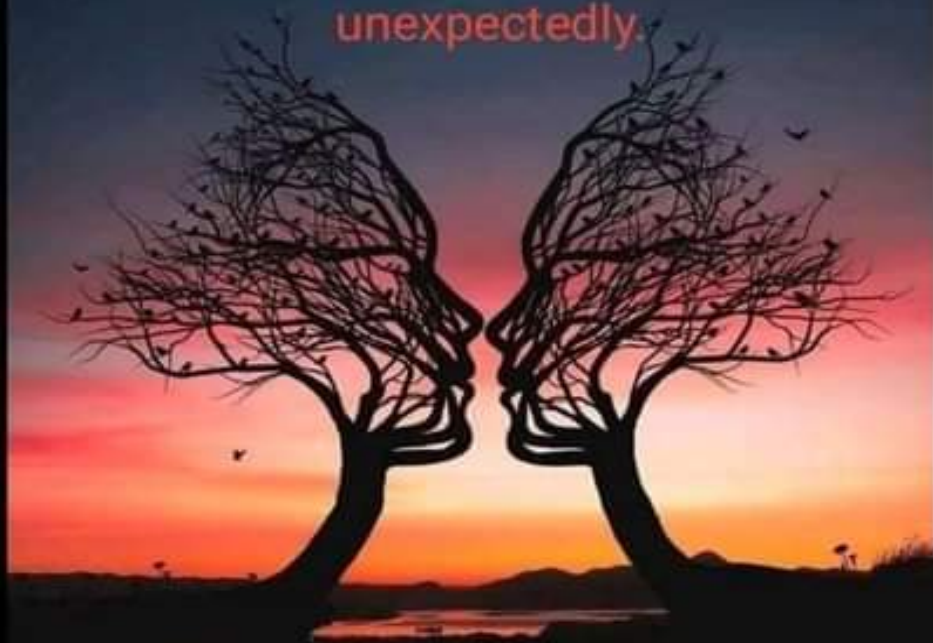


THIS MAN

A man who falls in love
unexpectedly.



MBALEZINHLE ZIKHALI

THIS MAN

PROLOGUE

This man, the serious man. This man has always had everyone on their toes. A man that has no friends, no social life, a man who doesn't mingle with anyone. How can one have a life in an eggshell? The Lucas family is one of the wealthiest families in the city of Durban. Every human being wishes to work in H.L Construction. Every male admires and envies this mans hard working self. The very most uptight man who always takes life way too serious.

There's nothing good about the mornings, as tired as you are, you gotta get you're ass to work. Meetings back to back, interviews being held back and fourth.

If I knew starting a business from scratch was

this frustrating, i wouldn't have even bothered hammering myself. I've always been my father's shadow, I've always handled his businesses while he traveled all over the world with his wife. Ever since the death of my elder brother things changed. Do you know the pain of being compared to the dead, well I've learnt to live with it.

I'm standing in my office looking outside the window, looking at the busy town of Durban Central. My heart is heavy and i just feel down, i just felt like being outside the office. The knock on the door disturbs my thoughts that are buried deep in my head.

"Did i tell you to come in?" My PA sometimes doesn't think she's way too forward and it annoys me."get out and go knock again." She huffed and walked back to the door to knock again.

"Come in" i tell her. "How can i help you Emily?".

"The interviews are about to commence sir, you are needed." She bows her head and rushes out the door. This flat ass is something else. Why does she like wearing tight things knowing fully that her body is shapeless. I pick up my note pad and follow her behind. I find the boardroom packed already with HR. I nodded my head acknowledging them and made my ass comfortable on the chair

I've never been in an interview before, so i really cannot relate how it feels like to be asked these fucken silly questions. I have a feeling that all of these people have been reading from the same script.

"Why do you think you're fit for this position?"
The response will be "I'm a very hard worker, who takes work seriously. I work well under

pressure." Bla bla bla what a manuscript. Just can't wait for this to be over i need my personal time, there's nothing i enjoy more than my own space.

Finally were done but we don't have the best candidate. Today was a deal breaker. I want someone who will change my work space, someone different, not these fake barbie dolls.

Ever since the passing of my brother I had a mental break down, was in and out of hospitals. My relationship with Amanda has been rocky for the past year, I've just learnt to tolerate her. Looking at my brother's body with all those holes in his body made my immune system break down. Those twenty-five bullets still haunt me till today. He didn't deserve to do like that. We were not that close but his was my one and only older brother. He got mixed up with the wrong crowd at the wrong time. Those bullets

were not meant for him, he died for someones else's sins. People may look at me and see a man without problems. Deep inside I'm beyond broken, i have demons that have been haunting me for two year's. I hardly sleep, whenever i close my eye's i have flashbacks of my brother being shot twenty-five times right in front of my eye's. What angers me more is that the man who short him is parading on the streets like he owns it, what can i say our South African justice system is a fucked up one. What breaks me more is that my parents blame me for the death of my brother. Gerld was a drug dealer, no one knew of if hustling except for me.

I look at my father who's standing by the door looking at me. I wonder what he wants, he has never set foot in my work premises. Ever since i started my own business a year ago he has not even once bothered to check on me. I've learnt

to live with the fact that i will never be a son to them no matter how hard i try.

"Your mother is trying to hold of you but it sends her straight to voicemail." Lies! lies! lies! It's been a year without seeing them he decides to come up with lies.

"My phone is perfectly fine." I tell him, i still don't know what's the reason of him being here. "Why are you her?" I had to ask. He chuckles shaking his head, "your mother is having special guest later on, she wants you to be there." I just stare at him blankly. Since when do they invite me when they have special guest over? I'm in no mood.

"I can't I'm busy." I just need to be alone. This is the day i lost my brother and this hint is taking a serious toll on me. I flick my hand and glare at my watch "i have a meeting in a few." I have no meeting i just want him gone.

"Very well than let me not keep you, if it happens you change you're you know where to find us." I watched him as he walked out of the office. I think I've had enough for the day. I just need to go home and rest.

I decided to pass by my brother's grave and bought fresh flowers for him. It looks clean, which only means one thing my parents were here before me. I gently place the flowers on his grave with no words to say just a broken heart.

"I know how much you hate flowers." I laugh at my statement thinking of how much he hated flowers, especially the sunflowers "i know we were not that close but i miss you everyday. You left me and i became an orphan.

Sometimes i find myself saying one day you will come back for me and have a brotherhood bond. When i lost the joyful sense of your presence, i mourned you. You left me in a sense,

but only in a sense, i don't even know if I'm making sense myself. Your son, my son will never go hungry to bed while I'm still on this planet. You will forever be in our heart and i hope you're in a better place." I felt the back of my stand and i just knew his behind me. This happens everytime when i visit his grave. A cold wave landed on my shoulder and i knew that my brother is with me. If only i could see him, if only i could get a last chance and be with him.

A refreshing cold breeze hit my face making me to close my eyes and feel the connection. This is the way we've been communicating with each other ever since he departed. At first i found it creepy but months went by and i found myself getting used to it. Gerald Jnr is a photocopy of my brother. His mother got married, i still get the chance to see him whenever i want. Atleast he left a footprint behind.

I drove back home feeling a bit more calmer and more at ease knowing that my brother came through today. My house is very cold but having Gerald Jnr around makes it more warm and homely. I'm not a people's person, I'm just a lonely man who enjoys his own space. Will Hendry Lucas ever find love? Will that person love me with all of my baggages?

THIS MAN

#01

HENDRY LUCAS

Morning came my body is drained, another set of interviews. Argh i can't wait to get over this day already, fuck I'm so tired. I dozed off after coming back from the cemetery, i slept on the

couch and damn my neck hurts. Maybe soaking my boding in luke warm water will relax my muscles. I fell my body strech as i soaked it in the bathtub. I still feel sleepy, but i have no choice but to go to work and listern to those rehearsed sleepy interviews. I won't even have breakfast in this house, I'll just grabb something from the cafeteria at work. I heard they sell the best muffins.

Traffic is pretty much a struggle especially in the mornings, luckily today there is none i made it to work way too early. Looks like I'll have my black bitter coffee with those muffins.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

"Vuka maan! Do you want to be late for you're interview?" That's my monster mother.

"Eish my stomach kept me up all night." I lie, I'm so nervous. My intestines are knotted, i can't breathe. My first interview ever.

"Ok I'll make you home remedy then to make you feel better" my mother tells me. I woke up with a Jackie Chan Karate Kid from the bed sprinting to the bathroom. I can't stomach those bitter green leaves. Lord knows i don't like bathing i hate it with passion. I'll just wipe those important no go areas and go to that interview. I tiptoed back to the bedroom only to find my monster mother sitting comfortably on my plastic chair.

"Go back in that bathroom and bath that filthy body of yours. When last did you have a bath? You know what I'll come scrub you myself

senselessly." I have no choice but go back and bath. God must create another method of bathing i can't take this abuse. I should report my mother for child abuse and this basin is too small for me. She says she loves me but she's making me a fool. I sometimes pray that there's medication for bathing, you just drink you're pills and you're done bathing.

What will i even ware to this stupid interview.

"Jehova sibawoti." My mum has so much drama what's wrong with what I'm wearing.

"What?" I don't see anything wrong with my clothes. I look pretty cute.

"Really Precious a church uniform?" She looks more like defeated. I take a good look at myself

and i absolutely see nothing wrong with my outfit.

"But i like it nje."

"Who lools for a job wearing a church uniform? Will they take you seriously? Do you even love yourself?" That question touched a nerve. Ofcause i love myself more than anything. I decided to change and ware my simple black long dress not forgetting my grannies shoes ogogo ngiholile. Now this right here is a killer outfit.

"All done!" I tell my mother who looked at me from head to toes with an unexplainable expression.

"Go eat you're food before it gets cold" she says with a low tone voice walking out of thr room.

"MaPresh you're going to nail this" i say to myself looking at the mirror.

I can't wait to be hired so that i could have cornflakes for supper. R3500 is not alot but it will put food on the table. Minutes later i was done eating porridge, said a prayer with my mother. What will i do without my Apostolic mother madoda.

Reality kicked in, I'm having my first interview at twenty-three. I wanted so babdly to study drama but my application was rejected. My second option was to become a musician, Beyonce is my is my role model. If i had to make a wish, i would wish to meet Beyonce one day but i just know how impossible that is. My mother has

been my rock, my hero, my ride or die. That woman worked so hard for us to go to school and not even once we went to bed in an empty stomach.

My father has always been absent in our lives. My mother says he was all she ever wanted in a man, things got rocky when she had a hard time conceiving. They tried for years but nothing happened. His family optioned for my father to have a second wife and he agreed to the set up. He got married to his second beloved wife, when he found out that she's pregnant, he kicked my mother out of the house like a worthless dog. At that time my mother was also pregnant with me, he questioned my identity until I was born. He never bothered to check on my mother, we were living in the streets, eating from the bins. She managed to build herself a three room shack so we could have a roof over our heads. When I was ten my mother feel

pregnant again by the very same man i call my father. My sister is now thirteen and she's a brightest student ever. My father has one child with his beloved wife who's doing her fifth year in medicine. We have no relationship what so ever. I last saw my father two year's ago, and sometimes i wonder why doesn't my mother just divorce him since she's in this marriage alone.

"Sisi stop day dreaming, you can get off now" the drive brings me back to my senses. I look at my surroundings and indeed i have arrived. I get off the taxi looking up at the tall buildings, i missed a step and fell into a pit hole full of mud.

"Shit" i curse underneath my breathe.

"Eish sistera next time don't look up when

getting off a taxi" he say suppressing his laugh.

"Get lost" i tell him. I'm so mad at myself right now. My dress is full of mud and my grannies shoes are so wet.

"What do i do now" i asked myself still siting in the on the road.

"Get up sisi" a woman helps me to stand giving me her face cloth to wipe the mud off. Argh this is a total disaster, what will people say. On second thoughts fuck people I'm Zikhali a Godly Weapon. I held my head up high with my muddy dress entering the building where everyone stares at me like I'm crazy.

"I'm here for an interview" i tell her without

greeting. My palms are sweating and i don't know what to do with myself right now

"Ow morning Miss...." She stop, i think she wants my surname.

"Zikhali, I'm sorry for not greeting. I'm stressed out, alot happened this morning and i don't even understand myself.." i cut myself short before i say something I'll regret.

"Miss Zikhali it's oky apology accepted. You may have a seat" she said with a warm smile.

I sat down looking at these people with long nails and fake hair. How do they even srcub their viginas with those long nails. I sighed looking at my dress, it's starting to dry out.

"Miss Zikhali you up next" ow fuck that's so quick no i wish i didn't apply. Ow heavens i need to run for my life. Yes that's it I'm getting the hell out of here before i loose myself.

Nkulunkulu wabantwana protect me as i run for my life. I ran out without looking back with my plastic bag underneath my armpit. I sprinted out like Caster Cement or what ever to the gates and to my suprise it's ficken locked.

"Shit this is not happening, do i climb up the wall. Think Weapon think!"

THIS MAN

#02

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

"Precious the boss is demanding to see you." I turned around like a quick lightening looking at this lady in front of me, is she mad? Why did they have to fucken lock the gates, i would have been home by now.

"I'm not going back in there, what have I done to deserve this" wait a minute, what if i fake a panick attack, they will let me go righ?

" I'm afraid you have to. You're not leaving this place until you're interview is done. If you keep on refusing he will arrest you for trespassing." I widen my eyes in shock, no this can't be happening to me. I go down on my knees saying a little prayer with people starting at me like I'm sort of crazy and i couldn't careless. I have bigger issues to handle.

"Let's go" i feel lighter after praying, i stand and follow her behind counting my steps, clinging onto my plastic bag with all eyes on me. Damn i look like a hobbo, what a movie to start my day. What if i don't get this job? Mama would be sad, i have to make her proud. She opens a double door were i assume the interview is being held.

"Goodluck" she say leaving me inside lost. What do i do know.

"Have a sit miss" it's so quite and all eyes were on me, i slowly took baby steps towards the chair. Damn these shoes are giving me no rest with that kuff kuff wet sound. Now they are looking at my wet muddy shoes, this is a total nightmare. I sat down and shyed away without looking at them. They looking at me with so

much disgust and i couldn't careless.

"What happened to you? What made you this dirty in the morning?" Who's this man asking me questions so early in the morning.

"I fell into the mud" i answer him honestly.

"Why didn't you go home and change?" Helang I'm not in court moss. This man will be a serious problem. I need to eliminate him.

"And miss the chance of being hired, never!" I clap my hands once and i see shock written all over their faces.

"Mr Lucas, i don't think this young lady here is

the perfect candidate. I mean look at the way she's so dirty in the morning. I wouldn't be surprised if she didn't have a bath." One of the boardmember says.

"I'll be interviewing her the rest of you will shut up. Who are you to know who's fit and not fit to work in my company?" No one obeys Mr Lucas's orders, his word is final.

"So miss tell me if i were to hire you for this job, what will you do with your salary?" Did he just asked me the stupidest question of them all?

"I... i" cleared my throat that had an unexpected dry lump stuck up, i calmed myself down by taking a deep breathe. "I want to go back to school to pursue my dreams. I've been a street vendor for about a year to raise some funds for my registration. So getting this job will help me

pay for my registration." Fuck what did i just say? I didn't even understand myself.

"Hmmmmm, what are you're dreams?" Ay this man doesn't smile or laugh, is he even human?

"I want to be famous like Beyonce" i answered him with a big broad smile on my face. These people laugh at me like I'm some kind of joke. Did i say something funny? I'm pissed. "You know i may look dirty in front of you're eyes i don't care. I want this job and im going to get it by fire by force. You are sitting you're asses on those expensive chairs laughing at me just because i said i want to be famous. Well news flash one day i will be famous, with this voice i have I'll go places!" Why am i even shouting?

"You sing you say?" You see this man is starting

to seriously annoy me. "Sing for us i don't have all day, make it quick" he chuckles looking at me with those blue eyes.

"Mr Lucas i think you're going out of content of the interview now. This is not how things are done sir." This granny hates me already.

"Are you my boss? Incase you're forgotten I'm your boss, you don't get to tell me what to do in my company." This man is so fucken rude but magogo deserves it. "You may proceed Miss" i hate that title. What do i sing? Beyonce flashed on my mind. I closed my eyes imagining myself on the stage with alot of fans cheering and screaming my name.

She was lost in so many different ways

Out in the darkness with no guide
I know the cost of a loosing hand
But for the grace of God go i
I found found heaven on earth
You are my last, my first
And then i hear this voice inside
Ave Maria

Sometimes love can come and pass you by
While you busy making plans
Suddenly hit you and then you realize
It's out of you're hands
Baby you got to understand
Y.....

I stop half walf realising that I'm in an interview

and the room was dead silent. I slowly open my eyes, and all eyes were on me.

"Why that song?" His voice was now more calmer and that made me relax a bit.

"It's preferred as an elegy is because of the melody. This song is delicate and relaxing which can help lighten the burden of mourners when coming into terms with their loved ones. It allows mourners to weep gracefully." Damn where did my mind get all of that information, my tongue was so slippery.

"Hmmm" he kept quite looking at me like his thinking something. "You're hired, you're starting on Monday. You may take your leave." He closed his small book that was in front of him.

"WHAT! She's not even fit for this position" this granny doesn't back down. It's time i put her on the leash.

"Granny and who's fit for this position? I didn't know cleaning after you're shit and offices require a person to have a degree for that. Do they offer cleaning lessons in varsities and tertiaries? I doubt. Like it or not you will be seeing me on Monday." I stood an held my purse for dear life.

"Just disrespect, you bringing hoods to our company!" This granny doesn't back down.

"Fire in the name of Jesus Christ. The way you're so wrinkled you won't see heaven. A rat

hood is you. Jesus will never allow you in heaven, i will have a word with him." I turn to walk away actually i didn't walk i ran out for my dear life passing everyone by the receptionist without turning back.

"Fuck, damn that was hectic. God forgive me I'm you're child. Mama will be so proud of me." I waited any longer i took a taxi going straight home.

"MAMA! MAMA! I GOT THE JOB!" I'm screaming getting off the taxi ruuning like a mad woman to the shack finding my mother cooking. This woman is my rock through thick and thin.

"Mama you looking at the new cleaner at the H.L Construction." I squilled in excitement.

"WHAT! Oh Jehovah mukhulu." My mother starts crying. I'm glad she's crying tears of joy.

"Haa sisi, so that means i will now carry lunchbox with lattice like every rich kid?" My little sister asked. It broke my heart to know that we couldn't even afford a proper lunchbox for her.

"Yes Fatima, no more suffering" she smiled looking at me with so much joy.

"What happened to your dress?" my mother with her concerned voice though.

"Heee mama you wouldn't believe...." I narrate the whole story to her, by the time i was finished she was in stitches.

"Kodwa nawe, how many times do i tell you not to look up when getting off the taxi. You don't listen." She continues to laugh at me. This is what i love about my mother. She's everything I've ever wished for. One day God will see us through and wipe all the pain and suffering we've endured. I don't see myself abandoning this human being that went through hell for us.

THIS MAN

#03

HENDRY LUCAS

I've been watching this clip over and over again. Is this girl okay upstairs? There's defiantly something wrong with her. Who comes to an

interview looking all dirty? Who backchats during the interview process? I hired her because of her simpleness, she's an open book and one hell of a handful character. I applaud her voice, she surely could sing, too innocent but beautiful. When was the last time i laughed like this? I want to watch her craziness from right beside me.

The song she sang touched me deeply, it made me think of my brother Gerald. That was a very traumatic experience for me, maybe being to Gerald Jnr will bring me closure.

My brother's death has always taken a toll on me, i can't move on, i can't accept that this gone and not coming back. How do i open up my heart to someone else?

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

Monday came and I'm so freaken scared. They sent me an sms informing me to wear appropriately and presentable. Just because i was muddy doesn't mean I did not look presentable. Argh these people are just too...., i don't have the right word for them. My shit starts at 6 O'clock till 3 O'clock in the noon, i just cant wait to meet the rest of the worker's.

The morning breeze is making my face hard as an ice.

"Damn it's so cold" i didn't know working will make you wake up this early. Luckily the taxi was fast enough to drop me off at work very early. I look around trying to spot anyone cause damn I'm definatly lost.

"Good morning" a voice sattles me from behind, i scream holding my chest ready to run for my

life. "Yoo girl you should have seen you're face. You're the new girl right" i nodded still frightened. "I'm Nokwanda by the way" she offered for a handshake which i kindly accept.

"Precious is my name" i tell her.

"Indeed you are precious, come let's go change. Your uniform is in your locker not too sure if it's going to fit" she tells me. She's so welcoming and i think i like her already.

"Well there's only one way to find out" i respond, "this building is very huge. If you didn't come to my rescue my mum will be probably dealing with Khumbule'khaya" she laughs out loud shaking her head.

" You haven't seen anything yet my darling. We normally start with the toilets and the open spaces. We only clean the offices if the owner has arrived. Oh and word of advise just focus on you're work and nothing else" she tells me but im just keen to know what she means.

"Why?" I ask her.

"Just do what you're paid to do. One last thing you're responsible for the bosses office Mr Lucas. No one is allowed in there clean other than you." Is she serious right now. That man doesn't smile and has scary blue eyes like a fish. Jehova I'm doomed.

Time flies like an arrow, fruit flies like bananas, before i knew it, it was after work and I'm so dead tired. I miss my boyfriend so bad, i need to

get rid of these spider webs dlwn there. I'll pass by his place i know he misses me too. The yard looks empty, i knock a multiple times but there was no response. I sighed and dropped the door handle and the door opens. Maybe his asleep, shame my poor thing. My boyfriend is doing his second year in varsity, his doing IT. His very good with computer's. I sit comfortably on the couch and waited for him. Minutes later he walks in holding hands with my bestfriend Swazi, they both freeze on the spot when they see me.

"Precious what are you doing her?" His furious and i don't know why, i always came unannounced and not even once he had a problem with it.

"Is that the way you great you're bunny chow?" I

ask him

"I will ask you again. What the hell are you doing here?" This time his a bit harsh.

"Habe I'm here to see you nkwenkwe ndini. What is Swazi doing here anyway?" I'm confused as hell. Mlungisi and i have been dating for five years now.

"This is my boyfriends place." Helang the mosquito Swazi answered me with somuch attitude. I wish i could mopp her face with a scrubbing brush.

"Boyfriend?" I asked wanting to be sure if my ears are not deceiving me.

"Yes boyfriend, are you that dumb" I'll just pretend this bitch didn't call me dumb.

"When? How?" I'm not leaving without getting any answers from them.

"Do you really want to know?" Mlungisi asks me with a smile creeping on his face.

"Yes i want to know" I'm calm as hell.

"You're ugly Precious, you're stiff in bed like a hard numb rock. You don't make me happy, you have way too much baggage which i cannot stand. And the choice of you're clothing is fuck zero. I've tolerated you for five full year's just because i felt sorry for you. I never loved you Precious, you're not even my type." The smugg

on his face was noticeable.

"Wow" that's all i managed to say, part of me wants to think that all of this is a prank. "I got the job i applied for, i will now change my style of clothing and be more flexible in bed. I'll take classes even if i have to." I beg him.

"You sound so pathetic right now." This is not my Mlungisi. What happend to my sweet Mlungisi? "Do me a favour, take you're trash with you and leave my house." He throws me a black plastic bag that has my clothes in it. "Go buy clothing with the money that you earned from scrubbing toilets." He laughs out so loud.

"Mlungisi it's me you're Weapon MaPresh, you're Mbalezinhle." I try to rewind his mind but felt like i was ticking him off.

"Leave ntombazane my baby wants to bond with his daddy." Swazi said giving me that look as she brushed her medium tummy. I thought she was my best friend but clearly i was wrong.

"The madam has spoken. I don't want ro steess her. Please leave." To say I'm shocked will be an understatement, I'm beyond hurt no wonder his been so distantly lately. He blantly ignores my calls, blue ticks me on whatsApp and he also unfriended me on Facebook. All the signs were there, but i was blinded by love. I pick up my plastic and walk out of the room with a tale stuck inbetween my legs. Did he really mean all those things? Maybe his joking I'll give him time to cool down. He will come back to his senses.

HENDRY LUCAS

I'm drained emotionally and physically. The death of my brother is haunting me, i decided to work from home since i had a hard time concentrating. I need to find a hobby, do something that will make me feel better. I need to release all the tension in me, a gym will do. I drag my tired body down the basement to do a work out.

Now i feel better after that session. My knuckles hurt but totally worth it. I can't go a day without watching that lunatics videoe. I wonder how was her first day at work, whenever i think about her i just laugh my lungs out. I instructed the cleaners that i want her to be responsible for my office, i seem to trust this girl but yet i don't fucken even know her. As I'm still watching the video i feel the back of my hair stand, and i just knew that it's my brother. I

know something is bothering him, his restless and his trying to reach out to me.

"Talk to me brother, I know you're here. Just make a sign that you need of something." My bedroom light flicked on and off.

"What is it Gerald?" Now I'm more than concerned. "Why are you restless brother? I feel a cold breeze pass through me and I felt my skin crawl. Gerald's Jnr teddy bear fell on the floor. That's strange. Could it be he wants me to go fetch him since it's my time to be with him this week? Something cold touched my forehead making me to relax closing my eyes. A picture of Gerald Jnr being molested by the person who was supposed to protect and be a step father to him. I open my eyes trying to catch my breathe, without any time wasted I grabbed my car keys and sprung out of the house like I'm being chased out by a ghost.

"Not my son, no, no, God no, not him." My emotions are all over the place. I was suppose to protect from the vultures of this world. Whatdo i do now? Parr of me wishes my mother was a woman enough to be my mother.

THIS MAN

#04

HENDRY LUCAS

It's been a week since Gerald Jnr was assaulted. I produced enough evidence to legally adopt him. Doesn't a mother protect their own cubs? Clearly not cause this happened right under her noise, but decided to turn a blind eye. I don't want her near my son, she's not even allowed to

see him no matter what. Good thing that good for nothing husband was sentenced fifteen years in prison. I wish he will go through all the pain he caused Gerald Jnr. My parent's don't even know that their beloved son has a son and i won't even bother tell them, i know for a fact that they will take him away from me.

I drew up this wall in my heart not to let anyone in, my heart cannot love another person other than my son. He brings light into my life, a smile on my face which is something that doesn't usually happen.

"Lucas what the fuck! I've been calling you for almost thirty minutes. Why are you ignoring me like i don't exist?" Who invited Amanda in. I don't have time for her drama right now.

"Keep your voice down." I'm seriously annoyed by the stunt she's trying to pull.

"You are ignoring me Lucas, why huh? Do you have another bitch hiding in this house!" She's screaming on top of her lungs

"You w....." I was interrupted by a tiny voice.

"Dad" great just great, this bitch woke Gerald Jnr up.

"What the fuck is this? You have a son? A whole son and not even once you decided to share the news with me. I want this busted child to crawl back from ever which hole it came out from." She folded her arms staring right back at Hendry.

"Amanda don't annoy me. You scaring him." If Gerald Jnr was not in sight i would have showed her flames.

"Me annoy who? You now talk to me like this because of this statue infront of you're eyes." She blurted without care.

"If you are done screaming like a mad woman please close the door on your way out. I don't have time for spineless bitches like you. If you ever call my son ever again like that, i will kill you slowly and bury you where no one will find you." I took Gerald Jnr's hand leaving Amanda screaming my name. I tuck him in bed and slept close to him, i know he feels safer this way. I'm done with Amanda, i never loved her anyway. She was just a gold digger who was after my

money. Gerald Jnr is my number one priority right now. I'm helping him heal and forget, how will i help him heal since I'm a broken man myself. Tomorrow i have to go back to work and i have no choice to take my son with me. I don't trust him with anyone for that matter.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I tried reaching out to him, I tried all the tricks in the book but nothing worked. He hates me and I don't know why. The last time I went to him trying to fix our broken relationship he poured me with cold water, threatened to have me arrested for trespassing. Mlungisi stricked me dead, he killed my heart and funeraled it. My five year relationship just went down the drain.

"Girl you will have a heart attack his not worth

your tears. Even if you wear rags you will still look beautiful. If he loved you he was going to work on you, with you and not be against you. If he loved you he was going to hold your hand and make you a better person. Maybe losing him is a blessing in disguise, there is someone out there for you. I want the crazy Weapon back, stop sulking for a loser. Pick yourself up and show him that he did good by breaking your heart!" Nokwanda says. She has been a good shoulder to cry on and she knows how to make me feel better.

"Thank you." I genuinely tell her, what would I have done without her. I've been crying for too long, why did it have to be this way. We used to be so strong, now he took my soul. He could have told me earlier that he wasn't happy with me than stringing me along.

"As for that fake friend of yours, show her that you can make other friends. Show her what bestfriends do for each other. The world doesn't revolve around her. I'm here for you." Nokwanda says as she gave me the warmest hug ever. Swazi and i used to hug, but her hugs were always cold. Nokwanda is the best but I've only known her for two weeks. She's full of love and always honest, she speaks nothing but the truth.

"You're right, thank you again. You just know which buttons to press to make me feel better." I tell her.

I don't have much work to do since my boss is not around and it's been a week. I keep myself busy by writing songs or helping Nokwanda with her chores. I don't understand why we have to come to work everyday cause the building is

always clean.

"Have you ever tried entering a singing competition?" Nokwanda asks me while she's busy polishing the table. She's been very pushy lately.

"No. I'm very afraid of people, i don't know if it's phobia or what." I honestly doubt myself, seeing alot of people makes me shake and have panic attacks.

"You should, you really have a great voice." She's always genuine about me but hardly talks about herself.

"Why do you hardly talk about yourself?" I ask her and i see her face drop in disappointment.

"There's nothing to share." She answered me looking at another direction avoiding eye contact. I don't believe her.

"Do you really expect me to believe that. You know everything about me and my darkest secrets. I take you as my older sister now." I tell her and i see a tear drop from her eye.

"My parents died in a car accident last year. My whole world crumbled down. The house and the cars were evicted. No family member wanted to take me in, they said I'm a baggage and i carry alot of darkness around me. I live in a shelter just to survive cause i have no home." She sobbs, I'm in shock and heart broken.

"So behind this beautiful smile there's so much pain?" I asked her. I've never been this speechless in my life.

"Yes and I'm used to my lifestyle. At first it was hard, but now I'm used to it. Life really humbled me." She tells me, i admire her she's really strong.

"All done for the day." Swazi shouts bringing me back to earth. I didn't realise that we've worked this much. I'm dead tired and i can't wait to throw myself on my comfortable sponge. We walked outside the building and went out separate ways. Seems like the taxi will take longer today. It's very quite and people are taking there sweet watermelon time. I see these two traters entering the same taxi I'm in. Ow God why did you have to put them in the same

taxi as me. Fuck, funeral me Jehova. Looking at them being all lovey dovey makes me sick. Mlungisi rubbed it in my face that he never loved me it was all pretence from the start. I'm about to jump off, how do i tell the driver I'm next. You know what fuck them these two backstabbers don't put food on my table.

"Ngicela ukusala kamthakathi" phew that was easy. I think he recognized my voice cause he stopped taking to his cameroon. The taxi stops, i hurried my body from the backseat to jump off. I felt their eyes on me and i dared not to look back. I held my head up high and walked away.

"Mama you're back ealry today. Is there a matter." I'm so concerned right now. She can't afford to loose he her job. I know being a street vendor is tiring but she will be having her own

source of income.

"Your father called me and gloated that his precious daughter is getting married, we are summoned back home." I see the hurt in her eyes. I'm surprised that this man still has my mother's number.

"It's okay, mama, God is not asleep. One day I will also make you proud, one day you will be smiling tears of joy." I hate seeing her like this. I try my best to put her at ease.

"I know my baby. I will not go to that ceremony, why is he inviting me? They want me to go slave around, never! It's high time I divorce him, he is no longer worth my tears and energy." A smile crept on my face after hearing those words coming out of her mouth.

"Dimamzo that's the spirit. Me, you and Fatima are not attending that shameless wedding." That's the smile I would like to see on my mother's face, this woman right here is my pillar of strength.

"How was work?" She asked me.

"Ahhh work is work mama, the atmosphere is so free, and....." My mind shifted to Nokwanda and my heart became sad. Is she okay? Has she eaten? All these questions are ringing through my mind. I just pray she's safe wherever she is, she's one big sister I've never had. She's quite calm and very humble. Why does God abandon his children when they need him the most?"

THIS MAN

#05

HENDRY LUCAS

I hate mornings, i hate being disturbed by this ice-cream ringtone alarm. Preparing Gerald Jnr is a struggle i definatly need a full time nanny. I will have to look for those long list stupid agencies. I want someone qualified and grown up not those excuse me miss. My son is extremely happy, but how do i chase those nightmares away, his been struggling to sleep.

The drive to work feels long, thank the stars traffic is not horrific today. I look at Gerald on the passenger seat whos looking at his new Nike takkies. Maybe he doesn't like them.

My office looks extremely clean and refreshing, it smells....i don't know somehow different, womanly that's how i could describe it. My table is empty, where are my fucken documents. I'm fuming in anger.

"EMILY!" I shout her name from the intercom for everyone to hear how mad i am. I don't have time to dial her station number telephone. I see her shapeless thin body running to my office. Why does she run, she looks like she's going to break.

"You called for me sir" she's panting and panicking.

"WHERE ARE MY FUCKEN DOCUMENTS?" I scream at her. My patience is zero .

"I...i don't know sir." She's in the verge of crying. I sigh and try to calm myself down, even Gerald Jnr was scared of this monster in front of him.

"Who's been cleaning my office. I thought i instructed all the cleaners that this new girl is the one responsible for it." I'm more calmer now.

"The new girl, she's been cleaning your office sir." Oh this athletic runner didn't just ruin my office. Did she run over my documents too.

"GET HER FOR ME THIS MINUTE." My voice is high making other workers shiver in shock. I look at Emily running her thin legs out of my office. The way she's running its like she's running on top of a jutting castle.

"Good morning." What's good about it. I look at her, rather feeling defeated.

"Where are my documents? Just because you clean my office it does not mean you are entitled to it." I tell her.

"I said good morning." This girl is seriously getting on my last nerves.

"I asked you a question. Look girly i got no time to play. WHERE ARE MY FUCKEN DOCUMENTS?" Maybe if i scream at her she will see how mad i am. Great and this fucken Emily ran away she didn't come back.

She folds her arms and looks straight at me in

the eyes, "first things first My name is Precious MaWeapons not girly. Secondly greeting another human being will not kill you and last but not least, let this be the last time you spoke profanity in front of a child." Is she telling Hendry Lucas what to do. This is hilariously fucken unbelievable.

"I'm sorry Miss P. Good morning t....." she cut me short before i even continued fucken greeting her back.

"Save it, your documents are on your top right shelf. Make a mess and i will deal with you." With that said she walked out leaving me in shock. Why did i hire her again, ow i said i want someone who will challenge. I think i hired a she devil herself.

I'm impressed every file was placed neatly and alphabetically. Man where did she get all the time to do this. My table was a total dust bin and this new arrangement is totally making my work much more easier.

I've been working for far too long forgetting that i came with Gerald Jnr, poor child must me starving. I searched every corner of my office Gerald Jnr is no where to be found. I go out the corridors searching for him but nothing. Fear creped in, what if Eliza his mother stole him?

"have you seen my son?" I asked one of the cleaners who was walking past me minding her own business. I pray she says yes.

"That adorable son who's been running around looking lost is your son?" She answered me.

"Jehova yes his my son. Where is he?" I'm panacking.

"His with Precious in our canteen." Relief wash over me, atleast his safe. I wasted no time and rushed to the cleaners canteen. My cleaners have their own cubicle space were they eat and unwind. I want them to make them feel a part of us, being a cleaner doesn't make you any different from us. We are all humans and humans must be treated fairly. I make sure that they feel appreciated cause without them our environment will be doomed. I stop on my track when i see Gerald Jnr eating only God knows what. His even laughing, something he hasn't done in a very long time. I stand there like a a wet chicken admiring my boys smile.

"What are you eating?" I asked him making my

way towards them. What ever they are eating looks like african food.

"Dudu" he answered freely making Precious laugh her lungs out covering her mouth full of food.

"It's not dudu, it's called, amadumbe. I don't know what you call it in English. Here, try one it's very nice." She pulled me down aggressively making me sit on the chair. Even if i said no, this athletic would have shoved it down my throat. I watched her as she took her time peeling it off and I'm just disgusted by it.

"Are you sure that this dube thing is nice?" I asked her as she was handing it to me. She smiled, she has a very beautiful smile which is very noticeable by the way.

"You should stop abusing the word idumbe, you will end up swearing me. It's very nice and healthy too, it's more like a vegetable." She says, i look at it and i still don't like it one bit.

"If i die I'll be coming for your soul." I took a bite of this dude thing and it's a bit salty. Well it's not as bad as i thought. I think i judged it too quickly, no wonder my son is busy tapping his feet.

"I better head back to work. You can live my lunchbox here i will come fetch it later Mr MaHerry Herry." What did she just call me? What does that mean? Did she just swear at me? Unbelievable. I watch her as she walked away looking up at the ceiling. She tripped and fell balancing herself with the tables. Who on earth

looks up when they walking? This girl is completely weird, i wonder how does her boyfriend cope with her craziness.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

Thank God it's month end. I want to surprise my mother with groceries and my sister with a school bag. R3500 is not alot of money but it's money that puts food on you're table. I also need a new wardrobe, Nokwanda volunteered to help me this upcoming weekend. They way I'm so excited i even forgot my lunchbox at work. I spent R1500 on food items and R500 on cosmetics. I will be smelling rich like those spoil brats that come from wealthy families. I'm at the bus stop waiting for the bus Maspala but dololo, I've been standing here for almost an hour. I can't go to the taxi with this jumbo sale, i

will be forced to buy a seat for the combo i happily bought from Cambridge. I'm fed up, what will i do with my mother's combination now? Arghhhhh i stomp my feet repeatedly shaking my body in anger.

"Are you okay Miss Runner? What are you doing to yourself? Are you waiting for someone? You've been standing her for almost an hour now." Great just great my boss just saw my combozillion. What is he doing here asking me hundred questions.

"Ahhhh I'm waiting for that stupid Maspala. I'm so angry right now i feel like funeralling myself." I'm seriously mad right now.

"Hopp in I'll take you home." He says with a serious face. I sprang to the car living him with

his hands in the pocket and made myself comfortable in the backseat. "And the groceries?" He asked me with a frown on his face.

"You're the man angithi, qina ndoda and put them in the car, awu MaHerry Herry Mr Muscle Man." He shakes his head and loaded the plastics in the car. "Don't leave my mother's combo behind please." I shout at him making people turn their heads. He just kept quite and starred at me with the annoyed look and i couldn't care less.

"Where do you stay?" He asked while closing the door and fastening the seatbelt. I don't understand why everyone fears this man

"Chesterville, BlakAss and you." His so focused

on the road. Why is he this uptight. I should enema (ngimuchathe) him and take out all that lion inside of him. He doesn't laugh, smile, very rude and too much of a shouter.

"Westville." He answered feeling bored, i just nodded my head and continued to directing him until we reached our destination.

"And we are here." I tell him, i said a little prayer asking God to prevent me from falling, stupid him he decided to let me trip and fall. "Ow fuckery why do i have to fall every time when i get off a car or taxi?" I sat down for a while catching my breathe.

"Are you okay?" This is the second time i see you fall in one day." What is he? My spy now.

"I always trip, it's my hobby." I bluntly lie, he gets off the car and took out the groceries.

"How Precious uthenge neCombo, mkhulu uJehova." That's my mother kneeling down thanking Jehova Jira. It was an emotional moment for me cause this is the first time we had this much food in this house.

"Mama you embarrassing me in front of my boss." I tell her, she quickly stands up and welcomed them warmly. I gave Fatima her school bag, she couldn't hide the excitement on her face. Shame my sister though. For thirteen years she had been carrying her books in plastics. Life has been tough, i cant wait to be a person's people someday. What am i even saying stupid me. How can i funeral myself to

stop talking such nonsense.

THIS MAN

#06

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

For the first time we will be having a decent meal surrounded by seven colours. It's nothing hectic just rice, beef stew and African salads. What happened to MaHerry Herry you must be asking, that one had no escape he was forced to have dinner with us. We don't have those fancy plates and those fork and knives. We can't afford those stylish dinner set plates, but as long as our plastic plates are clean that's the only we can offer for our guest's. Gerald Jnr has appetite for days.

"Thank you mam, your daughter can surely cook." He said without a smile. The food was simple but very delicious.

"Thank God she didn't drop the pot, she's very clumsy. She will drop her own child, i don't trust her one bit." That's my mother making me the bad guy. How can she dish out sensitive information like this. That information she shared made me drop the plate i was eating from. "See what i mean, never allow her to touch your glasses." I didn't know my mother hates me this much.

"I was just playing mama." I try to convince her.

"We should take our leave now mam, thank you

once again." They bid farewell and they walked out of the door.

"Don't be rude, walk your boss out." Did she just slap me at the back of my head? I stood up and followed them outside and i don't even know what I'm walking them out for.

"Go well and make sure you bath G before he sleeps." I'm very good at advising people to bath, but when it comes to me it's oil and water

"Yes mam." He said sarcastically. He got in his car, waved his hand and they drove off. I sighed thinking about the food i bought, my heart jumped with joy and that made me do a tsibhatstibha dance under the the street light.

"Hlanyo usufenda indonga zagesi manje, i long knew there's a loose screw." One of the drunkards said and they walked past me. I walked back home with a huge smile on my face.

"Why are you smiling?" This woman is a witch, how did she know i was smiling?

"Seeing all this food makes me happy." I tell her honestly. Who would have thought that one day me MaWeapons will be working for one of the biggest companies in Durban? Who would have thought that one day i will be the one who would wipe my mothers tears away?

"HmMMM" thats what she managed say looking at me with questionable eyes.

"I'm off to my mattress." I hurried out of her sight. I need to set an alarm, i look for a match stick and started pressing on the buttonless phone. This is a struggle i need a new phone. I got undercovers and damn i can't wait to dream about all that food.

LUCAS HENDRY

I knew Precious the runner was clumsy judging by the way she walks. I've noticed that her hands are very soft and one hell of a weird girl. Most people are scared of me cause they don't understand my personality, but when it comes to miss runner here she's not afraid of me one bit. She stands her grounds, and her word is always final. Look at me bathing Gerald Jnr just because she instructed. I tuck him in bed and

he immediately falls asleep, he must be tired.

"Hendry Lucas!" What the fuck is Amanda doing here. This lunatic doesn't get tired, I've had it with her seriously. I walk out of my room closing it gently, i slowly make my way to her with my hands buried deep in my pockets.

"Why are you shouting my name? Do you know that you look like a desperate woman right now." I need to change my code and key locks.

"You've been ignoring me, what do you expect me to do huh? Smile and cheer about that!" She's screaming on top of her lungs waking up Gerald Jnr and I'm just chilled.

"Go to bed son." I tell him and he starts crying.

"I want Precious" he hides behind me and i get confused for a minute.

"Precious?" I ask him just to sure, maybe my ears heard wrong. Suprisingly he nodd his head in fear. Okay that's it i want this bimbo out of my house.

"Who's that fucken Precious your busted child is referring to?" She asked with the hands on her waiste. I lost it and i found myself givibg her one hell of a slap making her

Stumble in shock. "Y...you hit me?" She still has the nerve to ask.

"And i will hit you again if you continue referring to my son in that manner. Leave before i do

something i might regret later. Don't you dare bring your stincky ass back to my house ever again.

"You will pay for this." She grabbed her bag and stormed out of the door slamming it.

"I'm sorry budda, you will see Precious tomorrow, lets go sleep" he holds my hand and follows be to the bedroom. So he feels safer around Precious than his own father, she's very welcoming and has that warm aura around her. I won't blame my son, he felt the mothers love. That woman appreciates every little thing you do, but has a crazy way of showing it. I wonder what happened for them to live in a shack. I'm so full and tired. Sleepness takes over as i dozed off.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

I don't know if it is love or lust that i feel for Swazi. She's a catch very beautiful and comes from a wealthy family. Precious, i once lived her until i feel out of pf love. Her taste in clothing is a turn off, her and water are mixed portions but she has a heart of gold. I doubt any right man in their state of mind will go for a low class like her. I was definatly her first and her last. Now that i have a baby on the way i have to be a man and take responsibility.

"Are you sure about your decision?" My mother asked me, she has been concerned about Precious more than my baby on the way. I know she loves her but she's now over doing it.

"Yes mother I'm sure, i fell out of love and i no

longer love her. She just has that something missing in her." Precious kept on asking for love back disturbing my peace until she gave up. I poured water on her cause she was starting to be a nuisance.

"Hope you won't regret it later on. If you're happy with your decision who am i to stand in your happiness" my mother is just being over protective. I think I'm inlove with Swazi, but only time will tell. I'm few months away from graduating and i can't wait to look for a job to look out for own mini family.

