep I take my laptop with me everywhere I go. I open the window a bit to blow out my drowsiness and I start working. All 9 franchises are doing good though. Sometimes I wonder why I worry so much about Conquest Events. I literally have 9 hard working second-in-charges looking

after the business. Okay I'm done here. I check on the hotel.

"74 hours start tomorrow?" – me.

"Yep" – him.

"Okay" – me.

Narrated.

After the meeting with his partner's soon to be ex husband Mzwakhe went to drop off the divorce papers at Motseki's office and then he swamped himself with work. Work work work. He's now going to the last place. It's a resort, a private resort. Only the big boys and girls come here, it doesn't come

cheap. It's the only business Mzwakhe has full ownership of. The rest are investments.

"Siba" he greets the receptionist. Her eyes bounce all around the room.

"Good afternoon Mr Nxumalo sir" she says. That's odd he thinks to himself. Siba is always bubbly. Even when you're not in the mood to talk to her she knocks herself out.

"Are you okay?" – Mzwakhe. She faintly smiles.

"Yes sir" she says avoiding all eye contact. He can see that she's lying but he doesn't want to get himself involved in her business, he's her boss after all, boundaries.

Mzwakhe walks away and gets into his office. His eyes are met by the most

beautiful sight he hasn't seen in a long time. He quickly closes the door.

“Zizopho? Keletso? Maki? What are you guys doing here?” he asks and throw my bag on the couch. He put his hands on his hips and looks at all 3 of these women standing in front of him with lace material covering not even a third of their bodies. Lust and desire kick in. Keletso is the first to walk towards him. His eyes travel up and down her body. Nothing can compare to his Boitumelo's body but all 3 of them will do.

“Daddy we just thought we should come see you after all this time and spoil you a bit” she says holding his arm. The other two follow.

“You work so hard daddy, you need to relax a little” Maki says kissing his lips.

“And what’s better than having your women come and show you just how much we appreciate you daddy” Zizipho says pushing a glass of whiskey in his hand. “Sit down Daddy” she says and bites his ear.

He feels someone waking up, he badly wants to come out to play. He gulps down his drink and he feels himself drop on the couch. Keletso is kissing him while Zizipho unbuckles his belt. Maki appears out of nowhere and hands him another glass of whiskey. The three musketeers, no one can beat these three in the sex game.

Zizipho's tongue circles on his dickhead, then the warmth of her mouth surrounds his entire dick. She starts sucking like there's no day after today.

"Fuck" Mzwakhe cusses in Keletso's mouth. He puts his hand on Zizipho's head and the other on Maki's breast, fondling it. His tongue circles around Keletso's nipple.

"Aahh" – Keletso.

"Mmrhh" – Maki.

He moves his mouth from the two of them as they moan and cuss. Everything is still in control now but they'll be fighting for his attention very soon.

“Fuck...Tumi...fuck...babe...” Mzwakhe mumbles. The girls are alerted by that, they stop what they’re doing immediately.

Mzwakhe opens his eyes to look at the girls.

“Why are you stopping?” Mzwakhe asks exchanging glances at the girls. The mousy one, the pushover, Maki wants to forget what just happened and continue with their session but the other 2 weren’t hearing none of that. Zizipho stands up.

“Mzwakhe who’s Tumi?” she asks, furious. Mzwakhe frowns.

“Huh?”

“You just called out her name, who is she? Are you cheating on us Mzwakhe?” she says pacing up and down the room. Mzwakhe

takes a deep breath and stands up from the couch. He pulls up his pants and buckles his belt.

“What do you mean cheating on you Zizipho? Are you my girlfriend? Is any of you my girlfriend?” he says walking to his desk.

“We may not be your girlfriends but we agreed that we sleep with no one else apart from each other Mzwakhe” – Zizipho.

Mzwakhe pours himself another glass of whiskey.

“If you’re seeing someone then you’re breaking the rules Mzwakhe” – Keletso.

Mzwakhe turns around to face the opened window.

“Sit down” he says to them.

“Mzwakhe don’t patronise us” – Zizipho.

“We want answers Mzwakhe” – Keletso.
Maki is just watching these 2 people shoot daggers at Mzwakhe.

“Who is she?” – Zizipho. She’s getting angrier by the minute.

“First of all is there another woman Mzwakhe?” – Keletso. Mzwakhe takes another sip of his whisky.

“I don’t have to explain myself to you” he says.

“You don’t have to explain yourself to us Mzwakhe?! You’re sleeping with me, with her and with her and you add someone new without informing us Mzwakhe!! Do you even know that person’s status?” she shouts.

“Don’t talk to me like that Zizopho, yes I slept with another person, a person I’m not going to leave, infact I’m going to leave you guys for that person, I not sorry for falling in love with her though” he says. Zizopho is fuming. She’d slap him if he was a normal guy, but she knows better. She takes her bag and storms out, in her red lingerie and black heels. Mzwakhe sighs and turns around to look at the other two girls. Maki has tears in her eyes.

“Lets go babes” Keletso says holding Maki’s arm. Maki wipes her tears with the back of her hand and walks out. Keletso follows with both their bags.

Mzwakhe breathes out.

“Why the fuck did I let that happen?” he asks himself. He gulps what’s left of his whiskey and buries his face in his hands.

(Ke kopa tshwarelo for ho posta late, don’t eat me hleng 🙄)

Insert 26

Boitumelo’s POV.

I’m all alone in the house tonight. I’m assuming that Nolo left since her belongings aren’t in the bedroom. I’m not in the mood to cook today so I ordered pizza.

I got a call from Motseki saying he's taking the divorce papers to court tomorrow. He also said that since there's not going to be disputes about properties or money it's going to be a peaceful and clean divorce. I don't have to go up and down to court to see that monster, he said when the judge has ruled the divorce he'll bring official papers for Hines and I to sign so the judge can finalise the divorce.

Although I'm very eager to be divorced I can't help but notice that I'm useless mahn. It's divorce, I sit at home and wait for papers to be brought to me to sign. It's finding a job, I apply using my phone and wait for feedback, no scratch that, my

applications get rejected immediately.
REJECTED! They all say I need 'work
experience'. Mxm.

It's past 7pm and I want to go to bed now.
The red wine I've been drinking contributed
to that I have to admit. The way I love wine!
It's been my way of distressing for 7 years. I
realised I was going to explode if I don't
distress with some sort of alcohol. Is it safe
to say I'm addicted? I think it is, personally I
have to admit it.

I've been trying to call Mzwakhe but all calls
go straight to voicemail. He must be
swamped with work wherever he is. He'll
find me in bed. I'm going to sleep. I lock the
doors and switch off the lights. I change into

my PJs and get into bed. It's cold! And its going to take a lot of time to warm it up. If only abuti baby was here. We'd warm it up together. He's my personal heater that one, lol.

Mzwakhe's POV.

I get home past 10 o clock. The lights are off and it's quiet. I'm not surprised though coz my woman is an early bird. I find a sticky note on the cupboard door and I read it. It says that my food is in the microwave. I find a plate of pizza slices, three big slices. I eat and walk to the living room finally. I throw my laptop bag on the couch and balance myself on it.

Psh...what a fucked up day. From dealing with Tumi's husband to dealing with those girls. Ai it's too much drama if you ask me. And how dare those bitches tell me what I can and cannot do? I can smell their perfume on my shirt and one of them kissed the collar of my shirt with lipstick. I assume that's their way of 'marking their territory', they've always loved doing it and I normally wouldn't mind but right now I do because I'm in a stable relationship with a woman I love dearly. It sure did come as a shocker to them because when we started our thing I told them straight that I don't want any strings attached. And I did tell them that once they become a handful we're going to call it quits and because they're obedient

they've listened. But I've always noticed that Zizipho has feelings, or maybe my mind is playing tricks.

She's the first one I met. It was supposed to be a one night stand but man I was hooked. That girl knows her way on the bed, or anywhere else for that matter. I don't remember what happened but I slept with Maki and she became a part of our thing. It was easy really coz they were friends. We had the most amazing threesomes in the history of threesomes. And then we met Keletso, that one knows how to use her tongue and mouth god bless! I introduced her to the other two girls and we decided to keep it like that. The only reason I agreed to that was because Zizi once said to me

“There’s a lot of illnesses out there daddy, what if I sleep with someone and we all end up getting infected by that disease? Please think about our lives daddy, all of us”

I take off my shirt and put it in the washing machine. I walk off to the bathroom and take a quick shower. After that I walk back to the kitchen to check on the shirt in the washing machine. It’s done washing and rinsing, the only thing left to do is spin. I leave it to it and walk to the bedroom. I lotion and get into bed making sure I don’t move the bed too much. My woman is sleeping peacefully next to me and I don’t want to wake her up. I put her in my arms and cuddle until I fall asleep.

.....

Noloyiso's POV.

Will offered me accommodation at his house last night but I wasn't hearing any of that. I booked myself the penthouse suite at Protea. It's the same one I used last time I was here, they made a little exception for me.

Anyways today I'm going to the gym with him. I immediately regret suggesting the gym thing because I don't have running shoes with me. But because I won't allow myself to embarrass myself by telling him to suggest something else, I'm going to gym with what I have. Someone knocks on the door as I finish up typing a proposal for the hotel. It must be Ozioko coz I didn't order

room service. I don't know why they sent him up here without informing me though. I take my phone, bag, bottle and car keys and head to the door.

"Why are your knocks so loud?" I ask.

"I have big manly hands Miss" he says.

"Mxm" I say and roll my eyes.

"Here" he says giving me a bottle and 2 Sportscene shopping bags. I frown.

"What's this?" I ask.

"If our date was normal I'd have bought you a bouquet, but since it's not I decided to buy you what's suitable for our date" he says.

"Mr Ozioko we're not going on a date" I say.

“Everybody has their own little world miss, in mine I’m going on a date with the prettiest woman I’ve ever seen” he says. Ai men and lying. ‘Prettiest girl I’ve ever seen’ as if he’s never seen Beyoncé. I roll my eyes and open the door wider. He walks in with a smile and sits on the couch. He gives me the Sports scene shopping bags and I look inside. It’s a box of Puma kicks and in the other it’s a tracksuit top. He saved me honestly speaking. And the shoes are favourite brand and they’re my size.

“How did you know my shoe size?” I ask.

“You had your feet on the dashboard last night when you were sleeping in the car” he says.

“So you measured my feet?”

“No I’m not creepy like that” he says with his hand on his chest. “I just looked at your tiny feet until I guessed your size” he says.

“You were creepy enough to study my feet though” I mumble. He laughs.

“You have beautiful feet by the way Miss, and they’re very soft” he says. He touched my feet?

“And then he says he’s not creepy like that” I say. He laughs. I do take care of my feet I have to admit. To me they’re as important as my face. I go to a spa once a month just for those two things and I use very expensive products for them.

“I know” I say with a straight face.

“You welcome” he says with a meek smile. I take off my shoes and put on these and wear the tracksuit top on top.

“Ready to go” I say.

“Okay” he says standing up. I grab my things again and head for the door. “No leave your car keys” he says. I look at him.

“Hmm?”

“Leave your car keys, we’re taking mine” he says.

“Is yours safe?” I ask with a frown. He laughs.

“Miss just leave your car keys and follow me” he says. I look at him for a while then put my keys on the coffee table. I walk out and he walks after me. We leave the hotel and head to the gym. The conversation is

chilled nje and he manages to make me laugh here and there with his stupid jokes.

We get to the gym and park at the underground parking lot. We both finish drinking the smoothies he made for us and we head inside.

“You’re a beast do you know that?” I say.

“Thanks for reminding me” he says with pride written all over his face.

“Mxm” I say and roll my eyes. Going to the gym after a long time with Will was a huge mistake. I should have never suggested that. This man works out like a maniac. Yoh but I had to cross my legs when I saw his body under just a tank top and shorts. Jesus

the man is hot. He looked even better dripping in sweat.

“Here” he says pointing at some coffee shop. The aroma is already arousing. We get in and I find ourselves a table while he goes to order us drinks. He comes back with an espresso and chai tea. My legs, arms and stomach area are hurting that’s why we decided to walk to the coffee shop. I was trying to complete with Mr over here, little did I know yaz mxm.

“Vanilla chai huh?” he says looking at my tea.

“What’s wrong with vanilla chai?” I ask.

“I’m just wondering why you decided on it”
he says.

“Because it’s good for my health” I say. He
gives a straight face.

“Why do you want vanilla chai without
sugar?” he asks.

“Because I messed up my eating schedule
Mr Ozioko” I say. He frowns.

“You have an eating schedule?” he asks.

“Don’t look at me like that, I wouldn’t have
this ass you were staring at if it wasn’t for
that schedule” I say. He chokes on his drink,
then he laughs. He thinks I didn’t see him
checking me out while I did my squats.

“Okay okay, you have a nice ass though, just
saying” he says with a smile.

“I know” I say with a smile.

“So tell me more about this eating diet of yours” he says.

“What do you want to know about it?”

“Do you eat leaves?” he says.

“Sometimes. Mondays it’s salad for breakfast, a nut based lunch and dinner with protein, starch and vegetables.

Tuesday’s it’s protein shake, salad and light dinner. Wednesday it’s instant porridge, vegetable smoothie and anything I want for dinner. On Thursdays it’s usually an energy bar or muesli with yoghurt if I have time, then lunch and dinner are up to me. Fridays it’s smoothie, fruit salad and a starch with lean meat for dinner. The weekends are day offs” I say. He’s looking at me with a blank expression.

“Wow” he says and sips his drink. I laugh.

“Not many understand it but I’m sure you do doctor” I say. He chuckles while shaking his head.

“So do you have any kids?” he asks.

“No” I say.

“Do you want kids?” he asks.

“Definitely” I say.

“Are you waiting for marriage?” he asks.

“Not really. The kids topic for me is not based on marriage, I’d still love to have kids even if it’s out of wedlock, I just want the right partner, someone who I know is a good father figure and takes responsibility well” I say. He nods.

“I’m a good father figure, and I take responsibility well by the way” he says not looking at me. I laugh and he joins in.

“Only your baby momma can affirm to that though” I say.

“Me too miss, I’ve been watching myself and I can see that I’m an excellent father” he says.

“Mhm” I say while sipping my tea.

“I wouldn’t mind pumping one into you to prove my statement though” he says. I laugh out loud. When did we get to this part again?

“How many hours left?” I ask.

“Enough for you to tell me about yourself, where are you from and all” he says.

“Well I come straight from Eastern Cape, my parents passed away and I’m left with my younger brother Mzwakhe, and you?” I say.

“I come straight from Nigeria, Lagos, my father passed 4 years ago but my mother is still alive. I have 10 bothers” – him. I choke on my tea. He laughs at my reaction.

“You serious?” I ask.

“Yep” he says. Yoh! That lady did a lot of pushing! He laughs. “I get that reaction a lot” he continues.

“Are some of your brothers here?” I ask.

“Only 6 of us, one is working at the surgery while I’m here wasting 74 hours of your life” he says. I laugh. Of my life, lol.

“He’s also a doctor?” I ask.

“In the Ozioko family it’s either you’re a doctor, a lawyer, a scientist or take over the family business” he says.

“So all of you are either doctors, scientists, lawyers or you take over the business?” I ask.

“Yes, my mother wants all her kids to be educated no matter what, but the last born Richard and his twin brother Richmond are artsy. Richie wants to be a musician while Richie wants to be a designer, the arguments they have with mother are hilarious” he says with a huge smile plastered on his face. I laugh.

“They sound like characters” I say.

“They are” he says.

“So why haven’t any of you guys taken over the family business?” I ask.

“For me it was more of a dependence thing. I wanted to make it on my own. I didn’t

want to take the success of another man and make it mine. I wanted to be my own person” he says. I nod in understanding.

“And the doctor ended up having 21 businesses” I say. He chuckles.

“What did you study miss?” he asks me.

“I’m a dropout” I say. He lifts an eyebrow.

“Like I said, my parents passed and I was left with my little brother. I needed to put food on the table so I dropped out. I made sure he completed highschool though.

Things happened and he bought me the first branch of Conquest Events, it was the startup” I continue.

“And here you are years later as a shareholder in the biggest hotels in SA and a Conquest Events branch in each province” he says with a smile. I laugh. “You’re an

amazing woman Nolo” he says with that smile still plastered on his face. Did he just say Nolo? I giggle.

“I know hey” I say. He says something in a language I don’t know.

“Why can’t you say thanks once in a while?” he says.

“Thanks for what?” I ask.

“For the compliment” he says.

“That’s not a compliment Will, it’s a fact, a well known FACT. Stop staring the obvious and maybe I’ll say thanks” I say. He facepalms while he says things I don’t know. Did he just say Oh my goodoo? I laugh. He stops with his things and looks up at me with a smile.

“So do you have plans of going back?” he asks.

“Going back to what?” I ask.

“School. Do you want to complete your matric maybe?” he asks.

“I’ve haven’t really thought about that” I say. He nods in understanding.

“I’ve been meaning to ask though” he says with a smirk.

“What?”

“How did you come to the conclusion of giving your business a name like Conquest?” he says. I laugh. I’d be lying if I said I don’t get that question often.

“That’s an English translation of my name” I say.

“Oh really?” he says.

“Yep, Loyiso, Noloyiso, Conquest” I say.

“Victory” he says. I chuckle and nod.

“And you?” I ask.

“What about me?” he asks.

“Here you are questioning me about Conquest yet your clubs are named Neon, how did you conclude to that?” I say. He chuckles.

“That’s my daughter’s name” he says.

NEON?!!

“Who named her?” I ask.

“Me” he says.

“That makes sense” I say nodding.

“Hey there’s nothing wrong with that name” he says.

“If that’s what you want to believe mister” I say. He laughs.

“I’m going to name our kids Happiness and Joyful” he says. I laugh out loud. When I stop I notice people looking at me like I’m crazy.

“So you’ve already decided to name my non-existent babies?” I say.

“I’m just telling you to brace yourself Nolo” he says. I laugh and shake my head.

“How old were you when you had Neon?” I ask.

“26” he says. I nod in understanding.

6 hot drinks later we’re still at the coffee shop having noteworthy conversations while laughing and frowning. He’s not a bad guy this Ozioko guy.

“So how many hours left?” I ask. He checks his phone.

“70” he says with a slight smile. I nod.

“I think we should go now, we have to remove this sweat on our bodies” I say.

“Good idea, I was starting to get sinuses from your odour” he says. My eyes widen in disbelief. He laughs out loud.

“Mxxxxxm” I say and roll my eyes.

“Don’t be angry at a man for telling the truth” he says with his hands raised.

“You smell worse than I do” I say.

“Don’t get bitter get better, and better in this situation is a bath, let’s go Mrs Ozioko” he says. I giggle and we head out of the coffee shop. We walk to the gym and get

into the car. From there off we go to the hotel.

“I’ll pick you up again at 2” he says when I get out of the car. He drives off before I respond. I shake my head and chuckle, heading into the hotel.

Insert 27

Two weeks later...

Boitumelo’s POV.

I place the document on the table and study it for a few minutes. I know I should be

joyful at this moment but uh...I honestly don't know how to feel.

I feel a hand on my back, it pulls me out of my thoughts, startling me a bit. He looks at me with concern.

"You okay?" he asks.

"Yeah...I'm fine" I mumble that last part. He looks at me then the papers on the table.

"You need some time alone?" he asks. I nod repeatedly.

"Yes please" I say.

"Okay, I love you" he says.

"I love you too" I say. He kisses my forehead and walks out to the porch. He closes the glass door behind him and I continue looking at the papers in front of me.

I take a deep breath and pick up the pen. I take another deep breath and release it in quick short puffs. I take another breath and quickly put my signature on the dotted line. Done. I look at my signature and release a breath.

This feels so unreal. I pick up the document and slide it in the big brown envelope. I push it away from me, along with the pen. Done, it's really done. I'm divorced.

I push back my chair and stand up. I walk down the passage and walk straight into my bedroom. I throw myself on the bed and stare at the ceiling...

Noloyiso's POV.

"Morning" I say.

"Hey, morning. What are you up to so early in the morning?" he says with a lazy smile.

"I'm getting ready to go to the wedding" I say.

"On a Friday?" he asks.

"It's the traditional wedding" I say.

"Mmh. Your makeup looks nice by the way, and your hair" he says. I blush.

"I know" I say.

"Next time you say that I'm going to swear at you" he says looking annoyed, but his face still looks lazy. I laugh out loud.

“Shouldn’t you be going to work?” I ask.

“Not today, I’m tired” he says and yawns.

“You’re one lazy man” I say. He laughs.

“I chased money enough in my twenties, I’m now supposed to be lazy and enjoying my hard earned money with you” he says. I chuckle and shake my head.

“Whatever mister” I say.

“The next wedding is going to be ours dime, brace yourself” he says. I giggle and shake my head.

“I’ll call later, have a nice day” I say.

“You too dime, I love you” he says.

“Sharp”

I hang up and put my phone on the table.

“And here I am thinking I should be the one glowing like this” - ?? I turn around to see Mikateko standing behind me.

“Makoti” I say with a smile.

“Don’t makotinise me, who were you talking to?” she says. I laugh.

“So much seriousness on your wedding day makoti?”

“Nolo I’m not playing with you, I noticed this glow since you arrived here, who are you fucking now?” she says sitting on the chair next to me.

“Hayibo Mikateko Xilidzi! Do I need to be fucking someone to glow?” I say.

“Noloyiso Nxumalo I am Mikateko Xilidzi your confidant, your pillar of strength, your partner in crime-”

I laugh out loud.

“Flattery flattery, aren’t you supposed to be wearing your dress makoti confidant?” I say. She puts her feet on the dressing table and takes my drink.

“I can sit here all day until you tell me who’s behind this glow” she says and sips my daiquiri through the straw. I laugh. It’s not like I was going to hide it from her for long though. I tell her everything. The excitement on her face says everything!

“So you’re with doctor Ozioko?!” she exclaims with her eyebrows raised. I laugh.

“Shh not so loud Mika!” I say.

“Yima marn wena, give me a clear explanation of what’s going on between you and the Nigerian man” she says.

“Its nothing Mika, we’re just vibing” I say.

“Vibing turns into fucking, fucking turns into loving, loving turns into wifing, sooner than we know you’re going to end up being Mrs William Ozioko” she says.

“Chill Mika, I didn’t say I love the man” I say laughing. She gives me a blank stare.

“What did I say to you?” she says in a soft tone. I sigh, my smile fading. “You’re only killing yourself Nolo, let it go, for your own sake” she says.

“Mika...”

“Set yourself free and let it-” she says.

“I hear you, can we get ourselves ready for the wedding now?” I say. She sighs then shakes her head and stands up. I stand up and follow her to the bedroom where we’ll be wearing our dresses.

I know Mika means well but I’m not at that point yet. Will and I are honestly just friends. The 74 hours thing went and passed but I’d be lying if I said I didn’t enjoy it because I enjoyed each and every semi second. Every since then we’ve been video calling before starting the day, exchanging WhatsApp messages and voice calls during the day and video call again before finishing the day.

I think he has feelings for me because he tells me he loves me almost all the time and

me not knowing how to respond to that I say whatever comes to my mind. I really miss him guyzini I won't lie. His hugs are the best. But whenever I hug him I get this foreign feeling of belonging, like his arms are supposed to blanket me like that and like his hard chest is made for my head to rest. It's strange really, and I can't shake it off. I want him near me, that feeling of belonging is addictive, I yearn deeply for it. I have to make a plan to have it again.

Anywayz...I have to get ready for my best friend's wedding. I look stunning, it looks like I was made for this dress. The other bridesmaids are wearing dresses of their choices, they also look nice though. But my dress was chosen by Mika coz I am the maid

of honour, her words not mine. It's was made using Xibelani fabric. Yoh but the bride looks better than me. She's GORGEOUS!

"Vukosi is gonna faint when he sees you" I say. She laughs.

"If he doesn't I'm going to piss on his face" she says. We burst out laughing.

"Its time to get you married darling" Rori says fixing her dress.

"Ehe my Vukosi is waiting for the love of his life" she says clapping her hands in excitement. I laugh.

"Yes darling!" Enhle shouts. Charmaine straps her heel and Ursula finishes tying her head wrap perfectly. She's Islamic hence

she has to cover her hair. But this one she's a fly-by-night shem.

Mikateko's mom comes to call us and we get ready to leave the room. She looks beautiful, dark but very beautiful, just like Mika.

.....

Mzwakhe's POV.

I close the door and turn around, hoping to see her, but the chair she was sitting on is empty. I find the brown envelope on the table. I open it and the document is signed where it needs to be. I put the documents back into the envelope and walk to the bedroom. I open slightly and look inside.

She's lying on her back staring at the ceiling. She's not even moving. I walk in.

"Babe" I say. She doesn't move. I walk closer to the bed. "Baby" I say and touch her shoulder. She flinches.

"It's me, relax, it's me" I say. Calm settles on her face and she slowly sits up straight. I sit next to her and look at her. She looks a bit sad.

"You okay babe?" I ask. She looks at me and sighs.

"I...I'm..." she sighs and facepalms with both her hands. She's not okay. I scoot closer to her and pull her into my arms. She buries her head on my shoulder. I feel that part of

my t-shirt getting wet. I pull her even closer to me. Her chest is moving up and down in slow motion. I wonder what's wrong with her.

"Its okay baby, shhh" I say stroking her back. If I didn't know better I'd think she's like this because of the divorce. But is she? What if she's having second thoughts about this? I let go of her and cup her face in my hands.

"Don't cry, shhh" I say and wipe her cheeks with my thumbs. She attempts to stop but her lips keep trembling and the tears won't stop flowing.

"Please don't cry baby, talk to me" I say to her. She opens her mouth and takes in air, then she becomes quiet.

“What’s wrong? Talk to me” I say.

“It’s so messed up Mzwakhe. Why can’t I get what I want once in a while? What did I do to upset God this much? Why does he keep punishing me so much?” she vents. But I have no idea what she’s talking about.

“What are you talking about babe?” I ask.

“I had to get married to a man 23 years older than me to save the ones I love, I submitted through the abuse, I did everything I could to at least have a normal marriage but I never got that, I took it in and carried a brave face Mzwakhe, now that I’m taking back charge of my life but I feel like it’s going to waste. I feel like I’m living for nothing. I’m 27, divorced, doing vat en sit, being maintained, unemployed and arhhh...”

“But baby I don’t mind maintaining you, it’s okay” I say to calm her down. She removes her hands over her eyes.

“Its not okay Mzwakhe! Do you think I like depending on you? I know you don’t mind but put yourself in my shoes Mzwakhe, do you think I enjoy having a man buy me pads, panty liners and vaginal wash?” she says. Ohh...but...

“But baby I don’t buy all those things” I say in defence.

“Whose money is it Mzwakhe?!” she says. Ohhh... She buries her face in the palm of her hands.

“Why can’t I just get a job and take care of myself Mzwakhe? What’s so hard about granting me that one wish God?” she says. Now I’m just feeling guilty about denying

her a job. Seeing her in so much tears because of what I did really hurts me. I wrap my arms around her and pull her close to me.

“Life is so unfair Mzwakhe, so unfair” she says.

“Its okay baby, you’ll get a job” I comfort her. I really don’t want her to get a job but seeing her cry tears me. She rests her head on my shoulder again and keeps on sniffing.

Mimi’s POV.

I open my heavy eyes and they settle on a white blurry surface. I slowly close them and open them again. This time I move them around but everything is still blurry. I

try to lift my arms to rub my eyes but one fails. I lift one and rub both my eyes. My vision is a bit better, but still blurry. Where am I? I slide my hands down my face and they bump into something, hard. I try to look at it. It's an oxygen mask.

Oh, I'm in a hospital. I look at my heavy arm and I see a cast, a white cast. I lie back on the bed. Now I remember. Everything that happened that day comes back to me in fastmode. How he attacked me with no reason, how I begged him to stop, how I cried until I felt my eyes getting heavy. I lay on my side as his foot dug into my stomach. The last part is the most painful. I gave up. I relaxed my body and closed my eyes. I thought that was the last time I would've

had life. How am I alive? How? I thought I was going to die.

“Hey” I hear a feminine voice. I move my eyes from the white ceiling and slowly transport them down.

“I’m so glad that you’re awake. How are you feeling?” a man with a nicely trimmed beard says smiling. I open my mouth and attempt to push out a word from my dry throat but it’s in vain. It feels like my throat is going to tear or crack.

“...tte...” I mutter. He comes closer to my face and removes the oxygen mask. “At...e” I mutter again. He helps me sit up. I don’t

want to sit up, I want water! Water!

“W...w...at...er...w...” I cough.

“Let me get you some water” he says and turns around. If my eyes weren’t this heavy I’d roll the living daylights out of them because of this doctor man. Mxm.

“Here, drink up” he says holding a glass of water close to my cracked lips. I feel the coldness of the glass on the inside of my bottom lip before I feel the cool liquid gush down my tongue and into my throat. I close my eyes and take in the oddly satisfying feeling in silence as I gulp the water down. Who would’ve thought that I for one would be this grateful for being able to drink water? But I guess once you’ve seen your life flash in your eyes nothing seems minor.

He removes the glass from my lips and I open my eyes. They feel less heavier than when I opened them for the first time. I rub my eyes. I can't say my throat feels better but I feel a bit okay.

“Hey, welcome back to earth” the doctor man says with a big wide Colgate smile. He's wearing a white coat over blue ugly baggy clothes, pants and a short sleeved shirt. I assume he's a doctor. He talks and talks whilst holding my hand. I think I can hear what he's saying but my mind is not here.

“How?” I ask. He stops talking and looks at me. “H...ow...did...I...get here?” I ask again.

“You came by a helicopter, your fiancé Mr Mokete brought you here” he says. It can’t be. I look at him with a blank stare and wait for him to tell me he’s joking with me. He checks his wristwatch and looks at me. “He usually comes around lunchtime and after he knocks off in the late evening” he says. Still I give him a blank stare.

“Can I check your heartbeat?” he says walking closer to me. I give him a lazy nod and he walks closer to me. I don’t want anyone near my body right now but he would’ve done it even if I didn’t agree.

“Are you okay Miss Khumalo?” he asks looking at me with a concerned look. He heard how fast my heartbeat is.

“Mr Mokete, when...he com...ing?” I ask.

“Your fiancé?” she says. Fiancé, nyiancé, it doesn’t matter! That man tried to kill me. I nod. “In 30 minutes he’ll be here” he says after checking his wristwatch again. That’s not good. But why isn’t he arrested or something? I wonder what story he told to the police. I close my eyes to avoid crying. I open them again and he’s still looking at me.

“When...am I get...t...ing...dis...charged?” I ask.

“Well, first we must monitor your health and make sure you’re going to be okay outside of health care, that could take up to a week” he says. No! I’ve been awake for a few minutes but I’ve already had enough of hospital. My body is aching everywhere.

“I don’t...w...ant him” I say. He frowns. “Mr M-mok...don’t” I mutter. He looks confused.

“Is he a threat to you?” he asks.

“I don’t want...h-im..an...y...where...near me” I say. He nods.

“I understand. A nurse will be here to feed you soon” he says and checks his watch. He holds my hand and gives me a calm reassuring smile. “You’re a warrior, not many survive what you went through” he says. I don’t say anything, nor do I give him an expression. He walks out and closes the door. I’m left alone in the room now. My eyes wonder around the room until a woman with a bouncy dark afro walks in with a trolley. She walks near me and stops.

“Hey babes, you good? Argh what am I asking, sorry for the stupid question I don’t know what’s going on with me” she rumbles, stops and takes a deep breath. “I brought you food, it’s soup” she says taking the bowl from the tray and sits on the bed next to my legs.

She takes a spoonful of the soup and directs it to my mouth. I open up and the warm thick soup goes down my throat. It has no salt or taste but I soldier on until the soup is almost finished.

Ai I can’t take it anymore. I stop her with my hand and she puts the spoon in the bowl again. She puts the bowl on the trolley and takes a glass of water. She gives me a

couple of pills and I gulp them down along with water.

“Are you feeling any cold?” she asks tucking me in. I shake my head. “Are you sure because the weather outside is very cold, you know how Cape Town is during winter” she says.

“Ca...pe Town?” I ask. She gives me a blank look then she nods. Wait a minute! I’m in Cape Town? “How?” I ask.

“Your fiancé moved here for work purposes” she says. What?

“What?” it came out almost as a whisper.

“He’s a fine looking man I have to admit, all the nurses are always talking about him” she says with a giggle. In which world is

Hines fine? Mxm. She holds my hand suddenly and looks at me with a sad face. “Melemina I’m sorry to be the one to tell you this but you had a miscarriage” she says. I immediately feel my heartbeat accelerate. “I’m so sorry babes, but you are doing fine and your fiancé is so supportive, I hope you get well soon so you two can get married” she says with a wide smile.

“Can I plea...please be...alone” I say.

“Okay babes” she says and stands up. She turns around and pushes the trolley in front of her. She walks out and closes the door.

I don’t know if things could get worse than this. I’m in Cape Town with a monster of a man. I’m in hospital. I lost a child. Could things get worse than this?

Noloyiso's POV.

"I need to go now" I say to Mika. She's having so much fun with her husband. She looks at me with a fading smile.

"Already?" she says with a sad face.

"I'll come see you tomorrow" I say and kiss her cheek.

"Oh okay, go well then darling" she says.

"Sharp" I say and walk away. I go to the B&B and grab my bags. While at it I get on my phone. I dial Will's number and it rings for a while.

"Dime" he says. He looks tired.

“Hey, I miss you” I say. He lifts his eyebrows and chuckles, looking shocked kinda.

“Really?” he says. I giggle.

“Yes Will. Are you free tomorrow? I want you to come to Giyani” I say.

“Giyani?”

“Yes, I’ll fly you in and book you mobile transport” I say. He smiles like a retard.

“Well I did have a few plans with the guys but for you I’ll definitely fly to Jiyani” he says.

“Giyani” I say.

“Jiyani Giyani, potato potato, same thing” he says. I chuckle.

“Goodbye Will” I say.

“See you tomorrow Dime, I love you” he says.

“Bye” I say and hang up. I put my phone back into my handbag and jump up and down in excitement. Jesus! He’s coming!

“HE’S COMING TO MAMA!!!” I shout, then burst out laughing.

Insert 28

18SNLV

He stands before my eyes with a wide smile on his face and a little bag in his right hand.

“Hello” I say.

“Hey” he says. I open the door further and he steps in. He puts his bag on the couch and looks around the room. I close the door and walk to him. He turns around, still smiling. It’s 2am. He was supposed to fly in today but flights were fully booked and he agreed to take a 9 o clock one. That’s why he’s here so early.

“Its nice Di-” I stand on my toes and attack him with a kiss. At first he doesn’t move his lips, I can tell he’s a bit shocked. I throw my arms around his neck and he puts his hands on my waist. My hands slip around his body until I feel him grab my butt.

“Mmh” I moan whilst still kissing him. My breathing has changed, so has his. I take off

his leather jacket and throw it down. I jump on him and wrap my legs around his waist.

“O Jehovah” he moans in my mouth. He grabs my butt even more as our breathing gets more and more intense.

