

TORN UP

101st Entry

Mihle

When she said that in front of Aphindiwe I felt like I couldn't think, no I was planning on lying about it ku Phindi but this wasn't the right time to say it kuye, this wasn't how I had it planned...

Aphindiwe: "Mihle"

My name came out as a whisper from her mouth and I knew she was expecting me to say something but I just looked at her, my mind flushed. She had her stare on me and as I started back I noticed her eyes filling up with tears, right now I hated myself. I knelt in front of her and touched her knees, she looked at me waiting for me to talk but I didn't, I couldn't...

Aphindiwe: "Mihle say something"

Nomthandazo: "Ufune athini?."

Mihle: "I don't know babe. I don't know if unyanisile"

Nomthandazo: "You don't know if ndinyanisile! Mihle are you for real?! We spoke about this"

Me: "We spoke about it Nomthandazo but we didn't run any tests, so I don't know how true this is!"

Nomthandazo: "I'll prove it to you"

I looked at her as she walked towards my headboard, opened the drawers and pulled out that pregnancy test which I had forgotten was even there, she walked out of the room and I averted my gaze to the girl who was sitting on the bed looking afar...

Me: "Phindi"

She didn't move or answer, her eyes were

staring somewhere and she looked like she was thinking deep, I caught the tear which fell out of her eye

"Phindi ndiyakucela babe. Look at me, please Mambhele ndicela undijonge."

When I saw her not turning or responding, I held her face and turned her ngokwam, she looked at me her eyes still full of tears, waqhwanyaza releasing the tears which filled her eyes...

Me: "Say something"

I got up from my knees and sat on the bed next to her, she shifted on the bed and faced me, that gave me a little bit of hope, I didn't want to see her break this much, I just didn't want this, she looked at my hands which I placed on top of hers before whispering

"Why?"

Me: "Bendizokuxelela Phindi, I wasn't sure if she's carrying umntanam"

Aphindiwe: "Umntana'kho"

Me: "Baby?"

Aphindiwe: "Undifunani Mihle"

She was now wiping her tears with the back of her hand, I looked at her my lips parted a little with my eyebrows furrowed at her, she repeated herself, her voice cracky containing hurt

"Just tell me uba undifunani Mihle?"

The tears which she dried not long ago filled up her eyes again and she looked at me waiting for me to answer, which I did

Me: "Ndifuna wena baby, I want to love you Aphindiwe"

Aphindiwe: "Undifuna ntoni Mihle? What do you want from me?"

Me: "Baby don't"

She was about to talk when Nomthandazo walked in, the sound of her heels irritating the

shit out of me, she roughly placed it on my headboard and looked at us, I still had my eyes on this young lady who seemed to be doubting my decision

Nomthandazo: "Mihle nantsi itest and it's positive."

I kept quiet, waiting for Aphindiwe to answer me but instead of talking, she had her eyes on me before averting them to Nomthandazo

Aphindiwe: "Congratulations"

Nomthandazo: "So uyabona uba awudingeki apha?"

Me: "Fuck off Nomthandazo"

Aphindiwe: "Maybe she's right"

Me: "Baby you not going to do this to us. Not now"

Aphindiwe: "But you lied to me!"

I got up and looked at her, she couldn't be

serious kengoku

"You lied to me Mihle."

Me: "I didn't lie, I just didn't say anything because I didn't know if uNomthandazo was really pregnant or not"

Aphindiwe: "And if she was, ubuzondixelela?"

I knelt before her again and looked at her, she was now beginning to cry again and to be honest seeing her like this hurt me

Me: "Ewe, I was"

Aphindiwe: "Suxoka Mihle. Just don't lie to me please, suxoka!"

I tried touching her and this time around she flinched but I wasn't going to let her so I held her by force, enveloping her in my arms, she was repeatedly telling me not to lie to her, she finally stopped crying and begging me to stop and kept still in my arms, only her sniffing was

occupying the room...

Nomthandazo: "Mihle I'm pregnant"

Me: "So what?"

Wakhamisa uNomthandazo and looked at me, wavula imiphumla and I knew she was about to tell but as irritated and angry as she was, so was I. She chuckled, clapping her hands and chuckled agapos

Nomthandazo: "You're not going to do this.

Andizothi ndiphethe umntana wakho then you act like, you're not going to abandon me just like that. Mihle ndiyathetha!"

I let go of Aphindiwe and turned to look at Nomthandazo, my eyes were narrowed at her, I took steps closer to her before talking

"Nomthandazo you're not going to use my child as a way of keeping me wit..."

Nomthandazo: "Our child Mihle. Our child!"

I closed my eyes, in true honesty arguing with this lady wasn't something easy, she always won't me at it ngoba waye loud and she never gave up no matte how pointless her fact or the fight was. I opened them and looked at her, she was staring at me...

Me: "Nomthandazo (long pause) right now I need you to know uba I'm not going to allow you uba undibambe ngomntana, awuzoyenza lokaka."

Nomthandazo: "You're going to kill nalona umntana."

I looked at her and her eyes were teary, she knew what was best for her was just not to say those words but she did anyway, I stood there looking at her, trying to contain myself only because I didn't want to scare this girl I still aimed to impress

Aphindiwe: "Mihle"

She said that ezantsi but I managed to her though so I turned and faced her...

"My pants." I was about to walk and get them when Nomthandazo clapped her hands again before yelling

"Yikaka yantoni kengoku lena! So all along you're half naked in my man's bed! Wow bekumnandi mos apha! Fucken wow!"

Me: "Nomthandazo shut up! Just fucken shut up!"

I was still looking at her when she grabbed of the bedside lamp and threw it against my hairdresser, it made contact with the glass, the sound and glass cracks filling the room. She was back to herself, the girl who turned me on, lamntombi that she become after losing our daughter, that girl who drank and acted ratchet when things didn't go her way, these were the reasons I arranged for her to see someone, she

was losing it on a daily basis. Aphindiwe had her small eyes wide open meanwhile I was watching her, waiting for her to break the next thing she'd get her hands on, this wasn't the first piece of my furniture she destroyed...

Nomthandazo: "You were fucking with this slut while I was on the way to see you?"

Me: "Don't call her th.."

Nomthandazo: "Mihle how could you? When have you become so cruel?"

Me: "This would be easy Nomthandazo if you'd understand..."

Nomthandazo: "Understand what huh?
Understand that you were about to fuck her?!"

Me: "It wasn't going to be the first time damm't!
Why you fucken acting like you don't know I've shared a bed with her a couple of times?"

Nomthandazo: "A couple of times?"

Me: "Hayi, amaxesha amaninzi"

Wakhamisa a little before balancing with the headboard, she looked at me ngongathi she was losing her breathe or something

Nomthandazo: "You told me you only did it once naye"

Me: "Well maybe I didn't feel like explaining my love life to you."

I wasn't planning on being rude to her ngoba I still cared about her, that I wouldn't lie about but she was exasperating me to the chore, I was losing and she knew when angry I didn't really count my words...

Nomthandazo: "Ndikwenzeni Mihle?"

I tilted my head and looked at her, that question cut deep because it made me feel guilty in all kinds of ways, I lowered my voice when addressing her...

"Nothing. But I want you to understand that I'm in love with someone else."

She shook her head, passing my gaze from me to Aphindiwe every now and then before grabbed hold of her handbag and heading for the door, she stopped and spoke before heading out

Nomthandazo: "You guys deserve each other"

And she stopped out, banging the door forcefully on her way out and I stood where I've been standing until I heard the main door close, nalo elijulile. I turned and looked at Aphindiwe, she looked surprised, most probably not understanding why I was half calm and that was because I knew this side of her, I tolerated it for almost a year full...

Aphindiwe: "Ndicela undigodose"

I narrowed my eyes at her, there was no way I was taking her home singekathethi so instead

of answering her, I found a seat next to her ndamjonga

Me: "We need to talk this through"

Aphindiwe: "We've done a lot of talking Mihle. And the more we talk, the more lies you seem to tell"

Me: "Khange ndixoke Aphindiwe."

Aphindiwe: "But you didn't tell the truth either"

Me: "Baby ndicela undijonge, please"

She took her time to turn and look at me, I spoke...

"Andizokuyeka. I don't care what comes in the way to take you away from me but andizokuyeka."

Aphindiwe: "And what about what I want?"

Me: "Which is?"

She kept quiet akaphendula and I knew it wasn't

leaving me ngoba she most definitely felt two times the way I felt. She spoke after a while

Aphindiwe: "Ndiyoyika that this will cost me more than I imagined"

I stood up and positioned myself between her legs, cupped her face and looked at her

Me: "It won't cost you me, never (pause) so fuck the rest."

She looked at me and we stayed in that position for a while before she softly whispered

"Ndicela amanzi."

I nodded and walked out to the kitchen, I filled the glass with cold water and stood over counter. I thought about the fucked up decisions I was making, how they hold turn in the long run but I was aware that I was fighting a battle more similar to that of Rose and Jack, and I was willing to go no matter the cost. Utata owayendizala taught me uba if it made you

happy and you wanted it, all you had to do was fight for it.

I've fought since I was a boy and in my battles, I never backed away. Knowing I wasn't the type to fall out of love quick, what I needed to do was learn on how to train Aphindiwe into my female warrior. I knew she'd the strength as much as I needed her by my side.

102nd Entry

Aphindiwe

Right after drinking the water he had brought me I laid on the bed, he brought back that long handle dustpan and its broom to clean the glasses that were scattered on the floor. I laid on the bed facing his way, he was still shirtless

and I was still in my panties...

Me: "Ndicela ukukhapha xa uyothenga esinye"

He stopped what he was doing and looked at me smiling, he licked his lips before talking

Mihle: "How good is your choice kwi furniture kqala?"

I shrugged my shoulders, "Andazi, maybe xa sele ndinomzi I'll know."

He chuckled before going back to what he was doing, I grabbed hold of the pillow which he was laying and laid on it, wayenuka njengaye so obviously after all those tears, I found myself smiling, even though I was still bothered by that whole pregnancy thing ka Nomthandazo, I didn't know how I was going to handle. I remembered how I used to tell my friends from Jo'burg that I would never fall for any man who would bring me some baby mamma drama because to me, that man will automatically become a turn off,

but here I was, crazy about someone who brought me more than just some baby mamma drama. I guess that is how life worked out, you'd plan it out and it would just hand you the opposite. As I was laying there, watching him finishing up those glasses, I thought of something, hence there was a lot of unanswered questions, I needed at least a few of them answered so I'd be able to a clear decisions, I shifted on that position and as nervous as I was, I found a way to ask it...

"Ngubani uPearl?"

He stopped and looked at me, he cocked a brow

"Huh?"

Me: "uPearl?"

Mihle: "She's a friend. Some girl I met through Andrew"

Me: "Nyani?"

He tilted his head and gave me that 'are you serious' look, he narrowed his eyes at me

Mihle: "Too early for you not to trust me, don't you think?"

Me: "I have all reasons not to trust you ke kodwa"

He chuckled shaking his head before walking towards the door. I rolled over on the bed and looked at the ceiling before my phone rang, it was Mamomdala, I hesitated, there was no way I could answer this, what if she was calling because of Nomthandazo, I looked at my cell phone until it stopped ringing. Immediately when it stopped I switched it off, I was still staring at it when Mihle walked in...

Me: "Andizokwazi uhamba"

He cocked an eyebrow and looked at me

"Ngoba?"

Me: "Because umamomdala just called"

He walked towards the bed and sat next to me

Mihle: "And so?"

Me: "It might be because of lento ka
Nomthandazo, Milhe"

He shook his head, "I doubt."

Me: "Haibo Mihle"

Mihle: "Babe andifuni ulibale uba I know
uNomthandazo akayanga at home immediately,
she most probably went to her friend, she'd
never go home in that state"

I looked at him and he carried on

"So suxhala ngayo though, she isn't home.
Uyewayiphendula?"

Me: "Hayi"

Mihle: "Call her back"

Me: "What?"

Mihle: "Call her Phindi, asoze ndikufake enxakini."

I looked at him and sighed switching on my cell phone. When it was I waited for her to call again, with Mihle looking at me but she didn't so I dialed her number and placed it on loudspeaker, she answered after two rings...

"Ntombi."

Me: "Molweni Ma"

Mamomdala: "Ubuya nini kaloku sisi, kugqibo betha ufive lona besivene ngawo."

Me: "I'm on the way Mamomdala"

Mamomdala: "Alright ke ntombi"

She hung up and I smiled looking at Mihle, he smiled back at me, kissing my forehead

"See, now who's the man?"

Me: "Hayi I'm not answering that"

Mihle: "Then you're not getting home any time soon"

Me: "Baby"

Mihle: "Honey"

Me: "I need to get home kaloku"

Mihle: "Kuqala who's the man?"

I was about to answer him when I felt his hand trace my thigh before he knelt next to me on the bed and leaned further, finding my ear, he whispered

"Tell me baby, who's the man?"

I giggled and he took my earlobe with his teeth, sucked on it and moved down to my neck, cheek then found my lips. He hovered his lips over mine, not kissing them but he kept rubbing them against each other before he ran his wet tongue on my lower lip, I was about to kiss him when his fingers moved my panties to the side

and made contact with my womanhood. I opened my left leg a little wider and when he pushed his

finger in, I gasped, moaning a little. He pulled it out and pushed fully pushed in two fingers, I bit my lower lip before grabbing my left boob with my left hand, I had my eyes closed so I didn't know if he had his eyes on me or not. When he pulled out his fingers and pushed them in again, I moaned and he whispered a soft "Fuck"

He pulled them out while I was still enjoying and placed a baby kiss on my lips, I opened my eyes and looked him fixing my pants...

Me: "What's wrong?"

Mihle: "(chuckles) Nothing babe, usafuna?"

I blyshed at that, there was no way I'd be able to answer that, it would be so embarrassing, he looked at me before laughing, shaking his head. He stood up and leaned forward placing a kiss

on my forehead

"Let's wait for your leg to get heal evha?"

I nodded and he walked over to his wardrobe and pulled out his jacket and I presumed it was time for me to dress up...

Me: "Babe ndicela ijean yam"

He picked it up and walked to me, I turned on the bed and faced him, extended my legs, wayifaka. He pulled it up, gentle not to hurt me, when the pants were up to my thighs he placed a kiss on my pussy before whispering

"I fucken miss you."

I laughed, covering my eyes in the process, I had him chuckled and I peeped through my fingers looking at him, he was trying to pull my pants up completely but kept getting distracted because he'd pass his gaze to my face every now and then so I helped him through. When we were done he looked at himself on the broken

hairdresser mirror before he looked at his wrist

Mihle: "Haven't seen my watch?"

Me: "Nantsi (pause) but can I wear it?"

He stopped on his steps and looked at me, turned and walked towards his wardrobe, he stood here for a while before he stepped back holdin black leather wrist watch...

"Nxiba lena babe."

Me: "Ndithanda lena njena babe"

He narrowed his eyes and looked at me, I stared back at him pouting, when he put the watch around his wrist, I knew he indirectly meant I could keep this one. He helped me up and we walked out of his room to the lounge and out of the main door to the garage, after placing me in the car he went back into the house to lock up. After waiting for what seemed like two minutes he returned whistling some Jazel Brothers' track. He got in the car and looked at me before

starting the engine and closing his door...

Mihle: "Mncwaa?"

Andancuma mntaka dabs before I leaned in and placed a kiss on those soft lips, he licked them still looking at me, I giggled before muttering

"You're so nasty"

Mihle: "You haven't seen shit babe."

Ndakhamisa, he couldn't be serious, he drove the car out of the garage laughing. Our route to Bellville was fun, we drove in laughs, a lot of talking and me questioning him about things I believed I should know by now. When we were close to home the worry I had arose again and I began being nervous, Mihle noticed because he placed his hand on my thigh and squeezed it causing me to look at him

"Uright?"

I shook my head before looking at his which he

moved and placed on the gear

Me: "I'm worried. What if uNomthandazo ukhona or abuye athethe yonke lento?"

He looked at me before driving into the street without answering me, I was really scared and what scares me the most, ndaxoka. He drove passed the gate and stopped a few steps away from it, turned off the engine and turned on his to look at me...

Mihle: "Jonga baby, if ever uNomthandazo says something, don't deny it ngoba that will make things worse (pause) but don't tell the whole truth either"

Me: "So ndithini?"

Mihle: "Say something like being out noThando then sadibana nani or something. Or how Thando left you wahamba negirlfriend yakhe then you called me since ben'close naseBelmar then I refused to take you home"

Me: "Won't that get you in trouble?"

Mihle: "It'll get both of us in trouble but I'll take the biggest blame"

I tilted my head slightly to the side and looked at him, I was playing with my thumb on the seat

"You don't need to be stressing in your condition."

I nodded, he smiled without showing off his teeth before he leaned in and kissed me, after pulling back from the kiss he opened the driver's door and stepped out, from the trunk he pulled out my walker and came with it next to my door, I already had my handbag over my shoulder. He helped me out and closed the door using his feet before he walked me towards the gate, we stopped at a more hidden place and hugged each other, we were still in that position when he muttered

"I love you."

I giggled and looked up at him, I mouted I love you too.

Mihle: "Andikuvha"

Me: "I love you too"

Mihle: "Kangakanani?"

Me: "Enough to walk nge walker for you

He chuckled still looking at me, he ran his thumb over my lips and whispered

"You know bendingafuni kubenjalo mos?"

I nodded before placing my head on his chest

Me: "Let me go before kuphume umntu"

Mihle: "Awulogwala"

I tilted my head and looked at him once again, I was about to talk when he stopped me by saying

"My kiss."

Ndapouta sana and he captured my lips with his,

he kept on smiling during our kiss until I pulled back and asked

Me: "Yintoni?"

Mihle: "These lips (pause) they never get old. It's funny how oko when I kiss them akupheli nomzuzu ndimal..."

I covered his mouth with my hand, looking at him with my eyes a little widened, he laughed, shaking his head

Mihle: "Let me let you go ke baby zam"

Me: "Ndizokubona nini futhi?"

Mihle: "We'll talk about it baby"

I nodded and he kissed my forehead, helping me balance on my walker, I pushed it towards the gate with him still looking at me, after I pressed the button of the gate he started walking towards his car, he didn't step in as yet until he saw the gate opening, I was about to

step in when he called me name, I turned
ndamjonga

Mihle: "Don't worry about the Nomthandazo
situation, concentrate on getting better."

I smiled at him even though I knew it was
impossible for me not to worry about it. He
smiled back, opening the door of the driver's
seat and I too walked into the yard.

At the door, I took a few breathes before
opening the door, thinking about the girl whom I
knew was probably in there waiting to threaten
the life out of me.

After stepping into the house, Mamomdala told
me she was glad I was home safely and I was
lucky Tatomdala wasn't around ngoba he was
going to question me for being 45 minutes late,
that of course happened after I discovered that
Nomthandazo wasn't home which at least was

a stress reliever kum because it gave me more time to think off something to defend myself if she walked in here and threw tantrums about what happened in Belmar as though she didn't cause enough chaos phaya.

I was seated at the lounge with Azola, speaking our way through, she started off by questioning about the manly smell I had whiffing from me before going on and on about the new guy they went drinking with the previous Monday. We were still chatting when the door opened and Tatomdala stepped in...

Tatomdala: "Tshini ubuyile ntombazana?"

Me: "Ewe tata"

Tatomdala: "Haike kuhle ke mntanam"

He nodded and retreated to his bedroom, Azola went back to talking but stopped when I extended my hand to take my glass of Mango cold drink on top of the table...

Azola: "Who's watch is that?"

Me: "Intoni? Le watch?"

Azola: "Ewe"

Me: "Yeyam."

Azola: "Isn't it for men?"

Me: "It is but ndayithanda"

She looked at me then at the watch before saying

"Okay, anyway lomfana wants me to spend eloxesha naye but utata during school days he's hard, he only soften ups ngeHolidays so I keep making excuses ke sana because ndilinde wena ude ubengcono."

Me: "Kutheni ungamxeleli?"

She raised her eyebrows at me...

"Well it's better than making excuses. Tell him utatakho is strict, he too knows there's nothing

you can do about that, so he understands why you keep postponing."

Azola: "Ya neh"

Me: "It'll help, ngoba lena of having endless excuses will turn him off"

Azola: "You're right"

She stood up and ran towards the passage, I shouted "Uyaphi?" but she carried on and returned ephethe her cellphone

Azola: "Let me text him ngoku. Ubusithi ndithini?"

Me: "Hayi Azo yintoni ingathi azange wajola nah?"

Azola: "Kaloku I've been busy with these 95,94 boys abangazinto, its my first time ndifumana umntu wo80 something."

I rolled my eyes, I understood her excitement, I had that two years back, it made you view

yourself as someone old kwawena.

Me: "Okay, jonga tell him uba you need to tell him something regarding your excuses, umxelele uba the only reas..."

I didn't finish that sentence when we heard the door close harshly and the sound of heels clicking against the floor, Azola turned but I stayed glued to my seat and I knew it wasn't Vhuvhu ngoba she was in her bedroom, sleeping

Azola: "Nomtha kutheni ingathi udronk nje?"

I turned and looked at her, yep she was drunk shame. She sat on the armrest of the other couch and looked at me, removing her heels...

Nomthandazo: "I thought ubuzolalisa indoda yakho yazi."

Azola looked at me with a questioning look meanwhile I had my stare at her sister who was about to get me in serious trouble.

Mihle, themba lam, where are you?

103rd Entry

Nomthandazo

I walked into the lounge ekhaya, a little unstable in my steps but I couldn't care less ngoba ndandiyazi a lot of people would question me uba kwakutheni ndisela ndimithi. What was I expected to do, the father was abandoning our little one engekazalwa. Immediately when I entered the lounge, the first people I saw was Azola and the devil herself, they had smiles on their face, Azola turned and looked at me...

Azola: "Nomtha kutheni ingathi udronk nje?"

I looked at her and walked towards the couch, found a seat on the armrest and passed my

gaze to Aphindiwe, she turned and looked at me

Me: "I thought ubuzolalisa indoda yakho yazi"

Azola looked at her because wayebona uba I'm directing those words to her, she looked at me wathula, so I decided to carry on

"Or what, he realized he made a terrible mistake by choosing trash like you?"

Azola: "NguMihle lowo?"

She still had her eyes on me, all of sudden her middle was mute ngoba wayengavula kwalo wakhe umlomo le bitchikazi yomntana, she sighed and narrowed her already small eyes at me...

Aphindiwe: "Why you drinking kodwa umithi?"

Azola: "Umithi?!"

Azola had her mouth gapped and I was about to answer when Azola shouted again, "You pregnant? O.M.G! Mama!"

Me: "Azola!"

Azola: "Mama?!"

She stood up and retreated to the passage, heading to my parents bedroom but she met umama on the passage

Azola: "Yiza mama"

Mama: "Yintoni Azola?"

She was dragging umama to the lounge, I was about to get up and walk to my bedroom but when I saw utata appear from the passage looking worried because my bloody sister just caused a scene, I knew andizokwazi uya ekamerini because utata wasn't the type yodela

Tata: "Yintoni Azola wangxola kangaka?"

Azola: "Mama uNomthandazo is pregnant"

"Intoni?" Was what both my parents said, I looked at them before my gaze went from Azola to Aphindiwe then back to my parents...

Tata: "Nomthandazo?"

Me: "Tata?"

Tata: "Umithi?"

Me: "Hayi tata"

Aphindiwe: "Uyaxoka."

My parents passed my gaze to her and I folded my arms, I wanted her to explain uba wayesazi njani, ade afike kulendawo yoyokubona uMihle...

Mama: "Uyazi njani wena ntombi?"

She looked at my mother, her eyes widened a little and she enhaled before she spoke

"Mama since I was out noLuthando we went for some drinks but I happened to see uMihle phaya. In fact uMihle was at that same pub and grill not far from his estate, apho ahlala khona (pause)."

Tata: "Qubeka Mambhele"

Aphindiwe: "Then uMihle wasibona phaya, wacela uthetha nam but by that he meant dropping off uLuthando and talking privately, so we went kwakhe, he wanted us to talk through lento wayezoyicela apha kuni"

Tata: "Nithethe ngantoni? Ungumzali wena Aphindiwe?!"

Mama: "Tata khawehlise umoya."

Tata: "No Madlamini no! Ndifuna ukwazi uba uAphindiwe ngumzali nah yena lento uFhaku azofuna uthetha naye. Aphindiwe?"

I looked at her and she looked more terrified than ever, yayengathi ndingamqhuba utata ade afike to his highest point of anger or to a point where he'd send her back to Mthatha, I wanted her out of here. She answered lowly

"Tatomdala?"

Tata: "Ungumzali nah wena?"

Me: "No tata"

Tata: "Kengoku kutheni uMihle ezothetha nawe xa efuna uthetha ngento zabantu abadala"

Aphindiwe: "Andazi tata"

He looked at her, if she was any kid I would've hinted her by now that utata doesn't like cheeky children but it was her so I didn't give a damn

Mama: "Mntanam yintoni lena ibefuna uthethwa nguMihle kuye?"

Aphindiwe: "Andiyazi mama ngoba sithe singekathethi wafika uNomthandazo"

I chuckled and looked at her, clapping my hands

"The only reason they didn't talk is because ndifike eze kaloku usisi."

Mama: "Aphindiwe?"

My mother whispered that to her, I folded my arms waiting for her to defend herself now, wamayamayaza

Tata: "Nonsense Aphindiwe, nonsense!"

My father fisted on the couch, causing all of us to jump on our seats, she swallowed hard, passing her gaze between all of us, umama constantly begged her to talk and she did

"Bendingekhoze Mamomdala. I wasn't"

Me: "Then ubutheni?"

Aphindiwe: "I just had my pants off"

Tata: "Never have I had umntana apha kwam, living under iroof yam esenza lamanyala amangaka. Never!"

Aphindiwe: "Ndicela uxolo tatomdala"

Tata: "I'm calling umninawa wam ndiyamxelela uba awuzokwazi uhlala apha ngoba..."

Mama: "No, tata ka Sivu, ndiyakucela Bhele wam. Awuzokwazi"

Me: "Mama khawuyeke utata toro"

Mama: "Thula Nomthandazo. Thula! Tata ka Sivu ndimamele myeni wam, lomntana needs parents, she needs a mother figure. Siyayazi sonke silapha uba akanamntu uAphindiwe ngoba nobhuti lowo he doesn't give lomntana the care ayidingayo. Anditsho uba uright myeni wam kodwa ndicela sibenesineke, ngumntana wethu naye kwalona. Ndiyakucela Bhele."

Utata walked from where he was standing and sat on the couch before sighing and placing his head on his palms, shaking it repeatedly, I on the other hand was looking at umama, I couldn't believe her, there was no way she meant all that.

Me: "Mama what about me?"

She turned and looked at me, narrowing her eyes at me before she spoke

"What about you ngantoni Nomthandazo?"

Me: "What I feel mama, what about the way I feel? What I want?"

Mama: "Ufuna ntoni? Ufuna ulahla udadwenu pha kude ngenxa yendoda engazaziyo uba efunani? Uxolela ungathandi nongathethi nomtana wakokwenu, your own sister because of umfana ungakwazanga uzihlonipha?!"

Me: "Akandihloniphanga kwa yena uAphindiwe and to me she's no relative of mine, never! Niyamchaphukela! I hate her!"

Sivuyisiwe walked in, looking like she just woke up from sleep, she looked at us...

Sivuyisiwe: "Mama yintoni kanti?"

Nobody answered her because they were all looking at me except for my father who was still on that same position

Mama: "Nomthandazo azange sakukhulisa kanje mntanam, please."

Nomthandazo: "And is this how her mother raised her?"

She looked at me, her lips parted a little, she furrowed her eyebrows at me

Aphindiwe: "Don't you dare talk about my mother kanjalo. Ubungamazi"

Me: "You're right bendingamazi but if she raised such trash like you then noba nding..."

Sivuyisiwe: "Nomthandazo no! Ngumamnci lo uthetha ngaye alpha. No!"

Me: "So what Sivuyisiwe? Does she see what her daughter is doing to me? Uyayibona nah lentlungu?"

Aphindiwe: "Umamam (pause) umamam did..."

Her voice was cracky, she looked at me with as much hatred as I showed her too. She couldn't finish talking, instead she blinked releasing the tears she had in her eyes, shaking her head.

Wamisa omnwe and pointed at me before she found a voice in her...

"Umamam isn't the reason Mihle doesn't want you. She isn't the reason you handle a man and definitely not the reason you suck ekuphatheni indoda. My mother is not the reason I took the decision I took, as much as umamomdala isn't the reason you can't handle yourself as a lady."

Me: "You know noth..."

Aphindiwe: "And if you think your pregnancy will keep him, it won't. Akafuni nxila uMihle."

I was about to storm off to her when Azola jumped up and held me back, being helped by mama. I was screaming and swearing, she knew nothing, she didn't know why and how I started drinking yet she had the guts to call me inxila. Mama helped me sit down but I didn't want to sit, I was crazy nyani ngoku. I only managed to calm down when Tata asked all of us to sit down, umam looked like she would crazy anytime from now and Aphindiwe was crying, enaso nesinqala but I couldn't care less,

she could've cried her throat out for all I cared

Tata: "Bantwana bam umama wenu uyandicela kodwa andonwabanga, kubuhlungu nakum kodwa ndizonicinga, Sivuyisiwe, Nomthandazo nawe Azola simnyamezele uAphindiwe, ndiyanicela bantwana bam, kungekudala nizovisisana naye and nathi sizohamba siyiqhele indlela enza ngayo izinto (long pause) Aphindiwe mntanam, awenzi kakuhle ntombi kodwa ndizoxola ngoba kaloku usabethwa sistage, usemncinci."

Aphindiwe: "Ndizohamba tatomdala"

Tata: "Hayi mntanam, no no ntombi anditsho uba hamba, ndithi qha..."

She shook her head causing my dad to stop talking she was still crying, ndandirhalela umbuza uba ulilelani, destroying my relationship or destroying my family...

Mama: "Hayi kaloku sisi hayi mntanam"

Aphindiwe: "No mama, I want to go,
andizokwazi uphela kanje (cries) I can't."

Sivuyisiwe: "Uzohamba uyephi Aphindiwe?"

Aphindiwe: "I'll go back eskolweni."

Tata: "In this condition?"

She nodded drying her eyes with the back of her hand. Umama was about to talk, to stop her obviously when utata spoke

"Ndizokukhulula mntanam. Ufuna uhamba nini?"

Aphindiwe: "(sniffs) Ngomso tatomdala"

Tata: "Then ndizokukhapha."

Mama: "Tata ka Siv..."

Tata: "Mfazi wam xa umntana efuna oko, mnike kona, athi wodikwa or wobona uba bekungalunganga aziphumele. Aphindiwe mntanam ndizokunika elixesha ulifunayo, uyolungisa intliziyo yakho ntombi, kodwa

uzuhambe apha uyazi uba asikugxothanga kusekokwenu nalapha. Ngalamazwi ke mntanam ndithi uba usafuna ubuye, the gates are open."

She nodded looking at my father, she kept on nodding before she softly muttered

"Enkosi tata."

My father looked at her and sighed while my mother had her hand covering her mouth with teary eyes. My father stood up and whispered a goodnight kuthi before my mother followed but umama stopped by Aphindiwe and bent forward to her ear, she said something to her and Aphindiwe nodded her eyes filling up with tears again then she too retreated to the bedroom. We were left sodwa at the lounge, Sivuyisiwe couldn't stop sighing meanwhile Azola had her mouth shut all this time, mna on the other hand was naar by just seeing ubuso balomntana so I got up and before heading to my room, I left her

a message

"Uhamba kwakho, it would be better noba awunobuya."

Then I grabbed my handbag and heels and walked towards my room.

I didn't care how evil or cruel people saw me, I believed ndandinge kamenzi nto, after all I was this brutal because of her.

104th Entry

Aphindiwe

After that quarrel with Nomthandazo and tatomdala, Azola and I retreated to the bedroom. I was now sitting on the bed still in tears and not because I felt defeated but because my late mother was dragged in this. I couldn't get it out

of my mind how she was so in denial about this whole thing that her defending her man had to have my mother dragged in this. I'm not saying what I was right, it was far from being okay but she had no right talking about my mother in that, a woman she knew nothing about.

I was still sniffing and trying to control my feelings, I was raging with anger and the decision I made of leaving made me feel like it was the best thing to do ngoba I realized uba things were getting worse on a daily basis, so it was better if I found peace for some time.

Azola was quiet too and I appreciated it because I was in no mood of being questioned or pitied right now, I just needed to be on my own and with her not saying a word to me ever since we stepped in here made it seem like I were alone.

It was approximately 20 minutes of silence when I took my phone and decided to text Mihle,

telling him about the scene Nomthandazo pulled and how it unfolded, Mihle being Mihle wayefuna undilanda instantly but I told him uba he'd see me tomorrow. After a long while ndincokola naye I decided to go take a bath which turned out be longer than what I had planned because I wanted more time to chat to my man before I had my medication drug me to sleep.

When I returned to the bedroom I noticed Azola wasn't around so I dressed up in my pyjamas and prepared for bed, after wearing my doek I sat in the middle of the bed and unlocked my phone, to my surprise I had four missed calls from Mihle, his little obsession caused a smile on my face, it was cute really and a part of me hoped it wasn't caused by honeymoon phase. I logged on my WhatsApp and texted him, telling him I was back from bathing, immediately after he read my text he called me, just after that one

ring, I answered it...

Me: "Baby"

Mihle: "Uhlamba ixesha elingakanani nah?"

Me: "Xolo kaloku, I took some time to think"

Mihle: "You sound down uzuqonde. Uthi kwenzekeni?"

I sighed before answering

"A lot babe (pause) well everything was blown out off proportion when Nomthandazo mentioned uba she found me naked apho kwakho"

Mihle: "(chuckles) uthe naked?"

Me: "Ewe"

Mihle: "Ncncncnc (chuckles lowly)"

Me: "I don't like the sound of that"

Mihle: "Sound of what?"

Me: "Lento ugqiboyenza."

Mihle: "No relax babe, ndigrand. So why are you being kicked out?"

Me: "Babe I told you this ku WhatsApp njena and khang nditsho uba kicked out. I asked to leave ngokwam"

Mihle: "Ngoba?"

Me: "Because after yonke lento yethu I don't feel welcomed here anymore"

Mihle: "So ufuna sithini?"

I was about to answer that when the door opened and Azola walked, she stood at the door and spoke

"Yizotyia."

Me: "Andilambanga"

Azola: "Are you sure?"

Mihle: "Usathetha nam?"

I nodded at Azola and she looked at me before

stepping out, closing the door

"Bendithetha noAzola." I answered Mihle and I heard him shift around before he spoke again

Mihle: "Okay. Bendibuza ke babe ufuna sithini?"

Me: "Nothing love. I'm satisfied with us"

Mihle: "Ndizokulanda ngomso?"

Me: "Hayi utatomdala is taking me kaloku"

Mihle: "Phindi?"

"Babe?"

Mihle: "Kuzofuneke uzohlala apha until you better"

Ndakhamisa mntana kasomnci, wait wasn't it too soon for lonto? I know he was specific uba until I fully recover kodwa waking up next to him everyday scared me kengoku, it made me realize uba we were going to get to know each other deeper than we do now, even though it was what I wanted, I didn't think I was ready to

get to know him, in other categories.

Mihle: "Babe?"

Me: "Ewe"

Mihle: "Uyandivha?"

Me: "Ewe, yeah but I could go to school ndizokwazi uhlala pha..."

Mihle: "Uzohlala nam until ubengcono and I wasn't making it optional, bendikuxelela."

Me: "But what about waste of petrol?"

Ndayibuzela ezantsi ke leyo into because when he made that statement his tone changed a little. Expecting him to answer what I had just asked, he said "Wenzantoni?" as if trying to tell me uba lena iinto ndandigqiboyibuza was something he wasn't going to answer.

Me: "Ndhleli ebhedini, I still have my pills to drink but ndiyonqena uya ekitchen"

Mihle: "Yilento yale walker?"

Me: "No (sighs) yonke umntu uselounge apha having supper and I'm here in the bedroom so andirhaleli ukuya that side"

Mihle: "Ayizobangathi uyazikhetha xa usenza njalo?"

Me: "I'm scared of pretense inxaki yam babe and if umntu uyandibalela, kuphela kwalomdla and respect bendinayo for bona so ndiyoyika uya phaya elounge and have more than just Nomthandazo pretending to be okay with me being here"

Mihle: "Uyabacingela babe. I don't think they envy you as much as uNomthandazo"

Me: "She doesn't envy me babe, uyandichaphukela"

He kept quiet for a while and I was about to talk when I heard him clear his throat before talking

"Baby, andifuni sihlale sithetha ngoNomthandazo. As much as she will be

present half of the time, trying to find her way back in, ndicela singathethi ngaye. It's you I need to hear about, evha?"

I nodded while saying "Yes."

Mihle: "Now ngomso uphuma kwam at work I'll fetch you at res"

Me: "Okay Phopho"

Mihle: "(laughs) Ndingafiki uhleli noAndrew ke Phopho"

Me: "Hayi babe, it was a once off thing"

Mihle: "I hope so. Let me sleep ke babe, ndine session early in the morning ngomso"

Me: "At what time?"

Mihle: "Six funeke ndibe semsebenzini"

Me: "Shit, so that means uvuka ngofour."

Mihle: "Five"

Me: "Oh okay."

"Goodnight Phopho."

Me: "Goodnight. I love you"

Mihle: "I love you too babe"

And he hung up, leaving me alone once again, I sighed before laying down and looking at the ceiling. After laying in that position for over ten minutes, I found my way into the blankets and before I placed my phone under the pillow I set an alarm for half 12 midnight, I'd wake up and drink my pills, right now there was no way I was leaving this room.

I woke up to my phone ringing, rubbing my eyes I reached out under the pillow and pulled it out, switched off the alarm and turned over to sleep futhi but I got disturbed by Azola who groaned getting up and headed for the door, when she returned I was busy trying to find balance on my walker, with my brown paper bag of medicines...

Azola: "Uyaphi?"

Me: "Ndiyosela amayeza"

She nodded, getting back in bed. I managed to make my way through to the kitchen without making that much of a noise. Firstly I warmed up the slices of pizza which were left for me and decided to eat one before taking my medication, right after that I drank them and retreated to the bedroom but somehow ended up stopping at the lounge to take a seat. I sat there in the dark exercising my leg but my mind wasn't there, it was elsewhere, thinking about a hell lot of bullshit I believed the future would bring me and frankly, I wasn't ready for them.

Sitting in the dark alone started to bore me but nothing told me to go to bed, even if I was ndandingazolala, so instead of heading back to bed I unlocked my cellphone which I had brought with me from the bathroom and checked my airtime, R17.43, it was enough to

make a phone call so I dialed Mihle's number because I missed him from the very moment he hung up hours ago, esithi goodnight. He answered his phone just when I was about to end the call

Mihle: "Hello"

His voice was husky, deep from sleep. It was fucken sexy, it reminded me of his moan

Me: "Baby"

Mihle: "What's wrong babe, are you okay?
Kutheni ezovuka ngelishesha?"

Me: "Ewe babe, I'm okay."

Mihle: "Then kutheni uvukile at this time?"

Me: "No sleep and I missed you."

He chuckled and in his short laugh I could hear that he liked what I had just said

Mihle: "Uzondibona baby"

Me: "Ndicela undihlalise until kuphele le airtime"

Mihle: "Yimalini baby?"

Me: "Around R17"

Mihle: "Damn babe, ndilale nini?"

Me: "You will ugqiba kwethu"

After having him complain and sulking about me waking him up, he finally gave in and we found our way through conversations, laughing along the way. As I sat there, dining on the slice of pizza, he found a way to make me smile and that did something to my heart because not long ago it felt heavy, even though I still carried that lump on my throat talking to him made me feel better...

Mihle: "Awufuni ndizokulanda?"

Me: "Nini?"

Mihle: "Ngoku"

Me: "(giggles) Haibo babe."

Mihle: "If bendihlala close by I would've had you outside by now, just for ukubona. You should thank ooBhele uhlala gude"

Me: "In this situation, I thank them ngoba besizoxabana"

Mihle: "Sixatywanisa yintoni babe?"

Me: "Bendingazovula."

Mihle: "(chuckles) Bendizoza emnyango kaloku"

Me: "And knock here?"

Mihle: "Ewe ndizofuna uPhindi wam"

Me: "I'm not sleepy ke but I think my airtime will cut me off soon"

Mihle: "Uzame ulala kaloku babe"

Me: "Okay"

Mihle: "Mandilale ke mna evha"

Me: "Baby?"

"Sthandwa sam?"

Me: "Enkosi"

He shifted on the bed, I presumed he was turning on the other side before he spoke...

"Ngantoni baby?"

Me: "For choosing me, us, even when things got shitty."

Mihle: "I'm the reason we're here today so I'm not planning to leave you kule mess"

I smiled nodding as if he could see me

Mihle: "Lala ke baby wam, ngomso ndim nawe"

Me: "(giggles) Bye babe"

I hung up and placed the top of my phone on my lips, smiling. He was the best indeed and if I was going to give him my heart like I planned to, I needed to know that he wasn't going to leave me, that we weren't building this only to walk away in a few months time.

The next day I woke up at some time around past 11, I was extremely exhausted and hungry. From making the bed to brushing my teeth and washing my face, I was now at the lounge finishing off the meal I had left yesterday, I haven't packed my clothes yet but there wasn't much to pack anyway because I had my clothes in my suitcase all this time. I was still sitting at the lounge basically not eating anymore but thinking about my life and the terrible choices I've been making ever since 2016 started, this isn't how I pictured my life to be after leaving Jo'burg. I was now down to my last slice of pizza after having eaten two when Tatomdala walked out of his bedroom, all dressed and ready...

Tatomdala: "Molo ntobam"

Me: "Molweni tata"

Tatomdala: "Unjani namhlanje?"

Me: "Ndiyaphila tatomdala"

Tatomdala: "Jonga ke ntombazana, kukhona apho ndisaya khona kodwa ubuya kwam ndifike uready"

Me: "Ucinga uzobuya at what time tata?"

He looked at the watch on the wall before saying, "Masithi twelve."

Me: "Alright tata"

He nodded before walking out, leaving me all alone in these walls.

After bathing and dressing up, I was now laying on the bed, exercising my leg while waiting for tatomdala to return. I kept on gazing around, looking at this room and the only reason I did that was because something within told me I wasn't going to lay my foot here for a very long time, it wasn't anything I was planning or held personal against abantu balapha but it was what I wanted until I got better, emotionally.

It was 14:13 when tatomala said his goodbye to me, it was a little emotional on my side because I left into zingekhontle endlini and I wasn't emotionally happy with the decision but I had to anyway so to me it felt like I was far from Western Cape, it was like I was emotionally untying myself with them. He told me to take care of myself and to remember Bellville will always be home and he also reminded me that Mamomdala wanted us to keep this away from my father so he doesn't take me away, then we'd keep it that way. Honestly, I appreciated them as well as their good hearts even though right now it might have seemed like I gave no fuck.

Right now ndandingqengqe on my bed waiting for my girls to finish up with their sessions, I told them I was back and the response I got was to get ready because in the noon they'd be

filling up this room with themselves and snacks. Knowing they would be here in any minute, I decided to stay put and wait for the group of girls who never failed to bring out the best in me.

Sitting here had me hoping that this was the last time I'd ever be absent from school for anything as terrible as accident.

105th Entry

Mihle

In the morning I woke up and got ready quicker than I usually do, there was an important meeting I was supposed to attend and being the head speaker and director of the meeting I couldn't be late or unpresent.

After what seemed close to three hours of explaining the new work schedule, financial matters, promotions and the six months camp tours for 2016 we stepped out of the boardroom and headed back to the offices, where I sat around and drafted half of the work I didn't do last week because of the distractions I had, not that they were any less ngoku but I had to get my life matter under control.

When it was lunch time I went out with my male colleagues, something I didn't do often because I was always out at lunch to see Nomthandazo. I was tempted on calling Aphindiwe but I decided I'd let her settle in first then I'd call her xa ndizomlanda, right now let me just have these drinks and braai with other men. We had those and chilled around at the tshisanyama singenzi nto, we even overleaped on our working times but we needed the time off so we took it anyway, for only an hour. At

four before I left work I decided to call Aphindiwe, after dialing her number and pressing the loudspeaker button on the telephone I laid back on the chair and waited on her to answer on the other side...

"Hello."

Me: "Baby"

Aphindiwe: "Hello babe"

Me: "You're at Res mos because ndizophuma emsebenzini mna"

Aphindiwe: "Ewe"

Me: "Okay, be ready xa ndifika apho ke"

"Will be."

I hung up and turned on my chair, Abongile was standing behind me in her uniform, she smiled before talking

"Bendizothi bye. Siyaphuma ngoku but ndiyabona uba someone is still checking

iwhereabouts zika babe."

Me: "Haisoka sudika apha."

I got up and took my brown leather bag and cellphone on top of the table, logged out of the system and we headed out, it was a little hot ke namhlanje, Western Cape weather being a bitch once again. After saying goodbyes to certain people at work I drove off to Stellenbosch which was about 15 minutes away, it was the drive from Stellenbosch to Belmar which I didn't want to think off. I decided to stop at the gate of her school residence and not at Campus, seeing how she'd always tell me uyeza but take forever to get at the gate xa ndime phaya, immediately when I parked I rang her...

Aphindiwe: "Mihle?"

Me: "I'm outside"

Aphindiwe: "Okay ndiyeza."

I waited for her in the car, she appeared from

the staircase ihamba with her girls, one of them had her on their back while abanye were carrying her stuff and they were laughing at something, my concentration though was on my girl, how she had her eyes almost closed from her laughter. When they got at the gate bama, I cocked an eyebrow to this girl who had Aphindiwe on her back, it was Luthando and how the fuck was she not feeling Aphindiwe's weight, inoba waye distract(wa) zindaba. I hooted my car and they all turned their attention to the cars parked near the gate before looking at mine, elalawu lakulo Drew said something and rolled her eyes, Phindi smacked her shoulder and I knew she said about something me. They walked towards my car and when they were about a few steps away I stepped out, earning their attention, I was about when Drew's little sister spoke...

"You should learn to be patient. It's one of the

techniques to keep a lady."

I chuckled and looked at her with my eyebrows furrowed, she carried on

"And djy's a hunk by the way."

Me: "Give me the definition of a hunk"

Wamisa imnwe lomntana and started listing

"Hot, cute, attractive, handsome, hot, yummy..."

Aphindiwe: "Chommie that's enough ngoku"

She looked at Phindi then at me and shrugged her shoulders, I felt sorry for her boyfriend she was too much to handle Iona. I walked over to where Luthando was standing and took Phindi in my arms before mouthing a thank you ku Luthando, one of the girls helped open the passenger door, ndambeka, opened the boot and placed her stuff in there, she had three flippen bags, I didn't understand how many clothes women really needed. When we were

done with that I had to wait elinye ixesha futhi because that coloured girl wouldn't stop talking, she went on and on until she saw me sigh, placing my head on the steering wheel

Drew's sister: "Yuuh friend jou man looks exhausted. I'll fill you in tomorrow."

Aphindiwe: "Bye baby"

"Ons sal moré praat."

Aphindiwe: "Lootlove ujonge uWhatsApp wakho evha. Bye girls."

Then she turned to me, I still had my head on the steering wheel but staring at her, she smiled at me before leaning in and placing a kiss in my forehead

"Xolo." She whispered those words and I was still looking at her, I tried not to smell but I failed anyway, she was just too cute. I adjusted my seat and started the engine...

Me: "Niyathetha hey"

Aphindiwe: "Ndibaggibele kudala ke kodwa babe"

I turned and looked at her while I drove out of the parking, joining the road

Me: "Ngubani igama lalamntana wakulo Drew?"

Aphindiwe: "Kimberley"

Me: "Fuck uyathetha. How does her boyfriend cope?"

Wahleka ubaby wam shame, looking at me, she turned on her seat and faced me before answering me

"Funny part wayekufuna."

Me: "What? (Chuckles) I wouldn't tolerate her in a million years. Uyathetha."

Aphindiwe: "She's fun to be around kodwa"

Me: "And I guess that means awusoze uyeke"

ubayi chommie yakhe"

Aphindiwe: "Funeke ndiyeke"

She had her eyebrows raised at me, concern written all over her face

Me: "No, but knowing that she's Andrew's sis..."

Aphindiwe: "Babe please toro, please. You know as much as you don't want to talk about Nomthandazo, ndim lowo ngoAndrew"

Me: "Okay. Pardon me"

She looked at me before shaking her head and laying back on the seat, she closed her eyes and asked, "Ihambe njani imeeting?"

Me: "Kakuhle but we working amongst stubborn people so it dragged for itthree hours yonke"

Aphindiwe: "Ingathi nizipoliticians"

Me: "Shit like that"

She didn't reply, I glanced at her and saw she

had her eyes closed so I drove in silence for that time until I spoke to her but akaphendula, great she was sleeping. About 12KM from my estate, I stopped at a shopping complex and found a place to park my car, I woke her up

"Hmmm?"

Me: "Ufuna utya ntoni for supper?"

She rubbed her eyes and looked at me, holding her head, I furrowed my eyebrows at her

Me: "Unentloko?"

Aphindiwe: "No baby, qha I felt dizzy for that moment"

Me: "Okay. Ufuna utya ntoni?"

Aphindiwe: "Anything babe. Wena uzotya ntoni?"

I chuckled and looked at her, before leaning in to kiss her, she smiled immediately when my lips contacted with hers. I opened the door and

stepped out, I was about to close the door when she asked "Uyaphi?"

Me: "To buy food kaloku babe"

Aphindiwe: "Mna uyandishiya?"

She asked that pouting, I leaned on my seat and looked at her, she looked down at me and didn't remove the pout from her face

Me: "Let me go buy it baby, ndizobuya ngoku. Kaloku awunamilenze wena."

She looked at me wakhamsa, I blew her a kiss and closed the door, heading to Wimpy, she didn't tell me what she'd like to eat so I'd get her what I was eating. Ndathi ugqibakwam ufumana our orders I headed back to the car and we drove off to the estate, I was exhausted, I could feel uba my plan of chatting my night through with this lady here would be ruined because ndandisozela already.

Now seated on the couches, I had the soccer

channel on and I was concentrating on the match yeMan United and Liverpool when I heard her talk...

"Huh?"

I still had my eyes on the TV and took my time to look at her, she had her arms folded over her chest

Me: "Xolo baby, just that le match"

Aphindiwe: "You're addicted kwi soccer"

Me: "It's my part time job kaloku Phindi"

Aphindiwe: "Nyani?"

Me: "I told you this"

Aphindiwe: "Hayi Mihle, uyaphosisa."

I narrowed my eyes at her with my head tilted

"Maybe wawuxelela enye intombi."

Me: "Ubuzothini"

Aphindiwe: "Ncooo you're so cute xa ukhalala or

avoiding something. But I'm serious ke kodwa you didn't tell me Phopho"

Me: "(chuckles) Khaze ndiphuze"

Aphindiwe: "I was asking you to go fill up ibhafu for me, ndizoyohlamba"

Me: "Now it's you oavoida lento ndiyithethayo"

She took a french fry and put it in her mouth before looking up at me, I was done eating so I packed the boxes and salt sachets before standing up and leaning forward, I tilted her head with my hand and placed a kiss on her lips before walking to the kitchen, I returned with my refilled nge Grape juice...

Me: "We'll shower together"

She had a mouthful burger bite and looked at me, her eyes a little bigger than their normal size. She quickly chewed as if what she wanted to say would slip her mind if she took her time, I leaned on the wall and waited for her to finish...

Aphindiwe: "Shower nam?"

Me: "Ewe is there a problem?"

Aphindiwe: "But I'm (pause) I don't think I'm ready for that"

I tilted my head and looked at her

"Baby."

She looked at me with a more concentrated look

Me: "You'll never be ready for such. Postponing it will make you even more nervous ngoba uzohlala uyicinga and thinking about consequences zayo but we've seen each other naked already, so sundivimba lena."

She kept quiet but kept staring at me, so I moved from the wall and walked towards her, I sat on the armrest and looked at her before passing my gaze to the TV

"Finish up ke sizoyohlamba."

When she was done, I threw away the brown paper bags and burger packs before helping her to the bedroom, in there I undressed and grabbed two navy large towels from the wardrobe before turning to look at her, the way she looked at me showed uba she had been staring at me for a while now, her gaze went from my face, down to my tanned stomach, it stayed there for a while before she absentmindedly sighed, she was about to say something when I spoke

"They're all yours ngoku."

She looked at me and giggled, covering her eyes with her hands, she couldn't stop giggling. I walked over to her and knelt down in between her legs and she uncovered her eyes endijonga...

Me: "Uyazifuna"

Aphindiwe: "Baby haibo?"

Me: "Do you nyani?"

She looked at me, still smiling crazy before she nodded slowly, I chuckled and stood up unbuckling her bra from the back with one hand, my other was on her thigh, we stares at each other and I love how her face changed from having a smile to having a sexy, sort of horny look within a second, I leaned forward and placed a wet kiss on her neck while my hand made its way up her thigh, lifting the grey tight cotton skirt she was wearing, when my hand made contact with her womanhood she gasped for air and I stopped and looked at her, I searched for her ear and whispered

"Not tonight baby."

She opened her eyes slowly, biting on her bottom lip while blushing, I kissed her forehead

"Khulula babe."

She was still looking at me,blushing endlessly.

I swear if this is how she would look at me all the day long, I would fill like quoting work and staying home, in bed, with her in my arms for as long as I want.

106th Entry

Nomthandazo

Tuesday morning I tried getting up but something in me just wasn't up for it, I felt like I was half dead and what caused that were a million reasons, one being how my gut feeling told me that witch wasn't at school but at a place I used to call my second home, how I was indecisive on what to do with the baby that was growing in me and thirdly how I tried calling Mihle using my cell phone ndafika ukwi voicemail but when I tried ngeka Azola it rang which indicated that I was rejected. But why?

You know I've never ever thought I'd be in such a situation, where I'd feel like dying because spiritually yayisele ingathi I'm dead already.

I turned on my bed and looked the other side when I heard the door open, I don't know who walked in by they were in heels and I knew it could only be one of two people, either my mother or Sivuyisiwe...

"Nomthandazo."

It was Vhuvhu, I didn't respond until I heard her walk around my bed to the other side, she looked at me enxiba amacici

Sivuyisiwe: "Nomthandazo"

I looked at her because all this time I had my eyes open, "Mmmmm?"

Sivuyisiwe: "Aren't you going to work?"

Me: "Hayi"

Sivuyisiwe: "Ngoba?"

I looked at her, she was really interrogating me, in such a morning, well I wasn't up for it so I turned and faced the other side

"Sulking apha, missing work hours for a man who clearly doesn't give a damn about you is actually going to cost you ngoba yena uyavuka ngoku, uya emsebenzini."

Me: "Vhuvhu please toro."

Sivuyisiwe: 'Ndi serious"

Me: "Bye Sivuyisiwe."

Sivuyisiwe: "Izolo ubuye early from work because ungakwaz ukhupha uMihle from your mind. You allowing le break up ikutye. People break up Nomtha, ewe I understand uba eyakho came unexpected and in all wrong ways kodwa woman up toro."

I kept quiet and she walked pass the bed heading the door, before she opened it to step out, she turned and looked at me...

"Don't let someone like uMihle destroy all the great stuff you already have ngalento."

She was about to open the door when I asked

Me: "Why uzothetha ngoMihle yedwa?"

She turned and looked at me, raising her eyebrows at me

Sivuyisiwe: "Ngendithetha ngabani?"

Me: "uAphindiwe lona?"

Sivuyisiwe: "Aphindiwe? Userious Nomthandazo?"

I sat up and looked at her, this one needed me uba ndihlale ngempundu ke sisi

Me: "Why nim'protecta lomntana? I fail to understand yazi"

Sivuyisiwe: "Nomthandazo inxaki yakho you're turning a blind eye kuyo yonke lento, yes Aphindiwe took your man but nuMihle who approached her ezazi uba unawe"

Me: "Yena uvumelani?"

Sivuyisiwe: "Nomthandazo look at your man, fix your man kuqala, he isn't any innocent kulento qha you just don't want to blame it kuye."

Me: "Aphindiwe seduced him!"

Wakhamisa uVhuvhu before clapping her hands, she pulled that pity filled face before holding the door handle and opening the door, sent turned and looked at me...

"I don't want to seem unsupportive kodwa if uMihle ebekuthanda, ngengavumanga uba seduced."

And with that she walked out. From those words my heart felt heavy instantly, maybe I was being ignorant towards this whole situation but the way I felt about this man didn't allow me to blame him, I wanted to fight for him but in me, I had nothing left.

Right after waking up at noon, I took a long bathe, it was so long I repeatedly added warm water in the tub four times before I stepped out and headed for my bedroom. My plan was to stay in bed and think of a way ahead through this depressed situation and life I had but when my girlfriends told me about going out and somehow mentioned my favorite I knew I had to. Bed suddenly wasn't an option, what would make me feel better would be a shot or two, it would help numb all this shitty pain I was feeling.

So that day was yet another day when I'd be what that witch referred to me as, a drunkard and that time around I was showing a middle finger to all those who were quick to judge me but knew shit about what I was facing. It was my life after all!

Aphindiwe

I was still seated on the bed when he stepped out heading to the bathroom, I couldn't stop blushing ngoba lobhuti always found a way of making me wet between my legs just one simple skin to skin contact and I was gone. I missed him, in that way if you know what I mean, kaloku mntaka dabs kwaku bad kulo situation yam, I needed to get back on my feet once again so I'd get him futhi, I had cravings.

I removed my bra and struggled a little with my skirt, now in only a bra and nothing else I called out for him and he answered from the bathroom...

"Phindi!"

Me: "Ndicela uzondithatha!"

It took him a while before he appeared at the door and leaned on the wall, looking at me, he smirked...

Me: "Yintoni?"

Mihle: "Nothing, it's just that ifunny yonke lento, azange ndacinga uba namhlanje I'd be looking at you like this, under my roof"

Me: "Do you regret it?"

He removed his body from the wall and walked towards the bed, he sat down next to me wandijonga

Mihle: "I wouldn't. Andinasizathu sozisola"

I nodded before leaning in and kissing his cheek, I went over to his ear and took his earlobe in between my teeth, he chuckled grabbing hold of my waist, I was about to find his lips when he moved back a little looking at me with the most naughtiest smile ever, wahleka la ntsini ndiyithandayo...

Mihle: "Bendithe not ngoku kaloku babe, I'd hurt you kaloku ngoku"

I looked at him trying to suppress the smile I had on my face. He got up, pulled me up gently, he had his hands on my arms, I stood up and leaped forward towards him. I thought we'd walk to the bathroom but when he placed his arm on my legs and the other on my back to hold my weight, I screamed nje kancinci...

Me: "Uzondiwisa babe (giggles)"

Mihle: "Asoze babe."

Me: "Uyancwina njena already"

He chuckled and we entered the bathroom, as he found a way to put me down, my heart raced under my ribcage, this was really happening and I was fucken nervous. The water in the shower was running, he kept on adjusting the taps and feeling the temperature of the water, I assumed it was alright when he looked at me and signaled we should step in, I moved closer, leaping and he stepped in extending his hand.

Mihle: "Mind your step babe"

I looked up at him before looking at my step, he stepped closer and picked me up for the second time in five minutes, I giggled when he placed his hands close to my armpits

Mile: "(chuckles) stop moving baby."

Me: "Uyandinyumbaza mfondin"

Mihle: "No I'm not."

He placed me inside and closed the sliding door, I had my hand under the water when I felt his hands on my head, endinxibisa ishower cap. I attempted on turning but he held me firm on that position and when he came closer, closing the gap between us I felt the goosebumps growing on my body.

Mihle: "Step forward baby"

I tilted my head and looked up at him before stepping directly under the tap, the water hitting

my head through shower cap, every step I took he took too not wanting to form the distance between us futhi. After some time sime phantsi kwe tap he moved me slowly towards the wall and I held onto it, I was about to ask uba why endibambisa edonga when he spoke...

"Ndizokuhlamba."

Hayi with this painful leg I jumped mntaka bawo and faced him, wayengasoze akwazi kaloku

Me: "Uzondihlamba?"

He moved back under the tap and allowed the water to run down his body, from head to toes, I avoided looking at his waist and anything further down. I was still biting the inside of my mouth when he took two steps and closed the gap between us, I was leaning against the wall ndamjonga...

Mihle: "Ewe ndizokuhlamba, is there a problem?"

Me: "I can wash myself njena babe"

Mihle: "Kanjani? You can barely balance"

Me: "Ndiyakwazi ebhafini"

He narrowed his eyes endijongile and I stared back at him before shaking his head. He took a large body shampoo from the product rack and applied it on a sponge before looking at me...

'Ndikuhlamba kule view or back view?'

Me: "Mile hayi"

Mihle: "Baby iphi inxaki when I'm scrubbing you?"

Me: "Sukuthi scrub, makes me feel dirty"

Mihle: "(sighs) when I'm washing you?"

Me: "That's better. Well awuzokwazi undihlamba"

He narrowed his eyes at me before asking, "Ngoba?"

Me: "Hayi baby."

Haikhe sana umntu wam, he placed the sponge on my neck and started rubbing it, uthe xa ezofika on my boob I stopped

looking at him and grabbed hold of his arm, he looked down at me...

"Baby can I bat..."

I didn't finish that sentence when he closed the distance between us even more, now pressing me against the wall with his body, I looked down at his chest which wasn't far from my face and bit my lower lip, my breathing was crazy. As close as he was, he attempted on bathing me but what he failed to understand was how much of a turn on this was to me and that's why I constantly stopped him. When I stopped his hand which had the sponge and was now close to my bellyring he didn't ask why but he found my inner thigh with his other hand

and immediately my hold on his hand loosened. I froze right at that position and I heard him chuckle in a husky voice

Mihle: "Behave babe okanye we gonna have a problem. Singahlala kule shower all day"

He whispered those words and with every word he spoke, the smile in his was evident

Me: "Inxaki I want to..."

I stopped once again when this time around I felt his index finger in between my pussy lips

"You want to what?"

Ndathula and he went further with his finger until he found my already wet pussy hole, he switched fingers and before he pushed in his middle finger, he whispered

"Ndijonge babe?"

I opened my eyes just a little and looked at him but I knew he was satisfied that I at least had

them open, next thing I know I felt his finger in me, using my left leg I stood on its tippy toes

Mihle: "Uthi ufuna ntoni baby?"

Me: "Mmmmhuh?"

Mihle: "What do you want?"

Me: "I... I... Ahhhh"

Ndabamba his hand and pushed it deeper, wayendidlalisa kaloku yena and he didn't get how much I wanted him kodwa ke ndaphoxeka because immediately when I pushed his hand deeper so I would have that finger in me as a whole he stopped and looked at me, running his thumb on my bottom lip which I just licked

Mihle: "I have a better way of doing this uyabona."

Me: "Which is?"

Mihle: "I want you standing kule position ukuyo until I'm done. I'm gonna kiss you, every part of

your body, apho ndifuna khona, in any way possible."

I looked at him and smiled when the butterflies in my tummy multiplied crazily, he carried on "Andizokuyeka until you cum. And that will be all for the night."

I looked at him and nodded, wancuma.

He stepped back and looked at me, his look wasn't of lust, it wasn't as though he was looking at any other girl, it made me feel beautiful, wanted emotionally and physically.

His gaze stayed at my face before he moved in and placed a wet kiss on my collar bone, I gasped lowly for air, holding his head ngoba the electronic weaves it sent down my spine were unbearable...

Mihle: "No touching babe."

He whispered that sentence and I moved my

hand slowly before closing my eyes again. I felt his tongue slide between my breast down to my belly ring, ndayazi shit was going to go down.

Thixo wamaZulu, if every man was exciting as the one I had, dick sizes wouldn't be a problem!

107th Entry

Andrew

I had my laptop ontop of the dining table, looking at my schedule of the next two weeks, it was tight and it frustrated me because I wanted a way or two of squeezing in a day when I'd go and see Aphindiwe. The last time I saw her our conversation didn't end on terms because I was still a little astounded that she had something going on with Miles, she never denied it to me

so I presumed there was something happening and I hoped it was the past by now because the Miles I knew didn't really go back to any female once he was done with her, except for that girlfriend of his.

The only reasonable excuse for seeing Skatebal was because Kimberley was here at my place during this weekend and I somehow asked about her, she ended up telling me that Aphindiwe was home due to an accident that happened weeks ago but was returning to school anytime soon. What I wanted to know was if she was back and was okay with me seeing her because I wanted to talk to her, I honestly still wanted to know her, personal and knowing that I'd be away for almost two weeks I had to talk to her...

Bianca: "What you thinking about?"

I turned and looked at Bianca, she was more like a sister to me now and she entered and left

my house anyway she wanted, now she was here, chopping some fruits to eat with yoghurt

Me: "Dink ek?"

Bianca: "Dit lyk so"

I shook my head slowly before turning to the television again...

"There's this girl who was involved in an accident. Kimberley het vir my gesê that she can't even walk properly."

Bianca: "So why does that bother you?"

I kept quiet, my gaze still on the laptop in front of me, after some time I turned on the couch and looked at Bianca, she carried on

"Or maybe djy's turned on by her."

Me: "Turned on?(Chuckles)"

Bianca: "Yes, remember you always had bad girls coming your way so or maybe you went their way."

Me: "Nie, they came my way."

She giggled and checked her purple wrist watch, she went back to chopping her fruits, she was on her fifth or sixth apple and the strawberries I don't even want to think about. I decided to ask when one of the biggest bowls I had in my cardboard were now half way full...

"Are those only for you?"

Bianca: "No, of course not. Sinalo is coming over"

Me: "Who is she with? She's always bringing people over."

Bianca: "Ek weet nie."

Me: "Is she still with that boyfriend of hers?"

She laughed, poking a strawberry piece with a fork and bringing it to her mouth

"Drew djy's honger."

Me: "Nie eens 'n bietjie maa' I just want to know

if they're still together, you know how much my laaitie liked that chickita."

Bianca: "Y'all are horny motherfuckers though and ndanixelela a lot of times not to go hungryy over my girls"

Me: "As if y'all behave around my boys?"

She stopped the slow chopping she was doing and placed the knife down, wiped her hands and walked around the counter to the chair where I was sitting, she pulled out her own chair and sat...

Bianca: "Hence we're talking about friends, where's Mihle?"

Me: "Miles?"

Bianca: "The one and only"

Me: "It's been ages since I spoke to that laaitie. Why you ask?"

Bianca: "Just (long pause) You must invite him

over."

I nodded because I understood why she wanted him over, I then turned my attention to my laptop which just alerted me about the email I've been waiting for, I went through it and immediately after reading through it I stood up and took my phone with, I needed to make an urgent phone call. Before heading to the balcony I went to my room and took my cigarette and lighter with, I was now on my way to the balcony whilst dialing the Romeo's number...

"Laaitie."

Me: "Hoe gaan dit?"

Romeo: "Ek's ncaa bro, hoe gaan dit met jou?"

Me: "Goed. We got a problem here, maa' moenie bang wees nie, dis niks erenstig nie."

Romeo: "Talk"

Me: "I got contacted by the guys"

Romeo: "Van Phillipi?"

Me: "Ja en djy cava wat om te jikijela"

Romeo: "Djy het my bro"

Me: "Aweza bro"

I still had my phone on my ear, done with the conversation when I heard noises from the kitchen, in fact female voices, so I hung up and stepped back inside towards the kitchen without lighting the Malbore cigarette. I arrived at the kitchen and saw not only Sinalo but she was with some other guy and with my boy, Papi...

Me: "Boy"

Papi: "Yeah chap, how are you?"

Me: "Goed net. Sinalo (pause) hello"

She turned her gaze from Bianca and looked at me, smiling. I carried on speaking to her...

"You do know once you're under someone's roof, you should greet them first because right now I have every right to kick you out."

Sinalo: "But you wouldn't though."

She tilted her head and waited for me to oppose on that but I wasn't going to, like any other Xhosa woman, she talked a lot and was loud so I wouldn't win the argument either way.

Me: "So where have you been? One minutes djy's hierso the next you're no more around Cape Town."

Sinalo: "I'm from Pietermaritzburg right now, I arrived this weekend?"

Me: "Hoe lank bly djy?"

She pouted her lips at me with her eye closed before she replied, "I don't know yet but ndizohamba."

Me: "Any luck, with work?"

She shook her head and turned her attention to Papi who just touched her waist, he whispered something in her ear and I chuckled when I saw her face go from a beautiful smile to a disgusted one and I could just imagine what my boy must have said to her...

Papi: "Boy this is my poes of a brother, remember the one ek het vir djy..."

Me: "Daardie eene of three girls at a party?"

The boy looked at me and laughed, shaking his head. He looked like someone as young as early 20

Papi: "The one and only poes"

Me: "Ek's Andrew."

He nodded smiling and I moved from where I was standing when Papi grabbed the cigarette I had out of my hand, he moved a few steps back...

Papi: "Khafumane eyakho bro, ek plead jou"

I threw him the lighter and walked towards my bedroom while he headed for the balcony, right after then I went to the balcony, with two cigarette in my hand, my boy smoked like crazy.

We had our first cigarettes in silence until mine was halfway done, his was almost finished...

Me: "Djy moes cava die Aphindiwe meisie?"

Papi: "Aphindiwe is daa' eene met die body that screams take me to bed."

Me: "(chuckles) Fuck off."

Papi: "Yep, I remember her. Hoekom?"

Me: "I want to talk to her"

He clapped his hands right after throwing the finished cigarette down the balcony, he looked at me chowing on his lower lip before saying

"But?"

Me: "But there's Miles."

Papi: "That poes of a laaitie. What's he doing, eating her?"

Me: "Ek dink so. She didn't say exactly but the last time I was with both of them, what he said to me was I can have her."

Papi: "Have her?"

I looked at the view in front of us, taking my time to respond

"Yes. Like have her."

Papi: "Then why don't you take her? Fuck her! What was up with him?"

Me: "Something went wrong between the two of them and I happened to be around"

Papi: "Mxm. Dick of a niggur"

I laughed. I knew how much him and Miles couldn't stand each other, they were both hooligans and fuck boys but the fuck boy part

had nothing to do with their beef, this was strictly business, it had to do with business and how I replaced him with Miles. From business, it was then affected by girls...

Me: "Does this got to do with who fucked Bianca first?"

Papi: "Lyk ek so honger nah Andrew?"

Me: "(laughs) no dog, erens nie maa' djy's mos baie mal so I assumed it had to do with Bianca"

Papi: "How much time did he use her?"

Me: "Use? What the fuck bra!"

Papi: "He uses them mos"

I laughed and shook my hand, he threw the last bit of his cigarette and lit the second one, I pulled out my cellphone from my denim shorts and unlocked it, searching for Aphindiwe's contact, when I found it I rang her, just when I was about to hang up, she picked up...

"Hello?"

She sounded unsure as she greeted but I believed she still had my number, I never gave her any reason to delete it, unless...

Me: "How are you?"

Aphindiwe: "I'm good"

I was about to talk when I heard shuffling but she stopped moving and I carried on talking

Me: "Can I see you?"

Aphindiwe: "Who am I talking to?"

I chuckled, I didn't think she'd ask that

"Andrew."

Aphindiwe: "Oh hello."

The smile in her voice was evident and it made me smile too

Me: "Hello. I need to see you hey"

Aphindiwe: "Uhm see me?"

Me: "Is there a problem?"

She kept quiet and I waited for her to talk but when she didn't talk I asked her what's wrong

Aphindiwe: "Where do you want to see me?"

Me: "Any place you cool with."

Aphindiwe: "The thing is I'm not at Res."

Me: "Where you? I can come fetch you"

Aphindiwe: "No, you can't."

Me: "Hoekom?"

She kept quiet and I waited for her once again, I needed to know why and if it had to do with Miles then I had to know. Honestly I wasn't planning on being on competition with Mihle nor create some mad beef with him, we were good business partners but what irritated me was how he acted like he owned her, she couldn't even breath properly or make decisions for herself and I've only known her for a short

while and she acted like she was scared of him already. How long have they known each other? She said "uhm" for the second time now so I asked her...

Me: "Where you?"

Aphindiwe: "I'm at Mihle's"

Me: "And where's he?"

Aphindiwe: "At work"

Me: "Send me your current location then"

Aphindiwe: "I can't Andrew. He said he might come back early"

I closed my eyes and chuckled lowly, she was really scared of him

Me: "Okay I'll wait for the right time. And I heard you had an accident, I hope you recovering."

Aphindiwe: "Yes I am"

Me: "Alright then Skatiebal, I'll see you."

"Bye."

I hung and sighed, absentmindedly

Papi: "And then, the furrowed eyebrows?"

I didn't even know I had my eyebrows furrowed, I looked at Papi and shook my head again.

Papi: "What's wrong?"

Me: "Sy's daa' by his pouze"

Papi: "Who's pouze?"

Me: "Miles"

Papi snorted from exasperation and shook his head, he really despised the guy

Papi: "Take her brother."

I chuckled and move away from where I was standing and headed back inside, Papi followed me. Inside, the girls were eating that fruit and yoghurt thing they made for themselves, talking amongst themselves.

My mind was on this Aphindiwe thing and how she allowed this dude to use her the way he was doing and since she was at his place, seeing her wasn't going to be easy but I knew I'd see her eventually, either when I go to school to see Kimberley or through plans. I wanted to see her, talk to her and I would whether Miles approved of it or not.

Aphindiwe

I was sitting at the lounge watching cartoons, in fact I wasn't watching them but I had them on anyway. I had bathed already ngoba in the morning ndavuka noMihle and he drove me to the hospital for my check up before he went to work. Excitedly I was making great progress and the doctor told me by the end of this week I would be able to either walk on my own, leaping

of course or to use one crutch, yayengathi akafiki uFriday. I was extremely bored ke apha ngoba I was alone kulendlu, after having eaten I drank my pills and right now drowsiness was kicking in but I was still on WhatsApp and I missed my man, he had a meeting going on so the last time I spoke naye was about an hour ago.

I found myself drifting off to sleep, on the couch which was something I hated but instead of heading to bed I decided to go through box office and check the movies and series this man had. I found a list but settled for Prison Break season two, after the third episode I lost track of time and even stopped looking at the watch hanging on the wall. I had my focus on the television when my phone rang, ndaphuthaphutha on the couch however my gaze was still on the TV, I looked at the screen of my cell phone before answering...

"Baby."

Mihle: "Jonga Phindi, I'm at Pick'N'Pay and I want to know ufunantoni?"

Me: "Ndifuna ntoni?"

Mihle: "Ewe things you'll need that you might want to eat ngomso and the other days because ngomso andizokwazi ukuza apha ePick'N'Pay."

Me: "Why don't I write them ku WhatsApp?"

Mihle: "Thetha baby"

Me: "Okay, ukweyiphi iaisle ngoku?"

Mihle: "Cereals"

Me: "Rice krispies neAll Bran"

"That's all?"

Me: "Ewe"

Mihle: "Okay hold on ke"

I waited and when he was on the next aisle he

asked what I wanted, he carried on doing that until he got at the fridge"

Me: Zizobanintsi ke apha"

Mihle: "(chuckles) thetha ke baby."

Me: "Cela iUltra Mel"

Mihle: "Oh ungenile ngoku?"

Me: "(giggles) Mxm. And Mango Krush, if ayikho ibeye Orang. Activa yogurts"

Mihle: "Zibengaphi and which size?"

"500g, noba yi two."

Mihle: "That's all you need mos?"

Me: "Ndicinga njalo yes."

Mihle: "Okay babe"

Me: "Ubuya nini?"

Mihle: "From here ndiyeza"

I nodded before saying "Okay."

He hung up and I placed my phone back on the couch before averting my attention back to the TV, I don't know how long I was laying on that couch until I heard the sound of an engine being turned off, I couldn't help the smile they grew on my face. He walked in ephethe four plastic bags, two in each hand...

Me: "Welcome back."

Mihle: "Khande uphile babe, for now you're useless."

The smile I had on my face got replaced by a hanging mouth, he placed the plastic on the counter and walked to where I was seated at the lounge, I looked at him causing him to laugh a little

Mihle: "Xolo ke babe but you know what I mean"

I shook my head, sitting up properly. He bent further holding my face on either side of my cheeks and kissed me, when he pulled back I

had the craziest smile on my face...

"Now that I missed."

Me: "Vala ecango babe."

He looked at the door then at me, then at the door again and instead of going for the door like I expected him to, he pulled me up gently and took me in his arms, I kept on screaming and kicking but he didn't stop walking maybe it was because ndandihleka in between, waphuma phandle and when we were outside he whispered in my ear stopping me from giggling...

"We going out."

He looked at while I was still in his arms, blushing is an understatement, my cheek bones hurt instantly from what I was doing which I wouldn't call smiling nor blushing, I was over the moon.

Jonga mntaka somnci there was no way I was denying all this, I loved this dude and this shit didn't feel like the honeymoon phase, it felt like I was living through that Jack and Rose relationship ku Titanic.

108th Entry

Mihle

The smile on her face was angelic, it was beautiful, enough to make any man want to take her away from me but babezonya apha kum, she was mine.

I opened the passenger seat of my car and placed her there, she wouldn't stop smiling, I held the door and looked at her...

Me: "You been smiling lonke elixesha"

Aphindiwe: "You make me happy"

I tilted my head and stared hard at her, I couldn't stop smiling myself, she was just contagious. I wanted to make her feel that way forever, I wanted us to groom each other, I wasn't promising her a smooth ride with no bumps or potholes but I was definitely going to love her no matter what...

Aphindiwe: "Ndicela ukuthuma"

Me: "Do I have an option kodwa?"

She giggled before telling me to fetch her handbag and cellphone for her, wayefuna utshintsha eziliphasi but I told to keep them on, we weren't going to any places fancy lomhlobo, it was just Spur. I went back into the house and got what he asked for, I didn't change my uniform but I did however leave my hat, I didn't need it. I returned back into the car and after closing my door she turned and looked at me...

"Siyaphi?"

Me: "eSpur"

Aphindiwe: "Nice. Masambhe ke Phopho"

Me: "You need to get better Phopho so uzokwazi uma phaya ekitchen and cook for us"

Wandijonga with her eyebrows up a little, I drove away from the driveway and looked at her again as we headed for the gate...

Me: "Kutheni wandijonga kanjalo?"

Aphindiwe: "Inxaki I can't cook"

She said that in a low voice, looking at me, I turned my gaze from the road to her then back to the road, she didn't look like she was joking so I wasn't going to take it as a joke.

Me: "You not joking right?"

Aphindiwe: "No babe, andikwaz"

Me: "Why didn't you learn from your mother?"

I noticed she stopped moving immediately

when I asked that, I forgot this lady and myself didn't know each other much, so I didn't know what would upset her and not...

"Did I say anything wrong babe?"

Aphindiwe: "No"

I looked at her again and she was staring straight ahead, it bothered me really because she didn't look happy all of a sudden, so without having said a word to her again I only found a place to park my car at the off ramp, curiosity covered her face and she had every reason to be curious because I was about to interrogate her. Right after parking the car, I switched off my engine and turned on my seat, looking at her...

Me: "Masithethe babe"

She sighed closing her eyes, I was studying here every move, she sighed again before opening her eyes and looking at me, she faked

a smile, I knew that ngoba ndandisazi uba
sinjani

Aphindiwe: "Ufuna ndithini?"

Her tone was low, she wasn't staring at me so I placed my hand under her chin and tilted her head, she wasn't the Aphindiwe I knew, something was bothering her...

Me: "What's wrong?"

Aphindiwe: "Akhonto"

Me: "Babe, andizalwanga izolo (long pause)
what is it?"

Aphindiwe: "Mihle can we just go toro"

I folded my arms and looked at her, I hope she knew well uba I wasn't going to give this one in, she was going to talk, bulking up things and not talking to anybody about them had a negative impact nakubani nah and I wasn't going to have someone who was sad living under my room...

Me: "Asihambe apha til you talk"

Aphindiwe: "Ndithetha ndithini?"

Me: "You're going to tell me uba kutheni xa ndibuza ngoMamakho you mood changes"

Aphindiwe: "That should be clear uba andifuni uthetha ngayo and that's why ndizotshintsha when she's mentioned"

Me: "Ngoba?"

Aphindiwe: "Ngoba andifuni uthetha ngayo. Don't you get it?!"

Me: "Don't raise your voice at me and just talk."

I had my eyebrows furrowed right now, I seriously wasn't going to have let it go because if I did na the next time ndifuna uthetha ngayo lento she'd find an excuse of running away from it so there was no turning back, we were talking about it whether she wanted or not.

"I don't want to talk about it, please."

Her voice was shaky kengoku and she wouldn't stop blinking, something was hurting her but for me to know I needed her to talk, for me to understand all she had to do was open up to me

Me: "Try babe"

Aphindiwe: "You wouldn't understand."

I moved closer on my seat and touched her thigh

Me: "Try me baby"

She shook her head, closing her eyes, it is only then I realized she had tears in her eyes when she closed them, releasing a tear from each eye. I was worried kengoku what could be so bad that she couldn't talk about, that when she tried it brought her to a breaking point. I brought my thumb to her tear and captured it, I was still staring at her when I took her face in my hands, I wiped the tears with my thumbs from both her cheeks and she looked at me, I didn't ask her to

talk again because she tried telling me...

"I don't have umama."

I furrowed my eyebrows at her, letting go of her face slowly, I couldn't have imagined it.

Aphindiwe: "She passed away 2014."

Me: "I'm sorry"

Aphindiwe: "And you know what hurts me the most, is how she left me all by myself, it's the situation she left me in, the hope that I'd have a little sister, someone to bond with."

Me: "What happened?"

She shook her head countless times, for a moment she sounded like she wasn't crying at all, it was just tears coming out of her eyes, it was sad because there was nothing I could do about this. I was still looking at her when she really did cry, making that sound which everybody knew you were crying, she was

shaking enaso nesiingqala, I opened the door of my car and stepped out heading to the other side of the car where she was seated, after coming the door I brought her closer in my arms. I know uba ndandithe she's gonna talk about it whether she wants to or not but this was enough for the day. In my touch she relaxed a bit, her cry soften but she was still crying because every time she sniffed, her body indicating that uyalila...

Me: "Baby thula kaloku, ndiyakucela Mambhele"

She shook her head which was laying on my stomach, I gently pulled her out and she allowed me to, I took her in my arms, her feet were hanging because in my hug ndandimnyusile. After some time she stopped crying she only had hiccups from crying ngoku but she wasn't anymore. Right now she was standing on her feet but her body was still leaning against mine, I didn't stop begging her

and repeatedly saying "shhhh" until she completely stopped moving, I pulled back and looked at her...

Me: "Baby?"

She wasn't looking at me, she was staring hard at my chest as if thinking so I tilted her face and looked at her, for lemizuzu her eyes were already swollen

"I'm sorry."

She just stared at me and honestly I felt bad for forcefully digging up something she didn't want to talk about even though I knew she was going to tell me anyway ngoba she has no option, if we were planning to go long with each other, we had no other choice but to be open with one another.

After ixesha elide sime on that same spot, on the same position with a bunch people looking at us qho xabedlula ngemoto zabo she pulled

back wandijonga...

Me: "Uright?"

She nodded and forced a smile

Me: "Xolo evha"

Aphindiwe: "I'm okay. I have to find a way to let it go, to find closure and accept that she's..."

Wathula, I was still looking at her when I noticed her eyes filling up with tears again

Me: "Masiyeke uthetha ngayo. You'll tell me when you're ready"

She nodded esosula inyembezi zakhe then she giggled before talking

"We got all these people looking at us xabe dlula."

Me: "Inoba bathi ndikukhalisile"

She giggled again endijongga, I placed a long back kiss on her forehead and moved back

whispering

"Usafuna uyotyia out or should we just order phaya endlini?"

Aphindiwe: "Ha.a masiye kulendawo besisiya kuyo"

I nodded, helped her back into the car and we drove off, in small talks and in between those I realized how much care I had for this lady because ever since that breakdown I couldn't stop thinking what was the possible way to make her forgive and move on from this burden.

We arrived at Spur and we ordered our meal, our mood was better by now because we were laughing sihleba the waitress who came to ask for our order, wayegeza kelo baby wam ngoba she was the one who noticed the error kula weave yakhe and now she wouldn't stop making silly comments about it...

Me: "Awusanga marn, ide ibengathi wayiyela

eskolweni lento"

Aphindiwe: "Kodwa nyani baby. Uyabona baby akamhlanga ncam usisi kodwa I bet she isn't bad kodwa kengoku uzigqume ngala bonding which isn't helping her situation at all."

Me: "So wena Phopho, ithini isuggestion yakho? She must stay natural?"

Aphindiwe: "Ndifuna uqala ndimbone kwi natural hair, ingathi kanti yingozi kwakulo department"

Me: "(chuckles) you women though."

She looked at me encumile before looking at the waitress who was bringing the glass of water she asked for, as she approached the table I couldn't help but chuckle again, shaking my head.

I was still busy on my WhatsApp when my cell phone rang, it was receiving a call from a private number so I just stared at the screen

and didn't attempt on answering. When it rang the second time Aphindiwe asked me who it was so I just turned the phone kuwe and she pulled a face of concern...

Aphindiwe: "Kutheni ungayiphenduli? What if it's something urgent?"

Me: "If it's urgent then lomntu will contact me without an hidden ID"

She shrugged her shoulder and returned her attention back to the glass of water in front of her. When the phone stopped ringing I went back to WhatsApp and chatted my way through, my baby and I were talking but I stopped talking and started blushing in a manly type of way when I received her text on WhatsApp ethi

"I been staring at you. Umhle Fhaku wam."

I looked up at her with my bottom lip in between my teeth, she was staring at me encumile kakhulu, I think way more than I was...

Me: "You know what that just did to me"

She giggled shaking her head, I chuckled and went back to my phone because she knew exactly what I was talking about. Right after our food arrived, we dined on it, Aphindiwe ordered the meal with ribs and six buffalo wings, some chips and that other shirt, while I just had everything meaty; wings, steak and quarter chicken. Aphindiwe was saying something to me but my attention fell on my phone which vibrated again, receiving a message from WhatsApp, I looked at the message notification ribbon on my cell phone and dragged it down, it was a message from Nomthandazo, surprise overwhelmed me as well as curiosity so I opened it and it read...

"Been tryna call you but you wouldn't pick up. I want to know Mihle, what must I do with this baby?"

And right there I froze, I hadn't forgotten that

she was carrying my baby but I was hoping she wouldn't contact me just when things were falling into place. I held my phone not knowing how to answer that for now kodwa I knew uba whatever decision she was going to take, I prayed aborting my only child wasn't lingering around her mind.

I looked at Aphindiwe and she was concentrating the French fries in front of her. I needed this young woman to be fucken strong for us because ngoku we were heading back to square one.

109th Entry

Nomthandazo

I was laying on a couch at Athi's flat, enjoying

the cool air which was made by the fan. Not long ago I've been talking to Athi, who happens to be my gay friend, about the situation yam noMihle and okwangoku he was gone to the kitchen to dish out some ice cream for us. I didn't understand how it happened that this dude wasn't fat as yet, I mean uyatya lobhuti, maybe he was meant to have a small body. I was humming one of Mihle's favourite songs, Her Heart by Anthony Hamilton, I was deep in wonder land thinking about how love so perfect can just change overnight, it was surprising really and ndandisele ndisiya ndixola because I knew Karma is a bitch, la bitchikazi yomntana would rip what she sowed so I learnt to be patient because I knew it wasn't going to happen now, all I needed to do was to move on and mend myself, what was mine will later on return back to me. Athi stepped back into the lounge ephethe two bowls with caramel ice cream...

Athi: "Ina ke peto"

I sat up and took the bowl, after having the second spoon of this delicious ice cream, he spoke receiving my attention

"Yazi wena chommie yeka ezikaka zabantu, they'll get what they deserve. Bakhe bayivaphi lento bayenzayo."

Me: "Ndiphumile kubo"

Athi: "Baphume chocho, baphume toro."

I nodded scooping yet another spoon full. We stayed quiet for a long while, I was thinking how could I possibly get used to not having someone call me, to not having his arms around me, his lips, his good satisfying dick, his great sex, seeing his smile, his dimple, his touch which would never fail to get me wet. Just the thought of knowing he's giving all those to another woman made me sick to the stomach, it wasn't a great feeling and ndandicinga uba

izondibhityisa yonke lento ngoba it was all I thought off.

Me: "I need to call him"

Athi: "Uzothini kuye?"

Me: "Ndifuna umbuza ngalomntana ndimithi ngaye"

Athi: "Myeke marn peto"

Me: "Ndimyeka njani Athi? How the hell am I supposed to know what to do with lomntan?"

Athi: "Yima! What do you mean what you supposed to do? Aren't you planning on keeping the child?"

Me: "Andazi Athi, I'm just so indecisive."

Athi: "Peto this is your child too bhabha. You never saw me losing my dignity and value because of inja yendoda etye lendunu yam eprecious. So don't, in the long run you'll regret lento."

I sighed, filled another spoon of ice cream and took my phone, I wasn't going to listen to Athi, I needed to know uba wayesithini yena utatomntana. I changed my phone into a private number ngoba I had a huge feeling that he wouldn't answer it if he saw my number. I tried him kayi two and he didn't pick up, I decided to text him on WhatsApp. I noticed right after texting him that he went online, he blueticked my message but didn't respond, ndamlinda sana, I waited for something close to five minutes staring at my phone, waiting for a text hayi sana lendoda instead of answering waphuma kwakulo WhatsApp. You know how fucked up you feel after being blueticked, how rejected you feel, it provoked my anger ke lento especially now that we were apart and he wanted nothing to do with me ngongathi wayetyelwe iyeza. I chuckled ngoba it was ridiculous nyani, what did she have which made him fall for her so quick? Containing the anger I

had, I decided to text him again and to my surprise there was one tick, I believe my face showed how shocked I was because uAthi asked...

"Yintoni Peto?"

Me: "AyingoMihle"

Athi: "Wenzani?"

Me: "This guy. Athi yintoni inxaki yamadoda, why are these people so cruel?"

Athi: "Wenzeni kaloku?"

Me: "I text this guy ogqiba kwakhe undishiya nge blueticks, now I'm texting him again kungena one tick"

Athi: "Did he block you?!"

Wabuza ephakama and found a seat next to him, he grabbed my phone and looked at my texts with Mihle...

Athi: "Hayi kodwa chommie no no. Xa umhlohla

kanje nge texts lomntu, no wonder he's been ignoring you. Ezingaka!"

Me: "I was desperate Athi, I wanted to know uba kuthenu ezondishiya"

Athi: "Nana xa engaphenduli on the first text or second, myeke. Jonga wena na yizolo umbulisile. Ubuzothini kuye?"

Me: "Andazi"

Athi: "Ubumlinga nje qha, testing him to see if he's going to respond nah and that's wrong Nomthandazo. Myeke lomntu, the more you force things the more angazobona sidingo sokukhumbula. Give him time, ungamthethisi."

I sighed, ndandiyazi uba he was right but I just couldn't, I didn't want to let go, I wasn't ready to let it all go, not now.

Athi: "You need to see someone for help"

I raised my eyebrows at him, I wasn't that much

broken that I'd need help from someone who would understand only words from me but not what I was going through.

Me: "That's craziness. Asoze"

He got up, shrugging his shoulders walking to the kitchen, I stay seated on that couch looking far ahead, thinking hard, even though deep down ndandingazazi what to do with this child, I knew losing the second one would kill me mpela ngoba ndandisele ndi half dead already.

I consoled myself in all sorts of ways possible and I believed noba wayemnkile, he wasn't gone for too long.

Bianca

Elaxesha sasihleli kwa Andrew went by well, it

was fun for me because my girl was here, at least I wasn't with the men only, these guys were a pain in the ass. We were now at Andrew's lounge sisitya ipizza talking about the party yale weekend, as usual uPapi was iparty pooper efuna singahambi because like he's always said, he can't party with us girls because siyafunwa, senze nenxaki which is partly true ngoba we fine kaloku. The other reason he didn't want us to go with them, even though he didn't say it, was how uMihle actually won me over him, yes the guy like me but being the classy type of lady I was, there was definitely no way I'd fall for a gangster like him. Well abantu saw uMihle as a gangster too ngoba he was involved in these type of works but he was neat, wayesithi ehamba phaya anuka kamnandi, umhle, unxiba kakhle, wayesenza ikaka sisi.

I was about to comment on what Papi had just said when Sinalo spoke...

"No we not asking you Papi, we leaving nani. Worse ke mna bhuti ndizohamba kungekudala apha, so I need this outing. Andrew where we going babe?"

I giggled ngoba that's how I knew my girl...

Andrew: "We planning to have a party but my boys suggested we have it away from Cape Town."

Me: "Party for?"

Andrew: "We threw parties every year , net vir die progress we've done the previous jaar. We often have them around January but now we had problems, hence Mihle being in the picture."

Sinalo: "Who's Mihle?"

Me: "What picture?"

Papi: "Hayi, B you're going too far. Akufunekanga uyazi lonto"

Sinalo: "Ngubani uMihle?!"

We all looked at her ngoba she actually yelled that question out, I believe we were all giving her annoyed looks when she said...

"Kaloku kudala ndibuza."

Me: "It's some hunk chommie. Isize zam mfondin"

Sinalo: "Thixo wam, Drew is he coming?"

Papi: "Akuzothethwa ngala kaka mos"

Me: "Mxm (pause) you need to learn how to stand the guy ngoba sihamba naye."

Andrew: "We are?"

Me: "He's your business partner. You guys are talking about a business party so umshiyelani?"

Papi: "Kan ek die list draft?"

Sinalo: "Ha.a Papi, no. Awuzokwazi bhuti ngoba kaloku wena uzosiphosisa ngabantu."

Me: "Drew how's this whole thing going? We

leaving for the weekend? With who?"

Andrew: "I'll make phone calls to the people I need around"

I nodded and clapped my hands once, they all looked at me and I couldn't help the smile which made its way to my face, if that was the case I needed to go renew my hairstyle and get my nails done, shit was about to go down.

Papi: "Kuzonyiwa boy!"

He said that getting up, smacking Andrew's shoulder and in the house we all knew what he meant, except for Sinalo and the little boy who came with Papi. I got up and retreated to the kitchen, I was taking back the bowl which we used for the fruit dessert we just ate, when I returned to the lounge Sinalo was already on her feet, her handbag in her hands and just after saying our goodbyes to the boys, we headed out.

All I could think off was the coming Friday, how much I had a lot to prepare for and how much the coloured side I got from my mother's family would definitely be shown in many ways.

Mihle

Wednesday and Thursday my days with ubaby wam went smooth, I decided I'd talk to Nomthandazo during the weekend, I would make time for her then and we would get the chance to talk about this in a more adult way.

However my plans got ruined Thursday when I got a phone call from Bulelani esithi he received an invitation from Andrew, inviting us to join his team at a weekend getaway they were planning to have. I rejected that because I knew there were a lot of things which could possibly go wrong and many others which were capable of

ruining that getaway but Bulelani being Bulelani he suggested we go, his only reason being how we needed to get deep in their planning so we later form strategies for them so that bazoyeka ubayi tough competition for us. It made senses honestly but I had more important plans this weekend, I had a family to fix in fact kodwa ke I gave in anyway postponing the plans. Right now, on a Friday afternoon I was seated at the lounge with uPhindi wam who had stopped using iwalker from today morning, after the scans the doctor told her the great news uba her bone was rigid but she'd leap for a couple of day before she gets used to walking again, I was now packing my clothes for ubububhanxa betrip to Strand.

Aphindiwe refused uhamba nam so we planned I'd drop her off at school then fetch her again when I return Sunday. This lady whom I happen to be loving a lot was looking at me, her hands

supporting her chin...

Me: "Yintoni ngoku baby?"

Aphindiwe: "Nothing. Nothing at all babe, qha bendingayiqondi this is how much you guys go out"

Me: "Not at all ke Phopho qha nguBulelani lona uforce(stela) izinto."

Aphindiwe: "Then kutheni ungamxelele uba awufuni?"

Me: "It's strictly business babe"

"Then why ubufuna uhamba nam?" Was what she asked next, I stopped folding the jeans I had in my hands and looked at her, she stared back at me esusa her chin from her palms and sitting up straight, I had my eyes narrowed at her...

Me: "You wouldn't understand."

She nodded averting her gaze from me to the

television, I was looking at her before I went back to what I was doing, her natural hair which was just a mess on her head looked good on her, I failed to understand why she covered such long, beautiful hair. I went back to folding my clothes while she was looking through Box Office for a movie...

Me: "Faka iThe Conjuring"

Aphindiwe: "It's horror right?"

I nodded and she looked at me, her eyebrows raised a little before she spoke

"Hayi babe. Ndayoyika."

Me: "Emini?"

She looked at me, her lips parted a little, I chuckled shaking my head, ndashukuma where I was seated and stepped over to the couch on which she was sitting, I balanced by the armrests and leaned further, she didn't flinch until our foreheads attached, wabhekela...

"Ubhekelelani?"

Aphindiwe: "Ndifuna ukujonga kakhle"

I couldn't help but smile, instead of carrying on doing what I was doing I pulled back and walked over to my seat, oko endijongile, I could tell she wanted to ask me why I stopped so I suppressed the smile that was threatening to show on my face and looked at her with a cocked brow...

Me: "Thetha"

Aphindiwe: "What do you want me to say?"

Me: "Khaze apha"

Aphindiwe: "Ndizothini?"

Me: "Yiza apha Aphindiwe"

She stayed put wandijonga, very hard before saying

"You never call me by my name."

I wasn't going to answer that but I was glad she noticed such small things...

Me: "Awufuni uza?"

She shook her head and looked at me, I chuckled ndicumile before getting up and walking towards the room, I heard her scream "Phopho iza." But I didn't turn back and look at her, I carried on.

After stepping out of the shower with a towel around my waist I headed back to the lounge, my bag was closed and done packed whereas I left it half way, this was one of the reasons she was a keeper. I walked over to the kitchen where I found her making sandwiches, she couldn't see me because she had her back on me so I walked over to her but she heard me anyway and attempted on turning, I stopped her by holding her waist and keeping her still on that position, she giggled, ndamsondela, pressing her between myself and the cardboard.

I placed my thumb under her ear and rubbed there ndisehla, she carried on doing what she was doing until that thumb met her nipple under the vest she was wearing, when I asked her uba kutheni enganxibanga a bra, she told me it's a nipple free vest and she new I didn't approve of it but ndimyekile for now hence ezoya eRes. I couldn't help the smirk which made it's way to my face and she laid her head on my chest with her eyes closed, she provoked me when she stood on her tippy toes and pushed her ass out on my manhood, I used my other free hand and held her waist, immediately when I dug my fingers in her skin she hissed, pressing her ass harder on me. I was getting hard and I think she felt it because she started moving her waist around to help move her ass on me, when I felt that it was getting out of control I moved back, holding her waist away from me. My breathing was out of control, ndandimfuna nyani but not now, I needed her to heal first she couldn't go

back to square one...

"Masiyeke baby."

Aphindiwe: "Ngoba baby?"

She turned and looked at me, I saw by the look in her eyes that she wanted it as much as I did, I was about to answer her when she held the towel on my waist, I moved my gaze from her face to her hands, wayikhulula and I felt my blood rush immediately when I looked up at her face again, she was staring at me, horniness clear in her eyes, she bit her bottom lip causing me to lick mine. She was close to letting go of the towel but I quickly grabbed hold of her hands, stopping her...

Me: "Andifuni uphinde uthunukale. You're already healing"

She looked at me, paying attention attentively ngoba my voice was husky, she nodded slowly but I could tell wayengakholwa, I moved closer

and kissed her, it wasn't just a kiss, it was an apologetic type of kiss wancuma while my lips were still on hers and I pulled back...

"Uzohamba unxibe le vest?"

She ran her hand on my abs, looking at my chest. I called her by igama lakhe when I saw uba she wasn't going to answer me, she looked at me

Me: "Ndiyathetha"

Aphindiwe: "Baby you'll drop me off eres njena, it isn't like ndizophuma ngaso showing my boobs off as you say."

I moved away from her and headed to the fridge, ndakhupha ijuice and filled two glasses, waiting for her to finish the sandwiches.

We were now done with everything, standing at the trunk of my car packing ibags zethu, it was

just two standard bags, her toiletry bag and handbag, she walked over to the passenger door and I went over to drivers. Our ride was like any other, she did most of the talking and it was funny because uqala kwam umbona I believed she was a woman of few words but I figured she waited until she felt comfortable around you.

At her residence she asked me to walk her to her room because her friends weren't around, when we got to her room there were two girls and I believed one of them was her roommate, I didn't stay long ngoba I had to kwa Bulelani because we were leaving together. She walked me out and kept me at the staircase engafuni ndihambe, kissing me nonstop but I finally convinced her that the weekend will pass by quick, Sunday I'll be here first thing ufika kwam, after all I was just 50 minutes away from her.

I arrived kwa Bulelani ndafika engekagqibi so I

had to wait, I was a little taken back when I found Lumka at his place and find out that she was leaving with us, they been having problems lately inxaki. We weren't even far from Bulelani's when these two love birds started to annoy me, even though I was sitting kwi front I still felt like she was the one at the front seat, relaxed that Bulelani knew I was now with Aphindiwe, I unlocked my phone and dialed her number. Lumka couldn't stop laughing because before I dialed her number, ndandimbhombha. Waphendula on the third ring...

"Baby?"

Me: "Get ready baby, sizokulanda"

Aphindiwe: "Siyaphi?"

Me: "Ndihamba nawe."

Aphindiwe: "but bendithe andirhaleli uhamba."

Me: "Uyahamba kengoku."

Aphindiwe: "Oh"

Me: "Change lo vest please"

She giggled before saying "okay" for the second time, I hung up and noticed Bulelani shaking his head encumile.

Bulelani: "Kuzonyiwa kule kaka yeStrand. Bianca, Papi and Aphindiwe. Zonke zithi wena boy"

Me: "Nah groot man, inye ethi mna and yile siyoyilanda."

He chuckled and shook his head for the second time in less than a minute. I increased the volume of the house song which was playing on his radio and laid back on the chair, closing my eyes.

Bulelani thought about Bianca and Papi who were my least worry, my greatest concern was Andrew and how he'd act around my lady and

ubonanje ndandizomvula, just to observe something.

110th Entry

Aphindiwe

I didn't understand why Mihle wanted me to go with him all of a sudden but I was glad anyway ngoba I was worried about him being away from me, in some place azobona khona amantombazana and now that he said we should go together, it was much of a reliever even though I was lazy.

I went through my bags and took out there outfits, I then changed my jeggings into my black high waisted denim jeans, a white crop top and my black palladium boots, I was satisfied with this even though I felt I should've stayed in that outfit yam ngoba this was a way

of making more laundry for myself.

I checked if my toiletry yayiphele but I realized uba my roll on was almost out so I searched for my clicks bag which I already had in my wardrobe and took out my Mitchum roll-on and placed it in my toiletry bag, when I believed I was done after drinking my painkillers I sat on the bed waiting for these people. I texted uMihle asking him if I'd need to bring my swimwear nah because I heard him talk about not understanding why they had to go nearby the beach, but when he didn't respond I assumed not. After some time I had my phone ikhala from my handbag, I pulled it out and saw his number, I answered...

"Baby"

Mihle: "We outside, phuma"

Me: "Which gate?"

Mihle: "The usual"

I nodded as if uyandibona before saying okay. I grabbed my small piece of my fifth suitcase set and my Bella cosmetic bag, along with my handbag but when I struggled uhamba with these things which I had to carry, I placed these bags on my bed and called my man, right after the first ring he picked up...

Mihle: "Hmmm?"

Me: "Ndicela uzondiphathisa"

Mihle: "Ndizokuphathisa? Baby what are you carrying kanti?"

Me: "Ndiyakucela toro. You'll see ufika kwakho apha"

Mihle: "Uyasokolisa kodwa Mambhele"

Me: "Please babe"

I heard the sound of the wind I presumed he was out of the car but he didn't hang up so I too stayed on the line, ndincumile ke phofu. I could

hear his breathing which was low and satisfying to me, just to know uba wayesaphefumla while I still had him, after some time he asked

"First floor or second?"

Me: "Second, the fourth door"

Mihle: "Okay"

Then he ended the call and in no time there was a knock on the door, I leaped to the door and opened it, he was standing afar from the door, looking down at the passage, there were female voices coming this way...

Me: "Come in kaloku"

Mihle: "Yintoni lena ingaka uyiphetheyo?"

Me: "My bag and toiletry"

He held my Bella cosmetic bag and lifted it up, examining it

"Yitoiletry bag lena?"

Me: "Ewe"

Mihle: "Engaka?!"

I giggled, looking at him

Me: "Kaloku babe it's more than just a toiletry bag, uyakwazi nofaka ipanty zakho"

He nodded grabbing his suitcase after that so that left me with my handbag only and my cell phone saphuma, when we stepped out there girls who were coming were standing at the third door, phandle bencokola, when we passed one of them greeted waphendula uMihle and then there were comments, I heard uMihle giggled and I pushed aside the curiosity of asking if he heard. We arrived at the car and immediately when I saw Bulelani ndancuma, earning a gaze from Mihle, he made things by getting out of his car and walking towards us, when I opened my arms he took me in his wandinyusa, I giggled when I heard Mihle

mumbling something under his breathe.

Bulelani placed me on the floor and looked at me...

"Phindi wentwana yam."

I couldn't help the blushing which occurred after that, I looked at uMihle and he was stepping in the car looking at us, I was about to talk when Mihle spoke...

Mihle: "Groot man asinamini yonke"

Bulelani: "Une jealous kengoku Miles"

He looked at me and shook his head, I brought Bulelani close and whispered something in his ear, wahleka moving back, we both looked towards the car when he heard the door livalwa kakubi and I knew it was Mihle, it was cute when he's jealous. After Bulelani and I stepped into the car it's only then I noticed there was someone else in the car, I greeted the lady, wavuma with a nod and a smile, hence I was at

the chair behind my man I poked him and he turned wdnndijonga...

Me: "Suqumba kaloku"

Bulelani: "Myeke Phindi I got you."

Me: "You do?"

Mihle: "Uyambuza?"

Me: "I need to know kaloku babe"

Mihle: "Ngoba?"

He had his eyes narrowed at me by now and I couldn't help the smile which made its way to my face, he shook his head and looked to the front, uBulelani placed his hand on his shoulder laughing before he spoke...

Bulelani: "Relax(a) andisoze boy"

Mihle: "Awunolunga noba ubufuna bra."

They both chuckled and we drove off, I sat back on my chair, ndagxhelisha the lady next to me,

she had her leg upon the other looking at her phone, well this was going to be a long ride.

Andazi how long I been sleeping or when I slept but I was woken up by uMihle asking me uba ndifuna ntoni, I looked around my eyes hurting a little, we were at a garage...

Me: "Ndifuna ntoni kanjani?"

He smiled taking my face in his, wandincamisa with a wet baby kiss before pulling back and talking

Mihle: "linto yosnack(a)"

Me: "Lays Phopho, eze lightly salted"

Mihle: "That's all?"

Me: "Ewe. Wena uzothenga ntoni?"

He looked at me with his head tilted to the side, the look he gave me was as though he was asking why but I didn't answer because ndandingekho sure. I expected him to walk

away and head to the garage but when he held me by the waist and picked me up from the chair and placed me on the floor I knew he wanted me to go inside naye so we walked in, hand in hand, a gesture I wasn't used to coming from him. When we were inside he took the basket wathatha two party bags zeLays, he took a couple of Monsters, a Krush grape juice and then he turned and looked at me...

"Yintoni?"

Mihle: "What else?"

Me: "Chocolate?"

Mihle: "Take kaloku"

I took my favourite chocolate and went on to the fridge and pulled out a caramel magnum ice cream, he had his eyes on me this whole time and it made me feel somehow uncomfortable because it wasn't one of those smiley or seductive looks of his, it was as though he was

questioning himself about something. We walked over to the till and stood at the line, Bulelani and that lady were at the line so Mihle gave them our basket and stood next to Bulelani, I stood besides him and waited there for them to finish up, when we walked out I was behind with my man and asked him if they were an item, he shocked me when he replied for six years...

Me: "Why doesn't he marry her?"

Mihle: "Merry?"

Me: "Ewe, amlobole"

He shook his head before saying

"Akasoze enze lonto uBulelani"

Me: "Ngoba"

He looked at me and didn't answer, a part of me told me he was part of it, the never-get-married type and it scared me because even though it

was just a few si official, I knew I wasn't saying him to pass time, I was building in him, investing kuye but it wasn't time for that now. We drove away from the garage and to my surprise it was just a ten to fifteen minute drive from the garage, I didn't know we were that close, before we drove in between the hotel Bulelani made a phone call to someone, ndamva xa ethetha some Afrikaans that it must be Andrew. After the phone call he drove further towards the beach parking lot and we helped look around to find Andrew's car, knowing he drives a Ranger I shouted immediately when I saw it asking if ayiyo nah leyo, from Bulelani I earned a thumbs up while from Mihle I earned something more like an indirect irritated chuckled. I decided to ignore that because ekugqibeleni ndandizode ndiyazi lemoto, this guy wayehamba eskolweni almost everyday to see his sister. We found a parking three cars away from his and we didn't know uba uhamba

nabani but when we stepped out and saw them standing as a group from afar I began to feel uncomfortable, they were more than ten people standing in one circle, bottles of Ice Tropez in some hands and Castle Lites in the others. We approached them, my hand in Mihle's and kengoku nokukuqwalela babundenzela umjojo ngoba I was earning eyes already, inoba abanye babesithi ndinyiswa ngulo bhuti. Right when we arrive at the circle many heads turned while others were still looking at the sea, Andrew and his friend along with one of the coloured guy I saw when they were at school were the only people I knew, the rest of the faces were all new to me. Andrew greeted uMihle then at Bulelani before coldly greeting Bhuti's girlfriend then he snapped his gaze back to Mihle then me, wathetha...

Andrew: "I didn't know you'd be here too"

Me: "Well I am"

Mihle: "Did you expect her to be elsewhere?"

Andrew: "Niks bra, ek sê maa' net (No bro, I'm just saying.)"

Ubaby nodded before letting go of my hand and greeting other people, the guy who looked too much of a gangster and spoke Afrikaans like he weren't walked towards me wandibulisa, I forgot his name but I remembered partying with him back at Khayelitsha, when I first met them at the Cape Flats. He started talking about how scarce I was and how I should let free ndingahlali eres all the time or I'd end up not making there, I told him I had friends already and he seemed pleased that I was still in contact with the girls especially with Kimberley, it took me by surprise ngoba I didn't think it would ever interest him that much. I was still standing there, looking stupid kaloku sana ngoba abantu apha bayazana when I saw Mihle talking to two girls and some guy, he was deep

on the chat so I stayed put where I was.
Ndandiqaliswa udikwa and feeling out of place
ngoba my babe who was now laughing with
another guy looked like he forgot he had a
parcel like me, I was about to walk to Bulelani
and ask for car keys when someone poked me,
ndajika and looked at me, it was Andrew...

"I saw you leaping when y'all were walking here.
How bad was the accident? (Pause) If you feel
comfortable talking about it?"

Me: "It's okay. It was bad, it's only now I'm
totally healing. I couldn't even walk by myself"

Andrew: "Shit that's fucked up mos"

Me: "I know, it was painful honestly"

He extended his hand and touched the fading
scar on my forehead with his thumb, he softly
traces on it before pulling it back and talking

Andrew: "It's a relieving feeling that you better
but I'm sad I couldn't even come see you."

Me: "It's okay really, I'm well now"

Andrew: "Ya djy is and I'm happy (long pause) that you're here"

I was about to answer when someone cleared their throat, it was uMihle and I knew the only he came here was because he saw me talking to Andrew who honestly was just being friendly to me, even though it might have seemed too much. He had his hands in his Markham's black men skinny jeans, looking at Andrew with a raised brow, he spoke...

"You are?"

Drew wamjonga before ajonge phantsi, encuma, wanyusa intloko yakhe still smiling and he answered

Andrew: "Like any other person who came here, I'm happy she's here."

He furrowed his eyebrows at Mihle with that smirk still on his face, Mihle was quiet all this

time looking at him, he finally pulled out his hand from his pocket and slowly took mine in his, looking at our hands before he looked up at Andrew, wathi, in a husky chilled tone...

"It's our first weekend ever Drew, don't fuck it up."

Andrew chuckled, then looked at his bottle of Castle, he took sip before nodding, encumile, he then looked at me before he turned and faced the sea, I let out a soft sigh I didn't know I was holding, ndajika and looked at this man besides me...

Me: "It's our first weekend out together, nam ndiyakucela ungayimosha"

Mihle: "It's our first weekend out nabantu not together."

I was about to talk again when I saw him smile a little, he spoke again

Mihle: "The sooner we find ihotel and our rooms,

the better."

I looked up at him, he pulled me close hugging me, I encircled my arms around his waist and placed my chin on his chest, looking at him. He placed his soft lips on my forehead and looked at me then at my forehead, he awoken the element known for destroying any relationship, comparison, when he too ran his thumb on that same scar Andrew did a minute ago.

This one didn't scare me though because he was still number one, his touch was still the best, to do wonder in all kinds of ways because when the tip of his thumb made contact with my skin, I grew goosebumps and it wasn't because of the sea breeze, it was the affect his touch had on me.

This one didn't worry me ngoba ndandizazi uba ndiziva njani mna, what worried and scared me

was if he ever looked at the way I did things and compared me to Nomthandazo.

111th Entry

Bianca

We stood there for a while kuthwa silinde ooMihle, which was bonus on its own but what was extra was the fact that ndandinxibe my short navy jumpsuit with my heels showing off my light skinned legs, I had a great skin so I'd flaunt it. Don't get it wrong I wasn't doing it all for Mihle but since he was coming he then got to see me in this ngoba and flaunting all this for him would be a stupid move, he already knew all of me. When they arrived I didn't know

ngoba until I saw him step out, well I only found myself turning to their direction when someone amongst us said "they're here", then I found myself gazing around until I saw him, dressed in a white puma T-shirt, a black loose skinny jean and white converse chucks, he looked delicious even when his wasn't combed or brushed. The first time when I saw him he had his fade neatly done and I believed nothing could look better on him than that but now that it wasn't combed, just shiny and cut neatly, preferably this one did the trick.

I was still looking at him when he walked over to the other door of the Wrangler and opened it, he stood there for a while before he helped someone step out, when I saw a girl who looked a little younger than me step out I presumed maybe it was a friend but uthe xa emlungisa her bra which was showing from her crop top I knew it had to be his girlfriend, I looked at them

clearly as they were walking towards us, hand in hand and saw how they were matching the colours. Sinalo looked at him and made a sound before clicking her fingers, I averted my gaze from him and looked at my friend...

Me: "Yintoni?"

Sinalo: "He looks fucken yummy"

I leaned closer to her and whispered

"I came three times chommie, so that says it all."

She turned again wamjonga and knowing how much of a bitch my friend I felt a little uncomfortable, I don't mean to be rude but she knew it naye, she wasn't to be trusted around any man and it sums it all up, why she preferred affairs rather than relationships. He stood next to Andrew and I saw them talk, my look was on his girl, she had a body for days, more like she hit the gym every morning and evening. I had an

ass and curves myself but that tummy of hers which looked like she once had female abs under her skin showed how much she must have love the gym. She was looking at Andrew while I was looking at uMihle, I saw him narrow his eyes at Drew before he looked around and greeted other friends zika Andrew, he let go of the girl's hand and greeted other, when he reached the guys next to us I paid attention to his every move. He took time greeting those guys, I eavesdropped ad heard them about the fields, Sinalo was saying something but I brushed her off because I wanted to talk to this man and the way sasibanintsi ngakhona apha, I doubted I'd easily get another chance to.

When I saw him laugh and turn around, I stepped forward and held his T-shirt from the back, wajika and looked at me, he chuckled before giving me esas'smile sakhe sihle...

Mihle: "B"

Me: "Hey"

He stepped close and took me in a hug, his cologne thixo wam, at the age of 26 I didn't think uba I'd still be going crazy about the way someone smelt, yayizinto zaba high schoolers ezo but here I was. He let go and turned to Sinalo, wamjonga ethula and the look on his face spoke volumes, I didn't like it and I knew I'd have to ask Sinalo if ever umfunile angamvumi because we couldn't share him, if I was his side chick yayizoba ndim qha.

Mihle: "Molo sisi"

Sinalo: "Hello (pause) how are you?"

Mihle: "Ndiright unjani wena?"

Sinalo: "Ndiright nam."

He turned and looked at me before saying, "Bianca?" And it sounded more like a question, I knew he wanted introduction, so I spoke...

Me: "My friend of five years, igama lakhe is Sinalo."

Mihle: "Sinalo from?"

Sinalo: "Emonti"

He nodded and just when he was about to something Keagan walked up to us and greeted Mihle, apparently they knew each other because wawusivha from the way they spoke. I looked at Sinalo and dragged her to the side, she hissed when she tripped on her heel...

Me: "Sorry"

Sinalo: "Yintoni wangxama?"

Me: "What was that?"

Sinalo: "Intoni?"

I folded my hands over my chest and looked at her, wahleka...

"Baby B jonga nana I know we used to ride the same dick and all but that was three years back

and saphuma kulonto. Ubhuti is edible but I won't, okay?"

Me: "Sinalo you need to beh..."

Sinalo: "Relax, nyani. And since when have you caught feelings nangoku (pause) for lendoda?"

Me: "I haven't caught any feelings"

Sinalo: "Oh it's that coloured hormone of demand that's taking over. Wakumosha umamakho Pearl Thusi"

Me: "Futsek and by the way andim'demand qha I wanted you to know"

Sinalo: "Kodwa nathi siyafuna ukhe sithi climax kathathu kaloku chommie, yini umona friend"

Me: "Kry jou eie man, please toro."

She laughed, eqhwaba her hands before she stood upright and pulled me by cheeks, she placed a kiss on my lips before smiling and saying...

"Kuzo zonke ezi fakers, you're the best."

Me: "Thanks bitch"

She was still smiling when she took a sip from her Ice Tropez and we both turned our attention to one of the guys who screamed, "Laat ons gaan, some of us still need to goggle for the best strip clubs."

Kwahlekwa sana and we headed for the car, Mihle's girlfriend was walking with Mihle's friend whom I saw when we were at the gathering, where I met them, as we headed to the cars he was still talking to Keagan, next to Keagan's golf 6 maba, we were riding in Andrew's Ranger. When I passed by them wandijonga and we both exchanged smiles, I shook my head as I opened the door of the car ngoba like any other lady I felt like I had competition. I mean look at it this way ladies, if there's a guy ochazeke nguye and you find out that his girlfriend is nothing compared to you

facially and structurally, you flaunt it, when you walk pass him uyazivisa just so he can see what he's missing out on kodwa ngoku I was here competing with someone whom I hoped had isishwapa but no, she was more like a natural Nicki Minaj lomntana but more wider than Nicki, more wider than I was and she looked damn sexy ngoba waye ngabaxekanga, they looked fine as hell on her.

Currently I was single and I know mna nomngane wam sasingapholanga but kulomfana I couldn't help it ngoba when we were at the gathering, he showed interest kum, mna I didn't have to do much but open my mouth and talk to him, when I arrived at that gathering I wasn't even planning on walking out ndincokole nendoda but it was some sort of Christmas kum right at the beginning of the year. We stepped into the car and waited for Andrew, I was only with Sinalo and as always,

she demanded the front seat. When Andrew stepped in and started the engine two cars were off to the hotel already, leaving three cars behind, the Ranger, Wrangler and Golf, we finally followed behind the others to Strand Tower Hotel, thanks to Drew and his crew, ndandizoqala ulala kule hotel and since I was from around Cape Town, I didn't do a lot of booking ins.

We arrived at the hotel and found parking for our cars, Papi and the other guy were already here ke bona ngoba basishiya sime kulandawo. We waited for each other and pulled out our bags from the cars, we stood phaya sincokola before Keagan came through since he found iparking a little far from our cars. We stepped through the entrance in so much, the guys were the ones who were corruptive, behleka out loud, it was understandable ke wethu because they were more than us, females, we were just five

and they were nine, they needed one more guy to double our number.

At the reception Andrew, Mihle and Mihle's friend were talking to the lady who was helping with checking our bookings which were done online, we stood around sincokola, sipping on other bottles of Ice Tropez, the girl who came with Keagan was loud and crazy sana, I doubted they were even a couple, most probably just picking who smoke and drink together. After something above five minutes sime phaya Andrew turned around and called on us, earning our attention before he spoke...

"We're fourteen guys mos, so what we got is a total of five rooms, girls I was hoping y'all could press in together if you guys don't mind, then we as the gents will divide into the other four rooms."

Me: "All of us as girls?"

Mihle's friend: "Miles and myself booked our own room apart from the five because we brought our wives with."

I nodded while other were giggled and making comments, I turned and looked at Mihle he had his attention on his woman and they were talking about something, she was holding his waist right where the waist of any pants sat and that part of his body I knew he had those V waist things which showed someone worked out. He kept on nodding and she was doing the talking most of the time, I was about to move my gaze away from them when the girl looked up endijonga, you know la feeling xa umntu ekujongile ebengathi they were talking about you, that's how I felt ngoba after looking at me she turned her gaze back to Mihle and he said something to her wahleka, I found myself rolling my eyes looking away because I was pretty sure they were talking about.

We waited for the receptionist to finish up with what she was doing, Mihle's friend has been standing there talking to her, he called out on Mihle, wajika and looked at him before he pulled out his wallet from his jeans and opening it, wakhupha a card and handed it to him then went back to chatting to the girl who was so attached on him. After Andrew was give our lock access cards he stood there and checked the numbers...

Andrew: "We got room 518 to 521 then there's a 524. Who wants which number?"

Sinalo extended her hand and pulled a card without looking, it was room 520, Andrew passed on the other, we all headed for the elevator and my attention turned to Mihle when Keagan asked which room number they had, his girlfriend looked at the card and answered...

"Room 526."

Keagan nodded before he signaled something to Mihle, bahleka. The first four stepped in the elevator, we did the trip of fours until we were all gathered at floor five, heading to our rooms. I was looking forward to all this ngoba despite the trouble I sensed coming, I could feel the vibe already.

Aphindiwe

I was beyond content with the decision Mihle took of booking us a separate room, I didn't think I could stand being with these girls all by myself, in fact they weren't even girls, they were ladies, oosisi kum more like entanga zika Sivuyisiwe and Nomthandazo. We were now in our room, along with Keagan, I liked this guy ke ngoba he seemed chilled and any guy who got along with my man, I would obviously have the

interest in knowing, they were standing at the balcony, behleka intsini and also smoking weed. I had sick cravings for it but because I was on medication for my injury I couldn't get in contact nayo until I stopped using the meds.

I sat on the bed and got busy on my cell phone, chatting to Sasa, everything I told her she responded nge voice notes and I smiled oko when I heard the excitement in her voice, it made me miss her even more.

I was now laying on the bed, scrolling through the channels zale hotel, it was a beautiful place, their bedrooms and the hotel itself. Keagan stepped into the room encumile, Mihle followed them and they were talking in Afrikaans tsotsi taal, I could barely hear uba bathini...

Keagan: "Askies baby girl nhe, I had to have that moment with your man"

I smiled, assuring him that it was okay then

turned my gaze to Mihle, he looked high but not in a bad way, he looked at me then back at Keagan"

Mihle: Laaitie I'll see you later on"

Keagan: "We going out mos?"

Mihle: "Consult Drew and Bhuda, they'll tell you. I wouldn't know brother when I got this woman next to me I need nothing else."

Keagan looked at me encumile before he nodded saying something in Afrikaans futhi then Mihle laughed sitting down on the bed, Keagan walked out and when I heard the door close I knelt on the bed and encircled my hands around my man's waist, I inhaled his cologne as I placed my chin on his back, right above his neck. He bent forward and removed his shoes, uggiba kwakhe he turned and looked at me...

"You're so high."

He responded to that however whispering his

response so I didn't hear him, I pardoned him but when he whispered again, I moved closer to him and he chuckled, I pulled back but stopped when he touched my waist, he moved forward and placed a wet kiss on my neck, then right under my ear before he sucked my earlobe causing me to giggle, wathetha...

"I wanna do something to you."

Me: "What?"

Mihle: "I'm gonna eat you (pause) then fucken make love to you."

I pulled back ndamjonga, ndikhamisile obviously because that was so rude, he smirked showing off that dimple which tempted me to put my pinky on it every time, he then ran his tongue on low lip and looked at me. The look he gave me was titillating, it was that type of look which gave you butterflies and that exciting feeling between your legs, I was still looking at

him when he got him and held me by my waist, I couldn't stop smiling, as a result my cheek bones were hurting.

He laid me flat on the bed and unbuttoned my black jeans and unzipped them, he was looking at me this whole time and I couldn't help the embarrassment so I covered my eyes, I heard him chuckled. He held both my pants and panties by the waist and pulled them down, I helped kick them off, when they were off he leaned forward placing a kiss right on my belly button, he then ran his wet tongue slowly down until he came to the top of my castle wama...

"I'm gonna pick you up. Utsho xandikuthunuka."

I looked at him and before I could ask uzondinyusa andisephi he held my arms wandihlalisa ngempundu then held my waist and picked me up, his fingers obviously dug into my skin but I contained the pain, waye endinyusa, ndandibambe amazinyo sana,

wandikhonxa sana lobhuti as if wayengayivha le weight yam and by now my legs were on his shoulders. I slightly held on his head when he took a few steps and balanced me against the wall, his arms were around my legs, holding me in position, he then moved his head slightly because I could some air ongenayo.

Wandinyusa even more higher, waqwanya ogqiba kwakhe, I started to worry about him dropping me but when he lowered me and I felt his tounge make it's way in me I closed my eyes and that little worry of falling faded immediately.

As I was in that position, my whole pussy opened up in his face, there was one thought which kept crossing my mind, what if I squirted on his face.

Mntaka somnci you couldn't blame, zange nda muff(wa) oluhlobo.

112th Entry

Mihle

When I had Aphindiwe in my arms, her pussy on my face, my only aim was just to please her, I wanted her to cum eighteen times if she had to, I haven't done anything to her yet until she begs me to stop. She was holding my head but I lifted her in further she moved her hands, since I was holding her I could tell that she wasn't relaxed, her muscles were tight on her legs but when I lowered her and found my way in her with my tongue I could feel her muscles letting loose, that's what I wanted, she had to get used to these things and angoyiki, I wouldn't drop her.

I kept on lifting her and shifting her so I tongue fucked her kakhle, when she moaned I found myself growing hard by minute, her moan was

fucken sexy and the more she did that, the more I dug deeper with my tongue the wetter. I walked over to the bed and sat down gently with her still on my shoulders, ndangqengqa and she sat comfortably with her knees on either side of my face, she lifted her ass ingafuni ukwehla so I held her waist and forced her down waqina lomntana when I loosened my grip on her she moved slowly and I knew even with my eyes closed that she was moving away. I stopped her by holding her waist again, she whispered...

"Baby ndiyoyika."

I lifted my head and came half way with her pussy, I ran my tongue on it, I heard she gasp for air, I ran it again before I sucked her clit. She held my head wasuka as quick as she could, her breathing was out of place, she kept on whispering my name so I ended up opening my eyes and looking at her pussy. This is exactly

what I didn't want, right now I was extremely horny by just looking at this shaved baby on my face...

Me: "HmMMM?"

Aphindiwe: "We need to stop, I'm gonna squirt on you"

Me: "Hlala baby"

Aphindiwe: "Babe?"

Me: "Hlala"

Aphindiwe: "Where?"

Me: "On me"

I was squeezing her thighs and immediately when I said on me she moved further away and I couldn't handle it, I wasn't done with what I was doing and wayelapha ruining my mood so to have her return back to that position, I moved my hand to her ass and pushed my middle finger in her ass, she moaned and bend further,

opening her ass for me. I pushed my finger deep in and she laid on my chest, moaning every time my finger went in and out of her but I stopped and listened to her chest which raising up and down from her breathing. I still had my middle finger in her ass but I stopped moving it, I used my other hand and held her chin, wandijonga, looking extremely turned on, she immediately moved up finding my lips, ndamphuza and when she pushed her tongue in seductively I pushed my thumb deeper in her and she pulled back from the kiss and softly whispered a long

"Fuuuck."

I pulled it out and turned her over, I positioned myself between her legs and leaned to kiss her, I was holding her left leg as I kissed her, the more I pushed my waist on her it was the more she kept on digging her nails on me under my T-shirt when I pulled back to unbuckled my pants

she held my T-shirt and pulled it over, taking it off. I unbuckled my belt and when my zip was open I moved from the bed and took off my pants, she was looking at me, her eyes racing on every part of my body, ndama ndamjonga, this lady was fucken sexy. I placed my hand on her tummy and played with her belly ring, wancuma, she moved her hand and placed it on mine, ndasibamba before looking at our hands together the way they were, how they fit perfectly together. I was still concentrating on that when she moved her leg up and placed it on my chest, I averted my gaze from our hands to her foot then to her face, she was looking at me with those small eyes of hers...

"What's wrong?"

Me: "Kukhona into endifuna ukuxelela yona."

When she was about to remove her leg from my chest I held it and kept it there, she furrowed her eyebrows wandijonga, worry clear in her

face, she stopped smiling and asked

Aphindiwe: "Yintoni?"

Me: "I have a place I need you to see"

Aphindiwe: "A place?"

Me: "Ndine ndawo Aphindiwe, a place you might not love or ingatshintsha indlela ondijonga ngayo."

She forcefully pulled her foot from my chest and sat on her ass wandijonga

"Yintoni leyo Mihle?"

I swallowed hard and stared away, I was about to step away when she jumped from the bed wama in front of me and looked at me...

Aphindiwe: "Mihle thetha"

Me: "Baby not ngoku."

Aphindiwe: "What do you mean not ngoku? Why would you raise something then undixelele uba

not ngoku? I need to know what you're talking about."

I closed my eyes and held my lip in between my teeth, this lady was driving me crazy with many things ngoba I was opening up kuye in ways I wasn't even ready for, I just didn't want to keep anything a secret from her, nothing but there were things I was doing which would drive her away. I knew that me opening up to her meant I trusted her, it meant I loved her but what scared me was if I showed her the real me what would her actions be, how would she look at me again. I was still in my thoughts when she whispered...

"You're scaring me."

I opened my eyes and looked at her, she stepped closer and looked at me with a pleading look, she was literally begging me but I had to show it to her, not tell her...

Me: "Don't be"

Aphindiwe: "Ngoba?"

I couldn't answer that so I just stared at her, I only decided to answer her when she repeated herself

"Ngoba andifuni woyike."

Aphindiwe: "What do you want to show me?"

Me: "You'll see it"

Aphindiwe: "Yintoni Mihle?"

Me: "Baby please, ndiyakucela toro (pause) could we just enjoy this, the weekend then Monday."

She looked at me, she stepped away from me endijongile, I could tell from the way she was looking at me that she won't let this go, when she was about to talk I stepped closer to her and held her on the waist, I picked her up, she encircled her legs on my waist and her arms on my neck wandijonga...

Me: "Masiyiyeke. I'll take you there but ndifuna undithembise one thing."

Aphindiwe: "What is that?"

Me: "That you won't leave me"

Aphindiwe: "How deep is len...?"

Me: "Promise me Aphindiwe"

Aphindiwe: "Baby you scaring me."

Me: "Ndithembise Phindi"

She looked at me for a long time while she was still in my arms then she whispered

"I promise."

Me: "Say it kakhle baby, don't be like I'm forcing you"

Aphindiwe: "Ndiyakuthembisa"

I looked at her, it was even hard for me to smile ngoba my heart was racing, I was thinking of how fucked this whole situation was about to

become ngoba as I looked at her I remembered how Nomthandazo acted when she found out about the fields, that I was running a private prostituting club. I was still in my thoughts when she held my face and kissed me, I returned it slowly and gently and when she pulled back she placed another kiss on my nose before saying

"Let's go bath."

Me: "If kuyaphunywa, uyafuna uhamba?"

Aphindiwe: "Uyafuna wena?"

Me: "As much as I don't want masihambe nabo babe ngoba it's their trip, if sifuna such moments, we should book on our own."

She nodded and I placed down on the floor, I believed I was now turned off from the lento iphantse yenzeka apha but when she turned and walked off to the bathroom, I looked at her ass and like my manhood wasn't sleeping not

long ago, it hardened again. Ndandingakwazi, so I called her, wakroba from the bathroom...

Me: "Ndijonga"

Aphindiwe: "Huh?"

I pointed at Fhaku and she giggled endijonge between my legs then looked up at me, she couldn't stop blushing

Aphindiwe: "You big"

Me: "Zange undivhe?"

Aphindiwe: "I did and wandikrazula"

I raised my eyebrow and looked at her before furrowing my eyebrows, she giggled again and slowly walked out of the bathroom towards me...

Aphindiwe: "But don't worry, it wasn't painful"

Me: "Andizokulimaza kengoku."

She shook her head and kissed my chest,

immediately when she pulled back I picked her up again and walked towards the bed ndimnyumbaza, she couldn't stop laughing and I figured it was more like music to my ears, it made me silently wish I'd never hear her cry again.

I placed her on the bed and laid in between her legs, before I kissed her I licked to fingers and pushed them in her, she moaned and I found her lips, ndamncamisa, our kiss was wet and sexy, we used both tongue and lip, we were going back and forth on that same pace and I was finger fucking with that slow pace of our kiss, she was getting wet and I knew it was about time I used my machine gun but when she started grinding on my finger I pulled back from the kiss and looked at her, she had her eyes closed immediately when my lips left hers she bit on her bottom lip, I absentmindedly licked mine and pulled out my fingers, I took her

left leg and placed it on my shoulder, she was staring at me in between seductively narrowed eyes, I leaned in holding my manhood, I rubbed against her and found her hole. Before I could even push in her nails were already digging on my back, I pushed in and she gasped and dug on one place on my back, I wasn't fully in ngoba she was tight, exactly what I was expecting from her. I moved back a little and comfortably leaned in and found the whole way through in, she moaned, her breathing matching mine, I began stroking slowly and when I felt that she was wet enough I went ahead to the pace which best sorted me, she was mad ngoba she didn't know whether to touch me, her head or the sheets but I knew that she wouldn't stop calling my name and fuck at the same time.

Still inside of her, I took her right leg, forgetting about the injury she has had and placed it on my shoulder too, when I leaned in she moaned,

holding my arms trying yo stop me, ndama and looked at her, she had her lips tights together as if holding a cry...

Me: "Baby"

Aphindiwe: "Mmmm"

Me: "Ndikuthunukile?"

She shook her head and opened her eyes encumile, I had my eyebrows furrowed at her, she took me out of my confusion when she said "It's penetrating through to here."

Wabe ekhomba the part below her belly button, I chuckled looking at her, that was crazy and I failed to understand why women often said that...

Me: "So ndiyeke?"

She shook her head again, closing her eyes because I was beginning to stroke again, but very slowly and gently. She crossed her legs on

my chest and allowed herself to feel the pleasure, I held her feet and stroke, I decided to tease her by just making a conversation naye while I'm in her...

"Baby."

Wathula and I stroked harder and deeper leaning forward until I almost had her knees touch her shoulders, she cried out, holding the side of the sheets, she called out my name ndamphendula wathula and kept moaning countless times as I stroked and pushed deeper, I kept her legs there. When I went hard on her, roughly she moved her hands from where they were and held my arms trying to stop me but I didn't stop, I continued and she was moaning above her own voice, I'm pretty sure babemva all the way to room 520. By now she was extremely wet because the more I stroked, the sound of her wet pussy filled the room if it wasn't her moans, I was close to cuming myself

but I couldn't without having her from the back so I pulled out and turned her, she made it easy for me when she turned ngokwakhe and laid flat. I got off the bed and pulled her to the edge, she stuck out her ass for me, wasondela lomntana until her pussy was against me and that on its own was a turn on, I held her waist and pressed it against the bed mattress, I then found my way in her and she let out a sexy low moan, driving me insane. She was on her tippy toes ngoku and I was that much close to climaxing that I took her left leg and placed it in the bed while her right was still on the floor and I did what I was good at, the deeper I went the more her body shoke and the wetter she was getting by second, I knew she had came already, multiple times but I hadn't yet, she bit on the sheet on moaned from it. I moved my gaze from her face to her hands when her hands landed there and she opened her butt cheeks, I believed she was doing thia absentmindedly but I used it as an

opportunity and moved one hand from her waist to her ass, I pushed my thumb in and she let go of the sheet she has been biting all this time and screamed...

"Oh gooosh fuck."

I on the other hand was groaning because I on the edge, when I let it out I laid on her back, with my thumb still in her anus, uFhaku still in her, my breathing was fucked up one could swear I was about to die. My chest, back and face were dripping with sweat, her back was sweaty ngoba I felt it when I laid on her. We stayed in that position until our breathes were close to normal, I extended my hand and took the white T-shirt I was wearing, immediately when I pulled out I placed it between her legs and kept still until I could feel its vibration stop against my hand, I wiped her clean and walked to the bathroom to clean myself. I stood at the mirror and looked at myself, the sweat which was on

my face and chest yayingathi I just had a threesome, I opened cold tap water and rinsed my face and mouth before heading back to the room, she was laying on the bed, holding my belt endlala ngalo. She turned and looked at me before blushing eyona ndlela, I moved up to her and placed a kiss on her tummy, ndanyuka and went up to her boobs, I took one nipple in my mouth and sucked on it, she started off by giggling first but when she held my head to direct me, I pulled back and laid next to her...

Me: "Awudinwa Phopho"

Aphindiwe: "What do you mean?"

Me: "By sucking on this beautiful nipple, sele uready for uphinde uqalele"

Wahleka, hitting me on my chest and I just chuckled. I relaxed back and closed my eyes, she had her chin her on my chest endijongile, I opened my eyes when she called my name...

"Huh?"

Aphindiwe: "I love you"

Me: "You know what Mambhele?"

Aphindiwe: "What?"

Me: "Uthandwa ndim Phopho"

She smiled and moved up, wandincamisa before she laid her head on my chest and I placed one hand on her back while the other was under my head and we relaxed like that. I don't know how long we laid in that position until we heard a knock at the door, we both didn't move until we heard Bulelani scream, "Phindi wempinch wam"

She giggled and moved away from, wandijonga...

Me: "Go ran amanzi in the shower ndizobahoya"

She nodded and left me putting on my pants and zipping it as well as buttoning it, I walked

up to the door. When I opened it and in front of me stood Bulelani who walked in, Bianca and Keagan...

"Nifunani kwam?"

Bulelani laughed, as well as Keagan, Bianca stood next to me looking at me, she was actually staring at my tummy before she looked up at me

Me: "Let's close the door, don't you think?"

Bianca: "Oh sorry"

She stepped aside and I closed the door and walked inside, with her following behind me, Keagan was busy pouring Castle Lite kwi glass, Bianca found a seat on the chair next to the working table while Bulelani was looking around, he stared hard on top of the bed and laughed

Bulelani: "Kugqibonya isex apha!"

Aphindiwe shouted from the bathroom

"Hayi Bhuti'B!"

Bulelani: "Wenzani apho nah Phindi?!"

Aphindiwe: "Ndiyahlamba!"

Bulelani: "(chuckles) Inxaki unuka isexmntanam!"

Aphindiwe: "(laughs) No!"

Bulelani: "Hlamba sisi. Hlamba!"

Me: "So, what's the plan?"

Keagan: "We here to fetch y'all, we drinking out."

Me: "Gee ons 30 minutes"

Bulelani: "Hayi unxilile, 30?"

Me: "Ndibalela ivrou kaloku Groot man"

He nodded and headed for the door, Keagan was on a phone call as they walked out, ndaboa uba uyashishiza uBianca akafuni uphuma, she held the waist of my pants and came closer, ndambambha and she looked at me...

"We'll talk but not apha."

Bianca: "Please make time for us"

Me: "I said we'll talk."