HENDRY LUCAS

"Ow yes deeper, ow Lucas" i pumped her harder like there's no tomorrow. "Shit Precious" i was literally on cloud nine sweating. Those slippery

sounds were not making it easier for me, they making me want more. I made her lay on her side lifting her one leg up hanging it over my shoulder looking at he dripping wet vagina.

Damn this red flesh is making me insane, "fuck" i slid my manhood in her and i hear her moan my name softly. "Ow Lucas" i love it when she calls me by my surname.

"Fuck mami you killing me" shit she's stratching my arms and screaming my name.

"Ow Lucas fuck me baby, faster." I wasted no time i fucked her faster making my sweat drip on those big sexy boods. I love how they bounce back and forth when i move in and out of her. I pumped her hitting the right places making more juices to drip out of her. I moved more faster loosing my senses and i gushed all my babies in her.

"I love you mami" i was panting and happy.

"I love you too" she responded feeling tired and sleepy. I love this woman more than anything. I look at her with so much love and I don't see myself living without her.

The movements on the bed made me open my eyes and I got the shock of my life.

"Fuck this can't be happening." God no, no, no, no why do you hate me this much.

THIS MAN

#07

HENDRY LUCAS

Fuck did I just dreamt about Precious, how the hell did this happen? I'm still high and my dick hurts. I get off the bed and walk straight to the bathroom, sat on top of the toilet seat, I started

jerking myself. I closed my eyes and her face flashed in my mind, the whole dream came back. I was feeling it, i felt her soft voice calling my name until my cum splashed on my hands.

"Fuck, shit I'm dead. Out of all the girls i could dream of Precious was the one, why God?" I take a cold shower to calm my sex drive down. This is going to be a long day.

Gerald Jnr is in a jolly mood this morning unlike me who's still having a throbbing dick. I think Precious traumatized my mind.

I have to make a mental note that after work i should buy him his baby stuffs. What do i personally buy for a six year old. I hate driving to work, thirty minutes is a long drive and exhausting for me. Call me lazy.

I pass everyone heading straight to my office
and wala i found the dream girl singing in my
toilet.

I wish i could believe you, and I'll be alright
But now everything you told me really don't
apply
To the way i feel inside
Loving you was easy once upon a time
But now my suspicions of you are multiplied
And it's all because you lied

I only gave ypu a hard time
Cause i can't go on and pretend like
I haven't tried to forget this
But I'm too full of resentment

She really has a blessed voice, she came out of the toilet holding a bucket and a mop, she mistakenly dropped the bucket luckiky there was no water inside.

"Shit ahhhhhh, good morning sir" she bended down picking up the bucket and placed it neatly at the corner and she started clearing my table. What is this girl doing to me. There was alot of comotion outside and Amanda barged in my office.

"There he is officer's arrest him" i look at Precious who looks at the door like she's seen a ghost. Gerald Jnr ran to hide behind Precious and for her clumsiness she picked up the tension and protected Gerald.

"Really Amanda, is this the trauma you want my son to go through? I'm defeated in this stunt that Amanda pulled. Now everyone is looking at the action that's in my office.

"You hit me because of that busted child" she snorts, when did her face become like this. If i remember clearly i only gave her a smack on her cheek.

"No you didn't" Precious said, i don't know how and when her hand landed on Amanda's face. "NO ONE CALLS MY SON A BUSTED CHILD, NO ONE. I'll wipe that fake face of yours with that mop and i will funeral you and trust me you will be funeralized." Precious the actor, what happened to the clumsy Precious? I see Amanda eyes loozing around trying to bring herself back to her senses.

"Mam step aside" Precious moved aside as the officer instructed.

"Mr Lucas you are under arrest for the assault of Miss Amanda. Wh....." Precious cut the officer.

"You lie, arrest who heeh? You dare touch him I'll have you arrested for rape. You know what you two officer's are stupid, infact you are funeraled. Stand there like a ghost that you are." I had no energy in me i let them cuff me, I'm looking at Amanda who had a smirk on her face enjoying the moment of fame. I look a Precious fidgeting with the bucket, she came back with a wet dripping cloth. Without warning she smashed it on Amanda's face making her gasp and freeze on the sport. "So even the law took

part in this make-up scheming, a make-up just to put an innocent man behind bars. If you do not uncuff him hehehe i will dala you and kick you're ass and mix it with your tiny balls. Do you even have dicks cause your pants are just plain fruit yoghurt."

"So you are going to stand their and let her disrespect me like this" Amanda asked feeling annoyed that her plan backfired.

The two policemen were much more ashamed and alarmed that they have been taken for a ride. What if the company decides to sue the station, it will bring bad publicity, they might even loose there badges for that matter. For what exactly? A bitter ex who let her emotions control her.

"Sir we apologize for harassing you at work. You know South Africa does not tolerate woman abuse. After seeing all those fake bruises we were convinced that indeed you went against the law." One of the offices say filling guilty. They almost ruined another hard-working mans reputation.

"It shows that our South African policemen don't do there jobs. They enjoy putting innocent people behind bars. Instead of arresting criminals who are roaming around you are here wanting to put me behind bars." My voice is full of anger. They failed my brother, they failed to arrest the man that kill him.

"I don't believe this i came to your house yesterday and you slapped me, just because i called your child a busted." Amanda's voice

filling the room. Precious gave her another one hell of a slapp that she bleed from her mouth and got swollen immediately.

"It's a pity cause i was at MY HOUSE yesterday and left early this morning. How come i did not see you." Precious asked Amanda leaving Hendry shocked.

"You dirty filthy thing, how dare you touch me? Who the hell are you" Amanda was boiling in anger.

"His baby mama from hell and trust me you wouldn't want to mess with this dirty thing that's in front of you. I'm MaWeapon kayi one, no mess with my family and lives to tell a tail. Let's go baby, i know daddy didn't feed you." Without protest Gerald Jnr held on to Precious's hand

for dear life as they walked out of the office, leaving Amanda and the rest of the employees shocked.

"Again sir we apologize for the inconvenience" the two offices left and the worker's went back to their working stations.

"So that filthy thing is your baby mama. You left me for that thing. How could you do this to me Lucas?" She cried feeling stupid. Her cheek was aching and she kept on rubbing it.

"Are you done with those crocodile tears? Now you listern, i don't want you in my life anymore. You almost ruined my reputation for what? I will never abandon my family in a million because of you, you are not even worth it. No woman in their right state of mind would go your length

and lie about abuse. I'm just glad you showed me your true colors before it was too late. Now do me a favour and get your fake ass out of my office i don't ever want to see you ever again." I told her looking directly in her eyes. Those two slaps that she got from Precious were just a game i see.

"I'm sorry oky, i will work on myself. But you can't choose her over me. You can't degrade yourself like that. Why are ypu doing this to us?" she asked in a low voice.

"She's not fake and your way too fake. You so rude and full of yourself on the other hand she's humble. You only know how to spend money recklessly, you have no future and your life is based on lies. That woman i degraded myself for is full of life and she's an open book. She

values herself and doesn't stand shit. You are not a woman enough for me, for my son. Now if you don't mind i would like to go back to work." I sat down opening my laptop and started working.

Amanda stood there looking at him and knew right that moment that she has lost him. The words he said were too hurtful for her to digest and swallow. She thought of the way she has been harsh towards his son, maybe she could try and warm up to him but than again she hate kids with passion and she doesn't see herself having any kids in the future. Her life is all about travelling, maintaining her figger, having a nice life, sipping expensive campaigns and wearing designer clothes. Maybe working on herself and being that woman that he wants she will be treated like a wife. She sighed and walked out slowly with a tale inbetween her legs. She didn't

want things to escalate in this manner, maybe she took it too far. Now people are looking at her with those eyes full of hate. Her mind shifted back to Mphakamseni Ngcobo, the man she once loved but he was happily married and that man loved his wife dearly, and he still does. If only she could find a man of her own.

Hendry was trying so hard to concentrate but his mind was very occupied. He thought of Precious the wrestler and for the second time in ages he smiled and his face was a bit painful. What does this girl have?

"Who are you? Why are doing this to me? Why are you making me this weak?" For a moment i thought and looked at the clip playing it in slow motion. I felt my heart beating fast and

uncontrollably.

"What the hell is happening with me?"

THIS MAN

#08

HENDRY LUCAS

I hate Amanda with passion, i hate her with every fiber in me. Did she really have to go all out coming to my office to cause a scene. What have i gotten myself into. If it wasn't for Precious i would be in jail by now. I didn't know she could go all Jackie Chan, her craziness really helped me alot. I don't know how to explain this. I somehow have a sense of relief when ever she's around me. She knows how to calm me down, even my own son prefers

Precious more than me. What a father i am. I haven't seen him since after that scandal. I walk out of my office to go search for him. I frown looking at him enjoying this white thing. This girl only eats her own kind of food.

"Gerald, what are you eating?" I ask cause I'm curious. I'm a very picky person and i don't want anything from anyone. But Jackie Chan the runner seems to pulling me by my noise.

"Amasi try, they very nice if you add cream in them" God forbid she's also enjoying this.

"No thank you," i genuinely smile at her. My appetite is zero knot after Amanda's drama.

"We need to talk, I'll come by your office later

on" judging from her tone it must be serious. I nodd and walked away back to my office and all the stares were on me. My main priority now is Gerald Jnr. His eating so i know his covered for the day. Why do i keep on relying and trusting this girl. I don't even know her for crying outloud!

I've been buried with tons of paper work and i haven't even had lunch. Thank God Gerald is not around, i thank Precious for keeping him in company. I managed to go through a whole lot bunch of documents.

"Knock, knock" ahhhh speak of the devils, why is she bringing him back i still have loads of work to do. "It's my knock off time sir, i bought G back." This G that has been slipping out of her tounge confuses me. She notices the blank look on my face.

"G as in Gerald?" I had to ask just to be sure we are on the same page.

"If i keep calling his full name I'll bit my tounge. I don't have a funeral cover not even Cebolethu will funeral me and you won't come to my rescue." She says. This mouth of hers never runs of rubbish to spit.

"Yoh" that's all i managed to say. She has a way of making me weak in an unexplainable way. She sits across my table and puts her hands on it. Somehow i don't like people touching my stuff, but her it's another story.

"I'm not here to judge your parenting skills, but as a big sister I'm concerned about G's well-

being. His very jumpy, scared of almost everything. He hardly talks and he prefers dark than light. Do you know what that means.? I didn't expect this. Yes i know my son is not 100% well.

"Erm no" I'm testing the waters.

"Your son is being abused. Try doing some activities with him. Don't lock him in the house, let him have his fun quality time. Kids like outside play grounds, take him to the park, buy him toys. Find out what he loves the most. And also psychology will help him heal in whatever his facing. No child deserves the pain that G went through. His still young and sometimes he finds it hard to sleep at night because of the constant nightmares."

"H...he told you?" I'm still finding it to believe that Greald Jnr told her.

"I noticed the signs and i tricked into asking him and he told me everything." Wow is she that observant. No wonder she saw Amanda's face full of make up.

"So you are my baby mama from hell ?" I smiled thinking of her craziness.

"Ahhh you still there, i long forgot about that. I was just saving you from trouble. The minute i saw her i knew she was trouble. But hey I'm sorry if i crossed the line." Is she kidding me she saved my ass.

"Thank you, and thank you for your advice." She

nodds her small head and i watch her as she walks out of my office. Part of me was sad, i felt like running after her.

"Would you like some ice-cream?" I asked Gerald Jnr who was looking outside the window. Precious is right for a six year old his very down and quite. I must consider her advises and put them into good use.

"Yes" he answered me in a low tone and that broke my heart.

"Hy what is it?" I can tell that something is wrong but i don't know how to ask him.

"Mama says ice-cream is for the good kids and I'm a bad child." He answered me fidgeting with

his fingers. My heart broke into a million pieces and i decided to drive to go get those ice-cream.

"Chocolate or vanilla?" I asked and he seemed unbothered.

"Chocolate" guess will have two chocolates for the day.

I walked him to tbe park as madam Jackie Chan instructed, damn Gerald Jnr is going to be the death of me. He left me like he doesn't know me, leaving me behind with these two dripping ice-creams. He was definatly having the time of his life, for a moment if felt like he forgot all of the problems and it's just him alone in the world.

"Why did you buy ice-cream if you're not going

to let them melt in your hands." A woman asked and somehow i felt annoyed.

"Blame my son" i tell her and somehow my mind shifts to Precious wondering where she is.

"I'm sure his having the time of his life" this woman is flirting with me and it's a total turn of.

"Yea sure" i side eye her and bitch is staring.

"Where is his mother?" Aint we getting too personal missy goody too shoes.

"My wife is at home" i blantly lie, how do i tell her to fuck off.

"What Hendry Lucas is married. But i don't see a ring on it." Some girls are really desperate yerrr. I just looked at her with a "don't fuck with me eyes". I see Gerald Jnr running towrds me with a wide smile on his face.

"I want Precious, i want to tell her a story.

"Huh" now I'm confused and this ice-cream is not making it any easier for me. I ended up throwing it in the bin.

"She chased away the boogeyman" he squirmed jumping up and down.

"Boogeyman?" I'm still confused as hell making the lady laugh at my confused face.

"It's clear that you are not a storyteller. When a child is afraid of something as a parent we tell them fairytale stories. Whenever they are afraid of the dark or the unknown. We advise them to do a certain thing to chase away the scary creature." She explains, still it doesn't sit well with me.

"What did Jackie... i mean Precious tell you boy?" I asked Gerald Jnr hoping he answered me with something meaningful.

"She said i must pray and it will all go away." He said as he flew along playing.

"Ow oky" it does show that indeed i know nothing about my son and it hurts me to know that Precious knows him more than i do.

"His cute" why is this woman still here again, i fail to understand.

"Thank you, hey buddy lets go home. I'm sure Precious is waiting for us at home." I lie, i just want to be out of this womans site.

"So can we exchange numbers maybe have a little fun later." Is she seriously asking me out. I'm a man and i want a woman who has dignity and self respect, not someone who throws themselves around.

"My wife wouldn't like that. I respect and love her way too much, more than anything. Don't degrade yourself like this it doesn't suit you." I left her standing in total shock. She must be

fucken out of her mind. I don't even know which wife i was referring too, i don't even have a girlfriend. My life is totally meaningless and a bore. As much as i don't know her that much but Precious has that effect i can't explain. What is this woman doing to me? Why do i feel this way? Why does my heart beat this rapidly bad whenever i think about her?

THIS MAN

#09

MLUNGISI ZONDO

Swazi reslly looks horrible with this pregnancy. I didn't know that pregnant women look this disfigured. Her baby bump made her look like she comes from the streets, even money is not

scrubbing her ugliness away. She has those big scary pimples and her feet are always swollen. I can't deal with this anymore, she's always nagging and it's annoying me. I wonder what would have Precious looked like with all the craziness she carries around her. I wonder how is she. Has she moved on? I believe she's still very much single mopping over our relationship.

After finding out that Swazi might be carrying twins, a part of me is happy and another part of me is..... i don't know. I won't cope with two babies, i know kids are a blessing but this is too much. My life is still a stiphill itself. We are still waiting for the results of confirmation.

"I'm hoping for a boy and a girl" Swazi gloats in excitement. She's the one happy and I'm just not finding it exciting. I somehow don't feel the

connection with the baby.

"The doctors are not even sure if you're carrying twins or not. We are still waiting for the results to come back and clarify everything. So don't get your hopes up." I'm just tired of having this same conversation over and over again. It's like her mind doesn't work anymore.

"Do you believe in God?" Is she really going to ask me about God. I think I know where this conversation is going.

"No," I answer her, I just want this conversation to be over.

"You should, God answers all prayers." If that's the case then God should answer my prayers by

making her to shut up.

"I'm hungry" that's what she knows, i watch her as she drags her swollen feet to the kitchen. I thought i would be happy, i thought i would be inlove, i though my prayers have been answered. I should be rejoicing that I'm about to be someone's father but I'm not excited at all. Swazi doesn't give me the happiness i imagined.

HENDRY LUCAS

I look at my son sleeping on this huge king size bed. His so tiny and looks so much like my brother. I'm exhausted, i want to sleel but when everytime i close my eyes i see blood, i could hear those gunshots, i could see my brother's lifeless body. Those twenty-five bullets bought so much pain in my life.

I look at the clock and it's 23:00 on the dot. I don't want to do this but i have no choice than to follow what my heart wants. I pick Gerald Jnr up and placed him gently on my shoulders heading straight to the garage.

Who drives in the middle of the night with a baby in the car just because they can't sleep. I just wanted to go out and see her, maybe it will bring peace.

I look at my surroundings and i notice that I'm parked i front of a shack. I sighed getting out of the car with Gerald, i noticed that his having one of those heartbreaking episodes. He usually cries in his sleep for almost thirty minutes. It breaks my heart listerning to his cries, pleading for him to stop, it hurts.

I knock on the door more like banging it and her mother opens.

"Is Precious in?" I don't mean to be rude but I'm a lost torn soul that needs guidance. My son is having a seizure.

"Come in" she notices that all is no well at all. She moves aside and allows me to get in.

"Mum i....." Precious stops on her tracks when she sees Gerald shaking. "Ow my God, sir what happend? Is he oky?" That's the first thing she notices and i admire for that.

"No" you know when they say men don't cry but right now i feel like letting it all out. I'm a broken man and my son is broken.

"It's oky to cry sir, don't bottle your feelings up.

We are all humans, we all get hurt and we all feel the pain. I don't know what you going through but i promise you, you will never face your problems alone. One day the light shall shine upon you." She takes Gerald Jnr from my arms and made him lay on her mattress on his side and she rubbed him on his back until he was calm.

"I need help Precious, please help me." I'm trying so hard not to cry infront of a woman and I'm totally failing.

"In order for me to help you, you do realise that you will have to open up to me and share that sensitive information?" She tells me and i nodd my head.

"Can i take you to my place? He feels safer

around you, please." I don't know where i got the courage to say that.

"Ermmm.....," she's not sure i can tell by the look on her face. She turns to look at her mother for approval.

"You can go sisi, make sure that the baby is safe" her mother answered her.

"Oky let me pack my overnight bag."

Driving back to the house, i felt a bit lighter, it was peaceful. For a moment my life had a sense of meaning. What lead me to drive to her house in the first place?"

"Your house is immaculate" she tells me as her eye's were scanning around.

"You didn't trip and fall?" That's the first and funny enough i noticed it.

"Aysuka, let's get inside the house. I'll be sharing the room with G." I agree with her but i know that will never happen while I'm still alive.

"This is your room" i showed her my master bedroom.

"Wow this is heaven i tell you. I could live her forever, imagine having my picture on that side of the wall. Silly of me i know." She snorts.

"HmMMM" I'm speechless.

She threw herself on the bed, snuggled herself next to Gerald and I hear her slightly snore.

"Wow that was quick" I say to myself, I look at them sleeping. How does this woman manage to put a smile on my face? How does this clumsy Jackie Chan manage to soften my heart? I took out my phone and steal a few pictures of them. My phone has never had a picture of a woman before, guess there's always the first time for everything. My body is weak and tired, I took my clothes off and I'm left in my briefs. I dip my body in the bed and it feels so warm, it has always been cold. I want to hold her so bad, my body wants her body to be one. I ended up pushing my body close to hers. I felt my body getting weaker and weaker as sleepiness took over.

For the last past two years i havent had a peaceful sleep. It's 10:00am and i was suppose to be at work hours ago. Just as i was enjoying the moment of peace and silence Jackie Chan woke up from the bed in 360 full speed.

"Jesus Christ! What am i doing her? Ow Jehova you kidnapped me! Are we dead? Nkosi Jesu I'm in heaven.Jesus! Jesus come save me, im funeraled" is she still sleeping cause she sounds crazy right now.

"Precious" i call her but she's busy pacing up and down scratching her head. "PRECIOUS" I shake her and she looks at me with her eyes pooped out.

"Did Jesus allow us to sleep in one bed? Wait a minute, did you bribe him?" It's early in the

morning and she's going crazy.

"Yes" i answered her feeling annoyed just to push her buttons.

"D...did you do me?" For a moment i got confused.

"Huh" I'm so lost and i think she noticed.

"Like this in and out" she started showing me movements of people fucking. I couldn't suppress my laugh, she killed me.

"No, what do you take me for? Just because we slept in one bed doesn't mean we did something."

"I'm late for work" she snapped out of her thoughts.

"Don't worry about that, I'm your boss remeber." She sighed closing her eyes and nodd in agreement. "Come here" we hugged so warmly. I inhaled her coconut scent closing my eyes and felt my blood rush. I wanted to kiss her so bad. Her being in my arms is everytging i could ever ask for.

THIS MAN

#10

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

What a house! No food, no nothing! What on earth did Hendry Lucas feed G. I bet he relied on takeaways.

The hug he smashed me with this morning made me shiver. Even Mlungisi's hugs never made me feel that weak, he never made my knees wobbly, what am i even thinking. This is my boss for crying outloud, i shouldn't be thinking such nonsense comparing my boss with my so cold boyfriend... i mean ex boyfriend for that matter.

Let me just go talk to him about groceries, i can't live in an empty house, never! I refuse.

"Sir, i think you should do some grocery shopping. There's absolutely nothing in this house. You can't have a child who eats unhealthy always." For crying outloud they need a healthy meal just for once.

"Yes mam." He pulled out his bank card from his wallet. "Here, you will buy everything that's missing." He gave me his card and he was so focused on the tv with his feet on the glass table. The table that I've just wiped sparkling clean!

"Remove for feet off the table Mr Lucas and get that stinky ass up before i make you!" I half shouted at him with my hand on my waist, that made him jump of the couch in shock and in fear.

"O...o...oky we can go to the car," what the hell when did he start to count words when he speak.

I watch him as his driving, his sweating mxm suka such a drama queen.

"Are you oky?" I ask him i just want to hear his response.

"Who? Me? Ow yes I'm fine. Why wouldn't I be fine?" Oky his so acting weird. "And we are hear." He says parking his car into the parking lot.

I look at my surroundings and shit hit the fan I'm at The Pavilion Mall. Does this man hate me this much.

"OW HELL NO! Not now not ever," i felt my heart being squashed, i pressed my ass together so tight feeling like there's a pencil (impeshwane) in my asshole, walking like a robot back to the car. This is total humiliation.

"Precious," i hear Hendry call out my name, i won't let this man do this to me. I let my ass loose and ran back to the car, dammit it's locked.

"I've never been into a mall before, how will people look at me? They would definatly see that it's my first time here." I tell him honestly. Only rich people come to this place. It just make me want to have an anxiety attack, i don't even know how it feels like to have one.

"It's oky baby girl. You just need to relax, breathe and let loose. Walk inside that mall like you own it and everything will be alright. Stick with me and i shall show you the world. But do me a favour, don't trip and fall." Oky his now teasing me and he has that stupid grin on his face.

"Yea right, very funny Mr Lucas," i teased him back.

He started scanning my body looking at me from head to toes, "i don't like those leggings, they revealing way too much. Those thick thighs are all out." He says. Did this man just complain about my clothing? All thanks to Nokwanda who completely help me to change my wardrobe. I no longer wear baggy clothes and granny shoes. I smell great not to forget my new hairdo, straight up. I look pretty and i feel pretty. The make over left me broke but it was worth it. Later this month i'll be taking my mother and sister for shopping, they also need new things.

"Huh" I'm confused, his got nothing to do with

my clothing. I didn't buy it for him in the first place God dammit!

"You know what, forget I said anything." I just nodded still confused. He grabbed my hand roughly as I held G's hand. We walked inside and the door automatically opens.

"Haibo who pressed the button? Did you open the door? Are you trying to be romantic?" This coloured man is ignoring me. I frown looking at the walking steps. "INI, I am not stepping my feet in those, it will swallow me alive!" I tell him and I see people looking at me in amusement.

"It will not swallow you. These are escalators, they work with electricity. If there's no electricity they don't work. These are advance steps." He speaks low avoiding people's eyes.

Precious will always be Precious, "NEVER! That gorilla will eat me alive. I'm not funeral yet. You want to kill me?" He looks at me with empty eye's.

He sighs taking a deep breath "do you trust me?" He asked me and he looks so cute right now. Stupid me says "yes".

"Hold on to my hand and never let go." He pulls me towards those walking steps. I place my one foot and felt intoxicated and i quickly remove it. I took a deep breathe and tried again, heeee South Africa has huge walking gorillas. I need to tell my mother about this infact i need to bring her here.

I feel dizzy standing on this thing, but i held on to his hand tightly. I think I've been too much of an embarrassment in one day.

"Wow that was fun" i think i like these steps more, not those old one's, those one's you end up getting cramps." I say with a smile plastered on my face. " You enjoying this aint you?" I asked him, his been smiling like a rat.

"Every minute of it, you wouldn't understand." He says squeezing my hand slightly. This place looks like a palace heaven. I wonder if are there any rooms to rent. Imagine me and my family leaving in this luxurious house.

"This place is huge." I tell him.

"I sense a but" he glared at me without blinking.

"I wish i could by my mama a house and go

back to school." I said in a low said tone.

"It will be alright pumpkin, one God will answer your prayers." He tells me. I'm tired of poverty, maybe i also need to bribe bra Jesus with a white chicken. Azovuleka amasango.

Doing grocery shopping with these two is extremely fun, i didn't know that Hendry could be this much of a clown, i got to know another side of him. Most people thought we a family, some would complement us, stupid Hendry will tell people how much of a good wife i am to him. I didn't take that to heart cause i knew he said that just to spite people and i wasn't offended. I was enjoying looking at the crazy sir. My boss is indeed a lunatic, they say it takes one to know one.

While loading the plastics in the car, we heard a

camera flash out of nowhere. Lucas pulled me towards him and kissed the living day lights of me.

"What was that for?" I asked him feeling confused. Why did he just do that? I'm still puzzled.

"I'm giving them a headline story, look I'm sorry to kiss you like that, i should have came up with a better plan. My plan was to hide your face. I don't want you in the frontline paper tomorrow. I could say i was protecting your identity." He tells me but still I'm confused.

"But why? Do they take pictures of you all the time?" I'm honestly lost by all this.

"I'm a business man who comes from a wealthy family. I live my life in an eggshell, I'm a very private person. I've never been seen with a woman before. The time i grabbed you for a kiss, my other hand pulled Gerald Jnr and i had hide his face with your hips." He answeres me honestly. Now i understand. Imagine my baby boy being on the magazine's and paper's, that wouldn't be ayoba. Infact i would have sued the whole South African media if i had too.

"Ow" that's all i manged to say, I didn't know how to react to his statement.

"Do you guys need anything before we leave this place." He asked closing the boot.

"I want a knew phone." I quickly cover my mouth realising what i've just said."

"A phone?"

I'm tongue tied, i didn't mean to blurt outloud.

"Yea, i meant month end. I was actually thinking outloud sir." Hope he buys the story.

"A phone you want, a phone you shall get." He pulls my hand, this man sometimes forget that we are not alone. He forgets G and i don't blame him. Today his just all over the place.

I settled for a Samsung A30. The price was reasonable, i didn't want to be the reason to destroy his pocket, after that R4,500 food stuffs we bought, I felt sorry for him.

"Wow i didn't know that Mr Hendry Lucas has a

family. This woman is lucky and I'm sure she uses those pink bath salts to catch this fish." One of the lady says.

"She even trapped him with a baby." The other says. Lucas heard them and he laughed a bit.

I turn to look at them "if you have a problem with my family say it to my face. So what if i use those pink bath salts. Do you want to know a secret, i feed him muti to fall inlove with me. "I see their eyes widden in shock. "Keep on gossiping about people and you will keep on mopping floors without a future, stupid mbhobozo avocado. I will funeral you two feet underground and not even Cebolethu will come to the rescue." I turn to walk away, leaving them with their mouths wide open. Stupid fools, clearly they never heard of MaPresh Weapons.

"I'm hungry" G said through the awkward silence. He must be indeed hungry.

I haven't been in a restaurant before, im looking at the menu and all i could see is gibirish and those ridiculous high prices. I optioned for ribbs with wings and i ordered the same for G. This tastes amazing, how i wish my mother could taste this.

"I'm off to the men's room. Don't talk to stranger's." I nodded and continued eating while feeding G on the side.

"I love what I'm seeing" the unknown man said and made himself comfortable on the chair.

"And what is that?" I asked him with so much

attitude, he looks at me and smiles. God damn Jesus he looks somuch like G but the older version of him.

"I have a proposal for you."

"Which is?" I fold my arms maintaining a straight face.

"I want you to take good care of these two. They may look alive infront of your eye's, honest fact they are totally broken inside. I know Hendry can be stubborn at times but be patient with him. His not perfect, he has his flaws and demonds that he fight everynight. I want you to stand by him no matter what. You see this champ here, love him like your own, protect him like a mother would. I trust you. You are close to him cause you are here for a purpose. That's

all i ask."

"Erm....w...who are you again?" I want to know him.

"In due time you will know, remeber this is your family. They need you more than anything." He stood up and extend his hand for a handshake which i kindly accept. His so cold as in ice cold, his eyes are so shallow and empty. He looks pale and very white. He smiled showing off his very white perfect linedup teeth. "And tell him i said akunamathata." He let's go of my hand and brushed G's head but he didn't pay attention to this unknown man, and i watched him as he walked away.

"Are you oky?" Hendry asked bringing me back to my senses and when did he come back.

"When did you get back? I mean did you see an man that was here minutes ago?" I search for my surroundings and surprisingly the man was no longer in site.

"A man? No." He answered. I pulled for his hand and touched it, Hendry was warm.

"That man was cold, very cold." I tell him.

"What did the man want?" He shift his blue eyes on me.

"He said I want you to take good care of these two. They may look alive infront of your eye's, honest fact they are totally broken inside. I know Hendry can be stubborn at times but be

patient with him. His not perfect, he has his flaws and demands that he fight everynight. I want you to stand by him no matter what. You see this champ here, love him like your own, protect him like a mother would. I trust you. You are close to him cause you are here for a purpose. And tell him i said akunamathata That's all i ask. Those were his exact words." I tell him.

"No it can't be" he stands up and looks around "where did he go?" I point at that direction the man disappeared to and Hendry runs to go search for him but came back empty handed.

"Where was he?" He looks like his about to cry.

"Right where you sitting sir. He looks somuch like G the white teeth, the big lips and wide

ears." I describe the man for him. Maybe the description would be in good use. I have to think positive.

"Ow my God, this can't be happening." He sat down balancing himself on the table and i hear him sniff. He rubbed her face with his both hands. "God no, how is this possible?"

THIS MAN

#11

HENDRY LUCAS

This cannot be happening, those words, were the words he said before taking his last breathe. I'm trying so hard to be strong but I'm failing dismally. How do i explain this? I'm deep in

thoughts forgetting that i have Precious around the house.

" You do know, if you don't talk to me i will not know what's bugging you. If you die in front of my eyes i will make sure that i kill you again."

"It's just that..... i really don't know where to start and how to explain it." I tell her, if i had to tell her a story about my brother where the hell will i even begin?

"Take a deep breathe and start from the beginning." She tells me.

"My parent's Marcus and Tifanny Lucas don't have a close relationship with me. Growing up i was a loner, i wasn't that close with my family.

Gerald, my older brother was their favourite son and i was just a shadow. They were so proud to have him, they worshipped the ground he walked on. I sometimes thought i was a mistake in their life, maybe i was not meant to be born. I will get into trouble because of Gerald's behaviour. They would blame me for his recklessness. I loved my brother but we were never that close and our bond was not tight. So two year's ago i lost him, he was gunned down right before my eyes. Those twenty-five bullets still haunt me till today. Those unstoppable gun noises made my eardrums have a hearing problem, which no one knows about, if you don't speak loud enough for me to hear you, it makes me mad. Funny enough his parents blame me for his death, I've always been wrong in front of their eyes. Nothing i do make them happy. Do you know what were his his words before taking his last breathe?"

"What?" She asked me as she was brushing my bold head as i rested my head on her laps.

"Look after my son brother, akunamathata. Those words still ring in my ears till today. I do visit his grave for comfort, we were not close but i know he loved me. He sometimes visits me." I'm feeling a huge burden being lifted bit by bit.

"As in, you see him?" I sometimes forget that Precious can be crazy.

"No silly, i dream about him or feel his precense." She stops massaging my head.

"You feel him? Like his near you, as me and you

are feeling each other. Like feeling, feeling?" I don't even know how to answer her question. Who asks such questions, God!

"Yes i feel him, as in feeling, feeling. But i feel him more if something bad is about to happen, like the time Gerald Jnr was vi...violated." i stop to trying to catch my breathe. "My brother loved his son more than anything. Maybe if he was still alive i wouldn't be this lonely. I'm a broken man Precious, no one understands my pain, no one understands the things I've been through. Sharing part of my life with you somehow brings peace."

There was a moment of silence. Precious was still trying to process the information she just got about this mystery man. She now understands the grumpiness, the anger and the

short temper. Now the man she saw earlier at the mall confused her even more. Who was he?

"You haven't talked to anyone about this?" She asked him with a huge dry lump on her throat, finding it hard to swallow her saliva.

"No, you are the first person to see my broken side, the first person to see me shed a tear. I've never talked to anyone other than you."

"Wait a minute," she pushed my head off her laps and she stood up. "Jehova niece, hell no i refuse to believe this. Come smack me maybe I'm dreaming." What the hell, she has started with her madness.

"What is it Precious?" I ask her.

"Your brother, his dead right?" What the hell, is she serious right now?

"So all this time me talking you were not listening. Are you trying to tell me that i wasted my time and energy." I'm defeated right now.

"The picture, can i see your brother's picture." I have no time for her craziness. I sigh going to my bedroom and came back with his picture and gave it to her.

"Are you oky?" She looks horrified and frozen.

"I saw a dead man at the mall, how can i be oky! So when people die their spirits roam around in malls? Goodness he touched me! Am i dead

too?" She starts touching herself.

"Precious my brother died two years ago, if you claim that this is the man you saw then it's him." I'm still confused how she saw him and i never did. Why was he with her in the first place? Guess his always snooping around. I'm used to his precense.

"I need to pray, i don't want to die. If i die now who will funeral me sir? Ow kodwa ngoCebolethu!" She's acting all crazy again. I watch her as she ran to the kitchen grabbing a glass filling it with water and started praying, chasing out the evil spirits. Here i am following her around like a lost puppy. This girl is definatly something else.

"What are you doing?" I ask jer, She's sprinkling

water all over the house, praying in a foreign language.

"Fire in the name of Jesus Christ. Golliat will deal with you and i shall funeral you twice. I will death you and send your ghost to the mortuary. My surname is Weapons and trust me i will weapon you painfully and unconditionally. I will freeze you to death." I look at her runting like a mad woman. I fold my arms looking at her unbelievably, is this woman even real? Does she live in the same planet as me? She kept on sprinkling water, she made G wash his face with the water she prayed for. As much as it's annoying, i find this amusing. My lips curved into a smile, i know she will fight what ever battle we face with prayers.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

"Doctor i don't understand, can you explin more further please."

"Conjoined twins are two babies who are born physically connected to each other. Conjoined twins develop when an early embryo only partially separates two forms of individuals, they will remain physically connected most often at the chest, abdomen and pelvis." I look at the doctor who's explaining this nonsense which i don't even understand. "At this point your twins share the same vital organs. The chances of one surviving are slim. Once she gives birth the chances are high for one of them to die, if not separated after the death of another, it's very likely to loose both of them. " the doctor continues to explain and I'm lost in trans.

"Won't i have a complications during my pregnancy. I'm only 22 weeks pregnant and that's literally four months if I'm not mistaken. I'm scared and my stomach is big for someone who's four months." Swazi say with eyes full of tears. I feel sorry for her. She's the one who's carrying them, she feels more pain than i do.

"Pregnancy with conjoined twins is complex and greatly increase the rise of serious complications. This requires a surgical delivery by cesarean section. As with conjoined twins are likely to be born prematurely, and one or both will be still born or die shortly after birth." The doctor keeps on explaining to us and he kept on confusing us more.

"Is there some sort of treatments she could

get?" I got the courage to ask. Every information is just too deep.

"Treatment will depend on their unique circumstances-their health issues, and where they are joined. We will have to monitor her closely throughout the pregnancy. And she will be referred to a maternal and fetal medicine doctor who specializes with high risk pregnancy."

"Is it possible for twins.....i mean conjoined twins to be of different sex?" I just want to know, how will they cope.

"Technically not possible, they are identical twins coming from the same fertilised egg so they will definitely be the same sex." This is getting more difficult than i thought.

This is weighing me down. Why has God forsake me? Just when i thought I'm picking up the pieces of my life, my life is taking ten steps back. Looking at Swazi break down like that made me look like a failure. What will i say to my kids? What made them different? What will happen if they don't survive at all? No one in my family has ever had this kind of complications. Why me? Why do i have to go through all this?

After the appointment we went back home, no one said a word. Swazi was sobbing silently, only her tears and eyes spoke volumes of the pain she facing.

"Yonke into yenzeka ngentando kankulunkulu"
that's my mother trying to reassure us that everything will be fine. I'm acting strong for her but deep down I'm hurting breaking into pieces.

"It hurts ma," Swazi says as she cried on my mothers chest, i can't take this anymore. I don't even know how to comfort her, or should i not? What do i even say to her? Lie in front of her face and say everything will be alright when i know clearly that it's not.

THIS MAN

#12

HENDRY LUCAS

After being sprinkled with water, which i assume is holly water. She decided to clean my whole wardrobe and do the laundry. I'm looking at her separating the dark and white clothes.

"You know you don't have to do the laundry. I do have someone who does this on the weekends." She has done a lot in this house, from cooking to spring cleaning. The whole house is sparkling clean also smells of fresh air.

"MaHerry Herry, if you know what's best for you, you would leave my sight right this minute." I leave the room and let her be. But I can't be far away from her for a very long time. I want her to be always right in front of my eyes.

I'm sitting in my study drowing my sorrows, I'm thinking of hiring her as a nanny and a stay in helper. That will make me more closer to her than ever, what am I even feeling for this girl? Why does she make me this weak? A sound of screams brings me back to earth. Those tiny screams seems like they coming from the

kitchen. I see smoke and i panicked, is she oky? Is she hurt? What will i say to her mother? All these questions were ringing in my head.

"Precious are you oky?" I asked her, the house is full of smoke. I pulled her outside for her to inhale fresh air. What the hell happend? I asked myself.

"I don't know what happened" she's coughing amd having a hard time breathing.

"What did exactly happen?" I finally had the courage to ask. Luckily Gerald Jnr is playing his soccer ball outisde not minding that his father's house is on fire.

"I'm so.....sorry your clothes got burnt" she

starts crying making my heart pump in fear.

"How did you burn my clothes?" I'm afraid of her response. I look at her as she played with her soft pink hands.

"The washing machine caught the fire and it burnt five of your shirts." She tells me and my eyes shut down trying to regain my sight. The last time i checked the washing machine was in the laundry room not in the kitchen.

"Precious i don't have a washing machine in the kitchen." I tell her and she looked at me confused.

"Ahh....but..i mean" she sighs taking a deep breathe "the silver one sir." I felt my toes going

numb.

"A silver washing machine?" I asked her to double check, surprisingly the madam nods her head countless times looking at the ground. I rushed back to the house and the smoke has died down. My mind is stuck, my kitchen floor is a mess.

"Good God Gracious, what did Jackie do?" I can't even explain the mess I'm looking at right now. The kitchen floor is full of bubbles with water spilled on the floor. "Hawe Jesus," i need to be rescued right now. I hear her footsteps approaching.

"That's why i use my hands to wash my clothes. I can't stand those confusing machines." She says, what's complicated about this.

I calm myself down, the damage has been done already. "Precious this is not a washing machine, it's a dishwasher. Didn't you read the signs? Didn't you see that this machine is for washing dishes not clothes?" She shakes her head no, honestly I'm defeated in this whole situation.

"This machine has amashalofu. Which means lawomashalofu are meant for G's clothes not yours. That's why it caught fire." Is she fucken serious, this is unbelievable.

"Follow me" i tell her maybe if she sees a washing machine she will be able to spot the difference. "This is a washing machine." I showed her. I took all my time to show her how it works. She continued doing the laundry and i

was shit scared for my clothing. "That's how it's done." I tell her after showing her how to use it.

"Ohoooo pho ubungasho ngani" i just look at her lost for words. Didn't i tell her minutes ago.

"The kitchen....." she cuts me short.

"Worry not MaHerry Herry i shall clean that up." I hate this name but somehow i enjoy being called by it.

I watched her as she cleaned the dishwasher disposing my five favourite shirts. Like really who can't differentiate between the dishwasher and a washing machine. This is so amusing, i should be mad and angry but I'm calm as hell. Here i am laughing like a shitty donkey, there's

never a dull moment with this one.

Later that day i took her home, i don't want to be on the bad books with her mother.

"When are you coming back?" Gerald Jnr asked Precious with his tiny voice.

"Anytime G, you know I'm always here for you right?" He nods his head. "And please don't forget to pray before you sleep." She tells him. I look at him through the rear mirror and i saw happiness written all over his face. His eyes were bright and that smile said it all. Miss dishwasher knows how to make my son happy.

"So tell me when are you buying me a new dishwasher since you broke that one?" I tease

her maintaining my straight face.

"Once i sign the record deal with Rebecca Malope." She answered me, i smiled looking at her innocent face and that got me thinking.

"Do you still want to pursue your dreams in singing?"

"Yes, if given an opportunity i will kindly grab it with both hands. You know i want to be that woman who is self driven, and independent."
She says.

"Where's your family?" That came out wrong. I didn't mean to ask her in that manner, i looked at her as she sighed for a very long time.

"I don't have a family. My only family is my mother and sister and ofcourse G my boy." I listerned attentively when she told me about how her father neglected them when her mother needed him the most. She opend up to me about her fears, and how she found herself heartbroken by the man she once loved.

"I admire you. You have been through alot but yet you are still kicking and surviving. Focus on building yourself a better future. Make your mother proud and don't dissapoint her. If you stress her you will be stressing me young lady." I tell her. My hand landed on her thigh squeezing it. I will always be here for her no matter what.

"I enjoyed my stay with you guys. I'm sorry about your washing i mean dishwasher." She

smiles innocently, i love her black soft lips. Hearing those words coming out of her mouth made me more than i thought i could ever be to her.

"Take care and send my regards to your mum." I wave at her as she walked away to her house. She walked away looking at the sky the next thing i know she landed on the ground. "She tripped" i say to myself. She picked herself up and ran for her life leaving me in stiches. I shook my head and wondered how can one beauty be this clumsy and weird at the same time.

I decided to drive around the neighbourhood Chesterville. There's nothing much interesting about this place. It's like the people of this area enjoy locking themselves up in their houses.

I passed by a place called Mashamplanes Loudge. The vibe is tops and looks pretty packed. No wonder all the houses look like there's no one.

I continue to scan around until i came across a board written HOUSE FOR SALE. I qiuckly press my brakes harshly by mistake making my car to make that squeaky sound. I look at this pitch house and it looked decent for a family. People were going in and out of it and i decided to go check it out.

"Gerald Jnr lets go check this house buddy." All gazes were on us, is it the first time they saw coloured people in loxtion places. Don't they live with them?

The house looks immaculate on the inside with

shinny white tiles with built in cardboards. A six room house, every bedroom has its own insuite. That's it I'm taking this house, i hope I'm not overstepping on anyones toes. Every person deserves a roof over their heads. This might be a perfect start and the rest shall follow.

"Exuse me miss," she turns to look at me more like drooling over me. "No need for that I'm a married man." She hid her face in embarrassment. "I would like to buy the house, if it's still on the market."

"Yes it is."

Am i doing the right decision here?

"Hope it won't backfire."

THIS MAN

#13

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

Monday! Monday! Monday! Ow Jehova how i hate Monday's. Friday i wasn't at work cause Mr Lucas himself held me hostage, no actually he kidnapped me. He took me home on Saturday afternoon. Ow how i enjoyed my time with G.

"The boss lady is something else" that's Nokwanda laughing her lungs out after telling her how i broke the dishwasher.

"Yazi i didn't feel embarrassed at all. I grew balls and sucked it in." I tell her.

"You're one hell of a sick human being. What can we say, you guy's are inlove but just indenial. What did i do to deserve a stupid sister like you." Nokwanda mocks me and she continued mopping the floor.

The bond we share is immaculate. Don't get me wrong Fatima is the best sister i could ever ask for but she's way too young for me to share adult talk with her.

"What i know is you love me as stupid as i am. And no sisi I'm not inlove with the boss, his just being the overprotective big brother." I assured her, what will Mr Lucas do with a plain girl like me.

"Mxm fusegi" we continued to clean around the building.

It's almost lunch time and i was called into the bosses office. Maybe he wants me to take G for a walk since he was copped up in that office since morning. Everyone is giving me ugly stares, something inside of me was burning. I stopped on my tracks and attended to them.

"What is it? I know I'm pretty so stop staring." I put my hands on my waist waiting for their respond.

"It's very funny how you got this job, you sleeping with the boss and playing step mother to his son." His PA Emily says. Oho now i see this is a royal rumble.