“Hmmm” I moan. I attempt to take off his t-shirt but he stops me, and he stops kissing me. He lets me go and I slide off him and land on my legs. I open my eyes and look at him.

“What’s wrong?” I ask running my hands under his t-shirt. He holds my hands and smiles and at me.

“Nothing dime, I just don’t want us to do something we might later regret” he says.

“We won’t, I want you as much as you want me” I say. He smiles again.

“Dime that’s your pussy speaking, not you” he says and puts his hands on my waist.

“No Will it’s me, it’s me” I say running my hands under his t-shirt again.

“Dime let’s not do this, at least not now” he says. I stand on my toes again and kiss him. He pulls out before the kiss gets heated and looks at me with a smile. “Dime I want us to do things the right way” he says holding my waist.

“What’s better than having a physical connection?” I say and kiss him again. He pulls out again and holds my waist. Jesus! This man is gonna annoy me. I remove my hands on him and start unfastening my robe.

“I know you have feels right now but dime...” I drop my robe. Lust fills up his eyes and his mouth drops open.

“I want you” I say and put my arms around his neck. He bites his lips as he looks at my boobs. He removes them from there and they land on my face. I give him a smile.

“Myths about Nigerian men are true dime” he says, defeated.

“I wanna see for myself” I say and unbuckle his belt. I unbutton and unzip then I put my hand in his pants. I feel it, hard and solid. I pull down his pants entirely and kiss him. This time his touch is filled with hunger, I can feel it. He lifts me up and I wrap my legs around his waist. I take off his t-shirt and throw it down. My pouted nipples gently

rubbing against his rock hard chest is the best feeling ever.

He starts walking to I don't know where. He opens a door and I hear it close again.

“Ohhhh” I moan. He gently puts me on the bed on my back. He kisses and sucks my nipples. “Ohh fuck” his warm mouth sends me into a different world. We look at each other with our eyes slightly closed. I bite my bottom lip and moan. I am dripping wet. He lowers his briefs. The BBC (big black cock) springs out! Fuck...what have I gotten myself into? I swallow my saliva hard and look up at his barely open eyes. He's looking at me for reassurance.

“Are you sure?” he asks. I’m not about to back out now. I nod. He holds his BBC and positions himself at my entrance. He teases me at first by rubbing the head on my clit. I wiggle my toes.

“Will...fuck me...” I moan and bite my lip. He smashes his lips into mine and I feel him slowly slide into me. I gasp while holding his back. Just when I think it’s all in it keep sliding in. Oh fuck...

“Oh father...Jesus Christ...holy fuck...” he moans slowly. He moves between my legs and I hold him tight. As soon as we’re comfortable I decide to take charge. I roll him over and straddle him. I hold his hands and pin them on the bed next to his head. I start bouncing my ass up and down him. It’s a bit painful, but mostly amazing.

“Fuck...” he cusses.

“Mmmmh...ahhhh...oh fuck...”

I bounce and bounce and bounce. He badly wants to touch me but I'm restricting him. This didn't even take a couple of minutes and the BBC is reaching places I never thought existed, causing my body to tense up. My moans can't be suppressed.

“Babe...it's on the way...it's on...oh fuck...” I moan. My body is getting weak. I feel his hands on my thighs, I don't even know when or how they got there. He rolls me over and pulls out. No no no, what's is he doing?

“Nooo...babe...” I whine.

“Not yet, not yet” he says with a sly smile. He parts my legs some more and inserts himself again. I gasp and grab his back. Shit, this is going to be a long session.

I wake up in his arms, on his chest. He’s passed out next to me looking dead gorgeous. That was the best sex I’ve ever had, truly speaking. The way he touched me can’t be explained. How he delayed my happy ending by pulling out and then how we came in sync while he moaned my name and cusses. I loved each and every moment of it. And then when we were done he gently pecked my lips and said he loves me. After that he blanketed his arms around my naked body and placed my head on his hard rock chest and we ended up dosing off like

that. Everything about it was perfect!
Although my V feels overworked.

I get out of bed and walk to the bathroom.
Oh hell! This man damaged me! The last
time I walked like this was after I lost my
virginity. I laugh at myself.

Eventually I get to the bathroom and do my
business. I brush my teeth and wash my
face and walk to the living room. Clothes
are on the floor, scattered. I pick my robe
up and put it on. I pick up the rest of the
clothes and walk to the bedroom. I open
the blinds and the window.

I feel his arms wrap around my waist and his whole body meet mine from the back. I smile immediately and turn around. He smiles at me and pecks my lips.

“You haven’t brushed your teeth” I say.

“So?” he says.

“So don’t kiss me” I say.

“I will kiss you, what you gon do bout that?” he says and kisses me again. I laugh and he smiles. “I’m hungry” he says.

“Let’s get ready so we can head out then” I say.

“Okay, I’m going to shower, you coming with?” he says letting go of my waist.

“I will, but after I clean up first” I say.

“Okay, don’t be too late” he says.

“I won’t” I say.

“I love you” he says. I feel my heart beat faster. I look down at my hands and he lifts my face with his hands. “Dime”

“Hmm?”

“I said I love you” he says.

“Thanks” I say and turn around. I walk out of the room and close the door.

Mimi’s POV.

I won’t say I’m better but I’m alive, that’s all that counts. This morning I push myself out of bed and walk to the window on my bedside with my legs wobbling a bit. I open

it up and chilly air makes its way in. The air smells different from Welkom. It smells like KwaZulu, ekhaya. I miss my siblings. I wonder if they've been doing fine without me or what. I wonder if they've been surviving.

“Ngibizeleni umama ezobona ubuhle bami. Ngithi mubizeni azobona azobona. Ayaya zisho” I sing and laugh for a while. This is a song I like singing with Thando while we cook. I miss them so much. I hear commotion from outside, like a fight or argument.

“She doesn't want to see you!” a male voice shouts. It sounds like they're headed to my ward. The door flies open and...Mokete?

“Let me talk to her for a while” he says.

“Sir you can’t, we told you last night” the doctor who checked on me yesterday says. He’s trying to gently push him out of the room but Mokete ain’t having none of that.

“Melemina what is this?” he says looking at me. I’m just frozen. When they said Mr Mokete did they mean...? Or did this Mokete move here with that Mokete. Or what’s going on here???

“Sir she doesn’t want to see you” a nurse says. She’s the one who fed me yesterday. She’s trying to do what the doctor is trying to do. I look at the man and his eyebrows are arched and veins are popping out of his forehead. I’ve only seen this look when he fought with his father, and I don’t like it coz it scares the shit out of me.

“Mimi are you insane?” he asks. Two men wearing black clothes come into the room.

“Great! Security is here” the nurse says.

“Please escort this gentleman out” the doctor says. The men step forward with purpose.

“No!” I say. They all look at me. “Leave him, he can come” I say. My English is turning into english I tell you.

“Are you sure babes?” – nurse. I nod and step away from the window. I sit on the bed as they leave one by one. The door closes and he comes closer to me. The look on his face ain’t pleasant.

“Hi” I say.

“Why did you tell them not to let me see you?” he asks fixing his shirt.

“I didn’t know...I thought you were Hines” I say. He stares at the with a straight face until I look down.

“How are you feeling?” he asks.

“Better” I say and look up at him. He nods. I have a very important question to ask.

“How did I get here?” I ask.

“It’s a long story, did the doctor say how long you’re going to be here?” he asks.

“1 week” I say. He nods.

“I’ll be back in the afternoon when I knock off” he says.

“You work?” I ask. He gives me a ‘Are you stupid?’ look and shakes his head. He walks out leaving me there. What a way to answer a simple question.

He leaves me with a dozen questions. If he brought me here then where's Hines? Why did he bring me here vele? Where did he find me? What the hell is going on?

Mzwakhe's POV.

I throw my arm next to me hoping to pull her closer to me coz I'm getting cold but it lands on a cold empty space.

"Baby" I say with my eyes closed. She doesn't respond. I open my eyes a bit and I find nothing on me. There are no blankets and no sheets. What the fuck? I get out of bed and put on slippers and a hoodie. I take my phone on the side of the headboard, I

check the time and it's 11am. She must've been awake for a long time. I walk out of the bedroom and up the passage.

"Love" I say while still rubbing my eyes. She's not in the bathroom, living room or kitchen. But the washing machine is on and it's washing I think. The house is spotless and all windows are open. Is this woman crazy? In this winter cold?!

The TV is lit but it's in audio mode. Lesedi FM to be exact. It's loud. I take the remote and switch off the TV. I put the remote back on the table and continue rubbing my eyes. They tend to itch a lot after I wake up.

"Babe!" I shout.

“What the heck!” she shouts from behind me. And then? She looks angry, very angry. “What’s your problem Mzwakhe?! I’m listening to DJ Lovers and you come out of nowhere and switch off the TV?!” she shouts and walks to the kitchen with a plastic basket. She angrily opens the washing machine’s door and angrily tosses the washing into the basket. I’m standing in the middle of the living room, gobsmacked by this sudden behaviour. I’ve never seen my baby like this.

“Switch it back on!” she shouts and walks out of the house through the patio door. What was that about? I walk out to the patio and sit on the chair. I wonder what her problem is. I watch her angrily hang the washing on the line. My phone rings and I

take it out of my pocket. It's Mayson, I wonder what he wants to early in the morning.

"Eitha" – me.

"Hola eitha mjita" – him.

"Hauwe"

"How far are you with that deal with Mikai?" – him.

"Just waiting for the motherfucker to sign the paperwork and we're 2 billion rands richer" I say.

"Hauwe"

"You sound down what's up?" I ask. He growls.

"Baby momma drama" he says. I chuckle.

“Even before she gives birth?” I ask.

“Braz”

“What’s the problem now?” I ask.

“She doesn’t want to move in with me, she says I’ll have to marry her before that happens” he says. I laugh. Why are women such a handful though? Here I am watching mine throw sheets onto the washing line like there’s no tomorrow. If I didn’t decide to be serious with her I wouldn’t be tolerating this bullshit. I’d be lying if I said I know what she’s so pissed about.

“Hey mjita you know nex, mine is throwing tantrums yet she ain’t pregnant, I’m caught up in serious shit here” I say. He laughs.

“Women are problems Mjita” he says.

“Tell me about it, last time she told we that she’s going to move out once she gets a job, imagine” I say. He chuckles.

“So what did you do?” – him.

“I made sure she doesn’t get a job, easy as that” I say. He laughs.

“You sly son of a bitch” he says laughing. I laugh, then I remember yesterday.

“But I’m starting to regret doing that” I say.

“Hauw? You and regret in one sentence? Elaborate mjita” he says.

“As you know things are not looking up for her, it’s the divorce and it’s stress and on top of that she stresses about not getting a job, yesterday she even cried” I say.

“Hauw mjita, wena why are you not giving her money?” – him.

“I am mjita, I transfer money into her account everyday but she’s not like the other women. She says she wants to enjoy her own hard earned cash” – me.

“Hmm, she sounds like a good woman, where did you get her?” – him. I laugh.

“At the supermarket, you should go there often” I say.

“No, I’m fine with my Zim, she annoys me but she’s still the love of my life” – him. I laugh out loud. “Argh marn mjita you are being selfish, she makes you happy but you’re refusing to give her the one thing she really really yearns for, that’s downright selfish, who knows this might even be the reason she’s angry right now. Just give her what she wants and then discuss it with her, listen to her point of view and where

she's coming from then find a way forward" he says. Mayson is the realest. No matter how bitter the truth is he's going to dish it up for you and a silver platter and show you your wrongs. I laugh.

"You sound like Dora right now" I say. He laughs.

"Fstek msunu" – him. I laugh out loud. "You know the rule of serious relationships mjita, what the woman wants-" he says.

"The woman gets, I know" I say.

"Give your woman what she wants mjita, you'll cross the other bridges when you get to them" he says. I trill my lips.

"Yeah, sure" I say.

"Sho" he says. I hang up. I look at my woman who's now sitting next to the

washing line sulking. I guess if I want her to be happy I have to do what's 'right'. I go to my contacts and call up Tau.

“Leadership”

“Regarding my woman let down the gates” I say.

“Leadership” he says. I hang up. I put my phone back on the table and look at her on the far side of the yard. I wave at her and she gives me an angry look.

.....
Noloyiso's POV.

We've decided to pack our stuff and head to Polokwane. We'll be spending the night and tomorrow there. I have my bare feet on

his laps while he's driving, this is so comfortable. But he's playing his songs on the radio and he's chillingly grooving along.

Before I forget I have to call Mika and tell her that I can't have lunch with them. She invited me and the girls to have lunch with she, her husband and his friends.

"Darling" she says when she answers.

"Doll" I say.

"Are you on the way?" – she.

"About that...I won't be able to make it" I say.

"Why?" she asks in a disappointed tone.

"Err...I'm kinda caught up" I say.

“Keep going” she says. I take a deep breath.

“I’m with Will and we’re on our way to Polokwane” I say as fast as I can. He looks at me, then the road again. Mika SCREAMS! I remove my phone from my ear until I think the screaming is over. I put it back.

“Are you done?” I say. She laughs.

“Wait a minute!” she says. “You can continue now. Repeat what you told me first” she says. I laugh, then look at Will.

“I’m going to Polokwane with William” I say.

“Mr Ozioko right? No scratch that, DOCTOR Ozioko right?” she says. I laugh.

“She’s dating Ozioko?” I hear a voice. That’s Ursula.

“Mika you put me on speaker?” – me.

“Yes I did, so what happened?” – Mika.

“I’ll tell you guys when we link, I can’t tell you in front of him” I say.

“You’re with him?” – Charmaine.

“Like I said, we’re on our way to Polokwane” I say.

“Did you jaiva phez ko mbedi?” – Ursula. I laugh.

“Geez that’s a bit TMI” I say.

“That’s confirmation” – Rori.

“Darling put him on speaker we wanna say hi” – Enhle.

“I’m not doing that” – me.

“I promise I won’t fuck his voice, now put him on speaker” – Rori. We burst out laughing.

“Rorisang you’re sick” I say. They laugh.

“Put the man on speaker girl” – Ursula.

“Okay fine, but first I have to ask him” I say.

“Okay okay” – Enhle.

“Geez you’re making me feel like a teen” I say.

“Just ask the man!” – them.

“Okay fine! I’ll ask him” I say. I put the call on hold. “Babe” I say. He looks at me. “Uhm my friends want to say hi, is it okay?” I say. He looks at my phone, then me.

“Sure” he says.

“Okay” I say and go back to the call. I put it on speaker. “Go darling I’ve put the man on speaker” I say.

“Hi ladies” he says. We hear screams. What the fuck? He looks at me with a slight smile but confusion. Someone clears their throat.

“Uhm hi Will, this is Mika Nolo’s best friend” – Mika.

“Hi Mika, are you well?” – Will.

“I’m good thank you, yourself?” – Mika.

“Good thanks, congratulations on your marriage” – Will.

“Thank you Will” – Mika.

“So are you two in a relationship or what?”
– Charmaine. Will looks at me.

“I’m not quite sure maybe you should ask your friend” he says. Oh he’s still angry about that I love you thing? I almost roll my eyes.

“Darlings I’ll call when we get to Polokwane, goodbye for now” I say.

“Bye darling” – Mika.

“Byeeee” – Rori.

“Sharp” I say and hang up. I put my phone on the dashboard next to Will’s and look out the window.

“So what are we?” he asks. Sigh.

“We are anything we want to be” I say still looking out. I feel his eyes on my cheek. I’m expecting something from him but he keep shut and continues driving. The rest of the drive is silent.

Insert 29

Unedited.

Boitumelo’s POV.

Today I woke up with the motive to wash the blankets and sheets of the entire house and I did just that, although it was freezing outside. I'm just so angry. I'm angry at myself, I'm angry at Mzwakhe, I'm angry at life and I'm angry with God. I'm just angry, don't ask me why.

Mzwakhe has been tip toeing around me the whole day. One simple thing makes me flip. I'm not even cooking today, I'm not in the mood. We're both watching a movie while I'm at my usual comfortable cosy spot and he's on the 3 sitter. Normally he'd ask me to join him up there but today he knows better.

My phone beeps and I pick it up. It's an email notification. I open it and read it. It's from Welkom Clinic. It says...I got a job. I GOT A JOB!!! I jump up from the floor and jump up and down screaming. Mzwakhe seems unfazed by my sudden reaction.

"Babe babe babe!" I shout. He lifts his eyes and they land on me.

"Mmh?" he says chewing gum with his mouth closed. I don't know if it's me but he looks bored.

"Guess what" I say standing in front of him.

"Mmh?" – him.

"I got a job!" I shout and jump up.

"That's a good thing I suppose?" he says.

What's is that supposed to mean?

“Yes it’s a good thing, and you should be happy” I say.

“How do I rejoice knowing that you’re going to leave me now?” he says. Yoh I forgot his views about that...

“Come on baby don’t be like that” I say.

“Mxm” he says and looks at the TV.

“Babe...” I say.

“I want food” he says. I sit on the couch next to his feet and put my body on top of his. “Boitumelo don’t do that” he says looking at the TV. I ignore him and get my face closer to his. “You’re heavy marn, get off” he says. I wrap my arms around his waist and kiss him on the cheek.

“Kiss me first” I say.

“I will turn and you’re going to fall” he says.

“I don’t care, I won’t get off you if I don’t get a kiss” I say and kiss his neck. He finally looks at me.

“If you continue that I’m going to take you to the bedroom and fuck the mobility out of your legs” he says. I bite my lip.

“I don’t mind that, do it” I say. He glances at me and chuckles. I’m winning.

“The problem with you is that you think you know my full capabilities” he says. I playfully widen my eyes.

“So you’ve been doing nothing to me thus far?” I say. He chuckles.

“You know nothing wena baby” he says.

“Show me” I say and put my hands in his hoodie. He laughs.

“Babe don’t do this, I’m hungry” he says with a wide smile. I roll my eyes and get off him. I put on my push ins and walk out of the living room.

“You’re still gonna show me when I get back though” I say. He laughs and shakes his head.

What to make? I’m kinda fine with making food now but I don’t want to do too much. Basically I don’t want to cook a meal. Maybe some bread. Yes I’m making bread with butter, grated cheese and lettuce with winter tea.

As I wait for the water to finish boiling I look at the email I got from the clinic. I can’t

shake off the feeling that this is shady marn. Aren't they supposed to call me for an interview or something? And how did I get a job at Welkom Clinic? I remember very well that I only applied at hospitals.

But whatever it is I'm happy that I got a job finally. I have to go to church tomorrow to thank god for this, and apologise to him for being mad at him. And I have to inform my family about this. I'm sure my mom will be happy that I'm not living off a man.

Honestly the moving out thing is partly because of her.

My mom is a staunch Christian and vat en sit is a H-U-G-E no no to her. Matshidi wanted to go live with her baby daddy after

she gave birth but Mommy being Mommy that never happened. She wanted me to come live at home but I reasoned with her and told her about job hunting, but trust me it took a lot more than that.

The water stops boiling and I pour the water in the cups and stir.

I walk back to the living room and put the tray on the table. He looks at my food otherwise but I don't care. If he's really hungry he'll eat. I take my plate and tea and I start eating. He eventually does the same and we finish at the same time. He puts the dishes on the tray and looks at me.

“Come here” he says. I smile.

“Why?” I ask.

“Come, I want to show you something” he says with a slight smile. I know what this is about. I walk to him and he makes me straddle him. He kisses my neck hungrily. Damn...

Mimi’s POV.

I look at the phone in disbelief and then at him.

“Do you need anything else?” he asks looking at his tablet. I shake my head. Then I remember that he isn’t looking at me.

“No thank you, you’ve already done enough for me” I say. Honestly, what more can I ask

for? I'm admitted into a private hospital and he's paying. Now he just recently bought me a Huawei P40. Asking for more would just be crossing the limit.

"Alright, I'll see you tomorrow" he says and walks out of the room before I can say goodbye.

He told me everything, from where he found me and why he moved me here. I know he wants me to go up against his father but I don't have the energy right now. I should be focusing on my health right now because that's all that matters, for now. I'm getting discharged in 2 days. The doctor, whom I now know as Nkazi, said I'm recovering faster than they thought I would and I'm fit to go home soon.

I wonder where 'home' is. I know it's obviously Mokete's place but I just wonder where it is. I wonder how long I'm going to be staying there. Honestly I just want to see my siblings, I miss them so much. I wish I could turn back the hands of time and restrict myself from falling into a rich man's arms. Who knows where I'd be now if I wasn't this stupid.

The door opens and Lulu walks in. As usual she's smiling. Hai this girl, smh, I wonder why and how she's always so happy.

"Time for dinner, what do you want?" she says standing next to me.

“Maybe a KFC Boxmaster and 500ml coke” I say. She laughs.

“Your request came in late, maybe tomorrow, for now you have to choose from the hospital’s menu” she says. Argh I haaaate hospital food.

“Yoh I’ve had enough of hospital food, can’t you let me sleep without eating? I’m not hungry” I say.

“No I can’t, not unless I want Nkazi to shout at me, phela you are like his baby wena. Just eat tonight and I promise I’ll sneak in fast food for you starting from tomorrow” she says.

“Yoh Lulu I’ve had enough, I’m going to vomit if I eat that food” I whine.

“Just bear, you’re going home in 2 days babes” she says. Argh konje there’s that part.

“Yah ne” I say looking down.

“And I’m sure you’re going to be treated like a queen until you recover, your fiancé cares so much about you” she says. I laugh. If only she knew.

“Hai kahle wena, Mokete is not my fiancé” I say. She furrows her eyebrows.

“Hauw, what do you mean?” she asks.

“Argh forget that” I say. The frown on her face disappears and she gets busy with her work. This cast is seriously bothering me. Ai.

“Oh my gosh!” she shouts. I swiftly look at her.

“What?”

She snatches my phone out of my hands.
That's what the shouting is about. I almost
roll my eyes.

“P40 Pro?!” she shouts looking at it.

“Stop shouting please” I say. She gives it
back to me.

“When did you get it?” she asks.

“Just before he left” I say.

“Girl you are lucky to have that man in your
however you relate” she says.

“Mmh” I say.

“He cares so much” she says like she's
thinking hard.

“Hai mina I don’t know why that guy comes here three times a day because it’s not like we talk” I say. She frowns.

“What do you mean?” she asks sitting down next to my legs.

“Exactly that, he comes here 3 times a day and sits there” I say and point at the chair far from the bed. “He stares at his tablet the entire time and doesn’t talk, when I try to make conversation he tells me I’m disturbing him. We sit in this room in silence and then when visiting hours are over he stands up, tells me he’ll see me and leaves. I don’t even know why he bought me this phone” I say. This is just too much.

“Maybe for you to call him” she says.

“Call him and say what because we don’t even talk face to face? What will I say to

him? Worse part about all this is that I don't have anyone to talk to" I say.


"You and Mr Mokete have a weird relationship" she says with a chuckle.

"I told you I'm not in a relationship with the man" I say.

"Whatever that's going on between you 2 is weird" she says. I laugh.

"Tell me about it" I say. We both laugh.

"Give me your phone" she says. I frown. "I want to put in my numbers" she says. Oh. I give her my phone and she punches in her numbers and saves them. She gives me back my phone and smiles. I look at the numbers and she saved them as

"Lulama ". I chuckle and shake my head. Nkazi walks in right then.

“Lulu, you’re still here?” he says walking to the bed.

“Your baby doesn’t want to eat dinner” she says standing up.

“What’s wrong love?” he asks looking at me with concern. I know what you’re thinking so calm down. Nkazi is gay, he’s not flirting with me.

“Nothing, I’m just tired of hospital food” I say.

“You don’t have a choice babes” he says.

“I actually do, Lulu said she’s going to-”

“Request a special meal from the chef” Lulu cuts in. Nkazi looks at us with suspicion and shakes his head.

“Anyway I just came to wish you a happy birthday, I know it’s probably late but you

were asleep when I came in the morning” he says with a smile. No way! That’s today?! I quickly check the date on my phone and it is 17 June. I put my hand on my forehead.

“Konje how long have I been in a coma?” I ask.

“3 weeks” – Nkazi. Eh! Nkazi picks up my phone from my laps with a smile. “This is a nice birthday gift” he says and puts it back on my laps. That’s what the phone is for?

“Let me give you my numbers” he says and takes my phone. He saves his number as simple Nkazi.

“Happy birthday babes, I didn’t know” Lulu says.

“I also didn’t know” I say.

“At least now you know what the phone is for” she says with a chuckle.

“Do you have data or should I give you the hospital’s WiFi password?” Nkazi says.

“No thank you, he bought me 6 gigabytes” I say.

“Then you’re sorted” Nkazi says.

“Do you have any social media accounts?” Lulu says.

“I do but I’ll have to download the apps first” I say.

“No you have to eat first” Nkazi says.

“Yes daddy” I say. They both laugh.

“You’re eating pap, spinach and roasted chicken” Nkazi says.

“I’d be aroused if I didn’t know that the dish you’re talking about doesn’t have salt” I say frowning. He laughs.

“After that Lulu will give you your medication and you’ll sleep, you have to rest a lot before you go home babes, you’ll do your social media whatnots when you get home” he says.

“Come on Nkazi” I say.

“I’m only Nkazi when I’m happy, right now you should call me doc because you want to defy my instructions and that makes me mad” he says.

“Aybo Nkazi, give the girl a break” Lulu says.

“Nurse don’t argue with me in front of a patient” he says turning around.

“Today I’m nurse?” – Lulu.

“Yes, we’re putting the bloodline aside for now” he says and walks out. Lulu shakes her head and looks at me.

“Bloodlines?” I ask.

“Cousin” she says dismissively. Oh. Well that explains the identical birthmarks they have on their foreheads. “I’ll bring your food and medicine in a while” she says and walks out.

I get into bed and pull the covers near my neck. My phone rings and I pick it up from the side. It’s Mokete, he saved his number. I immediately sit up straight. I don’t know why this guy makes me feel like hiding under something. He demands respect by just being present nje. I don’t know if that’s

his personality or the fact that he's his father's son.

"H-hi" I answer.

"I just called to tell you I'm caught up at work and I'll see you tomorrow in the afternoon" he says. I don't know why guy works on Saturday but okay.

"Okay. Thank you for the birthday gift" I say before he hangs up. He hangs up immediately after that. Argh this guy is so rude. A simple 'cool' would've been fine. I put my phone back in the charger and pull the blanket on me. Mokeete frustrates me marn nx.

Mzwakhe's POV.

I pull out and let the last of my cum slide down the back of her legs. I leg go of her hips and she falls on the floor on her ass. I smirk with satisfaction. We're both breathless and my legs are trembling. I pick her up and put her on the bed. I throw my body next to hers and I pull the blankets from the bed and put them on us. After that I pull her into my arms. Yoh that was a hot session. We both try to catch our breath without conversing. She draws circles on my chest and I smile. My baby is so sweet.

"Baby" she says.

"Mmh?"

"When last did you go to church?" she asks.

“Uh, I’ve never been to church” I say. She’s silent for a while. I think she’s not shocked about that.

“Please come with me to church tomorrow” she says. Eish.

“Err...”

“Please my love, I want to thank god about the job, with you by my side” she says.

She’s impossible to refuse when she begs. I sigh.

“There’s a first time for everything I guess” I say. She looks up at me with a smile.

“That’s a yes right?” she says. I put my hands on her hips when I realise I have one more orgasm left in me.

“Only if you agree to my condition” I say and kiss her cheek.

“Sies Mzwakhe you can’t make sex a condition for going to church. The man above is watching” she says.

“If the man above wants to crucify me according to that then surely he doesn’t know how sexy my woman is” I say and nibble her neck. She giggles.

“But baby my legs are numb” she says. I kiss her forehead.

“Okay then” I say.

“Thank you baby. And we have to go out before I start working” she says.

“Go out for?”

“You still haven’t fulfilled taking me out on a date remember?” she says. Oh hell...I facepalm. “So we’re going out Monday, this

time we're celebrating my divorce and my job" she says. I resume stroking her back.

"I'm really sorry about that baby" I say.

"I understand, but you have to make it up to me, and make sure it's exquisite" she says. The twang in the way she said 'exquisite' is just funny. I didn't expect that from her.

"Okay aus baby, it'll be exquisite" I say and continue stroking her back. She kisses my lips.

"I love you baby, let's sleep" she says.

"I love you too, goodnight" I say. It doesn't take long and she's out. I put her in on the pillow and walk out of the bedroom. I get a clean towel from the bathroom. I walk back

to the bedroom and wipe her and myself
and I get back into bed.

I put my head on my hands and face the
ceiling. I'm lost in my thoughts. I'm still not
happy about this moving out thing of hers
and I don't know what I'm going to do
about that. I've gotten used to coming
home to a warm meal and having someone
to help me warm up the bed. I don't know
how I'm going to do without her.

(Ke kopa atleast 15 comments before next
insert, ndiyacela tuu 🙏)

(I still love y'all – admin ❤️)

Insert 30.

Noloyiso's POV.

I again wake up in his arms with my head on his chest. Yesterday was amazing. When we arrived in Polokwane we had lunch and went straight to his house. Yep, he has a house here. It's a beautiful 16 room mansion. He said this is a secondary house. I wasn't shocked coz the man is rich and he probably has more of these.

I could tell that he's still pissed about the I love you thing but I think he let it slide. This probably sounds weird but I feel like he read me. I felt like he dug deep into my soul and found what was really going on with

me. Maybe it's just my mind but I don't know.

I slip out of his arms and get out of bed. I slept with my gown so I just put on my slippers and walk out of the bedroom. It's a huge bedroom so the door is a bit far. I make it down the stairs and make my way into the kitchen. I don't know when last I cooked something so I hope I don't burn Will's beautiful kitchen.

I'm making a simple breakfast. Toast, scrambled eggs and bacon with coffee. Will will just have to understand that this is not my thing. I'm not the domestic type, he'll have to understand.

My eggs are okay, the bacon is crispy but my toast is a little more brown than it should be. I know that's not a good thing but I'm not about to toast other slices of bread, I'm not about to waste food.

I take the tray and walk to the stairs.

"Morning" he says standing at the top of the stairs.

"Hey" I say and stop in my tracks. He walks down the stairs.

"Is that mine?" he asks looking at the tray.

"Yes, it was supposed to be breakfast in bed" I say.

“Oh, but I’m here now, thank you though” he says with a smile.

“You are a party pooper” I say and turn around. He laughs and follows me down the stairs. We walk to the kitchen and he starts eating his food. I take an apple from the fridge and eat it.

“So what do you want to do today?” he asks.

“I’m not sure, let’s hit a club or casino” I say.

“Dime we have to go back to our lives today, you Port Elizabeth and me Joburg” he says. I sigh.

“True, so what do you have in mind?” I ask.

“Let’s have a lazy Sunday, indoors and chilled” he says. I nod.

“Then we fly back at night?” I ask. He nods.
“Okay, cool” I say. He continues looking at me.

“I love you” he says. I look down at my fingers and smile lazily. I look up and he’s eating his food but his eyes are still on me. He stands up and comes to me and hugs me tight.

“Whatever you’re going through always know that I’m here okay?” he says. It’s so good to hear someone say that. I nod looking up at him. He slightly smiles and kisses my forehead.

Boitumelo’s POV.

“Eat fast so we can get going” I say.

“Yima baby” he says.

“Mzwakhe hakeno kgona ho yima, we’re 30 minutes late already” I say. He laughs. Mxm this idiot. I take my bag and the car keys and go to the car. He walks out of the house with his bowl in his hands. I get into the driver’s seat and start the car. He rushes to the passenger side and jumps into the car.

“So vele you were going to leave me?” he says.

“You are eating like a mouse, what should I do?” I say. He looks at me frustrated.

“Argh baby you are...mxm. Now I have to eat in the car, my brand new car” he says. I chuckle reversing. “Why are you driving vele?” I look at him.

“I thought you bought this car for me” I say and close the gate.

“I bought it because wena you don’t want to go to church with my cars coz apparently they’re not NORMAL enough. I bought this car because of you not for you” he says. I laugh. It’s true, this guy has money to waste shame. Imagine buying a whole AMG GT63 for going to church.

“Well can I have it?” I say.

“Ill buy you your own car in due time baby” he says.

“But I want this one” I say. He sighs.

“Hai you can have it heh” he says. I swiftly look at him.

“Yoh I don’t want it anymore” I say. He swiftly looks at me. “I’m serious, I won’t

take your car if you're giving it to me like that" I say.

"Argh baby-"

I turn up the volume of the radio and ignore his presence. Mzwakhe is...mxm.

.....

Mimi's POV.

"Wake up madame" she says walking in. I smile immediately when I see what's in her hand.

"Hey lovie" I say.

"I brought your package" she says still smiling. I laugh.

"You making it sound like you're selling me drugs" I say.

“This is the drug to your happiness remember?” she says. We both laugh. She walks towards me and puts the brown paper bag on the side of my bed.

“Thank you babe, I don’t even have the proper words to thank you” I say.

“A good thank you would be you getting out of that bed and going home to your fiancé” she says with a smile. I laugh.

“I told you Mokete isn’t my fiancé” I say. She lifts an eyebrow.

“You did?” she asks.

“Yes I did” I say and take the paper bag from the side. Yoh the smell is amazing guyzini! I lay out the food on the bed and start eating. Jizas!

“So did you upload apps on your new phone?” she asks getting busy with her work. I shake my head.

“You heard what Nkazi said, I don’t want to make him cross” I say.

“Argh I’m sure he didn’t mean whatever he said to you” she says dismissively.

“I wonder how long I’m going to stay here yaz” I say.

“Until you recover babes” she says still focusing on the clipboard.

“I have a feeling it’s going to be a long recovery then because I have no one here” I say.

“I’m no one?” she says looking at me. I chuckle.

“No silly, I mean like close people, bosom type of vibes” I say.

“I can be your bosom buddy” she says. I smile. This girl is too friendly.

“Thank you Lulu, I really appreciate your kindness” I say.

“It ain’t no biggie, you look like a nice person, we’ll get along just fine” she says. If only she knew the things I’ve done in this world.

She finishes writing on the clipboard and comes to me.

“I’ll bring your food after lunch and then I’ll be knocking off early” she says looking at her wristwatch.

“Who’s going to take care of me when you’re gone?” I ask. She smiles.

“Another nurse will come” she says.

“Another nurse is going to bathe me?” I ask.

“Yes babe”

“Y’all know I can bathe myself right? There’s no need for you to bathe me” I say. She chuckles.

“Stop it with the tough Chuck Norris act. You have a cast and broken ribs to nurse” she says. I laugh. I can’t get over the Chuck Norris part.

“Babes can I tag along with you?” I ask.

“Along to where?” she asks with a frown.

“To other check ups, to see people mahn” I say. She chuckles.

“I’m afraid I won’t be able to do that babes, Nkazi will kill me dead” she says. In this girl’s eyes Nkazi is my father I see.

“Pleeease, I’m getting bored in here” I plead. I see a slight smile on her face, I’m winning.

“Wena you’re boring yaz” she says.

“Is that a yes?” I ask with a huge smile.

“Mxm” she says and turns around. Yep, it’s a yes. I put on my slippers and my gown and walk out of the ward. I wonder what makes hospitals so cold kodwa.