She nodded and stepped back, heading for the door, Keagan was standing at the door engancumanga marn, he shook his head chuckling, I smiled back at him ngoba ndandiyazi why he had that smirk on his face. When they stepped out I retreated to the bathroom and found Aphindiwe half way with showering, she turned around when she heard me step in...

Aphindiwe: "Who was with uBhuti'b?"

Me: "Keagan noBianca"

She stopped playing with the water and finally looked up at me

"Bianca?"

Me: "Ya"

Aphindiwe: "Is she the one who looks coloured?"

Me: "Ewe"

Aphindiwe: "You guys seem close, I see from the way akujonga ngakhona."

I tilted my head to the side and looked at this lady, she wasn't going to let this go ngoba na the last time she seemed uncertain about my response, I was about to talk when she said "Phofu ayindifuni."

Me: "Don't ke babe, ndiyakucela"

She shrugged her shoulders before turning around, letting the water run down her back. It was funny how ladies thought sometimes because I knew she'd go searching deep on that just to find closure but I'd let her, so we can find a way to clear it out.

After we bathed we dressed up, I watched her

do her make-up and honestly if it was up to me I would tell her not to put on all these stuff, she looked fine without it too. I noticed she only did her eyebrows, wafaka mascara and lips, obviously with some powder. You might be wondering where I knew all these from, I had girls who were lovers of such things, mark the word had. She was dressed in navy tight jeans, a loose maroon lace crop top and those pump shoes with laces that end up about the ankle, they matched the colour of the top, she looked beautiful. When we headed downstairs safika eziway sele zidikwe klaar ngoba we were the only ones left, they were waiting at the dining hall for us besitya, being the meat lover that I am I dished up a plate full of stinky wings and ribs then sat down joining the others, ubaby poured us idrinks and we sat there sidibanise itafile, chatting. Aphindiwe was next to me and I didn't want her next to any of these guys, these motherfuckers were hungry as fuck.

Right after we ate we stepped out and decided who was climbing on which car, people spoke about changing imoto when we were still inside so we'd get a chance to socialize amongst each other, many of us didn't have a problem with that but I knew my babe did, well I wasn't worried about these niggurs checking he out, babengazolunga and they knew I had a quick to any sort of bullshit so they always thought twice before fucking my way.

Outside people just chose cars and I chose eka Bulelani ngoba him and Keagan were the only niggurs I tolerated apha, then kulendele uAndrew who has been misbehaving lately, ubaby was in with Keagan and the other girls and I relaxed because she seemed comfortable, all she did was roll down the window and blew me a kiss, ndancuma. I turned and looked at Bulelani who was talking to Drew about something, when Keagan was about to drive off

Bianca stopped him, watsiba and ran towards the Wrangler, she stepped inside and I turned and looked at her my eyebrows furrowed when I turned to look at Keagan's ride, Aphindiwe had her window up already, I clinched my jaws ndinyusa eyam.

Bianca had to understand that such little things threw suspicions and not long ago Aphindiwe didn't buy my attention. Wayezondifaka ekunyeni lomntana.

113th Entry

Aphindiwe

When we stepped out, heading to whatever club they were planning to go to, saqala ngotya kuqala and since I was seated between Mihle

and Keagan I spoke my way through with Keagan, he was quite an interesting person and he seemed keen to know me, in a friendly way of course and seeing that he seemed close to Mihle, I knew he wouldn't make a move on me. Right after we ate and stepped out of the hotel and stood at the parking, back at the table I promised Keagan that I'd ride with him this time around so I walked over to his car and stood next to it, along with the Lolly chick who was bloody loud, she's the girl who was with Andrew and them back at the residence the other day. We were heading to some nightclub yalapha which I didn't know the name off, I guess I'd see it xa ndifika phaya. I was at the passenger seat looking at my baby who was still standing with Bulelani bejulelani isitsinxo, I presumed Bulelani didn't want to drive but kwale yam indoda yayisonqena, he looked at me and smiled while walking to the passenger door, I turned on the seat and looked at Bianca nechommie yakhe

bengena emotweni, they were talking about Bianca wanting to ride elsewhere so andabahoya, ndandingangeni ndawo kule nto yabo. I averted my gaze to Mihle and I saw uba he was looking at Bianca's friend ngoba she was still standing at the door, bent over talking to her friend. Mihle then shifted his gaze and looked at me, I was staring at him wancuma, I somehow managed to smile at him even though at the back of my mind I was bothered with how he was looking at this girl and ndandiyazi uba he wasn't looking at her but was looking at Bianca through this lady. Something bothered me and ndandizombuza ngayo but not now, I was already scared with what he said he'd show me Monday so not until I saw that and got over it, other problems had to wait.

With my window rolled down already, I blew him a kiss, wancuma before he turned looking at Bulelani, Keagan stepped into the car and

started the engine, I turned and looked at these girls who still had the door open, the other stepped aside waphuma uBianca and hurried to the Wrangler, I furrowed my eyebrows and looked at her before looking at Mihle, he had his eyebrows raised at her before she stepped into the car and closing the door, wajika and looked at her and right then my instincts told me that there was more to this than what I thought. I was trying not to let this get to me so I rolled up my window and looked at Keagan, he was talking to the friend whose name I still didn't know yet, after they were done, Keagan turned on his seat and accelerated the car.

We drove off to the club, we were the second car and I realized ufika kwethu phaya that it wasn't far from the hotel. When Keagan found a parking, I opened the sun visor mirror and checked my make-up, more especially my lipstick, seeing that everything was still how it

was when I left the hotel room I stepped out of the car, dressed in my navy tight jumpsuit and the pair of laced black pumps which Sivuyisiwe bought for me since I had problems with my leg. I felt simple yet beautifully dressed, by luck I even dressed for the weather ngoba it was mild and it worked well with our outfits, kwakungekho mntu who was dressed warmly apha except for Bulelani's girlfriend who seemed to be carrying ijacket, well I couldn't blame her, she was older than what we were so it was acceptable for the way she dressed. I had my black Truworths handbag in my hand and before I could walk around the car I felt someone's arms encircle my waist and pick me up, this person swung me around and placed me back on the ground, because of the cologne I already knew who it was, I looked up at him with my lips pouted, he held my face and stared back before he spoke...

"Awuzogodola?"

Me: "No"

He leaned in and placed a baby kiss on my lips before he held my hand and walked with me towards the entrance, abanye were already there bencokola and making a noise, we arrived and joined the circle, my stare went straight to Bianca, she was standing with Andrew bencokola and by the way their faces looked, it's either they got along or the conversation was good. We stepped inside after being searched and paying a fee of R40 each person, my hand was still in Mihle's until we found a table, we sat at the table against the wall with the L shaped couch but still asonela so others took chairs. Andrew and Papi stood up asking each of us uba sifuna usela ntoni, Ice Tropez was our decision and the dudes wanted Castle Lite, they also wanted to call the shots nge Ciroc, Absolut and a bottle of Hennessey. While

waiting for Papi and Bhuti'b to get our drinks we sat around at the table sincokola, we were laughing at what Andrew had just said about a girl texting him demanding attention ngoku yena akhangela impundu...

Andrew: "And you know what's going to be fair?"

Some of us asked uba yintoni, lendigqiba eli coloured by saying

"Everybody's cellphone should be placed at the centre of the table, we're here to get kak dronk and not chat on WhatsApp."

Mihle: "We don't often agree with each other but nou djy praat some sense."

Andrew nodded and we were all looking at him, I was about to ask uMihle why he agreed when Bianca spoke, saying

"Some of us want to talk nabantu bethu njena."

Mihle: "Ngubani umntu wakho?"

She turned her gaze the same time as I did and we both looked at him, why the fuck was he even asking her that...

Keagan: "(chuckles) Mihle boy, don't brother."

Mihle: "Last time I checked she was single my man, so I'm confused"

Bianca: "Mxm, Andrew please go check our drinks"

Mihle chuckled emjongile, she turned her gaze from Andrew back to Mihle then to her friend

Mihle: "B."

Wathula so he repeated himself, three times until she turned and looked at him, he stared at her futhi and I tried so hard not to continuously pass my gaze between them

"I'm sorry."

She looked at him then at me before pretending to be taking a smile, she then carried on talking

to her friend and I continued typing on my phone, texting my girls telling them ndiyabakhumbula, more especially uLuthando.

Our drinks arrived sele sincamile ke shame, we even had two other guys go to the meat part of this nightclub and buy us wings which were still being braaied nangoku. We drank kumnand and I was steady at this shit because my aim wasn't to get drunk kaloku I was kak xa ndinxilile so didn't want that apha more especially with Mihle by my side, I didn't want to embarrass him. Lolly and Bianca were at the dance floor while ichommie ka Bianca whose name I knew by now was flirting with Andrew, I observed clearly at many things here and I noticed how Papi was forcing himself ku Sinalo and maybe she was rejecting him because he was both high and drunk, she then threw herself at Drew and Drew being Drew and soft wamyeka. Bianca was all flirtatious with Keagan but he

seemed like he was distracted by many things ngobs wayemshiya oko ahlale noMihle, which was odd ngoba indlela lebabe close ngayo made them seem gay, it even made them forget ngathi sana. Keagan got up from the seat next to Mihle and walked over to the dance floor, where we were seated the two dance floors were clear and in great view and the second dance floor wasn't as full as the first, he went over to the second dance floor to join Bianca and Lolly, I moved closer to my man and he was busy on his cell phone, he looked up at me when I laid on his arm...

Mihle: "Uyagodola?"

Me: "No babe but I think I'll need the bathroom soon"

Mihle: "Uzotsho xa ufuna uya ke babe"

Me: "Baphi abanye?"

I asked that because despite the three at the

dance floor, we were just four at the table whereas there was fourteen of us...

Mihle: "Out to smoke weed. uBulelani noLumka are probably out somewhere bakhangela indayo yotyana"

Me: "What?"

He turned and looked at me, wahleka out loud before getting back to his normal self, I was still confused because he seemed serious when he said that...

Mihle: "Ndiy'joker Mambhele wam. You should've seen ubuso bakho, fuck is that how you look xa utipsy?"

Me: "How do you know I'm tipsy?"

Mihle: "Ndiyayibona"

I brought him closer and whispered "baby?"

Mihle: "Phopho?"

Me: "My baby hurts"

Mihle: "Omphi..."

I was about to answer him when he brought his hand in between my thighs and touched her, whispering

Mihle: "Lona?"

I slowly nodded and he chuckled, pulling back from my hold, wandijonga with his eyes narrowed, I knew what he thought so I decreased his worry by explaining what I meant

Me: "Not in a bad way but iyavakala uba ikhwe yangenwa yinto after a very long time."

Mihle: "(smiles) Kuthwa for uba ingadumbi, yiphinde"

I smacked his shoulder causing him to erase that smirk he had on his face, right now he had a smile. Well I told him that because wayevakala ubaby wam uba she was busy not long ago, it was swollen and some women believed that it indicated good sex, well

whatever the case yayithunukwa yipanty every time I shifted.

He took me out of my thoughts when he placed a kiss on my forehead and I smiled gazing around the club, seeing all types of people there were to night; those who looked shy and uncomfortable as though they were forced to even be here, those who looked like they were born here, nabo who looked unsure, they want to dance but their faces read 'bored'. I looked at the dance floor and saw Bianca, usisi had an ass ke, curves and a waist of approximately size 34, wayemile kakuhle. She was dancing, moving her waist and the way she did that I bet it was easy for any guy to catch the hints that she rode a dick and hard ngoba she wasn't just moving her waist but she looked like she was grinding while still looking at her I got disturbed by the people who suddenly arrived at the table making noise, they were from smoking weed

but since you know my situation
ndandingazokwazi uyitshaya mna. Papi poured
shots for everybody from iCiroc and when he
arrived kum I refused to take it but they insisted,
even though I tried telling them that I was on
medication for my leg, which was a lame
excuse anyway, they pushed so I took the shot
atn poured it in Mihle's paper cup...

Me: "I'll drink with him"

Papi: "You know I won't rest until I see you sip
three or four times from that cup."

I smiled and nodded knowing that I wouldn't do
any of that, I was alright yile Ice Tropez, it was
better not to drink anything else, if I had to drink
a shot then it would be dashed. Right after
Sinalo got her shot she threw her hands in the
air and got up, dancing to Dance Again ka Black
Coffee, both her and Bianca were over tipsy but
they weren't that drunk yet. Bianca was
standing when she got hers, immediately after

throwing it down her throat she took a few steps away from the table and started dancing, she started off by moving her waist wakhonya sana uPapi causing everybody to look at Bianca, well I understood why he did that, the past few hours I've learnt that he liked her. I studied his face and he looked at her and licked his lips, from the corner of my eye I realized that Mihle was staring at him too before he turned his eyes to Bianca, they stayed there for a while and I found myself shaking from the stare he was giving her and I knew if he'd do anything else apart from that I'd probably breakdown. He chuckled, shaking his head before he turned his gaze to Keagan but Keagan was looking at her as well, she was now facing the dance floor looking at her friend so after some time of earning stares not only from us but other people too, she turned around and faced the table, she moved towards the table and leaned on it, staring straight at Mihle, he was laughing

at something noKeagan and it seemed to annoy Papi laway because uKeagan kept on smacking his shoulder and he was staring hard at my man who seemed chilled. Still confused ndinjalo Bianca called Mihle's name while she was opening another bottle of Ice Tropez, he raised his eyebrows at her indicating uba makathethe...

"Ndicela undikhaphe to the bathroom."

Mihle: "Ndikukhaphe?"

Andrew turned his attention of this lady who took not only me by surprise but a couple of us

Andrew: "(chuckles) Why don't you ask one of the ladies?"

Bianca: "Drew I'm not talking to you (pause) Mihle?"

Mihle: "What?"

Papi: "The security here is tight anyway so djy sal nie met hom inside gaan nie. So find

another place for him to stick his fucken finger in you."

Now it was my time to raise my eyebrows, Bhuti'B snapped his head up immediately and looked at Papi, kwathula on the table. I slowly turned my head to look at the man sitting besides me, he had his eyes narrowed at Papi before he chuckled...

Mihle: "So yeyiphi le point uzama uyiprove apha?"

Papi: "Unesazela boy?"

Mihle: "Andiyo boy yakho"

Andrew: "Papi nee man, we spoke about this!"

Papi: "Fuck speaking. Guilt's fucking this coward up!"

Mihle got up immediately after Papi said that, I found myself holding his arm but he kept his stare at Papi, even though I wanted to hear

more of it, ndandingafuni mlo. Andrew was also holding Papi who had the first empty bottle of Ciroc in his hand, my worry exactly, he'd crack it on Mihle's head any chance he gets. For a moment I thought Mihle would sit down ngoba he kept quiet for a long while looking at Papi but when he spoke I didn't know whether to stand up and beg him or to storm out...

Mihle: "Andiyongquza mna uyevha, I don't need my way paved to get pussy."

As hesitant as I was, when Papi lifted the hand with the bottle ready to attack, ndaphakama, I don't know uba ndandizokwenzani but I stood up anyway and grabbed hold of Mihle's arm, he didn't flinch a muscle nor did he look at the bottle but he kept his gaze on Papi's eyes. Papi went mad when Andrew held the hand with the bottle yelling at him in Afrikaans, I looked at my man and I'm sorry to brag but naxa enyanyile umntu wam, he looked fucken sexy...

Me: "Baby ndiyakucela toro don't."

He chuckled and chewed on his lower lip before he turned and looked at me, his facial expression seemed to change and the anger faded a little, I shook my head and he faked a smile before placing his lips on my forehead, he pulled back and muttered "I won't."

We sat down simultaneously and I turned on my butt and looked at him, he relaxed back on the couch and closed his eyes but opened them within a second when he heard Papi's voice, the guy was throwing tantrums ndikuxelele, abanye abantu were looking at us and when he smashed the bottle against the white wooden table we heard some screams, Drew held him by the collar and brought him close, whispering something in his ear but the dude's outburst was enormous sana...

Papi: "Fuck that Andrew, fuck it man. Ek gee nie om nie about your fucken business, I'm not

going to have lekaka (points at Mihle) fuck up my plans."

Bulelani: "Heyi! Heyi! Jonga apha, uhamba nathi kaloku so ungazophambana apha. If zizinto oqhela uzenza ezi xa uqhunyiwe uhamba nentanga zakho then ungakhe ulinge uzozenza apha."

He looked at Bhuti'B for a long time, la look which made ootata basezilalini go mad, ngoba yayidela nyani, he finally turned to Andrew who was talking to him and when he seemed to have collectes himself but his chest still raising up and down, umenzi wayoyonke lento finally spoke...

Bianca: "Papi what's the fuss for?"

Andrew: "B please"

Bianca: "No Drew, I made it clear to the guy that andimfuni so why esilwa kengoku?"

Papi: "Ungathethi ikaka wena Bianca."

Bianca: "No Bhuti andithethi kaka, I just want to know kutheni undilwela? I don't need that, undigqibela inice time!"

I don't know what happened kanjani but I know uba I suddenly saw Mihle grab hold of Papi's collar from the bank, Bianca holding her head like it was painful and Bhuti'B up on his feet. Mihle stepped aside from the table and shove Papi to the side, haike the dude went back to square one, asking Mihle who the fuck is he to be holding him in that way...

Mihle: "Fuck off! Awuzohamba ubetha amantombazana aph! Jonga Papi awunamntana apha. Fuck marn!"

Drew was now dragging Papi outside being helped by Keagan and another guy, thixo wam, people knew how to ruin good nights. Bianca still had her hand on her head while Lolly and Sinalo were talking to her, Bulelani kept on cursing under his breath while his girlfriend was

just quiet sana, ezifanela nam lona.

When Mihle retreated to his seat futhi he firstly spoke with Bhuti'B and he was busy brushing my hand while talking to him, through their conversation I heard "Ngoku ndandimtyile" and I pulled my hand away from his touch and looked at him...

Me: "You did what naye?"

Mihle: "That was before we were together babe. Before I took le decision."

I looked at him, a part of me didn't believe his ass but I decided not to fuss about it kodwa this wasn't the end of this conversation.

I wanted to know if it was nothing like he was saying to Bulelani then why in hell did I hear the two of them whisper back in the hotel room, if there was really nothing to hide.

114th Entry

Andrew

I understood Papi's fuss but what disappointed me was because I didn't know him as the kind of man who'd go mad over a pussy he couldn't get but here he was now fuming, maybe this was beyond what I knew of. I was now standing outside with him and he was crazy, talking about guns and how he'd use his to blow Mile's head off for making him look like a fucken pussy...

Me: "Bra you need to relax"

Papi: "(chuckles) Relax? You fucken telling me to relax after I had that motherfucker have these bitches look down on me?"

I kept quiet because even though I knew Miles

was known for making feel belittle, I never knew uba he'd have my man feel this way, he was the hardcore ghetto type not this man who was breaking in front of me.

Papi: "Did you hear how that bitch spoke to me? Het djy gehoor? Daardie laaitie kak op my, hy shit op my!"

Me: "And you're allowing him because as djy so kak mal is, dan mask djy hom happy."

He paced up and down before he squatted before me and tried calming his nerves, that's what I needed him to do long time before I even had no choice but to drag him outside because right now Miles was probably seated back inside, feeling like a king because he was aggressive and he always wanted such outcomes for either his words or actions. I sighed before I bent forward and patted Papi's back, Keagan had headed back inside right when he realized that this guy wouldn't calm

down any time soon...

Me: "I'll leave you to it."

He nodded and I walked back inside and I wouldn't say I was agitated by this whole thing, it had nothing to do with me so I had no reason to be worked up. I headed to the table and from a distance I saw Skatiebal moving her hands away from Mihle's and he tilted his head and looked at her for a long while, I averted my gaze back to the girls who were now hanging on Keagan before I sat down and pulled a Castle Little 550ml from the Castle bucket. Just when I was beginning to relax Bulelani asked...

"Where's Papi boy?"

Me: "Taking a breather outside"

He nodded before sipping on his bottle and saying, "He needs it."

I immediately turned my attention to Aphindiwe who suddenly screamed

"Andifuni!"

And I believe when everybody on the table turned their attention to her, I wasn't the only who heard her, she looked mad and it was fucken attractive on her because she kept on closing those small eyes off hers before letting out a deep sigh. Mihle stood up and grabbed hold of her hand, I furrowed my eyebrows when she hissed he was hurting her but when he realized that he let go of her and leaned in forward meeting her face half way, he whispered something to her before pulling back, she looked at him for a long time before letting out a huge, loud "mxxxm" I suppressed the urge to laugh but it was just because I didn't expect her to say that...

Bulelani: "Phindi (pause) Phindi"

She turned and looked at him, her arm folded over her chest

Bulelani: "Ndicela ushukume uyothetha noFhaku, andikwazi unje"

Aphindiwe: "Bhuti uMihl..."

She was raising her voice with each word and it got me wondering what the fuck did this asshole when we were outside because when Papi and I walked out, they seemed okay...

Bulelani: "Ndiyakucela Nana"

Miles was looking at her this whole time, waiting for her to reach but when she sighed and stood up, it was then Miles spoke

"In fact siya ehotel. I need to get some things straight kuye"

Aphindiwe: "Andiyi apho mna."

Mihle: "Uyaya and if caba ufuna ubalapha kobububhanxa bendawo then I'll bring you back."

She looked at him for a long time before she

took a step forward, Miles averted his gaze from her and loomked at Keagan...

Mihle: "My laaities, lend me your car. Ek sal jikela"

Keagan searched his pockets and pulled out his car keys then threw them at him, he got them and nodded at Bulelani before he looked at me and I nodded too, then they walked out, her in front of him with her handbag hanging from her arm and her arms still folded over her chest.

I looked at Bulelani as he shook his head...

Bulelani: "My boy is an ass, even when he's full met n meisie he still plays these little games of his."

Me: "Hy's full met haa' ?"

Bulelani: "Jump case."

Me: "Ek dink nie so nie"

Bulelani raised an eyebrow at me before he

leaned on the table and ran this index finger on the bottle mouth, he looked at me for a while before he leaned back at the couch and spoke...

"You're just his business partner and hy's my laaitie. I know him better."

Me: "Even if he's awe met haa', hell use her anyway"

Bulelani: "Djy praat kak."

Me: "(chuckles) He doesn't know how to treat a woman, especially one of her kind."

Bulelani: "Djy praat lyk djy ken haar."

Me: "I've had a chat with her (pause) she deserves better."

Bulelani: "And what is better? You?"

It was now my turn to raise a brow at him, he was really getting under my skin where he wasn't supposed to be and it was fucken irritating so instead of answering him I turned

and looked at the dance with my bottle on my lips, I only turned back to him when I heard him speak...

Bulelani: "Fuck with her okay (pause) and you'll dig your own grave."

Me: "I won't (pause) but you should alert djou laaitie with the way he treats her because with that soft spot she got for me, she'll end up on my doorstep."

He chuckled and laid back on the couch looking at me hard, well I loved this guy because he was calm and collected, even though I knew he meant every word he said and was most probably fuming with anger in the inside but on the outside he looked chilled, he had a smile on his face and this was the kind of people whom I liked, people who made it hard for you to get through, people who gave you a challenge unlike people like Miles who killed within a short period of time only because they feared long

term challenges. I mirrored his face and smiled before turning my head and looked at Papi who walked in looking okay then the condition I left him in, immediately when he sat at the table he pulled out the banky he had in his pocket and prepared to roll a fuck ass joint, now this was the Papi I knew, the guy who'd kill someone for his weed but pussy.

Aphindiwe

Uyabona ke wena mntaka somnci I'm a chilled person umthetho yam, andiyithandi into ezobe inomsindo and all that type of negative shit but from the patience I have, once shit gets to me then it gets to me.

I was planning on letting yonke lento rest for now ngoba I hate being the center of stupid attention but when uMihle turned his eyes and

looked at Bianca who was at the dance floor I lost it because waye'hamba sisi ngamehlo, from head to toe and when she turned and looked at him wamjonga and winked at her wancuma usisi that's when I lost it, babengandi hloniphanga mos ababantu. Not that I expected the girl to respect me anyway but ubhutiza lona, ndandingazokwazi so I spoke...

"Ungajoli naye nje?"

He turned and looked at me before saying "Hmmm."

Me: "uBianca lona wakho caba uzomlwela, ungajoli naye nje xa caba you can't get your eyes off her."

Mihle: "Phindi you're not going to fuck up this night ngalonto."

Me: "Fuck it up? Are you okay? Are you fucken okay?"

I was pointing my head as I asked that because

if there was anyone who ruined the night apha it was him not me. He tried touching me and I flinched, pulling my hand back...

"Don't you dare! Ungandibambi."

Mihle: "Aphindiwe"

I kept quiet and looked at him, he narrowed his eyes at me for a long while and as I was staring at him the more I had flashbacks of ezi hours ndilapha with him and that fucken Bianca girl, I chuckled and shook my head and he tried touching me again, ndabhekela...

Mihle: "Ndicela siyothetha phandle"

Me: "Andifuni."

Mihle: "Ndicela siyothetha phandle Aphindiwe."

Me: "Andifuni!"

He kept quiet and looked at me, I realized uba many people were back at the table kengoku but I didn't give a shit I just didn't want to go, I

didn't want to talk about it ngoba I was already mad and talking about it might even get me to tears so ndandingafuni. He stood up and pulled me ngengalo, he wasn't rough but I decided to become and hiss knowing he couldn't stand hurting me nangoku he let go of my hand looked at me before he leaned in and whispered in a husky voice...

"I better not step outside ungekho phaya."

The threat in his tone didn't scare me at all, I couldn't care less if he'd burn down this nightclub. When he pulled back I looked aside and let out that mxxxm sound which was an indication of any irritation, with my hands folded over my chest, I was hoping head sit down and let this go but when Bhuti'B begged me to go with him and hear him out I had no other option, I gave in but felt like I shouldn't have agreed when he spoke about heading to the hotel...

Me: "Andiyi apho mna"

Mihle: "Uyaya and if caba ufuna ubalapha kobububhanxa bendawo then I'll bring you back."

I looked at him and for a moment that cut deep, I was hoping he'd back but for now ndandisele ndiyazi uba he wasn't patient with these type of things and I knew by now that even if he was wrong, once you're mad he'd get mad too.

Before Bhuti'B increased my nerves by begging me once again I got up and grabbed my handbag before I headed for the door, I was in so much of a hurry that I put pressure on my leg but I couldn't give a fuck ngoku, I was just angry.

Immediately when he stepped out and unlocked Keagan's car I steppes and shut the door roughly, andiyazi uba imoto yomntu yayenzeni but I couldn't contain it. He stepped inside and started the engine without saying a word to me, our ride was silent and I appreciated it ngoba him talking was just another thing I couldn't

handle, I needed to think and think hard on how I was going to take yonke lento wayezondixelela yona ngoba there was one thing I hated about myself and that was how much I cried every time I'm angry. From the parking lot to the entrance of the hotel sasishiyana and I was the one okhokheleyo even though I knew ndizomlinda when we get to elevator which I did, he kept on glancing at me and I was working hard on my emotions because I didn't want to cry, not now.

Immediately when we stepped inside our room he headed to bathroom and took a loo, waphuma after washing his hands and found me pacing up and down the room, just when he stepped out of the restroom he leaned on the wall and looked at me, with his hands in his pocket, he stood there for a while and his stare caused me to stop moving and look back at him. When he began to speak, he moved from

against the wall...

"Yazi (pause) there's one thing endingafuni uyenza and that's to hurt you."

Me: "Then why do you keep doing it?"

Mihle: "Akhonto endiyenzayo noBianca"

Me: "Why do you keep doing it?!"

Mihle: "Khandicinge you'd take offense from that"

I laughed and finally moved from where I was standing, I found myself throwing my hands in the air because I didn't know what to do with them

Me: "You didn't think I'd take offense? You were willing to take a smashed bottle of Ciroc for her, ogqiba uthi you didn't think I was going to take offense, like are you for real?!"

Mihle: "I wasn't taking that for her."

Me: 'Could you stop lying. Ndiyakucela."

Mihle: "Andixoki. You misunderstood that whole thing, in fact you heard what you wanted to hear."

I raised my eyebrows and waited for him to explain since I was the stupid and deaf one kaloku

"My only problem with what that bastard said was how he was indirectly telling you uba I fucked Bianca and which is why ebendibuza uba ndityiwa sisazela nah, that's the only thing which got me freaked out."

Me: "Then why when uBianca spoke about having a boyfriend you had to question that?"

Mihle: "I was just making conversation."

He walked towards me but stopped when he saw me step back, the only reason I did that was because I knew if he touched me I'd soften up and I needed some answers...

Me: "Do you even love me Mihle?"

"What?"

Concern was evidently clear on his face and his mouth hung open a little, looking at me...

Me: "Uyandithanda?"

Mihle: "Undibuza njani lonto? Of course I do"

Me: "Then why do you keep hurting me? Why do you keep doing ezizinto? Battles with Nomthandazo were hard enough now with Bianca, why can't we just be happy kakuhle like any other couple."

Mihle: "Phindi you're comparing things that aren't on the same line apha,"

I kept quiet and looked at him for a long time, a lot of things were coming back, the countless times he kept quiet when Nomthandazo went out at me, that day he indirectly said I was cheap by hinting him uba I was available, that time when he told me I must search for someone my age, when he said to Andrew

angandithatha and with every little memory I had, my breaking point was more at the edge. He furrowed his eyebrows still looking at me and I whispered to him...

"Could you honestly tell me uba ubethetha ngantoni when you were talking to her?"

Mihle: "Nini?"

Me: "When I was at the shower (chuckles) I turned off the shower and heard y'all but I guess you were too concentrated on her khange uve kwalonto"

Mihle: "She was me to make time for us."

Me: "(chuckles) and what did you say?"

He looked at me and swallowed, my heart was beating heard against my chest ngoba I feared his answer but I wanted to know anyway...

"I said we'll talk."

Me: "Talk?"

Mihle: "Ewe"

Me: "And I guess my presence ruined lo chance
yothetha naye"

Mihle: "Aphindiw..."

Me: "Did you even treat uNomthandazo kanje?"

Waqhala amehlo and looked at me,
akaphendula and that was the answer to my
question, andizoxoka it hurt badly but even with
this lump which suddenly grew in my throat I
wasn't going to let this weekend get ruined
kwanamhlanje, Sunday was still far from now. I
walked toward the bathroom and that meant
passing by kuye, I flinched when he tried
touching my arm and he turned nam
wandilandela...

Me: "I want to go back to the club"

Mihle: "Phindi ndicela wohlise umsindo"

Me: "Could you take me back to the club please"

Mihle, that's the least you can do for me."

Mihle: "Can we talk kuqala?"

Me: "There's nothing more to talk about! I have nothing to ask you"

"Aphindi..."

"Ndicela undise eclubin!"

He stood by the door and looked at me, I had forgotten uba ndandiyokwenzani kwakulo bathroom so I stepped out, bumping him on the way, I took my handbag from the bed and waited for him to move but all he did was just turn around and face me, he had his hands in his pockets again and the look in his eyes was sort of begging me not to but I just didn't want to forgive him so early, I didn't want ngoba he was already taking advantage of me kwa early kanje. When he stood there and looked at me not saying a word I headed for the door but he caught my arm on the way...

Mihle: "Uyaphi?"

Me: "To the club"

Mihle: "On what?"

Me: "I'll catch a cab"

Mihle: "Don't let your anger drive you crazy,
awuyazi lendawo"

Me: "It's better to be out there alone than here
with a guy who isn't sure if he loves me!"

Mihle: "Aphindiwe khayeke uchuku"

I walked towards the bed and placed my
handbag on top of it once again, right now the
lump on my throat was giving in and I felt tears
filling my eyes...

Me: "You couldn't even answer me."

Mihle: "I love you damm't and uyayazi lonto,
andikwazi why uziphambanisa."

Me: "I asked if this is how you treated

Nomthandazo and you couldn't even give me a bloody answer to it!"

Mihle: "Because you're not Nomthandazo!"

And right there I froze, once again he was fucking up my emotions, hurting me ten times more. I didn't care what he meant by that and ndandingazombuza, I took it lendlela yayingena ngayo apha kum and that's how it was going to be. I knew if I blinked ngoku I would release the tears which were held by my eyes, he was staring hard at me most probably waiting for me to say something or ask what he meant by lento yoba I wasn't Nomthandazo but I knew I wasn't her so ndandingazo buza.

Feeling that I needed some positive energy and someone who was going to put a smile on my face, I absentmindedly asked him...

"Ndicela undinike inumber ka Andrew."

Mihle: "Intoni?"

Me: "I need him to come fetch me since you won't take me there."

Mihle: "Akekho omnye umntu onomcela?"

Me: "Ndicela undiphe inumber ka Andrew Mihle."

He took out his cell phone with his eyes still on me and unlocked it, wandinika. I looked at it, contemplating on whether to take it or not but he provoked my already not-giving-a-fuck self when he said...

"Call him."

I looked at this man before me before staring at his phone, it was clear uba we were both stubborn and with the way he did things he was used to getting his way through kodwa I wasn't about to play cool ngento yonke ayitshoyo, I had feelings too. I took the phone and looked at Andrew's number ngoba wayesele endiyele

kuyo, when I pressed ring and placed the phone on my ear my eyes were looking at his feet and I had the utmost confidence mntaka dabs but when I looked up at him and saw how he was staring at me, the vein which made its way down his forehead, his furrowed eyebrows and suddenly red and teary eyes I knew uba ndandivuse inyoka izilelele.

115th Entry

Mihle

I was now standing in front of Aphindiwe waiting for her to ring Drew. I can't explain the emotions I felt when she asked for his number, it was a slap on the face and not just any slap, a hard one, I knew she was doing that for revenge, most definitely for what I just said to her about her not being Nomthandazo because I

remember how her face changed from the hurt it showed to shock then back to hurt again within a matter of seconds. And no ndandingaxoki when I said she wasn't Nomthandazo but I was hoping she'd ask what I meant about that, I was hoping she would've asked me before she reacted because I'm pretty sure what I meant ngalonto was totally different to what she thought.

When she placed the phone on her ear and looked down at our feet I felt betrayal, andizothi I saw this coming but I knew her better than the type to do this, was she that angry nah, I know I messed up but couldn't she give me a chance to get this right. She looked up at me and her eyes widened, I know where her shock came from, she hasn't seen me like this before and ndayayazi uba when I'm really angry, I looked like a monster, I didn't know how I looked but from how people looked at me oko I knew it

must be scary. It rang and he picked up ngoba the silence that was filling the room allowed the speaker to seem louder than usual, he said Miles for the second time but she didn't respond just looking straight into my eyes, I was holding my teeth tight together preventing myself from blinking, yes my eyes were filled with tears and I guess that's what shocked her. She sighed softly before looking away and saying...

"Andrew"

Andrew: "Skatiebal, what's wrong, is everything okay?"

I chuckled and stepped back, my eyebrows were deeply furrowed and for the first time in such a long time I had that irritated hard lump on my throat but it wasn't easy for any man to let it out like women do...

Aphindiwe: "Yes everything's okay, could you

please come and fetch me"

He said something I couldn't make up but she nodded saying "yes" before an "okay" then I presumed she had hung up when she stopped talking, with my hands in my pocket I turned around slowly and looked at her, she handed me my phone and I extended my hand and took it...

Aphindiwe: "Thanks"

She slowly took her handbag from the bed and turned to walk to the door, I stood there and looked at her, she didn't dare to turn and look at me instead she opened the door, stepped out and closed it, I stood in that very same position looking at that door for God knows how long before I took a few steps back and sat on the bed. I brought my hands to head, with my elbows on my knees, I was shaking, the anger I had was beyond the anger I often felt when I was about to kill someone, it was sickening.

After a while I stood and headed to the wardrobe, I pulled out my brown leather bag and opened it, I took all my clothes and opened the zip at the bottom of the bag and pulled out my rifle, I sat on the as I pulled out the magazine from the chamber and checked my bullets, I had two so I loaded another three before putting it back in the chamber, I laid it on the bed next to me and stared hard at it between narrowed eyes. My mind was running wild, it was everywhere, thinking about everything, never in my life have I loved a girl who challenged me like this one did, there was something about her which made her not fear me and it was abnormal to me ngoba from all the women I've dated none of them would have done what Aphindiwe did ngoku, none!

I stood at the balcony and enjoyed the joint which I just lit, I had it rolled earlier on when Keagan was here, my stare was at a distance as

I smoked this, my mind was not on what I was doing as a result I didn't know uba ndayigqiba nini la joint but ndaqabuka when it very small. Before I stepped back into the room I stood at the balcony and allowed lento ndigqiboyi tshaya to sink in, I headed back inside and searched my toiletry bag for a Halls, from my jacket holder I pulled out my black coat, placed my gun in its holster then on my waist. I looked around for anything I was leaving behind, what I saw was the card lock and my cellphone, having grabbed them I walked out. I headed straight to the car wasting no time, my mind was already at the club and I wasn't planning on causing any choas phaya but that would also depend on how things were xa ndifika phaya and I was praying that when I arrive there she wouldn't be anywhere near Drew, in fact there was one thing endandiyiyela kula club, to get back Aphindiwe and take her back to the hotel, this weapon on my waist was just for in case someone wanted

to act all manish on me ngentombi yam.

I arrived at the club and found iparking, I didn't step out of the car immediately and I wasn't planning on stepping out anyway so I took my phone from the passenger seat and rang Andrew's number, after about three rings he answered, the noise in the club overwhelming his vouce...

"Miles"

Me: "Bring back my girl"

Andrew: "What?"

Me: "Bring back my girl"

Andrew: "Sy wil nie daa' wee..."

Me: "Fucken bring her back!"

Andrew: "Come fetch her"

Then he hung up, giving me a reason to get inside. I pulled out the key from the ignition and stepped, making sure that Keagan's car was

locked before I went inside, I headed straight to the table they were seated on and to my surprise Aphindiwe wasn't there...

Bianca: "You're back."

I didn't look at Bianca ngoba I wasn't here for her, I leaned on the table and looked at Andrew before talking...

"Where's she?"

Andrew: "You need to contain your anger (pause) whatever you did to her is obviously fucked up, she wouldn't stop crying."

Me: "Where. Is. She?"

I emphasized each of those words clearly, I was about to ask again when Lumka said...

"Uphume noBulelani phandle."

I nodded and stepped away from the table before heading to the exit, I was feeling a lot of mixed emotions and it wasn't the greatest

feeling, it was fucked up ngoba half of me told me uba ndimyeke ade azibuyele ngoba wayezifunele uhamba but the other half wanted her by my side. When I was outside I gazed around looking for Bulelani and Aphindiwe but after ten seconds of not seeing them, I called Bulelani...

Me: "Bhuda uphi?"

Bulelani: "Wena uphi?"

Me: "Ndifuna uAphindiwe groot man, nphi?"

He kept quiet for a while before talking again...

"Uyayibona le Ranger ibomvu?"

I looked around and spotted it, I walked towards it before he could say they were there

Me: "Ya."

Bulelani: "Yiza kuyo"

I hung up and walked up to the car, they were behind la moto and the first person I was

Bulelani who was standing, staring on the ground with his hands in his pockets, Keagan was kneeling in front of Aphindiwe and she had her head between her legs, I could tell she was crying ngoba her shoulders kept on moving every time she sniffed. I was about to move forward when Bulelani held my arm and pulled me back, ndamjonga...

Bulelani: "Umenzeni lomntana?"

I looked at Bulelani then at Aphindiwe then back at Bulelani, he was waiting for me to answer but when I didn't he spoke again

"Akakwazi nothetha lomntana Mihle."

Me: "Mandithethe naye"

Bulelani: "Umenzeni Mihle."

Me: "Groot man zinintsi into esithethe ngazo noAphindiwe."

He raised his eyebrows at me and stared hard

at me, this guy was like my elder brother ke especially in situations like these, la four year gap was clear kuthi when I mess up ngoba he always found a way to correct me, reminding me uba umdala. I looked at Keagan before stepping towards them, I touched his shoulder, he turned and looked at me before standing up straight, I guess the worry on my face was clear because he was looking at me with much pity before he stepped aside allowing me to stand in front of her, I was still mad that she left with Andrew but ngoku I was worried then mad. What worried me were the questions which kept popping in my mind, how she said nothing after what I said, what if she was planning on leaving, calling things off nathi before they even started, sasingenayo ne three months kaloku.

I squatted down in front of her and held her legs, she couldn't stop sniffing and shaking her head continuous, I knew wayengazokwazi uthetha

but for some reason I knew her silence was going raise my worry in hundreds. I sighed about three times before I finally found the husky voice in me...

"Phindi."

She didn't flinch and I knew uba wayeyazi uba I've been there for a while now, I don't know how to explain it but we sort of felt each other's presence

Me: "Aphindiwe ndicela undijonge (pause) baby could you at least look at me."

She stopped sniffing for a while and moving, I was hoping she'd move her head from between her legs and look at me but when she started crying again, with a hiccup this time I knew I fucked up, by just that fucken response and I ruined it all. This was one of the things I hated about myself, how often I didn't count my words when I was angry, ndandinga khathali uba

azongena njani kuwe as long as I've said them and you heard but apha kwakufuneke ndibale amagama, even though she was the most challenging female I've beeb with, she was the most fragile.

I tried folding her arms which were folded over her neck but she tightened them making it hard for me to move them and if ever I went all rough on her, she'd feel as though I'm hurting her...

Me: "Mambhele?"

Every second since I started talking to her and she wasn't responding, I felt like she was drifting miles away from me and it was a sickening emotion, a feeling I felt would soon have me lose my cool

"Mambhele (long pause) I don't often explain myself to anybody but ngendlela oyiyo I always feel the need yokuxelela where you've misunderstood me. Aphindiwe I'm not with you

to play with your feeling."

With my hands now on her head, digging my fingers on her hair I stopped when she moved it from in between her legs and slowly looked up at me, her eyes were swollen already, disadvantage of having lamehlo mancinci. She looked at me through teary eyes and I stared back at her before I extended my hand and cleaned her left cheek then cleaned the right but before I was even done cleaning it, other drops of tears fell from her eyes, others landing on my head, she looked at me before she slowly shook her head and looked to the side.

I laid my head on one of her knees and took a moment, I was searching for the right words to say to her so I'd correct her waybof judging what I said back in the hotel room, after some while I sighed and pulled back from her knee, to my surprise she was looking at me...

Me: "Baby I need you to understand one thing

and ndiyayiqonda uba you must've noticed it
(pause) ndinomsindo okhawulezayo and I know
it comes with a lot of bullshit because I've
noticed xa ndinomsindo you end up in tears.
(Long pause) I don't want to lose you over such
shit."

Aphindiwe: "It isn't shit kum."

Her voice was cracky and her tone a little
blocked from the tears so it came out as a
whisper but I heard her anyway because right
now she was all I was paying attention to...

Me: "Ndicela undimamel..."

She shook her head and tried talking but
akakwazi, this was what caused me to stand up
and pull her up with me, she allowed me and
when she was up I pulled her in my arms and
right there she let it out, waqalela phantsi. I had
my eyebrows furrowed all this time listening to
her cry, she wasn't the type who let out any

sound but she just had hiccups and sniffed, the right side of my chest was wet from her tears, I wanted to wait for her to contain herself so I'd talk to her ngoku she wouldn't hear a thing I'd say.

After a long while ndimlindile, with her in my arms she finally stop crying but she still had hiccups from crying this much, I could feel the fists she held on my T-shirt before she slowly loosened them and encircled her arms around my waist, she still refused to look at me so I gave her time, I was running my hands up and down her back looking down at her head ngoba it was the only thing I could see now. She finally looked up at me and I couldn't help myself so I lowered my head and placed a kiss on her forehead, when she saw me staring at her lips she looked away and I cringed my jaws before sighing...

Me: "You ready to hear me out?"

She looked at me again for a long time before nodding but I could tell she wanted to say something so I cocked a brow at her

"Thetha"

Aphindiwe: "Mhuh?"

Me: "Ufuna uthini?"

Aphindiwe: "But please don't say anything that will hurt me."

Me: "I'm sorry"

She tried pulling back but I held her arms and kept her there kodwa she forced it and that's when her arm bumped my weapon, wama...

"Yintoni leyo?"

Me: "Feel it"

She shook her head with her eyes a little wider, I couldn't help but chuckled, she jumped away from when I pulled her arm towards the gun and she slightly touched it...

Aphindiwe: "Did you have this ngoku besisiza?"

Me: "No"

Aphindiwe: "Isukaphi kengoku?"

Me: "You look terrified"

Aphindiwe: "What were you going to do with that?"

Me: "We not talking about lonto baby."

She looked at me, what was funny was how she kept on staring between me and my waist. I stepped closer to her, she stood still and looked at me, I cupped her face and looked back at her before I whispered...

"Masiyothetha emotweni."

She nodded, when she moved away I turned and looked at the two men behind me, my wingmen...

Bulelani: "Phindi uright?"

She smiled at Bulelani before she came closer and encircled her arm around me from the side but moved it away immediately when it touched my gun, I laughed shaking my head

Keagan: "Baby if he bothers you again, call me and we'll cut off his balls."

Me: "She'd never allow you to, she loves them."

She stepped in front of me wandijonga ekhamisile, I blew her a kiss but she didn't stop looking at me with her mouth hung open, despite the way I treated her there was no way I'd deny the feelings I had for her...

Me: "Ndizothetha naye emotweni"

Bulelani: "Abuye elila Miles lomntana, uzongqubana nam."

I nodded and walked over to where I had packed with her hand in mine, I opened the back door for her and waited for her to be well seated before I closed the door and walked over to the

other side, once I was inside she didn't turn to look at me but stared far ahead as if thinking about something, I knew it wasn't going to be easy but I was going to try and tell her anyway.

"Phindi?"

It was only then she slowly turned and looked at me, her eyes were carrying tears again and I knew it really did cut deep when I was about to talk she lifted her finger at me, indirectly telling me to shut up and I did...

Aphindiwe: "I want you to understand that I love you but I'm not going to tolerate being compared."

Me: "Then don't compare yourself babe. I don't need you to be anybody else but yourself Aphindiwe and what I meant ngoku bendisithi kuwe you're not Nomthandazo I meant it, awunguwe uNomthandazo and that's what I love about you, I need you to hear me clearly,

you're not Nomthandazo for many reasons, reasons far from lento uyicingileyo (pause). I'm trying to be a better person for you, something I wasn't for her, I'm willing to break contact with people for you, I'm willing to let you in babe in a couple of months something it took me two years to do naye. I'm crazy about you Mambhele and I need you to understand me, ngoba if you would you'd know uba ezinye ezinto I don't say the way you take them."

She was quiet whole this time, looking at me, I had emphasized every word I said and I meant them, I wasn't playing games with her, ndandimdala kakhulu for games, if I cheated I did it from losing feelings or lack of interest and not because I was still a game player. When she was about to talk I placed my finger on her lips and she gasped...

"Ndicela undinyamezele Mambhele, I know the kind of guy you want me to be but I'm just not

there yet. Andikafiki apho Phindi wam."

My heart smiled when she smiled contradicted the tears which she blinked free from her eyes, I dried her eyes with my thumb, smearing the mascara she had on. She moved closer and placed a kiss on my lips before she pulled back encumile and wiped her cheeks with the back of hands, walala on my lap and kept still there for a long time, my hand was playing with her hair before I looked at my wrist watch, 02:17, fuck I'd prefer being with her this way in bed rather than kule moto.

I leaned in and placed a kiss on her shoulder, she tightened her hold on my knee...

Me: "To fit your age, do you do promise rings?"

She turned and giggled covering her eyes with her hands, I placed a long baby kiss on those hands and waited for her to respond.

It was clear nakubani that she loved me and there wasn't anything fake in our chemistry, I'd truly be a fool if I in anyway took advantage of this lady, I know like any other man I would probably mess up and say sorry a million times but there was one thing I was sure ndandingasoze ndiyenze, was to have any other girl disrespect because I let them, I wasn't that weak.

116th Entry

Aphindiwe

I was now laying on this guy's lap wondering if it was possible uba umntu ndimthande oluhlobo nah? Jonga ke mntaka ka somnci inxaki yam I've never been this much in love nalanto yefirst love didn't work out so well for me, I often used to think Sasa was mad when she went insanely

in love over and over for elagintsa lakhe as if wayengambethi or as though he wasn't as aggressive as he is kodwa right now I believed I understood where she was coming from, if this is how love worked then it was funny. Uqala kwam umbona uMihle I knew umhle, there was no doubt in that one but like any other guy I've come across when I saw him I thought "fun", date to pass time and all but when I realized that kwelam icala jealousy was kicking in I knew kunzima and babe you better it's fucken deep when you start fantasizing ngendoda womntu. When he asked me about promise ring I knew he was joking, you could hear it from his tone but anyway ndand'happy that he did try and understand that ndingoye 20th Century so ezinye ezinto I were definitely going to love and find interesting way more than I did.

He was brushing my shoulder this whole time that it began to burn where he was rubbing

because of the continuous pressure, I flinched a little for him to stop and he did, I slowly turned on his lap and looked at him, he had his head rested on the headrest of the chair with his eyes closed, I was staring at him from the lower view, his breathing was steady so now to disturb I decided not to bother him even though I was curious about what he was thinking off.

After some time sihleli kanjalo I cleared my throat, at first I didn't get his attention so I did it again and instead of looking at me, he spoke...

"Thetha?"

Me: "Ucinga ntoni?"

Mihle: "A lot"

Me: "Zinto kaloku"

He finally moved his head from the headrest and looked at me with his eye narrowed

Mihle: "Ezinto eskolweni zihamba njani?"

Me: "I wouldn't know kaloku, I haven't been here for weeks."

He was playing with my eyelashes and eyebrows, running his index finger on them, if khange ndikhale elaxesha lide kangakayana I'd probably be shouting at him for running my mascara but after crying that much, I knew I had none left.

Mihle: "Kanti don't they send emails nah kwesiskolo sakho?"

I removed myself from his lap, balancing with my elbows causing him to hiss from pain, I quickly sat up and looked at him, he had a point ke apho, I most probably had millions of those emails from school as well as assignments...

Me: "They do but ndiyazilibala mna babe ezizinto."

He cocked a brow at me, definitely thinking I'm crazy and I understand why he thought that

kodwa ndandibethwa kungayiqheli yonke lento, I mean since I last high school and attended la first semester at university of Johannesburg, never again did I go to school until now so I needed to adapt kulento...

Me: "And inoba I got plenty of assignments."

Mihle: "What you studying again?"

Me: "Law."

Mihle: "Urelaxer ingathi ufunda iEducation Phindi wam"

He said that opening the door of the car, my arms got covered with goosebumps instantly so I tensed and I think he noticed because when he looked at me again he immediately pulled the door to close it, it was clear to see that he wanted to step out of the car but stopped anyway so I couldn't help but ask

"Uyaphi?"

Mihle: "Masambe"

I opened the door again and stepped out, I followed his actions and stepped out, took a step forward towards the front door but instead of doing that he stepped around the car causing me to stop before I could get in the car, when he was by my door he spoke...

"Ndilinde ndiyoxelela uKeagan that we leaving ngemoto yakhe uzohamba ngoBulelani."

I nodded and he stepped away from me and headed straight to the entrance. While I was in the car waiting for him, like any other normal girl I couldn't help but think uba did he even look at Bianca when he stepped in there, did he smile at her or let alone touch her, to he honest with you yonke lento was driving me crazy because now I had a reason to doubt him, from what he did about two hours ago made me feel like he was capable of doing anything and yayingathi wayezoyenza. I was close to

panicking kaloku ngoku because he's been in there for over five minutes, it was that long that I ended up locking the car, after searching for my cellphone in my handbag I now had it in my hands searching for his number, ndandingekayazi ngentloko mntaka bawo, having found it I rang him my eyes not leaving the entrance. He picked up after the third ring...

"Ndiyeza"

Me: "Uza uphi?"

Mihle: "At the entrance"

I didn't move my eyes from the doors of the entrance until I saw him walk out encokola noAndrew, Drew was doing much of the talking and as they stood there I took a moment to take them both in, uMihle was an inch or so shorter than Andrew and he was well-built not lento Ka Vuyo Dabula but more of Trey Songs type of tanned body, uDrew was a little lean but in a

good way, lendlela babethetha ngayo you'd mistake them for good friends but I knew they weren't, they just happened to tolerate each other. Mihle nodded again but he checked his watch and touched Andrew's shoulder and said something, he then turned on his heel and walked towards the car, I saw Drew step back after shaking his head a couple of times, even with my head staring at the other direction, when the door of the car opened I already knew it had to Mihle because when the wind blew, it filled his cologne into the car and in my nostrils...

Me: "Kuyabanda ngoku"

He buckled his seatbelt and looked at me before he switched on the engine...

Me: "What took you so long?"

Mihle: "Andrew"

Me: "Andrew?"

Mihle: "Ewe ebefuna uthetha."

Me: "Ebesithini?"

His concentration was on the car he was driving as he tried reversing from the parking lot and careful not to bump any of the cars which were parked close by ngendlela endingayaziyo. When he drove out into the main road I saw him relax, he was about to turn up the volume of the radio when I spoke again...

"Ebesithini uAndrew?"

He stopped himself from increasing the volume and looked at me, his eyebrows were furrowed but I wasn't about to explain myself to him, he knew why I wanted to know, it was obvious uba I was worried ngoba this was the same guy I called not long ago to come fetch me, the very same guy he didn't trust me with so I wanted to know because a huge part of me told me it was what he said to Andrew which got Drew talking

that much and not the other way around...

Mihle: "Kutheni wa curious?"

Me: "Akhonto"

I shrugged my shoulders as I said that and turned on my seat looking at the front, I was about to dig it up because he might just take my curiosity in a total wrong way. After some ethula, in fact when he was done parking the car at the hotel parking lot he unbuckled his belt and looked at me before saying...

"He was telling me uba akayithandanga lento ndifike ndayenza whereas you're the one who called him."

Me: "Wena ufike wenzani?"

Mihle: "I asked him uphi."

I tilted my head and looked at him, well he didn't look like he was joking but he did however look like he wasn't telling me the whole truth

Me: "Really?"

He opened the door and stepped out without answering that, we closed the doors simultaneously and headed for the entrance in silence, since the quarrel we both seemed like we were always caught up in our thoughts, since we spoke it through and forgave him there wasn't much to say, well ndandifuna uthetha mna but it seems like he wasn't interested. I don't know if it was the mind or it was happening nyani but after your first fight with isithandwa sakho it is most likely that you'll hallucinate, you will notice change in things that don't even have change ngoba even nalena ka Mihle into of ignoring me wasn't new but it somehow felt like he never used to do until now.

We walked through the hallway in silence, only the sound of shoes making the noise, he had my handbag in his other hand and my hand in his other , I kept on stealing a glance of him

every now and then ngoba he was irritating me ngalento yakhe yongathethi ever since I asked him about Andrew, okanye inoba ndandityiwa sisazela mntaka somnci...

Me: 'You're quiet'

He turned and looked at me before he forced a lousy smile on his face, I was about to take another step forward when he

held my waist and stopped me, my back was against his chest and I could hear his breathing very clear because he had his chin on my shoulder, he sighed causing me to turn my head and look at him...

Me: "What's wrong?"

Mihle: "You know babe uba ndiyindoda right and zinintsi into uzothi xa uzenza ndizibone ngedlela yam."

By now he had me against the wall, his hands were each on the side of me shoulders, he

continued...

"Lento uyenzileyo of calling uDrew when you're angry made me feel some type of way, andiyithandanga, you made me feel like an asshole, like you could..."

Me: "Uxolo."

He narrowed his already narrowed eyes at me and stopped talking for that while

Me: "I know it was stupid of me qha I wanted you to feel what I felt when you stood up for Bianca and even winked at her."

Mihle: "What did you feel?"

He moved away after asking that question, he shoved his hands in his pockets and looked at me, he was making me nervous ngoba he was not just looking at me but was also chowing on his lower lip, I looked away and sighed...

Me: "Can we not talk about this?"

Mihle: "Andizoyazi how I made you feel if awuthethi"

I looked at him again, I noticed that his eyes haven't left my face ever since, wayendinyisa nge eye contact ke lobhuti

Me: "I felt hurt and less appreciated."

Mihle: "Less appreciated?"

Me: "Ewe, you made me feel like lamntana she can step over me whenever she wants, you made me feel so little! You should've seen how you fought for her, indlela lena ubuf..."

I didn't finish that when he crushed his lips on me, I don't know when he moved closer kum because I was too concentrated on what I was saying, on expressing my feelings that I lost focus but however when his lips met mine there was no way I'd know uba bendisithini ugqiba kwakhe apha, as he was kissing me I found my hands make their way under his T-shirt and he

chuckled pulling back, wandijonga...

Mihle: "You could never just kiss me ungabatywa"

I removed my hands from under his T-shirt and looked at me, with my eyebrows furrowed he had this smirk on his face this whole time, even though waye right there was no way I'd admit that to him...

Me: "That's too much babe"

Mihle: "Can you ke?"

Me: "Ewe tshini"

He chuckled before leaning in and kissing my forehead, he began walking again causing me to blush obviously...

"So sizoyenza?"

I was hopping behind him, excited about this whole idea of having him kiss me all over, I remember the last time he did that in the

shower uba kwenzekani.

He stood at the door and searched for my bag, I relaxed because honestly there was nothing to hide in there, he took out the lock access card and opened the door, he couldn't stop looking at me every now and then even when I sat on the bed...

Mihle: "Awuncume"

Me: "I have every right to do so kaloku"

Mihle: "Unamanyala kodwa wena baby."

He said that removing his T-shirt while staring at me through the mirror, he had that fucken cute smile, the one which flaunted his dimple

Me: "Yintoni?"

Mihle: "Ndiyakubuka nje baby"

I lent forward and untied my shoelaces before laying on the bed and looking up at the ceiling, I kicked off my pumps just when I was about to

left my feet and place them on the bed, I felt his hands on my left foot and I flinched...

"Yandothusa man."

Mihle: "I need us to talk about something"

Me: "Le position ayina luck shame, yesterday we were on this same position and wathetha into endothusileyo."

Mihle: "(chuckles) yile position inxaki nhe?"

Me: "Ewe"

Mihle: "Or maybe it's your feet."

I roughly pulled my feet away from his hold and he laughed before finding a seat next to me on the bed, I folded my legs and looked at him...

Me: "Let's talk Phopho wam"

He chuckled and turned slightly to face me

"You know le relationship yethu ayizobalula mos?"

Me: "I'm expecting rough bumps ewe"

Mihle: "What makes it worse is lento yomntana."

For some time I had forgotten that she was our main problem and she would be for a long time, all I had to do is accept it and be strong, there were bigger problems coming our way

Me: "Ewe"

Mihle: "Funeke ndiyombona (pause) and talk to her about umntana. The baby is mine after all."

I nodded and he continued

"During this whole time you'll have to be strong, not kancinci babe."

Me: "I've never been through such a situation before so I don't know what to expect"

Mihle: "I've been with her for four years I know what we're going to deal with (long pause) ezanto ebedala ezenza ziminor babe"

Me: "Could you defend me this time around?"

He raised his eyebrows at me before his eyes searched my whole body while I was still seated, he then looked at me again before asking

"What do you mean?"

Me: "You never deared to defend me all this time ebendikhonkotha uNomthandazo."

Mihle: "(sighs) I know"

Me: "Why did you do that?"

He cringed jaws as he stared at his feet and you know when a man does that, angakwazi ukuphendula, it simply means something serious must be going on, some shit really deep, he sighed before closing his eyes when he opened them I was staring at him waiting for him to respond because I wanted to hear his answer to what I asked. He turned and looked at me, before he chewed on his lower lip and sighed again

"Awukwazi undiphendula?"

Mihle: "Babe every time sithetha ngoNomthandazo we end up fighting, awuqapheli lonto?"

Me: "Every time undishiya unanswered my curiosity increases so ndicela undiphendula just this once"

Mihle: "I did that because I wasn't sure"

Me: "Wasn't sure?"

Mihle: "When uNomthandazo was at you ndingathethi ndithule it's because ndadingazazi uba ndiyakufuna nah or not."

Me: "Oh"

Mihle: "Can I be honest with you Phindi?"

I nodded...

"I don't know how you felt about me uqala kwakho undibona kodwa mna ndakufuna for ione night stand ndisaqala ukubona not

knowing uba ndizochazeka."

Me: "So your aim was to get in my panties."

Mihle: "Frequently, but it didn't work (long pause) and I don't regret it not working."

I nodded slowly before I looked away, he placed his hand on my knee and squeezed it, earning my attention ndajika and looked at him

Mihle: "Every time sithetha ngoNomthandazo you'll learn something about me from all these things you'll ask, andifuni uzibuza uba ngoba kutheni ndingenzi kanje kodwa I used to do this to her, you not her and that's why ndilapha nawe namhlanje (pause) awungo Nomthandazo and I don't want you to be. I appreciate you unguAphindiwe, yevha?"

I smiled and knelt on the bed, I placed a kiss on his forehead before I grabbed hold of my phone, absentmindedly I unlocked it and we straight to camera, ndafota sana, a beautiful picture with

his eye closed, his hands gently on my neck while I had my lips on his forehead...

Me: "Masiyohlamba"

Mihle: "Intoni? Again? No Mambhele, andiyontlanzi mna!"

I giggled getting off the bed as I begun to remove my items one after the other, I was now naked dressed in only my lace panties, lendoda yam was laying on the bed looking at me

Me: "Awund'join(i) nyani?"

Mihle: "Andizokwazi bhabha."

Me: "Okay"

Mihle: "Enjoy!"

I was already at the shower by the time he shouted that one word, I was going to enjoy it, after so much drama tonight I needed it.

After God knows how long I stepped out of there not even wrapped around in a towel, he knew how I looked whe. naked and there was absolutely no part of me I would have wanted to change, I was content and bold ngalomzimba. My precious man was asleep ke sana, still in his jeans and his cell phone next to him, he looked peaceful, I stood where I was at and watched him, he was facing the other side so his back was facing me, I looked at his muscles and tanned body, how light and smooth his skin was. After some time ndime phaya a lot running through my mind as I looked at this guy, my body covered in goosebumps alerted me that I was getting cold since the air con was on, so I walked over to where my bag was and pulled out my panties, after putting them on I took a few steps towards the bed and woke him up, all he did was to turn over and groan....

Me: "Mihle"

"Mmmm"

Me: "Vuka."

He opened one eye and looked at me, I was removing pillows from the bed, making space so we could sleep kwakusile shame so I understood where his exhaustion came from, he shifted a little from where he was laying as I pulled the sheets under him, it was useless me sana ngoba his weight was beyond what I could pull

"Baby vuka kaloku."

He furrowed his eyebrows before he attempted getting up, he kept on cursing under his breathe but ndandingamhoyanga because we had to sleep and mna ndandingazo lala without having my body covered. He sat on his butt rubbing his eyes before he looked at me, I didn't understand why he stopped moving and just stared at me until my mind snapped me back to reality, I was

naked only in the see through lace panties, like any other girl who would have her man look at her ngoluhlobo every time xa embona as though uyaqala, I blushed...

Me: "Ndicela undiboleke iskipa solala."

He looked at me before his eyes ran from my face until my thighs then back to my face again

"You good this way."

With that stupid smile still on my face I slid under the sheets and waited for him, he undid his belt before he started walking towards the bathroom but stopped when his cellphone rang, since it was close to me I held it but didn't answer it

Mihle: "Yiphendule"

I looked up from the cellphone to him, "Huh?" but he carried on walking towards the bathroom leaving me to do as he instructed...

"Hello?"

Wathula lomntu and it was a number so I couldn't say uba ngumani so I repeated myself but froze when the voice said

"Aphindiwe?"

Ndanyaba sana because I believed ndandiyazi lovoice and for her to call at this time it had to be urgent but that was least of my worries, my biggest worry was ngoku ndandisekunyeni ke qha and from there on I expected icall esuka ku David nanini nah.

117th Entry

Nomthandazo

Being a month and some weeks pregnant wasn't easy, kwasekuqaleni ke phofu kwakungekho lula because honestly speaking

this was a shitty process, even though you happened to bond with your infant it was impossible not to feel the burden of carrying her or him. Being the type of person that I was my mood swings were over board ngoku and it wasn't like I wanted it this awa, it was just who I am.

So namhlanje I went out with friends after rere turning from work but had to come back early when I had funny cramps, at first they didn't seem so serious but as the night stretched out it was unbearable, umama and Vhuvhu did try some things out to help me and I was praying countless times that it wasn't the effects of the drinking I did earlier on the days of my pregnancy because ngoku I realized ndiyamfuna lomntana. After having tried everything I managed to fall asleep because the pain had eased a little but was once again woken by this stinging pain in my abdomen

which I couldn't handle, I attempted on getting off the bed and tried walking to either Sivuyisiwe's bedroom or eka mama but I atioood approximately after my forth step unable to move anymore because every time I took a step forward the pain seemed to be increasing, I screamed bending forward holding le ndawo which had the most pain. I was standing there in the same place unable to move and about to call out for someone when the door of my room swung open...

"Yintoni?"

Me: "Mama andikwaz...!"

She rushed towards me endibamba, asking countless times uba bendisiyaphi. She helped to the bed but in slow, painful steps just when she was laying me on the bed someone else walked in, it was Vhuvhu, she walked over to the bed in long strides and asked

"Kwenzekani?"

Mama: "Nomtha uva ndawoni ebuhlungu?"

I pointed at the place while trying to hold in the cry which was threatening to come out, ndandincwina...

Sivuyisiwe: "Mama funeke sim'se esibhedlele"

I shook my head mandijonga, I couldn't be in a car for that long

Mama: "Sithini ke Nomthandazo? Sithini?"

I closed my eyes and tried breathing through my mouth but it was pointless anyway because the pain wouldn't go away. It wasn't long until Azola stepped in my room too, utata was the only person absent because he had gone to George to visit his family, in fact he was gone to see his mother, our grandmother who apparently was admitted in hospital a few days back, well at the age of 91 these types of stuff had to be expected, wayemdala...

Me: "What time is it?"

Azola checked her phone and replied

"Eighteen minutes past three."

Fuck it was early but at least it was weekend, if ever this happened during the week ndandingasoze ndikwazi ukuya emsebenzini. Umama retreated to the kitchen and came back with a glass of milk for me to drink which I did but couldn't finish, every bloody minute which passed these pains seemed to be more than what they were when I woke up, I attempted on turning just so I can lay on my side but failed because it felt like I was applying more pressure on this.

I don't for how long have I been quiet, not that intlungu zaziphelile qha ndandinyamezele but later realised uba it wasn't working for me I needed some medical help kengoku...

Me: "Vhuvhu?"

Sivuyisiwe: "Mhuh?"

Me: "Call Mihle"

Sivuyisiwe: "Intoni?"

Me: "Call uMihle!"

She looked at me as though I just spoke a foreign language to her, the questioning look on her face irritated me because kwakunzima nothetha apha but I figured she wouldn't talk unless I told her uba kwakutheni out of all people ndizofuna aphone(le) uMihle

Me: "He knows of some doctor, iGynecologist."

She nodded and retreated to her room, wabuya in no time asking for Mihle's number, by this time umama was out in her room trying to get hold of help too. Having memorized Mihle's number four years ago I called it out and she dialed it before ringing him, I was concentrated on the pain all this time until she said

"Aphindiwe?"

I snapped my eyes open and looked at Vhuvhu, she had the most surprised look on her face and I understand kwakutheni, I myself didn't know expect her to be with him, I was thinking maybe he would've stopped seeing her by now, realizing that he made a mistake but here she was picking up his cellphone...

Sivuyisiwe: "(sighs) Yoh hayi Thixo, xa ungazothetha khawunike uMihle iphone."

I tried sitting up ngoba lena ndandiyiva into was making me naar, it was just another disease on top of le illness ndandinayo, I kept my gaze on Vhuvhu until she said

"Mihle (pause) unjani?"

Sivuyisiwe: "Jonga uNomthandazo is having pains apha and uthi you know of a gynecologist who could help her (pause) hayi (pause) andiyazi."

She sighed closing her eyes before handing me the phone, exactly what I wanted him to do, to talk to me so I took the phone with a lousy smile on my face...

Me: "Hello."

Mihle: "Hey, uthi yintoni inxaki?"

I found myself hurting all over again, I missed him, I missed this voice and I won't lie these couple of weeks which I haven't been talking to him seemed useless now that I was hearing his voice, there was no way I'd be able to let go of this man and what we had

Me: "Ndine cramps and they're bad"

Mihle: "Are you bleeding?"

Me: "Not yet but lendlela zingayo I will."

He kept quiet for a while and I heard some whispering at the background before he got back to me

"Let me call Sonke, then ndizobuyela kuwe."

Me: "Wait."

Mihle: "Ewe"

Me: "Can't you come see me? (Pause) see us?"

Mihle: "I'm not in Cape Town Nomthandazo."

Me: "Oh"

He kept quiet before sighing for a very long time and I could already imagine the look he had on his face...

"Let me make le phone call, I'll get back to you."

I didn't move the phone from my ear but closed my eyes instead of saying goodbye, Azola and Vhuvhu were quiet this whole time and I on the other hand was deep in my emotional thoughts because talking to this man took me back to square one, I felt my eyes filling up with tears but I knew I needed to be strong, I needed to tighten up...

Azola: "Uthini?"

Me: "He'll call me back."

Sivuyisiwe: "Call you back?"

I tried sitting up but couldn't because it seemed like the more I moved the more pressure I applied on my abdomen, when I hissed from pain Sivuyisiwe was the first to jump from where she was standing, asking me if I was okay

Me: "Ewe, help me up toro."

Through my cries she managed to sit me on my butt but it was a matter of seconds until it felt like my abdomen was being squeezed or torn in pieces so I slid lower futhi laying on my waist...

Me: "Fuck ibuhlungu lento!"

Azola: "Isn't it the affects of drinking nah Nomtha?"

Me: "How must I bloody know Azola?"

Mama walked in looking worried as hell, I was in pain and ngoku to have people like Azola ask me stupid questions which I didn't have answers to

Mama: "Hayi kaloku Nomtha, subakrwada mntanam."

Me: "Mama ndisezintlungwini and not to have Azola ask me ububhanxa."

Azola: "I was just concerned!"

Mama: "Azola..."

Azola looked at umama who was now shaking her head emcenga uba ahlise umoya, she furrowed her eyebrows before looking at me and muttering a loud "mxm", she turned on her heel about to storm out of the bedroom when my phone rang, wama, wayethanda nendaba lomntana...

"Mihle?"

Mihle: "I got hold of him, uthi in 30 to 40 minutes."

Me: "That long?"

Mihle: "Akahlali around Bellville kaloku lomn..."

Me: "Can't you do something?"

Mihle: "Ufuna ndithini Nomthandazo?"

"Ndicela uze."

He sighed before softly muttering between gritted teeth

"Andikho seKapa Nomthandazo."

Me: "We need you"

Mihle: "Could you stop! (Pause) Just stop it please, ndiyakucela. uSonke uyeza to check what the problem is and don't worry about the fee ndizoyibhatala."

Me: "NguAphindiwe lo uhleli naye?"

He kept quiet for a while before I heard

footsteps then a door which opened, it sounded like a sliding door and I couldn't make out if they were at Belmar or nyani they weren't around Cape Town, he sighed again before saying

"Bye Nomthandazo."

Me: "Mihle?"

He hung up on me and I couldn't help the pain which made its way through my heart, it hurt ngoba it felt like lomntana was mine and mine alone, he was acting like someone I had bought the sperms from and not someone whom I was in love with not long ago, he wasn't the man I was smiling with not long ago and honestly speaking

it wasn't normal, kum yayingahlali kakuhle.

Mama took the phone from my hand and placed the back of her other hand on my forehead...

Mama: "Mntanam concentrate on getting better

uyeke into ezikwenzela intliziyo ebhlungu,
yeyon'nto ezokugulisa leyo."

Me: "He said uSonke will be here nge in 30
minutes.'

Mama: "Zama unyamezela ke sisi ade afike
logqirha"

I laid back and concentrated on this pain I was
feeling, both emotionally and physically, it was
like I was the only one apha emhlabeni who was
in such agony, I felt like at this point and time
there was no one who could compare to my
pain but ndandiyazi that no matter what karma
is a fucken bitch and eyam into ndandiyazi uba
izobuyela kum ishiye labitchikazi yandityela.

I was drifting off to sleep with the pain a little
eased when I heard voices from afar then I was
woken up, it took me time to completely rub off
the sleep from my eyes and over me hovered
Vhuvhu, mama and Sonke, he too looked like he

needed some sleep...

Sonke: "Ewe mama, but let me run some check ups then ndizo drawer her blood ndinazise ngomso uba inxaki yintoni."

Sivuyisiwe: "Ngoku uzokwezani?"

Me: "Check her temperature and everything else"

Vhuvhu nodded while Sonke was unpacking his things...

Sonke: "You were lucky bendisahleli, bendisuka esibhedlele we had some emergency ngoku bendingeka lali ncam.

Me: "I'm glad you came as soon as you could"

Sonke: "You should thank uMihle nobu strongo bakhe ngoba if it were someone else ngendiyizulisele yonke lento qha ke intagam sounded worried"

Me: "He did?"

Sonke: "Yintwana yakho nje (pause) and the father of the baby. How long have you been carrying?"

Me: "I think for a month and three weeks"

Sonke: "You think?"

Me: "The month I'm sure, ziveki ezi zindibhidayo."

He nodded before he pulled out his ophthalmoscope and stethoschis to just my heartbeat and other stuff which the all doctors checked before he wrote down some notes, he then pulled a little of my blood from my middle finger and kept the sample so he'd work from it ngomso to get the results when that was done he started packing, interrogating me once again...

"How long have you been having these cramps?"

Me: "Ziqala namhlanje ekseni but they weren't

as bad as now"

Sonke: "Namhlanje or yesterday?"

Me: "Kunini kanti ngoku?"

Sivuyisiwe: "It's Saturday morning kaloku"

Me: "Oh snap, ixolo, I meant izolo morning but I did manage to go to work."

Sonke: "And then? Durning the day ngakhe ukhe uve nto?"

Me: "No until last night but they stopped so ndalala only to be woken up by zona futhi and ngoku they're worse than before"

He leaned forward and lifted my pyjama top and started pressing...

"Xa ndipress(a) yona give me a sign."

I nodded and he carried on pressing until he arrived at my further left not far from my hip, hayi ndaxhuma sisi causing him to stop immediately, it was shit painful. He stopped and

went back to writing something before he addressed umama

Sonke: "Ma andizokwazi umnika nto for now until ndiyazi what's the problem kaloku I can't give her meds kukho umntana who feds from her, kuqala I need to know uba through these cramps is the baby at harm then take action and yonke lonto you will know ngomso."

Mama: "Akhonxaki mntanam, ndiyabulela."

Sonke: "Before ndihamba let me check on more thing, smoking of any drug substance or alcohol ngoku sele umithi?"

Me: "I did drink but that was just a once off thing"

Ndandixoka I had gone out and drank with friends about four times ever since I knew I was pregnant, at that time ndandinyiswa yipregnancy sana, nedlela izinto zazindenzekela ngayo so I took it out on alcohol to numb the

pain but decided to stop and collect myself when I took a decision that I was keeping the child.

Sonke: "Ngomso I'll come ngokwam as soon as I can."

Me: "Alright, thanks"

Sonke: "Goodnight(ini)"

Sivuyisiwe: "Bye"

Umama walked him out and I was left in the room with Vhuvhu, my hand placed on the part where Sonke had pressed not long ago, I slowly turned over so I could sleep on my side, sleeping on my back was still hard for me and it was something I needed to practice now because in no time I would have no option but to sleep on my bag...

Me: "Was uMihle really with Aphindiwe?"

Sivuyisiwe: "Except if my ears have a problem, I

swear I heard ivoice yakhe. I'm sure she was the one who answered iphone Ka Mihle."

Me: "It must be her ngoba ngoku ndimbuzayo akakwazanga nophendula"

Vhuvhu shrugged her shoulders before she folded her arms over her chest

Me: "Undifunani uAphindiwe?"

Sivuyisiwe: "Hayi no Nomtha, ndicela siyiyeke lento"

Me: "Don't you think umtyele iyeza?"

Her eyes widened a little, I know, I know, kaloku apha ekhaya we weren't much believers of these traditional stuff and all, it was all about church but apha I couldn't help but think of it.

Sivuyisiwe: "Uyabona kengoku this is my queue uba ndiyolala"

She said that walking away before umama walked in, passing Vhuvhu by the door, they

both muttered "goodnight" to each other and she continued walking towards me until she was right next to the bed, she found a place to sit before looking at me for a long while, sympathy clear in her eyes...

Mama: "Sisi ndiyayiqonda uba you could've never imagined yourself kule situation kodwa ubomi mntanam busithatha busibeke apho bufuna khona, all you need to do is be strong."

Me: "It'll pass mama, I'm just thankful that uMihle usandihoya xa ndithetha ngomntana, I have hope noko."

Mama: "But don't have too much of it"

Me: "Mama?"

"Yintoni?"

Me: "Encouragement noba incinci nah mfazi?"

Mama: "Hayi kaloku andifuni ube ukhathazeka apha usixake"

Me: "Caba ndiyaxaka xa ndikhathazekile?"

Mama: "Khawulale Nomthandazo, intlungu zinjani?"

Me: "Better but zihambe zivuke."

She nodded before covering me up to the neck with the blanket, she placed a kiss on my forehead and retreated to the door, at the door wama wandijonga before switching off the lights and closing the door, leaving me all by myself to dwell in my thoughts, my hand was on my tummy this whole time and I found myself muttering

"Utata will be back baby, let's not worry, let us just focus on staying healthy. Uzobuya."

I smiled the way through before I could feel my eyelids closing slowly but right before I called it a night I pulled out my phone from under my pillow and wrote Mihle a message, one that wasn't too much, just three sentences to

express how I felt and what I hoped.

I pushed it back under my pillow and turned over on my side, closed my eyes with a little bit of some hope lingering somewhere in the vacancy that occupied my heart.

Aphindiwe

I was seated crossed-leg on the bed thinking about Vhuvhu and how much shit I was in kengoku ngoba she was definitely going to tell her parents if babengekho naye phofu when she called, le call yavele yandinyabisa. I was still worried, calculating the possible outcomes zale shit when Mihle asked...

"Uright?"

He was still on the phone call, talking to Nomthandazo I presumed ngoba ndava xa

eбуза about bleeding

Me: "Ewe ndiright"

He nodded but his face telling me that he wasn't buying my story, he carried on talking on the phone and I found myself eavesdropping kengoku. I couldn't help but wonder what he would've done if I wasn't with him, if he was around Belmar ke, would he have gone to see her ngoba when he told her he wasn't around Cape Town I assumed she asked him to come see her. I looked at him as he made his way to the bed and going through his contacts, he stopped by a contact saved as Sonke and rang the guy, while he was busy talking to this guy he had his right hand on my lap, he absentmindedly kept on squeezing my thigh, I could make out from the conversation that he wanted the guy to attend uNomthandazo. His frustration was understandable, having lost a baby before it was normal for him to be this

much affected when Nomtha informed him of not being alright and my aim was to support him and understand him right through, only for the sake of the baby and that's how far I was willing to understand, anything either than that kwakuzoliwa.

He spoke to the guy before he got back to Nomthandazo, I don't know what it was about Nomtha but every time he spoke to her wayengakwazi uhlala ndawoni enye, he had to be up or pace around the room, I looked at him this whole time until he stopped, closed his eyes and sighed, he looked beyond stress and my nerves were still at peace until he headed for the sliding door, opened it and stepped out, he was still on the phone call but after a while there was silence. I sat on the bed and decided to give him some time to find composure, some time to calm down ngova whatever it was that he spoke to Nomthandazo about,

ndandingafuni ayikhuphele kum.

Close to two minutes or so I got up and headed for the balcony, I couldn't wait anymore, the more I waited the more anxious I was getting, he was leaning on the steel rail looking straight ahead, ndoyama ngecango and looked at him...

Me: "Uright?"

He kept quiet for some time before he turned his head and looked at me, he nodded slowly but it was obvious that he wasn't okay, he returned to the position he was in before I disturbed him. I walked up to him and ripped my arms around his waist from the back, I placed my head on his back and allowed the silence to play its role ngoba that's what he was doing before I got here but I later couldn't handle it because I was only dressed in one item, my panties

'Uzobaright nhe?"

Mihle: "huh?"

Me: "Ndiyagodola so bendibuza if I leave you all by yourself uzobaright nah?"

He turned and looked at me through narrowed eyes, that's what he did whenever he was anything else but happy

Mihle: "Go to my bag and search for my grey Barbour jacket, uzondihlalisa"

Me: "Lena yaseMarkhams"

He nodded and I went back inside, just when I was searching for his jacket he walked in and I thought wayezothi mandiyeke but he just grabbed the 11/2 yard chair and went back to the balcony, I pulled out the jacket and wore it even though it didn't cover half of my legs it was do-able, I retreated back outside.

I found my dearest man ehleli on that chair, his legs placed on the steel rail wide open, he looked at before dropping on leg and patting his

lap, I walked over to him and positioned myself between his legs, looking at him, his face changed from him chewing his lower lip to smiling...

"Iyakufanela le jacket."

Me: "Awurhaleli undipha yona?"

Mihle: "I'll buy eyakho."

I turned around and sat on his waist, he groaned lowly when I placed my ass on him, embarrassed because I was aware uba ndenzeni I moved a little, right when I was leaning on him staring at the sky like he was doing, he encircled his arms around my waist and kissed my shoulder. We sat in that position quiet until he said

"Ubuyifundile iGeography?"

Me: "Ewe"

Mihle: "Educate me ke baby, yeyiphi

Iankwenkwezi?"

Me: "Hayi hayi kaloku tshini."

Mihle: "Which symbol did you get?"

Me: "B"

Mihle: "Then you must know, sesiphi esiyana?"

When I didn't answer he bit my shoulder causing me to flinch, when tried jumping off he tightened his hold on me and pressed his canines deeper on my skin, I screamed and he pulled back, ndajika and started smacking his chest, he struggled his way through trying to hold my hands, when he did finally hold my wrists he couldn't stop laughing...

Me: "Unentlonti kodwa wena baby, ha.a shame."

Mihle: "(chuckles) Uqumbile kengoku?"

Me: "Ewe, undilume kabuhlungu"

Mihle: "Xolo kaloku Phindi wam"

Me: "Sele ndifuna noyolala kemna ngoku."

He moved his hands up to my armpits and started tackling, once again I was kicking, laughing and screaming on his lap and when my stomach started to hurt I screamed even louder causing him to stop, wandijika and looked at me...

"Bazothi ndikwenz'ntoni abantu abalapha enext door?"

Me: "(giggles) bazothi uyandinyumbaza."

He chuckled and brought me close, he took my earlobe in his mouth, sucked on it before he placed a long kiss on my shoulder and squeezing his hold on me, I laid my head on his shoulder and sniffed on his cologne.

As I was laying on him, I kept on glancing up at his chin and he was quiet this whole time, in his world and thoughts, my thumb was drawing

circles on the exposed part of his neck and I couldn't help but look at his Adam's apple every time he swallowed. There was nothing I didn't find attractive about this man and at times I always found myself mentally saying "if this is how Nomthandazo loved and valued him then I understood why she hated me" he was something to keep regardless his obstacles.

118th Entry

Asanda

Back in Port Elizabeth and things weren't going so well mntaka mama, there were plenty of reasons for yonke lento and the biggest of them all was bhuti Olwethu who got arrested not so long ago, it was devastating ngoba we didn't know the reason behind his arrest but all we do know is wayese jail as we talking and his trial

would begin in no time. So here I was, ndihleli apha kwaBhuti Olwethu with mama, Yandisani, Makazi and Bhuti Olwethu's girlfriend, uBuhle, mama was talking on the phone organizing a lawyer even though Bhuti said he doesn't need one, he acted calm izolo when we went to see him, it was as though wayezazi uba uzophuma but to us it wasn't that easy shame, ijail is a life destroyer for anybody, no matter how strong one is. With ubhuti behind bars I was bound to face many problems shame ngoba this man provided shelter for me, he fed me, paid for my fees ngoku xa engekho my life was going to be on pause and by my life I meant education and everything else, I was worried ngoba I didn't see myself dropping out sele ndikwi second year and ndandiyazi the reasons behind Bhuti Olwethu supplying for my fees was because umama couldn't and you'd learn later why.

Saturday afternoon never felt this depressing

before until Iona wanamhlanje, 11th of March and instead of worrying about incomplete assignments and due dates for school I was worried about ubhuti.

I took my phone and opened my WhatsApp, I wanted to tell Aphindiwe about what happened ngoba izolo when it did happen I got distracted and couldn't tell her, so now I stepped outside and dialed her number when I saw uba akaphenduli ku WhatsApp, she didn't pick up when I tried her kuqala but when I did again she answered....

Me: "Aphish"

"Hey."

Okay let me correct myself, he answered

Me: "Hello bhuti, ndicela umnikazi wephone"

This guy whom I assumed was Mihle called out on her, he addressed her as Phindi and I couldn't help but smile ngoba it was ridiculous

how fast they were moving, I heard her ask him "ngubani?" but he didn't answer ngoba kaloku I didn't hear any husky voice speak after that...

Aphindiwe: "Owner of the phone?"

Me: "Aphish"

Aphindiwe: "Sasa, unjani mntase?"

Me: "Andikho right"

Aphindiwe: "What's wrong?"

She whispered that ke sana and that's what she always did when she was either shocked, hurt or angry, wayengakhwazi kwa wena ke shame umntasekhaya so I didn't expect her to

Me: "Ubhuti ubanjiwe"

Aphindiwe: "Ubanjiwe? Umphi ubhuti?"

Me: "Bhut'Olwethu."

Aphindiwe: "What? Kwenzekeni?"

Me: "Andazi, izolo kuvele kwaza amapolisa"

apha in the evening and took him away,
namhlanje ekseni siye sayombona and he looks
okay"

Aphindiwe: "Obvious uzobangathi uright,
uyamazi ubhuti uba unjani."

Me: "(sighs) uhlala ezenza umntu otough kaloku
ubhuti."

Aphindiwe: "Exactly"

Me: "Haike sana so yilonto."

Aphindiwe: "So uhleli nabani wena?"

Me: "Mama, makazi, Yandisani and sis'Buhle"

Aphindiwe: "Oh babuyile"

Me: "Ewe, bafike namhlanje."

She kept quiet for a while before giggling,
saying "hayi" about four times before she got
back to me...

"So uzokwenza njani Sasa?"

Me: "Andazi, andazi nyani mntase ngoba ngoku umama uphethwe sis'stress shame ngoba kaloku even though ubhuti has savings they aren't for my studies and ngoku funeke kubhatalwe his lawyer."

Aphindiwe: "It's fucked up."

Me: "Fucken fucked up"

Aphindiwe: "But there's gotta be a way"

I sighed because mna I wasn't fully informed ngento zika mama or bhuti, kwakusazi bona

Me: "Anyway ndiyevha uba uhleli nendoda"

Aphindiwe: "(laughs) haisoka wena. We at the hotel"

Me: "Nide niyiphumele aba out lento yenu, rha uyayithanda incanca."

Aphindiwe: "Nope babe bendingafuni uza mna but he insisted shame so ke I came"

Me: "Aren't y'all together kanti?"

Aphindiwe: "No, it's a trip with his boys and so forth."

Me: "Uthi uhleli nebig guns sisi, nendoda yomntu. Rha uyandiralisa, ndifuna udla lo life nawe."

Aphindiwe: "Yiza baby, ndingatyebe uba ungeza apha."

Me: "Haisoka ngoku ufat kanje kaka yomntana, ndikubone pha ku Facebook"

Aphindiwe: "I'm happy babe"

Me: "Hayi, I need myself a man too shame."

Aphindiwe: "Mxm khawuyeke ugeza Sasa, he comes with a lot of baggage."

Me: "Inintsi nyani but good dick, great looks, perfect financially, mgcine mntase."

Aphindiwe: "Oko wawunje, awudiki (giggles) khawuze ekapa man"

Me: "Singafundi xa ndifika apho, in your

dreams"

Aphindiwe: "Asinofunda nyani, indlela le uba crazy ngayo xa ndikhona"

Me: "(laughs) uyinxaki sisi"

Aphindiwe: "Awunothetha lonto."

Me: "(giggles) hayi baby, khame ndikuyeke udle lolife yakho nalo hunk yakho"

Aphindiwe: "Bye baby. Jonga keep me updated ngalento ka bhuti"

Me: "Will do"

Aphindiwe: "I love you ke mntase."

"Love you too fat ass diva."

Aphindiwe: "Tsek!"

Me: "Bye"

I hung up with a smile on my face, I missed her shame, every time I spoke to her I missed the few moments we spent together, how she

always found a way of making two minutes seem like a life time when you were with her, she always made those who she loves feel appreciated and wanted and ndandimkhumbulela ezonto, it was just a pity that utamnci didn't want her anywhere near us.

I went back inside the house and found Buhle looking worried as hell, there was a lot losisi knew but she wasn't telling oomama everything and it was frustrating. I sat across makazi on the couch and began playing with my fingers, umakazi being makazi wayengayeke ukhuza and Yandisani seemed relieved ngoba according to him the "perfect son" messed up and it was what he wanted after all because he felt like he wasn't praised enough, it was annoying because all her cared for was himself wayengayi hoyanga lena yoba our elder brother was behind bars.

Makazi: "YeAsanda uthi wenza unyaka

wes'ngaphi?"

Me: "Second year"

Makazi: "Kengoku sizokwenzani njani sisi ngalento yalomntana."

Mama: "Bendisacinga ngalonto, uOlwethu uthe namhlanje ekseni sizothetha."

Makazi: "Thixo wam, hayi nabo ooOlwethu"

She said that clapping her hands and right now it was my queue to excuse myself and head to my room, once umakazi starts clapping her hands and akhuze oluhlobo there was going to be a problem, so I headed to my room and chatted the way through on WhatsApp, I wanted to go out so badly with my friends but with my mother here and this going on there was no way they'd let me, so I just entertained myself ngephone yam until I fell asleep.

I was praying that whatever got ubhuti behind bars wasn't bad enough to keep him there, to

me he was like a father and there was more than just one thing I wouldn't be able to do if he was sentenced.

Aphindiwe

After that phone call with Sasa I stood for a little while at the balcony thinking of lamasikizi Sasa just told me, there was a lot I was thinking about ngoku and the what ifs I had in mind found a way to bring anxiety in the most inappropriate kind of way.

I was still dwelling in my thoughts when Mihle called me, I peeped from the door ndamjonga, he was crushing weed preparing it for a joint or two...

"Uright?"

Me: "Yep (pause) just that ndigqibovha some

not so good news"

He looked up at me and stopped what he was doing, the change of his facial expressions didn't go unnoticed to me...

Mihle: "Yintoni inxaki?"

Me: "Bhuti wam got arrested."

Mihle: "Bhuti wakho?"

Me: "Ewe mntana ka makazi, he's more like a brother to me"

Mihle: "Kwenzekeni?"

I shrugged my shoulders as I made my way to the bed and found a place to sit next to him

Me: "And the sad part, he was supplying for umntanasekhaya

Mihle: "Uhlala phi?"

Me: "eBhayi (long pause) it's frustrating man, he's like the head of my mother's family,

without him a lot can go wrong."

I groaned as I laid on my back, staring at the ceiling, Mihle had gone back to crushing and was quiet this whole time, when I groaned again he turned and looked at me between narrowed eyes

Mihle: "What does your brother do?"

Me: 'Ebesebenza kwa mas'pala, that's all I know."

Mihle: "I could find a way to help through qha I need to know uba wenzeni and ngubani"

Me: "You can help?"

Mihle: "Only if I get information kaloku Phindi"

I sat up and looked at this man, yayingathi andiyifa kakuhle lento ayithethayo

Me: "Information ngantoni kaloku babe?"

Mihle: "Information on what he has done, uba usebenzaphi and his name"

Me: "Ngu Olwethu Bele babe"

Mihle: "Jonga phopho, find out what his arrest is about then I'll help"

Me: "How will you help?"

He averted his look from me back to the crusher which he was now emptying

"Akho sidingo soba uyazi leyo."

Me: "Oh"

Mihle: "Andikuphoxi love but sthandwa sam, akho sidingo nyani, just get me your brother's information evha."

He got up and kissed my forehead before he walked over to the table and leaed on it while concentrating on the joint he was rolling, he had his eyebrows furrowed at the zig zag razlor he was rolling, I was indulging this moment, taking in his figure and how his defined muscles moved every time he shifted or made a move of

some sort. He was now at his second joint, rolling it peacefully when something crossed my mind and yayingazokwazi ulinda...

Me: "I need imorning after pills."

He snapped his head up at and looked at me, I stared back at him with the same confused face he had on before I spoke

"We didn't use iprotection izolo."

Mihle: "Aren't you on contraceptives?"

Me: "No."

He looked at his wrist before telling me to get his cellphone from the bed, it had no password so I unlocked it and looked for Bulelani's number as he asked me to...

Me: "Ubhale bani kuBulelani?"

Mihle: "Bhuda"

I searched for B and found him, I walked towards Mihle and stood on his side holding the

phone up his ear...

Mihle: "Groot man."

"Ja, jonga bhuda ndicela undifunele laway ka Nkulie phaya ePharmacy (laughs) hayi, iyanyisa groot man (pause) sure bhuda."

When he signalled that he was done I removed the phone and placed it on the table behind him

Mihle: "It takes how long to work kanene laway?"

Me: "72 hours."

He nodded before looking at me from head to toe, I shrugged my shoulders in a form of asking him what was the problem, he slowly shook his head before placing the things he had in his hands down on the table

Mihle: "Don't you want kids?"

Me: "Haibo why you asking lonto?"

Mile: "Phendula"

Me: "Why loquestion out of all questions kodwa?"

Mihle: "Okay yeka."

Me: "Okay andazi ke"

He was heading to the balcony, joint held in between his lips when he stopped in his strides and looked at me...

"Awazi?"

Me: "Ewe, I'm not sure if I want kids (pause) inxaki yam andinabubele ncam, more especially kubantwana."

Mihle: "So awubafuni at all?"

Me: "I don't know."

He stood straight at the sliding in his white socks and lit the joint, he pulled for a long time before withdrawing it from his lips

"You'd make a great mother."

Me: "Uyazelaphi lonto?"

Mihle: "Ndiyakubona"

I walked over to where he was standing, instead of staying put there he stepped out and headed for the steel rail woyama ngaso and looked at me before passing his gaze to the joint

Me: "Wena uyabafuna abantwana?"

Mihle: "Plenty qha andina lucky yabo"

Me: "How many is plenty?"

I couldn't help but giggle when he lifted his left hand and started counting, when he arrived ku five and seemed to carry on ndakhamisa...

"About six or seven."

Me: "That's a little bit too much."

Mihle: "Utsho uba awuzokwazi undizalela abangako wena?"

Me: "Awutsho noba one or two. Seven is a lot

babe."

Mihle: "A lot for bani?"

Me: "For me, for you. For us."

He smiled after I mentioned the us word, I love how he always wanted us to address ourselves as a team

Mihle: "If I can feed them abekho too much"

Me: "Mhhhh."

He turned around and leaned on the steel rail with his forearms, I watched him for quite some time and right when I was about to step in he called my name

Me: "Ewe"

Mihle: "Skyf?"

I giggled and looked at him, when he turned around wavele wancuma nje qha by looking at my face, I do not know if I was blushing or smiling from embarrassment but I do know I

was doing on of the two, he cocked a brow waiting for me to answer him, instead of talking I walked up to him and extended my hand to take the joint from his, he handed it over to me and watched me clearly

Me: "Hayi sundijonga kanjalo, undenzela intloni."

Mihle: "I just wanna see this"

He narrowed his eyes and didn't dare to move them from my face when I brought the blank up to my mouth, he was studying every move I was doing and when I puffed out the air without coughing he chuckled...

"Boss lady."

Me: "Ndiyiqhelile"

Mihle: "Ndibona lonto."

He allowed me to finish off that blank before he went back inside wabuya ephethe the red Halls,

he handed me one before standing behind me with his hands around my waist, I had to stand on my tippy toes the whole just so he wouldn't struggle reaching my waist but he was helping me too by bending a little.

I began humming a song, Dance For You by Beyoncé to be specific and I kept on climbing on steel rail looking down at the pool which was visible from our balcony, I only realized what I was doing when he dug his fingers deep on my waist, about to turn and ask uba ndenzeni he moved away, I turned around slowly and looked at him, my gaze running between his boner and face

Me: "Uxolo"

Mihle: "That wasn't nice."

I giggled before I reached out and touched his hand, he looked at me while I was looking at gks dimple which showed every time he turned

the Halls in his mouth, he brought our hands to his mouth and kissed mine but still looking at my face, forehead to be specific

Me: "Ujonga ntoni?"

Mihle: "This scar."

He ran his finger over the scar which was now fading

Mihle: "I can imagine if besilapha"

He placed his finger in between my eyes and drew a line to the middle of my forehead

Me: "Fuck no, ngendimbi."

He chuckled before dragging me inside, I was still standing when he threw himself on the bed and placed a pile of pillows against the headboard and laid on them with the remote in his hands, I climbed on the bed positioning myself between his legs, facing the television. He took his time searching through the

channels while I was thinking uba inoba babesenzani abanye, they insisted we go braai kodwa me and my man told them uba inyama bazoyizisa apha eroomini yethu ngoba we not going anywhere but we weren't the only ones who didn't go, a couple of guys complained about being hangovered so bathi abazokwazi uhamba.

Mihle was busy typing on his phone while I was watching the movie which he had selected, it was some John Wick movie and yayimnandi, as a result I didn't once move my eyes from the TV screen even when there was a knock at our door. Wahlala sana umntu wam and nam ke I didn't move, heading to the door would cause me to miss out on a lot. The person knocked again...

Me: 'Baby kha'uye please.'

He muttered something under his breathe about uthuma before he got off the bed and

went for the door, uyathanda umbhombozela lobhuti. I moved up and sat where he was sitting, I heard him talk about how we'll be here the whole day and I knew it was iroom service, not cleaning this once wouldn't kill, we were leaving anyway ngomso so for mabasiyeke. He returned and sat ngalandlela bendihleli ngayo but in between my legs, he took his phone from where he had left it wavula uWhatsApp, lendawo ndihleli kuyo was a problem because I could see everything from his cell phone screen and I figured that ndathi ndojonga just once, I couldn't stop looking kengoku. His recent chats were all females and they were just two guys, my name wasn't there and I didn't expect it to be when we were together this whole time but it kind of made me wish it was there nakanjani.

I was losing focus on the movie because I was now concentrated on something which wasn't my concern, when he stopped typing but didn't

minimize WhatsApp I quickly threw my gaze to the television, he was looking at that too but for just a short time because he went back to typing. I was looking at the TV, debating with my mind not to trick my eyes into looking futhi but the human brain doing what it does best, I failed ngoba I ended up looking and just when I was about to move my eyes from his cellphone wangena kwi contact ebhalwe 'Mambhele', he waited for her to finish typing, ithe imessage ingena I was ready to read too. He responded to that and every time he typed my heart beat quickened, frightened by his response but ndambona uba he was keeping it cool and sticking to the baby topic until she sent

"I miss you. We need you Fhaku."

He looked at the screen for quiet some time before typing, when he was half way through he deleted that and typed again but ended up deleting naleyo and then his answer which he

did send was, "I'll come see you" and that was enough to make me look away. Uyayazi lanto which just changes your mood instantly and you can't help but think of all the possible reason why he'd say that, kwakusenzika lonto apha kum, I found myself asking why is it that he never left her name, it was most probably what they did, when she sends him a message right after being delivered he reads it and responds, she does the same because ever since I was looking there was never a time his text didn't go blue immediately after he'd sent it.

After some time ndijonge itv, I swear if you asked me what I've been watching the past four minutes I wouldn't tell you because my mind was all over the place, I don't even know when he had stopped typing on his phone but when I looked at him I saw uba wayesele ejonge itv and not his cellphone anymore...

Me: "Ndicela ubhekele"

He tilted his head and looked up at me, he turned on his elbows wandijonga

Me: "I want to sleep, ndinentloko."

Mihle: "Uyazifuna ipainkillers?"

Me: "Hayi ndifuna ulala."

Wandijonga before he lowered his head and kissed my punani over the cotton shorts I was wearing, when he began biting it seductively I tried covering it with my hand but he fought me anyway, I couldn't help the giggles which were making their way out of my mouth ngoba what he was doing was ticklish in some sort of way. He pulled back from in between my legs and placed his hands on each of my sides, he balanced carrying himself up until he was hovering over me, without asking he lowered only his head and crashed his lips on mine, I accepted them with the same passion he was kissing me with. The space between our bodies

was irritating me because our kiss was heating up and I could imagine what our bodies would have felt like if they were against each other, so I lifted my waist from the mattress in hope that I'd meet his half way but instead of his waist, his hand found its way under my shorts, my breathing was insane more especially after he shifted my panties to the side. He pulled back from the kiss and watched me, I waited for finger to make its way in me, mntaka somnci you understand what happens to your body when you're turned on, xa umlindile ade ayifaka but he takes his time so ibengathi ungazifakela ngokwakho, that's what was happening to me ngoba instead of pushing his finger in me he placed it right on the whole and watched me, wandibuka lobhuti ninani.

He licked his lips with his eyes still on me, I slowly closed mine when I felt the pressure his two fingers were making on my punani, he

pushed them in slowly and right when they made their way in, my bottom lip between my teeth, he stopped and kept still causing me to open my eyes and listen attentively too, outside there were loud voices and laughs approaching and they seemed closer than ever, eka Bulelani I could hear clearly. He turned and looked at me encumile before he lowered his head and found my ear, he simultaneously pushed his fingers in while he whispered...

"They'll have to wait for us."

I let out a low scream as he began to pull and push them in and out off, there was the first knock asayihoya, he carried on doing what he was doing, sucking on the skin below my ear and on my neck, I was digging my fingers on his back now and when he pushed in his thumb in my pussy and middle finger in my anus I moaned, louder than I should have. He stopped when the forth or fifth knock came and it was

louder this time...

'Okay sharp! Ndiyeza!'

Bulelani: "Fuck off kwedini, akamiswa phandle ixesha elingaka umntumdala'mdala!"

He fixed my shorts and vest before placing a kiss on my nose then lips, he then jumped off the bed and headed for the door, leaving me on that bed to try and fix myself, even though my body was screaming for him, that lump was still growing on my throat every time when I thought about why he'd want to go see Nomthandazo and I didn't have it in me to ask him ngoba he'd demand an explanation about why I was looking in the first place.

Bulelani stepped in, not alone but with half of the people we came with apha bephethe cardboard trays of braaiied meat and cold drinks, you'd swear they were drunk indlela lena

babengxola ngayo, Bianca was amongst the crowd and I wasn't planning on being nasty in any way, I dealt with my man, confronted him sadlula kulonto. Bulelani threw me with the brown back he was carrying from the pharmacy and knowing what it was I excused myself to the bathroom to have a glass of water phaya ndizokwazi usela ezi pills. I stepped out of the bathroom and noticed that others were leaving our room, there were a few left inside with my Mihle who was seated on the bed, tying the shoelaces of his black and white Adidas NMD sneakers, he looked at me...

"Nxibe ezihlangu Phopho wam."

Me: "Siyaphi?"

Mihle: "Down by the swimming pool porch

I sat next to him as I got busy with my shoelaces, I actually thought he'd talk about me not having a bra on but he just looked at me

and instead of saying anything he watched me as I put on la wrist watch yakhe which I took from him before we were officoal when I was done I looked at him and noticed uba we were left alone in the room, other voices were retreated at the hallway of the hotel heading to the elevators. We walked out after grabbing what we'd need including our cellphones, at the hallway we saw the crowd, I couldn't address them as my friends because they weren't maybe uMihle saw them as his friends, we were holding hands as we approached the crowd, wajika uBulelani and shouted, causing everybody to turn around and look at us...

Bulelani: "Niyasinyisa ngoku!"

Keagan: "It's a shorts day huh?"

Mihle showed Keagan his middle finger, they started tackling each other, being playful like always. We arrived downstairs in two different loads, I was in the second load of course with

the rest of those who were left nathi,
downstairs kwakuphole way more than it was
kwi rooms zethu and it was the better place to
be, Lolly and Sinalo were in their bikinis ready to
swim.

It was over thirty minutes siphaya, eating the
meat which was now cold, yayinintsi inxaki so
we couldn't finish it, I guess it was clear that I
wasn't here mentally because uMihle dragged
the beach chair he was seated on and brought it
closer to me...

"Uright?"

Me: "Ewe"

Mihle: "You lying to me, yontoni?"

Me: "Akhonto"

He looked at me with narrowed eyes before
sipping on the glass with Guava juice he had in
his hand, he cocked his brow before talking

"Baby (pause) I work with communication, xa usiva into or kukho into ongayithandiyo I want you to talk to me."

Me: "What you feeling guilty about?"

Mihle: "(chuckles) I'm more worried than guilty cause ndiyakubona uba awukh'right."

Me: "I'm okay qha ndinentloko."

He looked at me for a long time before getting up, I didn't let go of his hand which I was holding

Me: "Uyaphi?"

Mihle: "To fetch you ipilisi zentloko."

I faked a smile before letting go of his hand and watch him walk off.

I was going to tell him when he returned, he spoke about communication so it was better to ask than assume but I was just hoping he does notnt lie.

119th Entry

Mihle

As we were gathered at the swimming pool porch, drinking and having the braaied, I manage to notice that ubaby wam wasn't okay, she hadn't said much since we got here, aware that Bulelani, Drew, Keagan and myself were the only people she was comfortable around, the only people wayethetha nabo but knowing that I didn't approve kulento yakhe noAndrew, I'd say we three were the only she could have a decent chat with and here we were and she hadn't said a word to any of us, wayephendula le siyithethayo and that's that. I was sitting kule bench chatting to Keagan about our problems and I was planning on talking to him about many other stuff including le kaNosipho into

because even though he stopped working with me, he still remained my spy man and I got along with him because he kept his word, that's why I tolerated even his biggest bullshit at time.

I glanced at my woman who was sitting kule bench iphambi kwam, she wasn't drinking the Mango juice she had in her hand, the glass was still full like I had given it to her and she was staring afar as if uyacinga...

"Bra I'll get back to you, my vrou lyk lekker nie."

Keagan: "Wat is fout met haa' "

Me: "Ek weet nie."

Keagan: "Djy messed up weer"

I got up and shuffled his fade before dragging the chair so I was close enough to Aphindiwe, she looked at me as I sat in front of her, our knees almost touching...

"Uright?"

Aphindiwe: "Ewe"

She was lying to me, it was obvious, ndiyavuma uba I didn't know her too well but when she wasn't okay it was clear to see, she couldn't hide leyo iinto

Me: "You lying to me, yontoni?"

Aphindiwe: "Akhonto."

I looked at me with narrowed eyes before sipping on the glass with Guava juice I had in my hand, she was annoying me because I wasn't expecting her to play hide ad sick nam about the way she felt, we are adults so I expected her to talk to me...

Me: "Baby (pause) I work with communication, xa usiva into or kukho into ongayithandiyo I want you to talk to me."

Aphindiwe: "What you feeling guilty about?"

I chuckled because that right there sold it out, it

was either something I did or I said which was making her this sour and now she expected me to feel guilty about it but the problem was I couldn't think of anything wrong I've done so ndandingayazi

Me: "(chuckles) I'm more worried than guilty cause ndiyakubona uba awukh'right."

Aphindiwe: "I'm okay qha ndinentloko"

I looked at her for a long time before getting up, she was holding my hand this whole time and didn't let go of it as I stood up, instead she questioned

"Uyaphi?"

Me: "To fetch you ipilisi zentloko."

She smiled at me and I wasn't buying that smile nor the story of having a headache and it was sickening kum yonke lento because I hated silent treatment more than anything and that is exactly what she was giving me. I made it to the

bedroom and took igrandpa from my toiletry bag ndayifaka in my pockets, I also took my wallet because I was planning on getting her a bottle of water at the bar before I left the room I decided to make a quick phone call to Nomthandazo and check up on her as well as the results. When I rang her number, Azola was the one to answer her phone...

Me: "Hey, sure Azo, uphi uNomtha (Hey, sure Azo, where's Nomtha)"

Azola: "I think ulele."

Me: "Uzile uSonke apho? (Did Sonke come there)"

Azola: "Uhm who's Sonke?"

Me: "The doctor"

Azola: "Oh ewe uye weza bhuti. (Oh yes he came bhuti)"

Me: "Please wake up uNomtha if ulele, I need to

know about iresults"

"Okay" was what she said before I heard footsteps and a door opening, I heard Nomthandazo's voice at the back and indeed she sounded like wayelele

"Hello."

Me: "Hey, Mambhele"

Nomthandazo: "Hey babe, unjani?"

Me: "I'm okay, wena unjani?"

Nomthandazo: "I've had better days"

Me: "Zinjani icramps? Utheni uSonke? (how are the cramps? What did Sonke say?)"

There was some movement and I waited for her to finish what she was doing before she got back to me

"Uthe they're cramps from a substance I used."

Me: "Which is?"

Wathula and I tried staying calm, I didn't want to lose my cool, not apha

"Nomthandazo what kind of substance did you use?"

Nomthandazo: "Alcohol"

Me: "And how's my baby?"

Nomthandazo: "It's my baby too okay!"

Me: "Unjani umntanam?! (how's my baby)"

Nomthandazo: "Akenzakalanga, uright (The baby isn't harmed. He/she's fine)"

I closed my eyes and sighed before getting back to her, I tried staying calm so ndathethela phantsi (lowered my voice)

"I need you to understand me clearly

Nomthandazo, asizokwazi uswelekilwa nangulona umntana (we can't lose this baby too)."

She kept quiet for a very long time and I knew

she was still on the line because I could hear her breathing and sniffing

Nomthandazo: "We won't lose her."

Me: "(chuckles) uyazinjani uba it's a girl"

Nomthandazo: "I can feel it."

Me: "It's a boy ke."

Nomthandazo: "(giggles) you said that the first time and it turned out to be a girl"

Me: "I can't produce a girl twice."

She giggled once again and I could picture her face when she's got that smile on her face which she showed half of the time to the whole world as though she didn't have any problems but she knew it didn't work kum because I could see through her

Me: "Jonga I gotta go"

Nomthandazo: "Already?"

Me: "Ewe"

Nomthandazo: "When you returning eBelmar"

Me: "Ngomso."

Nomthandazo: "Are you out noAphindiwe"

Me: "I didn't call to talk about lonto."

Nomthandazo: "Please just tell me"

Me: "Then kuzokwenzekani xa ndikuxelele?
(then what will you if I do tell you?)"

Nomthandazo: "Nothing"

Me: "Then akho sizathu soba ndikuxel... (I see
now reason to tell you then)"

"Please Mihle."

I took my time in answering this, I knew she wouldn't beg me this much if she wasn't planning on using it on the longer run and it wasn't myself I was worried about, it was Aphindiwe

Me: "No, I'm not with Aphindiwe"

Nomthandazo: "Oh (pause) okay ke"

Me: "Bye. I'll see you xa ndizokubona (when I come see you)"

Nomthandazo: "When will that be?"

Me: "Tuesday"

Nomthandazo: "Alright"

I could tell she didn't want to end the conversation but I had no other option

"Gotta go."

Nomthandazo: "Ndiyakuthanda Nyawuza."

Me: "Take care"

I was on my way to the elevator when I ended the conversation with her, my mind was now on her drinking problem, I needed to talk to her to plead her that if ever anything makes her lose her temper during the pregnancy, which will

happen often, could she find something else to help her distress either than alcohol. I was praying that from all these cravings that women get when pregnant she would hate alcohol until she gives birth ngoba lento yakhe was stressful, there was no way I'd be able to cope if I would lose this baby, I don't know how I'd be able to cope.

I arrived downstairs and attended the bar first before I headed out, when I stepped outside and was walking towards where the guys and ladies were chilling I noticed that Keagan and Andrew were having a chat with Phindi and she seemed happy ngoba wayencumile (because she was smiling) so yayindim lo ungathethiswayo (so it me whom she wasn't talking to).

For some reason seeing Andrew talk to her didn't tick me off and I believe it was because of Keagan being around them, I trusted him...

Me: "I'm back"

She looked up at me before looking at Andrew, I'm sure she thought I was going to blow and throw a fuss but instead I found a seat next to her and handed her the bottle of water before searching my pockets for the grandpa

Aphindiwe: "Thanks"

Me: "Nincokola ngantoni? (What are y'all chatting about?)"

Aphindiwe: "Keagan uyandiphikisa (Keagan is disagreeing with me)"

Keagan: "What's that?"

Me: Uyandiphikisa, he says there's no way umntu unempundi njengam angakwazi utwerk(a) (he says there no way someone with an ass like mine can't twerk.)"

Me: 'So wena K ntwana ndini, you're looking at the size of my lady's ass"

Keagan: "Dis fucken natural brada, I didn't plan

it"

Me: "Sy mos loose klere untrek."

Andrew nodded getting up, I didn't expect him to participate in the conversation but he did anyway

"Sy moet. It would be better that way, keep them vultures meters away."

I looked at him, when he walked pass me he patted my shoulder and Keagan followed behind him beyohlala where the others were gathered, I turned my attention to my lady...

Me: "Yintoni ngoku? (What is it now?)"

Aphindiwe: "Imbi lento (this tastes awful)"

She kept on pulling faces and sipping on the bottle every now and then

Me: "It would work xa usela amanzi oko."

When she was about to sip from the bottle again I grabbed the bottle from her and she

closed her eyes still pulling a face, after a few seconds she opened her eyes and looked at me, when I moved forward to kiss her forehead she surprised me by pulling back, ndamjonga...

Aphindiwe: "There's something I need us to talk about"

Me: "Ahha, ndimamele (I'm listening)"

I placed my empty glass on the floor and looked at her, she had this serious face on before she giggled covering her eyes with her hands, I removed them from her face and looked at her with a cocked brow

"Thetha kaloku Phindi."

Aphindiwe: "Uhm I don't know how to address it kodwa I know andiyithandanga (I didn't love it)"

I nodded and waited for her to continue, which obviously she took her time

Aphindiwe: "I saw your text no...noNom..."

I narrowed my eyes at her because I could hear where this whole conversation was going

"Okay yeka."

Me: "No thetha, I want to hear this. You saw my conversation noNomthandazo kwathini?"

She looked at me and swallowed before looking at the bottle of water she was carrying, I prevented myself from smiling even though I wanted to, she was fucken cute when nervous but I wanted to hear this and the only way was to keep the face I had on. She spoke still looking at the bottle in her hands

"Inxaki when you were laying on my lap I over peeped on your WhatsApp and couldn't keep my eyes off when you texted her, I'm sorry."

Me: "So ubufuna uthetha ngantoni? (So what did you want to talk about)"

She slowly looked up at me, with a confused look of course and I wasn't about to explain

myself to her, she wasn't done getting her point across

Aphindiwe: "You know what you said to her."

Me: "What did I say to her?"

Aphindiwe: "Uthe uzombona (you said you'd see her)"

I chuckled before looking away from her, I chuckled again because the more I replayed what she just said to me, in my mind, the more ridiculous it sounded, I returned my gaze to her chewing on my bottom lip, I had my eyes narrowed at her

Me: "So ikhona inxaki with me seeing her? (So is there a problem with me seeing her?)"

Aphindiwe: "You tell me"

Me: "I'm asking you, you the one who brought up lekaka mos so tell me."

She raised her eyebrows at me, she was

catching an attitude with me, wawusiva kwa indlela le athetha ngayo

Aphindiwe: "There's no need to be rude."

Me: "Andikho rude, I'm asking uba ikhona nah inxaki xa ndiyobona uNomthandazo? (I'm not being rude, I'm asking if is there a problem if I do go see Nomthandazo?)"

Aphindiwe: "Never mind."

She said that attempting on getting back but I quickly grabbed her hand and dragged her back down, she sat down on the bench, roughly of course before she looked at me with furrowed eyebrows and I could tell she holding back the hurt<

Me: "I need you to listen and listen attentively Aphindiwe, uNomthandazo is carrying my baby, ndizombon until that child is born, ndizombona until I get child custody for umntanam and I'm not expecting to be questioned ngalonto. I

haven't given you any reason not to trust me
(pause) self-insecurity turns me off baby and I
don't want you there."

She kept quiet and I knew it had sunk in, I
honestly didn't want to fight with her but I
wanted her to know uba I was going to see
Nomthandazo. She kept quiet for a long while
that it bothered me, she wasn't even looking at
me so I held her chin and tilted her head, she
closed her eyes, wayengafuni undijonga so I
placed a wet kiss on her lips before standing up,
only then she looked at me, I stared back at her
before she looked away once again

Me: "Think about what I just said but do know
that I'm not going to allow you to sleep kule
mood. We not going to bed uqumbe unje (we
not going to bed with you mad like that)."

I left her there to get herself together, she was
mad at me for being honest, maybe I was a little
too harsh but it was the only way I could have

her understand and she did, which I was happy about.

I joined the gang and sat phaya nabo, it wasn't much distance between her and I, we were just a bench away from her, between us was a bench occupied by Lolly and Sinalo's towels and flip flops, I sat with my back facing her, what I didn't want was to face her and have this guilt growing in me, with the soft spot I had for her, it was possible.

I do not know how long we sat there until I felt my phone vibrate, not once or twice but about four times, it was either a notification from WhatsApp or text message so I pulled it out of my pocket and checked it. Three WhatsApp texts and a WhatsApp missed call from Aphindiwe was what I saw, I opened her text and smiled when I saw these, she was begging me for the access lock card to our room, I

decided to call her ngoku wayelapha ecaleni kwam but she didn't respond so I turned around and looked at her, she was staring at me...

Bulelani: "Yintoni najamelana noPhindi ngoku? (why are you and Phindi throwing daggers at each other?)"

Me: "Uqumbile (she's mad)."

Bulelani: "Wenzeni ngoku Miles? (what did you do now Miles?)"

Me: "Niks, uqumbele into zakhe, inoba kusebenza ezanto zika Nkulie (Nothing, she's mad at her own things, most probably Nkulie's pills are kicking in.)"

Bulelani: "(chuckles) uyayithetha ikaka futhi wena kwedini (You speak shit)"

Me: "Khame ndiyomhoya (Let me go check on her)"

Bulelani nodded before looking at Phindi, I got

up and headed to her, she was staring at
between narrowed eyes which made them look
ngongathi they were closed, I found a seat next
to her ndamjonga...

Me: "Phindi"

Aphindiwe: "Mmmmm?"

Me: "Uyekile uqumba? (have you stopped being
mad?)"

She looked at me with her eyebrows raised and
I chuckled

Me: "You fucken cute xa uqumbile yazi."

Aphindiwe: "Ndifuna ulala (I want to sleep)"

Me: "Suxoka, you're still mad nje qha."

Aphindiwe: "No, ndisenentloko"

I moved closer to her, she moved away barely
leaving space between us

"Kuyatshisa baby."

Me: "Ndifuna ilips zam kodwa njena."

She brought her head closer but still leaving the gap between us, she pouted and closed her eyes, ndamjonga before moving closer to her, I held her chin and slowly ran my tongue on her lips before capturing them in mine, she gasped as she placed her hands on my neck moving even more closer to me. I didn't move my hand from her chin even when I pulled back, I looked at her from eyes down to her lips which she bit causing me to avert my gaze from her before I think of other ideas I couldn't think of in public. She ran one of her hands from my neck to my chin where my beard was beginning to grow, wancuma before lifting her butt a little from the bench and laying a kiss on my chin when she was about to sit down I encircled my arm around her waist and held her firm...

"Yizoma apha."

She did as I instructed her and stood in between

my legs looking down at me, she couldn't stop blushing more especially when I smiled

Me: "Ndijonge baby, keep your eyes on me. Ndifuna undijonge as I say this."

She giggled and looked at me, placing her hands around my neck

"Jonga ke baby, I'm going to tell you something I don't often say to you (pause) ndiyakuthanda Mambhele (pause) and I want to grow with you Aphindiwe. You know you might be feeling like it's too soon to say that kodwa I mean it and ndiyayiqonda uba uyayicinga lento yoba sithandane njani, how we ended up here, maybe uba ndizovuka one morning thinking I made a mistake by leaving uNomthandazo, no ayizokwenzeka. I'm here with you for a reason."

Aphindiwe: "And that reason isn't not getting in my pants"

Me: "Fuck that ngoku baby. I got in your pants

ndayivha lento ndandifuna uyivha (I got in your pants and tasted what I wanted to taste)"

Aphindiwe: "(giggles) Mihle?"

Me: "Serious yazi (chuckles) imnandi ke no lying."

She laughed looking away, when she looked back at me I saw smiling back at her waiting for her to finish the blushing she was doing. When she did stop laughing but the smile on her face remained, I continued...

"My love for you uzoqala ulibona Monday If awukal'boni ngoku (long pause) Monday I'll show you a part of me I've never showed anyone not even Nomthandazo, she knows ewe bhuti wayivha ngabantu and apha kuye I don:t want to go through that and most probably end up losing you or have you go to Andrew."

Wakhamisa causing me to laugh

Aphindiwe: "Mxm uyadika kodwa baby,"

Me: "Askies ke babe. What does your dad call you?"

Aphindiwe: "Uthi Nhanha."

Me: "Elinye"

Aphindiwe: "Nhanha ka David."

Me: "Yep, that's the one I want. Jonga ke Nhanha ka David what I'm tryna say kuwe is lento of stressing about my texts with Nomtha is only you adding more stress ontop of esi sengcwadi unaso. Nothing will happen, so don't stress about it, okay?"

She nodded but I wanted her to say it

Me: "Vuma ndikuvhe kaloku (let me hear you agree)"

Aphindiwe: "Ndiyakuvha (I hear you)"

Me: "Mbhaaa kuPhopho ke"

She leaned in and kissed me before she pulled back, I heeded that she was about to say

something but got disturbed by Lolly who spanked her ass endlula..

Lolly: "Wherea's your bikini baby? I want that ass with me in this swimming pool!"

Aphindiwe: "That's so gay Lolly!"

Lolly: "(giggles) just bring yourself in her!"

Phindi shook her head encumile before she turned and looked at me, I surmised that I must have been looking at her with clear fret when she stopped smiling and asked

"What's wrong?"

Me: "I need to you but I don't need you to cry this time around."

Aphindiwe: "Apha? (Here)"

It didn't go unnoticed kum how she feared talking about herself, most definitely avoiding anything that would lead to her talking about her mother but I needed to know her, her

background so I'd be aware whom it was I have fallen in love with

Me: "No not here, but some time this week.
Ndiyakuxelela so uyazi"

Aphindiwe: "(sighs) tough but okay"

Me: "I need to know uba ndingam'qhatha ngantoni uDavid xa ndisisa inkomo kokwenu."

Aphindiwe: "(laughs) He wouldn't allow you"

Me: "Haisoka uthi mandenze njani kengoku?"

Aphindiwe: "I'm all he's got, I don't think uzofuna ndihambe."

Me: "Then he's moving in with us"

Aphindiwe: "(laughs) What?!"

Me: "Yintoni? (Chuckles)"

Aphindiwe: "I can't have you and dad under one roof, ndingafa ndinishiye phaya nobabini."

Me: "Bulawa yintoni ngoku?"

Aphindiwe: "Nini kaloku. Yoh"

I laughed before bringing her close and kissing her flat stomach over the vest she was wearing.

I kept my lips there, the mere thought of hoping that some day I'll be kissing this stomach with Fhaku junior in it made me fear the outcomes of Monday but there was no turning back. At the age of twenty nine and being a coward wasn't attractive, I had promised so I had to deliver.

120th Entry

Aphindiwe

Saturday night, we bought our drinks and ordered our meals sazitya right at the swimming pool porch, I heeded that being at

the bar was the problem because we spent the night through apha kulena indawo without any quarrels, everything went smooth kuncokolwa ngumntu yonke without uchuku. I took note of Andrew's actions every time, he kept on passing me an eye, ndandibona that he wanted to talk to me so badly but two hours passed without him getting his chance until the moment I got up to go get my jacket, I don't know how he left the crowd without Mihle noticing or adding one plus one but what I know is when I was returning from the room I met him Drew at the passage, carrying a bottle of Caste Lite and looking high kodwa in a sexy way, kwakuqhunywe umntu omhle after all (after all, it was an attractive person who was high)...

Andrew: "I thought I was gonn' find you in the room."

Me: "Is that why you came?"

Andrew: "Nie, I'm not that nasty. Ek wil met djou

praat (I want to talk to you)."

Me: "Let's talk then"

I smiled at as I slowly made my way pass him but he grabbed my wrist and I turned slowly, looking at him

Andrew: "Now where you off to?"

Me: "Downstairs."

Andrew: "Skat you do know ons kan nie daa' praat nie (Skat you know we can't talk there), with Miles (pause) or you him to kill us? To kill me?"

Me: "(giggles) he wouldn't. He seemed chilled earlier on."

Andrew: "Because I was with K, no other reason"

Me: "But if we stay here, he'll..."

He dropped his gaze from my eyes to my lips and they stayed there whilst he licked his, I tried

pulling my wrist free from his hold but he held firm

Andrew: "Hy sal wat? (he'll what?)"

Me: "He'll suspect something."

He slowly let of my hand before searching his pockets and pulled his cellphone, I didn't even hear it ring, he surprised me when he ended the call and when he looked up he noticed how astound I was so he chuckled...

"I'll call them back."

Me: "Okay"

Andrew: "You seem (pause) scared. Not yourself."

I had no reason to lie to this guy, he wasn't the type to judge shame so I saw no reason to hide how I felt

Me: "I'm just flipped nervous"

Andrew: "(chuckles) it's understandable. We

walking?"

I nodded while smiling at him and we walked off, in silence but I kept on stealing glance of him every now and then, just when we were a few feet away from the elevator he called the pet name he had given to me

"Huh?"

Andrew: "I like you."

Ndoma, I didn't expect that, I didn't know how to respond to it so I did nothing else but to freeze. He stepped closer and I stood right where I was, he placed his hand on my shoulder and spoke

"I'm not the type to beat around the bush, I know you're with Miles and I respect that but I like you and tha's that. How you act to it is up to you, but I just want you to know dat ek is ful met jou."

Me: "Oh"

Andrew: "Don't you feel the same?"

Me: "Don't I what?"

I asked that slowly, as though I was trying to process what he was saying to me

Andrew: "Feel the same?"

Me: "Andrew?"

He cocked his eyebrow at me before holding my chin, I don't know why he did that ngoba I was already looking up at him

"You can't ask me that."

Andrew: "Hoekom nie? (why not?)"

Me: "I'm with someone."

Andrew: "I know that but I'm just asking you, don't you feel the same?"

Me: "No. I can't"

Andrew: "You can't."

Me: "Yeah"

Andrew: "Please look at me."

I continued staring at the floor until he took another step closing the distance between us, ndabhekela but was stopped by his hand which found its way to my waist, mntaka somnci ndandicinga iyayeka intliziyo yam at that moment (I thought my heart would stop at that moment). With the other hand which had the Castle Lite bottle he tilted my chin, his manly cologne was filling my nostrils, I swallowed hard when he brought his cold thumb on my lips, I don't know if he was drunk or being himself but I was still surprised by his actions. Something within me brought me back to reality causing me to roughly pull back from his hold, I shook my head...

"I can't."

Andrew: "You can't what?"

Me: "Do this"

I said pointing in between him and I

Andrew: "I'm sorry (pause) I shouldn't have."

Me: "Yeah you shouldn't. We been here long enough, can we just?"

Andrew: "Go, I'll follow behind you."

I nodded stepping away from him, as I turned and walked away I could feel his eyes on me and I prayed I don't miss a step because I could feel myself shaking...

"Skatie?"

I turned around and faced him

Me: "Huh?"

Andrew: "Ek is nie dronk nie, I've always wanted to tell you this and maybe hold you.'

Me: "Okay"

Andrew: "I'm sorry though."

I nodded again before turning on my heel and

approaching the elevator, I needed to keep calm, I could feel my face and ears burning and if ever I stepped out ndinje I'd be giving sirens to these people. When the elevator opened I rushed inside and headed straight for the mirror, I checked if I had any other thing I needed to wipe off before I got downstairs but I realised there was nothing, it was only the redness which was now covering the whole of my cheeks. I stood outside the elevator and waited for my nervous to cool a little, when I felt a little better but with my heart still hammering against my chest I walked out and headed to the porch, Bianca was occupying my space, sitting next to Mihle, they weren't talking to each other, she was chatting to Keagan kodwa I noticed how she leaned on Mihle every time she laughed, I chuckled because it was clear to anybody that wayezigudla kuye for attention.

I was a few steps away when Mihle looked up,

encumile from what he and the gents were talking about, I held his knees and bent in front of him...

"You been long gone."

Me: "I was using the toilet."

I gave Lolly her jacket because she had asked me to go to their room and fetch hers too. I still stood in front of my man as I wore his jacket, the one I was wearing midnight when he had asked me to keep him company at the balcony, he helped me zip it up, looking at me as I was mouthing something to him, he kept on pardoning me so I ended up kneeling in front of him...

Me: "Mcele asuke"

Mihle: "Ubani?"

I pointed on my right with my head, he chuckled before looking at her, she wasn't paying attention to us which was a little relaxing, inxaki

lentombi ndandingayi cacelanga ncam (I had no interest in her) and I believed she felt the same about me.

Mihle: "B"

She turned and looked at me before passing her gaze to Mihle

"Khasuke nana, my wife was sitting here."

Bianca: "Oh (pause) but can't she sit elsewhere?"

Me: "No"

She looked at me with her lips parted a little before looking at my man, bad move because he wasn't going to defend her over me, not in a million years. She mumbled something under her breathe before getting up ngenye iattitude, I couldn't care less, I was sitting here, into wayeyifuna kuthana nca nendoda yam (all she wanted was to be glued to my man). I was seated next to Mihle, my hand in his, chatting to

Keagan because he was the one who was sitting at the end of the bench when I heard Andrew's voice, I don't know but the guilt which filled my heart was way too much to handle, I know I did nothing, I just heard the man out but being prohibited to talk to him, I felt like I shouldn't have. I kept my eyes on my knees until I smelled his cologne, this indirectly told me that he wasn't standing far from where I was seated so I did nothing else but look up at him, he was saying something to uPapi, my stomach wouldn't stop doing those turns it did nakubani when they're nervous. I absentmindedly tightened my hold on Mihle, of course he turned wandijonga, I looked back at him because I wasn't aware I had just done that...

"Uyathetha?"

Me: "No babe."

He nodded before going to conversation yakhe noBulelani and the other guys. I passed my

gaze to Keagan before looking at Andrew who was now occupying Papi's seat, he also looked at me, I concentrated on how his eyes were looking between Mihle and I in a matter of those seconds before he finally averted his gaze to the swimming pool. My palms were sweating, the more I thought about what happened at the hallway of this hotel not long ago the more ndandibanexhala (the more I had anxiety) I didn't understand why I felt this way but at the back of my mind something kept telling me not to beat myself up

ngalento, it wasn't like I fucked the guy or kissed him.

The rest of the night passed by smoothly and I found myself thanking the Lord that Andrew was as well-behaved because if it been someone else they would've mentioned it just to spite Mihle, but just like me, he pretended like nothing happened. I was now in the room with

my man, right after we had took a shower, I was laying on his chest chatting to him about my worry ngento yeskolo, I knew I had a lot of assignments I had to hand in and plenty of catching I needed to do...

Mihle: "So yonke lento uyithethayo sums up to you wanting to go back to res? (So everything you've mentioned sums up to you wanting to go back to res?)"

Me: "I don't want to, I have to."

Mihle: "But uyafuna"

I moved and balanced on my elbow looking at him, he wasn't getting my point

Me: "No baby, ndiyafuna uhlala eBelmar but I have to be at school."

Mihle:" And what's the difference xa uhlala kwam? (And what's the difference when you stay by my place?)"

Me: "Time'

He shifted on his elbows too ezinyusa and I giggled when he narrowed his eyes at me, he found what I had just said ridiculous because he shook his head before talking

"Sivuka sobayi two for school and work, xa ungena late ndizoza ndizokulanda to school (Well wake up together for school and work, when you attend late, I'll come fetch you). You get time to be at the library when your sessions are over then at half four I'm at the gate fetching you."

Me: "And when do I rest?"

Mihle: "When do you rest? You not serious."

Me: "I am. Kaloku xa ndiphuma uone for instance, I go back to res and rest then wake up ndifunde (when my session ends at one for instance, I go back to res and rest then wake up and study.)"

Mihle: "The hours you're waiting for me at the library you'll be studying, replacing ezi zase res."

Me: "Hayi baby, let me just stay at res for now until I get back on track."

Mihle: "You know ndiyibeka kakuhle lento kuwe, ndifuna uzohlala kwam (You know I'm putting this straight, I want you to stay by my place) but you're beating around the bush."

Me: "Ngantoni ngoku?"

Mihle: "Because uyalungiselela lento, just say it, awufuni uzohlala kwam (Because you're sugar coating this, just say it, you don't want to stay by my place)."

Me: "Ha.a ke baby"

Mihle: "Andilwi (I'm not fighting), it's fine I get it."

Me: "What do you get?"

Mihle: "That because you got too much school

work, awufuni uzohlala kwam."

I kept quiet and looked at the TV, I wasn't about to argue about this thing because I was explaining my excuse kuye and this traveling thing was going to drain me. We sat in that position and when I felt myself getting drowsy, falling asleep on his abs I got up and looked at him, he was sleeping himself, his breathing steady...

Me: "Baby"

I shook him kancinci and he shot his eyes immediately looking at me, he ran his eyes around the room before looking at me again

"Let's fix the bed."

Mihle: "What's there to fix?"

Me: "Ndiyobhatha kaloku mna (I cover myself)."

He furrowed his eyebrows at me before letting out a loud breathe and removing his legs from

the bed, I was waiting for him so I'd fix the sheets, immediately when I pulled the sheets over he jumped in fixing his pillow to lay this head on. I went over to the switch and turned off the light, turned off the TV and the bedside lamp when I got inside the bed, he encircled his arm around my waist and moved closer, I shifted to lay on a more comfortable position but stopped when he pinched me...

Me: "Yintoni? (What is it?)"

Mihle: "Yeka lento uyenzayo (Stop what you doing)."

Me: "Ndenzani? (what am I doing?)"

He didn't answer me so I carried on with what I was doing but he stopped me again when he said

"Phindi ha.a, your ass is rubbing on me."

Me: "Oh (giggles) you should said"

Mihle: "Maybe you should turn around and face me."

Me: "Hayi baby, andizophinda (No baby, I won't do it again.)"

I could his breathing and to me it was something I could categorize under the most relaxing things in my life, hearing him breathe this way alerted me that he was here and I needed to value and cherish this. I placed my hand on top of his which was on my waist...

Me: "Goodnight baby"

He kissed my shoulder before muttering "Goodnight Bhelekazi wam."

I woke up ekuseni to the smell of weed, the bedside next to me was empty. This marijuana smelled really good but I was too hungry to crave it, I needed to fill my tummy first then I'd get high like nobody's business...

Me: "Baby"

Wathula, I don't know why I called him but I just needed to know he was around the room, I needed to know he was at the balcony so I called again turning on the bed to face the balcony, I heard a chair being dragged across the floor before he appeared at the door

Mihle: "Mhuh?"

Me: "Good morning."

He blew me a kiss before dragging from the blunt he was holding, he disappeared to the balcony again, I closed my eyes and rested. I was enjoying the rest way too much that I was beginning to fall asleep again, I didn't even hear Mihle walk in, I only felt his hand on my waist causing me to open my eyes

"Uyalala ngoku (you're sleeping now)."

Me: "I'm tired."

Mihle: "You need to get up, sizodlula esalon (we'll pass by the salon)"

Me: "Siyokwenzani apho? (What are we going to do there?)"

Mihle: "I need my beard shaped, you need you hair done."

I nodded before turning over and laying on my tummy, if ever I closed my eyes in this position I'd definitely sleep again. Mihle got up and went to the bathroom, I heard him take a loo before he stepped out with wet hands, wandijonga, I had my eyes closed ndizimamele but I got disturbed anyway when my man pulled the sheets away exposing my body which was half covered his vest. I waited for him to say something or do the next thing, he placed the wet hand on my waist whilst saying

"Vuka Phindi."

Ndazulisa ngamas'bom (I intentionally ignored

him) because I wanted him to carry on with what he was doing, his hand against my skin in that way and right under my ass, gave me goosebumps and butterflies. He did as I was hoping he would by running his hand up to my ass, I lifted my waist a little from the mattress, I don't know why I did that but I did anyway, when he touched the waistband of my white lace panties, I spread my legs but not too wide. I wanted to turn and look at his face but I couldn't because I was on my stomach, I waited for his next action and without warning I gasped when he moved my panties to the side and ran his hand from my butt up to my baby. Ndanyusa esisinga even more and I heard him seductively mutter a "shit" before he surprised me by pushing his middle finger not in my pussy but in my ass. I moaned nje kancinci holding my bottom between my teeth, he pushed it in deeper causing me to grab onto the sheets and keep this scream, I tried lowering my waist but

he held my waist and pulled out the finger, he pushed it in again and I felt my whole body get loose, I was becoming wetter on my temple but ndandiyazi uba my man was a man of his own time, I wasn't about to have him in me now and he could just make me cum without even using his manhood kum.

He begun anal fucking me with his finger, slowly as he positioned himself between my legs, on his knees, looking at my ass. His other hand was on my thigh, holding me tightly phaya, I don't know why I did that but I laid my upper body flat on bed allowing my ass to open up even wider, it scared me how I was beginning to like the anus thing, I've never had imagined myself allowing a guy to stick his finger up in my ass but this man here gave me no option, wayeyenza and he was giving it to me like a drug, I was beginning to love it. I was holding back the loud moans as he was fucking me

with his finger, every time he pushed in my ass wiggled, with each stroke there was a soft moan which left my mouth. When he pulled out his finger I felt a little disappointed and attempted on laying flat but when he pulled off my panties down to my thigh, I quickly lifted my legs helping him take it off so it wouldn't disturb any of the magic he was about to do to me.

He placed a wet kiss on my right butt cheek and pulled back, I felt him run a wet thumb on my anus, he did this repeatedly until I was wet enough and I couldn't help the moan which left my mouth when he pushed in two fingers in my ass, I tried dropping my waist but he encircled his arm around my waist and kept me there, he began doing what he was doing with his middle finger...

"Mihleee. Mmmm. Oh fuck!"

My grip on the sheets was getting tighter and

now my head wasn't on the pillow anymore, andizazi uba ndandisihla njani kule bhedi but I wasn't kulandawo ndandikuyo five minutes back (I don't know how I moving downwards on this bed but I wasn't on that place I had been five minutes back). He pulled them out and I could feel the sensation on my anus, it was doing that vibrating thing which made it look like it was breathing, I felt a wet thumb again and I hoped he would have given it time to cool down but when he pushed the two fingers again even deeper this time I searched for his arm but he held mine and pressed it on my back and continued doing what he was, it was pain and pleasure at the same time and I didn't know which one to take in first. He pulled them out then immediately pushed them back in, deep and rough

"Fuuuuc. Oh my gooosh!"

He started pounding with his fingers, every

second he pushed them in deeper and rougher, the pleasure was driving me crazy and had me moaning, calling his name and the pain too was driving me insane, the burning sensation made it feel like my anus was cracked. He stroke deeper, faster and rougher and with the pleasure came a feeling which made my ass feel loose, a funny feeling inside of my butt which was ticklish but also scary because it felt like if he'd pull out those fingers I'd mess on myself.

I found myself holding on side of my ass and spreading it open for him since my other hand he was on my back, but when he wanted to push in deeper he let it and grabbed my thigh, my hands were all over the place, one minute they were on my clit, on the pillow, on his arm or opening my butt cheeks for him.

I was close to squirting and as I was holding the pillow my hands wouldn't stop shaking, my

thighs were getting loose too so I struggled and fought through to hold his hand but it was too difficult so I turned slightly and searched for his arm...