"I hate women who sell themselves just to be on the top. You not even his type for crying outloud! I mean look at us and look at yourself you're totally plain. The man like Hendry fall for women like us not some cheap skank like you." Emily's friend added.

"Ow, oky. But then don't you think that it's a good thing that I'm prostituting myself to make ends meet with my kuku. If i sleep with the boss, where do you guys enter, you don't fit anywhere. You are not the one's doing me in and out dogystyle. I've been riding him since Friday, and damn my kuku is on fire, it's burning. The sensation I'm feeling now is very unsensational. I may look simple but i have all the qualities he desires, meaning i fit his check list like a Madam. But don't worry you wouldn't understand cause your minds are smaller that

yourls hanging clitoris. Useless bunch of chickens." I turn to walk away after feeling satisfied with my shade, I'm not done grilling them. I'm MaWeapons kayi one. I was about to knock in Mr Lucas's office and i heard a voice. A black person will always be a mamgobhozi, i easedropped leaning against the wall listerning.

"You are jeopardizing your career and dignity. Do you want your company to crumble down just because of this girl. Why don't you go for someone your standards and not some bloody cleaner." That's Miss Grootboom's voice, who is she talking about. You see this bhusmane.

"You are now the dictator of my life. If you cannot stomach this, i suggest you leave my company in peace." Hendry tells her, can't they just spit out the name already.

"So you choose Precious, that low life good for nothing over your own reputation." Heheh so Miss Grootboom is talking about me, this stincking salukazi.

"Yes! I would choose that damn Precious you hate somuch over everything." His spitting venom, I'm glad that my boss takes me as his little sister and i admire that alot. I smile to myself.

"I swear this donkey has bewitched you! Are you even listening to yourself." Ow no she didn't. Did she just call me a witch? I let myself in without knocking and I'm mad as hell.

"Yewena gogo who is a witch? I knew it, you

never liked me from the first day you laid your eyes on me. You hated me from day one. You know what's the worst could happen? You will kill yourself with heart attack hate. Jesus Lion of Juda will strike you with thunder stroke. Infact i should burn you like Tebogo Dichaba. You see that man burnt himself along with his wife and kids without any mercy. I should wake him from the dead to come chicken dust you along with those wrinkles on your face. You should be home enjoying your pension but you here causing troubles, for what vele, aysuka. I will witchness you, burn you alive and funeral you. You called me a witch, it takes one to know one." I turn to look at G who was busy drawing spider man. "Let's go baby."

"Yes!" G exclaimed in excitement clapping his hands.

"So this is what you've settled for?" This granny is not backing down vele.

"Nci, nci, nci. I feel for you, salt is definatly killing you. Get a man magriza, a man that will make you moan Satan himself. I'm sure you have even developed feelings for women, awww magriza. Date my family, I'm sure someone will pick you." I laughed walking out of the office leaving Miss Grootboom fuming in anger. She will die with a Virginia full of stealwool that one.

"Sister's the rumours are killing me, people are talking shit about you." That's Nokwanda making herself comfortable next to me.

"Let them talk i have nothing to hide, but i promise you this I'll be killing alot of people by

the end of today. Some call me desperate and some say I'm a witch. Lapho i don't care, they must just lick their wounds and forget about me." I tell her, i don't care what people say about me cause at the end of the day they don't put food on my table

"Yes girl! I'm inlove with your spirit." Nokwanda surely knows how to keep a smile on my face and brighten my day. "So Mrs Lucas tell me....." i side eye her making her to laugh.

"Can i eat my lunch in peace?" i ask her, i just want to chow my sweet sandwich without any disturbance.

"How do you eat this vele? It's....." i cut her short.

"Disgusting i know. Whenever my heart is sour, buy me white bread and bananas. All my problems would be solved within a blink of an eye." This sandwich right here is my favourite of them all. I can't explain the feeling I'm feeling right now. If you haven't tried bananas and white bread i suggest you do, you will definatly see heaven.

It's finally after work and i can't wait to go home and rest.

"I'm done changing, we could go now" i tell Nokwanda, today she will be spending the night wit my family. After telling my mother everything about Nokwanda's situation, she welcomed her with open arms and she now takes her as her own daughter. I've never seen her this happy. It's a pity we don't get to choose our families.

"Mom asked me to bring her more beads. Do you think this pack would be enough?" She asked, the way she's so comfortable around us.

"I don't know, i guess she will tell you if they not enough." I respond. My mother has decided to sell beads at Brea Station and it brings good profit. She benefits alot from them.

From work to the taxi rank is a walkable distance. Why would i spend R8,00 just to go around the corner, i don't have money to waste. Atleast the line is not long today. Jesus decided to fry us today and the sun is blazing hot, we're dogging bullets. If only i had a freezer in my body i would havd cooled myself.

"Do you know those two?" Nokwanda asks me.

I turn to look behind me and wala my two enemies are staring at me like empty minded people. "Those are my two traitors, the ex's of my life." I tell her.

"You crazy" she laughs at me. "Wait isn't that the boss himself?" She points at where the car is parked.

"What is he doing her? Maybe he is lost or something." The door opens and G gets put of the car and comes running towards my direction. He open his arms wide for me to hig him shouting "mommy".

"Hy buddy" i pick him up and we go to the car.

"Get in, I'll take you home" Hendry orders us. Without debate or asking anything i proudly get my fat ass in, taking the front seat, and damn i was doing wonders. The car drove past Mlungisi and Swazi "jackpot" i say to myself. Now this is how you funeral your ex boyfriend. I want him to have chest pains like there's no tomorrow. From zero to hero, damn i felt overpowered and happy.

He drove straight to my shack, we all get out of the car finding my mother doing her beads as usual.

"You back early" she says, this woman is my pride and joy. I can't imagine my life without her.

"Mr Lucas bought us back home" i tell her and they exchange greetings.

"Well the main reason I'm here is because....."
Hendery takes a deep breathe praying to his inner self that this doesn't backfire.

THIS MAN

#14

HENDRY LUCAS

"Well the main reason I'm here is because....."
Hendery takes a deep breathe praying to his inner self that this doesn't backfire. "I did something and I'm not even sure if i did the right thing."

"What did you do?" Precious asked with her

eyes narrowed. Than again, how does this girl manage to make me loose my senses completely?

"I'd rather take you there so you could see for yourselves." I tell them and i pray the agree to come with me.

"Hmmmmm" that was Precious response, and she's making my heart skip a bit.

"Ok ndodana, let put on my shoes so we could go." Her mother says, she stood up and putted her shoes on. We all went out of the house and she locked ther door.

The drive was very silent, luckily the house i bought was few was down the road so the drive

wasn't long. I parked outside of the house and i must say it still looks beautiful like the last time i saw it. It also had a nice flower garden.

"Ahhhh MaHerry Herry Mr Muscle man, don't tell me you bought this house for yourself. But why would You leave your paradise? Do you love this house? No lies it's very homey." Precious with her non stop questions make me more nervous.

"It's actually not mines." I answer her. How do i even begin to tell them that this house belongs to them.

"Ay cha yona intle nkosi yami. I just wish someday God answers my prayers, atleast get my kids a lovely decent home before i die." Precious mother says scanning the house with her eyes full of sadness.

"Shall we go inside?" I lead the way and they follow me inside without any words being exchanged. The moment they got inside of the house they were speechless and the expressions on their faces were priceless.

"Now , this is..... i can't even explain." Nokwanda says, "the house is warm and the furniture looks expensive." She continues to add.

"Again who lives here?" Precious asked Hendry who swallowed a dry hard lump.

"Can we sit down please" I'm sweating and scared. What have i done? I need all the strength to tell them. It's now or never.

"Talk mfana you scaring us now" her mother is also becoming impatient. She's looking at me sharply making my spinal cord to crack.

"I didn't mean to go out of line but my heart ordered me to do what i did out of care. I hardly spend my money, don't take this the wrong way but this house belongs to you." I tell them, i looked down on my shoes with my heart on 180 heart beat.

"WHAT!" Precious mother asked in shock.

"This house belongs to you ma, i bought it out of the goodness of my heart. Please accept it." I feel a bit ashamed.

"I don't even have a cent, how will i pay you back?"

I don't even have a bank account, I've been struggling all my life. My life is a pain, what do you want in return? No one can just buy you a house, a whole house and don't expect something for gratitude." Her mother says with glistery eyes. I didn't to make her cry, let me just clarify my intentions.

"I don't expect you to pay me back ma. All i want is for you and your family to be happy and live in a healthy environment. I don't have a relationship with my parents, you welcomed me to your home with open arms and gave me a mother's love. My mother never loved me and i don't know what are her reasons. Again i don't expect you to pay me, and another thing my son enjoys being around you guys. He sometimes cry for visitation, but due to the condition i had to deny him. I want him to visit whenever he wants. Accepting this gift will mean a lot to me

ma." I answer her honestly, this woman is magnificent. I wonder how the hell her husband let her slip off his hands just like that.

She's kneeling in front of me sobbing painfully, what do i do now? I stand up helping her to also stand, i pulled her into a tight hug calming her down.

"What did i do to deserve this?" She asked through her waterfall tears.

"You are a true defination of a mother and a grandmother to my son. Not even my own parent's know that i have a son. You made me feel part of the family and this is my thank you gift." I admire this woman alot.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

When i thought she was miserable and lonely she decides to kill my heart and smash it. I thought she was not worth it, a better man saw a worth in her.

"I still don't believe this, did you see that car? She has totally transformed." Swazi says, i don't even know why she's angry cause she never liked her, infact she envied her.

"She suprised me, she showed me another side of her today. How can she she stoop so low, i mean why sell your body for a living?" I'm just mad she chose to move on and forgot about me so quickly.

"She's not prostituting herself the girl chose to

move on. She's even glowing heheh, ay people change. Can you believe it me her best friend actually sister, she chose to ignore me like she didn't see me." Swazi is annoying me right now.

"I would have done the same if i was her. You took me from her remember, get a life and stop hating her. Make yourself useful with your life. Atleast she's trying in life." I clicked my tounge and stood up from the couch. "I'm going out for a walk, i need to clear my head." I tell Swazi, i saw shock written on her face and i assume she never thought that one day i would actually stand up for Precious cause we always gossiped about her.

I drag my feet on the pavement thinking about my life, i walked round the neighbourhood until i found myself infront of Precious's shack.

"What am i doing here?" I ask myself. I don't remember how i landed on this side. "How did i even get here?" I turn to walk away noticing a big padlock on the door and i wondered where could she be. Why is Precious's life affecting me this much? I was the one who broke things off with her in the first place. I humiliated her in front of someone who she treated as her own blood sister.

These streets reminds me of what we used to do, we enjoy those stolen kisses cause she was afraid of people, how we used to play hide and seek under those street lights. She was a girl who knew nothing, a girl who was afraid of everything. I found myself smiling thinking about all the good times we used to share, those stupid little things we used to do. With Swazi it's a different story, she's arrogant and

thinks highly of herself. It's true when they say, money change people. She's one hell of a filthy human being who can't clean after herself. Did i even make a right decision?

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

Mr Lucas is pranking us that i know. How can you buy a whole house for someones family? Does money grow from trees? After telling us that the house belongs to my mother i zoned out of shock and went to my own world. I see their movements but i can't hear a thing.

"Treat him right and you shall forever be happy"
this old woman says i don't even know where she came from. She looks so familiar.

"Gogo" i smile seeing my grandmother, a woman who gave birth to my mother. "Am i also dead? Did you kill me?"

She laughs at me with an angelic voice making my heart to melt. "You zoned out my chiled, I'm happy to see you. You look just like yore mother when she was young. Take care and i will always love you." I watch her as she faded away and i started hearing voices.

"Precious are you oky?" My mother asked with a concerned voice.

"Where am i?" I asked them and i see worry written all over their faces. I scan my surroundings and my mind came back. I refuse to believe it's true, if it's a dream please Father God wake me up. The next thing i know my

body got tired and i gave in.

I woke up in the sounds of beeping machines. I turn to look on my side and there was family crying silently.

"Ow Jehova, thank you Lord" that's my mother thanking her lucky stars.

"You scared us there" Nokwanda says with puffy eyes." My mind is blank and i panick when i don't see G among them.

"Where's G" i asked them, my voice sounds different and i have a pounding headache. I need to process a whole lot of things here.

Hendry scoffs shaking his head, "right beside you" he says, i smile looking at his tiny body sleeping next to me.

My body hurts, I'm tired and i feel sleepy. Why did Hendry have to do all this, I'm even scared to look at him in the eye. I'm that kind of person who expresses her feelings when mad, i speak up and i gladly don't take nonsens. This Man robbed me chance to kill him and funeral him in that garden.

"So the only thing you care about is G. You wake up from the dead to aske about G" this woman likes embarrassing me.

I tryed talking but my voice won't come out. My eyes are half closed. "Hendry" i call out for his name softly. I felt the bed dipp and i assumed

his sitting on top of it.

"Hmmmmm" he answered me.

"Where do mermaids look for jobs."

THIS MAN

#15

HENDRY LUCAS

I look at her innocent face shaking my head. Is she always this mad? To even think that she will say something important with her mouth she decides to kill me with it.

Her mother and Nokwanda are busy laughing their lungs out. Precious is definatly a devil in

disguise.

"That's not my daughter, how can she embarrass me like this." Her mother says and she's in stitches. I also ended up laughing cause she was hilarious.

"Precious lives in her own world" Nokwanda adds, I'm even sure she's worse behind closed doors.

"I should get going it's getting late" i tell them.

"May the Jesus of Nazareth bless you my child. I don't have words to say but i have a thank you, but i can show you how much thankful i am. One day I'll shall reward you with a gift that will forever be in your heart." She tells me, hearing

those words from a mother soothes my heart.

"Thank you for accepting my gift, that meant a lot to me. Let's go so i could drop you off at home." I pick Gerald Jnr who was fast asleep and we left the hospital premises. Miss fainter was fast asleep amd I'm damn pretty sure that she's dreaming about mermaids.

"Thank you for the lift son" her mom says fishing for something in her bag and came back with the keys.

"No problem, so when are you moving in?" What a question, how can i ask such a question.

"Tomorrow my son, I'll pack all my belongings. I don't want anything that has to do with this

shack. I have a huge elegant house waiting for me. I won't stop thanking you as long as i live." She tells me, a thank you was more than enough for me. I bid farewell and drove straight to my house finding Amanda standing outside the gate. I sigh annoyingly cause i know know she's here to fucken cause drama for. I drive through my drive way and she follows me behind.

"What do you want Amanda?" I asked her feeling annoyed.

"I'm here to apologise, i didn't mean to cause all of that drama. I know i messed up but all I'm asking is for a second chance." She says, i huff looking at her i have no time for people like her. I picked my son up taking him to my bedroom. And this bitch is following me around and she

has the guts to be in Precious's room.

"This room belongs to my crazy baby mama. GET THE FUCK OUT! I roar making her to run out of the room feeling frightened.

"Again i will ask you, what are you doing in my wife's house?" I sat down comfortably on my couch. She stood up and took off her coat and damn she still looks sexy. She modeled towards me and sat ontop of me.

"I want you, this, i miss us" she says seductively. It's been months without releasing my steam and this one here offered herself to me on a silver platter. I pushed her off roughly and damn i was already hard. I reaped off her g-string, took my pants and my boxers off. I jerked my shaft for preparation. I bent her over and i

roughly shoved myself inside of her without care. A bitch will always be a bitch, i started pumping her without care ignoring her cries.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

"You are well Miss Zikhali, you are discharged. Just make sure you do not over work yourslef. But other than that you are healthy and fit." The doctor tells me, his busy flirting with me and I'm just out of it, i feel zero fokol.

"Thank you" i tell him faking a smile, can't he be gone already. It's bloody 10 O'clock in the morning.

"Is it possible for me to get your numbers so we could go out for lunch sometime." Can

someone please come shoot me, this doctor is irritating me. Can't he sense that i want to be alone. What happend to his sixth sense?

"Is this What you do doc? Asking numbers from married women" Hendry say, standing in the room. When did he get here?

"I was actually..... No never mind sir, i apologise." The doctor takes the file off the bed and hurries out of the ward.

"Where's my son?" I ask him. I watched him as he placed my bags on the bed.

"I took him to your mother" he answered me. Something is definatly off about him, i could tell.

"What did you do?" He looks at me shocked, guess he wasn't expecting that question.

"Huh" he says pretending to be lost.

"I know you Mr Lucas, i can tell by the way you looking at me that you did something wrong. So my question is, what did you do?" I see him sweat struggling to breathe.

"I slept with someone i did not mean to." He says in a low voice full of guilt and regret.

"So why are sour?" I ask him.

"She seduced me and stupid me feel for it." He says.

"Where was my son when all this happend?" I ask him, his eyes are wondering around like he stole something.

"He was a....asleep" he tells me.

"Where did this happen?"

"It didn't happen in your bedroom i swear. After leaving the hospital yesturday i found her outside my gate. I changed the codes, so she wasn't able to let herslef inside the house. She got naked infornt of my and one thing lead to another and i regret it." He tells me, i can tell that he feels bad, but why?

"Did you use protection?" That's the first thing

that came across my mind.

"No" he replies looking down shamefully. I won't judge him but next time he should know the importance of protection.

"I don't know what to say, at least use protection to protect yourself from all the diseases hovering around. You have a child to think of, what ever you do or what ever decision you take make sure to always put G first." I tell him and he looks at me with his eyes popped out.

"What?" I ask him.

"I thought you would..... i don't throw tantrums maybe." He says.

"Nope, just be open minded next time. Let me

go change so we could go." I take my bag to go change.

"You didn't bath didn't you?" He asked me with a huge frown on his face.

"I did" i gladly say lying through my unbrushed teeth.

"I know how you smell before and after you shower" he straighten his body looking at me. "I don't mind waiting" he tells me, i groan to turn back to go take that stupid shower which i drastically hate.

"Done" i tell him. I don't know why these guys hate me so much. I don't like bathing i hate it with so much passion. He signs the discharge

papers and drove to town to have some lunch. I had even have forgotten what landed me in hospital.

"Please hit me" i order him, but he just looks at me like I've lost it. Looking at this house makes my head spin.

"Don't faint on me miss fainter" he tells me stepping out of the car.

Me Precious Mbalezinhle Zikhali MaWeapons now lives in a house like this, God forbid.

"This is all a dream, I'm dreaming. Mama is yet to wake me up. MaHerry Herry i need a walking stick for the grand entrance. You know when i was at hospital i waited all night to see where the sun would rise but it dawned on me.

Imagine the whole Precious, Mapresh, Preshi Preshi, aysuka you wouldn't understand. You know my intestines are dead they want to come out. I need to use the bathroom, maybe if i pee all of this would come out of my system.

"Precious you are rumbling, you not even making sense. Let's go inside ma is waiting for you." He

Tells me in his commanding voice.

I felt my breast shrink, "mama, mother of Jesus Christ why have you forsake me. I woke up from the dead, i see dead people. SIZANI! SIZANI! Awe I'm a ghost." I felt my heart having a panick attack.

"Precious" he calls out for my name, but my

mind was occupied. I need plan B fast.

I should hide my body underneath the car, I'm scared to go into that house. What if i faint again? Hiding under the car will be the safest place ever. I feel the car's engine hot and i felt suffocated.

"Funeral me you damn stupid car, ghost me alive i need to be ghosted. MaHerry Herry call 10111 i need to be rescued. Don't just stand there like a wet cow! Do something your car is burning me! Awemalo! malo!

THIS MAN

#16

HENDRY LUCAS

"Precious just for once in your life can you be serious. What you doing now is making me mad. If you don't want me to smash you with this car i suggest you get your ass underneath the car and go inside that house!" Maybe raising my voice at her will make her mind work a bit. She slowly slides out underneath the car looking all sweaty.

"I'm sorry, but I'm scared of that house i saw my dead grandma" she tells me. I sigh looking at her and i see that this woman needs help. No one in their right state of mind will be this kind of a character.

"It's oky, hold my hand and you shall be oky." I tell her, she locks her hand into mine and we slowly made our way to the house. She sat on

the couch and she immediately dozed off.

"Thank you son. I don't know how you pick up with her. Most people cannot stand her at all." Her mother says as she genuinely smiles at me.

"It's oky" i tell her. Precious sometimes sucks the energy out of me but i will never give up on her. This chick is on hell of a crazy one. I picked her up taking her to the bedroom and covered her with a blanket. I stood their for some time looking at her. Her innocence is making her this crazy. She needs to be fucked in every corner so she could wake up. I walked out of the room to be with the others.

"Is she still in shock?" Her mother asked me.

"Yes she is, hopefully when she wakes up this whole issue would have sunk in." I respond.

"And what's with that smile?" She asked me and i felt embarrassed.

"I love her, the way she is and how she carries herself. I wouldn't change anything. She's a whole lot of trouble, but i love her regardless." Saying that 'i love her' felt some kind of weird.

"You love her you say?" She looking at me sharply. Shit this is awkward.

"As my younger sister" i say trying to convince her, who am i fooling?

"I'm not a child, i see the way you look at her. You seem to forget i wasn't born yesturday, i know love when i see one. Funny enough she loves you as her older brother, i think she's clueless." She tells me. I do know she's very clueless, my question is do i love her? I don't even know what love feels.

Later on i was at home thinking about the decisoin i made. I somehow feel like i did the right thing but how do i come clean? What if this chases her away? Will she accept the decision i made without her consent? I could be arrested for this, what was i even thinking in the first place. God dammit this girl is making me do drastic decisions without even thinking twice.

I'm drowing myself in alcohol thinking about Amanda. She is the biggest regret I've ever

came across. After fucking her yesterday i threw her out of the house like a dog that she is. She keeps on shoving herself down my throat.

Gerald Jnr optioned to stay behind with his mother Precious. She's very clumsy but she takes care of my son in a very humble way.

A buzzer came through indicating there's someone on the door.

Shit i forgot to lock the gate now people are walking comfortably in my yard.

"Who is it" i asked making my way to the door.

"The police, open up" my heart skips a beat. I open the door to let them in. I wonder what they want at this time of the night.

"How can i help you?" I ask them.

"Are you Mr Hendry Lucas?" One of the officer's asked.

"Yes" i replied, at that point I've concluded everything in my mind. This has everything to do with that skank Amanda.

"Do you any by chance know Amanda Ngcongo?" I knew it, my instincts were right.

"Yes, she's someone i use to date." I answer them honestly.

"You are under arrest" they cuff me singing that rehearsed line of the law. Amanda again seems

like she managed to win this time. That bitch had an agenda.

I was thrown inside a cell, here goes my future, my reputation, my life. I have a criminal record for rape. I need to inform my family, I'm sure they worried. I always call before they sleep.

"Excuse me, i need to make phone call please." I've been begging them ever since i got her. No one is attending to my request.

"Five minutes, that's all you have" one of the police officer gave me the phone. I dialed Precious's number luckily she picks up.

She sounds like she's sleeping. "Precious it's me Hendry, I've been arrested for rape. I....."

She cut me before i could even proceed. I don't have enough time.

"WHAT!" She's screaming breaking my eardrum, can she just shut up for a minute.

"I want you to listen to me carefully. Go to my house, search for my phone and look for Atwell Wolf. That's my lawyer, tell him I've been arrested and i need him to come see me. I am at the station, he will know what to do and please take care of my son." I feel like breaking down but i got to stay strong for them. I see this Phineas of an officer coming back and i immediately disconnected the call. I hope she got everything and she will not go crazy. Precious is very unpredictable, how did i not see this coming? Damn you Amanda!

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

"Maybe his praking you" Nokwanda tells me. Why would he prank me with such a serious matter. Something is not right here i can feel it."

"I refuse to believe, accompany me to his house. If his lieing to me I'll cut his balls and make him swallow them. In the mean time can you request those what what on your phone. It's late now there are no taxi's." I tell Nokwanda, without debating she requested for Taxify and minutes later it was outside.

It's at night in car with a man we don't even know. These what what request seem yo be dangerous. What if he decides to kidnapp us. I brush the thought off, such silence in the car doesn't sit well mith me. I'm at ease seeing the

Westville house's. Every household has a huge scary monster dog. How i hate dogs.

"We are here" the driver says bringing me back to reality. We paid him and he drove off. Atleast he was man enough to bring us safe and sound.

I punched the code and we went inside of the house, i searched for his phone and it was no where in sight. I'm starting to get frustrated and angry at the same time.

"Let's try calling it" Nokwada suggests. I took out my phone from my pocket dialing his numbers and i noticed something weird on the screen. I frown looking at it making Nokwanda snatch the phone from my hands.

"You saved him as hubby?" Nokwanda asked in confusion.

"Last time i saved his name on my phone it was saved as Mr Lucas. I honestly don't know, maybe it's the ghosts I've been seeing lately. They are trespassing now." How the hell did Mr Lucas's name change to hubby? All of a Sunday.

"It's ringing" Nokwanda says bringing me back to reality. We searched for it and found it under the couch. I picked it up, i swiped it since it doesn't require a password. I choked on my own saliva looking at my contact on his phone.

"What is it?" Nokwanda asked.

I just showed her the phone cause I don't have the strenght to talk. She laughed out loud

making me dizzy.

"Wifey? Like really, you are basically his wife" she's making fun of this and i can see she's enjoying every bit of it. Is sir mad or what, why save me as "WIFEY" on his phone. I searched for Atwell and called him.

After that phone call we sat down and waited for him. He said he is on his way. I'm sitting here battling with my thoughts and nothing makes sense. I don't get it, how the hell did the rape situation collapse under his name. Unless.....

"Wait a minute, you see this has Amanda written all over it. Is she that desperate." I tell Nokwanda.

"Why would she stoop so low?" She asks me.

"She's a bitter ex who can't get over the situation." I respond. If my instincts are right than she will have me to deal with.

The intercom rang and it was the lawyer. I let him in and lead him to the dinning room area.

"You are welcome" i tell him.

"You must be Mrs Lucas" he says exchanging his hand for a hand shake. I was taken back by Mrs Lucas but decided to play my cool.

"Yes i am" i replied, sitting my ass down.

"I'll need to use the study, he has camera's in this house. So for me to know exactly what went down in this house, i need to check those camera's." He tells me, what will make me trust him. Lucas's study is a very private area even i don't enter that room any how. "Look mam, you can come with me so you could know what I'm talking about." The lawyer continues to add. I agreed and we all went to the study. We watched the video clip and i must say Amanda is a true defination of a bitch.

"That's all i needed to see. This will be used in the court another thing don't say anything to anyone. Your husband is a very private man. I wouldn't call myself his friend but i know him more than anyone." He tells me, i nodd my head in agreement and i walked him out of the door.

"Why did he keep referring to you as Mrs Lucas Nokwanda?" asks me and i shrugged my shoulders cause honestly i do not know.

"I don't know, maybe he thought so i guess" i answer her back.

"Maybe you are married to him you just don't know it." I jsut laugh at her stupidity comment, i really wasn't expecting such.

"That's 501 fraud dear" i responded. My mind is occupied by Hendry's case. What will i tell G, ay naye he should behave and put his dick in his pants. Now look where it got him.

We will be sleeping here since it's very late, we have no choice. After informing my mother she

was heartbroken. What i like about her is that she has a vey warm heart, after i introduced Nokwanda to her she took her in as her own child. To even think we are relative's is another story. When she showed my mother her father's picture turns out that my father and her father are siblings. My mother was in total shock. I admit Nokwanda is a secretive person but i understand where she comes from. She doesn't trust people that easily.

THIS MAN

#17

HENDRY LUCAS

"Start from the beginning and don't leave any detail behind," Atwell tells me. I have to be

transparent from the get go.

"I met Amanda two years ago i was coming from my brother's burial. She was a woman who was stranded in need of a place to stay. She told me that she had a fall out with her family. I believed her cause she looked broken and miserable. I took it lightly, guess i also needed a shoulder to cry on. I stayed with her for about a month than i decided to rent a flat for her because i needed my own space back. She started changing bit by bit showing me her crazy side until she called my child my son a basterd. I gave her one thunder, i didn't mean to but she kept on pushing me. The following day she came back with two officer's to arrest me and Precious delt with them." I tell him

"Woah, what do you mean if you say she delt

with them?" He asked.

"She noticed something was not right with Amanda's bruises. I only gave her one smack on her cheek, the following day she comes with a bruised face. Precious took a dripping wet cloth and forcefully rubbed Amanda's face only to find out she had make-up on." I answer.

"So what happened after that incident?" What I love about my lawyer is that when he listens he listens attentively.

"I last saw her that day, I haven't seen her for about a month until she popped out of nowhere to seduce me," I've just laid my heart out, and I spoke nothing but the truth.

"I see, Thank you I'll take it from here. I'll gather all the information about this woman as possible. About your wife, she still doesn't know does she?" He asked me and i felt my heart skip a beat.

"No" i answer shamefully.

"The sooner you tell her the better." He stood up. "Will see you in court day, by then i would have gathered as much information as i could. Don't worry too much." I watched him as he walked and i sighed going back to my cell.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

"This can't be happening. I don't have money in my bank card!" I'm furious right now, how does

my money disappear just like that.

"Let's go inside the bank and find out"
Nokwanda suggested, i just want my money
nothing else. We walk inside and felt like
screaming a piercing scream ever.

"I WANT TO SEE THE MANAGER! Your atm
stole my money, infact it drank my money and
got drunk." I'm definatly sounding like a mad
black woman.

"Keep it down will you." Did she just pinch me?
She didn't know that she is making me more
mad.

"Don't pinch me! I want my money!" I snap. "Hay,
hay don't at me like that I'm not your snack

wena. I will dig out your eye balls and feast on them. So help me father God i will funeral each and everyone in this bank statement!" I'm screaming, my emotions are all over the place. People are looking at a mad woman.

"Sisi this way please," one of the consultants tell me. If she's going to bribe me than she has another thing coming. "Please take a seat and tell us your complaint." Professional skeletons, i thought to myself.

"Your atms are full of sgebengus, it stole my money. All my rands and cents are gone! Even my one cent vanished without a trace." I tell her.

"Can you please give me your ID, so i could check on the system what seems to be the problem." Consultant tell me, at first i was

persistent but i have no choice to give her what she wants. I want my money back safe and sound that's all.

"Unfortunately mam you are not registered on our brunch system. Are you sure this is your ID?" She tells me leaving me confused.

"What does that suppose to mean. What are you on about? Can't you talk to your system?" I ask her.

"What I'm trying to say is, it says her your surname does not exist mam." She hands me back my ID.

"This is some kind of a sick joke, I've always used my Zikhali surname. What the hell is going

on with you people!" I clicked my tongue shoving my ID inside my bag and stormed out of the bank.

"Let's try another bank maybe you will be assisted." Is Nokwanda kidding me right now. After the humiliation i went through but than again she's right i have no other option. We headed to another brunch hoping and praying that i atleast get the money. I need to register G for school next year. It's about time he went to school, he will be turning seven next year. Mr Lucas sent me money whenever G came by for the child emergencies but never really used it. I sometimes use it for transport when i head to driving school afer work.

"This must be some kind of a joke two of these flippen banks say one and the same thing. That

means I'm not a South African citizen. Where the hell do i come from? Don't tell me the stone gave birth to me." I will sue the whole of South Africa including the president himself.

I feel Nokwanda's xhaustion, "Let's go home tomorrow we will go to the home affairs as they suggested. Things like theses do happen, cool down it's going to be oky." I had no energy in me, i just want to go home and rethink about everything. Hendry doesn't want me to see him and his adding stress to my problems. He claims his protecting me only God knows from what. Now this happens, ayikhona nginesinyama akugeji.

The first thing i did when i got home was to throw myself on the bed. I'm emotionally exhausted, now i have to wake up early

tomorrow morning to squeeze myself in those long lines. I swear I'm not from South Africa. Now I'll have to tell Mr lawyer I'm moneyless. He has no choice but to give me money until Hendry comes back.

"Don't stress yourself too much, I'm sure it's something that could be fixed." So my mother decides to sing the same song Nokwanda has been singing to me all day.

"You should have seen the embarrassment when my card declined on the atm. I know i do have money, Henry sent it to me two weeks back." This is just emotional blackmail.

"I'm sorry baby. How's the case going?" My mum asks.

"I'll ask Mr Lawyer" i just want to be alone right now. Why does my life have to be this hard. Let me take a nap so i could call Mr Lawyer for assistance.

HENDRY LUCAS

"You should come clean to her. Her account was frozen due to incorrect information. Her ID says something and the system picks up another thing. You see a big glitch there. Tomorrow she's going to home affairs to sort out this issue. I hope you are ready for the confrontation." Atwell tells me. I don't have anything to say but I'm hell as sure that i don't regret what i did.

"I will tell her when the time is right." I answer, i hope by that time it won't be too late.

"She's in need of money for registration. Your son needs to be registered." He reminds me.

"Shit i have totally forgotten about that. She knows where my safe is. The pin is her date of birth." I answer, how will i face Precious after this. In that safe there are very important documents. Documents that contains our lives. This is one fucked up situation. I asked Atwell to have her followed where ever she goes, i don't trust Amanda one bit. Rather be safe than sorry. That devil disappeared into thin air, once i get my hands on her she will regret every messing with me. I have to bring the old ruthless Hendry Lucas back.

THIS MAN

#18

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I've been standing for God damn two hours. I'm tired and hungry, that's why i hate home affairs. There lines are very long. Atleast Nokwanda is here to keep me company. She claims she doesn't trust me one bit, i might cause a scene and embarrass her. Like really, i think I'm matured now.

"Next" finally we are called in, with these masks on our faces it's just making it hard for us to breathe. I don't know why Covid decided to visit South Africa. Who is this Covid kahle kahle, and they say his 19. We now live with unknown

pieces.

"How can i help you?" The lady asked.

"I want my money." I tell her, this thing of going back and forth is really tiring and i can't take it any longer.

"Why would you want your money from home affairs sisi?" She's so polite and very professional and that made me notice how rude i was.

"I'm sorry, it's jsut that I'm frustrated," these bloody tears decided to sneak out. I look up trying to push them back in but these monster pops decided to come out.

"It's oky take your time. I'll try by my all means to assist you." She tells me.

I took a deep breathe, "yesturday at the bank, they told me that my surname does not exist. The money in my account is all gone." I tell her and burst into tears, my heart is aching in an unbearable pain ever. She takes out a tissue from the tissue box and handed it to me. "Thank you" i say.

"Let me get this straight. Your bank account is empty, they say your surname does not exist, and you do not appear under their branch systems? So in other words you account was put on hold until you produce something tangible from the home affairs?" She asked me and i nodd my head countless times.

"Yes, that's what they said." I respond.

"Ok, can I have your ID please" I wasted no time I gave it to her. She started abusing that keyboard countless times with an unreadable expression on her face and I just have a feeling that something is definitely wrong.

"Is everything okay?" I asked her.

"Uh-huh, yes mam. Excuse me for a moment I will be right back." She tells me, she stood up and disappeared into one of the office's.

"Don't panic they will help you" where the hell did Nokwanda come from.

"Which security did you bribe?" I look at her questionably.

"I sneaked in, they will just have to suck it in. I didn't bring Corona to this country, I'll be hell bent to follow those countless rules, already these masks are giving me a headache." She says, sitting next to me.

"Social distance please" i reminded her, she just laughed at me and i believe this child is sick in the head.

At the back office

"Are you sure it's her?" The supervisor asked.

"Yes Miss Wolf" the worker answered back.

"You know the procedure of applying for a new ID. She has to go down that route to avoid any question and suspicions. She's already legally added to the system. After everything advise her that she should fetch her ID after two weeks, but a notification will be sent to her." The supervisor tell the worker who listened carefully. She went back to her working station finding Precious reading a broucher.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting, my system was having a technical glitch. Was just asking one of the technical guys to fix if for me at the back." She says.

"No worries, as long i will be assisted" she looks at me and she smiles warmly. It's suprisingly

how i was written off the system. But i understand, they say green books are now being unrecognized in the South African system. That's why people are forced to have a smart card.

Doing this whole process is tiring, imagine starting the whole process all over again. From taking pictures, to fingerprints. I didn't know you know pay R140 for an ID, the green book was for free.

"Finally we done, atleast i will have to wait for two weeks only." I tell Nokwanda as we stepped out of the home affairs.

"Atleast hy, are you attending any driving lessons today?" She asked me, she looks pretty tired.

"No, I'll....." my phone beeped indicating there's a message.

"What is it?"

"It's Mr Lawyer, he just told me where i will find the money. Finally i will be able to register him tomorrow." I respond.

"Okay, I'm tired an hungry." She whines, she has been by my side all day

"Let's go to Westville to take that money, rest a bit than go home."

The house is a little bit stuffy, it does show no

one was here for a couple of day's. Next Monday is Hendry's court case and I'm nervous. Nokwanda went to the guestroom to rest a bit. She's pretty tired and i wouldn't blame her. I decided to clean around this huge house until i was satisfied. It now smells fresh in coconut aroma.

I was in Hendry's room looking at the brown envelope written Mr and Mrs Lucas Vacation. I took it and placed it aside. All of these paper's look important the this man decideds to squash them all in at once. I continued to clean the safe wiping the amount of dust i found inside. I stumbled across a small black box, cause curiosity killed a cat i opened it. And God damn it's a beautiful shinning diamond with a big heavy rock.

"Wait a minute, is this not the same ring that i showed him the day we were at the Pavillion mall.? I wanted this ring to be my wedding band. I took it and slid it in on my left hand and it fitted perfectly.

"What am i doing?" I ask myself. This must be the wife's ring and i just took her luck. I quickly took it off and place it back where it was. I found a stack of money but i won't be taking all of it. I counted it and it was close to thirty thousand.

"Who keeps such money in the house?" This one needs whipping so his mind will function properly.

I dispose the water i was cleaning the safe with. For some reason i found this weird. Why would

his safe have my birthday date as a code? I find this disturbing as hell. I ended up taking fifteen thousand. I hope it's not too much. I picked up the brown envelope and glared at it for a couple of minutes. I opened the envelope slowly and pulled up the papers looking at the first part of it.

"Honeymoon trip to Amazon, blame it on Anacondas, who on earth would like that unexplainable awkward place?" I say to myself, damn my favourite place. My heart skipped a beat looking at the initials on the top Mr and Mrs P.H Lucas. I pulled the papers further up and my eyes popped out looking at the paper's in disbelief.

"What the hell!"

THIS MAN

#19

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

My heart skipped a beat looking at the initials on the top Mr and Mrs P.H Lucas. I pulled the papers further up and my eyes popped out looking at the paper's in disbelief.

"What the hell!" Is this man crazy. Why would he spend somuch money? I looked at the figgers and i got lost for a moment. What an expensive trip just for one week, kanti how rich is 'This Man?' As much as i love news, what I am doing right now is really wrong. I just read something confidential and already i feel bad. The intercom rang and to my suprise it was Queen

Amanda, i decided to let her in.

"I don't have a dick to rape you with." I tell her.
The more i look at her the more i become sick.

"Well, well, well the fake wife or shall i say fake baby mama," she said sarcastically and i couldn't care less. I just want the perfect punishment for her.

"Call me what ever you want i don't care, do you want to know why? Cause i don't argue with spineless fools. So tell me when are you dropping off the charges? My 'husband' needs to be with his family?" I emphasized the word husband.

She laughed bitterly, "the same husband that

got me pregnant." She folded her arms looking at me.

"The same husband you seduced. It's a shame how he shoved himself inside of you without any foreplay. Imagine releasing that tape online how much money i could make from it. Why did he throw you out like trash after fucking 'the mother of his basterd child'? I saw shock written all over her face.

"Shut up! You don't know anything. Hendry and i are inlove!" She's screaming on top of her lungs.

"The same man you claim he raped you. You know when i look at you, i see a bitter, psycho ex who has a meaningless life. Why run after a man so desperately? Don't you have a life? Why

enjoy ruining people's lives? It shows that you are truly sick in the head. I feel for your mother, she doesn't have a daughter but a she goat.

What will you tell that basterd child you carrying? Will you tell it that you putted his father behind bars for a crime he didn't commit just because you were a bitter ex? I didn't think so." She kept and stared at me. "Cat caught your tounge, you didn't think of this whole odeal now did you but worry not i will forcefully make you drop the charges." I tell her.

"Sisi is this really you?" Nokwanda was all over me not believing anything that's coming out of my mouth.

"Nokwanda, let's go home I'm sure my son is giving mother a hard time." I say.

"You bitches are busy enjoying my boyfriends money!" Amanda shouts.

"Point of correction woman, he was never your boyfriend and he never will be." I took out a stash of money from my bag and waved it in the air. "I suppose you mean my husbands money." I laugh at her.

"You bitch!" she says directing it to me.

"Rest nana, tell you what. I will leave you here for two days to think about my request. Drop the charges and i will let you go scot free." I tell her.

She huffs looking at me up and down, "you want me to be in this house all alone?" She has a

nerve to ask me that nonsense.

"Yes," I answer her smiling at her stupidity. If only she knows what I'm about to do to her.

"Let me stay here for a week and I will drop the charges." Bitch thinks she has me by my tits.

"Very well than let me love and leave you." We turn to leave and I turn up the aircon temperature to 360 degrees without her noticing. "Before I shut the door I forgot to tell you this, you will only have access to one room cause it doesn't require any code and that is the guestroom. There is no food in this house like literally nothing. You won't be able to open the windows, they also require a code. Shout all you want and no one will hear you." I smiled looking at her shocked face. "There is no way out,

welcome to the mortuary." With that said i closed the door making sure i lock it. "Now that's how you deal with a bitch" i tell Nokwanda with a proud smile.

"I'm still speechless. What happened to the old Precious? Are you sure that this is you?" She's still amazed, I'm amazed by myself also.

"To tell you the honest truth i don't know what happened, something inside of me gave me power to be matured. It's like someone was controlling me. It felt weird like it wasn't me, wait a minute what if it's the brother gogo ghost." I started touching my body.

"Now the old Precious is back." Nokwanda says.

"Jehova my mind is cold, the ghost froze my mind. I'm frozen!" I looked up at the sky in panick and the next thing i know I'm on the ground.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

Swazi is now five months pregnant and the situation is depressing day by day, the complications seem to be getting worse.

"How are you feeling?" I ask her, she looks like a ugly whale. The love fling i thought i had for her has totally gunned down.

"I feel dead on the inside and alive on the outside." She answered me while I'm massaging her swollen feet.

"I'm going to town, do you need anything?" I ask her placing her foot on the couch. I'm actually running away from the topic. I want want she starts she will cry till Jesus come back.

"Chicken schwamer, it must be extremely hot and extra chicken." I wonder how people eat all of this mixit. I prefer the crunchy twister from KFC.

I'm roaming around in town looking for only God knows what, until i spotted a group of people with camera's and microphones. Maybe this could distract my mind and this schwamer i have in my hand is making me nauseas. I got closer but the crowd was too much with people pushing each other. I try to peep my head through the crowd but unable to do so. Four

scary, buffy men came to the rescue. It looks like they were rescuing the two girls. Wait a minute, one of them looks somuch like Precious but this woman was way too beautiful and sexy with that short dress revealing her thick thighs. I saw the side of her face, she was looking down covering herself. Those thick thighs remind me somuch of Precious. Look at me admiring another woman with my ex's image in the process, while i left a pregnant woman at home. But i want to know what is happening.

"Excuse me, what is happening here?" I asked one of the journalist.

"Which planet do you live in, that was Mr Hendry Lucas's wife." He answered.

"You mean thee Hendry Lucas?" I ask in shock, that man has always lived his life in private.

"Yes."

"I thought he was single." I tell him

"Turns out his married and also has a son." He tells me and disappears to the crowd.

I turn to look at the black SUV as it drove off. Every person admires that man, i wonder how beautiful his wife's looks. I don't even know how the man looks like.

I wonder where's Precious after seeing a girl that looks like her. That reminds me their shack is always locked, maybe they are busy. I sighed walking back home and i decided to pass by her

shack and suprisingly it's still locked.

"Sawubona ma," i greet the old lady who was outside sweeping her yard and she responds. "I'm looking for the owner of this shack, have you seen them?"

"They no longer live here, it's been a month now. They bought a new house." She answered me walking back inside her shack leaving me dumbfounded.

"So she moved out and not even once she thought of telling me. Who am i kidding after how i humiliated her like that." I sigh talking to myself. Life will truely amaze you.

"I wonder where they live?" I continued to ask

myself questions. I go back home finding Swazi glued on the tv. I don't know how they manage to watch these documentaries about disfigured people. I don't have the courage to watch it, when i look at them i just think of my unborn babies.

THIS MAN

#20

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

Those journalists did a number one on us luckily they didn't manage to take any pictures of us.

"So you were being referred as Mrs Lucas, tshisa wena," my mother has been making fun

of me, she's busy laughing her lungs out. I don't see anything amusing about this. Imagine if G was there, he was going to cry and worstly he doesn't like crowded places.

"Imagine if G was with me. My poor baby would have been traumatized!" I tell her, everything about this is making me wanna go mad.

"You right, so what happens now 'Mrs Lucas'?" She's emphasizing the status with a high pitched toned voice. She's seriously enjoying this, i need a new mother as soon as possible!