Mokete’s POV.

I arrive at the hospital in the afternoon in hopes to see her. I walk into her ward and it’s empty. Well the bed is not made and the phone I bought her is in the charger so I’m assuming she’s out or in the bathroom

so I sit on the chair I usually sit on and take my laptop out from its bag. I get straight to work.

I have a lot of work since I'm new to the game so obviously I always have some typing to do. I can't say it's all been easy since moving to Cape Town but I'm okay. Mimi's hospital bills are blowing my savings but what can I say. Month end is around the corner and surely I can survive with what's left of my savings.

I'm thinking of buying clothes for Mimi because you know she has none here. My savings also have to go to that. Lucky for me though I don't pay rent. The first I'm working for owns a flat and all employees

stay there. I hope Mimi is going to like my flat though, it's a bit manly and untidy sometimes but I hope she can bear with me. I don't know how long she's going to stay with me but until then she'll have to bear with me.

The door opens and a nurse walks in. She's short and cute, it's kinda funny because she looks like a highschool girl. Her name tag is written 'Lulama'. She smiles at me.

"Hi" she says. I nod.

"Do you have any idea where your fiancé is?" she asks with a frown.

"I've been here for 30 minutes and I've haven't seen her" I say.

“Oh, I’ll come back later then” she says and turns around.

“Uhm, nurse” I say. She turns around.

“Yah?”

“I need your help please” I say. She looks confused.

“Shoot” she says walking closer to me.

“Mimi is getting discharged in a day and she doesn’t have any clothes or anything, so I need to buy her clothes before she gets home. Unfortunately I don’t know anything about women clothing so I would like your help” I say.

“You want me to go shopping for her?” she asks.

“Yes please, I’ll gladly pay you” I say. She smiles.

“Cool” she says. I take out my wallet and pull out my card.

“Here, the pin is ****” I say and give her the card. She takes it and puts it in her pack pocket.

“Is there a limit maybe?” she asks.

“Not really. When you’re done shopping you’ll call me to pick you up” I say and give her a card with my contact details.

“Okay cool” she says. She turns around and walks out. There goes another heap of my money. I get back to work. It’s really hectic shame. I have 5 clients to represent in the next three weeks.

The door opens and I hear laughing. I turn around and there she is. In a cast and her light skin turned pale. The nurse that just

walked out is behind her. I wonder where she found her.

“That old man needs a prayer shame” she says laughing.

“What did he say again?” – Mimi.

“I won’t say it, it’s too freaky” – nurse.

“Its funny” – Mimi.

“Stop being evil wena” – nurse. Mimi laughs. They walk in and Mimi goes to bed. Only then does she notice my presence. She stops laughing.

“Mokete, hi” she says. I nod and go back to my work.

“Ghelel I guess this is goodbye” the nurse says.

“I’m going to miss you so much kodwa” she says.

“Bhalel me a message, we’ll talk” she says. I almost laugh. They converse weirdly. Mimi laughs.

“Okay ghelel I’ll bhalel you a message” she says.

“We’ll link sometime when you’ve completely recovered” the nurse says.

“Yeah of course” she says. They hug and the nurse walks out.

The room falls into silence, except for the sound of my fingers tapping on my keyboard. I can’t help but notice she’s stealing glances at me. I pack up my things and get ready to leave.

“See you tomorrow” I say and walk out.

Boitumelo’s POV.

We’re late obviously so we have to wait for them to start singing before we enter just to avoid the looks and stares. We make our way in and sit at an empty bench at the back. I put my bag on the seat and stand up and start singing along with everyone.

Mzwakhe looks so lost. I nudge him with my elbow to stand up and only then does he stand up. He claps his hands rhythmically but one can’t miss the awkward look on his face.

The pastor puts the congregation to silence and starts preaching. He's good this guy shem. He puts both his hands on the sides of the pulpit and supports his weight. He doesn't preach like many people. It's like he's talking to you, he never shouts or raises his voice but his tone is stern.

“The lord is able to give you much more than this. He said ‘I know that you can do anything and no one can stop you’. You can do anything through Christ who strengthens you. The Lord's word is a lamp to guide my feet and a light for my path. Trails and tribulations may come but the Lord is our light and salvation so why should we be afraid? Faith will be shaken but he is the way the truth and the light, everyone who

calls on the name of the Lord will be saved. You will receive power when the holy spirit comes upon you. He says 'take heart because I have overcome the world'. Rivers of living water will flow from his heart. From his abundance we have all received one gracious blessing after another. I quote Luke 24:51-53, it says 'While he was blessing them he left them and was taken up to heaven. So they worshipped him and they returned to Jerusalem filled with great joy. And they spent all of their time in the temple, praising God' can I get an amen?"

"Amen!" – congregation.

"It is good to wait quietly for salvation from the Lord. In the meantime pour out your hearts like water to the lord, lift up your

hands to him in prayer, pleading for your children for in every street they are faint with hunger. Blessed are those who trust the Lord and have made him their hope and confidence. Because he says 'I know the plans I have for you, plans for good and not for disaster, to give you a future and a hope'. 'I have given rest to the weary and joy to the sorrowing'. And again he says 'I am the lord. Is anything too hard for me?'. I quote again 'If you obey me I will be your God'. The faithful love of the Lord NEVER ends! His mercies NEVER cease. 'I have loved you my people, with an everlasting love, with unfailing love I have drawn you to myself' he says. The grass withers and the flowers fade but the word of our God

stands forever. He is the living God and the everlasting King. Hallelujah?”

“Amen!”

“Whatever is good and perfect is a gift coming down to us from God our father who created all the lights in the heavens. Come close to god and he will come close to you. The earnest prayer of a righteous person has great power. Bazalwane I was a lost course until I met the beautiful woman I now call my wife. Trials and tribulations shook me, they left me on my knees bloodied and injured, but she came, she took my hand and led me to the light” he looks at his wife, Pato. “Whenever I pray I thank my god for you” he says. Ncoow, that’s so sweet hey. She smiles shyly.

“Rea, o boka Morena” that’s my mom’s voice. The old lady likes singing and she’s terrible guzini yoh. But we have to support her so we stand up and sing along.

Rentse re thabela wena

Resa phela ha monate

Ka paballo ya hao, Ntate.

(15 comments and you’re getting another insert tonight)

(I still love y’all )

Insert 31.

Unedited

Noloyiso's POV.

We're sitting on the living room floor, on the mat, playing crazy 8s while drinking cocktails. The man makes nice cocktails I have to admit. This man takes the speaker and skips to a certain song. We've been listening to Elaine all this while, he loves Elaine by the way. Yep I know it's weird but he loves her songs. He sips his drink and looks at me with a smirk. I hear the beat and I already recognise it. It's I just wanna know.

I just wanna know if we're gonna continue
with what we're doing

And if so, are there rules

And if not, what happens when I make a
mistake and what happens when I break
your heart

What happens if you break my heart

See we ain't perfect

And I just, I just wanna know

I just wanna know

Can you let me know

If I'm the one

Coz I just, I just, I just wanna know, can you
let me know, can you let me know if I'm the
one

Can you let me know

Coz I just wanna know yeah

Are you with me for all the right reasons

You acting different and trust me I've seen
it

Or is it all just a game, where my soul is
here to blame

I heard you say her name

I just wanna know about your past

And I don't wanna seem pushy but it keeps
me up at night knowing that I don't know
enough about you

You know I don't wanna doubt you

I care for you and I'm proud to

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

And I just, I just wanna know

I just wanna know

Can you let me know, if I'm the one

Coz I just, I just, I just wanna know

Can you let me know

Can you let me know if I'm the one

Can you let me know

Coz I just wanna know yeah

(I just wanna know yeah)

(I just wanna know)

(I just wanna know yeah)

(I just wanna know)

(I just wanna know yeah)

(I just wanna know)

(I just wanna know yeah)

(I just wanna know)

(I just wanna know yeah)

(I just wanna know)

(I just wanna know yeah)

(I just wanna know)

(I just wanna know yeah)

(I just wanna know)

(I just wanna know yeah)

He puts a 2 of spades on top of the card I just put down. I glance at him and take 2 cards.

“What’s your favourite colour?” I ask.

“Neon blue” he says.

“What’s your favourite dish?” I ask.

“I don’t have one” he says with a shrug.

“What do you crave right now?” I ask.

“Your breasts” he says with a smirk. I laugh and hit him on the chest playfully. He also laughs.

“What makes you happy?” I ask. He puts a king of aces on the heap.

“Peace, Noloyiso, Neon” he says. I smile.

“What’s your biggest fear?” I ask.

“Having short-lived happiness” he says. I nod.

“Name your insecurities” I say.

“I don’t have anything” he says. I lift an eyebrow.

“Is it?”

“I wear confidence like I wear my cologne, it is as strong and unbreakable like myself” he says. I smile.

“What’s your biggest pet peeve?” I ask.

“People who chew nails” he says. I laugh.

“So what angers you most?” I ask.

“Having people who take me and my love for granted” he says. And why do I feel like that is directed to me? He places a joker.

“My turn, what’s your favourite colour?” he asks. I take 4 cards.

“Red” I say.

“What’s your favourite dish?” he asks.

“Basil tomato salmon” I say.

“I thought you’d say me” he says with a sad face. I laugh.

“I’m not dirty like you” I say. He laughs.

“What makes you happy?” he asks.

“Moneeeey” I say. He laughs out loud. I join him.

“That’s a first” he says. I laugh. “What’s your biggest fear?” he asks. I look down. I don’t want to confess to that actually.

“Okay we’ll skip that, what makes you angry?” he asks.

“Men who think they dominate women” I say.

“What’s your biggest pet peeve?” he asks.

“Sorting” I say. He snorts a couple of times and looks at me. I playfully hit him on the arm and he laughs. “Mxm”

“Do you have any insecurities?” he asks.

“I used to” I say.

“And what’s that?” he asks.

“My breasts, they used to be very small” I say and sip my cocktail. When I look at him he has a silly smile on his face.

“You did plastic surgery?” he asks with a smirk.

“Yep, they say if you don’t like the way you look then you should change it so I changed it” I say.

“Oh, elevation” he says. I laugh.

“Yep, from a 32A to a 36C” I say.

“I love them by the way” he says. I laugh.

“Do you regret anything?” he asks.

“Not really, I believe I’m living my life to the fullest” I say.

“Do you believe in true love?” he asks. I sigh.

“I don’t know” I say.

“Do you ever want to get married?” he asks.

“I don’t know” I say.

“When was the last time you cried?” he asks.

“14 years ago” I say. He chuckles. I’m serious though.

“Do you give second chances?” he asks.

“It depends” I say.

“Between forgiving and forgetting which one is easier for you to do?” he asks.

Silence.

“Forgetting” I say. He nods.

“Do you believe that everything happens for a reason?” he asks. I chuckle.

“No” I say. He nods in understanding.

“When last did you say ‘I love you’ to a man besides your brother?” he says. I clear my throat and stand up.

“I think we should bath and get going” I say walking away.

Boitumelo’s POV.

The sermon went good. I think I prayed enough and I’m happy about that.

Mzwakhe only seems too happy to get out of here.

“Tumi!” I hear a voice. I turn around and it’s Pato and her husband. They look happy, a bit too happy.

“Hey Pato, it’s so nice to see you” I say and we hug. This is the first time we met ever since that time I came to church weeks ago. But we’ve been talking on the phone ever since that time. We stop hugging and she looks at her husband.

“So this is Teboho, my other half” she says. I smile.

“Hi” – me.

“Hello” – Teboho. We shake hands. I look at Mzwakhe.

“Well this is Mzwakhe, my other half” I say. He looks at me and smiles.

“Hi” he says and shakes both their hands.

“Hi Mzwakhe, I’m Maipato” Pato says.

“Nice to meet you, both of you” Mzwakhe says.

“Likewise, but I thought Boitumelo got divorced a few weeks ago” Teboho says.

“I did” I say.

“And you already have a boyfriend?” he says with a frown. I feel like he’s judging. I feel Mzwakhe hold my hand tightly.

“She was with me even before she got divorced” he says.

“Oh, she was having an affair?” he asks.

“She wasn’t happy” Mzwakhe says with a shrug. “Not many men deserve women like Tumi and Maipato. Not many see the light Maipato showed you so we have to move.

Like you said God can give you much more and you can do anything through him who strengthens you, right pastor?" he says. I have a huge smile on my face. I only realise when he's done talking that I was staring at him.

"Yes, correct" Maipato says with a smile.

"You look like a good man, I hope you deserve her, I also hope you're going to treat her right" she continues. Mzwakhe smiles. "Alright, we'll be on our way" she says. She comes closer for a hug.

"Bye Pato" I say.

"Bye babe, and congratulations on the job" she says.

"Thank you, we'll be in touch" I say. She smiles one last time and walks away with her judgemental husband. I don't think he

likes me much. I look at Mzwakhe, he looks annoyed.

“I don’t like him” he says.

“Argh forget about him, you were listening to him preach?” I ask.

“It’s not like there was anything else to listen to” he says. I laugh.

“I’m happy you did” I say. He gives me a fake smile. I laugh.

Puseletso’s POV.

It’s just after church when I see Tumi standing next to the tree on the far right of the church yard. There’s a man next to her. He’s actually very close to her, he’s playing

with her fingers. Nor...could he be...? Nor mahn...

“Matshidi” I call for her.

“Sista ke busy hle (Sis I’m a bit busy)” she says.

“Tlo bone (Come see)” I say.

“Bloma tuu (wait a minute)” she says. I glance at her and she’s tying Neo’s shoelaces. Matshidi is too obsessed with her baby mahn.

“Tlo bone mahn (come see man)” I say.

“Katla Sista, minute (I’m coming sis, wait a minute)” she says.

“Etlo feta (you’re gonna miss it)” I say.

“Yoh Sista wa bora hle (sis you’re boring)” she says standing up. She walks to me and stands next to me. “Keng? (What is it?)” she says. I point at Tumi.

“Bona (look)” I say. She looks at them.

“He’s playing with her fingers” she says in a low tone. I chuckle. She looks at me with a frown. “Hai nor...isn’t that him? I’m mean the guy she divorced for?” she says. I chuckle and shrug.

“Maybe” I say. She fixes her glasses.

“Lets go find out” she says. I don’t even think twice.

“Okay, let’s go” I say. We walk to the tree where the lovebirds are. Now that we’re close I can see the man she’s standing with. Built, light, beautiful really. But he looks

much younger than me and Matshidi. We stop in front of them, Tumi actually doesn't see us. Her back is facing us.

"Boitumelo" I say. She turns around and the man looks at us.

"Pusy, Matshidi, hi" she says with a smile. She has a certain glow on her face. Yoh my little sister looks beautiful bathong.

"O motle jwang ngwanarona (you look so beautiful lil sis)" Matshidi says. She smiles wider.

"Tanki Sista (Thank you)" she says.

"So who's the gentleman?" – Matshidi.

"Do you want to introduce us maybe?" I say with a smile. She laughs.

"This is Mzwakhe" she says. She looks at the guy. "Buti baby these are my sisters, Pusy

and Matshidi” she says. That ‘baby’ soled all the X’s in my mind. The man smiles awkwardly.

“Hi” he says.

“Hi” I say.

“So he’s Mr Mzwakhe?” Matshidi says. She laughs.

“Yes, it’s him” she says.

“Nice to finally meet the man who makes my little sister glow so much” I say. He finally smiles comfortably.

“It’s good to meet you too” he says.

“Sista Mama is looking for us” Matshidi says. I see Mama standing next to the church’s door scanning the yard. I think she’s looking for us. I wave my hand in the

air for her attention. She finally finds us and walks to us.

“Uh aus baby I’ll wait in the car” the Mzwakhe man says. He looks worried, scared dare I say.

“No no no, don’t worry about Mama, she’s going to like you” I say. He stops what he was about to do and looks at Tumi. She shrugs.

“Dumelang. Bathong Boitumelo nekesa tsebe o mo (Greetings. I didn’t know you were here Boitumelo” she says looking at Tumi, then the man.

“Dumela Mama (Hi mom)” she says with a smile.

“You look so beautiful ngwanaka” she says with a smile.

“Kea leboha Mama” she says. Tumi is forever smiling, I think that’s what makes her so pretty. I clear my throat.

“Mama this is Mzwakhe, Boitumelo’s...man” I say.

“Oh” Mama says with her mouth slightly open. Mzwakhe steps forward.

“Dumelang mama” he says in the humblest manner.

“Dumela” Mama says. She smiles suddenly.

“So you’re the young man who makes Boitumelo smile so much?” she says.

Mzwakhe shyly smiles. “But I don’t like this vat en sit arrangement of yours” Mama says. Mzwakhe stops smiling.

“We’re sorting that out Mama, I got a job” Tumi says. Mama smiles, she almost jumped out of happiness.

“Really ngawanaka?” – Mama. Tumi nods smiling. “That’s so good. So when are you moving out?” she asks. Trust Mama to embarrass you like this.

“I’m not sure Mama, when I get my first salary I guess” she says.

“Mhm, I’m happy for you though” she says.

“Me too ngwanarona” Matshidi says.

“Finally things are coming together” Mama says.

“Yah, things are better now, thanks so those restraining orders” I say.

“Where did you get a job Sista?” Matshidi asks.

“Welkom Clinic” – Tumi. Oh okay. We knew Boitumelo did nursing. It wasn’t much of a shock though because nursing has always been her dream. She was supposed to do nursing with Maipato in Cape Town because they both got bursaries but she couldn’t go because of her husband. But then Tumi is Tumi and believe it or not but underneath all that kindness she has there’s stubbornness there as well. Or should I say determination? Either way, my baby sister doesn’t allow anything to get in her way when she really wants something.

“I should call Papa, I’m sure he’s around here somewhere” Mama says.

“Uhm Tumi and I should get going” Mzwakhe says.


“Oh?” – Mama. He looks at Tumi.

“Yeah, we have a big day ahead of us tomorrow, we have to get a lot of rest”
Tumi says.

“Oh okay baby” Mama says.

“Goodbye Mama, I’ll see you guys soon”
Tumi says.

“Bye” Matshidi says. They walk out of the yard and get into a car I don’t even know. But it’s a Mercedes Benz though. They look so happy together. When will I find such happiness mara? Hai.

(See y’all in 7 days )

Insert 32.

Unedited.

Mzwakhe's POV.

Things are hectic this morning. Yes it's just a date but it's not a date with somebody nje. This is aus baby we're talking about, and she said she wants the date to be exquisite so I have to live up to the expectation. I've booked the most expensive restaurant in Joburg. Yes, we're going to Joburg for a date. I don't know how she's going to react to that but we'll see.

I find her in the kitchen dishing up. I don't know what she cooked but I'm already

drooling, it's not a secret that she's got magic hands, whatever she touches instantly gets ravishing.

“Motho waka (my person)” she says when she sees me. I smile. I love it when she claims me like that.

“Morning aus baby” I say sitting on the highchair. “So baby your sister is really Pussy?” I ask. She laughs.

“Yeah it's a nickname” she says. Whoever gave her that nickname deserved a beating.

“Who gave it to her?” I ask.

“My mom” she says. Yoh, the woman looks like a staunch Christian mos? I laugh.

“Why would your mother give your sister the name of a vagina as a nickname?” I ask. She laughs out loud.

“Sies baby, it’s Pusy short for Puseletso, not what you’re thinking” she says. Hai whatever. I shake my head.

“You need to pack a bit” I say. She puts a plate in front of me and frowns.

“Pack for what?”

“We’re going to Joburg” I say digging in.

“Joburg for what?”

“For our date, please don’t ask me date for what” I say. She laughs.

“Joburg for a date fela?” she asks.

“Yah”

“But why?” she asks. My Sotho babe is difficult marn.

“Just pack, we’re going to be there for the rest of the week” I say.

*

Boitumelo’s POV.

He’s kidding me right? I didn’t mean it when I said I wanted the date to be exquisite. And what does he mean we’re going there for a week? Hai I have to call Roxy because things are getting heavy.

“Katla (I’m coming)” I say and walk out of the kitchen. I walk down the passage and

into the bedroom. I take my phone and call the Chinese. It rings for a while.

“Mosadi”

“Mosadi”

“So early in the morning? What’s going on?”

“I think we have a slight problem” I say.

“I’m listening”

“I need another dress, the man has taken things too far, are (he says) we’re going to Joburg for the date, hape are (and he says) we’re staying there for the rest for the week” I say.

“Yoh the man is going above and beyond mos”

“Tell me about it”

“Come to my house, it’s time for plan b” she says and hangs up. Plan B? Am I missing something? I sigh and put my phone back on the dressing table.

I make the bed and head for the bathroom. I shower quickly and lotion and put on some warm clothes. This time I wear jeans but the hoodie remains. I put on kicks and grab my things.

“Where are you going?” – Mzwakhe.

“I have places to be honey, I’ll see you later” I say and kiss his cheek. I can literally feel his eyes on my butt as I exit the house. I get into a car and drive out.

I get to Roxanne's house. I buzz by the gate and she lets me in. I park in the driveway and make my way into the house. Musa hasn't left for work. I think I came a bit too early.

"Tumi, hi" he says. I smile.

"Hi Musa" I say.

"How are you?" he asks.

"Im good thank you, and you?"

"The business is doing great" he says. I chuckle.

"Musa how are you?" I say. He laughs.

“Im good thank you” he says. I chuckle. Musa is a workaholic shame. His head is wrapped around his business.

“Where’s your wife” I ask. I hear footsteps coming from the living room.

“I think that’s her” he says. And yep, it is her. She’s still in her pyjamas. That’s confirmation that I came too early.

“I have to get going” – Musa. He stands up and kisses his wife.

“Have a nice day baby” – Roxy.

“I will, bye, Tumi”

“Bye” I say. He walks out of the dining room with his briefcase and laptop bag.

“Mosadi” she says.

“I came too early right?” I ask.

“Yebo, you guessed that right” she says sitting down next to me. I chuckle. “I called the dress lady and she’s going to be here in 30 minutes. The hairdresser, the makeup artist and the nail technician are going to be here soon” she says. She’s really a lifesaver.

“Thank you Roxanne” I say.

“Don’t thank me yet, ithi ngikuqaqe le straight up” she says holding the pony tail. I laugh.

“Enesele triple T jwale” I say. She laughs.

“Yebo Sisi, Time To Thathol” she says. I laugh and we walk to the living room. She sits on the couch and I sit between her legs on the mat. She cuts the ponytail and starts undoing my straight up.

Mokete's POV.

"This is unlike you Mokete, ever since you moved you've changed"

I sigh.

"Are you cheating on me?"

"Of course not Vee"

"Then how do you explain your recent behaviour Mokete? You don't even call me 6 times like you promised"

I feel like hanging myself. Nothing frustrates me more than Veronica's whines. Jesus be with me.

"I work Vee, I can't call you as many time as you want me to because I work. And please stop accusing me of cheating, you know I hate that" I say.

“You don’t love me anymore”

My lord...is she crying?

“I’ll call you when you’ve calmed down” I say and hang up. Yerr. I walk into the ward and put my laptop bag on the table. I look up at the bed and she’s not moving. Maybe she’s still sleeping. I walk closer and yep, she’s still sleeping.

She’s so beautiful. I fight the urge to kiss her every time I find her so peaceful. It’s insane that I fell in love with her when she was on her deathbed. Her pale skin used to make me stare at her for 5 hours straight. The reason I visit her 3 times a day is because I can’t stop thinking about her. But now she’s getting better and I have to stop coming here regularly. And I have to fight these

feelings I have, she's my father's fiancé for heaven's sake. I should focus on Veronica now, her whines are not healthy.

*

Mimi's POV.

I'm woken by my sixth sense. I feel like someone is standing over me. I open my eyes and there he is, looking down at me. I close my eyes. What the fuck? Why is he standing there? I hope he saw me open my eyes and disappeared. I slowly open my left eye and I don't see him. Good, at least he has some manners. I sit up straight.

“Hey” I say. He gives me a slight nod without looking at me. Really this guy is rude marn. I get up from bed and walk to the bathroom. I pee and run myself a shower. I hope by the time I finish he’ll be gone.

I finish showering and lotion my body. I put on the same pyjamas I’ve been wearing and walk out of the bedroom. He’s still here, great. I’m sure he thinks I was shitting. I get into bed again and play with my phone. I sent my sister a message on Facebook messenger but she hasn’t responded. I think she doesn’t have data. I wonder how they’re doing yaz.

I downloaded the Capitec app a few days ago and I was reluctant to use it because maybe Hines blocked my card or something. But he couldn't and wouldn't though, right? Let me see. Nope he didn't. R12 000, all my money is in there. I transfer 7k into Thando's account. Your probably wondering where I got 12k from, I stole it from Hines. Well I wouldn't really call it stealing, I was paying myself for sleeping with his abusive underwhelming self. I put my phone back into the charger and look at this arrogant big head in front of me.

"I thought about this Hines thing and...(sigh) I'll open a case against him" I say. He looks up at me.

“Okay” he says and returns his attention to his laptop. Yoh! Someone please borrow me a gun so I can shoot myself! I can’t believe I’m going to live with this arrogant mofo, mxm.

*

Mokete’s POV.

I glance at her and she’s pink with anger. I smirk. I feel like whenever I make her angry it hides my feelings towards her and it doesn’t give her a chance to feel the way I do. Don’t look at me like that, I’m just avoiding complications. My phone beeps and I pick it up. It’s a message from Lulama. She’s done with shopping and she wants me

to pick her up. I pack my laptop and head out.

.....

Boitumelo's POV.

I shift towards the full length mirror and look at myself.

“No no no no”

“Argh come on”

“Its too revealing Roxanne”

“Boitumelo don't be so uptight. This is your first date and the first time your man will ever see you in something so good” she says. I look at her. Maybe she has a point, I'd like to shock Mzwakhe once. I look at

myself in the mirror again. Yoh but this dress is making me think twice.

“Okay fine then” I say. They cheer and clap hands. I laugh and walk to sit on the bed.

“Mzwakhe is going to go nuts when he sees you in this” Roxy says.

“I guess, guys I have to go now” I say to them. I put on my clothes and pack my dress. We exchange goodbyes and off I go. I hope I didn’t go overboard with this. I get to the house and Mzwakhe is waiting for me with a packed bag.

“Hey babe”

“I figured you were up to this and I knew it would take long so I decided to pack by

myself” he says embracing me in a hug. He smells so good. I bite his neck gently. He laughs and pulls out.

“Thank you baby” I say.

“Don’t sweat it, let’s go” he says.

“Did you pack my vanity case?” I ask.

“I packed everything you’re going to need. Well buy clothes there” he says. I look at him for a while.

“Mmh, okay” I say. He takes the small bag and we head out.

.....

Mokete’s POV.

I park at the mall and wait for her. 30 minutes later she walks out carry plastics.

Wait what? I think my eyes might be deceiving me. I rub them and look at her again. Still I see 2 lookalikes walking towards the car. What the hell?

“Hi Mr Mokete” one of them says. I nod with so much confusion. Which one was I talking to hantlantle? One gets into the passenger seat and one gets into the back seat. I assume this one sitting next to me is Lulama because why else would she sit in front? I start the car.

“So who is your twin?” I ask.

“Lulama” she says. Wait what? I look at her.

“I thought you were Lulama” I say. They giggle.

“No I’m Lulamile” she says.

“So which one did I ask the favour from?” I ask. Because really I can’t tell who’s who.

“Me” Lulamile says.

“But-”

“No Mr Mokete you never asked me my name so don’t be confused” she says. I chuckle.

“But I read your name tag” I say. They giggle again.

“Mine is lost so she borrowed me hers” she says. I nod.

“That’s how you left the room and came back minutes later with Mimi, I get it now” I say. They laugh. “Does she know you’re twins?” I ask.

“No, I don’t think she’s ever noticed”
Lulama says.

“So you’re fooling her?” I ask.

“No, you can’t really say ‘That wasn’t me but my twin’ and sound crazy, we just wait for people to realise that, just like you Mr Mokete” Lulamile says. I nod.

“So Mr what’s your name?” Lulama asks.

“Mokete” I say.

“Mokete Mokete? Are you like-”

“A future King or something?” they both say. That’s freaky but I chuckle.

“No, I’m just the first born to an old, stubborn, big headed, arrogant son of a bitch” I say. They both look at each other shocked. One clears her throat.

“So Mimi mentioned in passing that you two are not engaged so what exactly is going on between you two?”

“Lulu!”

“What? It’s just a question”

I chuckle.

“Nothing” I say.

“Not even cousins?” Lulamile asks. I chuckle.

“Nope, I suggest you ask her about this” I say and park at their destination. I thank them and they jump off. They wave and I drive off. I have to get to my apartment and prepare for Mimi’s arrival.

Mzwakhe’s POV.

Black suit with a crispy white shirt, unbuttoned. I look good if I do say so myself. I'm just waiting for my other half to finish getting ready. I don't get it, she showered 30 minutes and she's still getting ready. Hai ke. I knock on the bathroom door.

"Baby, are you still alive?" I ask.

"Yeah, give me 5 more minutes" she says. I sigh.

"But that's what you said 30 minutes ago" I say. She laughs.

"You're complaining now but trust me you'll see it's worth it" she says. I huff, this is so annoying.

30 minutes later I hear the door handle flipping. It opens and the queen of time walks out. My mouth drops open. Damn.

“I told you it’s worth it” she says laughing. I smile. Looking at her perfectly exposed legs gives me a boner. Damn and that cleavage. I don’t even think she tried, her breasts are already perfect. Yoh her curves and ass!

“Babe you look amazing” I say.

“Yeye!” she shouts and twerks. My boner gets harder. She laughs. “Babe let’s go” she says grabbing her purse.

“I’m fucking you so hard when we get back”
She looks at me.

“What babe?”

I was thinking out loud!

“What babe?” I repeat her question. She frowns.

“What?”

“What?”

She walks closer to me and puts her hand on her hip.

“Are you mocking me?”

“Am I mocking you?”

She narrows her eyes.

“Mxm” she says and walks out. Okay I think I made her a bit angry. I rush out the door and close the door. There she is. Damn you should see the way her huge ass move when she walks.

“Babe wait for me” I say.

“So you can continue mocking me?” she says. I laugh and hold her hand.

“No. I said I’m going to fuck you very hard when we get back from our date” I say and grab her ass, squeezing it. She laughs and shakes her head.

(Hi 😊, I’m back 🙋 🙋 🙋)

(Still loving y’all – Admin ❤️)

Insert 33.

Unedited.

Boitumelo’s POV.

Date night has been amazing so far.

Mzwakhe really went all out on this. Joburg city lights are beautiful from up where we are.

“Why exactly are you not here? Living in a 23 roomed mansion in Sandton or Houghton?” I ask. He slightly smiles. I’ve been asking myself why exactly is a man as rich as he is living in a townhouse in a small town such as Welkom.

“I told I’m avoiding drama my love, Welkom is not exactly drama-less but at least not many people know me” he says. This man always talks about avoiding drama.

“What drama is it that you’re running from mara?” I ask. He chuckles.

“Forget that. I can buy you a 23 roomed mansion if you want it” he says. I laugh.

“No thank you, I like our little sanctuary” I say.

“But you want to move out” he says with a serious look on his face.

“We can have two little sanctuaries” I say. He sighs with that look still on his face. I wish I didn’t bring this topic up. “Look babe, me moving out isn’t that bad. You can sleep over at my place whenever you want, I’ll come sleep over whenever you want, it’s not that bad” I say. He nods looking down at his plate.

“I want to take you out again soon, this time we’ll go to the Seychelles Sierra Leone” he says. No no no my brada...

“I think we should start local, the likes of Durban and Cape Town” I say. He chuckles.

“That’s a good idea, I actually have a yacht waiting to be named, I’m gonna name it Boitumelo, content” he says. I laugh. “I’d actually love to see that fine ass in a bikini” he says. I blush.

“Oh staaaap” I say. He laughs.

“Okay fun’s over, haak ausi” he says.

“Hau just like that?” I say.

“I’m not playing with you wena” he says standing up. I laugh out loud.

“What are you going to do to me Mzwakhe?” I ask.

“Tonight I’m tying you upside down” he says with a smirk. I laugh again.

“If I feel like I’m not making it to the morning in one piece I’m getting you arrested” I say standing up.

“If that’s the case then I suggest you call the police right now because I’m going to do a number on you” he says grabbing my butt. I laugh and shake my head.

Mimi’s POV.

“Where do you feel you are?” she asks. I sigh.

“A lot has happened really, but I’m getting through it by accepting. The loss of my baby, like I’ve mentioned before, doesn’t

affect me much, I would've still gone through with an abortion. Right now doc I just want to focus on me. I've been living my whole life making people happy and in the process I forgot to look after me and make sure that I'm happy so I'm looking after me now" I say. She smiles.

"Well I'm happy for you Melemina, go live" she says. I laugh.

"Thank you doc" I say. We stand up and hug. She walks me to the door and I head to my ward. Well that was the last of my sessions. That's Doctor Muhumi, my shrink. Mokete is paying her. Why? I don't know but I'm glad he did because she really helped me through this. I take my phone and put in my earphones. I play Middle Child by J. Cole and browse through my IG

timeline. The slay queen life has to come to an end. I delete my account and lean back on the bed with my eyes closed.

Niggas been counting me out
I'm counting my bullets
I'm loading my clips
I'm writing down names
I'm making the list
I'm checking it twice
And I'm getting them hit
The real ones been dying
The fake ones is lit
The game is off balance
I'm back on my shit

The Bentley is dirty
My sneakers is dirty
But that's how I like it
You all on my dick
I'm all in my bag
As hard as it gets
I do not smoke powder
I might take a sip
I might hit the pump-

I'm distracted my someone shaking me. I
open my eyes and it's Nkazi. I smile and
take out my earphones.

"Hey Mulo" I say.

“Hey sweetie, how are you feeling today?”
he asks. I sigh.

“Borrow me a rope to hang myself because I’m not prepared to stay with that man” I say. He laughs.

“Sorry but I don’t carry ropes with me” he says still laughing. Him and his cousin find what’s going on between Mokete and me funny. Mxm.

I feel like dying really. Anyone who has spend as much time as I have in these walls would be extremely happy to get out of here, but me, arhhh...

“Are you sure there’s no rope I can use Mulo?” I ask. He laughs holding his cheek.

“What’s going on between you and mister vele?” he says folding his arms.

“Yey Nkazi just know that I don’t like him one bit” I say.

“Yet you’re going to stay with him” he says.

“Its not like I have a choice Mulo” I say. He shrugs. “Besides we have to sort out some things before I go back ekhaya” I say. He nods in understanding.

“Well I hope whatever it is you sort it out quickly so you can get away from mister, I don’t want to hear that you committed suicide because of him” he says. I laugh. Right then the door opens and the man himself walks in. I almost roll my eyes.

“Good morning” he says to Nkazi.

“Morning Mr Mokete, how are you?” – Nkazi.

“All well, yourself?” – Mokete.

“Pretty much the same” – Nkazi. Mokete nods. “Have you signed the discharge papers?” Mokete nods. “Then I guess she’s all yours” Nkazi continues looking at me with a stupid smile. Mxm. “Excuse me” he says.