Mihle: "Yima baby"

He whispered that in the most turned on voice ever but I couldn't hold it any longer

Me: "Baaaaby imma... Ahhhhh gosh fuuuuckkk!"

I managed to hold his arm and try pulling it, he obeyed and pulled out his fingers, leaving my ass to cool down, yayingathi ziyaphefumla mntaka dadobawo. I laid flat on the bed and held my lips tight together trying to cool down, all these new things my body had just received, the amazing feeling of enjoying pain because of the pleasure you're getting.

He laid himself on top of me, gently and like I had expected, he was turned on, I could feel his bulk against my ass. His breathing was insane

and the butterflies arose oko when he ran his hand on my side, from my boob to my waist, softly and slowly. After some time ethule, he whispered...

Mihle: "I want you"

"Mhuh?"

Mihle: "I want myself in you (pause) right in here."

He said that pushing his middle in my ass once again but gently this time. I could have enjoyed his being in me once again but something disturbed me so I opened my eyes and tried turning to look at him, where did he say he wanted himself?

Me: "In my ass?"

Mihle: "Yeah"

I shook my head, ixhala ke mntaka somnci, this is one shit I was scared of and I never wanted

to do

"I'll be gentle."

Me: "Ndiyoyika baby."

Mihle: "I'll be gentle Phindi"

Me: "Andizokwazi, I'm really scared"

He pushed in the finger bringing back la feeling of pleasure I had not long ago, I closed my eyes...

"Do you love this?"

I nodded

"Then you'll love xa ndingaphakathi kuwe. (Then you'll love it when I'm inside you)"

Me: "I'm really scared Mihle."

We were whispering yonke le conversation and I was starting to shake from fear, the tone of his voice indicated that he wanted this so badly and I was hoping he wouldn't take it without my

approval but when he pulled out his middle finger and laid next to me wandijonga, with the most gentle eyes ever, I relaxed...

Mihle: "Don't look like that"

Me: "Like what?"

Mihle: "Ingathi uyandoyika (as though you scared of me)"

Me: "Uxolo."

Mihle: "I wouldn't do that (pause) do something without your permission. I respect you Mambhele."

I took his hand in mine while still shaking, he noticed because he furrowed his eyebrows and tightened our hands, he moved closer and placed a baby kiss on my lips...

Mihle: "Now yeka ungcangcazela, I won't do it (Now stop shaking, I won't do it)."

I nodded before moving closer to him and

leaning my head on his chest, even when sweating, he still smelled fucken nice.

You know that guilt you have as a girl when you feel like in bed you don't do nothing, all you do is lie there and allow him to pleasure you, that's how I felt. I knew he wasn't thinking that but it was eating me up, it was about time I did something, anything to satisfy him too but anal fucking wasn't one of them.

121st Entry

Mihle

I wasn't planning on doing that to her, I wanted to wake her up so we could go and take a shower but when she stuck out her ass for me

causing her lace panties to dig deep in her ass, I couldn't handle myself.

I was laying on top of her, fucken turned on, my breathing was heavy, I was literally sweating from just doing that and my manhood was beginning to hurt from being that hard. She had her eyes closed, her chest raising up and down, I looked at her and she licked her lips with her eyes still closed...

"I want you."

Aphindiwe: "Mhuh?"

Me: "I want myself in you (pause) right here"

I pushed my middle finger halfway in her ass once again, she was gasping for air once again but quickly recovered from that. She asked in a low tone

Aphindiwe: "In my ass?"

Me: "Yeah."

She shook her head slowly, she tried turning but I pressed my weight on her so she wouldn't move

Me: "I'll be gentle."

Aphindiwe: "Ndiyoyika baby."

Me: "I'll be gentle Phindi."

Aphindiwe: "Andizokwazi, I'm really scared"

I pushed in the finger deeper and I watched how she took her bottom lip in between her teeth, she closed her eyes, her breathing returning to what it was a few seconds back...

Me: "Do you love this?"

She nodded

Me: "Then you'll love xa ndingaphakathi kuwe."

Aphindiwe: "I'm really scared Mihle."

I hated how her tone sounded, it had a crack behind it, it was shaky and I didn't think me

raising this would bring so much fear to her. As I can much as I wanted this, making her feel uncomfortable ngoluhlobo wasn't what I wanted, I pulled out my middle finger from her ass and laid next to her, ndamjonga, she tried erasing the fear from her face but it wasn't working

Me: "Don't look like that"

Aphindiwe: "Like what?"

Me: "Ingathi uyandoyika (as though you scared of me)"

Aphindiwe: "Uxolo."

Me: "I wouldn't do that (pause) do something without your permission. I respect you Mambhele."

I removed my hand from her waist to touch her cheek but she stopped me anyway by taking my hand in hers, she wouldn't stop shaking as she tried pushing her fingers in between mine, I

looked at our hands with furrowed eyebrows before passing my gaze to her, I tightened our hold and moved closer to place a kiss on her lips, she licked them immediately after I did that

Me: "Now yeka ungcangcazela, I won't do it."

She nodded and moved closer to me, she leaned her head on my chest and I heard her sniff in my smell, I couldn't help the smile which made its way to my face because after inhaling my smell, she let go of my hand and placed it on my waist instead. I kissed the top of her head before putting my chin on it and allow us to enjoy the moment, in silence. Ten minutes later still sleeping in that position I tried moving to get my phone on the other side of the bed but I couldn't reach, she moved back just a little and looked at me...

"My phone."

Aphindiwe: "Itheni? Uyayifuna? (what about it,

do you want it?)"

Me: "Ewe, need to make a phone call."

She turned on her side and reached for the phone, handed it to my and returned to that very same position she was in before I disturbed her. I searched for Keagan's tens before ringing and waiting for him to pick up...

"Awe."

Me: "Laaitie, luster hie'so, lend me djou moto (Laaitie, listen here, lend me your car)."

Keagan: "Waa' gaan djy? (where you going?)"

Me: "My vrou en ek het ander planne, ek wil 'n barber sien (My lady and I have other plans, I want to see a barber)."

Keagan: "Toe kry ek dit terug? (then when am I getting it back?)"

Me: "Djy sal met Bhuda ride then he'll drop off at my place to fetch it."

Keagan: "Awe."

Me: "Now bring me the keys"

Keagan: "Djy's moes kak mal (you're kak mad), respect the owner."

Me: "(chuckles)Bring me the keys kwedini, I'm rushing."

Keagan: "(Chuckles) Dan djy sal laat wees (then you'll be late)."

Me: "(Chuckles) Fuck off."

I hung before moving away from Aphindiwe, she turned and looked the other side

"Baby, vuka siyohlala (Baby wake up, so we go bath)."

Aphindiwe: "Ngubani ixesha? (what time is it?)"

Me: "Something to eight."

Aphindiwe: "Baby what's the rush for kodwa?"

Me: "I have some things I need to do xa ndifuna

eBelmar, kunendawo endifuneka kuyo (there's a place I need to be)"

Aphindiwe: "Uzondishiya ndodwa?"

I turned and looked at her, she was sitting on her butt ngoku, looking at me

"Do you want to come with me?"

Aphindiwe: "Andifuni ushiyeka ndodwa endlini."

I narrowed my eyes at her, she was looking at me waiting on a response, I was weighing my options apha, on whether to take her with me or not but I knew if I do ndandingazo cinga kakuhle (I wouldn't be able to think clearly), she was going to distract me...

Me: "Andizokwazi baby."

Aphindiwe: "Ngoba?"

Me: "Andizohamba kwa early xa sifika phaya baby, I'll leave ngobusuku (I won't leave early when we arrive there baby, I'll leave at night)."

Aphindiwe: "But matter of fact uzohamba (you'll leave)"

Me: "Xa ulele."

Aphindiwe: "What are you attending at night?"

Me: "Business"

Aphindiwe: "Business?"

I tilted my head to the side and looked at her before taking a step back and leaning on the wall

Aphindiwe: "Mhuh?"

Me: "Okay fine, andizohamba (I won't go)."

Aphindiwe: "Okay it's fine but I want to know what business are you attending while I'm sleeping"

Me: "Aphindiwe andisayi and ndicela siyiyeke apho ke baby please (Aphindiwe I'm not going anymore and could we leave it there, please baby)."

She raised her eyebrow at me before getting off the bed and walked towards the table where her toiletry bag was, she opened it and pulled out her toothbrush, wajika on her heels and walked past me on her way to the bathroom. I walked over to door and leaned on the wall taking in her structure, she was fucken sexy and her caramel skin colour somehow complimented her shape...

Me: "So uqumbile?"

She kept quiet, I repeated myself but she carried on ignoring me so I walked in and stood behind her, wandijonga on the mirror, I leaned in and kissed her ear before whispering

"Are you mad?"

She shrugged her shoulders before bending and spitting her some Colgate from her mouth, I stepped back keeping the space between us, I didn't want to have the ideas I had earlier on and freak her out, I hated seeing her that scared

and uncomfortable. After rinsing her mouth she went back to brushing her teeth again, I kept on looking at her at the mirror but she didn't respond, all she was doing is glancing at me on the mirror then head back to what she was doing, I chuckled before stepping away from her to the shower. I ran the water while standing outside the shower, ndandimane ndiwava ngesandla amanzi (I kept on feeling the water with my hand) and when I felt the water was luke warm, I turned and looked at her andazi kangaphi this morning, she was humming a song. I decided to play le game wayeyidlala and kept my mouth shut, I stepped in the shower, it wasn't long until she stepped in naye, naked.

She stood directly under the tap, pushing her ass out in my direction, I chuckled before turning and taking in the way she was standing, she had her eyes closed allowing the water to run down her body, I stepped close and held her

waist, she froze, I bet she even stopped breathing for a few seconds...

Me: "You need to stop doing that."

I kissed her shoulder, ndanyuka ngentamo yakho (and moved up by her neck), she responded by standing on her tippy toes and laying her head slightly on my neck, she whispered

"Ndenzani?(What am I doing?)"

Me: "Sticking out your ass on me like that (pause) do you know what it does to me baby?"

She shook her head, I was staring at her this whole time, she licked her bottom lip before taking it in between her teeth. She was doing too much kum, it wasn't normal being this horny over someone oko oko

Me: "It turns me on Phindi. It makes me wanna do things to you which I shouldn't because I respect you (pause) it makes want to get dirty

and not make love to you but fuck you."

She turned around and remained on her tippy toes, she looked up at me...

"But I love what you're doing to me so far."

Me: "Let's keep it there babe, I don't want to have ideas I shouldn't. Ndingakhe ndingakwazi uzibamba (I might not be able to stop myself)."

Aphindiwe: "Okay"

I placed a kiss on her forehead before turning her around so I'd help wash her back

Me: "Gel."

She handed me the shower gel she's been holding in her hands. After applying shampoo on my hands I ran them all over her back, when I was done she helped do the same to me. I was the first to step out of the shower, while brushing my teeth she came out still wet, I was watching her in the mirror meanwhile she dried

herself, the way I was feeling about her would have me do things abantwini because ndandiziva indlela le ndandi protective ngayo over (to people because I saw how protective I was over her) and how I wanted her next to me or on sight every time we went out. She walked out of the bathroom only to step in again with some face wash on her face, luckily I was done with my teeth...

Me: "Uzo iron(a)? (Are you going to iron?)"

Aphindiwe: "Nope"

It was after a long two hours that we were done and ready to leave, I left the room to fetch the keys from Keagan and also took a moment to talk to both Keagan and Andrew, Bulelani knew from last night that I'd be leaving early today so there was no need for me to report to him.

Phindi and I left the room and headed down

stairs to the reception where we checked out.

On our way to Belmar we stopped at a shopping complex sangena eCheckers and bought a couple of things we'll need at home, I needed her to cook, honestly I've had enough takeaways I wanted ukutya kwecephe (I wanted spoon food), the only thing we bought at Checkers to add on the food we'd be eating later on was three type of salads which she picked...

Me: "Ziz'zodwa ozozidinga? (Are those the only ones you'll need?)"

Aphindiwe: "I think they're enough ewe."

I nodded before asking

"What's next?"

Aphindiwe: "Dessert awuy'funi yona? (Don:t you want dessert?)"

Me: "Kaloku kum food without Ultra Mel isn:t

food (To me food without Ultra Mel isn't food)"

Aphindiwe: "I'm thinking sithenge le peppermint trifle then we'll top it nge Ulta Mel ke (I'm thinking we but this peppermint trifle then we'll top it with Ultra Mel)"

Me: "Phaka kaloku."

I waited for her as she was dishing before she had the plastic containers weighed. We headed for the teller and paid our little grocery, all that was left to attend now was the salon then we'd home. After packing the plastics in the car, we found our way out, she was sipping on her smoothie while I was drinking my Play. Kwi robots I paged throw my phone checking for Emrold, I needed to tell him I was coming for my haircut, when the phone rang it echoed through the speakers, filling the car with the ringing tone...

"Miles?"

Me: "Em, you good my man?"

Emrold: "I:m perfect brother, you?"

Me: "Standard. Look bro I'm on my way to your salon, I need my hair cut."

Emrold: "I'm not around boss, but I can refer you to Robert."

Me: "Who's Robert kanene? (Who's Robert again?)"

Emrold: "The dude who cut your hair the last time."

Me: "Okay then. Tell him I'll be there in 20"

Emrold: "Sure brother."

He hung up and I looked at my lady who was now staring at the area we were driving through, she kept on turning her head with every mension

Me: "Got a thing for big houses?"

Aphindiwe: "Got it from my dad"

She said that turning on her seat to look at me

"Ngutata lona wandimoshayo, ever since ndakhula oko sahlala in big houses so ndikhule having something for them (It's dad who spoilt me, ever since I was young we've always lived in big houses so I grew up having something for them)"

Me: "Wenzani uDavid? (what does David do?)"

Aphindiwe: "Owns his own attorneys"

Me: "(chuckles) no wonder he orders people around like he does."

Aphindiwe: "Did he order you around?"

She asked this with much interest, it was fucken cute how she spoke about her dad, I always noticed the pride she carried when speaking of him, I wish it was this easy for her to tell me about her mother too

Me: "Ewe, when you were at hospital wandicela phandle (yes, when you were at hospital and he asked for me outside) he gave me a piece of himself."

Aphindiwe: "(giggles) What did he say?"

Me: "Told me to stop chasing after you, fix my shit with Nomthandazo and if ever he hears uba ndisafuna wena I'll have him to deal with."

Aphindiwe: "Thixo wam utata guys (Oh my God, my dad though) will I ever get married yile ndoda?"

Me: "He wants what's best for you. Ndithandela lento yoba he knows you're attractive (I love the fact that he knows you're attractive)."

Aphindiwe: "He's strict, kakhulu (a lot) but he's better now ever sinxe mom passed on, when she was still with us he never took shit. Athi umama uyanditefisa (he'd say my mother is spoiling me)."

Me: "It's every parents talent, my father too."

Aphindiwe: "I never asked you about your parents nafuthi, uphi tatakho?"

Me: "He's no more."

"Oh I'm sorry."

Me: "Hayi ndaphola, I'm just left ngalanto ithi uba utata ebekhona nje qha kodwa ngoku I believe I'm okay. I was shit the past years, bendiyi kaka, damaged you know? (No, I've healed, I'm just left with that saying which says if dad was still alive but now I believe I'm okay. I was shit the past years, I was shit, damaged you know?)

Aphindiwe: "What happened?"

Me: "Wagula (he was sick)."

Aphindiwe: "Usweleke nini? (When did he pass on?)."

I narrowed my eyes, counting using my fingers

which were on the steering wheel

Me: "Andazi baby (I don't know baby), I just know it's five to six years"

Aphindiwe: "2010 or 11."

Me: "Yeah, it's the day I'll never forget. Fucken 24 September (chuckles)."

She placed her hand on top of mine which was on the gear, I looked at her and smiled assuring her that I was okay. She kept quiet for a long time, when I looked at her wayengathi uyacinga (when I looked at her she looked as if she was thinking) before she cleared her throat and said in a low tone...

"Now how many kids are y'all?"

Me: "We just two. Me and Zizipho"

Aphindiwe: "Nibahle ke."

Me: "(chuckles) we took it from my mother, utata just gave us the complexion but he was

manly attractive naye."

Aphindiwe: "Ewe your mom is beautiful for someone as old as her, she's pretty. And she has that dimple yakho."

Me: "Both sides kuye noZizipho"

She nodded while looking ahead and playing with the straw of her smoothie

"Who do you look like yena?"

Aphindiwe: "My mother. I took everything from her."

Me: "The body, those lips, these small eyes?"

Aphindiwe: "(giggles) even the voice qha she was a little dark so mna I sort of mixed both my parents skin colour"

Me: "Uyakhetha uDavid mos."

Aphindiwe: "Kakhulu. Just like you"

Me: "(chuckles) Hayi not like me. He wasn't doing

your mom like I do you."

She spanked my shoulder while laughing, she stopped wakhamsisa saying "Ah babe" over again, I blew her a kiss laughing myself

Me: "Ndiyaxoka ke babe? (Am I lying?)"

Aphindiwe: "Not at all."

I looked at her and the way she was looking at me would make any man hard right this moment, she took her bottom lip between her teeth looking at my waist wandinyusa up to my face, she shifted on her seat causing me to drop my eyes to her thighs, I licked mine before turning my gaze to the road

Me: "Ndiyaqhuba baby (I'm driving baby)"

Aphindiwe: "I know. Why uzotsho lonto? (Why are you saying that?)"

Me: "Yeka uba stout Phindi (Stop being naughty Phindi)."

She giggled covering her eyes with her hands

"But andenzanganto. (But I did nothing.)"

Me: "Uzokwenza eyiphi hairstyle? (Which hairstyle will you do?)"

Aphindiwe: "Am I doing my hair?"

Me: "Yintoni ongayivayo ku masiye esalon? (What is it you don't understand with let's go to the salon?)"

Aphindiwe: "Baby yeka uba krwada (Baby stop being rude), I was just asking."

Me: "Andikhokrwada, bendis..."

I was interrupted by my phone ringing, I looked at the screen of my car and saw that it was Mambhele, that being Nomthandazo. I noticed how Aphindiwe looked at the screen then laid back on the seat most definitely waiting for me to answer it. It stopped ringing and just when I was beginning to think she wasn't going to call

again, she did, knowing it could be something urgent I answered...

"Hello."

Nomthandazo: "Mihle"

Me: "Hey."

Nomthandazo: "Unjani? (How are you?)"

Me: "I'm okay wena unjani? (I'm okay how are you?)"

Nomthandazo: "I'm fine. Umama notata want to see you"

Me: "What?"

Nomthandazo: "My parents, bafuna ukubona (my parents want to see you)"

Me: "Didn't you tell them I'll be there to see you Tuesday?"

Nomthandazo: "Bafuna ukubona as in like now, as a result silungiselela uza apho kuwe (They

want to see you as in like now, as a result we preparing to come there)."

Me: "What?!"

Nomthandazo: "Yintoni nangawe nah Mihle, awuvha? (What's up with you Mihle, are you deaf?)"

Me: "Nomthandazo, Nomthandazo I told you uba I'm not home."

Nomthandazo: "Find a way to tell that to my dad, we coming anyway."

She hung up gicing me no chance to response, I roughly threw a punch on my steering wheel before muttering a "fuck!" Even if her parents wanted to see me I knew for a fact she was responsible for this, her parents wouldn't just leave their apartment bengayazi uba ndikhona na, she was the one who pushed them.

"Nxeee."

By now I was looking for a parking at the salon area, Aphindiwe was quiet this whole time and I understood why, I was beyond annoyed nyani so inoba wayecinga uba angaqala incoko ngoku, I'd probably turn sour on her (I was beyond annoyed for real so I'm sure she thought if she'd start a conversation with me now, I'd probably turn sour on her). I found my parking but didn't step out of the car immediately instead I laid my head on the steering wheel and thought on what I should do. I finally decided I'd drive to Belmar ndiyovha lento ezothethwa ngababantu, then I'd return here to fetch Aphindiwe ...

Me: "Bhelekazi."

Aphindiwe: "Mhuh?"

Me: "Mandikushiye apha baby evha then when I'm done yilanto uNomthandazo andibizela yona I'll get back here.

She nodded and waited for me to open my door,

when I did after sighing she did the same too. She took her handbag and pushed her white, size four flip flops in her feet before closing the door, we stepped in the ladies salon and a few heads turned nathi as we stepped in, a lady who looked round about my age assisted us, Aphindiwe spoke about getting a weave on, she pointed a short weave which would hang up to her shoulders, it was grey and black, the grey situated at the bottom of the weave...

Hairstylist: "Is that all?"

She nodded but I knew she was still shy around me when it came to financial matters so she wouldn't list everything she wanted

Me: "Her nails too."

The hairstylist smiled causing her to blush while tightening her hold on my hand, the lady who was assisting us nodded and showed her where to sit. She sat down and looked at me

Me: "Ndizobuya ungekagqibe mos? (I'll return before you done mos?)"

Me: "Most probably."

I held her chin and tilted her head to kiss her lips before kissing her forehead

Me: "I trust her in your hands okay?"

Hairstylist: "She's safe."

Me: "Sure ke baby"

Aphindiwe: "Sharp."

I stepped out and went to Emrold's salon to tell Robert I had to rush somewhere but I'd be here before around about one, he agreed that he'd just shift my appointment until I was back.

I headed to my car thinking what was it now that Nomthandazo had planned to have her parents come to my place.

122nd Entry

Nomthandazo

When I called Mihle to report to him that we were coming I got hinted by the plenty "whats" he kept on shouting that something was up and I'm pretty sure it was a female if not Aphindiwe. Sivuyisiwe didn't want to go, she said she'd stay noAzola and cook for lunch so we left sibathathu (as three). Apha endleleni umama (on our journey my mother) wouldn't stop telling me about getting a car because I was going to be a mother, there was no way Vhuvhu would be able to carry both me and my child, I understood her clearly but since she wouldn't stop going on about it, I got irritated...

Me: "Xa caba andikwazi uyithenga lomoto, uzoya kutatakhe lomntana (pause) unotata

lomntana mama (if it so happens that I don't buy that car, this child will go stay by her father's (pause) this child has a father mama."

She shook her head looking at her husband, my dad just looked at me on the rare mirror before looking back at the road

Mama: "You're ignorant kodwa mntanam.'

Me: "What is ignorance nah mama?"

She clapped her hands and shut her mouth. I honestly didn't see anything wrong with what I was saying, if she somehow found fault in what I just said then she'd have to call me ignorant ke ngoba this child had a father, ndandingaxoki xa ndisitsho (I wasn't lying when I said so).

We drove in silence before utata nomama had a chat of their own, I went on my WhatsApp and started chatting nabantu, I decided to send Mihle a message and ask if he's home nah, I can imagine if he isn't how my father will react.

Unfortunately he didn't respond, so I carried on with other conversations.

Zizopho, Mihle's sister, wanted to know what was going on between her and I and who's this new girl he was on about. I knew this girl never liked but I noticed how supportive she was in many things, even when I was pregnant for the first time she was there as a sister, even now when she had I was carrying her brother's child, she checked up on almost everyday, kaloku wayengu dadobawo so inoba wayenala nimba (she was the aunt to this child, so she had that care).

I don't know why my heart raced this much when the estate was in view, something really strong told me he was with someone and I wasn't the type to doubt my gut, wayingathi I could tell my parents uba masijike ngoba ndandosoyika into endizoyifumana phaya (it as

though I could tell my parents that we must turn back because I had fear of what we'd find there), if he wasn't around ufika kwethu (when we arrive) that wouldn't be a problem, I had the keys to that place...

Tata: "Nomthandazo, ndijonge (Nomthandazo look at me)"

Me: "Aiyolena tata (it's not this one dad), it's that one with the white gates on your left."

He nodded and I found myself sighing from frustration. Utata did want to talk to Mihle but I was the one who dragged them here, I told them I had set a meeting with Mihle and he was fine with today, I had missed him a lot, there was no way I'd be able to wait for Tuesday.

After we signed at the gate I decided to ask the security guard if Mihle is around hence they knew each other, he told me he believed he did see his car even though he wasn't sure

Me: "Take your right, tata."

He did that, I directed him until we were behind of Mihle's car, his trunk was open and there plastics in the trunk, however he wasn't outside. We stepped out of the car and I fixed my loose dress before taking my handbag and closing the door, umama was saying something to dad, I on the hand was looking around at the place I've missed so much. I turned my head to the door when I heard his voice, he was on a phone call as he walked out and stopped at the doorway wandijonga (he looked at me) still talking on the phone, he had his eyebrows furrowed before he nodded and hung up, he walked towards us...

Mihle: "Molweni tata."

Tata: "Fhaku"

They did the man gesture of showing respect, hand shake before he turned wajonga umama,

wancuna (he looked at my mother and smiled)

Mihle: "Molweni mama (Good morning mama)."

Mama: "Molo mntanam, uright? (Hello my child, are you alright?)"

Mihle: "Siyaphila Madiba sibulela impilo le sisenayo, kunjani kuni mama? (We good Madiba, just thankful of the life given to us, how are things by your side mama?)"

Mama: Well, kuhle wethu (Well, it's well).

Mihle: "Tata, Kunjani kuwe? (Tata, how is it by your side?)"

Tata: "Kuhle Jamakas'jadu, kunjani kuwe nyana? (It's all well, how is it by you son?)"

Mihle: "Kuyaphileka tata. Ndisakhupha ez'plastics, ndongeze igrocery kule ibikho."

Tata: "Ewe, uyazenzela ndodana (It's liveable tata. I'm still emptying my trunk, I added some couple of things on my grocery)"

Mihle: "(chuckles) into zohlala wedwa tata, iyazithengela kwanto eyidingayo indoda (things of living alone, now a man has to purchase everything by himself)."

Tata: "(Chuckles) kaloku nina bafana bangoku anisayifuni nalanto yotshata. (It's because you young men of nowadays don't even want to get married.)"

He chuckled grabbing the last two plastics from the trunk before he turned and looked at me
"Nomtha."

Me: "Hello, usukaphi nah? (Where you from?)"

Mihle: "Unjani? (How are you?)"

Me: "(giggles) I'm good how are you?"

Mihle: "I'm okay"

He closed his drunk before picking up the plastics and raising a brow at me, he asked in low tone

"Nizokwenzani apha? (What are y'all doing here?)"

Me: "Ask my parents."

He looked at me shaking his head, I followed behind him and smiled when his cologne was left behind with every step he took, looking at him it brought a lump on my throat knowing that he was most definitely doing what he used to do to me, to another lady and what would kill me more was finding out he was still with her. We stepped inside, my parents were already in while umama, like any other woman, was looking at the ornaments used for decoration, half of which I chose for him. I walked in the kitchen with him and went straight to the glass cardboard, I took out four and rinsed them then placed them on a wooden tray which was on the counter. He was packing some items in the fridge so I opened one of the plastics but he stopped me...

'Akho drink apho. (There's no cold drink there)"

He pulled out a grape Krush and gave it to me, I was about to pour it on the classes when something in the plastic next to me caught my attention

Me: "Yintoni le? (What's this?)"

Mihle: "Intoni? (What?)"

I turned the plastics and pointed what I was talking about, he looked at the plastics then looked at me again before proceeding with packing the items in the fridge. He answered not paying the slightest attention to me...

"ZiPads."

Me: "ZiPads? (Chuckles)"

Mihle: "Awuziboni? (Can't you see them?)"

Me: "Who did you buy these for?"

Mihle: "That's not what you came here for
Nomthandazo"

Me: "Uhlala naye apha? (Do you stay with her here?)"

He turned and looked at it, irritation clear in his face, he placed his hands on the counter and looked at me before saying

"Nomthandazo, we apart you remember that right? I do me, you do you. Uba ndahlala nabani, andahlala nabani under my roof has got nothing to do with you (Whether I stay with somebody or don't under my roof, that's got nothing to do with you)."

I looked at him with my eyebrows raised, I looked at the side to regain my composure before I turned and looked at him again

Me: "Uhlala naye nah Mihle? (Do you stay with her Mihle?)"

He pulled out Blueberry muffins from one of the plastics and placed them on the counter next to the tray

Mihle: "Umama notata balinde lojuice nezo muffins (Mom and dad are waiting for that juice and those muffins)"

With that he closed the fridge which has arleted him twice already that it was open before he walked out heading to the lounge. I stood there, I don't know for how long before I sighed out loud and finished up what I was doing. I took the tray to the lounge and joined Mihle on the two seat leather couch, I kept the space between us. He was talking to my parents and they were all smiles so I believed the conversation was flowing kakuhle...

Mihle: "Into ezinjalo wethu mama but kukho ipositions ezizophuma emsebenzini which might have me move to Pretoria so ndiyacinga uba kuzofuneke ndiyincame lomali because there are things I can't leave behind here (Something like that mama but there'll be position recruiting there at work which might

have me move to Pretoria so I'm thinking I should just let the money go because there are things I can't leave behind here.)"

Tata: "Ewe wethu nyana, hlala ngale isalary mntaka Gabavu ngoba kaloku uhamba kwakho kuzochana nalo mntana usendleleni (Yes son, stay with the salary that you have now son of Gabavu because you leaving will affect the baby on the way.)"

Mihle: "Ewe Bhele, ndizohlalela nento ezinjalo (Yes Bhele, I'll be staying for things like that)."

Tata: "Nantsi enye into ke Fhaku, silapha nje namhlanje... (Here is another thing Fhaku, we're here today...)"

I looked at him as he shifted on his seat, I believe he's been waiting to hear our reason for driving here. My father continued...

"uNomthandazo usihlalise phantsi wathetha nathi wena Fhaku, wasichazela uba xa

enenyanga ezinthanthu ekholelwe uzoyeke emsebenzini. (Nomthandazo sat us down and spoke to us Fhaku, she told that on her third month of pregnancy she will resign from work)."

He looked at me, concern clear in his eyes before he looked at my father again

Mihle: "Ngoba? (Because?)"

Me: "Ngoba I'll be moving in nawe"

Mihle: "You'll be what?"

I moved closer to him and just when I was about to touch his thigh he looked at me, I could tell he was this close to losing cool

Me: "I need to Mihle, for the safety of umntana."

Mihle: "Safety of umntana? (Pause) Bhele ayizokwazi ukwenzeka lonto (Bhele that can't happen)."

Mama: "Ngoba? (Why?)"

Me: "Ayizokwazi?! (It can't?!)"

Mihle: "Khawume Nomthandazo (Just wait Nomthandazo)"

He whispered that, raising his index finger at me

Mihle: "Mama, tata I don't see the need for uNomthandazo to resign, we have a baby on the way, umntana ozodinga izinto (a baby who'll need things). I know the baby is mine too but mama I can only give this much, I have a house and a car to pay bills for, I need uncedo luka Nomthandazo kumntana wethu (I need Nomthandazo's help for our child)."

I looked at him and a part of me wanted me to laugh out loud because I knew he was lying, he was pulling this act for my parents. I mean Mihle earned close to hundred thousand in two weeks from that prostituting thing of his alone, now imagine when you add that with the thirty-two thousands he received from his work, how much he made a month...

Me: "Mihle you need to bond nomntana (with the child.)"

Mihle: "And when do I do that Nomthandazo?"

Me: "By being here!"

Mihle: "Six ndiyaphuma apha, ndibuya omnye usix (Six I leave here, I return at another six). Tired, needing sleep, so where will I get the chance to bond with the baby?"

Me: "There's many ways, by sharing a bed with you, chatting with you, smiling with you, umntana uyazivha ezizinto and that's what you used to tell me kwakuqala (even the first time). Ngoku kutshintshe phi? (Now where did that change?)"

He was looking at me with the most disgusted, irritated look ever and seeing that I was the only one who puts effort in this whole thing, I hurt but I was going to persist I remember knowing how to soften this guy

Me: "Mihle?"

He looked at me between narrowed eyes, he did what he does lanto which I hated the most, bit on his lower lip, the animal which unleashed every time he was angry brought fear to me even to this day

Me: "I'm doing this for us, for lomntana. You know that I know you'd be damaged if we would lose this baby too. Mihle I've been with you for four years, I know how you wear this no bull face just to prevent the world from running you over but it has a couple of times, I've seen you break, I saw how destroyed the loss of our baby left you. Fhaku wam just allow me this time, baby ndiyakucela (baby I plead you), let me just do this right."

Mntaka somnci if you think I was acting ke apha no I wasn't, I meant every word, half way through saying that it sank in, reminding me of this vacancy this man left within me and I knew

how long it took him to get over the loss of our baby, how much he struggled to let it go

Mihle: "I can..."

Me: "Please, ndiyakucela Nyawuza (I beg you Nyawuza)."

He sighed and looked at me for a long time before he looked at the floor, holding his head in his hands, he kept on clinching his jaws. I was waiting for him to say something, had he fallen out of love totally that he wouldn't want to hear me out just this once. Utata interrupted me when he spoke

Tata: "Bantwana bam, basibe sinishiya okwa ngoku, sisaya ngapha ngase Mall. Fhaku? (My kids, let us leave you alone for now, we're going to the the mall. Fhaku?)"

He looks up at my father, this short confrontation and his eyes were blood red already

"Ndizothetha nawe njenge ndoda xa ndibuya (I'll talk to you like a man when I return). A man to man conversation."

He didn't say anything until my parents stepped out of the house, he looked at me again before sighing loudly and leaning on the couch, wathwala izandla entloko (he placed his hands over his head) and closed his eyes.

Me: "Mihle (pause) could you say something please?"

Mihle: "What do you want me to say Nomthandazo?"

Me: "Anything baby, anything."

He shook his head standing up from the couch, frustration caused me to get up too, he sighed again before turning and throwing daggers at me...

"I compromise for you, ndiyakuxelela (I tell you) that I'll see you Tuesday, I'll see you nge

weekends if I have to then this is what you do."

Me: "I don't want to be seen ngeweekends nje qha (only), I want to be seen everyday"

Mihle: "Then I'll fucken drive to Bellville for fuck's sake!"

Me: "No, no, no Mihle! Hayi!"

He looked at me with his head tilted to the side, if I wasn't pregnant he would've slapped me, that's how far he has gone with laying his hands on me. He swallowed a gulp before addressing me

Mihle: "Nomthandazo this is my place, my house, I pay the bills zalendlu (of this house) so I won't have you tell me which shit to do in my fucken house!"

Me: "We doing it for the fucken baby!
Awundivha?! (Can't you hear me?)"

He placed one hand on his head meanwhile

chuckling, he paced around shaking his head,
chuckling every second

Mihle: "What are you?"

I won't lie, lena into (this) took me by surprise

Me: "Excuse me?"

Mihle: "What the fuck are you Nomthandazo?"

Ndaqala amehlo mpela sana (I widened my
eyes even more), what type of a question was
this?

Me: "Uzama uthini Mihle? (What are you trying
to say Mihle?)"

Mihle: "(Chuckles) Akekho umntu onokwenza
what you do (there's nobody who'd do what you
do). I buy you a car for your fucken birthday, you
trade it without my permission. We lose a baby,
you pin the blame on me for fucken two years,
make me feel like I fucken didn't feel the loss of
my own child, my fucken child. I bring you in my

house because I love you, you demand for keys.
You force married under threats..."

Me: "I didn't threaten you for tha..."

Mihle: "Just shut up! Fucken shut up!
Awuphilanga bra, you're sick Nomthandazo
(pause) then you wonder why I fell out of love.
Then you fucken wonder why I fell out of love
(chuckles)."

Me: "You can't hold me hostage ngezonto
because you're no saint yourself!"

Mihle: "At least my parents know that. Utata
usweleke eyazi uba ndiyinja, umama ukulakaka
yeBhayi esazi ndiyinja (my father passed on
aware that I'm a dog, my mother is at that kak
of Port Elizabeth aware that I'm dog and you
know what (pause) they love me for me."

Me: "Don't you dare Mihle."

Mihle: "Now I want you to listen to me
Nomthandazo Dabula, if you're planning on

ruining my life because you're carrying umntana wam, if you are planning on using my child as an element, a bloody thing to find way into my life then kill him."

His eyes were filled with tears now. There were two things which shifted my mood about this moment, one, knowing this man he never cried not unless he was really hurt or angry and the other thing that shifted my mood was when he told me I could kill the child, he wouldn't say that because he adored kids. My grew even bigger and for a second my heart stopped beating

"Awumthandi lomntana (you don't love this kid), I don't even know if ayamfuna nah but I do know that you're using my child as a way to get back into my life. Xa elapha andiyazi noba uzomfuna nah (when he's here I'm not even sure if you'll want him)."

I didn't know what to say, he has never, not in

this four years, said that to me. I somehow believed it was how he felt ngam ngoku, all these things he was tolerating for all this year and now that wayengandifuni (he didn't want me), he decided he'd just tell me. He stepped over to the couch we were seated on, took his car keys and cellphone before he wiped his eye with the back of his hand. He sniffed and took a step back, looking at me, I tried holding him but he moved back creating some distance between us...

Mihle: "I have nothing else to say kuwe."

Me: "Mihle"

Mihle: "I'm sure you brought the keys with mos since uzenzila unothanda apha kum, so it's cool nalapho, you'll lock up xa nihamba."

He walked away, heading to the door, it was clear to anybody that he wanted to cry because he kept on sniffing the watery snort. I just

watched him, frozen at that post with nothing else to say, I was still taken a back because he had never said such hurtful words to me

Me: "You'll apologize kwabazali bakho for me (you'll apologize to your parents for me)."

Then he stepped out closing the door roughly. I sat down on the couch, slowly, replaying this whole thing which had just happened. There were tears wetting my cheeks and in honesty I didn't know if I was crying because of what he just said or because I felt like he hated me now.

I sat on the couch and listened to the engine of his car roar, he didn't drive off but kept it on anyway. After something close to ten minutes I heard it reverse and that's when I began to cry over again because as he was driving off I felt like this was the real goodbye.

123rd Entry

Nomthandazo

I sat there alone in that house, my mind all over the place, I needed a way to clean up the mess I just did but I didn't know how. Mihle has never cried because of me, not even a single day kule period of years I've known him has he cried because of me, now I was beating myself up trying to think of something which would have me convince his stubborn self that what he was saying wasn't what I was doing at all, I just wanted our child to grow with both parents.

After drying my eyes I picked up the tray from the coffee table and went to place it in the kitchen, his glass was left untouched and it was the only one which was still full. Right after that I walked around the house, looking at this space which I've grown so fond of, this space which I

missed. When I passed the spare room I stood in my strides at the passage and leaned against the wall, I tried collecting my emotions because I felt like I've cried enough for today, I wasn't going to shed a tear because I was now a few steps from his bedroom, no, I was stronger than that. I inhaled and exhaled, calming my nerves before I moved away from the wall and took steps slowly to his bedroom, the door was already opened, advertising it from a distance, I leaned on the door frame and stared at this room silently, I took my time to step in and when I did, my eyes fell on the bed. It was neatly done like always, he has always been this clean, one of the things which attracted me to him. I sat on the bed absentmindedly, I was looking at this room and thinking how every little space which occupied it carried a memory.

While I was still looking around this room my eyes landed on something on top of the

hairdresser, a fucken hair brush, so lomntu ukhona umntu uwayehlala naye (so this person had someone he was staying with) or maybe that particular person visited him during weekends only but whatever the case I wanted to find out who it was because a huge part of me told me it was Aphindiwe and if it was her, wayezonya (she was going to shit). She was told to stay away from him and focus on her studies so if she was still sleeping with my man there was going to be trouble, there was no way I'd let her have him if I couldn't. I got up from that, trying to prevent myself from thinking of all the dirty things they do in this bedroom, being here was shuttering me by second. With the little breathing that was now occurring apha kum (to me) I managed to make it to the wardrobe, I took a moment leaning against it but when I was about to open it something within told me not to, for my sake. I stood there staring at the handles of this wardrobe when I

heard my father's Fortuner park on the driveway, I stormed out of that room and right when I stepped into the lounge, they walked in...

Tata: "Ntombi"

Me: "Hey tata."

Mama: "Uphi uMihle? (where's Mihle?)"

I looked at mama and shrugged my shoulders slowly, that question somehow awoken that heartache I was trying to avoid

Mama: "Xa usithi awumazi uthetha uthini Nomthandazo? (when you say you don't know what do you mean Nomthandazo?)"

Me: "I mean he left and andimazi uyephi (I don't know where he's gone to.)"

Tata: "Uhambile? (He left?)"

Me: "Ewe tata (yes dad)"

Tata: "Tshini Bawo lomntana, lomfanyana akayazi imbheko yintoni! (Oh my Lord this kid,

this young man doesn't know what respect is.)"

Mama: "Uhambiswe yintoni uMihle
Nomthandazo?(What made Mihle leave,
Nomthandazo?)"

I furrowed my eyebrows and swallowed before
talking because I was growing a lump on my
throat

"We had a disagreement. He doesn't
understand why we're here.)"

My voice was cracky and I was hoping my
mother would stop asking so many questions

Mama: "He doesn't understand why we're here.
Nomthandazo didn't you say kuthi wena
ngomlomo lo wakho uba wena noMihle niye
navumelana ngokuthi size aph (Nomthandazo
didn't you say to us with you mouth that you
and Mihle had an agreement that we could
come here?)"

Me: 'Ewe mama"

Mama: "Kwathini kengoku?"

Tata: "Oh Madiba khawuyeke umntana. Awuboni uba ngulamntana wakwa Gabavu lo ungembheko."

Mama: "Yima myeni wam. Nomthandazo mntanam, kuye kwathini kuwe noMihle? (Wait my husband. Nomthandazo what exactly happened between you and Mihle?)"

Me: "Mama ndikuxelele. We had a misunderstanding noMihle and he blew it out of proportion."

Mama: "Sunyusa ilizwe kaloku mntanam (don't raise your voice my child)."

I shook my head because I could feel I was about to lose it emotionally, I so wished I could somehow put an end to this conversation. I positioned myself on the couch and took my hand in my heads, I looked at my tear which had left my eye and dropped close to my Spree

pump. Silence filled the room before I heard my mother's footsteps come towards where I was seated...

"Nomthandazo mntanam, kwenzeke ntoni?
(Nomthandazo my child, what happened?)"

Me: "Angandifuni mama (he doesn't want me
mama)."

Mama: "Khange utsho uba wena noMihle niright?
Nikwi good terms? (Didn't you say you and
Mihle are alright? Y'all are on good terms?)"

Me: "Ndixokile mama, I wanted to come see
him, I thought maybe if I came nani you guys
would somehow convince him."

Tata: "Uxokile? (Pause) Nomthandazo
mntanam uhamba usenza izidenge apha
esithubeni? (You lied? (Pause) Nomthandazo
my child you go around making us idiots here
on the way?"

Me: "Tat..."

Tata: "No mntanam, learn to own up to your mistake. Su'justify! Usifaka njani kwento enje?! (Don't justify yourself! How do you drag us into something like this?!)"

Ndathula ngoba I knew if ndingaphendula he'd say I'm back chatting (I kept quiet because I knew if I were to respond he'd say I'm back chatting

chatting). He shook his head and looked at my mother, umama was now sitting next to me, with her mouth shut. I thought utata was done with the yelling until he said...

"Uyabona Neliswa kunezinto endingazo zamkela mfazi wam, lento yalomntana ayindiphathi kakuhle. Singabantu abahloniphekileyo, leyo into yazi nanguloMihle caba uyamphambanisa ugqiba yena uNomthandazo she drags igama lakwa Dabula edakeni oluhlobo (pause) Nomthandazo? (You see Neliswa there are things I won't tolerate my

wife, this situation of this child doesn't sit well with me. We are highly respected people, that is something known by that Mihle who seems to be driving her out of her mind then Nomthandazo decides to drag the name of this family in the mud this way (pause) Nomthandazo?)"

I looked at him and he called my name again

Me: "Tata?"

Tata: "Mntanam xa ndiyeka uku supporter ndifuna uzazi izizathu. Asikukhulusanga kanje Nomthandazo, into oyenzileyo mntanam is out of line. (My child when I stop supporting you I want you to know the reasons. We didn't raise this way Nomthandazo, what you did is out of line my child.)

Me: "Kodwa tat...

"Rubbish Nomthandazo, rubbish!! It is out of line. Finish and klaar!"

I kept quiet, as much as I was at the edge so was he and I didn't want to seem like I had lost the respect I had for him, he was my father and I owed him the respect so instead of answering I looked at umama, she was staring at her husband with so much concern and worry and a huge part of me felt bad for this. We sat there in silence, utata efuthela phezulu (my dad breathing loudly) after some time seated that way he got up and grabbed his car keys and cellphone from the coffee table, waphuma ngomnyango (he walked out of the door), I believe this was a 'let's go' hint. Umama got up grabbing her handbag, she sighed before looking at me and whispering

"Nomtha, masihambe mntanam."

I nodded but stayed put, there was a lot I would be leaving behind here if I walked out because judging from the quarrel Mihle and I had, I wasn't welcomed here anymore. Umama looked

at me one more time before she headed for the door, I sighed and got up, from my handbag I took out the house keys I had handed to me two years back, I took in the place one more time holding back the tears I felt coming before I headed for the door.

As utata was reversing back on the driveway I sat there and thought behind those closed doors I didn't only leave the keys in there but my heart too, it felt like it had jumped out some way and I was now using something else to keep alive.

Mihle

On my drive back to the salon I wasn't on my best mood, ndandi sour nyani (I was sour on the reals) I had a lot going on in my mind and it was all affects of what I just walked out on. Right

now the muscle on my neck was being strained and it was definitely stress, nothing else. Out of all the things which were lingering in my mind I figured two were going to affect me emotionally if they weren't already: one, how much I longed for a child, it was one thing I didn't have any luck for, the first girl I impregnated aborted my child, the second one I lost through miscarriage then there this one who was now used as something to get me back to my old self. The second thing was how I feared Nomthandazo would abort the baby because I gave her the permission to. According to Nomthandazo I did a lot of damage, I accepted that and tried mending her heart and she seemed okay until this, nalapha (even here) I understood her frustration but we both weren't the same anymore, the relationship we had was toxic and I wouldn't say I was a saint, I was far from it but she wasn't doing great either, not that I'm saying she is the reason I did all this but maybe

it was because I missed the old Nomthandazo and every time I tried getting back the old, it always ended back on my face.

Right now, I was a robot away from the gateway area so I made up my mind that when I get there I wouldn't go to Aphindiwe immediately, it would be great if I went to get my hair cut first then go to Phindi, maybe that would give me some time to collect my thoughts ndifike kuye sele ndingcono, emotionally (get to her in a better condition, emotionally.)

Latterly, I found a parking and turned the engine of my car off. Before stepping out of the car I took a few minutes inside with my head on the steering wheel, judging from the way I felt I could only imagine how horrible I looked. I opened the door of my car but something about my mood would not allow me to step out as yet, I needed to cool it off first because kule mood (in this mood) it was easy to inflame me and

right now I was mentally exhausted for the outcomes of that. In the place of stepping out I just closed the door and adjourned my seat, I closed my eyes drowned myself in my thoughts. As I was laying back in this position I felt how painful the muscle running down from the ear to neck was, as well as my head, I placed my hand on that place and started rubbing absentmindedly.

Ndandisazi mamele (I was still relaxing) when some bastard knocked on my window, slowly opening my eyes I turned and looked at the security guard who was signaling me to roll down my window. I opened the door causing him to jump out the way, ndamjonga(I looked at him)....

Security guard: "Sure bro yam. Unjani? (How are you?)"

Me: "Ndi standard (I'm standard)"

Security guard: "Jonga mntakwethu, hayi kakubi man kodwa lendawo upakishe kuyo ingakhe isifake inxakini sobabini, so ndicela ubhekele apha ufumane enye indawo (Look my brother, not in a bad way but this place where you've parked could get both of us in trouble, so could you please move from here and find another parking.)"

I showed him a thumb before I pulled the door of my car towards me. From Belmar to here I used my car because I remembered I had left it on quarter tank so I wanted to fill it up for the week. I drove away from that tow zone area and found another parking not far from where I had parked before, I checked my wrist watch before I stepped out and locked my Benz, by twelve I should be done if lantwana ayithathi xesha layo (by twelve I should be done if that boy doesn't take his time). I walked in the salon and felt relieved when I saw Robert wasn't busy but

even if he was, I had an appointment here...

Me: "Ntwana"

Robert: "Ya Bhuti Mihle."

I found myself a chair in front of the mirror and allowed him to cover me with the hair cloth...

"What are you cutting?"

Me: "The usual."

He nodded and collected his equipment to get started.

It was a period of thirty-two minutes and I was out heading three salons away to Aphindiwe, I walked in and immediately saw her sitting by the table wenza inails, her hair was done already. I was only a few steps away from her when I received a call from Bulelani...

"Groot man."

Bulelani: "Uphi ntwana? (Where are you ntwana?)"

Me: "Ndise gateway, landawo yam yesalons (I'm at gateway, that place of mine with salons)"

Bulelani: "Le ntwana yecoloured ifuna ikar yakhe (This colored boy wants his car)."

I had my eyes on this lady who was smiling at me, immediately when she heard my voice her eyes searched the room until she turned her head and looked my direction...

Me: "Jonga ndizophuma in no time Groot man, yithi kulo ntwana ime (Look I'll be out in no time Groot time, tell that boy to wait for me)."

I chuckled when I heard Keagan swear at the background before I hung up and bent to place a kiss on Phindis forehead...

Me: "How far are you?"

Aphindiwe: "I'm going to dry them ngoku (now)"

I looked at her nails and they looked drier than usual, curious because all nails I've seen shine I

decided to ask

"Uzoziyeka zinje? Aziqhelanga ushine(a) kanti?
(You leaving them this way? Don't they often
shine?)"

Aphindiwe: "(giggles) these will be matte kaloku
babe."

Me: "Lento ka matte all along it means dry?"

Aphindiwe: "No shine babe, ewe."

Me: "You women and fancy terms. You could
have just used dry, nguMatte wantoni ngoku?"

Aphindiwe: "Dry? Haibo babe that's so normal
and boring."

I looked at her before looking around the salon
for a chair and grabbed the closest which was
empty

'Are you okay? I don't like amehlo wakho (I don't
like your eyes)"

Me: "Headache babe, iyandinyisa. (Headache

babe, it's getting the fucken worst out off me.)"

Aphindiwe: "Uyile eBelmar? (Did you go to Belmar?)"

Me: "Yeah"

Aphindiwe: "That was quick."

Me: "And kak."

She looked at me, with her eyebrows raised, I couldn't help but chuckle from hurt of course, yayinditya lento even though I was appealed otherwise.

"What happened?"

Me: "We'll talk endlini."

She nodded looking at her nails before she looked at me again, sympathy and worry clear in her eyes, faking a smile wouldn't convince her enough that I was going to be so I took one of her hands and kissed them but she quickly pulled it away and examined it...

Aphindiwe: "Babe you'll ruin them."

Me: "Ngoba?"

"Because you need to wait til they dry."

I looked at the lady who was doing her nails as she returned at the table with a bowl of water and some hand cream

Me: "(chuckles) I thought it was dry already. They look dry."

Lady: "(giggles) No, you wouldn't know."

Me: "I'm sorry, I just had to kiss her"

She giggled once again before running her hands over Phindi's, she then asked me to change seats with Aphindiwe thereafter washed her hands, dried them and gave her that cream to moisturize them...

Me: "How much does everything cost?"

Lady: "R1050"

Me: "Y'all do have a speed point mos?"

She nodded before walking, heading to the teller, I waited for Aphindiwe to get her handbag and cellphone, I touched her weave and she looked at me

Me: "Umhle kodwa Bhelekazi wam (You're beautiful My Bhelekazi.)"

Aphindiwe: "Thanks baby."

We were walking towards the cash register when I stopped her when we were at the view of a longer mirror, ndamjika (I turned) and held her by the waist

Me: "Khazijonge (look at yourself)"

Aphindiwe: "(giggles) Baby not apha kaloku (baby not here.)"

She removed my hands from her waist and moved away from me blushing, she was still holding my hand when she walled to the teller. I

passed on the card and stood behind her, being the affectionate type I placed my hands under her vest causing her to pitch my left hand and whispered "hayi baby" I only moved my right when I was pressing my pin on the speed point..

Lady: "Thanks a lot okay?"

Me: "Anytime."

Lady: "Bye Phindi"

Aphindiwe: "Bye love."

We walked out hand in hand, she couldn't stop laughing at the comments I was making about leaving her here for two hours and she already made friend, those were tendencies of being too forward qha wayeyenzela phantsi lento yakhe (but she was doing it undercover).

Aphindiwe: "Haibo you came ngeBenz?"

Me: "Yeah, bendifuna uyigcwalisa (yeah I wanted to fill it)."

We sat in the car and because she was here next to me I tried not to think about what happened earlier on but since I heading back to that house I couldn't help but think of it, there was nothing I hated like feeling lost and afraid at the same time, I was lost because I didn't know what decisions I had to take to make things right, for things to go my way and I was afraid because I felt I was about to lose one of thr persons I cared about and the one thing she carried which I longed for.

Aphindiwe and I drove in small chats back to Belmar Estate, she spoke about making me a thanks meal for making her this pretty but she kept on reminding me that she couldn't cook so I'd have to appreciate what I give her. We arrived at Belmar, Bulelani's Wrangler was packed outside but they weren't in the car and I noticed the door was open which kind of shocked me because if Nomthandazo was

somehow still inside there I didn't know how I'd take it because by now I had expected them to leave already but her father's car wasn't in sight.

We walked in and the first thing I heard were manly voices, which belonged to the two men I knew off...

Me: "Nenzani kwam? Break in? (What are y'all doing at my home? Break in?)"

Bulelani: "Kaka yebreak in, your house was fucken open when arrived here."

Me: "Open?"

I cocked a brow and looked at Bulelani before I gazing around

Keagan: "And who's keys are these? (Pause)
Hello Phindi"

Aphindiwe: "Hello K."

Me: "Throw them in the bin."

Keagan: "What? Hoekom? (Why)"

Bulelani: "Just do it kwedini!"

Keagan surrendered before walking to the kitchen, I sat on the couch sighing loudly before I pulled Aphindiwe by the waist to put her on top of my lap but she ended up positioning herself between my thighs so I opened my legs to make space for her curved bottoms. With my one hand on my baby's waist and the other on my forehead I laid back on the couch...

"K bring vir my 'n glass of water."

He was still in the kitchen when I yelled that and I knew he must have heard me when I heard the fridge open.

Bulelani: "You look like shit ntwana. Utyiwa yintoni? (What's eating you up?)"

Me: "Ya Groot man (pause) life is shit."

I sat up straight bring Aphindiwe close to me, she sat diagonally, her one leg on top of mine and her upper body leaning on the armrest, she

too looked at me like Bulelani was doing...

"Yintoni inxaki ngoku? (What's the problem now?)"

I furrowed my eyebrows because I was once again growing that fucken irritating lump. I didn't know where to look, my eyes were gazing all over the place and it was all because I was trying not to lose it here but I couldn't, this one hurt, close to that level of losing a child.

Me: "(sighs) Groot man."

He placed his cell phone on the coffee table and looked at me, Aphindiwe took my other hand in hers while my other one was on her knee.

I narrowed my eyes and passed my gaze from Bulelani to Aphindiwe who was looking at me with so much worry. She squeezed my hand and kept still. It was that quiet that the only thing you could hear was our breathing and

when I swallowed not ready to talk about the quarrel that happened earlier on. Truly speaking I hoped I could reverse time and change a couple of things I said because right now fate was telling me ndandingazoba nomntana in a few months from now (I wasn't going to be having a child in a few more the from now).

124th Entry

Aphindiwe

I looked at Mihle and what broke my instantly when I laid my eyes on him was how I noticed he was at a breaking point, his eyes were becoming teary and red, if he were a girl he would've cried already. I attempted on getting up to find my own seat but he held me firm in that position, he looked at Bulelani then at me before he closed his eyes and looked up sighing

loudly, he laid his hand on the couch moving his hand from my knee to his eyes which he rubbed continuously...

Bulelani: "Phindi khawuhlala kwenye indawo nana, ndifuna athethe uMihle (Phindi could find another seat, I want Mihle to talk.)"

When I shifted this time he didn't hold me, he let me go, when I moved from in between his legs he still had his eyes closed and his head tilted upwards. I sat on the empty couch before I was joined by Keagan who had Mihle a glass of water and for himself, a glass of orange juice.

Bulelani: "Mihle?"

Mihle: "Groot man?"

Bulelani: "Ndijonge mntakwethu (Look at me home boy)"

He breathed loudly before he moved to the edge of the couch and extended his hand to take the glass of water, he drank from the glass

until it was up to a quarter. He held it in his hands as he started talking...

"uNomthandazo came here nabazali bakhe because bathi uNomthandazo wants to (pause)..."

My heart raced, I don't know why but crazy thought filled my mind and if it had anything with aborting ndandingazo kwazi, I couldn't handle anymore deaths in my life or in the lives of people who surrounded me...

Mihle: "She wants to move in."

I sighed lowly, my muscles relaxing, as terrible as this one sounded it was way better than destroying that zygote which later would form into something so precious

Bulelani: "Move in phi, apha? (Move in whee, here?)"

Mihle: "Ya apha (pause) after inyanga ezintathu ekhulelwe (Ya here (pause) after three months

of her pregnancy)."

Bulelani: "Bathi kutheni efuna umove(a) in kengoku? (Why are they saying she wants to move in?)"

Mihle: "(chuckles) uthi (she says) so I can bond with the baby."

Bulelani quickly passed his gaze from Mihle to me then back to Mihle, my eyes were roaming around the room, my nerves couldn't keep still ever since this conversation started...

Bulelani: "So wathini wena? (So what did you say?)"

Mihle: "Yazi Groot man, ndiyazazi uba ndiyikaka yendoda nhe but xa ndikuthanda ndiyakuthanda and when I care for you I care (pause) ndiyaphambana ndibeligeza Groot man when you don't appreciate me or the things I do for you. Now when I'm trying to reach out undizele ngez'tyle... (You know Groot man, I know that

I'm a shit of a man but when I love you, I love you and when I care for you I care (pause) I got mad and become crazy Groot man when you don't appreciate me or the things I do for you. Now when I try to reach out you bring me a funny attitude...)"

He shook his head, my eyes went from his face to his hands which were shaking, holding tight on that glass. He finally placed the glass on the table and got up, honestly I hated watching him this way so I got up and just when I was about to head to the bedroom he asked

"Uyaphi? (Where you off to?)"

Me: "To the bedroom."

Mihle: "I want you to hear this."

He looked at the couch I just stood up from then back at me, indication yoba mandiphinde ndiyochopha sana (indication that I should return to sitting). He chewed on his bottom lip,

the harder he bit on it, the more deeper his dimple became...

"Uyabona Bulelani bra, the thing is apha (pause) kuyo yonke lekaka uNomthandazo is using umntanam as an element to force me back to love (chuckles and pause) Groot man ndimthandile lamntana. Ndimfumene lamntana engasebenzi, yeah she had her fancy degree but she doing fuck all with it, I got her a job, I remember ndim'draft(ela) ikaka yeCV, dragged her out of this drinking thing ebeziqhelise yona all because I loved her. Two years along the line she felt she owned me because she knew about..."

He kept quiet and looked at me in between narrowed eyes, I looked back at him and waited for him to continue, instead of talking he moved from where he was standing and sat on the armrest of the couch and stared hard at the floor. He spoke at a lower tone...

Mihle: "I said bakasikhuphe isisu (I said she can abort the baby.)"

I wasn't the only one who got affected yilonto because I saw how Bulelani looked at him and how Keagan just stopped from moving, wanjonga (and looked at him)...

Keagan: "You did what? Is djy mal bra?! Djy mos weet dit is een ding djy sok the most in djou lewe! (Are you mad bra?! You definitely know that is one thing you need the most in your life!)"

Mihle: "Nie so nie K. Not like this."

Bulelani: "Yima yeMihle, uyithetha njani into enjalo kulamntana uyazi uba akacingi lamntana? (Wait Mihle, how do you say such a thing to that kid knowing she doesn't think?)"

He didn't answer, he just looked at Bulelani then back at the floor

Me: "Why did you tell her to do that?"

He turned his head and looked at me with a straight face before he furrowed his eyebrows at me, he kept quiet for a while before he asked "Why?"

Me: "Yeah because if this is all about moving in nawe then let her move in."

He raised his eyebrows at me as if I've just said the most fucked up thing ever

Mihle: "Moving in has got nothing to do with this, using my child as a weapon to keeping me on my knees is the problem."

Me: "But kuye it's about moving in, she'll use the child until you let her in."

Mihle: "Aphindiwe?"

Me: "Just do it toro. Not long ago you told me uyamfuna umntana but awuna lucky yabo and this is your chance"

"What about us?"

I kept quiet, I haven't been thinking about us, I was concerned about what he wants and now that he asked my worries arose, I knew that lady was capable of doing anything to make Mihle hate me

Me: "We'll work things through."

Mihle: "Work them through? (Chuckles) I'm not letting that happen because that will only break us."

Me: "Could you just st..."

Mihle: "Aphindiwe! Ayizokwenzeka lonto! And that's my final word."

Bulelani: "Mihle, consider lento ithethwa ngulomntana."

Mihle: "And risk what Groot man, never holding her again?"

Me: "What's worth risking for, me or your child?"

Mihle: "I've connected with you in ways that I

haven't connected with my child yet."

Me: "You will connect naye nomtana Mihle!"

Mihle: "And lose you."

I kept quiet, he was standing again now, frustration clear in his eyes, it was easy to see that he was emotionally exhausted

"Babe I'm going nowhere."

He shook his head before turning his back on me, he took a few steps and stopped turning to look at me

Mihle: "That's a lie.

Ndamjonga ngeyona look ene cheek ngoba kaloku ndandingayi understand(i) uba imistrust engaka yayisukaphi (I looked at him with the cheekiest loom ever because I didn't understand where do much mistrust came from)

Mihle: "You're not saying that because right now I need that kind of support but when

uNomthandazo is back here (pause)
awuzokwazi umnyamezela (you won't be able
to tolerate her)."

Me: "I'll be at school."

"At school? (Chuckles)"

Me: "Babe ndicela ungabi difficult toro we
spoke about this. I need to attend classes and
be close to icampus"

He looked at me with his left eye narrowed
more than his right, he didn't respond instead
wahlala on the single couch he was sitting on a
few minutes back. Silence filled the room with
us looking amongst each other and at him, he
was staring at the fireplace without blinking.
Bulelani interrupted the silence by saying

Bulelani: "Miles jonga ndoda, apha you messed
up big time and this time around umoshe the
wrong girl so I'm gonna need you to put aside
your soft spot for her and think, cinga boy

ngoba she'll destroy xa usenza kanje. And remember wazi kwanto yakho lamntana and with the attitude she gave you once at work in front of your colleagues usezokunyathela so think ntwana, put aside kwanto elusizi and use langqondo you use xa sise game(ini). (Miles look man, here you messed up big time and this time around you did wrong the wrong girl so I'm gonna need you to put aside your soft spot for her and think, think boy because she'll destroy you if you continue doing this way. And remember she knows everything of yours that kid and with the attitude she gave you once at work in front of your colleagues, she'll step over you so think ntwana, put aside any sympathy and use the mind you use when we at the game.)"

He finally averted his eyes from the fireplace and slowly turned to Bulelani, Bhuti'B nodded getting his ass up from the couch, he held his

shoulder and tightened his grip before touching his hand and bring him close in manly hug

"Man up ndoda, andikwazi unje. Man up (Man up man, I don't know you like this. Man up)."

He let go of him and pulled out his car keys from his pocket, he turned and looked at Keagan

Bulelani: "Ntwana ndiyavaya, you leaving? (Ntwana I'm leaving, you leaving?)"

Keagan: "Ya laat ek somer wy (Let me go)."

Mihle searched his pockets and pulled out Keagan's car keys and said "dankie" making Keagan nod.

Bulelani: "Phindi."

Me: "Bhuti?"

Bulelani: "Ndizokubona sisi evha, take care of my boy (I'll see you okay, take care of my boy)"

Me: "Bye. Bye K"

Keagan: "Sure baby (pause) Miles?"

Mihle: "Ya."

Keagan: "Moenie kak eet nie (Don't fed on shit)."

Mihle chuckled nodding and they stepped out leaving babe and I in silence. We never this quiet unless we're cuddling and both of us are sleepy. He stared far ahead still thinking and for a moment I wished I was inside his brain just so I'd know what he was thinking about.

Subsequent to his thinking, he finally stopped chowing his mouth and looked at me, I was staring at the TV which was broadcasting TLC, channel 135, when I felt his eyes on me I moved my gaze from the television to him...

"Come here."

I sighed from nervousness and got up to stand next to the couch, he laid back allowing the couch to kick out that thing which I don't know the name off but it's used to rest the feet. He

took my hand and gently pulled me in to sit on his lap with my legs on each of his sides

Mihle: "Mambhele"

Me: "Thahla."

He smiled and I mirrored his smile, glad that for the first time in stressful two hours he smiled...

Mihle: "Usazelaphi ke ezo? (Where do you know that one from?)"

Me: "Hayi tshini ndiyakwazi babe. Unyawuza, Fhaku, Thahla (I know you babe (clan names))"

Mihle: "Mambhele wam, Langa wam."

Me: "Baby?"

Mihle: "I want you to know as much as I'm hungry for umntana I'm not willing to lose you."

Me: "I know and nam andifuna, I'm not willing to lose you too but your happiness is my concern."

Mihle: "This sick plan yakho of telling me to

bring back uNomthandazo back in here will not treat you well in the long run."

Me: "Ngoba? (Why?) Should I be worried?"

Mihle: "Not at all. I got you"

Me: "So you'll consider it."

"Think about it."

Me: "Baby?"

Mihle: "Ndizoyicinga (I'll think about it)"

Me: "Okay (pause) so what are we eating?"

Mihle: "(chuckles) come on, khange utsho uba uzopheka kanti? (Come on, didn't you say you'd cook?)"

I looked at him through my fingers meanwhile my face was hid behind my hands, he moved them away but tickling me...

Me: "Okay baby but I want you to help me (pause) by the look of things awuzokwazi (you

won't be able to)."

Mihle: "Andizokwazi nyani, uyabona nangoku ndifuna ulala, I got a fucked up headache (I won't be able to for real, you see now I want to sleep, I got a fucked up headache.)"

Me: "About tomorrow, senzanjani? (About tomorrow, how we doing things?"

Mihle: "Ngantoni? (On?)"

Me: "School."

Mihle: "I'll drop you off kwasekuseni (in the morning) or you know what time you attending so I come fetch you?"

I shook my head

"Then we'll leave together. Nango half six ndizozokulanda (At half six I'll come fetch you)"

Me: "For?"

He cocked his eyebrow at me and I tried searching my mind to remind about what he

was on about, after a few seconds it clicked

Me: "Oh the place?"

Mihle: "Ya."

Me: "You seem nervous every time we talk about lento"

Mihle: "Inxaki I can't stop thinking of the consequences."

Tired of always hearing the same thing I got off from lap and collected the glasses from the table

"Tomorrow we getting over and done with it, no need yoba uxhala (no need for you to be anxious.)"

Mihle: "I guess so. Jonga please bring me igrandpa from eza plastics ziphezukwe counter (Look please bring me a grandpa from those plastics on top of the counter.)"

I walked over to the kitchen and rinsed the

glasses, I unpacked the plastics and those which had toiletry yethu (our toiletry) I took in my hand, I poured Mihle a glass of water and went back to the lounge, gave it to him with his grandpa before heading to the bedroom to place this plastics.

I returned to the lounge with him relaxing on the couch, his eyes closed and he still had that glass in his hand. I stood over him and took it from his hand causing him to open his eyes, he smiled before closing them again, before moving away from him I placed a baby kiss on his lips...

Me: "Uyalala?"

Mihle: "Ewe baby, I need the nap."

I nodded even though wayengandiboni (he didn't see me)"

Mihle: "Ungapheki, we'll go buy ifried chicken eWoolworths (don't cook, we'll go buy fried

chicken from Woolworths)"

Me: "Siyitye neza salads? (and eat it with those salads?)"

Mihle: "Ewe."

I scrolled the TV channels without anything to watch until I saw the repeat of Sisterhood of Hip Hop playing, this was better than not watching at all. I was on my third episode when I felt really bored and started to become drowsy myself, I looked at Mihle and saw how fast asleep he was now, grabbing the two cushions on the couch, I placed them under my head to make a pillow and dragged myself to sleep. Dololo ubuthongo ke sana (Dololo sleep), without nothing to do because even that little interest I had for television was now wearing off, I got up and headed to the kitchen. In the pantry I took out the Oreo biscuits, took a size plate from the dish wrack and crushed about four biscuits on it. I took out a bowl and two of the

chocolate delights I bought, mixed them with the crushed oreos and went back to the lounge. Looking at my man I actually smiled when I thought of how he'd want some if he'd wake right now, never in my life have I come across a man who has such a sweet tooth, uDavid didn't but he was just a fan of yoghurt.

It was funny how after finishing that bowl I managed to sleep, because as I was laying there I could feel my body letting in so I allowed myself to drift off to sleep. I woke up some time because of the cramps on my arm, I tried stretching it and when it felt better I turned over, facing the other side and went back to sleep only to wake up to a smell of grilled chicken and those old songs zika Ringo playing softly in the lounge. I sat and stretched before rubbing my eyes, Mihle wasn't on his couch and the bowl wasn't on the table, I had a maroon flees blanket on me. I looked at the watch and almost

fainted when I saw it was 18:52, yawning and stretching once again I got up from the couch and leaped through my first few steps, I believe my right leg was irritated by the way I had slept because it wasn't strong as yet. Before stepping into the kitchen I exercised it for a while and continued walking when I felt it was better, I walked to Mihle who had a glass of orange juice in his hands and he was staring at the tray of chicken wings in front of him, since I was walking barefoot I doubted he could hear me, he only turned when I was sitting on one of the counter's chairs...

"Awake?"

I nodded rubbing the sleep from my eyes one more time

Me: "You cooked?"

Mihle: "Yeah when I saw indlela le ubuleli ngayo (the way you were sleeping) I decided not to

wake you uba undikhaphe (to escort me) so I grilled these."

Me: "Kutheni ingathi zinitsi njena babe? (Why do they seem a lot babe?)"

I asked jumping off the chair and taking a few steps to him

Mihle: "They're twelve."

Me: "Only for the two of us. Makhulu lamaphiko babe (these wings are big babe)"

Mihle: "Bekushiyeke only twelve so I decided uba ndizipheke zonke, uba bendipheke eight la four ndiyishiyela bani? (There was only left so I decided to cook all of them, if I cooked eight and left four for whom would I be leaving those?)"

Me: "They smell good."

"Try one. Zisatshisa kodwa (they still hot though)"

Mihle: "Ndikhule noMama babe, so you can imagine (pause) but I also have it incan"

Me: "You'll have to teach me."

Mihle: "Do I have an option? Angaphambana umama uba angeva ndihlala nentombi engakwazi upheka (my mom would go insane if she'd hear I stay with a girl who can't cook)."

I took a wing and returned to the chair...

Me: "It's mother's fear lonto because no mama she used to yell at me uba ndizotshata njani ndingakwazi upheka (about how I'll get married without knowing how to cook). But I can bake though"

Mihle: "(chuckles)inxaki yakho you could live only on sweet things wena."

Me: "Not always tshini.'

Mihle: "We need to sleep early namhlanje, le weekend indigqibe amandla, if ever I sleep late

asoze ndikwazi uvuka. (We need to sleep early today, this weekend drained me, if ever I sleep late I won't be able to wake up.)"

Me: "After bathing"

Mihle: "Thixo wam, hayi uzohlamba wedwa baby, I can't (O my Lord, no you'll bath alone baby, I can't.)"

We sat there chatting before I helped him dish up, we sat at the counter and ate between small talks, he was telling me about this whole thing ka Nomthandazo and I won't lie I felt sorry for for him, this thing was stressing him and for the first time since I met him he didn't know what decision to make.

Me: "Just bring her in, izomisa inxaki ezinintsi lonto because now if ever you do let her go on with whatever she wants she might destroy you like Bulelani said"

Mihle: "It isn't easy"

Me: "You need to bond with umntana, she's right apho and babe (pause) for your child's sake akufunekanga nicaphukelane noNomtha. And for you to be able to see your child whenever you want, you need to support her through pregnancy."

Mihle: "How old are you again?"

Me: "(giggles) I'll be 22 nge 20th zika November."

Mihle: "And you think like a married woman."

I looked at him meanwhile breaking the wing I had in my hands in two

"And it's fucken attractive."

Me: All thanks to utatam. I believe if he was soft kum ndisakhula I wouldn't have been able to use my brains like I do."

He smirked in a very naughty way with his bottom lip held between his teeth, I couldn't

help blush before I got up and started packing our dishes. I filled the sink with luke warm water, poured a piece of dishwasher and washed those, he helped rinse and place them on dissh wrack. When the kitchen was spotless we headed to the bedroom after switching off all the lights which were to be switched off during the night, like he said he refused to go take a bath with me so I went alone and I took my time, relaxing in the foamed tub. Latterly, he walked in and stood at the door...

"You been here for hours ngoku."

Me: "Ndizimamele (I'm relaxing)"

Mihle: "Ndiyalala ke (I'm sleeping then)"

Me: "I'll be there in a sec."

He left the door of the bathroom open and I laid there with my eyes closed thinking of the advice I've given him, I just prayed that it wasn't going to grow teeth and come biting at me. I stepped

out of the tub when the water ran cold and I couldn't fill the tub anymore because it was already full. After cleaning the bathroom I left to the bedroom with a towel covering my body, the bedroom light was switched off so I switched it on and noticed how my man was sleeping already, he groaned irritably when the light hit his eyes, pulling the black and white comforter to cover up his face. I tried to be as quiet as ever when I was getting ready for bed and thinking that he's sleeping I almost collapsed from shock when he said in a husky voice...

"Gqiba babe, the light."

I turned and looked at him for a while because from the mini fright I had I wasn't even sure if he was the one who spoke...

Mihle: "Uyandivha Aphindiwe?"

Me: "Ewe babe"

He turned over and faced the other side.

I laid on the bed and faced his back, kissed his back before laying my head on it.

I had my own worries, I wanted him to be happy but I couldn't help but feel that him having Nomthandazo back under his roof would mean understanding every little thing, tolerating her attitude and understanding that they would be a family.

125th Entry

Aphindiwe

The following morning I woke up kuqala due to a bad dream I was having, I managed to sit on my butt and eye search the room which was obscured from light, Mihle was laying besides me peacefully. Through the huge grey and black luxury curtains I could see the morning light which indicated that it wasn't dawn anymore.

Still seated on my butt I searched for my phone under my pillow, I pulled it out and checked the time, the time had just hit five so in lieu of going back to sleep I decided to take a bath kuqala then I'd wake this heavenly gifted man next to me. I slowly got off the bed and avoided switching off the light because I'd wake up, I went over to the windows and opened one of them, took my toiletry bag as I was heading out of the bathroom.

Knowing that someone else had to take a bath or shower after me, I rushed my way through but came out clean, even though I didn't spend the time I often spend when using the bathroom. I walked into the bedroom with Mihle on a phone call, his voice was still husky from sleep, he was laying flat on his tummy, arms stretched across the bed, his head on the side with his cell phone placed on top of his ear. With the light on I went to go sit in front of the

hairdresser and like any other girlfriend I was listening to his responses trying to make out whom it was he was talking to nge to six ekseni (to six in the morning), by luck it was his mother because I heard when he mentioned his sister's name then kept on saying "nozala." He finished off the conversation and with my back on him, I heard him turn over and groan...

"Ngubani ixesha? (What time is it?)"

He asked in a husky voice, I shrugged my shoulders forgetting that wayengandijonganga

Mihle: "Aphindiwe?"

Me: "Huh?"

Mihle: "I asked ngubani ixesha? (I asked what time is it?)"

Me: "Andazi, check your phone."

He kept still for a while before I heard him shuffle, I turned on the chair and looked at him,

he was now seated, his feet hanging off the bed and he was doing something on his phone. By now I had stop moisturizing my body, I was just staring at him, he slowly turned his head and looked at, I resisted licking my lips, he was a God naxa evuka (even when he wakes up) noba kwakwenzekile uba abembi ke, to me wayezoba yicream (even if it happened that he was ugly, to me he'd still remain handsome) because the ladies know when you were in love with someone you saw nothing negative about them ngoba until you had to part ways with them.

He finally placed his phone next to the bedside lamp and walked over to me, he placed a long warm kiss on my forehead

Mihle: "Good morning"

Me: "Morning."

He seemed grumpy and I understood uba wayetyiwa zinto zakhe ubhuti (he was being

bothered by his own things), from the quarrel with Nomthandazo, to this call which he just received from his mother because the way it ended, he didn't seem pleased. I got up from the chair leaving the towel there and walked over to where I had left my bag opened, he was at the wardrobe pulling out his uniform items, one by one. I took my matching undergarments and wore them now still looking through this small bag, going through the three outfits I had left from the weekend. Indecisive on which one to wear I laid all three on the bed, Mihle walked over to the other side of the bed and placed his uniformed, neatly, I watched how he looked at my outfits one by one before he passed his gaze at me...

"Ndicela undinike la phone? (Could you pass me that cellphone?)"

I passed it to him and stood there, glued to the spot no longer concentrating on the clothes in

front of me but to my man who seemed really off

Me: "Uright?"

He nodded, faking a smile meanwhile he had his cellphone on his ear, he was looking at me this whole time until the person on the other line answered...

Mihle: "Khathethe lento ndiyivha ngomama Zizipho (Talk about what I just heard from mom Zizipho)"

I heard her squeaky voice on the other side, I shifted my mind back to the clothes in front of me, just when I took my leggings he commented

Mihle: "Ha.a nxiba esi'skirt."

I looked at him, he was pointing at my grey tight skirt which was matched with a white vest on the bed.

Mihle: "Hayi andithethi nawe, qhumeka ndimamele (No I'm not talking to you, continue I'm listening)"

I was either matching this with the olive green suede laced pump I had or with my boots because those were the only shoes suitable to wear for such a long day, there was no way I'd be on a heel. I wasn't paying much mind to Mihle's conversation until I heard him say

"So ufuna uzohlala apha, kwatshintsha ntoni perhaps when I wanted you here wabe ungafuni uza? (So you want to move to here, what changed perhaps when I wanted you here and you refused?)"

He narrowed his eyes and pulled his phone away from his eyes, he looked at it before returning to his sister

"Yee Zee uyayiqonda uba my life right now is fucked up? So I'm supposed to fly you here then

job hunt for you?... Ow uzozi jongela?... Umama ashiyeke nabani? (Zee do you know how fucked up my life is right now? So I'm supposed to fly you here then job hunt for you?... Ow you'll look for yourself?... Who will be left with mama?)"

He helped me removed our clothes and place them on the long brown sleeping couch he had in his bedroom, he also removed a couple of pillows while he was still on the phone call...

Mihle: "Jonga ke mntaka mama, I'll get you here kodwa Zizipho ndifuna undimamelise kakhle, if kuye kwenzeka uba within a period of two months akhonto ecacayo ngalento uzoyenza apha, I'm sending you back home. (Look my mother's daughter, I'll get you here but Zizipho I want you to listen to me attentively, if it happens that within a period of two months there's nothing clear with what you're here to do, I'm sending you back home.)"

I assumed she disagreed when he said

"It's either that or awuzi kwa uza. (It's either that or you're not coming at all.)"

He listened to her for a short while before he ended the call, by now I was fixing the sheet, yachupha lendoda sana (this man sat) and looked at me

Mihle: "Morning treat?"

He had his brow cocked at him and this smirk on his face, I stood where I was still holding the corner of the sheet

Me: "Sizoba late (we'll be late)."

Mihle: "Uleqaphi? (where you rushing to?)"

Me: "Nowhere, ndicingela wena (Nowhere, I'm concerned about you)"

Mihle: "Su wara ngam baby (don't worry about me baby). Now come here."

My body reacted immediately to that, my heart stopped for a second and the goosebumps

which now showed on my skin and I could feel how the butterflies made my thighs feel shaky. He wasn't looking at me at any other place but my eyes, I guess he was reading every emotion I was feeling at the moment because he chuckled, licking his bottom lip. When he got up from the bed and walked to where I was standing I felt my palms sweat, I swear his touch was something I was still trying to get used to. It did things to me. He stood behind me and placed a kiss on my shoulder, I somehow stood on my tippy toes when he slowly ran the tip of his wet tongue from my neck to the bottom of my ear. I gasped for air when he dug his fingers on my waist, bringing me close, by now my heart was hammering against my chest. Between a husky, sexy, naughty voice he addressed me

Mihle: "Let me go take a bath, ndizobuya (pause) and I'll do some things to you that I won't be

able to do for the whole week. Don't fix the bed cause we'll mess it up anyway."

I couldn't help but blush, never in my life have I loved raw men but this one here, he could speak any language and have me dry my panties in a matter of seconds. He moved away causing the air to fill my back, I don't know why but I just wanted to wait for him to leave the room so I'd sigh if I needed to sigh, just to ease this excitement my body was having.

He took his toiletry and left the room, I watched him until he disappeared into the passage, I sighed, loudly before sitting on the bed, he had told me not to make it but I was going to anyway. By the time he got back I was sitting in front of the hairdresser with my skirt on, I smiled at him through the mirror when he stood in the middle of room with a towel covering his lower body and looked at me. I turned on the chair and looked back at him

Me: "Yintoni? (What is it?)"

Mihle: "Khaze apha (come here)"

I got up and walked slowly towards him, I was a step away from him when I extended my hand to him, he looked at it as he took it in his. He didn't pull me in immediately but stood there and looked at me, from my face to my waist and back

Mihle: "Phindi?"

Me: "Babe?"

Mihle: "Namhlanje might be the end of us, depending on how you'll handle what I'm going to show you today"

Me: "Then why show me xa izosehluhanisa? (Then why show me if it'll separate us?)"

Mihle: "Because I have to. I want you to know the type of person you're falling in love with."

Me: "Isn't the you standing in front of me

enough nah Mihle?"

I tried pulling my hand away from his hand but he held me tight, what scared me was the worry written all over his face, the way he had his eyebrows furrowed at me for a long while before he answered

"The guy I am in bed, this hopeless romantic asshole I am when I'm with you is just thirty percent of who I am, awukandazi Phindi and I'd hate it if you fell in love with someone I'm not then realize on the longer run that I'm not who you thought I was."

Me: "Can we not see it?"

He narrowed his eyes before pulling me closer, the way my nervous were at a breaking point I couldn't even stand still but he enveloped his arms around me, wandinyusa (and picked me up), being the person that I am, I encircled my legs around his waist and hugged him tight.

Advantages of dating ijoni, ndandi lift(wa) nangeliphi ixesha(advantages of dating a soldier, I was lifted at anytime). I was still in his arms, my chin on his shoulder when he spoke

Mihle: "Let's get it over and done with rather than waiting ide ibenzulu lento then have you hate me afterwards (until this gets deep then have you hate me afterwards)."

He made some sense and I won't lie I was fucken scared but he was right, I needed to know and make up my mind but I doubted I'd leave him. At this point, my skirt was lifted up to my waist, I was deep in my thoughts that I didn't even notice he was now holding me with one arm, I only snapped back to reality when I felt a finger trace my baby through my panties. My body reacting, I held him causing him to groan or hiss, I wasn't sure which one of those it was because I was concentrated on my clit and body which were getting so excited.

Mihle: "Phindi?"

"Mhuh?"

Mihle: "Look at me Nhanha ka David."

I blushed, pulling cute faces behind his back before I leaned back a little, looking at him, he was smiling too but that smile changed within a matter of second when he shifted my panties to the side with just one finger then shoved it in, the whole finger. I held onto his shoulders and tightened my legs to move up nje kancinci, if he was any other guy he would've dropped me because I remember how he shifted from where he was standing after I did that. It was embarrassing how he was searching for my eyes every time his finger penetrated, so I leaned in and kissed him but it was for long until I pulled away and laid my chin on his shoulder, my fingers were digging on his back and I absentmindedly bit on his shoulder just to suppress the moan when I felt a finger enter my

ass. He groaned and I guess he still didn't know how much that turned me on, his moan was becoming one of my favorite sounds. I removed my legs from around his waist but that caused him to turn me over and carry me bridal style, he didn't walk over to the bed but to the hairdresser, as thick as I am, he laid me there, the exact same way he was carrying me. I lifted my legs and crossed them while he found a way into my pussy with his finger again. He was leaning on the hairdresser so to keep me from falling, his eyes were searching for mine and when he realized I was either looking away or closing them, he demanded...

"Ndijonga baby."

Uyayiqonda ke mntaka dabs how much of a turn on this is yet so embarrassing, I didn't want to know how sick I looked when horny but I did anyway. He licked his lips, his eyes moving between my eyes and lips, right now apart from

my soft moans you could hear the sounds my pussy made. He finally leaned in and kissed me, still finger fucking me, andiyazi uba ndasithathaphi isibindi salento ndayenzayo (I don't know where I found the courage of what I did) but for the first time I gently placed my hand on his bulk, by now the towel he had around his waist was gone already, iyinto ethe natya phaya phaphantsi (it was just laying on the floor). When my hand made contact with his manhood, his finger went deeper in me causing me to spread my legs wider, one leg pressed against the mirror. When I started stroking slowly he stopped with what he was doing, the kissing, the fingering and just stood upright and closed his eyes, in lieu of removing his finger from out of me, he kept it there and placed his thumb on my clit. He kept on doing circular motions on it, slowly, his breathing was heavier and I loved how he kept on clenching his jaws. After some time performing this I sat up,

causing him to look at him, removed myself from the hairdresser and with a pounding heart I knelt in front of him. I remember the last time I did something of this sort he stopped me and he had the exact same look he had now, thinking he was going to stop me I went in slowly and ran my tongue on the tip off his head, he let out a loud breath which he's been holding since I been preparing myself.

When I saw he was going to stop me, I took him in causing him to moan, the man was big so I went half way and the more he moaned the deeper I wanted him to go. He placed one of his hands on my hand and helped me, he wasn't pushing me further, he kept it on the same pace as I was going, like any other girl I choked, not once or twice but a couple of times because as I was getting used to it, I wanted to deep throat him. I pulled back and looked at him, he had his head tilted upwards and his eyes closed, when

he pulled me up I couldn't help the smile which made its way to my face, thinking about the "fucks" he kept on muttering. He finally looked down at me, the lust in his eyes spoke volumes and it was mixed with something close to pleading, he ran his thumb on my lips while licking his. He bent forward meeting me halfway as I was standing on my tippy toes, he ran his tongue on my parted lips before he cupped my face and tongue kissed me, turning around so he'd sit on the chair. When he was seated he pulled me in so I'd sit on his lap, I looked at his hard manhood and calculated how I should position myself, with my legs on each of his sides I went down slowly, he was holding my waist this whole time. The tip of his head made its way in and he dug deep in my waist pressing me down, he had his eyes closed enjoying the sensation, I think it was half way through when I felt it kulandawo, apha phantsi nkombono, ndandingazo kwazi kaloku mna (I

think it was half way through when I felt it on that place, right under my belly button, I wasn't going to cope) so I attempted standing upright but he pulled me down yangena yonke and for a moment it felt like it tore through....

"Ahhhh fuuuc..."

He took my lips in his while I was still moaning, my hands were on his sides and I was holding tight on him because I could barely move, I needed some time kuqala before I rode him. He was kissing me slowly and seductively, easing the pain, his hand ran up and down my back before he moved to my neck, sucking and kissing it. I leaned back completely, his arms holding me because he went on to sucking my left breast, he ran his tongue between my breast, under them on top of them and when he reached for my neck again he used his arm to bring my waist close to his, this made his manhood hit that spit again causing me to

moan.

I almost froze when I heard his phone ring but right now I was on him, beginning to ride, his fingers digging on my waist, I was grinding using my waist so there was definitely no way in hell I'd stop for that person. I went a little faster and I think now it was going on for the third or fourth time but we both couldn't stop, when it went on again he encircled his arms around my waist and picked me up, we were both still in the mood so he laid me on the bed and came on top of me, extending his hand to take his cellphone, he blinked repeatedly before muttering a "shit" then he stroked hard on me causing me to moan, he stroked once more, deeper as he covered my mouth answering...

"Captain?"

He was panting because he didn't stop, he stroked one more time, pushing his middle in my ass and this time around my mouth was

free so I moaned, a little louder than I should've, he pulled away saying

Mihle: "No sir, could you please repeat yourself?"

I laid there unable to think, I was this close to climaxing, all he had to do was just touch me and I'd be gone. He looked between my legs and swallowed before he walked over to the window with his phone still on his ear, he closed his eyes and sighed, trying to cool his breathing...

"No Captain but I did make arrangements and I ... I drafted a list and gave it to Ms Brooks."

He nodded, and nodded again

Mihle: "It was canceled then postponed to uhm..."

He looked at and licked his lips before he chuckled and continued

"Pardon me sir I'm a little distracted by something. It was postponed but I did make the calls to the Pretoria Head about it, they had said to me they were gonna send an email to you, which I'm presuming you should've received by now because that was some time last week (long pause) Yes Captain, round about nine."

He nodded again before chuckling again

"Alright sir (pause) Will be in."

He hung up the call and sighed loudly causing me to giggle...

Mihle: "Fuuck! (Chuckles) Uphantsi wandigxothisa (you almost got me fired)"

Me: "(giggles) what did I do?"

Mihle: "Caption heard that"

Me: "Heard what?"

I had my lips parted that made his smile grow even wider

"Your moan."

Me: "Uyaxoka right? (You're lying right?)"

Mihle: "Nope (chuckles) you shouldn't do that again ngoba ngoku uMr Van Herde uthi I should be at work ngoku kodwa ndisekhayeni doing God knows what (you shouldn't do that again because now Mr Van Herde says I should be at work by now but I'm home doing God knows what)"

Me: "Are you gonna get in trouble?"

I was asked turning on the bed to lay on my tummy, he shook his head walking towards the bed

Mihle: "Na, he's a cool guy (pause) now where was I?"

I giggled, pushing my face on the pillow. I felt him touch my waist and I whispered

"Babe you'll be late and your Captain wants you

at work ngo nine."

Mihle: "And I'll be at work ngo nine."

He grabbed my waist and pulled it up, my upper body was still laying flat on the bed, he spread my legs open so my butt cheeks and everything else gave him clear access. I was expecting either his finger in my ass or his dick in my pussy but when I felt his thumbs spread my pussy hole wide open and his tongue made its way in me, I felt my toes curl, my thighs getting loose and my hands making fists on these sheets. This man was doing a lot of shit kum and right now I thought twice about staying at res.

126th Entry

Zizipho

There were plenty of reasons I wanted to go to Cape Town; one, ubhuti spoilt my ass way more than umama did; I wanted to be out of leBhayi yobubhanxa (I wanted out of this foolish Port Elizabeth) and the last thing was wanting my own job, my monthly income. Unlike uMihle, I got the opportunity to go to University and further my studies, completed my degree in Bcom Tech. Having done my primary, secondary and tertiary education apha, one had to understand why I wanted to leave this place, I was going to miss my mother no doubt about it but some different environment would do. Mihle was a dropout, he was forced by my dad into university to do a course I remember not but the year when my father passed on, he stopped yonke lonto (he stopped all of that) and went to Pretoria to train ubujoni which was his lifetime career because with the promotions he was

getting and his dedication to his work, I doubted he'd leave that career field.

At this current moment I was chilling kwi lounge yakulo Yamkelani, my best friend and somehow my brother's ex, telling her about the decision I took on starting over at Cape Town. Knowing she was still crazy about my brother she was now looking at me blankly, saying nothing, I laughed because I predicted what she'd say next...

"Yintoni nah chocho? (What is it friend?)"

Me: "Akhonto Peto, qha ndijonga indlela le undithi kyk ngayo (Nothing friend, but I'm looking at the way you're staring at me)"

Yamkelani: "So xa uhamba uthi mandishiyeke nabani kule kaka yendawo? (So if you leaving who you telling me to be left with in this shit of a place?)"

Me: "Friend, ukhona uAbe njena (Friend, there is

Abe.)"

Yamkelani: "I'm not satisfied shame Zee, fuck all. Niks. Ha.a"

She was making hand gestures and shaking her head, you see this girl here was the definition of a drama queen, one of the reasons why Mihle stopped the affair they had. They weren't dating as such but she wanted ubhuti and Mihle had his eyes on her too, so I was the wingman to both of them, managed to bring them together then wala, they had it going. I still remember clearly how furious Abenathi was ngalonto because she had seen my brother way before Yamkelani did but since I had never seen ubhuti get busy with a chubby lady, I assumed she stood no chance. And another thing Yamkelani was a carefree type of girl, when Mihle called her up for fucking she was game, ngoDecember sasisiva ngabo sana (during December holidays they were all we heard about) and she

understood very well that uMihle had uNomthandazo because he had placed it clear to her. On the other hand, Abenathi was crushing deep on my brother, feelings and shit envolved so I knew she was going to complicate that whole thing, dragging me in the middle of it.

Me: "Ndizobuya, khayeke ubayi bitch (I'll be back, just stop being a bitch)"

Yamkelani: "Nini, xa ubuya nge festive? (When, when you return for festive?)"

Me: "You got Abenathi nje"

Yamkelani: "We used to be a trio girl, ngoku uzosishiya sababini (now you'll leave us just two.)"

I folded my arms and looked at her, she sighed repeatedly before dragging herself off the couch and retreated to the kitchen, I got up and followed behind her

"Indeza fiss le shit yedecision yakho! (Your shit of a decision is irritating me!)"

Me: "Khayeke Yam (Just let go Yam)"

Yamkelani: "Hayi! Can't you find another way? Your brother akufunele umsebenzi apha? You know your bro got connections."

She pulled that 'I'm right' face she gives every time she feels she just said something right or factual

Me: "No!"

Yamkelani: "Ewe kaloku, inxaki yakho ufuna uyolencana namadoda aseKapa (Yes, because your problem is you want to go licking on the men from Cape Town)"

Me: "Rha!"

Yamkelani: "Ewe nje, eza pipi zamaqheya (Yes, those coloured dicks)"

I raised my eyebrows at her, she was spreading

some butter on some slices of white bread, with parmalet slices of cheese next to the toaster...

Me: "So kengoku awuzoza for my birthday? (So won't you come for my birthday?)"

Yamkelani: "You throwing a party?"

Me: "I'll ask Mihle to host it"

She turned and looked at me with the bitchest look ever, I laughed, this soul was ridiculous

"What now?!"

Yamkelani: "Then have Mihle and that bitch yakhe (that bitch of his) sit on my head"

Me: "No they don't, nguwe lo unenxaki nosisiza (you're the one who has a problem with the lady)"

She looked at me again and I don't know but I had to whisper this one

"They're no more together."

Yamkelani: "What? Kwenzekeni? (What happened?)"

Me: "Apparently, some girl, cousin or what not ka girl came along and snitched the man."

Yamkelani: "Oh no!"

Me: "Injalo (it's like that.)"

"Bitch!"

Me: "She is, kakhulu (a lot!) But my brother seems happy"

Yamkelani: "With the bitch?"

Me: "(laughs) with the bitch."

Yamkelani: "Yintoni nah inxaki ka main man, utye iyeza le bitchikazi? (What is the main man's problem, did this bitch eat a potion?)"

Me: "Hayi Yam, uyaqala. Oko wena xa uKing ethanda ucinga iyeza (No Yam, you're starting. Every time the King is in love, you think potion)"

Yamkelani: "Ngu rough guy kaloku uKing, so when he gets all soft its awkward"

Me: "He was soft kuwe (to you)."

Yamkelani: "But that was for a short while."

I giggled causing her to roll her eyes. Difficulties of having a hot brother, these girls befriended me for him but Yam and Abenathi were here to stay, they were friends with me before they even saw my brother. She finished off what she was doing and placed those on one size plate, I helped her with the glasses of cold drink and we retreated back to the lounge...

Yamkelani: "So uthi uhamba nini? (So when you leaving?)"

Me: "Andazi (pause) let me ask uKing"

She looked at me while biting her toasted bread before she turned her gaze to the television, scrolling through the channels. I rang my brother and waited for him to answer, of course

he was on loudspeaker...

"Zee?"

Me: "Hello."

Mihle: "Sure"

Me: "Unjani? (How are you?)"

Mihle: "Ndimhle kaloku mna, wena unjani? (I'm beautiful, how are you?)"

Me: "Haisoka I'm good. Bhuti?"

Mihle: "Yes"

Me: "When are you planning on having me there?"

Mihle: "That's all on you. Ndilinde wena mna uba undixelele uba uready then I'll book a flight for you (I'm actually waiting for you to tell me you ready then I'll book a flight for you)"

Me: "Okay. Guess what Wele?"

That's how we addressed each other most of

the time, since we resembled more than just one feature

"Talk to me."

Me: "Ndihleli noYam"

Mihle: "Thixo (chuckles)"

Me: "She wants to talk to you."

I resisted laughing when Yam kept on shaking her head, indicating that she didn't want to talk to him but I knew she'd be blushing regardless her attitude now...

Mihle: "Put her on the phone then."

I handed it to her and she pulled a face before grabbing it and fixing her voice

"Mihle?"

Mihle: "Yam Yam."

Yamkelani: "Unjani?"

Mihle: "Perfect, unjani wena MaRhadebe?"

Then she blushed and I couldn't help but pull a face at her, she was very good at pretending

Yamkelani: "I'm good. Kutheni nje uzondithathela uZee? (Why you taking Zee away from me?)"

Mihle: "You getting it twisted baby, uzifunele (she wanted it herself)"

Yamkelani: "Maar as a groot brother, why didn't you stop her?"

Mihle: "Or get your ass in the flight too?"

She laughed, I couldn't help but laugh too.

"What?! No andifuni uza apho mna! (No, I don't want to come there!)"

Mihle: "Khange nditsho uba uyafuna (I didn't say you want to) but you sounded like uzothi (you'd say) I should either stop her or get you flying with her"

Yamkelani: "Bye Mihle."

He chuckled before ending the call, she rolled her eyes throwing my cell phone on my lap

"Yikaka ubhuti wakho."

Me: "Y'all are shitty to each other. Yinto yenu (it's your thing)"

She gave me a straight face and I lifted my hands in a surrender gesture. The only time she kept quiet was when she knew what had been said was right or when she had no come back, and it was also the few times I felt like I've won because she never kept her mouth shut.

We sat there watching television, talking about men and how we're now almost 25 but still haven't found men who are willing to commit and oobaby daddy.

Aphindiwe

I was at the library and Luthando was sitting on my side whispering everything possible apha kum. I kept on glancing at her because she was disturbing me, I had four assignments which were needed at the end of the week, I had no time to chat...

Luthando: "Lover, undimamele?"

She whispered that earning a stare from me

Me: "Loot I need to concentrate and you're distracting me."

Luthando: "Bendithe kuwe take in the book then ndizokunceda ngayo in your room (I said to you take in the book then I'll help you with it in your room)"

Me: "You won't. All you'll do is fill me up ngendaba (with gossips)"

Luthando: "I will. I'm not a Law third year student for nothing."

I threw her another stare which caused her to roll her eyes

"I promise."

She whispered, as she started packing her books which were open in front of her. I groaned before packing mine and getting up. We headed towards the librarian who helped me take in two books, I only had a period of a week to keep it with me. We walked out of the library and she stopped whispering and spoke to the top of her voice...

"Ikhona into oyivileyo kulento bendiyithetha? (Is there anything you heard from what I was saying?)"

Me: "Nope. I was trying to do my research."

She smacked my shoulder while I shoved her to the side

Luthando: "So ke babe, uphosiwe. You missed out, like crazy!"

Me: "Fill me in kaloku"

Luthando: "Awudiki (You boring). It's only now you interested."

Me: "Khawuthethe (Talk!)"

"Well (pause) uMimi doesn't chill with us anymore."

Me: "Why, what happened?"

Luthando: "Ubele uAndrew! (She stole from Andrew!)"

Me: "What?! Uyaxoka! (You lie!)"

Luthando: "I swear! Jonga it was kak dramatic uyevha. Kim threw tantrums sana, idrama and kengoku into eyenza usisi bold is because uDrew uthe mayiyekwe lento (look it was kak dramatic, you hear me. Kim threw tantrums, the drama and now what's making the lady bold is because Drew told us to let it go)"

Me: "Which lady? uKim?"

Luthando: "No uMihlali kaloku. Now uyasibuza uba singenaphi ngoba umxolele uAndrew and kaloku she was going to take back iwallet ka Andrew"

Me: "Wallet? (No Mihlali. Now she's asking us where does it concern us because the person she stole from forgave her and she was going to take back the wallet anyways.)"

I had to stop on my strides, no way, that was too much kaloku. Why were beautiful girls such messes nowadays

"When did this happen?"

Luthando: "Tuesday and Wednesday I think. Kaloku usisi lo ebelele ku Andrew for those days"

I nodded slowly, I know I wasn't supposed to be bothered by this but it didn't sit well with me, maybe it was because I knew during the weekend he tried getting to me now I somehow

felt week.

Me: "So uKim walwela ubhuti? (So Kim fought for her brother?)"

Luthando: "Uyamazi kaloku (You know her)."

I smiled and raised my eyebrows, even in this short period of time I've chilled with them, I definitely did know her dramatic side.

Me: "Shame uMimi. Hayi uyazihlaza, akamhle"

Luthando: "Ndikhathazekile kemna ngoba ndiyamthanda because akanxaki namntu qha uyayithanda indoda and uyayithatha sana. So I had chest pains nyani yazi (And I'm hurt because I love her, she doesn't have a problem with anybody but she loves men and she takes them. So I had chest pains really)."

I cracked a huge smile which was followed by some giggles, Lootlove was ridiculous. She was holding her chest to indicate that she was really hurt.

Subsequently, we stepped into my room, which was empty as always. As much as I felt like I stayed alone here, I'm pretty sure when that not so beautiful roommate of mine was here, she felt the same too because whenever I was around she wasn't and verser vesra. We sat there and as she promised, she helped with the first two questions of the assignment, one of which needed a typed assignment of 800-1000 words about Law and Justice. With the research done and facts listed all I had to do was read through it and start with the typing. I know I enjoyed being around Mihle but whenever I was back at school, I was reminded how much I had missed these girls, res and school wouldn't be the same without them...

"Uphi uKim?"

Luthando: "Ufumene indoda kaloku lowo (that one got a man)"

Me: "She did?"

Luthando: "Ewe, enye idrunker wethu (Yes, some drunker)"

I giggled, continuing to read through the research. I seriously needed to buy myself a laptop, using other people's study material didn't sit well with me.

Luthando: "Wena eyakho into noMiles ithini? (Your thing with Mihle, how's it going?)"

I looked at her and smiled, when she smiled back at me I couldn't help but blush, she clapped her hands laughing

"Yini yini, uhappy sisi."

Me: "I am (giggles) I am nyani Lootlove (pause) it just scares me ngoba I sense a lot of rough patches kulena irelationship (in this relationship)"

Luthando: "But uyamthanda though love, just keep strong and groom him. Men need to be groomed uyayazi mos lonto (you know that)"

Me: "Bakhula kade (they grow slow)"

"Mentally!" We both said simultaneously, laughing out loud after that. We were still laughing at that when my phone rang, the caller ID was Mihle, I furrowed my eyebrows because I wasn't expecting to be calling at this time, he had said six o'clock...

"Baby."

Mihle: "Mambhele"

Me: "Hey baby"

Mihle: "I'm outside your campus, ndicela uphume (please come out)"

Me: "Res or Campus?"

Mihle: "Campus Aphindiwe."

You could hear the irritation in his voice, it was all from my question which he mistook as hesitation or a way of excusing myself from seeing him. My man really had trust issues

which he needed to work on

Me: "Ndicela unyuke uze eRes ke (please drive to the res)"

Mihle: "Sure."

He ended the call, I placed my phone on the bed and looked at Luthando...

"Iyakufuna indoda? (The man wants you?)"

Me: "Yes. Let's go"

We got up and headed for the door, as we walked downstairs I looked at my wrist watch, it was something to four and the fields of the campus were filled with students, different voices, faces and sounds of nature filled the air. We walked towards the gate and when we arrived there all Thando did was to wave at Mihle, give me a hug and head off to their residence by feet. It was two blocks away and if she wasn't this shy around Mihle I would've asked we escort her and drop her off. I walked

towards the man who was wearing his black and white Air Force uniform, he had his hands tucked in his pockets, leaning against his car. He was chowing on his lower lip, staring hard at me as I approached him...

"Hello."

He moved away from the car and encircled his arms around my waist, picking me up. There was a moment when I wouldn't inhale his cologne, it was the first thing which ever alerted me that there was a man in the house back at Belville when I first met him. He placed me on the floor, cupped my face and gave me a long baby kiss

Mihle: "Hey."

Me: "Uright? You seem (pause) off"

He nodded as if he was unsure

Mihle: "Stress"

I extended my hand and took his in mine, whenever I did this he had a tendency of looking at our hands for a long while before looking back at me

Me: "What's wrong?"

Mihle: "A lot Aphindiwe (long pause) you know I feel like there's a lot that's gonna tear us."

Me: "Why uzotsho lonto? (Why would you say that?)"

Mihle: "Your trust."

I nodded, looking aside. With just those two words I felt like he had said enough already, I understood every meaning of it. My trust. There was Nomthandazo, there was the baby excuse, there was Bianca and last but not least kwakukho lento wayezondibonisa yona in a matter of two hours (there was thing thing he had to show me in a matter of two hours). He was studying my face, I could not keep my eyes on one place

"Phindi?"

I looked at him, my bottom lip held between my teeth, I was fucken nervous

Me: "Mhuh?"

Mihle: "If we survive this (long pause) what I'll show you tonight (pause) I don't see any other thing that would part us."

Me: "I don't want to lose you"

I whispered that and it's only because I was scared, my heart was racing. I somehow wished the time would stop for now so it doesn't approach six o'clock, I was extremely nervous.

Mihle: "Then you won't lose me if you don't want to."

I let go of his hand and took a step back, I couldn't stand still, I needed something which would distract me from this tension. I was pretty sure even these students who passed us

could tell something wasn't right. He took a long stride forward, holding my waist and bringing me closer, I laid on his chest and listened to his heart beat, I wasn't the only one who was nervous.

We stood there for some time until he asked "Awulambanga? (Aren't you hungry?)" I shook my head but Mihle being Mihle he insisted we go eat out.

Me: "Ndizotyeba kodwa babe (I'll get fat though babe)"

Mihle: "Go grab your jacket because sizophuma apho siye kulendawo (we'll come out of there and head to this place)"

I nodded and retreated to the residence, I came out after some time with my cell phone. I had changed the pump to my black palladium boots, I still had the skirt and vest on and paired those with my black coat which was up to my knees.

He was still standing there staring hard at the ground, his hands were in his pockets and I felt like my heart would just jump out off my chest, if he was this nervous about a place he knew then what more about me? I was freaking out and instead of helping me, he looked fucked up himself.

We drove off to Belmar first where he changed his uniform, wore navy jeans, kept his white vest on, his brown Markham's jacket and matched that whole attire with his white Adidas NMD sneakers.

He took me to these fancy places he knew and a part of me felt like he knew all these because of Nomthandazo, it wasn't normal for a guy to know off so many food places, fancy ones nakhona but I wasn't going to ask, he was doing this with me and that is what was important kum. We feasted in between chats, the vibe

between us was still a little tense but it wasn't what it was two hours back, I recall how he received a call from Bulelani, they spoke lindlela yabo, this Cape Townian tsotsi taal which I failed to understand.

It was 19:17 when we drove out off the parking lot of this fancy place to God knows where. When we drove out off the suburbs to the township, seeing the boards written Phillipi, I couldn't sit still on my seat. I was praying he wasn't bringing me to some ghetto woman whom he had a child with, because there was no way I'd be able to handle two women of one kind...

Me: "Where are we?"

Mihle: "Phillipi, Samora"

I nodded, sighing. I've heard of the place and believe me it wasn't good news. The place was shady and I didn't like it, there were turns and

people standing at the corner off these streets, people here looked hungry for crime sana, it wasn't a joke.

"You need to relax."

Me: "How often do you come here?"

Mihle: "Almost everyday"

Me: "For ntoni? (For what?)"

He cocked a brow at me before looking at the road again. Finally we stopped in front of some gate which had a security guard, the man himself didn't look trustworthy but my dearest boyfriend rolled down the window and greeted him, the security guard smiled, surprisingly calling him "Boss." Without any further comments he opened the gate and we drove in a place which had rooms like hostels and noises, screams and music. This place was covered in high walls, those which we called 'stop nonsenses', he found a reserved parking

space and two cars away I spotted Bulelani's Wrangler.

The way my stomach was turning, I felt like I would puke any time from now, from inside the car and I could already feel the negative emotion of this environment...

Mihle: "You ready?"

I looked at him and shook my head, in lieu of asking if I wanted some time to calm my nerves or taking me back res, he squeezed my hand and opened his door stepping out, he came around and opened mine helping me out. I couldn't stop looking around as we walked towards this door, there were screams everywhere and I noticed how every time we passed a security guard they'd somehow bow to him, he just responded with nods and I felt weird because for the first time men didn't look my direction, maybe it was because I was walking hand-in-hand with him. Or he was

respected apha (here).

We stepped into this place and the smell of weed occupied the space. I tightened my grip on his hand and he squeezed mine, looking at me with surity that I was safe with him.

We were escorted by a man who didn't dare to smile until Mihle pushed open some wooden door and behind this door was Nkululeko and Bulelani with some girl, she looked at me from head to toe before turning her gaze to Mihle, she then smiled...

Bulelani: "Phindi"

Me: "Hey"

Nkululeko: "Relax(a) babe. Relax(a)"

I was now standing between Mihle's legs as he was seated at the corner of this table

Nkululeko: "Into yosela Miles?"

Mihle: "No Nkulie (pause) khanindishiye

noPhindi."

The girl: "Oh ngoyena Phindi lona (laughs)
welcome babe"

Mihle: "Nosipho"

She turned and looked at him with her eyebrows raised, boredom clear in her face

"Not now."

Nosipho: "I was just welcoming the lady Mihle"

Bulelani: "Nosi, masambeni (let's go)."

She got up, shaking her ass as they headed towards the door. I sighed as I stepped away from Mihle, I felt like this was a plan to kill me because he couldn't even look at me kakuhle. Through a shaky voice I found the courage to ask

Me: "What's going on ke?"

He stretched over and opened a drawer, pulled out a file and gave it to me

"Yintoni lena? (What's this?)"

Mihle: "Read it"

I went through the file, it was written 'Black Fields' and these papers were some sort of business sheets but I couldn't read through this whole thing

Me: "What is Black Fields?"

Mihle: "This place"

Me: "Kwenziwani apha? (What is being done here?)"

He got off the table causing me to take a step, I think I surprised him by doing that because he furrowed his eyebrows at me, he looked at me for a very long time and I was beginning to lose it

"Mihle?"

He kept on clenching his jaws before he sighed and turned heading towards the table. I began

shaking because he wasn't anything to me, he was fucking my emotions up. Finally, he opened his mouth and said something

Mihle: "I own this place Phindi (long pause) I sell prostitutes."

Me: "You what?"

He looked at me, he had a tendency of doing this, wanting to touch me whenever he had said something which made me feel uncomfortable because he now stepped closer but I stopped him, wandijonga

Me: "What do you mean you sell prostitutes?"

Mihle: "Mambhele"

Me: "Mihle just explain toro please, what do you mean xa usithi you sell prostitutes?"

By now my voice was cracky because I was scared, I was scared he'd say what I was hoping he wouldn't say

Mihle: "I mean ndithengisa ngemizimba (I sell bodies)"

Me: "Where do you get these people? These girls who are willing to give themselves away? Ubafumana phi? (Where do you get them?"

His eyes were red by now, he was looking at me with so much anger and I didn't understand why he was angry. He took his time before talking

"I get them."

Me: "Kanjani?"

Mihle: "My team (pause) I have them delivered here"

I shook my head taking a few steps back, he moved away from the table and walked towards me but stopped in his strides as I gasped for air, I was trying to hold in the cry which wanted to come out...

Me: "You're involved in human trafficking?"

I myself was unsure with what I had just said, it sounded like a question but was somewhat a statement

Mihle: "Phindi just let me explain"

Me: "You kidnap girls and allow them to get raped"

Mihle: "I don't do..."

Me: "You do Mihle! You do! These girls didn't want to leave home but you take them away, you force them into sex with men they barely know."

He was looking at me, his eyes wide open, his breathing was insane and I was crazy myself. He was sick xa kunjalo.

He walked towards me and I took steps back until my back hit the door, he placed his fists on the side of my shoulders and looked down at me. I didn't even want to look up at me right now, I didn't hate him, no but I was hoping he

wasn't this.

"Aphindiwe?"

He repeated himself about three times before I looked up at him, he was staring down at me and just when he was about to talk I stopped him by saying

Me: "Close it."

He slowly withdrew his fists and looked at me, I loved how his face softened immediately after I said that.

"Close it. If you still want to be with me then close it Fhaku."

He took two steps away from me and looked at me between narrowed eyes. I stared back and waited for him to say something, his love would be clear from the decision he'd take here. If he really wanted to be with me like he had said the past two months then he'd have to close yonke lento.

127th Entry

Nomthandazo

It's been only a day since I have spoken to Mihle but what we had izolo wasn't a proper conversation, it wasn't how we often spoke. Right now I was sitting on the benches of Claremont Clinic, my nervous wrecking bit by bit every time someone stood from the line to be attended by the doctor. I don't know why I was here but I just wanted to be out of those walls which seemed to be making my life and problem even harder, so I ended up here.

I was forth on the line and every time someone was called a part of me told I should get up and go, I wasn't ready to talk about the pregnancy because it brought so much in my life but I couldn't ignore it either, so I felt obligated to sit

here and wait. When it was my time I was called in twice before I stopped my hesitation and stepped inside, I sat on the chair behind the door and waited for the doctor as I was told to. She walked in after a few minutes and smiled at me, I shifted on my seat failing to return the kindness...

"Good day my dear."

I nodded and smiled, sympathy clear in her friendly gesture

Doctor: "Don't be nervous. Yes it's normal to be but try and relax."

I nodded futhi ke sana, yayingathi ndisisimumu ke wethu (it was as if I can:t talk) but you couldn't blame me

Doctor: "So let's try again. Good day"

Me: "Good day Doctor Lidwabe"

I saw that from her door and obviously the

badge she had on

Doctor: "So how are you?"

Me: "Not sure, but I'm trying."

I absentmindedly held my tummy causing her to quickly pass her gaze from my face to my hand and she smiled again, nodding

Doctor: "So you're expecting?"

Me: "Still carrying if that even makes sense. I'm a little far from expecting."

Doctor: "Congratulations."

I failed to smile again but I wasn't the type to show my emotions to everybody so instead of looking sad, I looked down at my tummy and rubbed it. We were silent for a while and I assume she was waiting for me to get some self composure which I did...

"I'm thinking of getting rid off it."

Doctor: "Of what?"

Me: "The baby."

Doctor: "Yima ke mntanam (wait a bit my child), I'm going to address you as a black woman right now and not as your doctor."

I nodded, she laid her hands on the table and looked at me...

Doctor: "In Xhosa mntanam we don't talk of umntana as an "it" or classify the baby under izinto, no. It's a decision you've took yes but I would appreciate when you talk about the child mention to me that you're indeed talking about an infant and not a thing."

Ndamjonga lomama. Tshini bawo elixhewukazi, ndize apha for icounseling or kugqirha? (I looked at this woman. My goodness this old lady, did I come here for counseling or to a doctor?)

Doctor: "So in respect of what I'm doing, please try again,"

Me: "I'm here to get rid of the baby"

She cocked her eyebrow at me which confused me a little

Doctor: "Not even a minute ago you spoke about thinking, it was a thought and now you have already made up the decision."

Me: "I'm not sure what to do. I don't know."

Doctor: "(nods) But you need to be sure"

Me: "I know."

She looked at me for a while causing me to avert my eyes from her and look around the room.

Doctor: "But you don't seem sure to me. What's the reason behind the action you want to take?"

I looked at her again, she wasn't serious, I wasn't about to share my problems, personal problems with someone I barely knew. Not knowing how to respond to that, she interrupted

my hesitation

"It's okay if you don't feel comfortable with telling but take this pamphlet and read through it, understand each and everything action taken along with its consequences before making your decision. Are we clear?"

Me: "Yes. Thank you"

She nodded, standing on her feet, I followed her actions, took my handbag and the pamphlet before I headed for the door. I walked out off that clinic with even more mixed emotions, this shit was getting to my head and not long from now it would affect me physically.

During moments like these I actually wished I had never sold the car Mihle had bought me but I sold it anyway and there was no turning back. I also did that because I knew I still had him, he'd pick me up every now and then no matter where I was; one of the reasons why I loved him. He

was one person who treated his lady like a queen despite the beast he was. At this current moment, I was standing besides the gate of the hospital looking around for a local taxi which would get me to the taxi rank so I caught one home. A car of my own would do because right now I needed my own space being around people who would chat on like they had no problems was definitely going to affect my mood and make me grumpier than ever.

After a while of standing alone, looking stupid because that's how I felt, a taxi came along and took me to the rank. What annoyed me about public transport was having to wait for the taxi to carry exactly fourteen passengers before the taxi driver could drive off. I understood they needed the money but sometimes it inconvenienced a lot of us, nje ngam ngoku. (Just like me now.) I arrived home after a long while, tired, drained and not in the best of moods. I

had plans for this evening but with the way I was feeling right now I highly doubted I'd want to proceed with them. Azola and my father were the only people at home and as always utata wanted to question me about where I'm coming from, he kept on mentioning Mihle and I had to handle my nervous not to burst out rudely at him. He realized I wasn't in no state of talking so he allowed me to excuse myself.

I was now laying on my bed, going through this pamphlet, honestly it seemed useless because these points made no impact on whatever decision I were to take. I placed the bloody pamphlet next to my bedside lamp, turned over and laid on my tummy, closing my eyes I thought about the only three choices I had to choose from and worried about each of their consequences.

Mihle

I stood a few steps away from her and looked at her, I noticed how much she was shaking but she wasn't the only one, I was shaking myself. Her eyes were wider than their normal size and I couldn't stop shaking, I was even beginning to sweat...

"Mihle?"

She whispered my name, I believe she was calling me so I could answer her. She wanted me to close it! I furrowed my eyebrows and looked away from her, that was the only way I could get my mind straight, ndicinge kakuhle (and think properly). I stared hard at the wall before passing my gaze back to her, I could tell from the look on her face that she wanted to hold me but she somehow looked terrified of coming closing and the sight of it killed me...

Me: "Phindi"

Aphindiwe: "Please close it baby."

Me: "That's impossible Phindi."

Her eyes grew even wider. Judging from her body language if I were anywhere near her, she would've either slapped me or strangled me

Aphindiwe: "What do you mean it's impossible? Mihle what do you mean it's impossible?!"

She did what I was hoping she wouldn't do, started crying. This didn't just bring guilt kum but it reminded me how of a fucken jerk I was. I took a few steps towards but she stopped me raising her hand

"Don't you dare come near me!"

Me: "Aphind.."

Aphindiwe: "No Mihle, no! You're no better than a murderer"

This had me stop breathing for a while, this is how I suddenly appeared to her...

Me: "Is that how you see me now?"

Aphindiwe: "Ungakhe ulinge utshintshe lento (Don't you dare change this) and make it about me!"

Me: "Is that how you see me Aphindiwe?"

She dried her eyes and cheeks using the fact of her hands, before answering me she swallowed

Aphindiwe: "Ewe (Yes)"

Me: "Then why you still standing here?"

Aphindiwe: "(chuckles) why am I still standing here? Why? Do you want to know why? Because I believed you were different, with every little obstacle you brought bendicinga you are different but no! No, you couldn't be anything less than a serial killer. Umbulali Mihle (A killer Mihle)!"

I took another step forward, and she yelled stop but this time around I wasn't going to hear from

her, I walked towards her and it hurt me deep when I tried touching and she cringed. I looked at her, she was hugging herself, looking at my chest and not at me

Me: "Phindi?"

My voice was shaky and I knew why. I was fucken nervous and hoping she wouldn't tell me it's over because I sensed that's where it was going. She didn't move not even a muscle so I held her chin and tilted her head, she looked at me between teary eyes

Me: "Baby, please understand. Andizokwazi uyivala le business (I won't be able to close this business)"

She shook her head before I could even finish that sentence, she tried moving my hand from her chin but I tightened my hold on it

"Aphindiwe?"

She closed her eyes, releasing the tears causing

me to let go of her chin and enveloped her in my arms and now she let it out, cried out loud. I'm not so good at consoling a person so I just held her in my arms and waited for her to calm down, I needed her to let it all out so she would listen to me without crying when I explain to her why I can't close this.

Aphindiwe: "Mihle please close it, please baby"

I pressed her body against the door and took her face in my hands, she looked directly at me

Me: "Mambhele, xa ndivala this business I risk being behind bars. Not every girl here is here against their will, I have only about fifteen percent of females who don't want to be here.

Phindi, it isn't like zange ndayicinga into yoyivala le business, I've thought about it when umama somehow found out ngayo and believe me I'd do anything for that woman but the consequences Mambhele..."

The way she was looking at me made me stop. If you've seen how someone who loves you often looks at you when you've hurt them, that's the exact look she was giving me.

"If I close this Aphindiwe, I have only two options to choose from (pause) being sentenced for life or to kill lo fifteen percent."

She closed her eyes again and opened them removing my hands from her face. I allowed her to, she was holding both my wrists, staring hard at me with so much mistrust and I believe hurt was clear in my eyes by now, I never knew it would lead to this. She finally sighed and freed my wrists, stepping aside. I turned around and watched her as she took small steps towards the middle of the room, she stopped before she reached the table and looked up at the ceiling before speaking

"I'll need space."

Me: "Intoni?"

She must be joking. She turned and looked at me, I could tell she wasn't sure herself

Me: "Aphindiwe?"

Aphindiwe: "I need time (pause) I need to think Mihle."

Me: "You doubting us?"

Aphindiwe: "Khange nditsho (I didn't say so)"

Me: "Then uzama uthini xa usithi you need time to think? (Then what are you trying to say when you say you need time to think?)"

Aphindiwe: "Mihle there's just too much going on kuthi. Awuyiboni wena lonto? (Can't you see that?)"

Me: "But awuzokwazi. (But you can't)"

Aphindiwe: "Ngoba? (Because?)"

Me: "Because you're breaking us Aphindiwe"

Aphindiwe: "Mihle please toro. I need th..."

"Why do you need it? Ngoba kutheni?"

Aphindiwe: "Weren't you the one who said it's up to me if I want out after this?"

She was right, I did say that. I narrowed my eyes at her before chuckling, she had me good on this one. I nodded, taking my bottom lip between my teeth and chewing on it. She looked at me between those small eyes and waited for me to say something but honestly I had nothing to say to her.

"Please say something."

Me: "If you want out then it's cool."

Aphindiwe: "Excuse me?"

Me: "Ufuna ndithini Aphindiwe? (What do you want me to say Aphindiwe?)"

She shook her head. I moved from where I was standing and went to sit on the couch near the

window, I laid my head backwards and closed my eyes. A lot was running through my mind, the fucken what ifs which were fucking my head up and how I knew giving her this break would have distracted, after all I was more of a 'killer' to her now so she might change her mind about waiting for me to change completely.

With my still closed I heard the door open, I opened them and looked at Phindi before looking at the person walking through the door, she was sitting on one of those chairs by my table. I passed my gaze to the door and saw Nkulie standing at the doorway...

Nkululeko: "Nigqibile Miles? (Are y'all finished Miles?)"

Aphindiwe: "Ewe"

I narrowed my eyes at her, she was looking at me as though daring me to change that. I turned to Nkulie and nodded to him he wouldn't

stop looking between Phindi and I, it would be clear to anybody who stepped in here that this young lady and myself weren't in a good state. After signing I got up from the couch and headed to the table, I closed my files and returned it in the drawer, took my car keys and cellphone and headed for the door. Nkululeko said something to me concerning the business, Aphindiwe was standing behind me by now and right after that we stepped out. I didn't think she'd want me to hold her hand since she seemed turned off ndim but when she held my arm I figured it was because she wasn't feeling safe kule ndawo (in this place).

We stepped out in silence and got into the car in silence, the ride was sickening because she wasn't saying anything to me, I kept on looking at her and it killed me how she seemed like she was never around me before...

Me: "Could you do something, rather than

sitting apha ngongathi uyandoyika (rather than sitting here like you're scared of me)"

She looked at me before turning on her seat and looking outside the window. I was enraged because this whole cold shoulder, disgusted attitude she was giving me was something I honestly didn't want, not that I had expected her to jump and be happy that I was running such a business but I felt she was doing too much of it ngoku.

After a long ride of no talking we arrive we arrived at her residence, she didn't step out on immediately after I parked my like I had thought she would, instead she sat on that seat for some causing me to switch off my engine. We sat there in silence again before she cleared her throat and turned to look at me. I sighed, looking at her between narrowed yet soft eyes, she placed her hand on mine which was on the

gear and spoke

"Andizazi uba ndizoba right nini Mihle (I don't know when I'll be alright Mihle) (pause) kodwa ndifuna uyazi uba I don't mean to break us apart. I just to be sure Mihle, to take a decision far away from you so I can be sure ngayo."

I looked at her, I had so much to say to her but she wouldn't give me time ngoba she would take it as though I'm justifying myself

Aphindiwe: "Could you say something (pause) please."

Me: "And if you do break us apart (pause) ndenzeni Aphindiwe? (What must I do Aphindiwe?)"

Aphindiwe: "I don't like the tone of your voice"

Me: "I just want to know. If you do break us apart and find another bastard to fill my place, what must I do?"

Aphindiwe: "I won't fin..."

Me: "What must I do Aphindiwe?!"

"I won't find omnye umntu!"

I raised my eyebrows at her

Aphindiwe: "I promise."

Me: "I don't take promises lightly."

She nodded, looking at her residence before turning back to me.

Aphindiwe: "Try not to call nor see me"

I cocked a brow at her with my lips parted a little, I actually wanted to ask "what?" but she stopped me when she said

"Please. I'll need the time away from you for the both of us."

I took in this precious figure besides me and allowed the emotions I was feeling to overwhelm the beast I am, she was wrecking

me I won't lie and never in a million years has not being around someone affected me this much. She leaned in and placed a long kiss on my lips, I wanted to respond but as much as I did I wanted to tell her she was hurting me but I didn't want to seem too weak or clingy so I kept it to myself. She pulled back, squeezed my hand before opening the door, before she stepped out, she turned and looked at me...

"I love you Fhaku."

I felt like that was goodbye. I was still taking in the words she had said when the door closed and I watched her walk into the gates of her residence. The people around her in the yard seemed invisible in some way maybe it was because my eyes were strictly concentrated on her, not leaving her figure until she disappeared behind the buildings leaving me with my thoughts all by myself.

I switched off the lights off my car and sat there thinking about the decision I had took, right now it seemed stupid because I didn't expect it to turn out like this and she wasn't like Nomthandazo, whom I was sure of that she'd return, this young lady has given me tests no other girl I've been with has, she has spoken to me in ways no girl ever does and this is why I was so fucked up over this break thing because my gut kept telling me otherwise.

Enyanisweni my life was shit right now and the one person who gave me hope from the way she spoke to the way she held me had just asked for space, meaning I was all alone to lay on this bed I have made.

127th Entry

Aphindiwe

I don't know for how long was I laying on that bed, thinking about tonight and what I had just found out about the only guy I've ever loved. How could he kodwa? How in living hell did someone ever think doing that was alright from the first place? I couldn't stop having imaginations and all negative thoughts about that place because there was nothing good phaya wethu.

I turned over and faced the other side, of course I had a terrible headache from thinking this much. The only thing I was grateful about tonight was having been taken to feast before this whole thing happened because I honestly didn't know how on earth was I going to find the fucken courage to go buy food ngoku. I was still laying, staring into space when the door was threw open and in walked in my roommate, whatever her name was. She was stumbling across the floor and something in me told me I

wasn't the only one who had problems, Iona umntana (this child) was totally broken inside. She stood in the middle of the dark room for a while before turning on her heel and finding the switch, I groaned covering my face with the comforter because of the light which penetrated painfully through my eyes. I heard her mumble something about staying in the dark and closing the only window that was opened, she struggled her way through with the window before I heard her throw herself on the bed.

Before looking at her, I looked at the curtain she left untidy and the window she left unhooked and not closed. I forced myself off the bed and closed the window, I needed to bath so I prepared myself for it.

I remember making it to bed, exhausted mentally and physically, I ended not completing the part of my assignment I had promised

myself I would.

I woke up the following morning, this day wasn't going to be the greatest and I had plenty of reasons why but two of them being, I was late and grumpy as hell. I missed my first session which was at half eight to half nine and kulena yesibini (and on the second one), I was fifteen minutes late. When I stepped in I earned all sorts of stares, from both the lecturer and the students. During this hour I wasn't concentrating but rather thinking about what Mihle must be getting up to, what he did izolo after driving from here, I couldn't help but think he must have went to Nomtha for some comfort, well I've noticed that's what the male species did when things didn't go their way. I snapped back to my senses when Mihlali threw herself on the chair next to me...

"Sele iphuma isession? (Is the session over

already?)"

Mihlali: "No but it almost is anyway."

I nodded, looking at her

Mihlali: "So where have you been? Kudala ungekho (it's been a while since you weren't around)"

I looked around the class and noticed students chatting amongst each other and the lecturer was packing his briefcase

Me: "Did I miss a lot of work?"

Mihlali: "I wouldn't know dear, haven't been to class for a while nam"

I had forgot she was off no help so I had to find myself another law student, someone who'd be more useful than her. I packed my Nike backpack before turnong my gaze to this girl who was staring at me

Me: "Yintoni? (What is it?)"

Mihlali: "Nothing, I'm just looking at the quality of your hair. Where do you get so much money for such weaves?"

I raised my eyebrow at her but she waited for me to answer, simply seeing nothing wrong with what she has just asked me

Me: "My dad"

Mihlali: "Uyaxoka (laughs) I mean that is such an obvious lie."

I remained with my straight face waiting for her to find some self control and when she did I faked a smile at her

Me: "Not all of us steal to look nice."

I had to, it was the only thing in mind I had hope would shut her up. She furrowed her eyebrows at me before playing dumb, repeatedly asking me what am I talking about. I excused myself and walked out off the room, following behind the lecturer. I had a free session after this

which I spent at the library finishing off my assignment, I needed to start with the second one urgently, even though it was Monday, by the way day flew Friday was just around the corner. I managed to finish off my day in peace, nothing bothered me really but I was bored because Kim and Lootlove weren't around and they weren't going to be until Wednesday so you can imagine how bored I was going to be but I took the time to finish off my assignment.

I was now laying on bed, going through my WhatsApp contacts as I was still waiting for Sasa to answer to my text, I came across Mihle and obviously ndangena kwi contact yakhe, he was online. The urge of texting him mntaka dabs!

I viewed his status and profile picture, his status was the old one which I knew but his dp was changed, it was himself, next to him was Nkululeko and they were looking at each other

as though talking. They were seated at those steaming areas of clubs and this looked like a stolen picture but it was beautiful anyway.

I did move from his name until he went offline and his last seen appeared, maybe the way forward was to remove his number because with the way I was feeling I knew I'd want to text him. I knew his number ended with a triple 777 and it was vodacom, that's how far I had memorised it, it was too early to know the whole nine digits and he barely showed his ID anyway so you couldn't blame me.

I chatted my way through with Sasa, Azola and my two girls. I didn't understand why they went to Mossel Bay because both their stories weren't getting to the point. After feeling like I've had enough break I went back to roughly drafting the Acts and Rights of Laws which I had to type tomorrow, half way through with that I decided to call David. As I was waiting for

him to pick up on the other side I thought of all things I wanted to say to him, how he didn't call me, to check if my leg was getting any better, what if I was told I was losing my leg because my bones were destroyed and he didn't know because he never checked up on me. Was I even this man's daughter nah Bawo?

"Nhanha?"

Nyanya, I prevented myself from saying

Me: "Molo tata"

Tata: "Hello baby, unjani?"

Me: "Andikho right (I'm not alright)"

I used a sick tone as I replied to that. I heard him roughly close a drawer before he stopped breathing for a second, I smiled because now I knew I had his undivided attention...

"What's wrong?"

Me: "I need a laptop"

Tata: "Aphindiwe?"

Me: "Tata."

Tata: "Don't you ever do that again! What does not having ilaptop have to do nempilo yakho?"

Me: "Indenza ndingabikho right tata (it makes not to be alright dad)! Like I can:t always go to the library xa ndifuna ukwenza assignment."

Tata: "Yimalin le laptop? (How much is this laptop?)"

Me: "I don't know. I haven't went eGame yet"

Tata: "Okay, I'll transfer you cash tomorrow morning."

Me: "Izosose ihamba nepocket money mos? (It'll come with pocket money mos?)"

Tata: "Aphindiwe?"

"Tata?"

Tata: "What happened kula R7000 I sent you

kule nyanga iphelileyo? (What happened to that R7000 I sent you last month?)

Me: "It was six"

Tata: "Iphi? (Where is it?)"

Me: "Ikhona tata but iyaphela though (I still have but it's close to finishing.)"

Tata: "Wenza ntoni nge mali? Uyasela, utya idrugs? (What do you do with the cash? Do you drink, do drugs?)"

Me: "No!"

Tata: "Then be frugal mntanam. Be frugal!"

I rolled my eyes, he always gave me money lectures ke shame but always ended up giving me the cash anyway

"Don't spend cash ngongathi uphambene. Andizalanga geza mna. Uyandivha Aphindiwe? (Don't spend cash like you're crazy. I didn't birth a pyscho. Do you hear me Aphindiwe?)"

Me: "Ewe tata (yes dad)"

Tata: "I'll only send you iR7000, only because kukho le laptop ufuna uyithenga after yonke lento, qho ngenyanga I'm sending you R5000(I'll only send you R7000, only because there's this laptop you want to buy after this whole thing, every single month I'm sending you R5000.)"

Me: "Ngenyanga?! (Monthly?!)"

Tata: "Monthly yes. If you spend it ngongathi awuright(angas) apha entloko, then you'll starve (If you spend it like you're not okay in your head then you'll starve)"

Me: "Fine."

Tata: "I would've slapped you uba ubulapha phambe kwam (I would've slapped you if you were here in front of me)."

Me: "Xolo (sorry)"

Tata: "Uxolo bani? (Sorry who?)"

Me: "Tata"

Tata: "I have a huge court case in an hour."

That was his way of telling me I gotta get off the phone because he's busy, I was used to it. He always said his goodbyes like I was one of his clingy mistresses...

Me: "Bye"

Tata: "Bye Nhanha."

Immediately after he hung up, I checked my balance on my account and I was disappointed to see that it wasn't going to make up the price of an Apple laptop, even after he has sent me the R7000 he spoke about. One way to get the money I wanted was to search the price online, send him a pleading text message and stay with crossed fingers that he'd read it and consider sending me the amount.

After going through the prices of various shops, Makro and Game seemed more trustworthy

hence they sold the best electronics, I decided to text my dearest father

"Tata, I want an Apple Macbook, not the ones you own at the office but something of that kind so I checked the prices and the cheapest I could find is R17 000 so ndiyakucela Bhele, could you please send me an amount ranging from that to R20 000. Please tatam."

I waited for him to respond and well he did, I figured immediately after reading the text because it was just a few seconds after it was delivered

"Uphambene. (You're insane)" was his response and just when I was going to send him a please text another message from him entered

"You need rehab urgently. Awuphilanga mntanam."

Believe me, as serious as this this text must have been to him I couldn't help but laugh at it

and what made matters worse was thinking about how he must have looked typing this, bored as fuck but trying to convey such a deep message. Anyway I sent him the "please!" message which he obviously didn't respond to. I continued with my assignment before I came to question seven which strictly needed a book I had not, it was one of those recommended books for a certain module. After screaming and throwing myself on the bed I decided to drag myself to the library and look for it because with it I couldn't continue with the assignment. I hated how the following questions somehow related to question seven.

I walked into the library and was taken aback with the amount of students here, I guess procrastination was a bitch to everybody or maybe most of them preferred being here after their session were over. I walked over to librarian and questioned her about the book I

needed, apparently there was a limited edition of these books so we couldn't take them out but only read and work from them in here. I ended up making copies of chapter seven to eleven, believing those were the pages I'd need since the titles and subtitles was based or closely related to the questions. I returned back to my dorm and worked half way on my assignment.

I took bath early that day because I had to catch a local taxi to the nearest shopping complex to get myself something to eat, it was quite weird how I was already used to being driven around, now without babe for this period of time, I had to catch taxi mntaka bawo.

On Tuesday I attended my classes in a much better mood but one thing caused exasperation and that was how David hadn't sent the money even to that moment. He said to me yesterday

"first thing in the morning" but now my watch was hitting noon and there still was no bank notification. It was only when I was attending my last session when my bank vibrated and I received a message from my bank, alerting me that R10 000 was deposited in my account. Hayi sana lendoda, wayezixelele (Oh wow this man, he had told himself.) Grateful anyway, I smiled to it, it was better than nothing.

After I was done with all my classes, I retreated to my room, got my handbag and walked out heading to the main road to catch a taxi. Today I was wearing that basketball T-shirt Mihle had gave to me the very first time I slept in his room, the first time I spent a night under his roof and never did I know I'd have more of those nights. I was here now worrying about how he might lose interest during this time of not talking to me, the what if he was spending time with Nomthandazo question never failed making its

way to my mind every time I thought of him. It was frustrating because I wasn't yet 100% sure if I knew him well, if you were to ask me, I wouldn't tell you I was sure of whatever decision he'd take for me blocking him like this but ndandisoyika mntasekhaya (but I was scared) the thought of dating someone who was highly respected for human trafficking, someone who seemed so loving until he was angry. What scared me was not knowing when he would blow up, when he'd be arrested, when he'd be killed or when I'd be taken away because such businesses came with sacrifices and just the thought of it scared me to shit.

Right now I was at Game, going through the laptops which cost anything below R10 000. It was the 15th, the beginning of the third week of March so just one more week then I'd receive la R5000 yebhongo. In my account I had R11 640 which was something, I could at least get

myself a laptop which had a lot of space, I needed some movies and series too. I was now staring between a Acer Aspire which was R10 860 and a HP 250 G5 Core i5 laptop which was R10 057 when I heard someone say...

"Take the Acer, it comes with better space."

I turned around and my eyes fell on a dark male figure which was dressed in a navy suit. Not knowing how to answer to that, I just smiled...

Male: "Ndingu Chulumanco"

He extended his hand to me, I took it in mine

Me: "Aphindiwe."

He had his left hand in his pocket and wasn't much taller, I was not sure about his age but if I had to guess, he must be in his late 20s early 30s or it was the beard working in his advantage

Chulumanco: "Jonga Aphindiwe, thatha lena,

the Acer."

He said that with both his hands in his pockets, staring hard at the Acer Aspire laptop, standing besides me with his tilted to the side. I took him in before smiling, it was funny how he portrayed himself so serious within matter of seconds

Me: "I bet you only saying that because you own one."

Chulumanco: "Not really. Had one though"

Only a few seconds after he said that he turned and looked at me, wancuma

Me: "You smile like Trey Songs.""

Chulumanco: "Who's that?"

And he was serious again. This dude was weird!

Me: "Never mind"

"Uhm..."

He extended his right arm and checked his

watch, I looked at his cuffs before he looked back at me

Chulumanco: "I was walking out until I saw but unfortunately duty calls (pause) I want to give you my business card but I know awuzo phone(a)"

Me: "And how do you know that?"

Chulumanco: "Because awudingi mntu (because you not in need of a person)"

Me: "(chuckles) Okay"

Chulumanco: "So give me eyako, please."