"Where ever you go a scary man will accompany you, i didn't sign up for this," i tell her "this man whose in a holding cell is making my life difficult. How dare he dictates my life! Come sunshine, come rain i will traditionally

deal with him." I'm fuming in anger.

"So you mean to tell me i will be Queen Elizabeth," i look at my mother in disbelief. Did she just say she will be Queen Elizabeth?

"I don't believe this, this is exhausting i just want a normal life, i don't want G to be traumatized. I don't want him to live his life in fear. This will just draw attention to us and i don't want that honestly." I've never imagined my life to be this complicated.

"Yoh, i can't wait for that day to held my head up high, waving my hands like a Queen. This life is new to me. Ay don't look at me like that. I've never been treated like a slay queen. Mama MaWeapons aka Slay Queen. Jehova wami." Is this woman serious right now? Did she just hear

what i said?

"Mama how can you say that, I'm crying my heart to you and you're not taking care of me. I need to buy a new mama from shoprite." I stood up and went to my room leaving her laughing at me. I just have to focus on my life and forget about everything that is happening at the moment.

I've been meaning to apply at UNISA online. Now that i have a laptop i will take my time going through my online application. I wonder what will Hendry say when he finds out that i took one of his laptops, not that i care. Besides i deserve it after playing that fake title of being Mrs Lucas.

HENDRY LUCAS

"She wanted to kill you" Atwell tells me, that was expected of her. I'll never allow her to see me after this, she will definitely go Jackie Chan on me. This girl is very unpredictable.

"I knew she will go mad. Do you think she saw the documents." I ask him, i don't know how i will face her after she saw them.

"No, but she has the body guard issue. It doesn't sit well with her. Ow and the guys informed me that she locked Amanda inside the house, freezing the house into 360 degrees coldness." Atwell says shaking his head.

I smile thinking of a tough cookie that she was becoming, "that's my woman" i say with a proud voice.

"What do we do about her?" He asked me.

"As clumsy as she is, let her handle this one. I believe she knows what she's doing." I lean back on the chair imagining her. This woman has me by my balls.

"Everything is set for the case. I'll present every evidence in front of the judge." He reminds me, Atwell is my best lawyer and someone i can always rely on. I wouldn't call him a friend but i could say he is someone very close to me and always had my back.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

"What did i do to deserve this? Wasn't enough

that they were different? Wasn't enough that I was going through a lot already? Why has God turned his back on us when we needed him the most? He decides to take them away from me. I can't stop crying he took my soul" She's broken, Swazi is a strong woman but now she's breaking apart bit by bit.

"Konke kwenzeka ngentando kankulunkulu" my mum says, she's somehow distant and I don't know why. "Mlungisi can I have a word with you outside." She tells me, I sigh getting up from the chair following her behind, I'm not ready for any speech. "How sure are you that these babies are yours?" She asked me.

"I believe they are mine, but somehow I don't have that thing. I don't know how to explain it." I answer her question. Honestly I have never

bonded with those twins even they were still in their mother's womb.

"As a mother i don't believe they are yours. A mothers instinct is always right." With that said she left me hanging. How will i even begin to ask her if the babies were truly mine. Now that they are no more will it be selfish of me of wanting to find out the truth?

AMANDA NGCONGO

I'm cold, i can't breathe. I haven't eaten anything i drink warm water just to keep myself warm and have strenght. This haliot knew exactly what she was doing. I thought Hendry was the man for me, I've been with that man for two fulls years but i don't know what kind of a person he is.

I ran away from home because of the jealousy i had for my sister, she was the golden child an egg at home. She was happy in her marriage and i was suffering. I tried so hard causing havoc in her marriage but i kept on falling dismally. Until on faithful night i drugged her husband and she caught us in bed. I didn't sleep with him but i just wanted to give her that idea. She never said anything, they continued being all lovey dovey and being happy. Somehow they managed to find that i drugged him and i ran away from home. I come from Eastern Cape and here i am screwing poeples lives.

The first man i fell inlove with was Mphakamseni Ngcobo. The day of the interview i failed to keep my eyes off him. The moment i saw him i immediately fell inlove with him. His buffy body, his deep husky voice,those big

zoom sexy eyes. That trimmed lined beard and that chocolate dark skin complimented everything. He didn't notice me cause he was a man who was stupidly inlove with his wife and happily married. I wanted him so bad for myself and i thought if i repeat what i did to my sisters husbad will work in my favour with Phaka. I had hopes that his wife Zelo will leave him for me. I ended up drugging his coffee throwing in a few couple of sleeping tablets. That stupid wife of his drank the coffee that was meant for Phaka and it landed her in hospital. I ran away before he could even get to me. Years later i met Hendry, at first i thought maybe his just a cold hearted man who needs to be loved. He has never loved me and it was all about sex to him.

Now being in this house cold freezer all alone makes my mind stuck. It can't function i can't think of anything. I'm trying so hard to keep

myself warm but I'm unable to do do. My noise is blocked and my eyes are red and puffy from all the itching. I've tried every trick possible to break the door and windows and everything is sealed closed, there's no network. My phone is ice cold and no longer working. The fact is i underestimated her.

"What did she mean when she said she will post my video online? How did she know what happend? She rubbed it in my face and i didn't take it seriously. My image will be ruined, i can't have my face being turnished." I talk to myself, i should have begged her or even drop the charges. Now she has something that she will use against me. Hendry didn't rape me in the first place, i threw myself at him. He gave me what i wanted and now i have screwed everything up.

"What did i do to myself? Is it true when they say I'm carzy?" I ask myself.

I've been tossing and turning trying to catch some sleep, i can't seem to close my eyes. Images of my family is flashing right before my eyes. Why didn't they love me like their perfect daughter. I hate my mother, I'm hearing voices in my head whispering.

"No you not real" i try to convince myself. I try blocking my ears using my hands to avoid the voices but they kept on going louder and louder.

"Leave me alone! You are not real, you are not real, you are not real. Leave my head! I shout outloud backing myslef up into a corner. I slid down in fear holding my knees tight leaning them against my chest and i started rocking

myself back and forth.

"You are crazy, admit it dammit!" A little voice speaks up in my head.

"No I'm no crazy! You're crazy. I'm not crazy! I'm not crazy!" I kept on repeating those words over and over again.

"You are crazy, admit it dammit!" An elder voice says, i felt my heart stop beating when i heard my mothers voice.

"I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" I scream with tears streaming down my face.

"You are useless, you are not my daughter."

Those were the exact words my mother use to say to me all the time every chance she got.

"Get out of my head! Leave me alone!" I started banging my head against the wall ignoring the pains. I got tired, i felt my body getting weaker and weaker with blood dripping down my face. I layed on my side with my eyes getting heavier until they were totally shut.

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Second insert will follow before 23:00 pm as promised

THIS MAN

#21

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

TWO DAYS LATER

"Get her cleaned up, call that make-up artist to come work on those bruises. She must make sure that by 12 O'clock Hendry must be released, or else she will have me to deal with in an unexplainable way." I tell one of the guards over the phone.

"Yes mam." He answered before we disconnected the call.

"So what's your plan." Nokwanda asked me, she's been curious for the past two days.

"I want her to sing at the station before Hendry is escorted to court that's all." I replied. I want Amanda to tell everyone in that station that she framed the poor guy. Ever since i left her in that freezer not even once i checked up on her. Women like her don't deserve to be treated like human beings. I'm sorting this issue out and i believe we will not cross paths again with her, cause if she does nci nci nci God knows i will release that sex tape within a blink of an eye.

AT LUCAS'S HOUSE

"Ple...please let me go," Amanda begs. For the

past two days she saw hell, her life was nothing but hell itself. She thought about her life, the bad the decisions she took and the heartache she caused in people's marriages. She thought about her family, and thought to herself she's better off without them.

"Stick to the agreement and make sure that after this confession you stay far away from the Lucas family especially his wife. His crazy wife won't be this lenient with you next time." The guard tells her.

"I...i didnt mean to cause t...trouble sir." She said and the guard ignored her. The panick in her voice was there, if only she didn't mess with Mr Lucas she wouldn't be here.

"I hear you, but someone wouldn't. Imagine if it

was your brother who was framed for something he didn't do. Was Mr Lucas really going to spend the rest of his life in jail for a crime he didn't commit? Did you think about the consequences? Did you think about the kid? That boy is still young to loose his father over some lousy rape that didn't even happen. Think before you act." He tells her leaving the room. She sat in comfortable and thought about the damage she have caused.

Minutes later the make-up artist arrived with her make-up kit. Her face was a bit swollen bit nothing a make-up can't hide. She managed to cover her face perfectly.

Minutes later they were done.

"All done," the make-up artist tells one of the guards packing her things away. Amanda was

sitting quietly looking at herself in the mirror, she wanted so bad to be dead. She thought banging her head against the wall, God will work in her favour and take her life. But no one of the guards decided to play hero and save her. Her found her unconscious, the first thing he did was put dip her body water in warm water washing the dry blood and cleaning her wounds. Her body felt alive again even though she was a bit still weak. He nursed her until she regained her strength to be able to feed herself. She eat like she hadn't eaten in days and the chicken tasted so good.

"What are you thinking about?" The guard that helped her asked as he sat beside her.

"My life" she answered.

"What about your life?" He asked, he wondered how a beautiful woman can be this crazy. He watched the video clip over and over again.

"My family hates me, they believe i have this sickness that no one knows about. What amazes me is that i don't even know what kind of sickness i have. Why was i born in the first place?" She felt her eyes pickle with tears and she sniffed.

"I didn't mean to ruin your make-up." He said as he caressed his hands on her soft cheeks. Wiping tiny drops of tears under her bottom eyelid.

"It's okay," she muttered.

"You look more beautiful without make-up." He tells her. She flushed in red and looked down blushing.

"Thank you." She replied.

"After this whole ordeal what's next?" He asked her and somehow he just feels drawn to her.

"Pick myself up, i don't know. I guess i don't have to fight for something that doesn't belong to me. I have to stop looking for love in the wrong places." She shrugged her shoulders. The guard nodded.

"I'm Austin Tazmine by the way." he tells her.

"I'm Amanda Ngcongo." She smiled looking at a yellow bone man in front of her eyes. She felt some kind of spark. But then again she reminded herself that she won't look for love anymore. Love will definitely find her.

"Let's go" he tells her, she took a deep breathe and thought about the people she's about to face. She thought about how desperate she looked in front of everyone's eyes. How did she get here in the first place. She followed Austine behind and they drove straight to the police station.

AT THE STATION

"What's the reason of you dropping the charges? Did someone threaten?" The officer asked looking at her suspiciously.

"No sir, i....." she cleared her throat, "i lied sir, Mr Lucas didn't rape me." She tells the officer.

"You know i won't help you if you don't talk."
Some hlw the officer had a belief that she was pushed into dropping the charges.

"No sir, i lied about everything that happend. I was angry at him for kicking me out of the house after fucking me. I didn't know that his house had camera's. That's why I'm dropping them." She said and she ran outside of the station finding Austine leaning against the car.

"Are you good?" He asked her.

"I don't know what's wrong with me," she burst

into tears.

"Shhh it's oky," he continued to hush her down and they drove out of the station.

Hendry was sitted quitely in his cell with his face buried in his hands. He hasn't been able to sleep lately, not to talk about having a decent shower. He thought about the main reason for marrying Precious behind her back. If he doesn't come clean he will definatly be funeraled. The gate opened and his heart pounded thinking it's now time to go face the judge. What if his being sentenced for life in prison for a crime he didn't commit.

"You are free to go home. You are lucky cause the charges have been dropped. I don't know what went down but my advise, stay out of

crazy women and trouble." He couldn't believe his ears. Today, he was meant to be in court but things took a turn. Who dropped the charges? He stood up and followed the policeman behind. He signed a form, collected his items and went out. The breeze was so fresh, it's been days without seeing the sun. A smell of fresh air made him inhale closing his eyes. He noticed a few journalists from afar and he knew his about to be the talk of the town.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I cannot believe my eyes. This man, the mystery man. The cold man has been released and i can't wait to touch him. The station is full of journalists and their bloody cameras. How did they even know that Hendry is been held captive at the police station? I want to get out of this

bloody car and hug him so tight.

"Is it safe to get out of the car?" I asked Themba one of the trusted guards by Hendry.

"Yes mam, as long as you keep your head down." He answered.

Good thing I'm wearing a cap. I opened the door looking down avoiding those flashing cameras. "Thank God i didn't trip and fall," i say to myself holding my breathe making Themba to laugh at my stupidity. I felt like some sort of a celebrity when those cameras were flashing non-stop.

"Excuse me mam, are you thee Mrs Lucas?" One of the journalist asked. Thank God i left G at home.

"Is it true he has a son?" Another asked.

"What was he arrested for?" The questions kept on buzzing.

"No comment." Themba answered them. I held on tight to his arm making sure i don't trip and fall.

Now that we are out of their sight let go of his arm lifting my head and my heart skipped a beat. This has never happend before. I couldn't contain myself any longer, i ran into his arms and hugged him so tightly making me to feel my own blood rush. Whatever weird feeling I'm feeling right now i don't want it to stop or end. I buried my head on his chest and i didn't want to let go. I somehow felt i was at home, somewhere i belong and then i remembered how mad i am with him. I pulled away from his

chest and looked right into his eyes with my hands on my hips.

"WeHendery Lucas, Maherry Herry. I only have one thing to say to you, only one thing baba. Fold your eyes and close your arms. Who the hell do you think you are. Why are you making my life a living hell eh. Do you know the trauma i went through, i need counselling for it, i need a brain scan. I see you don't give a dam, sea or river infact you don't give a water about me! You see I'm one hell of a mad black woman, i will deal with you and you will never to mess with me ever again. No one messes with MaWeapon and goes scot free." I left him standing there with his mouth open going back to the car.

"Ahhh Lefie I'm sorry." He sat beside me and

somehow a smile crept on my face. "I missed my crazy wife." He tells me pulling me to be next to him.

"I missed you too." I say, what the hell did i just say. I feel in paradise when I'm in this man arms. At first i thought it was brother and sister love but clearly i was fooling myself.

"I'm glad you did wifey." He said with a huge huge on his face kissing the tip on my nose.

"Aibo boss you can smile." Themba asked with a shocked expression on his face. Lucas never smiles nor laugh with anyone, some say his a cold hearted basterd, some say his not a people's person. I was once in his shoes, it's rear to see this man smile.

"Shut up and drive." He commanded making Themba to shake his head. He kept on stealing glances at us smiling.

"Just when i was about to say how sexy you are when you smile, you decide to bring the ugly grandpa Hendry back." I shouldn't have said that outloud. Blame my mouth for being slippery. Why do i have a big mouth, ow Jehova wami.

"Punishment awaits you woman." He says, i just kept quite looking outside the window.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

"I'm going to ask you for the very last time

Swazi. Who is the father of the twins?" I've been asking her for the past two days. Even my uncle concluded that these were not my kids. The Zondo family has a dark spot underneath their butt. Everyone in my family has it.

"Mlu, i love you okay. That's all that matters." She replies. The twins were buried two days ago and not even once i felt emotional or attached.

"Swazi, don't mess with my emotions!" I half shout.

"Okay, they were not yours, there you have it. I was raped okay!" She shouts back, she started feeling emotional. I feel defeated.

"Why didn't you tell me from the get go?" I ask her. "Why did you make me believe they were mines?"

"Cause i was afraid of being judged. I was afraid of what will my family say." She said in a low tone.

I don't know whether to feel sorry for her or be mad at her. How can she hide such a huge sensitive information from me? So this shows that she doesn't trust me with her problems?

"So you found it not important to inform me? so this means you didn't trust me enough with your problems Swazi? Am i not your boyfriend?" I asked her.

"I'm sorry, " she says, she cried so bad sinking

down on the floor. I sat next to her pulling her body towards mine. I let her cry on my chest, i don't know the pain she's feeling right now but it will all shall pass. It has been an emotional week for her, all i could do is comfort her and be there for her every step of the way. I don't wish this pain even on my worst enemy.

THIS MAN

#22

HENDRY LUCAS

Feels good to be back home, I've rested enough. I didn't know that my wife had it in her to punish someone in that manner. I couldn't get enough of that clip. Behind that clumsy woman there's a feisty one. The aroming smell

is making my stomach grumbe, i decided to go to the kitchen. My nostrils were buried alive.

"Smells nice in here." I tell her, i looked at her and wonder how many things has she dropped while i was in that cell.

"I'm done," she tells me, i look at the short dress she's wearing revealing her thick thighs. I stood behind her and leand my dick against her butt. My machine has aroused and damn i want her so bad but first she needs to be punished for calling me grandpa.

"Turn around," i order her, she's busy wiping the kitchen counter with a dishwasher cloth. Is she ignoring what is poking her butt or is she not feeling anything? She slowly turned around looking down.

"I'm still busy," she says, i lift her head up using my index finger and looked at her smokey light brown eyes.

"You look beautiful" i tell her, she blushed and looked down again. I came closer to her with my dick poking her stomach.

"Look at your husband" the day i get to reap that pussy apart she will take me like her real husband.

"You are not my husband habe, Jereva. I'm tired of being thee mysterious fake Mrs Lucas. Why don't you reveal your true wife than to give people the wrong idea." She tells me with attitude, if only she knew that she was Thee

Mrs.

"In due time you will know Liefie, so tell me why did you steal your husband's laptop. First you call him grandpa now you steal from him." I say, looking down at her.

"Because Mr Lucas is my fake husband. Angithi we are married in community of property, what's yours is mines and whats mines is yours." She's busy poking my chest, she's turning me on right now and hell i like it.

"I love you," what the hell, i don't know where that came from. But what i know is that wasn't my voice at all.

"Bakithi nunuza kamama i love you too fakey

fakey kaMaHerry Herry," she's playing with me cheeks and i couldn't contain myself any longer. I smashed my lips on to her cold soft lips.

"Hendry" she called out, i kiss her harder making her to push me off but i was too strong for her. I pulled her more closer making her gasp for air. I sucked both her lips aggressively making her to respond to the kiss. I held her waist gently squeezing it making our bodies respond to our touches. She held me at the back of head with one hand and another on my shoulder. The kiss deepened making my hands to caress on to her thick thighs pulling her dress up massaging her tiny nuna on top of her g-string. My boner kept on growing bigger and thicker. I sucked her lips gently biting them making her to moan. I kept the pressure light and the movements gentle. I slowly darted my tounge in and out of her mouth. Our tounge danced into the rhythm of

the feelings arising. I used my foot to part her legs.

"Damn you woman" i said while sucking her mouth, i dropped her g-string down, pulling her tight dress up and i slid my finger touching her wet dripping clit. She grabbed my arms more like scratching them. The feeling was foreign to her and i noticed that she was lubricated and her clitoris was nicely rubbed with my middle finger.

I started with one finger sliding it inside her vagina and i slowly glide in and out of her while increasing the speed.

"Awe, awemalo" she cried softly throwing her head back holding on tight to my shoulders feeling her body vibrate. She parted her legs

further giving me full access.

"I slid my finger out and she cried, "i want that back in" she exclaimed. I pushed her against the wall. I inserted two fingers stretching her anterior vagina walls, rising my index and middle finger shoving it all in.

"Fuck," i groaned enjoying the warmth of her tiny pussy.

"Chineke," she cried. "Please bhebha me," she started pulling her braids going mad releasing all her juices on my hand. I wanted more but the plan was to punish her.

"You good?" I asked her, she felt shy burying her head on my chest trying to avoid eye contact.

"Hmmmmm," she replied, we stood there in comfortable silence holding each other debating with myself whether i should tell her or not.

"I have something to tell you,' i said with my heart pounding in seconds. She removed her head and looked into my eyes and damn she was drunk inlove but she doesn't know it yet.

"I need morning after pills.' She tells me, i felt my body being choked slammed. Didn't she hear me that i have something to tell her. I didn't even fuck her, what a wife i have but she's amazing just the way she is.

"I didn't know that my finger could get you

pregnant."

AMANDA NGCONGO

Austine offered me a place to stay since i was still living in a flat that Lucas used to pay for. After driving out of the station we went straight to the hospital for check ups and luckily no harm was done on my scul and brain.

"What's your passion?" He asked me, I've never talked to anyone about my life. No one knows what i like and dislike not even my own mother.

"Art, i love drawing. It makes me feel alive, it makes me forget all the trouble I've faced and endured."

"Then why did you stop if it's something that made you feel better?" He asked me. No one had ever shown interest in me and honestly this is surprising.

"I guess i focused on the bad forgetting the good that made me happy. I was busy chasing non-existing love, something that's not even there." I reply.

"You should stick to your art, it's something that keeps you away from trouble. Let love find you, focus on finding yourself, prove to your family that you are worth it and you made it in life without them. Let people know that their negativity doesn't move you. I know it wasn't easy opening up to a stranger but you trusted me with every secret. But what you must know is that you one hell of a strong woman I've ever

come across. But first things first, you need to apologise to my boss so you can be able to move on. You will start by telling your heart that you are over him." His right, i still have pains in my heart of what i did to him. Maybe facing him will do good in all of us.

"I agree with you, it's something i would like to do as in now while i still have the guts to face him. My heart wants to do this." I tell him without any words being exchanged he took me straight to Lucas's house.

"You ready?" He asked me, waiting for the door to be opened.

"It's now or never." I say taking a deep breathe. The door opened with Hendry half naked and he still looks good with all those packs.

"Are you here to have me arrested again? What do you want?" His mad, i can see hate in his eye's and i don't blame him.

I can do this, i said to my inner self, "i know I'm the last person you expected, i know you hate me and i don't blame you. I let my craziness take control over me, i was obsessed with you and i ended up going about it the wrong way. I was too desperate for your attention forgetting myself in the process. I thought i loved you but it was just lust. I just wanted a male figure in my life like other girls. I'm just here to apologise from the dept of my heart. You may not forgive me now but i know that someday you will. And also please apologise to your son for me on my behalf, that's all i came here to do. I'm sorry Hendry, i really am. Goodbye." I turned to walk away and someone called for my name.

"Amanda" i turned around finding Precious next to him.

"Forget who forgets you, love who loves you , life is too short to be spending time on people who do not value you." She tells me, "we should do lunch sometimes i don't have any friends, but i have a sister who's close to my heart." I didn't expect that from her, i thought maybe she will throw tantrums or hate me like everyother does. "We all make mistakes and we learn from them, we all deserve a second chance in life."

"Thank you, I'd love that." I respond, I'm emotional and happy. I've never had a friend before so i don't know how it feels like.

She smiles warmly and i return the smile and turn to walk away. I felt relieved, it's time to

prove to myself that I'm worth it.

THIS MAN

#23

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

"I passed, i passed!" I screamed telling my mother over the phone. Who would have thought that one day I will own a driver's licence. Can't wait to demolish Hendry's car.

"Mama I will see you when I get home, I love you." My mother is more happier than me.

"This calls for celebration," Nokwanda says in excitement. She accompanied me by force.

"Were you this happy when you got yours?" I asked her.

"Not that much, I had no one to congratulate me, I'm happy that I met you guys. But having a driver's licence is very important, especially if you applying for a job so it's a must to have it. I'm glad that you putted your clumsyness aside and followed your heart."

"Ay, ay, now you want to make me cry." I tell her, "let's shop till we drop."

We shopped for a few clothig using Hendry's card. I also bought Fatima those Addidas sneakers she's been longing for a very long time.

"So you still avoiding Mr Lucas?" Did she have to ask me this question though. To be honest I don't know how to feel about him. Yesterday's episode left me with slot of mixed emotions. I've never talked to him since and I'm trying by all means to avoid him.

"The fact that his married scares me. I don't want to be that person who ruins other people's marriages. I don't want to be leballed as a home wrecker." Imagine being called names for ruining people's lives.

She laughed looking at me, "did he tell you his married?" She asked me, why is she so persistent that I date Hendry?

"Not in so many words, but I saw the documents in his locker written Mr and Mrs Lucas. Maybe the wife died or maybe she lives somewhere far." I say, throwing a slice of pizza in my mouth.

"You will never know until you give the guy a chance. Think about it, ask him and dig deeper. Maybe his not even married." She's a very good advisor, I sigh looking at her not knowing what to say.

"Okay fine you have a point I'll talk to him. I hope I won't be dealing with another Mlungisi here." I remind her, I hate being heart broken. What Mlungisi did was the last straw for me and it took me time to heal and forget about him.

"Men are not the same dear. You still have a lot to learn dear sister."

We continued to fun around town with Themba and Austine in sight. This life is just too much and I don't think I will be getting used to it any time soon. I was once an ordinary girl who was simple and now my life is upside down. This just draws a lot of unnecessary attention and honestly I don't need it. We decided to buy takeaways for mum and Fatima, G is not much of a eater. I wonder if he has eaten something since he went with Hendry to work. As we were walking inside the Pap And Grilled Chicken all stares were on us.

"Is there something wrong with us?" I whispered asking Nokwanda who just shrugged her shoulders.

"Hey," I greet the assistant on the front desk and I see her panick in fear and that confused me a bit but I paid not much attention to it. "Can I have full chicken with extra chilli sauce, eight rolls and 2 liter coke." I smile giving her Hendry's card.

"Ye...yes mam, I mean Mrs Lucas." She started running around like a headless chicken throwing orders and I see waitress and cleaners doing only God knows what.

"Wow, I wish to borrow your status and presence one day. This is definitely fun to watch." She laughed out loud. I turn to look at Themba who had his eyes fixed on Nokwanda.

"Themba this is my sister, please tell your eyes to go blind. Can you please tell them that I'm

not who they think I am. They must stop with this running around." I don't like what's happening. First of all I'm not even Mrs Lucas. This idiot just smiles at me.

"Your husband runs this place, so what ever is happening is bound to happen. You are Thee Mrs after all." He tells me, leaving me tounge tied. So Lucas runs this place and I didn't know. I'm left speechless.

I scan around the place and noticed that some people had their eyes fixed on us and some were minding their own business. I'm still waiting for my order and I spot a familiar face looking at me with an unreadable expression.

"You won't believe who's here. My father and his family." I huff in anger thinking of how he

treated us especially my mother. She turns to look at them and my father's eyes went electrically shocked. It's either his surprised to see me or Nokwanda, but I'm not sure if he knows her.

"Here mam, I'm sorry for the delay. We are short of stuff." The assistant says in smiling nervously and looking down. "Can I take a picture with you, if you don't mind please." she asked me, looking at me with puppy eyes. What am I, last time I checked I ain't no celebrity.

"I have no problem." Her eyes binned in excitement taking out her phone. I pulled Nokwanda close and the assistant started snapping selfies with most of the stuff going in.

"Thank you," she excitedly wiped her

non_existing sweat on her forehead. I smiled at her and I walked out of the restaurant with Austine and Themba behind us.

At the restaurant Precious's father was lost for words. He never knew that one day he would see his daughter looking all grown and looking beautiful. He wondered how they found each other? Do they know they are siblings? How did they manage to look so good? Who were those scary men in black following them around?

"Isn't that Precious? His daughter Mangaliso asked. Mangaliso is that type of person who only thinks for herself, she's always looking for the spot light and flaunting her parents money on unnecessary expensive things. She's

non_ambitious and doesn't have any goals.

"Seems like it, where did she find my niece? They look....., I don't even have words to describe them." Bab Ngwane says, part of him feels bad that he neglected his other family. He wondered how his wife looked if his daughter looked this beautiful.

"Ingane ka Bhekani leyana. She has grown to be a beautiful woman. But why would she befriend someone like Precious? A low class who didn't even go to varsity. We invited them to come to Mangaliso's lobola negotiation day and they didn't pitch. I'm sure jealousy was killing them " The wife added, she has always had this jealousy tendencies over Precious's mother. Mangaliso's mother is more like her daughter. They enjoy wasting money like there's no

tomorrow. For the fact that their golden child Mangaliso is not even doing medicine as they thought. She failed the first year and dropped out. She's been living with her boyfriend for the last five years eating her parents money that they would send her. Her boyfriend is an agent is some call centre and he earns peanuts. Last month her boyfriend came to pay lobola for her with the money she's been saving. They lied and said he works at the bank as an accountant.

The waitress came to the table to clear everything. "Excuse me, the two girls that were here..... I saw you taking pictures with. Do you perhaps know them or maybe know one of them?" Bab Ngwenya asked and the waiter smiled.

"Ow you mean Precious and her sister? She's

the boss's wife," as he continued to clean the table and he noticed the confusion on their faces. "Precious is the one married to our boss."

"Who's your boss?" He asked with a big frown on his face.

"Unfortunately I cannot share that information with you sir." He answered and left their table.

"Hehehe married by whom? It can't be maybe it's a prank." The wife says dramatically.

Ngwane sat there and thought of the choices he made in the past. For the fact that they were doing pretty well without his assistant bruised his ego.

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2 WEEKS LATER.

THIS MAN

#24

2 WEEKS LATER

MLUNGISI ZONDO

I'm outside H.L Construction Company looking at this beautiful building, the more I look at it the more my heart excellerate in full swing speed. Finally my first day at work, I couldn't be more happier, who wouldn't be this happy working for this huge company. Who would have thought that me Mlungisi will be doing my internship program here. I was called for an induction and signing of contract last week. My work is pretty much easy, I will be operating the camera's. So basically I will be watching who comes and who goes, or any other suspecious activity. Making my way in here makes me have goosebumps.

"Good morning" I greet the receptionist. No lies she's pretty but fake.

"Good morning, this is your access disc," she

hands me a small grey round disc and I looked at it confused.

"What does it do?" I asked her, will this have access to the camera's or a computer?

"Come let me show you how it works," she leads the way swaying her flat skinny ass to a certain door, placed the disc on a green button and the door opened. "Without this you won't be able to have any access to any door. Make sure you guard this with your life and bring it to work daily. If you misplace it it's R100 to replace it and it will be deducted from your salary. I'm Emily by the way, don't introduce yourself I still remember you from the induction."

"You work as a receptionist?" I ask her, she very talkative and she doesn't know when to stop.

"Ow no, I'm just helping out. The receptionist is running late. I'm the bosses PA." She said in her tiny squeaky voice. She was showing me around the building until she lead me into a room that was full of computer screens, finding two other gentlemen playing cards. "Atleast you got to have a brake while the rest of us is busy slaving." Emily says.

"If only you knew how tiring it is staring at your ugly faces." The gentleman replies.

"Ow please, I know you enjoy looking at our ugly faces." She teased back. "Let me love and leave you." She walked out of the room leaving the guy's introducing each other.

"I think I'll enjoy working here." Mlungisi.

"Our place is a chilled one, it's not hectic." The gentleman speaks, making Mlungisi nod his head in agreement. To even think Precious was the one who encouraged him to study IT cause she knew I was good with technology. On the other hand my mind was stuck on agriculture. I don't even know what the heck happens there. If there's someone who knows me more than anything it's definitely Precious.

HENDRY LUCAS

I can't seem to focus at work, my mind is literally stuck. Why didn't I come clean from the start, now she will go crazy in front of people. Why didn't I tell her everything from day one? What the hell is bloody wrong with me? How

will I face her? Ow God I'm funeraled, she will kill me. Jackie Chan will go all Caster Cemenya on me. I leaned on my chair unbuttoning my shirt.

"Fuck!" I banged the table. "It's now or never, I'm taking this shit out of my chest" I pack my files putting them neatly back into the shelves. I need to clear my schedule for the day.

"Emily, clean my schedule for the day," I tell her over the phone and hung up. I take my briefcase, locking my office and walked out of the building.

"Shit!" I've never been so scared in my entire life. I got in the car throwing my briefcase at the back seat and roared the engine driving off.

I parked outside the garage, i stepped out of the

car and sent her a emergency text. I took a deep breath going inside of the house ready to be a chicken stir fried.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I look at the white small envelope, I so bad want to look at my ID picture. What if I look like a Godzilla. ID photos are very unpredictable. I opened the envelope pulling my smart ID out and my phone beeps. I push back my ID into the envelope and looked at the message that was sent on my phone.

These days I make sure that my phone is always on my hands. I entered a singing competition worth R250,000. I wouldn't miss that opportunity for the world. I got my acceptance letter from UNISA and I wouldn't be

much more happier.

After seeing my father actually sperm donor Ngwane with his family I felt..... I actually didn't care cause his never been there for us. I don't miss him and I'm not yearning for his love. Speaking about love, I've decided to give Hendry a short. In his heart he claims we were already dating the minute he laid his eyes on me. He made me quit my job, he wants me to focus since schools are opening in a week's time. His a great support system.

My mother finally decided to serve my father with divorce papers and surprisingly he signed them on the spot setting my mother free. Mr Lawyer says he looked happy the time he was signing which means it's something he was considering but didn't have the balls to do it.

Mama is still young, she can still date whom ever she wants and I don't want to be a stumbling block in her life. But I do suspect that she is seeing someone. The way she's glowing these days raise up my suspicions.

I unlock my phone and I frowned looking at the message. The first thing that came into my mind was he okay? "I'm coming," I texted back. I took the envelope and shoved it in my bag.

"Can you please take me home, I mean to Lucas's house." I ask Themba. I wonder what's wrong with Hendry.

"Yes mam," he answered. I've talked to him so many times to stop calling me mam but the man insists. He thinks I don't know that his dating my sister and I will just play along

pretending to be stupid. Same goes for Amanda and Austine. It's true when they say don't judge the by its cover, that's Amanda. We judged her too quickly thinking she is crazy kanti no, she's just a girl looking for love everywhere even in the wrong places. Once you get to know her, she's actually sweet lady who just needs love and guidance. Nokwanda didn't approve of our friendship at first but days went by and she started going easy on Amanda giving her a chance. It's funny how we have so much in common and my mother just gained herself another daughter, her exact words. The mothers love that she's been longing for is right there in front of her face. She almost got a hiding when my mother found out that she's living with Austine. "No daughter of mine will do fart and set while I'm still alive." She gave her an earful the next-day Amanda was on our doorstep making my mother beam with joy.

I'm busy sinking my head into deep ocean of my thoughts not noticing we have arrived...

"Are you okay?" Themba asked feeling concerned.

"I'm fine don't worry about me, you should be worrying about my sister." I tell him and I see him scratching the back of his head avoiding eye contact. I smiled a bit closing the door and made my way to the house while Themba drove away and I definitely know that his going to see my sister.

"Hy, are you okay?" I asked Hendry who had a bottle of Heineken in his hand. He looked stressed or more troubled.

"I have something important to tell you," he says looking right at me with those gazing blue eyes. He stood up and sat beside me. "I'm sorry, but I had my reasons for doing what I did. I'm sorry for going about it the wrong way. I'm sorry for taking advantage of the situation and you, I had no choice but to do it." He says rubbing his head in frustration.

"What did you do?" I ask him, maybe he found someone better than me. I don't want to jump into conclusions but rather have to listen to what he has to say.

"I have no easy way to say this but what you must know is that I love you more than anything. I will be back." He stood up, i watched him as he walked barefoot going upstairs.

He came back with two envelopes a white and brown with a small box. My heart beats looking at these things in his hand. I'm sure as hell that these things were in the safe. Maybe I'm in some kind of deep shit. Ow my God I'm doomed. What if I looked at something that I was not meant to see in the first place. My chest rised up trying to catch my breath and he handed me the envelopes.

"What is this?" I ask him in fear.

"Open it, what ever you find in there it's nothing but the truth." He says, I now feel more scared, what does he mean? I sighed and opened the brown one. I looked at them and I remember stealing a glance at them.

"Trip to Amazon, how come I've never seen your

wife. It says here you are married." I looked at him.

"Yes I'm married Precious. I've been married for three months." He answered and my eyes widen in shock.

"What! So I'm dating a married man?" I half shout.

"All the answers are in that other envelope." He points out the white envelope which was on top of the table. I'm disappointed in myself, how can I do this to another woman? I'm ashamed of the woman I've become. I'm so emotional right now. I broke another woman's marriage.

I got hold of the envelope and opened it.

"Marriage Certificate?" I whispered to myself and looked at him. "Why are you showing me this? Are you trying to brake me more?"

"Continue reading." His calm as hell and it sacred me.

My eyes drop down and look at the Certificate and I read out loud. "Date of marriage October 24 2020,

Time 13:00pm,

Place Home Affairs.

Hendry where is this going? Again I ask where do I fit?" I ask feeling annoyed by all this. Is he rubbing this right back at my face.

"Read!" He commanded and his voice was cold.

I let out a loud sigh and continued to read, "Particulars of the bride and groom," I stop half way through after seeing my whole information. "No, this can't be. My eyes are seeing wrong. I'm blind, I'm blind!" I feel hot and suffocated. I felt myself getting wet, I looked at my lower part and noticed I've just wetted myself.

"HENDRY LUCAS! OW SHIT IS ABOUT TO HIT THE FAN. IT'S YOU AND ME! Wait here I'm coming back." I walk to the bathroom with my wetness dropping down my legs. I peed on myself, if I don't teach him a lesson he will never know me.

THIS MAN

(SHORT)

#25

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I soaked my body in the bathtub with a whole lot of emotions taking place. I keep asking myself questions that I don't have answers to. The more I think about this the more I become mad as hell. I get out of the bathtub and dry my body wearing something comfortable. Hendry needs to know who's the madam here, so his still sitting his skinny ass on the floor.

"Stand up and strip naked." I order him and he looks at me with all eyes out. I have my hands on my waist with my foot tapping on the floor.

"Precious," he calls out softly, if his trying to be seductive it won't work for me, I'm here to do business.

"Don't make me repeat myself!" I don't know where I got the power in my voice. He slowly takes his clothes off leaving his briefs on.

"Can we talk about this?" He begs, I won't fall for his pathetic apology.

"I thought I said naked Hendry Lucas." I remind him.

He looks at me like a lost puppy. We wouldn't be here if he was honest with me from the start. I look at him admiring his body, Jehovah that thick lollipop, that dragon tattoo on his arm.

Focus MaWeapons focus!

"I want you to run around the yard like a mad man that you are. Make sure you make your totolozi twerk for me. I hope you have Cebolethu on speed dial because today you will be funeraled." He looks down feeling defeated and I don't care at this point. This man made me look stupid in front of whole South Africa.

His been running around the yard making sure his dick is swaying side by side. I wanted so bad to laugh but than again I want to torture him. What he did cannot be undone. All this while I've been a fool in front of his eyes and everyone's. So this man is corrupted, when I think about this I run out of breath. What will I say to my mother? What will I even tell her? "Hey mum you're daughter is married and she

was Mrs Lucas the unknown." How did I not get all the hints? Am I too naive or what?

"Just stop it you making me dizzy!" I snap at him, he stops trying to catch his breath.

"I'm sorry Precious, I didn't m...,." I cut him short before he could even finish. I'm not going to let him go scot free, he needs to sweat if he wants me to forgive him.

"Go sit your ass down on the dinning room table!" He should thank his lucky stars that it's at night or else we would be singing a different tune. I watch him as he walked slowly like a wormly miggot. I go to the kitchen and dish for him adding a whole sachet of absorn salt. "Here eat, you will need strength dear husband."

"Is it s.....safe to eat?" He asks me nervously.
His still naked.

"My HUSBAND, it's safe to eat. The food was prepared by your loving WIFE!" I say and I start eating my food.

Minutes later he was sweating, gulping cold water like there's no tomorrow.

"I need answers Hendry, I want nothing but the truth. Why did you marry me without my consent? I ask.

He clears his throat wiping the sweat off his forehead. "I was trying to save my legacy but I also wanted you to be mine but I didn't know how to approach you." He answers me.

"So marrying me was saving your legacy? How?"
"I'm confused and his confusing me more since he doesn't want to talk."

"Yes," he kept quite fanning himself, "one of my business partners is after my company H.L. Constructions. One of his goons alerted me and provided me with proof. Precious I've been losing clients and money for the past two months. To save myself I had to do what I did. Marrying you will solve all of my problems. Marrying you will be securing my businesses. This is my kids legacy, I can't just watch someone to take something away from me I've worked hard for. So Atwell, my lawyer advised me to transfer every business that I have under your name. I have three business, the construction, the club and a restaurant. And another thing we are married in community of

property. We can't divorce, or marry other people from the sides. We are tied to each other for better or for worse. I....." he went down on his knees holding his stomach. "I don't feel so good." He tells me.

"I hope you will learn from this punishment that next time if you don't talk I will kill you."

"What did you do?" His groaning and sweating. I just looked at him and continued eating my food.

"I just taught you a lesson."

"Please help me I'm di...dieing." Is she crying? Cause if he is i swear to God I will strangle him to death.

"Get your white coloured ass up and go shit." I don't even feel sorry for him.

He slowly gets up and pushing his wobbly legs towards the toilet and damn his face has turned purple.

It's close to thirty minutes and his still not back from the toilet. I go to the toilet to check on him finding him dripping of sweat, balancing his hands on the wall making funny sounds.

"Ahhhh my coloured chicken baba, damn your shit smell like strawberries." I tease him, I block my nose with my hand cause the smell was unbearable.

"I..... I'm sorry," his says shivering.

"When you done paparazing and huding, take a shower I don't want you smelling like shit." I walk out leaving his ass making thunderous sounds.

LUCAS HENDRY

I swear on my brothers grave, I will never ever make drastic decisions with her consent. The devil switched off the gysyer and I am here standing in a cold bloody shower. My whole body is in pain, this she devil posioned my food. Whatever poison she gave me, she knew exactly what was the outcome of it.

"Get out before you die on me," she says, handing me a towel. I take it rapping it around

my waist and my stomach starts boiling again painfully. I bend over trying to reduce the pain but the pain got intense.

"Can you get out!" I half shout through my gritted teeth. I want to shit, she's the cause of this. My anus is burning, I can't sit.

"Go ahead husby, I'm your body guard shitter." I look at the devil waving her hands in the air. I did my business and damn everything was burning. I think my balls got affected by this.

"I get it now, I'm sorry. I will never do something like this ever again I promise. But I need to go to the hospital please." I tell her she seems to understand. She's looking at me with glossy eyes.

"So I am no longer Precious MaWeapons Zikhali. I am now Precious MaWeapons Lucas." She sniffs.

I now feel bad, I understand she felt overwhelmed by all of this and I don't blame her. But deep down I know that it's the best decision I've ever took.

"Come here," I tell her and she doesn't protest, she kneels down laying her head on my chest. I am still sitting on the toilet seat. I'm shitting hot flushes of water burning my anus.

"Your muhudo smells pretty awful," she tells me.

"But you are right her infront of your shitting

husband. Remind me next time never to mess with you ever again."

"No more secrets," she says looking at me.

"I promise babe no more secrets." I respond.

Right here is what I need even though I almost died in the process. This woman is the crazy woman of my dreams.

"You need to inform my mother," she says sadly. I might as well do things the right way by asking for her hand in marriage.

I cleaned myself up wiping myself clean. I've never done such things in front of a woman

before. But hey we are married after all. She throws herself on the bed and dozens of immediately. I watch her sleep and I remembered something.

I force myself to the safe opening it. Precious was now fast asleep and my stomach has toned down a bit. I took out the ring looking at it. I still remember the story she told me about this ring. I make my way to the bed, she looks peaceful when she's asleep. Mama dragon showed me flames today. I took the ring and slid it in. It fitted perfectly. I admire her left hand. I will never let her out of my sight.

THIS MAN

#26

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

Hendry was tossing and turning all night and that was just making it hard for me to sleep. He kept on going to the toilet now and again but the girl in me doesn't feel bad of what she did.

I wake up from my horrific slumber to go check on Mr Mpapazo, yey his been paparazing all night. I find him sleeping on top of the toilet seat groaning in pain.

"Are you okay?" I ask him and I see his face going sour. "Take a shower I'm taking you to the doctor." I tell him.

"Thank you," he replies in a low tone voice, his noise is blocked and I believe his coming up

with a flu.

I go back to the bedroom to do the bed. Something kept shinning and it was disturbing me. I look at the shinning window and I start scanning around the room. If my body moves this twinkle star moves also. Which means means this thing is on me but where exactly on my body? Something in me told me to raise my left hand and I gasp looking at it in shock.

"I didn't steal you, how the hell did you crawl onto my hand?" I start to panick. What will Hendry say after finding out about this? I try my best to remove it but it seems stuck on my finger.

"Shit, leave my finger alone. Get out you sneaky theif!" I say to myself, I marinate my finger with my own salavia but nothing. It's like it's glued on

it. I turn around finding Hendry looking at me with those deep blue eyes with a frown on his face.

"What is it?" He asks, should I tell him? What if he kills me? Ow heavens.

"N.....nothing," I quickly hide my hands behind my back.

"Hmmmmmm," that's all he said. "Can I have clothes to wear." He begs.

"Clothes as in clothes, clothes. Ow yes your clothes, clothes you say. Ermm wait here, let me just,,,,, jah." I'm mumbling only God knows what. I ran to the closet to go think of a plan. I found Hendry's body lotion on the floor. I

applied it on my finger but this shit is not coming out.

"God dammit! Fire in the name of Jesus Christ. Ghost, ow heavens you have killed me. I'm funeraled." I say out loud. I continue to scan around until I stumbled across a tool box. I found a screw driver inside the tool box, maybe if I screw my finger the ghost ring will come out.