“Nkazi you’re leaving me like that?” I ask.

“Oh you’re such a cry baby” he says walking back to the bed. He gives me a warm tight hug.

“Because you’re my daddy” I say with my head on his shoulder. He laughs and we pull out of the hug.

“Good bye sweetie, I hope to see you soon” he says brushing my hair out of my face.

“Bye, I’m gonna miss you and Lulu so much, I love y’all” I say.

“We love you too” he says and gets up from the bed. He bids Mokete farewell but Mokete just looks at him. Smh, this guy is really sour shame. And he’s giving me a nasty look. I wonder what his problem is. I get down from the bed and put my shoes on. It’s some Nike kicks that Nkazi bought for me. He said it’s a get well soon gift. I put my phone in the pocket of my sweatpants and the charger in my bag.

“I’m ready to go” I say to this handsome prick standing in front of me. He turns

around and begins walking away. S-O-U-R.
U-MU-NCU! Nx.

I walk behind him bidding farewells to the nurses, doctors and patients. I'm a social magnet so I know a lot of people here if not the whole hospital. Yoh my body is so sore kodwa! Hines is going to pay for this. Walking around with an arm cast and broken ribs is not cool!

I find Mokete already in his car. A red VW TDI diesel. Not bad. I get into the backseat and put on my earphones.

It wasn't nothing like that

It wasn't nothing like that first time

She was in my math class

Long hair

Brown skin

With the fat ass

Sat beside me

We used to laugh had man jokes

The teacher always got mad so we passed
notes

It started off so innocent

She had a vibe and a nigga started digging it

I was a young and straight crushing

Trying to play this shit cool but a nigga
couldn't wait to get to school

Coz when I see em thighs on it

And em hips on it

And em lips on it

Got me day dreaming man what!

I'm thinking about how she rides on it

If she sits on it

Make it hard for me to stand up

As time goes by attraction is getting deeper

I'm wet dreaming, thinking I'm smashing

but I'm sleeping

I want it bad

And I ain't never been obsessed before

She wrote a note and said 'You ever had sex before?'

And I ain't never did this before no × 8

I just wanna survive this trip.

Boitumelo's POV.

Okay I'd rather not talk about last night. My body is aching everywhere, even my fingers. I'm mad at Mzwakhe, mxm.

"Babe!" he shouts. I left him in bed assuming he's sleeping. "Baby!" he shouts again. I walk to the door of the ensuite.

"What?" I ask.

"Come here" he says looking at the ceiling.

"I'm brushing my teeth Mzwakhe" I say.

"Where are you?" he asks. I roll my eyes.

“I’m at the door of the ensuite Mzwakhe” I say.

“Is that left or right?” he asks. What kind of question is that?

“Is right Mzwakhe” I say and walk back into the bathroom. I hear him laugh and some stumbling.

“Baby!” he shouts again.

“What Mzwakhe?” I ask.

“Come here please” he says. I rinse my mouth and toothbrush and head out of the bathroom. He’s standing in the middle of the room.

“What do you want?” I ask. He laughs.

“Where are you?” he asks. What game is Mzwakhe playing mara?

“You’re looking right at me” I say. He laughs again.

“You’re here” he asks pointing at me whilst laughing. I frown.

“Yeah” I say. What’s going on with this man? “Baby are you okay?” I ask walking closer to him. He laughs.

“I can’t see” he says laughing. What?! I rush to him.

“You can’t see?!” I ask. I’m starting to panic.

“I can see, I can see a lot of blackness” he says with a stupid smile. I make him sit on the bed. What do I do now?! He laughs again. “It must be those thighs you were showing me last night” he say. I hit his mouth. “Aw baby” he says holding himself.

“O bua haholo (you talk too much)” I say and he laughs louder. Why is this idiot laughing in such a serious situation? “I’m calling an ambulance” I say.

“Don’t call an ambulance” he says gently.

“Then what should I do Mzwakhe?” I ask.

“You’re the nurse why are you asking me what to do?” he says laughing. I would slap his idiot face if he wasn’t blind.

“I’m calling an ambulance” I say walking to my phone. I hear laughter erupt again, this time it’s loud and long. I end up calling the hotel and telling them to call an ambulance. I put my phone down and walk to Mzwakhe. “The ambulance is on the way baby” I say. He’s still laughing, tears are even coming out of his eyes.

“You’re in love with a blind man baby” he says laughing. I snap.

“Mzwakhe mmao! Mmao! Mmao otlwa?! (Your mother do you hear me?!)” I shout. He dies in laughter. He’s literally rolling on the bed with his hands on his stomach and tears on his face. He eventually composes himself and I get the chance to change his clothes. He sighs.

“I love you baby okay?” he says.

“I love you too baby” I say and peck his lips. Moments later paramedics enter our room and make their way to Mzwakhe. I close to door and walk to the bedroom.

“Good people I said I don’t want to get onto a stretcher and you are not going to force me” Mzwakhe says.

“Sir-”

“Miss ndicela ungandi caphukisi (please don't piss me off)” he says.

“But sir we have to get you to the hospital” the male paramedic says.

“Masambeni ke, vele what are we waiting for?” – Mzwakhe. They will never win this one. And I decide not to get involved because I too will not win.

Mimi's POV.

We get to his place. He walks in front of me as we walk to the building. We get into an elevator and we go to the 4th floor. We walk further more and stop in front of a brown door. He unlocks and we walk in. It's a very

typical bachelor flat. Grey blinds, black couch, grey cupboards, black countertops, just black and grey everywhere. Very typical.

He leads me to a room and leaves me there. I open the door and walk in. Yoh this is even worse! The wall is grey and the bedding is grey. Yey but at least I have a roof on my head. I put my bag on the bed and walk to the bathroom. I need to take a piss.

“Melemina!” he shouts from wherever he is.

“I’m in the toilet!” I shout back.

“I’m going to the office. Don’t cook I don’t want to eat your food” he says. Heehh! I

take a deep breath and wash my hands. Ai shem, I have to get out of this place soon before I kill some people. Who said I'm going to cook for him vele? Mxm.

Boitumelo's POV.

"Is he going to be okay doc?" I ask.

"Well he has to undergo the surgery but for now he's okay" the doctor says.

"I don't want to undergo surgery" the blind man says.

"You don't have a choice Mzwakhe" I say.

"You heard what the doctor said, I might loose my sight if I do that surgery" he says.

“Okay fine, ekar you enjoy being blind so nna I’ll leave you” I say walking out of the room.

“Bab-”

I bang the door and walk away. Mzwakhe is so stubborn, sometimes I hate him for that. I stand by the reception and call a cab. I see him appear from the passage holding a stick.

“Tumi! Boitumelo!” he shouts. He’s getting himself unwanted attention. I stand up and walk to him. I grab his arm and pull him to the reception area. “Boitumelo why are you angry?” he asks. I ignore him. “Baby” he says. “I’m going to shout if you don’t answer me” he says.

“Because you’re stubborn Mzwakhe, you’re stubborn and I hate that” I say.

“But there’s no need for a surgery baby, you heard what the doctor said, after 3 days I’ll have my vision back” he says.

“And you also heard what the doctor said, if you don’t do the surgery you’ll loose your sight forever when this happens again” I say.

“But it won’t happen again” he says.

“Okay Ntate modimu, okay moporofeta (okay God, okay prophet)” I say and fold my arms.

“Babe” he says.

“I’ll never win with you Mzwakhe” I say. He doesn’t say anything. We sit in silence as we

wait for the cab to arrive. I don't even feel like staying in Gauteng anymore.

Insert 33.

Unedited.

18SNLV.

3 weeks later.

Noloyiso's POV.

I'm having lunch in Polokwane with Mika. We haven't been together in a very long time. But it's understandable coz we're both busy making money and keeping our

love lives afloat. Well it's love life for her,
for me it's just...life.

"You look good, this marriage thing suits
you" I say.

"Thank you mogana, it would suit you as
well" she says. I chuckle. "So minjani (how
are you)?" I chuckle.

"Nipfukini nwina minjani? (I'm well and
you?)" I say.

"Don't act dumb, minjani na Will (how's you
and Will)?" she says.

"We're fine" I say.

"In a relationship?" she asks.

"No"

“Does he know about your demons?” she asks.

“He knows I do have demons but he doesn’t know why” I say. She nods.

“I like that he’s being patient with you. But don’t get too comfortable, you better open up soon” she says.

“We’re not there Mika, plus I don’t love the guy. We just have amazing love making sessions and good times together” I say. She shakes her head and chuckles.

“The fact that you make love says everything, remember you don’t make love, you fuck, nakhona you smash and pass. You’re making love with Will, you’re still seeing him every weekend and spending time with him, he’s been to your house, you hit the gym together, you ditch night outs

with the girls to be with him, with that being said try convincing someone else that you're not in love with Will, uhleketa uvalavula nabani nwina (who do you think you're talking to?)" she says.

"Aw Mika-"

"Nawe swifanelini nikhandiya ilove train some time in your life (You also have to get into the love train some time in your life). And I think this is it. William Ozioko is the man whom you're going to cry for one day. When will you see that? Aniswitivi (I don't know) but what I know for a fact is that you love this man and you're going to fall flat on your face if you don't confess about your demons so that Mr Ozioko can open his arms to you" she says stirring her lemonade with the straw. She looks up at me with a

smile. “I’m happy for you mogana, I hope I’m going to a wedding as a maid of honour soon” she says.

“Mxm enough about me, let’s talk about nwina na Vukosi (you and Vukosi)” I say. She sighs.

“Me and Vukosi are expecting” she says. I almost jump out of my chair.

“No fucking way!” I say.

“Way fucking way” she says with a sigh. I clap my hands in excitement.

“Oh my gosh! I’m going to be a godmother!” I say. She looks at me and chuckles, shaking her head. “And why do I feel like you’re not happy?” I ask. Her lips tremble and her eyes well up. Hee don’t tell me this woman is about to cry.

“I’m not Nolo” she says. A tears slides down her cheek.

“Why is that?”

“I feel like it’s too soon” she says crying.

“Too soon for what? You’re 34 Mikateko, too soon for what?” I say. She sobs wiping her cheeks. “And why the hell are you crying?”

“I don’t know” she says sobbing some more.

“Hai wipe those tears marn” I say.

“Okay” she says wiping her tears. I hold her hand on the table.

“Listen Mika, you’re going to be fine, okay?”

“Okay” she says nodding.

“You and V8 will be just fine, you’re going to be excellent parents, okay?” she nods.

“And I’m going to be here with you two, okay?”

“You’re going to be a kickass godmother” she says.

“You know me” I say pouting. She laughs and I join her.

“But I’m afraid Nolo” she says.

“Of what?”

“Of being obsessive, you know how I can get” she says. Yep I know how she can get. Mika tends to be obsessive when it comes to people she loves. And when she’s separated from them she gets separation anxiety. That’s why we have to meet after every 2 weeks or else she goes crazy.

“Ah you’ll have to get rid of that habit of yours because I also want monkinosi for some time” I say. She laughs.

“Some time for what? A kid? Wena? I don’t even think you can survive an hour with a baby” she says. I laugh.

“30 minutes ke” I say.

“Haa it’s still too much for you” she says.

“Whatever, just know that I’m going to love my godchild like my first child” I say.

“I know you will” she says. We continue having our lunch over normal crazy conversations we always have.

“Se ndza famba mina (I’m leaving now)” she says.

“Mmh okay famba kahle mogana (Go well)” I say. She stands up.

“Na wena sala kahle mogana, u tihlayisa, na yina na Mr Ozioko (You should also stay well, take care, of yourself and Mr Ozioko)” she says. I playfully roll my eyes.

“Famba mhani Mikateko” I say. She laughs and stands up.

“I love you!” she says walking away.

“I love you two” I say. She turns to look at me and laughs walking away.

I trill my lips in frustration. I can't be falling I love with Will, with anybody for that matter. This is frustrating really. Maybe I should stop spending so much time with him. Yeah I need to stop. Well I'm supposed to be flying straight to Joburg from here. But I'm going to cancel that and spend the

day here in Polokwane. I need to blow off some steam, some heavy shopping will do me good. I grab my phone, bag and head out.

Mzwakhe's POV.

ΔJunior Five OUT.

Remember them? Remember them?
Thamsanqa (Thami) Mnghayi, Thabang (Tha) Sebogodi, Thabiso (Biso) Sebogodi, Takudzwa (Taku) Rashaka, and last but not least Titus Bosman. The 5 highschool boys who were convicted of pulling off 27 car heists of which 167 cars were involved, at the age of 18. You heard that right. The

boys were supposed to have been released after 7 years of conviction but 4 years later they are out. It's been said that the boys were released during the previous year and have been laying low ever since. But one can't hide forever right?

"I have always suspected the guys did something illegal. I mean they drove cars before they even turned sixteen, surely that raised some red flags. But because I was young and in love I never paid much attention to that, but Tlhogi, she knew everything. She was even a partner in their illegal mshigashiga. When the guys went to jail she continued where they left off. But because her moves are smooth and forever low key nobody noticed. Even I never got to

figure out her plans although I was her best friend and we were forever together.

Maletlhogonolo Bossman is one sly being. She has a very high IQ that tends to get dangerous at times. Her mind does not operate like other people her age”

Did the justice system miss something?
Someone to be more specific? Are we safe on the streets? Our cars?

Mosa Moloji.Δ

I've been trying to wrap my head around this newspaper article since 30 minutes ago. I think I read it about 4 times before trying to comprehend all this information. I smirk.

I think I've found the perfect guys. I call up Tau.

"Leadership" – him.

"My main man, I need research" – me.

"Leadership" – him.

"Thamsanqa Mnghayi, Thabang Sebogodi, Thabiso Sebogodi, Takudzwa Rashaka, Titus Bosman. You know the drill, but this time go deeper, 10 if not 11 years deeper. Email it to me asap" – me.

"Leadership" – him. I hang up and put the phone on the table. I pick up my glass of whiskey and sip the remains. Argh I'm hungry and my woman is at work, as usual. I'm still getting used to this working thing. Okay don't get me wrong, it's not that I

want a submissive woman, the 'yebo tata, cha tata' type. It's different with Boitumelo. She's too fragile to me to be working. If it was up to me she'd be looking cute the whole day here on the couch like the masterpiece she is. I don't even want her to sweat. She's too beautiful for that shandis.

I get up from the couch and head to the kitchen. I fix myself an avocado and Melrose sandwich. I head back to the living room and get comfortable on the 3 sitter, my favourite couch. I pick up my phone and Tau has sent the info I want. This man deserves a raise marn. I call my banker and tell her to fix my finances, Tau's salary to be exact. Then I open the email.

“Wow” I say with a chuckle.

Thamsanqa Thami Mnghayi, 23 years of age, first son to Queen Nomabhomvhu and King Zwelenhle Mnghayi. Future King of Emadonda kingdom, EC.

Thabang Tha, Thabiso Biso Sebogodi, 23 years of age, second born to Lefika Sebogodi and first born to Julia Mokgele. Raised separately.

Takudzwa Taku Rashaka, 23 years of age, only child to Nise Rashaka and Umulkhuthum Rashaka. Member of the Muslim Brotherhood.

Titus Bosman, 23 years of age. First born to Jennifer Bosman and 5th born to Ronaldo Ferry. Married to Maletlhogonolo Bossman.

Has two sons, King Bossman (4 years old) and Quan Bossman (7 months olds).

It says they met 12 years ago and started illegal mshigashiga at 14. At the age of 18 they had already stole and hijacked over 100 cars. They are the ones! I need to inform my gang about this. Just then the door opens and aus baby makes her way in. The puts the car keys on the kitchen counter and throws herself on the one sitter couch.

“Rough day?” I ask. She sighs and looks at me.

“I’ll be okay, Matron Ruth is still teaching me the ways of the clinic” she says. I swear if that woman continues doing this to my babe she’s going to be dealt with.

“Are you hungry?” I ask. She nods. I stand up and walk to the kitchen to make her a sandwich as well. But baby is allergic to avocado so I make her a liver spread and Melrose sandwich. I walk back to the living room and give it to her.

“Thank you baby” she says already digging in. “So, have you considered your decision regarding the eye surgery?” she asks. I sigh. Yey ever since that Joburg trip this woman has been on my neck about this surgery thing. I know it’s out of love and care but yey it’s annoying.

“Nope” I say. She sighs. “My friends are coming over tomorrow for lunch” I say changing the topic.

“Do they know you’ll be blind soon?” she says. I laugh.

“Yes” I say. She gives me a bored look.

“Mxm” she says and continues eating her sandwich. “I’m moving to my flat tomorrow if you don’t reconsider your decision” she says. I stare at her. She’s got to be kidding me.

“These are my eyes you know” I say.

“And this is my life, I’ll continue it elsewhere if the man in my life continues acting hot headed” she says standing up. She goes to the kitchen and walks down the passage. Minutes later I hear the shower running so I take the walk to the bedroom and take off my clothes. I walk to the bathroom and get into the shower.

“O batlang? (What do you want?)” she asks. I turn her around and press her onto the wall. I keep pressing until I feel my manhood on her butt crack. I hold her hip and pull her closer to me. She holds onto the wall and curves her back indicating that she wants this too. Little does she know. I smirk as I slip in roughly.

“Eina, Mzwakhe (ouch Mzwakhe)” she mutters. I turn off the shower and move her hips forward. I slam her ass onto me and a ‘phaqa’ sound erupts. “Baby awuna (baby ouch)” she says. I put both my hands on her hips and roughly thrust her. “Ah! Mzwakhe wang lematsa! (Mzwakhe you’re hurting me!)” she shouts. I continue with what I’m doing, spanking her perfect behind in the process. She puts her hand on abdomen

and I remove it. I hold both her hands over her head and thrust her deeper. She continues screaming both from pleasure and pain until I feel her cookie curl on my manhood.

I pull out and lift her up. I walk out of the bathroom and to the bedroom. I place her on the bed and begin tearing it up, missionary style with her legs on my shoulders. She eventually squirts on me and passes out. I cum in her and retire next to her. I look at her and smile. She's just too cute really. But next time she'll think twice before throwing ultimatums like that.

I get up from bed and put on my clothes and slippers. I put Tumi into bed before

exciting the room and starting to cook. Yes I do cook, but only sometimes because I'm almost always busy with work. Today aus baby has passed out and it'd be unfair to expect her to cook when she wakes up. I'm cooking pap and wors. KOO is going to assist with the chakalaka. Honestly that's as far as I can go.

.....

Mimi's POV.

The 3 weeks that I've been living in this house is hell fire. Mokete and I are oil and water, we don't hlangan nje. We only talk when we have to discuss Hines and after that inkabi ne nkabi do their own thing. Forget that this is his house, I cook for

myself only because this handsome prick is 'Not gonna eat food cooked by Melemina', his words not mine.

But today he better not test me. I'm on my periods, heavy flow, the excruciating abdominal pains, the headaches and the vomiting is showing me my mother in her grave. Yerr, I know some people (men) think we exaggerate when we say we should be spoiled during this tough time. Yoh I'd really appreciate chocolates and some cuddles right now. I'm laying on the cold tile floor on my stomach hoping the pains will subside.

A knock disrupts me and I get up from the floor. I'm sure it's the handsome prick.

“Melemina!” he shouts. Yep, it’s him.

“I’m coming” I say.

“Hurry up, I don’t have all day” he says sounding annoyed. God better help by keeping this prick shut. I take a fleece from the bed and wrap it around my waist then head out to meet the handsome prick. I sit down on the couch and wait for him. He walks to me and throws a file at me. I’m just going to act like that didn’t happen. I open it up and it’s what we have been working on.

“From here I’ll make sure that he doesn’t get bail” he says. I nod and throw the file on the table. I stand up and begin walking

away. “Is that all you’re going to say?” he says. God I tried. You know I tried.

“Mokete please don’t piss me off. You saved me, gave me a roof over my head kodwa ngicela unga ngicasule (but please don’t piss me off). Not today and not for the upcoming 6 days, for your own sake musa ukungicasula (don’t piss me off). I have a lot of blood gushing out of my vagina, a migraine and stomach cramps so if you want hell fire to rain on you qhubeka, inkabi izobona (carry on, you’ll see me)” I say and walk to my bedroom. I bang the door on my way in.

Jesus, these cramps are horrible. I think I should ask Nkazi what to do because wow zintjengisa amabele wenyoga. I’m even

crying, I don't know when last I cried
because of period pains.

(I'm sorry for not keeping my promise
yesterday, I'd rather not bore you with my
problems so I'm sorry)

Insert 34.

Unedited.

“Melemina”

I'm woken by someone gently shaking me. I
open my eyes and it's that handsome

manyala of a person. I groan and cover my head with the blankets.

“Mimi” he says putting his hand on my foot. I kick it away.

“Please go away. My mood doesn’t allow me to see you” I mumble.

“I didn’t come to fight. I-I have, I went to the pharmacy and bought you a few things” he says. I close my eyes and pretend to be asleep. “Okay, I’ll leave them on the dressing table, you can check them out when you wake up” he says. I don’t answer him. “Mimi”

“I heard you” I snap.

“Okay. I’m going to make you breakfast” he says. Since when is this manyala nice to

me? And who says I want food made by him?

“Aren’t you supposed to be at work?” I ask.

“I took the day off” he says.

“Go to work” I say.

“And leave you all alone?”

“I’m sure if you leave me alone I’ll get better” I say.

“Last time I checked this was my house”

“Mxm”

“I’m going to make you food” he says.

“Mus I don’t want food cooked by you” I say.

“As if you’ll stand by the stove and cook for yourself, stop being stubborn and you’re going to eat the food I’m making for you”

he says. This guy wang bora, that's what they say in his language right?

"Wang bora (you bore me)" I say. He laughs.

"You're not my favourite person either, I'll be back in a few minutes" he says.

"What are you going to cook? Noodles?" I ask.

"That doesn't sound bad" he says.

"Mxm" I say. I hear the door close. Now all my sleep is gone, mxm. What time is it anyway? I take my phone from the side of the headboard and look at the time. It's 1pm, I slept for that long? I have this pressing urge to pee. I force myself out of bed and put on my shoes. Shit! The bed is

smearred with blood. I take the sheet and struggle walk to the bathroom.

Before I get to the bathroom a pain strikes in my abdomen. I stop walking and the sheet falls down. I don't know what's wrong with me honestly. I've never had such pain, ever. It must have something to do with the miscarriage, I don't know, I'm not a doctor. The pain strikes again and this time I feel my leggings dampen. I look down and I see blood travel down my leggings. I put my hands on my abdomen and I wince. I look down and my feet are in blood. WTF?!

*

Mokete's POV.

I honestly couldn't leave Mimi alone when she's like that. As much as I'm treating her horribly in hopes of killing any chance of her falling for me I can't deny that I love her. I feel her pain. I wouldn't be able to concentrate on work if I went to the firm.

I think I should cook an English breakfast. Lol but I'm not a great cook at all. Actually I don't know how to cook. In many attempts I seriously burnt myself. My phone rings and it's Vee. I sigh and answer the phone.

"Vero" – me.

"What happened to baby?" – she.

“I don’t know maybe it went out of my system since your whines are the only thing that’s in my head, dintshang (what’s up?)”

“Bathong Mokete?” – she.

“Vero I’m really busy, can I call you later?” – me.

“I’m really hurt by what you just said Mokete” – she. She’s crying. My god!

“Ver-”

“Moketeee!” – Mimi. She’s crying.

“What the fuck? Who the fuck is that?” – Vero.

“Mokete pleeeeeease!! Mah...” – Mimi. Her cries are doing something serious to my intestines.

“Is that the bitch you’re fooling around with? You really are cheating on me Mokete?” – Vero. She’s also crying.

“I...I’m gonna call you later”

I hang up and rush to Mimi. Before I even get anywhere I step on blood. WTF? I run my eyes up and I find her on the floor. The amount of blood around her is scary. Her cries are loud, I rush to her and kneel next to her.

“Mimi” I say. She looks at me, her nose, eyes and ears are red. “Baby, you’re going to be fine, I’m taking you to the hospital okay?” I rumble. I lift her up and run out of the apartment. I rush down the stairs and open my car in the parking lot. I place her in

the backseat and get into car. I speed out of the parking lot.

By the time I get to the hospital she stopped crying, which scares the shit out of me. I park in the parking lot and rush out of the car. I open the door and carry her out. Her eyes are closed and her skin is pale. I refuse to believe she's dead.

“Help! Help! Something's wrong with my girlfriend!” I shout. A doctor and a few nurses rush to me with a stretcher. I put her on and attempt to rush off with them.

“Please sir, you can't go in” a familiar looking doctor says. I put my hands on my hips and watch him run into the passage. I

put my bloodied hand on my head. What if she dies? I love her. Why didn't I treat her better? What's wrong with me?

Boitumelo's POV.

I woke up in a very good mood, I don't wanna lie. Yesterday's session really did wonders to me. I'm even glowing heeh! Who knew sex could do this to a person? Lol definitely not Boitumelo a month ago. I'm seriously starting to like rough kinky sex. Not that I've forgotten about the surgery thing though.

I'm still moving out, soon. I've found a really nice apartment in a nice complex. It's a bit

far from here but I really like it so mister had to agree. The women there are just fabulous. I like the compassion and closeness they share with one other. They're really a force to be reckoned. They have a stokvel to which each of them contribute R5000 a month. Each month the total amount, of R60 000, has a recipient within the stokvel. Sometimes they collect money for charities and small organisations. It's a beautiful union really because believe it or not but most of those women are cashiers, cleaners and store consultants. The fact that they go out of their way to help another woman with money is beautiful. They also help each other with kids. For example when there's night outs

one of the women stays behind to look after all the children.

I'm very excited to go stay there. I'm just waiting for the apartment to be fully furnished then I'm moving in. Mzwakhe wanted me to use his money for that but I refused until he let me do my own thing. But I had to let him pay the rent to get him off my neck.

That man of mine is out to buy drinks for today and I'm cooking. Not much, just rice, steak, 3 salads and a mushroom and coriander sauce. I'm catering for 10 people. The friends and partners. I'm really keen on meeting these people, they seem very special to Mzwakhe.

The door opens and he walks in with plastic bags full of alcohol. He puts the bags on the counter and walks to me with a smile, I also smile. He wraps his arms around my waist.

“Why are you in such a good mood?” I ask.

“I have a beautiful, sexy, smart woman, is there a reason for me not to be?” he says and I smile. He lifts me up and puts me back down roughly.

“Ouch baby that’s sore” I say and laugh. He does it again.

“Your giggles say otherwise” he says and does it again. I slap his arms.

“Stop it! Please!” I shout. He lets go of my waist and walks to the fridge.

“Only because you asked nicely” he says and starts packing the alcohol in the deep freezer. I resume cooking.

“I’m packing and moving my clothes bit by bit starting from next week” I say. He doesn’t answer me. Hai ke.

I finish cooking everything and go freshen up. Its winter yes but it’s the afternoon so I can get away with wearing a short thin strapped dress and sandals.

“Hai ke my friends are really lucky” he says when I appear from the passage. I laugh.

“Here they are, come” he says and we both walk outside.

I see a car making its way into the yard. It's a black Merc, really beautiful. The car parks near the driveway. A chocolate skinned man and his caramel partner make their way to us.

"Godfather" Mzwakhe says walking closer to the man.

"Mjita" the man says and they embrace in a bro hug. I'm just standing here looking stupid with a smile on my face.

"So this is my beautiful woman" he says.

"Hi" the woman says with a smile. She's really beautiful Shem.

"Hi, I'm Tumi" I say.

"Momo, nice to meet you" she says and I hug her. Yep this is me people, I don't care

if I've known you for 20 years or 20 seconds, I hug you. She embraces me back. "You smell nice" Momo says.

"Thank you, you too" I say.

"Dorado, nice to meet you Tumi" the man says. We hug as well.

"Nice to meet you too" I say.

"Mzwakhe why have you been hiding such a beautiful woman?" Momo says with her arm around my waist. I do the same to her.

"Because I knew you'd hog her like this" Mzwakhe says pointing at Momo's hand. We laugh and walk inside. The guys go to the backyard and Momo helps me set the table. The kind of conversation we have going on would convince someone that me

and this woman have know each other for years.

A couple of minutes later another car makes its way into the yard. This time we don't go outside. Another chocolate man makes his way in, behind him is a chocolate lady, also beautiful. He sees us in the kitchen and sniffs.

"I've been wondering why my friend is gaining weight" he says.

"Gaining weight where? Kahle wena my man still looks sexy" I say. He laughs out loud. We laugh with him.

"Sbu, nice to finally meet the great Boitumelo" he says. I laugh.

“Nice to meet you too Sbu, they’re in the patio” I say.

“Okay” he says and walks to the door.

“Dumelang good people” the lady says walking to us. She’s been busy on her phone.

“Hey” – me.

“Katse (cat)” – Momo.

“It smells so good in here, I’m Kat” she says.

“Nice to meet you, Tumi” I say and give her a hug. She’s not as friendly and warm as her husband but she’s okay. I pour her a glass of wine as well and the conversation goes on.

A while later another couple walks in. The man is light, kinda looks like a coloured, and the woman is dark.

“But baby you said I should leave you alone” – guy.

“And you left me alone for 2 days Mayson, 2 whole days” – woman.

“I thought you wanted some space” – man.

“Some space is 3 hours not 2 whole days, your thoughts are stupid Mayson, really stupid. I don’t even want to look at you right now, you make me want to puke” – woman. The man sighs and shakes his head. Ey ey ey! And then?

“Pregnant” Momo whispers when she sees how I’m looking at them. That makes sense, I guess.

“Hi” the lady says with a wide smile on her face. I also smile.

“Hey” I say. She attacks me with a warm hug and I hug her back.

“You smell so good” she says.

“You smell good too” I say.

“Staaap, don’t be lying to me girl, I don’t use no perfume coz of the sinuses and shit” she says. I laugh. Yerr she’s a character.

“The name is Zim” she says.

“Tumi” I say.

“You’re really beautiful, I wonder where Mzwakhe got you yazi, do you have cranberry juice? I’d be drinking the wines with y’all but I’m carrying a maniac’s child so I have to drink the juice, I’m craving oranges, do you have orange juice?” she says. Yoh she’s a talker. I like her already, I like her a lot.

“Not really, I have apple juice though” I say.

“It fine” she says and walks to the fridge.

She pours herself some juice and starts sipping. All of them are really nice people.

Minutes later another couple enters. That’s the rest of them. Have you noticed that these people don’t knock? Or is it me? A woman wearing a really long but figure hugging black dress walks in. She has a red leather jacket, black headwrap and red killer DG kicks. I’m already in love with her shoes. She skips to the kitchen playfully like a 5 year old and stops in front of me.

“Late as always” Momo says.

“The best for last” the lady says.

“It’s save the best for last” – Kat.

“I’m the best, better than all you hoes” she says and twerks. We laugh. She’s so full of life though.

“Hi, my name is Zoie, Zoie Alma Maharashtra” she says and curtsies. I laugh and hug her.

“Nice to meet you Zoie, I’m Tumi” I say.

“I know, you’re that particular someone Mzwakhe was crying for” she says. What?

“TMI Zo” a guy says walking to us. He’s wearing one of those Muslim hats. That’s why Zoie is wearing non-revealing clothes! They’re Muslim. “Hi Tumi, the name is Alma” he says. I smile.

“Nice to meet you, they’re in the patio” I say.

“Thanks” he says and walks out to the patio. Zoie pours herself some wine and we go back to conversing like we’ve known each other our whole lives.

“So...”

*

Mzwakhe’s POV.

My G’s and I are having the normal conversations over beer. It’s actually them complimenting my woman and me reprimanding them and them laughing at me. Yeah they’re stupid like that. Alma walks through the door.

“Majita” – him.

“Eita Mjita” – us.

“Your woman is much more beautiful in real life” he says with a stupid smile. I sigh and facepalm.

“Not this again” I mumble. They laugh. Mxm, stupid motherfuckers. “I’ve been waiting for all of you, I need to show you something” I say.

“Wus popping mjita?” – Mayson. I pull out the newspaper article from my back pocket and put it on the table. They frown but don’t say anything.

“I think I’ve found them, the next generation” I say. They slowly look up at me.

“27 car heists before twerties?” – Alma.

“Impressive” – Dora.

“They don’t look like amateurs” – Mayson.

“They’re not, check this out” I say and give them my phone.

“What’s that?” – Mayson.

“Research” I say. I really have a good feeling about this group. I see a lot of us in them.

“I see a lot of myself in the Titus one, has his life all worked out” – Dora.

“This (pointing at all the information) is the young us majita, look at them. Well we were amateurs at their age but I see us in them, they are the next generation” I say.

“This is excellent mjita, well done” Dora says. I smirk.

“I think we should give them 3 years and then we can approach them” – Mayson. We nod in agreement.

So my G's and I have been looking for a group to carry on our duties and responsibilities when we retire from the game. The game was a mess before we came along. There were semi groups here and there, gang wars here and there as well but we got in, illuminated as much as we needed to and even made amends with foreign gangs. We have a tight friendship with the Italians, the Russians and the Arabians. But we have certain roles. I make contact with the gang leaders and cut deals. Mayson and Alma manage all the drug dealers. Sbu is the disciplinarian, don't be fooled by his kindness, he turns into a diabolic as quick as he snaps necks if you piss him off. And Dora makes sure the

business reeks prosperity, that's why he's called the godfather. We run a tight ship here.

I have the most boring role really. Dealing with motherfuckers such as Mikai really isn't piece of cake. Yah nor. But I trust these guys we're looking at. The wife is really beautiful, lol.

"Time for lunch" Zo says peeping from the door. We stand up and join the women on the dining table. They all shower my woman with compliments as they stuff their faces. This is really beautiful.

Noloyiso's POV.

I'm having a chilled Saturday with my first born Raya. She's so fluffy and cute. I love how she has a chill vibe installed in her mendula. But she's lazy yoh, she's been sitting in the same position for over 30 minutes now. I really love this Pomski of mine. Yes I have a dog that I consider a baby. I'm 34, rich, single and childless so of course I have a dog that's my first born.

I check my phone again, for the hundredth time and sigh. I've been ignoring Will since yesterday. I was supposed to spend the weekend at his house but I need to prevent myself from falling in love with this man, or stop myself from loving this man. Whatever

it is it has to stop. I'm not the love type.
Love is not my thing.

"Madam" Mam Jackie says standing next to me.

"Sis Jackie?"

"Mr Will is here to see you" she says. By the time she finishes speaking Will has thrown himself on the couch next to Raya. Raya starts hogging him, sigh. I should have known he'd do this.

"Okay sis Jackie, I'll take it from here" I say. She turns around and disappears.

"So why aren't you in Joburg?" he asks running his fingers in Raya's fur.

"I had work to do" I lie.

"Why didn't you tell me?" – him.

“I forgot” – me. He chuckles.

“You didn’t remember even when I called you close to 20 times?” – him. I look down at my thighs. I hear him sigh. “I’m tired of this Noloyiso. You know I want to settle with you but you keep giving me a run around like you’re in your early twenties. I’m really tired of ‘not giving it a tag’. I want to wife you but since you still want to play around I’m giving you space to do that. I think we have a break so you can think about all this” he says. My mind and heart are colliding. My mind wants to tell him to fuck off but my heart wants me to curl on his body where I belong.