I stood there and looked around. I wasn't sure whether to give it him or not but he handed me his phone anyway. Men from Cape Town were successful. I took it and dialed my number, he was looking at me this whole time, smiling like Trey Songs does, especially on Foreign. It was creepy because that smile spoke nothing but "bed", however I was hoping ndandi wrongo. He

handed me his business card before saying his goodbye and walking out. I stood there and felt somehow that I was still smiling because of this Chulumanco guy I barely knew, my stubbornness arose, I wasn't about to pick the Acer he recommended so I went for the HP 250. When I had all the papers filled in and the laptop paid I stepped out of Game and decided to head straight to the streets to catch a taxi because if I took sometime and window shopped in this mall, I'd have my heart broken, my money wasn't enough.

Wednesday I attended and waited for my bitches to return but sadly there was a story of Kim's car being broken and needing a piece of R600 so they were going to be fetched by Andrew the following day, so of course my day seemed to drag. On Thursday they arrived at the late hours of noon and in the evening we out,

using a taxi to eat out at Mugg and Bean. They spent the evening telling me about their trip to Mossel Bay and for the first time I was glad they didn't ask about my relationship.

It was now Friday morning, 11:13 to be specific and I was sitting with Luthando and Anesipho, Kim was gone to her new boyfriend. We were chilling on the grounds of the campus, sitting on the green part of the grass, chatting mostly with Luthando beca Ane didn't do much talking. We were having cans of soft drinks when my phone rang, I looked at it and my eyes went straight to the parking lot outside the school yard, he couldn't be here.

Luthando: "Haibo yintoni ngoku babe? (What is it now babe?)"

Me: "Ngu Mihle."

Luthando: "Ncooo ubabe, uyakukhumbula and kaloku it's been long since he came around."

Didn't him ever I returned from Mossel Bay and he's here everyday."

I stared at my phone until he hung up, by now Lootlove and Ane were giving me strange faces, the explaining I was hoping I wouldn't do needed to be done now...

"We not on good terms. I asked him to stay away, give me space hence his absence."

Luthando: "Oh (pause) what happened? Does it have to do with your sister?"

I shook my head, looking at my phone which was ringing again.

Luthando: "Kwenzekeni ke? (Then what happened?)

Me: "I'll tell y'all when I'm ready."

That was a lie, I'd never tell this to anybody, it wasn't something to say anyway. I thought rejecting his number would do a better job, I

wasn't planning on rejecting it forever but until I was ready to talk to him. We sat there for about twenty minutes, back to our fun conversations when Thando's phone rang, she answered...

"Private number hello?"

I saw the surprise on her face when she looked at me before saying

"Ewe naku. (Yes here she is)"

She then handed me the phone, I looked at the screen, it was a private number. I shrugged my shoulders asking who it is

"Mihle" was what she mouthed and right then my mouth dried...

Me: "Hi"

Mihle: "I'm outside your campus ndicela uphume."

Me: "I'm not rea..."

Mihle: "Ndicela uphume Aphindiwe. (please

come out Aphindiwe)"

Me: "Okay"

He hung up. I slowly got up and gave Lootlove her phone, I was still confused about how he had her number but the surprised look on her face told me she didn't know either.

Luthando: "He wants to see you?"

Me: "Ya. I'll be back."

I left them and walked towards the gate, my palms were sweating and the way my heart was beating ngakhona was insane. I spotted him from a distance and I kept my eyes on him this whole time, he was on a phone call at first but hung up and stared at the ground. I was wondering if the way I felt I connected with him was the exact way he connected with me nah. I was at the gate when he finally looked up, he didn't look happy. A few away from him and I stopped...

Me: "Hello"

Mihle: "Sondela Aphindiwe (come close Aphindiwe)"

I took two steps forward and stopped again causing him to furrow his eyebrows

Me: "How are you?"

Mihle: "Why am I rejected kwi phone yakho?"

Me: "I felt I still needed some more space."

Mihle: "It's been a week Aphindiwe"

Me: "I know"

"And you still need more space?"

Me: "Ewe. I haven't cleared my mind yet."

He tilted his head and looked at me, I ran my hands on the side of the T-shirt, they were sweaty.

Mihle: "I'll be fetching you today after work."

Me: "Mihle I'm not ready"

Mihle: "Aphindiwe you'll never be ready. I've given you five days and you still haven't took a decision. You know what will happen if I give you another week, you'll talk to me ngapha kwelacingo (you'll talk to me behind that fence)"

I guess this distance got to him, in both ways. I kept quiet and stared hard at him, he was pleading indirectly

"I'll be here at five."

He stepped away from his car and took long steps towards me, his white uniform making him look like a God. He held me on both my cheeks then placed a kiss on my forehead. I stood rooted on that place and watched him drive off.

It took me a short while before I let out a loud sigh. I needed to get myself together before tonight ngoba I felt like if I didn't ndandizonya

ngulo bhuti.

128th Entry

Zizipho

I had arrived yesterday night here in Cape Town and umntana ka mama has been grumpy since yesterday. I didn't know what the reason was but he was fucked up I tell you and if you've heeded the small about uMihle you'd know he definitely took it out on me but hated it with passionate when people took out their anger on him. I was now outside the gates of the Geen Williams Inc, contemplating on whether to contact my so moody brother or not. I felt I had no other option but to call him because my fear was contacting him when I've gotten lost only to have him rip my head off this time around, so I dialed his number and rang him...

"Zee?"

Me: "Twin ndicela ubuza uba from here how do I catch taxis home?"

Mihle: "Uphi wena? (Where are you?)"

Fuck, that was one thing I forgot to ask him. While still gazing around to look for a street name or something that could be off help, he called my name

Me: "Andazi lendawo but ndilapha kwi Geen Williams Incorporates (I don't know this place but I'm here at Geen Williams Incorporates)"

Mihle: "And I'm supposed to know that place?"

Me: "Use sour nangoku?! (You still sour even now?!)"

Mihle: "Jonga Zizipho send me your location ku WhatsApp, uyeke undibuza ikaka (and stop asking me shit)"

Me: "Can't you jus..."

And he hung up on me. I stomped my feet forcibly on the ground, I wasn't done talking. After raging and finally calming myself down I sent him my location and now what irritated Mr was having to wait for him to open my text, which he might even do after an hour because he's at work. He did however open it after a few minutes then called me, instructing me to catch a taxi to the nearest mall and wait for him there. He could've just told me where to catch taxis to his estate, I had the house keys after all. I roamed around Somerset mall and bought a few items I liked, I knew he'd give me a lecture for this because he didn't give me this money to blow on stupid things but to print the documents I'd need for all these jobs I was applying to. Knowing I still had some cents from the money my mother gave I decided to catch a movie, I presumed Mihle's knockout time was five o'clock, I calculated and worked out that by then I'll be finished with the movie.

Still seated at the cinema, watching the Gods of Egypt, I was interrupted by my phone ringing, I pulled it out of my bag and was taken aback to see three missed calls from Mihle, why couldn't I hear it vibrate again? He called again and I answered in a whisper

"Mhuh?"

Mihle: "I'm at the parking lot"

Me: "What?"

Mihle: "Ndizokushiya apha Zizipho (I'll leave you here Zizipho.)"

The threat in his voice didn't go unheard.

Fucked up that I had to leave the movie halfway, I stopped out and found the nearest entrance.

He didn't say which side of the mall had he parked at so you can imagine walking around, annoyed, ndixhakazela zipopcorns, looking for a Benz amongst so many cars. I was still walking when he drove pass me and came to a halt, I

opened the front door with as much attitude as he was showing...

"If bendiyazi ukuza kwakho apha would be so much work, ngendikujikile (if I had knew you coming here would be so much work, I would've returned you)"

I looked at him and placed my cold drink paper cup on the cup holder, he drove out of the mall, concentrating on the road before he pressed the screen on his car and went to mobile calls. Some list which looked like logs popped up and he pressed the Phindi contact, the ringing tone echoed in the car...

Phindi: "Hello"

Mihle: "I'm on my way."

Phindi: "Ukude kangakanani? (How far are you?)"

Mihle: "About ten"

There was shuffling of papers in the background before the Phindi girl responded with an "okay."

I was hoping he was just contacted the girl to get something from her but I had a feeling that wasn't the case, it was either she was being fetched or he'd leave me in the car for a very long time, flirting with this Phindi for hours. You see ubhuti wam (my brother) wasn't the type to sleep at a girl's place, no, if he wanted to hit it, he would either invite her over at his place or book BnB or hotel room for the night. We were at a four way stop when I saw the words 'University of Stellenbosch' in front of us and of course the campus which was filled with students, others walking out while most were walking in with books in their hands or backpacks. We passed the campus slightly and stopped in front of buildings I assumed were residence...

Mihle: "Zee"

Me: "Yep"

Mihle: "Ndicela uhlale ngemva Wele (please sit at the back twin.)"

Those are the only two names he used when he was himself or wanted a favour. I gave him that cheeky look causing him to chuckle and smack

"Inxaki we not on good terms nobabe, so I have a feeling singafika singathethi endlini (so I have feeling we'd not be talking when we arrive at home)"

Me: "Umsaphi kengoku xa ningekho on good terms? (Where you taking her if you guys aren't on good terms?)"

Mihle: "Ugqibele nini ujola? (When last did you date?)"

Me: "Some time last year."

Mihle: "Uyacaca (it shows)"

Me: "Mxm."

I opened the door and stepped out, I had only sat on the backseat when a well shaped girl walked out of the gate but she wasn't the only one being fetched, since it was Friday, many students have been walking out with bags so I couldn't say she was the one but with her eyes glued on this car and her walking towards this direction I concluded she was the one. She was carrying those huge handbags and it looked expensive, a laptop bag, along with the Bella huge cosmetic bag. Mihle unlocked the doors when she stopped next to the passenger door, fixing her bags so she could open the door. Immediately when she stepped in, her sweet perfume filled the car, she turned and looked at me. Yep, I knew the bitch!

Phindi: "Hello."

Me: "Hey"

I faked a smile and kept it on until she turned and faced my brother, jonga she seemed like those rich kids and I didn't like how my gut told me it was my brother's cash she was spending, maybe Yam was right, wayetyelwe iyeza uKing (King was under a potion)

Phindi: "Hey"

Mihle: "Kutheni uzoyisemeza? (Why you whispering?)"

Phindi: "I am?"

Mihle: "Yeah."

"Sorry. Hello Mihle."

Mihle: "Hey babe"

He switched on the engine and drove away from that university. After a while of silence and just music playing softly, Mihle spoke

"Zizipho?"

Me: "Bhuti?"

Mihle: "NguAphindiwe lona, Phindi this is my sister, my only sister uZizipho"

Aphindiwe: "I remember her."

Mihle: "She has moved in nam, ndimkhangelela umsebenzi (I'm looking for a job for her)"

I furrowed my eyebrows in lieu of rolling my eyes, like why the fuck was he telling her that?

Aphindiwe: "You didn't have to report that"

Me: "Exactly!"

She laughed lowly while he turned and looked at me before turning his gaze back to the road. I was watching how he was looking at her, like he feared something and my brother wasn't the type to be vulnerable so this was really weird. I needed to know where this girl was from...

Me: "So where's home Phindi?"

Aphindiwe: "Emthatha"

Me: "Oh. Best witches come from that side right,

the Transkei side.

Aphindiwe: "(chuckles) I wouldn't know. Zange ndahlala phaya (I never lives there)"

Me: "Buhlala phi?"

Mihle: "Sister in-law interrogation."

Me: "Phindi doesn't mind. Right Phindi?"

Aphindiwe: "(giggles) No, not at all"

Me: "So uthi ubuhlala phi (so where were you staying again?)"

Aphindiwe: "At the Free State"

I nodded before questioning again

Me: "So you never went home?"

Aphindiwe: "I did, once in two years or so"

Me: "Jesus, ubukwazi ungaboni abantu bakokwenu for that long? (Could you manage not seeing your family for that long?)"

Aphindiwe: "It isn't like I had a chance"

I shifted on my seat and positioned myself in the middle of their seats, I laid my head on driver's seat and looked at her. This was getting interesting and you couldn't blame me for becoming more curious. I was about to ask something when Mihle asked

"So my babies, sitya ntoni? (What are we eating?)"

Me: "Anything as long as inenyama please (it has meat please)"

Mihle: "Tshisanyama?"

Me: "Ewe! (Yes)"

Mihle: "Babe?"

Aphindiwe: "Yeah it's fine"

Mihle raised a brow at her before he continued staring at the road. This brown handbag of hers had a Daniel Hetcher badge and in honesty, it really looked beautiful

Me: "So unangaphi? (So how old are you?)"

Aphindiwe: "22 to turn 23"

Mihle: "A year younger than you,"

Me: "Yeah"

Aphindiwe: "You 24 already?"

Me: "Not yet, ngoMay I will be."

She nodded, encumile. Mihle drove into some bar which looked a little fancy and had a tshisanyama on the side of it. It was packed with people drinking, cars with open trunks and ladies in very short shorts walking. Mihle found a place to park his car, right above the pavement and instructed we step out. We walked in the yard, I was texting on my phone walking on Mihle's right while Phindi was holding his left hand. We headed straight to the butchery and helped Mihle choose the pieces of pork chops and T-bone steak, along with some wings. We also bought cold drinks and I told

uMihle I'd cook ichakalaka and pap at home.

Meanwhile we were seated there waiting for the meat, Mihle was chatting to these guys and they were standing away from us, leaving me and Phindi alone at this table. It was nice how easy it was for guys to find themselves in a flowing conversation even when they didn't know each other that well because these guys didn't know Mihle, they just approached him asking about a badge he had on his shoulder and told him how they were going back and forth about it then boom, the conversation began. I had forced my brother to buy me 6 pack ye Hunters Gold and he obviously threw a lecturer before buying it, now I was drinking that and umiss was having a Liquo juice...

"So awusele wena? (So you don't drink?)"

Aphindiwe: "I do, kakhulu but whenever I'm drunk ubhuti wakho and myself (shakes head)"

Me: "(chuckles) so uxolela ungasele? (So you rather not drink?)"

Aphindiwe: "When we out I do. Silwe ke qha (then we fight)"

I nodded and this time gave her a real smile. I still wasn't sure if I liked her or not but I'd see on Sunday when she has to return to school how I feel about her, the way we treat each other this weekend will determine how I'll feel about her at the end. Well I never had a problem with any of the girls that dated my brother until I met Nomthandazo, she was shit for the whole three years ndimazi and aware that this young lady was a sister to Nomthandazo, I wondered how she was at treating people.

Me: "So this thing yakho and my brother and your sister,"

She pouted, nodding slowly before she sighed loudly

Aphindiwe: "What about it?"

Me: "Ndikubuza as umkhozi kengoku (I'm asking you as a sister in-law) What happened? Did uNomtha just hand uMihle over to you?"

Aphindiwe: "It isn't something I'd like to talk about but xa ndikwazi (but when I can) someday, I'll tell you."

She narrowed her eyes at Mihle's direction and I watched how he was looking at her. It was fucken weird seeing my brother in love, it was an image I'd never get used to. I understood why she didn't want to talk about this subject, it wasn't something lekker to just dwell on. Mihle walked up to us and spoke about going to check if the meat was ready, he returned with the meat reaped in foil and put in a plastic. We walked to the car and right after driving off, we headed home, just where I needed to be. It's been a long day.

Mihle

We arrived home after a long day, honestly I was exhausted, mentally the most but there was no way I'd go to bed without talking to this lady I loved, I needed to know where we stood and I wanted her to make a decision tonight, no in fact I needed her to. I was at the lounge, going through some database from work, I had to get these done by tonight so tomorrow morning I'd sat a meeting for feedback and with the rehearsals close I had to get everything through as soon as I could because when the event date was close, it was always chaotic. My baby sister was in the kitchen with Aphindiwe, I loved how they were chatting and having little laughs every now and then, with Nomthandazo this was really hard.

I was halfway through the database when Phindi walked in holding a glass of cold drink, she stood over me and said nothing, I couldn't help but smile at this, even when she wasn't much interested in talking to me, she had to check up on me...

Me: "Missed me?"

Aphindiwe: "Just came to see uba usahleli na (just came to see if you still awake) you been quiet."

Me: "Been busy but I feel like my body is giving in. Idiniwe indoda (a man is tired)"

Aphindiwe: "Ya, I can imagine"

I placed my laptop on the coffee table and extended my hand for her to hold, she stared at it for a long time before placing hers on it.

I pulled her gently to the couch and she sat next to me, holding the glass tightly with one hand. I was about to address her when Zee walked in

carrying a spoon full of chakalaka...

"Khayivhe (taste it.)"

Me: "Zee toro, if it tastes good kuye then it tastes good kum."

Zizipho: "That's the thing! I don't know kushorta ntoni (I don't know what's shorting)"

She took my hand and poured half the chakalaka, I tasted it and I too couldn't make up what ingredient it was which I couldn't taste

Me: "Jonga put a little of some black pepper, I feel it isn't too hot. Then chutney too but not too much"

She nodded, doing that dramatic turn and retreated back to the kitchen. I turned on my seat and looked at Phindi, she was staring hard at the glass now, holding with both her hands

Me: "We need to talk"

Aphindiwe: "Mhuh?"

Me: "Ndicela uyibeke le glass baby and look at me (please put this glass away and look at me)"

She finished the juice and placed the glass on the coffee table, right before she looked at me she sighed, loudly

Me: "Sudikwa (don't get annoyed)"

Aphindiwe: "I'm not, just a little nervous with where this conversation is going"

Me: "It's going where you think it's going. We can't ignore this Phindi"

Aphindiwe: "But can't we talk about it tomorrow maybe?"

Me: "And go to bed sinje?"

"Sinjani Mihle? (How are we Mihle?)"

Me: "(chuckles) Sinjani? Are you serious?"

Aphindiwe you hardly look at me, you keep your distance awufuni ndikubambe then you ask me uba sinjani?"

She wasn't looking at me nangoku. She kept quiet and gazed at the floor instead

Me: "Could you look at me?"

She finally looked at me, the hurt in her eyes made me cringe"

Me: "Say something"

Aphindiwe: "Ufuna ndithini Mihle? (What do you want me say Mihle?) I've said everything I wanted on Monday, I asked you to stop yonke lento but awufuna (I asked you to stop this whole thing but you refused)."

Me: "Andikwazi (I can't)"

"No Mihle. If you coul..."

Me: "Ndizobanjwa Aphindiwe! (Long pause) I'll get arrested babe. Ndiyakucela Mambhele, please."

Zizipho stormed in, sounding all curious, worried and shit

"Ngubani ozobanjwa? (Who's gonna get arrested?)"

My eyes didn't leave Aphindiwe, she had to say uyandixolela before I could avert my attention to anything. Since I was standing next to the coffee table, I found space to kneel in front of her and held her hands. She kept on looking between Zee and I

Zizipho: "Guys khanindihoye please, ngubani ozobanjwa?! (Guys could you answer me please, who's gonna get arrested?!)"

Me: "Jonga mna Aphindiwe (Look at me Aphindiwe)"

She looked at me, swallowing hard. If we were in good terms I would've smiled when she squeezed my hands but she most probably doing it from being nervous

Me: "Zizipho please excuse us, you're distracting uAphindiwe."

Zizipho: "I'm..."

She stopped talking when I lifted a hand to her, she muttered a long mxm before I heard her footsteps retreating back to the kitchen

Me: "Ndijonge Aphindiwe (look at me Aphindiwe)"

She sighed and narrowed her small eyes at me before taking her bottom lip in between her teeth

Me: "Forgive me. Forgive me that I can't be the man you want me to be, that I now appear as a murderer, as a kidnapper, that you now see me as a rapist. Ndixolele Mambhele that there's nothing I can do about this but to ask you uba undithande ndinje."

Aphindiwe: "Mihle"

Me: "Forgive me Aphindiwe ngoba ndiyakuthanda. I know I spoke about giving you the freedom to make your choice, to walk out if

you want but andizokwazi. I can't and I won't. Whatever bullshit I said about letting you make a choice, fuck that, awuzoya ndawo."

She raised her eyebrows at me, parting her lips a little. I furrowed my eyes and continued talking

"If you were planning on walking out, rethink it. I won't let you Nhanha"

Aphindiwe: "Don't sound like that. You're scaring me"

Me: "I'm sorry."

She licked her lips and nodded, she was shaking but a little compared to when we started with the conversation. I stayed put on my knees in front of and laid my head on her lap, she seemed tense for a while and it was contagious but when I felt her fingers at the back of my neck, I relaxed too. She absentmindedly rubbed the back of my neck

and moved her fingers up until she dug them on my hair

Aphindiwe: "I know I'm scared uba undibambe (for you to hold me) but I missed you. My week was dull without you"

Me: "You missed me?"

Aphindiwe: "Ewe (yes)"

Me: "Kangakanani? (How much?)"

She was about to answer when I ran my hands up her thighs lifting the T-shirt she was wearing, she gasped and dug her fingers deeper in my hair. I placed a wet kiss on her left thigh and smiled when she opened them slightly, I watched how she laid her head backward opening the legs when I positioned my hand between her thighs and moved it up. I got up and placed kisses on her neck as I placed my thumb on her clit over her lace panties. I found her lips and placed a baby kiss before placing

one on her forehead then pulling back

Me: "No sex this weekend,"

She gave me a questioning look, I chuckled before it was a fucken turn on how she was always ready for me

Me: "Before I give you any of it which will probably be next week, I need Aphindiwe back"

Aphindiwe: "Ndibuyile njena (I'm back)"

Me: "All of you (pause) and if by next week you still like this, we can make it a month."

She parted her lips, folding her arms over her chest before she pouted. I placed a kiss on those pouted lips while I was getting up, heading to the bedroom to fetch some files I needed...

"I'm not that much of a horny guy baby! If you try me I'll have you masturbate for the next month!"

I laughed when I felt a cushion hit my back, I turned and looked at her and when I saw that smile which made her eyes look closed, I felt relieved. It was good to know I could still make her laugh regardless the person she now saw me as.

I walked into my bedroom in a smirk, I honestly was hoping she wouldn't put us through a situation where she'd want to walk out or choose another guy over me because I meant it when I said she was going nowhere.

129th Entry

Aphindiwe

Spending a weekend at Mihle's and only chill around, either watching him do things or

chatting with him was actually weird but I liked it too how he valued me even with my clothes on. I know mna nomntu wam, we were always freaks on and ready to mingle but with someone like him there was no way I could no. Just by him staring at me and smirking, that on its own was enough to give me mad butterflies. He was fucken good at his game.

Saturday we actually went out to watch a match during the day, it was a Ajax Cape Town and Wits soccer match which I didn't enjoy much because I wasn't a sport person. Zizipho on the other hand was going on and on about soccer players and how she was crushing on Jimmie Tau once, I don't know what it is about girls and this guy and right now she was on Lebese. My man was having a chat with Nkululeko, Bhuti'B and some girls these dudes brought with. I loved how Mihle indirectly sent these bitches a message that he was taken, they came as four

and apparently two were known, the other two were still new in this game thing, trying to flirt with Nkulie and my man like I wasn't around. Zizipho did notice how they acted and asked me why didn't I tell them not to, other people really looked chilled but weren't. I couldn't because I wasn't the type to stir up drama and watch it blow up in front of my face, in other words, I couldn't handle drama.

I recall when we returned home and Zizipho couldn't stop asking about Nkululeko, she got the hint from how Mihle looked at her back at the stadium but she was still persistent and wanted to know more. Now we all were gathered in the kitchen, I was helping Zee with the chopping whilst Mihle was busy on his laptop...

"So yimpinch yakho Wele? (So he's your buddy twin?)"

Mihle: "Ubani? (Who?)"

Zizipho: "Nkululeko?"

I watched how my man shut his eyes and furrowed his eyes at the same time before he opened them and gave his sister the straightest face there ever was, I couldn't help but giggled at this because le girl could cool someone. I mean as annoyed as this man looked, you'd either want to apologize or excuse yourself but she just stared at him then started whistling on rhythm. Mihle kept his eyes on her for a long time before he went back to his laptop. I looked in between them and when my eyes landed on her, she was pulling faces on Mihle

Me: "Zizipho"

I said with a warning tone

Zizipho: "Yintoni? (What is it?)"

I shook my head, smiling. I actually thought Mihle was planning on ignoring her until he said

"You barely know Nkululeko so I'm not going

have act like awubhadlanga ngobona uNkulie (you got no brains by seeing Nkulie)."

Zizipho: "Bendibuza (I was just asking)"

Mihle: "You better get your act right. Andishorti ngamali yokugodosa (I'm not in short of cash to take you back home)"

Zizipho: "Mxm"

We spent the rest of the Saturday in a better mood, I getting to know my sister in-law better and more about her Port Elizabeth life.

Sunday we woke up very late only because we had nothing much to do. Zizipho was already in the lounge, playing loud music and having some leftovers from yesterday's food. I on the other hand was having chats with Mihle in bed, he was filling me in about the Aircraft event which would take place...

Me: "Is anybody allowed to attend or yinto yamajoni? (Or it's a soldier thing?)"

Mihle: "It's an everybody's event but obviously y'all will pay an entrance fee,"

Me: "Pay or get tickets?"

Mihle: "Akhona nama ticket(i) so either way kodwa xa ungena ticket the entrance is extra with R50 I think (there are tickets so either way but when you don't have a ticket the entrance is extra with R50 I think."

Me: "Not bad. Ndiyafuna ukuya (I want to go)"

I sat up excitedly on the bed, earning a strange look from him

Me: "I'm already planning an outfit."

Mihle: "(chuckles)woaw woaw woaw, hold up. How's your school schedule, because you can only go there if you don't have a test, assignment or classes that day"

Me: "Kanti inini lento? (When is this?)"

Mihle: "Friday, I'm not sure about the date yet

but it's Friday then Saturday is the after party."

Me: "Kukho neAfter party? (There's even an after party?)"

Mihle: "Yeah (pause) one which I wouldn't like you to attend."

Me: "Why?"

Mihle: "Because I won't really have time for you and unlike the event itself this is at night"

Me: "So nakwi event you won't have time for me?"

Mihle: "I won't lie babe, that day andizokwazi whatsoever. I mean we have performances and speeches and when that is done, we being pulled here and there by captains, taking pictures."

I nodded, looking at him. I guess it was hectic but he still had to explain the after party

Me: "And at the after party, what's the work

you'll be doing lento ungazokwazi nondihoya?
(Which will be the cause of you not having time
for me?)"

Mihle: "Quiet the same."

I raised my eyebrows at him, he looked at me
from the position he was laying before he got
up and sat upright like I was doing...

"Look on Friday, we're required to dress in white
(pause) for the event. On Saturday, we dress
black, for the after party. Kwi after party we
have a limited time for fun babe, very limited."

Me: "Sounds boring but okay. So what's your
worry xa ndiya kwi after party (if I go to the after
party?)"

He tilted his head and looked at me for a while
before speaking

Mihle: "Niggurs who'll chase after you."

Me: "You need to trust yourself"

Mihle: "I do. It's you I'm worried about"

Me: "Mna? (Me?)"

Mihle: "Not long ago ubungafuni undithethisa (you didn't want to talk to me)"

Me: "I had reasons."

Mihle: "And what could possibly stop you to find more?"

I shifted from where I was sitting and gave him a questioning look. It was too soon for this, in fact it was too soon for everything in this relationship

Me: "Since when am I not trusted?"

Mihle: "Don't put words in my mouth"

Me: "You just said..."

He was looking at me with that 'talk' look, this man never wanted to be wrong. I believe he already had a respond of trying to justify himself even before he could hear everything I

had to say

Me: "Never mind"

I got off the bed and went straight to where my bags were at, from my toiletry bag I took my toothbrush and toothpaste then headed to the bathroom, he didn't stop me. When I returned he was busy making the bed and honestly I was exasperated with how cool he was acting...

Me: "So this is how this relationship will workout? You always right, mna not having a say."

He turned and looked at me, I had my arms folded over my chest leaning against the hairdresser

Mihle: "Uthetha ngantoni? (What you talking about?)"

Me: "Where does the mistrust come from?"

Mihle: "Aphindiwe I didn't say I don't trust you"

Me: "Then what did you mean xa usithi I'm the one you're worried about?"

Mihle: "I just said you weren't talking to me, keeping distanc..."

Me: "I had reasons! Bendinezizathu damm't! Why can't you just understand that not all of us are okay with gangsterism?"

He walked towards me but I stopped him using my hand, I tried clearing my throat before talking

"Only because I don't want to go back to step one, I'm gonna ask you to fix your shit. Uthi useza kum uzothetha nam, uze with a better view. (So when you finally come to talk to me, you come with a better view.)"

I felt I had said enough so I walked out of the bedroom and headed to the kitchen. In the lounge, Zizipho was holding a plate with chicken bones...

Zizipho: "Is this how it feels uhlala necouple? (Is this how it feels loving with a couple?)"

Me: "Your brother is shit."

She turned down the volume, laughing before she got up and followed me into the kitchen and placed the plate on the kitchen counter. She was smiling at me, showing her white teeth out

Zizipho: "I've heard worse baby."

Me: "Mxm, you not even helping"

Zizipho: "Haibo, ufuna ndithini? (What do you want me to say?)"

Me: "Could you pass me the milk?"

Zizipho: "Oh caba uthi lena ndiyithethayo yikaka? (Oh so you're indirectly saying what I'm saying is shit?)"

Me: "(chuckle) pass me the milk bitchikazi."

She pouted before stepping towards the fridge, opening it and handing me the milk. With my

bowl of cereal prepared we went back to the lounge and watched these reality shows, we had small chats but still at the back of my mind I was a little mad at her brother. As much as I wanted to sit here with him and watch him talk and smile, I was also wanted him to apologize and put aside his ego for once, letting his gut down for just one time wouldn't hurt. While Zizipho and I were still at it, he walked out of his room, all clean and shit, dressed in shorts, a track jacket and his black Adidas zx, carrying a grey and black Nike sport bag and on one hand he had his cellphone and car keys. He walked passed us without uttering a word then headed to the kitchen, where he stepped out holding a red apple...

Zizipho: "Ekusaphi endlela? (Where's the road taking you?)"

Mute. "So I decided to question him"

Me: "Uyaphi Mihle? (Where you going Mihle?)"

Mihle: "Out."

I got up on my feet and followed him to the door, so we have one fight then umntu is gone. Siphikanti, eAmerica? (Where are we here, in America?) I stood at the door frame and watched him walk towards the garage. Hayimntase, ndandingakwazi uthula (No, I couldn't keep quiet)

Me: "By getting your shit together I didn't mean leave"

Mihle: "Could you mind your language Aphindiwe xa uthetha nam? (when you talking to me?)"

Me: "Where you going?"

Mihle: "Ndiya egym(ini) (I'm going to the gym)"

I don't know what facial expression I was giving him but when he said with exhaustion

"What? Ufuna undikhapa? (Do you want to

accompany me?)"

Me: "No"

He turned on his heel and headed for the garage. The kind of attitude he gave was as though he was trying to tell me he wouldn't beg me in this situation. I watched his car reverse out of the garage before I stepped back inside the house, Zizipho was on the phone making a noise, one would swear she was communicating with the person face to face. After her very long conversation she hung up and turned to me...

Zizipho: "Uthi uyaphi lo? (Where did this one say he's going?)"

Me: "Gym"

She nodded and I knew to her this would sound somehow ridiculous because she was most probably expecting me to know but I had to know

"uGyma ntoni? (What's he gyming?)"

As expected, she gave me a bored to shocked back to bored expression.

Zizipho: "You're joking right?"

Me: "No."

Zizipho: "What the fuck! Okay wait! How much do you know about my brother?"

Me: "About uhmm forty percent"

Zizipho: "Then kule forty he never mentioned to you what he does on his spare time?"

Me: "For crying out loud Zizipho, isn't it clear that he never said it, if he did ngendiyazi (I would've known)"

She raised her eyebrows at me, I believe it was because of the tone I used on her. I sighed, faking a smile

"Please."

Zizipho: "By the way I know that's fake. Man niyafana kokwenu, anina patience niks (man y'all are the same at your family, y'all got no patience)"

Me: "More like the stubbornness that trends in your family. Now uthanda ntoni Mihle? Rugby? Soccer?"

Zizipho: "Soccer obviously. If he played rugby his face wouldn't be so scar free."

I shrugged my shoulders, I guess she was right. We spent the rest of the rest of the morning chatting, after bathing I took a rest which later turned into a long nap and I woke up to the smell of garlic in chicken gravy. Getting up from the couch I was laying on, my heart smiled when I saw Mihle laying on the opposite couch. From all that bullshit he gave me earlier on, he looked so peaceful.

The rest of the week I spent at school, either studying, working on assignments, chilling with my girls or being visited by Mihle. He actually drove here twice a day, during his lunch time and after work hours. It seemed like our daily routine, he didn't have to tell me he was coming I needed to fix up, no, he just called me to tell me he's outside and could I please go attend him. I spent two weeks away from his house, I didn't even spend the weekend there which was a little hard to get used to but there were always new adjustments in each relationship and if you promised yourself you'd love your partner and stay committed no matter the circumstances then you did.

You can imagine the frustration I was going through, only receiving kisses from him and no more sex but I understood at work he was busy, with the event preparation and rehearsals so he couldn't make as much time as he used to. Well

I wasn't the only one who was dying of hunger, from the way he was asking for nudes every night it showed he missed me as much as I missed him. It was now a week before the show, a Thursday to be more specific and I was seated across Mihle at the Tokara restaurant, feasting on our delicious meals. He was filling me in about the type of outfit he would like me to wear at the event as well as after party and right now he was on his third imagined outfit, all these were clothes which covered my body, by that I mean they didn't show my body shape, they were loose.

Me: "But you do know that's not my style njena."

Mihle: "What?"

Me: "Number one and two, three I could consider"

Mihle: "You could or you will?"

Me: "I could."

We ate in chats and I thanked God the subject about my attire was dropped. We were now talking about his sexual frustration, how he says he and Zizipho kept on arguing nangento lena encinci (even over something small) and it was all because he hasn't touched me for almost a month

'Umlomo uyadala babe (the mouth creates babe)"

Mihle: 'Oh so iyakuvuyisa yonke wena lento? (So this whole thing makes you happy?)"

Me: "No. Remember masturbating is nothing close to Fhaku"

He choked on his steak, laughing at what I said. The white men and women around obviously did look at us but Mihle being Mihle he didn't stop. He finally gathered himself and I couldn't help the smile which made its way to my face when I saw the tears at the corner of his eyes.

He drank from his glass of juice before speaking to me

Mihle: "Fuck babe uzondibulala (fuck babe, you'll kill me)"

Me: "Hayi did nothing"

Mihle: "Which fingers do you use?"

He leaned on the table and licked his bottom, the lust in his eyes. I lifted my index and middle finger to him, biting my bottom lip. There was silence on the table until he softly said

"And how was it?"

Me: "Wet."

He clenched his jaws and leaned back on the chair, I giggled before the horniness in his eyes told me he either imagined it or believed I did it

Mihle: "You'll have to show me."

Me: "Show you what?"

Mihle: "How you masturbate."

Me: "(laughs) No babe ndiyadlala (I'm joking). I never done it"

Mihle: "(chuckles) well ndenzele kengoku (well do it for me now)"

I looked at him and my worries and concern arose, he didn't look like he was playing around

Me: "That was a joke right?"

Mihle: "No."

Now I was the one to seat back on the chair and look at him. The way he was looking at me would have been sexy if we were at a private place but here it made me nervous

Me: "Baby ndithe I'm joking now please stop looking at me that way"

Mihle: "(chuckles) awuhluthanga? (Aren't you full?)"

Me: "Not yet"

Mihle: "We taking it as a take away."

He lifted his hand calling for a waitress, his eyes were searching around the room until one came to our table. He asked for my plate to be packed in a takeaway then paid the bill. When we left the restaurant he told me we were heading to my residence just to fetch my clothes then head to Belmar, I would also take items for the weekend because tomorrow he would me to and from school. Even with our normal chats on the way, my body was telling me there's something it's excited about and every time I thought of it must nipples and goosebumps showed it all.

Mihle: "Uzoqala ngohlaba? (Will you bath first?)"

Me: "Babe!"

Mihle: "Yintoni? (What?)"

Me: "Are you really planning sex right now?"

Mihle: "(chuckles) I'm not planning it, I just want

to calculate how much time I'll have"

Me: "What's the latest you can stay up to?"

Mihle: "I can go all night if I have to."

"Let's go all night then."

He slowly licked his lips with his eyes narrowed at me, his eyes went from mine to my lips and they stayed there

Mihle: "Ufuna si cross night(e)? (You want us to cross night?)"

Me: "If you promised not to be rough."

He parked in front of his garage right after I said that, he stared at me for some time with his engine still on. He finally switched it off, turned off the lights then opened his door, I stepped out grabbing my takeaway along with Zizipho's then he helped me with my bags. Our mood when we walked into the house was all smiles and happiness as usual. Zee was sitting alone

in the lounge, busy on her phone, I stood over the couch she was seated on and handed her the food we had brought her. I was about to get my bags which Mihle had placed in the middle of the room when I heard a sound coming from the passage

"What's that?"

Zizipho: "Oh kanene, Bhuti you got a visitor"

Mihle was walking to the kitchen but stopped in his steps when his sister said that, he turned around with the exact questioning look I had on

Mihle: "Ngubani lowo? (Who's that?)"

Instead of answering the question, Zee pointed down the passage. Mihle and I exchanged looks before he retreated to his bedroom, my heart was pounding because I knew there was only one person who could possibly be here. Mihle didn't even make it to his bedroom, he stopped on the passage and watched her approach him,

I took in how she felt comfortable in Mihle's navy gown which she was tying around her waist...

Mihle: "What are you doing here?"

Nomthandazo: "I thought I should cut the..."

She stopped talking and looked in my direction, I been rooted on the same spot ever since she appeared from the passage, for some reason I felt like my love life walls were trembling in front of me

"What is she doing here?"

Her tone, disgust and the attitude which showed she still felt like she belonged under this roof made me regret the advice I had given Mihle a month ago. What was that shit again, being the supportive girlfriend? Yeah that fuckery, was now back and about to destroy what I thought I was holding rigid.

130th Entry

Nomthandazo

I stood there and somehow felt my heart break into two but I wasn't about to show this bitch that, so I controlled myself and looked between her and Mihle, she had a curious facial expression as if waiting for me to answer myself, Mihle on the other hand looked bored as fuck...

Me: "Mihle?"

He raised his eyebrows at me, sighed then finally spoke

"What?"

Me: "Could you answer me toro! Yenzani lento apha?! (What's this thing doing here?!)"

Aphindiwe: "Andiyinto I got a na... (I'm not a

thing I got a na...)"

Me: "Bitch could you shut up, ndithetha noMihle!
(I'm talking to Mihle!)"

Mihle: "I'll answer you xa unendlela yoyibuza lo
question (I'll you when you have a way of asking
this question)"

Me: "What?!"

Mihle: "Nomthandazo (pause) these quarrels
and shit, bezingekho before you got here"

Me: "Wow (claps hands) wow!"

They all looked at me, the sister even turned
from the couch and looked at me instead of the
television she was staring a second ago. I
looked at them but most importantly from that,
I took in the way Mihle was looking at me, he
somehow looked hurt and what worried me was
not knowing if that was from my presence or he
has been like this ever since the last time I saw
him. I decided to keep my cool because of the

man in front of me and took a decision that I'd behave, for now...

Me: "Wenzani uAphindiwe apha? (What's Aphindiwe doing here?)"

Mihle: "She stays here."

I had to get him to say that again because for a moment it felt like he had just spoken a language I knew not off. Unfortunately both myself and this bitch simultaneously asked "What?"

He looked at me before turning to her then back to me

Mihle: "From today onwards, she stays here."

Aphindiwe: "But Mihle you know I..."

She stopped talking and looked at him, they were exchanging looks and I knew this man here when he was best at keeping people shut by just throwing daggers at them, well he used

to do it to me but came to a point where he failed so he had to stop. He moved around me, not wanting to touch and headed to the bedroom, I stood right where I was and looked at Aphindiwe, she was staring back at me...

Me: "It would be a pleasant surprise if the family would know you spend your weekends here."

She folded her arms over her chest and leaned on the couch, I continued talking

"Utata, umama, Tamnci and he has to know that his daughter has more interest in my baby daddy than her books."

She moved away from the couch and grabbed her bags, I watched the attitude she was possessing as she was walking towards where I was standing

Aphindiwe: "You want to call them? Go ahead so I be forced to stay away from Mihle (pause) but best believe my absence won't change the

way he feels about you"

Me: "(laughs) Then if it'll never change, why did he consider my suggestion and allowed me to come? That's because he thought things through and realized I had to close to him (pause) that you could never replace me."

Aphindiwe: "Don't flatter yourself, I convinced him to bring you. He didn't even want a piece of you under his roof but ndathetha naye (but I spoke to him) and I only that for umntana (the baby)."

She moved around me like Mihle just did and walked to the bedroom, I looked around the room trying to process the lie this bitch just told me. Zizipho was looking at me with so much curiosity and pity

Me: "Ujonge ntoni? (What are you staring at?)"

She just muttered a loud mxm before she turned back to the television. I walked to the

room where I was before these came in, she was standing at the bottom of the bed looking at him and he was standing at the window, his tanned back facing her...

Me: "Mihle ndicela sithethe (Mihle can we talk?)"

He turned and looked at me between narrowed eyes, he looked really annoyed but I didn't care, he was the one who said I could come through...

Me: "Awunosinika ispac... (Can't you give us spac ...)"

Aphindiwe: "I'm leaving."

I raised my eyebrows and watched her take her time as she headed for the door.

"Close the door on your way out."

As I expected her to, she left it open, mumbling some words under her breath. I headed for the door and closed it by now Mihle was sitting on

that couch he got the auction with a car he sold

Me: "I've made arrangements with my manager I'll be working from home."

Mihle: "I thought we agreed on the third month"

Me: "We did ewe but..."

Mihle: "Is this the third month then?"

Me: "No Mihle."

Mihle: "Then kutheni ulapha? (then why are you here?)"

Me: "I needed to be close to you. I need our baby to grow fond of both us, the same way. Ndifuna umthande esakhula inside of me (I want you to love him/her while he's/she's still growing inside of me)"

He looked at me for a long time before dropping his eyes to my tummy which wasn't showing yet but was harder than usual. I didn't have a flat tummy anyway but it was not yet visible, it still

looked like my normal tummy. He got up from the couch and unbuckled his belt, he removed his pants, he then went to the wardrobe and pulled out his black cuttob shorts, wore those and placed the pants in washing basket after searching them of course. As he was taking steps towards the door in socks, he threw his car keys and wallet on the bed, he was about to open the door when I asked...

"Zithini isleeping arrangements? (How are the sleeping arrangements?)"

Mihle: "I'll fix the spare room for you"

Me: "Intoni?! (The what?!)"

He furrowed his eyebrows before yawning, I don't know if he was displaying bored or exhaustion.

Mihle: "You can't expect me to share a bed with both you and Aphindiwe."

Me: "She doesn't have to share a bed with us"

Mihle: "You'll sleeping at the spare room."

Me: "Mihle please"

He gave me a curious face. He wasn't serious kodwa, he couldn't expect me to sleep at the spare room while I know he was in bed with that man-stealing bitch

Me: "You never told me uba ndizofike elapha maybe if wawundixelele I could've prepared myself (that I'll arrive at her presence maybe if you had told me I could've prepared myself)"

Mihle: "You have all the time to prepare yourself now."

I kept quiet and exchanged stares with him when he saw I wasn't talking he held the handle of the door and opened it, he was about to walk out when I interrupted him again

Me: "Where did it go wrong between us?"

He closed his eyes and cringed his jaws for

some time before he opened them, sighing
"Xa ugqibile uzoza uzoty. (When you're done
you'll come eat.)"

I stood at that spot and held myself from
screaming. This lump, I wanted to let it out in all
possible ways but I told myself I needed to play
cool. He never liked women who didn't treat
themselves well and I knew better not to, I'd
have him kick me out of his house if he felt I
was too much to control and handle.

Ndandimazi xa evukwe zingqondo
zokuphambana (I knew him when his psycho
minds awoken) he would kick me and this baby
out.

This was going to be a bloody long seven
months and to get my man back, to soften him
up, I needed to do what I knew he liked. This
bitch was about to see that I knew Mihle way
better than she thought I did and if by any
chances she was giving me a hard, my family

would gather here discussing her trip back to Mthatha.

Mihle

This was the worst way to begin my weekend. My mind was all over the place, I couldn't think straight and it wasn't because of Nomtha being here, it was because of Aphindiwe being banned to see me. I knew Nomthandazo very well, she was going to spill the beans when she feels she can't handle it and my fear was David taking Aphindiwe away from Cape Town for good. I leaned back on the couch and closed my eyes, the headache I had was getting worse by second. Zizipho was here in the lounge with me and she kept on staring my way every now and then, Phindi was in the kitchen making sandwiches for us. I asked her to give Zizipho

her food then Nomtha would eat ukuka Zizipho, knowing that Nomtha would puke her intestines out if she were to be given what was left from Phindi's food.

I was still deep in my thoughts when Phindi snapped me out of it by touching my head. She was standing behind the single couch I was seated on and started playing with my hair, I closed my eyes once more and allowed my body to take in what she was doing. Her smell was feeling my nostrils and it made me miss her even more, even though she was a step away from me. She let go off my head and stepped around the couch, she sat on the armrest and looked at me with those small eyes

Aphindiwe: "We have a lot we need to talk about."

Me: "Does it have to be namhlanje (today)?"

Aphindiwe: "No. I'm mentally exhausted too, so

not today."

She placed a kiss on the side of my head, removing herself from the armrest, I spanked her ass as she began walking away from the couch, I watched how she was rubbing that part, giggling on her way to the kitchen. I felt I was lucky to have her in my life, I don't know how we got here in such a short period of time but if I were asked to go back I'd refuse because maybe that would mean I would have undo the moment she laid her eyes at me, the moment I thought of talking to her and realizing she had a thing for me, not knowing that three months later I'll be this in love with her. She stepped out of the kitchen carrying the wooden tray which carried two glasses of her favourite juice and a plate of sandwiches...

Me: "Mango and orange?"

Aphindiwe: "Ewe. It would be a waste opening zoy'two ngexesha elinye (both of them at the

same time)"

Me: "I have a valid reason why I bought zoy'two (both of them) so I can drink my own when I feel like it."

She looked at me after placing the tray on the table, she narrowed her eyes at me causing me to smile

Aphindiwe: "It won't kill you."

Me: "But I definitely won't enjoy it."

She turned on her heel and walked in long strides to the kitchen, I couldn't help chuckling when she returned with a glass of grape juice, she placed it on the tray as well then found a place next to Zizipho

Aphindiwe: "Zee, you'll somer take this glass evha?"

Zizipho nodded, her concentration on her phone. I extended my hand and took the half of two

slices which had a chicken mayo and bacon paste

Me: "Did you even hear uba uthini uAphindiwe? (Did you even hear what Aphindiwe said?)"

She kept quiet and continued typing on her phone, I wasn't about to repeat myself but when Phindi poked her she finally averted her attention from the cellphone...

"Uyathetha uMihle."

Zizipho: "Yes King"

Me: "(chuckles) bayingabingathi sihleli nesimumu apha (let it not seem like we're sitting with someone who can't talk)"

Zizipho: "Have I been that quiet?"

Aphindiwe: "Yup. Worst company ever"

Zizipho: "(giggles) I couldn't have been that bad. Was just talking to my girl"

Me: "Reason you just called me King?"

Zizipho: "(giggles) it's our thing kaloku. Xa sincokola ngawe (when we talk about you), wele and Bhuti are placed aside."

Me: "Maybe if you guys would find yourselves relationships, ingaphela lento ka King (this King thing would come to an end)"

Zizipho: "Mxm"

Aphindiwe was staring between us, enjoying the piece of sandwich she had in her hand

"Who's the friend?"

Zizipho: "Yamkelani"

She nodded, taking her glass, I looked at her and saw how she was uncertain with the response, the look on her face showed that she wanted to ask more but she was refraining from it. We were half way through with eating when Nomtha came through, dragging her sleepers on the tiled floor. For some time I had forgotten she was here, the positive vibe these

two girls brought was incredible. She dragged her feet and found a seat on the empty couch, if this matter wasn't serious it would have been funny how our moods suddenly changed when she stepped in, we all went tense instantly.

Me: "There's your food in the kitchen."

Nomthandazo: "Andilambanga (I'm not hungry)"

Me: "You need to eat."

Nomthandazo: "I said I'm not hungry."

I parted my lips to talk again but stopped when I figured I shouldn't, she was going to make a scene out of it any time, accusing me for forcing her to eat. We sat there in silence for a while until Zizipho cleared her throat and asked

"So uhm Nomtha (pause) ndazo, what brings you here?"

Nomtha gave the bitchest look before looking

at me, I understand why she gave Zee that look, they never got along but tolerated each other because of me now for Zee to ask such question, it sent sirens that yayigeza kwalo question (that question was nasty.) I got up on my seat earning a look from Aphindiwe...

"Uyaphi?" is what she mouthed, smiling at her I showed her using my head, she blushed obviously.

Me: "Awufuni uzondincedisa? (Don't you want to come help me?)"

Aphindiwe: "Help you do what?"

Me: "You'll see xa siphaya (when we're there)"

She looked at me, I tried pulling her up but pulled back, laughing

Aphindiwe: "I'm still eating! Uyayithanda lento, you did it nakula... (you love this, you did it even at that...)"

She stopped herself from talking, looking around to see if anybody caught that. Yes of course, my curious sister did

Zizipho: "Naphi? (Where?)"

Me: "Hayi. Hayi Zee (No. No zee)"

All this time I could feel Nomtha's eyes on me, she was most definitely thinking we were doing this for her and we weren't, I was going to treat my lady the way I used to even before she came, that wasn't going to stop just because she was here. Phindi finally obliged and got up, she followed behind me and we went to my bedroom. In there we took everything clean which would be needed for the bed and went to the last spare room left unoccupied, we fixed the bed for Nomtha and I left the light off since I knew she wasn't a fan of heat. Phindi returned to the lounge to finish off her food and clean up with Zee, I was still fixing the bed when my bedroom door opened and I knew it had to be

Nomtha since from afar I heard Zee and Phindi laughing. She stood there and watched me for some time before walking in, slowly...

Nomthandazo: "Remember how you used to fix the bed like that for us?"

Me: "Aren't you supposed to be getting ready for bed?"

Nomthandazo: "Why are you ignoring the question I asked"

Me: "(sighs) I remember it Nomthandazo, ndiyikhumbula clearly kodwa it could never go back there."

Nomthandazo: "What is it that she's giving you?"

Me: "Respect."

She raised her eyebrows and parted her lips but stopped herself from talking. She knew I was right there which is why she had nothing to say.

In lieu of talking she stood there and gazed around the room, she kept on glancing my way whilst humming some song. I sat on the bed and looked at her, I won't lie the feelings were still there, they weren't going to end over night but they weren't enough for her to win me over. As I was looking at her I kept on questioning the care I had for her, why it never left and why I felt like I owed it to her and a part of me was telling me even without this pregnancy, it would've still been the same...

Me: "When last did you go for check-up?"

Nomthandazo: "The time your friend came to check up on me."

Me: "What? Why haven't you gone?"

Nomthandazo: "I was (long pause) I wasn't sure about the pregnancy. If I still wanted to have this baby."

Me: "You wanted to abort my child?"

Nomthandazo: "Our child"

Me: "Awunophendula lento ndiyibuzayo? (Won't you respond to what I'm asking?)"

She walked towards where I was seated and sat next to me.

Nomthandazo: "You told me to."

I cringed my jaws before burying my head in my hands. She brushed the back of my neck and it was funny how I wasn't reacting to her touch at all. I was still in that position, with her hand there when Phindi walked, shouting at something to Zee but she didn't finish it, assuming she took in the picture in front of her. If I reacted or jumped, it was going to seem like we were up to something so I kept my cool and looked at her, she stood there, holding the door handle looking straight at me.

Me: "Goodnight Nomthandazo"

Nomtha looked at me for a long time before

getting up and walking towards the door. The attitude she was giving Aphindiwe was evident nakubani and my lady kept her cool, instead of being bitchy, she stepped aside allowing her way. She then closed the door and tilted her head at me

"That was nothing."

Aphindiwe: "Then why you explaining yourself?"

I raised a brow and looked at her. What was she expecting me to do, to let her assume something had happened?

Aphindiwe: "It makes you seem guilty."

She moved away from the door and went to the wardrobe where I had placed her bags. She pulled out her pyjamas and undressed the only clothing item she had on despite her undergarments

Me: "Asizolwa ngexa kaNomthandazo
Aphindiwe (we won't fight because of

Nomthandazo, Aphindiwe)"

Aphindiwe: "I wasn't fighting. I just telling you if it was nothing then you didn't have to explain yourself."

Me: "(sighs) you'll have to get used to her being around. It was your idea I bring her over."

Aphindiwe: "Yeah shoot me for that"

I got up from where I was seated and took a few steps towards her, she closed her eyes when I touched her shoulders, I understood how she was feeling now, hating that I was touching her but loving the feeling too. She opened her eyes and looked up at me...

"Can we do this together?"

Aphindiwe: "Do what?"

Me: "Tolerate her for us"

She looked away giving me no other choice but to cup her face and turn her head so she faces

me. I placed a kiss on her forehead and looked at her straight in the eyes

Me: "I'm doing this only for my son. I wouldn't trade you for shit"

Aphindiwe: "I'll try believing that."

She said that smiling before she pouted. I took in the face in front of me, I loved it even when she was mad

Me: "Let's put the negative aside and do us"

"Mmmh and do us."

What she was doing now was beyond smiling, she was definitely blushing. She turned and faced me with her back, I brought her close and whispered in her ear

Me: "And sizoqala ngoku (and we'll start now)"

I picked her up from the back, she was screaming, kicking and laughing. I placed her on the bed, laying her on her tummy. Her laugh was

contagious because I was smiling like crazy, I positioned myself between her legs and laid a little to the side just so I could see her face and be able to reach her lips. She was still pleading between laughs that I must let her go but instead of that I traced her pussy through her black lace panties before pushing it to the side and finding her pussy whole. I traced it with my thumb before pushing it deep in, she moaned lowly, biting her bottom...

Me: "You said you missed me right?"

She nodded with her eyes closed

"Then let me remind you what you really."

I found her lips meanwhile my thumb made it's way deeper into her. I meant no disrespect to anybody but I wasn't about to change how I treated my lady, especially now that my gut told me I wasn't going to have her for long because

the Dabulas would storm in here, anytime from now to fetch their daughter.

132nd Entry

Nomthandazo

Before I slept I took three sleeping pills just so I could have a peaceful night, my gut was telling me something might happen so it was better if I slept than listening to these two play with each other. Obviously the reason for drinking pills and being alone in this room had me sleeping with a heavy lump on my throat.

Now it was morning and I was toss and turning on this bed, unable to sleep on my tummy, I was trying to clear my head because I believe I heard

noises yesterday but what made it seem like a dream was how I don't recall waking up or maybe I was hearing what I wanted to hear because I knew Mihle wouldn't be as dumb as to have sex under the same roof as me, he knew me better than that. He knew I was capable of calling utamnci and if I had to, I promise I would. I extended my arm and took my from the headboard side stand and checked the time, it was approaching nine, I believe the drowsiness of those pills was still working on my body because I felt I still needed some more sleep. I had just turned and faced the other side when my bedroom door opened, the person at the door didn't dare to speak so obviously from curiosity I turned over and saw Mihle leaning on the door frame, his arms over his chest and he was still in his Markham's boxers...

Me: "Good morning"

He moved away from the door frame and

walked inside, he went straight to the window, opened both the window and curtain. It was sad how I didn't recognize his morning smell anymore because it was now a mixture of his and that witch

Mihle: "Hi."

Me: "Unjani? (How are you?)"

Mihle: "I'm okay wena? Uleli kakuhle? (Slept well?)"

Me: "No, I needed you on my bed side."

I saw how he looked at me from my face to my exposed legs then back to my face, my legs were his favourite part of my body...

Mihle: "We going to the mall. Are you coming with or siyakushiya (we leaving you?)"

I sat up on my butt and looked at him, I stopped myself from blushing every time he looked at my legs

Me: "Niyokwenzani imall? (What are y'all going to do at the mall?)"

Mihle: "Must we count you in or not?"

Me: "Can't we have a normal conversation nah?"

He looked at me and leaned on the window, waiting for me to talk. I was taking in his body and I figured how much I actually missed those abs, if he had bathed already I would've walked up to him and kiss them but I don't know what Aphindiwe was doing on them, probably sitting on them with that big, definitely stinky ass of hers

Me: "Fine. Ndiyahamba (I'm going)"

Mihle: "Then get up uzolungisa (to prepare), I have a tournament match emini"

He headed for the door and right before he stepped out I called him, he turned and looked at me

"Ntombi yakho ithi (your daughter says) good morning daddy."

I was touching my belly, he looked at my hand and smiled, I could've jumped and celebrated to that but I didn't, it has been decades since I saw him smile because of me

Mihle: "Unyana wam (my son) (pause) and tell him daddy says good morning too."

I nodded, blushing in return, he was actually wearing his real smile because that dimple of his was out. When he had disappeared in the passage, I laid on the bed and rubbed my tummy, smiling. Just one step at a time
Bhelekazi omhle.

After taking a bath and wearing my long, loose white dress and sandals, I stepped out and retreated to the kitchen. Zizipho and Mihle were the only people there, dressed and ready, they

were having cereal and chatting. It was weird how their conversations flowed so much, I know Mihle had a stereotype kind of mind, he never believed he could have a decent conversation with someone way younger than him, I still wondered how he did it with Aphindiwe, she most probably gave him headaches most of the time they spoke.

Me: "Good morning Zee"

Zizipho: "Hi. So kengoku Wele wathi..."

She went back to her conversation with her brother. I prepared myself a bowl of cereal, all this time Mihle kept on glancing at me, it wasn't ugly stares no but those stares he gave when something is beautiful. I had to be, I was glowing from the pregnancy kaloku and I prayed it stayed this way until I went to labour, I would hate if it affected me the way it did with most ladies, making them look their worst. With my bowl of cereal in hand, I found a seat next to

Mihle and decided to listen to what Zizipho was saying, not that I was going to part take in the conversation though. I was in a good mood that morning and I believed it had to do with Aphindiwe's absence, I knew right after I saw her kwakuzotshintsha yonke lonto leyo (all of that would change.) I was half way with my bowl when Mihle checked his wrist watch...

Mihle: "Wenzani uPhindi? (What's Phindi doing?)"

Zizipho: "Most probably her face"

Me: "Can't she step out of the house natural for a change?"

They both looked at me but none of them utter a word in response to what I said. Mihle was about to get off his chair to fetch her obviously when she walked in dressed in tight jeans, black NMD Adidas sneakers and a long sleeved white tight vest which was tucked in her black denim

jeans. She was also carrying a black handbag and looked like she hadn't combed her weave but it wasn't bad anyway...

Zizipho: "Can you give me half of your body?"

She giggled, passing her stare from Zizipho to Mihle, he had his chin on his palm and was looking at her. She looked at me then at the space between Mihle and myself, I had turned on my chair to look at her so my knees were now touching Mihle's thighs

Mihle: "Awuzotya? (Won't you eat?)"

Aphindiwe: "I'll just grab a yoghurt"

Mihle turned completely on his chair and faced her, he extended his hands and she placed her own in his, he pulled her in between his lap, faced the choker she was wearing before moving a strand of hair from her face. He whispered something to her, I didn't know what it was since his back was facing me but she

giggled before mouthing a 'thank you.' Like I had said, my mood was off now

Me: "Akunohanjwa? (Can't we go?)"

Zizipho jumped off from her chair, grabbing our bowls and stepped towards the sink, the two annoying love forcers in front of me were still attached to each other before Aphindiwe stepped away from Mihle and went to the fridge, I poked uFhaku making him swing his chair around so sort of faced me

Me: "Are we only going to the mall?"

Mihle: "As far as I know ewe, kukhona apho ufuna uya khona (is there somewhere you want to go?)"

Me: "No"

Zizipho and Aphindiwe were looking at us and I didn't understand why this girl was as chilled, wayethembele ngantoni (what was she trusting on?) Firstly, she claimed to have told Mihle to

bring me here and now she seemed collected when I was talking to him yet she claimed wayemthanda (she loved him) that was nonsense, there's no such a person who'd act this calm yet they believe to be in love. Judging from the way she dressed and the items she owned, utamnci spoiled her so I could not say she was after Mihil's money but she didn't love him that I was certain with. We all walked out of the house and headed to the car without Mihle because he was looking up the doors, I took note how she looked at me when I went for passengers seat and not at the backseats, she pulled a pouting face meanwhile Zee was clearing her throat non stop.

Mihle: "Uzokhwela emva? (Will you climb at the back?)"

Aphindiwe: "Ewe (yes)"

Mihle: "Nomthan..."

Aphindiwe: "No it's fine. I don't mind uhlala noZee (I don't mind sitting with Zee)"

He took her hand and kissed it, she blushed obviously pulling it away from her then he did something which multiplied my jealousy a thousand times, he looked at her ass she was opening the door then spanked it, with a magical smirk on his face. The bitch giggled, pulling faces at him. I stepped into the car and closed the door the same time as he did but way harder than him, he looked at me before starting the engine...

Mihle: "Girls akuxatyanwa mos emall (girls we don't fight at the mall), we buy what we buying then we leave. Ndine match ngo 2, umntu uyazazi uba uzonxiba ntoni on Friday and Saturday (I got a match at 2, each person knows what they'll wear on Friday and Saturday)."

Zizipho: "I haven't decided njena"

Mihle: "That's your problem. Ngo half one, I'm leaving the mall, with or without y'all."

Me: "What's happening Friday and Saturday?"

Mihle: "Grand show"

Me: "Oh that's nice. Kubakuhle ke kweza shows (it gets beautiful on those shows)"

Mihle: "It does and the excitement this year is that it's combined with the air craft."

Me: "Nyani? How much is entrance?"

Mihle: "Phindi, yimalini iticket futhi? (How much is the ticket again?)"

Aphindiwe: "R150 pre-sold then R200 at the gate"

I didn't understand why he asked her, he should have known because he worked for the Navy but I abstained myself from asking

Me: "I'd like to go."

He looked at me before looking at the road

"Then go."

That wasn't the answer I was expecting, I thought our conversation was making some progress until now. I knew what kind of attitude he showed when he was irritated and right now I felt he was at that point of exasperation. We were at the robot when he jumped from his seat, laughing, he then grabbed a hand from the other side of the door, he was laughing while doing this...

Mihle: "Phindi no baby, ndiyaqhuba (I'm driving)"

He addressed her in between laughs. She balanced with his seat and leaned forward to talk to him, I heard her whisper

"I miss you" I found myself rolling my eyes when he chuckled at that then placed a kiss on her cheek

Me: "Aphindiwe awunomyeka uMihle until sifike

emall? Akazohamba you know, so leave your childish games for then not apha emotweni (Aphindiwe won't you leave Mihle alone until we arrive at the mall. He's going nowhere you know, so leave your childish games for then not here in the car.)"

Aphindiwe: "Maybe if you weren't sitting in the front, claiming a territory that isn't yours, ngendingam'disturb(i) (I wouldn't have been disturbing him.)"

What the fuck?! Was it to me she was talking me?

Me: "Jonga you little man stealing whore, ungakhe ulinge uthethe nam kanjalo (don't you dare talk to me in that manner) after opening your legs for my man and taking him with whatever herb you're using. Don't you dare!"

She was about to open her mouth and talk when Mihle looked at her through the rare

mirror

Mihle: "Babe?"

She was looking at me, fuming. I was for her to spit yet other shitty words, wayengayazi uba isimilo sam sasiphela xa ndithanda (she didn't know how disrespect I could become when I liked)

Mihle: 'Phindi?"

Finally she averted her gaze from me and looked at her boyfriend through the mirror, he shook his head and mouthed

"Yiyeke (leave it)" to her. She sat back on the seat, angrily, folded her arms over her chest and looked outside the window. I turned on my seat and faced the front, Mihle gaze me a eyes narrowed look which I couldn't read, I didn't care, I wasn't about to have lomntana sit on my head.

We arrived at the mall in silence after that sentence exchange quarrel, the only thing that was making sound in the car was the music and Zizipho's humming. After finding space at the parking lot of Blue Route mall, we stepped out off the car and walked towards the elevator, I was walking in front with Zizipho while Mihle was begging his baby to cool down at the back of us. When they stepped into the elevator they were holding hands, what destroyed me or made me hate her even more was how good they looked together. When we walked into the second floor of the mall, Mihle addressed them...

"Girls y'all have exactly two hours, fifteen minutes."

Zizipho: "That's a lot."

Mihle: "Ndiyakwazi ke wena, ogqiba uphume apha uphetho fokol (I know you, then you walk out of here carrying nothing.)"

Zizipho: "Phindi please tell your man to get it together. We got this'

Aphindiwe: "(giggles) baby, we got this."

Me: "Bare in mind guys, I'm not supposed to walk a lot."

Zizipho: "You'll go chill at the food court because uWele we'll need him with us, he's paying."

They all seemed to be waiting for me to say something and I was but my phone rang, disturbing me. I pulled it out of my hand and answered, it was my older sister...

"Vhuvhu?"

Me: "Hey... Ewe kaloku... Hayi ndise mall wethu, ndihamba nobaby daddy and his sister... Hayi, awuphambene... Nikhunjulwa ndim... Yeah wena noAzo, I'm pretty sure Mihle wouldn't mind... (Laughs) awulogeza. Alright ke, bye. (Hey... Yes.. I'm at the mall man, I'm with baby

daddy and his sister... No, you're crazy... You're missed by me... Yeah, you and Azo, I'm pretty sure Mihle wouldn't mind... (Laughs) you're such a psycho. Alright then, bye.)"

I had been following behind the three meanwhile I was on the phone call, while talking to Vhuvhu I couldn't remove my eyes from Mihle's hand which was holding Aphindiwe's, it sort of affected me because he was the one who searched for her hand and took it in his. I ended the call and called him, he stopped, stopping Aphindiwe as well and looked at me

Me: "Kuyiwaphi? (Where we going?)"

Mihle: "Factorie"

We continued to Factorie with me in between Zizipho and Mihle. At the shop the two girls got busy with each and every item they saw suitable for themselves while I was checking for dresses, Mihle was standing at the tiller talking

to the lady there. I walked up to them, holding two dresses

"Baby which one looks best? I figured I'd get myself something."

He looked up from his cell phone before looking at the two dresses, he pointed the black one.

The lady was looking at me as if I had just said something alienish or like I had shit on my face.

I went over to the shoe area and looked for a pair of sandals, the best sandals came in brown so I took a pair of brown ones before retreating

to where Mihle was standing, he was chatting to this girl while typing away on his cell phone.

After a while, Aphindiwe came out of the fitting room, she was carrying a shopping basket full of clothes, Mihle wouldn't dare pay for all those.

She walked towards us and stopped in front of Mihle...

Me: "Those are too much clothes. uMihle can't be paying for all these when he's got a baby on

the way"

Mihle: "Nomthandazo."

The tone he used when he called my name was a warning tone but it didn't threaten me, someone had to tell her.

Aphindiwe: "Don't worry. I'm paying for my stuff."

Mihle looked at her with his eyebrows raised, she was now unpacking the basket, when she pulled out white short lace shorts Mihle asked

Mihle: "What are those?"

Aphindiwe: "Shorts"

Mihle: "Put them aside nana"

Aphindiwe: "What?"

He looked at her with the straight look ever, I giggled because it was so funny how she didn't know what he liked. By now I would've assumed she knew Mihle hated it when his girl showed

too much skin

Aphindiwe: "Please Fhaku ndiyakucela (I beg you)"

She stepped closer to him, holding his T-shirt and looking up at him, she way shorter than I was to him. He placed a kiss on her forehead but still shook his head, he was about to say something when Zizipho placed her basket in front of him, she also had the shorts...

Mihle: "Nawe unaba short(i)? (You also have these shorts?)"

Zizipho: "Yep, ikhona inxaki? (Yep, is there a problem?)"

Mihle: "Sorry for uyichamela but if it was a planned then y'all will have to find something else. I'm not having my girl wear that."

Aphindiwe: "Babe they aren't even that short"

Mihle: "Unless ufuna sixabane ke? (Unless you

want us to fight?)"

Zizipho: "Haibo King"

Aphindiwe: "Fine."

She placed them aside and folded her arms

"Now my whole wardrobe is ruined because of you."

Mihle: "Is this the only outfit you have in mind?"

Aphindiwe: "For Friday ewe (yes)"

Mihle: "Then you'll have to find something else my baby"

Aphindiwe: "Mihle please."

She stood on her tippy toes and brought his head closer, he stopped typing instantly and encircled his arm around her waist and picked her up. She whispered something to him which made him laugh, he placed her down and shook his head smiling, she gave him the puppy face and all he did was hold her chin, tilt her head and

kissed her on the lips but he still refused.

Cashier: "So uyathathwa lo short(i) or not? (So are the shorts being bought or not?)"

Mihle: "No."

Aphindiwe looked at him and he stared back at her while Zee was emptying basket

Cashier: "R1274.90"

He turned and looked at the cashier

Mihle: "Zee thatha nale basket (Zee take the other basket)"

Aphindiwe: "I'll pay for mine"

Mihle: "Don't do that."

She furrowed her eyebrows at Mihle. She needed to learn when a man offers you let him, you don't try and be a power woman apha. He paid for my items too and we stepped out with three plastics after he paid for the three of us. As we were walking down the hallways of the

mall, heading to the food court talking about which restaurant we wanted to feast in
Aphindiwe stopped, receiving everybody's attention except for me...

Aphindiwe: "I need to go to Total Sport"

Mihle: "Uyofuna ntoni phaya? (What do you want there?)"

Aphindiwe: "Nike Air force"

He looked between Zee and Aphindiwe before saying

"Zee uyamkhapha mos? (Zee you're escorting her right?)"

Zizipho: "Like I have a choice."

She said that spanking Aphindiwe's ass, obviously usisi watswina (obviously she screamed.)

Zizipho: "Uyasokolisa man"

Mihle pulled out his wallet from his back pocket,

opened it and gave her his FNB account, he looked at his between narrowed eyes and chuckled

Mihle: "Andifuni uyazi ke wena ipin yam, in fact anything ene pin, ayifunekanga yaziwe nguwe (I don't you to know my pin hey, in fact anything with a pin, doesn't have to be known by you)"

Zizipho: "(laughs) what? Ngoba (why?)"

Mihle: "Usile kaloku Nobhantsu (You're stout Nobhantsu) I could have you going shopping with my card."

She laughed, hitting him on the shoulder, I believe it was because of the name. He was laughing too. He handed Aphindiwe then said "My date of birth babe."

She nodded before giving him the big plastic she was carrying and taking out her wallet from her handbag to place his card in it.

We continued to walk to the food court, in silence. I don't know what he was thinking but in my I was thinking for long was I going to pretend to be okay with, how long would it just take for me until I made the phone call. I would be lying if I said I wouldn't tell my parents at all, I was planning on doing so because from the way things look this little bitch wasn't planning on stepping down so the only to get her away from my man was to involve family, she was begging me to take it that far.

When we arrived at the food we chose to eat at Spur because Mihle was craving anything meaty and the restaurant which provided more meat here was Spur. At spur we sat opposite each other and when I tried to make a conversation he told me he had a quick call he wanted to make, it was to Aphindiwe, to report to her that we're at Spur and ask if she got her size from the sneaker she wanted. He hung up

and placed his phone on the table then sighed, leaning backward on the long couches, he closed his eyes before running a hand down his face...

Me: "I want to build on us."

He opened his eyes and furrowed his eyebrows while staring at me

Me: "Please. I want us back"

He tilted his head and touched his chin where his facial hair was. He didn't utter a word but looked at me for a very long time, I thought he wasn't going to say shit but when he came forward and placed his forearms on the table, I cleared my ears to hear what he had to say...

"I'd appreciate if you'd tell me when you planning on dropping this act so I can grasp tighter."

Me: "It doesn't have to get to that. If she'd leave then we wouldn't have to involve the family

Mihle. Fhaku?"

Mihle: "She's going nowhere."

The confidence and threat in his tone was enough to intimidate me in many ways. I sat back looked at him, it was only now I regretted every moment I spent disrespecting him, when I didn't show how much I appreciated him, when I thought it was wise to go drinking with friends whenever he made me furious and maybe this was the punishment I was receiving for all those stupid things I was doing intentionally to make him feel guilty about the loss of our baby.

133rd Entry

Aphindiwe

On our way to Total Sport, Zizipho questioned

me about my commitment to her brother. She was taken aback with how much I was willing to handle until I walk out, I felt I was only left with this challenge and if I made through with him on this then I was staying with him, then I'd consider building with him but if I didnt make it here, if this seven months wrecked and finally parted us I wasn't returning. It surprised me, in fact surprised is an understatement, I was shocked she didn't know about Nomthandazo's pregnancy, all this time she thought Nomtha was forcing herself on Mihle or fighting to get her man back...

"And how are you still in there?!"

She asked, throwing her hands in the air. We were walking to Woolworths now so I'd go check on the shorts babe refused I buy, I was hiding these in my purse if I got them.

Me: "He wouldn't let me."

Zizipho: "Did you want to leave?"

Me: "Yes. No. I don't know, inxaki I've never been this interested in someone before and you know how the human heart works, the more of a bad boy he seems, the more it falls."

Zizipho: "And he has a temper. Uyakuxelela? (Does he tell you?)"

Me: "He does, indirectly. He'd say things like andifuni undibone xa ndinomsindo so please Phindi (I don't you want to see me when I'm angry so please Phindi.)"

Zizipho: "Well it isn't my place to tell but I don't know if he has told you, wabajwa (he got arrested) for getting some girl in hospital.'

I stopped on my steps and looked at her, for a moment my body just became cold from shock, she turned and looked at me

Zizipho: "Jesus girl, you look like you just saw a ghost! Wait for me to finish the story, then you'll

understand."

Me: "Wayembetha qha? (Was he only hitting her?)"

Zizipho: "Could you hear the whole story?"

I nodded while she was pulling me to continue walking, she carried on

"They had a thing going on then she fell pregnant, wasikhupha isusi (she aborted the child), without letting him know then he heard ngabantu (from people), asked her then wathetha inyani (she confessed). Uyabona (you see) ke if you want to destroy my brother, take away or hurt anybody he shares a blood with, then uzombona (you'll see him)."

Me: "So he lost two children already"

Zizipho: "He would've been a father to two yes"

Me: "That's sad."

Zizipho: "It is. Inxaki nayw uyabathandi

oodrunkie (his problem is he loves drunkards)"

I shrugged my shoulders and continued walking. The sympathy I suddenly gained for him, no wonder when Nomthandazo came into the picture he never forgets talking about the child she's carrying, it was he wanted. I knew I couldn't give him a child, not now and I wasn't sure if ever and that was because I didn't know if I wanted children. I didn't know if I wanted to be a mother, I feared all consequences which came with parenting but one stood out from the rest and that was losing a child, the thought of burying a child. We entered Woolworths and looked for the shorts which we didn't find at The Fix. After searching, the only colours were maroon, black and navy, I wanted white ones but decided to go for the navy because I had black shorts already. The little plastic they gave me at Woolworths I shoved in my handbag and we walked towards the food court in small

chats. I was getting to know this girl and she wasn't a bad person but I picked up from the conversation that she wanted what was best for her brother and if she were to lose him it would be the end of her, she felt like he was the only father she had left. At least she had that opportunity of having more than one, right now David was all I had left and I was praying to God that he kept him until I was able to stand on my own. We walked into Spur with myself chatting on WhatsApp with Mihle, asking him uba uhleli phi (asking him about where he's sitting.) We found him, alone at that table, he looked like his mood has changed from what it was ten minutes ago when we were with him. When he moved to the edge of the couch to let me go through, I stood between his legs and cupped his face, tilted his head so he would look at me and kissed his forehead before placing a baby kiss on his lips...

Me: "Kutheni uhlele yedwa? (Why are you sitting alone?)"

Mihle: "Nomtha's gone to the bathroom."

I moved through and sat next to him, he was looking at me while chowing on his bottom lip. I covered his eyes because whenever he looked at me that way, he made me shy and I ended up blushing. He removed my hands from his eyes and looked at me, smiling this time

Me: "What is it?"

Mihle: "Ndiyakuboka (I'm looking at me)"

Zizipho: "You guys don't look cute kumntu yonke yazi (you guys don't look cute to everybody you know)"

Mihle: "(chuckles) and we not doing it for people"

Me: "Niks"

Zizipho: "Mxm, anadika (y'all are boring). Have

y'all ordered already?"

Mihle: "No I told the waitress to actually wait because besilinde nina (we were waiting for you guys.)"

He lifted his hand to call for a waitress, the lady I assumed was the one who asked them for orders before we arrived came

Waitress: "We ready now?"

Mihle: "I believe so."

I opened my menu and checked what it was I wanted to eat. Ever since I went out with this man I had a tendency of eating a lot, he forced most of the time into ordering big plates, plates which contained a lot of meat and which is why I was picking up weight. He placed his order, a combo of TBone steak and wings, Zizipho also ordered something with wings, I ordered their 400g pork ribs with buffalo wings too. We were placing orders for our drinks when

Nomthandazo returned from the toilet, she sat opposite Mihle since I was opposite Zizipho, she then passed me a naar look before looking at the waitress, I saw the look because I was looking at her...

"Can I have your Calamari and Hake and a bowl of your Greek salad."

Waitress: "Your cold drink"

Nomthandazo: "Sparkling water"

I refrained from rolling my eyes, Zizipho saw the bored look I had on my face because when I turned my gaze to her she was smiling widely and yes I couldn't help myself so I finally rolled my eyes.

Waitress: "Must I bring your cold drinks now or together with the meals?"

Mihle: "With the meals"

Me: "Sorry sisi, could you please bring me a

glass of water for now?"

Waitress: "With ice cubes right?"

I nodded, smiling at her, she nodded too before walking away. I was about to open my WhatsApp when Mihle said

Mihle: "Let me see le takkie."

I passed him the plastic, he took out the box and opened it then looked at it, it was a white size four, he turned it in all directions before placing it back in the box. He was smiling when he handed it to me, I wanted to ask why was he smiling but I knew we'd have an extra pair of ears which would be listening to his reason or he would stop himself from saying it because he didn't want these ears to hear so I didn't ask him. Zizipho and I spent time taking selfies with her selfiestick while we were waiting for our food, Nomthandazo was on her phone while Mihle was concentrating on a rugby match

which was playing on the flat screen TV. It was round about twenty minutes of waiting when our foods arrived, we feasted in chats but unfortunately it was only Zee and myself who seemed to have a lot to say, Nomthandazo didn't utter a word while Mihle kept on commenting here and there.

We returned home at ten minutes to one, Mihle had an entire hour before his soccer game. He spent thirty minutes with us at the lounge, watching television and complaining about forcing him to watch the bachelor whereas he should be watching what pleases him since he's the one who pays for this DSTV. At twenty-five passed one he left and went to his bedroom, Nomthandazo was in the bedroom she was using, we didn't know whether she was asleep or not. He returned with a Nike medium sized sport bag, he stood over the couch I was

seated on and touched my neck, rubbing a certain spot with his thumb...

"Pass me the keys baby."

I leaned forward and reached for his keys, I didn't hand them to him but stood up and pushed my feet into my sleepers, he was looking at the TV attentively before I stood next to him...

Me: "So uzobuya nini? (So when are you returning?)"

Mihle: "Andazi (I don't know). The team often organizes a braai or chillas session after each game and ndiqhele uzihamba now andazi since ulapha (I often attend them now I don't know since you're here)"

I walked him to the kitchen, from the freezer he pulled out a bottle of iced water and a play from yhr refrigerator. I still had his car keys and cellphone in my hand when we walked out of

the kitchen towards the door.

Me: "So are you going to the braai?"

He pushed open the burglar before he turned his slightly to look at me

Mihle: "No. I can't right"

Me: "You can."

Honestly I didn't want him to but like any other girl I was taking my chances to see if he was going to go or not

Mihle: "No, andizoya (I won't go)"

I nodded slowly, I refrained from smiling, I didn't want it to seem like I was coming between him and his boys.

Me: "So at what time do you think you'll be back?"

Mihle: "I have two games babe, so andazi if they'll be consecutive."

Me: "So ungafika nalate?"

He closed the trunk of his car and turned to look at me, I was a footstep away from him so he brought his hands to my waist and pulled me in. I looked at him, instead of talking he just leaned in for a kiss, a long kiss which got me heated because by the time he pulled back I was the one who was now leaning against the car and he was pressing his body into mine. He checked his watch immediately after pulling back, I stood up right and walked him to the driver's door, when he was inside I leaned on the window and pleaded he returns early, which he responded

"It's all up to the game arrangement."

Me: "Okay ke. Play safe"

Mihle: "Kiss?"

I gave him a baby kiss before pulling him and let him drive off. I walked back inside the house

and found Zee on a phone call, she was laughing out loud and literally shouting. Before finding my place to sit I found the remote first, turned down the volume because honestly they could only be one which is making such noise, I couldn't handle both her and the TV. She ended her call after a long ten minutes or more, she was still smiling sheepishly even when she had hung up, that's how good the conversation was, I didn't give ear to it so I didn't know what was making her smile this way.

Zizopho: "What are we preparing for ebsuku (tonight)?"

Me: "Are we already talking about tonight's meal? Sizophinda siteye? (Are we going to eat again?)"

She gave me the most shocked look ever before she shook her head

Me: "I'm asking because I'm still full so for tonight I thought we could just grab something

light"

Zizipho: "I'll want to eat, Mihle will definitely want to eat and I'm pretty sure nala sisi umithi (even that pregnant woman), she'll want to eat."

I shrugged my shoulders still looking at when I heard sleeper being dragged across the floor, I believe I absentmindedly pulled a face when Zizipho laughed her ass off, slapping her lap. I faced the television and told myself I'd only look at her when she addresses me...

Zizipho: "Sele ehambile uMihle? (Has Mihle gone already?)"

Zizipho: "Yep."

I scrolled through the channels before settling for the Total Wipeout. She sat at a couch opposite mine, the one Mihle used all the time and typed on her phone, with the daggers she was throwing at me, I was waiting for her to talk shit. She didn't open her mouth for a long while

and honestly I was hoping she wouldn't but to my unfortunately luck, she did...

"Awunoyitshintsha lento? (Won't you change this?)"

Me: "Won't you ask me nicely?"

She parted her lips and wouldn't stop blinking like she was trying to process what I had just said

Nomthandazo: "You're not about to nurse your childish personality nge tv kaMihle. Could you just change the damn thing?!"

Me: "For crying out loud, awunondicela kakuhle? (Won't you ask me politely?)"

She got up from her seat and took long strides towards where I was, she grabbed the remote from my hand before turning on her heel, forcibly. I chuckled from shock, then she thought I was the childish one. I got up from my seat and headed to my man's bedroom, I

returned with my wallet and addressed Zee

Me: "Babe, can't we go buy ice cream?"

Kunomphefumlo that I can't stand in this room
(there's a soul that I can't stand in this room)"

Zizipho got up from the couch, she had a funny
expression on her face, probably feeling the
exact way I felt.

Nomthandazo: "Noba unгахamba unгахbuyi
(even if you'd leave and not return)"

I wasn't the type to be rude but I had it up to
here, she was taking out her pregnancy moods
on me, so I showed her the middle finger, next
thing I knew the remote made contact with my
back. I turned as quick as I could and looked at
her, she was fuming, I cocked a brow at her and
waited for her to finish what she was doing. She
was unlocking her phone, shaking from anger. I
folded my arms when she placed it on her ear,
thinking she was contacting Mihle but when she

said "Tamnci" I felt my body become cold from fear.

I stayed put where I was and looked at her, waiting for her to begin her sentence. My life was was the best for almost two months. As I stood right there I lost every piece of hope I had and my worst fear wasn't being banned from seeing Mihle because I knew he'd find a plan for that, my worst fear was having my dad permanently remove me from the Western Cape.

Asanda

Life in Port Elizabeth was always the best and that because I had the best brother in the world but now that he was behind bars, I couldn't even think well and I was scared it would affect my studies. For now, I was staying with Lumka and

she too wasn't on her best because she was worried about her man. I honestly didn't mind staying all by myself in Bhuti's place but to my mother it now appeared as a place for crime, since he got arrested behind that fence. We still didn't know the reason for his arrest so I failed to understand people who were making assumption already, I mean people spoke in EL and right now, people who knew about this seemed to be giving me either funny looks or sympathetic looks, it was boring. Right now since it was a Saturday, my mother begged me to go to my new home and stay with usisi because she needed the support. I wasn't planning on going to my temporary home to be honest, I preferred staying apha at the campus than heading there, it was a reminder of all the stress I was facing. I got off the taxi a street away from Lu's house, it was where the taxis dropped off almost everybody from the area, I carried my huge handbag over my shoulder and

began walking. As I was walking, looking ahead, I noticed a blue Citi Golf which was parked at the four way stop off four streets, one being the street I was walking on and the street which had my new home. The anxiety which grew inside of me as I walked closer to it was insane, I've been at Port Elizabeth for years now to be fearing a bunch of boys who probably would just scare me had me worried. The only time I was allowed to feel unsafe was during the night because nobody felt safe at night in Port Elizabeth but at 13:06 in the afternoon, it was unlikely to happen. I noticed that there were three young men in the car, the one at the back had his hand out the window, ashing a cigarette. I crossed the road and walked on the other side of the street, I wasn't close to anybody in this area, people I knew were from around my area, where I stayed with my brother. I changed my pace ten times before I finally reached the car and just when I was about to walk pass it, I

heard one of the guys whistle, I crossed the street and looked straight ahead until one called out my name, I stopped and felt my heart beat against my chest. How the fuck do they know my name?

"Sasa?"

I heard the door close and I don't know why but my knees seemed locked because with the way I was feeling, I could've ran already...

"Asanda?!"

I turned slowly and faced the guy who was chowing on his bubblegum ngongathi kuthwe ibuye (as though he was asked to return it.)

Me: "Ya"

He chuckled and stepped closer

Guy: "Ekse, kanti uoulik so? (Hello, so you're this adorable?)"

Me: "Ndiyaleqa guy (I'm in a hurry guy)"

Guy: "No andihlelanga baby but bendingekho sure noba nguwe lona (No I'm not here to stay babu but I wasn't even sure if this is you)"

Me: "Well ndim. Funani? (Well it's me. What do you want?)"

Guy: "Ya sure baby, ekse mamele hier, uTa Lubha uthe sikugade (Ya sure baby, hey listen here, Ta Lubha said we should guide you)"

Me: "From what?"

Guy: "Vultures"

I furrowed my eyebrows and he laughed before continuing

"Ndiyadlala man but igroot man ifuna some files phaya kuyo edldeni and ucele uba sizothatha apha kuwe. Ebekhe wathetha nawe? (I'm joking man but the Groot man wants sine file there at his place and he asked us to come fetch them from you. Has he spoken to you?)"

Me: "No"

He took a step closer causing me to take one back. Just because my brother trusted them enough to send them, I wasn't about to do the same, I wasn't my brother. These people looked like some nyaope boys but clean ones I had to admit. He pulled out a small mobile cell phone and dialed some number, he then handed me the phone...

Me: "Hello?"

Voice: "Sasa."

Me: "Bhuti"

Bhuti Olwethu: "Jonga baby ndifuna uya phaya kwam with uLwandile. In my wardrobe, kula ndawo kuhlala my briefcases, kukho the black one, give them la case as it is. (Look baby I want you to go by my place with Lwandile. In my wardrobe, where I place my briefcases, there's the black one, give them that one as it

is.)"

Me: "I don't trust these guys."

This Lwandile dude laughed and ubhuti chuckled on the other side of the line

Bhuti Olwethu: "Uyayibona lontwana? (You see that young man?)"

Me: "Ewe (yes)"

Bhuti Olwethu: "He's my employee."

Me: "Oh."

That took me by surprise, I thought his workers looked better than this. In fact I've never been at his workplace but I knew he had a scrab yard which he used to fix cars and sell some car parts.

Bhuti Olwethu: "Do that for ubhuti ke baby evha? (Do that for your brother baby okay?)"

Me: "Alright. Bhuti?"

Bhuti Olwethu: "Yes."

He sounded like someone who was in a rush, or someone who was on the watch out

Me: "Can I contact you?"

"No my baby. Wait until you receive a call from me."

Me: "Okay bye."

He hung up. I raised my eyebrows at Lwandile as I was heading him his cell phone

Lwandile: "And nou? (And now?)"

Me: "Let's go."

If making friends with these guys meant getting my brother out of there, then I'd be the best friend they ever had, even way closer than the weed they seemed they ate.

135th Entry

Pearl

After the long day I had with both my girls and Mihle I returned home to my mother and daughter. My mother was in the kitchen, sitting at the table with a bowl of umphokoqo on her lap, my baby girl was sleeping on the couch, with her two barbie dolls next to her. I went to the kitchen and helped umama by rinsing three bowls and mixing the sour milk with the fresh milk. She was asking me about how things were in Pretoria and like always, I lied because I didn't want her worrying too much, she was going through enough by staying with my daughter so I did not want to add more weight on her ngenxaki zam (with my problems.)

Right after I fed myself and my daughter, did the dishes and bathed her I went back to the lounge

and carried on, typing the motivation letter on my laptop. Thateho didn't know I was planning on finding a job here or else he wouldn't have let me leave Pretoria. He was the guy I was dating for two years and a couple of months now, I loved him but not like I used to because he changed, he wasn't the man I once fell in love with. His change of attitude started when Mihle was here and he somehow found out I had spent the weekend at the hotel and not with my friend like I had told him, ever since then he was quick at calling me names and hitting me. His mistrust was on another level because end last year it had him refuse to go to DRC for six months only because he wanted to keep an eye on me, it made him miss out on the opportunity of getting the biggest bonus. I know he was expecting me to return soon but I wasn't sure if I wanted to go back, I was unhappy with him and the only reason I stayed was because I feared the consequences of walking out. On the

other hand there was Mihle, he was a busy man, a fuck boy and bad boy mixed together and I wouldn't lie and say I didn't know that, I knew it from the moment he dumped me because he felt I had too many self insecurities, insecurities which were made by him. He met up with that girl whom he almost had a baby with, a couple of months after we broke up. That was four years back if I recall nicely, and since then sasibana (we saw each other, precedently). If I were given a chance to fix things with him maybe I would have before Nosipho came into his life but right after that he met her, he changed. She was toxic and radiated way too much of her negative ghetto attitude which I didn't have the power of fighting and for some reason I felt like he was allowing her to walk over me so er stopped seeing each other until he got rid of her. Mihle was like any other guy of this generation, he'd make you feel like a queen today then make you feel used the next. He was

good at treating a lady, good at making her smile, making her scream and moan, at making her feel beautiful but he was great at dropping you, making you wonder what you had done wrong. The way our relationship worked out and how it ended always had me thinking that maybe if I took a different decision and tolerated him, we would have been on our seventh year now but I couldn't. He has a problem, when he's broken, he is the worst. He demands for the impossible, whenever he loses his temper he'll make you feel useleee and when he gets drunk, that's another story. It was still to that day that I blamed the loss of his father for parting us because the man he was when grieving, I couldn't handle. His ego and intimidation shone for the wrong reasons and it ended up becoming a turn off to me for a period of time until I saw him back on his feet, happy with another woman.

Now I know you'll probably ask me why am I still seeing the guy, that's because there's no other that has loved and treated me like he did.

There's no other guy who made me smile and blush like he did and yes like any other jealous girl, I did wonder how many other women he had feeling this way.

My eyes were becoming strained from looking at the laptop so I saved the work I had done so far and shut down my PC. I packed it in its bag and retreated to my bedroom after turning off the lights in the kitchen and lounge. Umntana (my child) had deserted umakulu wakhe (her granny) for now and asked to sleep with me, we both understood the excitement because I had last seen her the first week of December and never again until now. Whilst I was busy with the dishes I received a call from Mihle, I had told him I'd call ngokwam but when he rang first I concluded kwakunezinto awayezibaleka (there

were things he was running away from.) I turned over on my bed and kissed my beautiful girl on the forehead, thinking about being kept away from her made my heart ache so I pushed those thoughts aside and focused on thinking about staying, if Thateho wanted me that bad then he'd have to come fetch me here. I laid on my tummy and closed my eyes, allowing the darkness of this room to drive me to sleep.

Aphindiwe

Half of the day that Sunday we spent sleeping, it was a hot, exhausting day from nothing but sleeping. Mihle woke up still furious about what I told him the night before, I failed to understand the agitation towards all this, we were doing it to protect our relationship because we never knew when Nomthandazo would contact my

father again but no, he took a decision on anger or whatever it was he was feeling yesterday and said I was going nowhere. Before he told me once again that tomorrow I was returning here, he made it clear that was the last time we touched on that subject.

On Monday morning, we had our normal morning routine and we left early, in no rush, leaving behind the two ladies who didn't seem to have much to say to each other. This whole weekend I spent with the two of them, I never heard any of them utter a word to the other, it was awkward because even though Nomtha carried the hatred at heart for ke, we exchanged words way more than she did with Zizipho.

When Mihle had dropped me off at 07:42, I went to my dorm and took a two hour nap, I didn't have classes until ten o'clock that day. They were supposed to start at nine but that white guy informed us during the morning hours he'd

be attending a work shop for the tutors so we were only going to see him on his last session, which was from twelve to one. Monday wasn't like my other days, I didn't have an off session between twelve and one so I'd have my man come see me, the only chance I had on seeing him was when he was out of work, that being after five.

On Tuesday, I once again woke up in Belmar Estate, under Fhaku's room because umntu wam wayengafuni noyivha lento yam yohamba (because my man didn't want to hear out this thing of me leaving.) Yesterday on our way home, I tried touching on, since we were both in the best of moods but he ignored it like I had completely said something which needed no response, all he did instead was worry about what we'd eat at night, wayizulisela by bringing Zizipho into the picture and calling her to inform

her not to cook. I wasn't going to take this light and he too knew we needed not underestimate Nomthandazo's ability of having David here to permanently remove me from the West, he knew her better so I expected him to be the one to bring solution in this matter but he seemed to fighting fire with fuel.

We arrived home with a Nando's full and half chicken. At the restaurant he had a problem with the size of the full chicken and therefore he added another half, it was the love he had for meat so I couldn't blame him.

We were from taking a shower together, after having eaten, I was covered in his gown and he was wearing his Calvin Klein underwears, sitting on that couch, when there was a knock at the door...

"Ngena (come in)"

Nomthandazo walked in, dressed in her

pyjamas, she too was from bathing...

Nomthandazo: "Can we go for an appointment ngomso(tomorrow)?"

Mihle: "Where?"

Nomthandazo: "That friend of yours."

I moved my legs from Mihle's lap and walked to the bed, I stopped myself from eavesdropping on their conversation by going on my WhatsApp and replying on to the messages I felt I had to.

Mihle: "He's a professional, therefore udinga umxelele uba uzoya kuye ngemini ethile (therefore he needs you to tell him that you'll be seeing him at this certain day)"

Nomthandazo: "Can you call him and tell him ngomso we'll be there?"

Mihle: "Kutheni waqinelwa yintloko (why do you have a hard head), he obviously has appointments for ngomso already. Ndizova

ngaye uba ufree nini and for what time (I'll hear from him when he's free and for what time)"

Nomthandazo: "I just thought about what you said."

She said those words walking towards the couch, I turned my head and looked at Mihle, he was looking at her as she walked towards him, I couldn't read the look he was giving her

"We should do check ups weekly."

Mihle: "Every second week."

She looked at him for a while, he stared back at her and from where I was laying the view made me feel uncomfortable so I cleared my throat, turning to face the other side. I heard the sound the leather couch made and thought Nomtha must be leaving but when there were no footsteps heard, I was forced to turn my head again and look. Mihle was now laid back on the couch with his eyes closed, umiss had her hand

on his knee and was looking at him, her eyes raced from his face to his waist back to his face in seconds. I got up from the bed and found my sleepers, I was a step away from the door when Mihle asked...

"Uyaphi? (Where you going?)"

Me: "Ndiyoni Linda niggibe lento niyenzayo (I'm going to wait for y'all to finish what y'all are doing)"

He furrowed his eyebrows at me before looking at Nomtha

Mihle: "Goodnight Nomthandazo."

She looked at me between narrowed eyes and finally got up and headed for the door, she left a groan of irritation as she passed by me. I closed the door right after she stepped out.

Mihle: "What was that?"

Me: "What?"

Mihle: "Uyosilinda sigqibe lento siyenzayo (you're going to wait for us to finish what we're doing)"

Me: "You seemed like benidinga ixesha lenu lodwa (y'all needed time of your own)"

Mihle: "Don't be ridiculous babe, please."

Me: "I'm being ridiculous when you're the one ozonekileyo (who's hanging himself) on the couch, showing her everything. You're in your underwear for crying out loud.'

Mihle: "Akhonto angayaziyo uNomthandazo apha kum (there's nothing Nomthandazo doesn't know on me)"

Me: "Wow"

I did the surrender gesture before I moved from where I was standing and went to my bag, I took out my pyjamas. I think he noticed with the way I placed his gown that I had took offense from what he just said, I never just threw

clothes around, I folded them and placed them nicely

Mihle: "Aphindiwe"

Ndathula (I kept quiet)

"Aphindiwe."

He repeated himself a little louder and with a much stronger tone this time

Me: "Mihle"

He shook his head continuously while looking at me

Mihle: "Don't do this. Sizolwa oko (we will fight all the time) if you don't come to terms of understanding that I once dated uNomthandazo."

Me: "Does that mean advertise yourself to her?"

He chuckled and kept a straight face, he leaned on the hairdresser and looked at me. I

continued with changing into my sleeping attire

before I opened the sheets and tucked myself in
Mihle: "We not sleeping unomsindo ngoba(while you are angry because) what will happen is you waking up ngomso ekseni (tomorrow morning) still angry and I don't want to deal nalonto ndivuka (with that after having woke up)"

I didn't move a muscle nor respond to what he was saying. I heard him take a few steps to the bed, he pulled the comforter away from me and stood over me. I almost reacted when I felt his hand trace my ass but I remembered I was angry so I tried pushing aside any emotions that would allow me to soften up. He knelt on the bed and placed a kiss on my shoulder while his other hand was on my waist

"Baby we not sleeping uqumbile (while you're mad)"

Me: "Ndicela ulala Mihle"

Mihle: "Can we talk this through at least?"

Me: "Talk what through? The fact that you find it funny when I ask you why you advertising yourself to Nomthandazo?"

Mihle: "Is that why you mad?"

Lomfana bawo (This man, Lord), I had to stop myself from shouting and swearing at him. What type of people were men na kanti?

Mihle: "Maybe it was a bad idea even accepting your advice because ever since she got here, silwa ngento ezincinci (we fight about small things)"

Me: "My advice to you was bring her in not flirt with her.'

He moved away from me and walked around to hid side of the bed so he'd look at me

Mihle: "I wasn't flirting with Nomthandazo."

Me: "Then what do you call what you were doing? Allowing her to check you out just because she

knows everything on you. Na the last time I walked in here she was brushing your head and you felt okay with that! Then you fucken expect me to rejoice to that?! No Mihle"

Mihle: "Babe, you're acting like a woman ngoku."

Me: "That's because I am."

He closed his eyes and sighed. I watched how he kept on clenching his jaws

Me: "If you had allowed me to go to res, you guys were going to have all the privacy you need."

He opened his eyes and looked at me, his eyebrows kept on moving, in a twitching way and I knew this from my father, his did that when he was angry

Mihle: "Wenzele uba kuthini? Undilinga (So that what happens?) To tempt me and see if I can get horny for her?"

I looked at him, his eyes didn't dare to leave mine

"I'm human Aphindiwe. Xakufuneke ndibatyiwe ndizobatywa but it's up to me what decision I make in that condition."

Me: "Mxm."

He was kneeling on all four on his side of the bed, the anger he was suddenly feeling was evident in his eyes. He moved back and off the bed, I thought he was going to step out and take some time alone but he switched off the light instead, I turned off and faced the itget side. He placed another kiss on my shoulder then turned over and turned off his bedside lamp. I slept in that position until I felt my left side getting cramps, I turned over and faced Mihle, he was sleeping already, on his back.

There was a woman in front of me, she was a

step away but I couldn't reach out to her. She was surrounded by light, which made her face too bright to look at. What bothered me was how she kept on repeating blood, in a panicking yet soft voice. She extended her hand and just when I was about to touch it, it became blank and windy instantly. I opened my eyes, I was panting and somehow felt hot, I was still trying to comprehend what I had just dreamt off when I heard a belt and now I sat up. Mihle was standing at his wardrobe, in the dark, dressing if I wasn't mistaken

"Wenzani? (What are you doing?)"

Mihle: "Ndiyanxiba (I'm dressing)"

Me: "Uyaphi? (Where are you going?)"

He looked at me over his shoulder before he turned, pulled a jacket from the hanger and closed the wardrobe. He sat on the couch where his Adidas sneakers were, he was

looking at me while tying his shoe laces. I took my phone from under the pillow and checked the time

Me: "It's after two. Uyaphi? (Where are you going?)"

Mihle: "I need to take care of something."

Me: "At two?"

Mihle: "It's at the fields. I need to be at the fields."

That feeling came back, that feeling which reminded me I was dating a murder or a criminal for that case. He finished tying his shoes and walked up to me, he placed a kiss on my forehead and held my chin to tilt my head. He looked at me for a while then made space next to my legs

Mihle: "I hate it when you look at me like I'm not the same."

Me: "Sorry. Andiyiqheli (I can't get used to it)"

He licked his lips and leaned in to kiss me.

Mihle: "Sleep."

Me: "Uzobuya nini? (What time will you be back?)"

Mihle: "It might take forever so don't stay up waiting for me to come back."

His phone rang, he looked at it and since it was visible to me too, I took a peep, it was Nkululeko. He got up answering

"Be there in 15. No Mpinch, take care of it while I'm on my way... Nkulie? Nkulie?... No damages."

He blew me a kiss before stepping out and closing the door, the fear I tried fighting a month back returned, it had my gut telling me the deeper I went the less safer I was. I grabbed his pillow and brought it close, it smelled of him.

I don't recall for how long I hugged that pillow, staring at the wall before I drifted off to sleep once again.

"Aphindiwe!"

"Baby."

His voice sounded far but when I opened my eyes, I saw through a blurred vision, his body hovering over me. I groan, pulling the comforter to cover myself from the light which penetrated unpleasantly in my eyes.

Mihle: "Baby vuka (wake up), we late"

Me: "Mhuh?"

Mihle: "Let's go bath. We late."

I peeped and saw that he was still dressed in those clothes which he wore in the early hours of this morning, he was now removing his T-shirt

Me: "How late"

Mihle: "It's seven."

I sat up, rubbing my eyes. I took my phone from next to the lamp, unlocked it and checked the time, 06:58. I almost jumped from the bed but my body wouldn't allow me, so like any normal human, I began by removing my feet from the bed

Me: "Ufike nini? (When did you arrive?)"

Mihle: "Now"

He walked from where he was standing and came to a stop in front of me. I placed a kiss on his abs and he chuckled, I attempted standing but stopped when he placed both his hands on either of my sides and leaned in for a kiss, thinking he was going to pull back after that I kissed him back but he surprised me when he leaned in further, causing me to fall on my back, wakhwela phezukwam sana (he got on top of

me). I giggled when he bit my earlobe and stuck his tongue into my ear. He brought one of his legs in between my legs and found my lips again, my nipples were responding quicker than I had expected them to. He pressed his right thigh on my castle, applying the pressure on my clit, I parted my lips to gasp but couldn't when he crashed his lips into mine. He kissed me still rubbing his thigh on my clit, I had my hand on his belt, pulling him in. He had my bottom lip between his lips, ran his tongue on it and bit it before letting it go.

"Just twenty minutes Mambhele."

I nodded, with my eyes closed. If in that twenty minutes I'd get to hold him, kiss him then I would double it if I had to. In fact, I would give in the whole day to be this close to him.

136th Entry

Mihle

I had just finished ironing my white attire, now polishing my shoes. I called in at work and told captain I'd be a little today, I received a mini lecture but I knew he would be alright by the time I arrived at work. Reasons for being extremely was because my baby her wanted us to take our romantic, morning session to the shower too, then we got delayed. She was fixing the bed, already dressed and only had her face left to do. I was polishing my shoes but couldn't take my eyes off her, a lot was going through my mind and to be honest my stubbornness didn't take away the anxiety I have whenever I think of having her taken away from me. I was scared to be honest, that just when I was getting used to having her in my life she'd be gone...

Aphindiwe: "Why are you looking at me kanjalo (like that)?"

Me: "Ndikujongile? (Am I looking at you?)"

Aphindiwe: "Yes and the look isn't so lekker."

Me: "How much do you love me?"

She stopped fixing the pillow she had in her hands and looked at me

Aphindiwe: "Why uzondibuza lonto? (Why would you ask me that?)"

Me: "I want to know"

"I love you."

Me: "I know you do but kangakanani (how much)?"

She giggled and shook her head, returning her attention to what she was doing

Aphindiwe: "Wenze ntoni? (What did you do?)"

Me: "Ndenze ntoni? (What did I do?)"

Aphindiwe: "Yep, men often start preaching like that xabe moshile (when they've done something wrong) but you surprise me ngoku because I've noticed xa wenze something and about to address it kum (to me), you chew on your lower lip and have this vain"

Me: "(chuckles) which vain?"

She touched her forehead, I immediately touched mine and she laughed. I watched how her eyes closed while she was laughing, it was a beautiful sight, something I wasn't yet used to

Aphindiwe: "Ayikho ngoku kaloku but iyavela though, when you're nervous or angry (it's not there now but it becomes visible though, when you're nervous or angry)"

Me: "I'm hardly nervous"

Aphindiwe: "What's that emotion you undergo when you've fucked up?"

Me: "Language"

Aphindiwe: "(giggles) ixolo (sorry)"

Me: "Stress"

Aphindiwe: "Oh"

Me: "When I've messed up, I barely experience any emotion other than stress, most of the time. I remember the only time I slept peacefully (at hospital because of anxiety) was when you were in hospital. I mean every fucken day I went to go see you, and I was scared of going in (long pause) thinking that maybe I wouldn't arrive to you not there), your bed empty, they telling me you're no more."

She turned from the mirror, something which looked like an eyelid pencil was in her hand, she looked at me

Aphindiwe: "Did you ever think that?"

Me: "All the time, when you were still

unconscious"

I chuckled and stopped buckling my belt, she was still looking at me

"You know whenever I walked in there and saw you lie there, it was more off a reminder kum (to me) that I was the reason you were laying there."

Aphindiwe: "That's ridiculous."

Me: "You know the last time I shed a tear for the death of someone, it was for my dad. Umntana yena (my child) (chuckles), in fact my children. When I first impregnated a woman, my father was still alive, the girl decided to keep distance from me, wabaleka wayohlala emonti and returned engamithanga (she ran away to East London and returned not pregnant). You know I was a laaitie then, early twentys."

Aphindiwe: "Wawunangaphi? (How old were you?)"

Me: "Twenty one. I never bonded with the child, I didn't know what being a father felt like but when I found she had brutally killed what was reproduced by me, I twisted. Being the guy that I was, a lot of anger but by then I heard my father help me through it. Ndabetha uThumi (I beat Thumi up), I won't lie, kakhulu nafuthi (a lot), for a period of seven eight months until she reported me for assault. Almost got me arrested. I had my father sit me down and forced me to end the relationship which I did not understand uba ndandisahleleleni phaya (which I too didn't understand why was I still there) because she wasn't the same to me."

Aphindiwe: "Do you still have that anger in you?"

Me: "Of her aborting my child?"

Aphindiwe: "Of being angry to an extent ufuna umbetha umntu (you want to hit someone)"

Me: "(chuckles) it happens nakubani (to

anybody) but I choose not to, when it comes to a woman."

Aphindiwe: "Ndoyika (pause) ubethwa ngumntu endithandana naye (I'm scared of being beaten by someone I'm in love with.)"

Me: "I wouldn't lie a hand on you, even though I wanted to (chuckles)"

Her mouth hanged, she stood up from the hairdresser chair and walked up to me

"Nini? (When?)"

Me: "When we were fighting over into ka Bianca (over the Bianca thing) and you felt it was wise enough to call Drew."

She covered her eyes with her hands and giggled. I kept on looking at her meanwhile buttoning my uniform shirt, she was looking at me through her fingers

Aphindiwe: "I even forgot about that"

Me: "I haven't. We still need to talk about it. I still need to let you know what it did to me, word for word, because if I don't you'll repeat it again."

Aphindiwe: "Asoze (never)"

Me: "(chuckles) finish your face. Ndisayotya (I'm going to eat)"

Aphindiwe: "Awukagqibi undibalisela lento ubundibalisela yona (you're not done telling me what you were telling me)"

Me: "On our way to Stellenbosch."

She nodded, searching her very huge make up bag which I had once mistook for a a toiletry bag. I walked out and headed to the kitchen, we were the only two who were still up. I poured myself a bowl of musli which i mixed with yogurt and ultra Mel then went to the lounge, I tuned on to CNN news and listened to the headlines. I was still sitting there alone when

one of the bedroom doors opened, the person went to the bathroom first before I heard footsteps coming towards the lounge. I looked over my shoulder and saw a sleepy looking Nomthandazo...

"Good morning."

Me: "Hey"

Nomthandazo: "Besele ndicinga inoba uhambile at this time (I thought you must have left at this time)"

Me: "Should have qha ndilate (but I'm late)"

Nomthandazo: "And you seem relaxed"

Me: "I'm waiting for Phindi."

Nomthandazo: "Isn't she making you late?"

Me: "I've called in at work"

She stepped closer to where I was seating and took my hand in hers, I pulled it back, surprised by the sudden contact kuvukwa (in the morning)

Nomthandazo: "Kukhona into endifuna ukuvisa yona (there's something I want you to feel)"

I allowed her, she pressed my hand against her stomach and I couldn't resist the joy which filled my heart. I absentmindedly turned on my seat, placed my other hand on her waist and brought her closer. The hump was growing, even her belly button seemed swollen, the hardness of the tummy was exciting and had me silently pray that I don't lose this one too

Nomthandazo: "That's our baby girl."

I looked up at her and smiled

Me: "baby boy"

She placed her hand over mine, which was on her tummy and kept it there. We were both taken out of the moment by someone clearing their throat. I looked at Aphindiwe, for a moment she seemed at lost of words but she finally managed to say

Aphindiwe: "I'm done."

She was looking at our hands which were still on Nomtha's tummy. I stood up and removed both the hand on her tummy and on her waist, took my bowl and turned to the young lady who was still standing at that same spot

Me: "Awuzotya? (Aren't you going to eat?)"

Aphindiwe: "No."

I looked at her, her eyes were racing from Nomthandazo's belly to me in every two seconds. I went to the kitchen, placed the bowl in the sink and filled it with water. I opened the refrigerator and took out a stack of grapes before walking out to the lounge. Phindi was now searching her handbag which she had placed on the armrest of the couch. I went over to the coffee table and took my badges, I was still placing the ones which sit at the front when Nomthandazo got up and took the ones which

must be buttoned on the shoulders

Me: "Ndizozifaka (I'll put them myself)"

She ignored me and buttoned the first. She was taller than Aphindiwe so she didn't need to stand on her tippy toes like Phindi would have. I was done before she finished buttoning the second one, she fixed my shirt and ran her hands on it like she would do every morning before we'd step out

Nomthandazo: "Now you're ready to go."

I bent and took my keys and cellphone on the cellphone, on the other couch my brown briefcase and laptop were already there, I had left them there yesterday. Aphindiwe grabbed her handbag and helped me with the briefcase since it was a wheel case.

Nomthandazo: "Bye"

Me: "Sure."

We stepped out of the house and into the car, with our bags in the trunk already. I stepped into the car and noticed how my lady looked a little far distanced, she was thinking and I knew it had to do with what she saw a few minutes back...

Me: "Uright? (Are you alright?)"

Aphindiwe: "Yeah"

As I was driving, I allowed her to think about what she saw before she confronted me about it. I wanted her to understand that Nomthandazo was carrying my child and the bond was going to be there but it wasn't Nomthandazo I was doing this for but my child and myself. I wanted her to know that the bigger that belly grew, the more joy and excitement I'd have but njenje ethule nje (with her quiet), I was hoping these were the things she was thinking about and trying to understand. I stopped at the garage to get my

car tank filled, I stepped out and went inside the garage, since she had not ate this morning, I knew she must have been hungry. I purchased airtime for myself, lunch bar for the both of us, wine gums for the both of us, water for me and a can of Just Juice for her with a Russian roll pie. I paid off and went back to my car, she was typing on her phone, I threw other stuff on the backseat and gave her the pie and can

Me: "Yitya (eat)"

Aphindiwe: "But I'm not hungry"

Me: "Breakfast is the most important meal of the day."

She looked at me for a while until I was done fastening my seatbelt.

Me: "What?"

She shook her head, opening the lid covering the cold drink holders. I opened the bottle of water and drank it half way before placing it on

the other empty bottle holder. We drove off the garage, in silence, with only the English news playing from Metro when my phone rang through the speakers, since it was connected to the car. I changed gears before passing my eye to the small screen in front of me, Pearl. I extended my hand and pressed the green button on the screen

Me: "Morning"

Pearl: "Hey unjani?"

The smile in her sleepy voice didn't go unnoticeable

Me: "Perfect wena?"

Pearl: "I'm good."

Me: "Can I call you back ngokwam (myself)?"

Pearl: "Nini? (When?)"

Me: "Now"

Pearl: "Okay"

She hung up. I took my phone where it was placed and disconnected the Bluetooth connection, it showed on the screen and just like I had expected, babe looked at me. I dialed Pearl's number and rang her back...

"Hello?"

Me: "Usaleleleni (why you still sleeping), I thought you'd be up by now"

Pearl: "Ndizama lonto (I'm trying that)"

Me: "Uphi uLisa? (Where's Lisa?)"

Pearl: "She's gone to school already, ndivuka ndamlungiselela (I woke up and prepared her)"

Me: "I'll call you futhi xa ndisem'sebenzini (I'll call you again when I'm at work)"

Pearl: "That's what I wanted to ask, will I see you today?"

Me: "I'm not sure. I'll make a plan"

Pearl: "Okay."

Me: "Bye"

I placed my phone on the space next to the
(name)

Aphindiwe was still quiet and it was starting to
bother me because she was never like this

Me: "What's wrong?"

Aphindiwe: "Ngantoni? (About what?)"

Me: "Ngawe (about you)"

Aphindiwe: "Nothing."

Me: "Aphindiwe"

Aphindiwe: "Mihle."

"Yintoni inxaki? (What is the problem?)"

Aphindiwe: "Akhonto sani (there's nothing
dude)"

Me: "Ndingu sani ngoku kuwe? (I'm dude now to
you?)"

She sighed and leaned on the window, I looked

at her while pressing the window button on my door, it rolled down and when it was half way she moved away and leaned on the chair seat. I decided to let her be for now, however if she was still in this state when I go around her school to see her during lunch time, then we'd have to talk about it, efuna, engafuni (where she liked it or not.) Before I dropped her off I started at work, to go clock in, so they'd see I was here...

Me: "Masingene (let's go in)"

Aphindiwe: "No babe, ndiyoyika (I'm scared)"

Me: "Haisoka, akho lonto apha (there's nothing like that)"

Aphindiwe: "Hayi Mihle, ndinentloni (No Mihle, I'm shy)"

Me: "(chuckles) let's go."

I opened my door and went to the trunk, she was still seated on her car seat, I took out both my bags and pressed the keys for the trunk to

close. I then walked over to her door, opened it and waited for her to step out, which she did slowly, she gave me a puppy face meanwhile closing the door, she knew I wasn't going to change my mind anyway. Before we walked inside I saw her touch the ring on her nose which she had told me a million times what it's called, but I always forgot

Me: "Leave it on. If I love it they'll love it."

She smiled at me and followed after me, the huge glass door was already opened, with the security standing at it. I went over to the reception, gave her my work access cards which she scanned and handed back to me. I opened the gate for Phindi first, because it had a card scanner which only worked for workers in the Navy and allowed one person to go through at a time. After we both went through, I headed down the hallway, of course she was receiving eyes from a lot of men which was

something I wasn't used to because not all the girls I dated received such lusty looks because of their body shape, I had to be flexible towards the matter so it wouldn't have me worked up. On the way to my building I passed a few colleagues and some other captains whom I had to salute respectively...

"Do you do that all the time?"

Me: "What?"

Aphindiwe: "The formal greeting."

Me: "To people on higher positions than I am, ewe (yes)"

We walked into the hallways of building B and B12 was where my work space was associated

Me: "Good morning"

Lucas: "Ya, you bastard! What's bringing you in so late?"

He checked his wrist watch before passing his

eyes to the one on the wall

Lucas: "It's ten past nine"

Me: "At least I'm not two hours late."

Thandokazi: "Ungafuni ndikuthuke ekseni worse uhamba nendwendwe (you don't want me to swear at you in the morning, worse since you came with a visitor)"

Me: "Thando. Molo nawe baby (morning to you too baby), great morning?"

Thandokazi: "Can't you back where you coming from?"

Nadia: "She doesn't want you, not long ago she was talking about how much she misses you."

Me: "Where's Captain?"

Nadia: "He's out to D"

I took out the sheets I had for him and went to his office, I placed them on top of the table and wrote a note in case he returned while I was ony

way to dropping Aphindiwe

"We have a meeting at one, you do know that right?"

Me: "No good morning toda"

Lucas: "It's because you brought a female visitor, that's why."

Me: "(chuckles) let me make a proper introduction. Samantha come here baby"

Samantha: "No, make it from there."

We laughed, I held Phindi's hand and looked at her before looking at Samantha

"Sammy this right here is my first wife, my do or die."

Lucas: "Ride or die."

Me: "That exactly. Baby (pause) that right there is Samantha, my second wife"

Samantha: "First before you came ma'am"

Aphindiwe smiled, looking at me. I placed a kiss on her forehead and nodded that we walk out

Samantha: "So where you going now?"

Me: "Dropping off the first wife here at Stellenbosch uni"

Thandokazi: "Ufunda khona? (Does she study there?)"

Me: "Yeah"

Thandokazi: "Wenza ntoni sisi? (What are you doing there?)"

Aphindiwe: "Law"

Thando nodded, taking a sip from her cup.

Me: "Be back in ten."

Nadia: "Don't drive reckless and kill this young lady you're going with. She still has her law degree to complete"

Me: "Let's go babe. Sammy what must I bring

you?"

Samantha: "I'm still mad for now so I wanted nothing"

Thandokazi: "Please don't bring out that coloured side of you ke nontombi."

Me: "No, wifey don't got that side"

Lucas: "She ain't like Nad..."

Nadia: "Futsek! Samantha is coloured and will remain coloured so she got that side too! Yeses"

Me: "Be back guys"

Thandokazi: "Kudala usithi uyahamba, khawuhambe (it's been a while since you said you're leaving, just go)"

I walked out with Aphindiwe, after showing Thando the middle finger. They always told me that they hope someday the surveillance camera catches me I'm either swearing or

harassing Sammy to twerk. Samantha was the youngest of us and she arrived right before Simon did, her first days at work she had a silly crush on me, which unfortunately didn't go unnoticed by all of us, but she fought it right after she saw Nomthandazo come here at work several times and got the idea that I was in a serious relationship with someone. She was an adorable young lady but I could have never found the manly courage to do anything with her, my colleagues were my colleagues and to me they appeared as people I work with, not people I could start a personal life with. Hence the wifey name, it all came when we realized she was attracted to me.

On our way to Stellenbosch, which was about a seven minute drive, I made it seven with my ride but it was normally a fifteen minutes if you traveled on the road speed required, Aphindiwe

was still not talking. She had missed her nine o'clock session today because of the time we finished off at home. I parked at a space I found near the gate and turned on my seat to look at her...

Me: "I'll be at twelve but ndizohamba early to prepare for the meeting"

Aphindiwe: "Okay, bye then"

Me: "My kiss"

She leaned in and gave me a cold baby kiss before opening the door

Me: "That's not how we do it."

Aphindiwe: "You'll be late for work"

She stepped out and went to the back of the car, I stepped out too and followed her. Right after she fixed her handbag over her shoulder I pulled her and crushed my lips on her, she immediately placed her hands where my belt

was sitting, on my waist. When I felt her stand on her tippy toes I pulled back and placed another one on her

Me: "Bye."

She was still blushing when I completely let go of her. She looked at me, smiling before she turned on her feet and walked slowly towards the gate. I watched her, with my bottom lip in between my teeth and stepped into the car right after she walked inside the gate, I sat on my seat and watched her, the confidence she was radiating as she walked on the paved part of the grounds, was incredible. I took my phone and dialed her number, still looking at her, she stopped, searching her handbag. When she answered, I couldn't help but smile because I could tell she was smiling sheepishly herself

Me: "Turn and look at me"

Aphindiwe: "Uselapha? (You're still here?)"

Me: "Ewe (yes)"

She turned and looked at me car

Me: "I love you Aphindiwe."

She giggled and I watched from a distance how she covered her one eye with her other hand

Aphindiwe: "But I feel like not more than you love Nomthandazo."

Me: "Come here"

Aphindiwe: "No, you'll be late for work. Forget I said anything"

Me: "You said something, which means you're bothered by it so come back here or I'll fetch you in class."

She was already walking away but stopped when I said that

"Baby"

Me: "You have twenty minutes to ten and I just need minutes of that time."

I was stepping out of my car by now, I closed to door, locked it and waited for her at the pavement. She was looking at me from a distance, I could tell from where she was she was contemplating, I on the other hand was a little disappointed and somehow irritated, I didn't think she was thinking about it this way, this whole time.

She walked in slow steps towards the gate, she wasn't looking at me maybe because she knew what she had just said might have ruined my mood. If it meant being late at work then be it, I was not about to drive away when baby still wasn't convinced that I was over my ex and she was the one.

137th Entry

Aphindiwe

He had one hand tucked in his pocket and the other was holding his car keys and cell phone, I stopped in front of him and looked at our feet, how I hoped this conversation would end already...

"Ndijonge (look at me)"

I lifted my head and looked at him, of course he had the look I expected him to have on.

Mihle: "What was that about?"

Me: "It's nothing."

Mihle: "Aphindiwe?"

Me: "It's just how I felt after I saw you guys this morning"

Mihle: "And what didn't you understand about

what you saw?"

Me: "Excuse me?"

Mihle: "Yintoni ungayi understand(anga) ngalento uyibonileyo? (What is it you didn't understand about what you saw?)"

Me: "I don't understand the question"

My palms were sweating and with the way I was feeling, I felt like there was going to be a lot of emotions involved in this conversation

Mihle: "Nomthandazo is carrying my baby. My baby whom I can't distance myself from."

I nodded and looked away

Mihle: "There's difference when I'm touching uNomthandazo to pleasure her and when I'm touching uNomthandazo to feel her hump. Kunomahloko (there's a difference)"

Me: "Ya sure, ndiyakuvha (I hear you)"

He raised a brow and looked at me, honestly I

was getting annoyed and angry by second because I wanted to ask him many things but didn't want to break down like I felt I was. My heart was heavy from this morning and right now it needed me to talk then this lump on my throat would push me to crying

Me: "Can I go now?"

Mihle: "I don't want you to push me away so please don't be that kind of woman."

I nodded again. He stood there and looked at me, I looked away from him for a second then returned my eyes back to him, he extended his hand to touch my cheek but withdrew it before he made contact with my skin

Mihle: "I'll see you in the afternoon"

Me: "Cool."

He took two steps still facing me then he finally turned, the same way I was affected, he was too. I saw it in eyes and never ever had he not

touched me when he wanted too, that was another thing which added some more negative weight on my already heavy heart

Me: "Who's Pearl?"

He had his back facing me, he stopped and I repeated myself

"Who's Pearl?"

He turned and looked at me, he blinked a few times before chowing on his lower lip. He walked towards me and right when he was going to touch me, I took a step back

Me: "Ndicela undiphendule (please answer me)"

Mihle: "She's a friend."

Me: "A friend?"

He kept quiet, he looked at me straight into the eyes and as intimidating as they looked, I focused on them too

Me: "Or maybe I should be asking, wenzani naye

(what are you doing with her)?"

Mihle: "I'm doing nothing with her"

He seemed confident and the way he was looking at me it was as if he was asking me to look into his soul and trust him, but my gut was telling me otherwise

Me: "You know what's funny (pause) qho xa kufouna yena (all the time when she calls), she has to be spoken to privately. This isn't your first time you're having conversation with her in my presence, and at first I asked myself why she's feel comfortable calling you babe but then again I trusted you but now I'm questioning myself again uba kutheni ezofeela comfortable (why would she feel comfortable) to call you first thing in the morning, evuka (after waking up.)"

Mihle: "What do you want me to say?"

Me: "To tell me the truth. What are you doing

with her?"

Mihle: "Nothing"

I nodded and turned to walk away, he grabbed my wrist stopping me, I looked at him over my shoulder

"She's nothing close to you."

I pulled my wrist free and he allowed me

Me: "Bye"

I could feel his eyes on me as I walked away, I started playing with my fingers to stop my hands from shaking, the more steps I took, the more my heart felt heavier and I could feel my eyes filling with tears which I blinked away. I breathed in and out a couple of times to calm myself down. I was halfway through the hallways when I realized I needed to sleep this off so I turned back and headed to the dorms, the classes missed today I'll try filling in tomorrow.

I felt my phone vibrate as I walked up the staircase of the residence, I searched for it in my bag and found it, along with my keys. It was a text message from Mihle which I didn't read, I would just lie to him and tell him I read it but did not have an SMS to respond to it. I walked into my dark room and silently thanked God that I'd be alone, I needed this. I opened the windows and curtains to bring in a fresher smell because now it smelt of cigarette smoke, and I emptied the dustbin which was full. After rinsing my hands, I jumped to bed, opened the packet of wine gums Mihle had bought and allowed myself to think. I was scared honestly, scared by some many things; how much I knew I loved him, how every time he did something I'd have that 'he's playing you' feeling, and how much my gut always told me he's lying. I didn't want to believe any of these things I thought of him, I just wanted to shut them out and love him, enjoy my relationship with him because I

already was until we had an argument about something or two. It was easy to believe everything he'd say about Nomthandazo because he explained what they had a lot, because if I'd fail to understand something he'd let me in but with this Pearl woman, he didn't, he didn't even know what to say when I asked him and that's what scared me the most.

I don't recall when I slept but when I woke up to my phone ringing, I still had that lump on my throat, sleeping hadn't helped...

"Hello?"

"Bitch! Are you sleeping? Nee man get up, where are you?"

Me: "Kim. I'm in my room"

Kimberley: "Get up then, we coming to get you"

Me: "Where we going?"

Kimberley: "You'll see. I'll be at the gate in three minutes"

Me: "okay"

She hung up, she was speaking at the top of her voice because she had the speakers of her car blasting with music. I turned and faced my roommate's bed, to my surprise she was laying vertically on her bed, sleeping, I never even heard her when she came in. I got up and fixed my face, cleaning my eyes and doing some touch ups on my make up. I stepped out of the room and walked in slow steps towards the gate, the time was 11:14 and if it were any ordinary day I'd want to drag the time to twelve o'clock already because of my excitement of seeing Mihle, but today I wished that time didn't come, I wanted to keep distance from him until I got rid of this feeling because spending time with him now in this condition would have me feel like it was never going to be alright. It was a

few minutes standing at the gate when Kim's Mini Cooper parked on the other side of the road, the car seemed full as I was getting closer. Luthando jumped from the front seat and came running to me, she picked up only an inch from the ground and kissed my chick

"Rha sisi uyamlehla umntu (Hey woman, you abandon a person)."

Me: "Haisoka. I had a lot going on"

Kimberley: "Bitch just step into my car already!"

Me: "Aren't you stepping out to give me a hug?"

She turned the volume and looked at me again, her hand was half way out of the window

Kimberley: "Wat? (What?)"

Me: "Aren't you coming out to hug me, greet me probably?"

Kimberley: "Not when you chose dick over us."

I laughed, following after Luthando who was

holding my hand

Me: "Who are the other girls?"

Luthando: "Cousin sister ka Kim and her friend"

Me: "Okay."

I got in at the back, with the other two girls, right behind the passenger seat, Kim turned and looked at me, wancuma (she smiled)

"I missed your kak huge ass. By the way, we'll talk about that at when we get to my place.

Angela, this is Aphindiwe, my new found bestie, baby this is Angela and Chloe, her best friend."

Me: "Nice to meet you girls"

Angela: "Why you look like you been sleeping?"

Kimberley: "Cause the bitch has"

I turned on my seat and looked at Angela who was at the other end of the car, I whispered

Me: "I was. Had to."

She giggled and shrugged her shoulder in a form of asking me why

Me: "Relationship problems"

Angela: 'Oh. oh makes a lot of sense."

Me: "(giggles) where we going?"

Angela: 'Ask Kim."

Me: "Kim?"

Kimberley: "Mami"

Me: "Waa' gaan ons? (Where are we going?)"

Kimberley: "Bungy jumping baby"

Me: "What?!"

Luthando: 'Yes we are!"

Me: "But I haven't brought anything suitable for that"

Kimberley: "Don't worry baby, ek het ons kleres klaar (I have our clothes already), it's only these two whom I need to get some outfit for. We

going to Mr Price sports for them, because we already got our Adidas outfits"

Me: "(laughs) and where did you get the money for all this?"

Kimberley: "I have a man baby."

Me: "A man?"

She turned and looked at me, before looking at the front again and turning on the road on her left, to where her flat was

"Baby you're not the only one with a man."

Me: "I never heard of him"

Kimberley: "Djy sal alles hoor (you'll hear everything)"

The gate to her yard opened when we parked in front of, it was a secured apartment and had a security guard at the gate, since the flats inside the yard weren't so many I presumed he and his mates knew about almost every car which

belonged to someone who lived here. Kimberley saluted him in a boyish way, causing the man who looked at be in his thirties, to laugh. We stepped into her apartment in laughs and smiles, a part of me was eased from the heavy heart I was feeling earlier but I hadn't totally forget. In there, we changed into some leggings and track jacket endandisafuna ukwazi uba zazivelapha (which I still wanted to know where they came from). There were different colours in all the items, I received the grey tights because Thando claimed to have already picked the navy and Kim, the black, but I was content because I didn't mind the grey. The track jackets came in the sik silk material and were all black but differed in sizes. I borrowed Kimberley's black and gold Adidas ZX flux since I wore the same size with her...

Luthando: "Funeke uzolala apha namhlanje, khesihlebeni (you should come sleep over today,

so we can gossip)"

Me: "That's only if I'm not going back eBelmar (to Belmar)"

Luthando: "Did you move in?"

Me: "Never (pause) he just wants me close I guess."

Luthando: "You're lucky. Abanye bethu sibonwa once a week (Some of us get visited once a week)"

Me: "Found someone nawe?!"

I asked with so much excitement that I absentmindedly jumped like a little baby who had just seen candy, she looked at me and laughed

Luthando: "No! I mean sasibonwa (we were visited)"

Me: "Awudiki sani (You're boring dude)"

Luthando: "You wouldn't change a thing about

me."

I sat on my bed and looked at my phone, Mihle had never texted me during his work hours and that was something I had adapted to already but for some reason I now felt he should have written something. After the little misunderstanding we had, a short text would do me better but he never did, like usual, and for me at that current moment, it felt wrong.

From Kimberley's apartment we went to the mall to get the two girls some leggings, they had the rest of the items with them. Kim wanted us to dress in leggings, like we were heading mountain climbing, those were Lootlove's exact words, we killed the outfits even though we did look like we had another activity in mind either than this one. I lost track of time and only was reminded when my phone rang that it was that time of the day, when Mihle

would have his car parked outside campus,
waiting for me...

"Hello."

He said something but I couldn't hear him
because of the music that was playing in the
car. I covered the speaker with my hand and
yelled at Kim to turn down the volume, which I
had asked her to do already but akandihoya
(she ignored me.)

Me: "Hey"

Mihle: "Where the fuck are you?"

Me: "On my way to Cape Town"

Mihle: "Cape Town?"

Me: "Ewe (yes). We going bungy jumping,
myself and the girls."

Mihle: "Then you couldn't tell me, to alert me at
least?"

Me: "Ixolo"

Mihle: "Mxm"

Me: "I'm sorry, I wanted to but it..."

Then he hung up on me, I didn't realize my mouth was hanging while I was looking at my phone until Chloe touched me on my chin, closing it

Me: "He hung up on me."

Kimberley: "That does sound like your man. You should have heard when he called me that day, looking for you. Yeses, God knows how much I wanted to swear at him. He's mos fucken rude"

Me: "He can be at times."

Kimberley: "No, always!"

Luthando: "Is this the day he called me too?"

Kim and myself simultaneously answered

"Yes."

Luthando: "But he was okay to me."

Kimberley: "He was like, waa' is Aphindiwe. Dan vra ek, who am I talking to, instead of answering my question, he asked again, in a more rough tone. Then only then I figured it must be him."

Me: "(laughs) why did you end up not swearing at him?"

Kimberley: "He's still my crush mos"

Me: "What?!"

Thando and Kim cracked in fits of laughter, Luthando couldn't stop looking at me as she was laughing

"Uzobulala umntu yilendoda yakho chom (you'll kill someone because of this man of yours friend)"

Me: "I'd never"

Kimberley: "(laughs) no I'm kidding baby but he'd make a great meal some time."

I punched her shoulder, she hissed in pain but didn't stop laughing

Chloe: "Is he that nice?"

Kimberley: "Hy's mos 'n Greek god Chloe, lekker, yummy en alles (He's just a Greek good, nice, yummy and all)"

Chloe: "Hoe weet jy dit? (How do you know that?)"

Kimberley: "Die man was my crush before eimand came and snitched him. Like I knew him since last year through my brother"

Me: "I didn't snitch him."

Angela: "Why didn't you tell him? I mean die Kim ek weet doesn't keep her feelings to herself."

Luthando: "She was scared. For the very first time in her life, she was actually scared of someone from the male species."

Me: "(giggles) but I bet she ain't now"

Kimberley: "Not at all, hence I want to swear at him still."

We stopped at some garage and bought water for those who needed water, and Powerades for some of us. In the car, the conversations flowed from the male species, to rich guys, they were concluded by Kim's man. He was a black man, with two children and dealing with divorce proceedings. The only reason Kimberley seemed to be with the guy was because he was balling, he spent cash and when I asked about his occupation, she didn't know nor care but she just loved his money.

Me: "Have y'all done it?"

Kimberley: "Once"

Chloe: "How is he?"

She did that in the middle hand gesture

"He's okay. Not bad."

They carried on talking about the guy and how they thought he would end up demanding a lot more from Kimberley, she failed to understand their points because to her, she was already giving him what she thinks he'd want. I was on my WhatsApp, typing the forth message to Mihle, which I was to delete too, I didn't know what to say to him, how to address him but I wanted to talk to him even more now that we weren't on good terms, now that I wanted to know what he was doing during this hour since I wasn't available. I texted him a lousy

"I'm sorry" and minimized WhatsApp, it was only after a few seconds that I went back and checked if he was typing or not, and he wasn't but he was online. I stayed on his contact and waited, hoping he'd start typing but when he logged out, it was unfortunate for me. I looked my phone, placed it in my bag and attempted on enjoying the ride like the rest of the girls were

doing.

The day seemed short when we were at table mountain, it seemed the hours just came by so quick and the fun was over but we promised to do it again. We drove to Gold Restaurant where we decided we would dine and the familiar scent of foods I was used to excited me, it had been a while since I had some traditional plates. Angela and Luthando surprised me on the amount of food they could take in, they even wanted some desserts. We were still glued to those chairs waiting for three dessert orders to come when a guy from a table not far from ours stared hard at us, he was dark and had a scar on his right eyes, his dress code was perfect, the classic, gentleman look. I couldn't tell if he was looking at me or Luthando who was sitting next to me...

"Who's he staring at?"

Luthando: "Aphindiwe"

Me: "No, ujonge wena (he's looking at you)"

He poked a guy who was sitting on the same table as him, holding a drumstick, and the guy lifted his head and looked at us, he raised his eyebrows and smiled and that's when the dark guy stood up and walked towards our table. I felt my hairs stand and I immediately felt anxious, something about him didn't seem right or I must have been over thinking...

Guy: "Ladies"

Kimberley: "Hey"

He looked at me and smiled, I stared at him and couldn't even fake a smile for this man

"Aphindiwe."

Me: "Excuse me"

Guy: "And we finally meet sweetheart. I been waiting for this day."

He had a cocky smile on his face, he smelled off an expensive cologne but I wasn't sure I liked the smell.

Me: "Ndiyakwazi? (Do I know you?)"

Guy: "No, ndingathanda undazi (I would love for you to know me) though but the timing would be bad."

Luthando: "AP who's this guy?"

Guy: "Oh (chuckles), table manners."

He pulled in a chair from an empty table and sat right next to me, diagonally, so he'd look at me I guess

Guy: "I'll do the introduction some other time because I can promise you ladies this isn't the last time ndinibona (seeing y'all)"

Kimberley: "Is that so?"

Guy: "Yes baby girl, it is so (long pause) my biggest target is the girl next to me."

He licked his dark lips and smiled, I prevented myself from cringing in disgust.

Me: "Can you at least tell me your name?"

Guy: "Uzolazi Saturday (you'll know it Saturday)"

Me: "Where Saturday?"

Guy: "Aircraft show"

Me: "Oh"

The girls were looking at us attentively, I wasn't scared but I wasn't comfortable either, I have never seen this guy yet he called me by my name and seemed quite confident that I was the Aphindiwe he was talking about. He knew my whereabouts for Saturday, that's when at the back of my mind I thought he must be a friend to Mihle, a friend I happen to know not off.

Guy: "(chuckles) We'll talk then Nkosazana"

I looked at him as he got up, I was not sure whether to let out the breath I've been holding

or to nod. He took my hand and kissed it then wicked at me...

"Girls, hopefully I'll see you guys Saturday too."

My girls mumbled replies between their teeth and he walked off, not before he looked at me one more time. At their table, the other guy was smiling sheepishly, looking between his friend and myself

Kimberley: "Who the fuck is that?"

Me: "I don't know. Can we leave?"

Kimberley: "No, he won't do anything"

Me: "Now Kim please!"

Kimberley: "Okay no need to shout."

Luthando: "Go get the desserts in take away and pay the bill, I'll walk with her outside"

I was starting to feel hot, my stomach was turning and the anxiety I was feeling was beyond what I could handle. For some reason

his so friendly self freaked me out, what the fuck did he know about me?

Luthando: "Uright? (Are you alright?)"

Me: "Ya, I'm just"

Luthando: "You're sweating."

I searched my handbag immediately after she said that, I was looking for tissues

Me: "How does he know where I'll be Saturday?"

Luthando: "Isn't he one of Miles' friends"

Me: "I would like to think I know all his friends and I've never seen him with them"

Luthando: "Who is he?"

She whispered her question causing me to look up at her, she was looking at me, concern written all over her face

"I don't know."

That was all I could say, I too wanted to know who the fuck was that guy and how he knew I was the Aphindiwe he had been stalking. I wanted answers on how he managed to randomly pick me out of all the girls in the Western Cape, to stalk.

138th Entry

Mihle

My call with Aphindiwe pissed me off even more, I wasn't expecting her not to go with her friends if she wanted to but she could have told me at least, so I wouldn't coming here, hoping to see her and worried about her mood still.

Because I was craving something meaty, I made a decision to drive down town and go at D'trekker for some braaied meat. When I arrived there I made my order and showed the guy my

car so he could bring me the meat there, disadvantages of being at this job, you weren't allowed to be seen as such places with your uniform on. The meat I bought and the pap were enough for those give crazies I worked with, since I was playing of not going anywhere. I was still laying on my seat when there was a knock on my window, the guy was holding a box, covered in plastic and a 2L of Stoney, I rolled down my window...

"Iyeza ipapa buda. Ndiyibekaphi lena? (The pap is coming buda. Where do I put this one?)"