"What are you doing?" Not again, for how long has he been standing there?

"I...I was fixing your shoe rack sir." I say dropping the screw driver. "It was, was you know, was,"

"Precious, what were you doing with the screw

driver?" He asks, what do I do I do at this point? What do I tell him? Will he even believe me? I'm in trouble I need help.

"I don't know how it got stuck on to my finger. I didn't steal it, it stole my finger. The ring has a ghost in it. I didn't mean to wear it in the first place, I swear." I say, he takes steps towards me and pushed me against the wall breathing down my neck.

"Look at me," he commands, where is the sick Hendry? I look at him looking all nervous. "It was yours in the first place." He tells me, I'm even sacred to ask any questions at this point. His looks at me with that cold look like his about to murder me.

"Now take me to the doctor." He adds, he moves back still looking at me.

"Okay," I mumble softly, picking up clothes to wear.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

I slid out the condom full of my cum panting. This girl has energy for days. The way she's so skinny she doesn't strike like a person who is flexible in bed.

"One day we will get caught," Emily says, I look at her as she wore her tiny clothes shaking my head. "What?" she asked looking at me all smiles.

"You look beautiful, but try to tone down on the make up," I tell her and she nods her head.

"For how long are we going to play this hide and seek?" She also asks a question that caught me off guard. I wasn't expecting it at all, truth be told Emily is way too weak and I can't have a woman like her in my life who welcomes any man who wants to fuck her. Swazi and I are still having issues in our relationship. I believe I still love Swazi but I'm not sure if my heart still wants to be with her after that betrayal.

"Once I sort everything out my love." I lie to her face and I see her blush. We've been fucking in the toilets for quite some time now but she will never be a woman enough for me.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I thank myself for taking driving lessons. I'm the boss lady driving a Bentley. After taking Hendry to the doctor we decided to pass by my mum's house. For some reason I'm scared about her response. What if she throws me out? It still hasn't sunk in that I'm a married woman. I side eye Hendry who was fast asleep sweating. The doctor said it's nothing drastic he shall be fine in no time. Nothing a medication cannot fix. I noticed a black wedding band with silver lining on it. I wonder when he bought it cause he wasn't wearing it yesterday, and it wasn't in the safe that day when I was snopping around. Me Precious Mbalezinle Lucas, even my own ID confirms it. It's something I'm not going to get used to anytime soon. I park outside the gate and I notice there's a car parked inside the yard. I wonder who it is? Hendry was still deep in sleep and I decided not to disturb him.

I make my way inside the house and it's empty. I know Amanda went to see her therapist, Nokwanda went out with G and Themba. I hear funny sounds coming out of my mother's bedroom.

"Ahhaahh Mdledle, ahh baba," that's my mother's voice. Is she in trouble maybe this Mandlebe man is killing her.

"Mama, mama, hold on I'm calling the cops. Tell that Mandlebe I will kill them. Mandlebe you are hurting my mother!" I take my phone out and I was about to call the police when I hear a clicking sound of the key unlocking the door and it yanks open.

"Are you okay? Did her hurt you? I heard you crying." My mother is breathing heavily, what

the hell is going on here.

"Hai Nana," I look at the man stepping out of my mothers bedroom dripping of sweat.

"I will kill you for making my mother cry," i tell him, and this man decides to laugh at me.

"I'm sorry, i d...didn't mean to laugh it's just that errr....." Mdledle looks at Precious's mother for backup.

"Ow yes he wasn't hurting me, snake, yes a big snake was chasing me behind and he killed it." My mother adds.

"Snake! Snake! Ow my God." I'm shaken, I know

how my mother has phobia when it comes to snakes. "Did it bite you? Jehovah!" I started scanning her body lifting her clothes up and I notice she is not wearing any underwear but I decided to keep my cool.

"I'm fine," she pulls her clothes down trying to put that brave smile on her face. "What brings you here?"

"Aibo mihlola," I clap my hands once. "I live here remember."

"I should get going," Mdledle tells my mother and I see her blush.

"Is the snake gone?" I ask him, I have to be sure for my mother's sake.

"I will be taking it with me don't worry." He says, he kisses my mother's hair and dashes out.

"Damn his cute," I compliment him and my mother back slaps the back of my head. No lies his a sexy mkhulu with a body of a forty year old. With that white neatly trimmed beared and that curly short white hair suits him perfectly.

"Fusegi, his old enough to be your father." She says.

"He could make a hot papa don't you think." I tease her and she clicks her tounge on me.

"You are a devil child herself." She tells me.

"Huh, me devil. I was trying to save you before that snake before it killed you. Now you see me as a devil, I wish the snake bit you harder." I tell her.

"What's that on your hand? I believe only a married or engaged person wears a ring on that finger." Now who's the devil, I choke on my own saliva and I notice I'm about to be buried alive. She sees a devil in me and I see a devil in her.

"Funeral me!" I run to the door making myself trip. "Shit where is Cebolethu when I need them the most."

THIS MAN

#27

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

"I hear your reasons but I don't understand them. I am highly disappointed in your decision making, this is not the way how things are done. I hope you know that in our culture your marriage is not recognised. Communication is the key to everything." My mother tells us, I feel so ashamed right now. "Your people will have to do right by my daughter, a letter must be sent to her father asking for her hand in marriage."

"I can do that, but can I do it as soon as as possible?" Hendry asks, I get, it is that type of a man who wants to do things in full speed without wasting anytime.

"Whenever you are ready, friendly reminder her family is quite not a welcoming one. Precious can you excuse us for a moment I want to have a word with him?" Great just great, now I'll have to sit in the car like a lost puppy while my mother roasts him alive. Maybe it's the snake, she's scared.

"Do you think the snake will come back?" I ask her.

"Ayusuka there's no snake! Get out!" she half shouts.

"Habe the monster devil is out, where do I purchase a new mother?" I stand up leaving them to have their 'serious' talk.

LUCAS HENDRY

Her mother is right but I had no other option in mind. Precious brings out the best in me, which I cannot absolutely explain.

"Do you love my daughter?" She asks me, this is an unexpected question but being honest to answer won't kill.

"I love your daughter more than anything. I know this was the stupidist mistake I've ever done but a decision I don't regret doing." I reply honestly.

"You see..... that's my daughter, my first born that God gave me. I love her with all of her flaws and clumsyness. Don't try to change her to be

something that she's not, don't take my daughter if you are going to abuse her. Precious knows nobody in this world besides me her mother and her sister. She can be too much to handle at times but that's just the way she is. God made her that way and I appreciate her that way. If the potatoes burn you in the process don't smash it but you mould it to be a better mash for everyone to love. If you truly love my daughter you will love her with all that she is and what she is. I admit I somehow believed that she was not mentally stable but the doctors assured me that she was 100% sane. Love my crazy daughter and if it gets too much for you please unlove her and bring her back home to her mother." That was a mouthful, I will never change Precious she's sweet the way she is. Changing her will just be a total bore. I will love my wife with all of her clumsiness and funeral moments full of ghosts. Who would put a smile on my face like she does? Who would

make me a better man like she does? Who would love my son like she does? She doesn't care about the flashy lifestyle, money and cars that I have. I didn't know that there are still woman who are this unique. With her by my side I sure know I will be a better man.

Later that day I contacted my three favourite uncles, I get along with them just fine unlike my father who is selfish.

"What did the uncles say?" Precious asks sitting beside me. I'm still sick and my stomach still hurts but I enjoy all the attention I get from her.

"They will be here tomorrow evening to talk further. You will get to meet my cousin's." I tell her.

"Okay, I will be fetching the rest of my stuff in the morning from my mum's." She tells me and I sense something is bothering her. She looks somehow disturbed.

"Is everything alright MaLady?" I ask.

"What do you see in me? I mean..... I'm different from the women you've dated. I'm clumsy, they say. I'm stupid, they say. I'm dumb, they say. At school I was bullied alot I never got to enjoy my childhood moments. I've always been different and I sometimes think my mind gets stuck cold as ice. You're handsome and a very successful man. What do you see In a plain woman like me who trips herself with her own feet?" She looks at me with glossy eyes and I see hurt. She can be crazy at times but she's a loving soul and I

wouldn't trade her craziness for anything.

"Honest truth, I fell in love with the muddy Precious. You're outspoken, you speak your mind and don't tolerate shit. You don't let anyone belittle you. You are strong person who has a very strange character, personality and that's what I love about you. I'm not embarrassed by your naiveness or clumsiness. You love my son like my own and not even once you made him feel uncomfortable. Your unique in a very special way, I will love you till I take my last breathe. And besides we are tied together whether you like it or not. No divorce between me and you." I tell her and I see her all smiles.

"Hendry," she calls out, I know she's going to say something out of the topic. You never get to finish your conversations with her.

"Hmmmmmm," I respond.

"The Bentley is mine." She's not even asking but telling me. What did I say, but this is what I love about her.

AMANDA NGCONGO

"Austine you cheating, you're a bloody cheater!" I tell him, I'm never playing cards with this man ever again.

"Amanda I didn't cheat but I just spiced up the game." He tells me.

"You know what I quit, you are a bully."

"But you're inlove with this bully." He made a stupid grin.

Austine made me a better me, therapy helps a lot and it made me see my worth. I've started painting and he wants to help me sell some of my art work.

"Any new paintings?" He asks, I've never met anyone who is so involve in what I do in life. His very committed to my lifestyle and I'm very grateful.

"I'm thinking of surprising Hendry and Precious with a portrait of them. She has been the best sister I could ever ask for. She has never judged me for my past mistakes, she encourages me to pursue my dreams and be a better woman for her kids." I smile at the last statement and I

think Austine noticed.

"Her kids?" He laughs, "Mama Lucas thinks she owns this world, she's just something else." He says.

"Yea she has a heart of gold I cannot explain. I found a family in them. Speaking of family I have to go before before Dragon lady kills me." I say standing up wearing my clothes. It's 19:32 and she's going to kill me.

"Hai babe, I'll call Ma D and soften her." Is this man crazy or what? Does he hate me that much?

"Ay Maan Austine, ngizoshawa!" I sometimes forget that isiZulu is not their mothers tounge, That's what you get for dating coloureds. You

become their translators.

"Okay, let's go." He grabs the car keys and takes me home. Luckily mama is not around, maybe she is with her boyfriend. Ay this woman amuses me sometimes, I sometimes wish she was my biological mother. The love I get from her is beyond recognition.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

I'm scrolling on my Facebook and I stumbled across on Precious's profile picture she just updated. I'm definitely sure that this is her hand. But what confuses me is the hand of a man that's holding Precious's hand. Their hands are locked in one another and my heart starts beating abnormally. I click on her account, she has gained some weight and she has only

updated two pictures ever since our break up. Damn those thick sexy thighs. I don't want to think much about this picture, maybe it's her male friend. I doubt she has a boyfriend. I'm sure she's still mopping around after our break up.

I don't know how I would feel once I found out that she's moved on, well that's if she has. Part of me still thinks that someday she will come back to beg me and another part of me still wishes that she was still with me. Swazi is not a woman enough for me, it's hard to love her and it's not the same again. Our relationship just went from hot to cold. I thought maybe pregnancy was making her to be filthy but now it's her life in general and I can't keep up.

Precious was a neat freak, she knew how I liked

my clothes ironed, how much salt I prefer whenever she cooks. She knows what flavour sta_soft I love thee most. Those little things that were unnecessary she took time into knowing them. She use to make the bed the way I like it. Everytime I think about her I find myself smiling. I wonder where she lives?

3 WEEKS LATER.

THIS MAN

#28

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

For the past three weeks we've been working our butts off, running around like headless chickens gathering everything that will be

needed for the weekend.

The letter was sent to my family but my father never bothered to respond. We also haven't contacted them. I just want to get this thing over and done with. Atleast it's Friday and Saturday the negotiations will take place.

A traditional beer was suppose to be done by my aunts at home but my mother decided to do it for me filling two buckets of 10 liters, since my so cold family decided to let me down. Since they decided to give me their asses I will highly show them flames.

"All set for the road," Amanda says loading the last bags in the car. I just pray that this Zulu beer doesn't spill in the car. We will be taking two SUV's with us, I don't know why Hendry

insisted on bringing extra guards with us.

"I can't believe the story behind my marriage," I remind the girls making them burst into laughter.

"Mr Lucas could definitely marry you even in corpse." Amanda adds, such traitors I have. These are not my sister's but ghosts from the underworld.

The drive was not that long just a 2 hour drive. My mother also came along with the Mandlebe man. Hehehe my mother is in love, it's hard to believe it. But if she's happy than I'm happy. To even think that my mother gets laid makes my body shrink. Sometimes I'm the stupidist of them all, I yes myself true. The snake issue, she meant Mandlebe's dick but my mind was

blank, stupid me. I wonder how did I cope at school with all the stupidity I have.

"Try not to think too much into this. You heard what Dragon Lady said, we must call her should anything happens. If she was still married she would have been here with you through every step of the way." Nokwanda tells me, she had been a very good support system.

We were parked outside a house, "is this the house?" I ask, Nokwanda shrugges her shoulders. My mother was leading the way since she knows where my father's house is. I've never been to my father's place and I don't know anyone for that matter and I don't care.

"Ay Onondaba," I complain. "Look at how they looking at us." Stupid fools. I looked at

Nokwanda who was deep in thoughts, if only I knew what's in her heart. But I can tell she is not happy and I feel the same. Do you know the pain of being hated by your family and you do not know the reason behind the hate. We got out of the car off loading our bags and I see Ngwane Approaching us with his brother I assume.

"What are you doing here?" Ngwane asked in a low tone. I assume he got the letter but didn't want to honour my request.

"I'm not here for you or a social visit, I'm not here to bond with you. I'm already married but my husband wants to do right by me, he wants to take his bride rightfully. You won't use any dime on me not like you've ever spent any fortune on me. I bought everything that will be

needed, after tomorrow I will leave your premises and you will never see me again. I don't want any relationship with you. So what's it going to be? Are you chasing me away or are going to do right by me. Ubuye ukhumbule angikungcengile, if you refuse Mandlebe will step up and do the honours by handing me over to my husband as a father he is." I tell him and I see shock written on his face, guess he wasn't expecting it.

"Don't be silly my child, yehheni Hai uPreshasi Lo. You've gone to look so much like your father. Velaphi help me with the bags, our daughter is finally home God has answered our prayers." One of the aunts say and I see other roll their eyes. Seems like only one person is happy to see my face.

"Call me if you need anything, good luck for tomorrow." Mandlebe says, giving me a fatherly love.

"Yebo baba," I respond blushing digging holes with my toes. Mandlebe make me feel the father's love I've never felt before. He doesn't have kids of his own. All this while Ngwane was quietly looking at us.

Themba and Austine and two others guards I don't know are making sure that they are over protective. Hendry is just being dramatic but he said it's for safety reasons since I'm taking G along. So I let the man of the house be since he knows everything.

"What's happening, aibo these expensive cars, who do they belong to?" The evil step mother

with her child beside her. The smell of their cologne smell expensive. She stops on her tracks when her eyes landed on me.

"Our long lost daughter is back home." The joyful aunt says looking at the step mother, I swear this aunt is going to be the death of me.

"What the hell are you doing in my house?"
Hehe this evil step mother just stepped on my toes. Clearly she doesn't know me. She wants MaWeapons to surface and she will be doomed.

"Your house? I don't see your name written on it. Not that I owe you any shit or what so ever. Listen hear and listen very good. I'm not that little naive dirty girl you use to know. I will squash and spit you out like a used wrinkled teabags that you are. Who the hell do you think

you are asking me what am I doing in my sperm donors house. Ask me that shit again and I will deal with you traditionally and you will be funeraled. If these little puppies that you live with stand your shit don't think I will, I won't hesitate to kill you. Think carefully before asking me those stupid questions." I click my tounge making myself comfortable on the couch. The room goes mute and the crazy aunt laugh.

"Awuzwake sukanin madoda. You are truly a Ngwane you don't take shit heh. Ehe you will use Patience room." She's still laughing.

"What!" The Barbie doll ask in shock. Guess she wasn't expecting it.

"Are we having a problem?" I ask Barbie and she

shakes her head no chewing her bubble gum.
"Themba can you please take our bags to the room, aunty will show you. I will be using this things room."

"I'm not a thing you thing." She Huffs, she's truly her mother's daughter.

"With the chewing gum that you raping and with those skimpy outfit you wearing you sure look like a prostitute. Maybe futhi you are one. No doctor looks like this." I tell her pulling G towards me who was unbothered of the quarrel that's happening.

Later that day Nokwanda had an outburst with my father and my other aunts. Why neglect your brother's only child?

"You know after you threw me into the orphanage, after reaping me off the only memories that I had of my late parents. I hated you and I still hate you. If it wasn't for Precious's mother that you hate so much I would be dead by now. But it doesn't matter cause God always have a way of wiping the weeping ones. I can't wait to leave this place." Nokwanda says, I guess she finally took out the grudge that she had in her chest and hopefully she will move on from this. I don't know what kind of a family we come from, but definitely a shitty one.

I look at Ngwane who had his head down in shame. Mandlebe is a better man than him, I may not fully know him but his knows how to treat us.

We were busy preparing the the day of tomorrow and hopefully everything goes smooth no drama. I don't know what coloured people eat. I don't their tradition, do they even have one? But nothing Google can't fix. I don't even want to eat food prepared by these people. What if they kill me in my sleep, never fully trust your enemy. I can't risk my child's health.

"Everything is set for tomorrow," the joyful aunt says. She really did make us feel welcome and I have picked up that she doesn't like Patience my sister that much.

"Thank you for everything." I tell her, I need to show her gratitude before I leave.

"I'm glad your mother left my brother. Your mother is the sweetest of them all unlike that haliot and her useless daughter." Aunt says, sipping from the bottle of Savana.

"Good thing she left him, ay his useless maan. What a weakling man." I respond.

"Mina I'm just the drunkard aunt of this family." I think it's the Savana talking now, "if only I knew where they took you I would have come looked for you. But I was out getting drunk trying to escape the pain I was feeling. I was never a drunkard but the death of my brother hit me hard. Ever since then I gave up in life and found comfort in alcohol. But it's never to late to have a realationship with my brothers kids. I would change to be a person if only you promise not to forget me." Aunt Zondiwe is more out spoken

and bubbly. She's better than the rest of the family.

Here I am sitting in the strange pink room full of dolls thinking about my life, future, my house and husband. G is peacefully sleeping after all the junk I fed him. I need to cleanse his system when we return back to the city.

Eshowe is a very beautiful place you wouldn't tell it's a rural area.

"So what's up with the body guards." Zondiwe asks bringing back to life.

"You didn't know umgosi ongaka." Amanda says, she's likes sharing news this one.

"Woza nazo wena." Zondiwe, taking a sip from

her toxic juice.

"Have you ever heard of Hendry Lucas?"
Amanda ask her, Zondiwe looks down and
thinks for a while, "usho ibhu'smane
elusomabhizinisi?"

"Yes that bhu'smane got married to this crazy
girl here." Amanda with her big mouth.

"Awusuka stop smoking weed uzohlanya." She
responds, she loves her Savana mixed with
lemon and a little pinch of salt.

Amanda grabbed my phone from my hand and
started showing her pictures of us.

"Moya wami, yo....you," she started fanning
herself dramatically. "You are married to a

celebrity, hehehe I can't wait to be televisalised.
Imagine me wearing stockings and wages,
Ahhhh haliot will die in pleasure." Zondiwe is
something else. I didn't know that Hendry

Lucas was a celebrity. Now she is singing all
those happy mode songs. What an aunt I have! I
wonder what tomorrow holds for me.

THIS MAN

#29

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

NEGOTIATION DAY.

Something wet and cold woke me up from my
peaceful heaven sleep. I was dreaming and this

happens, I lazily open my eyes only to find Zondiwe in front of my eyes with a silly pout on her face. I scan myself and I notice that she poured water on me, argh I'm wet! Did she really have to pour cold water on my pretty face.

"Ahhhh really, I hate you from top to bottom. I was dreaming sitting on top of a big tree." Now Barbie doll will skin me alive for wetting her bed.

"Wake up, we have to prepare for the big day." Zondiwe reminds me, Shembe Nyanga I have totally forgotten about today. But it's still dark out outside, Zondiwe is a moloji strue bheka.

"It's still black outside. The sun hasn't braced us with its presence nje." I whine, do I really have to wake up this early.

"I feel for Mr Man Celebrity," Zondiwe Huffs waking up Amanda and Nokwanda.

"This is total humiliation filled with evil spirits.

It's only the four of us who are awake and I wouldn't be thankful enough, the support I'm getting from them is beyond what I expected. I don't want to see all those ugly cousin's, aunts and uncles. The whole yard was spotless. With Zondiwe ordering us like a barking cat eating mice, I was fedup already.

We are busy peeling and chopping and I was already tired as hell, I wonder when did this

Batista wake up. She looks pretty dressed just for amalobolo, who wares a paticot longer than the skirt and stalkings with a tight underneath. This floral busy bee two peace outfit is really killing me. Her make up is a mess and everything about her outfit is hilarious. Thanks to the girls for fixing her before my inlaws fainted.

"Wow y...you look, wow," the make over was perfectly done. Nothing dramatic but rather something simple and her age. Zondiwe is two slice kinder type, her body is a perfect fit for moddling. Same as Amanda, that's why she volunteered to gift Zondiwe with one of her new dresses.

"If only you could tone down on the drinking, you would look Hella sexy maAntiza."

Nokwanda says, doing the final touches on her face.

"Jesus! Is this me. Thunder strike." I'm speechless, why would she want thunder to strike her? I glance at my phone and notice there's a text. 'We are outside' from Husband, Argh I forgot to change his contact. What is he doing here? Isn't he supposed to be a stay at home husband? I check the time and it's exactly 6:30am on the dot. I felt my heart pump in fear, what if everything goes wrong? What if my own father sabotages this big day for me?

"They are here outside the gate. Should I let them in? I'm panicking. I run to the dining room to peep through the window and indeed they are here. Are they here to pay the bride price for the president's daughter. Seems like

the whole family is here.

"Nondaba go back to your room, this is not how things are done. You wait to be called by your uncles not the other way around." Zondiwe tells me, I sigh going back to the room passing Barbie and her mother.

"Sokesibone, you see my daughter.... 10K was the money that was paid on her negotiation day. You see how expensive she is." The laughed and I just looked at their stupidity. "Yabona Wena you deserve bamoma 5K."

"Shame she's worthless this one. Don't waste your breathe Wena mah." Barbie.

I just walked past them as if they don't exist. I

have bigger issues to deal with, small fishes will be dealt with later on. I sit on top of the bed biting my nails anxiously.

"Sikhulekile Khaya, koNkwane, Hlongwane, Khanyile boMasumpa, Matiwane, oSangweni amahle." The person who's singing my clan names for the past 30 minutes is definitely not a Lucas. This person speaks IsuZulu fluently. Why are they not letting them in and this doek is making my head spin.

"Relax will you. Don't panick everything will be alright." Nokwanda reassures me. Making things worse my phone has been confiscated and I'm doomed my ribs are broken inside out.

The door burst open and we see Zondiwe with a broad smile on her face. "Bangena phakathi, khalakatha bhuphansi koSangweni. Yey akumadoda bhusmane kuyafiwa." Zondiwe is going funeral me. This morning she dropped my special broke half piece mirror braking it more. Yesterday she dropped a whole bowl of marinated meat splashing it on the floor. Seems like I'm not the only clumsy one after all

"Ay aunty, they are all married. Please behave." I tell her

"But I can bounce the bed like tsigni tsigni."
Zondiwe is traumatizing my mind back and forth.

AT THE DINING ROOM

The Zikhali requested for a Vula mlomo and R5000 was presented leaving the uncles tongue tied. Patience's Vula mlomo was worth R150. Seeing this money made them wonder how rich are these people.

"As I was saying, our son spotted a beautiful sunflower in your garden. The young maiden stole my son's heart." Uncle Lucas.

"We have alot of beautiful maidens in this house, but I'm sure you will be able to spot your bride." Uncle Zikhali.

"Of course." Lucas's family may not know about the procedure but what they do know is that a lobola is to bring families together. The issue of money is also another highest factor. Paying lobola is extremely important because it only joins you and your spouse together but your families and ancestors as well and it also creates a strong bond between families.

"Hmmmmmm," one of the Zikhali uncle nods in jealousy. All of his three daughters are running after men not even one is trying to be successful.

The girls were called out and the Lucas family spotted their bride, they have been spending a lot of time lately.

"This is our beautiful bride." Lucas's say with a proud smile on his face.

"You girls can go back," the jealous uncle say shushing them back.

"It is generally accepted a minimum of ten cows or cash to be equivalent." He adds in a jealous tone. The vula mlomo was easily paid out now the real deal is being tested. He wants to see if will they be able to pay for the amount requested.

"Ten cows?" Uncle Lucas asked in confusion.
"It's too much don't you."

"Than the negotiations cannot proceed." He

smirked looking at them.

"Can we discuss this privately as a family?"

The Lucas family was given time to come up with a plan if they want the negotiations to proceed. They had to call Hendry over the phone before they make any decisions and he made thing easier for them. "Give them what they want and add more on top. R150K will do." Lucas stated disconnecting the phone. The uncles sigh in relief and went back.

"So what's it going to be?" The jealous uncle is enjoying to see them sweat and he thought to himself they won't pull this off.

"Agreed ten cows it is, R150K upfront."

The room went quite and they looked at each other in shock.

"Erm," clearing his throat, "I believe everyone is happy." All this time Precious's father was quite not engaging in any convention. He didn't want to be here in the first place.

The Lucas family pulled out a briefcase filled with stash of money. The gasp of shock was visible. Even Patience was not worth this much, her dowery was only 10K.

After the negotiations being successfully done they were being served delicious food. Every member of the Lucas family was inside the house except for Hendry. Step mother and

Patience were standing in the kitchen looking at the four ladies serving these coulored men.

"People are just pathetic, why settle for someone not your race." Step mother says, after hearing the amount of dowery was paid for Precious, jealousy reeked over and she wanted so damn hard to sabotage everything. Her daughter was way worth less and that made her wonder if her daughter had the right man as a husband.

"My favourite niece go get your husband, I'm sure his starving." Zondiwe says humming and making sure everything is in order. This is the best time to shut them up, this belittling other people will make them have a hate attack one some day. The cousin's had nothing but jealousy in them.

Minutes later Precious came back with Hendry and G following them behind. Everyone could tell that this man is a no go nonsense area. His too perfect with his little family. With their little son in sight they looked complete.

"Aibo imake woah isin't that the millionaire guy, what's his name kambe?" one of the cousin's say.

"Hawemah that's Hendry Lucas. Don't tell me this girl scored herself a big fish." Another cousin adds.

"Haibo mah I can't breathe, I cannot believe this. This can't be happening." Patience says trying to balance herself with the counters.

Zondiwe was more than happy, not that the family is left dumbfounded. But she managed to handle the whole negotiations by herself without anyone's help. Now that they know that the husband is Mr Celebrity, they want to be hands on pretending to be a supportive family.

"Ibambe laphoke mageliza, no one serves my HUSBAND and son besides me. This is my family don't try to impress my husband. Go back where you came from." Precious clicked her tongue making the Lucas family buzz in laughter.

"I thought I should help." Cousin says.

"And we perfectly fine." Precious responds. She

watched the cousin go back to the kitchen in slow motion.

Zondiwe fitted perfectly with the Lucas family while the Zikhali's watched in amazement. Zondiwe gained herself friends from the wives. And for the first time after many years she felt comfort in laughter.

The neighbours were called for a little celebration by Zondiwe ofcause. The food was enough for alot of people to be fed. Men wanted traditional beer and luckily Precious's mother prepared everything.

"I cannot believe this, my day was not this big."

Patience says to her mother, she was beyond mad and angry. Her mother was lost for words, to even think that she was belittling Precious all this while made herself hide is shame. This is totally a hot slap in the face.

Precious's father locked himself in the bedroom. The embarrassment was too much for him. So his first daughter to be doing so well in life without him by her side made him feel useless. His concious striked in shame. He tried swallowing the dryful lump stuck up on his throat but was chocked by his own tears. Life was not suppose to be this way, life has been hard for him ever since he bought Patience's mother in the picture. His always broke and sometimes become short of money for fuel. It's sad that his first love seems to be happy in the hands of another man who's in her life. He saw it all yesterday, the way they look at each other

and how he calls out for her 'MaLady'. He thought of Precious calling another man Baba and that made him choke more struggling to breathe. How did he get here? How did his life turn upside down? He was suppose to fight for his family but he neleglected them when they needed him the most.

If he was to fight for the love of his life will he ever win her back? That's the thought that rang in his head.

Everything went well leaving people speechless. The girls were preparing for the trip back to Durban. Whatever they came for has been fulfilled there's nothing left to be done.

"I will miss you." Zondiwe says to the girls with those glossy eyes. She did have a splendid weekend even though the time was cut short.

"We will be in touch don't worry. I will send you money you spoil yourself, no alcohol." Precious tells her.

"I promise no alcohol." They hugged for the last time as the rest of the family stood there aside and watched them bidding farewell to one another.

"Take care," they load the remaining bags. Precious didn't even bother to thank her father. She turned to look at her aunt for the last time shedding tears of happiness. Without her everything was going to be a mess. For the first time she felt love from a person who's a family

member, who happens to be the best crazy aunt.

THIS MAN

#30

HENDRY LUCAS

I can definitely relate that it's good being married. I'm still finding it hard to believe that I'm someones husband even though I went about it the wrong way. I wish to have a seed of my own, don't get me wrong Gerald Jnr is the best son a father could ever ask for, but than again he is my brothers son, my brothers seed. When he grows up he will get to know that I'm not his biological father but his uncle and that alone tears me up whenever I think about it.

I look at madam speaker who is snoring next to me. I don't want to rush her into anything, I want to get to know her more, I want her to finish her studies without me being a pain Husband. I just want her to enjoy our marriage before taking any further steps.

My construction is loosing clients everyday, I'm just glad that the restaurant is not linked to this and to say it's under my wife's name so it safe. Somehow I have faith in her and she's a woman you can rely on. With all the shit that's happening it's putting alot of strain on me. I'm lost and have ran out of ideas, my mind is beyond blank.

"What are you thinking about so early in the morning." She awake, she's one hell of an early

bird. I'm just grateful she doesn't attend her classes on a daily basis. I wouldn't feel comfortable knowing there are some vultures eyeing my wife out there.

"Business, I'm loosing clients. This week 3 of my contractors pulled out. The more they pull out the more I loose money." I respond, at this point my mind is blank, I have no ideas, to make matters worse Miss Grootboom resigned and is now working for my enemy. Most people have turned their backs on me but I will never stop fighting.

"Have any plans or suggestions?" She asks, we never spoke about my businesses cause she never shown interest.

"No I'm lost, I feel like a total failure. The

restaurant is doing pretty good while HL is sinking."

"Don't worry we will come up with something." She tells me, if I don't fight this I will loss everything under my name that I've worked hard for. If I loose my wife gaines half 50% of everything meaning everything will be transferred to her. And I know she will stick by me no matter what the circumstances are.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

The bathroom floor is wet, dirty panty liners are lingering everywhere. I don't understand this girl, does she have a maid? Who will clean after her mess? What kind of a woman who doesn't respect their undergarments. This filth is disgusting.

"Sawzi!" I shout for her name and she decides to ignore me.

"Swazi Maan!.

"What's with the noise," she asks, the only thing she knows is to look pretty for nothing.

"Have you got no shame? Who would clean after your mess? Don't you know that you suppose to clean after yourself, wipe the floor and clean the bathroom? Is that too much for you? What is the meaning of all this?"

"What, ow these." She points out the penty liners disposed on the floor." Your mother always clean after my mess, not even once I heard her complain." Swazi, Is she being

serious right now? My own mother being her maid?

"You are a disgrace to womanhood . You know Precious was the neatest freak I've ever come across. The bathroom always smelled fresh, not to talk about the whole house it was always spotless. Whenever she was around my mother would sit and do nothing, she was treated like a queen that she is. Tell me does your mother clean after your bloody pads? Last week you left your underware on the kitchen sink. What kind of a woman are you? I sometimes wonder what did I see in you."

"Stop being dramatic, and don't compare me with that freak of yours. We all knew that Precious has a loose screw in her head. She was doing all that to gain some points to be the

perfect fake daughter in-law. What use did she bring because in that neatness of hers, you left he for me remember." She snorts.

"And that was the biggest mistake of my life. A regret I will always regret. That woman you hate so much knew how to stand her ground and doesn't tolerate nonsense. As for you, you have pride that you took me away from her. I pity you cause not even once I ever loved you. I think it's now time to go our separate ways cause wow I won't stand this." I tell her.

"Over my dead body, I know that your still confused. I know cause it's written all over your face when you look at me. Don't forget that you and me share a special bond and I won't let you slip right through my fingers just like that. You are mine and mine alone!" With that said she

stormed out of the room leaving me Mlungisi lost for words.

How will I ever get rid of this bimbo. We intend to do things without thinking and later regret them. We make mistakes and my biggest mistake was to go for a woman like Swazi. My biggest mistake was letting go of Precious for what exactly..... for a useless woman who can't even wash a spoon, who can't cook or do laundry. She's good at painting her face and drinking expensive wines. I regret the decision I made and I will forever regret it. Life is showing me unexpected flames.

ZIKHALI HOMESTEAD

"Awu ma 10K," that's how they make fun of Patience. She now hardly leaves her room cause the humiliation is too much. For the first

time in life she is being belittled by her own cousin's. The very same cousins who used to worship the ground she works on has turned her into a laughing stock. She was their favourite daughter but now everything has changed within the blink of an eyes. Even her own father doesn't notice her anymore. That attention she used to get is no longer there. Whenever the uncles open their mouths all they spit is Precious this Precious that as if they were there for her, as if they cared for her, as if they love her.

"Mama this is too much, my life has been turned upside down." Patience cries to her mother.

"It's okay baby you are studying to become a doctor, show them what you are made of. One

day they will remember you not that two minute fame of a daughter.." her mother says. But deep down she was hurting, this is her only daughter and she tries by all means to make her happy.

"Now everyone in this family hates me as if I did something wrong. They are even disgusted by precence." Indeed the table has turned.

"All is well, all will be well trust me. This will blow over in no time." Mother says trying to comfort her daughter.

The three rebalious cousin's are having so much fun in exchanging words with Patience and her mother. They hate her on how she use to treat them. What happened yesterday showed them that money is not everything. She always rubbed it in their faces that she's always

rich and studying to becoming a doctor while they are busy chasing after men. What happened yesterday showed them that life doesn't revolve around them.

There is a lot of commotion in the dining room of people arguing.

"The money cannot just disappear like that, it was right here! We all left the money here!" One of the uncles say in anger.

"Who would have stole the whole briefcase worth that money." The jealous uncle ask, yes he is a jealous type but he wanted so bad to put that money into good use.

"Let's search every room, turn this whole place upside down if we have to." One of the aunts add.

"My daughter's dowery can't disappear just like that without even a trace. That money belongs to me her father." Ngwane shoots in anger.

"Hehe your daughter! The same daughter that you neglected when she needed you the most. They same daughter that you didn't even welcome to your house. You are useless I'm happy she saw you for who you are. We all know that Princess Patience is your beloved daughter, the only daughter you've ever showed your love to, and the only daughter that brought nothing but curse in our lives. Don't make me mad cause trust me you won't like the other side of me. Today you remember that Preshasi

is your daughter, do you even Fatima? Sies you
disguist me. Who ever stole that money did
good cause you do not deserve even 2bhobho.
You want to spend you daughters dowery with
that trash. You are nothing but a spineless
man's who cannot take of his own....." A gun
shot was fired making everyone scream. Within
split seconds Zondiwe was laying helplessly on
the floor not breathing. Ngwane looked at his
trembling hands and noticed what he has done.
He didn't mean to pull the trigger, he lost control
of his temper.

THIS MAN

#31

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I don't know who sent me this message from an unknown number. I kept on reading it over and over again. My heart is sore and it's in the middle of the night.

I dial the number and surprisingly the person picks up and confirms everything. The argument was about the money, the same money that disappeared. So my sperm donor shot my aunt for telling him the truth.

"So what do you suggest?" His not asleep, his been comforting me and I already feel bad cause we have alot going on right now and I don't to pile him with another set of stress.

"I don't know but I have something in mind. I don't want to stress you, you already have alot going on." I tell him, my mind drifts back to Ngwane what if he sneaks out in the middle of

the night and finish her at the hospital? She's the only family member that is close to me I can't lose her.

"What was our last talk regarding hiding stuffs from each other?" He asked.

"No matter how sensitive the situation is. We will fight it together until we beat it." I say.

"So again I ask, what do you suggest?"

They call me dummy the dumbest but this is a wise decision, "I want her to be transferred to a hospital this side in Durban. I know it will cost and we are running out of cash. I will prefer a government hospital for now until I sort everything out." I tell him, I don't even know

where I got that idea from.

"Consider it done, now let's go back to sleep."
He says pulling me close to him. Zondiwe made things happen for me on my big day. She's the only one who showed interest and cared about me. I'm doing this for her and I know she would have done the same for me.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

It's Monday morning and I'm dead tired. My weekend was the worst and draining with Swazi making matters worse. I had to help my mother with spring cleaning, we found stacks of papers of chips and sweets behind the whole unit and under the couches. I feel bad for what's happening cause I'm the one who brought Swazi into our lives. I need to release this

tension that I have, my shoulders are heavy.

It's 7:00am on the dot, I'm walking around the building looking for Emily. I found her in the secret storeroom with Joshua pumping her from behind. You see what I meant when I said Emily is loose. She's always available for everyone to fuck her. She lifts her head up and screams in shock seeing my face, I just stood there looking at them. Shame poor guy his not even using protection. I thank my lucky stars that I always play safe when it comes to her.

"M...MMM.... Mlungisi, it's not what it looks like. Babe I can explain." She's about to cry and I just want what I want nothing more.

I pull out a condom out of my pocket peeling it off with my front teeth. I unbutton my Jean

pulling them down to my knees. I got hold of my pumping shaft which was already hard and slid the condom making my way to her. She was still standing half naked, she's looks uncertain on what's about to happen and I don't give a fuck. I just want to release stress. I bend her over not minding Joshua who still has his cock up and strong popping veins. He didn't even cum, he'll have to wait for me to finish first. I slid my cock in and I groan, the warmth in her reminds me somuch of Precious and damn she's so wet. At this point I don't care about Joshua's dick scent, I just want what I want. Emily's pussy is addictive no lies, that's why I can't go a day without fucking her.

"Shit" I curse underneath my breath, the pleasure of being burnt by a pussy is unexplainable. The primer stove is on cloud nine.

"Aahhhhhh M....Mlungisi not to deep." Bitch must be crazy, did she tell Joshua not to deep. No instead she was moaning. I see Joshua feeding Emily his cock, great 3 sum. I've always wanted to experience it.

She tried to push me off from behind and I yank her hand off making her gasp. I don't care what happens to her all I want is to release my juices.

Joshua started fucking her mouth more harder making her to gag. That alone gave me the energy to go in deeper making her stiffen. Joshua came in her mouth and spilled some of his cum on her face.

"Damn I didn't know that a 3 sum could be this

fun. We should do this more often." He says cleaning himself up with a paper towel and walked out whistling.

I pushed her upper body down so she could give me full access of her behind. I started going faster hitting her abdomen not minding her cries of plead for me to stop. I closed my eyes and I saw heaven, I had I'm claws stuck on her waist. My grip was too tight making her uncomfortable. Minutes later I came loosing self control.

HENDRY LUCAS

Mr Majola who supplies us with building materials is also withdrawing from the contract. Kenneth Simson the enemy is surely destroying my everything. He swore to make my life a

living hell if I don't cooperate into selling my business to him.

"Themba did you find anything that we could use against Kenneth?" Themba and Austine are my trusted men including the lawyer Atwell.

"The man is clean which shows he played his cards right." Themba.

"Dammit!" I bang the table in frustration. This is killing me slowly.

"We will have to think of a plan fast before every client pulls out." Austine states.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I'm standing outside Hendry's study listening to their meeting. I know I had to intervene but I don't know how. How do I help my husband? His loosing it but by bit and I don't like it at all. I may be clumsy and stupid but I need to put a plan together. I need to think and act fast.

On the other hand Zondiwe is being transferred to Durban. Hopefully the surgery will be successful so she can reclaim her life and live it to the fullest. Normally when I get news like this I flip and go crazy. Somehow at this point I'm reserved and calm about everything and it's freaking me out. What if the ghost is inside of me?

I tiptoed back to the kitchen to continue with lunch. My mind is all over the place knowing

that I cannot offer anything at this point.

"MaLucas," Themba greets, I get startled by his voice making me to drop the plate.

"Themba Maan!" I half shout picking up the broken pieces.

"Askies, I'm off to pick up G from school." He says and dashes out of the house. I better be quick with the sandwiches before G comes back.

ZIKHALI HOMESTEAD

AT THE HOSPITAL

"I apologize but I am not allowed to disclose any information regarding the patient." The doctor tells the uncles and they look defeated.

"But we are her only family. What if something bad happens to her?" Uncle.

"She's safe and was transferred to a better hospital. Excuse me I beg to take my leave." The doctor left without giving them answers to a lot of questions that they have.

Later that day they were sitting quietly still trying to process what just happened at the hospital.

"How can she disappears in a hospital unless of someone kidnapped her." Aunt.

The cousin who informed Precious was sitting quietly, she didn't want to spill the beans. What if Ngwane decides to go finish her off.

Wherever her aunt is, she knows that she's safe and probably in one of the most expensive hospitals. She admits she hated Zondiwe for being a drunkard but she was the best aunt she could ever ask for. All she ever wanted was for her to stop drinking.

"Something is not right, first the money disappears and now Zondiwe goes missing after being shot. What is Precious is behind all these calamities beholding in our home?" Aunt Buyisele asks. "She set her foot into this compound and this happens." She continues to

add making Ngwane livid.

"Uthini Buyisile?" Ngwane ask in anger.

"What if you are right? But the....." Ngwane shut the jealous uncle short before he could proceed any further.

"Shut up! Just shut up the hell up! Talk about my daughter like that again and I will kill you slowly that I will forget that you are my brother. Just dare me and you will be sorry." He clicked his tounge and walked out leaving everyone speechless of the outburst. For 20 years his has not even once utter a single word about his daughter but today he has the courage to stand up for her.

THIS MAN

#33

HENDRY LUCAS

I hardly slept, the episode Precious pulled yesterday was beyond craziness. She saw things that made her act crazy. But I vowed to stay by her side through thick and thin.

I left her comfortably sleeping and I had to prepare for Gerald Jnr which was a struggle. I'm used to her doing things around. I'm wearing different colour socks, my shirt is a bit stained by coffee. Who wouldn't spill coffee on their clothes when they are this stressed.

I'm looking at the figures and they are a total

discouragement. Where do I even start fixing this mess? Where do I even begin to seek for help? A knock came through. I don't need any distraction at this moment.

"Come in," I shout. I'm not in a mood to see anyone. And it's becomes worse cause I'm not a people's person.

"Good morning sir," Emily greets me while sitting down crossing her legs and her skirt rolled up a bit revealing her boney thighs. What a turn off.

"How can I help you Emily?"

"Mr Myeza has requested a meeting with you."
She hands me the papers and I take a quick

glance at them.

"The meeting is in three months." I look at the paper and frown. I push the paper's aside, atleast I have three months to put my shit together. Mr Myeza is the only client I have left with that still brings in money. For how long will he keep up in this sinking ship? What if his requesting a meeting to cut ties?

"He did state his overseas, so his giving you enough time to come up with a solid plan."
Emily.

"Get back to him and inform him that the meeting will take place when he gets back." I tell her, she nodd's her head in agreement standing up dusting off non existing dust from her skimpy skirt. If she's trying to seduce me it

will not work with me. I'm turned on by meat not bones.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I'm debating with myself whether to go inside the building or not. I'm not allowed to be seen alone in public, therefore I still have Themba around. What I know is if I don't bring him breakfast he will not eat until noon. I've noticed that if his stressed he doesn't touch food but I force him to eat.

I finally have the courage to step out of the car carefully not to trip and fall. If I drop this food it will be the last of me on this earth of planet. I take a deep breath making my way in.

Some worker's were happy to see me and some were just throwing ugly daggers. Nokwanda still works here and she's enjoying every bit of it.

I walk straight to his office finding him looking like a mess. He looks like he never slept a winks and I'm to blame for that. I sometimes let my craziness control me. But how was I suppose to react after what I saw? How do I even a approach him about this? 'hey Hendry your brother stole me in my sleep and took me to his grave yard'.

"Hey," I greeted him and he looks at me suprised. "I brought breakfast and lunch."

"Thank you, I was about to order something."
He starts digging in and damn he is so hungry, I watch him eat admiring his white face.

"What," he asks with his mouth full of food.

"Can't I admire my own khaladi, awu MaHerry Herry my husband madoda." I see him blush."am I dreaming or what thee whole Hendry Lucas is blushing. Hehehe God's of our land please continue to shine on me."