“You said you’ll be patient with me” my heart says.

“I can’t keep giving and giving love without getting any in return, you should atleast act like you care about me and my feelings” he says.

“But I don’t” – my mind. There’s silence as we stare at each other. He stops stroking Raya and puts him on the couch.

“That tells me exactly what you want and it’s not me. I’m going back to Nigeria, goodbye Nolo” he says, stands up and walks out. I sit in silence trying to process what just happened.

What the fuck did I do?

Insert 35.

Unedited.

18SNLV.

Boitumelo's POV.

Later we say goodbye to the couples and head to bed. They were supposed to leave in the afternoon but we got carried away, very carried away because they left at 8pm. I finish packing into my big suitcase and climb the bed. I wrap my arms around his waist and look up at him. He looks down at me with confusion. But he doesn't say anything, just puts his arm around me.

"Zim is a character" I say. He chuckles.

“You’ve haven’t seen anything yet” he says.

“I like Momo too, she’s friendly. Kat is also nice, but she was busy on her phone a lot so we never got to initiate a deep conversation” I say. He nods.

“Things are a bit hectic at the company she’s working with” he says.

“What does she do?” I ask.

“She’s a business consultant” he says. I nod.

“Zo said you cried for me” I say with a chuckle. He also chuckles.

“She lied to you” he says. I laugh. We’re silent for a while.

“You know how much I love you?” I say. He smirks.

“Jog my memory a bit” he says. I slide my hands down his body and slip them in his briefs.

“Very much” I say playing with his manhood. I look up at him and I can barely see his eyes. I decide to continue with what I’m doing as he moans.

“Babe” he says, weakness audioable. I get under the blankets and pull down his briefs. His member springs out. I grasp his long thick self and take a deep breath. I start slowly with the head while playing with his balls. His moans tells me exactly how much pleasure he’s getting.

I didn’t like to do this at first, I didn’t even want to learn but with Hines as my husband you already know what happened.

Whenever I'd do something wrong he'd slap me so I had to be perfect with this.

I'm pulled out of my thoughts by warmth flooding my mouth. I swallow his seeds and wipe my lips, getting up from his lower body. I put my head on his heavily heaving chest. I've never seen Mzwakhe this weak. Damn I'm a pro. I look at him and smirk, closing my eyes.

Hines' POV.

"Eh Tima! Tsowa tsowa tsowa! (Hey old man! Wake up wake up wake up!)" a guard says hitting the iron bars with his bare hand. I glance at him with so much anger

and hatred. “Ona le moeti, tloho monna (you have a visitor, come man)” he says. I take a deep breath and get up from my bed. I hate that I have to take in this nonsense attitude from these boys in here just to avoid getting myself hurt by them. It takes all of me not to fuck up their faces. We make our way up the passage as I follow behind him. I hate this place, everything about it. From the cold dark cells to the smug arrogant motherfucken guards.

I see a familiar face in the visiting area. A smile already forms on my face.

“Mama” I say. She stands up and attacks me with a hug.

“Hines, o jwang ngwanaka? Hmm? (How are you my child? Hmm?)” she says looking at me whilst holding my hands. Trust my mother to smother you even when you’re over 60.

“Ke hantle Mme, dula fatshe (I’m okay mom, sit down)” I say. She quickly sits down and I sit in front of her.

“Ho etsahalang ngwanaka? Hmm? Mokete o etsang? (What’s going on my child? Hmm? What’s Mokete doing?)” she asks. I take a deep breath.

“Mme mojalefa waka ong fetohetse, oja mo sera saka sejang teng (mom my heir has turned his back to me, he’s friends with my enemies)” I say. She shakes her head looking down at the rusty table.

“Ho etsahetseng? (What happened?)” she asks. I sigh again.

“Ke pale e telele Mme, mare tseba Fela hore ketlo bolla tronkong (it’s a long story mom, just know that I’m going to rot in jail)” I say. She furiously shakes her head.

“Hakena ngwana etloba ratronko (No son of mine is going to be a jailbird)” she says. That’s my mother, stubborn as a goat.

“Nna le Mme wahao retlo etsa bonnete bahore otswe mona, come hell or high water” my aunt says.

“Jwang mangwane? (How aunt?)” I ask. They look at each other and smirk.

“Melemina o wahao akase netefatse puo eo yahae (that Melemina of yours will not

testify to her statement)” my aunt says with a smile.

“O seke wa kgathatseha mora, re bomme ba sebotho (don’t worry son, we are true mothers), we won’t allow anyone to hurt our child” my mom says.

“Jwale otlo etsa jwang ka Boitumelo? (What are you going to do about Boitumelo?)” my aunt asks. I shake my head.

“Boitumelo is no longer my wife, she’s as good as dead” I say.

“You know this is nothing a witchdoctor can’t fix right?” – aunt. I look at her astonished, my mouth hanging agape.

“No” – it came out as a whisper. I thought my aunt had stopped with her witchcraft. She tried feeding Boitumelo love potion

when I told her about her but I blatantly refused, scared of the shortcomings. Right now I'm scared of that little boy of hers. My arm almost got amputated because of his black arse.

"Its okay if you're scared Hines, your mother and I will take care of this" she says.

"I said no" I sternly say. My mother sighs.

"Okay, okay, we understand, we'll take care of Melemina and your son then" she says.

"Leave my son out of whatever you're planning to do Mme, you know he's the apple of my eye" I say. My mother is capable of anything. Alongside her twin sister they are unstoppable.

"Okay mora (son)" she says nodding.

“We have to get going, we’ll see you in freedom” my aunt says standing up. My mom does the same.

“Itlhokomele mora (take care son)” she says. I nod and they begging walking away.

“Hareye ntate, hase paradysing mona (Lets go man, this ain’t no paradise)” the motherfucker says standing next to me. I sigh. My mom and aunt must come through for me, I can’t stand this godforsaken place.

.....
Narrated.

Hines’ mom and aunt make their way out of the police station hand in hand, helping their old frail selves walk to the car waiting for them.

“Ausi”

“Hmm?”

“Retlo etsa jwang?”

“Ke potso mang eo? Reya ho Mmarona (what kind of question is that? We’re going to Mmarona)” Hines’ aunt says to his mom. Hines’ mother is sceptical about this. She shakes her head.

“Isn’t there another way we can deal with this Melemina?” she asks.

“Keng ekare o e ketsa tsikitsi lathalatha obuobu? (Why are you acting like a stupid fool?)”

“I’m not!”

“Then what are you?”

She takes a deep breath.

“Okay fine, we’ll go see that Mmarona” she says.

“That’s more like it sister” she says with a smirk as they make their way to the car.

“Melemina otlo holela mobung jwale ka tapole, Mokete le ena hano phunywa bonolo (Melemina will grow in soil like a potato, Mokete will not get away easily)” she whispers to herself and they get into the car heading to Mmarona’s practice.

.....

Mimi’s POV.

“Melemina” a faint voice calls out. It sounds distant and cold. I bring my gaze up and it lands on my grandmother. I stand up.

“Gogo?”

“Mina wenzeni? (What did you do?)” she says. She’s holding a baby blanket near her heaving chest. Why is she crying?

“Gogo ngiyenzi? Ukhalelani gogo? (What did I do granny? What re you crying?)” I ask. Her weeping gets louder. I take a step closer to her but quickly stop in my tracks.

“Gogo kwenzenjani? (Granny what happened?)” I ask. She hugs the blanket tighter and turns around. I start running towards her but I stop dead in my tracks when a sudden excruciating pain strikes in my abdomen. My hands are covered in blood and I can’t move my legs without getting extremely painful cramps.

“Gogo! MaKhumalo! Mpiloenhle Mkabayi! Maqinase!” I shout limping towards her.

“Gogo ngilinde! Ngiyak’cela MaKhumalo! (Wait for me, I’m begging you MaKhumalo!)” I shout. I blatantly ignore the pain in my abdomen and run after my grandmother. Something is pulling me towards her, it wants me to follow her. Her cries really hurt me.

“uGogo ngeke ak’size (granny will not help you)” another cold voice calls out.

“Gogo? Nguwe lo? (Granny? Is that you?)” I ask.

“Uzofa njengenja wena Melemina (you’ll die like a dog Melemina)” another voice says.

“Gogo!!!” I scream. The room dims into sudden darkness and a tear escapes from my eyes. “MaKhumalo ngisize, ngiyak’cela

gogo!!! Gogo bathi ngizofa, njengenja gogo!
(MaKhumalo help me, I beg you granny!!!
Granny they said I'll die, like a dog granny!)”
I shout.

“Mangabe uyaphila uyophila njenge
zamabane!! (If you live you're going to be a
cabbage)” the cold voice shouts again. I
shake my head with my hands on my ears. I
don't want to hear anymore. Where's my
gran? Why did she disappear? I crouch on
the floor as I cry my lungs out.

.....
Mokete's POV.

I'm woken by a loud beeping sound. I wake
up and stretch my neck a bit. I slept on
Mimi's legs. I didn't sleep a wink last night. I

slept this morning at 7 o'clock. I was stressing out of my mind.

I run my eyes to look at Mimi and she's peacefully laying in bed. The beeping sounds keep ringing in my head. I'm sure it's not me. I take a quick glance at the machines and her heartbeat is crazy. I quickly stand up and try to wake her up by shaking her.

"Mimi" I call out. I shake her more violently. "Baby, wake up! Mimi!" I shout. The beeping sounds stops and I glance at the machine. No! No no no no! "MIMI!!" I continue shaking her.

“HELP!!! MY GIRLFRIEND IS DYING!!!” I run out of the ward frantically. “SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP!!! I’M LOOSING MY GIRLFRIEND!!!” I shout. 2 doctors and a nurse runs to me. They run past me and into the ward. I follow them in.

“You have to let us do our job in peace sir” one of the doctors says pushing me away. He closes the door after him. I put my hands on my head. I can’t lose her. I quickly wipe the tears streaming on my face and rush outside. I need to breathe, I need to smoke, and I need to pray. Yes I need to pray. I set a cigarette alight and balance myself on the roof of the car.

“God, I’ve been through a lot, you can attest to that, I saw my father beating up

my mother, again I saw him beat up my stepmother, I grew up a fucken screw up because you allowed that to happen, I got through that, in fact I rose above it, but right now I need you, okay? You need to pull through for me, you know how much I love this woman brah, I'm begging you to keep her alive for me"

.....

Noloyiso's POV.

And then it finally kicked in. He left me, he's gone. I crawled under my blankets and cry my lungs out. I've never cried over a man. I really love Will, that I can't deny that anymore. I pulled my phone from under the pillow and dial Mika.

“Mogana (friend)” – she.

I sniff.

“Nolo u riyela yini ka Nolo? (Why are you crying Nolo?)” – she.

I sniff again.

“He left me” I say. “He left me for good, said he’s going back to Nigeria” I continue.

“Why?” – she.

“I told him I don’t care about him” – me.

“Noloyiso!”

“It was a mistake, I didn’t mean to” – me.

“If that’s the case then why are you telling this to me?” – she. “Dammit Noloyiso marn!

I told you to get rid of this act of yours before you even fell of this guy! Now look

where these ghosts of yours led you! Mr Ngubane is gone! He's gone do you hear me?" she says. I nod as if she can see me. "Stop letting him dictate what goes on in your life and the kind of person you turn into do you hear me?" I nod again. "Now stop crying and get onto a plane to get your man" she says.

"Okay" I say and wipe my tears.

"I'm booking you a plane" she says. I nod.

"Okay" I say.

"I love you okay?" – she.

"I love you too, but I love Will a little more" I say. She bursts out laughing, I join her.

"I'm a little hurt but I understand" – she. I laugh a bit. "You'll call me when you land right?"

“Yeah, thank you friend” I say.

“No sweat, sharp mogana”

“Sharp”

She hangs up. I put on my slippers, grab my bag and phone and head out of my bedroom. Mika sends me the plane ticket number and I get into the car. I drive straight to the airport from here.

Mokete’s POV.

The doctor walks out of the room and I quickly stand up. He shakes his head and sighs.

Insert 36.

18SNLV.

Narrated.

“I’m sorry sir, we tried our best” the doctor says. Mokete shakes his head in disbelief. His hands are trembling and tears are welling up in his eyes.

“Try again” he says. The doctor furrows his brows.

“Sir?”

“I said try again! She’s not dead! Go wake her up!” he shouts moving back.

“Sir we won’t be able to do that, I’m sorry” – doc. Mokete lets out a sharp deep wail

and rushes out of the hospital. A part of his mind refuses to believe what he has been told. After crying his lungs out, kicking his car wheel, punching his steering wheel he heads to a brothel to numb the huge amount of pain he carries in his heart.

.....
Mzwakhe's POV.

“Mzwakhe!”

“Babe?”

She appears from the passage dressed up and ready for work but she's looking annoyed.

“Please stop” she says. I stop fixing my tie and look at her.

“Why?” I ask.

“Not your tie Mzwakhe stop EFTing into my bank account every single day” she says. I chuckle and resume fixing my tie.

“Zwakhe!”

“Why?” – me.

“What do you mean why babe? This is my bank account and I want you to stop doing this. I have over half a million into my account and now the bank wants to reassign me a banker” she says and walks closer to me.

“But baby this is my bank account, my money, my woman, I’ll EFT money to her whenever I want” I say and look at her. She furrows her brow and mumbles something before disappearing into the passage again. My cellphone beeps and I take it from the

charger. R 40 000 transferred into my account, from B Modise. I laugh before I EFT it back, with R 30 000 more. Before I put my phone down it beeps and this woman of mine transferred R 100 000 into my bank account. I transfer R 200 000, she transfers R 250 000. Now I'm getting pissed off.

“Boitumelo!”

She appears from the passage.

“Mzwakhe”

“What is your problem?”

“What is your problem? I told you to stop aker? And you didn't so I'm handling this my way” she says.

“I'm transferring half a million into your account today yezwa?”

She frowns.

“Mzwakhe marra why?”

“Because I can, let’s go before you get late for work” I say.

“I’ll EFT it back heh” she says grabbing her bag from the couch.

“Why did you have to fall for the most stubborn kodwa Mzwakhe”

“You and I, copy and paste” she says walking to the door. I shake my head and grab my laptop bag. We both walk out and get into the car. I start the car and reverse out of the yard.

“Babe my colleagues invited me for drinks tomorrow you okay with that?” – she.

“Yeah sure you’ll tell me when to pick you up” I say.

“Okh”

“I’ve been meaning to talk to you about something else” I say. She looks at me.

“Mmh?”

“The eye surgery” I say.

“Considered?” – she.

“Yeah”

“YAAASSS! WHO’S THE BEST DICK SUCKING BITCH IN WELKOM?!” she shouts. I swiftly look at her, perplexed out of my damn mind. She laughs out loud when she sees my reaction. “Babe look at the road you’ll get us killed” she says. I chuckle and shake my head.

I won’t lie though, she’s right, my baby does know her way around in that department

but I'm just shocked that she used that kind of language.

"But you know there's a possibility you'll end up with a blind husband right?" I say.

"Stop saying that, we have the best ophthalmologist in SA, you're going to be alright" she says. I shrug.

"As long as I'll get one of those mind blowing blows after that" I say. She puts her hand on my crotch.

"You could get one right now if you stop EFTing me" she says. I chuckle.

"I just had to fall for the most difficult, why me kodwa?" I say. She laughs.

Noloyiso's POV.

{Flashback}

I'm dressed in white, he's dressed in white. A sign of purity he always says to me. He takes my hand and we walk up the stairs, down the passage and stop in front of a white door. He lets go of my hand and walks closer.

He kneels in front of the door with his hands in the air and his head in a submissive position. He says a short pledge.

"I Loyiso Ngubane pledge to enter this room with pureness and respect. I leave Loyiso Ngubane the man here and I enter I will the

sacred chamber as Master Ngubane. I pledge to respect this sacred room and the importance it carries. So do I pledge to respect my partner, love her and treat her with fairness, as I channel her into Master Ngubane's sacred chamber"

I'm just standing behind him, baffled with eyes as big and wide as saucers and my mouth hanging open. He stands up and takes my hand.

"Yiza (come) babe" he says pulling me into the room. Nothing could have prepared me for this, nothing at all. I stand frozen in the middle of the room. My eyes travel everywhere and stop on the things that shock me most. He's been teaching and

training me for this particular day but right now I'm just nervous and scared.

The room is painted in pure white, the curtains are white, the bedding is white, the carpet is white. I dart my eyes to the wall again and take a good look at the accessories. The whips, canes, cuffs all of them are white. I open the one of the drawers in the chest and I spot the nipple clamps, cock rings, white blindfolds, ropes and these confusing white leather clothing. I dart my eyes to the side of the bed where there's a wooden X padded in white. I dart my eyes to the other side and there's a wooden bench padded in white. I'm in awe.

“What do you think little one?” he asks unzipping my dress. I swallow the huge lump in my throat.

“I-I-I’m intrigued sir” I say. My dress drops to the floor.

“What intrigues you most little one?” he says. I clear my throat to speak but I feel like there’s a potato in my throat. My bra flies to the door.

“I-I...I’m intrigued by the calmness Sir’s chamber possesses, the pureness overwhelms me, I doubt my current position in this sacred room, I doubt Sir’s decision of bringing me to his sacred chamber” I say.

“Did I hear you say you doubt me little one?” he says and clamps my nipples. I whimper in pain.

“I apologise Sir” I say, on the verge of tears.

“Little one I didn’t say apologise, I asked you if you doubt me” he says walking away from me to the chest drawer.

“N-no Sir” I say.

“Why did you say that in the first place little one?” he says. I swallow hard.

“I feel like I don’t deserve to stand in the presence of such greatness Sir, my impurity makes me feel like I am diluting the chamber’s purity Sir” I say. I feel a sting behind my leg and jump. He just slashed me with a whip. Not that it’s painful but I wasn’t expecting that. He slashes me again and I jump again.

“Little one go to your position” he says walking past me.

“Yes sir” I say and turn around. I walk to the door and kneel down. I look down and slouch my shoulders, like he taught me.

“Little one who am I?” he says.

“Master Sir” I say.

“Master who?” he says.

“Master Ngubane the Dominant Sir” I say.

“Very good little one, now I restrict you from speaking” he says.

“What about sounds Sir?” I ask.

“I’d be a very cruel master to deny you that Little one” he says.

“Thank you for your generosity sir” I say, still hanging my head in sub.

“Pleasure Little one, now I restrict you from speaking” he says. I steal a quick glance at

him and he's now stark. The sits on the corner of the bed with the whip in his hands and looks at me. I quickly look down. "Come to your master Little one" he says. I crawl towards the bed, I stop when I see his feet. "I'm going to blindfold you now okay Little one?" he says. I give him a nod. He takes a blindfold and pronounces me blind. I feel a slash on my back and I whimper. He slashes me again, I whimper. And he goes on and on till he's fully satisfied.

"Stand up Little one" he says. I do as instructed and he leads me to the bed. I feel rough tough material fasten around my body. I suddenly can't move my arms. I assume it's a rope. "Get onto the bed Little one" he says. With a bit of struggle I climb

onto the bed. "Face down, ass up Little one" he says. I position myself accordingly and brace myself for a doggy. First he slashes my behind with his whip. My panty tears and I feel his hot breath on my lady part. I want to cry, but I keep the tears in and get my head back into the game.

This man is crazy, he's dominative and crazy. I feel him position himself on my cookie. He thrusts without warning and I scream.

"You may answer my questions. How are you feeling Little one?" he says.

"I feel good sir" I mumble. He thrusts again.

“I’m removing good from your vocabulary, how do you feel Little one?” he says.

“I feel beautiful Sir” I say. He thrusts me harder and faster.

“Why is that Little one?” he asks.

“When Sir worships my temple I feel like a beautiful goddess” I say. I feel his hand on my head, his fingers stroking my sculp.

“Do you still remember your safe words?” he asks.

“Ye-e-e-e-ssss Sir” I say, struggling to get words out because of the way he’s thrusting me.

“Where are we now?” he asks.

“Orange Sir, orange” I say. He lets go of my head and slows down.

“Where are we now?” he asks.

“Green Sir, green” I say. I feel the rope tighten on my upper body. A tear escapes from my left eye and I put my face on the bed.

“Where are we now Little one?” he asks.

“Red Sir, red” I say. He loosens it a bit.

“Green?”

“Yes sir” I mumble. It’s actually orange but I just want to get this over and done with.

“On your back little one” he says. I quickly turn around and face the ceiling. I feel him cuff my ankles. My legs are wide open and I’m completely exposed. Its okay, I’m doing this for Mzwakhe.

I feel his cold hands on my breasts and I flinch. He touches my nipples and twists

them, while at the same time pressing my clitoris. I scream. To think that this very man promised to take care of me in front of my father in his deathbed. He acts like nothing is wrong with what he is doing to me. I'm 'paying' him for his generosity. If his wife, my aunt, finds out about this I'm dead. If my cousins discover this I am homeless, along with Mzwakhe. I have to be strong and get this over and done with this.

He begins thrusting again.

"Where are we Little one?" he asks.

"Green Sir" I say. He continues thrusting, going deeper, taking larger chunks of my

soul. I swallow the hot potato-like lump in my throat and push back the salt water.

{End}

I feel someone tap me on the shoulder. I look up and it's a hostess.

"Are you okay ma'am?" she asks.

"Hmm?"

"Are you okay?" she asks again. I snap out of it.

"Yes, thank you" I say. She reaches for the pocket of her blazer and pulls out a handkerchief.

"Here, for your tears" she says handing it to me. I didn't even realise I was crying. I take

the handkerchief and smile at her. She walks away and I wipe my tears.

I return my gaze to the window again. I hope I'm not making a mistake about taking this trip. I hope Will is going to forgive me and take me back. I have ghosts like lingering over me and I'm finally ready to let go and open myself up to Will. I just hope I'm not too late.

.....

Narrated.

Location : Unknown.

“Mmarona, I hope you have good news for me” a woman bustling into a hut says.

“Moratua am I your friend?” – Mmarona.
The other lady friend.

“Where is that coming from?”

“You have no right to enter my sacred room like that, first you knock, I tell you to enter, you take off your shoes and then you enter, do you hear me?” – Mmarona. The other woman looks down in shame.

“I’m sorry Great one” – woman.

“Sorry isn’t going to make me less angry, go back and do what I said” – Mmarona.

“Yes great one” – woman. She goes back and takes off her shoes. She knocks a couple of times and only then does Mmarona enter the sacred hut. She greets Mmarona respectfully and sits down in front of her.

“What can I help you with Moratua?” – Mmarona.

“Great witch I wanted to inquire if my request was successful” – Moratua.

Mmarona sighs.

“I did what you asked me to do but the girl’s grandmother wants her granddaughter’s soul back” – Mmarona. Moratua swiftly looks up.

“Surely you can handle her” – Moratua. Mmarona shakes her head.

“I’m afraid not” – Mmarona.

“What do you mean Mmarona?!” – Moratua.

“I’m sorry for disappointing you but I’m not about to go to war with Maqinase, I’m giving back her granddaughter” – Mmarona.

“You cannot tell me that! I paid a lot of money for that girl to be dead!!” – Moratua.

“The Khumalo – Khoza ancestors are a very powerful alliance Moratua, any Khoza – Khumalo clan member will not be dead unless they command so. I kill that Khumalo girl I’m dead. Right now they know what you and your twin sister are doing to one of their own and Maqinase is angry, she is attacking your son as we speak, SHE DEMANDS MELEMINA’S SOUL!” – Mmarona. Moratua looks at Mmarona with her mouth agape. Mmarona shakes her head with a chuckle.

“You messed with the wrong clan Moratua” she says. Moratua swallows hard but keeps her cool. She takes a deep breath.

“Isn’t there anything we can do now Mmarona? We can’t let my twin’s son suffer in that hellhole” – Moratua.

Mmarona laughs lightly.

“Sesi didn’t you hear what I said? You don’t let go of Melemina Khumalo’s soul THERE WON’T BE A SON TO GET OUT OF JAIL!” – Mmarona.

“Okay fine Mmarona, let her go” she says. Mmarona pulls out a bottle from her drawers and puts it between the two of them. “But Mokete must die, he must die in the space of his beloved whore” she continues. Mmarona gives Moratua a glare, then continues with what she’s doing.

.....
Hines’ POV.

We get back from the dining hall and walk back to our cells. I change into a towel and head to the showers. We stand in que waiting for our fair chances of showering.

Finally I take my shower. I lotion and head back to the cell. I put my bag down and turn around to get my clothes when I stumble across a black phantom. I walk closer to the bed and a black snake lifts it's head in anger. I buck and lunge back with a scream.

“EYY BULANG!!! BULANG!!! NOWA!! (Open up! A snake!)” I scream. It slithers off the bed and in my direction. I take a quick

glance at the big black thing and loose all mobility.

Lights OUT.

(Still love y'all )

Insert 37.

Mimi's POV.

"Mina" I hear a faint whisper. I shoot my eyes open and they land on Gogo. I smile immediately.

"Gogo wami, ubuyile (my grandmother, you are back)" I say. She squats down to where I

am and tears the cow skin that's tied around my body. When she's done I sit up straight and look at her.

“Simo senu sisebcai kwamanjer Mina, mele ni thole uMaqinase (your situation is a bit complicated right now Mina, you guys must find Maqinase)” she says. I frown.

“Kodwa Gogo uMaqinase ngu ugogo mus? (But you are Maqinase)” I ask.

“Mina angisekho emhlabeni wasebaphilayo Mina, mele uthole usizo ka ndlalifa yam, uMaqinase (I am not in the land of the living anymore, you must get the help of my heir, Maqinase)” she says.

“Kodwa Gogo angimazi uMaqinase loyo Gogo akhuluma ngayo, ngiyomthola kanjani? (But I don't know this Maqinase

that you are talking about, how am I going to find her?)” I ask.

“Mntanami uwuMkhathini, Sokhobas bhekithemba lakho emthandazweni, uyomthola uMaqinase. Kwamanjer mele uhambe, uwuamkelekile la (my child you are a Mkhathini, Sokhobas, put your faith in prayer, you will find Maqinase. Right now you must leave this place, you’re not welcome here)” she says. I cannot make sense of what she’s saying. She stands up and begins walking away.

“Gogo wami musukungishiya, ngilinde (Granny don’t leave me, wait for me)” I say trying to get up.

“HAMBA MELEMINA! (LEAVE MELEMINA!)” she says walking away. I stand up and turn around. Chills and cold engulfs me. I am

walking in darkness and I don't know where I am but I keep walking.

My eyes shoot open in another area. I don't know where I am because all I see is white. I'm able to move my arms and legs though. I pull the white cloth over my face and rub my eyes. I see a ceiling above me though.

"Ah..." I groan as I sit up straight. My back is killing me. Geez why am I naked? And why was I sleeping on a table? I jump off the table and wrap myself with cloth that was covering me. I scan my surroundings and spot many people covered in white cloths like me. I've seen this in the movies. Oh fuck...

Am I dead? I look at my arms and legs and they look pale. It's freezing in here. I walk to the door with my legs wobbling a bit and

flip the handle open. People can walk through ghosts right? I quickly stand in front of a nurse coming my way. She gets the fright of her life and runs off back where she came from.

“Excuse me?” I say to a doctor passing by. Oh it’s Nkazi. “Mulo” I say and tap his shoulder. He looks at me and jumps.

“What the fuck!” he says moving faster.

“Nkazi wait please” I say rushing to him. He picks up speed and runs. I run after him. He’s very fast. Okay this just looks wrong. I should stop running after him. “Mulo just wait, please” I say slowly down. He runs into a corner and disappears. I realise now that I’ve lost him. I walk back down the

passage. I spot a female doctor and she looks at me with a frown.

“Doc can you please help me” I say walking to her.

“Uhm yah?” – she.

“I really need clothes and some shoes” I say.

“Why are you naked in the first place?” she says.

“I also don’t know, please doc” I say.

“Okay, follow me” she says.

*

Nkazi finally calms down and explains what happened to me. Apparently I had another

miscarriage and I died in the process. Turns out I was carrying twins. But I don't get why they didn't find out about that when I was here last time. I don't wanna lie, the second miscarriage hit hard. Now I feel the pain of losing a child. Regardless of who the father is and what he did to me. I take a tissue from the box on the table and wipe my tears.

“It was completely negligent of Dr Vas to pronounce you dead Miss Khumalo, he is going to face the consequences of his actions, you have my word” Dr Tihane, the hospital's CEO says.

“No, I don't want Nkazi to loose his job” I say.

“But Miss it is hospital protocol, he has to face consequences” Dr Tihane says.

“He said my heart stopped beating and I take his word for it, please doc I don’t want Nkazi to loose his job” I say.

“I apologise Miss Khumalo but we have to take strict measures” he says. I look at Nkazi and he sighs heavily but gives me a reassuring smile. I look back at Dr Tihane.

“What are we going to do now?” I ask.

“We need to go to home affairs and get your death certificate off the system” Doctor Tihane says.

“If it happens that it turns I to a case then the hospital will settle the lawyer bills” Nkazi says. I nod. Speaking of lawyers where is Mokete?

“Have you spoken to Mokete?” I ask.

“Last time I saw him was when I delivered the news of your...uhm...” – Nkazi. I nod. I have to find him wherever he is.

Mokete’s POV.

This is the part I hate about being sloshed. The pain of vomiting on an empty stomach is horrible. I don’t even want to mention the kind of headache I’m experiencing right now.

The alcohol was to forget about Melemina’s death but now I feel all the emotions I felt last night when her death was announced. I honestly don’t know where to go from here. I know I should call her family but where do

I even get their contacts? On the other side I've just found out that my father passed away. Tshidi says a mamba was found in his stomach, alive. This is horrible.

I bury my face in the toilet seat again as the wave rushes out of my mouth and nose. I honestly don't know why the vomit is coming out of my nose and I'm worried. I take the roll of toilet paper and wipe my nostrils. I get up and flush. And then the itching begins. Ahh I hate this. I begin scratching myself. Legs, arms, chest, face. I don't know what's going on with me today.

.....
Mzwakhe's POV.

I get a call as I'm busy scrolling down a document. I glance at my phone and it's Tau. I hope this is worth it. I slide up and put it on speaker.

"Leadership" – him.

"Monna Tau ke sebatha" – me.

"Leadership I have stumbled across a very interesting discovery" – him.

"You don't say" – me.

"Leadership I'm emailing it to you right now" – him.

"I hope it's worth the distraction" I say with a sigh.

"Leader my leader" – him. I hang up. I minimise my Word screen and click on Gmail. Immediately the email appears. I

sigh and click on it. The words
MALETLHOGOLOLO BOSSMAN are written
in bold and capital letters. My phone rings
again, Tau again. I put him on speaker.

“Leadership” – him.

“Tau, I got the email” – me.

“My leader, do you remember Chiwanda-
Chinelo?” – him.

“Yeah Mzansi’s Bonnie and Clyde, what
about them?” – me.

“Leadership don’t you ever wonder how
and why they aren’t that anymore?”

I sigh.

“Get to the point man I have important
work waiting for me” I say.

“My leader, there’s a guy named Masweet who used to work closely with this lad, he told me Chiwanda wanted to hear nothing about them carjacking if it wasn’t for him. So this guy claims his madam, Tlhogi, told him he would deal with Chiwanda then jikijiki...”

The bulb goes on instantly.

“Chiwanda ends up in mental institution” – me.

“Caching!” – Tau.

I am short for words. I scroll down the email and I can’t believe it. This girl was 16 at that time. How the hell did she manage to take down Chiwanda when many have tried and failed? Who the fuck is this girl?

“I’ll call you back later Tau” I say and hang up. I chuckle let out an unexpected chuckle as I scroll down the email. This is shocking. I dial Dora and add the other gents.

“Mjita what’s up with the call in the middle of working hours?” – Sbu.

“Interesting discovery majita” – me.

“Mmh?” – Dora.

“Maletlhogonolo Bossman” – me.

“Who’s that?” – Alma.

“Titus’ Bossman’s wife” – Sbu.

“The amazingly beautiful albino lady, yah what about her?” – Mayson.

“I’m sending you an email right now, call when you’re as gobsmacked as me” I say with a chuckle. I hang up and forward the email to the four guys.

...4

3...

...2

1...

My phone rings. I chuckle and answer.

“What?” – me.

“How?”

I chuckle.

Noloyiso’s POV.

Lagos airport has to be the busiest airport I’ve ever been to in my life. Then after it is Chicago. I only realise now how ridiculous I look in leggings, cardigan over plain t-shirt and slippers. Everyone that walks past me

gives me weird looks. Okay they're not entirely weird because I know why they're looking at me like that. Finally I get outside the airport and there's a guy standing near a black SUV, with a cardboard written my name on. Mika is a sweetheart. I have to plan a baby shower of the century when I get back from here. I walk up at him.

"Noloyiso?" he says. His voice is husky but not like Will's.

"Yes"

"This way please" he says and opens the backseat door for me.

"Thank you" I say and jump in. He closes the door and jumps into the driver's seat. He

starts driving off. Anybody is playing on the speakers so I ask him to turn up the volume.

I don' charge my energy

I no get time for no enemy

Tori pe won le tomi

Nothing wey person never see

Omo nothing wey person never see

Forget, I say fash

Very soon expecting

Je kawoon padi eh jen be

I dey kaku dey gbese

Jejeli jeje jeje

I been dey answer them yes sir

Now na me dey answer yes sir
Respect is reciprocal
Even though unuh know say I special

Anybody, wey no want to soji
Anybody, wey no dey carry body
Nack am something, ahh
Nack am something
To ba ta fele, fele
Nack am something

You won chop where you never work
Shey na because me self I never talk
I look you dey laugh you gon, gon, gon,
gongongon

I sha know say the time go come
Omo I know say the time go come
Wey you no go fit lie no more
Omo omo, life na turn by turn
Whether you like or not
To ba ginger me, gbeskele go burst
Ki gbe, je Kan gbo oh

Anybody, wey no want to soji
Anybody, wey no dey carry body
Nack am something, ahh
Nack am something
To ba ta fele, fele
Nack am something

Money soon expected

Je kawoon padi e jen be

I dey kaku dey gbese

Jejeli jeje jeje

I been dey answer them yes sir

Now na me dem dey answer yes sir

Respect is reciprocal

Even though una know say I special

Anybody, wey no want to soji

Anybody, wey no dey carry body

Nack am something, ahh

Nack am something

To ba ta fele, fele

Nack am something

Gbese

Eni to ba ta, fele fele, lo'go lory won

Eni to ba ta, fele fele, lo'go lory won

Eni ta ba ta, fele fele, lo'go lory won

Eni to ba ta, fele fele, lo'go lory won

Finally the car stops in front of a beautiful building. I assume it's a hotel. The name 'Legend' screams above the entrance.

I step out of the car and walk towards the hotel.

"Mogana" she says when she answers.

"Mogana I just go to the hotel, Legend" I say.

“Mhk, your reservation is under Nolo Nxumalo” she says.

“Thank you mogana” I say.

“No sweat” – she.

“I mean it mogana, thank you for being the best” I say. She giggles.