Me: "Ndivule iboot groot man (I opened the trunk Groot man)"

He went over to the back of the car and placed it there, a woman came carrying two takeaways of papa, she too went and placed those in my trunk. Since I had already paid for everything, I pulled out a R50 note from my wallet and gave it to him

Me: "Tip yakho bra yam (it's you tip my brother)"

He showed me his thumb, I rolled up my window and reversed before driving away. On the ten minute drive to my work I had a lot I was thinking about, my relationship to be more specific, Nomthandazo was only on her third month and thinking of the six which she had to spend with us now, it made me cringe because I feel like Aphindiwe will give in before Nomthandazo goes into labour. I found my usual parking outside my workplace and contemplated whether to step out now or wait for some time, I wasn't good company anyway when I'm like this, but when my phone rang, I decided to finish the call here before walking out. Since I had disconnected it this morning, I took it and placed it on my eyes...

"Hey"

Pearl: "Hello. I was hoping I'd see you ke yazi, since it's your lunch time."

I kept quiet and sighed rather

Pearl: "Did I say something wrong?"

Me: "No but we'll have to slow down a little."

Pearl: "What do you mean by slow down"

Me: "Pearl I have a lot going on in my life babes and ngoku the drama with my girlfriend which is caused by your phone calls, I'm not sure if I'm ready for."

Pearl: "Oh, so ndim inxaki? (Oh, so I'm the problem?)"

Me: "Nobody is a problem. Baby wam uyayibona lento wethu nangona ingakwazi and what's worse ucinga we've done something (my baby sees this thing of ours, even though she doesn't know you and what's worse she thinks we've done something). I haven't even laid a finger on you yet."

Pearl: "(giggles) who is she? I've never heard

you sound so concerned."

Me: "She's someone I wouldn't want to lose."

She kept quiet and I tried saying it again, in a way which would sound more suitable for her but decided not to, she had to know and learn how I felt about Aphindiwe.

Pearl: "So where is the problem?"

Me: "The calling"

Pearl: "So ndingafouni? (So I must not call?)"

Me: "Ya, we'll talk xa kufoune mna (Ya, we'll talk when I call)"

She sighed and I could picture her face

"Okay then."

Me: "Hey, hey, don't sound so down.

Andigqibelisanga ukubona (I'm still going to see you)"

Pearl: "I know but ndiyayazi uba (I know) that

will be forever"

Me: "I'll try and make it soon."

Pearl: "Okay, so you at work."

I saw Samantha walking from her car towards the entrance, I pressed the hooter for as long as I could until she turned, she looked around and saw my car when I flickered the lights for her

Me: "Yes, I'm at work."

Pearl: "Okay then, ndizova ngawe okay (I'll hear from you)"

Me: "Funeke ndizobona lotakalani so ndizoza (I need to come see lotakalani, so I'll come)"

She giggled, causing me to laugh. Sammy was already standing on my window, leaning on it and looking at me

"Bye then."

Me: "Take care."

I hung up and looked at this dimpled lady leaning on my door

Me: "There's some things I got in the trunk, I want you to help me carry them."

Samantha: "What are those?"

She moved away from the door when she saw me take my wallet from the other seat, I opened the door and stepped down. The trunk was opening so we stepped towards it...

"Meat. You know I'm on a diet right?"

Me: "I forgot."

Samantha: "Why would you buy knowing I'm on a diet?"

I took the box and she carried the takeaways and cold drink, I closed the trunk and locked my car, sense it was a senser, the windows closed automatically and the side mirrors closed too, towards the doors.

Me: "Just a piece, it won't hurt."

Samantha: "It's people like you who drag us to hell Mr Gabavu"

Me: "Say it again"

Samantha: "(laughs) say what?"

Me: "My surname."

She shook her repeatedly, she knows I'd have her say it all day, it sounded great coming from someone with a colored accent and squeaky voice like hers. We stepped inside the building, the co-workers at the office were having pies and other tiny foods from the café...

Me: "Brought some lunch."

Bianca was the first to pack away what she had bought, except for the 500ml Sprite she had in her hand. We ate, discussing the meeting which was to be held today, often times these meetings were held by a few number of people

but for some reason, they has asked us to participate. It was organized by the Air force department and what worried us was what they'd tell us, what they might be expecting from us on Friday. It worried us because last year they shocked the aircraft flying team by indirectly forcing them to change their flying patterns and routines, they brought in something Beijing related and the flying team members were infuriated with anger, thinking of all sorts of things which could go wrong. It was six minutes to one when Captain walked in followed by the vice and the chairperson. I smiled at this men, our uniform sat well on them, they wore it with pride, pride which affected many of us who worked under them...

Captain: "Mr Boston and Gabavu, we need some fresh men hands over here."

Lucas: "Yes sir"

I cleaned my hands and followed them to

Captain's office, they were talking about the meeting we were having in three minutes, so as general of many things, I decided to ask...

"Are we required any participation in the meeting or do we just need to bring our ears?"

Vice Captain: "I believe they only need our ears, judging from the way Mr Likrola was talking to me on the phone."

Me: "So we carry no material sir"

Captain: "Do so, in case we might to touch in here and there."

Vice captain: "Ninety percent of the event is theirs, so I'm guessing their rules"

Me: "Your time, your rules"

Captain: "Yes, our is coming, next year and you'll get a chance to finally sink the ship"

I laughed, holding a stack of three boxes. He reminded me of this every time, when I was

promoted from being a Navy Seal to being part of the Surface Warfare officers, through hard work of course, I almost sank a ship and without his help and the other team members, I would've destroyed an asset worth millions. But that was a couple of years back, now he knows how good I was at this, he was aware that if he'd step down as captain there were possibilities that I'd be elected as Vice captain, and he was proud because it was all his work.

I studied for this position while I was a seal man, it wasn't easy but finally obtained it, it required three years of qualification if you're already inside, but I decided never to leave my seals team so whenever they needed me, I was available.

We walked out of Captain's office, carrying boxes, files and books...

"Ladies, bring your material and the boards."

Nadia: "Yes sir"

She mouthed a "now?" to me and I nodded, indicating that we needed to be at the conference hall now.

The meeting stretched out for a bloody, long three hours, when we stepped out of that hall which reeked of sweat, I had a headache. The only thing which helped during those hours were the air cons and the sweet fragrances worn by some females, or else it would have been stuffier than it was. We stepped out, chatting to some other people we knew from other departments, I has many friends who were soldiers and they were from Pretoria. I learnt that they were sleeping at different hotels because of the amount of people that had came. I pulled out my cell phone from my pocket and excused myself from the crowd. Aphindiwe had called me twice during the

meeting but I ended up texting her, informing her that I was not available for that moment in time, I rang her...

"Hello?"

Me: "What's wrong?"

Aphindiwe: "Ndicela uzondilanda (please come fetch me)"

Me: "What's wrong?"

Aphindiwe: "You'll know when you get here. Could you just come for now, please"

Me: "Okay, okay. Uphi? (Where are you?)"

Aphindiwe: "At res"

Me: "I'll be there in ten."

After hanging up, I looked around the packed area and searched for the captain, when I saw him talking to the Army team, I knew I couldn't talk to him now so I addressed the vice captain

Me: "Sir?"

Vice Captain: "Yes Mr Gabavu"

Me: "Are we by any chance heading back to work or we done for the day!"

Vice captain: "We done for the day. I believe we'll see each other again, tomorrow."

I nodded and said my goodbye to him. I passed captain a signal from afar and he nodded, before heading to my car, I retreated to my office to go get my belongings. On my way to Stellenbosch I couldn't help wondering what the problem was, she sounded under panic and knowing my girlfriend, I knew she wouldn't call me while she was still that mad, something had to be up.

It took me around seven minutes until I was outside the female residence, she was standing with her friends and they looked at be in a serious conversation. I turned off my engine

and waited for them, she kept on looking at my car, I hated how they took two steps then stopped. When they finally got at the car, Drew's sister would not stop talking, they were listening to her the whole time...

Me: "Aren't y'all seeing each other tomorrow?"

Drew's sister: "You are never patient."

Me: "I expect by the time I arrive here, you guys will be done with your gossip."

Drew's sister: "We not gossiping. We discussing something."

I narrowed my eyes at her and she rolled hers

"Phindi baby, let's leave you. Your man is irritating me."

Aphindiwe: "What's with you two?"

Drew's sister: "He's the problem"

She said that pointing me with her thumb, I cguckled

Me: "If I didn't know better I'd say you're bitter of something"

She turned and looked at me, Aphindiwe was now stepping inside, I kept my eyes on Drew's sister until she muttered a mxm, I chuckled again.

Me: "Bye Luthando"

Luthando: "(giggles) bye."

Drew's sister mumbled some words under her breath before holding Luthando's arm and dragging her away from my car. I looked at the lady next to me and saw her giggling, looking at her friends

Me: "Can I have a kiss kengoku (now)?"

She turned and looked at me, meanwhile closing her door, I was already leaning towards her, waiting for her to bring her lips in

Aphindiwe: "I'm still mad at you"

Me: "We'll talk about that when I'm done kissing you."

She leaned in and placed her soft lips on mine, I cupped her right cheek and brought her face closer. When I pulled back I ran my thumb on her bottom lip, I watched how she bit it and when I looked up at her eyes, she was staring at me.

Aphindiwe: "There's a guy..."

I furrowed my eyebrows before she could even explain what this guy did or what's happening, I raised a brow as I pulled away from her

Aphindiwe: "We were at some African restaurant in Cape Town then lomfana (then this guy) just came out of nowhere and uyandazi (he knows me)"

Me: "He knows you?"

Aphindiwe: "Andimazi mna (I don't know him) babe but he got up from where he was seated

weza kuthi and called me by my name. Wathi kudala eyilindile le mini of meeting up with me. He said he'd see me Saturday."

Me: "Phi Saturday? (Where Saturday?)"

Aphindiwe: "Kwi after party ye aircraft."

Me: "How does he know you ll he there?"

"My question exactly."

My heart was racing, I looked at her with fear, fear of asking how he looked because I believed I knew who she was talking about. I gulped down my saliva and felt the edge of my nose beginning to sweat

Me: "How does he look?"

Aphindiwe: "He's dark, akatyebanga. He's shorter than you and has a scar on the side of one of his eyes"

I clenched my jaws and looked away. I thought the bastard flew out of the province like I had

been told and now wayezingela uAphindiwe (hunting for Aphindiwe), I chuckled from annoyance, he had to play far from her...

Me: "Did he touch you?"

Aphindiwe: "Uyamazi? (Do you know him?)"

Me: "Did he touch you?"

Aphindiwe: "He held my hand."

I punched my steering wheel causing her to cringe away in fear.

"Fuck!"

Aphindiwe: "Mihle ngubani? (Mihle who is he?)"

I kept quiet and searched for my phone, she snatched out of my hand and looked at me

Aphindiwe: "Who is he?"

Her voice was shaky, from the way she looked wayengathi yothukile (it was as though she got a fright)

Me: "He's no one I can't handle"

Aphindiwe: "What's his name? Who is he?!"

Me: "Aphindiwe! That's not important babe, that is not important now. What is important is getting this whole mess fixed."

I dialed Bulelani's number and waited for him to pick up, at first it rang until it sent me straight to voicemail so I tried him again...

"Boy?"

Me: "Groot man"

Bulelani: "Ya ntwana, ho'zit? (Ya boy, how is it?)"

Me: "Kak full Buda, the general is terug (back)"

Bulelani: "Terug where? (Back where?)"

Me: "Apha and uyandinyela buda. Ufuna uAphindiwe (Here and he's shitting on me buda. He wants Aphindiwe)"

Bulelani: "Intoni? Bekungatshiyongo uba le kaka

is out of town? (What? Wasn't it said that he's out of town?)"

Me: "Province but unfortunately not and andiyityi ishit noba iphathwe zeziphi izandla (and I don't feed on shit no matter which hands held it)"

Bulelani: "Yiza naye apha Miles, awuzokwazi umshiya kwakho. Lenja has you watched (Come with her here Miles, you can't leave her at your place. This dog has you watched)"

I hung up and accelerated my car, Aphindiwe was looking at me this whole time, she was fidgeting with her fingers on the edges of her lace top

"Uthe ndiyi target yakhe (he said I was his target)"

I looked at Phindi before looking back at the road, knowing Bafana from way back, I knew she's been her target from the day he heard I

had a girl either than Nomthandazo. You'd probably wonder how it ended up being heard by his ears, well that's because with an enemy, there's ears and eyes everywhere. I was drumming my fingers on the steering wheel, thinking of smart ways to tackle this problem. With Bafana you couldn't just rush things because he always had a plan B, and his plans never failed which is why you had to think thoroughly when fighting against. Right now my fear was having him lay his hands on her, I wouldn't leave with myself if he touched her, I gulp down yet another piece of my saliva and turned on the air con, I was feeling instantly.

Aphindiwe: "Your face is veined"

Me: "I could have figured."

She touched my hand which was on the gear, even when my body is overwhelmed with fear and anger, her touch brought calmness to it. I needed us to arrive at Bulelani's so I'd sit down

and draft a plan before drove me crazy.

After what seemed like forever, I was roaring my engine in front of Bulelani's gate, Phakamani, his younger brother was here, he must have called him after hearing this. Phakamani was the one who opened the gate for, I found a space to park my car right in front of the house, before stepping out, I looked at Phindi...

"I'd hate myself if anything would happen to you but I promise not to let it."

I wasn't expecting her to respond so I stepped out and fetched her on the other side, she had her door opened but was still seated, probably thinking about what she got herself into, how she could have fell in love with a bastard like me. She stepped out and fisted a part at the back of my shirt, I was still in my work attire. After having looked my car, we stepped inside.

In the lounge there was Bulelani, Nkululeko, Nosipho, Lwando and Phakamani who we just walked in with, I noticed the way Nosipho looked at Aphindiwe and if I wasn't caught up with nerves, I would've told her not to...

Bulelani: "Babes"

Aphindiwe: "Molweni Bhuti (Hello bhuti)"

Bulelani: "Unjani mntanam (how are you my child)?"

She nodded, tightening my hand. Bulelani looked at her for a long while before passing his eyes on me

"Ntwana?"

Me: "Groot man"

Bulelani: "Kharinge leway, uthi zik'phani? (Talk about this, you saying what's happening?)"

By now we were seated next to Lwando, Aphindiwe wouldn't let go of my hand, so I

placed both our hands on my lap and leaned back on the couch

Me: "Imbonile uPhindi lekaka (This shit saw Phindi)"

Bulelani: "Phindi ubuphi baby? (Phindi, where were you baby?)"

Aphindiwe: "At some African restaurant in the Cape."

I moved and placed my elbows on my thighs, I didn't even know which position was more comfortable for me to sit

Lwando: "For sure kuse Gold (For sure it's at Gold)"

Aphindiwe: "Ewe, bekuse Gold restaurant (Yes, it was at Gold restaurant)"

Bulelani: "Wathini kuwe? (What did he say to you?)"

Aphindiwe: "That kudala eyilindile le mini (that

he's been waiting for this day) to finally see me, that I'm his target."

Bulelani: "Gents we'll have to play smart"

Nosipho: "Since zange niyenze lonto apha kum (since y'all didn't do that to me)"

Nkululeko: "Ungathethi ikaka Nosi. Wazisa mos kula chap wena, so yintoni le uyilwayo? (Don't speak shit Nosi. You took yourself to that man, so what are you fighting here?)"

She looked at Nkululeko then at me before she got up and pushed her feet in her blue flip flops "Andidingeki mos apha (I'm not needed here)."

She retreated to one of the spare rooms, Bulelani hissed when she roughly closed one of the doors and shouted

"Fuck off! Kukwam apha (this is my place)!"

Lwando: "Awunokwazi uchaza lomntu umbonileyo sisi (can't you describe the person

you saw sisi?)"

Me: "Is it necessary na ntwana?"

Bulelani: "Umxelele uMiles (She told Miles)"

Lwando nodded, I shook my head because what he had just asked was ridiculous, I wouldn't have known it was him if she hadby described him to me

Bulelani: "Ndoda"

Me: "Buda"

Bulelani: "What's the plan?"

I freed Aphindiwe's hand and stood up, I didn't have any plans for this, I just wanted the guy demolished, for good.

Me: "Ndizombulala (I'm going to kill him)"

Aphindiwe gasped, loudly, that we all turned our eyes on her, she was looking at me with shocked yet pleading eyes. I stared back at her and felt the need to explain to her why I wanted

to kill him but I couldn't, she couldn't know the depth of this...

Bulelani: "The consequences zalonto, ukhe wazicinga? (The consequences of that, did you think of them?)"

Me: "What's the worst that could happen Buda?"

Nkululeko: "Yicinge Miles (Think of it Miles), we don't just act when we facing the beast"

Me: "This time around I'll act Nkululeko"

Lwando: "Khayeke ubanenkani Miles (Could you stop being stubborn Miles?)"

Me: "Ndim usekunyeni apha, ndizokwenza izinto ngendlela yam (I'm the one who's in shit here, I'll do things my way)"

Lwando: "Uyayiqonda uba uzofaka nathi egozini? (Are you aware you'll put all of us in danger?)"

Me: "Then fuck off."

There was silence in the room, I felt my

woman's eyes on me, I avoided looking at her because if by any chance I did, I would grow soft which was something I didn't want now.

"I won't hand Aphindiwe kulanja (long pause) so I'll kill him."

Bulelani nodded, he understood how I felt because he was once in this type of problem too.

I passed my eyes from Bulelani to Nkululeko, then Phakamani, the people I knew were going to help me get this done. I then turned to Aphindiwe, she had her hand over her mouth, continuously shaking her head. I wanted her to be strong, there would be even more damages to fix if I had to let Bafana walk away with this one too.

139th entry

Aphindiwe

Mihle wouldn't break eye contact with me, he looked at me for a while, to an extent that it felt like we were the only two in the room.

Someone cleared their throat causing me to avert my pleading eyes from Mihle to the floor, I was mind shut, all I was thinking about was what my lovely boyfriend had just said, what he was planning on doing. As much as I wanted to talk to him and ask him to find another way of handling this, I did not know what it was I was going to say. For a moment I felt like all my senses stopped working and all I felt was my body becoming weak, my stomach was turning and I felt like there was this vacant space in my stomach, it brought anxiety and the rate at which my heart was beating was insane. He touched my shoulder, I looked up at him and for a moment he appeared blurry, I closed my

eyes and opened them, the vision had cleared a little. I looked down on the floor and touched my forehead, he knelt in front of me...

"Baby?"

Me: "Mhuh?"

Mihle: "What's wrong? Uright?"

Me: "I feel dizzy."

He got up and took me in his arms, bridal style

Mihle: "Nkulie khaze neglass yamanzi (Nkulie bring a glass of water)"

I laid my head on his shoulder and felt the cold wind against my skin as we stepped out, he placed me down and made me lean against the wall...

Mihle: "Phindi?"

Me: "Babe?"

Mihle: "Stand up straight"

I managed to because I was feeling a little better, Nkululeko walked out and handed me the glass before going back inside, I took a few sips before removing it away from my mouth.

Me: "Sihamba nini? (When are we leaving?)"

Mihle: "Sele sizohamba (we'll leave soon), I need a plan at hand"

Me: "Can't we do that at home?"

Mihle: "You know awukho safe kwapha kwam (you know you're not even safe there at my place)"

Me: "And how am I safe here?"

He looked at me before he closed his eyes and sighed, I wanted him to answer me so I'd know if ndandizohlala apha (I was going to stay here) because it seemed like it

Me: "Am I staying here?"

Mihle: "No. I wouldn't leave you here."

We exchanged glances before he turned his back on me, he leaned on the verandah wall and groaned, I flinched.

I watched how his back was moving from intense breathing, you can imagine my fear if he was the one panicking this way

Me: "Ufuna ntoni la Bhuti kum? (What does that guy want from me?)"

He stopped breathing for a second, I saw from how his back stopped moving, he turned and looked at me, anger and irritation filled his eyes. I was hoping he'd speak of something light, which I knew was unlikely to happen in this gangster world of theirs but when he said...

"He wants you (long pause) in his bed."

I felt my heart stop for a second, I was shit scared. Is that what he meant when he said I was his target, he meant having me in his bed. I was still looking at Mihle, he was staring back

at me. I was at loss for words, I didn't know what to say and the way I was feeling at that moment reminded me of the way I felt when I was told my mother was no more, eternal fear. I believe I must have looked all sorts of scared while looking at him because when he started shaking his head, asking me not to cry, I knew I was expressing a different than I usually do. He took steps towards me and enveloped me in his arms, I wasn't even aware that I was crying when I felt a tear make contact with my lips. I laid my head on his chest and let it out.

These type of things I laughed about when seeing in movies, little did I know I'd experience it, at such an early age, just when I had finished mending myself emotionally.

Mihle: "Awundayo baby. You not going anywhere."

I finished crying, my face still clung unto his

chest, his uniform was stained from my make up but that wasn't our biggest concern now, what was was my life. I encircled my hands around his waist, under his jacket and held onto him, I felt tears fill my eyes again when he muttered "I'm sorry" softly before he kissed the top of my head.

Around his arms I felt safe but that didn't mean I was safe, that guy, whatever his name was probably knew where I was and whom I was with.

After a long moment of getting lost in his cologne, he pulled back and cupped my face with his hands, wandijonga (and looked at me). His eyes stayed put on mine for some time before he spoke

Mihle: "I'll have you away for awhile"

Me: "What? Ndizoyaphi? (Where will I go?)"

Mihle: "I'll take you to George, ku dabs wam (by

my aunt)"

I broke free from his arms and took the last step back before my back hit the wall

Me: "What? No Mihle, can't you..."

He closed the space between us and made me suck in a breath because of his closeness, if I was not scared at that time, I would've probably kissed him already

Mihle: "Just for a week, until I know that Cape Town and Stellenbosch as a whole, are safe for you then ndiyazithuba Mambhele (I humble myself Mambhele). Allow me to take you to George."

Me: "For how long?"

"Iveki (a week)"

I sighed and moved away from where I was standing and around him, he turned and looked at me. Now I had to meet his family under such

circumstances, when I was on the run, perfect way of meeting your in laws.

Me: "Uzothi ndiyothini ku aunt yakho mna iGeorge? (What will you tell your aunt about my stay in George?)"

Mihle: "Ndizomxelela (I will tell her)"

Me: "Uba? (That?)"

He lifted his chin a bit and looked at me, I know he felt like I was asking too many questions but I needed to know

Mihle: "Uba uyafunwa (that you're wanted)"

Me: "What?! Akazophambana? (Won't she go mad?)"

Mihle: "(chuckles) no, she knows."

Me: "Oh"

I relaxed a bit, he stopped furrowing his eyebrows too and licked his lips

"Uzomthanda (you'll love her)"

Me: "Isn't she strict?"

Mihle: "Not in a million years."

I watched him pull out his phone from his pocket and unlock it, I looked at it and smiled, remembering that one time when I held it and smelled it, along with his car keys when he had left them on the table at Bellville

Me: "But I don't like this whole idea mna."

I was stomping my feet as I addressed him, he moved towards me and brought me close into his chest, using one arm, the other was holding his phone against his ear

Mihle: "I know baby but bare with me."

He placed a kiss on my forehead, since I was looking up at him then another on my nose, causing me to blush...

"Dabawo."

Mihle: "Molo MaFhaku...ewe dabs."

He listened for a while and sighed before he carried on

"Fhaku elihle ndinengxaki apha. I need to bring umakoti wam apho...(chuckles)... No, hayi qha kukho langxaki yam, so these bastards bafuna umfaka kuyo and andirhaleli imchaphazele.

(Beautiful Fhaku, I have a problem here. I need to bring my wife there...(chuckles)... No, no but there's that problem of mine, so these bastards want to involve her kuyo and I don't want it affecting her.)"

He listened again and nodded, making agreement sounds, he removed his arm from around my shoulders and looked at me while listening to his aunt. I was hoping she'd say no or something because I honestly wasn't up for this whole George thing

Mihle: "Friday. Just a week... Ewe MaFhaku..."

Kodwa akazosiswa ndim, kukho some work event endinayo mna. Okay."

He smiled before laughing, I couldn't help it when I found myself smiling, it was a beautiful sight when someone else made him either than myself

"I love you too Dabawo. Bye."

He hung and blew me a kiss. I took his hand which he extended to me and looked at it, the contrast in our complexions, I believed I wasn't that dark but he was yellow kaloku yena. He came closer and looked at me, he had a tendency of doing that and whenever he was looking at me that way, I became shy and blushed like an idiot.

He picked me up unexpectedly, so obviously I screamed in between laughs, I encircled my legs around his waist and he had his arm joined together under my butt. My hands were in his

neck, rubbing a certain part there. I leaned in and he welcomed my lips by running his wet tongue on them before he took them in. The kiss was slow and beautiful, it wasn't meant to be seductive but because of the way he did things, how his hands were now holding firmly on my ass, how he continued brushing his tongue gently on my bottom lip which was in between his. I was enjoying it and I felt how my nipples were suddenly rock hard under my bra. He pulled back and looked at me, I hid my face by laying it on his shoulder and sniffed in his cologne, even though I was used to it, wayenyisa ubaby wam (my baby did shit) when it came to being clean and smelling good. I had his other hand on his hair and I was digging on it with my fingers, he tightened me in a hug and groaned in satisfaction...

Me: "Aren't you giving me some tonight?"

I was not looking at him as I asked this, I still

had my head on his shoulder, he chuckled

Mihle: "Khandijonge (look at me)"

Me: "Hayi Mihle tshini (No Mihle)"

Mihle: "Please"

Me: "Hayi"

Mihle: "Then ndiyakuvimba (then I'm not giving you some)"

I laughed and tried removing myself from his arms but he wouldn't let me, instead he lifted me further up so I'd place my legs around his waist like I had them before.

"Look at me."

Me: "Okay fine"

I moved my head from his shoulder and faced him but I had my eyes closed, still embarrassed for always being horny. I opened them when he kept quiet and said nothing, only to find him with the widest smile ever, looking at me

Me: "What?"

Mihle: "Say that again."

Me: "Now? (giggles)"

He nodded, still smiling silly

Me: "Aren't you going to give me some of you tonight?"

He ran his tongue on his bottom lip and stared at him, he was probably looking at how my eyes were racing from his lips to his eyes every second

Mihle: "I gave you two days ago."

Me: "And I'll have the whole of next week without you."

Mihle: "So what (pause) you want to cross night?"

I giggled and shut my eyes, avoiding to look at the smirk he had on his face. He chuckled deeply before whispering

"Then I'll give myself all to you Mambhele."

I giggled, laying my head on his shoulder once again, he lowered me and placed me on the ground. We walked back inside and the frowns and tension amongst the gents killed my smile instantly

Bulelani: "Ntwana uyayazi mos uba akazokwazi ubalapha for a while?(Boy you do know she can't be here for a while?)"

Mihle: "Sele ndiyilungisile leyo groot man. Nkulie uyandihambisela yena on Friday (I've fixed that already groot man. Nkulie you'll drive her for me on Friday.)"

Nkululeko: "Ndimsaphi? (where am I taking her?)" Mihle: "George."

Nkulie nodded before he looked at me and smiled, I faked a smile back at him. I trusted him and he was a flexible person, that making him easy to get along with but I had hoped my

man would be the one to drive me there. Mihle took his car keys from where he had left them and told his bros we were leaving, Bulelani insisted sikhathshwe (we get escorted) until we arrive at Belmar, he said they'd drive behind us to make sure we safe but uMihle told them we'd be fine and he knew the guy who was after me, whom they wouldn't call by name, would never approach me ekhona (while he's around.)

We arrived at Mihle's place to a grumpy Nomthandazo. She was raging, questioning Mihle about where we have been all this time, why we'd step in the house at seven minutes to eight when he came out at half four at work, we couldn't answer her because she was throwing tantrums like a mad kid. I failed to understand if she couldn't read the stress which showed on Mihle's face or she just didn't care what he was feeling, as long as she got things to go the way

she wanted them to. Mihle sat on the single couch he always used to closed his eyes, I stood next to that couch and looked at Nomthandazo who was now swearing under her breath. Zizipho was in the kitchen, dishing up, so I decided it would be better to go help her than sit her watching my man die of stress and his ex pulling faces. I stepped away from the couch and began walking to the kitchen, I was about four steps away from the couch when Mihle asked...

"Uyaphi? (where you going?)"

I turned and looked at him, he was still on the position, laying back on the couch with his eyes shut. I looked at him and just when I was about to answer, he opened them and looked at me with that 'I'm talking' look

Me: "Ndiyonedisa uZee in the kitchen (I'm going to help Zee in the kitchen)"

He sat up, took his car keys and cellphone from the table

Mihle: "Masiyohlamba (let's go bath)"

Me: "Can't we do that after eating?"

Mihle: "Zee? Zee!"

Zizipho: "Bhuti?"

Mihle: "Khawuvele (come through)"

Zizipho appeared within a matter of seconds, holding a dishing spoon which was stained by yellow rice

Zizipho: "Yes."

Mihle wasn't concentrating on Zizipho, he was now looking at Nomthandazo who was still mumbling a lot of shit. She never asked why we came late, she just continued throwing tantrums about it, making scenarios about her having cramps yet we not around, in fact Mihle is not around. I poked Mihle on the shoulder

and he turned and looked at me then at Zizipho, not before he clicked his tongue

"Do you need any help ekitchen or ugrand?"

Zizipho: "Ngoba? (Why?)"

Mihle: "Ewe okanye hayi? (Yes or no?)"

Zizipho: "No, I'm okay"

Mihle: "Baby let's go ke."

Zizipho shrugged her shoulders and retreated back to the kitchen, I was a few steps behind Mihle when Nomthandazo asked in a cracky voice

Nomthandazo: "Mihle do you even care about me?"

He chuckled before he turned and looked at her, she was up on her feet now, looking at him

Nomthandazo: "Do you even care that 'm carrying our child? Why uzondiphatha okwenja? (why are you treating me like a dog?)"

Mihle: "Nomthandazo andikho semoodin yale kaka (I'm not in the mood for this shit.)"

He emphasized the not word. I was praying she wouldn't answer him back because with the look on his face, he was worked up by this, it's been close to twenty minutes since we arrived and he's been trying to ignore her but now he couldn't

Nomthandazo: "You're not the man I fell in love with."

Mihle: "You changed me."

He turned on his heel and I stood and looked at her, I don't know what to do honestly, I always hoped I would disappear whenever they were having these conflicts zabo. Just right after I turned around and took my first step towards the passage, a loud sound of breaking glasses echoed the room, causing me to scream and turn to look instantly. The Samsung 55" FHD

Curved LED TV was smashed, the screen was cracked as a whole and black now, on the floor laid glasses of the brown vase which was on the dark brown stand a few seconds ago. I was still looking between Nomthandazo and the television when Mihle stormed past me and headed straight to her, Zizipho came from the kitchen running and her mouth hanged open when she saw the TV screen. I averted my gaze from her to Mihle and Nomtha, a Nomthandazo who looked a little scared now, Mihle was asking her questions but I couldn't comprehend what he was saying, I was about to call out his name but I couldn't when his hand made contact with her cheek. He kept on whispering to her, she was holding her cheek and I thought he was going to stop but he grabbed hold of her weave in a fist and pressed her head against wall. Absentmindedly I rushed towards them, I could not watch him hurt her this way, I grabbed his other hand which was holding her throat

tightly and tried loosening it...

Me: "Mihle you're killing her! Let her go! Mihle ndiyakucela (I'm begging you)"

I struggled on with his hand and watched how Nomthandazo's eyes were filling with tears, she was running low on breath, she needed some air. I freed Mihle's hand and stepped back, shaking and scared, he kept on yelling "uyevha Nomthandazo?" at her but she couldn't answer because he had his hand on her throat. In a shaky voice and body, I tried begging him one more time

Me: "Please Mihle. Uzombulala (you'll kill her)"

He finally removed his hand from her throat then the hand on her hair followed, she dropped to the floor, coughing painfully. He was still looking at her, his whole body moved every second he inhaled and exhaled. My eyes were filled with tears, I wasn't crying from anything

else but fear. He slowly took two steps back, with his eyes still on her but he stopped when he noticed me standing there looking at him, the worry on his face when he looked at me shock me, you can't tell me this guy didn't notice me standing there all this time. Where were his senses when I was begging him to stop?

His breathing was dropping slowly with every second his eyes were on me, he kept his eyes on me before he punched the wall and screamed

"Fuck!"

He looked at me, his eyes widened in both anger and shock and when he looked at Nomthandazo again, chuckling, I knew he was going to blame her for this. He shook his finger at her then shook his head before he squatted in front of her, he grabbed her roughly by the neck and brought her close to whisper

something into her ear, she hissed when he held her neck and shut her eyes as he carried on talking. He let her go after a few seconds then stepped towards me, I took a few steps back and made contact with the wall then flinched as he tried touching me, I was still in shock but the look on his face didn't understand that, as a result he stopped his hand before it could touch me...

Mihle: "You weren't supposed to see that."

I was looking at his chest, fidgeting with my feet and fingers. He took another step and closed the gap between us, he placed each of his hands on my sides and sighed

"You weren't supposed to see that"

Me: "It's okay."

I lied, it wasn't okay but because of shock I felt like that was the only thing I could master at that moment

Mihle: "Ndijonge (look at me)"

I didn't look up at him immediately so he grabbed me by the chin and tilted my head, I had my eyes closed and was stopping myself from crying. He placed his forehead on mine and shook his head every now and then

Mihle: "I only did that because ndinomsindo Nana (I'm angry Nana)."

I removed my forehead from his and looked to the side, he pressed his head on mine for a while before he cupped my face and made me look at him. His eyes were still red, his forehead was still veined and his eyebrows moved every second, he was still fuming.

Mihle: "Say something."

I had my hands on his belt, in fact on the hooks of his pants, he was still dressed in his uniform. He captured a tear which left my right eye with his thumb and looked at me, his eyes were

searching for mine because I couldn't look at him now. He repeated himself, asking me to say something but out of all the things I could say, one out stood them all, so I said it...

"Andikuthembi (I don't trust you.)"

He freed my face and looked at me, hurt. Anybody could have seen it, just that one word did more damage than I thought it would but I was being honest.

He had told me he changed, that he doubted he'd ever lay a hand on a woman again but tonight he almost killed one, one who was carrying his child so ndandingubani mna (so who was I)?

140th Entry

Mihle

"Andikuthembi (I don't trust you.)"

I looked at her and felt my head spin for a second, I wanted something to balance on but decided I wasn't going to be a pussy about that so I freed her face and took a few steps back. I'm not the time to undergo the mixed emotions shit because I prefer blocking out anything which will affect me negatively but when she said this I felt angry, hurt, betrayed, sick and all sorts of negative instantly. I somehow wished she'd take it all back and tell me she was joking but she didn't, I knew she wouldn't. She kept her eyes on me and waited for me to say something, while I on the other hand was a wrecking ball waiting to explode. The more I kept my eyes on her, the more I took in what she said, as an insult. I chuckled, at that moment I don't know what caused that, most probably irritation or anger but I do know I chuckled before I turned

and faced my sister who had were eyes bulging out of their sockets...

"Yintoni lena?"

She questioned. I wasn't about to answer that because my mind wasn't on that, it was on the woman who just revealed her non-existing trust towards me. By now Nomthandazo was already up, she too was looking at me, waiting for me to answer Zizipho. I turned around and faced Aphindiwe again, she wanted to say something but swallowed her words because she opened her mouth but didn't talk

Me: "Masiyothetha eroomini (let's go talk in the bedroom)"

She stood still and looked at me, I narrowed my eyes, waiting for her to make a movement but she didn't, she remained put so I stormed over to her in three long strides causing her to take a step backwards but I grabbed hold of her wrist

before she could take the other. When she tried breaking free I tightened my grip and she hissed in pain, still not moving her feet

Me: "Aphindiwe?"

She snapped her eyes from her wrist to my face, she had that cheeky face on

Aphindiwe: "Uyandilimaza (you're hurting me)"

I loosened my hold on her but didn't let her go like she wanted me to, I still had my eyes narrowed at her. I was trying to work on my anger and I knew the only way how, was if I'd sleep it off but not until I had a clear understanding of what this young lady had said. I began walking towards the bedroom and she followed me, without me having to drag her. We stepped into my bedroom and I closed the door, she was standing in the middle of the room, looking at me. I clenched my jaws and closed my eyes, I was trying a way of calming my

nerves because I didn't want to yell or scare her even more. By the time I opened my eyes and sighed, she had hers narrowed at me, marking my every move...

Me: "Yintoni le ungayithembiyo kum? (What don't you trust from me?)"

She raised her eyebrows and muttered a "Mhuh?" I did ask in a low tone, so I received my voice a little high this time

"Yintoni le ungayithembiyo apha kum? (What is it that you don't trust from me?)"

Aphindiwe: "Your anger"

She whispered that, I took note of her bottom lip that was shaking

Me: "Andikuva Aphindiwe (I can't hear you Aphindiwe)"

Aphindiwe: "Your anger! Umsindo wakho okay?! (Your anger okay?!)"

Me: "You don't trust that I told you I'd never lay a hand on you?"

Aphindiwe: "I'm a woman Mihle and you just laid a hand on another woman so what would mak..."

Me: "UnguAphindiwe (You're Aphindiwe)"

She kept and looked at me, her lips parted a little.

"UnguAphindiwe."

I repeated myself because I wanted it to sink in, I wanted her to understand why I had promised her that, why I made a vow to myself that I would lay a hand on her.

Aphindiwe: "But that doesn't give you the right to hit omnye umntana (the other child)"

Her tone was back to her soft voice, she sounded like she was begging me once again

Me: "Bendinomsindo (I was angry)"

Aphindiwe: "Is that what you'd do to..."

I shook my head before she could finish her sentence, she stopped talking. I walked over to her and placed a kiss on her forehead before I enveloped my arms around her body and brought her in, this isn't how I imagined this night stretching out, it wasn't how I saw myself feeling. I pulled back and walked towards the bed where I threw my cellphone and car keys which were now in my pocket. I took off the badges which were on my shirt and placed them on the bed too, then took off the shirt, leaving my vest on. She was standing against the hairdresser looking at me, and for the first time her look was unreadable, I didn't know what she was thinking of me but I knew I didn't like it because she wasn't relaxed. I, nonetheless left the room like I had planned to and headed to the lounge where Nomthandazo was kneeling, still crying

Me: "I'll clean them"

She snapped her head at me and kept still for a while

"Ziyeke (leave them). I'll clean them."

She didn't move from where she was kneeling but looked at me as I knelt besides her, she used her forearm to dry her eyes, I was looking at her at the corner of my eye hoping she'd get up and leave me to myself for a while. I

gathered a few glasses before she got up and headed to the kitchen, she returned with the sweeping brush and the dust pan, she handed them so I could clean the broken glasses properly. My irritation was growing again by second because all I was worried about was having harmed my child and the lady who was in my bedroom probably convinced that I was a murderer. I cleaned the place spotless and emptied the bin afterwards, when I was outside I didn't step back inside immediately, I took a

moment to myself and took note of the changes Aphindiwe was bringing in me. I've never felt this obliged to impressing and pleasing a girl before, I knew I loved her but this type of love was crazy. If you've heeded, I was bad at this explaining thing and that's because I never explained myself to any of the woman I've dated before and what made it strange, she was the youngest I've done. I chuckled and leaned on the big black bin that was outside, where I threw my full black plastic bags, it didn't make any sense to me.

I walked back inside and found my sister fixing a tray for me in the kitchen, I knew that because of the glass of grape juice that was on the tray...

"Kugqume Zee, ndizokutya ngomso (cover it Zee, I'll eat tomorrow)"

Zizipho: "Awulambanga? (Aren't you hungry?)"

Me: "I just need some sleep ngoku."

I grabbed the glass of juice and downed it before I placed the empty glass on the sink, I gave her a side hug as I walked past her, to my bedroom. In my bedroom Aphindiwe wasn't there but her clothes were ontop of the bed, and from the smell of Detol soap, I knew she was in the bathroom bathing. I took of my vest and pulled off my pants, socks then grabbed my large towel and toiletry bag and went to the shower. The view I had from the shower was my woman laying on the bath tub, with her eyes closed, all she kept on doing every now and then was to fill up the tub with hot water. I stepped out of the shower when I was done, the towel around my waist. I was now standing at the sink brushing my teeth and Phindi was still in the tub, with her eyes closed, humming some song to herself. I scooped a few drops of cold water and threw them at her, she shot up from where she was laying, causing some water to leave the tub and spill on the floor...

"Fuck!"

Me: "Language kwam (in my house)"

Aphindiwe: "What was that for?"

Me: "You been in there forever. Nabanye bazofuna uhlamba (others will want to bath too)"

She pulled that silly face which children do a lot before she looked at the water that spilt on the floor

Aphindiwe: "Umsebenzi wakho (your work)"

Me: "Uzondosulela mos (you'll wipe it for me)"

She didn't answer but just looked at me, since I was done, I grabbed my toiletry bag and walked out. She stepped into the bedroom a few minutes after and found me laying on my bed, in my Markham's boxer shorts, with a lot on my mind. I opened my eyes when she closed the door but didn't look at her, I stared at the ceiling

I been looking at a few minutes before I had my eyes closed. I heard her open the wardrobe and close after a while then she came and positioned herself between my legs. I didn't move for a change but waited for her to do something, whatever she could do because I knew she wasn't going to stand there and gawk at me. In my mind, I thought she would find a way to get ontop of me and lay on my chest but when she traced my manhood through my boxers, ndavele ndavanda (I became cold instantly.) She moved her other hand to the band of what I called my underwear and not boxers and tried removing it, that's when I grabbed her hand, as horny as I was getting by second, I wouldn't make love to her while this frustrated, I would fuck her and do things to her I wasn't supposed to do.

Me: "Not namhlanje."

Aphindiwe: "What's wrong?"

Me: "After what happened elounge,
andikhusemdleni (I'm not in the mood)"

I was sitting on my butt now, with her between my legs. She nodded, I encircled my arms around her waist and brought her close, my face reached the region of her breasts so I laid my head there and welcomed her soft touch on my head. One of my hands was drawing circles on her back and the further I went to her butt cheeks the more quicker her heart was beating against my head. When I pushed my hand under her shorts, from the bottom, and lifted it up to expose her butt cheek, she tightened her arms around which were on my neck. I knew what that meant and the way her body was reacting to my touch was getting me excited so I stopped, I removed my arms from around her and pushed her a little backwards so I'd find some space to stand. I stood in front of her and cupped her face to kiss her, before I placed

another kiss on her forehead

"Awuzi'zoty? (Aren't you coming to eat?)"

She asked when she saw me placing the continental pillow on my side by the couch

Me: "No."

She gave me the 'I want to say something' look but refrained from it

Aphindiwe: "Okay, ungalali ndingeka buyi (don't sleep before I come back)"

Me: "I'll wait."

She walked to the door and stepped out, closed it and left me staring at it cluelessly. I knew in this state I was the worst of companies, I had a lot on my mind and the stress was playing its part in my mood. Maybe my life was cursed, my relationship with Aphindiwe because we couldn't be happy and at peace for more than a month, before something would come

threatening to tear us apart and for me it was frustrating because I felt I was the reason behind all this bullshit. I was not the type who believed in slaughtering sheep and cows to ask the ancestors for guidance but since it was what I was taught and how I was groomed, it crossed my mind that maybe I should do it. Ndenze isiko and ask abaphantsi (to a ceremony and ask the ancestors) to give me direction. I chuckled, thinking about it sounded ridiculous. I turned over and laid on my stomach, I needed to drag myself to sleep because if I didn't my brain would crack from thinking.

I was at that phase where you're half asleep, half awake, that stage when you're just a step away from sleep when I felt a weight on my back then a kiss on my ear

Aphindiwe: "You promised not to sleep until ndibuye (I'm back)"

Me: "What took you so long?"

Aphindiwe: "Bendihlamba izitya (I was washing the dishes)"

I attempted turning and groaned during the process, she giggled, laying the side of her face on the side of mine with our cheeks attached.

Aphindiwe: "Ndiyasinda? (Am I heavy?)"

Me: "Kakhulu (a lot)"

Aphindiwe: "That's rude"

Me: "(chuckles) but you asked nje."

Aphindiwe: "Iyafana noba ingathi uthi ndityebile (it's the same as saying I'm fat)"

Me: "Ndithe uyasinda not utyebile (I said you're heavy not fat)"

Aphindiwe: "Kusinda into enkulu nje (what's heavy is something big)"

I chuckled while shaking her off my back, she

laid on my side and gave me a second to lay on my side too. Her eyes were all over my exposed body parts, from my face to my arms, to my chest then to my lips, I waited until she looked at me again. When our eyes made contact she giggled, covering her face

Me: "Look at me."

Gently, I removed her hand from her face and held it in mine, she kept her eyes on me

Me: "Phaya kwa dabs I want you to stay indoors. I'm not saying that scary guy will be around but ndiyakucela babe just for that week, ungaphumi."

Aphindiwe: "When are you fetching me?"

Me: "During the weekend. Either Saturday or Sunday."

Aphindiwe: "It's going to be a long week."

Me: "I know. But to keep yourself busy, you'll

have to take your study material with."

She averted her eyes from mine to my chest, I moved closer and placed a kiss on her forehead before I jumped off the bed to go lock the door and switch off the light. The bedside lamps were on and brought some light into the room. When I was in bed again, I switched off my bedside lamp but she left hers on since she was still looking on my side. We had a few romantic chats before she started yawning ridiculously

Me: "Uyozela (you're drowsy)"

Aphindiwe: "I'm tired."

Me: "Let's sleep Nana"

Aphindiwe: "(giggles) uzokubetha Utata wena (my father will hit you)"

Me: "uBig guy?"

She giggled, turning to switch off her lamp. I

placed an arm around her waist and pulled her closer, then placed a kiss on her shoulder

"Goodnight Mambhele."

Aphindiwe: "Goodnight babe."

I woke up at something to seven, when Aphindiwe was the one who shook me out of sleep, with my eyes furrowed and my eyes still heavy from sleep I looked at her...

Aphindiwe: "Aren't you working today?"

Me: "No zirehearsals namhlanje (No, it's rehearsals today)"

She pulled the comforter a little over her head and draw some circles on my chest. I extended my arm and took my phone next to the lamp, I needed to tell captain that I wouldn't be around for rehearsals so I needed my speech emailed to me. I dialed his number but it sent me

straight to voicemail so I reached for the office telephone and after a couple of rings he picked up...

"Western Cape Navy head offices, good morning."

Me: "Sir, it's your wing man here."

He chuckled before I heard him sip on something, it must have been coffee

Captain: "Yes wing man, calling to tell me you not coming in?"

Me: "Unfortunately yes sir."

Captain: "It's just three hours of the day you lazy cow"

Me: "You spoilt me too much (laughs)"

Captain: "(chuckles) but please do me a favour, do come through to collect your envelope. The speech is printed out already."

Me: "Alright captain, thank you"

He hung up. I loved this white man, in honesty I don't think I'd tolerate another boss either than him. He understood me way better, he knew I never stayed away from work unless something was wrong and if I were late at anytime, I covered up for those hours which is he relaxed most of the time. Right now, the thing that wasn't taking me to work was driving Aphindiwe to George myself, I knew I had said Friday but I felt I needed to take her there myself and make sure she was safe.

Me: "Babe I'm dropping you off today."

She removed the comforter and looked at me, her lips parted a little

Aphindiwe: "What? But why?"

Me: "Ingathi ungayobekwa ndim Bhelekazi (I want to be the one to drop you off Bhelekazi) so I can know you safe and ngomso (tomorrow) you know I'm unavailable."

Aphindiwe: "Yoh Ha.a shame"

Me: "Babe singakhe silinge sixatyaniswe yilento (Babe we mustn't dare fight about this)"

Aphindiwe: "Kodwa ubuthe ndihamba Friday. The next thing uzondilanda Tuesday (But you said I'm leaving Friday. The next thing you'll fetch me Tuesday)"

Me: "I won't"

Aphindiwe: "Mxm."

She turned and faced the other side, she removed my hand which I placed on her waist and moved further away causing me to move closer until she was at the edge of the bed and her back against my chest

Me: "We not getting up until you stop being mad"

Aphindiwe: "Then we'll stay here all day."

Me: "Siqumbelene? (Mad at each other?)"

Aphindiwe: "Ucinga ntoni wena? (What do you think?)"

I placed a kiss on her shoulder while my hand made its way under her vest, she removed it the first but didn't stop me when I pushed it in the second time

Me: "I was thinking maybe I can..."

I gently took her earlobe in between my teeth and ran the tip of my tongue on it while my thumb made contact with her nipple. She gasped, the sexiness of her tone every time she did that blew me away, I cupped her breast as I turned her so I could find her lips. I turned her around and positioned myself between her legs while kissing her, her right nipple was still between my thumb and index finger. I pulled back from kiss and looked at her, she had her eyes closed and took her bottom lip between her teeth immediately, I hadn't done anything yet but she was a blazing flame. I draw circles

around her left nipple with my wet tongue and did the same on the right nipple, sucking on them. I ran my tongue down her tummy and got to her belly ring, I didn't want to disturb it so I moved further down and placed a kiss on top of the waistband of her shorts. Every time I lowered the shorts and her panties, I placed a kiss until she had them off. I ran my hands on her thighs as I was looking at her womanhood which I knew I couldn't wait to have but I wanted to tease her first for the moved up and found her lips again. Our kisses never failed having us panting and getting me hard, what made me more hard was how she lifted her waist every time so her womanhood would slightly touch my manhood. I ran my tongue on her bottom and asked in a husky yet soft tone "Ufuna ndikwenzeni?"

Aphindiwe: "Mhuh?"

I traced her clit with my thumb and draw circles

around while watching her, it amused me how such a small organ had so much affect on a woman, when touched right. I withdrew my thumb and asked her again

Me: "UFuna ndikwenzeni baby?"

Aphindiwe: "Touch me."

Her voice was low, I swear if we had music playing in this room I would have never heard her

Me: "Where?"

I placed a kiss on her lips and asked when my hand was on her clit

"Here?"

She didn't answer but bit her lips, I lowered my hand and found her pussy hole, her breathing increased before I could even push my middle finger in. Simultaneously when I pushed it in, deeper I question

"Or here?"

Aphindiwe: "Ahh"

I pulled it out gently and kissed her again, that seductive kiss again before I pulled back and moved my finger to her ass, she gasped and waited for me to push in a finger, her one hand was tightening my bicep while the other was around my neck. Her breathing was insane, she was panting and with the way her face glow I knew she liked this

Me: "Look at me"

She took her time opening those small eyes which were now even way smaller, she looked straight into the eyes

Me: "Keep your eyes on me evha?"

She nodded once and watched me. I positioned my middle with her anus and pressed it in, the change in her face made me want to keep her, it made me want to protect her, to have her all to

myself. I pushed it in deeper and the deeper I went the more wider she spread her right leg and the more deeper her nails sank in on the skin on my arm. I pulled it out when it was half way and pushed it in again, in full length, at once

"Fuuuuu Gawddd dammit!"

I found her lips and kissed her, the animal in me was triggered, it wanted to attack but I knew this wasn't the woman for that kind of sex so I had to take a moment and calm my nerves.

It was twenty-three minutes past two when we drove out of Belmar to George. I was driving Bulelani's Jeep wrangler and had left him with my car, Nkululeko, my sister and Aphindiwe were with me and Nomthandazo decided to spend the weekend at her home so I had to drop her off first. The trip was nerve wrecking

only because I couldn't get its cause out off my mind, but if getting her away was the only way of keeping her safe then I'd have her fly oceans to remain untouched.

141st Entry

Aphindiwe

On our way out of Mihle's place we drove to his workplace first because he did say he had something to fetch there. In the car I wasn't as down spirited as I thought I would be, and I believe that had to do with him asking Zizipho to come with me, so at least I wasn't going to be alone. At the back of my mind, somewhere, the reason why we were on this road hit me every once in awhile, and it brought uncertainty to me because my worry was having my dad find out that I had to be kept on the run for

safety reasons. I couldn't worry any less about Nomthandazo because she was crock, I knew Mihle told me not to worry about her because she didn't know I was going to George but I couldn't help but worry that she would somehow find out. If it wasn't for her pregnancy I would've worried more than I am because that would mean a weekend at Belmar for her then she'd want to know why I was heading to George when I happened to be so excited about the aircraft show not so long ago. Mihle wasn't saying much on the road, he was concentrated on driving, the only time he spoke was when Nkulie asked him something during the conversation he was having with Zizipho. I kept on passing glances at my man because andimazi ethula kangaka but everytime he caught me looking at him, he just smiled thinking he was assuring me that he's okay, but I knew he wasn't. We came to a stop at Sasol garage that was still around Cape Town where

we had the fuel tank filled and bought a couple of things we'd need. I needed the bathroom so I was standing on the line, behind three women waiting for the next available toilet. I presume it was two minutes before I stepped out of the restroom back to the store, Mihle was standing at the till now, talking on his phone. Zizipho and Nkululeko were still having a good laugh conversation, so I decided to walk over to my man and help him carry what he had bought. From standing besides him and picking on a few words from his phone call conversation, I was convinced he was talking to Bulelani but he ended the call before I could pick up on what it was about. He looked at me before he placed his arm around my waist and brought me closer to him, he placed a kiss on the top of my head while he pressed the pin of his card on the speed point...

Mihle: "Akhonto oyifunayo? (Isn't there you

want?)"

Me: "Azikho right ezi uzithengileyo? (Aren't the ones you bought enough?)"

Mihle: "Awundiphenduli sthandwa sam (you're not answering me my love)"

I shook my head at him

Mihle: "Is that a no?"

Me: "(giggles) ewe Fhaku, it's a no."

The woman at the teller packed everything in a plastic except for the two bottles, still water and Mango flavored Krush which I carried...

Mihle: "Nkulie don't get too comfortable nja yam, that's still my little sister"

Zizipho: "Ndizoyeka nini uba little kanene? (When will I stop being little again?)"

She quoted the little term with her hands as she questioned her brother

Mihle: "Kum? (To me?) Never."

Nkululeko: "Hayi bhuda, khululeka (No bhuda, relax), we just exchanging harmless words"

Mihle: "I hope so."

Me: "Thank God I don't have an older brother"

Mihle: "(chuckles) ndikhona (I'm here)"

Not catching his phrase, I raised my eyebrows at him, he looked at me whilst bringing the car to life

"For you I come in a form of a lover, a brother and a second father figure."

Me: "(laughs) what?! Awukwazi kaloku, I can't handle so many of you sendixakwe nguwe as a boyfriend alone (what?! You can't, I can't handle so many of you when I already can't handle you as a boyfriend alone.)"

Mihle: "Nditheni mna?(what do I do?)(chuckles)"

Me: "I feel like I'm dating two people ngawe qha

(with you alone)"

Mihle: "(chuckles) And uzoyigcina injalo right, awufuni ndibeyi four in one (and you'll keep it that way right, you don't want me to be four in one)"

Me: "No, I'm okay with two in one."

He chuckled again before he held my cheek with his thumb and index finger, brought me close and gave me a baby kiss

Zizipho: "Ndibukele indlela kemna so le romance is blocking my view (I'm watching the road so this romance is blocking my view)"

Me: "Hayi Zee."

Zizipho: "Yintoni ntombazana? Kaloku umntu wakho unomona, akayifunu ihappiness kwabanye abantu (What is it girl? That's because your man is jealous, he doesn't want to see happiness on other people)"

Me: "That's not true, akakhonjalo uMihle (Mihle isn't like that)"

Nkululeko: "(chuckles) uthi uyatyholwa Phindi (you saying he's being accused Phindi)"

Me: "Tshini ndisivha Nkulie, hayi andikwazi uthula kaloku (hey while I still hear Nkulie, no I can't keep quiet)"

Nkululeko: "Bhuda, mgcine (keep her)"

He looked at me and smiled, that smile which revealed his dimple

Mihle: "I got her"

I couldn't help but blush, causing Zizipho to clap her hands and making sounds, that made the situation even worse because I began smiling sheepishly and covering my face, there were also a couple of giggles here and there...

Zizipho: "(laughs) hayi sana iyakunyumbaza lento (heeee girl, this is tickling you)"

Me: "(laughs) zizimbo zoba happy (it's funny styles of being happy)"

I rolled my eyes afterwards, before looking at Mihle, he had one hand on the steering wheel and the other which he was using to change the gear had a chicken wing. I understood the fascination over these wings, Sasol made the wings ever after KFC of course. He passed me the half eaten chicken wing and changed the gear, I ate that and handed him a full one. The first two hundred kilometres on the road turned out fun until exhaustion took over me so I asked Nkululeko to make some space for me so I could lower my chair and find a more comfortable position to nap in. When my chair was lowered in a way that was right for both Nkulie and I, I forced myself to sleep.

I was disturbed from my sleep by the cold wind which made contact with my face, rubbing my eyes I attempted on sitting up. The driver's door

was open, as well as the two at the back, I continued rubbing my eyes to clear my vision. By the look off things we were still on the road but I was alone in the car so I looked outside and the first person who came into sight was Zizipho stretching, then I saw Mihle taking a piss a little further from where Zizipho was standing. I opened my door and stepped out too just to stretch my legs...

"Wide and awake."

I looked at Nkululeko from where he was standing, he was taking a smoke, leaning against the car

Me: "Thanks to you guys for leaving the car doors open."

Nkululeko: "Hayi uyalala marn nawe. Siphantse safika ulele (No but you sleep hey. We almost arrived with you fast asleep)"

Me: "How much time left until we get there?"

Nkululeko: "About 70 something, nhe Miles?"

Mihle: "Inoba they're less kodwa ngoku (most probably they're less now though), the last board we passed read 77."

I yawned, staring at Mihle, he was walking towards me, pressing his phone. He stood in front of me at the exact moment he placed his phone on his ear, I stood on my tippy toes trying to reach his height...

"Baby sis."

Mihle: "Molo MaFhaku, uphi uDabs? (Hello MaFhaku, where's aunt?) Give her the phone. Hayi khanike uDabs iphone Phumla, tshini lomntana (No give aunt the phone Phumla, wow this kid.)"

He chuckled afterwards and waited for a while, I pulled a face at him and laughed when he returned it

"Dabawo wam. Molo MaFhaku wam. Ewe

mama. Dabs sinento epha kwi 60 Km sifike, so ndicela ubuza ikhona into enizoyifuna etown ndizokwazi udlula ngayo? (Aunt wam. Hello MaFhaku wam. Yes mom. Aunt we have about 60 km until we arrive, so can I ask is there anything you'll need in town so I pass with it?). Okay, alright ke Fhakukazi."

By the time he ended his call I was about four feet away from him, looking at the view which was unfamiliar to me, the new environment I was finding myself in. He stepped closer and ripped his arms around my waist, holding me tightly until I felt my back attached to his waist with every muscle. I was on my tippy toes because I wanted to make things easier for him when he's holding me this way or else he'd have to bend more than he was doing now. He kissed my cheek from the side before taking my earlobe in his teeth, giggling I tried pulling back but instead he swung me around with my feet

hanging...

Me: "(laughing) Baby haaayi!"

He was laughing too, attempting to tickle me so I'd stop hiding my ear by tilting my head like I was doing. He finally placed me on the ground, panting and laughing, I took a few steps from him and watched him bent, placing his hands on his knees...

Mihle: "Gosh, uyasinda Mambhele (Gosh, you're heavy Mambhele)"

Me: "Tshotsho! That's what you get for trying to bite my ear."

Mihle: "(chuckles) you make me feel like I'm nineteen but my body tells me umntu is approaching thirty"

Me: "Ulixhego (You're a granddad)"

He stood upright and smirked, that type of smile he did when he was about to say

something silly or when he was going to do something really naughty

Mihle: "And you prefer me this way."

Me: "(giggles) why you coming close?"

Mihle: "Aren't I allowed to come close to my woman nah?"

Me: "Not now (giggles) first erase that look on your face"

Mihle: "(chuckles) what look?"

"Leyo (that one)"

I said pointing his face, he chuckled again before pulling a straight face

Mihle: "I just want a kiss that's it."

I took small steps towards him and the way he was looking at me made feel some anxiety because he was looking at me like if he'd talk he would say something which probably make me cry from joy

"Nkuhanjwa nini?! (When are we leaving?!)"

Nkululeko asked from where he was standing, stepping over his finished cigarette

Mihle: "Ngoku ntwana yam (Now my boy)"

He lowered his height and encircled his arms around me before he picked me up, my feet leaving the ground, he walked with me in his arms towards the passenger door. When he came to a stop he didn't put me down immediately but gave me a baby kiss first on my lips and side of my neck then placed me on the ground. I opened the car door blushing, the way he made me feel was incredible, it was all from the way he made me smile to how he made sure I was smiling the whole time.

After driving off from where we had stopped for almost fifteen minutes, we went to town, it wasn't what I had expected to be honest, it wasn't really a big town compared to the towns

I've been to. The first thing we did was to stop at a mall and purchase a couple of things at Checkers then we rushed off to the nearest chisa nyama we could find to braai some meat, that obviously took a while and had us leaving that place at around past 6 in the evening. As we drove to his aunt's place, Zee was the only one who was excited and making conversation with her brother who kept on staring at me, taking in how nervous I was. He placed his hand on my thigh and squeezed it, faking a smile so I too returned a fake one. From where his aunt lived, it wasn't far from town, it was approximately a ten minute drive when the road was traffic free. We came to a stop in front of a yard with those long stop-nonsense walls, and a gate which only showed way through the garage door, Zizipho jumped off to open the gate and we drove in. It was right before we got out off the car when a lady who looked not older than Mihle but not so young either walked

out of the door in a dark green skirt and a green shirt which was scorched, and sleepers. It was evident that she worked at Nedbank.

The first thing she did was to walk to Mihle's door and wait for him to open it, then she literally jumped on him, her skirt rising from her thighs and butt, he groaned, catching her however...

"Uzile nalanto (Did you bring that thing?)"

Mihle: "Ye ntwana uyaziqonda uyasinda mos? (Dude you do know you heavy right?)"

She got off him then looked at him in a manner is asking the question again but only using a facial expression

Mihle: "Ya ndiyiphethe ntwana (yes I brought it dude)"

She passed her eyes on me then at Zizipho who was pressing her phone not far from the gate, then she spoke

"Thixo wam lilapha eligeza. Ntwana ufunani lomntana apha? (My Lord, this crazy one is here. Mihle what's this kid doing here?)"

Zizipho: "Ndihlala eKapa girl (I stay in Cape Town girl)"

"Hayi khame ndibulise abantu endingabaziyo. (No wait, let me go greet the people I don't know)"

She walked over to Nkululeko, greeted and introduced herself then came over to me, did the

same before she walked over to Zizipho and hugged her, kissing her all over her face...

"So Uthi wenzani eKapa? (So you said what you doing at Cape Town?)"

They walked towards the house empty-handed, causing Mihle to yell at them to come back and help us carry the things which were in the car, that being my bags, ezika Zizipho, nezanto

sasizithenge eCheckers. The house was a normal sized house, three bedroom, one bathroom, one toilet, kitchen and lounge. The lounge space was divided into two, for the sitting room and the dining room, it was normal furnished and clean...

Mihle: "Uphi umama? (Where's mom?)"

Sisi Phumla: "Is that all you care about nah? Hayi sundidika Mihle, awutsho noba ntwana unjani, kunjani emsebenzini? (No don't bore me Mihle, you don't even ask dude how are you, how's work ?)"

I couldn't help but laugh at that and I wasn't the only one who found it funny

Mihle: "Awunamzi kaloku wena ntwana, kukwa dabs Apha (you don't have a place dude, this is aunt's place) so I need to know where the lady of the house at."

Sisi Phumla: "Out. I think kwi meeting yecawe (I

think to a church meeting)"

Mihle: "Ubuya nini? (When does she come back?)"

Sisi Phumla: "Inoba phaya ngo 8 (maybe around 8)"

Mihle: "Niyiphekile ipapa? (Did you cook the pap?)"

Sisi Phumla: "Ewe and uyamazi umamakho, wathi mandenze nesalads (yes and yo know your mother, she even said I must make salads)"

She said that getting up from where she was sitting, she walked towards the kitchen but stopped when she got to the entrance

"Zee nawe Phindi khanize girls nizondincedisa (Zee and you Phindi please come help me girls)"

I got up first and had Zizipho follow after me,

we went to the kitchen with her and helped her with warming the foods and dishing up, through it all she was questioning me about my relationship with Mihle and mostly she was concerned about my age and if I knew what I was getting myself in. Even though the questions sort of made me feel uncomfortable I knew I had to answer her, I was in a way obliged to it because I was under her mother's roof to save my life, so I went with flow. She was a cool person regardless so I didn't mind even though I knew at some point her and Dabawo would discuss my relationship with Mihle. Getting the food ready took us forever because Zizipho and sisi Phumla were also using their hands to talk, in between their conversations I learned that they actually have almost a year without seeing each other, so I understood their excitement. I was standing at the sink rinsing the spoons and glasses when the kitchen door opened and a woman who looked to be in her late 40s walked

in wearing a church uniform, carrying a handbag with a Bible and car keys, she looked surprised as she closed the door...

"Yini sgadagada sika mamakhe, ulapha nawe? (Wow, her mother's sgadagada, you're here too?)"

Zizipho: "Hayi Dabs ndandithe andilifuni eligama (No dabs, I said I don't want that name)"

She laughed opening her arms for Zizipho, they hugged and shared a baby kiss, she turned and looked at me

Dabawo: "Molo nawe mntanam (Hello to you too my child)"

I extended my hand to give her a hand shake but she pulled me in a hug and kissed me as well

Dabawo: "Wase wandigezela apha, ufuna undibulisa ukwe Ndoda (You being silly here,

wanting to greet me like a man)"

I giggled, she was smiling too before she asked me

"Unjani kodwa sisi? (How are you though?)"

Me: "Ndiyaphila Dabs akhonto unjani wena? (I'm good dabs, how are you?)"

Dabawo: "Ndiyaphila nam mntanam. Uphi unyana wam? (I'm good too my child. Where's my son?)"

Zizipho: "Tshini uyaphapha Phindi, nawe ngoku sele ujoine ku dabs? (You're forward Phindi, you also joined this dabs thing?)"

Dabawo: "Joina mntanam, uyeke usgadagada lona (join my child and leave sgadagada)"

Zizipho laughed while stomping her feet, I understood her reaction, it was a horrible nickname. I looked at this woman as she was walking to the door which led to the lounge, I

smiled, I think I loved her already.

Zizipho helped me with giving the plates to the people, we then joined them in the lounge and ate all together after saying the grace of course. During the meal Dabs questioned me about my school life and everything including my age, her reaction was a little different from her daughters. She then spoke to Mihle about normal things and about the ceremonies which were planned back home, while they had that conversation the rest of us were watching the television. When we were done eating, Zizipho and I went to wash the dishes and clean up the kitchen, sisi Phumla was in the kitchen with us but later received a call which was asking for her outside so she left us to finish up everything. UDabawo had asked to have a chat with the boys alone and I was pretty sure it must have been about me and the trouble Mihle was in. We finished off the dishes an hour before they were

done talking so for the meantime we sat at the table in the kitchen and waited. It was after an hour and a couple of minutes when Nkululeko opened the door and walked in, holding an empty glass which had his cold drink earlier on , Zizipho took it to rinse it. It wasn't long until my man and his aunt walked in, laughing, their relationship made me wonder how his relationship with his mother went, it made me long for the one I shared with my mother, it was this beautiful. He extended his hand at me, I watched him smiling at his aunt while waiting for me to place my hand in his but I wasn't, not around his elders...

"Phindi?"

He had his brows raised at me, I absentmindedly raised mine

Me: "Mhuh?"

Dabawo: "Hayi mbambhe sisi sukoyika. Niqhele

ubambhaka kakade (No hold him dear don't be scared. You're used to holding each other)"

Embarrassed is an understatement, what I felt after what this woman said is indescribable. I stayed put on my seat and only remained smiling from embarrassment, he walked over to where I was seated and leaned on the back of the chair, he whispered in my ear

"We leaving."

My spirit dropped instantly. I turned and looked at him, he narrowed his eyes at me before holding my hand and pulling me up, I obliged

Mihle: "Siyebuya (we'll be back)"

He walked me pass the lounge and into one of the bedrooms, closed the door and turned to look at me, he stared for a long while before he took a few steps towards me and held both my hands in his, he addressed me

Mihle: "Phindi"

Me: "Fhaku."

Mihle: "Whatever you do apha babe, don't risk being outside the yard. Anditsho uba uyalandelwa but I'm dealing with criminals apha so you might never know."

I nodded, he cupped my face and looked me straight in the eyes

"Uhlale endlini. (Stay indoors)"

Me: "I will."

He placed a long kiss on my lips before he picked me up in a tight hug and kept me there long enough to find myself softening up. He placed me on the floor before he opened the door and we walked out, hand in hand. I didn't want to let him go, this week was going to be long but I knew it was for my own good.

We walked them outside and this time around Nkululeko was driving so I stood outside the passenger's door, talking to him, he didn't

remove his eyes from me and from the way he held my hand tight it was as though he was saying goodbye for good, or as though he was anxious about something

Mihle: "Don't leave the yard Mambhele."

Me: "I love you"

Mihle: "Promise me you won't leave the yard."

I giggled due to the irritation that was clear in his face on how I was expressing my love for him when he was instructing me

"I promise."

He kissed my hand before he whispered in a husky voice

"You own my heart too Mambhele."

When the Wrangler reversed, he rolled up the window but I could still feel his eyes on me even through those tinted windows. I sighed,

watching the car join the tar road and drive off,
this was going to be a long ass week!

142nd Entry

Mihle

On our way back a all I could think about was this week without Aphindiwe, my worry wasn't being without her, my worry was being away from her during this time. I honestly wasn't relaxed about any of this but since I knew how Bafana operated, I was clearly aware that he wouldn't budge in at Dabawo's place looking for her that wasn't his style but I knew however that if she did step out the yard then she could be in great danger. I sighed causing Nkululeko to look at me, I frustrated jokes aside...

"Kharelaxer Bhuda, ugrand mos uPhindi neOu'lady (Relax Bhuda, Phindi is safe mos with

your aunt)"

Me: "Yanditye lekaka ka General ntwana (This shit is getting to me) the bastard has rats everywhere."

Nkululeko: "But akayenze iyard attack (but he doesn't do yard attacks)."

Me: "My worry is how serious Phindi thought I was umxelela kwam uba ahlale ngendlu (when I told her to stay indoors)"

Nkululeko: "If you think akakuvanga, call her everyday, make sure she's indoors oko."

I sighed, rubbing my face with my right hand, this was stressful. I picked up my phone and dialed her number, I needed to know she understood me very well because in honesty my nerves were telling me something else and I didn't like the feeling of uncertainty I was getting. She picked up after a few rings...

"Fhaku."

Me: "Babe"

Aphindiwe: "Yintoni ngoku?(What's wrong now?)
Why do you still sound so down?"

Me: "That's because I am. Nhanha?"

She sighed before shifting on the other side of
the line

Aphindiwe: "Yes?"

Me: "I'm worried"

Aphindiwe: "Is there something you're not
telling?"

Me: "Hayi"

"Qha? (But?)"

I chuckled before sighing, I could picture the
attitude she was displaying while saying that

Me: "Qha I wish you were by my side so I would
be hundred percent sure that you're safe."

Aphindiwe: "You worry a lot. Ndizobaright (I'll be

fine)"

Me: "For the whole week?"

Aphindiwe: "Yes, for the whole week."

Me: "You promise to be a good girl?"

She giggled before saying a soft yes. I kept quiet for a while, taking in her soft tone, it was soothing

"Andizazi ndingayintoni uba ungenzakala Aphindiwe (I don't know what I'd be if you'd get hurt Aphindiwe)"

Aphindiwe: "I won't."

She said that in a much lower tone, I sighed loudly this time causing Nkululeko to turn and look at me before he averted his eyes back to the road ahead of us.

Me: "Lala ke Bhelekazi (sleep then Bhelekazi)"

Aphindiwe: "Goodnight my king"

I chuckled before ending the call and turned up the volume of the radio, maybe I was panicking so I needed to relax a bit. Nkululeko and I held a conversation about my relationship with Aphindiwe, they were still astound by my actions towards towards her because they didn't think I would be this quick with her nor treat her like I was doing in such a short period of time. It shocked me too at times because I had never expected myself to fall for her, it was just sex after all and I remember letting the thought of having sex with her pass by like I did with other ladies I had meaningless sex with but when I saw her at Andrew's party again, I knew I had to know her a little deeper that time around. My idea was to make her my sex partner, if that's what you call it, someone who was going to be available whenever I needed a round or two but it seemed the more I got to know her, the more she fitted in the girlfriend category instead.

I laughed when Nkulie mentioned that her ass was the reason I went all crazy over her...

Me: "Kudala ndazitya impundu ezinkulu njena ntwana (It's been long since I had ass my boy), so it wouldn't be that."

Nkululeko: "Uk'chaza nyani (She interests you)"

Me: "Blind mpinch yam. Uyandenzela lamntana (A lot my niggur. That child does it for me)"

Nkululeko: "And honestly bra, une impact epositive kuwe uPhindi, ndicinga yiyo lonto simcacele sonke (And honestly bra, Phindi's got a positive impact on you, I think that's why we all like her)"

I chuckled, shaking my head. I honestly didn't believe in that nonsense, the only person who had an impact on myself was me, whether it was good or bad. That is why I believed I was the person who could change who I was and not by the help of some female

Nkululeko: "(chuckles) Uzoyphika nalena Miles, ndiyakwazi (You'll disagree on this one too Miles, I know you)"

Me: "(laughs) Masiyiyeke indlule (let's let it pass)"

He laughed, looking at me. Well I knew and understood that ubu stubborn bam babundenzainja (my stubbornness made me an ass) at times but many times when I was in the deepest of shit, it helped me through.

On our way back the journey seemed a little shorter, so it seemed like we arrived quicker than we drove there but that wasn't true, we still spent that four hours on the road, Nkululeko tried by making it three hours, 34 minutes. When we arrived in Cape Town, I dropped him off first then went to my place. My arrangement with Bulelani was that he'd get his car tomorrow.

Before heading to bed I did the one thing which would help me get a peaceful night's rest, I took a long luke warm shower before calling Aphindiwe and silently wishing everything goes according to plan.

I extended my arm and switched off the bedside lamp, right before I closed my eyes, I looked at the vacant space next to me which was always occupied by that lady I seemed to be missing already. I chuckled, the way I felt about her was ridiculous, I hated showing it but for her sake, I ended up doing it anyway.

Aphindiwe

I woke up the following day with a headache and that was due to not having enough sleep. You know the feeling you get of being able to sleep at another place so all you do is toss and

turn all night, yes, that was me. The irritation that grew inside me when I saw Zizipho enjoying her sleep peacefully and I had my phone in my hands, out of data because I was on instagram God knows for how long, so all I had left was to play Candy crush until I finally became drowsy at something to three. Now it was past eight and I was up, the only reason for that was not wanting to be the last one to get up here, first impression was very important, especially for your in-laws.

Thay Friday stretched out so badly for me because we were indoors doing nothing but watching television, my heart wasn't there with me but at the aircraft show that was happening and it hurt because Zizipho kept on complaining now about how she was missing it because of me and her brother. I didn't purchase today intentionally that day, I avoided my girls sending me pictures and everything, they didn't even

know I wasn't coming anymore. Mihle had asked me to not mention to anybody about my week away, other things weren't supposed to be told because the general guy who was after me had ears everywhere. Those were his exact words. I recall getting to know the aunt and her daughter a little because they weren't hard people to make conversation with, especially the aunt, I loved how she blended in our conversation and freely advised us about relationships. She spoke to me the most, telling me she didn't know what type of a person Mihle would be tomorrow but I should know when you give yourself to a man like I've given myself to Mihle, it means I'm accepting every little baggage he has with him. For a moment she shocked me there because she was talking like I had already vowed to him but when she later explained that Mihle was old enough right now so he couldn't be wasting his time building relationships which would only come to an end

after four years, I viewed it from the very same picture she was drawing. As a parent I understood where she came from but such advices and words were still a little too big for me to take in, Mihle and I had just met, and yes I loved him but was staying with such a man what I wanted my whole life?

I didn't want to fall out of love, never saw myself losing interest in him but if this how we were going to live if I took a decision to stay with him then I wouldn't tolerate that. He would have to choose, it would either be me or this kind of life but I wasn't going to stay on the run my whole just because I wanted to keep a man I loved by my side.

I remember sisi Phumla trying to bring some fun into our weekend by taking us to the mall for breakfast and to help her do some shopping, that was how our Saturday went by until we got back home and stared at the television again.

Sunday, Zizipho and I were left all alone because Dabawo and her daughter had gone to church, we were bored throughout the whole day, taking naps in between until she insisted we cook. That was better than just sitting and lazing around, so I helped her in the kitchen and took a lot of interest in how she was preparing certain pots. We were half way through with the dessert and almost done with the cooking when the car parked outside, lomama walapha was loud, you could hear her laugh all the way from outside. When they stepped inside, like any older person she asked for coffee which I prepared right after asking Sisi Phumla if she wanted a cup, she drank Milo so I made a cup of coffee and one of Milo.

Monday and Tuesday came by really slow and passed by really slow, Dabawo was a pensioner but had some business she was running so she was barely home then her daughter was a teller

at Nedbank so we were all by ourselves the whole time. We couldn't even go out because every time Zizipho insisted I would remind her that her brother strictly said no going out the yard.

Wednesday we woke up very late because we had slept in the morning watching Geordie Shore, so the day on Tuesday seemed a little shorter. Dabawo was around that day, baking in the kitchen, well she told us it was what she did every time she had some time off just so she can have freshly made biscuits and muffins every time she drinks coffee. I was with her in the kitchen, helping her do the biscuit mix and chatting our way through, well I was questioning her and because she was the king of parent she is, she answered sana. She was moisturising the pan with rama and I was stirring the mix in the bowl when Zizipho walked in, clean...

"Dabawo how far is ivekile apha(the shop here?)"

Dabawo: "Right around the corner mntanam, ikhona ishop ephaya (there's a shop there)"

Zizipho: "Khandikhaphe (accompany me)"

Me: "Zee hayi"

Zizipho: "Just come toro yintoni nah?! (Just come please, what is it?!)"

Me: "Uyayaz...(you know...)"

Zizipho: "Blah blah blah, going out phaya won't hurt anybody."

I looked at her, she was stomping her feet, mumbling some words I couldn't hear. Dabawo was staring at her like she had lost her mind and I on the other hand was giving in, rinsing my hands so I can go with her. We stepped out off the gate and down the street, this street didn't look shady at all instead it looked normal, with

cars passing every now and then, a couple of elders in their yards and on the streets, this meant that the young ones were at school because right after four o'clock the noise that occurred in the streets was too much. We found the shop which was down the road and bought a couple of snack, Doritos and Eet-sum-Mor biscuits along with her airtime. We were in our way back when a red GTI drove slowly besides us and some cool kids stuck out their heads from the windows, one lowering the music

"Ladies!"

There was a coloured among them and they looked worth talking to but for some reason I wasn't interested so Zizipho did the greeting. The driver of the car stopped it on the pavement and stepped out, followed by the one who was on the passenger seat. They came to us and held a very boring conversation, asking why they haven't seen us her because

apparently one of them stays in that street, Zizipho explained that we were visiting from Port Elizabeth, the second kept on looking at me like someone who had seen me before. I looked at me with eyebrows raised he smiled before saying

"I know you from somewhere."

Me: "From?"

Guy: "Andiyazi (I don't know) but I've seen you."

Driver: "Hayi man achosi, sukothusa lomntana (No man friend, don't scare this child)"

Guy: "No bra, ndiyamazi nyani. (No dude, I know her for real)"

He clicked his fingers, we all had our eyes on him, after a while he stopped and smiled

"On facebook, your name is something like Phindile, Phindi, Phi something."

Me: "Aphindiwe Phindi the Goddess."

He clicked his fingers for the last time before grinning widely

Guy: "Told you I've seen you somewhere. I know you (pause) and you don't look any different from your pictures"

Me: "Yeah I wasn't suppose to right?"

Driver: "Khayeke uncuma ntwana, it isn't like she your girl now! (laughs) Ladies we'll talk man, sizonibona mos"

Zizipho: "For sure."

The driver nodded before he backed away looking at Zizipho then at me

Driver: "Bye ke Goddess"

Me: "(giggles) Bye."

They got in the car and drove off after saying a couple of goodbyes. Zizipho seemed somehow interested in them, more especially towards the driver but she made an excuse to me that they

were kids, not the kind of people she dated because she wasn't about dating her age group. I shrugged my shoulders, I feel there was something she was telling me because even when the guy greeted on whatsapp, she seemed a little more excited than I thought she would be. We arrived back into the yard and house unharmed, I continued helping uDabawo with Zizipho joining in kwincoko wethu (in our conversation). She kept on making comments about how she'll know I'm hard headed if I leave here at the end of the week without having learned something, well I too would know I wasn't determined to know anything if I'd leave here on Saturday or Sunday without knowing how to cook a pot or two. The rest of the day we spent watching TV or with her updating me about what those guys we had met earlier on were saying. One of them was Thando and I presumed that must have been the one whom she was chatting to.

In bed she mentioned something about going out for drinks with these dudes, I ignored it by brushing it off and telling her I wanted to sleep but that wasn't the end of it because Thursday morning she woke me up with the same news. At this time I was fixing the pillows, I stopped and looked at her...

Zizipho: "Hayi ntombazana ungakhe ulinge undijonge njalo mna (No girl don't like at me that way), it's just drinks for crying out loud."

Me: "You know it's my life that's at stake here right?"

She rolled her eyes at me before throwing herself on the bed I had just fixed

Zizipho: "Gosh uyamoyika ubhuti! (Gosh you're scared of my brother!)"

Me: "Andimoyiki (I'm not scared of him), just trying to be safe."

She got up and shrugged her shoulders before

grabbing her toiletry bag

"Well you have the house to yourself then.
Ndiyakushiya mna (I'm leaving you)"

Me: "Uzobuya nini? (When will you get back?)"

Zizipho: "For your sake, uphela kobumnandi
(when the fun ends)"

Me: "Mxm"

She walked out of the room leaving my me alone to think through my decision, well I wanted to go so badly but my instincts told me not to, so I wouldn't. I was sitting in the lounge, at something around to twelve when she finished everything and told me she'd see me ubuya kwakhe (when she returns)

Me: "Did you inform uDabs?"

"Yes I did (blows a kiss) I'll drink for the two of us okay?"

Me: "Khawuhambe (just go)"

She left, laughing at she closed the door. After a few seconds I heard the sound of a roaring engine drive off, how many exhausts did that car have because from the sound it made, it was definitely not one. I sighed trying to get comfortable with having the house to myself but ended up removing my ass from that couch towards the bathroom to go take a bath. I had locked the doors while bathing and took my time, listening to my music, I missed my friends, my man and Cape Town itself, I could feel within that I wasn't really happy no matter how comfortable Dabawo and her daughter tried to make me feel. I felt ungrateful because they were really trying.

I dressed in my loose cotton navy shirts and a nipple free vest since I was going to be in doors until the day turned into night. After a couple of episodes on Suits I got up and decided to take a breather outside, these walls made my situation

worse so I walked out and over to the gate and leaned against it, looking at this street from my left to my right. On my right there was a black AMG Mercedes Benz which seemed brand new because it had no number plate, I stared hard at it because Mercedes Benz was my favorite car, amongst all cars. I averted my eyes away from it only when I heard a female voice scream which was followed by laughter, it was two ladies who came out laughing from one of the houses, they stepped into the polo that was parked outside that yard and drove off. I was about to step away from the gate when I saw the Mercedes Benz park right opposite the street, I backed away from the gate but didn't move away completely, I don't know what kept me rooted at that spot but I remember not moving. A casual dressed young male stepped out and looked at me before looking back into the car and nodding, he closed the door and walked right up to me, he stopped before the

gate causing me to take a step back. What freaked me out was how he didn't utter a word but stood and stared hard at me, he wasn't South Africa ontop of that

"Can I help you?"

Man: "If you'd stay rooted I wouldn't have to shoot."

Me: "Huh?"

He moved his hand to the back of his waist and kept it there, I became cold instantly unsure if he really had a gun with him. I heard a car door close but didn't remove my eyes from where this man's hand was positioned, I wasn't about to lose it as yet, firstly I wanted to see what weapon he really had. Another man stood besides him but I didn't dare look up at him until he cleared his throat and softly said my name "Aphindiwe."

I slowly removed my eyes from the African

looking man to the guy who was standing next to him and right there I felt my knees give in. He was smirking before he took in my body and licked his lips, without thinking I took about four to five steps backwards but stopped when he pulled out his gun

"Take one more step Phindi, and I'll blow your head off."

As small as my eyes are, I believe they were as big as roll on balls right now

"You should know by now that uMihle isn't as strategic as he seems. Uyayazi (he knows), with me, when it rains it pours (long pause) sondela (come close)."

Me: "Ndiyakucela bhuti please don't."

I was pleading in a shaky, cracky, scared voice. I was shaking like crazy from fear, and at the urge of crying

"Sondela dammit! You don't want me killing

everybody ulapha because that's exactly what will happen uba kungafika omnye umntu ndiselapha (if another person would arrive whilst I'm still here) now be a good girl and come here before anybody sees us Aphindiwe."

I stayed rooted and allowed the tears I been holding in to fall down my cheeks, he closed his eyes from frustration and sighed loudly

"Ndizokubulala Aphindiwe (I'll kill you Aphindiwe). I won't ask you again."

I moved, I actually moved towards them and watched how his face turned from monster to a wide smile, with the hand which had a brown leather glove he opened the gate and watched me take steps towards him, he took me in his disgusting arms and placed a kiss close to my ear he then whispered

"I'll give it to you better than he did coconut."

My whole body was cold, my blood turned into ice and I became numb instantly. This wasn't the type of punishment I thought I'd receive for taking what wasn't rightfully mine.

143rd Entry

Aphindiwe

On our way to God knows where I couldn't stop crying; it wasn't the kind of cry which had sound but the one which allowed the tears to flow and had sniffs only. All that lingered across my mind as we drove was my death, in this way it felt like it was being handed to me on a silver platter, and there was nothing I could do about it. The General guy was sitting next to me at the back, he kept on looking at me everytime I sniffed and dried my eyes with the back of my

hands, no remorse was showing on his face instead he'd look at me then carry on pressing his iPhone. The car was locked and had tinted windows, I was informed that even if I attempted on opening my door to jump out I'd fail because my door had a child lock. His eyes would go from my face to my thighs then back to his phone. I felt like I was going to vomit from fear, my stomach was turning and every time I tried ignoring the nausea I was feeling, I failed. When I had the first hiccup he looked at me with a straight face but reacted when I had the second...

"Steve pass me the bottle of water."

The African man fidgeted before handing him a cold bottle of still water, he looked at me with a raised brow before slowly handing it to me. His eyes were on me the whole time I was downing the water in huge gulps, he still kept his eyes on me even after I had removed the bottle from my

lips, his eyes moved from my eyes to my lips and they stayed there. I shifted back on the seat even though my back was already on the door, he chuckled lowly and licked his lips before he spoke

"Ndiyayibona kutheni uMiles ekufuna kuye yedwa. Uyarhalisa. (I see why Miles wants you all to himself. You trigger cravings.)"

I choked on his words and flinched when he extended his hand to touch my thigh, he stopped and looked at me before locking his phone and moving closer. I moved backwards hurting my back on the door but that wasn't my worry now, my biggest worry was the man who had just closed the space between us, placing his forehead on mine. I turned my head and looked the other way, tears filling my eyes, he placed his hand on my thigh causing me to fight back by removing it but I stopped fighting and breathing when he held me tightly at the back of

my neck with one hand and the other touched my private part from outside my shorts

"Andizosokoliswa nguwe okay? (I won't be given a hard time by you okay?) You play by the rules and I won't hurt you, uyandisokolisa (you give me a hard time) and I'll have to kill you. Understood?"

I didn't nod or make a sound but instead closed my eyes tightly when he dug deeper in my thighs which I were pressing tightly together

Me: "Please don't"

I managed to plead in a scared tone, he stopped and removed his hand from where he was touching me, to my chin

"And stop begging. It irritates me."

The driving was beginning to irritate me because it added on the nerves I was having already, I wanted to know where we were heading to and how long it was going to take us

there but I couldn't ask because asking would be asking for my own death. I never kept track of time but we finally came to a stop after a long time, in front of us was a huge gate and high walls. By looking at these walls I lost all hope I had, nobody would ever find me behind these, I would probably have this guy rape and kill me right here. The car drove in and what was behind these walls shocked me, it was a normal sized house with a spacious lawn. There was a black Ranger Rover on the drive way and I presumed he must be the owner of that too, when the African man turned off the engine he turned and looked at me before opening his door and stepping out. He closed it and walked over to my side and dragged me out, I freed my arm from his hold once I was stepped out of the car causing him to look at me with a raised eyebrow, he chuckled before walking towards the house

"Steve you'll use the Benz for now. Leave me alone with this lady."

I looked at this Steve guy, wishing I could beg him and have him stay but that would be useless anyway so I watched him turn and walk towards the car, General was standing steps away with his hands in his pocket, looking at me with the most irritated facial expression I've ever seen

"Ufuna ndide ndithi yiza? (You want me to tell you to come?)"

I started moving towards him in slow steps, he kept his eyes on me this whole time, making me feel uncomfortable because the only person who often did what he was doing is Mihle. I was about one step away from him when he grabbed me by my arm and dragged me towards the door, I hissed in pain trying to my arm but the more I struggled the more he tightened his grip so I stopped. He let go of me

as he was about to open the burglar, he looked at me with his eyebrows furrowed, I stopped rubbing that certain part and looked at him, maybe this irritated him too. He opened the burglar and door, I stepped inside this time around before he could drag me in, first thing I did was to take in the lounge in front of me. I can barely recall what it looked like because I was still caught up in fear and shock even at that moment. I was still standing at that same spot, about to blink away the tears which filled my eyes when I felt hands touch the waistband of my shorts, I stopped breathing and started praying silently, praying he wasn't going to do what I knew he would. He closed the gap between us and I felt my ass touch his front, I took a step forward and he actually let go of me. I was a little taken back with how easily he let go so I decided to turn to see what he was doing since he's been quiet kodwa uva kwam isibham sakhe esikhokha I froze halfway

through with turning. He chuckled, I presumed he was looking at me

"Sukoyika. Jika. (Don't be scared. Turn)"

Silently taking in a deep breathe, I turned around and looked at him, he was staring at my waist area, my ass but shifted his eyes to my thighs when I turned completely

"Inoba umnandi hey (you must be delicious hey)."

I took a step back and watched how quick his eyes snapped from my thighs to my face, he was irritated. I don't get how he expected me to stand on one ground and not run away when he was reminding every now and then about how he'd rape me. He walked over to me, I took two steps back but stopped when he grabbed my arm forcefully and pulled me into his chest, twisting my arm on my back, I hissed standing on my tippy toes...

"With the way you doing things I'll have to kill you way sooner than I planned. Hasn't your man informed you about how impatient I am?"

He was whispering these to me, I didn't respond so he raised his voice a little louder and questioned

"Hasn't he?"

I shook my head, filling tears fill my eyes, especially when he placed the silent gun on my head and pressed hard on it

"Azange ndoyika udhubula umntu (I've never been scared shooting someone) especially if lomntu (that someone) belongs to Miles, so don't step on my wrong toe coconut."

I stood still, if I recall well that time I had even stopped breathing, waiting on him to either pull the trigger or remove the gun from my head. He eventually pulled the gun slowly and tilted my head using his other free hand, he placed a wet

kiss on my lips, bringing me to the edge of puking but I tried not to. He placed his gun ontop of the glass table which had chairs and pulled me to follow him, I obliged, following him down the passage and I knew we were heading to the bedroom. Behind the door was a queen sized bed, a chair and a table only, the wood smell indicated that this house wasn't used on a daily basis. He took off his jacket and shirt, revealing the white vest which he had underneath and stood where he was and looked at me, I was scared to death, unable to utter not a single word. He walked towards me and brushed my arm, he smiled before he disgustingly grabbed my ass and added with that

"Khulula, ndiyebuya. (Get undressed, I'll be back.)"

He walked out, leaving me alone in the bedroom. First thing I did was to check the windows, there

was no way I'd make it out these burglaried windows nor through these walls, so I did the second thing which came through my mind, I locked the door and waited on him to kick it down because that's what I anticipated he'd do. It wasn't long until the door handle turned and the door pushed but failed to open, he pushed it more harder but that attempt failed too. Before swearing under his breathe he called out my name and instructed me to open the door which I didn't but stood in the middle of the room crying, looking for places where I can hide. At the back of my mind I knew he must have another gun here but I wouldn't know where because kwakungekho kwanto enedrawsers apha (there was nothing with drawers here), I opened the wardrobe but was disappointed to see that it was empty. I was still pacing up and down the room, scared to death when a bullet went through the door, breaking the door and dislocating the door handle, he pushed the door

handle and walked up straight to me. I took a single step back before the back of his gun make contact with the side of my face, I fell on the floor with my head shaken a little and my vision unclear. He held a fist on my weave and pulled me up, I stood up as quick as lightening, in my situation you would have too, he swung his hand and the back of his hand made contact with my cheek, throwing me on the bed.

"Voetsek! You fucken spoilt brat!"

I was trying to sit up on the bed but the side of my face where he had hit me with the gun was aching so I placed my hand there and almost found my jaw on the floor from shock. I could feel from touching it that it was bad, it was swollen and they meant the whole side of my face was in a bad condition. There was no time to look for mirrors right now, my biggest concern was my death which was knowing on my door with every second I breathed under this

roof. He walked in holding ropes and a brown paper bag, he was really angry because he wouldn't stop muttering

"Ndithi kuwe khulula into oyenzayo you're acting like a bitch. Ufuna uMiles afikele emortuary? (I say to you undress all you do is acting like a bitch. You want Miles to arrive at the mortuary?)"

I didn't answer him, he carried on talking before he held me by my ankle and pulled closer to him, I tried kicking him but realized it was a bad idea when he took me by the neck and pressed me hard against the mattress, at first I thought he'd let go because I wouldn't stop kicking him but when my eyes filled with tears and I felt my chest close I knew I was dying. I tried grabbing hold of his arm but he tightened his grip instead, to an extent that I felt the air leave my body. He finally took his hand away and I fell into endless coughs until my throat hurt, instead of him

bringing me a glass of water, the bastard found a seat on the chair and searched in the brown bag he had placed on the table. He took out a packet of white powder and opened it, wide-eyed I starred at the amount of cocaine he had just poured on the table. He rolled a R100 note which was on the table and sniffed before snapping his head up and cocking a brow at me "Get undressed, I should use you kuqala before ndikubulale (first before I kill you). Uzokwenza isidhumbu esihle (you'll make a pretty corpse), don't you think coconut?"

I sat on the bed and looked between him and the gun which was on his table next to his powder, there was no way I could reach out for it, if it did he'd definitely kill me.

"I said get undressed."

Me: "Could you pleas..."

I didn't finish pleading because he grabbed his

gun and shot twice next to my right leg, I moved towards the pillows, shaking and crying because he now had the gun pointed at me, he was standing by now, looking at me with so much exasperation and between narrowed eyes. I didn't talk but took off my top and revealing my boobs, I felt like I wasn't myself anymore when I removed my shorts and panties. I looked up at him and found him staring, with his bottom lips between his teeth, he chuckled before placing the gun on the table and taking the ropes. I was a little confused with what he'd use these for until he took my leg roughly, tied it and tied the other end on the leg of the bed

Me: "You don't have to do this. Jonga I promise to behave, ndiyakucela toro please."

I was pleading with a shaky and cracky voice but he didn't respond, subsequently he took my other leg and tied it on the other side of the bed. I shook my head, crying with hiccups because

at that moment I felt so disrespected, so cheap, to have my womanhood spread open for a man I barely even knew. He did the exact same thing to my hands and left me spreading on the bed, he returned to the table and finished off what he was doing before he came and stood at the bottom of the bed, I didn't even want to look at him so I closed my eyes and cried myself to numbness. I held my breathe when I felt a finger penetrate through my baby, my attempt on kicking failed but I didn't stop though, hoping I'd somehow find myself free from these ropes. My mind raced back home, to my dad, how I would've been safe if I had listened to him, if I hadn't acted so foolish and fall for man I never knew. My father's words. His words were all that echoed in my head and while I was at it, he pushed himself in me. I remember the feeling like it was yesterday, I never felt anything like that before, if you think having your heart broken is unbearable, if you think being cheated

in a marriage is unbearable then you haven't experienced anything close to sorrow.

By the time he untied my left leg I was numb, emotionally numb and mentally disturbed from his moaning and groaning. I thought he was done but felt myself die for the thousand time when he brought my left leg over my right, hurting my left wrist of course, and opened my butt cheek, he spat on his thumb and pleased it on my anus. I prepared myself for the one thing I feared the most in sex, I shook my head absentmindedly and prayed he wouldn't but when he positioned his manhood with my anus and pushed I moved, last thing on my mind was my hurting wrist, I needed to get away but he held my waist in position and pushed. I cried and begged but he showed no remorse, not that I expected it from him anyway. I recall feeling nauseous from his moans and the pain I felt every time he stroked. It was the most painful

shit ever. Ndikhumbula ndizivha uba (I remember feeling like) I was close to vomiting but I don't remember how I actually vomited because my concentration was on the pain I was feeling in my ass.

He pulled out eventually, after having come of course. I felt his eyes on me but I wouldn't dare look at him, I didn't have it in me to look at this man, not to even utter a word to him. He moved from the bed and walked over to me, where my face was positioned, he held me by the cheek and placed a wet kiss on my lips before he grinned

"You made a great meal."

He then let go of my face like it was something disgusting before he turned and buckled his belt, I felt another tear leave my eye when I saw how much he actually sweated from sexually

abusing me. He bent on the table and sniffed again before he took his iPhone and made a phone call. He spoke in this tsotsi taal which I failed to understand before he dressed up, all this time he kept on glancing at me, he was halfway through with buttoning his T-shirt when there was a knock at the door. I hoped it was someone who came to rescue me but when he left his gun I knew it must have been his friends, they were security guards at the gate anyway.

I heard voices in the lounge, it sounded like two other men had just came, they was laughter before I heard footsteps coming towards the bedroom. He entered, then another man followed behind him but stopped right after walking in, he looked at me, a little confused. General took his phone and wallet from the table and turned to look at me

"Here's a meal."

He pointed towards me using his head

"Serve yourself."

The other guy chuckled and shook his head, he walked over to me and removed my left leg from my right, he looked at my womanhood for a long time before he looked up at me, I was staring hard at him. He chuckled before he walked towards the door followed by General, they walked out laughing at whatever it was that other guy had said. I laid there for God knows how long not even attempting to untie myself, all I was waiting for was my death or my rescue, but I think I preferred death for now, I didn't know how I'd live with myself after this.

It seemed like forever, laying on this bed, crying and stopping, thinking about my father and Mihle. Right now I didn't even know how I felt towards my relationship, towards Mihle but I knew hadn't it been because of him, I wouldn't be laying here feeling like someone else. These three men were still here in the house because

their voices was all I could hear in these walls, besides my sobs.

I had stopped crying for now , feeling all sorts of pain and smelling bad from the vomit as well when General walked in holding a phone against his hear, he was smiling as he took slow steps towards me, he looked at me and shook his head before placing the phone on my ear

"Phindi."

That voice hurt me a thousand times more, I felt my chest close in and tears filling my eyes, I sniffed, moving my head away from the phone. General placed him on loudspeaker and chuckled

Mihle: "Uzukhe umbambhe nje (You dare touch her)"

General: "Imnandi intombi yakho Miles (Your girl is delicious Miles)"

I heard Mihle breath loudly on the other side of the line

Mihle: "I'll kill you Bafana. Ndizokubulala njandin! (I'll kill you, you dog!)"

General: "Zama (try)"

He then hung up before he looked at with so much pity

"Useless boyfriend."

He walked out, closing the door roughly. My mind replied Mihle's tone as he called out my name, he sounded scared, disappointed and hurt but I wouldn't know honestly until I saw him, that's only if I was going to see him anyway. I felt the tears leave my eyes on each side and touch my ears, maybe that was even the last time I was hearing his voice.

As I laid there I hadn't just lost the Aphindiwe I

was just about five hours ago, I had lost all hope, hope of being me again, of ever living, of ever seeing uDavid wam, the hope of ever seeing my family, I had lost the hope of waking up to hearing that voice which meant the world to me a day ago.

144th Entry

Mihle

I was still at the event when I saw Zizipho's five missed calls, whatever she had wanted to say must have been urgent but nothing told me it had to do with Aphindiwe and often times my gut reacted when something was terribly wrong. I was walking to my car, prepared to head back to my place after this long day, the time was a few minutes before six, when uDabawo called, happily I answered

"MaFhaku."

Dabawo: "uPhindi akekho mntanam (Phindi isn't here my child)"

I froze at that spot and pardoned her, she repeated herself causing me to furrow my eyebrows. What the fuck did she mean uAphindiwe akekho

Me: "Uyephi (where did she go?)"

"Andimazi bhuti (I don't know brother.)"

Zizipho was now on the phone. I felt myself shake from anger and fear, tightening the grip on my phone, I swallowed before repeating my question again

"Uyephi? (Where did she go?)"

Zizipho: "Bhuti andimazi (I don't know). We were left alone apha endlini (here in the house) then ndimke (I left) only to return..."

She didn't finish her sentence, I dropped my

phone and placed my hands on my head, I don't know what I was thinking but I didn't want to think of the worst, she was still alive and untouched wherever she was. I took a few steps forward and leaned on my car, my mind was racing, I felt dizzy instantly and wanted some water to calm down. If anybody hurt her, if anybody dared to touch her. I blinked a few times before searching my pockets for my car keys and picking up my cellphone, inside the car I quickly made a phone call to Bulelani and reported to him that Aphindiwe was missing and we knew who our suspect was. I was in no stage of answering questions and I liked my homies because they understood that, it wasn't long after I had ended my call with Bulelani, Nkululeko called telling me he just got informed and they were right behind me with a few other men I trusted.

I did not know what to think, my mind was all

over the place and the fear of finding her just laying there lifeless came to me as a thought, I found myself leaning on the steering wheel and breathing loudly. He couldn't do this to me, Bafana could not kill her, akanokwazi (he can't). My speed was crazy and I imagined how Bulelani must have been driving his car so they could catch up with me. My phone rang, revealing Phumla's number on my car screen, I answered

Phumla: "Mihle uphi? Ndifika endlini mna ngoku kuthwa uAphindiwe akekho. Uphi? (Mihle where are you? I arrive at home and I'm told Aphindiwe is not here. Where are you?)"

Me: "Ndisendleleni (I'm on my way)"

Phumla: "Mihle inoba umntana uthathwe ngubani? (Mihle who might have took the child?)"

Me: "Andazi but whoever it is, if they dare touch

her. Ubakhe bambambha (if they touch her)"

Phumla: "Khawuleza (hurry) but please drive safe."

I changed gears and took my phone, calling Phumla back to ask about Aphindiwe's phone, I felt tears form at the back of my eyes when she told me it was with them in the house. This could not be happening, I knew I had it all under control so how could he have found her. I knew he was capable of finding her but kanjani or did she step out of the yard when I had strictly instructed her not to. I found myself fuming with anger, honestly now I didn't know what to think, how the fuck did Aphindiwe end up in that bastard's hands?

I was still deep in my worried thoughts when my phone rang, I looked at it, if I had a choice I wouldn't be answering this phone call because I needed some time alone but I knew my boys had to know where I was at...

"Groot man."

Bulelani: "Uphi ntwana? (Where are you boy?)"

Me: "About 60Ks to George."

Bulelani: "Sina 67, so silapha emva kwakho."

I kept quiet and swallowed the lump I was gaining by second

"Ndi worried ngawe boy. Bendingarhaleli ufike kuqala phaya, alone (I'm worried about you boy. I don't wish you to arrive there first, alone)"

Me: "Ndizoqala kwa Dabs Groot man (I'll start by my aunt's groot man)"

Bulelani: "Nkulie uyakwazi mos? (Nkulie you know the place right?)"

He wasn't talking to me so I concentrated on the driving I was doing, even though it seemed impossible because in my head all I could think about were the what ifs. I don't know how I'd act if he had already touched her, if he actually

raped her. I closed my eyes for a moment and punched the steering wheel, I needed to get there. My speed was already on 190 km per hour but for some reason I felt like I wasn't moving, it seemed like the road was stretching further instead, I was frustrated and scared. Fear was a feeling I wasn't used to, I was not the type to be scared of what life was bringing me but right now I felt like if it took away this one thing I wouldn't be able to function. This wasn't because I felt like I could not live without her, no, I could but what I couldn't live with was knowing she would have still been alive if I didn't force the relationship we had, that she would have dated someone who truly deserved her and obtained her degree, most probably make the best mother in the world ever. That's what I couldn't live with. I sighed and found myself thinking of my father, as grown as I was, I felt I needed his guidance more than anything. I was 8km to George when Bulelani called again,

saying they were right behind me, what speed were they traveling at if they caught up with me while I was traveling on 190?

It took us a few minutes to make it to Dabawo's place. I needed not park the car inside the yard because we weren't here to stay anyway qha ndandifuna uxelela uDabawo uba ndandiyokhangela uAphindiwe (but I wanted to tell my aunt that I was going to look for Aphindiwe) and if I somehow didn't return, that could mean I might have died for her. We stepped into the house and my reaction when I saw Zizipho was unexpected, I wasn't planning on crying but seeing her here, knowing I had left Aphindiwe with her broke my heart. I clenched my jaws, trying to hold in the tears but failed so I looked up, trying to guide them not to fall off at least. If you thought a man couldn't cry then you were mistaken

Zizipho: "Xolo bhuti."

She said those words in a cracky voice, she was crying herself. Bulelani took me in his arms in a manly hug

"Hayi ngoku Mihle. Qina Fhaku, qina. (Not now Mihle. Be tough Fhaku, be tough)"

I tried containing myself and took the glass of water Dabawo had brought for me, I gave her an empty glass within a matter of seconds

Me: "Dabs (clears throat) sisayojonga uAphindiwe . Ikhona indawo we suspect ang..."

I was still talking when my phone rang, an unsaved number appeared on the screen, I looked at it for a while before answering. I didn't speak, I actually waited for the person on the other side of the line to talk first

"Miles, Miles, Miles."

I became cold instantly when I heard this asshole's voice, there was no other reason he was calling me, he had my girl with him. He

continued

"Yazi kudala ndacinga uba uhlakaniphile but this time around you proved me wrong (long pause) I have intombi yakho and Fuck she's feisty. (You know I've always thought you're smart but this time around you proved me wrong (long pause) I have your girl and Fuck she's feisty.)"

I clenched my jaws and tightened my fists, he wouldn't dare. I said his name through gritted teeth

Me: "Bafana"

Bafana: "Naku, thetha naye (Here she is, talk to her)"

My breathing was increasing and I was sweating, this was something I couldn't handle honestly. I waited for her to say something but when she sniffed, indicating that she was crying, I spoke

"Phindi?"

She sniffed again and he removed the phone away from her ear because he chuckled not long after that

Me: "Uzukhe umbambhe nje (You dare touch her)"

Bafana: "Imnandi intombi yakho Miles (Your girl is delicious Miles)"

I stopped breathing for a second, it felt like I was going to fall sick, like I was about to vomit my heart out

"I'll kill you Bafana. Ndizokubulala njandin! (I'll kill you, you dog!)"

Bafana: "Zama (try)"

He hung up right after saying that, I absentmindedly punched the cardboard and breathed heavily, I was losing it. Bulelani and Dabawo were asking me to calm down but how the fuck did I do that when my girl was laying under that lion's roof, waiting to be touch by

him anytime he wanted.

Me: "Ndizombulala Dabawo. Ndizombulala MaFhaku (I'll kill him Dabawo. I'll kill him MaFhaku.)"

Dabawo: "Ndiyakucela mntanam, awunokwazi uzibambisa ngoku sele wenze okuhle nge gama lakho (Please my child, you can't have yourself arrested now while you've already made a good name of yourself)"

I shook my head and leaned on the wall, I was losing all power, I felt right now Bafana had me right where he wanted me, if I had to be pussy for him right now I would be, I needed him to let her go, unharmed.

Bulelani: "Mama, masibe sihamba. Sothetha phonin uba simfumene (Mama let's go for now. We'll talk on the phone if we find her)"

I don't know what Dabawo's response was because I still had my head against the wall, I

had a headache and felt like I was about to cry, shit was too much to handle. Bafana held me by the neck and brought me close to him, he placed his forehead on mine and looked at me

"Ntwana ndijonge (Ntwana look at me)"

I looked at him and tried clearing my head from what I had just heard, he couldn't have touched her

Bulelani: "Get yourself together Ndoda"

Me: "Undenzani uBafana Bhuda (what is Bafana doing to me Bhuda?)"

Bulelani: "Qina (Be tough)"

Me: "Iyandikhohlakalisa lentwana (This boy is making me cruel)"

Nkululeko held my wrist and looked at me, he seemed really sad and touched, I understood why my boys were affected, they've never seen me in this state before.

"We need to move."

I nodded and moved away from Bulelani, I looked at Dabawo who looked really worried, she nodded too before touching my hand and kissing it. I looked at Zizipho and took her in a hug even though I was still mad at her

Zizipho: "Ubuye (you must come back)"

I placed a kiss on her forehead and promised her that I'd return. We left the house and headed to the cars, in Bulelani's car there were two other guys he had brought with him, this was for in case of emergency, in case getting Aphindiwe became harder than I predicted.

Nkululeko was driving my car on our way there while I was loading the guns and putting on my bullet proof. I still had my uniform on and that wasn't a good sign, I was never allowed to perform such illegal acts with my uniform on but right now I had no option, what had to be done had to be done. I removed my jacket and

remained with my shirt on. Bulelani's Wrangler was right in front of us, only because one of the guys he had brought with him was busy tracking the number. It took a while to have them confirm the place but it also meant more time to prepare myself .

We stopped about a block away from the yard and planned on how we'd walk in. Plan A was to walk up to the guards and bribe them, for an amount double what Bafana paid them if that didn't work, we'd have to act on plan B, kill them. Whatever was inside the yard would have Bulelani, myself and one of these guys, Luvo was his name, apparently he was brutal. We found our way to the gate and the closer we were the more anxious I became about finding out what was behind those walls, I don't know what I'd do if it was just her body I would receive.

Bulelani tried making conversation with these

two men, offering them an amount of 1.5 million each because we knew and understood taking such risk in the thug game meant huge amounts of money and that's why we wanted to deliver. It took us a while to convince one of them because his biggest concern was his family, betraying General was like signing up death applications for all your loved ones, was how one of them actually explained it to use. By the time they opened the gates for us, I had ran out of patience, as a result if it hadn't been for Bulelani, I would have killed them.

Getting into the house which had three men wasn't a child's play, so we needed to be extra cautious but I was trained for such things so it didn't worry me much. We used the second bedroom window to get in, it was aluminum and had no burglar, making it a little easier to remove and creep through. I was in first, Luvo

followed after me then Bulelani. Often times when I was involved in such activities, we would have cameras installed before we step in, so we could have one man direct and alert us about our surroundings but right

now we had our senses to us. When all three of us were armed and ready for action we made our way through. The doors were easy to open, even a child could master opening a door slowly so it doesn't make any sound. Sign language was the only communication, at that moment, those were the advantages of being a soldier. We heard them talk in the lounge and taking down two men wouldn't be a problem, Bulelani knew Bafana was my target, so they'd leave him untouched because I'd search for Aphindiwe first. While they hid and made way to the lounge, I went the opposite direction and tried finding a room where I'd get Aphindiwe. One room was open and empty, the other one was the one we

had used so that meant one room was left and if she wasn't in this one, she was either in the lounge or he had killed her. I felt cold as I held the handle of the door and tried opening it but to my surprise it was closed.

"Fuck."

I whispered to myself and looked at Luvo who was at the far end of the passage, he was concentrating on what he was doing, counting with his fingers while looking at Bulelani.

Immediately when they stepped out and fired the first shot, I fired straight towards the door handle and kicked the door opened. I walked in and stopped after taking a few steps on the wooden floor, what I saw in front of me broke me. Aphindiwe was laying on the bed, her eyes closed like someone who was waiting for a beating or to be touched. She was laying naked on this bed, tied on all four limbs. I absentmindedly took steps towards the bed, my

eyes not leaving her face, she was shaking from fear and was sobbing too. I was about a step away from the bed when she muttered my name, before I could even respond she opened her eyes.

"Phindi."

Aphindiwe: "Mihle (sobbing) Mihle"

She broke down, I untied her arms and took her in mine, she was crying, shaking and cold as Fuck. I pulled back and looked at her, her one side of the face was brushed, the bastard smashed something against her cheek bone causing her to bleed and bruise.

Me: "I'm here babe, I'm here."

She grabbed hold of my shirt and brought me closer, her crying had hiccups. I held her head and allowed her to take her time, I rocked back and forth trying to calm her down but the more I told her she was safe now, the more she

seemed to cry. I finally pulled back and untied her feet too, I waited on her to get dressed which took forever because the pace she was moving in made her look like someone who was in pain

Me: "Phindi"

She stopped pulling her shorts up and looked at me

"What did he do to you"

She carried on looking at me, she honestly didn't move, the only reaction she gave was how her eyes filled with tears instantly. She pressed her lips together and blinked the tears free, they streamed down her cheeks, I took steps towards her and right when I was about to touch her, she spoke

Aphindiwe: "Don't."

Chest pains. I felt like something was pricking my heart, painfully. I don't know what

expression I must have been showing but it must have bothered her because she cleared her throat

?Thanks for coming to my rescue."

Me: "Why won't you let me touch you?"

She ignored me and carried on fixing her shorts, I took note how she actually lifted them up slowly and pulled faces during the process. I was so eager to ask but this wasn't the place and from the way she was acting now, we'd probably end up fighting. We stepped out of that filthy bedroom in silence and right when we walked into the lounge she stared hard at Bafana who was seated on a chair, looking at Bulelani who was gun pointing him. I walked over to where he was seated and looked at him between narrowed eyes, he grinned before looking at Aphindiwe and licked his lips. He took his time to look at me, still smiling sheepishly

"Siyalwa isfebe sakho (pause) and siyakhala (Your bitch fights and she moans.)"

I clenched my jaws, I was disgusted and beyond angry. I pointed my gun at him, he chuckled before bringing his hand to his chin and continued speaking

Bafana: "Umqundu wakhe is worth killing for. Ndikuvulele kwedini (Her anus is worth killing for. I opened it for you boy.)"

Right before he even finished that sentence I began shaking, just because I had grown soft he forgot how much of a fuckery I could be. I used my left and pulled out the knife I had on my waist, I pushed it through the flesh of his wrist, attaching it to the chair

"Fuuuuuuck!"

He closed his eyes, pulling faces, trying to take in the pain like a man, he was close to handling it when I dragged the knife from his wrist

upwards, he tried fighting by kicking but I didn't stop. When I finally did he was sweating and close to crying if I was looking at him correctly

Bafana: "You son of a bitch!"

I waited for him to finally take in the pain and when he did, he chuckled ridiculously and looked at me

Bafana: "She moaned with plea..."

He didn't get to finish that sentence before I pulled out the knife from his wrist and stabbed right next to his collar bone, his mouth hung and his eyes became red within a matter of seconds. I took my gun and placed it under his chin, I kept my eyes on him before pulling the trigger because I wanted him to remember me even when laying in his casket. I stepped back and looked at him, I had forgot there were people in the room with us, I forgot Aphindiwe was standing in the same room watching me.

I turned and looked at her, she was looking at my shirt which had blood dots before she shifted her eyes to my face. She had that look, that look when she'd look at me like she didn't recognize me at all. Her eyes were teary and honestly right now I didn't give a damn whether she was happy with what I did or not. I had to, no man touched what was mine and got away with it.

145th Entry

Aphindiwe

Right now, I was in the bath tub, crying my heart out. When we arrived at George, Phumla ran a warm bath for me and told me to take all the time I needed. I asked for some privacy, I wanted to be alone and think about my life, my

relationship and the experience that had just changed my life. I brought my knees close to my chest and placed my head on them, that was right after fixing my way of sitting, I needed to make sure I wasn't hurting my ass. By closing my eyes I freed the tears I been holding back and allowed more to flow, I was hurting beyond what I could handle.

I don't know how long I been sitting in that position, crying, until there was a knock on the door, I didn't shift my eyes from the taps I been staring at for more than ten minutes now. I didn't have to ask nor guess who it was, his cologne filled the room immediately when he closed the door. He took a single step and stopped, this whole time I could feel his eyes on me, after a long while he took one more step and cleared his throat...

"We still have to drive off home Phindi."

If I wasn't as shattered as I was at that moment,

I would have pardoned the "home" term but I didn't have the energy in me. He came closer and squatted in front of the tub, even by now I still had my eyes on the taps, and this time around only because I did not want to look at him. He extended his hand to touch my leg, right when his fingers made contact with my skin I moved it away causing him to stop and look at me

Mihle: "Aphindiwe?"

I kept quiet and closed my eyes instead, blinking the tears which had filled them, he brought his thumb up to my left eye and tried drying it

Me: "Could you leave me alone?"

Mihle: "Intoni? (What?)"

Me: "I need to be alone Mihle. I need to be alone."

I eventually shifted my eyes from the taps and

looked at him, I couldn't read his facial expression because it seemed blank, he remained still but furrowed his eyebrows instead of making an attempt of standing and leaving like I had asked him to. We kept eye contact for a while before averted my eyes and stared into space, once again a couple of tears my eyes. There was silence, for a couple of seconds I couldn't hear him breath, I would have swore he had left my side if it wasn't for his cologne which indicated he was still here.

Mihle: "Ndizo..."

He cleared his throat trying to get rid of the cracky tone he spoke in. I looked at him and almost felt bad for seeing him this way, his eyes were red and teary, he had a vein visible on his forehead and from the side of his face I could see he was tightening his jaws together. He looked away immediately when I made eye contact with him and sighed, bowing his head. I

wanted to touch him, a huge part of me wanted to hold him and have him take me in those arms that felt like home but at that moment I feared not feeling the usual, I feared how at the back of my mind I knew I'd hate even being there. He stood and touched my shoulder before sniffing

"Ndizobe ndise sitting room. (I'll be at the lounge.)"

I didn't nod nor respond. I listened to his footsteps walk towards the door and leave the bathroom before I let out all the hurt I felt from this simple encounter with him and I just had. The crying process I was going through started off silent, but proceeded to having hiccups then sounds. I placed my hands over my mouth and tried controlling my sobs, I was more than hurt, the feeling I was feeling is indescribable, I was broken beyond repair if that made any sense. What emotionally destroyed me the most was

falling out of love when I felt I needed it the most, I needed to be loved, to have someone hold me and tell me I was going to heal but the person who was keen on doing that wasn't the man I was ready to have myself ripped around his arms.

I sat there for God knows how long before I managed to control myself and contain my feelings. I stepped out of the bath tub and cleaned it before I moisturized my body and wore a pair of leggings without panties, the only undergarments I owned were g-strings and right now I couldn't wear any of those. I wore a baby blue baggy shirt I had brought and my white socks before pushing my feet into my slippers. I dragged myself to the mirror where I examined the side of my face, it was painful and ached but Dabawo had given me painkillers for it so they worked a little. I touched it and hissed when I felt my cheekbone was swollen, the skin

was torn too. Sisi Phumla had helped me clean it with Dettol however it still looked gruesome. I packed my bags and drank another two painkillers before I made way to the lounge, the silence in that room irritated me, you would swear someone had died and they had just received the news. The television was switched off to make matters worse. When I walked in, a couple of heads looked up, obviously my eyes were on Mihle, he looked like he was crying too because his eyes were red and teary

"Uqgibile? (You done?)"

His voice had that thing at the back of it which indicated he had just finished crying, I nodded. Bhuti Bulelani had his eyes on me the whole time, the sympathy his stare carried was what triggered the lump I had when I looked at him, I felt my eyes filling with tears once again. I looked down and allowed them to drop on the tiled floor before I brought my hand up and

dried my eyes which I failed because more tears kept coming. It wasn't long until I saw Mihle's shoes standing in front of me and before I knew he took me in his arms, believe I wasn't planning on losing control but when he did that, ndakhala sana, esona sikhalo (I cried, one cry) which had loud sobs, hiccups and everything. I figured he didn't know what to do with me because he kept on brushing my hair, whispering things in my ear, kissing the top of my head, brushing my back but none of those were able to calm me down instead I was getting weaker, that's when he picked me bridal style and carried me outside to the veranda, where he carefully placed and took a step back away from me but not breaking skin contact because he still had his hands on my waist

Mihle: "Pheza baby, pheza. Ndiyakucela Mambhele, uzobanentloko (stop baby, stop. Please Mambhele, you'll have a headache)"

He came closer and took me in his arms again, it took forever for me to actually calm down, to stop the crying, only had hiccups left. He took my face in his hands, careful not to hurt my bruised cheekbone, he looked at me

Mihle: "I know I failed you, ndiyayazi uba there's nothing I can do nor say which could make this better."

He closed his eyes and took his bottom lip between his teeth, biting on it hard before he opened them and continued

"But ndiyakucela Phindi, ungandishiyi (But I beg you Phindi, don't leave me)"

I was taken by surprise because I haven't yet took that decision but he already knew I was going to. Maybe his instincts told him something wasn't right, did men instincts work nah because at times lamadoda acted like they didn't have any of those. I removed his hands

from my face and stepped away from him

Me: "Ubuthe ufuna sihambe (You said you wanted us to leave). Can we leave?"

I fidgeted with my nails and looked elsewhere but at him, I didn't have the energy for this, I just wanted to sleep long enough to forget this happened. He took a step closer, closing the gap between us, I was forced to look at him because he was now crowding me

Mihle: "We not done talking about this."

If I was in any state better than this I could've chuckled because I felt I was done but because I wasn't alright I just kept quiet. He placed his hand on my waist and guided me inside, there he addressed Dabawo telling her we were leaving, she asked us to say a short prayer before that, which we did. Mihle retreated to the bedroom and returned with my bags, I was having a conversation with uDabs about how I

should pray and ask God for protection and strength, her words felt like salt on the wound because what we were talking about had just happened a few hours back. She took my in a mother hug and told me I'll be okay, in a matter of time, she surprised when she told me to take her number from Mihle and call her whenever I needed

Dabawo: "Ndikhona nakulo whatsapp wenu ke mntanam (I'm available on these whatsapp things my child.)"

I found myself laughing in between my sobs before I nodded and gave her one last hug

Dabawo: "Uphole ke Mambhele (Heal Mambhele)"

Me: "Enkosi Dabs (Thank you aunt)"

"Mihle."

He turned from the trunk of his car where he was packing the bags and looked at me before

passing his eyes to uDabawo

Dabawo: "Ndingakhe ndilinge ndivhe kuthwa ubulele. Zinintsi endlela zolungisa izinto mntanam (I better hear any rumors that you've killed. There are many other ways of fixing problems my child)"

He faked a smile before closing the trunk and taking a few steps to his aunt, he took her in a warm hug before placing a kiss on the top of her head, he walked over to Phumla and hugged her as well

Mihle: "MaFhaku, masihamba. Cape Town ikude xa silapha (MaFhaku let's leave. Cape Town is far when we here)"

We stepped into the cars and waited for Bulelani to drive out first before we followed, leaving the two ladies with nothing but a couple of hooters. Honestly our way back was sickening because nobody spoke, in fact there

was nothing to talk about not in the kind of moods we were in. The only time I remember somebody talking was when Mihle asked if pizza was okay and Zizipho replied with a lousy "ewe". He made calls to the next debonairs we were going to come across and ordered four large pizzas, two for the people riding in the Wrangler and two for us. I wanted to tell him to order three instead because I wasn't hungry but I wanted to avoid anything eyayizondithethisa (that was going to have me talk) so I went with the flow. We were still 260km to Cape Town, at least that is what the last board read when we passed it, I would know because I had my head against the window, staring outside this whole time. Our next stop was a garage where Mihle filled his fuel tank and bought a couple of snacks, by now you might have taken note that he was a loyal fan to wine gums, he wouldn't leave the garage without a packet of those. He stepped out carrying water and a grape Krush

too, paid off his petrol fee and we were off once again. Honestly I could have slept on the way because I was drowsy but every time I closed my eyes flashbacks of what I had just been through came racing and the hurt increased so I avoided sleeping. We came to our second stop at 22:37, that was where we collected our pizzas before we drove off and never stopping again.

Mihle heeded on how I been holding the same slice for over twenty minutes, he kept on glancing at my hand then at me before he finally spoke...

"Cela utye (Please eat)"

Me: "Andilambanga (I'm not hungry)"

Mihle: "You haven't had anything the whole day."

Me: "Andilam..."

Mihle: "Aphindiwe could you eat, please!"

He raised his voice a little louder and announced the please through gritted teeth, he had his eyebrows furrowed and was looking at me before he broke the eye contact and looked at the road. I could see the exasperation he was feeling but I couldn't help it, I didn't have it in me to actually take something in my tummy so I wasn't going to eat. I placed the slice back in the box before I handed it to Zizipho, I could feel his stare from the corner of his eye.

It seemed like two years until we arrived in Belmar, in honesty I would've preferred being at the dorm right now, to cry myself to sleep and have nobody feel pity towards me. I would probably be alone because my roommate was never around and it was the beginning of the weekend ontop of that. Immediately after we walked into the house I made my way to his bedroom, carrying my handbag only, because

he had offered to bring the other bags inside. I was about to step into his room when Zizipho called my name in a low tone, I turned and looked

Zizipho: "Awulambanga? (Aren't you hungry?)"

I shook my head and looked at her, waiting for her to say something or ask

Zizipho: "I'm sorry."

Me: "I'm okay"

I opened the door and walked inside, I wasn't trying to be rude but I just didn't want to touch on this now, and I wasn't comfortable with all the sympathy I was receiving. I was standing in the middle of the room, with a pillow in my hands, my mind far away when Mihle walked in, frightening me to death. He stopped moving when he saw how much shock I had taken in from his bugging in

Mihle: "Uxolo (Sorry)"

I avoided looking at his shirt but because the human eyes always had you look at things you weren't planning on looking, I ended up glancing at it, concentrating on the blood that stained it. He placed my bags next to the built-in wardrobe before he removed his shirt and vest. I was standing at the end of the bed when he walked towards me and stopped right at the back of me, touching on my shoulder, without thinking it through I stopped breathing and closed my eyes. He slowly removed his hand from my shoulder and took a step back, this I knew because he created a gap between us

"Ndijonge Aphindiwe (Look at me Aphindiwe)"

I blinked away the tears I felt overflowing my eyes before I turned and looked at his chest, not at his eyes. He held my chin and tilted my head looking at me with so much hurt

Mihle: "I don't want to bruise you but I need us to talk about this..."

His hand remained on my chin meanwhile he was looking at me without saying a word for almost a minute long

"I know the way you felt ngam izolo isn't the same as namhlanje (long pause) I know this because I can see the hatred in your eyes."

He finally let go of my cheeks and stepped away from me, bringing his back on me. I held my breath and waited for his next words but when he turned and just stared at me, his eyes narrowed and teary I knew shit was real, not just for me but for the both of us. He didn't dare to blink, not even once, maybe he thought by closing his eyes for that second I'd be out of sight. The tears which overflowed his eyes escaped making contact with his cheeks, then that lump returned, choking me. I watched how he opened his mouth to talk but closed it again because maybe he couldn't find the right words, or he didn't have the words at all.

He turned around, facing me with his back again before he shook his head countless times, he stopped in front of the hairdresser and leaned on it, bowing his head. Have you seen how you often stand rooted on one place after being bawled at by your parents, not knowing what to do, that was me right there. How was this affecting him so much when the person who seemed to be bothering him the most was now dead, I mean that was the ground basis of the story, killing him because he had harmed me. After a very long moment of silence he grunted and sighed, loudly prior to bringing his hand to his eyes and drying them. He turned around and did the exact thing he did about five minutes ago, undibuka (to stare at me), this man really had it hard when it came to expressing himself, it always seemed like something was continuously kicking on him from the inside every time he opened his mouth to speak. He interrupted my thoughts when he

sighed again

Mihle: "Oko ndifikile kuwe namhlanje khange nakanye undijonge ngalandlela undijonga ngayo (Ever since I came to you today, you haven't even once looked at me like often did) not even when I stepped in that room. (Long pause) I wasn't expecting you to smile Phindi, you were in pain so I wasn't expecting you to smile but you know what (pause) kukho landlela (there's a certain way) you looked at me a couple of months back when you were laying in that hospital bed, that look Mambhele, ayikho."

I parted my lips to talk but I was at loss for words, instead of talking, ndakhala (I cried)

"You're falling out of love Aphindiwe and it's happening too fast."

Me: "I'm not"

I managed to say in a cracky voice. I wouldn't say I was falling out of love, I didn't want to say I

was falling out of love, I just believed I needed some space, time of my own to deal with it

Mihle: "Ndingakunyanzela uba uhlale (I could force you to stay) but I don't want to, I've put you through hell already. Kodwa ndinesicelo (I have a plea) allow me to be part of your life until you heal. I need to make sure you're safe (long pause) I'd be at peace Aphindiwe if I'd see you waking up right there..."

He pointed my side of the bed, causing me to smile. I know some of y'all will take this is a form of stupidity, no, it was just a positive reaction to something really romantic that was side

"Every morning until you get that smile back and if by then usandibona okwe nja, I'll let you walk away and go find what you deserve."

Jonga Apha ke ntombi (look here girl), there's no female that wouldn't melt to these words

unless you gay, I know I did but I was too numb to show any emotion at that particular moment and time so instead of jumping on him and kissing him all over, I kept quiet and looked down. He walked towards me and cupped my face with his manly hands right after stopping in front of me

Mihle: "Knowing you might need some time (pause) I won't touch you. It's not the sex I need from you, ndifuna ukubona uvuka ecal'kwam (I want to see you wake up next to me) until you better to stand on your own."

Me: "You've said so many things, I don't know whi..."

He traced my bottom lip with his thumb and sadly, my body didn't react like it used to. I was just sexually harassed a few hours ago , I wasn't expecting it to respond

Mihle: "Sleep on it."

He placed a kiss on my forehead before moving back, giving me my space. He collected his toiletry while I was getting ready for bed, I recall checking the time and seeing that he had close to forty minutes in there and the shower was still running so maybe he too needed his time.

I shifted on the bed, not from a nightmare, thanks to the sleeping pills I took, but from cheekbone which was hurting and aching. I opened my eyes and to my surprise Mihle's side of the bed was empty. The way his pillow looked indicated that a head was resting there not long ago, I turned and almost died of shock when I saw him sitting on that couch, looking at me, in the dark.

Me: "Wenzani? (What are you doing?)"

Mihle: "I need to see your father."

146th Entry

Andrew

I had been out of the province for a couple of weeks to attend some business I had running in Johannesburg. My flight that Saturday was in the early hours of the morning, quarter to seven, I had booked it with the intentions of squeezing in some time to rest when I arrived at the Cape. When I arrived at my place, sleeping was the first thing I did before waking up and preparing to meet up with the boys, it was the aircraft show after party today so Cape Town was vibrant and the town was packed.

Subsequently, I found myself at the mall, to pay off my debits in all these shops I bought clothing at before I made my way to the Palms Pub and Grill where the boys were gathered already. This was one of our favourite spots to

chill, the vibe was calm, nothing heavy and too crowded, that's what we liked about it, dit was nie die kind of plek you'd find mense fighting.

I made way inside and immediately spotted the gents, only because it wasn't packed as yet, it was in the afternoon after all.

Oupa: "Hier's die bulldozer (Here's the bulldozer)"

Me: "Laaitie, awe."

I pulled him in a brotherly hug before hugging Jason as well, the rest of them were seated so I only shook their hands. I found myself a seat between Sticks and Jason

Lwandile: "You're all sweet and things lekker kaka ndin."

Me: "Ya my Laaitie, djy sien mos Jozi was baie vriendlik to me (Yes my boy, you see mos Johannesburg was very friendly to me)"

I was holding the bottle of Hennessy, fixing myself a dashed shot in those plastic cups

Me: "Y'all bought anything. Om te eet (to eat)"

Jason: "A couple of some grills yeah but it's nothing groot, we was waiting for you."

Me: "Let them come through first."

Jason nodded before he took a sip from his glass. Most of us had our heads turned towards the television, going on about the rugby match that was playing until Sticks got our attention by saying...

"Het djulle gehoor, daa' bulldozer General is kak dood (Did you guys hear, that bulldozer General is shit dead)"

I placed my glass on the table for turning to look at Sticks straight in the eyes, this tiny man here was a comedian so you'd never know when he was honestly telling the truth and when he was fooling around with words

Me: "Come again!"

Oupa: "I had Mthembu call me this morning and reported that but he too wasn't sure. Mahfucker seemed happy when he announced ezondaba (the news)"

"Wanner and waa' het die nonsense gebeur? (When and when did this nonsense happen?)"

I asked still trying to comprehend what these gents were saying, nobody had way of killing that man, whenever you tried you would never win, it always seemed like was walking with umuti everywhere he went

Oupa: "George."

Jason: "Was he owning any place in George?"

Oupa: "Ek weet nie (I don't know)"

Me: "Well he often did travel to George countless times when him and were still okay"

Jason: "Before he became a poes."

Sticks: "Daa' ou was n poes van all poes." "

Me: "Weet die mense wie hom gejikikela? (Do the people know who killed him?)" "

Sticks: "Nie (no)" "

Oupa: "Da poes moet oorkant gaan en n newe lewe begin (That asshole must go overseas and start a new life)" "

Me: "(chuckles) I'm trying to think who was the last person that wasn't on lekker terms with him." "

Oupa: "Asshole Miles always had a problem met die bulldozer." "

Jason and I burst in laughter, I was expecting him to say that, he hated Miles even way more than General did.

Me: "Miles been trying to end the Laaitie but failed countless times." "

Oupa: "Because he's a pussy" "

Jason: "He done a lot though, the guy wasn't just easy to kill"

Oupa: "I been saying that djy moet met Miles fuck, djy feel die kak baie (I been saying that you should be fucking with Miles, you really feel him):

Jason: "That's because he didn't take any pussy from me before I even tasted it."

Sticks was the first one to laugh before we all joined in, except for Oupa of course, instead of joining in he got up from where he was seated and showed Jason the middle before retreating to the restroom

Jason: "Djys weak! (You're weak!)"

Oupa showed him another finger before disappearing behind the wall which had the passage to the restroom. Sticks was still trying to contain himself from laughing

"He gets mal altyd (mad all the time) this topics

brought up!"

He managed to say between laughs, holding his bottle of Heineken and taking a sip from it. Two ladies came holding two platters each, we tried clearing the table so they place those

Me: "Sana Iwam (my baby), look here babe, please add another two platter."

Girl: "Meat platter?"

Me: "Yeah and add chips too, potato chips."

She nodded writing it on that small book they often carry around in their aprons. We devoured the food while chatting and having serious conversation about how the business was going to move on from here. The deal with the people in Johannesburg, all we needed now was a working team and determination then Sticks would sooner drive the Bentley he wanted so badly. The idea was to spend a few hours together and just inform the gents about

everything, so when we were done with the drinks and food we left, only planned we'd meet up again at the aircraft show after party.

There were a couple of thousands I had to go give my sister, to pay off the rent for her flat, groceries and just pocket cash so that meant driving to her place. That's exactly what I did immediately when I parted ways with my boys, I took some time and drove to Stellenbosch, right when I was outside her flat I called her

"Bota? (Brother?)"

Me: "Kom uit (come out), I'm here."

Kimberley: "Sure."

My little sister being herself, she took forever to come out, well I had gotten used to it by now, so instead of panicking I always turned off my engine and waited for her. She came out eventually walking with Luthando, one would

swear these two were dating, their friendship was on some other levels but because I knew they loved dick, I didn't make up such conclusions. Immediately when they stepped outside the gate, they stopped for a few seconds, gossiping. I rolled down the windows off my car and watched how they both grinned when they hung on my windows, Luthando was on the passenger window while Kim was leaning on mine

"When did you get back?"

Me: "Vandag (Today)"

Kimberley: "Hoe het djy geweet ek is honger vir die geld? Ek het niks op my (How did you know I'm hungry for this money? I have nothing on me.)"

Me: "Wanner ek weet you're bad at saving (Because I know you're bad at saving)"

Kimberley: "Wat?! Those are lies"

Luthando giggled, shaking her head on the other side of the car

"But you are chomma."

Kimberley pulled a face, before rolling her eyes. I pulled a white envelope from my cabinholder and opened it. I pulled out the first stack and handed it to her

"This other one I'll put in your bank. I don't trust you with so much chankura."

Kimberley: "I wasn't going to lose it."

Me: "Are you guys alone?"

Kimberley: "Ya. Hoekom? (Why?)"

Me: "Is Aphindiwe still your friend because it's months since I saw y'all with her."

Luthando: "She is but we're worried sick about her."

Me: "What happened?"

Kimberley: "She hasn't been on the phone for over three days now, not answering our calls and that's unlike her"

"She didn't even come to aircraft show. Like we planned for that, so she ended up not pitching, didn't even give us a reason why not."

I looked at Luthando before turning my eyes to my sister. I switched the engine of my Ford Ranger and looked at them

Me: "I'll be off then"

Kimberley: "Nog een guns (one more favour.)"

I looked at her, and by staring at her she assumed I was listening to she spoke

"Please laat ons Miles bel met jou cellphone. Ons wil net weet dat sy ok is (Please let us call Miles with your cellphone. We just want to know that she's okay.)"

I took my iPhone 6 and gave it to her, that was

used for the calls mostly then my Samsung was for whatsapp. She took my phone and searched for his name, presuming she had found it when she placed the phone against her ear. I switched off the engine of my car and waited

Kimberley: "Hello. Hi, you're talking to Kim, Drew's sister (pause) Ek het n probleme hierso, I can't get hold of Phindi. Is she perhaps there with you?"

By now, Luthando was standing next to Kim whispering to her that could she please put the phone on louder speaker which my sister finally did

"Please give her the phone."

They were both smiling, Thando even had a victory dance for it. Aphindiwe said a soft hello on the other side of the line

Kimberley: "Girl, I am so mad at you. In fact we are so mad at you. Ons is mal. Wat het met jou

gebeur?"

Aphindiwe: "Something terrible happened and I had to rush home. I'm sorry I didn't inform y'all."

Luthando: "And you not picking up our calls?"

Aphindiwe: "Well to avoid disappointing you guys. I'm sorry man"

Kimberley: "Okay. As long as you good then we super fine. We were worried sick about you."

Aphindiwe: "Thanks lovers, I'm good."

Kimberley: "We want to see you and that means driving there. So you better go on whatsapp and send us your location."

I listened to how she giggled on the other side of the line, this girl was a lady, never loud even when she was happy or excited

"But why would you guys...?"

Luthando: "Because we want to see you. Better send the location or we're dumping you as your

friends."

Aphindiwe: "Fine, I'll go on whatsapp and send it."

Luthando: "Alright baby"

Kimberley: "See you in like an hour"

Aphindiwe: "(giggles) sure."

When Kimberley handed back my cellphone she took note of the smile that was on my face

Kimberley: "Why you smiling like that?"

Me: "Niks, let me go."

She moved back from the window and blew me a kiss before mouthing a "dankie" showing me the envelope

"Whatever."

Was my response before I backed away and drove off. Everything else could follow now, as long as I knew my first priority had her monthly

allowance.

Aphindiwe

Immediately after I ended the call with Kimberley I found myself smiling for the first time since yesterday

Me: "Bafuna uza apha (They want to come here)"

Mihle looked at me as he was taking his cellphone from me. He didn't reply, instead just carried on watching the sport news he has been watching for the past hour

"Bangeza? (Can they come?)"

He turned his head and looked at me in between narrowed eyes, often times when he narrowed his eyes it was from irritation but now it was the exact same look he gave me

yesterday before he cried

Mihle: "Ewe. I'll excuse you guys."