"Waphapha," he teases me.

"Hehehe Jehovah is your niece teaching my husband to girish my language?"

"Going somewhere?" He changes the topic, the way she's so sexy it doesn't sit well with him.

"Yea, to submit my assignment than go home to

watch movies as usual." I answer him, dipping in his lunch box, such greediness I have.

"Hmmmmmm," he don't know whether to be releaved or what.

"So how's the business going?" I asks him with mouth stuffed with food.

"It's bad and I've ran out of options. Mr Myeza has requesting a meeting with me and honestly I don't know what I will say to him. Most employees are resigning. Everything is just a mess."

"Don't worry we will come up with a plan. We will fight these demons even though ghosts are following me around all the time. Entlek tell me

something why is your brother still in South Africa? Isn't he suppose to be in Jupiter? Precious is traumatizing at times, he was saved by a knock on the door. He won't to answer her imaginary questions, if that's what it's called.

"Come in," I shout first before Hendry take action, I want to be miss action too. He can't take the credit alone. The door slowly opens and I don't turn to look.

"Good morning sir, I bought what you requested." The man says as he hands Hendry a disc. Someone on the inside has been stealing money but he just wants to confirm his suspicions.

"I believe you haven't met my wife." Hendry says.

I turn to look at the man my husband is introducing me to and I got the shock of my life. I never thought that one day I will cross paths with him.

"No, no, no it can't be." The gentleman says in a shivery voice. We watched him as he sprang out of the office without looking back.

"Ahhhh my dear ex." She laughs, she finds this amusing.

"The one that left you for your friend?" She shakes her head in agreement smiling, what a small world!

MLUNGISI ZONDO

I let my legs take me as fast as they could. This can't be happening not my Precious. How?

When? I'm finding it hard to believe this. So all this while the Mrs Lucas that they were talking about is my Precious who also turns out to be my bosses wife.

I stand in the middle of the road trying to catch my breath and a honk brings me back to life.

"Shit," I curse, trying to brake free from the busy streets of Durban. My legs are stuck and the bus kept coming closer and closer. A Stinging sensation forcefully threw me across the road landing painfully on the ground. I didn't know being knocked down by a bus can turn you into a superman. I'm hearing voices fading away and I'm having a hard time keeping my eyes open.

"Help," I try to scream but my voice failed me.

I'd rather die than seeing a woman I love being loved and married by another man.

I woke up with alot of machines connected to my body. I try to sit up but my body is aching. Why am I feeling so much pain? What am I even doing here? I see my mother rushing towards me and sobbs right infront of my eyes.

"How did I get here?" I ask her cause I want to know. All I remember I was at work.

"You don't remember anything?" My mother asks, and I shake my head no. I'm trying so hard to remember but my mind is blank. "Let me go call the doctor for you." She rushes out, minutes

later she came back with a beautiful woman which I assume was a doctor.

"Your awake," she says checking the machines and my heart beat. "No broken bones, no brain damage, just a dislocated shoulder and a few bruises which will heal in no time." She jots down whatever she's saying.

"Who brought me here? I want to know and I have a feeling they are hiding something from me.

"You were knocked down by a bus." The doctor answers me.

"Can I have water?" I have a huge dry lump stuck in my throat making it hard for me to

swallow.

I look at the glass and I gulp down the water without taking a brake. I close my eyes and the events come back flooding in nstunami. No I refuse to believe that my Precious is married.

My chest is burning and I'm loosing control in my breathing exercises.

"Are you okay?" The doctor asks and I shake my head no. I can't utter any word at this point. Everything is blurry making it hard for me to see.

"Precious," I call out for her name in a whisper. My body is burning up and I start to shake vigorously making the machines to beep like crazy

"Please help my son,' those were the last words

I heard from my mother's pained voice.

THIS MAN

#32

MLUNGISI ZONDO

When I got home I found piles of dishes in the kitchen sink. I let out a huge long sigh looking at them. I'm tired of talking to this girl honestly. The best thing to do now is to clean around the house before my mother comes back.

"You came back early." Swazi says trying to kiss me and I gently push her away. At this point I'm just disgusted by her presence.

"I'm tired, I really need to clean this dumpster before my mother comes back." I tell her, I'm beyond angry but I'm trying by all means to keep my cool. Maybe giving her a cold shoulder will be the starters.

"You don't have to wash the dishes, you know your mother will do them when she comes back." The nerve of this girl. The devil is even smiling, does she think this is a restaurant?

"My mother is not a slave, I love her way too much to be doing all of this to her. Awusho when are you going back home? I think it's for the best that you go slave your mother not mine. My mother has been quiet for too long and you are taking advantage of her quietness."

"What, are you trying to get rid of me?" Why is

she looking at me this astonished. Yes woman I'm trying to get rid of you can't you see.

"I just need a brake from you, my mother needs to rest. She's very old to be picking up after your filth. It's now time to go back to your mother's house and go do as you please." I tell her and she looks at me disappointed.

"I don't slave your mother." She sounds diffensive, but yet she does every chance she gets.

"It's okay, you can go pack in the mean time. I'll walk you home when I'm done." I can see that she wants to dispute what I've just said and I just gave her my back before she could even say anything.

As tired as I am I managed to clean the whole house. It's not spotless as a woman's touch but it's clean with a lot of fresh breeze. I see Swazi pulling her suitcases and I sigh in relief. I just couldn't hide the excitement in me.

"Ow finally." I say looking at her glossy eyes. If she thinks those tears will make her stay she has another thing coming.

"So you dumping?" Is she for real. No man in their right state of mind would stay for this. This woman would feed me her own shit if given an opportunity.

"It's for the best. I was never happy to begin with."

"I guess I was forcing you to be with me, but I'm going to give you time to cool off cause I can see that you are confused. Once everything is settled we will come back strong again." She wipe her tears.

"I don't think there's going to be me and you ever again, not even in the next life. We are both broken and we need to heal. We both need to move on with our lives. Fix yourself and be a better woman for the next man that will be in your life, while I fix myself too for the woman who will be in my life. I still want to fix things with Precious."

She drops her bags on the floor and hugs me for dear life sobbing on my chest. I rolled my eyes in annoyance, can she be gone already.

Being around her just makes me suffocated.

"Till we meet again. I know you don't love Precious but you love me." She sniffs picking up her bags and left. I stayed behind punching the air in excitement. Now that was easy, good riddance to bad rubbish.

"Finally I will have peace in this house, no flies, no bloody pads, no piglets." I say to myself, my mind drifts back to Emily. I need to distance myself from her before she becomes a problem in my life.

ZIKHALI HOMESTEAD

"Where did you bury it?" She asks.

"Right here, but I can't seem to find it." She replies.

"This can't be happening, after the hard work we did. The money disappears just like that. I want that money and no one, I mean no one must have it. It all belongs to me, me alone. Are you sure no one saw you?"

"I don't know, but I'm sure that nobody saw me!" She half shouts.

"Don't you dare raise your voice at me. I gave you that money to go hide it cause I trusted you with it and you turn to go do this. You bite me at the back." She scoffs unbelievably.

A shadow appeared from afar looking at the

two thief's fighting back and forth with each other. If it was not dark she would have taken a video of the drama she's looking at right now. She was now tired of her greedy family and tired with their constant drama. She stood there looking at them in disbelief. So these are the people that stole the money yet they have the audacity to act all Saint. She stood there a little longer looking at them throwing tantrums at each other. She shook her head and headed back to the house.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

It's dark and cold with mist filling up in the air. How did I get here? It's in the middle of the night, here I am walking barefoot and my feet are cold as ice.

"Great you have arrived." A man says wearing all black. I can't see his face but his voice sounds so very familiar.

"W...who are you? What do you want from me?" I don't have money but I can make you one of my best sandwiches." I offer, how the hell did I end up in a grave yard? All of this doesn't make sense.

"Sandwich you say." I'm still looking at his broad back.

"Turn around you he goat!" He just laughs at me with this annoying cocky laugh. "What's so funny you chicken feet, you stole me from my bed to come look at your grave yard. Sies man, come sun shine come rain I will skin you alive. Clearly you don't know the Queen of the jungle."

"I wonder how Hendry keeps up wit you, one thing I know his a very impatient man." He laughs. "You are one hell of a character." He adds, this man is creepy.

"Help! Help! I'm being kidnapped ay futhi I'm kidnapped!" I hear my voice being on repeat over and over again. Fear kicked in I'm about to be funeraled alive.

"Relax will you," he turned around and I got the shock of my life. "No, no, no not again. Why is bad luck following me." Tears streamed down my face, I just know that his going to take me to heaven. "Cebolethu come to the rescue! I repeat come to the rescue!"

I ran as fast as I could but I am not moving anywhere. Everytime I run forward it feels like I'm being pulled 10 steps back. The more I run the more I find myself next to this man. I screamed outloud kneeling down covering my ears.....

"Precious hey wake up. Hey, hey wake up it's me." I had the urge to fight but I had no strength in me. I feel so cold.

"Please don't kill me,' I beg for my life.

""Hey it's me, no one is going to kill you. It's all just a dream. You so cold." Hendry says, and my mind comes back instantly, I scan my

surroundings and I noticed that I'm in bed.

"Who brought me here? Where's the ghost?" So I was dreaming. I need to deal with with vegetable once and for all.

"There's no ghost you were dreaming, go back to sleep." He covers me with a blanket, I yank it getting off the bed and I felt like I was floating.

"Ghost come out! I know you can hear me, come out you toe! I know you are here, you took me to the grave yard without my permission. Come fight me like a coward that you are. I'm MaWeapons kayi1 no one messes with me." I started punching and kicking the air warming up for my boxing match. The lights flick on and off continuously and I got terrified and I stood still like a soilder with my arms straight on the sides.

I pressed my ass together and held my breath.
What the hell is happening.

"Precious just come to bed, I will check the cables in the morning." Hendry says in a sleepy voice. Unbelievable, I'm here fighting ghosts and his telling me about cables.

The most fill up the room making it cold and the back of my hair stands up. I ran to the bed more like sprinting covering myself up with blankets. Hendry is fast asleep beside me and I felt like crying. I said a little prayer.

"I can't die now without eating my favourite sandwich. Jehovah where is your niece when I need him the most."

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

#34

REGRET CHAPTER

ZIKHALI HOMESTEAD

Patience and her mother were trying so hard to search the money with no availability. It was getting frustrating day by day.

"You are definitely a useless child. How did I give birth to a dumb child like you? Sometimes I ask myself if is there a possibility that you switched at the hospital, maybe they gave me a wrong child. One simple task I ask you to do and you fail to dismally. Ay Maan!" MaNgwane blurts out spitting Vernon. The trip that she

planned has gone to waste.

"You are also useless, I'm tired of being your door mat. You only love me when it suits you. Maybe you are not even my biological mother. You have never been a good mother to me. You always taught me how to throw myself at rich man for surviving. You told me to resent my own blood sister's for your own selfish reasons. No sane parent would make their child do things that you made me do." Patience.

"So you are now judging my parenting skills as a mother?" MaNgwane asks.

"Yes, I judge you and I will forever judge you. Your parenting skills are worser than a dog itself. You forced me to do a course I hate somuch, you made me do something that suits

your status. You made me steal the lobola money because you wanted to go on vacation," the family gasp in shock and the cousin smiles. "I love teaching with all of my heart but no you mother dearest made be do what's best for you. I'm sure you even planning on how my husband should fuck me, which position is the best. I withdraw from school a year ago, do you wanna know why? Because I failed dismally. It's high time I pursue my dream, it's time to do what I do best. If you....." A hot slap landed on her face. Patience held her cheek unbelievably. She shook her head with tears streaming down her face. She took all of her belongings and walked out without looking back.

"Yooooohhh so MaNgwane you are the culprit. I'm sure you were laughing your lungs when us fools were turning this house upside down looking for the money that you stole. I also

blame your parenting skills. Look at the result. You cannot turn a hood rat into a wife." Buyisile says looking at the weeping MaNgwane who was seated on the corner crying her sorrows.

"The golden child madoda, awu ma10K," cousin. "She's gone just like that ay bandla."

"That's what you get for stealing what's not yours to begin with. You stole what belonged to me you piece of shit. I can't believe I even listened to you Buyisile the time you told me that my first wife is barren. You all took part into destroying my first marriage. I trusted you to have my back as you were suppose to, like siblings do for each other. I stayed in this marriage feeling trapped and unhappy. You told me to let my first wife to suffer because of your wickedness. My first wife didn't suffer alone, I

also suffered and still suffering. I will never forgive for this not now not ever. And wena I want that money before noon or else you will go back home in corpse!" With that said Ngwane stormed out of the room.

He walked down the gravel road thinking of the choices he made. He resents MaNgwane Patience's mother with everything in him. He still loves his first wife with every fibre in him. He still remembers that cosy spot where they use to chill whenever she went to fetch water from the river. That peaceful beautiful place brought back all the memories.

"What have I done?" He cried to himself. This is not the life he imagined for himself. This is not the life he expected. How did he get here? Why did he allow his siblings to take control over his

life? His the oldest of them but yet he acts like his the youngest. Than there's the sweet of them all, a woman who is a complete opposite of her name Zondiwe their last born. Despite the drinking problem that she has, there's a sweet woman under that drunkard. The death of their brother hit hard on Zondiwe cause they were very close to one another. Those news that happened 35 year's ago ruined Zondiwe's future. Till today she hasn't healed, she still cries herself to sleep.

"Ow God please forgive me," he continues to cry harder, he didn't mean to shoot her, he didn't mean to do what he did and now their sister is missing. It's because of him. He shot her mistakenly for telling the truth, the truth hurts. No one likes to be reminded of the failures and past mistakes.

He buried his face on his hands and screamed

his lungs out making the birds to fly away. His life was mingles without his first wife. He doesn't even want to think of his two other daughters. Which father abandons their kids?

Back at the house Buyisile picked up a vase and smashed it on MaNgwane's head repeatedly after they had a heated argument about the money.

"What have you done?" One of the cousin's asks looking at Buyisile who had blood on her hands. "You killed her! You killed her!"

"I didn't mean to." Buyisile.

"She needs to go to the hospital, she's loosing so much blood."

The uncle checked her pulse and sigh emotionally, "it's too late she's gone." He says.

"I didn't mean to kill her. Ow God please forgive me." Buyisile sinks down letting out a painful piercing cry. This family has turned upside down, and nothing good seems to come out of them.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

Death is all I prefer at this moment. It's true when they say another man's trash is another man's treasure. I treated Precious like trash.... she picked herself up and moved on by finding

someone better, better than me. After the humiliation I put her through she didn't back down. How will I ever look her in the eyes and apologize. To even think I poured her with cold water and called her all sorts of names. With that clumsiness she found herself a man that is not afraid to show her in public. Her last words are still fresh they haunt me till now.

She quoted 'i ain't give up on you, I have had enough. There's a difference. I held on to you for the longest and all you did was to hurt me repeatedly. I ended up putting you before me and I lost myself. You stopped doing the things that made me fall inlove with you. Yet, I was giving you my all but shit was never enough for you. I was the one who loved you even though you've given me a thousand reasons not to.'

I've cheated on Precious a countless times and she forgave and still loved me wholeheartedly. What did I do? I thanked her with a plate full of shit. She's one of a kind, a rare breeze.

"What are you thinking about that's making you cry?" That's my mother, I didn't even realise I was crying. She comes closer with a basket full of fruits. The look on her face says it all I guess I have to tell her.

"Precious is married." I tell her and she just laughs outloud.

"Ay suka yini, did the bus travel with your mind?"

"I saw her today, she's married to my boss Hendry Lucas." I inform her and she stops

laughing, I guess the seriousness in my voice caught her off guard.

"What? How? When?" She asks fifty questions at the same time and I just shrug my shoulders.

"I don't know.... It hurts ma, it hurts deeply. Precious was my everything but I took her for granted. I thought she was too naive for me and guess what another man saw a worth in her. I lost a diamond while chasing stones. How do I come out from this? How do I pretend that everything is okay when I know deep down I'm broken, and worstly I broke myself." I sigh.

"Is this the reason why you are in hospital?" My mother asks.

"Yes, after my boss introduced me to Precious as his wife I couldn't hold back the shock. Everything was suffocating me and I needed a space to let my lungs breathe. I ran out of the building and I found myself being knocked down by a bus and that's how I landed in hospital."

She sighs and takes my hand, "I'm not going to say I told you so. I loved Precious and I still love her, she was a perfect woman for you. She respected you and loved you dearly. Her clumsiness was the cuteness of her soul, a woman with a heart of Gold. You lost out on diamond son. What you need to do now is to apologize to that young girl for breaking her heart into pieces. I know she will forgive you because she doesn't hold a grudge. But first you need to forgive yourself so you could heal, you

need to move on from this pain. She wasn't your soulmate and I believe there is someone out there for you who would love you the way she did or maybe even beyond. And when you find that love make sure that you hold on to that feeling because nothing lasts forever. Free your heart son." She smiles warmly. What would I do without my mother's love. It's a pity her husband died whilst she was still pregnant with me. She's everything I need in a mother.

THIS MAN

#35

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

"Hendry Lucas! If you do not come down right this minute I will funeral you into....." Damn

my tounge is tied, I've just ran out of words. I look at him walking down the steps like his just stepped out of a magazine with his cologne filling up the room. I was about to strangle him a few minutes ago to death. Looking at him now make my breasts dance kwasa kwasa.

"Close your mouth woman." He says giving me a perk on my open lips.

"Damn your mother birth you, my breasts are dancing kwasa kwasa. Awusho are you really my husband like really, like mampela? Jehovah my blesser."

He shakes his head and kisses me again giving me those tingling sensations, "let's go." He takes my hand leading me to the car. G decided to spend the weekend with my mother because

he gets to watch all the cartoons he wants. Hendry on the other hand says he has something important to show me, more like something that belongs to me.

"Pap and Grill mjitha, I thought you were taking me to Amazon or something." I say and he frowns grabbing my hand and I follow behind like a lost puppy. I hope they make my favourite sandwiches here, I can't go a day without eating banana and white bread.

"Follow your husband and focus." He says, and I follow behind quietly as instructed.

"I didn't know you have offices back here." I say admiring the place. The two offices are very spacious and elegant. I'm just imagining myself working here being the Queen of the jungle.

"Yes we do, take a seat so we could have a talk. When I talk you listen don't disturb me. Do you understand?" His voice is firm and what ever it is sound serious.

"Erm yes I get.... I mean I understand." I take a deep breath.

"I'm not going to beat around the bush, I will go straight to the point. You do know that we are married in community of property right?" He asks, and I nodd my head in agreement.

"Good this is what happened, you see this restaurant is under you name which means it now belongs to you. If I loose H.L it will be transferred under your name also. I took a decision upon myself to give you this restaurant because I trust and believe in you. I somehow

have faith in you. Even if I die I know my kids will be taken care of, I know you will continue to love G as your own. So I'm pleading with you to not disappoint me infact prove me wrong and be a wife that will stand by me no matter what. I need you to be my support system through thick and thin. I want you to hold my hand through every obstacle. I beg you in the name of the Lord, DON NOT let money change you cause you are amazing just the way you are. I love you for who you are, Don't let power change you." He says looking deep into my eyes with no emotions.

"Wow I don't know what to say, but what I know is I promise on my grandmother's grave to be me till death do us part. I promise to fight every battle you face, you are my sauce of happiness Mr Lucas. Money doesn't make the world go round, but love say's it all. I want to be the

reason for the blushiness on your face, I want to turn your face red like tomatoes. And that's a pinky promise." I say, we locked our little fingers sealing the promise.

We spent the whole day with me learning more about the business. He made me understand the ethics of it and damn running a business is no child's play. The restaurant has been bringing in more money for the last couple of months which means we are still very much stable. Me, myself and I is a whole owner. Am I dreaming or what? Signing all those papers and reading that claws felt like a dream. If only he has a relationship with his family.

"My mind is tired and I'm hungry." I whine.

"You can ask one of the chef's to prepare us a meal."

"Worry not I volunteer. My mother once told me never allow another woman to cook and feed your husband." I say, standing up to go find my way in the kitchen. I see a sign a I follow, I walk in kitchen and everyone is busy. I'm impressed with the hygiene, it's very clean. As soon as their eyes landed on me they all start to panick and I understand why, Hendry is a no go area and he is not an easy person. I feel bad cause I'm not like their boss.

"Aibo please don't stop on my account guy's I'm just here to make food." I smile warmly and I see relief wash over their faces.

I thank my mother for teaching me on how to hit a pot, ngiyalishaya ibhodwe Jesu wami. I know my way to the kitchen and I'm so proud of that.

Later that day we were done with everything and it was now time to go home. My body is tired and my mind needs to relax a bit. I just need a nice long warm bath and sleep.

"Let's go." He says, we walk out of the office and bid farewell to everyone. I notice Hendry has gone off mode after seeing a beautiful old couple. His face was tense and his body was stiff like he felt suffocated.

"Are you okay?" I ask because I can tell his not okay his body structure says it all.

"My parents are dinning here." He clicks his tounge. I can see the resemblance, his father was rather shocked to see us or shall I say him. I see them make their way to us making Hendry to release a loud depressing sigh.

"Well, well, well what do we have here?" His father says looking at Hendry with those hatred eyes.

"People ofcause." I blurt out by mistake, this stupid mouth of mines.

"And who's this thing that has no manners?" His mother asks with a disgusted expression on her face and I didn't care less. Her wrinkle old face doesn't move me one bit.

"My wife." Hendry.

This woman laughs attracting eyes, "you call this thing a wife, a woman who looks like a gold digger. How can you get married without informing your mother?" She asks.

"You see this thing standing right in front of your eyes is not gold digger and not even close. You see this thing here is a wife and a mother to a little handsome creature. At least this thing will love her kids equally. I will not blame our son for the mistakes of other kids. Before you call me a thing look at yourself than you will know what is a thing sakukazi ndini." I'm mad as hell, who the hell does she think she is?

"What! You have a son and not even once you thought about telling your mother that she is a grandmother." And that came out as a whisper.

"Why would you like to know what's happening in my life. You hate me remember." Hendry.

"I don't hate you son." Hahah this woman can act, I give her the Grammy Awards best actor of the year.

"Don't get me all started, I was doing just fine without you. Even if I die I know my wife and kids will give me a decent befeating burial. I'm just glad you people are not in my life anymore. I don't have parents, my parents long died..... now if you will excuse my wife and I would like to take our leave." Hendry says pulling my hand. I think it has become a habit that he pulls my

hand wherever we go. We got into the car and drove off. I'm even afraid to utter a word.

"Don't let them get to you." I tell him, his been too quite and I kinda miss him. We are seating on a one seat couch cuddling watching a movie more like staring at the pictures.

"I'm not even moved by them, their presence don't get to me anymore. Thank you for standing up for me it truly means alot."

"Don't cry on me, God will punish me." I tell him and I see a beautiful smile that I've been yearning for. Those thick pink lips make my blood vibrate.

"Ow God what will I do with you woman." He

says kissing the tips of my nose.

ZIKHALI HOMESTEAD

Ngwane has been isolating himself from his siblings. Everything was just too much for him. He has been mopping around the house letting emotions take over. The death of MaNgwane somehow brought a little peace in him, knowing he will leave his life the way he always wanted. By her dieing was a one step forward into gaining his life back. After everything he has been through he deserves happiness just for once. He believes that everyone makes mistakes and they learn from them.

Buyisile decided to take her own life, she decided to hang herself. They guess guilt pushed her into taking her own life. Buyisile is a

woman who has always been a pain in a butt and was never fun to around with. She enjoyed rejoicing in other people's downfall. With her and MaNgwane in hell they can finally breathe and maybe their lives will get back to normal.

"Lord I am a sinner who's probably going to sin again. Please Lord forgive me for the wrongs I've done to the people I love. Can you help us heal through this tragedy we are facing. No amount of sorries will mend the broken hearts I've broke. I promise to be a better man for my children and I pray it is not too late to fight for my family. I kneel down in front of you as your child to guide me and protect me through every way, Amen."

He would feel much better if Zondiwe was here, he doesn't even know how she's doing where

ever she is? Why was she transferred in the first place? Who took her? All of these questions they have been wondering in their minds without any success of having answers. Another struggle MaNgwane and Buyisile don't have a funeral cover which make things tough. They are grieving and it's a hard time for everyone. Will they ever move on from this?

THIS MAN

#36

LUCAS HENDRY

I'm falling deeper and deeper for this crazy human being. Hendry Lucas has fallen inlove, I can't believe it myself either. I'm slaving myself around the kitchen and I don't even know what

I'm making. I'm stuck and I don't even know what to mix what with what. The eggs have too much salt and they are badly burnt.

"Are you trying to burn down my house Mr Lucas?" Great she awake, "I was trying to be that guy who brings breakfast in bed for his wife now you spoiled everything". The kitchen is a mess and I'm pretty sure that the meat is raw.

"Ncah nkosi, what I did I do to deserve this treat?" She asks, this one enjoys walking around naked. I guess she has grown to be comfortable around me.

"Mxm, shut up and help clean this mess up." I tell her and she gladly helps helps me clean the mess I made. I can't wait to smash that little small punani of hers. These thighs are making

my machine to jerk up. I think I will be breaking the rule anytime soon I can't take this torture any longer. The door bell rang.

"Ay so early in the morning." She's always complaining.

"I'll go check." I walk to the door and surprisingly there is no one. The gate is locked, this is creepy. I walk outside and I stumble across something hard almost making me trip.

"A briefcase." I say to myself. I look at it closely and noticed that it's the same suitcase that had Precious's dowery, it looks wet and covered in sand.

"MaLucas, come and see this." I call for her.

"What is it?" She asks standing behind me.

"Look at this." I point out at the briefcase. "This is the same briefcase we left back at your father's house.

I look at her picking it up and dusting the sand off, "now the question is who brought it here?" We are both clueless. We tried so hard to put the pieces together but nothing. My phone rings disturbing our thoughts. I picked the call up and it was the hospital. My mind is still wrapped around this money. Who brought it here and why?

"That was the hospital, your aunt is finally awake." She squeaks in excitement jumping up

and down with her boobs bouncing back and forth.

"What did we do with the money?" She asks.

"For now we will keep it in the storeroom until we know what to do." I respond, thank God it's Sunday and I get to relax.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

"Ward 52," receptionist, she couldn't keep her eyes off Hendry.

"Thank you." I say, we are at the hospital to see my aunt. After the news of being told that she's awake, I didn't want wasting anymore time. I

decided to come see her.

"Aunt Zozo, I've missed you so much." I rushed to her bed giving her a tight hug and she flinches.

"Careful before you kill me again. They don't want me in heaven." She says, she woke up from the dead to spit nonsense.

"I missed you too. Why did you steal me.?"

"I don't know, I just felt like doing it." I say shrugging my shoulders. "How are you coping though?"

"Better but I'm weak and I have pains in my

stomach." She tries sitting up but the pain stopped her. "Ahhhh you brought my bhu'smane, where is the televisionised so that people can see that I'm die hard the terminator?"

"A what?" Hendry is totally confused.

"Don't mind her, she didn't take her psychology tablets." I say smiling at Hendry who was looking all lost. I don't blame him, I sometimes loose my own self.

Zozo has alot of funny stories, believe it Hendry was dead with laughter. I've never seen this other side of him. Those white lined up teeth make his blue eyes shine.

"Hospitals are the opposite of mortuary." Zozo

blurts out after a moment of silence. "Ay don't look at me like that it's in the Bible, Johan was in heaven with me 24/7, my security guard. That Johan 14 has a crush on me, can you believe it!" I give up on my aunt.

From the hospital we did a little bit of groceries and we bumped into Mlungisi's mother. She told me what has happened to Mlungisi and it was a shocker. Yes he broke my heart but I don't wish him any bad. Part of me still cares about him, he was my first for everything in years. You just don't erase someone from your heart in splits seconds after breakup. He will always have that special place in my heart that he crushed repeatedly.

"So the dude decided to take his life." In a voice filled with jealousy.

"Apparently, he couldn't bare the news of me being someones wife." I respond. "I'm thinking of paying him a visit tomorrow."

"Should I be worried.? Hendry.

"No, I'm just going to set the record straight, make sure that I make him understand that now I belong to another. I wish what we have could last forever." I have fallen deeper Inlove with Hendry, I feel free around him. Even though he is controlling at times but I love him more than anything.

"MaLucas, I'm off too bed." I follow him behind

and part of me miss G so bad. He doesn't want to come back. He prefers gogo over me. If Amanda feeds that child chocolate, I swear I will chew her vagina.

"Please, stop! Don't come any closer." I beg and shout but this man is back to abuse me. I'm crying but my cries are falling on deaf ears.

I'm in a dark place freezing cold, my stomach is turning knots. I try to run but my feet are glued on the same spot.

"Here take." The creepy man says giving me shinning piece of paper. "Use this it will guide you. And don't let that money go to waste"

I take the piece of paper with my shaky hands, the paper is ice cold, shining and blank.

"What money?" I ask looking all confused.

"You will figure it out on your own. Do my brother proud he believes in you and I believe in you too." The man says. I don't know why he doesn't reach out to his brother directly, because they have a way of communicating!

"Why do you keep stealing me? You enjoy freezing?" He ignores me like I didn't ask him any questions and continues to talk.

"Hendry needs you now more than ever, close your eyes." He commands me and somehow I obey. A cold substance landed on my forehead.

"Take a deep breath and relax." I do as I was told.

I see people betraying one another, people hungry for power and money. Hendry's life is in danger, his own father..... I don't believe this. He moved his hand and takes a step back.

"Where do I even begin?" I ask, his giving me a job I don't even know I will be able to pull.

"Use that paper. You are the only one who is able to see what is written on it. Keep it safe, take your time and don't rush into anything." He taps on my shoulder and he disappears into thin air.

"Yewena masaka come here! let me deal with

you once and for all." I fold the paper shoving it in my breast and I start running.

"Precious wake up you sweating. Are you okay?" Hendry.

I just look at him and tears streaming down my face. "Hey, what's wrong? Talk to me."

"Please hold me, I want you to hold me tight." I say, he didn't ask any future questions. He held me so close to his arms not wanting to let go.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

I thank the Gods I'm being discharged today. I

hate hospitals, being here in a couple of days is no child's play. I'm staring into thin space thinking about my life and what landed me in hospital.

"Don't think too much, I don't want you dieing on me." I cannot believe my eyes right now.

"Precious..how did you...."

"Your mother told me." She says sitting down handing me a plastic full of goodies. She still smells coconutish with those sparkling brown eyes.

"Thanks," I say not knowing what to say further.
"Look Presh..... I know you probably hate me for what I did to you. It even saddens me that those

conjoined twins were not even mines to begin with. I'm not good with words and you know it, but I would like to apologize from the dept of my heart. The embarrassment I caused you was too much it still torments me till today." Should I continue or stop, what if I end up saying the wrong things.

"I get you, but hey it's life and it's part of growing. I've long forgiven you. You were my first in everything, you taught me how to love and how to be loved even though love sometimes is not enough. What I wish for you is to find someone you will cherish and respect at all cost. Don't repeat the same mistakes you made in the past. Be the old Mlungisi who was crazy and full of love not the monster Mlungisi I recently saw. Free your heart and love yourself so that you can be able to move on and love another."

"Wow, I'm speechless. I lost out on a diamond while chasing stones. When did you become this matured. The Precious I know will be throwing tantrums." I say and she laughs in that tiny voice of hers.

"People grow Mlungisi jeez."

I'm hurt she's truly married but on the other hand I gained a friend. A friend I don't want to lose. She's truly a God Saint, I hope the man she's with today truly adores and protect her with all costs.

"Thank you for taking time to come see me. It truly means a lot. Thank you for not tossing me aside and thank you for being a friend even

though I don't deserve you." I tell her.

"Remember never give up in life what you promised yourself. Sometimes you just have to stay silent , because no words can explain what's going on in your mind and heart. In the long run, the sharpest weapon of all is a kind gentle spirit." She says.

"Maybe love is unhealthy for me." I say.

"But nothing compares to that feeling when you find somebody who changes everything. Who changes how you see the world, how you see yourself..... It's a high." She says, "you have to hold on to that feeling..... while you can because nothing last forever. You will find someone someday friend." She stood up and hugs me warmly. "Bye friendship." She kisses

my cheek and walks out.

Once upon a time she was the love of my life, now she's a friend because of my stupid decisions. How do I move on seeing her everyday? How do I heal? Will I ever find somebody like her? She's a rare breed that's definitely hard to find. I sigh looking at the food items she bought for me. I laughed looking at the white bread and bananas. This woman will always amaze you.

"What's funny?" My mother just walked in, great I can't wait to go home.

"Precious was here and we talked, like really talked and she made me see things I never knew before about myself." I tell her and she smiles.

"I told you she has a heart of gold."

"She said we can be friends." I say.

"Atleast, I'm happy that she knocked some sense into you. Let's go home or you still like it here?"

"What! Hell no. I miss my bed and your cooking." She takes my belongings and we leave.

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3 MONTHS LATER

THIS MAN

#37

HENDRY LUCAS

MEETING DAY.

It's sad to see that my ship has finally sank. I use to have twenty eight clients and forty three employees. I am now left with one client and fifteen employees. My name has turned into a joke, my legacy is about to vanish just like that. Emily was the one who was stealing loads of

cash from the business account. I can tell that most people are enjoying my downfall.

For the past three months I have been trying so hard to put everything together but nothing stands. I look at the three gentlemen who are sitting quietly, Mr Myeza and his business partners. I have to present my plan but my mind goes blank. My knees go weak and I fail to utter a word. I loosen my tie while feeling my world crumbling down. I feel like my world is coming to an end.

"We've given you more than enough time to prepare yourself Mr Lucas but it seems as if you are taking us for a ride. Three months is a lot of time to sort out your proposal. I can't be business partners with people who are incompetent. It was grate doing business with

you but our journey ends here. All the best." Mr Myeza says as he took his notepad and cellphone on top of the table. This is it, my life has been turned upside down.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

For the past three months I've been having sleepiness nights. I've been up and down apply for construction tenders in different companies. Today is the day I present my proposal. I also found out that Hendry's father is the one who's making H.L crumble down. He made sure that every investor pulls out and invested in his business. But worry not, his time will come and when it comes hell will brake loose.

I decided to broadcast the meeting live, not that I'm showing off but I just got my husband's back. With the help of Themba and Austine,

since they were the one's helping me throughout and they know more about the business. And the white paper, really helped alot. I followed every instructions as written. It was a lot of work but it was worth it.

"This is it MaLucas." Themba says rubbing my shoulder." I know you can do this, go prove to your enemies that you stand by your husband no matter what."

"Thank you." I say exhaling high and loud. The building is fully packed with journalist and news reporters. I have thirty clients to impress. I walk inside the building with my head held up high.

"Good luck MaLucas." Mlungisi shouts, we have been great of friends lately and I'm happy because he never crosses the line. He respects

my marriage and my husband. And I respect his personal space too.

I walk inside the boardroom bumping into Mr Myeza. "My apologies sir, please kindly take a seat so we could begin." I say, and walk past him without waiting for him to respond. I find my husband looking all depressed and that alone tore my heart. I didn't tell him anything about my plans, reason being I wasn't sure if I was going to put things together.

He looks at me shocked and stand up nervously and I just smile at him giving him one hell of a kiss.

"What are you doing here? Who are all these people?" He asks in a whisper.

"To save my husbands business." He looks at me confused. I then turn to look at everyone and they were looking us. "Can everyone please kindly take a seat so we can presume." They all sat down quietly with everyone looking at me with doubtful eyes.

"And we are now live." The camera man says. I know it's time to prove our enemies wrong.

"Good morning ladies and gentlemen. Not to waste anymore of your time. I will get down to business and get straight to the point....." I pause for a while and look at them and they have their eyes fixed on me. That gave me the courage to have positivity. "We all know that our business is having a huge downfall. I'm here to sell my business in front of everyone.

Good strategy steps and everything else built

from this foundation. We look at your business challenges and needs to create a tailored programme from our board portfolio of services to answer these. We also provide the resources and ongoing support you need to achieve this strategy. Whether through in-housing, on boarding, training or consultancy, our strategies are designed to work around your business and give you the competitive edge. H.L Construction as a whole specialises in -: industrial and commercial maintenance. Painting and waterproofing. Cladding, sheeting and guttering and many more.

"Tell us more about this H.L Construction, your business is in the edge of falling but on the other hand it somehow has positivity." One of the investors say, he came all the way from China to be present during my presentation. I smile cause I can sense that we are going

somewhere.

"For over decades H.L Construction has been the preferred supplier of specialised software solutions to the construction and engineering industry, serving more than 1,800 clients and 40,000 users in over 50 countries."

"Tell me something Mrs Lucas, why would we choose H.L? What's that special about your company in general?" Once asks.

"H.L is a work-flow based system that shows real-time order and inventory status. The powerful reporting tools which display all the procurement details, are the foundation of sound decisions and as the system is fully integrated with other H.L modules, it provides strict control to manage the complete procure-

to-pay cycle." I answer

"Who do you serve?"

"Developed and designed by contractors, for contractors. Our software solution drive company-wide collaboration and empower all stakeholders at my stage of the construction life-cycle to succeed." I respond and I see smiles on their faces.

"I was about to withdraw my contact few minutes ago but hey you sold yourself and I'm buying you again. If you you fail to comply this time around..... I would be forced to terminate my contract with immediate effect. Mr Myeza says standing up clapping his hands. The rest of them stand up and congratulate me of my brilliant presentation.

"Welcome on board, I hope I will not have to worry about business while I'm in China. I believe, with me being on board will bring me and my country more opportunities, congratulations once again." Mr Chai says looking at me with those unseen eyes. Can he see me?

"I aim to please sir, and I promise not to disappoint." I say. I turn to look at my husband who had glossy eyes. I'll deal with this man later on, I'm still prostituting the company.

"I believe it is all settled than. I have another meeting to rush to." Mr Myeza, I watched bidding farewell to everyone and he walked out with his two business partners.

I can't believe we were able to attract full attention from all these people. H.L managed to sign a deal worth 6.5 million. Papa G, my ghost where ever you are continue to bless my mind freezically. Freeze that mind of mines, I will forever cherish you even in the dead land. You ghosted and stole money for for us.

Now that I've seen everyone out it's time I bond with my husband. I walk up to him and he gives me a bone crushing hug.

"I think I'm about to be hospitalized, my ribs are torn apart." I say.

"How? When? I don't even know what to say to you woman. How did you manage to pull this off?" He asks, I think my man is addicted to my nose. He can't go a day without kissing the tip

of my nose.

"Woah Mr, one question at a time." I giggle trying to hide my blushing face.

"Thank you MaLucas, I don't even know what to say. I've never signed so much contracts before. I'm lost for words, I didn't know you had it in you. My woman did me proud, I will forever love you and cherish you. I'm speechless. " Hendry says looking directly into my eyes. At that moment I knew that this man right here is all that I need.

"Wow what else can we say, the company has been saved all thanks to thee Mrs Lucas who just showed us that she has her husband's back

no matter what. This is Nomalanga reporting to you live in Durban." Journalist.

THIS MAN

#38

AMANDA NGCONGO

My paintings are selling like crazy. The Art Gallery requested for my portfolio because they were impressed and interested in my drawings. When I draw I let my emotions out, I let them run wild, that's how I express my feelings. I'm making so much money out of these drawings. Mother is very proud of me and I'm proud of myself too. Love found me when the least I expected it. Austine has been a great support system throughout. He forced me into going

out and selling my paintings and I must say I'm more than thankful.

"I'm so proud of you my daughter." That's Gabisile Precious's mother. This woman has brought nothing but joy and happiness in me. I didn't know having a loving family can make a person sane. I will forever cherish this woman. She took me in when my family neglected me when I needed them the most.

"Ahhhh mama, thank you for having trust in me and not giving up on me when I had no one. Thank you for showing me love and happiness. You are one strong woman who deserves all the happiness coming your way. I hope Mdledle aka Mandlebe is treating you like a queen." I say and I see her blush. Awu mother is inlove.

"Just shut up before I slice that tounge of yours." She says hitting me with a caution. I wish we could stay like this forever. I didn't know that a mother's love brought so much happiness into a human being. My birth mother failed me but the woman who bearily knew me took me in with all of my flaws and baggages. She never judged me but gave me love that I've always been longing for. Do you know the happiness of seeing something from the store and you immediately think of your mother and you end up buying it even if you are penniless. That's me, her love is making me do crazy stuff.

LUCAS HOMESTEAD

"I'm definitely proud of my son. It seems as if he got himself a true definition of a woman who loves him against all odds. Through richer and

poorer, this woman will definitely take a bullet for Hendry." Hendry's uncle stated.

"I'm just happy that I got to witness everything the time we represented him. You should see their son Gerald Jnr, such a lovely boy." Another uncle adds.

"You represented him?..... No one thought of informing me. So his son's name is Gerald, unbelievable!" Hendry's father Papa ask in disbelief. He doesn't know whether to be angry or sad, for the fact that he betrayed his own son for nothing. Looking at him being live on TV brought goosebumps on him, it made him shiver that he bounced back and not even once has he ever asked for his assistant. For a moment he thought to himself, 'why do I hate my son this much?' unfortunately there was no

answer. At some point he believed that he was responsible for Gerald reckless behaviour. All these years he hated his son for absolutely nothing!

Today he found a letter stashed into his diary. The letter looked dirty and it had sand in it. What confuses him is that he uses his diary everyday but not even once he saw the letter. How did it land in his diary in the first place?

"Ow yes, he is our son after all. We can't wait for the traditional wedding. He has to take his wife traditionally. We don't know much about African culture but we will learn in the long run." The uncle beams in excitement, he knows that his brother hates his son with every fibre in him. The least they could do is to do right by their son.

Papa sigh sadly having flashbacks of all the things he once done to Hendry and his mother never bothered to protect him. Gerald was a problematic child since he was still young. They blamed Hendry for every wrong and mistake Gerald did. How does he make things right? Is it too late to try and fix the father and son relationship? He started having chest pains making it hard for him to breathe. He stood up trying to balance himself using the table but he fell holding his chest. The sharp pain was excruciating and his inner breath smelled like blood. He choked on his own saliva mumbling some words. The sharp pains hit hard making him gasp for air. He wheezes trying to control his breathing but his wind pipe was blocked. The brothers stood there as they watched his brother take his last breathe.

In the room Matilda Hendry's mother was having a seizure, the letter she read made her heart beat drastically. Her mind was there but her body was dead. So for all these years he was hating her son for nothing. Pain hit hard when she thinks of her mistakes and sides she took back than.

ZIKHALI HOMESTEAD

"Beauty with brains." Cousin says, turning down the TV volume.

"Wow," Patience adds, for the first time in her life she is living her life differently not according to her mother's wishes. She now has a relationship with every family member. She didn't know the importance of family, but ever since the passing of her mother she has been

lighter and free spirited.

They have been trying to pick up the pieces of their lives, trying to reconnect as a family.

Ngwane's heart was aching in pain seeing her daughter that happy. The pain of seeing your child so grown who happens to have her own family.

"We will have to apologize to Gabisile for all the pains we caused her. We admit we were wrong and we regret it dearly brother. I hope you move on someday." Aunt.

"I just want to have a relationship with my siblings. But wipp she ever accept me after everything that has happened?" Patience.

"She will, she seems to be a good child. Don't stress yourself alot everything will be fine." Aunt says. It took them years to finally own up to there mistakes. Gabisile was the most respect sister in-law they've ever came across.

LUCAS HENDRY

"I love you and I don't see myself having a life without you. You showed me another side of you I didn't know it existed and I will forever thank you." I say kissing her neck. After that show stopper she pulled we drove back home. I so bad want to devour this candy crush of mine. I'm looking at her naked sexy body and damn I love this woman.

"He...hhhee," I shut her up with a kiss, my finger is deep inside of her. We are both naked on top

of the bed.

"Open your legs wider for daddy," I command her and she obeys. I groan looking at her tiny pink clean shaved pussy. I go down inbetween her legs.

"Damn," I say to myself. "I can't wait to taste you woman." I open her flaps using my fingers and massaged her clit using my thumb.

Damn it even smells fresh, i twerl my tounge in her vigina hole and it's so tiny. I rubbed my tougue up and down her vigina sucking her clitoris. She closed her legs screaming my name out loud. She's panting and swearing. I press the thighs apart to have a good view. She's dripping wet.

"Baptist me.... ow Lord, Ahhhh" she cries. Her moans are hilarious and such a turn on. My cock is hard and pumping. I stop sucking her and making my way to her mouth kissing her hungrily. I've been waiting for this for months and to today I want to make sure that i make love to her hard.

I rub my dick against her clit while kissing her. She's dripping wet and warm. I position myself and slid the tip of my dick but it gets stuck and she flinches wiggling herself underneath me. I push more further making her to scratch my arms.

"Shit," I curse at her tightness and warmth. I move slowly looking right straight at her sparkling eyes. "I love you." I say, and I admit I'm

truly inlove.

"I...I love you too." She says softly. "Ow God dick me down baby." I continue to move inside of her slowly in circles with her legs wide open. This woman will kill me one day.