“Go on” – she.

“Mxm” – me. She laughs.

“Don’t call me if you’ve haven’t made up with Will and if you dare come back until you and Mr Ozioko aren’t a couple” she says. I sigh.

“I’ll try mogana” I say.

“I love you neh?” – she.

“I love your pregnant ass too”

She hangs up. I take a deep breath and make my way into the hotel.

“Good afternoon madam” the lady behind reception says.

“Hi, I have a booking under Noloyiso Nxumalo” I say.

“Here is your key madam” she says and hands me a key.

“No thank you, I’m just checking in, I’ll come back later” I say.

“Okay madam” she says.

“Thank you for the amazing service” I say and turn around.

“Pleasure madam” she says. I make my way out of the hotel and get into the car again.

“Destination madam?” – driver.

“Neon night club” I say. He starts the car and we drive out.

William’s POV.

I take a look at the ring in my hand and sigh. I guess this is it. Goodbye bachelor life. Goodbye Noloyiso.

“You go be oright man” my brother Jack says patting my shoulder. I take a smile and put the ring box in my pocket. Where are you Nolo? What’s taking you so long? I sip my whiskey again and watch the half naked strippers doing what they do best.

“Go get yourself some man” my eldest brother Mike says. He actually doesn’t know I’m not actually looking to the strippers but staring into space.

“No man” I say dismissively.

“You sure you okay my broda?” – Rich says.

“Yeah”

“You no be lie my broda, wat iz it?” Mike says sitting next to me.

“Noting my broda, me just be onde de weather bout this wedding ting, it’s stressful man” – me. He seems to have bought the story, hence he pats my back and nods his head sighing.

“You gon be oright man” – Jack.

“Ese (thank you)” I say with a sigh and stare into space again. I’m brought out of my

thoughts by someone blocking my vision. My heart almost jumps out of my chest when I see who it is.

“Can I please speak to you?” she says. She looks like a mess though. In slippers?

“Talk” I say. She looks at my brothers, then back at me.

“In private Will” she says. I shake my head.

“Talk right here” I say. She sighs and looks at my brothers again. My brothers are all confused as hell right now. Their eyes keep running from me to Nolo, then back to me and the cycle starts again. Nolo bites her bottom lip in frustration, like she always does when she’s frustrated or stressed.

“Okay, first of all I want to apologise. You have been nothing but good to me and you didn’t deserve to be spoken to like I spoke to you yesterday. This is not a justification to my actions but I’ve been through too much William. My parents passed away when I was 10. As a female and as a child it was tough. My aunt took me in and we lived with her kids and her husband. Whenever she went away on business trips my uncle would...” her throat clogs up. She looks up and bites her lip more violently now. That’s my que. I walk to her and grab her hand, leading her up the stairs. I open my office door and gently push her inside. I make her sit on the couch while I sit on the table facing her. She’s softly sobbing. Call me a coward or whatever but I don’t know what

to do when a woman is crying. I used to wanna hug them but my last girlfriend showed me some serious Chuck Norris moves so yah...here we are.

She composes herself and wipes her tears with her fingers.

“My uncle introduced me to BDSM at a very early time in my life. He passed away when I turned 15 and my aunt had found out that her husband has been having his way with me so she chased us out of her house. She made it seem like I was willingly sleeping with Mr Ngubane so all of our family members turned on us and nobody wanted to take us in. I had to drop out of school to find a job so I could get a roof over mine

and Mzwakhe's heads, feed and clothe us” she swallows hard.

“So I found a job, unluckily for me I fell into the hands of another predator. My boss would tie me onto his desk and have his way with me as well. I sucked it up and when I could no longer take it I told my brother, who by then was already a gangster, so he took care of him. From there onwards I became obsessed with revenge. I wanted to tie hands and pin bodies down. Every male species that I've been with so far has been a victim of my revenge, except you. With you it was different from day one. I let you take control of my body and make slow gentle love to me. I tried to fight my feelings for you for a very long time but I can't

anymore. William Ozioko I love you and I'm sorry for hurting you with my words. I love you baby and I want to be with you. Please forgive me"

She sniffs and wipes her tears again.

"Come here" I say opening my arms. She doesn't even second guess. She throws her body in my arms and I blanket her with my arms.

Insert 38.

Something short.

Mimi's POV.

"I'm really sorry Mimi" Nkazi says.

"It's okay Mulo, I know it didn't happen because you wanted it to" I say. He sighs heavily.

"I just feel like a bad father" he says. We both look at each other, then laugh out loud. Mxm trust this one to crack jokes in a serious situation. He stops the car at the gate and we say our goodbyes. He drives off and I walk in closing the gate behind me. I get into the building and take the stairs up to the apartment. I don't know how Mokete is going to take my 'resurrection' but I hope he won't faint or run away from me.

I knock on the door for a couple of minutes but there's no response. I flip the door handle open and make my way into the flat. I hear gags coming from somewhere down the passage. I follow the sounds and they lead to the toilet. I open the door slowly and I get the biggest shock of my life.

“Mokete” I say. He looks up at me with shock as well but quickly buries his head into the toilet seat. I walk in and a strong stench hits my nostrils. I walk closer to him and squat next to him. Brushing his back. I don't know why but seeing him in this state hurts.

He lifts his head and looks at me.

“What’s wrong?” I ask. Tears well up in his eyes. He tries to shrug but he doesn’t have the strength. “When last did you eat Mokete?” I ask. He looks really skinny, like he hasn’t eaten in days. He tries shoulder movement again but it’s impossible. Can he not talk? “Lets get you to bed and I’ll make you something to eat” I say taking his arm. While trying to get him up I see a worm on his face, a little worm on his cheek. I brush it off and it falls in the toilet. I look at it and I see an army of such insects. I can’t hold it in, vomit sprawls out of my mouth and I drop Mokete and his arm. I quickly run outside the bathroom and rush to the kitchen. What the fuck is that? Worms?! That is disgusting. I call Nkazi and he answers on third ring.

“Babes” – him.

“Mulo you need to come to the apartment”
I say. I can’t even hold back the tears now.

“What’s wrong babe?” – him.

“Mokete, he’s vomiting worms” I say.

“Oh, okay, I’m on the way babe” – him.

After composing myself I walk back to the bathroom. He’s still vomiting those insects. Without looking into the toilet this time I lift him up. Good thing I used to play rugby because wow, the brother is heavy. I manage to get him to his bedroom eventually and I help get him in bed. Mokete’s skin looks dry and irritated.

I walk out of the bedroom and get busy in the kitchen. In his state I don't think he's going to be able to chew so I fix him some porridge. I walk back to the bedroom and feed him. Before the third spoon he gently pulls the bowl towards him and vomits the contents he has already eaten featuring worms of course. I look at him in disgust. I don't even want to look inside this bowl. Something is really wrong here.

"Mulo"

"I'm outside babe" – him.

"Come to 34D" I say.

"Sharp"

I hang up. Now back to Mokete. I take the bowl and empty it's contents in the toilet. I

flush then walk to the kitchen to rinse the bowl. A knock interrupts me and because I already know who's on the other side I just open the door.

“Where is he?” he says and walks in. I close to door and lead him to Mokete's bedroom. He is as shocked as me. He looks at me and I shrug. I just wanna cry. Nkazi walks to Mokete and does his thing while I wait at the door.

“What did you say again?” he asks.

“He can't stomach anything, he throws up immediately” I say. Nkazi looks at him and nods.

“I’ll subscribe some medication for him and come check on him after a week” he says.

“After a week Nkazi? What if he gets worse?” I say.

“If he gets worse you’ll call me” he says. I sigh.

“Okay”

“I’ll be on my way now” he says standing up from the bed. He gives me a tight hug and exits the room. I sigh again. It’s going to be a long week.

.....

Noloyiso’s POV.

I’m woken by someone gently shaking me. I flip my eyes open and my sight lands on William. He’s smiling at me so I smile back.

“Good morning beautiful lady” he says.

“Good morning babe” I say and sit up.

“Wake up and eat, I brought breakfast” he says. I sit up straight and balance my back on the headboard. He puts a tray on my laps. It’s English breakfast. For sure he didn’t make this though.

“Thank you baby. Have you eaten?” I ask. He shakes his head. I take my toast and feed it to him. He chuckles.

“I’ve been meaning to ask, where is your luggage?” he says. I shrug.

“I don’t have any luggage” I say. He lifts an eyebrow.

“So you just boarded a plane wearing green socks and slippers with no back up?” he

says. I nod. “Eh we’re you trying to traumatise my people?” he says. I hit him on the arm and he laughs.

“It’s not funny” I say. He stops laughing and chuckles.

“Quickly eat up so we can shower and go to the mall” he says.

“What am I going to wear?” I ask.

“Your green socks and grey slippers” he says.

“Mxm” I say to him and he laughs. I end up laughing with him.

“You’re so beautiful” he says. I smile and look at my food again. “Are all Xhosa women crazy like you?” then boom, he ruins the moment. I hit him with the butter knife I’m holding and he laughs.

I finish eating and we do our hygienic process. An innocent shower, brush our teeth and lotion up. We get dressed in yesterday's clothes and head out.

The streets of Lagos are so busy. Cars and people filling the streets, causing heavy traffic. But somehow they are all calm about this, like they're used to this, maybe they're used to this. Everyone is minding their own business, focusing on themselves. I make a joke to Will about staying here forever and he just laughs at me.

First stop is The Lennox Mall. Lol it has a very funny name. Me being me I do heavy

shopping. Bouncing from one store to the other. Mr next to me offered me his card. I tried to refuse but he's very persistent trust me.

"Oh my god I should have never brought you here" he says looking at me with exhaustion. I laugh.

"Lets hit one more shop and we'll be out of here" I say.

"That's what you said last time" he says.

"I promise we'll leave after one more shop" I say. He shakes his head.

"No no no, I'm tired baby. You can go to that shop if you won't have trouble finding the car in the parking lot because I'll be waiting for you there" he says.

I walk back to the car with him. We load the shopping in the backseat and get into the car. I switch on the AC immediately. To think South Africa is experiencing a serious cold front during this time of the year and here I am switching on the AC in Lagos. Yerr Nigeria is hot bagithi.

We drive to the hotel and we check out. Then Will takes me to his house. It's in an estate. An estate named 'Madingwa Real Estate'. It's a really nice house. A bit over the top if you ask me but it's really nice. Later on he cooks while I drink one of his famous cocktails.

He pushes a plate in front of me. I stop drinking and look up at him.

“What is this?” I ask. He chuckles.

“Fish and yam stew with jollof rice” he says. It has a very strong pepper smell and doesn’t really look appetising. “Try it madame” he says. I really don’t want to but at the same time I really don’t want to disappoint him.

“Hand me a spoon” I say bracing myself.

“You don’t need a spoon” he says. I frown.

“So you’re trying to tell me that you and your people eat rice with your hands?” I say. He laughs and hands me a spoon. “Its nice but you could have gone a little easy on the pepper you know” I say. He laughs. Jesus! This food is hot!

Eh guys don't be angry at uAdmin. Yaz we have to lodge a complaint to Eskom, kahle kahle we have to sue uEskom because wow, zero ghesi for 3 days is not funny. But ke asbonge they finally found it necessary to give us ghesi.

And then to address the other mense, don't be flooding my inbox with DMs threatening to dislike the page and swearing at uAdmin. I'm human okay? I have a life and I have problems jwalo ka motho mang le mang. I didn't know ukuthi there's going to be an electricity cut so ngiyanicela good peoplez don't do me like that.

And also another thing; I'm going back to school on Monday so I'm not going to be

able to post everyday, however se kena le posting schedule that's attached here. Kodwa ke there won't be inserts this weekend

Insert 39.

Unedited.

3 weeks later...

I'm on the phone with Mzwakhe and he's just updating me about his life. I can't believe my brother underwent an eye

surgery without telling me. I feel so bad about not being there with him though.

“Are you okay though?” I ask.

“I’m fine sisi, aus baby has been taking good care of me, even took a couple of days off at work so she could fly with me to Gauteng and nurse me after that” he says. My brother is lovestruck guyzens. Yoh! But I don’t blame him, this Boitumelo doll is a good woman. I feel bad about judging her too early though. I now feel like Mzwakhe definitely doesn’t deserve her.

“I have to buy her a pair of Balenciaga when I get back then” I say. He laughs.

“Okay sure, I have something to tell you though” – him.

“What?”

“I’m popping the question tonight” – him. I literally scream.

“You serious?” I ask. He laughs.

“I’m dead serious” – him.

“Oh my god Mfanomnye that’s marvellous!” I shout.

“Don’t get too excited Sis you might jinx my luck” he says.

“Ai suka! I’m just excited that I’m finally going to have little people running around calling me Makhazi” – me.

“Now you’re being forward Sisi, I told you mina I don’t want kids andithi (right)?” – him.

“Mxm whatever” I say.

“I have to ask my woman to marry me so I’ll talk to you later Sisi” he says.

“Goodbye, and good luck” I say.

“Sharp”

He hangs up and I’m left smiling alone. I’ve haven’t seen my little brother this happy in a long while, and it’s a very good sight honestly. I unplug the laptop and step into the shower.

So I’ve been in Lagos for 3 weeks now. Its really hard to leave here. I really don’t want to leave Will. Hee kodwa guys it’s so amazing being in love. After all that men have put me through and all that I’ve done to men I never thought I’d be in a relationship, ever. Will is one amazing man

honestly. I know this might sound crazy but I'm considering to relocate. I think I now know my way around here. The last two weeks were spend 'showing me around'. Lekki Conservation Centre, Nike Art Centre, Victoria Island, National Museum, Tarkwa Bay Beach, name it I've been there. I really like this place.

"Nolo!" Will shouts from wherever he is. I turn off the tap and open the shower door. "I'm in the master ensuite!" I shout back. He walks in but quickly turns around. And then?

"Cover up or close the door" he says. I chuckle.

“Why? Ain’t like there’s something you’ve haven’t seen on this body” I say.

“Baby you know once I see those perfect boobs I’ll tear that ass up, so please cover up” he says. I chuckle and close the shower door.

“So?”

He sighs.

“I’m just informing you that I’m going to Victoria Island to sort a few things out” he says. I open the shower door a bit.

“Okay, please get me fried bananas on your way back” I say. He chuckles. “Whaaaat?” I say. He laughs shaking his head.

“Nothing, I’ll be back before midday” he says.

“Sure, go well” I say.

“Thanks, love you” he says walking out.

“Love you too!”

*

William’s POV.

I’m on my way to Victoria Island to meet with my mother, brothers and wives.

Basically the whole family is going to be there. The meeting is in my name and I’m not looking forward to it.

So I come from a moneyed background. Each of my siblings and I were fed from a silver platter with a silver spoon. I mean to say we were very privileged and everything was handed over to us. Our mother is a

business tycoon, a mogul. I guess that's why I've been so patient with Nolo. Independent women tend to be tough to crack and stubborn. Nolo is just like my mother, dictating and find joy in being dominant.

Anyways, my father was a doctor and property owner. We are a 'perfect' family. My mother made sure of that. That's why all of us are supposed to either have a doctorate, a law degree or hold the fort at O Capital. My older brothers from the first to the 5th are all in arranged marriages. We are bound to be married to ministers' daughters, moguls' daughters, Mayors' daughters, princesses and presidents' daughters. I was supposed to be married 3 weeks ago but then Nolo came. But this is

far from over, I'm yet to face the wrath of Zimasa Ozioko.

Sigh, all this is just dehydrating. This is exactly why I decided to spread my wings and escape this fucking mess in the first place.

It falls silent as soon as I step in. This is it. Zimasa stands up immediately and slowly walks to me. I stop in front of her.

“Mha-”

A sting lands on my cheek. Mmh, exactly how I remember it. The old lady can still deliver a mean slap.

“Mhani, ekuojomo (mother, good morning)” I say.

“Good morning? GOOD morning?! Son come tell me how exactly it’s a good morning when your mother is facing the wrath of the chief?” she says. I put my hands in my pockets and stare at her. “Are you planning to ruin me William? The same woman who carried you in her stomach for 9 months? What exactly is your plan eh?”

I sigh. My mother tends to overreact like this a lot.

“Mhani I come in peace” I say with a shrug. She slaps me again and I bite my inner cheek.

“Peace? Which peace? Who’s peace? Eh? As far as I’m concerned my peace is gone with the chief” she says. I sigh again. “Who is she?”

I frown.

“Huh?”

“Who is the harlot that changed your mind about the wedding?” she says.

“There’s no harlot” I say.

“Skank, bitch, slut, whatever you call the woman whose breasts you’ve been sucking” she says.

“You can say whatever you want to say about me mhani, but my partner is off limits” I say. She laughs and throws her hands in the air, dramatic much.

“William what did that woman feed you? How could you speak to your own mother like that, eh?” she says. I hold her hands.

“Let’s not do this right now mother” I say and kiss her cheek. “I love you. Can we eat breakfast now?” I say and walk past her to

the dining room where the rest of the family is seated. I smile at them. “Good morning” I say. Big brother Mike slightly nods. Josh and Rick smile at me and give me 2 thumbs up. I chuckle and begin dishing breakfast for myself.

.....
Boitumelo’s POV.

The past 3 weeks haven’t been a breeze I have to admit. Between Hines’ death, Mzwakhe’s surgery and my overall personal wellbeing it’s been tough shame. I’m just glad that Mzwakhe is okay now. But on the other side, Tshidiso is not okay. Hines’ mother is making things difficult for the boy. Depriving him of his father’s assets is

just downright cruel. Well Hines' will stated that Mokete should take care of everything should he die. But then we all don't know where that one is. Mxm le yena how can he not come to his father's funeral though? Hai aa hle. So for now the twin mother's are not making things easy for Hines' offspring. Apparently they didn't get along with their father hence they don't have rights to his assets. Yeah that's the kind of drama that's currently going on. Where is Mokete though?

“For a man who was blind again just next week you look happy” I say to this man of mine.

“I don't have reason not to be” he says shrugging. I just glance at him and continue

driving. I'm not ready to be driven by him, I'm still not sure if his sight is 100% or what.

Finally we get to the complex and get out of the car. He gets the bags out of the boot and we walk to my apartment. Everyone is looking at me suspiciously and I don't know what to make of that. I get to my apartment finally and kick off my kicks. I throw myself on the couch and close my eyes. Yoh I'm very tired shame.

"Aus baby?" he says. I look at him. "Can you please come with me" he says.

"Come with you where Mzwakhe? I'm tired baby let me nap" I mumble.

“Mxm” – him. I feel a hand on my back and another one below my thighs. By the time I open my eyes he scooped me from the couch and already walking. I laugh.

“Baby what are you doing?” I ask looking at him. He ignores me and continues walking out of the apartment. “Baby?” I say again. Hai ke. I put my head on his shoulder and close my eyes. Nna I’m sleeping.

I feel the bottom of my feet being tickled by the grass and I immediately wake up. I stand on my feet and look at Mzwakhe.

“What’s the meaning of this jwale bab-” I turn around and my sight lands on balloons, gold contrasting the green nature of the

garden. Those letter balloons that people use to spell 'Happy Birthday' with. These ones are different though, they're spelling out 'BE MY WIFE'. I frown. Who's being who's wi...oh my. I look back at Mzwakhe and he's on one knee, with a ring box in both his hands. Oh my God!

"Baby..."

He shoots a very similar, cute smile.

"Please" he begs. I giggle.

"Yes" I say. He smirks.

"Yes?"

"Yes baby, yes" I say jumping up. He slips the ring on my finger and stands up. He wraps his arms around my waist and kisses me.

We break free from it and I look at the ring.
This is it, I'm getting married, again.

.....

Mimi's POV.

Three weeks have been hell, trust me when I say hell. Mokete is getting worse by the day. He's even skinnier and darker and he can't do anything by himself including going to the bathroom. I'm sure that embarrasses him so much. Last week he started vomiting blood and a mix of the white worms that he's been been vomiting. I don't want to lie seeing him like that does something serious to my heart. As much as I want to leave him I can't, I have to help him, nurse him back to health.

I feel so useless and disempowered. I hate the fact that I can't do anything to help him. Nkazi has been here a couple of times since the past week but he can't figure out what's wrong why Mokete. I keep dreaming about Gogo Kabi where she keeps telling me that I should go get help from Maqinase. I don't even know who this Maqinase she's talking about it because last time I checked she was Maqinase.

I get into the shower and let the water flow on my body, whilst silently crying my heart out. I've repented and asked for forgiveness to the almighty but where is he when I need him the most? How many times have I been praying for him to help me? To strengthen

me? To guide me? Is there even a god out there?

Insert 40.

Will's POV.

After the awkward lunch with my family I finally decide to escape to my house. My mother for sure is still breathing fire where she is but I wouldn't care less. Don't get me wrong, I love the old woman but this is my life and I'm going to do whatever I want with it. She can have a heart attack for all I care.

“You know she’s not going to let it slide right?” a message from my big brother Mike says. I chuckle.

“She’s our mother of course” I text back.

“But I want you to know I’m with you in everything you do, we all are” he texts back. Funny how they never said anything in the presence of the old lady though. But whatever, my mother scares their pussy asses anyway.

“Thanks big bro” – me. I put my phone on the passenger seat and sigh. Lagos traffic is the worst, especially during lunch hour. Before I forget I have to get fried bananas for my woman...right.

Mzwakhe’s POV.

If I knew proposing would make my woman give me 8 rounds I'd have proposed a long time ago. We've been at it the whole day and I don't want to lie I'm still tired. I had to skip work but aus baby went to work. I kinda feel sorry for her though, my poor baby.

“Sis Ntombenye”

“Mfanomnye”

“Unjani sis wam omhle? (How's my beautiful big sister?)”

“Ndiryt mnatse (I'm okay bro), did you propose?”

“Geez Conquest, don't you care about your little brother?”

“Quite frankly I don’t, I just wanna know if my sister-in-law is glowing and whatever”
I laugh, confused. I thought she didn’t like Tumi.

“So?”

“What?”

“Did you do it or not and stop wasting my time Mzwakhe”

“I did it Nolo, don’t bite my head off”

“Nawe uyabhora yaz (you’re boring), how did it go?”

“I got 8 rounds, you already know how it went”

“Sies man wena”

“Yini? Uneskhwele sis wam? (What? Are you jealous?)”

“Nevar, I just can’t imagine my little brother’s tiny cute pipi going into a woman’s haven”

“Hayi!”

She laughs out loud.

“I don’t have a pipi wena Conquest”

“Last time I checked it was one”

“Was one and now it’s not”

“What is it little bro?”

“It’s a dick Noloyiso, a dick. D. I. C. K. Dick”

She facepalms.

“Whatever pipikie”

“Mxm uyabhora marn (you’re boring)”

“Nje ngawe Dick (just like you)”

“Forget about that, when exactly are you coming back from Naija?”

“I’m not planning to come back anytime soon yaz, though I’ll tell you when I do. Nakhona it’s going to be brief because I’m relocating this side”

What?

“Uthini? (What did you say?)”

“Yah, ndibhorekile (I’m bored) that side marn, I need fresh air”

My mouth is literally hanging open.

“What about me Nolo? Who are you leaving me with?”

“You have a fiancé Mzwakhe, besides aren’t you the same person who called me annoying just minutes ago?”

“I was just kidding Nolo”

“Well I’m not”

“Nolo”

She bursts out laughing.

“You should see your face! Oh my god!”

So this was yet another one of her stupid jokes.

“It’s really not funny”

“Says the Mr tough guy, heh heh Mr Dick who almost cried when his big sister told him she’s leaving the country”

“Mxm”

“Ncoow, my poor baby brother, it’s good to know you still love me though”

“Whatever, I hope that man keeping you there is worthy of you else I won’t let him see the light of day”

“Aisuka, man yani? Akukho iman apha
(There’s no man here)”

“You know I can get info on him right? I can
even find out which hospital he was birthed
at”

“Mzwakheeee...”

I laugh.

“You should see your face”

“Its not funny wena, nx”

Narrated.

Location: Unknown.

And evil smile stretches on the old woman’s
wrinkled face when she feels the pride of

having all her cruel desires fulfilled. One more push and she lodges into full celebration mode.

“This is excellent Mmarona” she says chuckling. Mmarona chuckles along with her.

“And now to put the cherry on top” Mmarona says smearing the little stickman with a black crème. They both start chanting and passing orders at the little object laid in front of them. 15 minutes later they stop and the sticks begin softening up. The two women look at each other and smile.

“Do you think we can keep him in this state for at least a year?”

“You’re going to have to do whatever you have to do in a short period of time unless you want to kill him”

“I don’t give a rat’s behind whether that nonsense of a grandson dies or lives I just want that bloody money that I worked so hard to gain access to”

She stares at the ground seemingly in deep thought. She killed her twin sister’s son, yes, and she definitely doesn’t mind killing his brat son to get what she wants. Her conscience is pleading with her to stop but she won’t, she can’t, she’s come too far to back down now.

Mokete’s POV.

I flip my eyes open when I feel my skin itching. This hasn't happened in a while and I now wonder what triggered it. The most annoying part about all this is that I don't even have the mobility to lift my hands and scratch myself. It itches so bad, too bad. I spare Mimi a quick glance and then look down at my body. She's sleeping so peacefully on the corner and I do not want to wake her up so I muffle my screams.

I feel like something is crawling under my skin. Something that has a motive of killing me. Okay, I can't anymore. I mutter, groan and moan in pain, tears streaming down my face and my body starts shaking

uncontrollably. Fuck “men don’t cry”
they’re not being bewitched.

“Mokete?” she says in a sleepy voice. She’s a light sleeper and anything I do wakes her up. Hence she wakes up when I’m woken by one of my episodes.

“Do you need a rub?” she asks. I swear if I survive whatever witchcraft I’m undergoing I’m going to wife this woman. No one would nurse someone who’s not related to them. Someone who’s vomiting blood and worms, who has horrible acne all over their body that oozes a lot of pus, someone who’s a cripple and cannot even go to the bathroom themselves. I did say Vero is special, but this is a different type of special, rare.

Sometimes I get the idea that all of this is a nightmare and in reality I'm dealing with Mimi's and Mokete's death.

But then why don't I wake up? What can't I wake up?

"OH MY GOD MOKETE!" she shouts looking at my torso. My glossy vision travels down and lands on my torso. I'm bewitched, this isn't okay. I feel the last bit of strength I had slowly leaving my body, I slowly let my eyelids fall with grace.

"NO! MOKETE DON'T DO THIS! PLEASE STHANDWA SAMI..."

.....
Narrated.

Location: Somewhere in Peitermaritsburg.

A young pregnant woman is distracted from her slumber by a persistent urge to pray. One she cannot ignore like she always does. She quickly gets out of bed, puts on her slippers and gown. Her bedroom door flies open and she rushes out to her parents' bedroom. She skips a door and knocks like crazy on the next one.

“Momma! Baba! Ngicela nivule! (Mom! Dad! Please open up!)” she shouts. The door swiftly opens and her mother appears looking out of sorts.

“Lo, yini? Ingane iright? (Lo, what’s wrong? Is the baby okay?)” she asks.

“Ngiright Momma ngidinga uGlory (I’m okay mom, I need Glory)” she explains.

“Glory? Ebsuku kangaka Lo? (So late?)” her mother says.

“Yini mkam? (What’s wrong my wife?)” her father asks appearing in the doorway behind her mother.

“ULo ufuna uGlory (Lo wants Glory)” Lo’s mother explains as Lo runs her hands on her almost bald head in frustration.

“Angimfuni ma ngiyamdinga, ngokphuthuma (I don’t want her mom I need her, quickly)” she says.

“Cha uyombona kusasa uGlory (No, you’ll see Glory tomorrow)” he says.

“Baba...”

“Mpiloenhle ngithi CHA! (I said NO!)” he says in a firm tone.

“Ngiyacela BabKhoza, mangiyayi ku Glory kwamanje igazi iyocitheta, ngiyacela baba, ngiyazi ungidinekele manje kodwa ngiyacenga baba wami, ngidinga uGlory ngokshesha (Please Mr Khoza, if I don’t go to Glory right now blood will be spilt, please father, I know you’re angry at me right now but I’m begging you my father, I need Glory in a hurry)” tears streaming down her face.

Just when her father’s face softens she hears someone calling her name from outside. As soon as she recognises that voice she immediately rushes to go open the door for her. Mind you it’s just after

11pm. As soon as she opens the gate a couple and a young blind woman jump out of the car and walk to her, the man guiding the young woman gently.

“Nkosi yami Glo! Uyizwile nawe (Oh my god Glo! You felt it as well?)”

“Lo uyafa! Indlalifa ka Mokete iyafa! (Lo he’s dying! Mokete’s heir is dying!)” she says, tears staining her beautiful facial features. The pregnant woman rushes to her and squeezes her in a hug.

“Thula mzals (Hush friend). He’s not going to die, he’s not dying” she says.

“We need to pray” she says.

The two young women rush inside the house, passing Lo's parents. Mpiloenhle helps Glory crouch on the floor and rushes to her bedroom. She rushes back to the living room with 3 white candles and a matchbox. She crouches next to Glory who's breathing has changed due to fear. She can't let him die, no, never. She'd never be able to live with herself if such happened. Mpiloenhle lights all 3 candles and they start praying after joining hands.

The four parents are looking at their two daughters, not in shock but fascination. Mrs Khoza finds the courage in her and crouches behind her daughter and starts praying. Glory's parents follow suit and lastly, Mr Khoza does the same. The house is filled

with prayers as the 6 people plead for the young man's life, as they pray for the gates of hell to let him go, it's not his time, this can't happen, it won't happen.

Sooner than later spirits take over bodies and Glory starts praying in tongues whilst Mpilo burps uncontrollably. Her mother gently pats her back and she hangs her head, swinging it left to right, fisting on the ground.

“Hhheeyi...hheyyi...”

The prayers tone down a bit and more tears gush down Glory's face.

“God almighty we thank you for hearing our prayers, may the warrior angels of your sacred throne forever protect him, we thank you for your everlasting greatness our father, you are forever merciful my father, we thank you...”

“Hhheyii...hheeeeyi...ngiyabonga oKhoza, oMkhathini, nina oBhovungane, oMlotshwa, Mangena, Mlilo, hhheyiii...Skotana, Mangena, oNomageja, Sokhobas...hhheyii...ngiyabonga bo Gogo bami...thokoza...heeyii...”

They stop praying and Glory continuously wipes her tears with the back of her free hand. They both open their eyes and fix their gaze on the three flames in front of them.

“God is fire, those who honour and serve him bear the goodwill, those who go against him face the flame of the greatest one and will burn for eternity in hellfire”

The whole house stings with silence, not bad, but peaceful silence.

“This is far from over Lo”

“Ngiyazi (I know), we have to keep praying”

“Cha Mpiloenhle, you know exactly what we need to do and you need to stop fighting it”

“Mina ngikhathela (I’m tired) Glory, I’ve fought tooth and nail, for 5 months for my unborn daughter and...I’m tired Glory, you

know what I've been through for the past 5 months”

Glory turns to Mpilo.

“Ngiyazi sthandwa sami (I know my love), but we have to do this”

“I don't know Glo, ngempela mina (for real) I'm drained, it's been a shitty 5 months”

“We need to be in Cape Town, give it a thorough thought”

“I'll do so mzals, kodwa amadolo ami a b'hlungu manje (but my legs are tired now)”

“Ungasho futhi mzals, kunini siguqile ngempela (you can say that again, we've been kneeling for a long time now)” Glory says and the young women both giggle. No

more heavy praying and whatever, their normal selves are back.

(Yoh guys, it's hard to write when you're not getting feedback. I feel like I'm alone in a dark forest and I don't know whether I'm on the right path or what. I don't want to lie, sometimes I think about abandoning #Reitume because I literally lack motivation nje. Please leave a comment, and thank you)

...

Here's a good read, something to get busy with whilst I'm focusing on my school books.

Please support  .

Insert 41.

18SNLV.

Unedited.

Noloyiso's POV.

They say you'll never know what you have unless you lose it. When William told me he's leaving me forever I literally broke down. Each minute that passed by after he told me that I felt the joy factor leave my soul. I don't know if I would have survived

had he not forgiven me and taken me back honestly.

“...only then did I find out umo dey want my attention, I then did like na.ah Rich kids na be insane” he bursts out laughing.

I smile staring at this specimen in front of me. How exactly did I did I end up with such a man? I don't deserve him. He doesn't deserve the cinders I offer in exchange for his love. I'm pieces of what used to be. This is not Noloyiso. Noloyiso died when her parents died.

“Dime” he says gently. I snap out of my thoughts and look at him. “What’s wrong?” I frown.

“What are you talking about?” I ask.

“Why are you crying?”

I didn’t even realise I was...I wipe my tears with my thumbs and fake a smile.

“I think my eyes are having a problem, I don’t know” I rumble.

“Bullshit” he says and I giggle. He holds my hand and rubs the back of it with his thumb.

“I’m all ears” he says. That on its own makes me even more emotional, more tears stream down my cheeks. After battling with my thoughts I release a heavy sigh.

“I don’t know, I don’t want to return to South Africa without you. I really don’t want to leave without you, I’m going to miss you so bad” I say and unexpectedly burst into more tears.

“Come here” he says. I stand up and walk to his side of the table. I sit on his lap and put my head on his shoulder. His muscular arms wrap me up as his huge hands gently rub my back. I cry even more. You see this? This is exactly what I’m going to miss. I want this everyday! I want him everyday! God I love this man. “Hush my Dime, hush” he whispers in my ear. I immediately stop crying and look at him. He wipes my tears with his big thumbs and gives me a peck on the lips.

“I love you” I whisper.

“Why whisper?” he whispers back. I giggle and shrug. He shakes his head and laughs. “I love you too then. So tell me why you’re crying so much”

“I told y-”

“And I don’t believe shit you said” he says.

“I’m serious babe, I’m just going to miss you” I say.

“Noloyiso” he warns. I sigh and these stupid tears gush down my face making me look stupid. He holds my cheek and makes me look at him.

“I’m trying to figure out what it is that I did in God’s eyes that he decided to give me you. Man I don’t deserve you at all. You such a good man Will and I’m not a good

woman. I've done a whole lot of shit and you don't deserve this. Here I am getting one hundred percent of you and yet you're getting broken pieces of Noloyiso that you work so hard to put back together. I don't deserve this, I don't..."

"Hey, don't talk like that. You didn't choose to be a victim of rape, you didn't choose to be on the receiving end of terror coming from the people you sought protection from, you didn't choose to be broken. What I admire about you is that even when they thought they'd finished you you rose above that, you became what they never wanted you to be. You're a true definition of rough diamond. You still manage to be rough around the edges and you're strong and I'm

deeply attracted to that” I laugh shaking my head.

“I’m serious Dime. You know what really really made me buy you a drink the day we first met?” he says.

“What?” I ask grinning from ear to ear.

“When I walked into the club that day I saw a boss. I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t shaken a bit” he says.

“Shaken?”

“Most definitely”

“Why?”

“Haven’t you realised how intimidating you are? Everything you do, from the way you walk to the way you address a person screams boss, even if you’re eating popcorn you own the loud chewing like a damn

boss” he says and I laugh out loud. He caresses my jawline with a smile. “You’re really beautiful my love” he says.