I faked a smile and got up to go get my cellphone from his bedroom. Things were a little awkward in the house, we didn't have conversation like often and the whole laughs and playing around we did was gone. I believe it was because he felt like I didn't want him anymore, that I didn't love him anymore. Even though for now I was okay with him not touching, I wanted him to be around. I retreated to the lounge and found him seated there, he was typing in his face while he kept on looking up at the television every now and then.

It was a few minutes before two when I heard music outside, and a couple of laughs. Mihle got up from his seat and walked over to me, he placed a long kiss on my forehead before walking towards the passage and to his bedroom. I walked over to the door and smiled

before opening the door. Luthando was the first to jump on me right after I opened the door, I took a few steps trying to find some balance, when she got off she took a few steps and her smile faded right after she looked at me. Fuck, I forgot I was bruised

Luthando and Kimberley: "What happened?"

They asked simultaneously but the difference was Kim questioned me in Afrikaans

Me: "Long story. Come in."

They stepped inside, Kimberley wouldn't stop looking at her with her mouth half hanging

Me: "Can you stop. It's really creeping me out."

Kimberley: "But what happened?"

Me: "Thug, gun."

I lied

Luthando: "Gun?"

Me: "When I went home people came breaking in man so I received this from one of them."

I managed to lie and they bought it because I was all chilled and relaxed about it. It was a story I been playing out in my whole head the moment they said they were coming

Kimberley: "But it's bad. Aren't you scared it could cause a permanent scar? I mean djy het such 'n pragtige vel (a beautiful skin.)"

Me: "Have thought of it, and honestly I hope it doesn't."

Luthando was looking around before she sat on the couch Mihle was sitting on a few minutes ago

Kimberley: "Where's the beast?"

Me: "(giggles) he's taking a shower."

She got up and walked pass my couch before she stopped halfway through to the kitchen

"He won't mind right?"

Luthando: "You gain all sorts of respect when you're around this guy."

Kimberley: "That's because he's all sorts of aggressive"

I looked at her with a questioning look, "what?" is what she shouted heading to the kitchen. I turned and looked at Thando who was staring at me with so much concern

Luthando: "Yonke into iright kodwa ekhayeni? (Is everything alright though at home?)"

Me: "Ewe why?"

Luthando: "All this disappearing acts you keep pulling azindonwabisi (they don't make me happy)"

Me: "(giggles) hayi I'm good babe."

I lied for the second time that afternoon. Lying to them never made me feel good because they

cared so much so I honestly wasn't proud but I couldn't let them know what happened, for myself and reputation and for Mihle's sake. She nodded before changing the channel to MTV base and turning the volume up a little.

Kimberley stepped out of the kitchen carrying the ice cream tub which was in the freezer not long ago and an Ultra mel

"Baby please tell me these are yours."

Me: "Nope they're are his."

Kimberley: "You are kidding right! Are you sure he's not gay?"

Me: "(laughs) No! He's just got a sweet tooth"

Kimberley: "Wow. Your man is just wow."

She stepped back into the kitchen, muttering some words to her self. Luthando and I got in a chat about school and how much I felt I was really behind, we would be writing exams in less than a month and that meant I should have at

least been halfway through with studying. She was advising Me on how I should go to school and ask for some extra lessons from my lectures, some of them would provide a few minutes only because they didn't want students failing their modules. I was about to comment on that when Kimberley walked in with a bowl in her hand and a spoon in her mouth, she was about to say something when she froze instantly staring at the passage. I turned my head towards the direction she was staring at and understood her sudden change of attitude, Mihle had just come through, only in shorts. He looked at her before passing his eyes to me then to Luthando

"Please pass me lo laptop."

Luthando gently held his Apple laptop and gave it to him, along with the charger, he nodded, a way of thanking her before he turned and headed back to his bedroom. Right when he

was out of sight Kimberly sighed before she whispered a soft yet loud "shit"

Kimberley: "Girrrrl! No I think I want him back. You don't say that you're eating that everyday."

My mouth hung open

Me: "Not everyday"

Kimberley: "Why not? Baby girl I would."

Me: "Sex get irritating at times. There's a time for it and time for cuddles ntombi."

She was looking down at the passage as she took a spoon full of ice cream into her mouth, I threw her with a cushion, just because I didn't want him that close to me for now didn't mean I was okay with other women lusting over him. Especially not my friends.

Me: "Stop!"

Kimberley: "Sorry but you know I wouldn't (pause) I'm just a little surprised that he's that

tanned."

Luthando: "But you can tell from his clothes chomma that he's got a great body"

Kimberley: "He don't need to dress, he look better naked."

I threw her with a second cushion, she laughed really hard while picking those up and throwing them back to me

Me: "Sies Kim"

"Jokes man."

She found herself a seat next to me and looked at the television

Me: "Thando Awufuni nto wena? (Luthando don't you want anything?)"

Luthando: "Pizza and booze would do me good now"

Me: "Okay."

I got up and retreated to the bedroom, I wanted to tell Mihle that I'd be going with Kimberley and Thando just to grab a few stuff since I was planning on using my card. I walked inside the bedroom and found him sitting on the couch, laptop on his lap, he looked up when I walked in

Me: "Sizoya eshop okay (We'll be heading to the shop okay?)"

Mihle: "Wena nabani? (You and who?)"

Me: "Me and the girls. Bafuna some booze."

"You can't leave."

Me: "What?"

Mihle: "Aphindiwe you were in great danger not long ago, danger that completely took..."

He stopped talking and took a deep breath with his eyes closed. He placed his laptop and stood up

"I'll drive you guys."

I stood and watched him open the wardrobe and pull out a black Puma T-shirt, I wanted him to finish his sentence because I felt it would bother me, I would think about it all the time. I was in great danger that took away what? Me? If that was his complaint then I don't know how I'd help him, yes maybe I wasn't the same but I needed time and I expected him to understand. He was already in Markham's denim shorts and they fitted him so perfectly, showing his light skinned legs. He wore those closed men slippers, his were grey, before he took his car keys and wallet on the hairdresser

Mihle: "Sishiye esakho, I'll buy ezizinto nizifunayo. (Leave yours, I'll buy the things y'all want.)"

I nodded, took a few steps to the bed and placed my wallet in my handbag that was on top of the bed, I walked over to the hairdresser mirror and examined my face, despite the

wound that was on my cheek, under my eyes, I still looked beautiful.

I was walking behind him as we walked to the lounge, it surprised me how many of his clothes still smelled of his cologne even when washed. When we got the lounge Thando was holding a glass of water standing in the middle of the room talking to Kim who was still devouring the ice cream she has dished for herself.

Me: "Masambene (let's go)"

Kimberley: "Where to?"

Me: "Luthando said she needed some food and drinks"

Kimberley: "Were you serious?"

Mihle was standing at the door already, waiting for us. Kim shrugged her shoulders before getting up, not leaving the bowl with the ice cream

Me: "How much of that did you fill that bowl with?"

Kimberley: "It's Caramel babe, best ice cream ever so I had to."

I found myself giggling as I opened the passenger door, Luthando got at the back while Kimberley was moving her car out of the way. Mihle opened the second door garage for her so she could park it in there and when she did, we drove off and headed to the nearest shopping complex. We ordered On the double, which came along with a cold drink already as well as one large and Mihle paid off before we walked to Pick n Pay liquor leaving our orders to get cooked. Luthando grabbed carry pack of Smirnoff pine twist, Kimberley grabbed her own Everson's Pear flavor and they all looked at me, including Mihle

"Hayi andifuni usela mna. (No I don't want to drink.)"

Kimberley: "Djys mal, we replacing the aircraft show after party with this so grab yourself one girl."

I pulled a face, looking at her then at Thando, Lootlove just giggled sana shrugging her shoulders. Kimberley muttered some beneath her breath before she went back inside and walked out with a carry of Everson's Apple flavor. She handed it to me and looked at my face as I was taking it from

"You'll love it. Stop pulling faces."

Mihle: "Imnandi (it's delicious)"

Me: "Drank it before? "

Mihle: "No but I've heard abantu beyincuma (people say it's delicious)"

We walked over to the till and paid those off before we headed back to Debonairs, got our pizzas and left back to Belmar.

I stepped out of the car first since I had the keys to the house, followed by Kimberley and we went inside to drop off what we were holding, I felt the need to go back outside to go check if there was anymore help needed. Mihle was checking if the car is locked while saying something to Lootlove, of course she laughed shaking her head. He raised his eyebrows at her and looked at her, smiling, something he hasn't been doing for the past two days. Knowing that she was my friend I tried relaxing but my curiosity grew when she shook her head smiling, he took his lips between his teeth trying to prevent his smile and actually looked at her in a way which didn't sit well with me, his eyes narrowed and smiling. She walked past me laughing, maybe he was being friendly but I didn't like it, more especially from the way he's been looking at her thick behind.

He walked over to me and stood right in front of me, closing the space between us. He placed his hands on my waist and unexpectedly picked me up, placing me on his shoulder. I was giggling and kicking as he started walking towards the house

Me: Mihle put me down!

"Andikwazi ukushiya phandle kaloku. Awumamele lately wena (I can't leave you outside. You don't listen lately)"

He came to stop in front of the door and placed me down, I was still giggling and blushing from having my ass close to his face. He pressed me against the wall and narrowed his eyes at me

Mihle: I missed that smile

He pressed his lips on my forehead before stepping away and walking inside, leaving me to drown in my own thoughts.

147th Entry

Mihle

When I returned back to my bedroom I left my laptop charging and made myself comfortable on the bed. A lot has changed, I honestly wasn't the same and that was because my woman wasn't the same, she had lost herself and for the past hours I couldn't help but look at her and wonder how and when she'd get better. I wanted to talk to her about counseling, she needed it but again I didn't want to offend her, maybe she didn't think she had a problem but with the amount of sleeping tablets she took just not to wake up from nightmares, that wasn't a way of getting rid of pain.

I wanted to talk to her father, and no I wasn't going to report this but I wanted him to get her

transferred to WSU, or any university away from the Western Cape, right after I've assured that she's healed and back to the Aphindiwe I fell in love with. I wanted her to leave, for safety reasons but I didn't know how I'd address it to her because I knew to her it'll seem like I was getting rid of her because of what happened. Seeing her every weekend wouldn't be a problem, I could fly there and spend my weekends at BnBs for her but I feared her staying here would mean more harm towards her because I'm definitely sure a number of Bafana's know her, and to get to me they will have to touch her. That's how it worked in this thug game life, to have a man come upfront one had to hurt his loved ones, and right now any other man that would touch her, I wouldn't be the same myself. I was still far in thought land when my disturbed me, vibrating against the hairdresser, I got up from the bed and went to answer it

Me: "Groot man."

"Ndiyani checker ntwana, nigrand nemaide? (I'm checking up on you boy, are you and the madam okay?)"

Me: "Akufani nakuqala but uyangcembeza (She isn't the same but she's taking it a step at a day)"

Bulelani: "Ndikoyikile izolo ndaqonda bandikunike ichance to get your thoughts together, but uyayiqonda uba bekungamelanga umbulele uGeneral. (I was scared of you yesterday, I thought I should give you a chance to get your thoughts together, but you do know you weren't supposed to kill General.)"

I wasn't supposed to kill him for many reasons but I was glad I had killed him for just that one. I sighed, running my hand down my face

Me: "Ya, ndiyayiqonda Groot man (Ya, I do know Groot man)"

Bulelani: "So what you plan on doing about it? Because you do know legenge ayizosuka kulento (because you do know this crew won't move from this)"

Me: "I'm planning a way of convincing her dad to take her back eMthatha."

He kept quiet for a while, that's was often his way of showing uncertainty, or when he didn't agree with something

"Usure? (Are you sure?)"

Me: "Yeyona ndlela yomkhupha engozini leyo Groot man (It's the only way to keep her out of danger Groot man.) She needs to be out of the cape"

Bulelani: "As long as usure, then I can help you nge plan."

Me: "Mandi ringer notatakhe k'qala (let me talk to her father first) then I'll give you feedback."

Bulelani: "Sure ke Ndoda"

"Moja."

I removed the cellphone from my ear and allowed him to do the hanging up. There were a lot of things I needed to address to Aphindiwe, firstly she needed therapy more than anything secondly she needed to get treated, medically but I was weighing ways of addressing the matter to her, she was capable of being sensitive to anything right now. I was still drowning in my own thoughts when she walked in, faking a smile

Aphindiwe: "Awuzotya? (Aren't you going to eat?)"

Me: "Ndiyeza (I'm coming)"

Aphindiwe: "Or I could bring the food for you."

Me: "No, ndifuna uni joina (No, I want to join you guys)"

She nodded before walking out. I decided to make a quick phone call to Themba and book him for tomorrow, I knew he never opened on Sundays so I'd drive to his place for this. It was a couple of rings when he picked up but a female voice greeted

"Themba's cellphone hello."

Me: "Madam"

"What do you want Mihle?"

Me: "You're not the doctor my lady so please give your husband the phone."

She giggled, saying something in Shona before she called out her husband, after a few second he greeted on the other side

Themba: "Mihle."

Me: "Themba, you good ntwana?"

Themba: "Standard my client how are you?"

Me: "Sudika kwedini, yaske ya formal apha kum

(Don't bore me boy, getting all formal on me.)"

Themba: "I know ungafouna nge weekend, kukho inxaki (I know once you call during the weekend, there's a problem.) What can I do for you Mr Gabavu?"

Me: "I have a client I want you to attend tomorrow boy."

Themba: "Bani lowo (who's that?) Baby mama?"

Me: "(chuckles) nope, ngumamekhaya (the woman of the house)"

Themba: "Usadlala nangoku? (You still playing even now?)"

Me: "Subangutata kum Themba (Don't be a father to me Themba), you're doing a great job as my doctor."

Themba: "(chuckles) ngomso I'll be available, after church."

"See you then."

Themba: "Sure Mr Gabavu"

I ended the call before pushing my feet in my slippers and heading to the lounge where the three girls were sitting. I took note how Kim always tensed when I was around but was the loudest of this trio. I found a seat next to my woman and encircled my arm around her waist, I placed a kiss on her cheek before whispering in her ear

"Now ungandiphakela (now you can dish for me)"

She nodded before getting up and heading to the kitchen. I turned to Kim and watched how she was devouring the slice of pizza she had in her hand

Me: "What's your full name? Khamila?"

Kim: "What?! No!"

Luthando cracked in laughter, her facial expression made me chuckle too, she took

offense

Me: "What's wrong?"

Kim: "That's such a (pulls face) name"

Me: "It suits you better."

She stopped chowing and looked at me, that feisty attitude returning in full speed. She was still looking at me when Aphindiwe walked in, carrying a fork, size plate and a rinsed glass

Kim: "Baby you better tell your man to stop offending me. I am capable of killing him."

Aphindiwe: "(giggles) what did he do now?"

Phindi looked at me smiling, before she whispered

"Wenzeni? (What did you do?)"

Kim: "He says I look like a Khamila and not a Kimberle."

Aphindiwe laughed, Luthando joined in again. I

had my eyebrows furrowed at this Kimberley chick, she looked at me before rolling her eyes and looking away

Me: "Well Kimberley, please do get up and switch on that PlayStation, sweetheart."

She rolled her eyes for the second time in less than a minute before she got up and did as I asked, Phindi was sitting next to me, holding the size plate which had three slices of pizza.

Me: "Khamila, grab a joystick, let's play."

Kimberley: "You're such a bore."

Me: "I know"

She finished off the slice of pizza before grabbing the joystick and looking straight at the television screen. I connected my joystick and looked at her, she was still looking at the television that was until Aphindiwe poked her

"Mhuh?"

Me: "Connect your joystick"

Kim: "Hoe doen ek dit? (How do I do that?)"

Me: "Press this button."

I demonstrated from my joystick, she grinned when it vibrated on her hand causing to me chuckle and shake my head.

Kim: "Now I understand the excitement you men get over this."

Me: "You haven't experienced nothing yet Khamila."

"Kimberley!"

Me: "Get used to it already."

Kim: "I'll stop playing with you"

It was now my turn to roll my eyes, that was the most ridiculous thing I've heard her say today

Me: "There's a single player option there babe. See it? And I've got my wife and Luthando to

play with"

Kim: "Gosh you got an ego."

Me: "And you talk a lot."

Aphindiwe: "She does"

"Oh is that so? So this is a couple thing Huh?"

Aphindiwe: "Never babe but I was just agreeing on that because it's true. But I love you still."

Kim: "I know. Who doesn't?"

"Stop being smug about it. Choose a game."

She surprised me when she selected MotoGP, I found myself chuckling because of her choice, many girls wouldn't know which game to pick or it was the graphics which caught her attention

Kim: "Don't be too hard on me okay?"

Me: "On the game you mean, I wouldn't do you."

Luthando choked from what she was drinking, I avoided looking at Phindi because I could feel

her eyes on me. I took my bottom lip between my teeth and slowly turned my head towards Kim then to Phindi, they both had their lips slightly parted looking at me, I tried not to smile but failed

Me: "Don't take it the wrong way (pause) it's all because you're my girl's friend."

Aphindiwe: "And if she wasn't"

Me: "I wouldn't have known her."

Phindi rolled her eyes at me before turning to the television, I wanted to place my hand on her thigh like I would on other day but prevented myself from doing so, I didn't any of us feeling uncomfortable from that simple reaction because I already knew how she was going to react towards that and how I was going to feel afterwards.

Kimberley and myself played the PlayStation, about six races before she gave up, saying I

was playing with her like she were one of my boys. Aphindiwe took the joystick from Kim and smiled at me

"Masidlale (let's play)"

Me: "Same game?"

She nodded looking in my eyes, her eyes immediately fell to my lips when I licked them. Her reaction wasn't the same, this was not because I wanted to see how she'd act, it was just a not-thought voluntary move which she happened to respond to. Bothered by it obviously I looked away and tried pushing it aside because if I thought it through, this mood I was trying to enforce in myself would be ruined. We started playing, she was really bad at this as a result she kept on glancing at my hands to see which buttons I was pressing and using.

Me: "Let me teach you nge one player. You're

really bad at this."

Aphindiwe: "Inxaki I never found the fascination kwi TV games, so I always watched when people played"

Me: "Ndizokufundisa kengoku (I'll teach you now) and we'll play together."

Kim: Why is she getting lessons and I didn't?"

Me: "Because you're a dude at this."

Luthando: "Phindi ndifana nawe, I'm clueless."

I shook my head placing her joystick on the Ed table, I had selected one player for her so she could learn the basics driving alone. I moved closer to her and told her which button to press first, she did, and the next and so forth. It wasn't long until she smiled, enjoying it, that was prior to her mastering the curve turn, she jumped off her seat and did a victory dance for it, teasing Kim along the way. It was half past five exactly when our visitors decided they had to excuse us

so we could "bond" according to Khamila.

Me: "We done too much bonding Khamila, we talk household items now."

She laughed, Luthando joining, looking at Aphindiwe who was smiling at me speechless. I shrugged my shoulders smiling before I stepped closer and placed a kiss on her forehead

"Walk our visitors out baby."

Kim: "Bye to you too. Thanks for borrowing us your lounge."

I was a few steps away when she said that, I turned and looked at her between narrowed eyes, smiling, she looked away

"Thanks for the visit Khamila."

She had no other choice but to look at me again, the ridiculous face she was pulling made me chuckle, it was now her turn to narrow her eyes

at me, I raised my brow before passing my eyes to Luthando who was texting on her phone

Me: "Bye Luthando"

Luthando: "Bye. Thanks for having us."

I nodded before walking away and heading to my bedroom, there I grabbed my laptop along with its charger and retreated back to the lounge. Aphindiwe was still standing outside with her friends, laughing, females had a lot to say to each other, they couldn't pass a simple message through without mentioning another person's name then boom gossip. I kept on glancing at the clock on the wall because I honestly wasn't comfortable with her being that far from me, even if it meant she was just a couple of steps away, she was still far enough to get hurt. I got up and went to the kitchen to go grab a beverage, can of Play, to be specific and when I stepped back into the lounge she was standing at the doorway waving goodbye

before she stepped in and closed the burglar, as well as the door. She immediately packed away the size plates and forks that were on the table, I helped her collect the pizza box and bottle caps that were laying around. After throwing those in the dustbin I stood by the counter and watched her rinse the cutlery, if it were any other normal day I would have been standing behind her now, probably teasing her but because I feared the type of reaction she'd give me now, I stood where I was...

Me: "I've organised an appointment with a doctor."

She didn't reply nor look at me

Me: "Aphindiwe?"

"Huh?"

"Undivile uba nditheni (Did you hear what I said?)"

She turned and nodded before faking a smile, I

blinked a few times looking at her because I just didn't know how to react to her being this awkward

Aphindiwe: "To check if andiguli nah (if I'm not sick). I get it"

Me: "For safety reasons Aphindiwe. Kufuneke siqiniseke (we need to make sure)"

She was staring at her feet right now fidgeting with the hard corner of the dish cloth. She took her time before she looked at me again, her eyes were a little teary at this moment

"Then what if I am sick? Then what?"

I did think of this but I hadn't yet concluded it and now she was standing in front of me, questioning about her health and there I was doing the one thing women hated the most when wanting the truth, hesitation. She nodded before I could give her an answer, I knew she had took my silence in another way when she

chuckled shaking her head

Me: "Mambhele."

She used the back of her hands to dry her eyes, I couldn't remain where I was and watch her cry so I walked up to her and stood in front of her, she immediately placed her forehead on my chest.

"What if ndiyagula (I'm sick) Mihle?"

Me: "You're not."

She remained still and only sobbed, honestly it scared me, the thought of her being sick, because I didn't know how I would act towards that. I loved her and still do but health was important, especially for a man of my kind, who did most of the things I did in bed when I was with a woman. I clenched my jaws and looked away, holding her tightly against my chest.

"What if he had the virus?" was the question that lingered in my mind now that she asked me

multiple times, I been trying to avoid it since yesterday night but right now I needed to decide and know what I will do tomorrow afternoon when I hear that maybe she's infected. I pulled back and cupped her face so she'd look at me, she blinked, freeing the tears from her eyes, I captured the left tear with my thumb and looked at her. Seeing her in this condition pained me, it bruised me and I'm pretty sure to her it might have felt like she was going through this alone.

"Andiyi ndawo Bhelekazi wam, andiyi ndawo (I'm going nowhere Bhelekazi, I'm going nowhere)"

Those were the last words I had to said her before she excused herself and went to the bedroom. I spent over thirty minutes in the kitchen, sitting on the chair and tapping my fingers on the built-in table, thinking about all possible outcomes. I was frustrated and emotionally fucked because my guilt conscious

was reminding me every now and then that she was in this state. I dragged myself to the fridge and pulled out the water bottle, my muscles were tense from all the stress, especially the ones which stretched out from under my ears to my neck. I filled the first glass and downed it, the second glass I only drank half way and placed it on the counter prior to leaning on it. I closed my eyes and allowed myself to relax which was impossible at that moment and time. I sighed loud enough to scare away any mice in this kitchen if there were any homing here.

A while after trying to think things through I retreated to the bedroom and walked in to a sleeping Aphindiwe, I stood at the door and watched her, she was so peaceful as someone who was stress-free but I knew once she woke up, that feeling will return in thousands crowding her thinking capacity. I walked over to the couch where I sat and stared hard at her,

absentmindedly. If brain damage was caused by too much thinking, I would have been raining naked around this whole Belmar probably being chased by females. Ndahlala kula couch for over two hours, unable to bring myself to doing something valuable, all I spent doing in two hours was looking at Aphindiwe and feeling like shit for putting her through so much sorrow.

I was leaning back on the couch, staring at the ceiling when I heard her shift on the bed then whimper. I fixed my way off sitting and concentrated on her, she shook her head a couple of times, whimpering from what seemed like pain, I shot up as quick as lightening and just when I was about to touch and wake her, she snapped her eyes open, panting. She was shaking and sweating, her eyes a little teary

Me: "It's just a dream Mambhele."

She was still panting, examining the room before she looked at me, I was still trying to

assure her that it was just a dream and nothing else. She brought her hands over to her face and covered her eyes, I moved closer taking her in my arms. I almost smiled when I felt her relax to my touch, my insides turned with excitement but still at the back of my mind I knew it might have been her being needy of my closeness, longing for someone to make her feel safe, it certainly didn't mean she was okay with me being this close to her.

I pulled back and took her face in my eyes

"Uright? (Are you okay?)"

She nodded before placing her one hand on my forearm

Me: "I'll run you a hot bath while I take a shower. We eating out."

She looked at me, her eyes almost speaking from excitement. I didn't realize she was that bored being in these walls with me. It isn't like

we've never spent the weekend together, we always did but because things weren't the same, there wasn't much talking, this weekend felt really different.

Aphindiwe: "What's the occasion?"

Halfway through with unbuttoning my shorts, I turned and looked at her, she had her eyes on me

Me: "I just feel I need the time out (pause) and I'm not leaving you behind."

She nodded again while removing the flees blanket from her legs. There was silence in the room, each of us occupied with what we were doing until she asked

"Does it require anything fancy? Dress code?"

Me: "Hayi. I was thinking Spur."

She half smiled.

In the shower I was thinking of everything but the supper. My mind was all over the place, I was thinking about my life, the child I had to be a father to, the woman I loved who was now bruised to life. How I felt so lost and deserted. Ndandifuneke ndithathe ithuma ndiyokroba Utata (I had to take some time and visit my father)in his grave, I needed guidance, I was longing for ooFhaku.

148th Entry

Nomthandazo

Being four months wasn't the easiest, in fact being pregnant was the most irritating thing ever; painful back, was picking up weight, constantly tired and swelling ankles. Nothing about carrying another being was sexy, especially when the father wasn't around to at

least massage your feet. I was lazying around on the couch with a packet of lightly salted lays, my mind definitely not anywhere here, evident that I wasn't even paying mind to what I was doing I didn't even notice that these chips were finished. I finally snapped out of it and gazed around the room, my younger sister was on the other couch, tying her Adidas ZX

Me: "Uyaphi? (Where you going?)"

She didn't respond and that was because of the earphones she had plugged on her ears. I shifted on the seat and extended my arm, with two fingers I pulled out one side of the headsets. She snapped her head up and looked at me with her eyebrows furrowed

"Ndiyathetha (I'm talking)"

Azola: "Uthini? (What are you saying?)"

Me: "Uyaphi? (Where you going?)"

Azola: "Out."

Me: "Ayompendulo ke leyo (That's not an answer)"

She got up fixing the denim jacket she was wearing, next to the couch on the floor, was her handbag. She placed it on the couch and opened it pulling out her wallet which she examined and placed back inside the handbag.

Me: "Azola!"

She stomped her feet and turned aggressively
"I'm going out Nomtha!"

Me: "Undishiya njani apha? (How are you leaving me here?) You did hear umama clearly that she said I should stay nomntu Apha endlini for emergency reasons (I should stay with someone here in the house for emergency reasons)"

Azola: "Umama only said that because uyakoyika (Mom only said that because she's scared of you)"

I raised my eyebrows at her, trying to take in what she had just said. She grabbed her handbag and headed for the door

Me: "Ngumtshana wakho (It's your nephew/niece) that I'm carrying here!"

Azola: "And it's your child!"

She closed the door right after saying that. I groaned, I was honestly irritated by her now, I mean I couldn't do everything by myself, I needed some help here and there that's the reason mother asked her to stay with me. Azola and I never really saw eye to eye and I believe it's because we were consecutive children, but now that I was pregnant, it was worse. We barely even spoke.

Ever since I arrived home, on Thursday, umama noticed a few changes ngam (about me). Firstly she was concerned about my return, which honestly had no valid reason behind it. I had lied

and told them I missed them which is why I had come to visit, I did miss them yes but I'd rather spend time with Mihle. A mother will always be a mother therefore you can never lie to these people, if she gave birth to you, she'll know you better than you know yourself. Although I haven't said a word yet, I wanted to tell her and dad that Aphindiwe has moved in with him, but I did not know how to do that without having Mihle get mad, so I was still finding a strategic way of breaking the news to them. I wasn't going to tell them he hit me, that would have my father report assault against Mihle, and it would take us back to stage one, my father not trusting Mihle's intention with me. Getting him to trust uFhaku was the hardest so I wasn't about to remove that now. I removed his number from my phone, just so I wouldn't text nor call him but it didn't help much because I had it memorized. I did attempt calling him yesterday and to unfortunate luck, he never

picked up nor got back to me.

I pushed myself up the couch and headed to the kitchen, I opened the fridge and took out the strawberries along with the yoghurt, from the drawer I took a spoon then retreated back to the lounge. I wasn't your junk type of person but since I carried this little one I was an addict of yoghurt and chips. I placed my feet on the coffee table and tuned in to channel 124, while feasting. I didn't realize it was after half one until my mother and Vhuvhu walked in, carrying plastic bags and a small box of pizza. I didn't mention to you, that too was now my favourite

Mama: "Molo ntombi (hello girl)"

Me: "Hello."

Mama: "Sikuphathele ipizza (We brought you pizza)"

Me: "Enkosi Ma (Thanks mom)"

She disappeared into the kitchen then right

after Sivuyisiwe walked in, holding one plastic bag and her handbag

Sivuyisiwe: "Afternoon."

Me: "Hey. How was church?"

"The best, as always!"

Vhuvhu shouted also disappearing into the kitchen. After a while umama walked into the lounge holding a bottle of water and a peach, she looked at the huge clock on the wall before finding herself a seat on one of the couches

Mama: "Uphi uAzola? (Where's Azola?)"

Me: "Gone out"

Mama: "Out phi? (Out where?)"

Me: "I have no idea. She didn't say, uvele waphuma nje (she just left)"

"Awambuza? (And you didn't ask her?)"

Me: "I did, but iresponse yakhe was ndiya out

(but her response was I'm going out.)"

I watched how my mother shook her head before she took off her eye glasses

Mama: "Nenza istress. uAzola ngoku uzothi ungenwe yintoni? Zange kaloku kwathethwa naye angenzi lonto (Y'all are causing stress. Would you say what has gotten into Azola? I mean she was never told to do something and never done it.)"

Me: "Amadoda (Men)"

She snapped her eyes towards me, giving me that strict look. I shrugged my shoulders, I mean it was true though

Me: "Umdala ngoku uAzola so she'll do as it fits her and uyabona ngoku sele ungathi uneboyfriend ncncnc (Azola is grown now would she'll do as it fits her, and you see now that she seems like she got a boyfriend ncncnc)"

Mama: "She'll do as it fits her pha kwa hell not apha kwam (she'll do as it fits her there in hell not here in my house.)"

Me: "You'll have to talk to her then."

Mama: "Andiyazi uba kutheni ningafani noVhuvhu. Ani...(I don't know why you guys aren't like Vhuvhu. You gu...)"

"Not that again please mama. Yoh oko sihlala sifaniswa noVhuvhu, haisoka (Yoh all the time we're always compared to Vhuvhu, argh)"

Mama: "Inxaki uyamamela umntanam (that's because my baby listens) as old as she is. Ingathi nguye ilast born apha kulendlu (it seems like she's the last born in this house.)"

I rolled my eyes and bit on the strawberry I was holding

Me: "Reasons why I prefer uhlala kwa Mihle (Reasons why I prefer staying at Mihle's)"

Mama: "Hamba kaloku mntanam. Uhambe nazo zonke ezakho Bhelekazi (Then leave my child. Leave with everything of yours Bhelekazi)"

I knew she was angry when she got up after saying that, grabbing her handbag and making way down the passage to her bedroom

Sivuyisiwe: "Nithi nditheni noMama? (What are you and mother saying about me?)"

Me: "Go ask your mother."

She walked past the couch and I was sitting on and stopped in the middle of the lounge

"Uphi uAzo? (Where's Azo?)"

Me: "Andimazi"

Sivuyisiwe: "Mxm uske wamoody (Mxm you've become so moody.)"

She left me alone in the lounge. Even though about an hour ago I complained about being alone, I somehow wished they'd just go back to

church because for people who had gone to praise the Lord, they walked in really negative.

Aphindiwe

Sunday morning was tense, I somehow wished I could at least rewind time to yesterday night, at Spur things were a little relaxed there, we managed to wear smiles every now and then. Mihle left in the morning taking Zizipho to the airport, she asked for some time away from us. She said she'd only return once the jobs she had submitted CVs to contacted her. Yesterday afternoon she was away, at the mall and making flight bookings so now Mihle had gone to drop her off. I was in the kitchen finishing off the dishes we had used for breakfast, I was listening to music from my cellphone through headsets. I was down to the last plate, twist and

turning from the house song I was listening to but when I turned and caught fright from Mihle who was leaning on the counter looking at me, I dropped the plate which broke when it made contact with the ground...

"Fuck, could you make a sound next time you walk in!"

I immediately removed the earphones from my ear and looked at him, trying to calm myself from the mini panic attack I had just experienced

Mihle: "If you didn't have those plugged in your ears, ngewundivile (you would've heard me)"

He was smirking, looking at me through the naughtiest eyes. He moved from the counter and walked towards the small pantry which had all tools he owned as a man, first aid kit was also there, placed on the top shelf as well as three brooms. He pulled out the small sweeping

brush along with its dustpan

Mihle: "Ungayohlamba (you can go bath) I'll finish these off."

I nodded even though he wasn't looking at me. I stepped away from the glasses, careful not to step on any of them, dried my hands and left the kitchen.

By something to two I was done, standing in front of the mirror looking at my chin which was still bruised, but healing by day. It didn't look as bad as it did a few days back, and all thanks to the Detol I used on it twice a day. I fixed my weave and applied some mascara and Glastonberry Mac Matte lipstick. I no longer had my bullring piercing on, together with my belly ring, I removed them the day I was harassed because some way or the other during the struggles I might have hooked them

somewhere without noticing. My belly button skin had torn a little but regards to my nose it just felt painful, no mark was visible on it. I took a decision that I'd stop wearing the belly ring but definitely not my bull ring, I was waiting for my nose to feel better then I'd have it on again, which might be by tomorrow.

I was dressed in navy jeans, a white long sleeved vest and my white converse. I exchanged the handbag contents from my brown handbag to my black Prada handbag. I applied my perfume and stuck my make-up inside, looked at myself on the mirror one more time and sighed. There was a contradiction between the way I looked and felt, none of the people who'd see me out there would tell that I was raped three days ago, none of them would assume that I felt like dying honestly, that maybe I could be sick. I felt tears forming from the back of my eyes, I closed my eyes trying to

prevent them from filling my eyes but I failed. I turned away from the mirror and walked over to the bed where I placed my handbag and sat, I took my face in my hands and actually allowed myself to cry. After a few seconds I knew Mihle was standing at the door because my hair stood every time he was around and his cologne gave him away

"Phindi?"

When I sniffed he began walking towards me, my head was still on my palms which were now black from all the mascara

Mihle: "Ha.a Mambhele, not ngoku Nkosazana yam, ndiyakucela Bhelekazi (No Mambhele, not now my Princess, I'm begging you Bhelekazi)"

He was squatting in front of me, he opened my legs and positioned himself in between them, gently removing my hands from my eyes. Using his thumb, he tried cleaning my left cheek, I

dried my eyes using the back of my hands.

Me: "Ndiyoyika (I'm scared)"

Mihle: "I know, I know Nhanha"

I closed my eyes and freed another flood of tears, he stood up and hugged me, placing my head on his abs. Right now I didn't care about our surroundings closeness or anything, I really wanted him to hold me. He dug his fingers in my weave and tried soothing me, it worked only after a long while, when I managed to contain my hiccups. He took a step back and brought me up using his hands, I was holding my bottom lip between my teeth preventing it from shaking, he hugged me, picking me up in the process. My feet left the floor, I completed this physical connection by encircling my arms around his neck and placing my chin on his shoulder

"Masibe right Nhanha, okay? (Let us be okay

Nhanha, okay?)"

I was in no state of answering so instead I remained in the position I was in and allowed him to carry me, he kept on tightening his arms around my waist until he placed me down, close enough to hold me around my waist using one arm then the other hand he placed under my chin, caressing my neck and chin. He placed a kiss on my forehead and I felt my heart ache from being a handful, he was trying but all his work seemed useless because I wasn't healing at all. He kept me in that position until he asked "You ready?"

I sighed and nodded. He removed his hand and stepped away, I walked over to the mirror and fixed my eyes but I couldn't clean them properly because some parts had dried already

Me: "Cela undijongele apho in my handbag kukho facial wipes (Could you please look in my

handbag, there's facial wipes)"

Mihle: "How do those look?"

Me: "Uzozibona Mihle (You'll see them Mihle)"

He opened my bag and searched it, stopped for some time and looked at me, I was about to talk when he dug in again, taking out everything that was in that bag, I stood with the most bored face ever and waited for him. After taking out my make up bag and wallet, he pulled out the Clicks facial wipes and threw them to me. I caught them and took out one, I tried relaxing when I saw him walk towards me and stand behind me, I didn't want to make him feel like he wasn't supposed to touch, he was trying and I saw that. Instead of touching his favourite part, that being my waist, he fixed my hair, brushing it over and over. I found myself smiling because this was cute

Me: "Let's go."

We stepped out of the bedroom, in the kitchen ontop of the counter were the Powerades he bought us when he had returned from the airport, there were five, three of which I placed inside the fridge and the other two I took for him and I. He longed up while I headed towards the car. I questioned about the distance to this place and when he told me it was less than twenty minutes away I actually felt like asking him to turn back. My stomach was turning already, and that feeling whereby you feel like there's a huge whole in your stomach was what I felt at that moment. My palms were sweating and I was really uneasy. I opened my Powerade and downed it half way, he looked at me and touched my thigh, squeezing it. I was fidgeting with my fingers this whole time, unable to sit still

Mihle: "Don't panic yet Phindi."

I shook my head, I couldn't. He found a place to

park his car and when he finally did, he turned on the seat and looked at me

"Breathe babe. Breathe."

I closed my eyes and tried breathing, exhaled and inhaled until I felt a little better, just a little. He touched my hands which were shaking and focused his eyes on me, eyes which carried so much hope, I could see it through them

Me: "Ndoyika nyani Mihle (I'm scared for real Mihle)"

Mihle: "Ndijonge Aphindiwe (look at me Aphindiwe)"

I looked at him

"I can't tell you what the results will be but I can promise you one thing, whether (long pause) whether you're infected or not, you'll still remain uAphindiwe. Now I want you to promise me that you're not going to lose yourself because of that."

The tears that filled my eyes escaped, I shook my head and looked down, my tears falling on our hands

Mihle: "I can't lose you twice Mambhele."

His voice was shaky, indicating that he was close to shedding a tear. He brought his head closer and our foreheads touched, I tightened his hands which were still holding mine and tried collecting myself. This took some time but eventually I managed to stop the crying at least. We drove nothing over ten minutes and we were in front of a huge gate with high walls, subsequently to stepping out and pressing the button he made a phone call, asking the Themba guy to open the gate. We drove in and parked on the driveway, the house was enormous but because my parents owned a house of this size, I wasn't amused much. We stepped out of the car and were immediately approached by a dark guy, who wasn't really tall,

he was dressed in Navy formal pants and a white shirt

"Mihle Gabavu."

Mihle: "Ndimdala kuwe kwedini, sundibiza ngegama (I'm older than you boy, don't call me by name)"

They did the manly hug, I heeded that he was shorter than Mihle, reached him an inch above his shoulder

Guy: "Ma'am"

Me: "Hello"

My voice was still a mess from the crying I did a few minutes ago.

"Ndingu Themba Sango. You can call me Dr Sango."

Me: "It's a pleasure to know you."

He nodded, touching Mihle's shoulder

Themba: "Masingeneni (Let's get inside)"

I was holding my handbag strand with both my hands, Mihle looked at me to assure that I was okay. I sighed looking at him, he placed his hand at the back of my waist and nodded slightly. We stepped inside, following this man who seemed either Mihle's age or a little older, a young boy came running and stopped in front of the man

"Daddy Lukhanyo is changing channels but we still watching some cartoons."

Themba: "Tell him I will come around and man handle him, he shouldn't."

If I wasn't under anxiety attack or having my insides turn like they were doing, I would have rolled my eyes because of this black child who spoke English like he was white, at that age. We continued down the passage and stopped in front of a double sided brown door

Themba: "Ningabe ningena (You can get it), I'll be back in a sec."

Mihle and I nodded, simultaneously, since I was in front I opened the door and we walked inside a room that was divided in two, one side looked like it was owned by some doctor, the other a businessman. Mihle sat on one of the chairs in front of the brown, and I copied his actions. My mind was all over the place, my heart was hammering against my chest and I was at the edge of just breaking down and crying because I was thinking of all things which were to happen if I were positive. I noticed how uneasy and tense Fhaku was too, he kept on clenching his jaws and tapping his foot.

After what seemed like forever the Themba guy came back, holding a glass of water which he handed to me. I looked at Mihle before taking it

Themba: "I noticed you might need a glass. You look nervous."

I took, shaking, I managed to bring it up to my lips and taking a sip. Themba moved over to the other side of the table and sat on his chair, he leaned forward, putting his hands together

"Ntangam so where can I help?"

Mihle: "(clears throat) nguAphindiwe lona, my first lady."

The guy smiled, looking at me before he looked at Mihle again, he nodded giving him permission to carry on.

"She was raped on Thursday so we don't know how healthy the person was and the risks zayo yonke lento (of this whole thing)."

By now I was looking at the glass, trying to stop myself from crying

Themba: "Aphindiwe sisi, could you look at me."

I looked up, my vision was blurry from the tears in my eyes. Mihle placed his hand on me

forearm and tightened his grip, the Themba guy was looking at me with so much pity

"I am sorry. What you experienced is an emotional damage for anybody especially you females. It makes you guys vulnerable but the way to accepting that you've been a victim starts from knowing that you're as survivor. Had it been another person, maybe they could have committed suicide by now or using substances excessively to ease the pain, but here you are, that alone says something about you."

Mihle had his eyes on me the whole time

Themba: I believe ufunde in these English schools, you do know what procedures need to be done when you've had unprotected sex. You know what's important, especially about your health as well as your partners. Before any further steps are taken regarding your mental state, we need to know if you're infected either by any virus or infection. So I will take a sample

of your blood alright?"

Me: "Okay."

I muddled through, by now my one hand was holding the glass, the other was one was in Mihle's hands.

The process with the whole drawing of my blood and everything appeared longer than usual, only because I was panicking. He explained to me what I already knew, about the one line and two lines situation from the HIV test. Mihle was sitting on the other side of the room, where we were seated before Dr Sango and I came here, he had turned his chair so he could face us but he wasn't looking though, he had his head bowed. I prayed silently when Themba dropped a drop of my blood and left it for the test to scrutinize. I had my eyes closed and couldn't stop mumbling "Please Lord." I

don't know when I had become such a believer but that was least of my worries now, I just hoped at that moment God was listening

Themba: "Aphindiwe"

I snapped my eyes open and looked at him before staring down at my test. My mouth gaped in surprise when I saw it had only one line, just a single line that was in line with the letter C

"I'm clean."

I whispered, in disbelief. The fear I had carried was still stuck with me even now that I actually couldn't believe it. When I looked at Mihle he was already making his way towards us, worry clear on his face, and I understood why, maybe my actions didn't really show how happy I was. I stood up and took a step towards him, he enveloped me in his arms before I could even utter a word

"Uclean (she's clean)"

Is what I heard Themba say while I was in Mihle's arms. Mihle pulled back and looked at me

Mihle: "You're clean?"

I nodded continuously, smiling for the very first time since I woke up today. He placed a long kiss on my forehead and looked at me then whispered

"I told you not to worry. Uliqina lam kaloku wena (You're my tough woman)."

149th Entry

Aphindiwe

That Sunday afternoon after returning from Dr Sango I spent sleeping because of the drowsiness caused by the injection he gave me,

to cleanse my blood and probably prevent any infection I stood a chance on getting. He did explain that the injection wasn't 100% a shield against infections so if I did suspect something, I should visit him immediately. I was also given some treatment and he also gave me a creme which was to help my wound. All these he did for free, he told Mihle not to pay and I believe it was because he felt some sympathy for me.

That whole week passed by a little normal, Monday I was dropped off at school and fetched in the afternoon. Mihle every second of the day to check on my safety, he did something he never really did, used his whatsapp for over twenty minutes talking to me only because I was in class. On whatsapp he kept on telling me to go outside so he'd give me a quick call but I refused, I had missed a lot and I needed the class attendance as well as

concentration. At home things were back to normal except for us not ever connecting physically, the only time he'd touch me was when he would either hug me or kiss my forehead. The second week was my last week before I started with the exams, it was stressful, but I spent almost all my hours at school in the library if I wasn't in class. Every Wednesday and Friday I had therapy sessions which only started that week, sessions Mihle had forced me to attend, I didn't feel comfortable talking to a stranger about my problems but on my third week going there I was actually feeling the difference, emotionally. I recall the last week of May on a Friday, I felt I was ready and actually missed his touch and kisses. I wasn't yet ready to have him inside of me but my therapist had told me I needed to work on baby steps, one thing at a time and not pressurise myself or else I'll lose focus on being me again. I was from taking a long bathe which I felt I owed

myself. When I stepped in the bedroom Mihle was already in bed, not sleeping though, staring hard at the ceiling. He passed his eyes towards me when I walked in then returned them to the ceiling

"I thought you might be asleep by now."

He did not respond. I stopped moisturising my bedtime gel and looked at him, I shrugged my shoulders, maybe he had a bad day at work and the symptoms were only showing now because he was more than fine on our way home, when we arrived here and before I went to take a bathe. I switched off the light once I was done with dressing and everything, got into bed and turned facing him. He shifted and changed sleeping position, from laying on his back to laying on his side and looking at me

Me: "Uright? (Are you okay?)"

Mihle: "Ewe, ndinentloko nje qha (Yes, I've just

got a headache that's all)"

Me: "Work problems?"

Mihle: "No. Ndine stress (I have stress) over something I can't quite figure."

I moved closer and touched his chest, he didn't move an inch but just looked at me, I moved even more closer and found his lips, at least he responded to my kiss but pulled back after a few seconds. I tried not to take offense from it

Me: "Goodnight then."

I placed another kiss on his chin then turned over, switched off my bedside lamp and tried sleeping. I couldn't only because I knew he wasn't sleeping either. I moved closer to him, I wanted some physical connection with him. I moved closer so my back would touch his chest and when it finally did, with my ass on his manhood he placed his hand on my waist and stopped me from moving any further. I stuck

out my ass and it rubbed against his manhood, I knew by now if he was his normal self he would have been turned on already. When I pushed it all out, pressing it hard on his manhood I was taken by surprise that he was still soft

Mihle: "Nhanha hayi (Nhanha no.)"

Me: "I'm sorry."

I moved away, a little hurt but brushed it away thinking maybe it was because of the stress.

The following morning I woke up with his side of the bed empty, I sat up and rubbed my eyes, his phone was still next to the lamp though. It took me a while to finally smell the scent of eggs with cheese and some bacon, I instantly became hungry. He was a fan of heavy breakfast in the morning then he barely ate in the afternoon, he was a man of keeping his proteins and vitamins sana. I woke up, made the bed and went to brush my teeth and clean

my face, I used my fingers to brush through my weave. I walked out of the bedroom but turned back when I was a few steps away from the door, down the passage, when I heard my phone ring. I grabbed it from the bed and looked at it, I smiled, it was my father

"David."

Tata: "I need to accept uba andisena mntana (that I don't have a child anymore) right?"

Me: "Hayi Tata (No dad)"

Tata: "Then what's happening?"

Me: "Exams."

Tata: "Done writing?"

Me: "Only down to three modules"

Tata: "Ubhale njani? (How did you write?)"

Me: "The best"

I lied, I was under pressure, still not yet healed

from being a victim of rape, the thought of it came knocking at my doorstep every now and then renewing the feeling, I felt I didn't have time to study really well and hard

"You're lying. Let's try again. Ubhale njani? (How did you write?)"

Me: "(giggles) I tried."

Tata: "Good. That try better be above your 60s then"

My mouth gaped, he was kidding right, not even the 50% I needed to pass a module.

Me: "Hopefully."

Tata: "I was just checking up on my precious little one."

Me: "I'm good"

"David misses you baby but because of your behavior I'm subtracting 2000 from your monthly installment."

Me: "What?! What behavior ngoku tata (now dad)?"

Tata: "Not calling"

Me: "But you also don't call nje so you can't deduct from my money. We both at fault."

Tata: "Imali kabani? (who's money?)"

I stopped myself from laughing, I somehow knew he was going to ask that

Me: "Yours"

Tata: "Now that's my Nhanha."

Me: "So are you honestly going to deduct the 2000?"

"Ewe."

Me: "Not even a 1000?"

Tata: "No 2000"

Me: "Hayi Tata, not even 1500 ke?"

Tata: "You're starting to annoy me. Bye bye"

Me: "Tjoh."

He hung up, that was his way of telling me he missed and loved me, I was used to it already, he never used words to tell me how much he missed me, he always just asked why I never called. I threw my phone on the bed and left that room. Mihle was standing at the stove frying what looked like pork sausages. He was wearing his boxers and a white vest, at the lounge the music he listened to played softly, those were your old R-Kelly, Dolly, Josh Turner, Luther Vandross, Anthony Hamilton and all those old school singers.

Me: "Good morning"

He turned and looked at me, smiling before he blew a kiss.

Mihle: "You're up?"

Me: "Ewe (yes)"

Mihle: "Khandincedise (help me) by pouring us

cold drink."

Me: "I want coffee today."

Mihle: "Then a cup for yourself and a glass for me"

He never drank coffee, not in my presence at least. I remember the very first few days when I started "moving" in here, he didn't have coffee at all until we went to buy some groceries then I chose some hot beverages. Hot chocolate and coffee. He placed the pork sausages on the plates and turned off the stove, he stood next to me at the sink, rinsing his hands while I waited for him so I'd rinse his glass. I poured him his grape Krush juice then waited for my coffee, he found himself a seat and down the first glass, slid it towards me, I refilled his glass

Me: "Do you have any plans for today?"

Mihle: "It would have been a soccer match but I can't leave you here alone"

Me: "And andinokwazi uphinda ndiye kula field yenu (And I'd never be able to go to that field of yours again.)"

Mihle: "Ngoba? (Why not?)"

Me: "I enjoy watching you play but not when I'm all alone on those benches."

We had our breakfast between small chats, his main concern were my sessions and exams, nothing else. He wanted to know I was doing great in both, he was one person I could open up to and know I'd receive advice and not a lecturer so I told him about the progress in my therapy sessions and the failure in my examination. We finished our breakfast and washed the dishes together, the energy was vibrant and exciting, exactly what I needed in my life right now. Mihle was in the bedroom when I went to take a shower, I had asked him to take a shower with me but he brushed it off, so I went, all by myself. I returned in the

bedroom and found him standing by the window talking on the phone. I didn't pay much mind to his conversation instead carried on doing what I was doing, which was applying some roll-on on my armpits. He turned right before ending the call and looked at me, not with the familiar look he had always given me when I was standing in front of him, naked. It was as though he wasn't ready to see me like this, nude. Bothered by the look on his face, I questioned

"Yintoni? (What is it?)"

I noticed how he clenched his jaws before he turned averted his eyes from me, then responded in his husky voice

Mihle: "Nothing."

He was lying, and hurting me as well

Me: "Uyaxoka (You're lying)"

He turned his head and looked at me from head

to toe, slowly, before he made eye contact with me. If he was a child I would explain the look on his face as that of a young boy who was about to cry but for someone his age, he looked like he would kill someone

Me: "You never looked at me like that before. Now could you tell me what the problem is?"

Mihle: "Ayonto (It's nothing)"

"Yesterday you didn't want me near you."

He cocked a brow, giving me one of the most ridiculous look like I was stupid or something. I was growing some irritation from all this but didn't want to let it go until he told me why he couldn't look at me naked

Me: "Izolo (yesterday), in bed, I did what I often did, one thing that turns you on and it didn't izolo (yesterday)"

Mihle: "I wasn't in the mood"

Me: "Not to even touch me?"

Mihle: "Can we let this go Aphindiwe?"

Me: "No! No. You barely touch me, you don't lay a finger on me like you used to, and now you're giving me that look."

Mihle: "Aphindiwe uqala uchuku because none of these thi..."

"Or is it because my anus took a dick already?"

His face changed, he looked flushed, an angry flushed, more like he couldn't believe I said that. He swallowed and clenched his jaws, he didn't break eye contact with me, his eye spoke a message, a dangerous one

Mihle: "This has got nothing to do with your anus. Nothing."

You know how many men can't shout when they're angry but just speak in that "don't you ever say that again" tone, that's exactly what he

did, whispering that whole sentence.

I swallowed the lump on my throat and looked away, trying to blink the tears which were blurring my vision. He walked past me and walked out of the room, literally throwing the door and not closing it. I flinched, closing my eyes. Now he was being a bitch because none of the things I said gave him a right to lose his cool like he did, he could have told me that none of his actions had anything to do with my ass, end of story. I walked over to the brown leather couch and found a seat, I actually sat there until my body was covered in goosebumps from the cold. Lost in my own thoughts, I didn't even know how long I been sitting there but I managed to drag myself up and put on a lousy outfit. When that was done I left the bedroom and made way to the kitchen, Mihle wasn't in the lounge nor kitchen. From the refrigerator, I took out a frozen stew which placed it in the

sink, and a frozen pie which I warmed up in the microwave. There was only one possible place Mihle would be in and that was the spare bedroom, it was the only place since his car was in the garage. I poured myself a glass of his favourite juice and opened the pie container so it could cool off, while in the meantime I went to invade Mihle's privacy. Like I had thought, he was in that room but sleeping though, his tall body laid diagonal on the bed, his feet hanging a little. I stood at the door and watched him, he looked so peaceful when he was sleeping this way, and looked so angelic nobody would have thought he was a murderer. I choked, from my own thoughts, honestly that thought had been laying at the back of my mind, ignored.

He shifted and I tried controlling my coughs, I didn't want to wake up as yet. I stepped away from the door and retreated to the kitchen,

trying to ease my coughs. Financially, I was beyond happy, physically I appeared spectacular but emotionally I was dying. My life was a mess, I felt like I had no family because the people who were willing to love me here I deserted, I chose a man who killed, whether it was for my safety, he still remained a murderer and in return of all my bad decisions, I was now a victim of rape. Through this thoughts I felt a lump grow in my throat and tears forming behind my eyes, I was at the edge of crying but was disturbed by Mihle who cleared his throat. I closed my eyes and tried fixing my facing before turning and facing him, he was standing at the fridge and looked way decent for a killer. Since the thought was triggered it was now stuck in my mind.

That day went by average, with him and I not really talking because he seemed still a little upset about what I had said earlier. I didn't

question it. The following day I woke up a little earlier than usual to period pains, it was a relief to me because the second thing which was supposed to be a barrier on my way of accepting that I had been raped and making peace with it, wasn't succeeding. Unlike myself, Mihle was grumpy and appeared stressed. He spent half of his day working through some databases and sleeping, I studied most of the time. Bulelani invited us over for supper, and it turned out the supper was a meal at Mugg and Bean. The people present there were Mihle and myself, Bulelani with his girlfriend and some other lady who was a friend to the two men, and apparently she was the reason we were here.

Wednesday right after my last paper, which was at half 11 Kimberley came to fetch me and we went to chill at her flat. As always, she was there with Luthando and to my serious Mihlali

as well. She still looked beautiful but somehow not so clean

Me: "Mimi?"

Mihlali: "Ntombi, hello girl. How have you been?"

I leaned forward and gave her a cold hug, the girl and I weren't really close and the last time I checked she wasn't on good terms with these two

"So what puts you here?"

She stopped sipping on her coke and looked at me

Me: "I know this isn't my place and I have no right to ask but what I meant is usukaphi? (where you coming from?)"

Mihlali: "Places"

Me: "Did you go write kakade?"

Mihlali: "Write what?"

Luthando chuckled, clapping her hands. My jaw drop, where has this girl been staying kanti?

Me: "Criminal law."

"Wait, besibhala namhlanje? (Wait, we were writing today?)"

Me: "Oh wow"

Kimberley: "Drop out already."

Luthando: "Yeka Ufunda nyani shame (Yeah stop studying for real), all you know is men"

Mihlali: "Mxm."

We sat there and listened to her story, I almost dislocated my jaw from hanging it too much when she told us that she's from Mashu with some Zulu men she had met some weekend. I had so many questions to ask her but she wasn't quite my friend so I didn't feel I had the right so I allowed the other girls to question her instead. We were still in the middle of that

conversation when Kimberley received a call from her brother, I felt myself get cold when she dragged me to escort her outside

"Kim no don't!"

Kimberley: "Just come dammit!"

We stepped outside, with her hand still holding mine

Me: "Stop dragging me then."

She laughed, looking at me

"For someone so thick, you're really light weighted."

Me: "No I'm not, I just didn't give out all my strengt"

Kimberley: "Whatever."

She said that rolling her eyes while she was scanning her card on the pedestrian gate.

Andrew's Ford Ranger was standing on the other side of the gate, engine still on. I was a

little nervous and I couldn't figure out why, maybe it was because the last time I saw him he tried kissing me. Kimberley hovered over the window and looked at him, he was on a phone call, looking clean as always. He ended the call a few seconds after we had arrived and instantly his eyes landed on me

"Skat."

Me: "Hello"

I smiled. He turned off the engine and opened his door

Kimberley: "An excuse me Kim wouldn't hurt hey."

Andrew: "Jammer (Sorry)"

He stepped out, smiling and walked over to him, without my permission he took me in a hug and literally picked me up, he was smelling incredibly. He placed me down but didn't move his hands from my waist, I broke eye contact

with him and tried breaking free, he allowed me

Andrew: "Hoe gaan dit? (How's it going?)"

Me: "Good thanks"

Andrew: "It has been ages since I saw you."

He looked at me, between narrowed eyes, a little seriously before he smiled. I couldn't help but smile back, he wasn't the type to creep me out

Kimberley: "Kan ek die geld hê (Can I have the money), then I'll remove myself from all this excitement."

I giggled, looking at Kim. He shook his head and walked over to his car, took out an envelope and handed it to his sister

Kimberley: "Dankie. Baby you'll let the security open for..."

Me: "No you can't leave me alone here."

Andrew: "You're with me."

I was walking when I stopped and looked at him
"Bly net n bietjie (Stay for a while). I won't waste
your time."

I was a little reluctant until Kimberly threw me
her keys which had the card for the gate. I
watched her walk through the gate and
disappear where the elevators were situated, I
turned and looked at a smiling Andrew. He was
leaning against his car, one hand in his pocket
while the other was extended for me to hold.
Last time I was this friendly with this man, Mihle
lost his temper and I almost allowed myself to
kiss him.

150th Entry

Azola

Believing that you were a power couple with

your partner just because everybody at campus knew you guys were an item wasn't a good idea. I had thought Steve would never leave me, but he saw better ass and started behaving like we never shared anything special. He lied, saying he has changed, begged me to give him yet another chance which I did, but here I was again single because he found out I was pregnant, agreed on aborting the embryo then left so I'd deal with the stress alone. I was in a cab, directing the driver over to Lisa's place, one of my coolest and beautiful friends. She was a little older than I was, 25 in age but we understood each other like we were off the same age. She owned a place, an apartment her father bought for her, I still didn't understand how she stayed in her own place here in Cape Town and never spoke about visiting home yet her family lived here in Cape Town too. I never asked questions, if she was comfortable with sharing the news, she would. She was your IDC

type of girls, dated what was called a blesser nowadays, always has her hair, nails and outfit at her best. I fitted her criteria even though the money I received was from my parents and not some old man.

I paid off the driver and stepped out the car, sighing. Her and I were only going out because I felt I needed it, Sunday we had gone out and it was epic, it was Wednesday today and we were repeating it. I was done writing, my last examination was on Thursday the previous week and as for Lisa she should have been done studying but had two modules she had failed last year, so she was still stuck at UCT completing those. I was making way up the four-floor building going to the second level where she stayed. Just by standing at her doorstep I could already smell her fragrance which lingered in the air, I knocked. After knocking for the second time she opened, holding a brush in

her hand

Lisa: "Baby."

Me: "Hello"

She stepped aside and allowed me in

"Uthe siyaphi kanene? (you said where we going again?)"

Lisa: "Uzobona but Charles uzobe ekhona (You'll see but Charles will be around)"

This was her second time telling me this, I didn't like the idea but she did assure me that I'd enjoy their company, by their I meant Charles and his friends. When she was done we waited for Charles to call while we were having some Ice Tropez ciders Charles bought for her yesterday. We were still halfway with our drinks when he called, reporting that he was outside, we had no other choice but to leave with the bottles.

Outside the yard, a white Range Rover Evoque was the only car stationary so without having to

guess, it was Charles. Lisa grabbed hold of the front door while I held the back one, stepping into the car right after she did. She sat and leaned forward giving her man a kiss

Charles: "Hello love."

Lisa: "This right here is Azola sthandwa sam (my love)"

The man turned on the seat and looked at me, he extended his hand and smiled at me. I was informed that he was Zambian but for a foreigner, he looked way too fresh

"Molo sisi (Hello lady)"

Me: "Molo bhuti (Hello man)"

He nodded, still smiling before he turned and looked at his woman whilst accelerating his Evoque. We drove to some lounge, one that was known for being on the list of the most expensive lounges in Cape Town, the cars parked there spoke the message before you

walked inside and then I understood why she looked like this most of the time. We stepped out of the car and into the lounge, I spotted a group of three guys and a lady dressed semi-formal, fitting the criteria of this place. We approached them and I figured Lisa must know all his friends when one of them stood up just to give her a hug, she hugged him back smiling. He turned and looked at me, taking my hand in a lousy handshake, I smiled

"Brian, that's the name."

Me: "Azola"

"Glad to finally meet someone other than this lady here."

Lisa: "Oh no, please don't Brian"

We sat and a waitress came through to take our orders, this place had food too which Lisa ordered for all of us, as well as our drinks. I wasn't the type of girl to visit such places even

though I had the money too, with my type of friends and parents I wouldn't get the chance, so this was the first for me. These were your big boys, people who balled and didn't cry over the few cents they spent but what was negative about them was how they wanted ass for all that. This I noticed from the other guy by the name Lukhanyo, he tried hitting on me every chance he got, flexing his riches and selling me dreams. I was not much bored but rather fused with his immaturity, well I'm from a wealthy background and floating your riches wasn't something I was raised to do, it wasn't something my parents did nor my siblings or relatives. Either than the brags and showing off everything else went splendid until Charles took out a small brown paper from the inside of his blazer, I saw how happy the around me became, I was still lost. He handed it to the other lady who stood up, fixing her small dress and strolled down the tiled floor followed by one of

the guys. They returned after a while and sat down, I honestly didn't take it any change from them. It wasn't long until Lisa stood up, dragging me along, we made our way to Charle's car and inside she pulled out that same brown paper and a credit card from the door and asked me to hold the credit card. I looked at her a little skeptical but took the credit card anyway, she told me about three times not to move and when I sat still, she poured white powder on the card, making me gawk from shock

"Is this coke?!"

She giggled before nodding shyly.

Me: "Wait? What the actual Fuck Lisa?!"

Lisa: "Why you freaking out?"

Me: "Heee hayi kengoku (Oh wow). You're on drugs ngoku? (now?)"

Lisa: "Geez, it's just powder nothing big. Hayi

wethu yhini."

I chuckled ridiculously from shock, I was beyond shocked. I watched how she sniffed then looked up, trying to clean her nose. She went for the second pull then closed her eyes, probably feeling it sink in

Lisa: "Want to try?"

Me: "Ungakhe ulinge (Don't you dare.)"

Lisa: "Relax (giggles) awusekho uptight nje (you're so uptight)"

I rolled my eyes, my mood was a little off now because right after this I was thinking about what more did these men introduce her to, she wasn't a drug person, I mean not long ago she despised weed and the smell off it but right now she was practising something worse and more dangerous. We stepped out of the car and she was her bubbly self

Me: "I want to leave"

Lisa: "What?! Yintoni nah Azola? (What is it Azola?)"

I kept my mouth shut and just continued walking, I heard her mumble something besides me. Right when we arrived at the table, without even sitting I took my handbag, earning eyes from everybody around the table

"And then?"

One of them said

Me: "I'm leaving"

Charles: "Why?"

Me: "I have to."

Brian: "Let me drop you off"

"I'll manage on my own."

Brian: "I insist."

He downed his glass and stood up, he said something in Shona to his friends, one replied in

English talking about him returning back in time and not trying to hit on me. I said my goodbyes and made way to the door with this heavenly smelling man besides me. I waited for him to walk towards his car and when he approached the red Ferrari, I stopped my jaw from dropping. Where in hell did these men receive their money?

Aphindiwe

I stood with Andrew outside for over an hour, and I too surprised myself, I didn't think our conversation would go that well. Our last physical contact was when he extended his hand for me to hold, which I did after being hesitant. When he told me he had to go he wanted a hug but because of the face I pulled, according to him, he understood and told me he'd receive it next time. I walked into the flat

and immediately there was silence

Me: "What?"

Kimberley: "What were you doing with Drew for so long?"

Me: "Chatting"

She folded her arms over her chest

"Seriously! Ehwwwe I can't believe you."

Kimberley: "You better not. Not with my brother"

Me: "Don't lose it girl. I've got my own."

She stood up, shrugging her shoulders and passed by me with an attitude

"None of my friends get my brother. Just so you know."

I rolled my eyes, if I wanted her brother I would have had him long time. Her flat was small but the best space for one or two people, her kitchen counter was the only piece which

separated the lounge and kitchen. She was standing by the stove making some popcorns while the rest of us were chatting away. We were still having our fashion conversation when my phone vibrated in my school handbag, I pulled it out and wasn't really surprised when I saw the caller ID

"Fhaku?"

Mihle: "Uphi uMambhele wam? (Where's my Mambhele?)"

Me: "Ndilapha kwa Kim (I'm here by Kim's), not really far from the school campus"

Mihle: "What's the name of the place?"

Me: "Kim, what's the name of these flats?"

"Tell him these are the only Bachelor flats in Somerset West for Stellenbosch Uni students."

Me: "The only Bachelor flats for Stellenbosch Uni students."

Mihle: "Bachelor flats or Garden flats?"

Me: "Bachelor"

Mihle: "I'll be there in twenty."

I nodded, simultaneously saying my goodbye. I felt down instantly, things weren't okay back in Belmar, seeing Mihle wasn't as exciting as it was before and it's all because of this tragic incident that happened a month ago.

With Mihle's driving, twenty minutes was five minutes because in no time he called, I gave my friends hugs and promised them that on Monday after my last paper, they could have me to themselves.

We arrived in Belmar after passing by at Spur, buying ribs and buffalo wings for supper. A few days back I did wonder where Nomthandazo had gone to but when Mihle mentioned her name while we were eating I stopped chowing

and looked at him

"I might be back a little late Friday ngoba sizoya for iscan (because we'll go for a scan)"

Me: "Wow that's nice (pause) and exciting."

He nodded, faking a smile and narrowed his eyes at me. I looked at him and waited for him to talk because I saw he was going to

Mihle: "How are your sessions going?"

Me: "Actually good. Ndiyamthanda la mama (I love that woman), she made me understand that the experience is bad and will remain bad but it isn't about being a victim but a survivor."

Mihle: "I'm glad"

He turned his head and paid attention to the sport news he was watching. I have been talking note of his change, he wasn't himself and it scared me

"Uright wena? (Are you alright?)"

Mihle: "Huh?"

Me: "Are you alright?"

Mihle: "I am"

Me: "Mihle ndiyakucela (Mihle I'm begging you).
Could you talk to me?"

He placed the rib he was holding on the plate and looked at me, that was before he closed his eyes and sighed.

"I'm affected."

He whispered before he opened his eyes and looked at me

Me: "What?"

Mihle: "Every gold I touch rusts (long pause) I found you happy Aphindiwe and because off my selfishness I took away the two things that mattered to you"

Me: "And what are those?"

Mihle: "Your family and happiness."

I swallowed and sighed softly, he was right but that didn't mean with him I wasn't happy. I knew this was a time thing and it would pass so he didn't have to...

"I think funeke uyofunda eMthatha (I think you should go study at Mthatha)."

He disturbed my thoughts. I blinked and looked at him, my tongue stiffened and I could master a simple word

Mihle: "Phindi I'm not getting rid of you, I'll see you every weekend if I have to but this.'

Me: "This?"

Mihle: "I mean asikho right Phindi. We not and having you around wounds me, it drives me insane. I hardly sleep because of guilt."

Me: "And you think chasing me away will make things better"

Mihle: "I'm not..."

"Then wenzani?! What are you doing Mihle?"

I was up on my feet now and he was still seated, looking at me. I knew being interrupted irritated him but I was fuming, he couldn't do this to us, to me

Mihle: "Phindi sit"

Me: "Ndiphendule (Answer me)"

Mihle: "We need space."

I chuckled ridiculously and shook my head, my heart was heavy from all this. After all I been through, just when I thought I was healing he had to rob me my hope. He stood up and tried to touch me

"Don't you dare! Don't you fucken dare!"

Mihle: "Aphindiwe could you hear me out?"

Me: "No! Hayi Mihle, I'm not at peace with my family because of you, was hit by a car because

of you (long pause) and I was raped because of you."

My last sentence I whispered, I was at the edge of crying now, from both anger and hurt. He stepped closer causing me to step back

Me: "And now you want me to leave after all you've put me through. You want me to deal with all these by myself because you're done ngam"

I didn't have the energy in me to shout, I was just dying the more I proceeded it

Mihle: "I'm not done with you. I am not dumping you Aphindiwe, I just need us to be apart, time to miss you, time to"

He kept quiet and looked at me

Me: "Time to accept that the one fucken thing you wanted from me is now gone."

He clenched his jaws and furrowed his

eyebrows, they were shaking and couldn't stay in one place, furrowed or normal

"This has got nothing to do with that?"

Aphindiwe: "From the way you begged for it, it's clear, ibiyeyonanto ubuyifuna (it was all you ever wanted)"

His chest was pacing and I was aware I were hurting him but I wanted him to feel what I was feeling. He ran his hand down his face and turned around, walking towards the huge television stand, he still had his back on me when I continued

"It's just a pity Bafana got it before you did, and maybe that's why you can't..."

Before I got to finish my sentence, he threw a small vase, not aiming at me as such but it wasn't far from where I was standing. I flinched and stopped breathing, he stormed over to me and grabbed hold of my shoulders, digging his

fingers deep in my skin. He tried speaking whilst shaking me but stopped and slowly pulled back, he had that vein visible on his forehead and his eyes were red. He looked at me for over two minutes before he broke eye contact and turned punching the couch in front of him and dangerously whispered a "fuck."

I was still in shock, I honestly thought he was going to slap me or strangle me like he had done to Nomthandazo. I stood at that place, my feet unable to carry me until he turned and looked at me, his face a little tense but better than what it was

Mihle: "What I'm doing apha is for the both of us. For your safety, for our relationship. For your safety"

Me: "You said that already"

"I am talking apha Aphindiwe."

I was still shaking but decided to contain myself

and allow him to finish

Mihle: "Your safety is more important than anything apha kum Aphindiwe and just because General is died doesn't mean we've conquered it all. He has a team lomntu, he had people, abantu abangazoyiyeka lento (people who don't let this go) until they feel I've received what I deserve and sthandwa sam it's you they'll attack."

I wasn't aware of the thug life or anything of this game yakhe but I felt this Bafana thing was an excuse for everything

Me: "What does this have to do with me going home?"

Mihle: "For protection"

Me: "Weren't you doing that perfectly or am I missing something?"

Mihle: "Andizohlala ndikhona Aphindiwe (I won't always be there Aphindiwe)"

"Reason why you bailing out on me?"

Mihle: "Andikushiya (I'm not leaving you), I just think things would be better if you'd stay home, with your father and I'll do the visiting."

I opened my mouth to talk but he stopped me by speaking first

Mihle: "Trust me"

Me: "I already did that and look where it got me."

By the change of facial expressions I heeded that must have hit him hard or hurt him but I didn't care. I walked away, leaving him alone in that lounge, I didn't want to do anymore talking, sleeping would do me better. Before I took a long shower I took two sleeping pills and as I walked in and out of the lounge, I could feel his eyes on me. I wasn't going to cry not this time around, a lot of things were trying to bring me down and the one person I wanted to confined

in was disappointing. He was leaving me. I found myself chuckling as I lay in this tub, lump on my throat and hurt.

The following morning I woke up way later than I had expected, Mihle was already gone to work and I was all alone in that house. I could not get my mind off the things he said last night, in fact I woke up with that exact lump. He called before twelve to check if I was up and still safe. At twenty past twelve he was at the house to spend only twenty minutes with me because at quarter to he drove back to work.

On Friday morning I texted my girls and asked them to come see me, Mihle did tell me he had an appointment today so he'd arrive late but every hour he called. I was still mad at him, I only spoke when spoken to and I was beginning to consider this moving out thing, but there was no way I was heading to Eastern Cape.

Unfortunately Kimberley was not in town, and that meant Luthando didn't have transport to come here. Not wanting to be a nuisance, I told her not to catch any taxis and come there, so that meant I had the day to myself.

I fell asleep on that couch, waiting for Mihle, thinking about my future, his reasoning which I still didn't understand and honestly just how my gut told me if I agreed to this, I'd be walking out for good. But what was the validity of staying when he wanted me to away?

151st Entry

Mihle

I turned up home to a sleeping Aphindiwe. Alternatively, I found some time in cooking, it's

been ages since I did this and it helped me get a lot out of my mind. The appointment with Nomthandazo was a success and being good news, it was suppose to brighten my day but it didn't, I was an emotional mess instead. What I was preparing was rice with brown lentils, beef stew and veggies. I am the best in the kitchen just like I am in the bedroom but it wasn't everyday I did some cooking, only when I was in no mood of takeaway or when I needed distraction. Subsequently to rinsing the meat I removed my jacket and shirt, I was still in uniform. I hung them on the chairs and worked in my vest and pants, chopping the vegetables I was to cook and some onion and peppers. Nomthandazo was carrying a boy, that being the only great thing about her pregnancy. The last time we spoke was that Thursday she left my place, we weren't on talking terms because of what had occurred the previous night. Seeing her bump bigger than what it was gave me hope,

maybe my little boy would uplift me spiritually. Aphindiwe was good at that but not now and I clearly understood why, I put her through hell but what she didn't know what her rape took a turn on me, a huge turn. I opened the fridge and took out a bottle of water, poured myself a full glass and downed it, leaning against the counter.

It was only then I was beginning to understand how Karma worked. It came when you least expected it to, when you were unarmed and it came only to destroy or take the one thing you used as a pillar. It never came to rob you financially, while destroying you emotionally and physically, no. Karma just came to torment one part of your life, the strongest, with the knowledge that the rest will fall apart too. Exactly what was currently happening in my life. My girlfriend was tormented, my guilt conscious telling me it was all because of me, that

affecting me emotionally and now I was making the worst decisions hoping I'd get the best results from them.

The same time I checked my wristwatch the exact time I heard footsteps coming towards the kitchen, since we were the only two in the house, I knew it was her. She stood at the entrance of the kitchen and looked at me, prior to stretching her body

"Hello."

Me: "Uright?"

She nodded, taking steps towards the fridge. I watched her as she stood there, abstracted, I walked up to her and stood behind her, she turned immediately when I was about to touch her, crashing into my chest and dropping the can of Play she was holding. She looked at the energy drink spilling on the floor before she looked at me. She was about to say something

when I crashed my lips on hers, she gasped probably overwhelmed by the physical contact. I caught myself by surprise too, it's been over a month since I been this close to her. I pulled away and looked at her, she had her eyes closed for a while before she opened them and looked at my lips. I removed my hand from the fridge door and brought it up to touch her bottom lip. I was about to touch it when she bit on it and looked up at me, she placed her hand on my chest and stood on her tippy toes. I knew this way she was asking for more so I leaned forward and placed my forehead on hers, when I placed my hand on her right butt cheek I was taken by surprise by her sudden breathing. I pulled back, breaking contact, the look on her face made me want to punch myself but my sudden thought needed me to breath a little. She stood at that same spot looking at me, I could tell she wanted to know where it all went wrong but she just didn't ask. I moved from

where I was standing and picked up the can, finally she closed the fridge and cleared her throat

"Ndizoy'cleana (I'll clean it.)"

I nodded, walking over to the stove to check my last pot, that being the meat. When I turned around she was standing by the counter, holding a glass and the Play on the other hand

Me: "Ayikho enye? (Isn't there another one?)"

Aphindiwe: "No, this was the last one."

Me: "Nxhesi (I'm sorry) when I'm done cooking, sizoyothenga ezinye (we'll go buy some more)."

She didn't respond but moved away from the counter and walked towards the cabinet which had the dustbin

Me: "Phindi"

She looked at me, simultaneously throwing the can inside the bin

"Come here."

Aphindiwe: "Huh?"

I walked up to her, avoiding to repeat myself. I felt bad with how I was making her feel so I decided I'd tell her, try finding some words to explain it. I took two steps away from her and extended my hand for her to hold, which she did. I pulled her and took her in a hug, a long warm hug prior to picking her up and placing her on the counter

Me: "Masithethe (Let's talk)"

Aphindiwe: "About?"

I sighed, positioning myself in between her legs

"I know things aren't the same between us and yonke lento ingatyalwa kum (and all this could be blamed on me). I haven't been the same (long pause), I am."

I averted my eyes from her hands and looked at

her, she has been staring at me this whole time

Me: "Andizazi Phindi (I don't know myself Phindi). I feel lost"

Aphindiwe: "Ngoba? (Why?)"

I sighed and moved back, I didn't let go of her hands though. I looked up at the ceiling before looking back at her

Me: "The incident with uBafana (pause) I've never been through this, I don't know how to take it in. At times ndiyakujonga (I look at you) and I feel like I could have done better. (Long pause) I don't..."

I broke contact with her, both eye and physical. I couldn't express further how I felt, how every time I touched her I feared I was going to break back that feeling, when I penetrated maybe, if I'd ever be able to make her feel loved again through intimacy.

Me: "Can we talk about this some other time?"

Aphindiwe: "Yintoni ingxaki ngoku? (What's the problem now?)"

I didn't respond, I didn't have the answer to that. What was the problem? Me being an asshole, my problem of expressing myself, or how I didn't know which other way to explain exactly how I felt? Either way, I didn't have an answer to it.

"You know what's funny? How you lack so much communication skills nam. It makes me wonder if you were ever like this with Nomthandazo."

From where I was standing, that being the stove, I turned and looked at her, my exasperation increasing in seconds

Me: "UFuna ndikuphendule ndithini? (What do you want me to say in response?)"

Aphindiwe: "Answer what I just asked"

Me: "And what's this thing of you comparing yourself kuye (to her)? Awung'Nomthandazo

Aphindiwe (You're not Nomthandazo Aphindiwe), therefore however way I communicated with her awungenindawo (has got nothing to do with you). If I had wanted to talk to Nomthandazo ngendinaye ngoku (I would have been with her now), nothing's stopping me."

She gazed at me, her lips parted

"Lento uthanda uyenza is unattractive (This thing that you like doing is unattractive)."

Me: "Why you pinning the blame on me ngoku? I just asked you a ques..."

Me: "You fucken compared yourself to Nomthandazo! And that is bullshit! You do this every time we have a disagreement."

Aphindiwe: "It's just..."

Me: "Okanye ufuna ndithini? Ndibuyele kuye? (What do you want me to do? To go back to her?)"

Aphindiwe: "Mxm."

She pushed herself off the counter and stormed out of the kitchen, she stopped halfway through the entrance and looked at me

"I hate how every time when you're the one who's wrong, I end saying I'm sorry"

I closed my eyes and sighed softly. Her and I never argued this much, we had our disagreements but at least they never came to a point where she didn't open her mouth. I knew she was back to square one now, she wouldn't utter a word unless spoken. This was one of there reasons why I wanted to be away from her, to find someone, to miss her, to long for her presence because at this moment in time, having her besides me every hour of the day proved many other things I weren't ready for.

We dined in silence, she was sitting on the one-seat couch while I was on the other. Her eyes

were either glued on her phone or on the television screen, while mine were on her ninety percent of the time. Whilst she did the dishes I was watching the sport news, I tuned on these way more than I did to the national news. Our bathing routine was the same for the past month, her in bath tub while I was in the shower. And that too was my fault, because of not knowing how to touch her causing her to finally stop trying.

Saturday morning I woke to a call from Bulelani, he was laying a complaint to me about me being so scarce. He was right I have been, I needed to keep my eyes on Phindi. I worried about her and her safety, so if it meant staying away from my guys, then it meant staying away. She woke up just when I was starting with preparing breakfast, defrosting the bacon. She walked into the kitchen looking a little grumpy, I

took a glance of her then returned to what I was doing

"Good morning."

Me: "Morning Mambhele."

She opened the cabinet and took out a cup which she placed on top of the counter

Me: "Uleli njani? (How did you sleep?)"

Aphindiwe: "Okay"

Me: "I received a call from Bulelani, they're having a braai and urhalela sibekhona (and he hopes we'd be there)"

She sat on the stool after plugging the kettle and leaving it to boil

Aphindiwe: "I have a date with the girls. And please don't stop me from going, ndiyakucela (I'm begging you)"

I chuckled while walking towards her, she was looking at me half smiling

Me: "I apologized izolo and you didn't respond. Undivile? (Did you hear me?)"

Aphindiwe: "(nods) I just didn't know how to respond to that."

Me: "I honestly want what's best for you Mambhele. I know I might be the worst boyfriend you have ever had but ndibethwa zi circumstances (but it's the circumstances)"

Aphindiwe: "(giggles) awusakhumshi nje."

I snickered, cupping her face, I leaned in and placed a kiss on her forehead

Me: "Uli model C kaloku wena, so funeke ndimane ndi practiza esis'lungu (That's because you're a model C, so I have to keep practicing this English)"

Aphindiwe: "I hope this isn't another way of stopping me from going with my girls"

Me: "Am I that bad?"

Aphindiwe: "No, qha you have your ways."

I moved away from her and over to the pan which contained the McCain frozen chips on the stove.

"You can go with your girls but I'll contact you every minute I get. Uphendule iphone Aphindiwe (You must answer your phone Aphindiwe)"

Aphindiwe: "And you just sounded like I never answer your calls."

Me: "Andifuni noba uqala (I don't even want you to start)."

She prepared herself a cup of coffee while on her phone and waiting for me to finish off the breakfast. It was a while of silence until she broke it off by saying

"Can we talk about lento yospace? (this space thing?)"

Me: "What about it?"

I leaned on the counter and looked at her, she kept on turning the stool she was seated on, spinning it around

Aphindiwe: "Well it isn't like you want us to stop seeing each other qha you miss not having me around oko (all the time), so I was thinking how about I just go back eres. I mean sizozala phi uxelela my dad that I'm going back when it was his idea edibene nala brother yakhe uba ndizofunda apha (I mean where will we start telling my dad that I'm going back when it was his idea together with that brother of his that I should come study here). David will kill me Mihle."

Just when I was about to ask her to sit still, she stop spinning the chair and looked at me, the look on her face indirectly pleading me to agree

Me: "Firstly, missing not having you around is bullshit and is definitely not the reason behind all this. The reason why I wanted you out of the

Western Cape is for your safety."

Aphindiwe: "It's been over a month kodwa ngoku and nobody has threatened you of anything."

I narrowed my eyes at her

"Or is there?"

Me: "No"

Aphindiwe: "Exactly"

Me: "I feel like your stay isn't only about us hey."

Aphindiwe: "You're so ungrateful yazi"

I blew her a kiss, and found myself smiling when she rolled her eyes. I wasn't sure if I wanted her back at the school residence, as much as I wanted her to be away for a while, that place just didn't feel safe.

We had breakfast and for the first time in a long

while I played around with her, making her laugh. Her mood this morning was the reason I ended up smiling too, her sudden happiness rubbed off on me. I made it clear to her that I hadn't yet agreed to having her move back to the residence, alternatively she could just remain under this roof after all. Before we bathed and got ready for the day she asked me to undo her hair, shouting at me during this because she thought I would cut her hair every now and then. She had long hair and still has, to be honest she looked prettier in it but when I shared that information with her, she gave me an uncertain look. She left her hair curled and not combed but it still looked beautiful, making her look younger than her age.

Before driving to Bulelani's, I dropped her off at Kimberley's flat. I left that place in smiles because once again I called that coloured girl by the name Khamila, and I felt it still fitted her

way better than Kimberley. At Bhuda's place were my boys, some girls whom I really wasn't interested in and plenty of meat and booze. Being here shifted my mind off things, I was oblivious to needing the break until I stepped into that yard, the smell of braaied meat, soft deep house music and some smiles and laughs from happy people. I joined the gang after greeting and giving hugs where necessary

Bulelani: "Uyalahleka kwedini (You're getting lost boy)"

Me: "Bendingxaki neMain Groot man (Had a problem with the main Groot man)"

Bulelani: "Unjani kodwa usisi? (How is she though?)"

Me: "Uyaphila (sighs) ndim'lo ungathi yi mess (She's good (sighs) I'm the one who's a mess)"

He moved his chair closer to me and placed his arm around my shoulder, bringing me closer in

a side hug

"Sizothetha ngayo (We'll talk about it). Let's drink for now."

I chuckled, moving away from him and leaning backwards on my camp chair. I allowed myself to enjoy the moment while it lasted because with everything that life fucked up, these gents here endured.

Nomthandazo

I was out and about with Sivuyisiwe, doing some shopping, for both ourselves and my little one. Yesterday I couldn't sleep, thinking about all the male names I knew, and other possible ones. I was aware that my father would want to name his grandchild but his second name had to be from his parents. I was overly excited, praying about this pregnancy every chance I got.

I wasn't your type of girl to get on my knees and pray but since I had lost my first child, I only could rely on prayer on this little guy. The appointment I had with the doctor yesterday went well, Mihle threw in a huge amount of interest about the baby, even though it wasn't about my well-being, him being there meant a lot. EarthChild and Keedo kids were the clothing shops we visited, picking what we found adorable and appropriate for my little prince. I had told Mihle about my plans today, so he ended up giving me his Capetic card and kept the FNB for his own emergencies. I couldn't take both his cards and leave him with nothing for the weekend. After all, he had thousands in here and that was enough for what we were currently doing

Sivuyisiwe: "Jonga lena Nomtha (Look at this one Nomtha)"

Me: "Kodwa we have the same in here njena."

Sivuyisiwe: "But look at it in this colour."

I took the cream and white beanie and socks from her and held them in the air, comparing them to the black and white

Sivuyisiwe: "Khawuthathe ucream lona. Ufuna unxibisa umntana ingathi ngumntu omdala (Take the cream. You want to dress the child like an elder)"

She said that grabbing the black and white item out of my hand and placing it back where I took it

Me: "Cream and white is so cliché."

She rolled her eyes at me, pushing the trolley

"That's because those colours are the ones which make babies look cute."

Me: "Owam umntana uzobamhle ke shame, no matter the colour azinxibileyo (My child will be handsome, no matter the colour he wears).

Take a look at his parents."

I placed my iPhone in front of his face, which she pushed away but grabbed again and looked at the screen of my phone

Sivuyisiwe: "Are you guys still together lento uzonifaka as a wallpaper?"

Me: "No. Andiyazi (No. I don't know)"

Sivuyisiwe: "It's either a yes or no."

Me: "There's a chance that we could fix things Sivu."

She pulled a straight face and looked at me. I stared back at her and rolled her eyes, none of them understood.

Me: "Khandiyeke toro (Please leave me alone)"

Sivuyisiwe: "I'm just trying to show you that it isn't..."

Me: "Sivu please."

She lifted her hands in a surrender gesture and shrugged her shoulders

"Uxolo."

Frankly, being judged like this got to me. I preferred if people didn't understand how I felt about Mihle or how I believed him and I could work again, to just keep quiet and not say anything at all. It was these opinionated people who were the quickest to judge, those who didn't want to hear my side of the story. I knew how Mihle acted when we were together, I knew that he still wanted to keep me around but it was just a matter of time until he realized that I was his forever. That mna nalomntana were his future. And until then, I didn't give a damn about how paranoid people thought I was.

152nd Entry

Aphindiwe

When I arrived at Kimberley's apartment she was done getting ready, only doing a few touch-ups on her make up. Luthando was the one who had just stepped into the tub, rushing herself into bathing whilst Kim and myself were picking an outfit for her, amongst the dresses laid out on top of the bed. Kimberley searched my handbag and pulled out my dress, screaming her lungs out as she unfolded it, causing Lootlove to step out of the bathroom wet and naked

"What is it?"

Kimberley: "Oh my word! You bitch! How did you get this?"

Luthando: "How did she get what nah Kim?"

Kim turned around, holding my dress up for Thando to examine, Thando took cautious steps towards Kim, her jaw dropping

Luthando: "This is exactly what we were looking for!"

Kimberley: "Where did you get this?"

Me: "Bought it, obviously"

"Bought it where?"

Me: "Loot go back into the tub bra, we'll be late ndikuxelele (let me tell you)"

She tip toed back into the bathroom, not closing the door behind her so she could peep through to the bedroom

Me: "Some boutique. Well it's an old dress"

Kimberley: "Old where?"

Me: "Have worn it about two or three times already"

Luthando: "And that's old to you?!"

Me: "No, but I meant ayintshanga (it isn't new)"

Kimberley threw herself on the bed, hugging the

life out of my dress

"Now you got me feeling unsure about my dress."

I pulled a face at her, that was ridiculous if you asked me.

Me: "You're speaking nonsense. Let me see your dress."

She dragged herself off the bed and walked towards the wardrobe. Well, we had this outing planned during the week and she was the one who suggested we wear dresses, and heels. I just hoped this day outing overlapped to the night hours but knowing my boyfriend, I doubted that would be the case. With me I had brought my grey skin tight dress which sat below my knees, my brown thick heeled shoes to match with my brown handbag and a long black coat. Kimberley threw me a short tight dress, for someone her height it probably

reached thigh size. I took a look at it and to be honest, it wasn't as bad as she fussed.

Me: "But this is nice njena Kim. What do you want girl?"

Kimberley: "Argh! You don't understand"

Me: "Of course I don't"

She rolled her eyes, throwing herself on the bed again.

"That's because ebefuna into enjalo intsuku zanje (That's because she wanted something like that for these days.)"

Thando said, walking into the bedroom, holding up three fingers to indicate the number of days Kim has been searching for the dress. I turned and looked at my friend who was now holding her dress like she didn't like it when she picked it in the store

Me: "And I can't even borrow you mine

because..."

Kimberley: "Obviously not! It would look like a sack on me damm't. With all those curvelicious parts hanging"

Me: "Hayi Kim (No Kim)"

Kimberley: "What?"

I sat on the bed and sighed, she honestly was fussing out of nothing really. Luthando was standing in the middle of the bedroom, texting on her phone

"Haike ngoku. Thiza (Oh wow. Gosh)"

"What?" Kim and I simultaneously said

Luthando: "Mimi is inviting herself over."

Kimberley: "What?! Tell her we've left already"

Luthando: "Too late"

Kimberley: "Loot!"

Luthando: "Well she texted me saying she been

trying to call you, so what else could I have done?"

Kimberley: "(groans) and another problem"

Me: "Does she know the attire?"

Luthando: "Just texted her"

Kimberley rolled her eyes and groaned, for the second time since I arrived here.

Me: "She can't be that bad"

Kimberley: "Oh she is sweetheart glo my. As sy nie alle mans deur haar voorkoms neem nie, sy drink die meeste sonder om te help (Oh she is sweetheart believe me. If she isn't taking all men because of her looks, she's drinking the most without contributing.)"

I laughed, hard in fact. The boredom and irritation on Kim's face made the situation worse

"So you're jealous because she get men?"

Kimberley: "No babe. I do know she's beautiful, I mean the girl looks like an Asian and Indian mixed all together but all these men don't know how much of a clumsy ass she is until they have her around then guess what?"

Me: "What?"

Kimberley: "We end being the rebound"

I cracked again, unable to contain myself. I loved this coloured bitch more than anything. After finally containing myself I stole a glance of her again, she still looked bored, playing with the nail polish she was holding to use on her toes.

Me: "Let's get ready guys, ya'll know I have a father and not a boyfriend. He'll be crashing my phone in no time."

Kimberley: "Can't you tell him you're sleeping over?"

Me: "I'll try but I don't promise anything"

Luthando: "It's cute how he looks out for you though"

Me: "It is but sometimes it's out of hand"

Kimberley: "Control freak."

Luthando: "Hayi chommie! You always out here trying to make people see negative things in their men"

Kimberley: "But why would he refuse her a simple night out? I mean he hasn't put a ring on it yet, not until then, this girl here (points Phindi) should go out anytime she pleases."

I laughed, before nodding and high fiving her. Loot was shaking her head, chuckling as she was looking at us on the mirror. I did my make-up, doing Thando's as well, she wasn't your make-up type of a girl. She was beautiful in her smooth baby looking skin and that's how she liked it but Kim and I forced her into trying some that day. We were almost done when there was

a knock at the door, knowing whom we all expected, we sort of ignored her first and second knock but Lootlove dragged herself to the door when Mimi wouldn't stop knocking. Wangena sele ethetha kakade (she walked in talking already)

"And then anavula? (And then ya'll don't open?)"

Kimberley: "Can't you see we busy?"

Mihlali: "OMG Kim, udlame sisi (anger lady)"

I found myself chuckling as I looked at Kimberley's face. I saw her, that being Mihlali, looking at me through the mirror

Me: "Yintoni? (What is it?)"

Mihlali: "You look weird"

Me: "Weird?"

I turned around to face her, like always she looked at me from head to toe before she stared hard at my face, her eyes calculating. I

was about to turn and look at the mirror to finish off the mascara when she said

"Oh yes! There's no weave this time around."

Luthando: "Wow dude nyani nah? (Wow dude for real?)"

Mihlali: "Khange ndiqaphele kaloku (I didn't notice) and she looks..."

Me: "I look?"

Mihlali: "Not the same"

Me: "Isn't that obvious kodwa?"

Mihlali: "Uyothusa xa uneweave (you're intimidating with a weave on), one would think you're that beautiful"

I stopped applying the lipstick and looked at that girl, she was smiling widely, making her look even more stupid.

Kimberley: "Let's leave before Mimi speaks more shit."

Mihlali: "That wasn't an insult mos. Or did I offend you P?"

I didn't respond, was not in the mood of answering anyway. I was beginning to think this girl had a problem with me, if it wasn't her thinking I was milking my boyfriend out financially then it was her calling me ugly.

We stepped out of the house and into Kim's vehicle, Thando was driving, only because Kim had started drinking even before we left the apartment. Being the first time having Luthando as a driver, I was not comfortable at all, and every time I made a comment, Kim assured me that she was a better driver, even better than her. We arrived at Shimmy beach club, a very nice place indeed, since it was the early hours of the day, late in the noon, it was not yet packed, just a few tables occupied with people having their drinks. We ordered our drinks and

occupied a table, chatting our way through and laughing every now and then. Because my girls were divas we had a bottle of white wine in an ice bucket and our glasses of cocktails, we were on our second glasses of cocktail while Mimi and Kimberley were enjoying the wine. They mentioned something about taking me to Chez Ntemba nightclub later on, I was only hoping Mihle would agree to the sleepover, I needed it. The amount of alcohol I have been consuming was now taking a turn, I could feel it in me. I received his first call around something to seven, decided to excuse myself and take the phone call outside

"Fhaku."

Mihle: "Unjani baby? Useright? (How are you baby? Still alright?)"

Me: "More than alright"

Mihle: "Umnandi? (You're nice?)"

Me: "(giggles) Kumnandi apha (It's fun here)"

Mihle: Niphi? (where are ya'll?)"

Me: Shimmy something

He chuckled before I heard a female voice on the other side of the line, I heard him pardon her prior to calling Bulelani's name and getting back to me

"You got girls apho (there)?"

Mihle: "There's girls yes"

Me: "Ukhona uyakho? (Is there yours?)"

Mihle: "When am I picking you up?"

Me: "Oh about that, ndicela (can I) sleepover by Kim's?"

Mihle: "Aphindiwe?"

Me: "Please Mihle. Ndiyakucela (I beg you) just this time only."

He kept quiet for a while before he cleared his

throat and sighed

Mihle: "I will call you back"

Me: "Is that a yes?"

"Ndithe I'll call you back."

I nodded even though he couldn't see and ended the call, I had a strong feeling he would refuse this one. I was beginning to have my stubborn minds back and wanted to switch my phone off, why the fuck did it have to feel like I had David with me in Cape Town? I went back inside and continued having fun with my girls.

At to ten we drove to this mysterious club and immediately when we arrived there, I was amused by the amount of cars packed outside, waiting for the place to open up. I failed to understand why they only opened the club this late if it had so many supporters. It was almost three hours since Mihle said he would call, and at that moment I didn't really care if he did or

didn't, I was feeling myself, a little too good to whine over a phone call from my man who was probably making another woman blush wherever he was. At the dance floor, my knees killing me because of dancing in heights but that didn't stop me I knew I was receiving all sorts of stares because Kimberley kept on telling me, she was drunk herself, so I wasn't alone in this. I stopped dancing when someone poked me on my shoulder, I turned around and saw a worried looking Luthando

"Ntoni babe? (What is it babe?!)"

Luthando: "Your phone has been ringing. You have 11 missed calls!"

We were speaking from the top of our voices because of the music. I took my iPhone from her and looked at it, she did not tell me Mihle was on the phone

"Fhaku wam!"

Mihle: "Aphindiwe, I been trying to call you. Kutheni ungaphenduli phone? (Why don't you answer your phone?)"

I couldn't hear him so I kept on asking him to repeat himself, while making way through the club to find the restrooms. I could hear from his voice that he was annoyed and probably angry. I finally found the way to the toilets but stopped when some guy touched my ass

"You son of bitch. Sundibambha! Khandiyeke! (Don't hold me! Leave me alone!)"

I managed to break free and could not even hear Mihle talking on the other side, that is how disgusted I was. When I felt I was at a more appropriate place to talk I asked him to continue, and when he did, he did a lot of shouting than talking.

Mihle: "Aphindiwe uyandivha? (Aphindiwe do you hear me?)"

Me: "Yes sir, we at Ntemba club. I got the name right aneh?"

I asked giggling, he sighed and I could picture his face, how beautiful it endured even when he was angry as a beast.

Mihle: "When I get there we going home."

He hung up before I could even ask him why he was taking me home. I retreated back to our table and my eyes almost fell out when I saw Drew's friend, I forgot his name but I remembered him. He looked at me and smiled too

Guy: "Phindi"

Me: "Remind me your name again."

Guy: "Papi"

Me: "(laughs) Papi yes, you are right!"

Papi: "You're something else when drunk"

Me: "I am?"

I questioned, laughing. Kimberley was on the side having a chat with Luthando, so I excused myself and went to my girls. They were having an argument about why Thando would call Andrew at this time, Thando's excuse was that we were all drunk and there's no one to drive us home. Kim was being dramatic as well, mad over this and the alcohol was talking.

I was still trying to give some reason to Kim when some encicled their arms around my waist and when I was about to move he pulled me close and whispered

"Skat."

Knowing there was only one person who used that term on me I smiled, removing his hands from me. I turned around and found him smiling, looking a little high and clean as always

Me: "Hello you."

Andrew: "Come here. I want to show you

something"

Me: "What? I'm still preventing these girls from fighting, Kim is..."

He placed his hand over my mouth and looked at me

"I know my sister, she's more than fine, now come."

I obliged and followed him, well he had my hand in his. We walked outside and I had forgotten it wasn't as hot as it was inside. Immediately when we found a flat surface I removed my heels and held them in my hands, he took them away from me, holding them and walked besides me, we continued walking and went a little far from the club until we came to stop next to his car.

Andrew: "Wanted a quiet place just to talk with you nothing much."

Me: "Is there a problem?"

Andrew: "No"

I looked down and around before my eyes met his again

Andrew: "Every time I see you, you look better than before."

I giggled and closed my eyes, feeling a little dizzy. He touched my forehead, asking me if I was okay which I nodded to and he caught me off guard when he placed a kiss on my forehead, reminding me of the man that was probably on the way to pick me up. I looked up at him and froze when he stepped close, closing the gap between him and I

Me: Andr...

He captured my lips in his, stopping me from talking and unlike I expected, I didn't pull back nor push him away, instead allowed myself to relax. He held my chin and tilted my face, running his tongue on my lips, even though he

wasn't as good as Mihle, he was good too. I broke the kiss immediately when Mihle crossed my mind, he chuckled in my ear before whispering

"It's okay, we'll take your time." then placed a kiss on my cheek.

We spent God knows how long outside until I asked him we go back inside. After the kiss there was some awkwardness but he managed to break through it and ease the tension, my comfort was getting the best of me and it scared me really because I seemed to like this flirting game this guy and I were doing. We approached the club in smiles, him filling me in about the type of girl he thought I was when he first saw me, it was funny because I was nothing close to what he thought.

When we walked into the club my heels still in

his hands, we walked towards the table, trying to find way through the crowd, my hand was in his so he wouldn't lose me amongst these people. I was still drunk but a beautiful kind of drunk, the drunk that made me wish this night wouldn't end because I was beginning to know a guy and I somehow I'd get to know him further without hurting or ruining what I had with Mihle. He said something to me smiling, and I stood on my tippy toes, pardoning him but when he didn't repeat himself I took note of the change on his face, how his face went from warm to cold within a matter of seconds. Seeing that he was staring ahead, I decided to avert my attention to whatever he was looking at and my heart dropped to my tummy when I saw Mihle sitting in between Mihlali and Luthando, a beer in front of him and looking hard at Andrew. I slowly withdrew my hand from Andrew's and my heart literally broke when I saw his eyes shift from Drew's face to our hands, then to my

face.

It's still right now that I am yet not over the look he gave me before he stood up and took careful steps towards us. He didn't dare break eye contact with me, he stood in front of me and even his scent that I was already used made me feel like it was the last time I was inhaling. He stepped closer and placed a kiss on my forehead then whispered in my ear

"Enjoy your sleepover."

What the fuck have I done?

153rd Entry

Mihle

I don't remember what pace I used to step out of that club but I do know that I could have killed someone in that mood. As I stepped outside I felt the wind against my face and it felt good but I wasn't concentrating on that now, my mind was still stuck on their image when they walked in, her hand in his and how happy she actually looked. She said to me she was going out with her girls and not with Andrew and the girls. I punched the bonnet of my car, cursing under my breathe, I leaned on it and closed my eyes. I was trying to add one plus one, to get answers without questioning, fuck whatever conclusion I made, it would be all causes by this. I turned and looked at that entrance, seeing that door increased my anger because I knew what was behind it. I wanted her to follow me but I probably knew she was wouldn't, because of two reasons: either because Andrew would try

speaking her into not to or because she feared the reaction she'd get from me. So the only thing to do in my situation was to walk back in there and take her. I made way to the entrance but stopped when I was a few steps away from, with the way I was feeling I was definitely going to drag her out and not take her out.

"Fuck!"

A few people were staring at me but I wasn't concerned about their looks, my fucken worry was on my lovely girlfriend who has just fucked me over. I chuckled, tightening my fists and clenching my jaws, that was before I closed my eyes trying to calm down. I opened them after a while and sighed, turned around and retreated to my car. Inside I contemplated again, whether I should drive off or go back inside but every time I felt I should go take her something contradicted the feeling, making it feel like she was going to choose him over me. I don't recall

how long I was in that car before I turned on my engine and drove off, at least about twenty minutes before I stopped and placed my head on the steering wheel. I sighed about two times prior to pulling out my cell phone from my pocket and dialling Aphindiwe's number. If you were to ask the real reason behind me contacting her, I wouldn't really have. I was in a space where I was confused, crashing and my mind was all over the place. I've never Been cheated on, zange ndatyelwa, at least that's what I know and now this feeling was new to me.

I placed the phone on my ear and waited for her to pick up on the other side. I threw my cell phone on the passenger seat when it hit voicemail and stepped out of my car. I had stopped on the yellow line of th road and the darkness of the night indicated that we were approaching mid night. Anger, frustration,

betrayal and all sorts of negative emotions was what I was experiencing at that moment. I spent another hour, sitting in my car, parked on that yellow line and still trying to comprehend what I saw in that club. Their bond made them look like they were fucking, and if that was the case I don't know how I'd act if seeing them walk in the club, holding hands made me feel this way.

I barely slept, spent half of my morning sitting on my couch, dashing my Hennessey with Play energy drink, thinking. I only managed to lay my head down only when I consumed enough alcohol to make me ease for those few hours. I wasn't your type to go lashing out when I was drunk, dealing with my problems under the influence, no I always wanted to be sober so I could feel it in me, and know it was the conscious me that was doing whatever I were

to do. I woke up the following day with the knowledge of what I'd do, the only way to find closure and be better than what I was, I had to talk to her. I prepared myself breakfast and took a long shower, one that was needed to release the tension from my muscles. I took a decision that I'd contact Aphindiwe on my way to fetching her, even though the headache I had was tempting me into staying home and dealing with this alone, I wanted to talk to her, to know what's up

I dressed in black skinny jeans that weren't tight, a white shirt and my brown monk shoes, matching the brown with my belt and wristwatch. I was going to attend a braai Bianca was hosting for her 26th birthday party hence the outfit. I grabbed a can of Play before stepping out of the house, it was the only energy I enjoyed, if I weren't that then it was Redbull. My plan wasn't to stay at Bianca's

event, I was not the best of me so I didn't want to hang around when I was bad company.

uBulelani wayengatshayisani ncam noBianca (Bulelani and Bianca didn't see eye to eye)so he rejected the invite, resulting to me only going there with Nkulie. My boy called earlier on telling me he'd be driving his own vehicle, 2014 Polo Vivo, which has had an engine problem for the past few months, but since he purchased a new engine and had the car painted from stretch I bet it looked brand new as hell. One reason I had to drink to.

I contacted Aphindiwe when I was about 18 KM from Stellenbosch and she didn't sound keen to meeting up with me but I informed her I was coming by anyway. I understood her anxiety, if I were her I'd probably be feeling it too, but had it been her who caught me cheating, I would have probably convinced her otherwise. I parked my car on the pavement next to the security gate

when I reached my destination and contacted her, I could hear the other girls talking on the background. I waited for over five minutes before she appeared, wearing loose shorts and a white vest. Thinking I was going to be able to contain myself, I felt my anger return in hundreds by just seeing her. I needed to calm down or else I probably wouldn't talk in this state but hurt her. She was walking in small steps, fidgeting with her nails, something she did every time she was nervous. I sighed about two times before she opened the door of my car and stepped in, her sweet scent filling my nostrils.

"Hey."

I turned and looked at her, my plan was to greet back but ended up staring hard at her, to extent that she had to break eye contact and look the other way

Me: "Ugrand? (Are you okay?)"

She shook her head, looking at her hands. There was silence in the car, I had so much to say to her, so much I wanted to say. I could feel my face heating up from the anger I was feeling, I was probably pink, close to red by now

Me: "Ufuna ndithini Aphindiwe? (What do you want me to say Aphindiwe? "

Aphindiwe: "I'm sorry"

Me: "You're bloody sorry?!"

I might have raised my voice a little, making her flinch but that was something I'd worry about later, right now she had to answer me but she kept quiet

"Look at me damn't!"

Aphindiwe: "Sundishouta (Don't yell at me) geez!"

Me: "(chuckles) you got the nerve yazi."

I was agitated, you could hear from the way I

was breathing that I was angry, trying to keep calm but it wasn't working. She kept her eyes on me, tried looking strong but I knew she was intimidated by me

Aphindiwe: "I said I'm sorry then you go on yelling at me like I'm a kid."

Me: "You said you sorry. And what I do look like kuwe? A fucken idiot?"

She pouted, radiating some sickening attitude and looking away. I absentmindedly grabbed her wrist and brought her close, she tried to pull back but I tightened my grip on her and the look on her face indicated that she was feeling the pain, but I did not let her go

Me: "If you're fucking Andrew..."

She chuckled, raising her eyebrow at me. She was stepping on my toes and I was trying so hard to remain calm. I wasn't aware that I was tightening my grip even tighter until she hissed,

trying to pull back, I let go but didn't break eye contact

Aphindiwe: "It's sad that you think of your girlfriend as such a person."

Me: "Uzondiphendula? (Are you going to answer me?)"

Aphindiwe: "Do you think that low of me nah Mi..."

"Are you fucking Andrew or not?!"

Aphindiwe: "I can't stand this."

She opened the door, I tried holding her arm but couldn't so I grabbed hold of her vest, she forced, breaking free, making me tear the vest from the strap. She broke free and being aware that she'd head straight to the gate I stepped out of my car and followed her. I held her forearm and pulled her in, she turned and looked at me

"No. I am not fucking with Andrew."

My eyes were all over her face, judging from the way I was feeling I could probably slap her right now, or do something to get her damn attitude in line because wayendichophe emagxheni, endinyela ngoku (because she was sitting on my shoulders, shitting on me). I narrowed my eyes at her, trying to see where all this act was coming from, but more importantly I wanted to see if she was telling the truth. I don't know how long it was with me breathing in her face until she spoke

Aphindiwe: "Ndicela undiyeke (Please let go of me)"

Me: "Do you know what self respect is?"

Aphindiwe: "Mihle, I said I'm sorry."

Me: "You're bad at answering questions yazi."

Aphindiwe: "Ndiyayazi (I do know it)"

"You lack it."

I let go of her arm and watched her pull away, taken by surprise by what I had just said

Me: "You should have told me ubuze apha eKapa to seduce men. Would have been better if I knew I was one of those."

Aphindiwe: "Intoni? (What?)"

Me: "If you treat yourself like a bitch, then I'll treat you like a bitch Aphindiwe."

"Fuck you Mihle."

I watched her walk away from me, the anger that was on her face before said the F word, but honestly I didn't care at that moment, I was angry myself, couldn't even get myself to run after her. I walked over to the passenger side and closed the door before walking over to my side and closing the door. I laid my head back on the seat and tried emptying my mind. Maybe I did need that party after all.

I arrived at the event a few minutes after two, like always Bianca was the happiest to see me. The crush this young lady had on me was heavy, it was just some silly feelings at first but after our second fuck, she was out calling herself my girlfriend. Something we had to sit down and talk about, it hurt her pretty much but didn't stop her from being attached. I gave her a side hug and a kiss on the cheek

Me: "Happy birthday Miss"

Bianca: "Thanks handsome. Thanks for coming."

Me: "Any time. How old are we?"

Bianca: "Twenty-six."

Me: "Sibadala mos (We old mos)"

She giggled, pulling me inside the lounge. I almost thought out loud by the amount of

ladies that were in that lounge, an amount that I wasn't really interested in. I leaned to the side and whispered to her

"Where are the gents?"

Bianca: "You scared of girls? That's the first."

Me: "I just want the place with the gents first."

She took my hand and leaded me to the backyard, a couple of guys were chilling in a circle, having their beers while two were at the braaing stand. The only guy I knew amongst these here was Nkululeko, and he seemed like he was already familiar with these gentlemen. I did my greetings before I found myself a chair and sat next to Nkululeko. He and I discussed some business, briefly, before we joined the conversation with the other guys. Since I wasn't planning on being here for long, I informed B as well as Nkulie, telling them that I'd leave. After a couple of beers I was ready to go but on my

way out I was stopped by Miss party herself

"Leaving already?"

Me: "I have to baby girl"

Bianca: "That's sad."

Me: "What are you doing tonight?"

Bianca: "Nothing. Why?"

Me: "You must collect your birthday present."

She smiled from one ear to the other, I shoved my hands in my pockets and watched the excitement on her face. She knew what I was referring to

Bianca: "Okay"

She walked me to my car and hovered over my window before I drove off

"You must contact me before you come through."

Bianca: "I'll do that"

I nodded and roared the engine of my car, she stepped aside allowing me to drive off. On my way to my place all I was thinking about was Aphindiwe, I couldn't get her off my mind. The way she acted was ridiculous, she couldn't have expected me to jump because of a lame "I'm sorry" that was bullshit, then when I get mad she throws a tantrum. It was mind working. I wasn't going to take this lightly, not a chance. I just needed to allow my anger to rest but tomorrow I was driving to her school whether she liked it or not.

I arrived at my place and checked cheap B&Bs for one night. I wasn't going to spend my night there but was just planning for these few hours with Bianca. I didn't sleep with girls at my place, using my bed for that matter. Any female that I was going to fuck and I wasn't in a relationship with, I used B&'B or hotel room, depending on

the amount of time we'd use together. If it happened to be someone I know, who doesn't stay here, I did bring them around my house during the day. They all knew because I do tell them, umntu angene eyazi uba ndenza njani (so a person agrees knowing how I operate things). Aphindiwe was the only lady I brought to my house and shared a bed with before I dated, that too was a mistake because I played against my rules. I was that crazy about her from the beginning that she messed with my head. I found the cheapest, about fifteen to twenty minutes away from my place. My mind wasn't on this but I saw it as an opportunity to distress. I haven't been active for a month with some couple of days only because I feared touching my girlfriend, thinking I'd bring back the feeling not knowing that she was being touched elsewhere. I chuckled, running my hand down my face before leaning back on the single-seat couch and pulling out the leg resting part.

The stress and tension was felt from behind my left ear, down my shoulder and down my spine as well.

I took a nap of a couple of hours, probably close to two before my phone rang, disturbing me. I leaned forward and took it from the coffee table, sliding the answer icon on the screen

"Hello."

"Hey"

Me: "Ufunani Nomtha? (What do you want Nomtha?)"

Nomthandazo: "Haibo Mihle. Is that the way we're going to talk to each other nah?"

Me: "What do you want?"

Nomthandazo: "Mxm. Bendifuna ukuxelela (I wanted to inform you) that our next appointment has been scheduled for next week Saturday, so you better write it down"

Me: "Sure"

Nomthandazo: "Uright kodwa? (Are you okay though?) Happy?"

I chuckled, with my eyes still closed, this was her way of making the conversation longer

"Kutheni uzondibuza lonto? (Why would you ask me that?)"

Nomthandazo: "I just saw Friday how you were all tense. Ingathi you aren't at your happiest place."

Me: "I'm fine"

Nomthandazo: "Oh Alright. We good too noboy."

Me: "Undiphuzele kulo Ndoda (Kiss that man for me)"

Nomthandazo: "Will do tatakhe."

Me: "Sure"

"Bye."

I removed it from my ear and remained in the same position for about a minute before I opened my eyes and stretched. I got up and retired to the kitchen, pulled out frozen pizza and placed it on the counter. In the fridge I took out some Tupperware lunch box which had ribs Aphindiwe had left two days ago, ribs I served with the beef stew, I warmed those and filled a glass with Mango Krush. I retreated to the lounge, made myself comfortable on the couch and lit the television, tuning on the sport news. I watched those for a while meanwhile feasting and tried to get my mind off things. I was an impatient person, and waiting drove me crazy, especially if it was something I wanted to talk about. I wanted to rechat with Phindi and waiting for tomorrow was driving me insane.

It was a couple of minutes after half seven when Bianca knocked at my door, looking

beautiful as always. She stepped inside checking the house and making comments about how clean it was, I was a clean person so you wouldn't expect my place to look untidy. We drove to the B&B subsequently to getting some snack for her, she asked for Pringles and a can of dry lemon. We managed to get the room without any obstacles and right when we stepped inside she made herself comfortable on the bed. She was laying on her tummy, giving me a chance to touch her legs which weren't covered by her cotton dress. It was a short dress, thigh size. I positioned myself between her legs and lifted the dress, uncovering her ass. Her panties were hidden between her butt cheeks, her waistband being the only thing I saw. When I touched them, removing them she stopped me

"Aren't we going to chat, catch up first?"

Me: "We'll do the chatting later."

She giggled, attempting to turn so she'd lay on her back but I kept her there by holding her waist

Me: "Let's play by my rules baby. Okay?"

She nodded, giggling and blushing insanely.

I knelt between her legs and moved her up. She pulled her dress over her head and remained in that position. I pulled out my erected manhood and pulled her panties to the side. I didn't have to ask her what to do, she knew she had to lift her waist up so I'd get better access. I rubbed my manhood against her private part, to soak it a little more. When it was wet enough on the outside, making the tip of my manhood wet I moved towards her anus and grabbed her right butt cheek, I opened it a little wide and found her anus. She tensed when I pushed in, trying to get me off her back

"Relax."

Bianca: "It's bloody painful"

Me: "If you relax it'll get better."

She grabbed the sheets and waited for me. I've had anal sex with her before, a couple of times, but she has told me I was the only man she felt okay doing this with. I knew my manhood was big enough to have a woman cry from sexual pleasure so any time I was about to push it in the butt I had to make sure it was wet enough not to cause pain for the lady but today my mind wasn't on that. She hissed when I pushed further, screaming her lungs out on the pillow she was biting. I was half way in when she stopped me

Bianca: "Please stop. Please"

Me: "B?"

Bianca: "Jy maak my seer (You're hurting me)"

I clenched my jaws and closed my eyes, allowing my body to feel the contradicting

emotions I was going through. I stretched out my body so I could touch her hands, once I did I placed mine on top of hers, locking our fingers. I placed a kiss on her shoulder and bit her earlobe

"Baby we've done this before. I just want you to relax. Okay?"

She nodded

Me: "Now relax, you know it gets better in time right"

She nodded again, smiling when I placed a kiss on her cheek. With my hands still holding hers I whispered sweet nothings to her, trying to shift her mind from the pain. I let go of one hand and placed it on her waist, indicating to her that she must lift it a little more, which she did. I pushed in further, going full in. She moved up, towards the headboard, moving away from me so I exited out of her. I stopped her by holding her

waist and pulling her back to me, she was about to say something, tightening my left wrist when I pushed myself in her again. She struggled in my hold, turning her body half way to the side. Aware that she wanted to lay on her back so I'd pull out of her, I placed my right hand on her waist and put on some weight to prevent her from moving. I stroked slowly and gently until I could see her relaxing, her butt getting used to the sensation, I then asked something that would confuse any woman with a responding body

"Do you want me to stop?"

She shook her, taking her lower lip between her teeth. I found myself smiling before I held her waist and turned her so she laid on her tummy like she had been earlier on. I lifted her waist and placed my hands on her sides, lifting my body so it hovered over hers.

This was going to be one hell of a ride.

154th Entry

Aphindiwe

I walked into the flat literally fuming with anger. Mihlali was standing at the counter making herself a bowl of cereal at something past one in the afternoon

"Haibo wanquma ntombi. Yintoni? (Wow, so much anger girl. What's is it?)"

I wasn't going to answer her, she had nothing to do with my business and on top of that she'd rather go on about how hot my man is and how stupid I was to let him go, rather than giving advice. I threw myself next to Kimberley and sighed out loud, she and Luthando were both staring at me

Kimberley: "So you want us to ask what the

problem is? Phindi what is the problem?"

Me: "Sundidika Kim (Don't bore me Kim)"

Kimberley: "Just talk already."

Me: "(chuckles) he called me a bitch"

Luthando's mouth hung while Kimberley blust into fits of laughter

Kimberley: "He did what?"

Me: "He said I'm a female dog"

Luthando: "Yho."

Kimberley: "I love your man."

Kim had a huge smile on her face

"My friendin I'm not laughing because he swore at you but it's just funny because every time I think you're changing this guy, he becomes worse."

Mihlali: "But he's got a point, don't you think?"

Luthando: "You are the mother of bitches ke

wena so uthule (so keep quiet)"

Mihlali: "What? Hayi asoze..."

Luthando: "Usuka eDurban ngobufebe qha wena so please spare us Mihlali (You're from Durban only because of bitching so please spare us Mihlali)"

Mihlali: "Mxm"

Kimberley: "Loot though (giggles) I'll never get used to your feisty side. Anyway, Ms Dabula what happened?"

Luthando: "Where did it all start?"

Me: "Like everybody else, he wanted to know if I was interested in Andrew."

Kimberley: "And are you?"

Me: "Guys we spoke about this izolo njena (yesterday mos) and I assured you guys I'm not"

Kimberley: "I don't want any of my friends"

"I am not interested in Andrew Kim haibo!"

Kimberley: "Don't get worked up. I just want you to know"

Mihlali: "The way you guys walked into the club yesterday was suspicious. No wonder uMihle was angry."

Me: "It's Andrew who wants me and not the other way around."

Luthando: "Or maybe you guys want each other?"

Me: "No"

Mihlali: "Then why don't you tell him to fuck off xa caba awumfuni (if you don't want him)? I mean you have nothing to lose from telling him to leave you alone"

Kimberley: "She's got a point"

Me: "I was just being friendly with the guy"

Kimberley: "Maybe too friendly because look

where that got you now babe."

Me: "Mxm khanime ndiyolala (let me just go sleep)"

When I was about to stand up Kimberley held my hand and looked at me

"No you're sitting here with us but we just wanted to know."

Me: "I sense I'll get dumped and you guys are here putting me in a corner for spending a fucken hour with Andrew outside the club. Ain't like I fucked him"

Luthando: "It won't be that easy for him to leave you if uyakuthanda P (if he loves you P)"

"I'm beginning to doubt that."

Kimberley: "Don't be ridiculous. No man would let you move in his house if he doesn't love you."

I sighed, leaning backwards and closed my eyes.

Kim placed a kiss on my cheek before shouting

Kimberley: "Who wants ice cream?"

I lifted my hand prior to opening my eyes,
Luthando was smiling at Kim

Luthando: "Somer bring the tub friend, with
three spoons"

Mihlali: "How much food do you take in a day
P?"

Me: "How am I supposed to know that?"

Mihlali: "Like utya kangaphi ngemini? (How
many times do you eat a day?)"

Me: "Three, two. I don't know. It depends on
how moody I am that day."

Mihlali: "Your figure stays in place"

Me: "I know. Naxa ndityeba, ndityeba mpundu
and curves. Yindalo I guess (Even when I do get
fat, I gain on my butt and curves. It's nature I
guess)"

Luthando: "But your figure has picked up some fat. It was smaller than it is now."

Me: "My tummy yes"

Luthando: "Yonwabile girl. Uphethwe kakuhle ngubhuti (You're happy girl. Brother is taking well care of you)"

Me: "Ngoku andithukayo (now that he's swearing at me)"

Kimberley laughed, giving me that stop it look.

Mihlali: "Kim loves this swearing part"

"I can't get enough of it."

She responded, finding a seat next to me and Mihlali, holding the ice cream tub and spoons which she gave to Loot and myself. We chatted the hours through, trying to pass time. I wanted to go to Belmar but I had to communicate with Mihle first. I knew I was wrong and all because undidikile uMihle when he continued yelling at

me as though he were talking to a five year old, I heard him loud and clear the first time, and I apologized for it.

Mihlali left that Sunday evening, in fact we dropped her off at her home then returned to Kim's apartment. Luthando went to her dorm to get pyjamas for her and I. The only clothes I had with me here was the outfit I wore when I left the house yesterday, as well as the dress.

Panties, I had one, and currently wasn't wearing any because it was wet. I insisted we drove to the mall earlier that day to grab me an outfit, panty and towel but no Kim was too hangovered to drive and Loot was lazy. So that resulted to Kim sacrificing her non-used toiletry items for me, a towel and spare toothbrush. By the time we went to bed I was suffering from a terrible headache caused by all the thinking I was doing, I was frustrated to be honest with you qha ipride yayindinyisa (but pride was shitting on

me).

Monday morning Loot was the first to leave for classes, I didn't have any study material with me so when Kimberley woke me up to take a bath, I rolled over, facing the other side. She stood over me, naked and pulled the blankets away, exposing my face

"Word waker! (Wake up!)"

Me: "Why you standing over me, naked?!"

Kimberley: "Get up. You'll be late for classes"

Me: "I'm not attending."

Kimberley: "That's nonsense"

She walked over to the mirror and allowed me to get under the blankets again. I heard her saying something to herself before she walked out of the bedroom. It wasn't long after her exit when I heard the music blasting through the

speakers, echoing through the apartment. She walked into the bedroom once again, dancing to Rihanna's porn the reply. I kicked under the blankets before sitting on my butt. She smiled at me while singing along

Me: "Fine! I'm up."

She nodded, still dancing simultaneously looking through her wardrobe for something to wear. I managed to drag myself out of the bed to take a quick shower, that was after she told me she would wait for me so we could drive together. I dressed in that skin tight dress, which I had washed the previous day and my white Nike Air force. While I was applying my make-up, she was cramming down some cereal. We made it out the house with my ears aching from the many compliments I received from this lady about making her late. She missed her first class that day and it was all because of me, so she said. With the exam pad and clutch

pencil she borrowed me, I made my way to the administration immediately after we stepped into campus, to obtain a copy of my timetable, which took decades because of the administer uwayehoye iindaba rather than lento ndandiyicela (who was paying attention to gossip rather than what I was asking her). I had memorized my timetable but had some classes I wasn't sure about, hence my short visit to the administration. My day stretched out a little normal, attended only two sessions before I received a call from my boyfriend whom I wasn't sure was still my boyfriend, he wanted to see me. I explained to him that it was one of the two days of the week where I did not have a break during my sessions, but when he agreed and rescheduled I told him it was alright, I'd miss a class for him. Ndandimkhumbula kodwa eyonanto iphambili, kwakukufuna uva isizathu sofuna undibona (I missed him but my best interest was in hearing the reason behind him

wanting to see me).

I spotted his car parked outside the campus thirteen minutes after our call, I was still inside the school yard. I stood up from the bench I was sitting on, grabbed my handbag which I was using as a school bag for namhlanje and made my way outside the campus. The less the distance was until I got to his car, the more I prayed he was better than what he was yesterday, I could only speak to this when he was okay and calm. I opened the car and found myself sighing softly before I stepped in, his scent exciting my heart immediately. He always looked way too matured for me, more especially when he was in his uniform. He removed his eyes from his phone and looked at me, blankly.

"Hey"

Mihle: "Uright? (Are you okay?)"

I nodded and kept my eyes on him. He bit the inside of his cheek still looking at me before he sighed and leaned backwards, putting his head on the gear. He adjusted his seat, pulled it closer to the steering wheel and turned the key on the ignition

Me: "Siyaphi? (Where we going?)"

Mihle: "Somewhere"

I stopped myself asking him where because I sensed his response would be more off detail than the first. We drove about fifteen minutes or less before he came to a stop at some open field, a ground that would be used for a park or some child spot in other towns. He turned off his car and turned to look at me

"Sizothetha njengabantu abanengqondo (We'll talk like people who got brains). Like grown ups."

Ndathula ngoba ndandingenanto yothetha (I

kept quiet because I didn't have anything to say)

Mihle: "Mambhele?"

Me: "Mihle."

Mihle: "I'm trying to keep calm only because I want to know (pause) what it is you want from Andrew."

Me: "There's nothi..."

Mihle: "Ungaxoki (Don't you lie)"

I stopped talking, this is why it was never easy talking to this man, he always forced people to say what he expected from them not what was the real truth. With his eyebrows furrowed at me I could tell he was getting irritated. I sighed and tried again

"Akhonto endiyifuna kuAndrew (There's nothing I want from Andrew)"

He narrowed his eyes at me, for a while, prior to breaking the silence

Mihle: "Then why do you keep going back to him?"

Me: "What?"

Mihle: "Aphindiwe mayingab'ngathi ndithetha ngento ungayaziyo (Aphindiwe don't let it seem like I'm talking about something you have no clueless about). I did tell you polite to stop talking to Drew, wathi you did, then I presume you started again right?"

Me: "No"

Mihle: "Then what the fuck was that in the club?!"

Me: "Sushoutisa (Don't shout)"

He closed his eyes and rubbed them using his thumb and index finger. He wasn't giving me a chance to talk, maybe if he did he'd understand

Me: "Could you give me a chance ndithethe"

He clenched his jaws a couple of times before

opening his eyes and looking at me straight in the eyes, giving me more than the attention I wanted

"I wasn't on talking terms no Andrew but he happened to come kula club after being called by Luthando. Then that's how I got to talk to him again. I didn't have his contacts on my phone."

Mihle: "So beningekho on talking terms simply because you didn't have his contacts on your phone"

Me: "No""

Mihle: "Seems like it kum. Because if nyani beningekho (honestly y'all weren't) on talking terms, you wouldn't have uttered a word kuye in that club"

Me: "Haibo Mihle."

Mihle: "Or is he that important? Lento caba ungam'tswebela even when I had told you to cut

ties with him"

Me: "No"

"Then what is it you want from him?"

Me: "Akhonto"

Mihle: "Aphindiwe?"

Me: "There's nothing nje"

He leaned forward causing me to move backwards, he was losing his cool and that wasn't the type of environment I wanted to be in

Mihle: "Or maybe I should change this question then you'll give me le mpendulo ndiyifunayo (the answer I want). What were you doing noAndrew phandle (outside)?"

Me: "Talking."

Mihle: "You're lying."

I looked at him, he was reading my face, taking in whatever he noticed when I was telling the

truth or lying

Mihle: "Ubusenzani noAndrew phandle? (What were you doing with Andrew outside?)"

I decided to give him what he wanted to hear, tell him the truth

Me: "We kissed."

For a second he seemed like he wasn't breathing, he froze and looked at me, a chuckle came from him after a few seconds. He kept a straight, angry face but still managed to bring a cheerful chuckle. I watched how he moved back, biting on his lower lip, he stared into space, leaning against the steering wheel before he spoke in a low tone

"Wayiva lento ubufuna uyiva? (And felt what you wanted to feel?)"

He wouldn't stop clenching his jaws, that was a sign that he was trying not to break into anger and tears maybe, he turned and looked at me,

looking worse than what he looked when he was chuckling

Mihle: "Wayithanda? (And loved it?)"

I looked at my hands, trying to play with my nails to get distracted from this

Mihle: "Ndiyathetha Aphindiwe? (I'm talking Aphindiwe"

Me: "Hayi, akhange ndiyithande (No I didn't love it.)"

Thinking that's what he wanted to hear and hoping he'd get rid of that look he had on his face before I looked at my hands, I flinched when I felt his hand on my face, covering my chin and holding me on either side of my cheeks. He turned my face and made me face him, his fingers digging on my jaws, hurting both my skin and jaws

"Look at me when I'm talking to you."

I was eager to shout "you are hurting me" but couldn't move a muscle on my face from the way he was holding me. I nodded, agreeing to look at him when he talks and that's when he released my face, making me hiss from pain. I cupped my face and looked at my thighs, I was trying to stop myself from crying but it seemed like I was failing, something beyond this was breaking my heart

Mihle: "You're allowing other man to touch you. To lean and rub on you. You're breaking us Aphindiwe."

Me: "And you? How am I the one breaking us?"

His brows remained furrowed but he looked a little surprised I was asking that

Me: "How many other girls are you fucking besides Pearl?"

His face went from being creased with anger to being taken by shock

Mihle: "This has got nothing to do no Pearl"

Me: "It has everything."

He leaned back on his seat, chuckling

"You're talking to me about men rubbing on me when you're inserting your dick in other girls then come home acting like you're exhausted. Not wanting to touch me, then blame it on the rape."

Mihle: "Akangeni ndawo uPearl kulento uyithethayo (Pearl gets involved nowhere in what you're saying)"

I knew I was changing the subject but I refused to get blamed for just kissing one man when he was busy having sex with Pearl. I was convinced he was sleeping with her

Me: "Uyangena Mihle. Uyangena! And instead of saying sorry, you're defending her."

He narrowed his eyes at me, looking something

between confused and angry

Mihle: "So ufuna ndixolise for her calling me? (SO you want me to apologize for her calling me?)"

Me: "You have another girl call you baby but the whole world has to stop when you see me with Andrew."

Mihle: "You have no fucken clue what's happening between Pearl and mys..."

"But I do know she calls you baby, that I know!"

He was about to say something but I stopped him

Me: "I don't know why you're allowed to fuss but you have a girl contact you first thing in the morning, eggibo vuka (right after waking up). I wasn't born yesterday Mihle."

Mihle: "And why are you only raising this now?"

Me: "Because you lied"

He looked away and ran his hand down his face.

It was clear I was talking the truth, even though I actually hoped I wasn't. A part of me was hoping he'd correct me and tell me I was wrong

Mihle: "That was before you came into the picture"

Me: "Then why did she contact you?"

"Because bendikhe ndayombona, when our relationship was fresh."

Me: "Why?"

He finally faced me, staring at me straight into the eyes before giving me the answer to my question

Mihle: "Ngoba ndandingekho sure ngawe (Because I wasn't sure about you)"

I averted my eyes to the gear and tried taking in what he was telling me. My heart was telling me to go soft and believe him but my gut was

telling me otherwise. I went with my heart nonetheless. He took my face by the chin and placed his forehead on mine

"I'm only this hard on you because I love you Aphindiwe."

He moved back but not letting my chin go

Mihle: "Ndiyay'caphukela lento uyenzileyo. And I hope it won't happen again. Xa ndithe kuwe ndicela uhlukane noAndrew I mean hluhana noAndrew (I hate what you did. And I hope it won't happen again. When I ask you to stay away from Andrew I mean stay away from Andrew."

Even though my mood wasn't allowing me yet, I smiled

"Or I'll have to divert your calls."

When I pulled a look he chuckled, his face going from the a small smile to that 'I want to kiss you right now' look. Because we haven't been sexual

intimate for some time now I didn't think he was going to kiss me but when he touched my lower lip with his thumb and looked at my lips, licking his, I knew he was going to. He leaned in and hovered his lips over mine, his hand making way to my thigh. He slowly ran his tongue on my lips and pulled back when I was about to kiss him back

"I'm not letting go of you, but you'll have to behave Phindi. Or else I will have to get rid of everybody you get involved with."

I opened my eyes and looked at him, he was smiling at me. I didn't get to say what I wanted to say because he crashed his lips on mine, causing me to move up on my seat. His kiss was reminding my body how much it actually missed it, how I have been longing for these lips which never failed to make me moist.

He groan softly when I traced his manhood through his pants, digging his fingers deep on

my thigh through the fabric of my dress. I continued kissing him while unzipping his pants, I inserted my hand through his zip but struggled to move it around so I removed it, unbuckling his belt. He pulled back and moved his chair backwards before he returned to me, trying to pick me up

Me: "Can I?"

"Huh?"

He was wearing a seductive smile on his face, teasing me. He knew what I was talking about but he wanted me to say it, so I grew the balls and said it

Me: "Can I suck you first?"

The look he gave me was the kind that would make me want to research cow prices and lobola negotiations. I unbuttoned his pants and pulled out the king, when I touched the tip of his manhood he groaned a little louder this time. I

lowered my head, fixing myself on the seat, just when I was about to take him in, he placed his hand on my forehead bringing my head up.

Mihle: "Awuzokwazi Nhanha (You can't Nhanha)"

Me: "Ngoba? (Why not?)"

He shook his head looking like he just saved me from something really serious

"Are you okay? Ubungayifuni kanti? (Didn't you want it though?)"

Mihle: "I do but not ngokh Nhanha."

He leaned in and kissed me, trying to relax himself. I was still puzzled, completely lost but accepted that kiss anyway. He had to tell me what all that was about.

155th Entry

Sivuyisiwe

The first week of July I was busy making calls, arrangements and bookings for Nomthandazo's surprise baby shower. Her best friend, myself and a couple of other friends had a whatsapp group where we shared ideas and suggestion on how we'd run this baby shower. She was six months pregnant, only three months away to giving birth to my nephew. We all decided on the date of the 7th of August, the combination of her birthday and baby shower.

My plans were a handful because while busy with work, I was also weighing some options and checking places which would be suitable for this combination surprise. Our home wasn't an option, the only parties that were hosted in our yard were my parents' and those being mini gatherings for family and numbered friends. By the end of the week I had managed to get a restaurant which would be suitable for any

pregnant woman. We decided to have all three courses because we didn't know which she loved the most due to pregnancy cravings. The only biggest challenge was booking a venue which was fit for our budget, we didn't want anything big but just a place to get our day through and have fun with my sister before she became a mother.

In the middle of the third week I was still struggling to find a place so Busi, Nomtha's best friend, agreed on lending us her space just for that day. My only priority then was sending out invitations to people I presumed and knew my sister would want around. Out of the seven invitation emails I sent to my aunt's in George, babebathathu (there were three) who promised to come, bringing along their daughters, Chwaita and Siyasanga. What I did not want was having Nomtha throw out people whom I

have invited because she didn't want them there, that was the hardest part because I couldn't talk to her about this. This challenge I faced more especially when I had to contact Phindi and Nosipho, both being the women that tried challenging her with Mihle. I knew her and Nosi had put their differences aside and tried working things through but knowing my sister, I was aware it was all pretence. As for Phindi she was family, and Azola insisted I sent her an email which I eventually did before making a call to inform her. Unfortunately, I didn't get through but left her an sms asking her to check her emails. The only thing that was left on my checklist for that day was the mini deco and my outfit.

Aphindiwe

I turned over, pulling my duvet cover over my head when someone opened the curtains of my room. Yes, on a bloody Saturday, I was in my room, at the school residence with nothing to do only because Mihle had gone to Pretoria for some conference they had with other forces, and my friends were out and about doing God knows what. I refused going out with them because I was busy studying for a supplementary, for two modules. When I received feedback on my results, I wasn't quite shocked by the outcome, judging from the amount of time I spent on my books and what I was going through during that time, I expected worse. I pulled through at least seven modules, obtaining a DP for those but failed three, two with a sup, one decimal. So here I was in my room taking a break from studying and dying from hunger only because I was damn lazy to drag myself to the nearest shopping complex.

When my roommate opened the curtains I was already awake but preferred being in the dark than tolerating the light which pierced painfully through my eyes. Oh something I never shared with you, I had a new roommate, a talkative and more live girl by the name Anothando, we had about a month together and compared to my stay with my previous horrific roommate, this was worth it.

"Khavuke babes. (Just wake up babes)"

Me: "Ngoku ndigqibolala (When I recently just started sleeping)"

Anothando: "You do know it's my second time walking in here right. And uyaphosa (You're lying)"

I turned over, uncovering my face. She was sitting on her bed, busy typing on her phone. She looked up at me and smile, throwing me a blue fizzer

Me: "Enkosi."

I unwrapped it, sitting on my butt, switching on my cell phone

Me: "Usukaphi? (Where you coming from?)"

Anothando: "First floor"

I nodded, concentrating on my phone which just vibrated, alerting me of message notifications.

One from Mihle telling me about calling me later because he can't hold of me now, one from

Vodacom informing me that I missed calls from Mihle and Asanda, then one from Vhuvhu. I

wasn't going to open any of these texts but rather text Asa on whatsapp but the last one received my attention so I viewed it and read

"Ntombi been trying to call you. Please open your e-mail and get back to me on whatsapp."

My curiosity on how she got my email wasn't my biggest concern because I knew she might have received it from Azola maybe, but what the

email read was. I opened my Gmail, sync it and waited for my latest emails to pop on my screen. I opened hers when it finally appeared, read it's content before I found myself staring at the screen of my phone, not being able to figure out how I really felt about this email.

Me: "Ano"

Anothando: "Babes"

Me: "If you were invited kwi baby shower ye sister yakho ongatshay'sani nayo ncam, ubunoya? (If you were invited to a baby shower of your sister whom you don't get along quite well with, would you go?)"

Anothando: "Ingaxhomekeka uba senzanani (it would depend on what we did to each other)."

I went back to looking at my phone before I sighed lowly. The way this text appeared to me, it seemed like Sivuyisiwe was the one who wanted me to attend the baby shower but I

doubt Nomtha shared the mutual feeling. You might say guilt was getting the best of me, it always did, especially when the child topic came along. I slid back into bed and went on whatsapp, texting Asa as well as viewing the car selfies Loot had sent me. I was still texting Asa when my phone rang, Fhaku appearing on my screen...

"Hello."

Mihle: "Baby"

Me: "Hey"

Mihle: "Linjani iBhelekazi lam? (How's my Bhelekazi doing?)"

Me: "Okay, dikwe zincwadi nje qha. Wena? (Okay, just bored by these books. Yourself?)"

Mihle: "Mentally exhausted. Gqibo fika in my hotel room, ndifuna ulala (I just arrived in my hotel room, I want to sleep)"

Me: "The week has been a drag without you ndikuxelele"

Mihle: "(chuckles) sutefa yhini. It's just been a couple of days."