"Fuck," I'm burning in pleasure, her walls accomodate my shaft making my blood to vibrate. I quicken the pace a bit and she screams.

"Ahhhhhhh, Muntu." She cries and her body tenses up and I knew she's about to release her juices and it's way to early. I stop and lift her legs up hovering them over my shoulders.

"You good?" I ask her.

She keeps quite a bit looking at me with those sleepy eyes, "fuck me hard." She commands. I put my hands on the side and gave her organism after organism. I move in and out of her with my sweat dripping ontop of her boobs. The more I pump her the more her boobs bounce back and forth. I flip her over making her chest lay flat on the bed with her ass up high revealing that pink flesh. I slid my cock in from behind making her gasp for air clenching on the sheets for dear life.

"Ow yes, shit," I spank her huge behind making it bounce. I move faster making her to scream more biting the sheets.

"Hallelujah, deeper baby boy." She says, and I start going deeper hitting that sensitive spot.

"Ahhhhh, ow..... H...Hendry baby." I move faster, she tried slipping away from my grip but I held her tighter pulling her off the bed making her to stand. I pressed her chest against the wall kissing her ear as she moans. I spread her legs apart wider me to have access from behind. I jerk my cock putting inside her hot honey jew pot.

"Baby, Mhmmm," I curse through my greeted teeth squeezing her boobs while I pump her from the behind while standing. She tries to push me off but I'm too strong for her soft hands.

Her body began a spring shaking rhythmically to the cords of my dick balancing herself tight on my thighs. I'm loosing myself in her, I'm sweaty and panting.

"Harder please," I moved harder making our body clap in pleasure mood.

"Shit," I moved faster and harder until I emptied all my cum inside of her with and the sudden thunder rumbling outside making her to jump in fear hugging me tight. Damn that was one hell of a session.

"I'm dickmised." I smile as we stood there in each other arms trying to catch our breaths listening to the sudden pouring rain and thunder. I'm in heaven, I'm inlove, I feel loved. I feel at home. The feeling of seeing her face everyday after work makes me have that tingling sensation I cannot explain. This right is something that I want to last forever.

THIS MAN

#39

LUCAS HENDRY

DAYS LATER.

For the past days my life has taken an unexpected U-turn. All of this was about to crumble down within a blink of an eye. My life almost scattered making my enemies rejoice, but the woman who came into my life changed all of that.

I've never been with a woman who doesn't care about my status, money, and that lavishing lifestyle. She's still simple, clumsy and down to earth. She still handles Pap And Grill like a baby, alot of developments have been made. I also

notice that her stuff is much more relaxed and the environment is carefree. Whatever my wife touches turns to Gold. She has turned into a sex addict which scares me at times. She wants to try every position and trick on the book, that's how carefree she is around me.

It's funny how people we resigning like crazy, clients pulling out with immediate effect. Now that I'm back on my own feet they want to come back. Hell no! I don't need back stabbers, they left me for Kenneth where is that Kenneth today. His rotting in jail. I guess he messed with a wrong crowd. I'm fine with the clients and investors that I have. To even think that I now do business world wide because of my wife makes my heart melt. My company has been busy like crazy and we are making tripple the money.

As for my son he made it clear that he wants to be around Gab, that's how he calls Precious's mother. At first it didn't sit well with me because Amanda is always around. Me and her have history and I knew that she hated my son. I guess all of that changed, the way she spoils him now says it all. She has really stepped up into fixing her life. The recent Amanda is the best version of the desperate Amanda I knew. We all change for the better.

On the other hand I've been informed that my parents have been hospitalized. My mother suffered a stroke and my father had a heart attack. I don't know what is the cause of their predicament and honestly I don't care. I'm focusing on my family and myself, I'm focusing on my legacy. My life comes first more than anything. They failed to be my parents..... since I was born they never showed love or

interest in me. I have my mini perfect family right in front of my eyes.

GABISILE HOUSEHOLD

"Shaya! They don't listen." Gabisile tells Zondiwe who was bashing Amanda with a flip flop. Zozo thought it's best for her to be around someone her age. Those two youngsters were turning her into a zombie having wet dreams. Those moans, groans and dick me down always leave her clit throbbing, which leads to her assisting herself. Precious's moans full of chinekee made her sleep with her hands in between her flaps. One night she woke up and stole that cucumber just to satisfy herself.

They have been treating her good, seeing herself being televisionised made her feel like a queen. Seeing herself in papers makes her

rich. She ordered Hendry to hire guards for her wherever she goes. Her words, 'Bhusimane I need men like Goliath, you know Johan is busy securiting 24/7 in heaven so I need my own security system. I can't let people take my richness, never!' Hendry had no choice but to obey, what she wants she gets. Themba is always available for her, even though he complains at times about the embarrassments and drama she causes.

"You sleep empties now! You sleep emptiness! Who's daughter are you! I want to wash each and every bedding in this household. What do you know about sleeping out? Get out of my sight before I call the helicopter." Zondiwe spits fire, she watched Amanda as she ran to her bedroom.

"Did she hit you?" Nokwanda asks biting her nails. They both sneaked out of the night but Amanda got caught.

"Her hand is weak. Imagine if it was Mama Dragon who dealt with me." Amanda says laughing. She enjoys the scolding moments, punishments and hidings. She never got to experience this part of life. Everything to is exciting and new.

"You would have been hospitalized by now." Nokwanda says smiling at her, the bond that they have is magnificent. "Let's continue creating your profile on Facebook. You have paintings to sell dear sister.

Amanda beams in excitement. The more she sells her paintings the more money she will be

making.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

Life taught me a lesson, a lesson that I shall never forget. I'm still trying to pick up the pieces of my life, I also want to try this dating game. Who knows maybe I might be lucky. Seeing Precious that happy still hurts and I'm far from moving on. I still regret everything but maybe it was for the best.

I'm waking around Durban Central enjoying the cold refreshing breeze when a woman bumped into me.

"Next time watch where you going." I say, she lifts her head up and looks at me with her puffy

red eyes and I assume she has been crying.

"I..... I'm sorry." She says softly sniffing. Those brown eyes, they look like someone I know, her black lips..... I've seen them before. This woman looks like someone I know but I cannot tell who, or am I reading too much into this.

"It's okay," I say, and the next thing I know the lady bursts into tears. I froze not knowing what to do, I don't even know why she is crying. She continues to cry, I pull her aside and made her cry on my chest while I rubbed her back slowly trying to calm her down.

"I'm sorry, I..... I didn't mean to mess your t-shirt." She says, she has hiccups from crying and I can't seem to stop admiring her beauty.

"It's okay," that's all I mutter, I'm running out of words God dammit!

She clears her throat while still tangled in my arms, "I should get going," she pulls away from my arms. Something in me wanted to see her again.

"I just want to be sure that you arrived safe at home, please don't deny me that opportunity." I say, giving her my phone to punch in her digits. She takes the phone from my hand and types her tens.

"There," she hands me back my phone and she quietly walks away leaving me confused. What the hell is wrong with me!

NGCONGO HOUSEHOLD

"Is it really her?" The mother asks not too sure.

"It's her ," the sister answered. They were sitting quietly looking at the glowing Amanda on pictures.

"Wow, she looks..... she has changed." Her mother compliments with a broken heart. She always wondered what happened to her daughter? Was she alive or not? But all the answers have been answered. It's been years without seeing her.

"Looks like she has found herself a family."
They look at the pictures in total silence until

they stumbled across a picture captioned, "My Dragon lady, a woman who doesn't take nonsense but she's the best mother a daughter could ever ask for. She showed me love when everyone neglected me. She gave me shelter when everyone turned their backs on me. This woman right here owns my heart. I love you mother."

"Mum are you okay, you a sweating." Her daughter asks in a concerned voice.

"Yes, I just need to lie down a bit." She stood up and went to her bedroom. It pains her to see her daughter happy and that happiness is made by another woman. She failed to love and nurture for her own child whom she carried for nine months. She looks way to happy, not even once she has ever saw that smile on Amanda's face.

She asked herself whether was she a good mother to Amanda or she neglected her for her own selfish reasons?

"It hurts," she cries to herself covering her face with a pillow. She admits she failed her daughter when she needed her the most. Instead of being a mother and hearing her cries she hushed her into a corner, leaving her in total darknesd. But the truth remains she is still her biological daughter.

AT THE HOSPITAL

Papa Lucas is sinking down bit by bit. He prefers death at this point. What is the meaning of living if his life has been turned upside with his crazy theory.

"Thinking too hard will cause you to have another episode. Your body and mind needs to rest." The doctor tells him, but everything just falls into deaf ears. The pain he is feeling now is horrific he prefers to be six feet under.

The letter is taking a biggest toll on him. The thought of the words written on that paper makes him hate himself.

"Dear Papa Hendry.

I write this letter to humble myself. I pray that you find this letter before it's too late.

You know the son that you hate so much went through hell because of me. His younger that

me but he always had my back. If I die now I know Gerald Jnr would be well taken care of. Have you ever wondered what I do for a living.

Well let me share something to you, I am drug dealer and it's something I enjoy doing. Hendry helped me a multiple times to bail me out of jail without you knowing. The life I chose for myself Hendry was not part of it. He begged me day and night to change my life for the better. You couldn't see that cause you were busy hating on a man who is trying to ake a name for himself.

Do you remember punishing him for my deeds that he knew nothing about. Hendry hustled to be this far, he focused more on himself than anyone. You failed your son because of my own actions. Fix your heart before it's too late. I don't want my son to witness hardship when going up.

I would brake the law and you always cover up for me, I will hurt people and you send me hiding. I would steal and get beaten by the community but Hendry stood by me no matter what. We were not that close but he knew I was his brother. So tell me something I don't know, do you still hate Hendry for my own stupidity?"

He sighed out loud with tears filling his eyes. If only he saw the letter earlier maybe he would have changed and be a better father.

"Whatever you are facing, you need to forgive yourself. Think about your health. I don't know what you are facing and I don't know how much it hurts..... but try not to think too much for the sake of your health." Doctor.

"It's j.....just that I'm hurt of the stupid decisions I took. Hi do I fix something that I didn't even have a relationship with?"

" Fix yourself first sir than the rest shall follow. Ease your heart for the better. I'll suggest counseling for you." The doctor drafts down on his fill and he nods in agreement.

THIS MAN

#40

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I cannot believe this, a competition I've been patiently waiting for over three months. They decided to take their own sweet melody time responding back. They did apologize for the

inconvenience, the late responses. I blame it all on Covid the unknown spieces. These alliens have surely taken over the world. If only Jesus himself was alive he would have dealt with these microscopes chronic illness a long time ago. To make matters worse this social distance is a mixit itself.

I'm shaking my body feels sweaty in a way I cannot explain. I look at everyone who is lined up ready to showcase their talent. I'm scared, what if I don't win? What if I don't take that price home? I so badly want to win this competition. I want to do something which I love doing the most, which is singing.

"Number 4012 you're up next." They call out for my number making my heart beat rapidly fast. Nerves kick in and I feel like running away, but I

will definitely look like a coward. I need to suck it up and do myself proud. I follow the foot prints until I found myself standing on the stage with a thousand of eyes looking at me.

"Precious Lucas, you look hella nervous. Just take a deep breath and try to relax." One of the judges say.

"Well it says here you are a student." I don't know whether that's an ask or an answer being answered divertically horizontal.

"Yes," I reply softly.

"No offence, is a degree in music worth it?"
What's wrong with studying music?

"Yes, a music degree is worth it for most aspiring musicians. A music degree is essential for employment in the music industry as well as well-rounded musicians." I answer proudly.

"How long is the music course?" Another ask. Judge Judy must be turning in court right now! This is unacceptable!

"3 years, I'm not here to be questioned, I'm here to sing and win that price." I burst, I'm annoyed by these useless questions and already I miss my sandwich. Banana bread if you could hear me, wait for mummy I'm coming!

"Wow," the stage is yours m.a.d.a.m," she says sarcastically.

"Mxm if only you could see how ugly that sand looks on your face, you wouldn't be this shitty on me. Tell your make-up artist to go back to grade R to study the colouring book." I say rolling my eyes and I hear a few laughs. The beat starts and damn I love this song but I don't even know what the heck it means. If I'm swearing at Father God himself he has to forgive me, I know my aunt has connections with Johan in heaven. I don't want to move too much cause I know I will trip and fall in front of thousands of people. This is now or never, I know I can do this.

Shay footballer no to n gha balli kiri

They telescope ni e to n wo omo kiri

Toju re ba fo o don't blame it on Nini

To ba wa di lala you came to me within

Ooo ni ki n latan o ni maa latan
Ooo ni ki n doju mi o Lo maa la pa
Ooo ni ki n latan o ni maa latan
Ooo ni ki n doju mi o lo maa kan la
Oh Maradona Maradona mi
Oh Maradona Maradona mi
Oooh Maradona Maradona mi

Don't be wicked die for you
If I die for you all is in vain
Wicked die for you
If I die for you all is in vain
La ni Mo shey fun e
Will I satisfy you
All my friends you have de be
Will I satisfy you

Maradona by Niniola is one of my favourite songs. You see this song takes me on cloud 99. The crowd is going crazy, damn that felt good. I look at my family amongst the crowd and their expression says it all, I nailed it.

"Wow! I'm speechless. To be honest I judged you but you proved me wrong. Something different and something fresh." Gogo judge says, hehe she's now trying to warm up to me, never! Jesus must come back.

"So tell us, if you were to win this price..... What would you do with this huge amount of money? R250K is a huge sum of money." The cute male judge ask, he's more welcoming than the other two bimbos.

"Help people who are indeed. I grew up with nothing so I know how it feels like to have nothing. Most households out there sleep with empty stomachs. I want to help the orphans, i may not be able to help everyone, but I know helping those few people will make a difference." I respond with a proud smile on my face.

"No more further questions, I'm just..... wow." Speechless, I see.

"Thank you," I say walking off the stage with my ass pressed together praying not to trip and fall.

ZIKHALI HOMESTEAD

"Wow," cousin was speechless.

"She sure has a voice, she's very talented. Zolo lokhu she was on TV talking about business. Shuuuuu." Aunty compliments, their eyes were glued on the TV screen waiting for the perfect announcement.

"She's taking this one home I can feel it."
Patience beams in excitement. For a change her heart feels lighter and happy. She thought of her old self who was always moody, jealous and was the golden child. She was living in a castle while her sisters were living in dust. She was suppose to reach out to her since she's the oldest one but was busy pleasing her mother. That day when she bumped into a stranger she found her man in bed with another woman and he broke things off with her. Lwandle was not the rich typical guy, but she loved him regardless. She even helped him to come see

her people but today the very same man decides to turn his back on her.

"Have you noticed that you guys look alike?" Uncle tells Patience who was glued on the screen with that priceless smile on her face.

"I'm proud of her, I don't know her personally but you can tell that she has a good pure heart just like her mother. We need to make things right by them, we need to be one again." Aunt says, she knows that her parents would have wanted them to reunite as a family. Maybe if they didn't interfere in their brothers affairs Gabisile would have been here with her kids.

"Shhh guys they are calling out for the wi..... she won! She won!" Patience screams outloud making everyone to jump in joy.

"My daughter." Ngwane says with glossy eyes. He can't believe that his daughter is out there making a name for herself. He looks at the TV screen and sees his first love beaming in joy but she wasn't alone. The man was hovering all over her, that broke his heart into pieces and he just knew that she is gone for good after she waited for so many years for him to come back. She finally let go.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

I'm happy for this human being. She's making a name for herself. The clumsy Precious who has become Mrs Lucas in a short period of time. I still have chest pains when I think about my stupid decision, but hey life goes on. I've been taking with the stranger lately.... I don't know

whether I have the hearts for her or is it because she looks so much like Precious. I don't want to fall for a fling like Swazi. That alone destroyed me magically.

"This girl is going places." My mum still loves Precious and the fact that she checks up on my mum almost everyday makes my mum love her even more.

"She is." I reply with a smile on my face. I need to let go of her but she can never be erased from my heart. She will always own it till I take my last breathe.

"You miss her don't you?"

"Always, but hey she belongs to someone else. I

have to learn to let go." This is the hardest decision ever.

"I'm proud of you. Swazi was not good for you not even by a long shot." The hate she has for Swazi is unexplainable.

"Mama yooohh you can't even hide the hate." We and continue to watch the competition on television.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I cannot believe this me MaWeapons just won a singing competition, a competition I've always been longing for. How did I get here? Just years ago I was a dirty girl who knew nothing about life. But here I am today, I'm someones wife, a

mother and a sister.

"I'm proud of you." Hendry tells me kissing my temple for dear life. I grew to love this man everyday.

"Daddy stop biting my mum!" G squeaks in a tiny voice, pushing Hendry away from me.

"Shit!" He curses biting his bottom lip. "Let's go join the others before Zozo comes like a hurricane." I laugh throwing my head backwards.

"Let's go," I say.

After shedding alot of tears on stage and winning that massive price, my family optioned

for a mini celebration. I wouldn't say I made it in life but I can definitely say I will leave a foot print. When I leave this world I leave no regrets buy I will definitely leave something to remember a mark.

"You did us proud. I'm happy for you." Mdledle says genuinely. If only my sperm donor was this loving.

"Mandlebe," I tease him, making him to shake his head. We are all seated on the table filled with variety of food.

"So dear sister, you've just signed with one of the biggest record labels in South Africa."
Amanda seems to be more happy than I am.

"Tell Rebecca Malope to resign you taking over."
Zozo always have something to say with her mouth.

"Aunty Zozo," Nokwanda laughs at her aunt's stupidity comment.

"Look now you made me drop my meat, awu my mix portion Pho. Braai pack will kill me today. Abraham Jesus of them all." She's bending down picking up the drumstick that she dropped. She mistakenly pulls the table cloth making every food and plate scatter on the floor.

"Zozo!" We all call for her at once with shocked expressions written on our faces.

"Yini, blame it on Ramaphosa. He denied me

R350 imagine, only R350 Covid I'm hurt." She says stuffing herself with the chicken drumstick that she dropped unbothered about the mess she made. Now we will have to pay for the bill, plates and the glasses that she broke no she killed them. Unbelievable!

THIS MAN

#41

LUCAS HENDRY

"Precious come on we are going to be late for the meeting." My woman has been on and off

lately. She's moody, she eats too much sugar and her clumsiness has gotten worse. She sleeps a lot not forgetting the sweating for no reason.

"One more minute," she whines covering herself with the a flee and I just know if I let her sleep now she will wake up midday.

"Woman wake up before I kill you." I command her and I just know she won't bath. Her and water don't mix, she will definitely wipe those important areas. And that for her she has bathe.

"I don't feel good." She says trying to sit up and I just look at her, this has become her daily song. I'm sure she even has a remix for it. I look at her trying to get off the bed but she falls back closing her eyes.

"Are you okay?" I'm concerned, I know when she's pretending and I know when she's serious and right now she is not faking anything.

"I.....I can't breathe." She tries to control her breathing, the more she does these breathing exercises the most she sweats.

"Shit you so freakin burning..... you know what that's it I'm taking you to the hospital." I scoop her up taking her to the car. Thankfully Gerald is at school. I will have to inform Austine to drop him by his Gabs. I keep checking her temperature while driving and it feels like it is increasing.

AT THE HOSPITAL

"No I'm not staying behind, that's my wife my only wife. She will flip if she doesn't see me when she wakes up, trust me in know what I'm talking about." I can't have a man touching my wife without my presence.

"Fine, please step aside and let us do our job." The doctor says. I watch them as they shoved those needles in and out of her withdrawing blood samples from her system. Her eyes are half closed, atleast she's still breathing and that is a sign of relief.

"Will she be okay?" I ask the doctor who was busy taking off his gloves. I can't loose her she's the only thing that makes sense to my life. This woman is my sanity even though she drives me mad at times.

"We will have to do our research using the blood samples we took. And from there we will know what is the problem. For now her temperature is swelling down, which is a good sign." He says picking up a small container.

"As long as my wife is going to be okay, that's all that matters." What will I tell my son his very fond of his mother. I will have to postpone the meeting, my wife's health comes first. And I will have to contact her mother.

I've been stuck in this hospital for three fucken hours and no one is even bothered to update me. I swear I'm going to sue this hospital for

making me wait this long. I look at her and she was fast asleep, that is what she does lately 'she sleeps.'

"Mr Lucas, can you please follow me." Doctor pleads with me. Finally some movement, the waiting is totally unacceptable!

I follow him behind wondering why is he asking to speak to me in private.

"Please have a seat." He points out at the chair that was next to me. I hope the news he is about to deliver is nothing drastic.

He cleared his throat and looked at me. "For how long has your wife been sick?" A question I did not expect.

"Couple of weeks." I reply. Now I'm starting to think that there is definitely something wrong here.

"Well..... Mr Lucas your wife is six weeks pregnant....." the doc tells me and he paused for a moment.

"What! As in pregnant, pregnant like preggies pregnant with cravings? A baby?" He shakes his head and continues to read whatever was on the notes.

"Is she on any medications?"

"No, no that I know of." I don't remember in fact I've never seen her.

"Your wife is diagnosed with Dysprxia." He tells me and I'm just dumbfounded. What kind of disease is that.

"What! What on earth is that?" I finally managed to ask.

"Dyspraxia is a neurological disorder that affects her ability to plan and process. People with this disease appear awkward when moving their whole body. When one is diagnosed with Dysprxia they can't imitate others. Often mix up with the steps in a sequence and can't come with my ideas. It's is sometimes called 'clumsy syndrome."

"What." My voice comes out as a whimper. This explains her change of character all the time.

"Does her mind function properly?" I ask.

"They intend to forget things or to not notice things. They have lack of attention more like naive but too naive to a point where they sometimes do not pay attention to what is happening right in front of their eyes." He explains further. Now this got me wondering, is the baby safe though.

"What about the pregnancy? Is the baby in some sort of danger?" "What will happen now?" I ask too many questions at the same time.

"Avoid stress by all cost, it may affect the baby as early as seventeen weeks after conception with potentially harmful effects on brain and development.

"This is frustrating, will my baby also be diagnosed with this Dara Dara what what?" This thing is tearing me up and I don't even know how to react to the situation.

"It's more often found in boys than girls. Each individual can inherit this condition from a parent and it affects the performance of the neurological system. So the chances are most likely 50/50."

"Wow," I rub my face in frustration. "What do I do now? Isin't there cure or prevention for this?" I ask hoping there is.

"Unfortunately there is no cure for dyspraxia, but there are strategies that can help. Occupational therapist will look at the fine motor and perceptual skills. Together with

activities of daily living such as household tasks and organisational skills help strategies to improve."

"I'm speechless, it's..... I can't even explain it." I say.

"She just needs occupational therapy that will help her find practical ways to remain independent and manage everyday tasks such as writing and preparing food.

And then there's cognitive behavioural therapy, it's a talking therapy that will help her manage problems by changing the way she thinks and behave. Since she is pregnant you have to make sure that she stays healthy as she can. It will help the child from developing the condition. She must also avoid crying it can cause dipression during pregnancy." He further

explains.

"It's a lot to take in." I say loosening my tie and unbuttoning my first two buttons of my shirt. This is more stressful. "I'll try and be the best supportive husband." I say.

"Just try not to stress her and all will be well and she must avoid driving." The doctor adds.

When I left the hospital my wife was still fast asleep. The doctor mentioned that she's going to have trouble sleeping when time goes by probably in her second trimester if not the first. I need to be more cautious when it comes to her and I know for a fact that she will flip when

she wakes up not finding me next to her even though sometimes she doesn't acknowledge my presence. Probably go Jackie Chan on the doctors. I passed by her mothers to inform her regarding the situation and she was beyond shocked.

"But I did suspect when she was growing up that something was different about her. She was different from every other kid. I remember seeking medical help but the doctor said she was perfectly fine." Her mother says.

"I don't even know what to say. I will have to support her at all cost and make sure I don't stress her through out the pregnancy." I say.

Sigh!

"By God's grace she will have a smooth pregnancy without any complications and she will deliver a healthy and an unharmed baby. I cannot believe I'm going to be a grandmother again." She beams in joy. For the fact that she acknowledges my son as her first grandson means a lot to me.

"I pray so too." I'm that type of person who normally doesn't believe in God. I don't even know how to pray. But here I am today asking him to be there for my family throughout.

THIS MAN

#42

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I lazily open my eyes finding Hendry looking at me with those deep blue eyes. He looks.....more like troubled. My body feels disoriented and tired, my left eye has a blurry vision. Maybe that's because I've been sleeping for far too long now.

"Are you okay? Do you need anything? Must I call a doctor?" Panick is written all over his face. I squint my left eye blinking a couple of time trying to bring my sight back to life but nothing happens.

I look at him a bit confused, if I recall clearly, I was in my bedroom, what am I doing here?

"Doctor?" That came out as a whimper.

He doesn't say anything, he stands up and walks out leaving me confused over the confusion I already have. Minutes later he comes back with the doctor.

"Mrs Lucas," the doctor greets me with a warm smile. The first thing he does, is inspect my eyes and writes down a hundred notes. Damn he has a ugly betty writing. "Hhhmmmm your left eye, is it giving you any problems?"

"It's blurry." I tell him. He fiddles with the medicine on top of the counter.

"Lie down," I do as instructed without any questions. He apply the eye drops and damn it stings. My eye is burning. "We will have to keep you over night for observation. Her eye is not looking good."

"How did I get her vele vele?" I ask.

"Your husband brought you here this morning, you were not feeling well." The doctor tells me.

My mind comes back like a hurricane making making me to have a little bit of dizziness. "Ow yes now I remember." I say through my pounding headache.

"I bought you all the good stuffs you like."
Hendry hands me a plastic full of food items that I love.

"You see you, I won't be divorcing you anytime soon." Fruits and salads are my best. I can't go a day without eating them

"The doctor says you are pregnant." Hendry speaks up.

"Ow okay." I shrugg my shoulders enjoying my salad. I don't want any disturbance. If only they knew how this taste they wouldn't be looking at me with those eyes full of hunger.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

"You look beautiful," giving her a warm hug making my blood rush in excitement.

"Thank you," she smiles looking down. This woman looks somuch like Precious that it scares me sometimes. "Stop staring you making me feel uncomfortable." Shit she

noticed.

"I didn't mean to scare you, I'm sorry. It's just that you look so much like someone I use to date." Fuck I shouldn't have said that especially on our first date. It wasn't suppose to come out like that.

"Ow," now she looks disappointed. The response says it all.

I decided to change the subject. "You still refuse to tell me what was making you cry that day."

She sighed, "I found my boyfriend in bed with another woman and he dumped me on the spot." And I immediately see hurt in her eyes. Maybe if I tell her what I did she will feel better.

"I left the woman I love dearly for her best friend thinking she's carrying my baby only to find out that it was all a lie. The twins were not mine. The way I humiliated my ex, pouring her with cold water still hurts me till today. Worstly she is now happily married to my boss, making her to be my boss also."

I talk freely, talking about it doesn't hurt me anymore. But I want to be a away from her, seeing her still hurts. It brings back all the memories.

"You're a bad ass. That was mean."

"Looks like a we are both broken souls who are trying to move on." I see Swazi making her way in with another guy and my mood immediately drops. "Great just great," I groan in annoyance.

The way I so dislike Swazi I don't even want to breathe the same air as her.

"Are you okay?" Patience notices my sudden mood of change. I decided to take her out cause I wanted to know more about her. But here's the devil in front of my eyes

"The ex that made my life a living hell is here, in the same restaurant as me." I click my tongue. She turns around and steals a glance at them.

"Wow, what a small world. That is my ex and the same lady he dumped me for."

"Small world indeed. Our ex's are exing on each other." She laughs out loud. She has a pretty weird snotty ugly laugh which I find it quite.

Our day is filled with laughter, everything about Patience screams Precious. One would swear they are twins. Just that Precious has that clumsy side of her. I wonder how many plates has she broke at her house.

"Why are you smiling looking at me like that?"
What kind of a man I am. I'm on a date and I'm thinking about my ex.

"Your beauty," I lie, I tilt my head in shame and I find her looking at me.

"I want to show you something." She says looking straight into my eyes.

"If it's food than I'm game." I love everything

that has to do with food.

She stands up and sits on my lap giving me one hell of a warm kiss which I gladly respond to. The kiss made me feel foreign feelings. I last felt like this when I was still dating Precious. Why am I even thinking about another woman who's probably being fucked by her husband senselessly. Patience broke the intense kiss and looked into my eyes.

"I like how your thick lips taste," her voice is a bit hoarse.

"What was that for?" My member is up and damn I want more.

"It's a thank you lunch date." Her response got

me blushing.

"I should take you out more often to earn myself more kisses like this out of the blue." I should give her a chance and stop comparing her with Precious.

"And maybe more." She bites her Lower lip seductively making my member even more hard.

"Damn you woman, why are you making my knees this weak?"

She gets of my lap and continues to eat like she didn't just kiss me. I side eye Swazi and I saw a murderous look on her face and that made my heart dance a victory dance.

LUCAS HENDRY

You know when your woman commands you to buy them a certain thing at that particular store. That's me being ordered around, everyone probably thinks that I'm crazy. I buy chocolate from that store, yoghurt from another store. Ay this pregnancy is totally making her worse.

"We meet again." A woman's voice disturbs me. I turn around finding a woman standing behind me with a hilarious smile in her face.

"Do I know you?" I hate it when people disturb my peace.

"Don't tell me you've forgotten about me," okay she's flirting and already I'm disgusted. "The

lady from the park, you were with your son that day." She explains further.

"Ow you" I turn around to select those dozens of chocolates. I've been instructed. What madam wants madam gets. I miss her eating that crazy sandwich not these sweetish things.

"Yes me, we should do lunch sometimes. Fate brought us together again don't you think?" The nerve, I hate desperate women.

"My family comes first. I'd rather do lunch with my pregnant wife than to have lunch with desperate women." I turn to walk away leaving her ranting talking nonsense. Women who throw themselves at men are a total turn off to me. I value my family more than anything. I don't want to stress her with anything.

I still have stress in regards to my parents situation and condition. Their actions spoke volumes and that really did tear me apart. What they did cannot be undone. I still have a question mark lingering in my heart. Growing up was not a walk in the park for me. I had to hustle from an early age. Yes I am very successful but my suscess has a story behind it.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

After our lunch date we pass by her flat. I'm still hard and my mind is playing those mind games trick. I'm sitting opposite her and her dress is a bit up revealing that little part of her vagina. I stand up and go to sit next to her giving a hungry kiss. Our our kiss got heated making out clothes fly in the air.

"I don't have condoms." She tells me but my mind is far away. I just want to fuck her pretty bad.

"I will pull out." As if it will happen. She agrees and comes sit on top of me. Lay flat on the couch and I look at my member who had a pre-cum dripping out. She firstly rubbed my dick against her vagina making me moan. Damn the steam of hotness is making me to loose my senses.

She positions herself and damn her pussy is tight but not as tight as Precious. She begins to move in circles drawing O's with my dick inside of her. She knows her job and for that I applaud her. She rides me up and down in every angle making me to garb her waist.

"Ahhhhh Mlu," she cries softly, I begin to move from underneath, her making her to twerk bouncing up and down. I pump from underneath shoving my balls in making her to moan in a scream. I press her ass against my upper thighs and went on faster until I emptied all of my cum inside of her.

"Shit," I curse catching my breath. That was enjoyable. "You good?" I ask her, she had her head buried on my neck.

"Yea I'm good." She pulls out slowly and I watch her as she walks to the bathroom.

I continue to lay down to regain my strength.

"That was epic." I say to myself.

THIS MAN

#43

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I've been admitted for two days, two whole fucken days. I hate the smell of the is place, I hate the blue sheets, I hate the food, I hate the doctors. I just hate everything about it!

"Don't look at me like that, I refuse to smell like a hospital!" I cannot bath here I will end up smelling like tablets. Hospital water smells like shit, imagine me bathing with that. No never!

"Very well then, I will tell the doctor to keep you

here for a few days. You haven't taken a bath for two days. The nurses were updating me of every scandal you were doing!" He half shouts making me to jump a little. I've never seen him this angry. "I will fetch you tomorrow." He says grabbing his phone and car keys. This man cannot leave me behind. He slowly walks out, so his serious.

"Okay! Okay! I will go bath." I'm disgusted. The whole town will smell like medication because of me. I tried preventing it from happening but I'm overpowered.

I took my own time bathing and I must say I feel ashamed, the water is so dirty. I scrubbed my body until I was satisfied.

"Thank heavens I don't smell." I'm trying to convince myself that I was not dirty. But in an

actual fact I have Mirco scope crawling all over my skin. I feel lighter after bathing. I dress up in a short summer dress since it was hot and I'm wearing my morning shoes which I feel somuch comfort in it.

"Now you look like MaLucas not that pham pham." Ow hell no he didn't.

"You mean phara, me and phara. I'm not even related to any of those people. Entlek wena stay here and do not follow me behind cause if you do I swear I'm going to take this child out of my system and funeral you with it!" I press my teeth together, I'm mad as hell you know what fustek him including his big balls. I turn to walk out and he follows me behind.

"Wait for me Hau." He rushes and follow me

behind with my bags on his shoulders. I swear if he touches me I will deal with him and his big head.

The car I locked great just great. Now Queen of England must wait for Harry Potter.

"Stop staring at me and open the damn door!" He unlocks the door and help me sits. "I'm not paralyzed."

"I'm just taking care of you and my beautiful baby." He says and my mind comes back, this idiot made me pregnant! I get of the car and punch his shoulder hurting myself in the process.

"Ouch God dammit! Hay Precious stop it!" He is shouting making me more angry. We are at the

parking lot.

"My stomach, my vein tubes baba. You see you I want to deal with you pregnatically." I look at my fist and I immediately start kick boxing in the air.

"Precious, people are looking at you. Can you stop with your boxing match." He sounds defeated, I stop and turn to look at him.

"What! I was connecting with my baby angithi you decided to make me pregnant craving." I say out loud making Hendry scoff in disbelief.

"Here I am being the thoughtest, I thought Chuck Norris has awaken." He has his hands on his waist like a woman waiting for gossip.

"Shut up! Can't you hear that my baby is kicking." I brush my flat tummy and go inside the car.

"She's not even showing but the baby is already kicking. This is going to be the longest nine months of my life. God please remember me." He looks at me more like reading my soul. This man is definitely taking me for granted.

"Shut up and drive!"

LUCAS HOMESTEAD

"L.....Lucas, my son," he's been singing those words for a couple of days now. He almost died because of his shameful sins. He always

wonders how come he never looked into this the time the boys were still young. Maybe things would have been different. If he dies now will his son bury him? Will he be able to make peace with his only son before God decides other wise about his life?

"I did inform him sir but he said he will see you when his ready." My brothers hired a stay in nurse. My wife doesn't talk nor walk. She just stares into thin space without blinking. He has tried everything possible, he tried all the best medication for her but there's no hope. He is also struggling himself regarding his health but he is trying to keep sane for his wife.

He has been trying to reach out to Hendry but he is always busy or not ready to talk to him. He knows Hendry hates him and he doesn't blame

his son. He failed him as a father. What Hendry went through is something that will always haunt him until he goes six feet under.

"Okay," he sighs in frustration, is this how Hendry felt when he was always rejected? How did he survive all this painful ordeal? He didn't know that being rejected by your own blood could bring so much pain. He sighed closing his eyes trying to escape from the thinking world.

HENDRY LUCAS

"I'm not asking you, but I'm telling you to do it. You are going to do it whether you like it or not. Yes they wronged you and look on the bright side, their parenting skills made you stronger, that made you a better man. I want to raise my kids in peace and harmony without any drama.

But it seems as if you want to bring your past into our lives. I want my kids to have a relationship with both families. My family and your family. You cannot hate your parents forever!" Precious is spitting fire. This woman changes like a weather focus. She is basically two in one. Minutes ago she was punching me like a punching bag and now she decides to play my advisor. I look at her snoring not believing my ears and eyes, minutes ago she was blabbing and now she's peacefully sleeping. I shake my head smiling admiring my beautiful crazy wife.

"How does one make me fall inlove with them this madly." I say to myself caressing on her soft checks making me aroused and my mind is playing dirty.

"If I die I die." I strip myself naked and I look at my pumping cock. Luckily she's wearing a short dress, I drop down her underwear flipping her over making her to lay on her side with me sleeping behind her.

"Damn you heavy woman," I'm lifting her one leg up placing it on my thigh. Massaging her pussy has always been my favourite, damn she's wet already. I stroke my dick rubbing it against her tiny whole. Pushing it inside of her feels so damn good, I like how her walls tightly grips accomodateing my dick.

"Fuck," I groan, whenever I'm inside of her I always burn making my blood jump a electronic shock. I move slowly in and out of her slippery pussy. With the nxi nxi sound makes my sex appetite increase. She's still fast asleep and

damn I'm enjoying every bit of it. Quickening my pace is not my intentions but the girl is on fire. I grab her one leg lifting it high up in the air.

"Shit," I curse, I might release too soon.

"Ewuuu ewuuu Presh." I shoved all of my cum inside of her exhaling outloud trying to catch my breath.

I roll out of the bed heading to the bathroom to clean myself up and wearing my clothes. I find her still sleeping. This pregnancy is making her a heavy sleeper. I wipe her pink tiny flesh pussy clean, not leaving traces of the juices.

I sit next to her and I decide to do some paper work. Minutes later she wakes up.

"I just had the strangest dream ever." Scanning herself in every corner.

"Is it, tell me about it." I say pushing the papers aside snuggling myself next to her.

"Yo....you were fucking me." She touches my dick and it's peacefully sleeping from all the hard labour.

"We need to pray so Satan won't come back." She's already kneeling down asking God to protect her vagina.

Dear God I love my crazy wife. She doesn't even know that I made love to her whilst she was still in her sleep. I took my time to learn more about her condition and it's depressing. It's like she has amnesia, her mind is practically half. I want to laugh so bad but let me tool and listen to this hilarious prayer.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

I've grown to love Patience as a whole. She has a crazy hidden side more like Precious. I've come to terms to let go of Precious and focus on myself this once. Even though she will have a soft spot in my heart.

"Done." Patience says, she enjoys cooking just like Precious. I try so bad to not notice the resemblance but I'm failing. Everything she does is similar to hers.

"Let's go get ourselves feed." We race to the kitchen and I beat her to it. I always win whenever we play games, but with Precious I never won. She was one tough cookie.

"Mxm," I laugh at her craziness. Who pouts at this age?

"You look so cute when you do that." I smile grabbing her butt. I look into her shiny brown eyes and kiss the hell out of her.

She brakes the kiss panting "the food is getting cold," she smiles, I spank her butt making her giggle.

"Ay Mlu stop it." I enjoy spending time with her. She's carefree, she managed to open up about the wrongs she did in the past. She told me about the sisters she abounded and how much she wishes to have a relationship with them. I like how she putted her past behind her and all

she wants she wants to start afresh.

AMANDA NGCONGO

"I would like to buy each and every art of yours. Your work is brilliant young lady. R100K for all three." This client has been buying my paintings. Ever since I opened up my personal blog on the internet orders have been buzzing left and right. I hardly sleep, I travel places just because of my paintings.

I want to own a art studio and this might be the perfect opportunity for me.

"Sold." I say with a proud smile. I still use my mother's garage for selling. But once I have my own art studio I won't be making her garage a mess. I'm thankful that she supports me in

every way.

Last week I got a D.M from my golden sister asking for us to meet up. I was shocked and and didn't know how to respond to her request.

Why is she requesting to see me? What does she want from me? Whenever I think about this it makes my heart skip a bit. Last time I checked they never like my presence, they practically hated me in every angle. What changed? Maybe she's dieing.

"You did it, I'm so proud of you." How can I ever thank this woman for being their for me in bad times.

"Thank you." I say giving her a hug, her hugs are always filled with love. She's a woman who

knows what she wants, she's been through a lot but God saw her through.

"Now go cook," she tells me with a straight face making me to laugh. I will forever cherish this woman who is right in front of my eyes.

THIS MAN

#44

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I can't sit all day and do basically nothing, it's not even 8:00 and I'm already bored. Hendry is indeed of a new PA, ever since the Emily saga he is finding it hard to trust any human being.

Themba is still my personal driver and my body

guard. I don't need this but hey the dude says prevention is better than cure. Ever since he found out about my blurry vision, his been more cautious towards my health. I sometimes ask myself, how does he put up to all the shit I put him through? The way he looks at me just makes my knees weak. Ahhhh this man is my ride or die.

"I'll go back to the house, I'm hungry." Themba cries. We now take one another as family. Just because he is my body guard that doesn't mean I have to look down on him. His also a human being who is trying to make a living by putting food on the table for his family.

"The food is in the fridge." I say getting out of the car minding my step. Phew I didn't fall maybe it's part of me growing.

"Yes mam." Themba teases me. He knows very well that I hate it when he addresses me in that manner but today I will let it slide. I'm happy, too happy that I'm going to see my husband's big head.

I walk in the building looking up and I remember my first day coming here. My interview was a disaster, but here I am today married to the man who loves me beyond my clumsiness.

"Good morning mam." The new receptionist greet me. After signing that new deal Hendry decided to clean the company and hire new stuffs. The only people who were not retrenched are the cleaners and the IT guys. Those people were the ones who stood by him when the company almost came down crashing.

"How are you this morning?" I ask, She's very young and always quite.

"I'm good mam." Sthandwa returns the smile. I pass by the open space greeting the rest of the new staff and head to my husband's office.

After signing that tender we decided to do renovations to make it look more spacious and more welcoming. Our names are always on paper's flying around.

"My favourite person." Hendry greets me with a bone crushing hug. I think I just died.

"I can't breathe, I think I'm dead and about to give birth. You have squashed my lungs emotionally."

He chuckles loosening the tight hug, "you look beautiful Mrs Lucas." Kissing the tip of my nose. I've grown to enjoy these weird kisses.

"Hay baby I'm just wearing jeans." I'm not allowed to wear those glamorous million dollar shoes. Takkies and sleepers will do until I give birth. I'm not even a fan of pants, but Mr right here loves my behind more when I wear pants.

"And you wearing my favourite." He lick his lips, what a pervet of a husband I have. He looks at his wrist watch. "Interviews are commencing in a few. Make yourself comfortable, on second thoughts come let's go I can't leave you alone." He grabs my hand and we walk hand in hand. He enjoys being the man and I also give him the upper hand.

"I like the new interview room." The boardroom was very big for interviews to be held there. A mini office was then created for conducting interviews.

"All thanks to you." He kisses my earlobe. Hendry is not afraid to show me affection in front of thousands of people. He smiles a lot whenever he is with me but looks murderous on the outside world. Most people are still afraid of him and some wonder how do I cope with a man who hardly says a word to anyone. It's simple, love has done it all.

We sat down and luckily we are interviewing only three candidates. Honestly speaking I'm bored and tired but I can't disappoint him. He loves it when I'm around.

"One more left." I'm hungry and exhausted. I can't wait to throw myself on the couch and sleep. My eyes are getting heavier and heavier by the minute.

"Good morning." A familiar voice greets. I tilt my head up and our eyes meet. She laughs and I know drama will follow. "What is she doing here? Don't tell me that you think you would be hired." She continues to laugh. I see she still has attitude for days, I don't want to entertain her plus I'm hungry and tired. The best thing to do is to leave while I still can.

"I'm hungry, I will see you when you done." I perck on his lips and walk out leaving her with confusion. Some people just don't grow up!

LUCAS HENDRY

"That lady..., do you perhaps know her?" I'm just going to play my cool and see where's this going.

"Yes, She works here." I say folding my arms.

"I'm sure she slept with the boss, who can possibly hire that crazy clumsy girl?" This woman is starting to get on my nerves.

"I thought you are here for an interview but it seems as if we are discussing my wife. Do me a favour little girl and leave my premises before I call the police on you for trespassing." I say with a murderous tone and I see her swallow hard.

"Wife, as in married. Mrs somebody?"

"Mrs Hendry Lucas." I see shock plastered on her face. This better be the last time she looks down on my wife. "By the way I don't hire people who look down on other people. My wife is the most important human being in my life. Since you better than her, why are you looking for a job at her husband's workplace? Talk about double standards. Woman like you disgust me seriously. I'm looking at your application and you do not even have a mere matric certificate. The person that you looking down on is studying music and owns a beautiful restaurant. Now get you ass up on my wife's chair and get out of my wife's premises."

"I'm sorry sir, please forgive me I'll prove myself." She's now begging, who the hell does

she think she is. I go back to the office finding my girl curled up on the couch eating her favourite. She has her eyes closed moaning, I guess this fruit salad must be nice.

I clear my throat try to brake the ice, "the lady that was here. Do you know her?" I ask.

She sits straight up, "she is someone from the past, actually someone I considered as a sister but she betrayed me." She's unbothered.

"Ow," my mind picks up, she once told me about this sagger. Her ex works here but she's living her life like the dude doesn't exist.

"I don't hate her but I don't want her any close to me." I nod agreeing with the statement. I guess she's that type of person who truly leaves the

past behind and starts her life afresh. And that got me thinking.....