“I knooooooow”

He laughs.

“Of course you do” he says.

“I love you”

“I love you back, don’t ever get the idea that you don’t deserve me okay? You deserve everything, don’t bring yourself down like that boss” he says. I smile.

“Baby you’re making me horny” I say.

“Dime...”

“Waaaah? I’m just telling the truth mos” I say and he bursts out laughing.

“You were crying a while ago and all of a sudden you’re horny and sexual and seductive, what’s wrong with you woman?” he says.

“Haww! Nothiiiing, I just want what’s rightfully mine and if you deny me that I swear I’m going to dump you” I say.

“Just like that?” he says with a chuckle.

“I ain’t got no time for chitchat so you better get your gun out coz I wanna play” I say. He laughs.

“Then bring your pretty little face closer” he says. I smile and lean in for a kiss. He puts his tongue in and I moan. This man’s tongue game is fire I tell you. Without wasting time I slide my hands down his torso and massage his groin. He grows and toughens in my hand.

One hand on my hip one hand on my tender breasts. It all happened so fast, I don't know how I ended up straddling him. He slips his hand in my panties and massages my haven. One finger in, in and out. Another finger in, in and out. I flinch in the little discomfort his long fingers bring. He keeps pushing them in and out until they feel like they belong in me.

I throw my head back, bringing my breasts closer to his face, taking in my orgasm as it comes. He picks up speed, squeezing the life out of my tits. Right now I'm not sure if I'm screaming from pleasure or pain. I see my climax flash before my eyes. I grasp onto his shoulders shutting my eyes and

moaning my lungs out. I burst, releasing my juices on Will's fingers. He pulls them out and licks them clean. Right now I know he's not going to focus on me anymore so I lean in for another kiss. He lowers his sweatpants and briefs and the BBC stands tall and proud.

He puts both his hands on my ass and pulls me close to his member. He stops kissing me and goes down to my neck. Peck, lick, nibble. My chest. I hear a rip and feel the BBC's head on my moist folds. It feels so good. He plants wet kisses all over my tits and nipples. One hand squeezes my other tit while the other pulls my hips down. He sucks on my breasts as his fat length makes its presence felt deep within me. I begin

twerking on him slowly, careful not to hurt myself by pushing his entire cock in me.

He puts both his hands on my ass and squeezes. That's a sign that he wants to take control. I stop twerking and he lifts me up a bit and pumps from underneath. I balance myself with his shoulders and put my sweaty forehead on his. The eye contact is so intense. He uses one hand to push away the plate in front of him and he stands up and places me there. He pulls out and ejaculates on my cookie with a groan. He pecks my lips repeatedly and I dart my eyes to the floor.

“Why did you tear my panties?” I ask. He stops kissing me and gives me a frown.

“Don’t look at me like that William you know those are my favourite” I say.

“Okay I’m sorry, I’ll buy you another sexy pair, okay?” he says and I nod. I’m angry though. “What do you want now?” he asks.

“Fried banana” I say. He smiles.

“Okay can we go shower first?” I nod. He lifts me off the table bridal style and walks to the stairs.

Mimi’s POV.

This is one of the miracles you see on TV. These things don’t happen in real life but it actually did. Mokete was getting worse by the day and I feared that I might loose him. Last night he had maggots all over his body

feeding off him. He was literally close to his end when suddenly they disappeared. I don't know what happened when but the man is suddenly so much better. He walks like he's never been bedridden and he talks. What's left of his previous condition is the acne that's all over his body and his skinniness. I glance at him in the living room and smile. It feels good to have his manyala self back although we don't fight like we used to.

A knock comes through and I dry my wet hands with my leggings heading for the door. As soon as I open the door I freeze. This was the last person on my mind.

“I...uhm...hi” I say. The lady behind her throws the back of her hand and it lands as a sting on my cheek. I hold my cheek in disbelief.

“So you are the bitch he’s been messing around with huh?” she throws another clap. Wait a minute I don’t even know this woman, why the hell is she slapping me? Grace pushes me back and forcefully makes her way in.

“What’s that smell?” she says walking in. They both cover their nostrils with their fingers.

“Where is my son? Girly where is Mokete?” Grace says.

“H-he’s in the bathroom” I say. The lady who slapped me starts walking to me. I walk away to the living room.

“So you’re the same bitch who made Mokete break up with me? While I’m in Welkom planning a future you’re up here warming up his bed? Who the hell do you think you are just coming here trying to take what’s mine? Mokete is mine girly and I will fight tooth and nail for what’s mine! Even if I have to kill you!” she shouts. I stop moving backwards when the back of my head hits something. I look back and spot him, looking at them.

“Vero? Ma? What are you doing here?” he asks. The Vero woman frowns while Grace just throws up.

“What is a witch doing in Mokete’s flat?” – Vero. A what? Grace wipes her lips and

sprints out. What are these people on about?

“Are you doing witchcraft on my man? Where the hell is he?” she says.

“Vero what are you talking about?” – Mokete. She blocks her nostrils with her fingers and vomits on the floor. She glances at me and Mokete again and follows Grace. What’s going on?

(I’m sorry if it’s not good)

Insert 42.

(Something short).

Unedited.

Mokete's POV.

Ever heard of the metaphor 'having the world on your shoulders'? That's literally how I feel right now. I'm still getting the hang of being able to go things for myself again and the oil rub Melemina just gave me is easing my body pains. Being in bed for almost a month isn't child's play.

No lie missing out on Mokete's funeral doesn't sit well with me. We might have not gotten along much but he's my father and no matter what I'll always value his presence. While I'm still dealing with that I

have work to worry about as well. Mina said she sent a sick letter to the office that said I'm sick so I'm on sick leave till further notice. I don't think I want to go back there though. Sigh.

Now more than ever I am convinced that all this is witchcraft. How could Veronica and my own mother see me as a witch? Yes I have the acne and the holes over my body, I'm skinny and much darker but I'm still me. And what smell were they talking about? I don't smell anything off, so does Mimi. Or is she just pretending to protect my feelings?

“Mimi?”

She looks up at me.

“Hmm?”

“Do I smell off?”

“No, not at all”

“Do I look off?”

She smiles.

“Its nothing pap can’t fix” she says with a shrug. I chuckle.

“No mahn, I mean do I look like a witch?” I say.

“I mean, I still see you as the same Mokete from a month ago” she says. She sighs heavily. “I’m partly happy that you’re not handsome anymore because you’d still be big headed and arrogant and mean and shitty-”

“Whoa whoa whoa, can you stop trashing my character like that?”

She laughs.

“I’m just being honest with you, you’re very mean man” she says. Silence.

“I’m sorry, for being a pain in the ass”

“Its okay man, looking at you now I feel like giving myself a round of applause because you practically rose from the dead” she says and I burst out laughing.

“Bathathe wena matron resurrection!”

“Says Masilo incarnate rha!”

We both laugh.

“Oh wow, that’s a low blow”

“Low blow se gaat marn you started hauw” she says and I laugh. “Well then I have to cook for uMasilo wam” she says. Masilo wam?

“Do I have to remind you that I don’t eat your food?” I say.

“Do I have to remind you that I’m cooking for uMasilo wam and not Mokete the handsome manyala?” she says standing up.

“Manyala?” I say and she laughs. I grab her hand. “Manyala? Did I hear that right?” she laughs again trying to loosen my grip on her wrist.

“Ey wena marn! Let go of me” she says laughing.

“Take that back first” I say.

“Kuyomele ngife! (I’ll have to die first)” she says.

“I’m warning you!”

Still she laughs.

“I’m counting to 3” I say.

“An’ ngeni nadwo nama count akho (I don’t care about your counts)” she says still laughing. I pull her roughly and she falls on my laps.

“I said apologise” I say and she laughs even louder trying by all means to get off. I hold both her hands and cross her arms wrapping mine around her waist. She tries to fight me but I have my grip steady.

“One...two...two a half...three...three and one third...three and two third...I’m still waiting for you to say what I want to hear” I say. She laughs.

“I told I’ll never” she says.

“You think I’m playing wena” I say tightening my grip.

“Aw! Mokeeeeeee!”

She slaps and pinches my hands.

“I said apologise” I say.

“I’m sorryyyyyyyyy!” she shouts. I loosen my grip but she doesn’t move. What now?

An image of her bouncy behind comes to mind and I put my forehead against her back. I shut my eyes.

“Ahem...I...uhm...I should...” she rushes out of the living room. What the fuck did I just do? She probably thinks I’m a pervert or something. Well I wouldn’t blame her because that was very pervy of me. Shit! I hit my forehead in frustration.

FUCK!

Boitumelo's POV.

Right now I'm supposed to be in preparations for getting married but I'm still dealing with the Mokete family. I just got off the call with Grace, Hines' first baby mama, and honestly she's not making any sense. She's talking about Mimi and a witch. Or is she saying that Mimi is a witch? I'm definitely confused here. I told her to calm down first and then she can narrate this whole thing to me.

The door opens and the man himself makes his way in. He walks like he owns this place, smh. What's the use of moving out because

we're practically still doing vat en sit. I'm telling you this man is stuck to me. He's MTN, everywhere I go. He throws himself next to me on the L shaped couch and I put my hand on his head.

"What's bothering you?" I ask. He trills his lips. That's a sign of frustration.

"Nothing, I'm just tired" he says. He's lying to me.

"Want something to eat? I didn't cook though" I say.

"Let's order in, I want to rest" he says leaning on my chest. It's actually funny how he's so comfortable with this position. "So this weekend we're delivering the letter to your home" he says.

“Who’s handling the negotiations on your side?” I ask. Coming to think of it, I’ve never heard him talking about any relatives.

“My cousins Ndabe and Soma are flying in with their father and uncle” he says. So he does have relatives, that’s good to know.

“Oh okay, I have to travel to Cape Town this upcoming weekend” I say.

“Mokete?”

“Yeah, Grace is saying a lot of incomprehensible things so I really need to go there myself” I say.

“Okay” he says.

“There’s something else we have to talk about” I say.

“Yeah?”

“Sex”

Okay that caught his attention fast.

“I want to stop taking the pill” I say. He has the weirdest look on his face right now.

“You want to fall...pregnant?” he asks.

“No, that’s not the case. We have a lot on our plate right now and we’re definitely not prepared for a child” I say. He furrows his brows.

“So...what are you saying?”

“I’m saying that we need to start using other sorts of contraceptives” I say. He’s giving me an expression that tells me to explain further so I do. “Pulling out, after pills, condoms” I say.

He sighs with a chuckle. I hope he doesn’t think I’m kidding about this. I’m dead serious about this.

Insert 43.

Unedited.

Mimi's POV.

It took just one stupid move to ruin the peace in this house. Mokete and I were finally getting along just fine until yesterday happened. When he let go of me I should have gotten off his laps. Now I gave him a boner. Mxm.

He walks into the kitchen and stops spontaneously in his tracks. After our

awkward moment yesterday I locked myself in my room and I didn't come out till this morning. I just wanted to avoid him best I could.

"Morning" he says.

"Good morning" I say and return my gaze to the pots.

"Uhm, about last night, uhm I just wanted to tell you that I'm sorry. You probably think I'm a pervert at this point and I reassure you I am not. I'm not going to say anything to justify my actions I just want you to know I'm sorry from the depth of my heart" he says. I fake a smile.

"It was partly my fault as well so you don't have to be embarrassed" I say.

“I just don’t want things to be awkward between us, I want us to be able to hold a proper conversation without things being forced” he says and I nod.

“I’m cooking so please go sit down” I say.

“Is that pap?”

“Yes”

“So we’re having pap for breakfast? Hai ke”

“Who is we? I’m cooking for myself phela (only) la. You’re going back to being handsome and remember I don’t cook for handsome manyala” I say.

“O qadile (You’ve started)” he says pointing a finger at me and I laugh.

“Go sit down please Lesilo” I say. He shakes his head and turns around. I’m left smiling like a retard. Mokete Mokete.

William's POV.

I walk in the club and spot my brothers at the snooker table in the VIP. I grab a beer by the bar and then walk to join them on their haven.

“Monin” I say.

“Ekuojomo (Good morning)” – Mike.

“Big brother wid a wifie Mommy no be like”
– Rich.

“Shut it, you annoying brat” I say. The fool laughs.

“Did you do what we spoke about the other day?” – Josh.

“For your own sake Will I hope you didn’t go through with this idiot’s idea” Mike says. I frown.

“Why?”

“Because it’s stupid and dangerous. You need to think of a right approach to this one man” – Rick.

“And getting her pregnant isn’t the right approach” – Mike.

“You know Zimasa man, she’ll fight tooth and nail for you to marry Yewande, even if it means killing your child and girlfriend” – Pat.

“It’s already done, she’s pregnant” I say. Richie and Richie laugh their lungs out. Mike hangs his head. “Zimasa gave birth to me hence I know her, but I’ve got this all

figured out bros, relax” I say. Going for marriage first would have been world war 3 itself so I have to do a different approach. Impregnate her, then introduce her to the family and then marriage.

“How does she feel about the pregnancy?”
– Josh.

“She doesn’t know” – me.

“Then how do you know she’s pregnant?” –
Mike.

“You’re the lawyer and I’m the doctor incase you forgot, pregnancy symptoms are hard to not miss. Dime has turned into a religious fried banana eater, something she hated when she got here” I say.

“Okay doc so when are you going to tell her?” – Mike. I chuckle.

“I’m not saying anything to anyone. I’ll wait for her to notice and then maybe tell me her suspicions but knowing my Miss she’ll tell me after confirming” I say.

“So you’re going to be a dad, again” – Richie.

“I guess” I say with a shrug.

“Look at you being all modest. 3am feedings and potty training will smack that modesty out of you” – Mike. We all laugh.

“Congratulations man” Rick.

“Thanks man”

“Though I hope your madame punishes you for knocking her up unprovoked” – Richie. We all laugh.

“Its going to be interested having an Ozioko bride who’s endowed with intellect” – Richie.

“What exactly does that suggest about our wives?” Josh says moving closer to him.

“No no, I didn’t mean it like that, I meant an Ozioko bride who takes interest in something apart from makeup, hair and nails” he says.

“Man you’re making it sound worse” his twin says. I’m just keeping shut. I don’t want to step on toes and then people start hating Dime for that.

“You’re a piece of shit” – Josh.

.....
Noloyiso’s POV.

I'm woken up by a very persistent knock. Why did that person have to wake me up?! I wipe my tears with my fingers and drag my feet downstairs. I wonder who it is, I'm not in the mood for any of Will's people.

I open the door to be met by two people. A dark lady and a dark little girl. She smiles revealing her pearly whites.

"Hi I'm lookin for Will" she says.

"Hes not here at the moment" I say.

"Shoot! Can you please...I'm sorry who are you?" she rumbles.

"Noloyiso, his partner and who are you?" I ask.

“Oh? I uhm...I’m Nailah, Neon’s mother, uhm Will didn’t tell me you’d be here” she says. So the little girl is Neon, noted.

“He needs to tell you I’ll be at his house?” I say.

“I didn’t mean it like that, just that I didn’t expect you to be here” she says.

“I didn’t expect you’d be here either, come in” I say and open the door further. They walk in and the Nailah lady makes herself very comfortable in the living room while Neon runs amok.

“Uhm I won’t waste any of your time, I came to drop Neon off for the Weekend, I’ll fetch her on Monday” she says. Whoa!

“Does William know about this?” I ask. She smiles.

“Yeah, I’ll see you next week” she says standing up. Why didn’t William tell me about this? Aren’t we supposed to communicate about such? The sound of a door shutting pulls me out of my thoughts.

“Hi, my name is Neon, nice to meet you” the little girl says sitting next to me. Oh she’s not a brat, that’s nice. I smile.

“I’m Nolo, nice to meet you as well” I say.

“Are you my father’s girlfriend?” she asks.

“No, I’m his partner” I say. She frowns. “Its very complicated, do you want something to eat?” I ask standing up.

“I want fried bananas” she says.

“No way that’s my favourite” I say. She smiles widely.

“Nailah says bananas are for monkeys” she says. I laugh.

“Then I guess you and I are monkeys then” I say and she laughs. “Let me go put on some shoes and then we’ll get our monkey food, okay?”

She nods.

.....

Narrated.

Location: Somewhere in Pietermaritzburg.

“Do you realise that if we went to Cape Town sooner Mokete wouldn’t have gotten to that point?” Glory says to Mpiloenhle.

“Last time I checked Melemina and Mokete were supposed to come to us, not the other way around” – Lo.

“And since they’re confused we have to go to them” – Glo.

“Have you forgotten how I work? I help those who help themselves” – Lo.

“If you could just stop being stubborn nje” – Glo.

“Yazi Glo I don’t want to hear anymore of this, those 2 should come to us”

“I’m going to Cape Town the upcoming weekend, you’ll face Maqinase’s wrath by yourself” Glo says. Lo swiftly looks at her, hit by a realisation.

Insert 44.

Unedited.

(Super long).

18SNLV.

William's POV.

My intestines freeze immediately when I see her shoes by the door. What is she doing here? I'm happy she's here but why wasn't I informed that she'd be here. I try calling Nailah but my calls aren't going through. Fuck her! She's back to playing her

stupid games with me. I wonder what the hell she said to Dime.

“Papa!” she shouts running to me. I smile and lift her, putting her on my arm.

“My princess” I say planting endless kisses all over her face while she giggles. “I missed you so much my doll, you’ve grown so much” I say.

“Stop kissing Papa, I’m a big girl” she says.

“And who said big girls don’t get kisses from their fathers?” I ask and she laughs.

“But I’m old” she says.

“You’ll forever be my little princess” I say. I dart my eyes around the living room and dining room but I see no sight of Dime.

“Princess who brought you here?” I ask.

“Nailah, she left me with Nolo and we went to Big P to buy fried bananas and then we went to the Lennox and bought a lot of clothes and shoes and then we drove to Big P again and got more fried bananas because she really likes fried bananas, just like me” my baby girl can talk for days! I’m shocked, Dime did all that?

“You like her?” I ask and she nods. I smile and kiss her on the forehead. I swear nothing can make me this relieved. Last thing I want is having a woman and daughter who don’t get along.

“BABY YOU’RE THE ONE THAT I DESIRE O!”

“Shhhh, Nolo is sleeping” she says with her finger on my lips. I chuckle and put her down.

“Sorry, let me go check on her” I say walking away. I drag my feet up the stairs and make my way to the bedroom. She’s passed out on the bed wrapped only in leggings. I sit on the bed next to her and gently shake her. “Dime” the heavy sleeper she is would never wake up from that so I shake her rougher. She wakes up with tears forming in her eyes.

“Why? Why William?” she sobs. Now I’m confused. “You know I hate being woken from slumber. Why can’t you people just let me rest? Don’t I deserve that much? Huh? 8 hours is all I’m asking for” she says.

“I’m sorry ba-”

“Just leave me alone William! Leave!” she shouts. I sigh and get up from the bed. “So you’re leaving me alone William? You want me to be alone? You don’t care about me do you?” she says sobbing. I walk back to the bed and sit next to her. I wipe her tears with my thumbs and hug her. Surprisingly she hugs me back.

“Please forgive me, I’m sorry my love, I didn’t mean to upset you, okay?”

She nods after composing herself.

“Am I forgiven?” I ask and she nods.

“Why didn’t you tell me Neon is coming over?” she asks. I sigh.

“I’m sorry about that as well. Nailah didn’t tell me she’s coming over and now when I

try calling her the calls don't go through, I'm so sorry love. I can't take her to Mike's though" I say.

"No it's fine love. I wouldn't suggest that, she's a nice kid anyway" she says. I smile.

"She told me about the trips to the Lennox and Big P" I say.

"I don't really have a good record for babysitting so I thought why not" she says shrugging. She looks up at me. "Baby?"

"My Dime?"

"I want sex" she says. This one is definitely pregnant. And rule number one of surviving pregnant women is to go with the flow.

"Are you sure?" I ask and she nods. She brings her face closer to mine and attacks me with a kiss. I respond already grabbing

her tender twins. Only God can explain what these two things do to me and my member. She winces in pain but moans as I put my tongue in her mouth. I pull her leggings down and surprisingly she doesn't have any underwear on. She strokes my member and I take the pleasure of growing slowly. I slide down to her haven and slowly massage whilst feasting on my favourite part of her body.

Minutes later of foreplay I place her on a pillow and thrust without notice. She closes her eyes a bit and pushes her head back. I'm careful not to push my entire cock in. I thrust and pound...

.....

Noloyiso's POV.

Kilo kilo?

(It's Kel P vibes)

Jeun soke o, them go dey jeun soke o

All my people them go dey jeun soke o

Boss man, e jeun soke o

When the gbedu they enter body, enter
body

All the gyal dem go shake their body

Dem go shake their body

Oluwu Burna mo Gbona feli, say mo Gbona
feli

You no get money, you dey call police

Me I dey laugh you gan ni

Hmmn

Gidigidi gidigidi gidigidi gidi

O di woronpoto

(Ah, yeah)

Dem say I dey craze, I no normal

But I dey spray you di money, Onyeoma

You suppose to know she me no be
newcomer

So my baby, no be make you no go dull am,
no dull am

When the gbedu they enter body, enter
body

All the gyal dem go shake their body

Dem go shake their body

Oluwu Burna mo Gbona feli, say mo Gbona
feli

You no get money, you dey call police

Me I dey laugh you gan ni

As I dey sing, the feel the pulse

Make all the people jump around

Make you dey listen well because I no fit
shout

(No fit shout)

No joking around

(Ehzewu)

Listen make I tell you what it's all about

(Gbekelebe)

I no fi tell you as e water enter coconut

You sit down inside bus, you say you be
boss

(Eh eh ehh)

Oya look'u look'u taatata

Look'u look'u taatata

See small pikin wey dey para, wey dey
gagaga

Ki lo sele papapa?

Oh looku, looku looku looku taatata

Looku looku taatata

See a all pikin wey dey para, wey dey
gagaga

Ki lo sele papapa?

When the gbedu they enter body, enter
body

All the gyal dem go shake their bodies

Dem go shake their body

Oluwa Burna'm Gbona feli

(Oh Gbona, mo Gbona oh)

Mo Gbona feli

(Gbona oh, Gbona oh)

You no get money, you dey call police

(Eheheh)

Me I dey laugh you gan ni

Hmmn

Gidigidi gidigidi gidigidi gidi

(Mo Gbona feli)

O di woronpoto

(Ah yeah)

(Mo)

Gbona feli

The father and daughter duo are on a mission to piss me off. I have been trying to ignore them and their horrible singing but I can't take it anymore. The drive to the airport seems to be taking forever nayo.

“Nolo” Neon says. I wipe my tears and look back at her. “Don’t be sad, we’ll visit you in South Africa” she says.

“How can I not be sad when you people are singing your lungs out as if you’re happy I’m leaving?” I snap. I can tell nobody was prepared for that.

“Sorry Nolo” she whispers. I wipe more of my tears and compose myself.

“Come here princess” I say. She unbuckles her seatbelt and crosses over to the front. I place her on my lap. “I’m not angry at you okay?” she nods. “You must visit me every once in a while or else I’ll get very upset, okay?”

She nods with a smile.

“Baby I’ll-“

I give him the hand gesture and look away. I switch off the radio and we travel in silence. 40 more minutes later we finally get to Lagos international airport. We make our way out of the car and they walk me in. I hate goodbyes.

“Don’t cry Dime, I’ll be there next weekend” he says and pecks my lips.

“Promise?” I say.

“Promise. Please take care of yourself and our-”

I frown.

“What?”

“Please take care of yourself and our properties” he says. We hug again and then kiss.

“Bye Nolo” Neon says.

“Goodbye Nana, don’t forget what I said okay?” I say hugging her. She just giggles. I take my handbag from Will and walk to boarder my plane. I left everything at Will’s house. The only things I brought along are my handbag and close to nothing contents. Even my wig is there. I buckle up and put my headphones in. It’s going to be a long flight.

Finally we land in OR Tambo international airport. We off the plane and make our way inside the airport. I walk right through and

get into my car. I really miss my Raya but jetlag won't allow me to get onto another plane. Tonight I'll be sleeping in my Sandton house.

I stop by a garage and top up my tank and to get myself some nibbles and energy drinks. It's good to be home though. Hearing languages I'm familiar with is nice. Lol back in Nigeria when some males spoke their foreign language around me I'd immediately tense up because I don't know if they're planning to nab me or what.

I dial Mika and it rings for a couple of seconds before she picks up.

“Miss not so single anymore” she says.

“That’s me baby” I say.

“Dating for 3 weeks and you already have a big head” – she.

“Eh don’t rain on my parade please miss!” I say. She laughs.

“How are you mogana?” – she.

“I’m fine and how’s my favourite baby mama?” – me.

“I am well. So please explain why exactly you’re just fine and not exceptionally good after being with your man for 3 weeks?” – she.

“Because I won’t see him for another week, it’s frustrating Mika” – me.

“Why exactly is he staying?”

“He has to fix issues with his working Visa. Enough about that man, so pregnantally how are you?” I say. She laughs.

“Pregnantally I’m okay, a month and a couple of days are fine njena” she says.

“I’m glad to hear that, I’m coming to see you on Saturday, okay?”

“Ill hear from you then” – she.

Boitumelo’s POV.

I’m having the usual day at work when an unexpected patient walks into the consultation room. We lock eyes immediately but I’m the first to look away.

“Please take a seat ma’am” I say already clicking onto my pen. I hear the door shut and she sits on the chair in front of me. “So, what brings you here?” I ask. She chuckles.

“So you’re really going to act like you and I don’t know each other?” she says.

“No, I’m going to do what I’m being paid to do. What brings you here ma’am?” I say. She puts her clinic card on the table.

“Check up” she says. Alrighty. I push my chair back and walk to her side to the table. I squat and unbandage her lower leg.

“You’re already married Boitumelo?” she says. Sigh.

“No mama, it’s an engagement ring” I say.

“3 weeks into my son’s passing and people are already getting engaged, win!” she says

and claps once. I'm going to act like I didn't hear that.

"Is it the same boy who made you divorce my son?" she says. I'm going to act like I didn't hear that as well. I clean up her swollen lower leg and bandage her with clean bandages. I get up and walk to my side again. I fill in her card while she stares at me like I said I cure infidelity.

"You don't look like the same Boitumelo I welcomed as a bride in my home years ago" she says. I stop writing and look at her.

"I'm not" I say and resume writing.

"What changed so you much?" she asks. Why is she trying to make chitchat? I sigh and decide to ignore her. "You're going to burn in hell for what you did to my son Boitumelo" she says. The nerve! I put my

pen back down and look at this old woman in front of me.

“What exactly did I do to your son Mama?” I ask.

“I know you’re the one who killed him” she says. Where does this woman buy her liver mara? Because wow I want some.

“For what exactly Mama? Hines and I were divorced when he passed so what would his death do for me exactly? Mama maybe you should let go of Hines’ assets and properties and give it to his kids” I say as politely as I can.

“Those spoilt brats should follow you to hell” she says. Hai ngeke. I hand her clinic card back and sigh, waiting for her to get out. “Stay out of my way if you want to see

your wedding day” she says and bangs the door. A threat from a witch? I hear I fear.

My next patient makes her way in, heavily pregnant.

“Good afternoon sister” she says. I smile.

“Hi, please take a seat” I say.

“Thank you” she says and sits in front of me. She puts her clinic card on the table and I check it. Last check up.

“How are you feeling?” I ask.

“I’m alright, I guess” she says. I nod. “Do you have kids?” she asks. I look up at her and she looks down. I smile.

“No I don’t” I say.

“Would you love to have some?”

“Yeah, someday” I say and she nods. She looks like her mind isn’t here at all. Like she’s thinking hard. “You sure you okay?” I ask and she nods. Mhk. This is definitely one of the weirdest days I’ve had at work.

Mimi’s POV.

Honestly, Mokete is an awesome guy. He’s weird but he’s great. Whenever we’re together it’s roasting, laughing and smiling nonstop. We have so much in common. We’re both huge J. Cole and Rihanna fans. We listen to the same genre of music and we also like the same type of movies. There’s some deep connection here.

“Confession number one” I say.

“I have a crush on Zonke Dikana” he says. I laugh.

“Confession number two”

“None” he says.

“C’mon Mokete it can’t only be that” I say.

“But it is. It’s your turn now. Confession number one” he says.

“I have nothing to confess, I am clean” I say.

“White lie”

“I’m telling you” I say.

“Tell me something you would never tell anyone else” he says.

“No” I say. I’m tempted to tell him something but that’ll just cause tension

around here if he doesn't feel the same way.

"Tell me why you were dating my father" he says. Sigh.

"I needed money and-"

His phone rings saving me from the uncomfortable question.

"Askies (sorry) I have to take this" he says.

"Dimamzo...(sigh) ke sharpo (I'm alright) I've haven't been well the passed couple of weeks...I'm okay...you want to come here?...no don't, I'm completely fine, ebile I'm coming home soon...yah...okay sharp"

He hangs up and sighs. He looks at me and we lock eyes. I'm waiting for him to say something to me.

“I think we should go visit a sangoma” he says. Whoa whoa whoa! Who is ‘we’?

“No you should go alone, I don’t believe in those things” I say suddenly remembering my current dreams. He chuckles.

“Okay, I should go visit a sangoma then” he says and I nod. I don’t like those things kodwa I wouldn’t force someone else not to believe in them just because I don’t.

Mokete is grown and he can do whatever he thinks is right for him.

“You didn’t answer my question” he says. I sigh.

“Maybe next time” I say. He nods.

Mzwakhe’s POV.

“Baby” I hear Tumi’s voice. I open my eyes.
“Araba phone yahao kapa o I time hle
(answer your phone or switch it off)”

I pick it up and answer without checking the ID.

“This better be worth my woman’s anger” I say. I hear giggling.

“Uzoba right marn (she’ll be okay)”

“Noloyiso Nxumalo what do you want in the middle of the night?”

“Its morning wena” she says. I sigh.

“Finally back in SA?” I say.

“Yeah I’m back, I have jetlag so this isn’t a social call, I have a quick question” she says. I chuckle.

“A quick question at 2 in the morning? I’m putting this sister of mine up for sale”

“Hai marn wena mqundu wakho”

I laugh.

“Shoot”

“What’s your fiancé’s shoe size?”

I frown.

“Size 5, why?”

“I told you I’m getting her shoes adithi” she says. I laugh.

“I thought you didn’t like my woman” I say.

“And now I do, is it a crime for a woman to change her mind?” – she.

“Not at all” I say.

“So when’s the fam arriving?” – she. I sigh.

“Tomorrow”

“And how do you feel about this whole thing?” – she.

“I just want to get it over and done with so I can continue living my life” – me.

“I feel you. I just hope they won’t cause any drama” – she.

“Ndabe and Soma know how to tame their people sis” I say.

“True that, talk later bro”

“Sure”

I put my phone back on the side table and pull my woman closer to me. She doesn't fight me, instead puts her hand on my arm.

.....

Narrated.

Location: Somewhere in Port Elizabeth.

The news of Mzwakhe's engagement travelled within the family fast. And it seems it's rubbing everybody the wrong way. It like a plaque of frustration. After all their attempts these 2 kids seem to be prospering and succeeding more and more. "What kind of muthi are they using?" they keep asking themselves.

Somahashe, Ndabezitha, their father Qhanthi and uncle Donathan make their way to their car to begin their journey. Out of all the people who heard the good news they're the only ones who are happy.

“Wait! I'm coming with!” a woman in her late 40s says rushing to the car.

“The car is full Ncumisa” Don says.

“It's fine, Malibongwe and I will follow in my car” she says. Soma and Ndabe look at each other in confusion.

“Are you going to pay for your ticket makhazi (aunt)?” – Soma.

“Masambeni (let's go)” she says already starting her car.

“Tata” – Ndabe.

“Your aunt is hard headed Ndabe, her mind is made up and you know there’s nothing we can do right now” – Qhanthi.

“I have a bad feeling about this” – Soma.

“Me too, we should call Mzwakhe” – Don.

“Cha, let’s just get going. We’ll deal with Ncumisa phambili” – Qhanthi.

“Yikaka lena (this is shit)” Soma says and gets into the car. The three gentlemen follows him.

.....
Boitumelo’s POV.

Just after I make my way into my apartment my phone rings. It’s a video call from Roxanne. I drop on the couch and answer.

“Mosadi”

“Mosadi Mosadi” I say.

“You look so tired for a bride mahn” she says and I laugh.

“I am tired vele Mosadi. Mzwakhe’s family’s arriving today and I went to do spring cleaning at the townhouse. Had to put fresh linens and Hoover around the house. You know in laws are not afraid to voice their opinions” I say.

“Tell me about it, in laws are sent from hell I tell you” – she. I laugh. A knock comes through and I’m forced to end the call. I put my shoes on and walk to the kitchen. My feet are so painful.

I open the door and come in contact with the last person I expect to see.

“Hey” she says. I’m so shocked that she knows how to smile.

“Hi, uh Mzwakhe isn’t here” I say.

“I know, I came to see you” she says. Oh?

“Come in” I say opening the door further. She walks in looking around. “Anything to drink?” I ask.

“Yeah anything” she says, still looking around. I wonder what I did for a visit from her watseba. I put a glass of juice in front of her and sit on the short side of the L.

“Thank you. I uh, wanted to apologise for how unfriendly I was to you when we first met, I let my assumptions get in the way of

getting to know you for who you really are and for that I'm very sorry. Peace offering?" she says handing me a Balenciaga paper bag. I smile. Phambili is where we go neh? "Oh thank you" I say and take the paper bag.

"I once saw those and thought they'd really look nice on you" she says. I pull out the box and it's leopard print high thigh 8 inches. Ai ngeke... "What don't you like them?" she says. I look at her and chuckle.

"No, they're nice, really nice" I say.

"Just not your style? I can get you a different pair if you'd like" she says.

"No, they're fine, nice" I lie. Ai shem I appreciate the thought but I'm not wearing

these. Ngeke. “Thank you so much” I say smiling. She smiles back.

“Does that mean I’m forgiven?” she says. I laugh.

“Argh I didn’t take that to heart” I say.

“Thank you”

.....
Mzwakhe’s POV.

If I had to count the people who are in favour of my prosperity I’d end on a single digit. Life happened and we lost a lot of family. My father’s side to be more specific. On my mother’s side there’s only 2 people who never stopped supporting us. Uncle Qhanthi and Donathan.

I hear the sound of a car outside and rise from my seat. The fam is here. They make their way to the house with one face I didn't expect to see. I take a deep breath and greet.

“Grootman” Ndabe says walking up to me.

“My laiti” we bro hug.

“Kodwa ke mna ndimdala (I'm older)” – Soma. I chuckle.

“Of course you are” we bro hug. They make their way in and I'm left greeting my uncles.

“Mfanomnye uyachata (Mfanomnye is getting married)” – Qhanthi.

“Ewe tamci (yes uncle)”

We embrace in a hug.

“Ukhulile man (you’ve grown)”

I laugh.

“Don the Don” I say punching him on the abdomen. He winces and I laugh. He gets back up and throws a punch towards my shoulder. I duck and dive, pinning him on the wall.