Me: "A week

"I left Tuesday baby."

Me: "You sound like awundikhumbuli (you don't miss me)"

Mihle: "Not miss then one I wish I was looking at ngoku?"

I found myself blushing, hiding my face with the pillow

Mihle: "How's your week been?"

Me: "It's been okay. Uhm yazi I received a text from Sivuyisiwe"

Mihle: "Ithini? (Wha does it say?)"

Me: "It's an invitation kwi baby shower ka

Nomtha."

He kept quiet for a while before I heard him turn over

"And?"

Me: "Andazi Noba ndiye nah (I don't know whether to go or not)"

Mihle: "Uzothi awuyi ngoba kutheni? (You'll say you're not going because of what reason?)"

Me: "Maybe Nomtha doesn't want me there, andazi (I don't know)"

Mihle: "Attend it."

Me: "But..."

"The fact that Sivu sent you an invitation means something. Don't give them many more reasons to talk."

He cut me off saying that. He was making sense but I felt like he didn't understand because he wasn't the one sleeping with his

sister's ex boyfriend

Me: "Okay."

Mihle: "Ugqibile ufunda? (Are you done studying?)"

Me: "I was still on a break"

Our conversation continued for another 49 minutes before he told me to get back to my books and he'd take the rest his mind needed. After the call I tried studying but was distracted by a lot: my roommate watching a series on her laptop, my mind being on this baby shower thing and how my gut was telling me my man was cheating. I'll fill you on the rest a little later, let me tell you why I thought Mihle was cheating. Our relationship was on good progress, we managed to find a way to bringing us back to being the item we were but my only worry were the things he was hiding from me. The previous week I was waking up at his place and have him

drop me off at campus nje ngesiqhelo (like usual). I had a problem though and he knew it ephaya kula shit yePitoli (there at that shitty Pretoria) that I still wanted to know what the pills I found in his drawers were for. I don't recall ever seeing those and all of a sudden after our little misunderstanding on that whole Andrew thing, and not being at his place for about five to six days I come back to him taking prescription of an infection. This wasn't something he ever addressed to me, and because of this "infection" which he didn't want to talk to me about yet he hasn't had himself in me, the only thing we've done ever since we fixed our problems was oral sex. I understand that he managed to satisfy me using his tongue and fingers but I wanted him inside of me, that's what I missed. Since this wasn't a matter to discuss over phone I had told him we'd talk about when he returned, we couldn't ignore it forever. A part of me knew it must have been

from another female but I was hoping he'd tell me otherwise. I knew hearing him say it would make me more angry and I wasn't ready for that, not while we were still mending the crack I caused apparently.

I found myself texting Sivuyisiwe that night, approving the invitation and asking about things which were already mentioned on the invitation, things like the attire of the day and what we had to bring. I had little knowledge about kids, wasn't in good terms with the mother of the child so I failed to come up with something she'd like from me. I doubted she'd even want her little boy to wear anything I bought. I laid on my bed chatting to the father of the child who was giving me ideas on what to buy, in fact he told me he'd buy the gift, write the card and have me take it there because that was the only way Nomtha would accept anything I brought.

Before I called it a night, we had a quick phone call saying our goodnight, I couldn't wait for tomorrow when he'd tell me he has landed. The following morning I was woken up by a terrible headache, my mother always said it was from sleeping until the Sun was up. I reached under my pillow for my phone and unlocked it, I was surprised to see that it was indeed close to noon. How on earth did I manage to sleep that long? 11:09 was the time that appeared on the screen of my phone.

I turned over and faced the other side, Ano's bed was already made up and she was not around, probably gone to church because I've learnt the past week that she actually was a full member of her church back in East London so she couldn't lose the attendance just because she was far from home. I turned over and looked at the wardrobe which seemed a little too far all of a sudden, I dragged myself up

walking to the fridge first where I took out a bottle of water then opened the wardrobe for my handbag which contained my grandpa's. I pulled out one before throwing them back into the back, placed it next to my bed before sitting and downing those two. I tucked myself in between my sheets once more, unlocking my phone to check on Facebook. I had to deactivate my account, my Facebook no longer excited me, it was Twitter and Instagram which I still had pleasant moments with. I was typing away on whatsapp when My David popped up on my screen, that caller ID never failed to make me smile

Me: "Tata"

Tata: "Nhanha."

Me: "Hello"

Tata: "Hello my baby. You good?"

I rolled my eyes, not wiping the smile off my

face. I could never get used to communicating in English with my father even though I knew it was what he spoke half of the time. Liyaphapha elixhego (this old man is too forward)

"Yes I'm good thanks dad. How about yourself?"

Tata: "Prefect. Kutheni ingathi usalele nje? (Why does it sound like you're sleeping?)"

Me: "Hayi. I'm up but in bed. Res iyadika on weekends"

Tata: "Then go kwaVus..."

Me: "No I'm okay here at school"

I could picture his face when he sighed. He knew I wasn't much fond of his family and it bothered him to be honest, now to send me off to Belville on weekends would be the worst mistake.

Tata: "When are you visiting home?"

I was about to answer that when I heard a

female voice on the background, calling my father by his name and mentioning something about breakfast.

Me: "Is that a woman?"

Tata: "No it's a man"

Me: "I'm being serious Tata."

He groaned, making some movements before he questioned

"How much do you have left in your bank account?"

I kept quiet. I couldn't believe he was sleeping with other women in the same bed he shared nomama.

Tata: "Aphindiwe esona sizathu bendikufounela sona was to ask about your monthly allowance, andiyazi le rubbish inukayo undibuza yona (Aphindiwe the only reason I called was to ask about your monthly allowance, I don't know this

rubbish you're questioning me about.)"

Me: "I was just askin..."

Tata: "How much do you have left in your account?"

Me: "Andazi (I don't know)"

Tata: "Good."

He hung up. I knew he wasn't going to send the money until I called him back and apologized then told him how much it was I needed, but I couldn't do that now. How was he sleeping with a mother woman kwi bhedi ka mama (on my mother's bed)? My heart literally broke and I tried to reason with myself but I couldn't find any valid reason on why he'd do that. I kept on telling myself that maybe he was by this woman's house instead but knowing my father, he wasn't the type to sleep around places except for his house and hotels. It was sad how I went from being highly excited to talking to

him, to being hurt like I was. I pulled the covers over my head remembering my mother, if this God people praised hadn't took her then my father wouldn't be having other woman prepare him breakfast. My phone rang, disturbing my thoughts

"Mihle."

Mihle: "Yoh. Unomsindo wantoni nah bhabha? (What's the anger for bhabha?)"

Me: "Sorry. Ndicatshukiswa ngutata (My dad has gotten me angry)"

Mihle: "Wenzeni utatazala? (What did my father inlaw do?)"

Me: "Don't want to talk about it"

Mihle: "Yiberight kaloku baby. I'm departing in about ten minutes"

Me: "Okay"

Mihle: "So bath because ufika Kwam ndizoqala

apho kuwe then we'll head for lunch. I'll drop my clothes off later."

Me: "Am I sleeping over?"

"Ufuna uthini wena Mambhele? (What do you want to do Mambhele?)"

Me: "I miss you."

Mihle: "(chuckles) packisha (pack). I'll see you in a few hours"

Me: "Bye."

I ended the call and continued with the rest. To stop myself from thinking about my father I thought through my outfit for today. I always wanted to look good, more especially the first few months when I met this guy but currently I did not see the fuss, especially on my make up, he preferred me without it anyway. I woke up after thirty minutes or so, took my time fixing my bed and packing some clothes for approximately two weeks. When I made my way

to the shower I had already picked out an outfit- black leggings, a white baggy shirt and the black Palladium boots.

I returned from the shower, applied some body lotion before I wrapped my hour glass body in a gown and laid out my books on the bed. I attempted studying but kept on losing concentration every now and then, more focused on the news Asanda was feeding me more than I was on my books. I hadn't taken note of the time until my phone rang, Mihle's clan appearing on the screen. Prior to answering it, I checked out the time and almost fell from shock when I saw it was exactly ten minutes to three...

"Fhaku."

Mihle: "I'm outside. Phuma (come out)"

Me: "Outside?"

I was thinking he'd say leaving the airport

maybe

Mihle: "Don't tell me awukho ready."

Me: "Ndiyanxiba (I'm dressing)"

Mihle: "I'm coming "

Me: "Phi? (Where?)"

Mihle: "Ndithe ndiphi kanti? (Where did I say I was?)"

Me: "Hayi kaloku you can't just invite yourself over"

Mihle: "Uhlala kweyiphi ifloor? (Which floor do you stay in?)"

Trust my man for ignoring you. He had to go through security and without me I doubt they'd let him in, if he was my visitor and I had a student card then it would be a little easier but without me, he wasn't going to make it through that gate

"Forth floor."

Mihle: "Sure"

I still had my phone on my ear when he hung up, greeting the security guard at the background. I stood up and removed my night gown, wore my shirt before I stood in front of the mirror to apply some mascara and lipstick. What I expected from Mihle was for him to call me and tell me he was waiting outside for me because they refused to let him in but when he called telling me he was at the forth floor which door must he approach, I actually found myself walking to the door to peep and see if he wasn't prancing me. Immediately when I looked out he began walking towards the door which I left slightly open, returning to the mirror. He stepped in, his cologne feeling the room instantly, he closed by the door and leaned on it "Molo nawe Bhuti Fhaku (Hello to you too brother Fhaku)"

Mihle: "Ingxaki uyazazi umoshile. Kutheni ube

awukanxibi? (That's because you know you've messed up. Why aren't you dressed yet?)"

He was asking me this question while he took cautious steps towards me, I was about to answer him but got distracted when he took my earlobe in between his teeth, his hands rubbing each side of my thighs.

Mihle: "Then I arrive to you halfnaked."

Me: "Xolo (I'm sorry)"

He was whispering so I too responded in the same tone. He looked at me in the mirror, giving me a straight yet calm look before he cupped my left breast, his other hand making way between my thighs from the back. I couldn't help but close my eyes, laying my head on his chest. He removed his hand from my chest and brought it up to my neck, while the other was rubbing the fabric of my lace panties

"Phindi?"

The way he called my name when turned on made me want to keep him this way

Me: "Huh?"

Mihle: "Ndijonge (Look at me)"

At the back of my mind I knew he was about to do something which would make it impossible for me to keep my eyes open, but he always wanted to watch me when he either penetrated or finger fucked me. I opened my eyes and looked at him, on that mirror. The combination of him looking like a Greek God and an aggressive animal hungry for its prey whenever he was turned on made want to capture that look because it was beautiful, it spoke a million words.

Mihle: "Keep your eyes on me."

I felt him slowly move my panties to the side, absentmindedly I stood on my tippy toes, opening my legs a little wider for him. His larynx

moved, indicating that he just swallowed while his eyes were concentrating on mine. I bit my lower lip when his middle finger made contact with my womanhood, grabbing the hand on my throat when he pushed the finger in. If standing on my pinky describes best how good my hormones were working then you've got the picture. He pushed it further enducing me to attempt turning around but he kept me firm on that spot and inserted the second finger instead. I held the wrist of the hand that was in between my thighs and pushed it in deeper, he chuckled lowly against my neck where he has been sucking me. He pulled out his fingers the exact same time he stopped sucking on me skin, I was still trying to compose myself. When I opened my eyes and looked at him, he was watching me, his eyes narrowed and his bottom lip between his teeth. I looked away blushing, he turned me around and cupped my face

"And you wanted to give this to Andrew."

I shook my head, unable to respond. He placed a kiss on my lips and right when he was about to pull back I placed my arms around his neck, taking his lower lip between mine. He did exactly what I was hoping he'd do, picked me up and kissed me like I wanted to be kissed. I stopped kissing him when he intentionally bit my lip

"We have a place for this."

Me: "I just missed you."

Mihle: "You'll show me all that when we home."

I allowed him to place me down so I could continue with what I was doing. He stood behind me and watched me carefully before he spanked my ass, walking towards the small kitchen.

Mihle: "Akho maphela apha? (Aren't there any cockroaches here?)"

Me: "I have seen a couple but awekho manintsi (they aren't much)"

The door of our room opened while I was on the bed, tying my shoelaces. Anothando removed her earphones and looked at me, throwing her slag bag on the bed

"Mmmh kunuka indoda ke apha. (It smells of a man here)"

Me: "(giggles) Haisoka."

Anothando: "Heee yesisi wazulisa ndikubuz... (Hey girl you're ignoring this while I'm askin...)"

She stopped talking and I didn't have to ask why. I found myself looking at her before I averted my eyes to Mihle who was standing against the door frame at the kitchen entrance. He was looking at her, trying not to smile

Mihle: "Qhubuke sisi (carry on lady), let me not stop you."

Anothando: "No, it's nothing serious wethu. Bendisithi kunuka indoda (I was just saying the room smells of a man)"

Mihle: "Inuka njani indoda? (How does a man smell?)"

Anothando: "Like you I guess"

Mihle: "Ndinuka njani mna? (And how do I smell?)"

She raised her eyebrows looking at me, I raised my hands in the surrender gesture, I wasn't about to part take in their conversation

"Hayi babes lobhuti (no friend this guy)"

Me: "(giggles) hayi hayi sundifaka (don't include me)"

She looked at Mihle then back at me. I was smiling, honestly taken back by the reaction she was giving, she wasn't your shy type of girl now this surprised me, or it was me she was trying

to respect. I grabbed my handbag and looked at Mihle, he was staring between his phone and Ano.

"Asiyigqibanga mos le conversation (We not done with this conversation). I am a husband to losisi, so you'll see me often. Next time I come here I want to know uba ndinuka njani (how I smell)."

She nodded, trying to contain her smile

Me: "Ano, andizazi ndizobuya nini (I don't know when I'll be back) but we'll probably see each other on campus."

Anothanda: "Sure ke love."

Mihle grabbed my bag and stepped out, with myself walking behind him. As we descended the staircase I found myself thinking about how intimidated people felt during his presence, it was funny because I once felt the same way. I too felt like I would never be able to utter a word

when he had his eyes on me until I became close to him and now I wanted no other female near him. At least I was still behaving but I was at the edge of asking him to stop making women feel too comfortable.

Entry 156

For those who had requested it

Aphindiwe

What moved my heart was how every time I opened my eyes he was looking at me, giving me a look no one other guy I've been with has ever given me. I was drawing some circles with my nail on his wet chest now, he was quiet, only staring at me. I was touching his abs, his chest and waist trying to think what it was that was going through his mind. He finally moved his hand and touched my forehead, tracing that

small stretch I had on my forehead from the time I was bumped by a car and almost lost my life

"I want to take you home."

I looked up at him, about to pardon what he said.

Mihle: A friend of mine from eBhayi iyatshata (Port Elizabeth is getting married) (long pause) and I want to take you there

Me: Ndiyoyika (I'm scared)

Mihle: Woyika ntoni? (What are you scared off?)

Me: Your mother

He chuckled, averting his eyes to my lips. I felt chills on my spine when he licked his, still looking at mine. I don't understand why I was always horny for this, one simple touch and my body was asking for him. He looked at me again

while placing his hand on my thigh, rubbing on it.

Mihle: You'll get used to her

I had my eyes closed, concentrating on the way my body was reacting every time Mihle's hand was close to my goody-good.

Me: I won't

He didn't respond so I opened my eyes to look at me, he was looking at my legs, his hand now drawing circles towards my inner thigh. I closed my eyes and moved my left leg to the top of his hip bone. When his hand made contact with my top of my private part I felt my hair stand, goosebumps filling my arms. He slowly opened my private part, touching my clit, which he rubbed using his thumb that was before he slid that thumb to my hole and pushed it in. I moved, opening my legs wider to give him more access, he pushed it deeper before he pulled it and ran it up and down my private place. He kept on

applying pressure on my clit and gently rubbing my pussy lips. He was using his middle and index finger to pleasure my clit, and the feeling of being touched by someone you loved, someone who could pleasure you in any way, overwhelmed me. He found my hole again and pushed in two fingers, this was when I grabbed hold of his arm, bringing him closer. With my baby still swollen from all the pressure he had just given me, his fingers felt like heaven and they were the reason I was going to beg him for another round. I was close enough to place my forehead on his chest and I did, while my leg was somewhere close to his ribcage now, that's how much I was enjoying what he was doing. He finger fucked me to an extent that I become wet enough that there were wet sounds every time he pulled his fingers in and out of me. He stopped but kept his fingers in me, his chest was racing but you couldn't hear his breathing

"Phindi?"

I heard him call me but I wanted him to say my name again, with that bedroom voice he used which I last heard two months back

Mihle: Nhanha

Me: Huh?

Mihle: Jika (turn

As horny as I were, I looked up at him. He had his bottom lip between his teeth, his eyes glowing

Me: Mhuh?

Mihle: Turn around

I attempted turning, thinking he wanted me to face him with my back side but he stopped me

"I want your legs here."

He pointed his shoulders before finishing the sentence

Mihle: And your head that side

He wanted me legs on his shoulders and my head where my feet were. So in other words, he wanted me ass on his face. He finally pulled out fingers when I began turning, he was watching me find the best way to lay that I'd be comfortable in. I laid on my side, looking the other way and had my ass on his face like he asked, he pulled me by my legs and brought one leg under his face while the other he placed on his neck. I stuck out my ass when I felt him use his fingers to open my baby, and the first thing he did was circle my opening with his tongue. I moved down until I was satisfied he was close enough when I felt his beard against my womanhood. He started licking, just licking me from my opening to my clit and continued doing this for a while, meanwhile his thumb was playing with my anus, but he wasn't pushing it in. He sucked on my clit long enough to have me

shake a complain of times, bringing the excitement to my body, the butterflies and the feeling we ladies experienced like you were about to come. The time he was sucking the living hell out of my womanhood, I had my hand on his head. If there were a place where he could enter, his head would probably be inside me now. He moved his tongue to my opening and circled around it, I could feel him gently pushing his thumb in my anus and I tried not to panic. He stopped when the tip of his thumb was in then concentrated on my vagina where he stuck the tip of his tongue as well.

Absentmindedly, I removed my leg on his neck and placed it on his shoulder, moving down so he could push it in already which he did. If you know what it feels like being tongue fucked then you'll know the sounds it makes, the sounds I was probably making and the way my body was probably reacting. He wanted to distract me with this because it was after a

while I felt that his thumb was already in my anus adding to the pleasure he was already giving me. Five minutes is a underestimate to describe the minutes he stayed there until I felt I was close, maybe close to twelve, with his tongue in me, doing what his fingers were supposed to do. I felt my clit resounding to the sensation and I knew I was going to squirt so I placed my hand on my clit because I didn't want him to stop yet but when I felt that wasn't helping I moved away, but he followed, removing my hand and applied pressure on my clit using his thumb. My legs were shaking, my toes curled and my eyeballs had rolled to the back of my eyes. I felt my ass leave the mattress as I tried breaking contact with him because I could feel I was close. I attempted closing my legs but he went deeper, playing with his tongue inside of me. I sprung and sat up, closing my legs so he couldn't get through to my private part, my legs were still shaking as

I laid on the bed again trying to hold myself from the mess I was about to do. He was brushing the side of my thigh and placing wet kisses on my leg with his thumb still in my anus. He turned me around, laying me on my stomach before he pulled out his thumb and rubbed the side of my waist. He laid on me, his heart beating hard against my back

"I hate it when you do that."

I kept quiet, still allowing my body to take in the pleasure it was feeling. Since he was laying diagonally on my back, he had his face opposite mine, looking at me. He ran his thumb on my nose prior to touching my lips which I liked right after he touched them. I finally opened my eyes and looked at him, he was drawing circles on my arm with his eyes closed, his long eyelashes perfectly fitted together

Me: What do you hate?

He snapped his eyes open and looked into mine

Mihle: Lento yakho (This thing) of stopping me whenever you're about to climax. It makes me feel like andiwugqibanga umsebenzi wam (I haven't finished my job)

Me: But I was going to mess the bed

Mihle: And we were going to change it. Wash the blanket

Me: Sihlale sine washing yengubo (always have dirty laundry of blankets)

Mihle: It's worth it.

I found myself smiling. He moved closer and placed a kiss on my forehead ahead of moving off my back and jumping off the bed. I was turning when he was dragging his sleepers towards the door

Me: Uyaphi? (Where you going?)

Mihle: Toilet then kitchen

He stood at the door naked and looked at me while his hand was touching his manhood so I lost focus and gazed at his private part. He gave a half-suppressed laugh ahead of speaking in that husky voice

"Ufuna undithuma? (Do you want to send me something?)"

I shook my head, looking up at him. He turned around, leaving the bedroom. I laid on the bed, having flashbacks on the pleasure I was just given, and every time I pictured him ontop of me butterflies tickled the lower part of my tummy. His sex game was insanely beautiful, he felt like a King when he got me naked, all he required was just for me to relax and give my body to him. He was the type to have a girl fall for him even when they've laid ground rules that it was no strings attached, at least I knew I would have. He returned holding a glass, a mixed berries flavoured Lique fruit juice along with Thai sweet

chilli flavoured lays. He threw the chips on the bed and stood at the hairdresser poring himself a glass of juice. While looking at him my mind took me back to that Bianca, a part of me felt like I had heard the name before and not from our conversation, I honestly wanted to let it go but it was bugging me that he had sex with her, he actually gave a piece of himself to her.

Me: Mihle

He turned and leaned on the hairdresser with the glass still in his hand. I took in his figure in front of me, I couldn't deny it he was beautiful and I wouldn't be surprised if many people questioned why he was with me. Judging from Nomthandazo and myself, I heeded that he didn't find too beautiful girls attractive, he wanted his normal beautiful women, someone of my kind. He was still looking at me, waiting for me to address him

"Do I know uBianca?"

He gave me a calm reaction, it was funny how he reacted to news that were suppose to make him tense or frightened

Mihle: Kutheni uzobuza lonto? (Why you asking that?)

Me: I feel like I've heard the name before.

He narrowed his eyes at me, probably trying to take in my mood before he could answer me

Mihle: Uyamazi (You know her)

Me: From?

Mihle: The weekend we spent with Andrew and the rest of the guys, in Cape town

Me: She's the coloured looking girl?

He nodded, walking towards the bed where he sat and looked my way

Me: What's your relationship with her?

Mihle: We don't have a relationship

I raised my eyebrows at me because wayengathi uyandibhanxa kaloku. He licked his lips prior to speaking again

"She was a booty call, once upon a time. But developed feelings and started catching an attitude towards Nomthandazo, that's when I cut her off."

Me: For Nomthandazo?

Mihle: That's who I was dating at that time

Me: So you feel it's okay xa ulala naye ngoku unam (when you sleeping with her while you're dating me)?

He clinched his jaws and stared straight into my eyes, he looked like he was about to say something that would probably break me

Mihle: I explained this to you

Me: It wasn't this question that I asked you

Mihle: If you maybe you weren't so insecure,

you'd know how I really feel about you

I looked at him, a little taken back by his response. He broke eyes contact, moving off the bed and towards the wardrobe where he pulled out his white Markhams underwear, which he wore standing there. He turned around and glanced my way, I wanted to say something but I just didn't know what. He tucked himself under the sheets and muttered

"You'll switch off the lights when you're done."

Me: What's wrong with you?

This question got him to sit up, he chuckled a couple of times and right before he spoke I stopped him, speaking

Me: I ask you a simple question and you act like I've declared war when you're the one who cheated

Mihle: Aphindiwe, I told you what you needed to hear. I don't know whether you expect me to lie

nah but we went through this. And ngoku into oyenzayo uqala nje uchuku for no bloody reason

Me: I just can't stomach...

Mihle: The thought of me fucking someone?

I looked at him, my stomach turned from just hearing it, I was trying not to break

Mihle: I loathe when you make me angry nyani because going through the same thing eight times like we're in pre-school is a no no. I've made a couple , I understand I hurt you but I asked you to let me fix that. Aphindiwe if I wanted any of these girls I would have been with them now instead of you. I know I fucked up, acted without thinking when I did what I did with Bianca but that doesn't change the fact that I love you. It would not."

Ndandisa bindeke yilanto ebeyithethile upfront so I couldn't master a word at that time

Mihle: I need to be a better man for you Phindi but it won't happen over night

He touched my shoulder and brought me close to me, I allowed myself and rested my head on his shoulder. He gently grabbed the back of my neck and kissed the top of my head

"When I asked you to take a decision uba ubenam I didn't say it would be easy. I don't mean it's okay when I'm pleasuring other women."

Me: Ndicela ungayibeki njalo (Please don't put it that way)

He shifted on his butt and cupped my face with his huge hands, his eye contact did me no good when I was mad at him

Mihle: Ndjonge (Look at me)

He repeated himself before I looked at him

Mihle: Don't doubt me. Okay

I understand he was trying but my heart was heavy from all this and the only way I could get over it was if we spoke about it, I still wanted to clear the air on the Pearl thing too. He placed his soft lips on mine and pulled back

Mihle: We not going to sleep until you speak

There was silence for a while before I cleared my throat preparing to talk

"Andiqumbanga (I'm not mad). Can we sleep now?"

He chuckled

Mihle: Zama futhi (try again)

I looked at him, keeping a straight face, he was smirking. Still seated, I removed one pillow from my side of the bed and placed it next to his knee then pulled the covers but he stopped me when I began crawling to my bedside. He encircled his arm around my waist and groaned as he pulled me closer, I rolled my eyes

because it was clear he was exaggerating I wasn't that heavy. He placed me ontop of his leg, I sat there with my back touching his chest "Convince me."

He said lowly, his voice sounding even more husky.

Me: I'm fine.

He chuckled again, close to my ear this time. He removed me from his lap, and just when I thought he was going to remove the pillows off the bed and sleep, he grabbed both my legs causing me to lay on the bed, he took my feet and brought them between his rib cage and bicep. I began kicking when he started running his fingers up and down my feet, tickling me. I was laughing, kicking, trying to turn about a million times so he would free my feet but he held me right almost hurting my ankles. My stomach was beginning to hurt so I gave in and

shouted

Me: I'm okay nyani, I'm fine!

In between my laughs. He looked over his shoulder with a huge smile on his face

Mihle: Are you?

I nodded, trying to stop myself from laughing because my stomach was killing me. He finally freed my feet and stood up, pulling me towards him so he stood between my legs. I was still naked so I immediately took one hand and covered my manhood that was now staring at him, he placed both his arms under my waist and picked me up from the bed, I encircled my legs around his waist with my arms on his neck. He placed a lousy kiss on my chin then walked a couple of steps towards the wardrobe, carrying me in his arms. He leaned against the wardrobe and looked at me, I bent forward and captured his lips in mine. He tongue kissed me

immediately, getting me excited for a couple of seconds before he pulled back and gently placed me on the floor. He grabbed my ass with both hands and gave me one last kiss

Mihle: Get dressed, before that ass makes me do something.

He stuck out his tongue on me then headed for the door towards the bathroom. I opened the wardrobe and pulled out my bag, took out my pyjamas then pushed it back inside. It was funny how every week I was here but I never had the courage to empty my bag into one of the shelves, or maybe that's because he had clothes in all shelves, but even if there was an empty one I would have probably waited for his instruction. He walked back in, closed the door and switched off the lights, the bedside lamps bringing some light in the bedroom. He jumped on his left side on the bed and took his phone from next to the gym. It felt somehow awkward

every time he was on his phone because whenever we were together we seemed to be disconnected from the outside world, being the reason for our emotional contact.

I opened the packet of Lays he had brought and ingested half the packet while he was still on his phone, I kept on glancing his way and took in the look on his face every time he received a new text. Subsequently to closing the packet and placing it next to the lamp, I checked my phone, looking at the time to be precise, it was a couple of minutes after twelve. I placed my phone under my pillow and turned over facing this man who was still on his phone, pillow supporting his back, head against the headboard and the blanket was up until his waist

Me: Goodnight

He turned and pouted his lips, I balanced on my elbow, raising my body so I'd reach his lips. I

kissed and went back to being comfortable

Mihle: Goodnight Mambhele wam.

He turned off his lamp but remained on his phone.

I was down at a dark place but something that was holding onto my jacket, every time I kept on pulling back it seemed to be grabbing harder. My conscious mind wasn't telling me to take off my jacket but instead to keep on fighting to free myself and run. I decided to turn so I could see what it was that was holding him however when I turned a small boy was standing in front of him, bleeding from the heart and pressing his small hands against his chest. I took a few steps back, my eyes glued on the little boy who was also staring at me with tears in his eyes. While taking another step a white hand touched my shoulder, I froze unable to turn

"Mcede mntanam. Mcede (Help him my child. Help him)"

That voice, I knew that voice. I attempted turning but felt like I was stiff and robot like.

Me: Mama!

I woke up from shock, shaking, sweating and crying. Mihle walked into the bedroom holding a shaving blade in his hands. He looked at the terrified me before he took long steps towards the bed. I was looking around the room, feeling like the boy was still here with me somehow

Mihle: Baby?

He touched my forehead

Me: Fuck eliphupha (this dream)

Mihle: Thoba umsindo Mambhele (lower the anger Mambhele), it was just a dream

My mother, her words and this boy. It wasn't the first time I was having such a dream even though they all seemed to be in different places, and every time this boy appeared in my dreams the places we were in were becoming darker and scarier. I wasn't much of a traditional person, I didn't believe in dream interpretation but when a dream occurred more than once, then there surely must have been a meaning to it.

157th Entry

Aphindiwe

What moved my heart was how every time I opened my eyes he was looking at me, giving me a look no one other guy I've been with has ever given me. I was drawing some circles with my nail on his wet chest now, he was quiet, only

staring at me. I was touching his abs, his chest and waist trying to think what it was that was going through his mind. He finally moved his hand and touched my forehead, tracing that small stretch I had on my forehead from the time I was bumped by a car and almost lost my life

"I want to take you home."

I looked up at him, about to pardon what he said.

Mihle: "A friend of mine from eBhayi iyatshata (Port Elizabeth is getting married) (long pause) and I want to take you there."

Me: "Ndiyoyika (I'm scared)"

Mihle: "Woyika ntoni? (What are you scared off?)"

Me: "Your mother"

He chuckled, averting his eyes to my lips. I felt

chills on my spine when he licked his, still looking at mine. I don't understand why I was always turned on for this man here, one simple touch and my body would literally beg him to do more. He looked at me again while placing his hand on my thigh, rubbing on it.

Mihle: "You'll get used to her."

I had my eyes closed by now, concentrating on the way my body was reacting every time Mihle's hand was tracing the line between my thigh and private part

Me: "I won't"

He didn't respond so I opened my eyes to look at me, he was looking at my legs, his hand now drawing circles towards my inner thigh. I once again closed my eyes and moved my left leg to the top of his hip. When his hand made contact with my top of my private part I felt my hair stand, goosebumps filling my arms. He slowly

opened my private part, touching my clit, which he rubbed softly using his thumb before he slid that thumb towards my hole and pushed it in. I moved, opening my legs wider to give him more access, he pushed it deeper before he pulled it out and ran it up and down my private place. He kept on applying pressure on my clit and gently rubbing my pussy lips. He was using his middle and index finger to pleasure my clit, and the feeling of being touched by someone you loved, someone who could pleasure you in any way good, overwhelmed me. He found my hole again and pushed in two fingers, this was when I grabbed hold of his arm, bringing him closer. With my baby still swollen from all the satisfaction he had just given me earlier, his fingers felt like heaven and they were the reason I was going to beg him for another round. I was close enough to place my forehead on his chest and so I did, while my leg was somewhere close to his ribcage now, that's how

much I was enjoying what he was doing. He finger fucked me to an extent that I become wet enough to have my castle make wet sounds every time he pulled his fingers in and out of me. He stopped but kept his fingers in me, his chest was racing but you couldn't hear his breathing "Phindi?"

I heard him call me but I wanted him to say my name again, with that husky, bedroom voice he used which I last heard two months back

Mihle: "Nhanha."

Me: "Huh?"

Mihle: "Jika (turn)"

As horny as I were, I opened my eyes at him. He had his bottom lip between his teeth, his eyes glowing from excitement

Me: "Mhuh?"

Mihle: "Turn around"

I attempted turning, thinking he wanted me to face him with my back but he stopped me

"I want your legs here..."

He pointed his shoulders before finishing the sentence

"And your head that side."

He wanted me legs on his shoulders and my head where my feet were. So in other words, he wanted my ass on his face. He finally pulled out fingers when I began turning, watching me as I found the best way to lay in which I'd be comfortable. I laid on my side, looking the other way and had my ass on his face like he asked, he pulled me by my legs and brought one leg under his face while the other he placed on his neck. I stuck out my ass when I felt him use his fingers to open my baby, and the first thing he did was circle my opening with his tongue. I moved down until I was satisfied he was close

enough when I felt his beard against my womanhood. He started licking, just licking me from my opening to my clit and continued doing this for a while, meanwhile his thumb was playing with my anus, but he wasn't pushing it in. He sucked on my clit long enough to have me shake a couple of times, bringing extreme excitement to my body, the butterflies and the feeling we ladies experienced when we about to come. The time he was sucking the living hell out of my womanhood, I had my hand on his head. If there were a place where he could enter, his head would probably be inside me now. He moved his tongue to my opening and circled around it, I could feel him gently pushing his thumb in my anus and I tried not to panic. He stopped when the tip of his thumb was in then concentrated on my vagina where he stuck the tip of his tongue as well. Absentmindedly, I removed my leg on his neck and placed it on his shoulder, moving down so he could push it in

already which he did. If you know what it feels like being tongue fucked then you'll know the sounds it makes, the sounds I was probably making and the way my body was probably feeling. He wanted to distract me with this because it was after a while I felt that his thumb was already in my anus adding to the pleasure he was already giving me. Five minutes is an underestimate to describe the minutes he stayed down there until I felt I was close, maybe close to twelve, with his tongue in me, doing what his fingers were supposed to be doing. I felt my clit resounding to the sensation and I knew I was going to squirt so I placed my hand on my clit because I didn't want him to stop yet but when I felt that wasn't helping I moved away, but he followed, removing my hand and applied pressure on my clit using his thumb. My legs were shaking, my toes curled and my eyeballs had rolled to the back of my head. I felt my ass leave the mattress as I tried breaking contact

with him because I could feel I was close. I attempted closing my legs but he went deeper, playing with his tongue inside of me. I sprang and sat up, closing my legs so he couldn't get through to my private part. My legs were still shaking as I laid on the bed again trying to hold myself from the mess I was about to do. He was brushing the side of my thigh and placing wet kisses on my leg. He turned me around, laying me on my stomach and rubbed the side of my waist. He laid on me, his heart beating hard against my back

"I hate it when you do that."

I kept quiet, still allowing my body to take in the exceptional m glee. Since he was laying diagonally on my back, he had his face opposite mine, looking at me. He ran his thumb on my nose prior to touching my lips which I licked right after he touched them. I finally opened my eyes and looked at him, he was drawing circles

on my arm with his eyes closed, his long eyelashes perfectly fitted together

Me: "What do you hate?"

He snapped his eyes open and looked into mine

Mihle: "Lento yakho (This thing) of stopping me whenever you're about to climax. It makes me feel like andiwugqibanga umsebenzi wam (I haven't finished my job)"

Me: "But I was going to mess the bed."

Mihle: "And we were going to change it. Wash the blankets"

Me: "Sihlale sine washing yengubo (always have dirty laundry of blankets)"

Mihle: "It's worth it."

I found myself smiling. He moved closer and placed a kiss on my forehead ahead of moving off my back and jumping off the bed. I was turning when he was dragging his sleepers

towards the door

Me: "Uyaphi? (Where you going?)"

Mihle: "Toilet then kitchen."

He stood at the door naked and looked at me while his hand was touching his manhood so I lost focus and gazed at his private part. He gave a half-suppressed laugh ahead of speaking in that husky voice

"Ufuna undithuma? (Do you want to send me something?)"

I shook my head, looking up at him. He turned around, leaving the bedroom. I laid on the bed, having flashbacks on the pleasure I was just given, and every time I pictured him ontop of me butterflies tickled the lower part of my tummy. His sex game was insanely beautiful, he felt like a King when he got me naked, all he required was just for me to relax and give my body to him. He was the type to have a girl fall for him

even when they've laid ground rules that it was a no strings attached type of affair, at least I knew I would have. He returned holding a glass, a mixed berries flavoured Liqueo fruit juice along with Thai sweet chilli flavoured lays. He threw the chips on the bed and stood at the hairdresser pouring himself a glass of the berry juice. While looking at him my mind took me back to that Bianca scandal, a part of me felt like I had heard the name before and not from our conversation, I honestly wanted to let it go but it was bugging me that he had sex with her, he actually gave a piece of himself to her. So I questioned him

Me: "Mihle"

He turned and leaned on the hairdresser with the glass still in his hand. I took in his figure that was in front of me, I couldn't deny it he was beautiful and I wouldn't be surprised if many people queried as to why he was with me.

Judging from Nomthandazo and myself, I heeded that he didn't find your very pretty girls attractive, he wanted his normal beautiful women, someone of my kind. He was still looking at me, waiting for me to address him

"Do I know uBianca?"

He gave me a calm reaction, it was funny how he reacted to news that were suppose to make him tense or frightened

Mihle: "Kutheni uzobuza lonto? (Why you asking that?)"

Me: "I feel like I've heard the name before."

He narrowed his eyes at me, probably trying to take in my mood before he could answer me

Mihle: "Uyamazi (You know her)"

Me: "From?"

Mihle: "The weekend we spent with Andrew and the rest of the guys, in one of those Cape town

hotels."

Me: "She's the coloured looking girl?"

He nodded, walking towards the bed where he sat and looked my way

Me: "What's your relationship with her?"

Mihle: "We don't have a relationship."

I raised my eyebrows at me because uyandibhanxa kaloku (he was fooling me). He licked his lips prior to talking

"She was a booty call, once upon a time. But developed feelings and started catching an attitude towards Nomthandazo, that's when I cut her off."

Me: "For Nomthandazo?"

Mihle: "That's who I was dating at that time."

Me: "So you feel it's okay not cutting her off for me?"

He clinched his jaws and stared straight into my eyes, he looked like he was about to say something that would probably break me

Mihle: "I explained this to you."

Me: "It wasn't this question that I asked you"

Mihle: "If you maybe you weren't so insecure, you'd know exactly my answer to that."

I looked at him amused by his riposte. He broke eyes contact, moving off the bed and towards the wardrobe where he pulled out his white Markhams underwear from the drawer, which he wore standing there. He turned around and glanced my way, I wanted to say something but I just didn't know what. He tucked himself under the sheets and muttered

"You'll switch off the lights when you're done."

Me: "What's wrong with you?"

This question got him to sit up, he chuckled a

couple of times and right before he spoke I stopped him, speaking

Me: "I ask you a simple question and you act like I've declared war when you're the one who cheated."

Mihle: "Aphindiwe, I told you what you needed to hear. I don't know whether you expect me to lie nah but we went through this. And ngoku into oyenzayo uqala nje uchuku for no bloody reason."

Me: "I just can't stomach..."

Mihle: "The thought of me fucking someone?"

I looked at him, my stomach turned from just hearing it, I was trying not to break

Mihle: "I loathe when you make me angry nyani because going through the same thing eight times like we're in pre-school is a no no. I've made a couple of mistake, I understand I hurt you but I asked you to let me fix that. Aphindiwe

if I wanted any of these girls I would have been with them now instead of you. I know I fucked up, acted without thinking when I did what I did with Bianca but that doesn't change the fact that I love you. It wouldn't."

Ndandisa bindeke yilanto ebeyithethile upfront so I couldn't master a word at that time

Mihle: "I need to be a better man for you Phindi but it won't happen over night."

He touched my shoulder and brought me close to me, I allowed myself and rested my head on his shoulder. He gently grabbed the back of my neck and kissed the top of my head

"When I asked you to take a decision uba ubenam I didn't say it would be easy. I don't mean it's okay when I'm pleasuring other women."

Me: "Ndicela ungayibeki njalo (Please don't put it that way)"

He shifted on his butt and cupped my face with his huge hands, his eye contact did me no good when I was mad at him

Mihle: "Ndijonge (Look at me)"

He repeated himself before I looked at him

Mihle: "Don't doubt me. Okay?"

I understand he was trying but my heart was heavy from all this and the only way I could get over it was if we spoke about it, I still wanted to clear the air on the Pearl thing too. He placed his soft lips on mine and pulled back

Mihle: "We not going to sleep until you speak."

There was silence for a while before I cleared my throat preparing to talk

"Andiqumbanga (I'm not mad). Can we sleep now?"

He chuckled

Mihle: "Zama futhi (try again)"

I looked at him, keeping a straight face, he was smirking. Still seated, I removed one pillow from my side of the bed and placed it next to his knee then pulled the covers but he stopped me when I began crawling to my bedside. He encircled his arm around my waist and groaned as he pulled me closer, I rolled my eyes because it was clear he was exaggerating I wasn't that heavy. He placed me ontop of his leg, I sat there with my back touching his chest "Convince me."

He said lowly, his voice sounding even more husky.

Me: "I'm fine"

He chuckled again, close to my ear this time. He removed me from his lap, and just when I thought he was going to remove the pillows off the bed and sleep, he grabbed both my legs causing me to lay on the bed, he took my feet

and brought them between his rib cage and bicep. I began kicking when he started running his fingers up and down my feet, tickling me. I was laughing, kicking, trying to turn about a million times so he would free my feet but he held me right almost hurting my ankles. My stomach was beginning to hurt so I gave in and shouted

Me: "I'm okay nyani, I'm fine!"

In between my laughs. He looked over his shoulder with a huge smile on his face

Mihle: "Are you?"

I nodded, trying to stop myself from laughing because my stomach was killing me. He finally freed my feet and stood up, pulling me towards him so he stood between my legs. I was still naked so I immediately took one hand and covered my womanhood that was now staring at him, he bent forward tucking both his arms

under my waist and picked me up from the bed, I encircled my legs around his waist with my arms on his neck. He placed a lousy kiss on my chin then took a couple of steps towards the wardrobe, carrying me in his arms. He leaned against the wardrobe and looked at me, I bent forward and captured his lips in mine. He tongue kissed me immediately, getting me excited for a couple of seconds before he pulled back and gently placed me on the floor. He grabbed my ass with both hands and gave me one last babykiss

Mihle: "Get dressed, before that ass makes me do something."

He stuck out his tongue on me then headed for the door towards the bathroom. I opened the wardrobe and pulled out my bag, took out my pyjamas then pushed it back inside. It was funny how every week I was here but I never had the courage to empty my bag into one of

the shelves, or maybe that's because he had clothes in all shelves, but even if there was an empty one I would have probably waited for his instruction. He walked back in, closed the door and switched off the lights, the bedside lamps bringing some light into the bedroom. He jumped on his left side of the bed and took his phone from next to the lamp. It felt somehow awkward every time he was on his phone because whenever we were together we seemed to be disconnected from the outside world, being the reason for our emotional contact.

I opened the packet of Lays he had brought and ingested half the packet while he was still on his phone, I kept on glancing his way and took in the look on his face every time he received a new text. Subsequently to closing the packet and placing it next to the lamp, I checked my phone, looking at the time to be precise, it was

a couple of minutes after twelve. I placed my phone under my pillow and turned over facing this man who was still on his phone, pillow supporting his back, head against the head board with the blanket was up until his waist

Me: "Goodnight"

He turned and pouted his lips, I balanced on my elbow, uplifting my body so I'd reach his lips. I kissed and went back to being comfortable

Mihle: "Goodnight Mambhele wam."

He turned off his lamp but remained on his phone.

I was drawn to a dark place by something strong that was holding unto my jacket, every time I kept on pulling away it seemed to be grabbing harder. My conscious mind wasn't telling me to take off my jacket but instead to keep on fighting to free myself and run. I

decided to turn so I could see what it was that was holding me however when I turned a small boy was standing in front of me, bleeding from the heart and pressing his small hands against his chest. I took a few steps back, my eyes glued on the little boy who was also staring at me with tears in his eyes. While taking another step a white hand touched my shoulder, I froze unable to turn

"Mcede mntanam. Mcede (Help him my child. Help him)"

That voice, I knew that voice. I attempted turning but felt stiff and robot like.

Me: "Mama!"

I woke up from shock, shaking, sweating and crying. Mihle walked into the bedroom holding a shaving blade in his hands. He looked at the terrified me before he took long steps towards

the bed. I was looking around the room, feeling like the boy was still here with me somehow

Mihle: "Baby?"

He touched my forehead

Me: "Fuck eliphupha (this dream)"

Mihle: "Thoma umsindo Mambhele (lower the anger Mambhele), it was just a dream."

My mother, her words and this boy. This wasn't the first time I was having such a dream even though they all seemed to be in different places, and every time this boy appeared in my dreams the places we were in were becoming darker and scarier. I wasn't much of a traditional person, I didn't believe in dream interpretation but when a dream occurred more than once, then there surely must be a meaning to it.

158th Entry

Azola

I was in the bathe tub, preparing myself for heading out. Sivuyisiwe called me this morning telling me to meet her at the mall at twelve o'clock. Right now the time was something past ten, giving me another hour at least to get ready. After stepping out of the tub, I retreated to the bedroom and stood in front of my wardrobe for a good three minutes trying to get anything to wear. My shelves were a mess before the only thing I kept doing was pulling out and shoving in clothing items. I decided to moisturize and fix my weave first before I put together an outfit to wear. I finally decided on my baggy denim t-shirt which I wore as a dress, along with white converse chunks. I applied mascara and lipstick, which were the only make up items I owned - one mascara and a couple of lipsticks to be

precise. I grabbed hold of my handbag and cell phone then stepped out of my bedroom, retreating to the kitchen. I was alone with Nomthandazo today, father had gone to attend a business exhibition and umama noSivuyisiwe, y'all know their story.

I entered the kitchen to a Nomtha who had a bowl of muesli ontop of her enormous belly and a glass of Orange juice in front of her, she looked up from the bowl immediately when she heard me step in

Nomthandazo: Uyaphi? (Where you going?)

Me: Molo nawe mama ka Lunje (Hello to you too Lunje's mother)

That was the name she said she'd be giving to her little man

Nomthandazo: Khawuthethe (just talk)

Me: Out to the mall. Sivu asked me to meet her phaya nge lunch (her there during lunch)

I placed my phone on the counter and walked over to the cabinet, I took out a bowl and the rice krispies cereal box.

"Dressed like that?"

I turned and looked at her. She had her eyebrows raised at me, waiting for me to answer her, I mean wasn't it obvious nah?

I faced her with my back and proceeded doing what I was doing. I walked over to the fridge and poured some cold milk on the cereal

Nomthandazo: You know that's a t-shirt right?

Me: Which I wear as a dress. Geez ekuseni kanje bra?!

Nomthandazo: It's inappropriate and that's why you catching an attitude because you know iwrongo.

I rolled her my eyes at her. I was planning on sitting there with her but when she

blathered

"Niqala kanje ufuna (You start like this wanting) men that are older than you."

I turned on my heel, storming out of that kitchen. I knew she was no fun because she always she was very old, sometimes forgetting that Vhuvhu was older than her, but now that she was pregnant she was worse. I threw myself on the couch and reached out for the remote, I tuned on channel 124, the only channel I lived on basically. I was still concentrating on Botched when I heard my phone ring from the kitchen, as quick as a mice I placed the bowl on the coffee table and ran to the kitchen. The run was for two reasons, one being how I thought it could be one of my boys, two was how I actually feared Nomtha would answer it or check the screen for that matter. I leaned on the counter and rolled my eyes before answering

Me: Vhuvhu

Sivuyisiwe: Jonga, go to my room, phaya kwi drawer yeHeadboard you'll find a small diary, take that with you it has a list of things I need.

Me: Okay. Anything else?

Sivuyisiwe: Yes. Uzohamba noMihle (You'll be driving with Mihle), ebethe he'll be there in about five.

Me: Alright. Anything else?

Sivuyisiwe: (giggles) voetsek

Me: (laughs) bye

I skipped to Vhuvhu's bedroom and did as she requested, took my handbag with me to the lounge as I threw in the diary. I had just took in the third spoon when I heard Nomtha cursing in the kitchen

Me: Yintoni? (What is it?)

She dragged her feet towards the lounge and stood in the middle of nowhere with her hands

on her back.

Nomthandazo: Ndibeleka nini kanene? (When am I giving birth again?)

Me: Next month

She sat on the couch and sighed loudly. I looked at her belly which was popping out of her gown

Me: It must be terrible carrying an infant.

Nomthandazo: No but they heavy

I quivered, just the sight of it gave me an uneasy feeling. She was going on and on about the disadvantages of being pregnant when my phone rang averting my attention from her, it was uMafugwashe (the first born) once again

Me: What is it this time?

Sivuyisiwe: Uthi uphandle uMihle (Mihle says he's outside)

I wanted to question him not entering like he

used but remembered that he was back to being on bad terms with my parents, more especially my father. I grabbed my handbag and headed for the door

Nomthandazo: Uthi uzosithathelw' ngubani esisitya?(And who's going to take this bowl for you?)

Me: Please do

While she was mumbling something I closed the door, she probably was swearing at me. If she knew her man was outside the gate, she probably would have chained me on that couch until I agreed to change my outfit. She knew I never saw bhut' Mihle in that way but since Phindi came around, I too was a suspect of these "old successful men." I opened the door of his car and stepped in, his cologne filled my nostrils

Me: Molweni Bhuti

Mihle: Azo. Unjani nontombi? (Azo. How are you baby girl?)

Me: Ndiyaphila bhuti unjani wena? (I'm good bhuti how are you?)

He nodded while smiling at me

"Ndiright nam. To the mall right?"

Me: Yep

He accelerated his vehicle, driving us to Waterstone Village Centre in the music of Maxwell. I was so tempted to ask him about Aphindiwe's whereabouts and if perhaps he knew where she was but I refrained from it, he wasn't the type to have casual chats with me anyway. We arrived at the mall after the quick, smooth drive and went for the bank first, he drew an amount of R8000 and told me to give it to Sivuyisiwe, prior to him walking off and disappearing amongst other people. I texted Sivuyisiwe, reporting to her that I was already at

the mall doing some window shopping. She arrived about ten minutes after my arrival, and we did what we managed to do in that hour, visiting shops like Mr Price Home, Game, Checkers and other supermarket stores. The disadvantage of this whole activity was me guiding the plastics at the mall, waiting for Busi to come pick me up. I was exasperated because I couldn't move, maybe to go buy myself a lousy pie or ice cream. Busi arrived after an hour walking with another lady, by now my mood was sour so I wasn't the best company, nor did I greet back when they greeted. I only helped carry the plastic bags then returned inside, telling them to leave me behind I'd go on my own home. It was Wednesday, only three days to Nomthandazo's baby shower, I needed to get me an item of the colour we were told to wear.

Aphindiwe

After my lectures I went to the library to try studying, I only managed about four to five pages when I received a video call from Kimberley. I rejected it and attempted continuing with what I was doing but she called again so I packed my books and walked silently from the library. I decided to call her back when I was outside

"Waa' is jou arss? (Where is your ass?)"

Me: You go missing for the whole weekend then have the guts to cone disturb me when I'm studying

Kimberley: You were studying? Ah jammer choma but where are You?

Me: Walking down the corridor from the library

Kimberley: We here under the tree next to the

parking lot.

Me: Cool

I hang up and continued down the hallways. I had my eyes on the screen of my cell phone, chatting to Mihle when I bumped into someone, dropping my phone then have this chubby guy step on it while it was face down.

Me: Fuck. Did you just?!

The chubby looked at me then at my phone before he picked it up and handed it to me

"Next time watch where you going!"

The coloured guy whom I bumped rudely exclaimed, picking up the fucken cigarette he dropped during our collision. I looked at him, showing him the middle finger. He placed his tongue between his index and middle finger and played with his huge tongue doing the licking motion. Him and his idiotic friend both burst into laughter before heading the other direction

Me: Mxm

I looked at my phone and almost screamed my lungs out when I saw the screen was fucked up. Bloody coloureds. I continued with my journal until I arrived to my girls

Luthando: You look a mess. What's wrong?

I threw my phone on top of her bag and watched as her mount hung open

Kimberley: What happened?

Me: Abantu bakokwenu (You kind of people)

"You mean coloureds?"

Me: Stupid, fucken, irritating coloureds

Kimberley: Don't come here with that racist shit.

I sat next to her and allowed my body when she pulled me in a hug

Kimberley: Sorry baby

She placed a kiss at the top of my head and

handed me a smoothie. I pulled back, sipping on the snack juice she just gave me

Me: What's the occasion?

Luthando: Nothing silambile qha (we hungry that's all)

I took a slice of pizza from the chicken and mushroom Debonairs pizza in between us. We were seated flat on the ground, dishing some weekend news and gossiping about a couple of girls these girls knew at Campus. We were still sitting there when Mihlali approached us, walking with some ratchet looking soul.

Mihlali: Ladies!

I faked a smile like always before taking my phone and texting my man, telling him that my iPhone 6 now looked like it was owned by a drunkard. Mihlali was chit-chatting with the girls before she clicked her fingers looking at the girl she brought with who was shamelessly

chewing on that pizza

"Babalwa remember that guy omhle gqithi. That guy iMerc ebomvu? (Babalwa remember that guy who's attractive. That guy who was driving a red Merc?)"

Babalwa: Omphi? (Which one?)

Mihlali: Last year man, kwi festival nton nton

Babalwa: Oh ewe

Mihlali: It's her boyfriend

Mihlali pointing at me so the girl looked at me, she eyed me from head to waist since I was sitting down like the rest of them

Babalwa: The nice guy olijoni (The nice guy who's a soldier)

Me: And how do you know him?

She chewed on the last piece of the slice she was holding and rubbed her hands together

Babalwa: Umtsha apha ekapa? (Are you new here in Cape Town?)

I nodded and she smiled

"No wonder. Your man almost sold us. Him, nesinye isdudla esihamba ngemoto emnyama (Him, and some fat guy who drives a black car.)"

Her facial expression spoke a lot. The fat guy I presumed to be Bulelani, even though he wasn't really fat.

Kimberley: Sold y'all?

Babalwa: Yeah. She would know

Both Luthando and Kim shifted their eyes to me.

Me: No I don't

Babalwa: You don't know that your man is involved in human trafficking?

Kimberley: What?!

Luthando: Are you sure you talking about the same guy?

Mihlali: Ewe. I knew the guy looked familiar when I saw him but wasn't sure from where

Kimberley: Baby and you didn't know?

I still had my eyes on this Babalwa girl while I shock my head.

Babalwa: Well I was told not to say but I thought since nizi chommie niyayazi (y'all are friends you knew).

Luthando: Told not to say by?

Babalwa: Indoda yentombazana le (By this girl's man). They thought they had spiked our drinks but kucacile it wasn't enough so when we got the place we were awake then boom they bribed us to never say

Me: I don't trust you

Babalwa: I could bring my girl uNokuthula, she'll

tell you what I'm talking about.

There was silence. I was feeling embarrassed but I managed not to show it

Luthando: Haisoka I don't believe that

Kimberley: Neither do I. I mean if Mihle was that dangerous then Andrew would have warned us a long time.

The Babalwa girl shrugged her shoulders and looked at me, she pouted her lips which were coloured pink from these cheap lipsticks

"Well stick around and you'll see for yourself. Kusezonyiwa."

She said that before she stood up, telling Mihlali to accompany her to get some cigarettes. I let out a sigh I didn't know I was holding when they were out of sight

Kimberley: Babe are you okay?

Me: Yeah. I'll just have to ask Mihle

Luthando: Those are some real accusations rhaa.

I was playing with the straw of my smoothie, trying to think of ways to run away from the truth. My heart was hammering against my chest and I could feel my palms sweating. Who in their conscious spoke about something of this nature so casually?

It was after a short while when Mihle called, asking me to meet him outside the gate. All of a sudden his call gave me anxiety and I was hoping this twenty seven minutes left from his lunch would end soon. I walked towards his car with nothing but my cell phone, he unlocked the doors when he saw me standing at the door about to open it. He moved the wimpy brown bag from the seat when I stepped inside

Me: Hello

Mihle: You look devastated. Uright?

I raised my phone in the air, not yet ready to tell him about this Babalwa chick

He leaned and gave me a baby kiss

Mihle: Brought this for you. Ubuthe you hungry

Me: And I just ate

He was examining my phone while I was digging in parcel he brought me, I pulled out the fries and started eating them

Mihle: What did you eat?

Me: Kim bought pizza and we ate

He placed my phone under the radio system then turned to face me

"Kutheni uze late khona (Why did you come late?)?"

Mihle: Bendise mall, had to give Sivu mali ayicelileyo for le baby shower ka Nomthandazo (I was at the mall, had to give Sivu the money she asked for this baby shower for

Nomthandazo)

Me: Bebeshota? (Were they shorting?)

Mihle: With a couple of things yes

Me: Okay. There's something we need to talk about

Mihle: Now?

Me: Probably later

Mihle: Yintoni? (What is it?)

Me: You'll hear later

He checked the time on his wrist watch then looked at me again, pulling out two fries which I fed him

Mihle: I'll drop off le phone yakho at a place relevant by today (pause) at four, it'll be fixed

Me: Nyani?

He nodded taking another french fry

"You the best."

Mihle: I know. Now switch your phone off,
andifuni uphendula icalls zakho (I don't want to
answer your calls)

Me: What's wrong with my calls?

Mihle: David is

Before I even looked up at him he was laughing,
he shrugged his shoulder and held my hand
when I tried punching him

Mihle: Ndiyayithanda igrootman yakho

He said in beteen chuckles. I looked at him
failing not to smile. He leaned in for a kiss, I
stuck out my tongue and thought he'd pull back
when it touches his lips but he stuck his out too,
attaching it to mine prior to pulling me gently by
my neck and brought me closer. He tongue
kissed but pulled back while I was still enjoying
it. He stuck the tip of his tongue and had those
sexy eyes narrowed at me. I opened the door
and turned to him, giving him one more kiss

Mihle: Hampa

He leaned forward and smacked my ass, I looked back at him before closing the door. He lowered the window and called out my name, I turned back and gazed at him, he called me. I went over to his window to hear out what he was saying

"One more kiss."

Blushing I leaned forward and kissed him again. He drove off leaving me cracking there from blushing and smiling simultaneously. I approached my girls smiling, hoping that "kusezonyiwa" term from that Babalwa girl wasn't for me as well.

Mihle

After working hours I did the usual, to fetch Phindi and head home. On our drive home I received a surprise call from Nomthandazo, it

was a surprise call because we haven't been talking to close to a month. Since it was connected to the car by Bluetooth and with nothing to hide, I answered

Me: Nomtha

Nomthandazo: Hello Fhaku

Me: Hey

Nomthandazo: Unjani? (How are you?)

Me: Perfectly fine wena?

Nomthandazo: Good. Dying of cramps

I chuckled, not having expected that

Me: Sorry

Nomthandazo: Iyasinda iboy yakho, ifuze Tata
(Your boy's heavy, just like his dad)

Aphindiwe and I simultaneously cleared out throats, I had nothing against what Nomtha said but it was inappropriate because

Aphindiwe was around. I believe she sensed I was about to ignore that when she spoke again "Well I was calling to tell you uba I need to go to one last check up before labour. Any time from the 24th of this month to next month I can expect birth."

Me: And when is the next appointment

Nomthandazo: I'll send it on whatsapp. I'm not entirely sure

Me: Sure

I reached out for the screen and ended the call. The uneasy tension which lingered in the air every time I had spoken to Nomthandazo really worked on me, by now I had expected Aphindiwe to know this because I say kuye (to her) the whole time, Nomthandazo is carrying my son. We stopped at Checkers and bought some chicken breasts and fresh cream milk, I was craving a home cooked meal and I was in

the mood for cooking today. We also grabbed a couple of some snack and Vitamin water for my beautiful lady. She was softening a little as we walked through the store picking up the little grocery we needed. We headed back to the car in giggles and her mouth already stuffed with the Cadbury biscuit chocolate

Aphindiwe: Awufuni nyani? (You honestly don't want?)

I shook my head, giving her a fake disgusted face. She stuck her tongue out at me, giving me the whatever face. We stepped into the car and she questioned me again, for the third time, so this time around I asked for a piece. She put one bar in her mouth and chewed on it before she stuck out her tongue showing me that melted chocolate. I chuckled, shaking my head

Me: Andingomntana kaloku (I'm no kid)

She leaned forward, trying to force her tongue in

my mouth. I stopped her by running my finger on her tongue then putting it in my mouth. The excitement that filled her face instantly when I sucked on my finger. She was screaming and dancing on her seat actually causing me to laugh

Aphindiwe: Didn't think you were going to take it.

Me: I love much to even suck it from here

I touched her pearl, she giggled moving my hand away

Aphindiwe: I know you would. Unamanyala kaloku wena (You are nasty).

We had a smooth drive before we arrived at Belmar and unloaded the grocery. I prepared myself for cooking while she helped me with the chopping, she had herself a glass of Amarula with milk. Every time I was preparing a pot she'd stand next to me to see what it was I was adding and how much I was adding

Aphindiwe: You should teach me Fhaku

Me: We need a weekend off for lonto bhabha.
I'm a bad teacher ke, don't have much patience

Aphindiwe: I'm a fast learner noko

She was sitting on the stool when I closed my pot and approached her. She reached out her hands, holding me a couple of feet away from her

Me: You said we needed to talk

I was brushing her hair by now, looking at those perfectly drawn eyebrows and wondered how women always stood in the mirror every morning for these. She had her eyes closed

Aphindiwe: Ewe, it's about a girl

I tensed up immediately. Not that I was cheating but like any other man if a woman was mentioned by the girl you loved then it only sent sirens of trouble

"By the name Babalwa."

She then opened her eyes to look at me. I had my eyebrows furrowed, trying to think of a Babalwa I personally knew

Me: Doesn't ring a bell

I stepped away from her and leaned on the counter, she dug her fingers in my hair and continued talking

"Well this girl uthi she knows you from last year. You guys tried kidnapping them."

My eyes were three times their normal size. What the fuck was I hearing?

Me: Unjani? (How is she?)

Aphindiwe: Caramel skin tone, maybe a size 30, 32. Okay wethu, looks ratchet and ingathi uyabetha (she looks like she hits)

I tried searching my thoughts, beating myself to remember the girl she was talking about

Aphindiwe: Uthi kwaku nge festival whatever and you were driving a red Mercedes

Me: Fuck

I softly muttered, she gave me a different look, hoping I knew the girl but unfortunately I didn't but knew what she was talking about

Aphindiwe: Uyamazi (You know her)?

Me: No but I have an idea of what you talking about

Aphindiwe: Oh

Me: It wasn't me but Calvin. Yes the job as for me but I wasn't the one who went out and spoilt the girls. I don't do that.

She nodded, sipping on her glass

"I don't get girls on my own. I have people who bring them to me."

Aphindiwe: When are you closing this side job?

I looked up at her, she had a straight yet pleading face

Me: Can we not?

Aphindiwe: Ingxaki I don't want to see you as that guy.

Me: And nam I don't want that

Aphindiwe: Then kuzofuneke uyiyeke (then you'll have to stop it)

I moved closer and kissed her forehead before walking over to the stove. I wasn't about to discuss this because it would change this mood. I was going to leave that job but all in right time

Aphindiwe: So uzokwenza njani (So what you going to do) because she said this in front of my girls

Me: Nothing but we'll investigate on it

Aphindiwe: Nobody's getting hurt mos

Me: (chuckles) no baby. Nobody will get hurt

We sat in the kitchen chatting about other life concerning things before she helped me dish up. She was complaining about the amount of pots I had used but I kept on telling her delicious foods had to be cooked in many pots.

We sat at the lounge, ate first then placed the plates on the coffee table and started chatting. Chats and laughs with her were becoming addictive and the music to my ears. I only came to my senses when I realised the time was nearing 11, both a little surprised we tidied the kitchen, washing the dishes and cleaning where necessary. That day we went to bed without bathing.

The following morning I was woken by my phone ringing at past three in the morning. I removed my hand which was holding

Aphindiwe's waist and tried reaching for my phone but when it stopped ringing, I stopped trying. But it rang for the second time causing me to groan from irritation. I reached for it and answered

Me: Terra

Terra: Mlungu kukho ingxaki apha (Boss there's a problem here)

Me: Speak up

Terra: Kukh' intwana ebezirhalela ukwenza umrivithi apha iyardini but aziphumelelanga (There's some boys who wanted to do a mess here in the yard but didn't succeed)

Me: Nibaphethe? (Y'all have them?)

"Nha Mlungu. Kodwa iplate siyiphethe nakanjani. (No Boss but we got the plate)"

Me: Save it. Ndizojika ngomso (I'll hit a round tomorrow)

Terra: Mlungam (My boss)

I hung up and placed my phone on its usual place. Aphindiwe turned and faced the other way during my call, mumbling something under her breath. I got up and went for a pee before returning to bed, unable to sleep again. If it weren't problems in my relationship then it was problems with my side job.

I don't remember sleeping but when I finally did wake my eyes were burning, indicating that I hadn't had much sleep. I took a cold shower just to get me through the morning and when I returned to the bedroom Phindi was already up, picking an outfit for the day.

"Morning"

Aphindiwe: Andivuswa ngoku? (I don't get woken up now?)

Me: But I often take showers before you
Nhanha

Aphindiwe: But not lately

Me: Hayi uqala uchuku kengoku (No you're starting a fight now)

She looked at me, I blew her a kiss and continued with what I was doing. When she walked past me, to we around her body with her cosmetic bag in her hand, I pulled her towel from the bottom and it left her body meeting the floor. She stood in her lace panties and looked at me, unable to keep a mad face

"You'll bring it when I need it."

Me: Call me when you done, I'll dry you up ngokwam.

I prepared breakfast while she was in the bedroom dressing up. Scrambled eggs, bacon, grated cheese and tomato slices, poured a glass of cold drink for each. I was making calls while eating, trying to check if the matter at the yard was being sorted, I was glad to hear that

they were now tracking the number plate. I didn't visit the yard everyday, maybe two to three days a week to check progress and the money coming in. I was always in the office when I was around there, checking girls and what they needed was only done by the individuals I hired for that. The only time I saw those girls was when I had to approve if they stayed. Now that I was becoming emotionally and spiritually better I wasn't happy about the yard nor its activity but closing it would take more than I could imagine. It wasn't about the money anymore but about me and my team. The minute we'd release those girls, we could consider ourselves fucked - 92 girls and you expected all 92 to keep their mouths shut if I'd let them walk off - impossible.

Like in one of few days, Phindi and I were actually early and left my place on time. I dropped her off at school then headed for work,

ready for the long day ahead. During lunch ndenza (I did) the usual drive to and from Stellenbosch. In the afternoon we bought supper on the way, some Nandos chicken because I wasn't going to be around to cook again, I needed to go to the yard as soon as I could. UMambhele wam seemed all okay when I was explaining this to her in the car but when I had to leave she was all long faces

Me: Or you want to come with me?

She shook her head, following me to the door

Me: I'll be back. Lock the doors

She nodded before standing on her tippy toes to kiss me. I gave her a baby kiss and one on her forehead

"Lock the doors Phindi."

Aphindiwe: I will. Please come back early

I zipped my adidas tracksuit jacket and stepped

out. I checked the door on the rear mirror before driving off to the place which reminded me of how ruthless and selfless I could get.

When I got the yard Nkululeko was present like I had asked him to be while Kay was busy on the computer trying to add one plus one. We gathered in the play room and discussed this, Terra explained once again what had happened.

Me: Nobody gets harmed. Immediately when I get the car's habitat then I'll instruct when y'all strike. We killing nobody! Are we clear?

Terra: Ya Mlungu

Me: Good

I dismissed them and Nkulie stayed around as always. He pulled out a rolled joint from his pocket and lit it, he knew how much I couldn't stand the smell of weed from the minute I quit it.

Me: Nayenza njani lanto ka Calvin last year?
(How did y'all manage the Calvin issue last

year?)

Nkululeko: Sorted it. Smoko (problem)?

Me: One of those students ufunda eStellen and usayithetha lento (attends at Stellen and she still talks about it)

He raised his eyebrows at me

"Phindi undibuze ngaye namhlanje (Phindi asked me about her today)"

Nkululeko: Ndiyamazi. Let me handle this one

Me: No stupid mistakes Nkulie

Nkululeko: Since nini nah ngoku? (Since when now?)

Me: I just don't want anything messy. No blood shedding, just question her

He chuckled before letting out the smoke

"You been so scared of blood lately it's unlike you. What happened to Mihle? Bring him back."

Me: Depa lekaka uyitshayayo, it smells like shit

Nkululeko: Shit is you turning into a pussy
mpinch yam. No blood shedding

He was laughing as I headed for the door. He was one of the realist people I had in my life and not until I told him my feelings about this place now, he'd carry on pestering me. I showed him my middle finger and shouted

"Suck a dick!"

As I stepped out. I only sent the team out at so met past 11, after checking up on Phindi and giving her a go ahead to sleep. She sounded upset and it was understandable, I left the house at to seven, promised to be back early. The team returned empty handed at past one, saying someone must have known we were coming because when they were 5KM to its habitat, it was changed on places and plates. I left them working because what I wanted were

the faces of these idiots who caused chaos in my territory yesterday, as well as the man who had sent them.

I arrived home to a peacefully sleeping Phindi, the lights of the bedroom were still on. She must have slept still waiting for me. I removed my clothes in deep thoughts, cracking my brain about who the fuck it would be? Who was testing my fire? For this lady laying right here, I really wanted to do better but I wasn't a man who left my tracks seen so I had to find out whom it was that was shitting on me. I switched off the lights and got in bed at 3:12 am, holding the queen of my palace close to me.

160th Entry

Nomthandazo

On Saturday morning Sivuyisiwe woke me up endixelela nge (telling me about the) breakfast she was taking me to. She seemed a little over excited for breakfast only buy I ignored that. She was sitting on the edge of my bed looking at me with a grin on her Facebook

Me: Vhuvhu you know kunjani uhamba (how it feels walking) around carrying this young man

Sivuyisiwe: Don't be lazy Nomtha. Sizohamba ngemoto sani (we'll be traveling in a car)

Me: Oh my gosh

I laid my head on the pillow and closed my eyes

Me: What time is it?

Sivuyisiwe: Time for you to get your ass up, cause we going.

I groaned while she dragged her tall ass towards the door, she left it open, something she always did when she wanted me to get up. I

laid on my bed looking at that door and wondering what it was I was going to wear for this breakfast. I laid in that position before I dragged myself off the bed, covered my now fat body with my night gown then exited my room to the kitchen. Azola, mom and Sivu were at the kitchen laughing over something and having cereal, utata was in the lounge having ibig breakfast.

Mama: Ntombi

Me: Molweni

Mama: Unjani umzukulwana wam? (How's my grandchild?)

Me: A soccer player

Sivuyisiwe: Mihle udlala ibhola? (Mihle plays soccer?)

Me: Kakhulu (A lot)

Mama: Uyayifuna breakfast? (Do you want

breakfast?)

Me: Hayi, just a cup of yoghurt. Vhuvhu is taking me to breakfast

I noticed Azola dancing on her stool

"And then?"

Sivuyisiwe: Uhamba nathi (she's coming with us)

Me: uAzo?!

Azola: Yintoni ingxaki? (What's the problem?)

Me: Where you going? Ayalibala that umncinci (you forget that you're young)

Sivuyisiwe: Hayi man Nomtha

Mama: Oh gqibelo lam, awufunwa (my last born, you not wanted)

Azola: And the worst part is that le lunch ibhatalwa nguSivu (Sivu is paying for this lunch)
I don't know what Nomtha's problem is

Me: Yhini, ingxak...

Mama: Hayi Nomtha yeka uchuku mntanam
(No Nomtha stop digging fights my child)

Azola was looking at me with hawk eyes,
waiting for me to say something but I didn't and
when I did, I addressed Vhuvhu

"Sihamba nini? (When are we leaving?)"

Sivuyisiwe: Ngo 10 guys please. Breakfast yase
Spur iyaphela ngo 12

We sat in the kitchen chatting before I excused
myself to go take a bath and fix my room. I
pulled out a yellow maxi dress with my brown
sandals, did my make-up and fixed my weave.
When I felt I was looking good enough I went to
the lounge and found utata reading a
newspaper

Me: Tamkhulu (granddad)

Tata: Ntombam (My girl)

I sat on the couch opposite his, took his glass

which was on the tray filled with orange juice, took a couple of sips and placed it back. I was my father's favourite daughter and it evident nakubani.

Tata: Niyaphi nah wamhle kangaka? (Where are you going looking so beautiful?)

Me: Vhuvhu uyasikhupha for breakfast (Vhuvhu is taking us out for breakfast)

Tata: Tshii uyintombi endala uSivu (Sivu is a grown girl)

Me: Uyakhula (She's growing)

The devil herself walked in, dressed in a tight black dress, matching her heels and handbag, her hair was on the maxi. Well that's what we did often times, sat around having chats over hair, a lot of hair and handbags. Those were her favourite things ever and what she ordered almost every month, right now she had round about six different weaves which she sewed

into wigs. She leaned forward and kissed my father's cheek, my father touched her hair while she was kissing him causing her to jump away from him

"Oh Tata, uyandibhoxa (You're ruining my hair)."

My father looked at her over his glasses and smiled

Tata: Ngxhesi Mambhele. Zibushe ngapha (Sorry Mambhele. Brush them this side)

She walked over to the mirror in the lounge and fixed her hair which was not even messed up. It wasn't long until Azola came out wearing her olive green dress, these loose long dresses and white sandals with her black handbag.

Sivuyisiwe: We done right?

Azola: Yep

Sivuyisiwe: Xhego (old man), we leaving you and your wife apha endlini. Noba ningazikhupha

for isupper nina (Y'all can take each other out for supper)

Tata: (chuckles) enjoy

He winked at Azola who showed him a peace sign before heading for the door. I looked at my sister as we walked out, we were all different in personality but resembles told we were from the same breed. We all had caramel skin tone, big eyes, these sharp nose and then Sivu was the only one who was slender and tall. Azola and myself were you 34-36 type of ladies, with asses that were okay for our body and boobs which were a little bigger. Mine were worse now since I was carrying.

We arrived at the mall and had breakfast at Spur, amongst chats and laughs. Azola was on her phone most of the time, especially when Sivu and I held a conversation over men and relationship. Sivu did try pestering her into telling us about her relationship but she refused.

After having breakfast we drove off and took the opposite direction from home

"Kuyiwaphi? (Where we heading to?)"

Sivuyisiwe: Kwa Busi, she asked me to hit a round wethu

Me: Undibela ichommie ngoku (You stealing my friend now) since I can't walk around like you doing

She cracked into fits of laughter, gazing my way every second

Me: Hayi ndi serious. Why are y'all hitting rounds for each other now?

Sivuyisiwe: It's nothing big wethu

We drove to Busi's place listening to some house music, Vhuvhu's favourite genre. We arrived there and I was shocked by the number of cars in the yard

Me: What are we celebrating nah?

Sivuyisiwe: Okay nam I wasn't expecting this type of crowd.

She found space for her Mini Cooper and we stepped inside, it was weird because with the number of cars outside there not a sight of one person in the yard. We knocked about two times on the door before Vhuvhu pushed it open, I was concentrating on my phone but averted it to the people who started screaming immediately when we stepped in

"Mother to be!!"

Others were wearing flower crowns, and everybody here was dressed either in black or olive green. I was speechless honestly and not your tears of joy type of person or else I would've cried.

Busi: Chomam bulela losisi (My friend, thank this lady)

Me: Vhuvhu this is all your work?

Sivuyisiwe: All of it

She did the 360 degree turn with her hands in the air

Me: It's beautiful ninani

Busi: And come this way, kukho a dress that's waiting for you.

She dragged me to her bedroom so I could change into a white dress and wear that flower crown.

This was a beautiful surprise and probably the best I've ever received.

Aphindiwe

Mihle refused that I take a taxi to the address on that invitation and I knew I was going to manage but since I been kidnapped everything from being alone to public transport was not for

me. And I on the other hand was trying to act normal even though deep down I knew I feared being alone at times. Mihle was in black adidas shorts, a black gold shirt and white Nike Roshe. He was waiting at the door for me while I was standing in front of the fridge, contemplating whether to take Vitamin water or a Play. I settled for vitamin water. When I approached him he smiled, looking at me from head to toe "Andifuni uhambe unje (I don't want you to go looking like this)"

Me: It's your second time saying

Mihle: Ndiyayazi (I know)

He placed his hand over my shoulder and brought me close, kissing the side of my head.

Mihle: You beautiful, you smell good, look like a meal. Awufuni unxibe enye ilokhwe? (Don't you want to wear another dress?)

Me: Hayi Fhaku, we supposed to wear black or

olive green

Mihle: What's wrong ngala jump ntoni ubuyinxibile (with the jump something you were wearing)?

Me: It's overrated

He pushed me against the door frame and looked at me

"I'm late already."

Mihle: Then don't go

Me: (giggles) that's what you want kaloku

He chuckled before moving and allowing me to step out, he locked the door and followed after me

Mihle: Fuck

He mumbled causing me to giggle, I looked back at him and laughed when I saw his eyes on my legs and ass.

Mihle: But you're displaying baby

Me: What? (Giggles) how?

Mihle: Hayi, no. Andiyifuni lento (I don't want this), no

We entered the car and enjoyed the ride. Oh, by the way she decided not to buy the present because if we had bought it, write it was from Mihle everybody there would know I was still seeing him. Well I expected her sisters to know because there was no she hadn't told them what brought her back home. At the back of my mind I was hoping Mamomdala wasn't around. Mihle kept on convincing to call him to pick me up when everything was done because I wouldn't dare catch a taxi late in the afternoon, I had to agree with him so we'd move from that conversation. We arrived at the place and there were people outside, a couple of ladies at the braaing stand. My heart was hammering against my chest when Mihle stopped merely a

yard from the gate

Mihle: You'll call mos?

Me: Ewe baby

He chuckled, biting his lower lip. He did this absentmindedly

Mihle: You never call me that

Me: I know.

Mihle: Mbaa (kiss)

I leaned in and kissed him before I opened the door and say my goodbye. I walked in and immediately received eyes from people, maybe I was too formal for this event - dressed in a black slim fit dress, brown block heels and a brown handbag. I was still a little over traumatized by the looks I was getting from people dressed in jeans and chucks when I heard someone screaming. Dividing my attention to the voice coming from the door, I

saw an Azola jumping and screaming, looking at me with so much excitement. I grinned, actually happy to see her

Azola: Ndibone ezimpundu (I saw this ass) and I knew they belong to you

Me: Suxoka!

Azola: Awutyebe (You're so fat)

She jumped on me in a hug, I enveloped her in my arms, welcoming the warmth I didn't realize I missed this much

Me: Hayi nyani? (Oh no for real?)

She held my other hand in the air, looking at my curves, she nodded screaming again

"Yintoni? (What is it?)"

Azola: I fucken missed you dude. Hayi uyabalahla abantu (You abandon people)

Me: I'm sorry man.

Azola: Vhuvhu has got to see you

She dragged me inside, going on about how much she was extremely mad at me that I took out my personal problems on her too. She was asking people about Vhuvhu's whereabouts and we were directed to the kitchen. Immediately when we stepped into the kitchen I spotted Sivuyisiwe standing over a huge Tupperware bowl

Azola: Vhuvhu look who I found looking lost outside

Sivuyisiwe looked our way and instantly smiled, she washed her hands in the sink and walked up to us

Sivuyisiwe: Baby girl!

Me: Baby girl!

She hugged me, not wanting to let go

Sivuyisiwe: Bendingacingi uba uzoza yazi (I

didn't think you were going to come hey)

Me: I have no right to be here

Sivuyisiwe: Nonsense man. Come, awulambanga? (Aren't you hungry?)

Me: Hayi (No)

She pulled me towards the fridge anyway, with Azola by my side, she took out a glass jar with a thick orange flavoured juice, she rinsed a glass and poured me a full glass, handing it to me with a blueberry muffin

"Has uNomtha seen you?"

Me: Ha.a (No)

Sivuyisiwe: She doesn't know you were on the guest list so let me go talk to her kuqala (first)

I nodded before following Azola outside where she was sitting with a friend of hers nabanye oosisi (with other ladies). She got me a camp chair and placed it next to hers, not far from the

braaing stand

Azola: So uthi what happened to you? Umama is affected by you non presence and not visiting at all ke sana

Me: I feel so terrible. I mean how I face Mamomdala noTatomdala after what happened?

Azola: Start by talking to them

I pulled a face at her

"My parents aren't as bad and strict. Just so you know."

Me: It would never be easy. I mean they know I slept with their son-in-law. How disheartening. Inoba kushota kufakwe ifamily meeting qha ngoku (I'm sure what's left is a family meeting now)

She shrugged her shoulders, looking at the text she just received on her phone

Azola: I have some friends abezayo (that are

coming) so they asking for directions. But umama wants to welcome you back in the house regardless, you're family after all

Me: Utatomdala?

Azola: My father doesn't say much but I'm pretty sure he feels the same way.

Me: Hopefully

Azola: Khabuye man (just come back)

She kept on advising me on how to tackle the matter since she knew her parents better. We spoke about a lot of things, from my scandal to her abortion which actually shocked the living hell in me. Right now we were waiting at the gate for these friends she friends she talking about, a white Golf 6 pulled over and two guys came out, with a girl. We walked over and I was introduced to Luvo, Simthandile and Zama. Azola leaded them inside before Vhuvhu called us

"I spoke to Nomtha ke bhabha."

Me: Thanks

Sivuyisiwe: So she knows you are here. No more worries

Me: You're the bestest

She laughed walking away before she stopped and shouted

"And funeke sithethe (we need to talk)"

I nodded before following Azola who was pulling me towards her friends. Simthandile, the owner of the car, was her so called boyfriend, well at least she was hoping it would come to that. She informed me that for now they were shagging and he hasn't mentioned anything about them dating. The guys were nice and fresh, your 1990s and 1991s but babezi (they were) fuck boys. I eavesdropped on them talking about going out for drinks after this baby shower and I wasn't sure if I could but

those were news for another hour.

Most of the time I was on WhatsApp with Mihle, laughing at his complaints about how bored he was alone in the house. I told him to go to Bulelani but learnt that he was currently out of the country, and Nkulie was out with his new girlfriend. I was still mingling in the conversation when my phone rang, I excused myself after seeing the caller ID

"Fhaku."

Mihle: I'm on my way there

I probably looked like I had seen a ghost or two

Me: For what?

Mihle: Sivuyisiwe called me, uthi there's that moment where I have to burst a balloon to see if it's a girl or boy we expecting.

Me: But we know it's it's boy

Mihle: Not everybody apparently. But
andizohlala (I won't stay)

Me: Wow okay

Mihle: Chill baby qha wanted to let you know

Me: Okay.

I hung up and tried calming my nerves. I returned to the circle and was offered a piece of meat by Luvo from the meat platter they were holding. We were asked to gather inside at the lounge for a quick activity, we were going to play guessing game on the baby's gender. But before we started we had to wait for baby's to arrive, and he did a couple of minutes after we were seated, he walked in with Nkululeko and some dark bone girl, that must be his girlfriend. The MC of the event introduced Mihle and asked a person to bring him a chair, he sat next to Nomtha

"Tata wakhe, silapha mos because of this

beautiful hump you've given lentombi wakwa Dabula. So we welcome you nevisitors zakho."

He nodded, looking at the lady who was selected as MC

"So sizodlala a guessing game on the baby's gender before you pop that big black ballon to reveal the baby's sex. Guys if kuvele those small pieces of papers ezi pink and purple then it's a girl, if ziblue it's a boy."

I couldn't get my eyes off him and Nomthandazo, how he was smiling at her while she was talking to him. Someone in the crowd mentioned something about the baby being a boy because he had to look like the dad and they want him as a ben 10. The closer the turn was coming to me the more nervous I got and when it finally did I prayed Nomthandazo wouldn't say anything after my introduction

Me: I am...

MC: Hayi shukuma bhabha (No stand up love)

I stood up and cleared my throat, well everybody did stand when they introduced themselves

"Ndingu Aphindiwe Dabula and I think the baby is a boy."

Mihle had his eyes on me, half smiling while Nomthandazo looked like she could pull out a gun and shoot me. I let out a soft sigh when it was the next person's chance. Well like some of had expected, the unborn child was a boy. Mihle, along with his visitors were served food first so they could leave, I was heading to the bathroom when Nkulie called me

Nkululeko: Ntwana

Me: Hello Bhuti

Nkululeko: Awumhle (You're so beautiful)

Me: Uyandazi ntwana (You know me boy)

I retreated to the bathroom, trying to avoid staring at Mihle and Nomthandazo who were posing for pictures before her friends and sisters joined her. I was outside, standing with Azola's friends when Nkululeko, his girl and Mihle stepped out being escorted by Sivuyisiwe and Nomthandazo. He passed me a look before Nkulie approached me and dragged me from the crowd, he took the chicken wing from my plate and told me Mihle wanted to talk to me before they left.

We pretended to be chatting with each other but didn't get a chance because Nomtha walked her man to his car, made sure he was in and called Nkulie to come through so they could leave

"Ntwana tell Mihle to call me instead."

Nkululeko nodded and walked off. Nomtha only stepped back into the yard once Mihle's was far in distance. She walked past me, pushing her

tummy out, she flashed Mihle's watch as she walked pass me, giving me a deadly look. I found myself chuckling ridiculously, hayi sana ndandise kunyeni.

161 Entry

Mihle

To cease any drama I just didn't force talking to Aphindiwe with Nomtha around or else that party would have gone from all the fun it had to some war in the Cape. What I did however, was to call Phindi on my way to dropping Nkululeko's girlfriend off. She didn't pick so I tried her again and this time, after the third ring she answered

"Bhuti."

I found myself smiling at the sound of that, not

because it was respectful but because it was damn cute and rare

Me: Baby, jonga xa ndibuya from where I'm heading ndizodlula ngawe (Baby, look when I return from where I'm heading I'll pass and pick up you)

Aphindiwe: Alright.

Me: Be ready then

Aphindiwe: Baby?

"Mmmm?"

Aphindiwe: uAzola wanted me to go out nabo tonight for some drinks and since I haven't been out naye for so long I was thinking why not.

Me: Can we talk about this ufika kwam (when I get there)?

Aphindiwe: We won't have the chance

Me: We'll make it.

She kept quiet for a while before getting to me. I hung up right after she did

Nkululeko: Uyayivha leway (You really feel this girl)

Me: Ugrand. For me

Nkululeko: Ndiyabona (I see) but I'm not sure if ndiyayincanywa lomntu (I like the person) she's turning you into

Me: Nobody changes me

Nkululeko looked at me with a brow raised and chuckled

"Ndiyakwazi Miles, sizuka kude. And zonke ezi no blood shedding shit uzifundiswa nguPhindi (I know you Miles, we come a long way. And all these no blood shedding shit you being taught by Phindi)"

Me: So andikwazi utshintsha uba ndifuna? (so I can't change because I want to?)

Nkululeko: Not wena. I like her yena, kakhulu but she met up nawe ngexesha eliwrongo (with you at the wrong time).

I looked at him before looking ahead of me again

"Jonga ngoku you losing focus on a lot of things."

Me: You sound like a therapy doctor I'm paying

Nkululeko: You tryna make me feel ridiculous for what I just said

I shrugged my shoulder and looked at his girl on the rare mirror, she was on her phone. Maybe if he truly did love her, and she did to him what Aphindiwe was doing to me, he'd later understand. I refused to accept that I was changing because Phindi changed me, no I was changing because I wanted to, I wanted to be a better person for her. There was still a long way to go though, out of a hundred, I was still at 2%.

We dropped off his girl who lived about fifteen minutes from where the baby shower was held, we drove back talking business. He ended up telling me to let Phindi go out for once, I didn't even spend time with them anymore, he even doubted that I drank anymore. I informed him that I did but with my lady, in the house then we'd do what drunk people did at night clubs to each other. I ended up giving in to the idea of drinking out with them but a part of me wanted to take Aphindiwe with. I called Phindi when we were two streets away from the venue and told her to wait outside for me, she did leaving her handbag inside. She got inside the car, at the back and gave me puppy eyes when I turned to look at her

Me: Uthi niyaphi? (You say where you guys going?)

Aphindiwe: I don't know yet Fhaku but out for the night

Me: Ubuye nini endlini? (And when do you return home?)

She shrugged her shoulders and smiled at me. I been keeping a straight face this whole time and finally smiled

"And I won't get drunk."

I tilted my head at her

Aphindiwe: I promise

Nkululeko: Hamba bhabha. He's being hard on you for shit lo

I punched him on the stomach and listened to him hiss and curse at me

Me: I'll call you.

Aphindiwe: I know

Me: I have to know where you've gone to so you'll send me location ufika kwenu (when you arrive there)

She nodded

"And I'm picking you up."

She nodded again, leaning in to kiss me. I gave her a baby kiss then pulled back

Aphindiwe: Now let me go before your woman sees us.

I narrowed my eyes at her, she laughed before saying her goodbyes to Nkululeko then stepped out of the car. I looked at her as she walked into the yard, my body and mind not accepting the fact that she was going out. I sighed, accelerating my car

Me: Ndiyamcingela (I worry about her)

Nkululeko: Ya. Kunyanzelekile Mpinch, after what happened.

Me: I still feel responsible

Nkululeko: Myeke aphume (allow her to go out), maybe she wants to forget.

Me: Ngophuma? (By going out?)

"By being normal."

I kept quiet, stopping at the robots

Nkululeko: Umvalela kakhulu man chap lamntana (You keep the child indoors a lot man bruh).

There were many reasons why I respected Nkululeko, inside and outside of work and there were also a couple I had those rare fights with him. He understood me, he knew that on the outside world he was a brother to me but at work he was my employee and I was his boss, he didn't try going beyond that for the eight years I have been working with him. Bulelani was also my employee but he did have jobs of his own on the side, and because of the age difference and maturity, I respected that man like a father and elder brother. We drove continuing with our business talk before

reaching my house, he was making calls on the other boys, his boys precisely, whom we often chilled with. He was trying to get some meat and drinks together so we'd have a braai going on and it worked because I heard him say something about girls over the phone, on his way to the bathroom while I was in my room. I was changing into long navy jeans, my Gucci shoes, kept the white t-shirt then grabbed my leather jacket.

Me: What girls are y'all organizing?

Nkululeko: Girls to fuck obviously

He shouted from the bathroom before flushing the toilet. I was standing in front of the mirror trying to get my outfit perfectly together. Too bad I was too neat for other people, from the way I dressed and smelt, to the way my house looked, as well as the way my sheets smelt.

Nkululeko walked and stood at the entrance of the door, leaning on its frame

"Done?"

Me: Yeah

Nkululeko: Let's go eat some booty!

I found myself smiling at that, and the only reason I plastered the smile on my face was because what he had just said didn't excite like it used to. After hooping into my ride we made our way to the second overly crowded township in Cape Town, kwaLanga. We drove in between the busy streets of this township, heading to the suburb area, where Kwanele owned a house. When we arrived at his gate both Nkulie and myself were taken by surprise ob how they had organised girls in a matter of thirty minutes, or they must have been chilling with these ladies kakade. I turned off the engine of my car and stepped out, holding my glass which had a dashed Glenfiddich. Nkululeko took the coolerbox with him and walked through the gate, leaving me behind making a phone call to

Aphindiwe

Me: Niphi ngoku? (Where you guys now?)

Aphindiwe: Still here

Me: Tell me uphuma kwenu (tell me when y'all leave).

She agreed, telling me how much she loved me before I ended the call. I made my way to the crowd and greeted the guys first before turning to the amount of ladies that were sitting on camp chairs. The night passed by smooth, with me chatting to my baby who had reported to me that she was currently at Chez Ntemba.

Nkululeko had gone with my car to get more bottles, he left with three girls and another laaitie. There was a girl here by the name Lisa whom I haven't seen hold a can of the Castle lite and Hunters Dry these ladies were drinking so I inquired her, just curious enough to why she wasn't consuming any alcohol

"Because I'm not allowed to get drunk."

Was her response. I pulled in a camp chair and sat in front of her

Me: Ngoba? (Why?)

Lisa: Well ndayeka usela (Well I stopped drinking)

Me: Did you stop drinking or you aren't allowed to drink?

Lisa: Both

Me: I'm more interested kule yoba you aren't allowed. Is everything okay at home?

She laughed, really hard, placing her hand over her mouth as she did.

Lisa: Hayi toro sundijonga kanjalo (don't look at me like that)

Me: Ndikulindile uba ugqibe uhleka (I'm waiting for you to stop laughing)

She poked her other friend and sort of told her I was creeping her out, which was ridiculous honestly because all I was doing was wearing a straight face waiting for her to finish laughing. She cleared her throat and smiled, I had taken note of her dimples for about an hour now

Lisa: Well indoda yam (My man), in fact my ex to be doesn't want to see me drunk or drinking.

She shrugged her shoulders and I just stared at her. That was a lot of bullshit

"He doesn't want to see you drunk."

She nodded

Me: And when he does what happens?

Lisa: Uyandibetha (He hits me)

Me: Unangaphi? (How old are you?)

Lisa: (giggles) hayi ke. This has got nothing to do with age

Me: It does.

She shook her head refusing to tell me, I nodded before getting up.

Me: I'm not done apha. We still have a lot to talk about.

I wanted to have an innocent conversation with her and what triggered it was her not allowed to drink because her boyfriend said so. Nkulie came back with more booze and a bottle of Hennessy and another Glenfiddich for us. I wanted to drive and fetch Aphindiwe so I didn't have to go to town again so I slowed down when I felt I was becoming tipsy. I returned to Lisa and actually dwelled on the conversation her and I were having before she didn't want to tell me her age. She was withholding it from me still

"I'm just curious."

Was my response when she asked what it was I wanted to do with her age

Lisa: Well I'm old enough to be yours.

My lips parted as I looked at her. I laid back on the chair and kept my eyes on her before chuckling

Me: I already have what's mine

Lisa: And who said you can't have two?

I bit on my lower lip and watched how her eyes dropped to me lips then she gestured her legs, one on top of the other. I slowly picked myself up from the camp chair and stepped closer to her, balancing on each side of the camp chair she was seated on. I moved in, enclosing the space between her face and my chest, I lowered my head and found her ear

"Because she satisfies me like I have two already."

Lisa: Then have three

I chuckled, not having expected myself to like

this conversation this much

Me: You too soft for me. You wouldn't handle a round even if I gave it to you

She giggled before bringing her hand up to my neck

Lisa: You smell good

Me: You don't smell bad yourself

I pulled back and looked at her, she was biting her tongue, smiling at me, her dimples not telling a lie

"Then ndiphe le round"

Me: I'd probably have you admitted tomorrow morning because I'd start ngezompundu uhleli ngazo (with that ass you sitting on)

I laughed how her face went from charming to shocked in a split second, I kept a straight face at her then only pulled back when she didn't talk. I went back to the gents and joined in the

conversation. Her eyes weren't leaving me, and yes I noticed this because I kept on looking her way. Right after we had some neat I drove to Cape Town to go get my better half, I had told her I was on my way to fetching her.

We returned to Langa to a bigger crowd and more meat which was being spiced inside the house. That dimpled girl wasn't around when I returned but later did come back, dressed in black leggings, pink cute jacket and a Superstar. We didn't have much conversation after Phindi arrived, well that's only because I wasn't planning on making her my third, fourth nor fifth. If I were I would have, with or without Aphindiwe around but I was more than satisfied and okay with what I had.

I was now squatting in between Aphindiwe's legs having a chat with her, she wanted to leave. And being the spoilt brat that she was, she wouldn't take no for an answer so we had to

leave. She stood up, fixing her dress and my jacket which was over her shoulders

Kwanele: Niyavaya ngoku? (Y'all are leaving now?)

Me: Yeah. Mam'Gabavu ufuna ulala
(Mam'Gabavu wants to sleep)

Nkululeko had already sorted his transport issues so we left without him. We arrived at home, took a warm innocent shower and slept.

Sunday morning we had laid in bed, in each others arms up until past 12 in the noon, when she complained about being hungry. We had a fruit mix with ultra Mel earlier but that was a light meal

Me: Eat out or here?

Aphindiwe: Ndonqena uphuma (I'm lazy to go out)

Me: So order in

Aphindiwe: Or we can cook again

I looked at her and shook my head, she pouted
"Please."

Me: If only you cooking

Aphindiwe: Hayike Mihle

Me: Not in the mood nje Mambhele

Aphindiwe: Upheka kamnandi nje (You cook
nice

I laid on my side and stared into her eyes, she
was smiling at me, her eyes almost closed

"We eating out."

I kissed her lips and jumped off the bed. She
was looking at me as I took the pillow that was
on the floor and threw it at her

Aphindiwe: Hayi order in ke.

Me: Good girl

Aphindiwe: Mxm

I turned and looked at her, she had her eyes wide open

Me: What was that

Aphindiwe: Nothing

I took steps towards the bed and tucked my hands under the covers from the bottom and grabbed her legs, pulling her towards me. She was giggling, trying to free herself. I removed the covers over her body and positioned myself ontop of her

Me: I'm waiting

Aphindiwe: (giggles) uxolo

Me: Uxolo bani? (Sorry who?)

Aphindiwe: Fhaku wam

I kissed her chin and nose then removed myself from ontop of her. She was saying something as I made my way to the bathroom, I took a loo

then ran the water in the shower. We had a quick shower then helped each other with cleaning the house, she did our laundry using the washing machine. We were now sitting at the long couch, with her sitting across so her legs were ontop of my thighs, having the Triple Decker she ordered

Aphindiwe: I will have to go back ires mos at the beginning of October?

I passed her a look before concentrating my attention on the Fifa 16 I was playing. She punched my shoulder

Aphindiwe: Haibo awuzondiphendula? (Oh so you won't answer me?)

Me: Can this be a conversation for another day?

Aphindiwe: Hayi (no)

Me: We're a damn month away from October. We got plenty of time

Aphindiwe: No

I paused the game on the joystick I was holding and looked at her

"Kaloku when I'm here I barely have time for my books because you always have this nice body over me."

Me: (chuckles) And so, just tell me kaloku that you want to study then I promise to leave you alone

Aphindiwe: That's not possible with you

Me: We could make it possible

Aphindiwe: Lies

I laughed, about to answer her when my phone rang, she passed it to me avoiding to look at the screen. It was the woman I received my looks from

Me: First lady

Mama: Hello Nkwenkwe, UnjAni? (How are you?)

Me: Perfect wena first lady?

Mama: Ndiright. Sigqibele nini uthetha? (I'm alright. When last did we talk?)

Me: Thursday Ma, why

Mama: Thixo wam, ingathi bekukudala (it seems like long ago)

Me: (laughs) uyatefa kengoku

Mama: Yhe King

Me: Queen?

"Bendizokuxelela uba uTamnci kukho umcimbi awenzayo nge month end yale nyanga.

Khazame ke boy ubekhona (I was going to tell you that your uncle has a ritual ceremony he's doing this month end. Try and be here boy)."

My mother and I had a longer conversation than expected before she passed the phone over to Zizipho who wouldn't stop telling me about how umama was abusing her, sending her all over

so I needed to get them a maid. Right after the phone call I went back to playing the game on my Xbox while I told Aphindiwe that I was probably taking her home earlier than I expected. She was going on about how unready she was, and that I couldn't take her at a ceremony where my whole family would be present, what if they asked her questions, some things I haven't told her about myself.

We ended the night in cuddles and small kisses. Monday morning we did the usual, and the exact same in the afternoon. Returned home and she typed some assignment while I tuned on CNA and sport news, trying to catch up on what I had missed. We had umvubo (pap and sour milk) that day because I had craved it. That week passed by like a breeze; work smooth, my relationship even better and back at the yard we had caught the two culprits, my only problem

was them not opening their mouths to tell me whom it was they worked for. I didn't plan on getting violent but they were leaving me no choice, because even after being tortured they still remained silent. I was standing in front of them, with their weak bodies tied in chains against the steel chairs.

Me: So you motherfuckers won't talk?

They kept quiet, only breathing heavy because of the bleeding wounds on their bodies. I aimed the first one and he closed his eyes, the other one was looking at me like I wouldn't do it. I fired the first shot and he let out a soul tearing scream when the bullet pierced through his thigh

"Fuuuuck!"

I fixed my weapon and aimed at him again, his friend spit before he stopped me

"Fuck man. Just stop okay!"

Me: Talk

"Andrew Van Wyk sent us here okay."

I chuckled before laughing out loud.

Me: You mean Drew?

"Yeah. It's not your fucken damn business he wants, it's your girl. But anything to distract you from her."

I laughed again before nodding and holding my chin

Me: Smart move. He's a stupid motherfucker.

I threw Nkululeko the gun before heading for the door.

Me: Make sure these fuckeries know what will happen to them if they ever tell Drew that they fucken mentioned his names!

It was actually the dumbest move he has ever made and he knew it, him and I never ate of the same plate. He never touched my booty, I never

touched his and now he was trying, and not just any booty but the one I could say I was really in love with. What he wanted from her was deep to have him send people to distract my works at the yard.

I returned home to a cooking Aphindiwe, that was because I hadn't taken long at the yard that day. She prepared country veggies, grilled chicken and some rice with lentils. The plate would have been better if it wasn't for the meat which lacked salt and wasn't properly seasoned but because it was her effort I ate, informing her on what to do next time she attempted cooking it.

I was laying on her flat tummy in bed, throwing my car keys in the air and caught them every time they reached my hands. She was telling me about the problem her relatives in Port Elizabeth were facing, the Asanda cousin and

her elder cousin who was still imprisoned and refused bail. She too didn't know what he was imprisoned for but she promised to at least get me to meet Asanda when we were in Port Elizabeth so I can get in full details what the problem was. I was still playing with my car keys when I found myself doing what I told myself about a hundred times that I wouldn't do

Me: Nhanha?

Aphindiwe: You need to stop using that name.
Uzokubetha David (David will hit you)

Me: (chuckles) Haisoka. When last did you talk to Andrew?

She stopped breathing. I knew this because her tummy stopped moving

Aphindiwe: Why?

Me: Ndiphendule Aphindiwe (Answer me
Aphindiwe)

Aphindiwe: The day you came phaya kwa Kimberley

Me: Before or after me?

She kept quiet for a while

"After."

I moved away from her, I needed to see her face right now

Me: So right after I saw you, you saw Andrew.

Aphindiwe: No. Why are we even talking about Andrew?

Me: Because I want to talk about him

She sighed and placed her phone next to the pillow she was laying on. She sat up, crossing her legs

Aphindiwe: There was something he brought to Kim so wandibona then asked if ndinjani (how I'm doing)that's it. It wasn't a private meeting

Me: Lie again

Aphindiwe: Andixoki Mihle! (I'm not lying Mihle)

Me: Don't become defensive if you've got nothing to hide.

She threw her hands in the air and dropped her jaw

"Wow dude. Nyani?"

Me: Look at me

Aphindiwe: You are jus...

Me: Look at me

The tone of authority and instruction in my voice made her stop talking and look at me, I wasn't yelling at her but I was getting angry because I knew she was lying

Me: I'm not fighting with you.

Aphindiwe: But you're accusing me

Me: I just asked you a question and you lied.

She looked at me and said nothing. Not objecting, meaning she did in fact lie to me

Me: Wayeyokwenzani uAndrew phaya? (What was Andrew going to do there?) Because I know for a fact that he doesn't go see his sister everyday so what would have created the coincidence that he does when you're around?

Aphindiwe: He asked to see me

Me: And you agreed?

She kept quiet and looked at me. I can tell she was internally praying that I don't lose my temper

"What has he promised you?"

Aphindiwe: Nothing

Me: Then what do you want from him?

Aphindiwe: Nothing

I chuckled, this response was working on my nerves. I removed myself from the bed and

went over hairdresser. You wouldn't continue talking and seeing somebody when there was nothing you wanted from them.

Me: I don't know what you guys have spoke about, what you talk about, what you have planned but do inform him that he's testing the wrong waters

Aphindiwe: What did he do?

Me: Worry for him?

She sighed lowly and looked at her hands before lifting her eyes to me.

I walked over to the light switch and turned it off, the room receiving light from the lamps. I tucked myself under the bed and waited for her to do the same, when she did she faced the other side, bringing her back towards me. I scooted closer to her and encircled my arm around her waist, I pulled her in.

"If I hear thar you still talking to him you won't

like what I'll do to you. Uyandichaphukazi (You're making me angry), and you'll get a reaction for it."

I placed a kiss on her shoulders and caressed her thigh. Just because we had this conversation didn't mean I was pissed enough not to hold her close to me. I was just letting her know that the attention she has been asking for would be delivered, if I ever heard that she has spoken with Andrew again.

162 Entry

Aphindiwe

When I woke up the following morning I woke up to a happy Mihle, something I wasn't expecting. Whenever he had a conversation that worked on his nerves the previous day, he woke up moody and at his worst. I guess he meant it

when he said he wasn't fighting and clearly I was the only one worrying apha. I took my phone and deleted Andrew's number, that's the least I could do because I did catch the hint that even if he was not fighting, he meant every single word. Having being told that he's a recovering man from beating women up, I don't want to get him angry.

He walked in, fixing the cuffs of his shirt. Well today he wasn't dressed in his uniform because he wasn't going to work, there was a meeting he and a colleague were attending on behalf of whoever that men's is he mentioned yesterday. Since he was going to represent the CEO, who was currently in DRC, he was asked to formal and not his work piece. I stood and walked over to him, I was already dressed myself, in tight bleach black jeans, a suede maroon body suit and my black, suede gladiator pump. I fixed his shirt at the back while he was busy getting his

tie right in front of the mirror

Me: Sele usitya? (You eating already?)

He nodded, still chowing what smelt like cereal. He walked over to his wardrobe and in the suit container he pulled out a black coat, which fitted him up the length of his knee. When he put it on I found myself drooling over him, he was heavenly dude, more like your hotter Shauna Ferguson.

Me: You look so much like Ghost

Mihle: From Power?

Me: Yep. Kaloku nguye umntu (He's the person) who dresses like this

He pulled me in and placed a kiss on my forehead before he grabbed my butt

"I'm doing better than him."

I blushed and refrained from snuggling my face in his chest, I'd stain his white shirt with my

make-up

Me: You doing better than him nyani

He cupped my face and placed a kiss on my lips, I grabbed his coat and pulled him closer, he obliged.

Mihle: You're getting me in the mood

I pulled back laughing at him but he grabbed me by putting a hand around my waist. He pushed me against the wall and kissed me, seductively this time. I tried not holding his shirt and kept my hands on his coat but my hands failed me. He unbuttoned my pants and unzipped it, I lowered it, enough for him to get his hand through. I smiled in between our kiss when he reached my vaginal area and realised he had to unbutton the body suit too, he mumbled something under his breath while kissing me. The body suit was easy, since he had me pinned against the wall, his whole body on mine

and if it wasn't for my jeans I would have lifted my left leg and placed it on his waist even though I knew it would have been impossible to do so because this man was tall. He moved my panties to the side and I laid my head on his chest when his finger made contact with my temple. He brought his middle finger up to his mouth and licked it before he got back to my temple and pushed it in. The anxiety and excitement that left my body had me standing on one toe, he dug deeper making me lay my head against the wall and pull closer even though the gap between us was closed already. When he pushed in a second finger, my body suit was up to my neck, I was playing with my boobs while he was kissing and pleasuring me. As if what he doing wasn't enough he picked me up, using one arm and lifted me enough to have my feet leave the ground a couple of inches. He hadn't stopped doing what He was doing but he just wanted it to be a closer to him

so he could finger fuck me better. I had my legs hanging because my pants was still holding them together, I couldn't stretch them open for him. He placed me down and pulled out his fingers, his craft hard inside his pants. He was kissing me and let out a soft moan when I traced his private area over his pants. He turned me around and had me face the wall, I thought it was my ass he wanted since it was favourite part too but as he was placing kisses on my neck and nibbling with my earlobe, he pushed in his two fingers in me again. Now ladies, we all know anything done from the back is amazing, be it sex, being muffed or finger fucked, it just felt better than when you were receiving it from the front.

"Ahhh."

I said softly, wishing he was at least in front of my so I can hold him. My ass pushed, touching his front part and since it was big, he was only

making contact with my ass and my neck, my back was arched and didn't touch his chest. I started moving on the rhythm of his hand, more like grinding on it, that's how good he was at this thing. He moved his other hand from my waist to my mouth and stuck his thumb in my mouth, I sucked and bit on it trying not to moan but it wasn't helping. From the sound my baby made I could tell I was more wet, and the warm feeling of my juices on my thighs was telling more. He finally stopped and pressed me against the wall, his breathing silent yet heavy. I could feel his big bulge against my butt

Mihle: Inoba ndishwabene (I bet I'm creased) and we probably late

His voice was husky, it needed him to clear his throat first

Me: (giggles) Uxolo

He pulled out his finger and spanked my butt

before he turned Me around and kissed me again. He pulled back when I was starting to fiddle with his shirt again. He went to the bathroom and came back wiping his wet hands with a towel, he came over to me and placed the towel between my thighs

Me: You're doing it wrong.

Mihle: What?

Me: (giggles) what I mean is you aren't wiping the right part. You're irritating my clit ngale fabric yale towel

Mihle: In a good way?

He had a smirk on his face, I pushed him away laughing. He took off his coat and shirt which unfortunately had some make up marks. As I was fixing my pants my eyes wouldn't leave the bulge in his pants which would probably make me feel ten times more good. The chills and goosebumps I got from just looking at him were

insane, certain parts were getting excited already. I think I might have been looking long enough because he finally looked my way then cocked a brow

"Get that look off your face."

Me: What look?

Mihle: The look that will have me late for work

He took out another clean shirt and ironed it in the kitchen quickly, we weren't late but we'd run out of time if he weren't doing things faster. He was ironing while eating, and I was eating while chatting to him. He preferred doing his ironing himself because he believes I wouldn't iron his clothes the way he wanted them ironed.

We left the house ten to eight, and he was driving so he'd at least make half past at work. From Belmar to Stellenbosch was a 45 minutes drive but that day he took approximately twenty-

seven minutes. I gave him a kiss before stepping out of the car, holding a Jungle Oats chocolate bar and a can of Just Juice. That afternoon I wasn't going to see him during his lunch hour because he would still be at Mossel Bay, attending the meeting he was dressed for. Before my first session at ten o'clock I found myself a seat at the library and finished off my assignment and submitted it electronically. It was one of the few days when I brought my laptop to school. As usual I spent half of my days with my two girls and because I still had tons of thousands from my monthly allowance at town when Luthando and myself were done with classes, we persuaded Kim not to attend her last session so we'd go to Mugg and Bean to have something to eat. These girls, as well as my man, were the reasons I was gaining weight and it was starting to look unattractive, my booty and curves were all over the place.

We were now seated at a table for three at Mugg and Bean talking amongst each other while we waited for our orders.

Me: So girls...

They both looked at me, Luthando placing her phone on the table next to the cocktail jar

"So I'm going to PE month end."

Kimberley: Vir wat? (For what?)

Me: Mihle's inviting me over to his...

Before I could finish Kim choked on her cocktail, stopping me from talking. Luthando patted her back until she regain her full conscious

Kimberley: He did what?!

Luthando: Ungxolelani? (Why you making a noise?)

Kimberley: Tsek wena I'm just shocked

Me: I am too

She clapped her hands twice before she looked at me smiling

"Baby which soap are you using? Is it the green bar?"

I laughed, really hard, followed by Thando

Kimberley: No like I want to know guys, maybe it's the soap you using

Me: I'm using "Inhlanhla", "Uthando lwakho" type of soaps

She laughed, clapping her hands

Kimberley: Loot, we should get ourselves those

Luthando: (giggles) Are you ready though? To see his family?

Me: No but he's giving me no choice

Kimberley: He's being an ass again

Me: (giggles) basically

Luthando: You've got the guy hooked

Me: And it's all funny because at first it seemed like it was all for the sex

Kimberley started dancing and singing like I had just told her I was getting married

Kimberley: It's so sexy. To win over over fucken bad boy then actually have him get soft for you
I shook my head, that man was far from being soft

Me: He ain't soft, he's just falling that's it.

Luthando: Look at you blush

I covered my face with my hands and giggled

"Guys he just knows how to do that boyfriending thing."

Kim nodded, agreeing with me

Kimberley: He's husband material.

Loot and myself looked at her, our mouths hanging

Kimberley: I know I don't want to get married but I can spot husband material from afar

Me: I don't want to get married either

Luthando: With the pacing you moving, you will

I looked at her, she was about to talk but was cut by the waiter who placed a plate in front of her and Kim

Waiter: I'm bringing yours in a sec Ma'am

Kimberley: Did this guy just sat sex?!

"Sec Kim!"

Luthando and I shouted simultaneously, she started laughing

Me: Xolo Bhuti wethu, ligeza lentombi (Sorry bruh, this girl is crazy)

Waiter: It's okay

He assured me smiling before he left and returned with my plate. We dived in while talking

about this month end, I was very anxious and nervous yayingathi kuthwa ndihamba ngomso (it was as though I was leaving tomorrow). I even lost track of time and was only reminded that it was after when he called telling me he's outside campus

Me: Ndise Mall Fhaku, at Mugg and Bean

Mihle: Why didn't you text me and tell me?

Me: I'm sorry

He hung up without saying anything afterwards. I needed to get used to this reporting thing, he hated it when I didn't tell him about my whereabouts. We were on our second jars of cocktails, our half eaten plates in front of us. He walked through and stood at the door on a phone call, I lifted my hand to signal him and he saw me but remained where he was standing. Kimberley started talking about the three ladies at the door that were at him

Me: Yep, they talking about him

Kimberley: He makes more heads turn in a room more than you do

Me: That's so mean, I'm not so bad.

She laughed when I rolled my eyes at her

"Ek weet (I know) chomma but that right there is bloody fine."

He finally made his way to our table and walked over to my side, he stood over me and placed a kiss on my forehead. Kimberley moved her plates next to LootLove and changed seats

Mihle: Thanks

He sat and placed his phone, car keys and wallet on the table

"Girls."

Kimberley: We ladies

He narrowed his eyes at her and smiled

Mihle: Miss Kh...

Kimberley: Kimberley

He laughed and raised his eyebrows at her, it was so evident he was going to say Khamila.

Mihle: Kimberley. Miss Van Wyk

Kimberley: Good day sir

Mihle: Luthando

Luthando: Hey

He turned to me and spoke in a low voice

"Then why don't you text me and tell awukho seskolweni? (tell that you aren't at school?)"

Me: I'm sorry

Mihle: I don't like carelessness.

Me: I know, I'm sorry.

He opened his mouth and accepted the fork which had a piece of steak, some mushrooms and French fries. I noticed how those girls at

the door were throwing glances at our table, probably concluding that I was using him for money while giving him the booty. That was the sad world we lived in today, people couldn't be happy together without society drawing assumptions about them being together.

Me: The call you were making at the door, must have a confidential one

He gave a suppressed laughed before he leaned in and gave me a baby kiss

Mihle: Jealous?

Me: Just asking

Mihle: It was business baby

Me: Awufuni ntotyia? (Don't you want something to eat?)

He shook his head

"Maybe a drink."

We called the waiter and ordered something

cold for Mihle. We sat there, finishing off our meals while he was drinking the glass of iced whiskey he ordered

Mihle: So Khamila where's your brother?

I turned my head his way and looked, knowing where that question was going

Kimberley: (rolls eyes) I don't know

Mihle: How often do you guys talk?

Kimberley: Like always since he's my brother

Mihle: And about his girlfriends?

I was praying he doesn't take this conversation where I was convinced it was going and since I knew how much of a straight talker he was, he'd probably tell Kim the exact same thing he told me last night

"Never. I don't have to know whom he's fucking."

Mihle: You too raw. Fix your language

Kimberley: What the fuu...

Mihle: You beautiful to spitting out shit

Her mouth hung open as she looked at him, that was before she rolled her eyes at him and emptied her jar

Kimberley: You rude.

Mihle: I know

He was smirking at her

Kimberley: Babe, your man's full of himself

Mihle: She knows

She ignored him completely and tried pretending like he didn't exist. Every time Mihle was around she acted like, it must have been the crush she had on him. It was cute but she needed to get over it and treat him like any other guy, I understood she knew and crushed on the man before I met him but he was with me now. Mihle settled the bill by force prior to

us leaving the restaurant.

At the parking lot I took my school equipment from Kimberley's car and rode in Mihle's car. We followed after each other and only parted at the secon robots, where we proceeded straight and they took the right turn.

Mihle had informed me that we were flying on the 26th on August and the past two weeks before that date flew by. During the previous week he has been taking Nomthandazo to hospital before she was having cramps every once in a while. That worked on him, giving him endless stress because he feared she'd have a problem with the child but the reassured them that close to the birth date it was normal. So that whole week I had to put my jealousy under the carpet and understand that he'd be seeing her often, receiving calls from her often. That whole week's activity had me thinking about the

minute the baby was here.

I was in my dorm now, packing the clothes I thought I'd carry. I didn't know what type of people to expect so I had as many dresses and as many jeans packed. I was already dressed in my black leggings, my suede maroon jacket and white Nike Thai. Mihle did say our flight was at 11:25 am, the time was ten now. I had my medium suitcase packed, my Bella cosmetic bag, as well as my handbag, sitting on my bed as I waited for Fhaku to fetch. He arrived at half past ten at my doorstep, rushing me to the car

Me: Why are you even late? You weren't even answering my calls

Mihle: Had to rush Nomtha to hospital I actually think uzobeleka (she'll be giving birth)

Me: It must be stressful

Mihle: It is but I've got to be home so it's better because she understood that

He looked at me when I didn't answer

Mihle: Is there anything you'll need xa sifika at the airport?

Me: Maybe some water

Mihle: We'll get it in the plane. Managed to eat?

I nodded. We drove and arrived at the airport at 11 exactly, rushing in to have the luggage checked. We almost missed it by a second and that would mean changing the flight, we were seated in Mango Air Flight, trying to somehow regain our breathes.

Me: Ndinxibe right? (Am I dressed well?)

I know it was rather too late to ask now but I questioned him because I took note how he kept on looking at me when we were rushing from one gate to another

Mihle: You always dressed well qha you know how I feel about your behind being out

Me: (giggles) Ndizithini ke Fhaku? (What must I do with them Fhaku?)

Mihle: I love them on you but ingathi ungazifihla from other people

I laughed

Mihle: Or uba ungathenga longer jackets (or if you'd buy longer jackets)

Me: This is meant to sit at the waist of my leggings nje

Mihle: I'll give David ilobola so you start wearing dresses

I looked at him and he laughed prior to tightening my seatbelt. The ride was smooth and quiet long, maybe because it's been almost a year ever since I travelled but I think the journey from Western Cape to Eastern Cape was much longer than that from Gauteng to Eastern Cape. Because Mihle hated depending on people, he hired a car, Jeep Grand Cherokee

and when I asked why such a big car for a short weekend, he told me he wanted to see how it looked on him because he planned on buying it. Him and David couldn't own the same car, he had to pick something different.

The feeling I had at the perk of my tummy as we arrived in Motherwell, I was just waiting to see a yard that was busy then I'd know we had arrived, I didn't plan on asking him.

Mihle: You okay

Me: Ewe why?

Mihle: You haven't said a word since we left town

Me: I'm nervous.

He smiled at me and took my hand in his, he brought up to his mouth and kissed.

We arrived at a very big house, well it was a yard with two big houses, it had a red steel gate

and you could a medium tent in the middle of the yard. He parked the car at the back of a Toyota Hilux and turned off the engine, I took my handbag and looked at him.

Mihle: Masingene (let's get in)

I stepped out of the car and felt like I'd vomit from the feeling I was having in my tummy. I fixed my jacket and searched my bag for a ribbon to tie my weave, he was waiting for me to finish while he carried my handbag. For the first time I felt like I was too much; I felt I could have had a simple hairstyle, I wished I had my real nails, maybe dressed in a jean and lousy top. I felt the blood red lipstick I was wearing was too much, my eyebrows, my make up. For the first time ever I felt I cared about people assuming I was a gold digger because of the way I dressed, looked and smelled.

163 Entry

Aphindiwe

He placed a kiss on my forehead and took me by the hand. There were two things that were running in my head- dig a hole and bury yourself and run Aphindiwe- but I did none of the two. We walked in the gate and immediately we received eyes from guys who were hovering over sheep, slaughtering them. He greeted, did the manly hugs to some of these males who reeked of sheep. The looks I was receiving from them were enough to tell me I'd be getting worse from the elders. He took my hand and we proceeded, I felt I wasn't even walking straight anymore. When we passed the tent a man voice shouted his name, he turned, searching for the person who was calling him. He tightened my

hand and we made it in the tent

"Tshin tshin kwedini, molo. (Hey hey young man, hello)"

Mihle: Molweni Fhaku

"Unjani kodwa nyana? (How are you son?)"

Mihle: Kuphilekile Fhaku omdala, iNkosi isathambile, kuphilekile nakuni? (It's all well Fhaku, the Lord's still soft, how is it by your side)

"Hayi nyana wethu, ku smooth. Ndiyabona uze nomakoti. (No son man, it's smooth. I see you brought a wife)"

Mihle: Injalo Fhaku, iyakhula indoda (It's like that Fhaku, a man's growing.)

"Molo mntanam (hello my child)"

I looked up at this man and smiled

Me: Molweni Tata

I took his hand in a handshake. He had a fair

complexion, and thick eyebrows and eyelashes like Mihle. He looked round about in his seventies, it must have been Mihle's father's brother. He pulled me in a hug then told me I was welcome. Trust me I know, it was always the men that were kind enough. As we made a way to the house we were stopped by one of the uncles who came to Cape town when Mihle told them he was leaving Nomthandazo for me. He greeted both of us and told Mihle he wanted to have a chat with him after he has gotten me into the house. We were stopped about eight times before we entered the second house, stepping into the lounge that was full of young ladies chopping all sorts of veggies. One of them screamed when she saw Mihle and stood up to hug him, he let go of my hand and took her in his arms, there were about three others who shared a hug with him too and only two cared to greet me while the others just threw daggers at me.

Mihle: Mila Uphi uZizipho? (Mila where's Zizipho?)

Mila: Ebehambe noAne to fetch imbiza ezantsi (she left with Ane to fetch pots)

He nodded and led me to the kitchen, I knew whom it was he was looking for, his mother and when we walked into the kitchen we were welcomed by Phumla first. She hugged Mihle then me, the look she gave me was of pity, well only because the last time we met it was when I had been raped

Phumla: Ninjani kodwa guys? (How are you guys?)

Mihle: We good.

Phumla: Anisebahle (Y'all are so beautiful). Aka and his Queen B

Mihle: Haisoka (chuckles)

She laughed looking at me

Mihle: Uphi uMama? (Where's mom?)

Phumla: Outside the kitchen, phaya kulandlu incinci (there by the small house)

Me: And your mother?

Phumla: Naye uphaya (She's there too)

Well I won't lie, I loved her mother, a lot. We walked through the kitchen being greeted by Makazis and mzalas before we made it outside to this house Phumla spoke off. It was covered by the two big houses and you couldn't see it unless you were this side of the yard. It was a two room flat and the furniture in the room we walked in was a huge gas tank, two long four burner stoves, at the corner of the room was a table and a kitchen cabinet, the other room was locked so I had no idea.

"Hayi uMihle akamdala (Oh my Mihle is so old)"

He laughed, extending his hand to greet the woman. I did handshakes with about four of

them when Mihle's mother hugged me

Mama: Molweni mntanam. Yoooh ufika sinjani
(Hello my child. You arrive to us at this state)

Me: Hayi wethu mama, nibahle ngoku ninje (Oh
no ma, y'all are beautiful looking like this)

Mama: Khange atsho uba uza nawe ke ngoku
ooZizipho bathunyiwe (He didn't say he's
coming with now Zizipho and others have been
sent somewhere)

Me: Ndizobalinda ma (I'll wait for them)

She nodded going back to talk to her son. I
walked over to Dabawo and poked her softly,
she turned sipping on her coffee

Dabawo: Tshin tshin tshin sana lwam (Oh oh oh
my daughter)

Me: Molweni ma.

She placed her coffee mug on the cabinet and
hugged me tightly, kissing me all over my face

Dabawo: Ngoku uthetha noNokwazi andikuboni. Ndiyacinga uba uNkwenkwe usiphathele elinye igeza ngoku (Whilst you were talking to Nokwazi I didn't see you. I was thinking Nkwenkwe brought us another crazy one)

Me: (laughs) hayi tuu Dabs. Ndim (It's me)

Dabawo: Khawuze apha (come here)

She dragged me outside and we stood a little far from the people

"Kodwa waye wanjani mntanam? Ndoyika nokufounela sana lwam, ndibane ndithetha noNkwenkwe. Oh Bhelekazi mntanam (But how were you my child? I was even scared to call you my daughter, I only kept on talking to Nkwenkwe. Oh Bhelekazi my child)"

Me: I pulled through dabs. Ewe kona it wasn't easy, nangoku ayikasuki ncam lanto but I'm trying

Dabawo: Zama Ntombi. Zama mntanam. You

can't carry yourself like a victim.

I nodded and she hugged me again, actually bringing the pain back. There was only one person who'd give me this much love and encouragement when I had gone through soul wrecking times and it was my mother, I felt a lump grow on my throat and I knew my tears were going to betray me. She pulled back and looked at me, I was at the edge of crying

Dabawo: Sukhala Sisi. Sulile. (Don't cry big girl. Don't cry)

She was wiping my tears with her apron, definitely removing my make up as well. Mihle walked up to us and didn't question anything, to him it was obvious why

Dabawo: Nkwenkwe

I was in his arms, trying to stop myself from crying

Mihle: Ma?

Dabawo: Ndizodinga uthetha nani before nihambe (I need to talk to you two before y'all leave). Either ngomso (tomorrow) or Sunday

Mihle: Alright ma

She kissed me on the cheek then walked back into the house. Mihle cupped my face and looked at me, I actually thanked God we were covered by this big house and every one was on the other side of the yard because I looked like a mess

Mihle: Yiberight baby (Be okay baby)

I nodded. He pulled me in a long hug and only pulled back when I told him he was suffocating me, well he was squeezing the living hell out of me. There was lady who was draining rice at the tap, she couldn't stop looking at us. We walked inside and he directed me to one of his aunt's bedroom where I placed my handbag after fixing my mascara and the make-up.

Mihle: You'll sit at the lounge and wait for Zizipho

Me: Baphi kanti? (Where are they?)

Mihle: They aren't gone far, probably on their way back ngoku

I nodded and took my phone. We made our way to the lounge and he left me seated next to this lady who was busy peeling potatoes. Phumla came from the kitchen, holding a bowl which had chicken gravy and a drumstick, along with a size plate that had a slice of home baked bread.

Me: Enkosi (thank you)

Phumla: NeJuice mos?

I nodded and started digging in. It was edible and for someone who couldn't cook I wasn't about to judge the way it was spiced. I couldn't make conversation with all these people here because they talking amongst each other, with that weird accent PE people had. I tried texting

Zizipho twice but my text didn't go through and when I tried calling her, I reached voicemail. I made my way to the kitchen to place these dishes when I was done eating. Right when I was about to walk out a woman who looked a little older than Mihle stopped me

"Yhe Ntombi, ungulamntana ootata babeye kwi meeting yakhe iKapa for lento ka Mihle? (Hey girl, are you the child whom my fathers went to Cape town for regarding that Mihle thing)"

Because ndandisacenge ubuhlobo (Only because I was still hoping for a relationship) I plastered a smile on my face, but honestly I hated the way she called me, how she addressed me and the question she just asked me

Me: Ewe

Her: Yoh awusekho mncinci. Yoh ooMihle bayazenza izinto (Wow you are so young. Wow

Mihle is full of surprises)

I heard someone ask her something as I walked out, I wasn't about to stick around for that shit kaloku. She mentioned something about Mihle leaving a girl who was right for his age for me, then comments followed. I went back to my seat and text Mihle, I don't know why I hoped he'd check his phone when I knew he was doing things men did at ceremonies. Ekhaya (at home) we merely had these type of rituals and that was because we weren't a big family. My mother's side they were and that's where I always witnessed all these ceremonies and slaughtering of animals. I was having a chat with a girl named Nomkhitha about my make-up and weave, she was genuinely curious because she didn't make any nasty comments. The only people I saw weren't so happy about my presence were the people sitting with us at the lounge. Nomkhitha was one of the girls Mihle

hugged when we walked in

"So nawe uhlala ekapa? (So you always stay in Cape town?)"

Me: Ewe. I study there

Nomkhitha: Funda ntoni? (What are you studying?)

Me: LLB

"YiLaw mos leyo? (That's law right?)"

The Mila girl asked while chopping the peppers.

Nomkhitha: Ewe. Ayikho nzima? (Yes. Isn't it hard?)

Me: Since ndisenza first year hayi (since I'm still doing my first year no)

She asked another question but I couldn't hear her because my mind was now concentrating on the figure that was standing at the door, my sister in law

Zizipho: Heeee hayi Ntombi

Me: Awudiki sani. Been trying to call you.

Zizipho: Awunabubele kanene, khashukume and hug me damn't (Oh you don't have love, just get up and hug me damn't)

I got up, laughing and hugged her

Zizipho: Unjani? I met uKing outside and he told me right away uba ulapha elounge waiting for me

Me: Is he still alive?

Zizipho: Yhini!

Me: I have about two hours ndingamboni (without seeing him)

Zizipho: Subaxa (Don't exaggerate it's about one)

Me: (laughs) it seems that long.

I followed her and the other yellow chick to the

kitchen where they placed the pots then we went to her aunt's room, where I placed my handbag. Immediately when we walked the other girl threw herself on the bed

Zizipho: Yoooh andisekho rwada nje. Phindi ngu Anesipho lo cousin yam. Ane ngu Aphindiwe lo, cherry ka Nkwenkwe) (Yoooh I'm so rude. Phindi this is Anesipho my cousin. Ane this is Aphindiwe, Nkwenkwe's girlfriend)

Me: Nice meeting you.

Anesipho: Nawe (you too) Awumhle (You are so beautiful)

Me:(titters) thanks

Zee went to the bar fridge and took out a bottle of white wine, she poured a full glass for each of us and we sat there chatting. Well I learnt Zee was the oldest apha kuthi, Ane was my age but had her birthday in April, making her a couple of months older than me.

Zizipho: Umbonile uDabawo? (Did you see Dabawo?)

Me: Ewe, nomama. They were so excited to see me

Zizipho: Worse ke uKing told no one that he's bringing you here.

Me: Watsho uba (he did say that) he's not going to report to anybody

Anesipho: Akhomntu who has given you funny reactions yet?

Me: Thank God you asked. Who's that dark chubby woman with big eyes?

Zizipho: Mile kakuhle and has dark lips?

Me: I didn't see her body structure but ewe she has dark lips

Zizipho: Bulelwa

Me: Yoooh I don't like her.

They both laughed asking me why. I filled them and they weren't so shocked because apparently that's how she is. They told me to actually expect the worst from her more especially when her mother was around.

Me: Who's her dad?

Zizipho tried explaining the man who apparently had also gone to Cape Town but I must have forgotten How he looks, the only man I remember was the we met outside when we first walked, and I remembered him because he did most of the talking when they were in Cape town. Zizipho and her cousin filled me in on the scandals Bulelwa had created during family ceremonies and how her mother always stood up for her, no matter how wrong she was. They seemed like a strong team.

We retreated to the lounge and helped where we could. I heeded that Mila wasn't as rude as she appeared when I was alone at the lounge,

maybe she needed Mihle and Zizipho to be kind towards me. She appeared like the greatest pretender there ever was because even though she spoke to me, the way she looked at me said something else. Apparently she was a cousin too. Fhaku walked in after a long ass while missing him, he was dressed in blue overalls and had changed shoes to his black Adidas zx Flux. He was carrying a huge enamel dish which had finely chopped sheep meat. He returned from the kitchen and stopped where I was sitting, he came and knelt in front of me

"Still doing okay?"

I laid my arms around his neck and brought him closer to whisper something to him

Me: Ewe but I miss you

H chuckled

Mihle: You'll only get to have my full attention when it's time to sleep.

Me: I know

I let go of him and watched him smile at me, I pulled a face. He got up and blew me a kiss before Mila got up and dragged outside. Milani was a niece in this family, and one of those niece who did anything for attention. That I wasn't told but I picked it from analysing her behaviour. Before we were allowed to go to bed, we were gathered in the lounge and had a night prayer. The people in this family were beautiful, there must have been a coloured or Indian blood somewhere in their past generations. The type of hair most of these Dabawos had was insanely beautiful. Mihle drove us to his home where we as the youth supposedly slept, he was supposed to sleep at his uncle's place but was excused because of me. Well I didn't mind sleeping with the girls as long as Zizipho was around but he insisted. Now I was in his bedroom with Zizipho, changing sheets and

dusting the room. He had his own flat which was a bedroom flat with an en-suite, he ate and did everything else in the big house. There was a flat screen television against the wall, hung up nicely. When we finished cleaning we went to the main house, I didn't expect his home to be big and as warm - the kitchen had those brown built in cabinets that come with an electronic stove, a two door silver fridge, cream white tiles. In the lounge there was black leather couches, that came with a coffee table, a comfortable mat which was brown and black. A huge glass stand for the television and on the other side of the lounge was the dining space with a table and wall unit. It was a three bedroom house, with a medium sized bathroom. It was clean. We were all gathering in the lounge, chatting, by all I mean all eleven of us. The youngest was a '97 and the oldest being Zizipho. I had already changed in my pyjamas and we were listening to music while talking about boys, alcohol and

sex. Well I didn't participate much in the conversation because they were talking about people I knew not off. I was still taking in this beautiful lounge when I saw a picture of his parents against the wall, he was right, he didn't look much like his father. Only the shape of the face and eyes, everything else was his mother's. His father was a beautiful man, didn't appear as strict as he made him sound. There was two pictures on the wall unit, one of the whole family and the second was the mother and her two offsprings.

There was a knock at the door, Khazimla jumped and hurried to open. Deeper voices echoed in the kitchen and amongst those husky one, one sounded familiar and hearing it did something to my heart. Mihle and two other guys walked into the lounge, well I didn't have to ask, they were relatives. He walked up to and kissed my cheek

Mihle: Ready for bed?

I nodded

Mihle: Usafuna ulalapha? (You still want to sleep here?)

Me: Yes.

I smiled at him and he laughed

He was out of those overalls and smelt like himself now. He took me by the hand and waited for me to wear my sleepers before he pulled me outside, we walked into his room and I closed the door. He went to the bathroom first to take a pee before he came back and kissed me, throwing me on the bed which had fresh smelling sheets. Our kissing stopped when I told he was going to make me mess on my pyjamas, unfortunately I was on my menstruation period. He got off me and told me he was heading out with his brothers, we'd probably spend the night in his flat tomorrow.

He kissed me one last time before asking if I managed to take a bath as we walked out

Me: Took a shower apha

Mihle: Didn't even notice that the shower has been used.

Me: I saw pictures of your father.

Mihle: And?

Me: He doesn't look as strict

Mihle: Well he was, kakhulu. And wayendibetha one (and he used to beat me)

I laughed at him, telling me he probably deserved those. We walked back into the lounge to a game of monopoly set out on the coffee table, all vases that were close by had been placed on the dining table, that's how chaotic it was about to become.

Mihle: Simo?

Simo: Ya bra

Mihle: Masambeni (Let's go)

He gave me a baby kiss and one on my forehead before instructing us to treat his mother's house with care. When they left, the game began. Nomkhitha and myself actually went to sleep first at past two in the morning, leaving everyone behind. They were still playing the game and because I was bankrupt and had to leave the game, I was bored and finally became drowsy.

I woke up to the sound of loud music playing from the lounge, in the room I was sleeping in, it was just myself and some other girl who were still sleeping. Everybody else was up and in the lounge. When I dragged myself there I was surprised that some ladies had bathed already

Zizipho: Good morning

Me: Morning

Nomkhitha: Mihle was here, ezokubona wafika

usalele (to see you and you were still sleeping)

Me: Ikhona into ebeyifuna? (Is there something he wanted?)

Nomkhitha: Nope. Just to see if uleli kakuhle (if you slept well)

I smiled at her before following her to the kitchen, Zizipho was making me a bowl of cereal. She handed me the bowl and took hers, Mila was washing some dishes from last night, well we had made coffee last night before heading to the bed. She was washing those dishes and some bowls used this morning.

Nomkhitha and I took a shower in Mihle's bedroom while the others were bathing in the house, Zizipho knocked on the door and walked in, dressed in those tradition skirts, a white long sleeved vest, white all stars chunks and wore a beaded band on her head

Me: You look so beautiful

She did a 360 twirl before mouthing "I know."

Nomkhitha was already getting dressed and she also had a bead necklace and hair band

Me: Zee don't you have enye ibeaded item?

Zizopho: Uzonxiba ntoni? (What are you going to wear?)

I showed my grey tight fitted dress and she stormed us after seeing my dress, promising me to at least look for something. When I put on my dress Nomkhitha wouldn't stop telling me about my body shape. I looked at her in awe, actually believing that I was now disgusting. I wore my black pallidium boots and stood in front of the mirror in the bathroom to apply some make up. I tied my weave in a messy bun then applied a little less make-up compared to what I had yesterday. Nomkhitha begged me to do her eyebrows and as lazy as I were to do someone else's make up, I did. I was beginning

to really like her. Anesipho walked in, wearing a black dress which hung her in all the right places, she was petite but curved. She gave me the bead hair band and I neatly wore it on my head.

I was excited when we actually walked from Mihle's home to ekhaya'khulu, I wanted to see the streets of Motherwell since yesterday we only travelled from one place to another at around 11. It was a busy place and seemed fun, I always thought positive on these rural areas because behind the suburb walls where I was groomed, a lot of depression happened. I cannot explain the excitement that filled my heart when I saw Mihle, I missed him. I knew I was in love with this man when everything he did turned me, even the slightest most stupidest thing, like having him stand afar listening to his elders talk to him, that alone was enough to give me mad

butterflies. The looks I was receiving from the guys there were crazy, they were presumably checking out my ass because that's what many did before taking in my face. I was about to walk through the door, following behind Milani when Mihle pulled me back with an arm that was already around my waist

"Ndikhaphe (accompany me)"

Me: Uyaphi? (Where you going?)

He allowed me to turn around, he malodoured of sheep and blood

Mihle: Bar, to get some beers

Me: Can we take Zee with?

Mihle: Ha.a Baby, Zizipho uzofuna uthatha yonke lomntu ulapha (No baby, Zizipho will want to take everybody that's here).

It him, myself and Simo in the car. I recognized how close he was with this Simo guy or maybe

it was because ever since we stepped in this yard I was always seeing them together.

The rest of the day went out smoothly and I made sure I avoided Bulelwa and her tyrannizing mother for as long as I could. However, Zizopho did return to the bedroom we were sitting in, telling me that her elders were holding a conversation about me in the kitchen, they were questioning Mihle's mother about my whole existence as if the woman had a flippen clue where I had just came from. It was ridiculous and childish honestly but I was expecting it, not only was my visit unexpected but these people were already familiar with Nomthandazo. I don't know how many times Nomtha visited here but it was clear that they liked her better and yes I was younger than her so ndandinga soze ndikwazi uhlala nabo and pretend I fitted in when I didn't. I was bothered

to say the least but if their son loved me enough to stay with me regardless then I honestly never cared about their opinions and presumptions.

Entry 164

Mihle

Aphindiwe's visit was questioned by 70% of my family, but any person that walked up to me, enquiring me about her, I simply told them I had brought her here because I wanted her here. I was aware that almost the whole family now knew that she was my replacement for Nomthandazo and that she was a sister to Nomtha. My elders' visit to Cape Town didn't go unheard and it was evident from all the questions I received that everybody knew I was dating from the same blood. What amused me really was how they never took note of how

happy I suddenly was, how I transformed from being so aggressive and emotionless to being the work in progress I was today. All they cared about was how I'd jump into the pants of a girl who was still to be a woman, the same girl who was the reason for their son's happiness.