"I'm thing of seeing Marcus and Tiffany later today." I truly think it's now time to deal with my past demons once and for all

"I'm proud of you." She stands up and cups my face, I'm sure I'm smelling strawberries shit. I'm proud of myself too.

After work we drove straight to my father's mansion in Musgrave.

"You can do this, I'm here for you." She brushes

my shoulder this is now or never.

The door burst open and we freeze looking at each other. He drops down on his knees and starts crying.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry." I'm not an emotional person but right now my emotions are all over the place.

"Get up," I command him and he stands up. His shaking and looks weak. I pull him by his hand making him sit on the couch. I look at him and I can see pain all over his face.

"Thank you for letting your heart to come see me. Hendry my son before I departure on this earth I'm seeking for forgiveness. I know I

wronged you in so many ways, I know all you ever wanted was you parents love but we tossed you aside like you didn't matter. I kept on blaming you for your brother's mistakes, mistakes that you knew nothing of. From the dept of my heart I'm sorry." He sniffs.

"I was all alone with no one beside me. I was lost with no one to help me find the right path. I was a child and I was suffering from someone else's sins. Do you know that I still dream about my brother till today. Those twenty-five bullets being shot repeatedly still ring in my ears. Those bullets were not even meant for him but yet they shot him right in front of my eyes. Do you know what were his last words before taking his last breathe, he said to me, 'akunamathata'. He meant I mustn't worry he will be in a better place. His son is the only thing that reminds me of my late brother, he left a

photocopy of himself. I'm still in pain and my parents were shutting me out. I grieved alone cause I have always been a loner." I stop to take a breath trying not to choke on my own saliva. "You see this woman right here is the only thing that makes sense in my life. Without her I'm dead, I'm nothing." For all these years I wanted to share my feelings, i wanted take out what has been hovering inside my chest.

"I... I. ," He struggling to breathe. Precious ran to the kitchen and got him a glass of water. He gulped it down without taking a break.

"Take is easy," Precious tells him.

"Even if I die now, I'll die knowing that you've spoken and taken out all the anger that has been held up your heart and chest. I was never

the best dad but I'll try to be the best grandpa for my grandson. Your mother is upstairs." He says getting up and we follow him behind.

I may hate her for mistreating me but what I'm seeing now slices my heart into pieces.

"I forgive you." I say sitting beside her and I see a tear prickle from her eyes.

"He... Hendry," she calls out for my name softly. She's lost alot of weight. I hold her hand and look at her. "Please forgive me." Her voice is barely coming out.

"Ever since she came back from the hospital she hasn't uttered any word. I'm surprised that she managed to call out for your name."

"I don't even know what to say," and I honestly don't. I've never had a decent conversation with my parents. And today was the first and it felt awkward for me. "Hope she gets better soon."

"How are you feeling?"

"Better, I guess all the anger I had I vented them out."

We spent a little time with them after our deep conversation and I even felt my brothers presence.

"I'm happy." She smiles looking at me. She's the woman who forced me to go make peace with my parents. I will forever cherish her.

"I love you MaLucas." And I honestly do with all of me.

"I love you too Papa Lucas, awu maHerry Herry Mr Muscle Man madoda." And here I thought were are going to have a decent conversation she decides to take a U-turn.

THIS MAN

#45

MLUNGISI ZONDO

"Good luck babe." Hope she gets the job so she can provide for her family since they are struggling financially. I've grown to open up my

heart for her, it was a struggle since part of my heart is still with Precious.

"Thank you." She's blushing looking all sorts of cute. I think I like her new self.

"Let me bounce, good luck again." I turn my heels to walk past the open space area. I advised Patience to apply for the PA post and I hope they take her. And I just hope all goes well for her. I'm trying by all means to be the best boyfriend.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I just hope the drama that unfolded yesterday won't repeat itself today. Swazi will always be Swazi, she will never change and I will not give

her that satisfaction that she broke my relationship with Mlungisi. And surprisingly she did a wonderful job cause I'm happy where I am. I guess she will never change or even learn from her past mistakes. Yes I have forgiven her but she is still full of herself. If she continues with that attitude of hers she will definitely not go anywhere in life.

"Okay let's kick some butt," today I am ready to roast them alive. Question after question, even Steve Harvey won't handle my fire.

"I wonder what's on your mind." He says settling down on a chair squashing himself next to me. The room is big enough for more than five people but he decides to kill me.

"My sitting arrangement is being killed." I try to

dismark myself away from him.

"If you dare move, I will funeral you." Is that a threat? He doesn't scare me one bit. Did he just say he will funeral me? This man is definately full of himself. I look at his dark blue eyes and my heart just melts finding my heart blushing. Wait can a heart blush?

"Patience," I'm shocked seeing her here. This woman standing right infront of my eyes is my sister, my father's daughter, my daughter's father. Which is which? I won't crack my head.

"Precious," she calls back. She must not dare cry on me. Her lips are trembling.

"Come here." I stand up and open my arms for her and she comes rushing to my embrace dropping her bag on the floor. I let her cry on my shoulder, "shhhh it's okay." Trying to calm down the weeping Patience.

She controls her sobs and look straight into my eyes, "I let my mother deceive me, I let jealousy and greed take control over me. I should have been there for you, but I neglected you guys when you needed me the most but instead I let the devil control me. I let my heart turn into hatred, I don't even know the reason behind the hate I had for you. Till today I'm trying to find answers as to why. I won't blame my mother for everything because I initially took part. I had a chance to go against her orders but I just turned a blind eye."

"It's all in the past. I'm not even there. What happened in the past stays in the past, what you need to fix is the future. I don't know you personally but I would love to have a relationship with my older sister who is just months older than me."

She laughs inbetween her sobs, "I'd love that very much." She hugs me back.

"How's..... Mr Ngwane?" I don't know whether to call him dad. I just find it very weird.

"He is not okay, everything is going South but we trying so hard to be strong. After the death of my mother we let bygones be bygones. She was a very toxic woman, her death actually

opened my eyes." She's not even moved by her mother's death.

"Everything will go back to normal." I reassure her, I may not know the struggles they are facing but nothing stays the same forever.

"Are we still doing interviews?" Hendry reminds me, I have totally forgotten about it. After such an emotional highlight he still wants to go on with the interview?

"Awu MaHeriza, MaLucas is shrinked. I'm going out for lunch. She will start working as of tomorrow." He raised his eyebrows at me. I'm sure his shocked of my decision.

He sighed getting up taking his notepad, "see

you when you get back. Do NOT drive!" He kisses the top of my nose as usual and walks out.

He still doesn't want me to drive and I understand his reasons. Therapy is helpful and I have accepted the way I am. I don't know how he managed to fully accept me with this condition that I have and quite frankly I don't understand it.

"I can never thank you enough, I don't even know what to say."

She trying to start a conversation but it's a bit wierd.

"No need to thank me, let's go our driver is outside." We walk out and people are looking at us confused.

"Mam, are you a twin?" Sthandwa asks and I can see the confusion on her face making me to laugh.

"Uthanda inews Wena. She's my older sister." I reply and the look on Patience face, it had that priceless look.

I see Mlungisi looking like he was just gunned down. His eyes are finding it hard to believe what's in front of his eyes.

"Babe," Patience calls out for him and he was still on his own planet. So he is dating her, no wonder he looks like he has seen a ghost. Shame poor guy didn't know and I won't stand in the way of their relationship.

"Ey ndoda," I snap my fingers bringing him back to life.

"Precious..... y,.....you have a twin?" Shame poor guy is even sweating.

"No, we sister's." And I think I just caught him off guard. This was not the answer he expected I guess.

"Wow," that's all he managed to say. "I will see you later." He tells Patience and rushes off.

"Okay, I wonder what's his problem."

"He will tell you when the time is right. Just don't put pressure on him." I hope Mlungisi will

not ruin what he has now.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

I suspected, but I didn't want to push the buttons. What do I do now, I use to date her sister which I still love. This is one messed up shit. I try so hard to convince myself that I'm over her but clearly I'm not. I don't want Patience to be a rebound. I want to open my heart for her and be the man I failed to be for Precious.

"Dude are you okay?" Ngcebo asks, we work peacefully together.

I sigh not knowing where to even begin, "the woman I'm dating now, she is sister's with my

ex."

"The ex that you still love?"

"Yes, how do I even come clean to the current one?"

"Simple, tell her that you use to date her sister. I'm sure she will understand and good thing the sister is married." He implores.

"Precious is the sister." I spit it out.

"Precious, do I know her? Ow no way! Dude." His speecheless.

"Yea I know right." Fuck I'm doomed.

LUCAS HENDRY

I'm surprised that my mother has gone from worse to doing just fine in the couple of hours. I last saw her yesterday after we had 'the talk'. She probably needed my forgiveness for her to be okay. I love how my life has turned out, this woman made my life have something meaningful, something to be joyful about, something to hold on to. You know that feeling when you go home to your wife and kids, the joy I have. Sometimes I even skip work just to be home early.

Man I didn't know having a family would feel this good.

I can't stay that long without them by my side. Gerald Jnr has made it clear that Gabbs come

first in his life. The advantage of having a grandmother. I grew up without one so I won't take my son away from that happiness.

I look at my watch, she has been gone for two full whole hours. I'm thinking of calling her.

"You know what I'm going to get her I can't seem to function. I know she's at the mall, the car tracker says so." I'm sure this woman fed me love potion. I lock my office walking out, these women need to stop looking at me like that I'm a happy married man.

ZIKHALI HOMESTEAD

"They look like twins." They are looking at the pictures Patience has been posting on her

WhatsApp status.

"She told me that Precious hired her." Cousin explains, the family couldn't be much more happier. They do know how it feels like to sleep with half portion of food. Life has not been pretty good on their side. After the disappearance of the lobola money which they gave up looking for. Ngwane lost his job due to drinking and driving. He was a truck driver, he was the one providing for his family. Now without him working everything is tight and unaffordable.

"I told you she has a heart of gold. You can see it right through her eyes." One of the aunts portrays. It's funny how they hated them years back.

"Even Fatima has grown to be a lovely girl."

"I lost out on the times when they were growing up." Ngwane implores with a broken heart. "I want to be a present father." He exhales out loud.

"All is well brother." His brother tapped on his shoulders.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

"What a bummer, my husband is a life threatening." I still wanted to spend more time with Patience but here is my big baby is crying.

"I had a great time. Thank you." Patience is not

as bad as I thought. She talks alot non stop. She never runs out of topic. Her and Zozo same Facebook group.

"We should do this more often." We bid farewell and went our separate ways. I gave her money to send back home so that Ngwane can buy groceries for the family. After what she told me I kind of felt bad. Just because they did me bad doesn't mean I have to return the bad back to them. You know when they say do good to those who have wronged you. I don't have a heart of stone after all.

"Now I have my wife all to myself." Hendry is being a baby right now. How can he steal me just like that. This man is totally a thief.

"I don't recognise you." Honest truth an hour

away without him next to me just makes my day dull boring. No one gets on my nerves like he does. No one irritates me like he does and no one loves me like he does.

"But you love me even unrecognised." He smiles brushing my hand and focusing on the road. These little unusual things that he does just makes me wanna go insanely mad.

"Chicken goat, mehthhh." Teasing him has always been the best. It just brightens his mood.

"Is that how the goat cries when you guys slaughter it?" He asks.

"No it sings mehthhhh mehthhhh." He burst into laughter mimicking my voice making me to join.

I love this crazy side that he always hides. He looks cute and sexy making me wet.

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4 MONTHS LATER

THIS MAN

#46

4 MONTHS LATER

MLUNGISI ZONDO

Who would have thought that I Mlungisi would be this madly in love with the mother of my child. Ow yes we are four months pregnant and I wouldn't have been more excited. It was hard to move on from Precious, part of me still has that deep connection with her. She will always own part of my heart but I have to put myself first and find happiness. After coming out clean to Patience we took some time apart in order for me to find myself again and I did.

"You seem to be in a good mood." She wraps her hands around my waist.

"Can't a father to be, be happy?" So this is what how it feels like to be connected to one of your own?

"Seems like I'm being replaced." She pouts folding her arms. Ever since we found out that we are pregnant I'm making sure that I want to right by her side at all times. "and my father is still waiting for your response." As a man inhlawulo is very important.

"My uncle is coming down this weekend." I want to hit two birds with one stone. Inhlawulo plus amalobolo in one day, that wouldn't be bad.

"Hmmmmmm, I'm trying to get hold of Precious she's not picking up. I feel like something is going to happen, or maybe I'm going mad." Their relationship has turned from 0 to 100. Another person wouldn't take care of their families like Precious does after everything they have done to them.

"It's the hormones baby girl." She clicks her tongue and walks away leaving me in stitches. Swazi was the worst girlfriend a man could ever find. I'm grateful I found Patience and made me a better man.

"I'm gone, I don't want to be late." My mum is pretty much excited about her new job. What did I tell you about Precious, that one will always see good in other people no matter how bad they have wronged her. She is one true remarkable woman. She came here months ago demanding to see my mother Kanti woman has a sneaky plan up her sleeves. My mother is a dishwasher in her restaurant and she earns better compared to what she earned from her previous job.

"Good luck mumzo."

"Take care of my grandchild." She says rushing out of the house. The topic in this house.... . baby this baby that.

AMANDA NGCONGO

"I'm here for you. Whenever they decide to shit on you just shout for me." Nokwanda likes to make everything a joke. I find finally agreed into meeting my family. They came down to Durban from Eastern Cape. I don't know what they want from me cause they made it clear that I will always be useless and a failure in front of their eyes.

"They are here." They dressed to kill one would

swear that they going to a contest.

"I should have wore my suit." Austine teases making us to laugh. I have a weird loving family.

They walk towards our table with so much catwalking like they own the place. If only they knew that this place belongs to my crazy sister Precious.

"Amanda," my mother calls out for my name making herself comfortable on the chair.

"Babe, we will give you some privacy, call me when you done." Austine kisses my forehead and walks out leaving me yearning for him.

"Mntase don't forget or else Precious will deal with you pregnatically." Nokwanda cannot shut

up at times. I feel like giving her a one big slap. I look at them as they walk out hand in hand with Themba.

"Sisi how are you," hehehe this is the first. Dis she just call me sisi.

"I'm good."

"You look pretty." Maybe if my mother told me this year's back I would have jumped in joy but right now I just don't feel anything.

I just look at them waiting for them to start talking." Right I'm sorry."

"Okay," she doesn't even mean it. I've healed and moved on, I've accepted that I will never be

one with my family. Thanks to Gabbs I found a mother in her.

"So you have found yourself a new family and you totally forgot about us?" My mother will never change.

"Yes," I'm just going to give her a one word answer cause I don't want her to get to me.

"Since you became rich when are you coming back home?"

"Wow, I thought we were going to have a conversation like civilised adults but clearly I'm still hung upon the family that hates me. I have money to make not time to waste. Excuse me." I stand up and walk out leaving them behind.

That's it I do not want them in my life anymore.
They are good as dead to me!

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

I'm six months pregnant but I look like I'm about to give birth. I hate how I feel, I hardly feel my legs, my back is killing me. My eating has increased tripled. My BP is always high, being In and out of hospitals is exhausting.

"You should see the nursery room." Hendry is all excited and I'm just always emotional. He hardly goes to work cause he wants to makes sure that he takes care of me.

"My abdomen hurts and my baby hasn't moved today." I was advised by the doctor to take note

of the baby movements.

"Do you need anything?"

I try so hard to ignore the pains but they are just getting more intense. "It hurts." I tell him, it's like someone is just reaping my lower part of the body. I try to stand up but my body fails me.

"Baby you bleeding." Hendry's voice is full of panick making me weak. My vision is blurry. He picks me up gently not minding all the drops of paint on his body.

I feel like my body is giving up, the drive to the hospital seems to be long. I can't hold on any longer.

"Baby please stay with me." Hendry is shaking me. I'm feeling my strength being sucked out of

my system.

LUCAS HENDRY

"A coma, how can she slip into a coma. She was just fine a few hours ago. What did you do to my wife? What the hell did you do?" This can't be happening, she's pregnant she doesn't need all this stress. She should be happy enjoying her pregnancy.

"We ran all the tests but unfortunately we did not pick up the cause of her slipping into a coma. But we promise to run more tests to find out what's wrong."

"This is unbelievable." I ran out of words, I don't know whether to be angry, mad or sad. We were

advised that her pregnancy will have complications in a later stage.

"You need to have faith, things like these do happen. Positivity is all that needed. Keep her in your prayers at all times. And another thing when you visit her make sure you remind her of all the good memories you use to have. Remind her of the good things she likes doing. That is the only way that will bring her back to life. Since she has a high risk pregnancy we cannot prescribe any medications for her, it will cause more complications."

"Wow," I'm lost for words. Everything in me is just slowly fading away. I cannot give up now we've come to far. "Can I see her,"

"This way please." I follow the doctor behind,

my heart has been smashed into a million pieces. My body parts feel like they are being grinded.

I look at all the machines connected to her body. I hold her soft hands taking a deep breath.

"You know when I first saw you, I said to myself this is the woman for me. I wanted a woman that will challenge me and you came along. You know I still watch that tape of you running out of the building trying to dodge your interview." I smile through my tears, "I miss your voice, your ugly laugh. I miss how you annoy me but most importantly I miss your clumsiness. I want you to to fight for us, G needs you, I need you, your family needs you. You made me reconnect with my parents, something I never thought it will happen. The condition that you have is not backing you down at all. The day I found out that you were pregnant I was over the moon

with the excitement. You are carrying a mini me inside of you. And God blessed us with yet another son. Please be strong for us, I don't know how my life will turn out if I loose you. I will be right here waiting for you. I love you forever and always." The machines started to beep like crazy, her body was shaking. The doctor's and nurses came in rushing trying to stabilize her.

"Mer Lucas, can you please step ouside."

"I'm not leaving my wife!" I'm pacing up and down, sweating. This can't be happening. I look at everyone who was running around with countless machines and drips connected to her. The machines went quite making everyone look at me shock.

"Time of death, 13:45, a baby must be delivered as in right this minute! Prepare the imergency room!" One of the doctor's shout. I felt the room getting smaller and smaller. God can't take her away from me he can't punish me like this. What will I tell our kids?

"No, no, no not her please not my wife. Not my wife I can't loose her! Kill me too, I urge to to take me out of my mysery, kill me. I want to die, I want to die." I shake her body trying to wake her up. I'm failing to accept that my wife is gone, she is not dead.

"My wife is not dead, I can feel it she is not dead!"

"Mr Lucas I'm a....."

"Shut up! Just shut the fuck up! My wife is not dead!" They say men don't cry but I can't keep the pain I'm feeling inside. My happiness has been short lived!

THIS MAN

#47

HENDRY LUCAS

For two fucken whole days there's no sign of life in her. I'm giving up. I just lost my wife and my son at the same time. I just lost a part of me, I just lost the love of my life, I lost my family. How do I cope after this tragedy.

"You have to eat something." My parents came in last night and I must say this is the first time

they have ever cared for me.

"He....how will I eat when I lost my own family."
I've been swimming in my pool of tears. I'm finding it hard for this to sink in.

"I know it hurts. I may not know the love you shared but I can see that you do love her. Do it for your son, Gerald needs his father. Do you think he enjoys seeing you like this. No he doesn't, he aslo lost his mum and a brother. He is too young to understand but your are hurting him emotionally."

"Where is he? I haven't seen him in two days."
Yes I'm hurting but I can't neglect my son like this.

"Austine took him to Gabbs, I wonder how she is holding up. It will all pass son. I can't take the pain but you need to be strong."

I sigh looking at her pictures, why has God forsaken me? I can't stomach anything right now. I will pass by the hospital and see her for the very last time. It's time I release her body to the morgue.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

"Yewena Masaka, so you have finally killed me heh!" I try punching him but it just runs past through him.

"Haven't changed I see. My brother is funerald in this marriage. Anyway let me not keep you

waiting. I just wanted to thank you personally." Ghost man is starting to get on my nerves. He is all smiles yet he stole me from the planet of earth!

"Thank me, what for exactly?" This I would definitely love to hear.

"For reuniting my family. For making my family a whole again. For making my brother the best man. For being the best mother a child could ever ask for. Here take this." He is giving three ribbons, two blues and one pink. "One for Gerald, and other for Hendry Jnr and another for..... you will figure that one on your own. I wouldn't want to ruin the suprise." He flashes a smile revealing his perfectly lined up white teeth. And than it clicks where the hell am I!

"Where am I?" This place is completely white, the grass is way too soft.

"In heaven." He smiles, he likes smiling that I've noticed.

"Ow hell no." I didn't waste anymore time I ran as fast as I could. If I'm in heaven which ladder did I use. I need to get down as quickly as possible! MaWeapons think! Unfreeze your mind and use it!

"Golliat! Golliat! Yehheni webantu, Cebolethu help me fly."

"Will you stop running, you might just give birth." He startles me from behind.

"Are you following me?" I think I'm going crazy.

"Isn't obvious." He comes close making me to freeze on the spot, he put his hands on my stomach and whispered a foreign language I don't know.

"If you bewitching me fire back to se....." my tounge got twisted, my eyes are sleepy.

"Go," he pushed me making me to fall back surprisingly I felt like I'm flying. My eyes are shut closed, I'm hearing cries, a cry of a man. I felt connected with this man. My heart skips a beat whenever I hear his sobs.

HENDRY LUCAS

I'm looking at my wife's pale helpless body. It's

time I make a decision, a decision that will always bring hurt whenever I think of it. A decision that will slowly kill me. The rest of the family is here, it's heart breaking. Her mother is trying to be strong but it's hard.

"Bhus'man deda ndoda. She is faking her death let me deal with this one." I'm too drained, too emotional to deal with Zozo's craziness and tantrums. Zozo lifted her hand giving Precious one hell of a smack.

"What the fuck! Are you crazy! You know what I need some air before I loose it." I'm not even angry I'm just defeated.

"Don't worry she will come back, I'm sure Johan is telling her those fairy tale stories." She looks proud of what she just did. She's even bumping

around like a boss. This woman is insanely crazy.

"Did she just move her hand?" Amanda says rushing by her side making everyone to look at her anxiously. "I'm not crazy I saw her hand move i swear!" She begins to cry. "I swear mama, I'm not crazy."

"Come here, I know it hurts babe. " Her mother pulls her into a tight hug. I shut my eyes letting my tears stream down my face. I looked at her one last time, and notice that she just blinked.

"Precious, MaLucas, babe." I stand by her side holding her soft hand. She squeezes it gently making me to gasp in shock. "Baby can you hear me?" I might be crazy but I know what I'm seeing. She squeezes my hand again.

"Son she's gone. You have to accept fate and move on." My mother tries to talk me out of it but I'm having none of it. I rush out to go call a doctor. The doctor believed that I'm crazy probably I'm losing my mind.

"Mr Lucas your wife is gone. She was supposed to be at the morgue by now. But you forced us to keep her here. Please sign the documents so we could release her body."

"No, I know what I saw. My wife is still alive. Please I beg you, just have a look at her this one last time. If my assumptions were wrong then you have the right to sue or even arrest me." I've been begging him for the past thirty minutes. He finally gave in and agreed.

Examining her, he didn't show any expressions on his face. It was just emotionless.

"And," I ask, I want to know. I want to let her go. I want to be sure before I make any drastic decisions.

"Unbelievable, a... she's alive. How did this happen?" The doctor is confused like everyone else in this room. Precious flicked her eyes open trying to regain her sight. This can't be happening, did God really hear my cries.

"Hahaha what did you bring for me, I know Johan gave you something. I told you she's not dead she's faking it. How can she die without registering for the government money, imali iqolo." Zozo if only she can just shut up For two minutes.

I look at my wife who scanning her eyes around looking all lost. Our eyes meet making her eyes glister with tears. If this is a prank can it be real. God can't play with my emotions like this.

"Shhhhhh, I'm here it's okay." I hold her tightly onto my chest. I don't see my life without this woman by my side. To believe that she was dead will forever kill me. Everyone is emotional and her mother's sobs brought so much pain.

THIS MAN

#48

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

"I've been heavenised, I will kill your stupid

brother Hendry." It's been three months and I have been doing just fine. My pregnancy has not given me any complications, It has been smooth and enjoyable. After waking up from the hospital my mind totally went shut, the pains were all gone, the clumsiness has gotten less. It's like I was a born again. My stomach is ten times normal. To even think that I was once in heaven makes my body cold.

"Baby breath,"

"Don't tell me to fucken breathe. I fucken hate you for putting your big head inside of me." Who said labour pains were walj in the park. I never knew they were this horrific.

"I'm sorry MaLucas." Hendry's voice is annoying me right now. Everything about him makes me

sick, his walk, his talk, his smile makes me wanna vomit.

"I hate you!"

"Hendry let her be or else she will chop your head off." His mother warns him. I've been in this hospital for more than five hours. Right now I feel like pushing and damn right I'm pushing this baby out of my system. "Precious what are you doing?" Is his mother seriously going to ask me such a crazy fucken stupid question?

"Can't you see I'm pushing." I continue to push until the doctor rushed through.

"Ow hell no!" Hendry faints right after he just

looked at my vagina.

"You can do it Mrs Lucas." The doctor begs me. I push with all the strength I have, I felt my vagina stretching in a massive force. "The head is out keep pushing." He instructs.

Minutes later a gushing sound exclaims making every one gasp in excitement. I'm too exhausted to even ask what is the problem. My mother is emotional, Hendry's mother is praying thanking her lucky stars for a second to do right by his son.

"Ow my goodness, he is so tiny." My mother is way too emotional. I'm guessing that's tears of joy.

Something inside of me wants to come out, something huge wants to tear my vagina again.

"Good heavens." The doctor says rushing to me. "The head is out." He shouts, my lower part of the body is completely numb to even focus as to what is going on.

"Twins? You just had a baby girl." She is totally beaming in excitement. My mind drifts back to the fainted Hendry. He was taken out of the room. I wonder how his doing? I wonder what made him faint? Is my vagina that bad looking? But when he is inbtween my legs his sweats and mumbles sweet words in my ear. Mxm he must be crazy, let him faint till Jesus come back.

"Wait did you say twins? Like two babes, one, two? I'm funerald. I am dead please Lord borrow me your leader to go deal with ghost

once and for all.

HENDRY LUCAS

What the hell did I just see? That black thing coming out of my wife's vagina, it was huge and scary. I don't think I'll ever be the same again after what I saw. I just lost consciousness right after, it was too big for my boots.

"Are you okay sir? You still look traumatized." These nurses are finding it amusing. They have been laughing their lungs out.

"I'll be fine." I say thinking about what I've just saw. The blood, oh God. So this is what women go through when giving birth? Will her vagina be the same again? I'm never making love to her

ever again! I dismark myself getting off the bed.
"Is my baby boy okay?"

"Your babies are fine and healthy. Ow my God they are so cute." She blushes, okay did she just say babies.

"Babies?"

"Yes, your wife gave birth to twins sir." She says and walks out of the room. Ok that's it this nurse is crazy. I rush out to her ward and to my freekery suprise she's carrying two whole fucken babies!

"How? When?" I'm confused, I'm actually more than confused.

"Guess the girl wanted to be a surprise miracle daughter." My mother says peeping through the babies blanket. How can everyone be this happy while I'm this traumatized.

"Awu my fainter, Mr faintness, Mr Muscle Man. Why did you faint vele?" Now my wife is teasing me, great just great. If only she saw what I saw she wouldn't be saying all this. I don't even want to come near her.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

"You good? Are you comfortable?" Being seven months pregnant is extremely a challenge. I grow to love my family day by day.

"I miss my teddy bear." I don't know why the hell

she is so obsessed with teaddy bears. Those things are for kids for heaven sake!

"Hau babe." I'm defeated and I know she will be screaming in no time. It's like she has a full pack of tears always ready to burst.

"Do you really hate me that much Mlungisi? You said you love me but you turn to do this to me!" Emotional blackmail, this happens day and night. When is she giving birth again? Remind me never to impregnate a woman ever in my life.

"Bekezela ndoda only two months left." My mother enjoys seeing her only son suffer. I'm always wrong and Patience is always right.

Patience is thee most truly emotional blackmailist who doesn't get tired.

"Y....you pig." I've gotten used to her insults. I don't know why my mother is finding this amusing. None of this makes it funny. My whole world has been turned upside down.

I sigh looking at her crying self. Who cries for an ugly teddy bear?

I swear once we get married we are not having another baby. Three months back I paid for her dowery and I must say it was the best thing I've ever come across. Everything went accordingly. I'm just amazed by myself on how I turned my life around. Swazi sure did a number one on ruining it. Last time I heard she is now drug addict. She gave up in life too quickly.

AMANDA NGCONGO

"Yes! yes! I'll marry you." I don't believe this. What did I do to deserve a man like Austine who accepted me with all my flaws. My past mistakes made me stronger.

"Wow, you had me there for a minute." He picks me up and sprungs me around.

It's true when they say God works in mysterious ways. Me being Mrs somebody.

"Thank you for choosing me." I'm beyond happy. My life changed out within a 360 degree. If I had to change my life now, I would possibly change nothing. My family..... those people, I decided to just right them off completely from my heart. They died the day they said I'm a failure and I wouldn't be anyone in life. Look at me today, I own a Art Gallery, and my art is selling like I'm using woza woza.

My dear sister Nokwanda got a scholarship to study psychology. She's a people's person and that department will definitely look good on her. Her and Themba are inseparable, wherever there is Nokwanda there is Themba. Their relationship is growing strong which I admire a lot.

My mother has been the best, I don't know where would I have been if she didn't pick me up from the gutters. I was basically trash who knew no direction in life. But for the love of Gabbs she gave me shelter and love. My life has turned out to be glistery gold.

ZIKHALI HOMESTEAD

Life for the Zikhali's has turned out to be smooth. No drama, no fights, no greed.

Everything is just peaceful. Precious took it upon herself to build a supermarket for her family. The missing money that MaNgwane stole is the same money that Precious used to make a name for her family. KwaNgwane is one of the best supermarkets you could ever find.

Everyone has a hand instead of hiring people, they decided to work as a family.

"Ngwane, uzele ndoda. You are truly blessed. Your daughter's are making us proud. I'm sure Fatima will grow to be an amazing woman. Not forgetting Nokwanda who's pursuing her dreams. My brother would have been proud of her." The aunt stated. They couldn't believe that Precious could do this for a family that neglected them.

"I'm blessed, and I'm grateful that her mother forgave me." Ngwane implores. He took time

upon himself to be humble and beg for forgiveness. They do talk from time to time regarding kids, co-parenting is easy for them.

"Indeed you are. We the Zikhali's own the whole supermarket. God works in and mysterious ways." Uncle feels like he owns the centre of the universe.

Ngwane looks at his brother and saw happiness in him. The things they have been through as a family, the fights and Killing. Zondiwe the craziest of them all, Ngwane never knew how much he loved his sister. Yes there was a time when he almost killed her and for that it will always bring pain in his heart. As much as he hates to say these words 'I'm happy MaNgwane passed on'. If she was still alive this family would still be in drama and hatered amongst

each other. Same goes for Buyisile, that woman doesn't know the word peace. But he hopes they are in a better place.

NGCONGO HOMESTEAD

"I messed up again didn't I?" Amanda's mother is sinking into depression. She tried so many times to take her life but never succeeded. Amanda is gone for good and never coming back. She pushed her away into another woman's arms. Instead of her molding something that belongs to her, she throws it away for the vultures to feast in her.

"You did. I guess you never loved her as you claim. I lost out on a good sister because of you. What did she ever do to you?"

"She was always a troublesome child." She now knows that every child goes through that stage where a mother needs to be tough and guide their children in a right path.

"That's how everyone grows. Do you really expect a child to be perfect without any flaws? I wish you should have given birth to a child that will always cater for 24/7. Do you know how many abortions I did? Did you know I slept with my ex husband's brother? Did you know me and my step father were fucking right under your roof before he passed on? No you didn't know all that because you were busy painting me as an innocent respectful child. Amanda was way too better than me. All she ever wanted was for you to notice her as her own mother. But no you were busy worshiping the ground I walked on." Lakhiwe believes that her mother failed into

parenting her own daughter. Amanda used to be the sweetest of them all until the day their mother made her the monster that she turned out to be.

Her mother sat there not believing her ears. What did she just hear? So all this while Lakhiwe was just pretending to be that quite observed child but deep down she was a devil herself. As a mother she had a chance to fix their broken relationship with Amanda, but that is not going to happen because she blew all of it. Her mother held on to her chest that has been giving her problems lately. She doesn't know whether it's stress or the chemical she's been using trying to commit suicide. God you do give birth to kids but they are total different!

THIS MAN

#49

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

Christopher Ndathane and Christine Sinezeliwe Lucas. How do love my babies names, those tiny hands just warms my heart. The ribbons,- now I understand what Ghost mean. Christine Sinezeliwe is indeed a suprise miracle child, even the doctors didn't pick up that I was carrying another baby inside of me. The ribbons are meant for success and luck, at first Hendry didn't understand but I had to make him understand...- that this gift came from his brother. I don't know how they landed on top of my bed the next morning, but they were there.

"MaLucas the baby is crying." Lucas shouts from the toilet. I have the monitor on my hand

and I can hear my baby cry but I'm just..... I don't know, I feel like ignoring her.

I go to their nursery room and Christine the little devil is up.

"Why are you always crying. You are a definition of a true ghost." I shush her. I breast feed her and she falls back to sleep after she has sucked all of the food I ate out of my breasts. These kids are traitors they took their father. Even their eyes, they are dark blue just like their fathers. Such traitors!

"Need any help?"

"She's asleep. She is going to be the most troublesome child ever. I can sense it in my bones." Hendry just looks at me with his with

his eyebrows up. "Yini, it's the truth."

"Bones, you are one of the best sensors I've ever come across." I won't argue with this man.

"Hendry Lucas. You can catch up on work, Gabbs will be here anytime." I tell him. He still refuses to tell me what made him faint at the hospital. Our parents do come from time to time to check on us. Now that my babies are three months old they are getting bigger and stronger.

"Hmmmmmm," he turns to walk away. Hendry is working from home until the babies turn six months. What did I do to deserve a husband like him? Not even once he made me feel unappreciated. A man that accepts you and your flaws is a man for keeps. I pray to grow old

with this man.

Patience has just given birth to a beautiful baby girl and her baby just turned a month old. I've never been this happy in my entire life.

"Hendrick Rucas Bhus'mane, wake the babies up." If my mother brought Aunt Zozo here I swear I'm going to deal with her. I look at them and my mother just shys away.

NGCONGO HOMESTEAD

"She's dead." Lakhiwe tell the neighbours. It hurts that her mother is no more but she died without fixing the broken relationship with her daughter.

"Uphi uAmanda? Namanje usagijimisana

namadoda Abantu? (Where's Amanda? Does she still run after people's husband's?) One of the noisy neighbours asks.

"If you are here for gossip I suggest you leave my mother's compound in peace. We are mourning and you are here fishing for things that doesn't concern you." Lakhiwe clicks her tounge and walks away leaving the neighbours in awe because of her behaviour. They always thought she was the sweetest.

Lakhiwe texted Amanda informing her about their mothers passing, surprisingly she called her back.

"I thought I should just let you know even though I know you won't be here." Lakhiwe states, there's an awkward silence for a

while.....

"I'll come to the funeral." Amanda states. Yes it hurts that her mother was not there when she needed her the most. She wants to move on and forget about her as much as it hurts life moves on. Lakiwe sighed in relief knowing that her sister will be available for their mothers funeral. It's about time they fix their relationship and be sister's that they never were. She wondered if will she ever forgive? As much as she wronged her she still wants to be her sister.

MLUNGISI ZONDO

"The prince is finally up." I pick my daughter up who was sucking dryly onto her fingers. She's so adorable just like her mother. I'd never thought having a baby would feel this good and

heart warming. I wonder how Precious is coping with three kids.

"I'm replaced already, I'm so hurt." Patience held on to her chest dramatically. I love this woman.

"And indeed you are replaced Maka Elonathemba Zondo." She smiles caressing on our daughter's soft cheeks. "I hope she doesn't behave like her aunt Precious."

"Did you really have to go there." We laughed thinking of the crazy things Precious normally does.

"I'm just thinking out loud Hau." She smiles and looks at me. "Thank you for being the best man and soon to be husband for me and the best

father to our daughter."

"No thank you for being my light in the darkness. You showed me the way, if you haven't come into my life I would have been still stuck in my past." I'm grateful that I have her by my side always.

"Have you set the date of umkhehlo?" Ow yes we are doing it the old African way.

"Yes, on your birthday." She winks at me and walks away. That's literally two months away. Is this woman trying to bankrupt me!

"Ayeye Bafana ayeye." My mother always rejoices when Patience makes my life miserable but in a sexy way.

HENDRY LUCAS

Christine is definately going to be a troublesome. Christopher is always quite like an angle that he is.

"You see your daughter!" My wife is temporarily insane. Now that she has someone who will keep her on her toes I'm relaxed and happy.

"Like mother like daughter. Pay back time mama" I laugh my lungs out. I enjoy watching her running up and down like a headless chicken. Who would have thought my all mighty wife is going bonkers. This is definately something to laugh about.

"You not helping!" She's mad as hell.

Christopher is more calmer like his dad. I am thankful that none of the babies contained this what what condition that my wife has.

"But I love you." I say, she throws a caution and I duck. "Now you are being abusive." I tease her more and I see her face turn red.

"Hot, hot." Gerald points at her face. I'm trying so hard not to laugh but Gerald is not making it easier for me.

"Continue laughing and you will sleep on the couch!" She screams running up the stairs.

"You two are bullies." Gabb's tells me, if only she knew how much of a bully Precious is.

"I enjoy teasing her." I smile thinking of another plan that will make her calm down.

"I feel sorry for you." My mum adds, does she have to remind me. I always think of the punishments I always got whenever I did her wrong. The last one was taking the cup, the day she told me to run naked around the yard. Whenever I think of that I laugh my lungs out. One would swear that she's innocent, but no she's my little devil trapped in an angel's body!

"Mina ngithi nje eTv has signed a code of conduct... under the code we are committed to giving news that is accurate and comment that is fair.. not harmful to children and gratuitous violence and explicit sex." We all turn to look at Zozo who was busy colouring Gerald's colouring book. "What, don't look at me like that

I was warning Bhu'smane." She shrugged her shoulders and continues to colour whatever she's scribbling.

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5 YEARS LATER

THIS MAN

#50

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

"Christine , if you do not bring you tiny legs right this minute I will funeral you!" This girl is a troublesome I can't stomach. We are late for our family gathering! It's 5:00 we not even late.

"Nyi nyi nyi funeral mama." She grins showing her silliness. This one is always mimicking my voice to a point I feel like funeraling myself.

"Sinezeliwe Lucas!" I warn her and this child decides to drastically laugh at me. She walks past me as if she did not notice me. I shake my head locking the house.

Christopher was already in the car with his father. My boy is such a humble soul. He behaves nothing like Christine. His sister is..... I can't even find the right words to describe her.

"Can we go now we gonna be late." G whines, I can't believe my first son has turned eleven. His has grown so much and he is very overprotective over his siblings.

"Yes sir, buckle up wifey." Hendry smiles looking at everyone in the car. For the past five years life has been extremely peaceful to a point I would sometimes forget my name. I thank God everyday for the man he gave me. Years ago I was just a dirty little girl who lived in a shack and knew nothing about the real world. This right here is where my hearts belongs. My sister's have done extremely well for themselves. To even say Lakhiwe and Amanda now have a sister bond relationship. Nokwanda works in Cape Town with Themba following her around all the time. I just can't wait to see everyone at home.

"Mom did you fart?" G asks with a disgusted face and I don't care.

"No, I was just getting rid of the old air son." I answer bluntly.

"You stink!" Christine says with so much attitude folding her arms. I swear this girl will be the death of me. I side eye her and the devil is side eyeing me, unbelievable!

MLUNGISI ZONDO

"Babe we're late, you know your father will kill us for being late. You know Eshowe is a bit far baby. It's 5:00 am, we should be there by 8:00!" I shout, Patience can take her own sweet time.

My mother is already in the car with Elonathemba. My daughter has grown. My wife can definitely sleep. It feels weird to say my wife. We got married two years ago.

"Okay, okay, I'm here no need to shout." She says, it's funny how she is still half dressed and half asleep. Today we are just having a family gathering as a family.

"Let's go woman." I spank her ass trying to bring her back to life. And she starts crying out of the blue.

"Hau and now." I'm curious to know why is she crying. I always spank her butt and she always enjoy it.

"Umithi umalambane." Now my mother got me thinking. The mood swings, crazy cravings, the sleeping. This explains it all. How come I never saw this.

"God what have I done." I say rubbing my face. This is going to be another long nine months of my life.

It was a two hour drive and we arrived right on time. The even starts at 13:00. We will be spending the night here and everyone has their own room, that's how big the Zikhali mansion is. I'm just glad that every cent they get they are putting it into good use.

"Precious!" Patience screams getting out of the car banging the door. She sobs on her sisters chest. "He....he hit me." Jesus, this devil even have hiccups.

"You did what!" Precious marched towards me with an angry face. Okay I'm dead.

"Run for your life!" Hendry shouts , I don't even know where he is, this yard is way to big. My mum is laughing her lungs out. She is rejoicing my down fall. I turned and run straight to the house to hide.

"Are you okay mkhwenyana?" Her aunt startles me making me heart skip.

"Your daughter's want to kill me alive." I tell her

and she just looks at me without saying anything. "Forget I said something." I use the kitchen door to walk out. I peep through the cars and the devil is still crying.

"I saved your arse back there." Hendry brings me back to life. I do don't find any of this amusing.

"Did you see her face bro. Your wife is a....."

"Lunatic I know. But I love her that way. It's a turn on. Can you believe that she made run around the yard naked because I did something without her consent." Hendry tells me. And I can't seem not to laugh. "Woman are crazy bra I tell you."

We stand aside looking at everyone going up and down. Patience is now quite stuffing herself with cream-buns. I don't remember myself buying those and I wonder who she robbed.

"I would like to thank each and everyone of you for the participation. If I were to die now I would die a happy man. My family is one and no devil shall prosper into separating us. In life I learnt alot of lessons. Precious came into my life an she brightened it. She taught me how to self love, she taught me how to forgive and move on. Family is very important, so I'm standing right infront of everyone to say thank for not giving up on one another." Everyone claps their hands. Ngwane sits down and looks around they yard.

His family and neighbours were there to celebrate their success with them.

The tent went silent waiting for another speech from a family member. A video clip played making everyone to gasp covering their mouths.

PRECIOUS ZIKHALI

No this can't be happening. The only person who has access to this video is Hendry. I look at him and he was too focused on the big screen. I turn to look at G he was red like tomatoes. Laughter was killing him. Everyone is now laughing at this stupid video.

"Really Hendry? Out of all the videos you chose this. The day of an interview." I feel like the

ground would swallow me. Now everyone is looking at me. Great!

"The punishment awaits you." I huff saying it with a straight face.

"Baby I'm sorry." He tries to touch me and I move away. "Awu MaLucas, I will lick you till you cry Jesus Dom." Now he is turning me on. I can't help it but to blush. I swear this man knows how to make me wet with just those sweet words.

"But I'm still mad at you." He kisses the top of my nose. Now that the video sager is over it's time i take action. My

"Good day everyone, I'm happy that you all came out to celebrate with aboNgwane,

Khanyile, Masumpa, Masenga sileka, Zikhali ezingakingani nezamaxhegwana. Nina bakoSangweni elingawelwa abafokazana liwelwa izinkonjana zasemaNgwaneni." The tent erupts with whistles and damn I feel like a queen.

"You know there's nothing more important like forgiveness. No matter how bad people treat you, never become a bad person and take revenge. Still be kind and the God knows the beauty of your heart. No matter what you are going through today, look in the mirror, smile and say to yourself "God did not create you for nothing. Don't give up, the best is yet still to come. I am who I am. Not who you think I am. Not who you want me to be. I am me. I live for me and my family not for people. Today I advise you to find yourself and be you. I thank my husband for being there for me every step of the way. I thank him for giving me such beautiful

big headed children. This song right here I
dedicate it to him by Jennifer Hudson-Still
here."

The beat starts playing and I sing along. To say
my music career is top notch makes me feel
like Jesus's mother herself.

 you looked at me and saw what I never
could see

You made me be more than I thought I could
ever be

And when I needed a friend you were always
there to life me up to make me strong

You're not gone your still here

With me all the time

You're still here

When I close my eyes

I still see you

I still feel you

And we'll never be apart

You're still here

Still here in my heart

In my heart

It's because of you I knew how it felt to be
loved?, Oh

You made me feel beautiful cause you believe I
was

And I will never forget how you touched my life

You made me feel like I belong, you'll live on

You're still here
With me all the time
You're still here
When I close my eyes
I still see you
I still feel you
And we'll never be apart
You're still here
Still here in my heart
In my heart

"Woah Johan please marry me, I'm available 24/7." We all turn to look at Zozo. "Yini I'm prostituting myself to my potential bar Hau." Some people will never change!

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THE END!©