“Mqundu wakho san (your ass)” he says. I laugh and let him go. I open my arms for a hug and he throws a punch to my abdomen. He seems shocked when I don’t give him the reaction he wants.

“Embrace tamci” I say.

“Mcm” he walks past me and walks into the house. The other two pieces of shit I don’t care about them. I follow my uncles in the house and lock the door.

“Nice joint you have here grootman” Ndabe says.

“Enkosi ntwana (thanks man), what’d you want to drink?” – me.

“Beer” – Ndabe.

“Yerr inxila eli (this drunkard)” – Soma.

“Awume grootman (chill big bro)” – Ndabe.

Soma shakes his head. We’re disturbed by knocking on the door. They all look at me and I sigh.

“Are those two lost?” I ask. Qhanthi looks down.

“They insisted and you know your aunt ntwana” – Soma. I can’t stop nodding.

These people really like poking my ass. I walk to the door and open up. The witch smiles and I walk back to the living room.

She and her little brother make their way to the living room to sit with the rest of their family.

“Ohw what a lovely house Zwakhe, although I didn’t expect it to be so...small” she says. I bite my inner cheek. I need divine intervention right now because I swear I’m going to kill some people.

“Makhazi did your GPS confuse my house with hell?” I ask. She looks down.

“Hawu mtshana (nephew)” – Mali. I give him a death stare.

“Mtshana masimba, nxx”

I walk out. My hands are itching.

“I’m going to kill these people Sisi, I’m going to murder them”

“Haibo Mzwakhe, what’s going on?”

“Ncumisa and Malibongwe, one more push and I’m going to put a bullet in their skulls”

“Fuck, uhm...don’t go back in there I’m on my way” – she.

Noloyiso’s POV.

“What’s going on? Is he okay?” Tumi asks.

“He’s going to be fine, I’ll be back” I say rushing out of the apartment. Oh god I pray not again, not again! I run down the stairs and run to the parking lot.

I get into the car and drive out like a maniac. Luckily the townhouse is not that far. I'm there in 15 minutes. I park in the yard and jump out. He's standing at the corner of the house with his shaking hands in the pockets of his tracksuit pants.

"Zwkhe..." I put my hand on his cheek and quickly wipe my tears. I hate seeing my baby brother like this. I lightly slap him on the cheeks. I'm so relieved that this isn't Nkabi. "Hey...Zwakhe come back" I say. He doesn't move. I'm personally going to murder Mali and Ncumisa for this. I rush into the house and it becomes dead quiet.

"Ncumisa, Malibongwe please leave" I say. She chuckles.

“Hello to you too Nolo sthandwa sami” she says.

“Mzwakhe is going to kill you when he gets back, I suggest you leave immediately” I say and walk down the passage. I get to the main bedroom and push the ottoman to the wardrobe. I open up the safe and pull out the guns and the pills, leaving the bullets, papers and money. I wipe my tears quickly before walking out the passage.

“Nono” – Ncumisa.

“Fuseg, mnqundu ka nyoko, nxx”

I stash the guns in the kitchen cabinets and rush outside with the pills.

“Nana please drink up” I say putting the pills in his mouth. I give him a sip of water and make him swallow. I put the glass of water down and go back to lightly slapping his cheeks. “Nana, buya sthandwa sam (come back my love)” I say.

He looks at me slowly.

“Sisi?”

“Ewe sthandwa sam (yes my love)”

“Ndigu Mzwakhe (I’m Mzwakhe)”

I nod and hug him tightly around his waist. He puts his head on my shoulder and I bury my head on his chest, crying.

I'm making up for not posting yesterday.

I still love y'all 

Insert 43.

Unedited.

Noloyiso's POV.

I put him in the car and also get in. I drive out and dial Soma.

“Nono”

“Soma please deal with them, please”

“On it”

I hang up. Mzwakhe is zoning in and out. I hate this! I touch his knee and he looks at me slowly. He glances at me briefly and looks out the window again.

One encounter, just one was enough to bring skeletons out of closets. What do these people want from us? What did we do to them? Why isn't god interfering in this?

I remember everything incident like it happened yesterday. When our parents died Ncumisa became our legal guardian and that way she could access our inheritance. When she had finished every cent and could no longer afford us she sold our home and cars and dropped us like we're hot tomatoes. We lived in an orphanage for 3 years until a lady named Mawande adopted us. That's when we met Mr Ngubane.

We were happy again and Mzwakhe was diagnosed with MPD and started attending therapy for his condition. Things went south again when he caught Loyiso in the act. That's the first time I got acquainted with Nkabi. An 11 year old Mzwakhe zoned out

whilst banging Mr Ngubane's head on the wall until his head burst.

Back to square one is where we were now. That's when things went even worse. I dropped out and found a job. Honestly I wasn't shocked when Nkabi killed my boss. Neither was I shocked when he got into his illegal shenanigans. Though I blame Ncumisa for it. I wouldn't have been raped. There wouldn't have been Nkabi, nor Sam. Our lives would've been normal.

.....
Narrated.

After the phonecall from Nolo Soma decides to take matters into his own hands.

One by one he throws their luggage outside.

“Soma!”

He continues with what he’s doing like he’s deaf.

“Somahashe!” Aunt Ncumisa shouts again. He doesn’t give a fuck. He yanks her arm and drags her kicking and screaming.

“What are you doing?! This isn’t even your house! SOMAHASHE!!”

“You have the nerve to come here after everything you’ve done Makhazi? Every pain you’ve caused these two people?”

“Soma!” – Mali.

“You should also leave” – Ndabe. He says this as he stands up. Qhanthi and Donathan are just sitting on the 3 sitter watching all this with exhaustion. They’ve had it with these feuds. They want peace.

“Ndabe what are you saying kanye kanye?” – Mali.

“You people need to leave tamci (uncle). Grootman should be celebrating during this time and he can’t do that because of you, please leave” – Ndabe. He tries to grab Mali’s arm but he yanks it away.

“I’m supposed to be here! I’m supposed to be part of the negotiations! I’m also Asandiswa’s brother” – Mali.

“You still have the nerve to call Mamkhulu your sister? After what you and Ncumisa put her children through? Ninjani nina kodwa? (how are you guys?)” Soma returns after dropping off Ncumisa outside and goes to his uncle.

“What happened is in the past Ndabe (yanks his arm from Soma) we are moving forward as a family” – Mali.

“Andizwa?” – Soma.

“You are in no position to throw ultimatums” – Ndabe.

“I’m still your uncle Ndabezitha!”

“Uthini tamci? Did you see what transpired because of you? You and your sister need to leave these two people the hell alone!”

He and Ndabe yank Mali out of his seat and with much difficulty drags him to Ncumisa.

.....
Boitumelo's POV.

They walk past me like zombies and into the main bedroom. Their aura is so dark and cold. Mzwakhe eyes aren't like I'm used to. I'm left agape. I don't know if they don't see me or they're just completely ignoring my presence. I somehow feel like I shouldn't get myself involved in whatever. I go back to my pots.

When I'm done cooking I gather courage and I open the main bedroom door. I stop halfway when I hear someone singing. It's

Nolo. She's being spooned by Mzwakhe. They can't see me because their backs are turned to me. Okay jealous is an understatement to how I'm feeling right now.

"...oh, when you're cold, I'll be there, hold you tight to me. When you're on my outside, baby, and you can't get in, I'll show you, you're so much better than you know..."

She has a nice soprano though. It's really soothing. When I decide I've seen enough I close the door again and walk back to the kitchen.

Mzwakhe's POV.

It's late in the night when I finally open my eyes. Conquest is still in my arms and she's resting peacefully. Her eyes are puffy and I can tell she cried a lot before she finally slept. I hate seeing my big sister cry. I hate having these episodes that sadden her so much. I hate being a part of Nkabi and Sam. I hate that I have to have so much baggage.

I slowly put her head on the pillow and get off bed. I rub my eyes and exit the bedroom barefoot. A disturbing sight catches my attention and I stop on my way to the bathroom. My woman is sleeping on the couch, with a fleece on her. Sigh.

I walk to the living room and attempt to lift her but she wakes up immediately. She squints her eyes.

“Hey, you’re awake, let me go warm up your plate for you”

She attempts to stand up but I prevent her.

“I’m not hungry” I say and she nods. I can tell she doesn’t know what to do now.

“Come to me” I say. At first she looks confused. I open my arms and only then does she get what I mean. She comes closer and I wrap my arms around her waist

tightly, inhaling her fresh scent. This is my home, where I belong. She hugs me back.

“I love you Boitumelo”

“I love you too Mzwakhe” she says. She lets go but I don’t. I want her body on mine like this forever. I love this woman.

“You can go sleep with Nolo in the bedroom” I say.

“And you?”

“I’ll sleep on the couch” I say.

“No babe, I’ll sleep here with you” she says.

“No you can’t sleep on the couch” I say.

“But I already did” she says and I chuckle.

“Fine”

We lay back on the short and wide side of the L with her head on my chest and my arms around her waist. We sit in silence for a couple of minutes. For a while I thought she was sleeping already.

“Buti baby”

“Aus baby”

“Are you fine?” she asks. It came out as a whisper. I sigh running my fingers in her soft curls.

“I’m okay”

“I suck at comforting but I’d like to know how you’re doing, where you are as of current so that I can atleast support you to be where you want to be. Babe are you fine?”

I sigh again.

“I’m not, but I know I’m going to be okay when you’re with me” I say. There’s silence.

“I love you”

Random.

“I love you back baby” I say.

Mimi’s POV.

He steps into the house really late and I breathe out in relief. He makes his way to the living room. Frustration is written all over his face. Or is it anger?

“Welcome home, your food is in the oven” I say. He nods not looking at me. “What’s wrong?”

“These sangomas are useless, nxa” he says.

“What went wrong?” I ask.

“They all keep telling me that they’re not the ones to help me and that they are on the way and a whole lot of nonsense, nx” he says. Suddenly I remember one of my dreams of Gogo Kabi.

“Lets pray” I say. He looks at me with a frown. “Please, let’s just go on our knees and pray” I say. The frown disappears.

“Uhm, okay, sure” he says. I kneel right next to where I’m sitting and does the same. I close my eyes and start praying.

.....

I fell asleep while typing, I'm sorry.

Season Finale.

(Super long).

Unedited.

A few days later...

William's POV.

"Hey pretty lady"

She chuckles with her eyes slightly closed.

“Hey baby, how are you?”

“I’m good how about you?”

She yawns closing her eyes again.

“I’m fine, why you calling so early though?”

“I’m sorry, I just wanted to speak to you now. Did you get the song I sent you?”

“No, I’ll check it out in a couple of hours”

“You still want to sleep?”

“I’m depleted my love, I need more sleep”

I chuckle.

“That Burna Boy song will wait then” I say.

Her eyes flip open. I laugh. My woman stans Burna Boy, it’s disturbing sometimes and some other times I get jealous.

“What?”

“Continue your beauty sleep sleeping beauty” I say.

She laughs.

“I have to check the song out first” she says.

“Okay Dime, we’ll talk later” I say.

“I love you”

“Love you right back”

I put my cell phone in my pocket and return my attention to the TV screen. I’m all alone in the house today. Neon is with Omo, big brother Mike’s wife. Nailah, I don’t want her near my daughter. I don’t know if it’s safe to say she’s still a drug addict or what but what I know is she’s not coping. She’s my baby momma and she’ll always have a

special position in my life henceforth she will deal with herself before having Neon.

My flight to South Africa is tomorrow morning. Naija is and will forever be home but I miss my pregnant lady and the need to hold her close is on steroids. I still don't know how she's going to react when she finds out she's pregnant but I guess I'll have to wait and see. A song that's got me feeling on top of my game plays on the TV and I turn up the volume.

When I reach Igbo land them calling me
Odogwu

(Odogwu)

And as I enter the town I put am for agu

(Odogwu)

And nobody can stop you, Na so we fly pass
oh

Over any obstacle e be Odogwu

(Odogwu)

Say na who they draw the map e o?

(Odogwu)

You looking at the champion

(Odogwu)

Where they girls na shaky nyansh e o?

(Odogwu)

Wey the person, with the cash e o?

(Odogwu)

Aje aje kekele

(Odogwu)

Aje aje kekele

(Odogwu)

Aje aje kekele

(Odogwu)

Champion

Make I remind you as e dey go

Bounce to the sound, when I bounce with
the dough

Serve yourself Na the matter we dey go

Omo you dey slow, move make I move

I go slide, then you go sink like a boat

Me I just dey laugh like say life is a joke

I like Igbo girls, wey dey clean, wey dey
cook

If their boyfriend no get money then they
can't cope

Kuronbe

When I reach land they calling me Odogwu
(Odogwu)

And as I enter the town I put am for agu
(Odogwu)

And nobody can stop you, na so we dey fly
pass oh

Over any obstacle e be Odogwu
(Odogwu)

Oh my God, what a symphony

Ah, so tell me, what has gotten into me?

I step in real ride, pull up in a Bentley

And with the, the diamond on every ring
you see

Lights on, lights on I be commodore

The girls dem, dem want to touch pon my
kponornor

And if you nor get work you be jantara

Abegi, so make you go sit down for one
corner

You con dey border me, I go need my
apology

You know I wanna see

All the fine girls wey dey totori

Make I kolobi, hmm

When I reach Igbo land them calling me
Odogwu

(Odogwu)

And as I enter to town I put am for agu

(Odogwu)

And nobody can stop you, na so we dey fly
pass oh

Over any obstacle e be Odogwu

(Odogwu)

Say na who they draw the map e o?

(Odogwu)

You are looking at the champion

(Odogwu)

Where they girls na shaky nyansh e o?

(Odogwu)

Wey the person, with the cash e o?

(Odogwu)

Aje aje kekele

(Odogwu)

Aje aje kekele

(Odogwu)

Aje aje kekele

(Odogwu)

Champion.

“William!”

I lower the volume. What the actual fuck? I turn around and she's clicking her heels towards me. Looking all sorts of expensive in African print. Her demeanour is nothing compared to Dime's tyrannical. This one is a spoiled brat, even the air she breathes must be fresh, according to her. Her guards follow her up to me like lost puppies.

"William!"

I get up from the couch.

"Princess"

"William!"

Why is she still shouting?!

"Would you come up here and stop shouting?"

She marches up the stairs with so much anger one of her heels snap. I couldn't hold my laughter in. At first she looks embarrassed but she quickly changes and walks up to me like nothing is wrong. You can only imagine how she's walking with a broken heel and a heel that makes her 2 times taller than she is.

“William!”

“Princess, what do I owe the honour?”

“Aren't you forgetting something?”

I frown.

“What?”

“To bow”

I laugh. People out here are unbelievable.

“You expect me to bow? In my house?”

Am I being tested man above?

“William!”

I swear her squeaky soprano is going to make burst my ear drums. I stare at her with a straight face and she starts tapping her foot on the tile. I swear this one is here to annoy me.

“What happened William?” she says sitting on the couch opposite me. “I want to understand what it is that I did for you to do me like this. Leave us” she says waiving to her guards. I sigh. They bow and walk back down the stairs.

“Listen Ikebana, it’s not you it’s me. No offence but I couldn’t end up with someone like you”

“How is someone like me William?”

“Someone like you is not my type. Princess you are a rich 26 year old who’s living off her father and doing nothing apart from shopping every second day with your hypocrite friends”

She gasps with her eyes popped and hand on her chest.

“|-”

“No! Before you say something else, my type is women with ambition, ladies who talk money moves, who understand and actually care about economic development,

I like bosses” I explain. She wipes her tear away.

“I can be that woman Will, for you I can” she says.

“Princess please don’t do this”

“I can my love, please just be patient with me” she says. I sigh. She takes off her shoes and pushes them to the left before standing up and unzipping her dress. I frown.

“What are you doing?”

Her bra drops to the floor and I loose all my senses at the sight of her perky boobs.

“Will I’m a virgin, for you, please let me show you how much I love you” she says walking up to me. Her panty is gone. She

straddles me, stroking my manhood. For a first timer she sure knows how to grind.

“Ikebana you’re killing me” I groan. Jesus! I’m being tested indeed. By the power of your name I reject temptation. “Stop” I say pushing her off me.

“What is it? Don’t you want me?” she says squeezing her left boob and moaning.

“Ikebana please! I have a child on the way and this is the last thing on my mind, please see yourself out” I say. Before she can wrap her chakras around what I said I jog up the stairs to my bedroom. I strip naked and jump into the cold shower.

My phone rings and I step out of the shower to answer it.

“Beauty”

“Why did you do this to me William?”

My heart almost stand still thinking she found out about the pregnancy.

“|-”

“It’s all your fault William! You sent me this stupid song and now all my sleep is gone! Why?!”

9 months to go. My life is hell I tell you.

Mimi’s POV.

After packing all my belongings I sit on the bed and sigh. For the last time I scan my surroundings. This is the last time I’ll be

here. Home is where I'm headed. I'm kind of emotional because I don't have the courage to tell the man I love how I actually feel about him. I figure it best to leave because I can't bear the torture.

I walk out pushing my suitcase and my phone in my hand.

"I'm ready to go" I say to him, avoiding eye contact.

"Okay" he says and stands up, walking to the door. He stops abruptly and turns to face me. I also stop walking. "Mimi I have something to confess"

"What do you want to confess?" I asks, not branching for eye contact. I feel his hand on

my jawline and I look up at him in shock.
What's he doing?

"I lo-"

Knocking cuts him short. He groans in frustration and let's go of my face. I'm also frustrated because I want to know what he was going to say. He turns around and walks to the door. The door opens and 3 women appear, with 2 men.

"Hi" one who's pregnant says. I get the biggest shock of my life.

"Hi" Mokete greets back.

"Its so good to see you healthy and back on your feet" she says smiling. What kind of sorcery is this? My suitcase slips out of my

hand and our eyes lock. I sprint to the bedroom and shut the door. My buttocks find themselves flat on the floor. What's going on? How is she alive? She died years ago! How can she be alive?

"Mimi" Mokete says squatting in front of me. I close my eyes, trying to get my breathing back to normal.

"Why am I hallucinating? Get your shit together Melemina!" I say. I feel his hand on my face.

"What are you talking about? You're not hallucinating baby" he says.

"Can I talk to her?"

I flip my eyes open. Oh my god! Mokete stands up and walks away. She sighs and plops on the bed, staring at me.

“How did you wake up from the grave?”

“I’m not her Mimi” she says.

“You are!”

“I am not” she says gently.

“The-then how-why do you look so much like her? You even sound like her, God of mercy!”

“I am her heir, the one she chose” she says.

“You also practicing witchcraft?” I ask.

“Can you please come to the living room so we can explain to you and your husband?” she says. “Please, you need our help”

*

Mokete's POV.

I'm taken aback by Mimi's sudden reaction. Her hands were literally shaking when I left her. Who are these people and what is it about them that scares Mimi that much? My eyes are fixed on this other woman with shades. Stunning. She looks like a goddess. Let's just say her beauty is rare.

Minutes later the pregnant one walks out of the passage with Mimi. Mimi still looks shocked, or rather shaken. She's not even walking close to the pregnant lady. She's also beautiful, dark and beautiful with a headwrap. Mimi sits on the couch with the

rest of the people and the pregnant one comes to stand next to me.

“Melemina and Mokete I know we caught you by surprise but we are here merely on spiritual duty. My name is Mpiloenhle Mkabayi Khoza otherwise known as Gogo Maqinase, with me is my partner Glory, psychic medium. Her mother Glorious, father Jacob and my fiancé Ntandoyakhe”

“YOU SAID YOU’RE NOT HER!” Mimi shouts.

“She is not. Neither is she a witch. You see fate was decided before she was born.

Living entities often choose their heirs and control them from the grave but it’s different because Mkabayi is not bonded with Mkabayi. That’s why she is a splitting

image of her” the Glory woman says, that one who’s too beautiful to be true. I frown.

“She’s carrying out her grandmother’s duties right?” – Mimi.

“Wrong. Yes your grandmother was a witch, she used her gift the wrong way, she was obsessed with power, she was evil. When she passed on her gift to Lo she passed all of her characteristics to her in the form of possession. Lo had to be cleansed but of course she had to accept the gift. The gift is in good hands and a pure heart. Your grandmother is no longer in control of Lo” she continues.

“We came here to rid you of the curse that lingers above you” she says looking at me. My heart skips a beat. Could it possibly...?

“You’re the one to help me?” I ask.

“Yes” she says with a smile. So vele I’m bewitched?

“You need to be cleansed, both of you” the Glory woman says.

“I’m also bewitched?” a much calmer Mimi says.

“No, but the children you miscarried are darkening your soul” – Glory.

“I-I don’t understand” Mimi says with her voice breaking.

“One of them was an entity, that’s why he died first, and the other was a sacrifice used by your grandmother to kill your father” Mpiloenhle says looking at me. What?

“The snake that was found in your father’s stomach is the same snake that was the cause of your illness. But because Mkabayi

lingers it wasn't able to consume you like it did to your father, all it was able to do was decay slowly causing the worms and maggots to make your body their home" Glory says. Gobsnacked is an understatement. My grandmother?

"My grandmother killed my dad?" I ask.

"This stretches far beyond that Mokete. Your father has been dead for a very long time. Moratua fed Hines' so much muthi that he lost himself. Your father was no woman beater, certainly not someone to marry someone young enough to be his daughter. And that's all thanks to your grandmother, her twin sister and their greed" Mpiloenhle says.

She puts her hand on my abdomen and rubs me gently in circular motions. I did want help but this is another level of freaky.

Suddenly I'm feeling hot and sweaty. My stomach is turning and my hands are shaking. Without warning Glory starts praying out loud. I'm scared out of my mind.

"God is fire, those who honour and serve him bear the goodwill, those who go against him face the flame of the greatest one and will burn for eternity in hellfire" she says.

"Spit out what has been fed to you"
Mpiloenhle says. Instantly a bitter

substance fills my mouth. I spit it out immediately and loose mobility. I hear the sound of gags before I close my eyes.

Narrated.

“You thought I’d let you go?” whispers fill a room. The only woman occupying it flips her eyes open.

“Who’s there?” she says jumping off her bed.

“You thought I’d let you go?” the voice repeats.

“Who-who are you? What do you want?!” the old woman shouts.

“Your useless witch warned you about me Moratua. MY GRANDDAUGHTER?! MYYYY DECENDENDNT?!!”

The old woman’s heart is beating out of proportion trying to search where that angry voice is coming from.

“I’m sorry, I didddn’t know she was your granddddmother great one” she says stammering. She’s moving around the room in frantic search.

From the next room she hears a sharp scream. The voice in her head laughs out loud.

“I’m burning! Help! I’m burning!” her twin sister shouts. She tries to run out of the room but suddenly darkness surrounds her. She’s unable to see a thing.

Suddenly a woman appears in front of her. A woman she can see very well. Her skin is pitch black and glows in an unusual manner. Her long dreadlocks carelessly tossed in her face. She had black and red bead bracelets, anklets and necklaces and she’s dressed in traditional regalia. But one thing that shocks her most is the long claws the old woman possesses.

“They warned you Moratua” she says and grabs her with her arm. Digging her claws into Moratua’s abdomen. Still buried into

her flesh she lifts them, tearing the old woman's stomach up. "And you chose still chose to test me" she says staring into Moratua's eyes. She watches as her spirit slowly exit the body.

"Ahhhh!!! I'm burning" the twin screams on the top of her lungs. Holy intervention is doing its job. She tries reciting holy writs but it's all in vain. Bits and pieces of her soul turn into ash as she runs up the street hoping to stop the burning sensation.

"Thusang! Thusang! (Help! Help!)"

Mmarona shouts running into the house.

"My hut is burning! Help!" she shouts only to be met by Moratua's cold lifeless body.

Instantly the realisation hits her. She shakes

her head vigorously in denial. She starts laughing, laughing her lungs out. “Kea loya (laughing) ke moloji. Eya, ke moloji (laughing). (I practice witchcraft, I’m a witch. Yes, I’m a witch)” she continues laughing her lungs out.

Outside Mokete’s grandmother drops to the ground. Lifeless. Mmarona runs out of the house, stark. And she starts telling everybody the ‘good news’.

.....

Mzwakhe’s POV.

You think I’d leave your side, baby
You know me better than that

Think I'd leave you down when you're down
on your knees

I wouldn't do that

I'll tell you you're right when you're wrong

And if only you could see into me

Oh, when you're cold

I'll be there, hold you tight to me

When you're on my outside, baby, and you
can't get in

I'll show you, you're so much better than
you know

When you're lost

You're alone and you can't get back again

I'll find you, darling, and I'll bring you home

And if you want to cry
I am here to dry your eyes
And in no time, you'll be fine

You think I'd leave your side, baby
You know me better than that
You think I'd leave you when you're down
on your knees

I wouldn't do that
I'll tell you you're right when you're wrong
And if only you could see into me

Oh, when you're cold

I'll be there, hold you tight to me

Oh, when you're low

I'll be there by your side, baby

Oh, when you're cold

I'll be there, hold you tight to me

Oh, when you're low

I'll be there by your side, baby

Playing By Your Side by Sade whilst going through pictures.

“This is the song she loved singing for Conquest and I whenever we felt out of sorts” I tell her. I squeeze her hand pulling her out of space. She keeps zoning out

whenever she lays her eyes on my guns. I hand her a picture and she looks at it.

“These are your parents-in-law” I say. She smiles.

“They’re really beautiful, like Nolo” she says. I give her another picture.

“That’s Conquest and I”

She looks at the picture and smiles.

“You we’re cute” she says. I chuckle and look at her.

“What about now?”

“You look handsome” she says smiling. But soon her smile disappears. I’m not shocked at her mood. Today I decided to come clean to her. I told her about my personalities and

my past. Now I'm showing her pictures of my parents and videos.

"I know I caught you off guard with all of this but I we're getting married soon and I want you to know every aspect of me"

She leans on my shoulder and puts her hand around my arm.

"You're complicated, this is going to be difficult but (sigh) we'll make it work. I love you" she says and looks up at me.

"I love you more" I say.

Many men choose to portray their emotions physically, just like Conquest. With me it's different. I shut down and another me takes control. By the time

Mzwakhe comes back to me I would've dealt with all of that the only thing left is to consume it before it consumes me.

Conquest is the exact opposite of me, pain consumes her.

We hear voices and footsteps coming from up the passage and she looks up at me.

“That must be otamci and my cousins. Yiza (come)” I say getting up from the floor. She does the same and follows me to the living room.

“Mzwakhe?” Don seems surprised and Soma is looking at my woman with

confusion whilst Ndabe looks at her in fascination.

“Mholweni (Hey)” I say holding Tumi’s hand. She’s looking down at her feet. Expected much.

“Mchana (nephew) we just came from your FIANCE’S home and they’re eager to start the negotiations for your LOBOLA” Qhanthi says. I chuckle, clearly noting what he’s trying to do there.

“Kuhle tamci (that’s good uncle). So this is her, makoti wenu (your daughter-in-law)” I say. His face lights up.

“Greetings” she says.

“Mholo nontombi, unjani sisi? (Hey, how are you?)” he says with the widest smile.

“Nor marn I did notice I’ve seen someone like you today” Soma says.

“Someone like her where?” I ask.

“Phaya kubo (there are her home), she has 2 sisters andithi?” he says. I chuckle.

“Umntu wam ufana yedwa (my person doesn’t look like anyone)” I say.

“Makucho wena ke ntwana (if you say so)” he says with a shrug.

“I’ll go prepare something for you gentlemen” Tumi says walking away.

“Ungumakoti ngempela (she’s wife material)” Don says.

“Futhi uyabhabha (and she’s hot)” Ndabe says.

“Ntwana I’ll kill you dead, I’m not playing there” I warn. They laugh.

Noloyiso's POV.

The Jerusalema remix with Burna Boy is sick. I literally jumped out of bed to dance along. I seriously couldn't contain myself. But after that I couldn't sleep and I blame Mr Ozioko. Mxm that one lives to annoy me these days.

After the long shareholders meeting in Polokwane I jump into my Maserati and hit the road. I'm on my way to see my pregnant fairy. And of course I have that remix playing on full volume.

I jump off after parking in her driveway and make my way to the house with the paper bags. I find her with Vukosi in the living room.

“Hi hi good people” I say. She smiles.

“Mogana” she stands up and hugs me.

“V8”

He doesn't answer. I give Mika a look.

“Vukosi” she reprimands.

“Eitha Nolzana” he says looking at his laptop screen. Vukosi and I do not get along very well. I once dated his best friend Andy, well it wasn't exactly dating, just fucking but homeboy caught feels. After that V8 went after Mikateko with intentions of revenge

but homeboy caught feels as well. They're weak like that.

"So what have you got for me?" Mika says standing in front of me.

"Just a little something to thank you for knocking some sense into this senseless head of mine"

"Aw that's what friends are for Mogana"

"3 paper bags is a little something to you, I'll never get used to the 2 of you shame" Vukosi says laughing.

"Never mind him, I wanna see what you got for me" she says. I hand her the paper bags and goes through them. "Mogana why isn't anything in here for me?" she asks. I giggle.

“Because I want to spoil my godchild hauw, is that a crime kuwe?” I say. Vukosi laughs.

“Alexandra McQueen kicks for an infant, well let me mind my own. I’ll see you later baby” he says kissing Mika on the cheek.

“Bye” she says. He walks out leaving us alone.

“So, come sit here and tell me all about your Lagos trip” she says patting a space next to her. I plop down next to her and begin with the tale. She’s negative about the baby momma but I’m not bothered about her. Nonfactor she is.

“Nolo stop” she whines.

“Stop what?” I ask dipping another croissant in coriander dip.

“Stop eating my stuff, you eat like a pregnant woman” she says.

“Argh Mika stop whining” I say. She narrows her eyes at me and chuckles.

“What?”

“I’d bet half a million you’re pregnant” she says. I roll my eyes.

Sunday.

Mimi’s POV.

God of creation

There at the star before the beginning of time

With no point of reference

You spoke to the dark and flushed out the
wonder of light

Oh

And as you speak a hundred billion galaxies
are born

At the vapour of your breath the planet
forms

If the stars are made to worship, then so
will I

I can see your heart in everything you make

Every burning star is sitting on the fire of
grace

If creation sings your praises so will I

So will I

Oh

God of your promise

You don't speak in vain

Oh

For once you have spoken all nature and science follow the sound of your voice

Oh

If there's ever one time I believe in traditional healers it is now. Mokete was cleansed at home with a sea salt and Jeyes Fluid and some other herbs. Mkabayi cut him on his forehead and applied some black petroleum jelly they call Vimbela. After all that they took me to the beach and cleansed me there. They gave us some siwasho mixture to drink and a crème for

Mokete to apply to his skin. And then Mpiloenhle gave him blue and white bead bracelets and anklets. Glory consulted with him. He came out of there wiping tears. They're headed to Welkom together with Mokete and I'm headed home tomorrow.

Mpiloenhle makes her way to me.

“How are you feeling after all this?” she asks. I merely shrug. “Mimi you were bred from very powerful clans. They will go to extreme measures to make you're protected. Mkabayi might have had an evil heart but it was big and her family came first, like it or not you are protected by an entity. That's something rare and you should cherish it. They wanted you dead

but they ended up dead because of Mkabayi and the entire Khoza-Khumalo clan. Another thing, you should confess your feelings to him before it's too late, who knows what might happen" she says. A smile stretches on the corners of her lips and she caresses my upper arm. "Take care and greet my other cousins for me will you" she says and walks away.

I don't think I'll ever get used to how freakishly indistinguishable she is from our grandmother, she even walks like her. Even the dreads she hides most of the time are like Gogo Kabi's.

I hear a loud sigh behind me and turn around. He wraps his arms around my waist

and hugs me tight. This is unexpected. He lets go of me and stands looking at me with no emotion on his face.

“I just got a call that they’re dead” he says. I frown.

“Who?”

“The grandmothers” he says and sighs again. We’re silent.

“I’m sorry, for all of this” I say.

“It’s a lot to take in, but we’ll be okay” he says with one arm around my waist.

“I think so too” I say.

“We’ll be in the car” Mpiloenhle says guiding Glory out of the apartment.

“Better get going” he says letting go of me. I nod. He turns around and walks to the door.

“Mokete!”

He turns around. Get the words out Melemina! It’s just three of them!

“I’ll miss you” I say. He smiles.

“I’ll miss you too” he says and closes the door.

Sigh. What an end to our journey.

.....

Sunday.

Mokete’s POV.

How I'll ever be able to face any of my family after this? I don't know. The closest people to you can be the biggest snakes in grass. And the fact that they attack silently is what will not make you realise before it's too late.

There I was, good career, new beginnings, new love, fresh ocean air. Out of the blue two greedy old women inflict me and my future wife with witchcraft and kill my father. Then they go ahead and die. They wreak havoc and then they die. Imagine! Mxm, life is a two sided sword. No matter where you stand you should always brace yourself for pain and hurt, sometimes death.

“You have to be strong. You have to face him. Ask for forgiveness, protection, anything” Glory says as I kneel in front of my father’s grave. Gogo Maqinase is kneeling next to her dressed in blue and white traditional regalia. Her big tummy covered with another ancestral cloth. And of course her head wrapped.

I blame myself for not noticing that my father was going through this nonsense. How could I not? I’m his heir, how couldn’t I? Instead I fought with him everything chance I got. If I had noticed he’d still be alive. I would’ve gotten help for him, something.

“What’s gone is done, no matter how much blame you put on yourself things will not change. Everything happens for a particular reason Mokete. Don’t beat yourself up about all this” Glory says as we walk to the cars. I sigh with a nod. And then I remember she’s half blind and she can’t see me.

“I guess so” I say with a shrug.

“Good luck with your life, you have a very bright future ahead of you” she says.

“Thank you guys for everything you’ve done for me” I say.

“Not much of a biggie, just duties, spiritual duties” she says smiling. Gosh this woman is beautiful.

“You better take care of my cousin Mokete or else I’ll be coming after you, and I don’t

think you want to know what's going to happen if I let my demons out" Mpiloenhle says.

"Noted" I say and she laughs.

"Take care" she says getting into the car with her fiancé. He's one lucky man.

"You too" I say waving. The car drives off into the sunset leaving me alone in the cemetery.

Sigh. I have will issues to deal with now.

.....

Monday.

Boitumelo's POV.

Monday shifts are the worst I tell you. But I'm glad the day is finally over and I'm going to put my legs up and relax. I've been getting calls all day from my family. They are excited out of their minds! But I'm glad someone shares the same type of joy with me.

Having Mzwakhe come clean to me about his past and his condition almost made me reconsider the decision to marry him but he needs me now more than ever. I thought I went through the most but these Nxumalo kids are broken beyond repair.

As I make my way to the parking lot I hear disturbing cries coming from the bins. I put my bag in the car and decide to go check it

out. It's baby cries. I walk closer and I see a baby wrapped up in a blanket on a cardboard box. Who does this kind of monstrosity? I pick her up and a paper falls on my feet. I open it up and read it.

“Hi. I know you probably hate me already so I won't bother with explanations. This is Reitume, short for Reitumetsi, please take care of my little gift. Thank you”.

I love reading comments btw.

See you soon.

Admin still loves you 

Till 44