Pardon me, but I wasn't the type of person who would nod to everything, more especially if it affected my happiness. Disrespectful? No. Stubborn, maybe I was but I saw myself as an individual who simply did what made them happy, whether it meant harming another, that was something I worried about later, after I've been positively affected by whatever I was doing. That's just who I was, selfish you could say.

Sunday morning I was laying on my bed, with Phindi's head on my chest. We didn't sleep together but immediately when I woke up I called her, telling her to come to my flat. She

was worried about the conversation Dabawo wanted to have with us, mentioning that from yesterday's events she suddenly didn't feel it was something we wanted to hear

Me: And how do you know that?

Aphindiwe: My gut's telling me.

I pushed my hand under her pyjama top and rubbed her back

Me: You women and this gut feeling

Aphindiwe: It never fails us though

I didn't respond. The silence made my mind drift to Nomthandazo's call this morning, saying she was in hospital, hours to giving birth to my son, my first heir. I did try calling her before asking for Nomtha but her phone sent me straight to voice mail. It was something past four in the morning when she called me, sounding like she was in the worst pain ever but managed to utter some words to me. I tried

Sivuyisiwe as well but her phone rang all on its own. I was just wondering if this little man was already in this cruel world

Aphindiwe: What time is our flight?

Me: Four

Aphindiwe: And time is it now?

Me: ten past seven

She moved from my chest and balanced on her elbow, looking at me

"No wonder I'm thus exhausted."

Me: Awulalanga enough? (Didn't you sleep enough?)

Aphindiwe: No. Silale only at past two (No. We only slept at past two)

Me: Benisenzani lonke ixesha? (What were y'all doing all that time?)

Aphindiwe: Playing cards

I smiled at her, shaking my head

Aphindiwe: Asanda couldn't come apha izolo but she did however ask uba before we leave can we pass phaya kuye

Me: Uhlala phi? (Where does she stay?)

Aphindiwe: I don't know but somewhere around here. I'll ask her

She returned on the position she was laying on a minute back and started rubbing my abs and now fading V on my waist. I was aware that I was gaining weight now and only heading to the gym on Saturdays didn't help much as well. I had to make time for the gym so I wouldn't lose my shape, since I consumed alcohol I knew if I didn't go to the gym like I often did then I stood a great chance of gaining a beer belly which I honestly hated. We laid in that position until I felt I was drifting back to sleep, I was restless. It's been a while since I worked this hard and

being home meant doing manly work

Me: Baby?

She kept quiet and from her peaceful breathing
I knew she too had drifted off to sleep

Me: Phindi

I stroked her cheek using my thumb, she shifted
making herself comfortable

"Baby"

Aphindiwe: Hmmm?

Me: Bhekela (move)

She moved but still remained laying on me. I
took her head and placed it on a pillow, lowering
my feet off the bed. She had her eyes half open

Aphindiwe: Uyaphi? (Where you going?)

Me: Need to get ready and do what men do
when they're home

She pulled the covers and tucked herself under

the sheets. I walked into the bathroom and brushed my teeth and washed my face. I stepped out of the bathroom and immediately my eyes landed on the lady I was madly in love with, it scared me. She had her eyes closed, her breathing steady and she looked at peace. It was funny how the heart had so much control over little things, things we didn't give a little fuck about. I remember when I first saw her, her eyes wouldn't leave me, I felt them boring in me every passing second when I was talking to Nomthandazo's father. I fought the urge of looking back at her, and asking what it was she was looking at. It was the look on her face when I was introduced as Nomtha's fiance that made want to tease her, that drove me into leading her on, unaware that I was going to get caught up in the middle of it. I had it all planned at the back of my head, fuck her and act like it never happened but I found myself wanting her over and over and over again.

I was now sitting at the edge of the bed tying my Adidas ZX laces which was dirty from mud and blood stains. I would have to bribe Zizipho into washing it for me. I touched Phindi's feet through the covers and squeezed them

"Ndiyahamba baby okay (I'm leaving baby okay)"

I wasn't expecting her to answer because I knew she was sleeping. I walked out of my flat to the main house, made myself a cup of coffee and had a piece of some home-baked bread. Mila and Zizipho were up already, in the kitchen and stuffing their mouths as always

Zizipho: Uphi uPhindi? (Where's Phindi?)

Me: In my room, sleeping

Mila: Umthanda nyani kodwa bhuti? (Do you really love her though bhuti?)

Zizipho: Are you even asking? Ibhalwe (It's written) all over his face that he's madly in love

with her.

Me: (chuckles) Uthini nah Zizipho? (What are you saying Zizipho?)

Zizipho: Ayicace wele (It's obvious twin), so obvious

Me: Khanime ndihambe (Let me go)

Mila: Nihamba namhlanje? (Are y'all leaving today?)

I nodded, placing the coffee mug in the sink. I grabbed an apple before walking out, escorted by Milani. I guess you want me to explain my relationship with this young lady here, she is a cousin, my dad and her mother were siblings. Seven years back, when I was 22 and she was aged 14, I was told by Zizipho and Anesipho that whenever they played these family games of theirs, she always imagined me as her husband. That, unfortunately, traumatized my sister so she ended up telling on her. I had a

decent conversation with Mila and tried explaining to her the dangers of her imagination, how she'd end up wanting to make that reality. She grew out of it really but never stopped wanting undivided attention from and Simo, her older brother. She walked me to my car, telling me about how horrible Pietemaritzburg actually was and how she wanted to move either to Johannesburg or Cape Town.

Me: Uggqiba nini ufunda? (When are you completing your studies?)

Mila: Next year

Me: Graduate first then worry later about your relocating problems

Mila: You coming to my graduation party mos?

Me: If I can squeeze it in.

She nodded, stepping away from the car when the engine roared

Me: Uxelele uZizipho avuse uPhindi. And nikhawulezise, yesterday dabs was talking ngalento yenu of not being available xa nifunwa (You must tell Zizipho to wake up Phindi. And y'all must make it snappy, yesterday aunt complained about y'all not being available when you guys are needed).

She said something before turning on her heels and walking back into the house. I reversed the car and found myself on the road heading to my uncle's place. When I arrived there kwakusityiwa isibindi, deliciously cooked, with bread or pap, you picked your favourite. My mothers were already in the kitchen, dressed like proud Xhosa wives

Dabawo: Nkwenkwe, awulambanga boy? (Aren't you hungry boy?)

Me: Ndityile pha endlini kodwa ndiyasirhalela isibindi sona (I came at home but I do crave some liver)

Dabawo: Khanyisa khawuphakele uMihle
isibindi ntombi (Khanyisa dish up some liver for
Mihle)

My eyes travelled around the kitchen, curious to see this Khanyisa. At home we didn't have any Khanyisa nor did I know of any Khanyisa around who was married to anyone I was close with. So yes my curiosity got the best of me. I spotted her when she asked Bulelwa for a bowl, and I realised that I didn't know her, she didn't look familiar at all. She was light skinned, more yellow than I was, had big eyes and well defined eyebrows. Her lips were covered in red lipstick and that seemed to be the only makeup she was wearing. She had a well-combed perm afro which made her skin tone and small round face stand out. She was no wife because under the apron that covered her outfit, I could see light blue jeans

"Isonka uyasifuna sona Nyawuza? (Do you want

bread Nyawuza?)"

I looked up at her, taken back by how she just called me and the wide smile on her face

Me: Hayi.

She handed me the bowl with a small dish cloth underneath it, I took it, nodding at her. I excused myself from the kitchen and retreated to the tent where other men were sitting.

Zizipho, Anesipho and my baby walked through the gate, talking and laughing. My eyes followed every step Phindi took, she seemed better than Friday when we arrived. She looked more comfortable and relaxed. I noticed that she wore no makeup today, had an olive green doek on which matched her shoes, black jeans and a white long sleeved, tight vest which she tucked in. She didn't see me until I came behind her, covering her eyes

Aphindiwe: Baby uzondiwisa (Baby you'll make me fall).

I placed a kiss on her forehead prior to removing my hand from her eyes

Anesipho: Yooh Hayi uyamazi umntu wakho shame (Yooh no, you know your man shame)

Aphindiwe: I know his smell.

Me: I smell of sheep kodwa ngoku baby

She smiled at me, shaking her head. I followed behind them as they walked into the kitchen.

Mama: Zizipho

Zizipho: Ma?

Mama: Nasi esibindi nesonka, iphelile ipapa (Here's some liver and bread, pap is finished)

Dabawo: Baphi abanye? (Where are the rest?)

Anesipho: Bayeza (still coming)

I intertwined my fingers with Aphindiwe's and

pulled her out of the kitchen. We walked to my aunt's room where I took out a Play from the bar fridge and cracked it open. She was going on about how I didn't say goodbye to her when I left, she woke up all alone in my flat. I downed half of the can before handing the rest to her, she took a sip and looked at me. I pulled her close and smashed my lips into hers, her soft lips never failed to get me excited. She stood on her tippy toes, pulling me closer with the collar of the overalls I was wearing, I pulled back, avoiding to get excited. We walked back into the kitchen and I immediately heeded how Bulelwa and Khanyisa were looking at us, then Khanyisa's eyes fell to our hands before she looked at me again. Thinking I must be hallucinating or they were probably discussing the lady standing next to me, I brushed it off and placed a kiss on Phindi's cheek before walking out.

The day went by too fast making time for me and Phindi rather too short that Sunday. Right now I was standing in front of the mirror, adjusting the waist string around my waist. Aphindiwe was sitting on the bed tying her black pump sandals. I was dressed in black track pants, white round neck Markhams t-shirt and black Nike Tanjun. After fixing the waist of my track pants I turned and looked at her, she was tying the pump straps around her ankles.

Aphindiwe: Does uDabawo still want to talk to us?

I was about to answer when there was a knock at the door and uDabawo walked in answering

Dabawo: Nkwenkwe, nigqibile? (Nkwenkwe are you guys done?)

Me: Ewe dabs

Dabawo: Phindi mntanam ndifuna uthetha nani

(Phindi my child I want to talk to you guys)

Aphindiwe stood up, lifting her leggings as she stood besides me. Dabawo found herself a seat on the bed and looked at us, bringing her hands together. I took Aphindiwe's hand in mine and made space for us on the bed as well, she was making me nervous as she looked at us for a long two minutes without saying anything.

"Nkwenkwe."

Me: Mama

Dabawo: Uyayazi mntanam uba ndikuthanda kangakanani. Uba ndingafa if anything would happen to you. (You know my child how much I love you. That I'd die if anything would happen to you)

I nodded, those words familiar coming from her.

Dabawo: Mntanam zinintsi izinto ezizokwehlela Nkwenkwe and kuzo zonke andifuni uthi akakuhoyanga uNokwazi. Uyamazi uNokwazi

uba akalociko so ezinye ezinto izobangathi uyaziyeka zenzeke (My child you're going to go through a lot of things and amongst all these things I don't want you thinking your mother doesn't care. You know uNokwazi doesn't talk much so it'll seem like she's allowing other things to happen)

She was right, my mother unlike her was not a woman of many words

Me: Kwenzekani ma? (What's happening Ma?)

Dabawo: Phindi

Aphindiwe: Ma?

Phindi's voice was cracky, I wasn't the only one nervous here. I turned my head and took in her face, she was nervously looking at my aunt waiting for her to talk

"Uyamthanda uMihle. Ndimbona apha esiqhwini mntanam, uyamthanda uNkwenkwe (You love Mihle. I can see it from his physical appearance

that you love Nkwenkwe)"

She nodded before licking her lips which she hadn't yet applied lipstick on

Dabawo: Mihle lento ndizonixelela yona will break you if you allow it. Izokubuyisela mntanam kula ndlavini wawuyiyo if you allow it, and ingakwenza umntu ombi kulo mntana (Mihle what I'm about to tell you will break you if you allow it. It'll take you back to that aggressive bastard you were if you allow it, it could portray you as an ugly person to this kid).

I didn't notice how nervous I was until Aphindiwe hissed from pain, showing me her hand which was white from how tight I had been holding it

Dabawo: Impilo Nkwenkwe izobanzim... (life will be hard Nkwenkwe...)

She didn't get to finish what she was saying because my mother walked through the door,

smiling at Milani who was following her

Mama: Yhini imeeting encinci (Hey, a small meeting)

Dabawo: Hayi Nokwazi, bendisathetha nababantwana (No Nokwazi, I was just talking to these kids)

Mama: Akhonto embi kodwa? (there's nothing bad though?)

My mother raised her concern, I didn't know whether to nod or shake my head because I didn't know but from the way her sister inlaw was going, something was wrong. She shook her head, lifting herself from the bed

Mama: Nkwenkwe bendifuna uzonikhupha kulendlu mntanam. Ixsha (Nkwenkwe I wanted to take you guys out of this house my child. Time)

Me: Time yeah

Mama: Nigqibile right? (Y'all are done right?)

Me: Ewe Ma

They helped us out with our bags, Dabawo was walking behind with Phindi, talking to her about something. I placed our bags at the backseat and continued having a chat with my mother while we were waiting for Dabawo who was a few feet away with my baby. I glanced their way and found myself smiling

"Wonwabile Fhaku (You're happy Fhaku)"

Me: She makes me happy mama

My mother's face changed as she raced her eyes between Phindi and myself

Me: Yintoni Dlamini? (What is it Dlamini?)

She forced a smile, taking my hand in hers

Mama: Utatakho ebenokonwaba uphumile kwezizinto zakho (your father would have been happy now that you left these hustle and bustle

of yours).

I knew that isn't what was crossing her mind. She forgot she couldn't lie to me, I saw through her. I plastered a smile on my face and nodded, avoiding enquiring her about the change of mood. We drove with my mother and aunt at the backseat and made our way to my uncle's place to say our goodbyes to the rest of the family.

Tatomncinci: Fhaku nihambe kakuhle ke nyana. Kuzofuneke sithethe efounin before ku fike uDecember (Fhaku you must travel safe son. We'll have to talk on the phone before December)

Me: Sizothetha Tamnci (We'll talk Tamnci)

He squeezed my shoulder. I hugged my mother and sisters before I went to my second mother and hugged her

Dabawo: Visit me eMossel bay ke boy evha.

Asigqibanga uthetha (we not done talking)

She walked me to my car with Aphindiwe besides me. I got in the driver's seat and waited for Phindi to sit comfortably on the passenger seat next to mine before turning the key in the ignition. I joined the road and left a hooter as a goodbye.

Before driving to the airport we made our way to the other side of Motherwell to meet Asanda. Our visit three Aphindiwe to another world, I literally had to remind them the reason for our short visit. Asanda was clueless about their brother's arrest but she did know where we was held prisoned and whom it was I could contact for more information. She gave me those numbers and told me they belonged to his girlfriend, as well as a friend of his.

We arrived at the Cape close to midnight because our flight was delayed an hour. We managed to grab something to eat KFC, it was the only place we could think of which opened 24 hours of the day and was close to the estate. Wings, Boxmaster and two pieces along with a Krusher for Aphindiwe was what we grabbed. I was exhausted to be honest, more tired than Phindi was, from the work and the travelling as well. On Monday I didn't work, called in sick and had my day planned out - to see my baby boy. At past three in the morning I received a call from Sivuyisiwe telling me that a younger version of me was brought to this world, a young man by the name Simlindile. That was the name I gave him before I could even hold him in my arms, having been robbed a child and lost one through a miscarriage, I been waiting for my ancestors to give me this heir.

I was now standing in the middle of my kitchen,

holding a glass of orange juice looking at the lady who was still dressed in pyjamas

Me: So you want me to drop you at school?

Aphindiwe: I was hoping you would.

She wasn't looking at me but at the cup of hot chocolate in front of her. We had a disagreement earlier this morning and now she thought it was better if I would take her to school. I chuckled, disappointed that she didn't know by now what she was asking for was not going to happen

Me: Don't cook, I'll grab something on the way back

Aphindiwe: Mihle did you even hear me?

Me: I did

She raised a brow at me, patiently waiting for me to continue

"But ayizokwenzeka lonto (But that won't

happen)"

She sighed, loud enough for me to hear her exasperation through it. I walked over to her and planted a kiss on her forehead before heading towards the door. I was in no mood of arguing with her, I've done it before and it felt like a Hoover pulling out every dirt in me, heavenly draining in other words. I stepped into my car undoubtedly bothered by leaving her like that but if I stayed any longer she was going to blow.

Twenty-four minutes later I was searching for a spot to park my car at Melomed Tokai private hospital, beyond excited to see my handsome offspring. I walked in after finding a parking for my car. I kept on exhaling and inhaling, trying to remove my head from thinking of the Dabula faces when I walked through there, it was obvious that her family would be around. I

leaned over the reception desk and cleared my throat to earn the attention of the lady who was sheepishly smiling at her phone

Her: Ndingakunceda bhuti? (Can I help you bhuti?)

You think cashiers were the only people who caught an attitude during working hours, well you were wrong. I prevented myself from firing back at her, thanks to my good mood

Me: Ndizobona umntu (I'm here to see someone)

Her: Name?

Me: Nomthandazo Dabula

She checked a stack of files and paged through them before typing something on the computer screen in front of her. She paged through the pile of files once more before looking at me, I narrowed my eyes at her. This woman had to thank the Lord she was praising that I was in

such a good mood or else I would have been walking through the hallways already, with her hating the second I stepped through that door.

Her: Nom.Thand.Azo Dabu... B3

I moved away from the desk and walked away, I heard her mumble something and I fought the urge not to turn around. Since there were board signs around the hospital, it was easy to find my way to B3. I walked in the ward and the first thing I saw was yet another small desk, how many receptionist did these hospitals have? I grinned, trying to dig up the better me, and this time around the service I received was a whole better. Third door on my right was where my footsteps were heading, I could hear the laughs and voices as I took cautious steps. I came to a halt at the entrance and gazed at the family gathered in this room, before my eyes landed on the small infant covered in a blanket. Still consumed in my own amusement there was a

clearing of throat which divided my attention between my baby and the eyes gawking at me.

Mam'Dabula: Mihle?

Me: Molweni ma.

I stepped in, avoiding to look at the head of the family whose gaze was burning through my skin

Mam'Dabula: Unjani? (How are you?)

Me: Ndiyaphila mama enkosi, kunjani kuni? (I'm good ma thanks, how is it by your side?)

Mam'Dabula: Siyaphila sibulela uThixo Fhaku (We are well and thankful to God Fhaku)

I turned and looked at Nomthandazo's father, I extended my hand as I greeted him. It took him a while to take my hand in his but what mattered was he did

TatuDabula: Uzobona lomzukulwana usiphe yena? (You're here to see this grandchild you

gave us?)

Me: Umzukulwana ebengasoze abekhona if it wasn't for your beautiful daughter.

I passed my look to Nomtha who was blushing, I was thankful to be honest. Those words were from the heart but they didn't mean my heart was still beating for her, but rather genuinely honoured that she carried that little boy for me.

TatuDabula: Khambone ke Nyawuza (See him Nyawuza)

I turned and walked over to where he was laying, I stared in awe the young reflection of me before I took him in my arms and watched him as he felt comfortable knowing it was home. A smile made its way to my heart as I traced his cheek with my thumb

'Simlindile Gabavu'

I smiled to myself at the thought of it. This was my heir, my Prince, my happiness. He was my

everything and I know I've said before that my mother was the one person I'd kill for but now she instantly came second.

165 Entry

Nomthandazo

My family stepped out of the ward, leaving Mihle and I all by ourselves. He was still holding his son in his hands, staring at him like he was to be taken later on. My heart leaped in excitement when I saw him standing at that door, it was a few minutes after my dad had bad-mouthed him, cursing that he couldn't even come see his son. And I remained quiet for once because Mihle was going to come

Me: Uyambona ufuna nawe? (Do you see he looks just like you?)

He passed his eyes to me and smiled before looking at the fragile human in his arms

Mihle: Just how I imagined him

Me: Did you give him a name already?

Mihle: Ufuna undixelela uba utatakho hasn't given him a name? (You want to tell me your father hasn't given him a name?)

Nomthandazo: You know how I can sweet talk utata. He did give him a name but ndamcela uba can we at least give one name to you

He cocked a brow at me and asked in his husky voice

"And what's the name?"

Me: Olakhe

He looked at his son again. To me, as the mother and girlfriend, it was a beautiful sight, a sight my heart and mind captured

Mihle: Simlindile Olakhe Gabavu.

He smiled and I followed, looking at both my favourite men in the world

Mihle: Enkosi

Me: Wouldn't have done it without you.

He bent forward and gently placed Sim where he was laid before. He placed a kiss on his forehead then turned to walk over to me, he sat at my feet

Mihle: I'm being serious. Ndiyabulela (Thank you).

I nodded, still smiling at him. My heart was dancing to his scent, I've missed him

Mihle: You do know how much my heart ached for a child so ndiyabulela Bhelekazi. Maybe I don't deserve this much but we here now.

Me: If you didn't deserve this much we wouldn't be here.

He nodded, looking at his son again.

Me: Bekunjani ekhaya? (How was home?)

Mihle: Busy. Ibingumcimbi (it was a ceremony) so the least I could have expected was to get some time off

"Umama yena, is she good?"

Mihle: She's good yeah

Me: Fhaku is uZizipho still around or waphindela ePE? (Fhaku is Zizipho still around or she returned to PE?)

He was staring at the walls of the room when he answered me, telling me she had left, a long time ago. Then I presumed Aphindiwe wasn't around that's why he made it here, I was hoping she was back at res

Me: I know things haven't been the best between mna nawe and I understand where I'm at fault

He turned his head in my direction and looked

at him between narrowed eyes

"But I want to be the best I ever will be for you and our son."

Mihle: Don't pressurize yourself. You'll only be fit enough when you're emotionally okay

I kept quiet looking at him, contemplating whether to say my next sentence or not. I swallowed and responded

Me: And you know I can only do that with you by my side

He raised a brow at me, keeping a straight face

Me: What I mean is ngoku we better off sobathathu, we'll need you in ou...

"Nomthandazo, Nomthandazo."

He cut me off, looking a little agitated

Mihle: Andizelanga lonto apha (I didn't come here for that). What I came here for was to see my son and probably thank you for being a

mother to him from the day he was in your womb.

Me: Kodwa (but)

Mihle: So please don't spoil the mood. I'm up for anything but this

I folded my arms over my chest and looked away. Maybe I was being too pushy but he was unreasonable and irresponsible, we had to find a way through one way or the other. There was still silence consuming the room when my father peeped through the door, welcoming himself in after we both looked his way

"Nyawuza, ndifuna uthetha nani Fhaku.
(Nyawuza, I want to talk to you guys Fhaku.)"

Mihle: Ewe Bhele (Yes Bhele

My father pulled in the chair next to the bed and sat comfortably. He looked at his grandson, his first grandchild for a while before turning his head to face us. We were paying attention

attentively as my father addressed us, firstly on how to be parents, secondly on how to be parents and thirdly on how to be parents. That's all he went on about, doubting our ability of raising this child. I mean we were old, I was 26 whilst this man here was 29, there was no way in hell we couldn't raise a child. I thought he was done but almost buried myself under the sheets when he asked

"Kwenzekani kuni? (What's happening between the two of you?)"

I looked at Mihle who licked his lips and glanced my way before addressing my father

Mihle: Akhonto Bhele, kodwa ndiyathemba uba sizokwazi usebenzisana ngendlela ebhadlileyo sikhulise limveku. Akhonto endiyirhalelayo Bhele njengo mntanam ozokhula ebeza bobabini abazali bakhe, along with their families. (There's nothing Bhele, but I do promise that we'll do all that's in our power to raise this child

in a matured way. There's nothing I wish for like having my child grow with both parents, along with their families)

My father nodded his head but didn't seem quite impressed, well I knew I wasn't.

Tata: Sisezothetha Fhaku. (We still have to Fhaku)

He removed himself from the chair and squeezed Mihle's shoulder before heading for the door, leaving us alone once again. This man was really determined to walk out on me, was he honestly not feeling any contact whatsoever when we were together?

Me: Are you still seeing Aphindiwe?

He sighed, closing his eyes before he ignored me like I didn't just question him and walked over to where his son was laying. I watched him, my heart aching. I wanted him to tell me what it was I had to do for him to love

me again, there was definitely was something I could do. He hovered over his son, watching him for a long four minutes before he cleared his throat and turned to look at me

"Uphuma nini apha? (When are you being discharged?)"

Me: Nurse said robably Wednesday or Thursday

Mihle: I'll be here tomorrow

Me: Sele uhamba? (You're leaving already?)

Mihle: Can't be keeping your family outside

Me: But we can sit apha together like we often did.

He walked over to me and brushed his lips on my forehead, replacing the warm kisses he often gave me

Mihle: See you tomorrow. Text me whatever it is you'll need so ndizokwazi ufika nazo (so I'll be able to bring them with)

With that he stepped out of the ward, not looking back at me. I sighed, frustrated to know that there was still nothing I couldn't do. There was only one thing I had left in mind, target Aphindiwe because trying to please Mihle with her around was not working and it was frustrating. What I wanted was our son to grow up with both parents. My family left leaving behind Sivuyisiwe who was still excited about her nephew. She couldn't get over him and I understood her excitement, with her problem of not being able to conceive this was probably a double blessing for her.

Sivuyisiwe: Unjani uMihle uba excited? (How is Mihle's excitement?)

She was holding the little boy in her arms after I -ve asked her about four times to put him down

Me: He's overwhelmed. Just like you he couldn't move away from him

Sivuyisiwe: Do you blame us? He's lost two children already Nomtha

She glanced my way before returning her gaze to the baby in her arms. She was calling him all sorts of pet names, some which were female nicknames claiming at this age any thing suited him. When she left I was left alone in my own thoughts and worries of knowing there are chances that he wouldn't receive father love. It cost me pain seriously because despite being selfish I just wanted our child to grow a happy child and with his father loving another, that would be somehow impossible.

Mihle

I arrived to my apartment to a Mini Cooper parked on my way, in front of the garage door. Not knowing whom that belonged to, I would

have presumed I had a visitor but I was aware if the owner, the only girl who had an answers to everything asked and not asked. I unlocked the burglar and let myself in, four pairs of eyes looking my way.

Me: And then?

I cocked a brow, looking at them in awe. They all were just staring at me like babies who have been caught stealing candy, even Phindi herself

Kimberley: A hello would be better. You know that right?

Me: Why you looking at me like I've got two heads or something?

Kimberley: Because you walked in on us

I stopped in my steps and turned to look at her. She was standing near the sliding door, looking at my back yard

Me: This is my house Khamila, watch your

mouth

She slightly opened her mouth attempting to talk, I gave her a questioning look and she closed her mouth, deciding against it

Aphindiwe: Ungena sele usilwa noKim (You just entered and you're already fighting with Kim)

Me: In my house

Phindi smiled at me before getting up to give me a hug. She was in a better mood all thanks to her friends. I enveloped her in my arms and picked her up, her legs hanging from the floor, she mingled her head on my neck, giggling

Me: Yintoni? (What is it?)

She whispered

"There's people here."

Me: Where?

Aphindiwe: Here

Me: Kwam (in my house)

She laughed as I placed her down. I needed them to know if I felt like walking naked then I'd walk naked because this was my apartment. I greeted the other two ladies, Thando and the other young girl whose name I had forgotten. I walked over to my room giving the girls some time of their own. I didn't have a problem with them being around but I had to know that the crowd wouldn't increase, those were her number of friends and that's the number I wanted to see in my house whenever they visited her, anything above that and I would stop these visits. I was still laying on my bed when she walked through the door, her eyes on me

Aphindiwe: Are you okay?

Me: Yep. Don't I look fine?

She climbed on top of me, sitting on my waist

with her hands on my chest

Aphindiwe: Ndibona lento ufike wazohlala ngapha (I see how you just arrived and came here)

Me: Ndikunika some time with your girls

She nodded, smiling at me before lowering her head to my chest, I brushed the back of her neck with my hands

"Saw the new baby?"

She literally sprung up subsequently to that question, I couldn't help but smile at how silly she was

Me: Ewe

Aphindiwe: Jonga you are glowing from just that question. Unjani? (How is he?)

Me: Ufuna nam (He looks like me)

Aphindiwe: Ncooo awusancume (You're smiling)

I sat up so she sat on my lap and ripped her arms around my waist, I planted a soft kiss on her lips

Me: Fatherhood looks good on me

She giggled, nodding her head with a big grin across her face.

Me: Sizothetha ngalento ebusuku (we'll talk about this tonight), for now go back to your friends

Aphindiwe: Ndisaqumbile ke (I'm still mad)

I closed my eyes, laying back on the bed as she removed herself from me. I only smiled at her before she walked out of the bedroom.

I laid on my bed and felt my eyes getting heavy on me, that's when I decided to allow myself to at least take a nap.

I was woken by the sound of my phone

vibrating against my skin, I pulled it out of my pocket and looked at the screen before answering

"Tamnci"

Tamnci: Fhaku

Me: Molweni Tata

Tamnci: Unjani nyana? (How are you son?)

Me: Ndiyaphila Tamnci akhonto, kunjani kuni? (I'm good Tamnci nothing bad, how's it by your side?)

He replied before clearing his throat, sounding a little hesitated to speak. I knew something was going through his mind, something he had to say so I waited

"Fhaku ndifuna sithethe ngento ebalulekileyo (I want us to talk about something important)"

Me: Ndimamele Nyawuza (I'm listening Nyawuza)

Tamnci: Kukho into yobudoda ekuzofuneke uba uyayenza (There's something manly you'll have to do)

I narrowed my eyes, picturing the very stubborn man talking to me over the phone, he was stubborn abusive and that was why him and I never had decent conversations, and for a person who was the youngest amongst his brothers, he came across as disrespectful.

Tamnci: Uyayiqonda uba silinde... (You know we're waiting...)

He kept quiet

Me: Nilinde ntoni Tamnci? (What are you waiting for Tamnci?)

Tamnci: Hayi uthi uMkhuluwa mandiyiyeke lento sizothetha nawe ngayo ngelinye ixesha (No my older bet her says I shouldn't talk to you about this now, we'll discuss it all together another time)

Me: Yonke into iright kodwa? (Is everything okay though?)

Tamnci: Ewe nyana, ewe (Yes son, yes)

Me: Okay. Kukho into ebesele ndiyixelele umama Tamnci, ndinonyana (There was something I has already told my mother uncle, I have a son)

He sounded surprised and wouldn't stop shouting the news to the people at home. I waited for him to get back to me

"Phi, nabani, nini?"

Me: Namhlanje ekuseni

I wasn't ready to respond to other questions with the knowledge that this call was going to be longer than it was supposed to be. He searched some details still overwhelmed with the excitement before he ended the call.

Yawning, I turned over and stretched my arms over my head. I noticed the passage light was

on, I must have napped over two hours. Dragging myself off the bed I heard a breaking glass from the kitchen and some cursing followed. I made my way to the bathroom for a quick visit at the toilet before retreating to the kitchen, Phindi was kneeling over the pieces of glass with a dustpan and brush in her hands.

Me: What happened?

She jumped in surprise before throwing daggers at me, I laughed making my way to her

Aphindiwe: Mxm

Me: Hayi Hayi

I softly kicked her butt as I passed making way to the fridge

Aphindiwe: Undothusile (You startled me)

Me: Awundivanga xa ndingena? (You didn't hear me when I entered?)

Aphindiwe: No

She replied, shaking her head while standing up from where she was kneeling

"You're wearing socks, bendingasoze ndikuvhe (I would've never heard you)"

Me: Upheka ntoni? (What are you cooking?)

Aphindiwe: Spaghetti and mince. Oh I hope ndisenza kakuhle (I hope I'm preparing it well)

I chuckled, taking in how adorable she looked as she stared at the pots on the electric stove

Me: Let me see

I stood behind her in front of the stove and accepted the string of spaghetti on a fork which she aimed for my mouth, I nodded, indicating that it was okay, well cooked. She opened the other pot and scooped a piece of the mince meat, I tasted it

Me: Shorts of some spice.

Aphindiwe: But ndigqibile uyipheka nje (but I'm

done cooking it though)

Me: Give me worcester sauce and aromat, I think they'll do the trick.

She walked over to the cabinet and brought me what I asked for, I attempted getting some better taste on the mince meat before closing the pot and turning the stove to two.

Me: Bahambe nini ooKhamila? (When did your friends leave?)

Aphindiwe: It's been a while, I even managed to get through with my assignment. My DP for Foundations of South African Law depend kule assignment

Me: Done with it?

"Ndishort nge referencing (only left with referencing)"

Me: So that means I can

She turned and looked at me, her eyes

concentrated on the smirk I had on my face

Aphindiwe: You can what?

I took my bottom lip in between my teeth, running my eyes up and down her body. She laughed shaking her head as she stared back at me blushing like her life depended on it

Me: Awufuni? (You don't want?)

She shook her head, smiling adorably at me

Me: Then I'll take it. And your skirt totally agrees with me

She looked down at the denim skirt with three huge buttons she was wearing. I'd only have to undo two of those or rather lift it up without the work of searching for buttons. I walked over to her and stood in front of her, pressing her against the counter she was leaning on

Me: It's been a week and four days

Aphindiwe: (laughs) you count?

Me: Ndizothini? (What am I to do?)

She placed her forehead on my chest, hiding away from me so I wouldn't see her crack from blushing. I lowered my head and found her ear

"It's because you're that good. I'm addictive to you."

She smacked my arm before removing her face from my chest. I cupped it, slowly taking her lips into mine. There was nothing I loved like how she stood on her tippy toes whenever I had my lips on her, she'd always pull me in closer like I wasn't close enough already. I picked her up keeping my hands on her butt, she encircled her legs around my waist instantly. Her bare thighs made contact with my shorts while my hand was holding her butt which was covered in lace. The kiss was smooth, enough for her to receive my love from it. I pulled back and examined her, she was slowly grinding her hips against me while her eyes were shut. I pulled her in closer,

pressing my hard self against her womanhood which was covered in lace panties, she immediately gasped her nails dug on my biceps. I went back to kissing her before I lifted her enough so she sat on the counter top, not breaking free from our kiss. Her skirt was already on her waist now, if this was any different situation I would have reminded her what I said a few minutes back. I moved from her lips and tilted her head using my hand, I traced her cheek with my tongue and stopped at the between her neck and ear, sucking and placing wet kisses. She moved to the edge of the counter and tightened her legs around my waist. As I went down her chest, tracing her free nipples through the vest she was wearing, she leaned backwards balancing herself with both her hands. I removed her vest and ran my tongue between her breast to her tummy, licking and sucking the side of her tummy, breast and neck ahead of going back to her lips.

My hands roamed on her exposed back pulling her close, she touched my belt on my denim short and tried unbuckling it

Me: Not ngoku

I said while her lips were against mine causing her to pull back from the kiss, I chuckled, taking in the look she was giving me

Me: I want to go down on you first

Her hands flew to her private part immediately when I said that, I smacked her hands away and she laughed moving them. I didn't have to ask her as she laid on the counter bringing her legs up to my shoulders. I leaned forward and kissed her womanhood through her panties, she giggled while letting out a soft moan. I played with her while her panties were on before pulling those white lace panties off, I pushed my thumb in her vagina, she arched her back holding my wrist. My eyes were on her

beautifully shaved, small private part, well it was really tiny for someone with the size of her thighs. I pulled her to the edge of the counter before diving in and doing what was the start of something great. 4-play was very important to me, especially if I loved someone. It was not something I did to any girl except to a person I was romantically involved with and loved.

I was seated on the couch, naked, with her on top of my lap. I had my eyes closed still trying to compose myself from the ride she just gave me, her hands were running up and down my abs, meanwhile kissing my tanned chest. I pulled her close and opened my eyes to take in her face, she was looking at my lips but quickly snapped her eyes to my own. My arm made way around her waist while the other went to her ass, I found her lips and kissed her while my middle finger massaged her anus. She lifted her

ass and sat directly on my craft, she started grinding, rubbing her womanhood against me. I had to stop her because something in me was awakening, that feeling I missed of making women submissive. She wanted to take control and it was enough having her on me riding me but now she was taking it too far, she was holding my hands above my head, rubbing on me and I was hard in instant. I sucked in a breath and tightened her hands that were holding mine, she moved her other hand and brought it to my manhood, holding it before she sat on it penetrating through. I brought my free hand to her waist and moved it to the rhythm of her waist while she was at it. She had me on her palm right now and as much as I hated this, she was fucken good.

It was okay if she gave me a blowjob, that was okay for the whole sex session. Or maybe if she rode me once, that too was okay. But to give

me both and ride me multiple times, holding my hands like she was doing so I don't have any control over this situation, I honestly didn't like. What was funny was how I allowed her though, had it been any other lady doing this I would have turned her over by now, on top of her now but I didn't, I watched her handle me, my soul leaving my body. Her ass was clapping against me, her nails digging on my chest while mine were holding her waist tightly. I let out a soft moan, followed by a low "fuck" when I felt myself shooting for the third inside of her. She laid her head on my chest, planting small kisses on my chest before she reached my mouth and kissed me. She removed herself from on top of me and knelt, hovering above me instead, I cupped her face and kissed her for quite a while before she stopped and looked at me, I stared back at her. She giggled prior to hiding her face on my neck

Aphindiwe: Uxolo (sorry)

She said softly between a smile. I spanked her ass causing her to jump, she knew I had tried stopping her a couple of times but whenever I did she'd hold my dick and hand job me until I eased.

Me: Awu'behave (You don't behave)

Aphindiwe: (giggles) Xolo kaloku

I looked at her thinking about how much I loathed that she had my heart in her hands, she could tighten her grip and crush it whenever she liked. She brought her hands up to my face to covered my eyes

"Sundijonga njalo (don't look at me like that)"

Me: Njani? (Like how?)

Aphindiwe: Ingathi I did something wrong

Me: You did but I'll let it go because I liked it

Aphindiwe: Mxm (giggles) mna ndithanda wena

(It's you I love)

Me: Ungafika kum? (Would you get to how much I love you)

She nodded, smiling sheepishly

Me: Lies

Aphindiwe: I do nje.

Me: I know you do but not as much as I do. And no arguing it

She frowned and tried talking, I shook my head
"Nope."

She parted her lips and I narrowed my eyes at her waiting for her to talk but she closed her mouth instead, I let out a softly suppressed laugh

Me: Mbhaa

Aphindiwe: Mxm

She leaned in and gave me a cheek. I turned her

face and crashed her lips on mine, she accepted the kiss. I pulled back and stood up with her in my arms

Aphindiwe: Siyaphi? (Where we going?)

Me: Siyohlamba (we going to take a bath)

Aphindiwe: Impahla (our clothes)

Me: We'll get them when we done showering

She curled herself on me, her arms around my neck meanwhile her legs did the same on my waist. There was no denying it, I was madly in love with this woman and to be honest it scared me. If any self claimed sangoma would come and tell me that she used some love potion for me, I think I'd believe it because I've never loved someone in such a short period of time. I would believe it if I didn't know the type of person Aphindiwe was but I knew the young woman I was holding in my arms would never do that.

I was getting all sorts of crazy ideas just to

keep her with me and these ideas included visiting Andrew and warning him for the last time. He was prohibited from playing on this field but I heeded he didn't understand that so it was high time I paid him a personal visit.

166 Entry

Khanyisa

I was laying on my bed, refusing to wake and get prepared for work. I was going to leave East London anyway, so nothing gave me the courage to get up and do something productive. Instead I laid here, thinking about my life which was now about to affect the happiness of others. I sighed, turning around to lay on my tummy.

Being from a family of such old-fashioned adults with people who just shut out your

personal feelings and opinions because you were a child to them was horrible, soul tiring. The pressure started when the last born wasekhaya got engaged, leaving me to be the only female left who still hasn't brought a boyfriend nor gave my family the hopes of ever getting married. I'm a recovering drug addict, been clean for close to six years now and honestly I believe my parents feared I'd only go back to being that person again. That was some high school nonsense and getting mixed with the wrong group, right now I was stable, working, had my own car but still was banned from leaving home and renting my own place. Parents really had no trust in me.

How rude of me, let me introduce myself. I am Khanyisa Precious Mgaba, 26 years old, born and raised in Butterworth, but spent most of my years in Mdantsane, a township in East London. For a living I was doing nothing either than a

trainer for Herbal Life and a member at the Forever Living company. I was more for an entrepreneur and never really had time to part take in a relationship since I was always on the road. I have a rough history, a history I've tried moving away from, and hadn't it been for my family I would have felt normal already. There's seven of us, three from outside the marriage and four from both my parents, and to my parents' luck, we all got along very well. Two males, five females. I was the only one left from the females, no promises of ever getting married, no boyfriend. I was not the black sheep of the family if you are wondering but because I once had a boyfriend who was involved in bad hobbies, I ended up joining, he died leaving me all alone trapped with the wrong crowd. Did things I entirely regret and escaped death twice. That wasn't how I planned my life but when I stepped on the grounds of East London, with the reason of getting education, I fell for the

wrong things instead. Dude had it figured and trapped a young naive teenage girl like me back then.

I turned and faced the other side when my mother peeped through the door of my room, I heard her sigh from where she was standing

"Hayi Khanyi awuphangelisi? (Aren't you going to work?)"

Did I mention that I was always on the road, driving, either from Butterworth to Queenstown, or to East London, or Mthatha, or to wherever the road took me.

Me: Hayi (no)

Mama: Khanyisa

I snorted before turning to look at her. Her hands were on her waist and a blank look on her face, Clearly bored by my sulking. She was 59 years of age, still beautiful and her body still standing strong.

Mama: Khavuke, khavuke (Wake up, just wake up)

She stormed over to the windows and opened the curtains

Me: Ndivuke and do what?

Mama: Something Khanyi. Awukwazi uhlala nje and do nothing mntanam, it's unlike you and it's starting to bother me. Now vuka and do something

Me: Kuhleli ndihamba nje in two months, so it's pointless

Mama: Two months is 91 days, lixsha elinintsi elo (that's a lot of time)

I looked at her she stood below my bed, staring back at me

Me: Can't I find myself a boyfriend?

Mama: You been saying lonto for the past three years

Me: Two. And it doesn't matter for how long, doesn't utata fear that maybe lamfana isn't whom he thinks he is

Mama: Utatakho uyabazi abantu bakwa Gabavu

(You father knows the Gabavu people)

Me: Ewe mama but he's got a girlfriend!

Mama: Sundi shouta (Don't shout at me)

I laid back on the bed about to pull the sheets over my bed when she pulled them first, throwing them on the floor

"Vuka! (Get up!)"

She exclaimed before leaving my room. I sat on my bed and thought of a way I could get my mind of things, I looked at my laptop for a while before pulling a face, that wasn't a good destruction. After sitting for a while and scanning my room for something to do I laid back and pulled my iPhone 6 from under my

pillow and rang Palesa, the one real friend I had
"Wifey."

Me: Ubuya nini nakulo Grahams? (When are you
returning from Grahams?)

Palesa: On Friday kaloku babe

Me: Can't it be earlier. My parents are getting on
my nerves sana. Like I literally can't breathe
without hearing a single of how I have to act

Palesa: It's getting worse.

Me: Now that they're selling me out

Palesa: Hayi chommie, they aren't selling you.
You and I both know Mamzo wouldn't do that.
They're just concerned nge happiness yakho.

Me: Was calling you a good idea kanene?

Palesa: (laughs) I feel sorry for whoever this
man is

Me: He's handsome.

Palesa: You told me that already

Me: Had to mention it twice

Palesa: Khaze eGrahams (Come to Grahams)

Me: When?!

Palesa: Fuck don't be so loud. Today

Me: Asoze! I'm tired of driving. No no no!

"Fine. Fine."

I laughed at her annoyance before we continued talking about my miserable life. I was miserable to tell you the honest truth but I was the type of person who never took anything seriously until it happened. It took me forever to see how some decisions would actually ruin my life, not until then I would relax. Ignorant was the best word my father would give me to describe this. After dwelling on my thoughts I decided I'd go to Grahams after all, just to ease my thinking, the one thing that bothered me, he had

someone he loved already.

I heard his family didn't quite love her but that wasn't my problem, it was something they could fix themselves and then call me to marry him when he's single, not to bring me in the picture of someone who is loving another already. I shook it off and took a quick bath before heading to the kitchen in a bathrobe. There was a covered bowl of oats, assuming it must be mine I took it and added some milk and sugar before heading to the lounge where my mother was glued to the parliament channel he had on

Me: Molweni Tata

Tata: Khanyi. Unjani? (How are you?)

Me: Good

He looked my way, lowering the volume of the tv

Tata: Everything alright?

Me: Not ncam (not quite)

He raised his eyebrows, an indication that he was waiting for me to tell him my problem, I sighed aware this isn't going to be easy

Me: Tata ndicela uzifunela ngokwam umyeni
(Father can I find my a husband by myself)

Tata: Khanyisa

With us black people, full name meant it was about to get nasty

"Yintoni lena ungayivayo eyoba lento siyenzela wena. Three months back you were a danger to yourself, wanxila and uyayazi lonto uba when done by you, ayikho right. (What don't you understand that whatever we're doing here we are doing for you. Three month back you were a danger to yourself, you got drunk and you know that when that's done by you it isn't alright)."

Me: But Tata...

Tata: Ingxaki yakho yilento yobane mali ungayazi uzoyenza ntoni, ngoku it'll be of good use xa unomyeni (Your problem is having money and not knowing what to do with it, now it'll be of good use when you have a husband)

Me: This is such a bad idea

Tata: Khanyisa

Me: Tata andifuni utshata (I don't want to get married)

Tata: Ngoba?

Me: Ngoba andifuni (Because I don't want)

Tata: Wrong answer.

I snorted already irritated by this. He was right I did have dreams of getting married but not like this. He moved closer to me where he was sitting and held my hands

"UPhathiswa did the exact same thing mntanam and jonga uba uphi ngoku, happily

married. Nakuwe this might seem like a nightmare now but it'll get through."

Phathiswa was the second last born, there was a man who had just come and said he wanted to marry her, she knew not off that guy, never seen him but apparently he's been watching her every move at church. She was one of the gilders at church so this mysterious man saw her then. She was furious, angry at my parents for months kodwa ngoku she's happily married yes, two years in her marriage and she has never been any happier. I didn't mention that from the five girls there was only four of us left now, my other sister got shot at a strike in Jhb and passed on.

Me: Andingo Phathiswa mna (I'm not Phathiswa)

Tata: Alright.

He moved away and returned to his seat, returning his attention to the television. Those

actions were clear enough to show that this conversation was terminated. My 62 year old father was a strict man but didn't say much, loathed arguing with children so instead he'd always let you go ahead with what you wanted to do, watched you from afar without saying a word but when he puts a stop to it, then it had to stop. I got up from the couch and rushed to the kitchen before I strangled that man in front of me. Look I had no problem with getting wedded to this man, but what worried me were the consequences of separating that man from the person he loved.

Dressed and ready, I wheeled my suitcase out of the house and placed it in the bonnet of my car. I sat in my Polo 1.0 TSI, fastened my seatbelt and searched my handbag for my sunglasses before backing out of the yard ready for the journey ahead.

Aphindiwe

A month had passed since the new born in the family. Mihle went to go see him almost every afternoon when he returned from work and it sort of worried me because that meant he spent those hours with Nomthandazo. It was a worry I never raised though, aware that my man would definitely freak out if he found out I still doubted him. Right now I was in the lounge, with my legs on top of his lap while he had his eyes focused on the news playing on the big screen of the television. It wasn't long since he has returned from Belville from dropping some things Nomtha wanted for the baby.

Me: What was it you wanted to talk to me about?

I asked when the English news came to an end. He extended his hand and took a slice of the pizza from Pizza Hut on the coffee table, he

leaned back and looked at me

Mihle: We discussing this kakuhle and we coming up with resolutions. Andifuni msindo (I don't want anger)

I nodded, nervous about what he was about to tell me

Mihle: UNomtha ufuna uzolala apha nge weekend (Nomtha wants to come sleep over for the weekend).

I laughed. Okay look you must be thinking that's sort of insane but what I was hearing was worse so I laughed. He narrowed his eyes at me, obviously annoyed by my childish participation in this conversation. He returned his gaze to the television and continued eating, I regained my serious self

Me: Sorry that caught me off guard. She wants to sleep here from what valid reason?

Mihle: She's bringing the baby

Me: Really? And you believe her uba she's only bringing the child?

Mihle: Yes because her being here doesn't mean she's here for me. Uzise umntana kum (she's bringing the child to me)

Me: And sleeping over!

He sighed, leaning back on the couch with his eyes closed

"Ndizoya eres akho worry (I'll go to res there's nothing to worry about)"

He snapped his eyes open quicker than one blinks

Me: I'm just giving you guys space

Mihle: Ingenaphi lento uyithethayo? (Where does that come in in this conversation?)

Me: Kulento yoba one, you guys will need space. Two, Nomtha seeing me here means y'all's weekend ruined, me in trouble with my family

and her returning here every time just to piss me off. So ndizohamba (I'll leave)

He looked at me for a long time before clearing his throat

"Ndizomjika (I'll tell her to turn back)"

Me: No don't. I guess you need the weekend

Mihle: Need the weekend? Zisukaphi ezizinto uzithethayo? (Where are all these you saying coming from?)

Me: My mouth.

He chuckled finding what I just funny. I removed my legs from his lap and placed the half eaten slice back on the pizza box

Me: Ndisayohlamba (I'm going to bath)

What annoyed me was how gullible he always was towards this woman, he knew her exact reason for coming, it wasn't this bullshit of bringing the child to him but who was I to say

anything right. I took a long, hot needed shower before I stepped out and found that he was not in bed yet, he was still at the lounge, his laptop on his lap. I stood there, leaning on the wall for God knows how long before he turned his head sensing that I've been looking at him Mihle: I hate that look on your face

Me: Ndicela ubuza is this how this relationship is going to be oko?

He furrowed his eyebrows before placing his laptop on the seat next to him, he stood up and took steps before he came to a halt next to the single couch and leaned against it

Mihle: Aphindiwe

Me: Could you answer me for once?

Mihle: Injani? (How is it?)

Me: Awuyiboni? (Don't you see it?)

Mihle: Hayi (no) enlighten me

He pushed his hands in his pockets and waited for me. I watched him for a while before turning on me my heel but stopped when he called my name, I stared back at him

"I'm waiting."

Me: Never mind

I was about to walk away when something in me actually provoked me to talk, I had to tell him

Me: In fact mind. You know what I see kule relationship that you don't see, is how you jump whenever Nomtha says something. Mihle ndiyalunywa, uyatsima. Mihle ndinentloko uyatsima (Mihle I've got cramps, you jump. Mihle I've got a headache you jump), Mihle this and that, you forever acting. Ngoba kutheni? (Why?)

Mihle: Because she was carrying my child and I wasn't going to risk losing this one too

Me: And now umntana ukhona. So why is she still using the baby as an excuse and why the fuck are you allowing her?!

Mihle: You need to watch your language Aphindiwe.

Me: No what I need to watch is how you're trapping into this relationship, preventing me from being with someone who won't have their ex in the picture because clearly you aren't over your precious Nomthandazo!

He raised his eyebrows at me, clenching his jaws. When he kept I assumed I was right because he would have told me I wasn't, at least he could have said something to stop me from thinking that way. I knew he always said something but with the silence I felt like he was actually confirming it

Me: I thought as much. I'm leaving for res ngomso.

I walked out of the lounge to the bedroom and I hoped he'd follow me but he didn't, I listened carefully to his footsteps but to my astonishment there weren't any. I slept before he came to bed, at something past 11 after having cracked my brain thinking of how much I feared that he actually did love her still.

I turned over and faced his side, to my surprise my bed side was empty but the pillow and blankets indicated that someone was sleeping here. I shut my eyes trying to endure the headache I had early in that morning before he walked in through the door, in his work pants and nothing on top. He didn't greet and I presumed we were still mad at each other, it has been long since we woke up to such tension, even when we've fought he made sure we spoke things through before going to bed. I got up, fixed the bed and went to take a quick

bath after seeing I had less than an hour to get ready. I returned to an empty bedroom and dug through my bag for a pair of black jeans, which I paired with my redbat t-shirt and converse. I fixed my weave, applied my make up and packed some of my clothes which were in the wardrobe. I cursed when I saw not all my clothes were going to fit in this small suitcase I had brought, I picked a couple and left the other. Packed my books, laptop bag and handbag then rushed to the kitchen to prepare myself a bowl of cereal. He was watching news, having a bowl of muesli, it was his favourite. I made a bowl of all bran and devoured it in the kitchen, I didn't want to go sit next to him in that lounge when the mood was this grumpy.

I wheeled my suitcase of his bedroom and found him in the lounge, holding his brown leather briefcase

Me: Ndicela undiphathise (Please help me carry

these)

If looks could kill, he would have been planning how to get rid of my body now. I rushed back to the bedroom to fetch my other bags, looked the door and found him in the car. We drove in silence so I decided to chat away on my phone since it was clear we both weren't going to say a word to each other. When we neared the campus he asked in his husky voice

"Unayo igrocery res? (Do you have groceries at res?)"

Me: No. Khange ndiyenze for two months, I've been at your place oko

Mihle: So uzotya ntoni? (So what are you going to eat?)

Me: I'll see.

He looked my way before turning focusing his eyes straight ahead of me. No morning kiss, no goodbye kiss when I left his car at the gate of

my residence. He drove off even more angry because I told him I was going to be alright with the luggage when clearly I wasn't because now I was standing at that gate, wondering how the fuck was I going to carry all these bags. Still contemplating whether to leave two at the security and rush inside to place the others, a girl walked up to me and smiled

"Need some help?"

Me: Please

She took my laptop bag and handbag and we walked through the gates, smiling at each other

Her: Ndingu Mandisa by the way. I've seen you in class

Me: You have?

Her: Yes. So usukaphi? (So where you coming from?)

Me: Home

Her Xhosa accent was bad, she didn't sound Xhosa nor did she look Xhosa, but she was fairly beautiful.

Her: (laughs) it's rare seeing someone come back when the weekend begins. Lol or you just have plans for the weekend.

Me: Can't do shit when you're home under the supervision of parents.

I lied for the second time in two minutes. I was becoming good at this lying thing. She nodded slightly, agreeing with me

"Well I wish home was this close."

Me: Where you from?

Her: Mpumalanga. I'm Swati

Me: Wow.

That explained her accent but her looks. As if she was reading my mind she explained

"My mother's Indian, my father's swati."

Me: Oh explains the hair and complexion.

She had the Pearl Thusi type of hair, that type which every girl wish they had. We dropped my things in my bedroom and I escorted her halfway to her bedroom before returning to mine and waiting for nine o'clock so I could attend my first session.

I attended my first two session and had a break at eleven, aware that none of my girls had free sessions at that time I dragged my feet to the library, deciding against going to my room because there I knew I'd sleep. I entered the library and scanned the room, looking for open spaces but saw there was none, instead hundreds of heads concentrating on the books in front of them. I was about to turn and leave when unfortunately I was stopped by a guy who was packing his bags, about to leave the seat vacant. I looked at the people I was going to sit between and hesitated for a while, not that I

was scared of guys but I felt it was better to intimidate girls than being intimidated. Knowing I have no choice, I made my way to the now vacant seat and smiled when the coloured guy looked at me, he copied my expression and looked at his books again. I pulled the seat and sat carefully, cautious not to make a sound. I pulled out my books, laptop and all equipment I'd need before I started working on something.

It was long enough having sat there when my phone vibrated against the table causing me to earn a couple of stares. I looked at the screen and rejected the call when I saw it was Luthando, I quietly text her on Whatsapp and found out she wanted to know about my whereabouts. It was a few minutes after texting her when she walked through the library with Kimberely and some very cute guy, they scanned around the room searching for me. I signalled by lifting my head up. Luthando was

about to make her way to me when Kim pulled her by the arm, stopping her and mouthed "come" to me instead. I shook my head telling them to come but felt defeated when she folded her arms over her chest and looked at me. I rolled my eyes while packing my bags then made my way to them

Me: What's so urgent?

I asked when we were outside the library

Kimberely: We leaving baby

Me: Where are we going?

I stopped, looking at them in awe

Luthando: Not ngoku maan kodwa sizohamba
(Not now man but we'll leave)

Me: Where we going?

The guy chuckled, looking at the phone in his hand

Kimberely: Can you just come. You'll hear when

we get to the car

She held my hand and dragged me, I walked besides her, my arm hooked around hers

Me: I thought you guys were in class

Luthando: I was, Kim not.

Me: Siyaphi? (Where are we going?)

Kimberely sighed rolling her eyes

"To the bloody gate!"

She exclaimed ignoring the stare I was giving her. I decided to stop with the questions and just follow them to the gate and to my surprise there was a bunch of males gathered around three cars. Okay I wasn't aware these girls knew the whole Cape Town male population. The guy we were walking with went over to the guys standing around the white GTI with opened doors, amongst the crowd I noticed that coloured guy who invited us over for drinks and

some drugs just right after I've met Kim and Thando.

Me: These are a lot of men

Luthando: We don't know all of them, just a couple who are friends and the rest of the crowd are their friends

Me: Why are we here again?

Luthando: To plan for Odwa's birthday celebration

Me: Who's Odwa?

Kimberely dragged me again like I was her puppet towards another GTI but this one was black

Kimberely: Xolisa where's O?

Someone peeped from the back of the way and I assumed he was you O. The three of us made our way to this guy and waited for him to finish his phone call while I took him in. If you know

the guy from the short film Andile noGugu, the guy who's now an actor ku Zabalaza then this was your guy, just a little darker and wuth beard but he looked so much like that scarred dude. He was well built, appeared like he worked out, your typical xhosa fuck boy.

Odwa: Girls

Kimberely: This was the girl we were talking about.

Odwa: Oh hello nono.

He took me in a tight hug before pulling back and smiling at me. Okay he was cute

"You good?"

Me: Ndiyaphila Akhonto Unjani wena? (I'm good thanks how are you?)

Odwa: I'm great. Aphindiwe right?

I nodded, taking his hand for a mere handshake

Kimberely: You couldn't wait until I did the

introduction

Odwa: You left me with her name though skat

She rolled her eyes, what she did best

Odwa: Zikuxelele ezi girls why we here? (Did these girls tell you why we here?)

Me: Your birthday celebration

Odwa: Yeah but asikahambi ngoku. We just wanted to know sibangaphi

Me: Okay.

Odwa: Where's uMihlali?

Luthando: She said she was in class last time I checked

Two guys joined us where we were standing

Odwa: Uyahamba? (Is she coming with?)

Luthando: Count her in. You know uMimi unjani

Kimberely: So how long are we staying O?

Odwa: We returning tomorrow late

"And Kim you guys better be ready when we pop by to fetch y'all."

Luthando: Thanks for warming her kwa early Banele

We left the guys and made our way back to the campus after finalizing everything, from a distance we watched them drive their cars

Me: That's a bunch.

Luthando: Four of them aren't coming with us though, they have a soccer tournament in Durban.

Me: And the Odwa guy, he must have liked one of you

They both laughed

Kimberely: Not at all. We just attended the same course but he left behind because of the second year I failed dismal. So he's already

working

Me: A paramedic

Kimberely: Yep then Xolisa is his cousin brother

Me: Okay.

Luthando: You look like you want to say something

Me: I do. This birthday celebration, iphi? (Where is it?)

Luthando: Knysna

Me: How far is it from here?

Kimberely: Does it matter?

Me: Yes it does. Had an argument with my man and he's mad at me

Kimberely: So?

Me: I don't think it's okay leaving him in that state

Luthando: What happened this time?

Me: Long story

Kimberely: So you're scared he'll come looking for you here and you won't be around

Me: Yes

Kimberely: Then text him

Me: When?!

She laughed, shaking her head at me as we ascended the staircase

"Now baby."

Me: I can't. If I text him now then I'm not seeing Knysna

Luthando: So uzothini? (So what are you going to do?)

Me: Text him on the way

Kimberely: And please do mention that he must not come and fetch you because I know he's capable of doing that

Me: (laughs) and he sure would

We made way to the cafeteria where we bought some snacks and found ourselves seats, chatting about this trip we were having in a couple of hours. My lecture that was from 11 to 12 was already half way

through and I cringed when I noticed I missed it but decided I'd ask Mihlali since surprisingly she was in class. I took note of the time only because Mihle was mad at me, I expected him to pull through at five minutes past 12 but presumed he wouldn't come see me at all when the time was striking twenty-five to one. It was something close to ten to when my phone rang, his name flashing on the screen

Me: Hello

Mihle: I'm outside your campus

Me: I'm coming

I actually wanted to say "so" or "ndithini

kengoku mna" but I knew that would be very childish. I was actually annoyed that he'd come only when there was ten minutes left of his lunch hour, where was he this whole time?

Me: I'll be back

Kimberely: We coming with you in case he strangles you

Me: He's not violent.

Kimberely: We not taking chances

I loved this girl, no matter how crazy she was she actually was the best. We found Mihle's car parked outside the yard as usual, I gave my girls my bags and walked over to the car and right when I neared the vehicle he opened the door and stepped out.

Me: Hey.

Mihle: I bought you some grocery, I don't know if these things will be enough

Me: You did?

I couldn't help but smile, this was one of the most thoughtful things any person has ever done for me

Me: Can you drive me to eres, I'll be a little far xa ndilapha

He nodded, opening his door

Me: Girls let's go.

We climbed into the car and two minutes later parked in front of my residence. Loot and Kim helped me off load the plastics and stepped aside, giving Mihle and I some space

Me: Thank you.

Mihle: By buying these I don't mean I'm letting this go. I might be here at five ndizokulanda (to fetch you

I nodded only hoping he wouldn't come. He held my face by my chin and planted a kiss on my

lips then another on my forehead.

I walked over to my girls blushing like crazy, and I couldn't contain my smile as we made way to my room. Inside we unpacked the plastics and I was shocked by the amount of snack he actually bought me - ice cream, chocolates, chips, sweets, biscuits and another tub of ice cream.

Kimberely: And you've got a little note

Me: What does it say?

It was a small paper, one of those office papers that came in different colours where one could write notes and hang them on the calendar

"I'm still mad at you "

I held the paper against my heart and looked at my girls while I was pretty sure I was done cracking from blushing this much. To be honest with you, I felt like the luckiest girl in th I entire world.

167 Entry

Aphindiwe

The reflection that stood in front of me was not satisfying enough, I was changing for the fourth time now, trying to find the right outfit for my first trip to Knysna. I kept on glancing at my phone for two reasons - Mihle calling and telling me he's outside, Kim calling and informing me that they're outside. The first I was hoping doesn't happen for many reasons, the ultimate being how I didn't want to spend the whole weekend under the same roof with Nomtha. I didn't hate her, never would but I understood that she didn't want me at all which was fair enough. I removed my jeans and threw them on the bed before grabbing my navy Adidas leggings, paired those with the white vest I was

wearing already, my silk material pink jacket and my white Adidas Stan Smith. I examined my reflection and groaned when I realized I still didn't feel appealing. I took off the jacket and replaced it with the navy fluffy jacket instead, maybe if I stepped away from this mirror I wouldn't doubt what I was wearing. I quickly rechecked that my Bella cosmetic bag had everything I'd need for tomorrow, including the clothes I packed for changing. I applied my nude lipstick and was about to feel comfortable on the bed when my phone vibrated, an unknown number popping on the screen

Me: Hello?

"We outside!."

The guy said loud enough for me to hear him over the music that was blasting from the speakers. I grabbed my handbag and Bella cosmetic bag, locked the door and descended the stairs unable to contain my excitement. I

enjoyed traveling, exploring new places I knew not off especially if I knew the road trip would be extremely fun that I would want to repeat. This was a good way to mentally freshen up for the exams which were to start in less than a month. I made my way to the GTI that parked outside our campus, Kimberley was standing near the car with O dressed in black leggings, an olive green jacket and white Nike Roshe. I've questioned her about the obsession she had over leggings and I learned that she thought they were more comfortable than jeans and brought out a better shape of her than jeans.

Me: Guys

Odwa turned and looked at me smiling, stepping on the cigarette butt he just threw on the ground

Odwa: You riding with me right?

Kimberley: Me and Phindi both

He nodded, extended his hand to take my bags

Odwa: Handbag uzoyifuna? (Will you need your handbag?)

Me: I feel it's better if I have it with me

He took the other bag and placed it in the bonnet. I opened the back door and found Luthando brushing her weave

Me: Loot.

Luthando: Hello baby.

Me: You couldn't get ready in time

Kimberley: No she couldn't. Can you believe she's the one late this time?

Kim questioned as she sat on the front seat, buckling her seatbelt. Odwa stepped in too and repeated her action, he searched his pockets and took out infinity gums, he halved one and turned on the engine of his car. We drove for about fifteen minutes before we came to a halt

in front of some yard and stepped out and the first thing I noticed was the black GTI that was drove by the other guy yesterday. There was also a red Renault Clio that was being polished on the inside by some guy. We followed after Odwa and we stepped into the crowded house, the smell of strawberry flavour from hubbly bubbly mixed with fragrances filled the air. Certain pairs of eyes gazed our way when we walked into the lounge

"Nanku Mr Party! (Here's Mr Party!)"

One of the girls shouted in a squeaky voice

Odwa: We here. Niready?(Are y'all ready?)

Xolisa: Yes. Zuko brah khaw'cleane loHookey pipe (Zuko dude clean that hookey pipe)

I didn't notice Mihlali amongst the crowd until she came towards us smiling at Kimberley. I turned to Loot and sighed

Luthando: Awufuni siyoma phandle? (Don't you

want us to go stand outside?)

Me: Please

We were about to leave when Odwa gently held my wrist and looked at us curiously

"Niyaphi? (Where are you going?)"

Me: Outside. Sonimela khona (we'll wait there for y'all)

He nodded, slightly letting go off my wrist. I had to remind him that he was still holding me because his concentration was on his cell phone. Luthando and I walked outside and I actually breathed out a huge sigh of relief when the fresh air found my nostrils. she was searching her handbag for something

Me: Do you know how many girls we leaving with?

Luthando: No but what I do know is most people here are couples.

Me: Really?!

Luthando: Yes. And there's this other guy I want

She stopped searching in her bag and bit her lower lip looking at me

Me: Uphi? (Where is he?) Okay wait, who is he?

Luthando: Tyson is his name. Some darkie, you'll see him.

Me: And he doesn't have a girlfriend?

She rolled her eyes and that on its own meant something, I giggled already excited to see this guy. She took out her make up bag and asked me to hold it while she searched through it and applied a blood red lipstick, she checked herself on the mirror before she threw everything back in her bag and zipped it close. Three girls walked out laughing and talking on the top of their lungs, two were in heels and from the way they dressed they must be best friends and have planned their outfits. I felt a hand touch

my waist and was about to jump when Odwa's hot breathe finned my ear

"Usahamba nam mos wena? (You're still riding with me right?)"

I turned and smiled at him, I stood on my tippy toes so I could reach his ear

Me: If Kim is still riding with us as well

He chuckled, nodding

Me: Loot

Luthando notched the side of my tummy causing me to almost snap at her but stopped when her eyes indicated I look at a certain direction. I stood straight trying to avoid the pain coming from my ribs and took in this guy she wanted so badly - he was dark, had small eyes, beard game was fleek. Broad built, tall and exactly what all dark guys should look like. I smiled to myself, approving the appearance, I understood what she was fusing about.

Kimberley came out walking with that coloured guy whose name I have totally forgotten, her accent was even more attractive now that she was talking to someone of her kind. As funny as this may sound, I found their accent to be the best amongst a lot.

The previous day I was told four guys weren't coming with us, however that day it felt like four times four was added, the crowd had multiplied in great numbers.

Xolisa: Simele ntoni ngoku? (What are we waiting for now?)

Odwa: Okay guys look, we riding five, five, four

One girl jumped in front of Odwa holding his Markhams t-shirt

"And I'm riding with you Mr Party."

He smiled at her before he passed his gaze to Kim and I swear I saw them talking with their eyes

Kimberley: We riding with Odwa right?

Me: Yeah but we need to get one thing straight.

Kimberley: Wat? (What?)

Me: You're not setting me up with the guy

She laughed hard enough to distract the people from talking about who was riding with who.

She then dragged me out of the crowd still caught in the fits of giggles

Me: What?

Kimberley: Look baby (giggles) I wouldn't do that. I know how much you love Miles and I'm not the friend to sabotage your relationship. Odwa asked to ride with us and that's that, whatever he's planning ek weet niks van (I know nothing about). And whatever happens between the two of y'all is up to you guys, y'all are adults after all.

Me: Okay thought you knew something

Kimberley: He hasn't given me the idea babe
I took her arm and hooked it around mine and we returned to the group. I found out that myself, Kim, Odwa and this girl were riding in his car. My concern laid on Loot but actually flushed it when I saw she was actually unbothered not sharing a car with us. If I didn't know better I'd say Kim actually liked Odwa because from the minute Afikile, the girl, exclaimed from excitement that she'd be riding in the front, Kim had been pulling faces every time she talks, and I had to fight the urge of laughing. We stopped at a couple of garages, filling tanks, grabbing snacks before we drove into Knysna with undying excitement. The time was nearing seven in the evening as the cars parked at the beach side just so we could get an hour to ourselves before heading to the B&B. My mind was lingering on the fact that Mihle hadn't contacted me since, nor had he read his

Whatsapp messages and what seemed to bother me more was knowing he was with another woman in the house. I cautiously stepped away from the stone I was standing on and made my way to the pavement to make a quick call. His phone rang a couple of times prior to his husky voice sending shivers down my spine

Me: Hey. Unjani? (How are you?)

Mihle: I'm good Unjani wena? (I'm good how are you?)

His voice was deeper indicating that he had just woken up from sleep

Me: Ulele? (You're sleeping?)

Mihle: I was before you woke me up

Me: I miss you

He yawned before addressing me again

"Then let me come fetch you."

Me: No. Awunokwazi and we both know that

Mihle: Uphi? (Where are you?)

Me: Mheh?

Mihle: I can hear you're not indoors so uphi?

There was no way I was telling him I was far in Knysna because that would mean goodbye birthday party and I couldn't miss out on this, it was fun already.

Me: At the beach with the girls

Mihle: You guys need to leave apho, for safety reasons.

Me: We will soon

Mihle: Text me xa usendlini so I can call you

Me: Okay.

I nodded while saying that wishing he was actually staring at me with those eyes. I was about to ask if he was alone when I heard the

cry of a baby from afar then it seemed to be getting nearer. I felt my irritation grow because I was hoping she hadn't made it there

Me: I gotta go ke

Mihle: Text me when you back at your place

Me: I will Fhaku.

Mihle: I love you

My heart did that flipping thingy it did every time he said those words to me

Me: Ndikuthanda nam (I love you too).

He blew me a kiss then hung up, I stood there smiling to myself as I listened to my gut and felt that it was actually calm this time around. You might call me crazy but my gut feeling never failed me, not even when my mother passed on, for some reason when I received a call that I should come home, I knew it before I left Bloemfontein that my mother was in trouble. I

turned around and almost hit my face on Odwa's beer but he was quick at removing it from the way

Odwa: Yheyi!

Me: That was close

Odwa: I just came to check up on you. It's been a while ume apha (You standing here). You okay?

Me: Was just on a phone call

Odwa: Tatekhaya? (Man of the house?)

Me:(giggles) Ewe, ebesithi goodnight (Yes, he was saying goodnight)

He checked his wristwatch before landing his eyes on me again

"I might seem like I worry but you're my guest so your safety and comfort is my priority."

Me: Well ndiseright bhuti (well I'm still alright)

He flashed that smile which screamed 'fuckboy' from a distance and nodded

Odwa: So how long have you been with utatekhaya?

We took about fifteen minutes to get to the crowd which was only thirty seconds away from us, only because as we spoke we'd take one step and stop. He was a good listener because that whole ten to fifteen minutes I did most of the talking and he listened, making comments here and there. Our conversation would have been longer but Afikile came rushing towards us and jumped on Odwa's back, I rolled my eyes, finally understanding where Kim's annoyance came from, she was trying too hard. I walked away from them when he started attempting to get her off his back between laughs and giggles

Luthando: Ubuphi? (Where were you?)

Me: Making a phone call to my man.

Kimberley: Forgot you married.

Mihlali: Yooh ayayinyamezela into (Yooh you endure a lot). Reporting every time you step outside.

Me: Not that I mind

Mihlali: I'd say that too if he was blessing me financially like your man's doing.

Me: Intoni? (What?)

Kimberley: Now you're back to being your stupid self

Mihlali: Haibo what?! I mean these things happen. You're not the first to date a thug and get showered nge mali but you must know though, you don't leave such relationships. It's a ride or die type of a thing.

Me: Mihle is no thug

Mihlali: I would believe that if I were you nam

Me: Just because you fly out to Durban just to

ride fossil dicks doesn't mean everyone flexing is actually stooping low to your level. We have parents who know they have children.

Her jaw dropped to the ground and I heard Kimberley stifle a giggle prior to making a comment before I turned away, leaving them in that small circle

Me: Odwa don't we have a B&B to find! Kukho izinto esele zindidika ngale beach (there are things which are already annoying me about this beach

I hissed when Kimberley smacked my butt and threw her arm over my shoulder

Kimberley: Remind me never to call your man a thug

Me: (giggles) Don't be silly. That girl really gets on my nerves.

Kimberley: And you actually had a come back today

She pulled me in and kissed my cheek

"Good girl."

Me: She should watch her mouth because if I was violent I would've threw her in this beach.

Kimberley: And I would help you pick her up, she's a little too thick for you to carry her all by yourself.

I smiled shaking my head as we made our way to Odwa's ride. We found him inside the car having a conversation over the phone with a girl, I knew this because: one, the level and tone of his voice, two his facial expression sold it. We followed after the red Clio because apparently the guy driving had a GPS and was familiar with Knysna better than the rest of us. We arrived at Paradise Found and to my amusement it was a beautiful place, we occupied four bedrooms which were all on the same side of the this place. The first room we entered, by we I mean

me and my girls adding another girl who's name I had not picked at the moment, was furnished with two beds, a single and a double. Every furniture piece actually matched the Brown and cream white colour of the walls. The bedding was a Brown and beige, a beautiful mat laid out on the floor, a Samsung flat screen hanging from the wall and there were two wooden chairs with orange cushions. Kimberley threw herself on the bed, already feeling at home. I sipped on the perfectly dashed Hennessy that half-filled the glass I was holding

Me: What's behind those curtains?

Luthando threw the curtains open and my mouth dropped from the view. Through the sliding was a balcony with a round table and four chairs but that's not what caught my eye but the river that came in view from where we were standing.

Luthando: This is awesome. Kim come see!

Kimberley grinned immediately when she stepped outside, spreading her arms as the wind blew her hair all over the place

Kimberley: We having a braai right there before we leave

Me: Sounds like a plan

Kimberley: Let me find Odwa and tell before that little leech gets to him first

She walked back into the room, leaving me at the balcony with Loot and the other girl

"I assume the leech is Afikile."

The girl said in a soft voice, I always thought I had a low voice but she sounded like she was whispering

Me: Yes

She giggled, her smile not leaving her face

"Uyadika nyani when Odwa is around."

Me: Is she your friend?

"Long story. I'm Yona by the way. uLoot noKim abasasi introduce ngoku (Loot and Kim don't do the introductions now.)"

Luthando: You guys haven't met yet?

Me: We just did now. Ndingu Aphindiwe

She nodded her head before she took a long sip from the Flying Fish she was drinking

Yona: This calls for a smoke

I stood in silence with Loot who was busy on her phone, already comfortably sitting on one of those chairs before remembering that I had promised to call Mihle, at least I was under a roof noba yayingeyo yam to be precise. I walked into the room and sat on the wooden chair, with the cushion between my legs

Mihle: I'll call you

Me: Oka...

He hung before I could finish my response to him. My thought was maybe he had to give undivided attention to the baby who was crying in the background. I was about to stand from the chair which was uncomfortably painning my butt out when my phone vibrated in my hand

Me: Fhaku

Mihle: Mambhele, useright? (Are you still alright?)

Me: More than ever. Wenzani? (What are doing?)

Mihle: Just finished helping Nomtha get this little man at peace

Me: What's wrong with him?

Mihle: Ebegqityo hlanjwa (He just finished taking a bath)

Our conversation continued and I had to shush everybody who walked through that door talking, especially the guys but unfortunately I was

unable to keep Kim down for too long. So I ended up lying telling him I was at Kims instead. He asked about the grocery for the second time, his worry was if I liked it and if ever there was anything he didn't buy and nope, as far as I remembered everything I needed was purchased. After a good long hour with a couple of minutes we ended the call, I was alone in the room, everybody had left but I could still hear their laughters from the other room. I threw my phone on the bed and stormed out only to meet Odwa and Luthando down the hallway, making their way towards me

Me: Niyaphi? (Where are you guys going?)

Luthando: We were on our way to fetch you

Me: Where we going?

Odwa: To buy a couple of stuff we'll need then head to the beach for a braai

Me: Then let's go

I passed through them but stopped when Odwa held my wrist

"You'll need your bikinis."

Me: We swimming?!

I exclaimed, you had to understand my panic I didn't grow around an area with a beach, wasn't so familiar with one, I hated swimming so you can imagine my reaction

Luthando: Yes

She said that while making her way to the bedroom, I stood put on that place looking at Odwa who was staring back at me. He touched my chin and smiled

Odwa: You don't have to if awufuni.

I sighed, plastering a smile on my face

Me: You're a life saver

Odwa: But do wear the bikini

The smirk on his face caused me to smack his arm, he laughed stepping away from me. We both walked into the room and I threw in my bikinis in the bag Loot was packing, she had bikinis and some towels there. We left the B&B and went to the nearest place where we could get more alcohol because we had enough meat and charcoal already. After a long drive of getting lost we finally found one of these places where we could get alcohol, a place that was a little out of town. We bought enough booze, what we'd need for the night then headed back to the beach. The boys gave us some space to change into bikinis and the weather allowed our attire only if you weren't fully warm blooded. They were setting the braaing stand and marinating the meat when myself and a couple of girls made our way to them. I had dressed in a yellow full swimwear then added my leggings on top, not because I was insecure but because of the fear of getting cold. We gathered in a

circle drinking and chatting, honestly the vibe was refreshing and nothing like I had expected.

After what seemed like hours of standing and running on the sand playing with the beach ball one of the girls brought we were called for meat. Pork was my favourite so you can imagine how much I devoured it, only in small pieces though. Some people from the crowd were already wet from jumping in and out of the beach while some of us sat back and watched. Kimberley came running towards me trying to keep her wet hair in place

"You still don't want to join us?"

Me: No and stop asking

She sat next to me on the sand, panting

Kimberley: Damn but it's cold

Me: Because you're wet Kim.

She pushed her feet in the sand, while we watched the others playing and laughing

Me: This is a chilled vibe, I'd get used to this honestly. Not always grinding on each other in clubs, sweating amongst crowd

Kimberley: This is a good vibe because we got a good crowd

I nodded in agreement. She pushed herself up from the sand and extended her hand to me

Me: Yintoni? (What?)

She gave me a bored face

Kimberley: Everything on this earth. You're sitting here all alone while we there. Odwa's worried that you're actually not enjoying yourself

Me: (laughs) I have a feeling you're lying

She tried keeping a straight face but failed

"Okay fine you got me but just come!"

Me: You need stop making all these comments about Odwa just to get me to do something

Kimberley: Could you not ignore what I said to you

Me: Fine but andingeni manzini Kim (I'm not getting in the water Kim)

Kimberley: Come again

I kept quiet, not willing to repeat myself. I took her hand in mine and she pulled me up. We walked toward the crowd before I stopped when the water touched my feet, she ran into the water. I took in the crowd in front of and actually smiled when I saw Luthando talking to the Tyson guy. From where I was standing it appeared like a friendly conversation but at least they were talking. One of the guys threw me and another lady with water as he made his way out of the water, we both screamed stepping away. He shouted along the lines of us

not wanting to swim so he had to do that before jogging towards the parking lot. Tyson, Odwa and Luthando stepped out of the water and I couldn't help but hold my breath from how hot these men actually were. Their bodies in shorts and nothing on top were enough to make girls drool over them, as for me I only watched innocently, knowing I had a man who did better than them. Luthando scooped a handful of water and threw it in my direction, I shut my eyes as the water connected with my face

Luthando: Get in the damn water!

Me: Sudika!

I attempted drying my face but got more wet instead when O ran his wet hand gently down my face, I stepped back but missed a step. I hissed when my butt connected with the ground and was about to throw swearing words at Odwa but stopped when I took in his face, with

that smile it was hard to get mad at this guy. He pulled me up chuckling because I told him I was mad at him

Odwa: Can you at least get in the water?

Me: No

Odwa: Ndiyakucela (I beg yoy)

Me: Hayi O! (No Odwa!)

He tilted his head to the side and looked at me, I waited for him to say something but he shocked me when he took a step back and examined my body

"What?"

Odwa: Do you love your tights?

Me: They're called leggings and ewe

Odwa: Then you might want to remove them

I furrowed my eyebrows not followed

Me: Ngoba? (Because?)

Odwa: Because sea water does destroy some fabrics

My mouth hung open as it sank in and I again started taking steps backwards

Me: You wouldn't dare Odwa

He ran towards me and had his arms around my waist before my fat self could even run

"Odwa hayi! Oodwa!"

He was laughing as he struggled picking me from the ground, I was kicking my feet and actually not finding this funny at all. Once he felt I was in a perfect position he made his way to the beach and I continued struggling in his arms. I felt some water splash on me and actually hoped it was the sea water already but when I opened my eyes disappointment hit me when I realized we were still at the surface and someone was throwing water at us. I continued screaming, literally begging him not to and he

stopped but way too deep for me

Odwa: I'll place you down

Me: Odwa ungakhe ulinge! (Odwa don't you dare)

He chuckled as he began to lower me, I dug my nails on his arms scared to death about being dropped in there with those big waves making their way towards us

Me: Odwa ndiyak'cela (Odwa please)

Odwa: P look it's not too deep and I won't let you drown. I'm placing you gently...

"Andifuni nobekwa (I don't even want to be placed). Take me back!"

And just when I thought my threats actually worked he placed me, the water reaching right under my breast. Look I actually felt like I was drowning already, I couldn't breathe properly and what annoyed me the most was how entertaining this was for the rest of the people.

Seeing that he wasn't going to take me out I began walking towards the surface but two steps and my back was against his chest

"Jonga (look)"

Me: Odwa could you fucken let me go! This isn't funny anymore

Odwa: I don't want it to be nam

Me: Then let me go toro!

He began walking with me to the surface and I avoided looking at him when we reached the sand. He turned me around and stared at me

Me: Can I go back to the B&B nafuthi.

I know this sounded like a question but it was more of a command but I think it went in on one ear and came out the other.

Odwa: You're blowing this out of proportion. I wasn't going to let you drown

Me: I told you I hate amanzi

Odwa: I'm sorry ke.

Me: Mxm, ndicela uhamba (can I go?)

He stepped close and I remained put but turned me head to face the other way, this guy was beginning to irritate me. He placed his hands on my shoulders and sighed

"Jonga ixolo. Didn't think this was going to affect you this much, I'm sorry."

I kept quiet

Odwa: Can you at least say something?

I eventually looked at him and was about to step back because of how close he was but my heart almost jumped out my chest when he cupped my face and his gaze lingered on my lips way longer than it should have. He smiled then planted a kiss on my cheek

"Do you forgive me?"

I nodded still a little astonished from this

contact we were having. He nodded still smiling and I unaware let out a soft sigh when he released my face. I might have been half drunk already but I wasn't too drunk to feel it was not okay to have him touch me that way, to make me feel at edge like he did.

168 Entry

Nomthando

Even though I spent my night in the spare room I definitely woke up on the right side of the bed. I felt like things were falling back into place, how Mihle rushed in this bedroom three times when he heard the baby crying and stayed up with me until he was awake. I groaned and turned over to a sleeping Simlindile, he looked peaceful like he didn't bother us the whole night. I pushed myself off the bed and wore my

sleepers before dragging myself out of that bedroom to the toilet. I rinsed my mouth at the bathroom and followed my steps which took me straight to the second bedroom in this house. Careful not to make a noise, I pushed the door open and on that double bed laid the man of my dreams, he still was even after everything he has put me through. I walked in and tucked myself under the blankets next to him causing him to shoot his eyes open and glare at me

Me: Uxolo

I whispered, feeling the guilt creep in that I had woke him. He shut his eyes and open them again, the morning sleep still clear on them

Mihle: Wenzani apha? (What are you doing here?)

Me: Came to see if you're awake

Mihle: Uphi uSim? (Where's Sim?)

Me: Sleeping.

He nodded closing his eyes again. I found my chance and ran my hand on his abs, he sighed loudly still with his eyes closed. He only grabbed my hand when it made contact with the waist of his underwear

"Don't."

Me: I want to

I attempted pushing my hand further but his grip which tightened on my wrist made me stop trying. I kept my eyes on his and what killed me was how much I saw that he wanted this but something was stopping him, probably that witch. He pushed away the covers and sat on the bed, his back on me. I watched him carefully as he pressed away on his phone before he placed it on the bed and stood up

Me: Ungazolala (You can come back to sleep), I'll leave.

Mihle: I have to go to soccer practice anyway.

His voice was still deep from sleep, making all my hairs stand from satisfaction. He walked out of the bathroom and back inside after a minute, I took in his figure and swallowed hard, my sex drive was up way too high and I missed having my body panting under him. I was about to talk when he cut me

"You need to move, ndifuna ulungisa ibhedi (I want to fix the bed)"

Me: Can you spare me a couple of minutes? I miss it.

Mihle: I share it with someone else
Nomthandazo

The pain that caused in my chest. Instead of throwing back the same words I swallowed the lump and remained calm, I knew nothing caught his attention like a woman who watched her tongue

"It's okay. I just want to lay on it. What's important is that I once laid on it too."

I stared at me through narrowed eyes for a good ten seconds before he threw on a loose vest to match with the baggy grey sweatpants he was wearing already. I smiled to myself as I tried hiding the disgust that she probably slept this side when she was here, that made me move over to where he was sleeping a while ago. I was left in the bedroom for something over twenty minutes before I heard my baby crying, I instantly jumped out of the bed and rushed to the other room. He was awake and weeping for attention because when I took him in my arms his cry eased. I grabbed his bottle and took it to the kitchen where Mihle was standing in front of the stove, preparing his favourite breakfast, anything with bacon was his favourite. He glanced my way before dropping his eyes to his son and a smile made

its way on his face. He turned down the heat of the stove and walked over to us, I was aware his beautiful was caused by the little man I was holding so I extended my arms and gave him the infant. He was careful and gentle while taking him in my arms, my heart actually grinned from seeing them together like this

Me: Anafana (You look so much alike)

Mihle: It's not often that someone sees his resemblance on another but ndiyayibona nam (I see it as well)

I moved closer and held his bicep, helping him watch our son who was staring at his father like something was going through his mind

Me: Ingathi uzothetha (it looks like he'll talk)

Mihle chuckled passing me a half smile, I absentmindedly pressed my lips against his arm and only pulled back when I felt his eyes on me. He was giving me a look I couldn't read, one

that made it impossible for me to actually see how he felt about my sudden affection

"Let me prepare bathing him."

Mihle: Ndizobe ndilungisa ibreakfast (I'll be preparing breakfast)

Me: Could you wash those bottles for me.

He looked over his shoulder and nodded before I stepped out of the kitchen to the bedroom. It took me a couple of minutes to get the bedroom clean then gather what I'd need to give Sim a quick bath. He was a month and four days old, still quiet tiny but the situation was a little better now because I could hold him, when he was still young and prior to dropping inkaba, my mother did the whole parenting thing. I sat on the mat with his washing basin between my legs, there was a bar heater in the room just to keep the temperature at its best. I finished bathing him and laid him across the bed, I was

only half way through with dressing him when my phone rang averting my attention from this little man. I reached for it and smiled when I saw 'My Mother' appear on the screen

"Mama."

Mama: Nomtha, uright?

Me: I'm good ma wena?

Mama: Ndiright. UnjAni uLakhe, akahluphi? (I'm alright. How's Lakhe, isn't he troubling you?

Lakhe was the name my father gave him, the name we used at home. They were aware about Simlindile but my father didn't want it being used under his roof, something culture and respect.

Me: He's behaving actually but izolo ukhe wahlupha, wakhala a while (but yesterday he troubled us, cried a while)

Mama: Oh I hope niyamhoya umntana

Nomthandazo (Oh I hope you're taking of that child)

The worry in her voice didn't go unheard

Me: Ewe mama, simhoyile (Yes mama, we're taking care of him.)

There were familiar voices on the other side of the line before she got back to me

"Bendifuna ukuza apho kodwa uSivuyisiwe wandicela ndingenzi instead kuze yena (I wanted to come there but Sivuyisiwe begged and asked that she comes instead)."

Me: Okay. I'll let Mihle know. Ndicela ugqibezela uhlamba umntanam kengoku (Can I finish bathing my child then)

Mama: Alright sisi. Bye

I finished dressing my baby and clearing the room, I was about to leave the bathroom when Mihle brought me a bottle with baby milk.

Yesterday I taught him in the kitchen how to do
meanwhile I was trying to keep his son's
weeping a little low. I had breastfed Sim but
only for three weeks and stopped, then after
then I gave him bottle milk. It was hard when he
started, clearly not enjoying it but within this
two weeks he has been drinking it he's eased.
He found a place next to me in bed and handed
me the bottle

Mihle: Ndizohamba apha emini (I'll leave this
afternoon)

Me: Where to, soccer practice?

Mihle: Yes and have a short meeting with
Andrew

Me: By five uzobe ubuyile mos? (By five you'll be
back right?)

Mihle: I hope so.

He touched the baby's forehead and smiled
while making his way to place his lips on the

new born's head before he got up and squeezed my shoulder

"I'll be taking a shower. Breakfast is ready.

Me: Okay

He left the room and I remained there content that at least we had a civil relationship going, and I knew better than to push it, he was trying and to have him soften up was if I noticed that and not push him away. After the bottle ran empty I made him burp then made plans on getting him to sleep which worked. I left the heater on in that room and the door half closed as I made my way to the kitchen to enjoy the breakfast. Mihle trailed in the kitchen wearing track shorts, a black t-shirt and Nike training shoes

Me: Sivu will be coming here okay.

Mihle: Sure. Ulele uSimlindile? (Is Simlindile sleeping?)

Me: Ewe

His cologne had already filled the kitchen from the second he walked in. Right now I was taking his figure from where he was standing, in front of the fridge

"Ungapheke (Don't cook)"

Me: Could you bring something less meaty.

He turned to me with an eyebrow raised

Mihle: And what's that?

Me: Anything. Pizza preferably

He closed the fridge and stepped away

holding an apple and water. He placed them on the counter before returning to his bedroom and returned with his sport bag, the time was only nearing half eleven

Me: You're leaving already?

Mihle: Benditshilo nje (I did say)

Me: It's only past eleven nje.

A small smile made its way to his face as he shook his head

"You haven't changed a bit, half past uyafana no12 (half past is the same as 12)"

Me: No it's not

I pushed myself off the chair and walked over to him, just like always I stood in front of him and fixed his t-shirt where I saw it needed my touch. He was busy typing on his phone making it impossible for me to step any closer

Mihle: I'll see you ubuya kwam (when I come back)

Me: Ungahlali (don't stay away for too long)

Mihle: You said Sivu was coming around so uzoba necompany

Me: But still

Mihle: Ha.a yeka utefa

He grabbed his bag while I helped him with the bottle and apple then walked him to his car as per usual. I leaned on the window like I would every time back then if I were not on the passenger seat next to him

Me: Bye then

He nodded reversing his vehicle from the driveway. I stepped back into the house and finished off my breakfast, cleaned the house then prepared to bath. I only hoped tomorrow wouldn't come because it was to cut short my visit and I was still longing for this man's presence even after having spent over 24 hours with him.

Mihle

I had a cool and slow drive to the field since I was early, I needed the time from away that

house because my mind was all over the place with Nomthandazo around. I kept on wondering the hundred ifs and how things would have worked out. I was aware this was caused by the pressure of wanting to be a father to my son, it had nothing to do with her, I was grateful of the woman I was currently loving. I was nearing the soccer field when I dialled Phindi's number and waited for her to pick up

"Baby."

Me: Mambhele. UnjAni? (How are you?)

Aphindiwe: Good Fhaku how are you?

Me: Ndiright (I'm good). How's your morning?

Aphindiwe: Great. Uphi, you sound like you're on the road

Me: I am. Ndiya ebholeni (I'm going to soccer)

Aphindiwe: Nidlala match? (Are you playing a match?)

We continued talking even when I parked the car in front of the field. I spent about ten minutes in my car when one of the soccer players came opening the door on my side

"Miles."

I signalled that I was still on a phone call and he nodded closing the door

Me: Nhanha mandihambe Mambhele okay
(Nhanha let me go Mambhele okay?)

Aphindiwe: Alright. Play safe

Me: Will do.

I downed the last drops of water in my bottle a few minutes after the match came to end. I had presumed we were only practising but was caught by surprise when they announced a match, as unfit as half of us were because of skipping the gym and practice almost all the

time, it resulted to us drawing with the other team. To draw or lose was never an option for our team and now the coach was furious, threatening to kick some of us off the team. I walked over to my car and removed my t-shirt and soccer boots while scrolling on my phone searching for a contact, when I found it I rang him

"Drew, the coloured boy."

Andrew: Surprise getting a call from you. What's up Miles?

Me: Ndigrand, hoe gaan dit met djou?

Andrew: Lekker. Smoko?

I chuckled, a little taken back that for once he saw through my call or maybe it was because I never called unless I had a problem with him

Me: We need to meet

Andrew: For?

Me: You'll hear it when I get to your place.

He went silent for a while before clearing his throat

"Is there a problem?"

Andrew: Nee but do make it quick, I've got places I gotta head to.

Me: Since when do you give orders this much coloured boy. I'll be there in 20.

Andrew: Sure

We gathered at the field as a team for a quick meeting and another lecture from our coach before I drove to Cape Flats. I still didn't understand why this laaitie preferred staying here when he had all the money enough to buy him a house at a more peaceful place. Having resided that side I knew exactly how it worked there, the eyes which watched you like hawks when an unfamiliar car pulled through were now looking at me like I was some walking ghost,

but I was safe because I had a couple of heads nod my way. I was about to hella at one of the nyaope boys I knew off when he immediately signalled to me that he was watching the car, it was unsafe stepping into this territory unarmed. I walked to where I had assumed Andrew still lived and knocked twice before Papi came throwing the door open. He eyed me up and down before staring back at my face

"And then?"

Me: Biza uAndrew? (Call Andrew)

I played decent but didn't know for how long this was going to last, this young man and myself weren't much of acquaintances

Papi: Ufuna Drew, udlala kum (You want Drew you pass by me)

Like he had said, I passed by him by pushing him away from the door and stepping inside, he roughly grabbed me by my t-shirt and forcefully

turned me around that's when I took his collar. I still had his collar in my hands as I watched him carefully waiting for any word he'd speak, and just when I was about to address him Drew appeared from the passage, holding a glass of what looked like whiskey

Andrew: And then? Wat gaan an hie'so? (What's going on here?)

Papi pulled away from my grip and lifted his chin up to look at me. Breaking the eye contact I turned around to face Drew

Me: That seems to be your favourite line under this shelter of yours.

Andrew: (chuckles) I don't know what Papi said to you but it probably didn't get on your good side.

Me: I'm not here for him, it's you I wanted to see so I didn't expect to see his dick face at the door.

Papi stopped in his tracks immediately when he heard the description I gave for his face, he gave me an enraged look for a long four seconds before he turned and disappeared in the lounge.

Me: You should discipline your wing man.

Andrew: Im pretty sure that's not what you came here for.

Me: Certainly. What brings me here is more interesting than this

Andrew: Lounge or here?

I took in the small dining space in front of us and felt it was rather too small for me to fight two men all by myself if anything got violent but I proceeded any way

Me: I understand laaitie that you and I didn't end on a good page and our chApter hasn't come to an end yet but...

Andrew: Maa' wat? (But what?) If you've come looking for a helping hand then you're at a wrong place

Me: And why would I come to someone as unorganized? You can barely train people to do the job right?

He gave me a puzzled look but the smirk on his face remained

Me: You need to watch your back coloured boy.

Andrew: (chuckles) funny how the exact same motherfucker who taught me to go after what I want is now giving me warnings.

I watched him attentively, actually counting the seconds I kept to myself and it was a bloody long six secs before I spoke again

"That exact motherfucker is now telling you to fuck off."

Andrew: Or what?

Me: Your poes ass knows better than to shit on my territory

And the bastard smiled. For someone who was my friend before and knew exactly what pissed me off he was doing quite a bad job

Me: You know I don't fucken give warnings Peterson, this too is a command. Stay the fuck away from Aphindiwe.

His expression mirrored mine for the time since I addressed him, he raised his hands in a surrender gesture

Andrew: Well Gabavu maybe it's your woman you need to fucken talk to. Or maybe treat her better.

Me: I won't pay you this visit again

I waited for him to respond but when he didn't that was my cue to leave. I was descending the staircase when I actually realised I should have punched him because right as I sat in my car I

felt even more agitated that he took my visit as a joke. Ndandiyazi uba ndandinga mothusi because ever since we became opposing teams I never really taught him any lesson like I've done to other people, we always cleared our quarrels through decent talks. I guess it was about time.

I parked in front of my garage and leaned back on the car seat listening to Aphindiwe's phone ring again for the fourth time. Her not picking up the phone was adding more on the headache I had, turning my mood extremely sour. I attempted two more times before giving up and heading into the house. The smell of a home cooked meal met my nostrils as I stepped into the house. My first glance was on my son who was comfortably sleeping on the couch with baby blankets balancing and covering him from all angles. Nomtha came through from the

kitchen and leaned on the nearest wall in her night gown

"Damn you look terrible."

Me: Diniwe (I'm tired)

Nomthandazo: What took you so long? I ended up cooking ngoba bendingayazi uba uzobuya nini.

Me: A match

She removed herself from the wall and followed after me to the bedroom

Nomthandazo: And nidlale njani? (And how did you play?)

Me: We could have done better. Si unfit so the match was unfit

Nomthandazo: At least I cooked some delicious food

I nodded as I sat on the couch and undid the laces of my Nike training shoe

Me: How was the young man?

Nomthandazo: Better namhlanje (today). I think uyayiqhela lento yongancanciswa (he's getting used to not being breastfed)

I took in her shadow as she moved towards the bed and sat at the corner, I lifted my gaze to meet her eyes

"Yintoni?"

Nomthandazo: Something or someone got on your bad side today. Tell me I'm wrong

Me: You're wrong

She tilted her head to the side and gave me a genuine smile prior to throwing her hands up and standing

Nomthandazo: Fine. If it suits you ke Mihle but uyalibala uba ndiyakwazi (but you forget that I know you

She walked out of the room leaving me all by

myself, the amount I needed ever since I stepped into these walls. I laid back on the sofa and closed my eyes my mind on the many reasons I had in mind as to why Phindi wasn't answering her phone. A good shower was all I needed to relax a bit before I joined Nomtha and Simlindile at the lounge. My son was laid on the seat next to me, playing and sucking on his hands while his mother and myself enjoyed supper in small talks. My phone vibrated against the coffee table earning both my attention and Nomtha's. I placed the pork chop back on the plate and picked it up as I glanced the clock against the wall. I would have excused myself for the sake of protecting Phindi but Nomtha had already seen her name on the screen

Me: Aphindiwe

Aphindiwe: Hi. Fhaku I'm sorry for missing your calls

Me: 7 calls?

Aphindiwe: Kchange ndiyivhe uxolo (I didn't hear it sorry)

Me: Uphi? (Where are you?)

Aphindiwe: eRes (at the res)

Me: Usukaphi? (Where you coming from?)

Aphindiwe: Kim's place

I caught the hesitation in her voice but ignored it that time, it would be a topic for another day.

Me: I'll call you ngokwam

I hung up after she agreed and right then I had made up my mind that I was going to drive and see her, I missed her that much. Nomthandazo was looking at me as though waiting for me to explain which was something I wasn't going to do. It took her a while to speak

"So you still seeing her?"

Me: You do know ungoyenamntu endingenokwazi uthetha nge relationship yam kuye right? (You do know you're the one person I could never be able to discuss my relationship with right?)

Nomthandazo: lento just needs a simple yes or no

Me: Isn't it obvious?

She nodded multiple times and from knowing her that well I knew she was about to explode. I watched waiting for her as she had her eyes closed expecting her to yell or throw a tantrum like I always knew she would but when she didn't something happened to me. She smiled at me as she leaned forward to take her glass of water and took a sip. I don't know why I was feeling this way but I was bothered that she wasn't fighting it, I was actually bothered that she was okay with this. Clearly this meant she must have been seeing someone

Nomthandazo: Uggibile utya? (Are you done eating?)

Me: No

My head was spinning from this, I needed to get some air. Why was I fucken agitated that someone could be fucking her? I mean her accepting my relationship was everything I wanted so why wasn't I happy about her reaction? She got up and retreated to the kitchen where stayed for a while before returning to the lounge when I was getting prepared for leaving

Nomthandazo: Uyaphi? (Where are you going?)

Me: Somewhere

I finished off my last bit of food then left the house. I rang Aphindiwe on my way to her campus and she reported that she was at her residence. In a matter of 38 minutes and I was parked in front of the Stellenbosch school

residents waiting for the one person I wanted to see to come out. It took her a while before she came strolling out of the yard, dressed in a gown and sleepers. When she stepped into the car the smell of her bodywash or soap filled my nostrils

Aphindiwe: Hello

She leaned in for a kiss and that's when I took a hint that she was drunk. Her mouth was clean and smelled of Colgate but I could see it in her eyes that she intoxicated

Me: Why didn't you invite me over to shower nam?

Aphindiwe: Ubufuna uzohlamba nam? (You wanted to come bath with me?)

Me: Ewe

She fully turned her body and looked at me while her hands were fiddling with my one hand that she was holding

Me: Ubusela (You been drinking)

Aphindiwe: Kancinci. I'm just tipsy that's it

Me: Utyile? (Did you eat?)

She shook her head giving me a naughty smile which she was trying to hide

"(Chuckles) Yintoni?"

Aphindiwe: I want to kiss you

The smile I had on my face became wider instead, every time she consumed alcohol she never ceased to amaze me, had she been sober she would have just took the kiss. I held her face by the chin and leaned in, her soft lips meeting mine. The goosebumps that filled my body as certain hormones awoke made me drop my hands to her waist and attempt bringing her closer. She seductively stuck her tongue in my mouth and I felt parts harden, I pulled back and took her face in before my eyes dropped to her now exposed chest

"Do you have anything under this gown?"

She nodded her eyes dropping to my lips

Me: I swear if we don't stop kissing

She giggled, fixing her gown but that's when the urge of wanting her increased as I stared between her face and legs

Aphindiwe: Hayi Mihle.

She brought her hands to my face and covered my eyes while laughing, she always did this when the look was too hard to bare in her words

Me: Xolo

Aphindiwe: Sundijonga njalo (Don't look at me like that)

Even though I couldn't see her now but from her voice I could tell she was still smiling

Me: (chuckles) I won't.

She removed her hands from my face and

leaned in to plant a single kiss on my lips, I took one of her hands and brought it to my lips where I kissed the top of her palm

Me: Hambo tshintsha (Go change) before we leave.

Aphindiwe: Siyaphi? (Where we going?)

Me: To get you something to eat

I watched her as she walked out of my car and into the school residence. The feeling of protection and belonging I had over her increased every second I spent some time with her. And for some reason I still felt I was doing enough to show her I was the man for her. I still wasn't the man she deserved

169 Entry

Aphindiwe

We sat in his car in the middle of nowhere, bucket of KFC hot wings between us and a krusher in my hand. I was aware that he hated them, claiming they were too sweet yet he ate Ultra Mel every second day. I at least convinced him to get himself one and as expected it was on the cup holder, untouched

Me: So you're expecting me to stay over for December holidays

Mihle: I'd appreciate if you would.

Me: Uyayazi David soze andiyeke ndenze lonto (You know David would never let me do that)

He was staring down at his phone his eyebrows furrowed

Me: What's wrong?

Mihle: Nothing

Me: You don't look like it's nothing

Mihle: Just Nomtha, nxeee

I hated when I still felt like a side chick in this relationship and every time I questioned it, it was the same reason, umntana (the child). He rang her and as always her annoying voice echoed through the speakers

"Uphi nah? (Where are you?)"

Mihle: Out. Jonga lala, ndisiphethe spare key with me (Look sleep, I've got the spare key with me)

Nomthandazo: Uzobuya nini? (When are you coming back?)

Mihle: Nomthandazo andazi (Nomthandazo I don't know), sleep if you want to sleep.

Nomthandazo: Okay

He hung up and didn't say a word after that, I had my own things running through my mind so I kept to myself as well. After what seemed like forever he turned and looked at me

Mihle: I paid Andrew a visit namhlanje.

And as expected I choked on a hot wing, it went down the wrong pipe bringing tears to my eyes and a burning sensation in my throat. What made me choke was how I knew he was telling me about this visit because it probably had something to do with me. He was rubbing my back, trying to help ease the coughing. After I stopped he was looking at me like he had more questions than before

Me: I wanted to say something while swallowing. Damn that was painful

Mihle: Are you okay?

Me: Better so ubusithini (so what were you saying?)

Mihle: I went to see Andrew with the hopes of finding out what he wants from you

Me: And?

"Uthi uyayazi (he says you know)"

Me: What?!

Mihle: Yintoni? (What is it?)

Me: Hayi why would he say that?

Mihle: And how am I supposed to know?

He had his eyes narrowed at me, waiting for me to actually give him a full explanation of this whole mess. I spent a good two minutes looking at him hoping he'd lose his seriousness but he wasn't letting this one go. I almost choked again when he spoke his next words

"Call him."

Me: What?

Mihle: Mfounele (Call him)

My heart floated on top of my tummy from nausea, whatever Andrew said during their meeting must have been off line, he had never told me to call someone before, this means he

didn't trust me at all

Me: So you'll trust what Andrew is telling you over what I'm saying?

Mihle: Why wouldn't I? You've went out miles to see the guy so ndingangamthembi njani?

Me: No, he's gone miles to see

Mihle: And you welcome him

His gaze was burning through my own, making me feel guilty for something I haven't done for over two months

Me: I haven't been seeing Andrew for over two months Mihle

Mihle: Call him

Me: I don't have his number for crying out loud!

He tilted his head and watched me carefully, I was actually getting angry because he was trusting him over me. I understand I've seen guy when he asked me not to, even kissed the dude

but right now he wasn't trusting me a bit and it hurt. He searched through his phone and handed it to me, I looked down at his hand and saw Drew written on the screen of his phone, I swallowed hard

"Mihle I'm not cheating on you. I don't know what Andrew said kuwe but I'm not cheating on you."

Wayesandi jongile sana lobhuti (this guy was still looking at me) and my worry was not calling Andrew but more of what Andrew would say on the phone. His contact wasn't saved but I had him on my logs for missed and received calls, I don't know but he has not given up yet even after removing him on my Whatsapp.

Mihle withdrew his phone and locked it

Mihle: Aphindiwe I am going to say this for the second time apha kuwe, I'm not going to share you

Me: I know

Mihle: And uDrew ngeye ngaphambane esenza lento if you weren't giving him the reason to (And Drew wouldn't have been crazy doing this if you weren't giving him the reason to).

Every time he sounded so serious and threatening it mentally took me back to the two times I've seen him violent, and without lying it made me fear for my life because I was told he has a temper problem and I witnessed it. I was staring at the wind screen in front of us while he was still throwing daggers at the side of my face. I knew he didn't want to be around me anymore when he turned the keys on the ignition and accelerated his car to a familiar route. Silence filled the car as we drove back to my place, my head was throbbing from all the thoughts and words I actually wanted to let out. It was easy for him to throw a fuss about me barely having physical contact with Andrew yet

he was spending the whole weekend under the same room with Nomthandazo, even though I trusted him, God knows what they been getting up to with that lady.

We came to a halt opposite the gate of my accommodation and he sighed a little too loud before he lowered the music playing from the radio

Mihle: Saturday next week I want you to know uba I've got plans for us, in case you were thinking of getting with your girls.

I gave him a look that I understood but didn't utter a word, I was still a little upset and from these many thoughts the lump on my throat was getting stronger

"I hope we'll never have this conversation again."

Me: Yeah (long pause) we won't.

Mihle: Ndizok'bona ngoMvulo (I'll see you

Monday)

Me: Bye

I woke up the Monday morning suffering from a headache. Yesterday night I slept in the worst mood, irritated, hurt and definitely mad at Andrew. I remember deleting four messages I actually thought I'd send him but this voice at the back of my mind kept on telling me not to so I didn't. Ndalala ndinexhala, ndavuka ndinexhala (I went to bed worried, I woke up worried) and it wasn't a great feeling. I sat on my bed going through the assignment I were to submit electronically today, I used the mouse of my laptop to scroll and scan through it one more time. My roommate appear through the door, her body covered in a towel. She was a humble soul, but quiet talkative. I love her for not always wanting to know where I was going but I actually realised that she got the picture

long time ago, whenever I wasn't around I was with Mihle. She had asked me to give my space away to a friend of hers once but I couldn't because that room was my runaway place. She greeted and sat on her bed moisturizing her body. I took my study equipment and exited the room, heading towards the staircase.

My day proceeded well, it wasn't disturbed much by both my man and friends, Mihle not coming around as usual shocked me but not hanging with Kim and Loot didn't much, the exams were approaching in less than a month so everybody was glued to their books. I made way back to my dorm after my last session at three in the afternoon and prepared myself something to eat before making way back to the library for some more studying. I was about to enter the hallway of the school's building when my phone vibrated in my bag, making me stop. By the time I managed to get it in my hand

it had stopped, I pulled out my hand and examined the screen, a missed call from the expected. He called again just when I began walking

Me: Mihle

Mihle: I'm outside your school.

I kept quiet looking between the far gate and the hallway ahead of me

Mihle: Aphindiwe?

Me: Ndiyeza (I'm coming)

I dragged my feet to the gate, it seemed forever before I reached outside of the yard. He was standing against his car talking on the phone, I know his clothing looked great on him but his uniform made him look even more handsome. He looked up and half smiled at me, his concentration still on the phone call. I did pick up that he was talking to his mother about something that concerned a visit, he listened

attentively to what she was saying before he spoke back unclear about something

"Sizobuya sithethe mama, khona into endise busy ngayo (We'll talk again mother, there's something I'm busy with)"

The agitation written on his face was hard to ignore, he sighed

Mihle: Ewe mama, ndizok'founela (Yes mother, I'll call you)

He moved his phone from his ear and pushed it in his pocket and finally I received his undivided attention

Mihle: Ziphi ezinye bags zakho? (Where are your other bags?)

Me: Bendiyo fundisa so andaziphatha because I wasn't sure uba ndiyahamba (I was going to study so I didn't bring them with because I wasn't sure if I'm going)

Mihle: Awufuni uhamba? (Don't you want to go?)

Me: I do qha I didn't think uzozondilanda (you'd come fetch me)

He was about to hug me when he pulled back, his lips parted slightly

Me: (giggles) well you were mad on Saturday ingxaKi, we hardly spoke izolo. You can't blame me.

Me: Likhona ixesha azange ndakulanda ngalo? (Is there a time I never fetched you?)

I shook my head, giving him puppy eyes

Mihle: Ncncnc.

He pulled me closer and gave me the hug he has been waiting for since I got here, it was followed by his genuine forehead kiss. He opened the door and took out something before closing the door and locking the car. We walked beside each other heading towards the gate of

the student accommodation, he was telling me about his son and I was listening to every detail because I was the one who asked

Me: When are you allowed to fetch him and be with him alone, for weekend maybe?

Mihle: You want to see him already?

Me: I know I'm not a child person but ndiyarhalela umbona (I'd like to see him)

He smiled at me as we reached the gate. He turned to the security and greeted, giving him a suspicious handshake. The security guard smiled, nodding that we could both go in ahead. Once they were out of sight I turned to my man and tilted my head

"What did you give that security guard?"

Mihle: (chuckles) lento?

Me: It's written all over your face. Heeee Hayi sana. Nizi chommie ngoku? (Y'all are friends

now?)

He laughed a short joyful laugh as we ascended the stairs. We made it to my room and to my surprise a girl was around, watching some movies on her laptop while under the covers. She smiled when she saw when we entered probably remembering her last conversation with Mihle. They exchanged greetings as Mihle sat on the waiting for me to pack my small suitcase, he was busy on his phone waiting for me to finish. At least he wasn't sitting doing anything or else I'd be pressured to hurry. When I was done we made our way to the car once again and had a smooth drive to Belmar. I dropped off my bags in the room and gathered my books to the lounge where I started studying while Fhaku cooked.

The rest of the day was okay and so was the week, even though I felt a little pressured because whenever he was around me he made

sure I was studying, we barely watched television because it distracted me, so throughout the whole I was glued on my books and him on his laptop.

Saturday we woke up to a cold morning which resulted to us staying in bed a little longer. I was still a little sleepy from sleeping at 2am in the morning and this God given man next to me stayed up all night with me, drinking his Play and passing time on his Xbox. He was now talking with his husky voice, telling me about the problems they were currently facing at work. Little did he know he was soothing me back to sleep until he said something that required a response and I was out

Mihle: Aphindiwe!

That little shock you get from hearing your name being yelled out when you're somewhere

between sleep and being awake, that's exactly what I undergone

Mihle: Heee ulele ngoku? (You're sleeping now?)

I smacked his exposed chest

Me: Sundothusa man (Don't frighten me man)

Mihle: (chuckles) Xolo baby. Let's go bath

I yawned and looked at him move out of the bed, he had his back towards me when he spoke again

Mihle: And ndiyacinga sisose sisiya kuDabs at Mossel Bay (And I'm thinking we might as well go to Dabs at Mossel Bay)

Me: Mmmm

He turned on the and looked at me

"Aren't I inconveniencing you with your studies kodwa?"

Me: Hayi I could use a break

exited the bedroom his phone against his ear. He walked in again talking to his aunt, the effect this woman had on his mood was rather too great, she was more of a mother than an aunt

Mihle: Ewe. Hayi hayi Mafhaku nizokhutshwa ndim namhlanje (Yes. No no Mafhaku I'm the one taking you guys out today)

....

Mihle: Ewe we eating out kaloku

....

He laughed quite a little loud, absentmindedly a smile made it's way to my face. It rubbed on me when he was this happy

Mihle: Okay ke Ma.

....

Mihle: Alright. Bye

He turned to me and narrowed his eyes, I raised my brows thinking he was actually about to say

something that would get me worried but that was until he said

"You picking the restaurant."

Me: Hayi, the last time I did that we ended up eating at some Italian restau.

Mihle: (laughs) well inoba uzosisa kweye Mexicans ngoku, seeing thst you're a loyal fan of fancy foreign words

Me: Mxm

I pouted while he blew me a kiss. I did the bed as quick as I could while he was picking out an outfit for himself. He laid out black Markhams skinny denims, a light brown jersey from either from Markhams or these male shops. A white t-shirt for underneath, his secret socks and Brown leather Monk shoes

Me: Why the semi-formal attire?

Mihle: Because I feel like it

Me: Siyaphi nah futhi? (Where we going?)

Mihle: You'll ruin the surprise babe

He smiled when he saw the curious look on my face, he stood behind me placing a kiss on my shoulder

Mihle: Patience baby. Now let's go bath.

And with that he swept me off the ground bridal style and walked towards the door

Me: My toiletry bag

Like I was light weight, he gently turned around, took my toiletry bag with his pinky and ring finger than proceeded to the bathroom. He looked like a piece of something to eat as I watched him wear his shoes, was it okay for a man to look this bloody good without even trying. It was times like these I doubted myself around him, I would feel like they were better women who would suit him way better than I did. Dressed in my tight black skinny jeans, a

white long-sleeved vest which I tucked in, my black coat and my brown block heels I examined my image on the mirror. I smiled as I outplayed the idea of matching my man and it worked perfectly well. My brown handbag was on the bed with my cosmetic bag next to it, I was finishing off my natural look make up, before tying my weave into a messy bun. We shared a bowl of light cereal before leaving, well it was his but when he walked in the bedroom holding it, I dug in and had more spoons than he did.

Our first destination was the Mercedes Benz garage and as we drove in I thought we were there to fix his car which I saw as okay until I heard him speak to one of the consultants. I stopped typing the message I was typing to Asanda and looked at this man next to me, wait what? He was buying a new car? It was funny

because he kept on saying to this man we, this was why my heart melted every single time I was with this man, even when mad at him.

When the white guy left us for a moment Mihle turned to me smiling

"You're picking the colour."

Me: Which car are you buying?

I was excited I couldn't even contain myself, my cheekbones were beginning to hurt from all the smiling

Mihle: G-Wagon

My mouth hung open and I looked ridiculous because he laughed, causing a few heads to turn our way

Me: Fhaku nyani.

He nodded, the grin on his face about to become fits of laughter in a couple of seconds if I didn't contain myself. I jumped on him

actually feeling proud and happy for him. He had his arms around me when the white guy appeared again

"Sorry to disturb the moment but can you come this year sir?"

We followed him to where the new vehicles were situated and I was still smiling, literally couldn't feel my face anymore. Immediately when I laid eyes on these cars I knew exactly which one I was picking for him. They allowed us to jump into one, check the interior and Mihle turned the engine on and off, checking it power. I kept on nodding to myself as I surrounded it

Consultant: You love it?

Me: A lot. I always begged my dad to get this car but unfortunately he's an Audi person

Consultant: Well we'd never understand people who don't love the German machine

Me: I never would

He smiled walking over to Mihle. They exchanged a few words before addressing me

Mihle: Any except for white.

Me: It's between black and that maroon. But because black is so overrated, thatha la maroon Fhaku

Mihle: Uyayithanda? (You love it?)

Me: Kakhulu (a lot)

Mihle: The maroon one

We waited for over an hour while he signed papers and all this insurance things. There was long explanations on the contracts, the payments and monthly instalment and the moment we walked out of there I had a headache but couldn't care less about it, my attention was on this ride. Obviously I captured as many pictures of him as I could and like he was knew it, the car looked perfect next to him. We emptied the other vehicle and left it free of

any of our belongings before Mihle handed one of the guys the keys and right after that we jumped into the black leathered G-Wagon. I couldn't stop looking around as I fastened my seatbelt

Mihle: Uyithanda nyani (You really love it)

Me: I do. I always asked uDavid to purchase this car because he has a thing for big cars but akafuna (he refused). Ngoku last year ndibuya Jo'burg to him owning a Grand Cherokee

Mihle: That was my first option ke but you said I can't have the same ride as your father's

Me: But this baby is beautiful

I dramatically ran my hands on the dashboard before throwing them up and leaning back on my seat, Mihle laughed as he stroked my cheek with his free hand

Mihle: Then we giving you driving lessons kuyo every Sunday

Me: What?

Mihle: Yintoni? (What is it?)

Me: Ndizotshayisa (I'll hit something)

Mihle: Not ufundiswa ndim (Not while I'm your teacher)

The ride to Mossel Bay was exciting because I still couldn't believe I was riding in this car. Apparently Mihle had an appointment with Mercedes Benz a few days after I told him not to buy the Grand Cherokee. I feel he never really loved it after test driving it that weekend, I mean no one would change a vehicle they loved just for a girlfriend. We made a quick stop at Sasol garage where I had a quick visit to the bathroom while Mihle bought us energy drinks and those Sasol wings, wings I tasted for the first time and actually loved.

We arrived at Mossel Bay a little later than we

planned, turning our lunch eat out to a supper. Let me fill you in with the excitement Dabawo had when Mihle stepped out of his new car, I've never seen joy to that level where someone actually cries. Such things were rare in my family and made me feel like we were lacking something, this type of family love didn't exist much where I come from. Before she went to get dressed we held a short prayer in the lounge where she thanked God for blessing her son, praying that we grow stronger and that Mihle proceeds in the good path he was walking on already.

Phumla appeared for the third time from her bedroom, dressed in jeans, some cute pump and a warm jacket

Phumla: Phindi ndinjani ngoku? (Phindi how do I look now?)

Me: You're better kengoku. I love the jacket

Dabawo: Phumla awuyikwi fashion constant p haya. Mihle simshiye mntanam lona, funeke niphindele eKapa (Phumla you are not going to a fashion constant there. Mihle we must leave this child, you guys still have to drive back to Cape Town)

Phumla: Yhooo okay. Masambeni (let's go)

During our driving Phumla and I were chilling at the back talking endless about Mihle and I. She was asking questions and gratefully listening to me while Dabs and Fhaku were having their own chat. We ate at Spur, Mihle's treat obviously. With the combos we ordered I became full before hand and had to take my food in a takeaway and leaving it at Mossel Bay.

The rest of the two months, September and Oct over wet by a little stressful because I was under the pressure that I didn't have enough

time left to study because on the second week of October I were writing my first module. And that week arrived rather quicker than expected but I studied hard enough to pull through all nine modules, leaving

the one I hadn't obtained a DP for during the June/July examinations. If I somehow didn't pass all modules with atleast two distinctions then I might as well have kissed my monthly instalment goodbye.

It was the first weekend of November, the 3rd of November, a cool Thursday, down to two more papers to be precise, I was driving from Campus with Mihle at something to four in the afternoon when he rushed me into his car through a phone call.

Me: Siyaphi wabaleka kanje? (Where we going with you driving this fast?)

Mihle: Oomama bathi base Belmar (Mother says they are in Belmar)

Me: Yena nabani, benzani? (Her and who, doing what?)

Mihle: Nootamnci

I turned on my seat and looked at him, he looked at me before turning to look at the road again. I suddenly felt uneasy

Me: Then you should have left me at Campus

Mihle: Ngoba? (Because?)

Me: It's obvious abantu bakokwenu didn't like me when I went there, anybody could see through it

Mihle: And I love you so bangenaphi apho?

He turned my way when we stopped at the robot, his gaze focused on me

Me: Abangeni ndawo but I feel it would've been more easier for me if you left me at Campus.

Mihle: Uhlala nam Aphindiwe so bazofika ukwam (You live with me Aphindiwe so they'll arrive with you at my place)

I sighed. There was some long silence in the car before he handed me a bottle of still water, I believe he felt I needed it.

Mihle: I bet they're here to see the child anyway.

I nodded knowing that could be the only reason.

We arrived at the apartment to three cars parked in front of the lawn, and I immediately spotted Mihle's mother standing with two men. Mihle stepped out of the car leaving me behind, I was still trying to comprehend what was happening. From where I was I could tell they exchanged greetings and looked to the direction of his car before his mother hugged him and kissed him, probably congratulating him. He opened the door for them and instantly other vehicle doors opened and a great number of men with a women about Mihle's age

stepped out. Mihle retreated from the house and greeted the crowd as confused as I was, he took curious steps towards the car and asked me to step out so he'd lock the vehicle.

I stood besides him, my heart hammering against my chest, something was wrong, such gatherings always brought bad news and the first thing that came to my mind was death. He took my hand in his, exact same way he did when we were at Port Elizabeth, giving me De javu. We stepped inside and I immediately regretted walking in there when all the men in the lounge turned to look at us, no at me. They weren't pleased as they took in my image and our hands intertwined together

Mama: Phindi mntanam khayobeka ibag uzondincedisa (Phindi my child go put your bag and come help me)

I hesitantly removed my hand from Mihle's and almost ran to the bedroom, almost being the

keyword. I wanted to but my mind was all over the place affecting my legs. Returning to the kitchen I had to pass through the lounge right and the image I took in of my man standing on one place looking dumbfounded told me something wasn't right. I wanted to head back to the room but with Mihle looking like he was about to kill someone or had just shot someone made me take slow steps towards him and I froze immediately when I saw her. A lady sat on the grass mats, ikhukho in my language, dressed in the new wife attire.

I looked at her as I felt my breathing increasing, my head was becoming lighter by second and my knees weren't going to carry me in the next ten seconds. I absentmindedly let out a suppressed hurt laugh as I felt my ears getting blocked by the air that was suddenly leaving my face. I was about to talk but felt like something was pressing hard against my chest, the hurt, I

wasn't breathing enough. I tried to let out a couple of heavy breaths but felt I was running short instead. Mihle gently held my arm, alerted about the panic attack I was undergoing

Mihle: Mambhele. Phindi.

My vision was blurring from the tears that filled my eyes and somehow even his touch burnt me. His family hated me that much that

they'd find him a wife to marry instead of me.

My family problems, the accident, fighting with my father all for nothing

"Breathe Mambhele. Breath babe."

And just when I was about to answer him I freed myself from his hold, taking two steps backwards before my body gave in. I remember feeling like I was about to hit the ground before my mind shut and all I saw was darkness.

Entry 170

Mihle

The panic that consumed me when she collapsed, when I caught her body in mine was enough to get me fuming over this stupid act my family just pulled. Umama and this other woman whom I presumed was the mother of this fucken ill-minded lady rushed to get some water while utatomkhulu wam was already by my side, trying to feel her pulse. I was disgusted, and angry was an understatement of how I felt, I was furious. While utatomkhulu was busy trying to wake her up I made a quick call to Robert

Me: I need you here brother

Robert: You sound out of breath, is everything okay?

Me: No, reason why I need you here. At my

place, ASAP Robert

Robert: I'm on my way

He was my doctor for a reason, any emergency call and he made himself available because he knew I paid him extra for every handy activity he does. It was a matter of ten minutes before he rushed through the door, in a black suit but his work kit was with him. I quickly explained to him what had happened and he asked me to carry her to my bedroom so he'd have a good look at her. I was standing at the door watching him probably as he kept pressing his fingers on her wrist and neck

Robert: Her pulse are working and she might just...

He stopped talking as Phindi flickered her eyelids. I moved from against the wall as fast as I could and rushed over to her side, holding her hand in mine. She opened her eyes but

seemed a little weak and trembling

Robert: She's weak. It's a sign of both panic attack and stress, she probably wasn't eating much as well

Me: Well she has been writing exams the past few weeks so I do think she has meals she's been skipping.

He injected some injection in her before placing some pill container next to the bedside lamp.

"The injection will help regain her strength and fight stress but immediately when she wakes up get her something to eat."

Me: And the pills?

Robert: For appetite, just for in case

I nodded my eyes landing back on the lady laying on my bed. The more I looked at her the more angry I became, the thought of why she was laying here hit me as I placed her hand

gently besides her. I walked Robert out, informing him that I'll probably make the transfer by tomorrow. I took a good three minutes standing outside trying to comprehend this nonsense act my family just pulled before I stepped into the and stopped on my tracks when I noticed the eyes looking at me

Me: Yintoni? (What is it?)

Tatomkhulu: Fhaku, khawuhlale phantsi Ndodana sithethe ngalento (Fhaku please sit down young man so we can talk about this

Me: (chuckles) sithethe? Sithethe Tamkhulu? Since when nikwazi uthetha nina Ngoba nilapha ngoku ningakhange nindithethe nam and now that you're under my roof you want to talk?! (Talk? Talk Uncle? Since when can you guys talk because here you are without having communicated with me but now that you're under my roof you want to talk?!)

Tamnci: Hayi Mihle ayondlela yothetha leyo (No Mihle that's not a manner to talk)

Me: Ibe le iyindlela yokwenza izinto? (And this is the way of doing things?)

They all fell silent, looking amongst each other. My disappointment laid mostly on my mother and my father's elder brother

Me: Thethani Tamnci, izinto zenziwa kanje ngoku apha ekhaya!? (Talk Tamnci, this is how things are done now at home?!)

Tamnci: Mihle! Mihle! Uzobanendlela yothetha nathi kwedini, asizophathwa nguwe apha. (Mihle! Mihle! You'll have a way of talking to us young man, we won't be controlled by you here)

Me: This is my house Tamnci. Andincediswa mntu ngerent so under my roof I'll talk how I want. Oyena mntu endimthandayo is lying on that bed because of this nonsense.

At this I didn't give a bloody fuck about this

family they brought here with them, they were fucken messed up as well

Me: Mama?

She was looking at me, hurt visible in her eyes and at this point I didn't know whether it was directed to me or to these people they brought with

"Uyenza njani lento kum Mama? (How do you do this to me Mama?)"

Mama: Mihle ndicela uhlise umoya mntanam, ndiyakucela Ndoda (Mihle please calm down my child, I beg you Ndoda)

Because she was my mother, the way she spoke to me actually calmed me, I respected her and took the decision to actually lower my anger so I'd hear her talk

Mama: Ndoda ootata bakho bayenzela wena lento (Ndoda your fathers are doing this for you)

Me: For me? If bebeyenzela mna lento mama ngebendibuzile. Ngebe ndibuzile! (If they were doing this for me they would have asked me mother. They would have asked me!)

Tatomkhulu: Fhaku ndiyakucela mntanam, khawuhlale phantsi Ndodana sithethe (Fhaku I'm begging you my child, please sit down young man so we can talk)

This was the second man I respected in the family after my father, he, my father, my mother and Dabawo were the parents I could die for and right now having him here, along with my mother broke my heart. They were playing along with this evil treatment I was receiving. I sighed and found a sat next to an almost terrified young man, older than me but young. My anger was now reminding me that I'm trying to be a changed man but it was always telling me that right now I could make exceptions, that's how worked up I was

Tatomkhulu: Ndodana, Ngxesi Fhaku.
Njengotata bakho, abantu ujonge kubo
ngesikubuzile mntanam, in fact ngesithethile
nawe kuqala. Kodwa kuye kwabanengxaki
nyana, ingxabano yoba xa ungaxelelwa uzolwa
ngoba uziphethe (Young man, sorry Fhaku. As
your fathers, people whom you look up to we
should have asked you, in fact we should
spoken to you first. But there was a problem
son, a quarrel that you must not be told with the
sense that you'll fight it because you control
yourself.)

I chuckled, my anger increasing in big numbers.
I blew a few breaths, slightly nodding my head

Me: So nabona utata uba iright ngalendlela? (So
you saw father that it's okay this way?)

Tatomkhulu: Kuhanjiwe mntanam ndingekho,
kwabuywa kwathethwa ngale date ndingekho
so enye nanye ndizocela uyibuza uKayise
(people left without my presence, and returned

and spoke about this date without my presence so anything else you can ask my brother)

Me: Tanci

Tamnci: Mihle ndizokuxelela lento mna nyana. Andiyazi uzoyiva kanjani kodwa ndizoyithetha. Sikufunele umfazi, uKhanyisa, naku ehleli apha. Sikufunele umfazi ngoba lento yakho yokuza nonodholophi abangazi kwanto nge culture yabo ayintlanga (Mihle I'll tell you this son. I don't know how you're going to take it but I'll say it anyway. We found you a wife, Khanyisa, there she is sitting there. We found you this wife because this thing of yours of being these town girls who know none about their culture isn't great to watch)

Me: Ningenaphi kenina tanci, bathandwa ndim abanodholophi (And where does it concern you Uncle, I'm the one who loves these town girls)

Tamnci: Mihle uyihlo before asweleke wasicela,

mna nebrothers zakhe uba sikukhethise umfazi
uzobangu molokazana oright ku nyoko.

Yeyonanto endiyenzayo ke leyo, uba
awuyithandi uzoqina kwedini ube yindoda
(Mihle before the passing of your father he
asked us, myself and his brother, that we help
you choose a wife that will be a great daughter
in-law to your mother. That's exactly what I'm
doing, if you don't like you'll have to toughen up
like a man.)

I stared hard at this man, I knew the type of
person he was, more like the director of the
family. What he said must go, they respected
his word like he was some God and that's why
him and I never really got along because he
always forced things and turned them into what
he believed was right. There was silent for a
long while before I found the courage to look at
the lady who was still sitting on the floor, I
remembered her very well, that angelic looking

face was now looking at me like I had just crashed her heart in my palm.

Me: Sisi, Tata ningahamba. Andizoyitshata intombi yakho (Lady, Father you guys can live. I won't be marrying your daughter)

My uncle was about to talk when there was a soft clearing of a throat which caused all our heads to turn towards the passage

"Phindi."

Aphindiwe: Ungamtshata (You can marry her)

Like I had just recovered from a concussion, I felt blood rush to my head giving me that dizzy feeling, I had to close to my eyes and pardon her, unfortunately she repeated herself

"Ungamtshata, it's okay."

Her being here when she had to rest was one of my concerns but at that moment it was the least, I needed to know it was her talking

Me: Aphindiwe?

Aphindiwe: Mihle?

Me: Uyithetha njani into enjalo? (How do you speak such?)

Aphindiwe: Because it's the only way Mihle.

She was whispering but enough for the whole room to hear her. I was already standing on my feet, understanding the pressure she must have been going through so I made my way towards but stopped when she lifted her hand

Aphindiwe: Andifuni utshata anyway so you might as well do the right thing and take her as your wife.

Tamnci: Nantsoke eyonanto eyaziwa ngulomntana, kuthetha isalungu akaso... (There it is, the only thing this child knows is to talk English she'd never...)

Me: Khawuthule Tanci! (Could you keep quiet!)

I was that loud that Aphindiwe flinched in front of me and then silence filled the room. I was fuming at this point, my mind throbbing because of what Aphindiwe had just said and being the result of my family's selfish deeds

Me: Phindi ayikho lento uyithethayo Nhanha and we both know it (Phindi what you're saying you don't mean Nhanha and we both know it)

Aphindiwe: I know it.

I shook my head, not breaking eye contact with her

"You're only saying this because of this situation. Mamele Mambhele (listen Mambhele) I won't proceed with this, not if it means losing you."

Aphindiwe: But I Can't continue like this.

Me: Do this for us Mambhele

Aphindiwe: Hayi Mihle! Hayi!

She was at the edge of crying and it broke my heart. I knew she didn't want to do this but because of the circumstances she was forcing herself. I was about to hold her when she stepped back, slightly shaking her head at me, I was going to attempt holding her again when my dear uncle spoke

"Mihle asizochitha xesha yilento. Kay'se niyamva lomntana uba uthini, eyonanto besiyizele apha bekukutshathi uKhanyisa kuMihle not lena into. (Mihle we won't waste our time on this. Brother you heard this child, the only thing we came here for was to wed Khayisa and Mihle.)"

Me: Tanci, kukwam apha. Uzondenza umntu umbi kwababantu nize nabo because ndizokukhupha (Uncle, this is my house. You'll make me appear like a person who has no respect to these people that you brought because I'll kick you out)

I impatiently waited for him to respond but when he looked at me like he was going to kick me out first I turned to my lady who still looked like she wanted me to hold her

Aphindiwe: Ndiyakucela, let it go

She mouthed those words instead of talking

Me: I love you Aphindiwe.

She stared at me long enough to have me breaking from the look of defeat she was giving me

"Ndizobe ndiyo packisha bags zam (I'll go pack my bags)"

Her footsteps against the tiled floor were the only thing I was listening to as she made her way to the bedroom then there was peace and quiet, that was before I heard a hiccup then a cry followed. I took big steps towards my bedroom and pushed the door opened but to my unfortunate luck, it was locked. I attempted

pushing it countless times begging her to open up but she only tried soothing her cry. I was broken, nothing was as painful as always feeling like you were the reason for the tears of someone who loved you. It wasn't even 12 months since I met her and she had all reasons to give up on me but she was still here

Me: Bhelekazi?

Her response told me that she was close to the door

Aphindiwe: I'm fine

Me: Vula (open).

Aphindiwe: Mihle ndiyakucela toro.

Me: Vula Aphindiwe

She kept quiet before I heard her fiddle with the keys

"Promise me awuzondisa elounge (Promise me you won't take me to the lounge.)

Me: It's you I want to talk to damn't

When the door swung open I grabbed her in my arms and like it was an invitation, she began crying again. Being bad at consoling people all I did was to continuously beg her to stop crying, placing kisses on her head multiple times. My mother walked into the room and stood at the door, her eyes asking me for permission to walk in but I shook my head, wanting to talk to this lady alone. After what seemed like a good thirty minutes she pulled back, wiping her eyes with the back of her hands. I reached out for her nose and wiped her runny nose with my thumb, she still had hiccups from that long cry

Me: Can we talk now?

She nodded, breaking our physical contact

Me: What was all that about?

She looked at me trying to find words to explain her break down at the lounge, what she said

back there

Me: Aphindiwe ndiyathetha!

Aphindiwe: Mihle I can't do this anymore!

Me: What can't do what?

Once again she looked up at me, a mixture of doubt and fear clear in her eyes.

Aphindiwe: Being with you. Being together

Me: You can't be with me (chuckles)

Aphindiwe: Look at this from my perspective, andonwabanga apha Mihle. A month is enough sincumile then some thing or someone has to come and destroy that. And yonke lento doesn't affect you, iza kum lento

Me: It doesn't affect me? Aphindiwe?

I tried holding her but she pulled free and stepped back

Aphindiwe: I've made my decision. Your life is a

mess Mihle and I can't be part of it. I almost lost a family because of you and now the one thing I was hoping your family would do (silence)

Me: Uyathandwa ndim and I think that matters.

Aphindiwe: Hayi Mihle, don't try turning this around. Abandifuni and it won't change anything, we can't be together because abandifuni.

"Nonsense, ayikho lento uyithethayo."

She stormed to my wardrobe and pulled out her suitcase, she took her handbag and laptop bag before unlocking her phone, I watched her as she placed it against her ear. She spoke to Khamila, asking to be fetched, Khamila must have said something because her eyes became teary, shaking her as she spoke to the lady on the other side of the line. She hung up and captured her tears before they fell on her cheeks

Aphindiwe: I'll be leaving xa efika uKim

Me: You're not leaving

Aphindiwe: Could you give me the space I require?

Me: This is the fucken second time uthetha nge space ever since we started being together and the last time you raised this fucken topic I told you I'm not the space type of person.

Aphindiwe: Well I am! Why must everything be about you? Awuboni uba I've hurt enough uba nawe?!

Me: And the best option is to dump me?

She stopped packing, holding in a hiccup as she looked up at me

"No."

Me: And then yintoni lento uyenzayo? (and then what are you doing?)

Aphindiwe: I need some space, please. I need to

be away for a while, from all this.

Me: From me?

Aphindiwe: Ewe (yes)

I don't know how long I stood in that room trying to let whatever she had just told me sink in and it still made no sense. I only came back to my mind when she told me Kim was outside, like she was saying goodbye for good and that's what her actions told she started crying again

Aphindiwe: Maybe if we were meant to be things would have been better than this but yonke lento rings bad luck. If we were meant to be we'll meet again ngendlela eright. (Long pause) I'm sorry.

She walked out of the bedroom, holding her bags, I did hear my mother call after her and I wanted to rush out and follow her but something kept me glued on that same spot. Probably shock. My mother rushed in looking

devastated and surprised

"Uyaphi uAphindiwe? (Where is Aphindiwe going?)"

Me: Uyahamba, lento beniyifuna kakade (She left, what you guys wanted after all)

Mama: Hayi Mihle

Me: Akhonto oyingqandayo mama, uba khange nifike oluhlobo apha nge'lapha. Akhonto oyingqandayo (There's nothing your rebuking mother, if you guys didn't pitch here in this manner she would have been here. There's nothing your rebuking.)

My mother understood the type of person I was, I was her son after all, she knew when I was angry then I was angry and there was no going back until I calmed myself down. I noticed she had a lot to say but refrained. I walked out of my bedroom and headed to the lounge, my mother being my tail

Me: Tat'mkhulu ndizocela nihambe, ninayo indawo yolala ndizokwazi unibookishela B&B?(Great uncle I will ask you guys to leave, do you have a place to sleep so I can book a B&B for you guys?)

Tatomkhulu: Sinayo endayolala Ndodana, masikushiye uyicinga lento besiyithetha (We do have a place to sleep young man, let us leave you so you can think about what brought us here.)

When they finally did leave I contacted Aphindiwe about 14 times, the first three she picked up and realised I was constantly begging her to tell me her whereabouts, after the third call she stopped picking up and eventually switched off her phone because I reached voicemail. I sat in my lounge paying no attention to the headache that was troubling me but rather replying her words in my head. She

wanted to be away from me was what she said, that was practically dumping me, leaving me. If I had the energy in me I would have walked over to my tiny bottle cabinet and grab a whiskey to drink to this but I couldn't, the feeling I was feeling couldn't be fixed by a bottle of whiskey. I jumped when my phone rang, silently praying it was her but when an unknown number appeared on the screen I rejected it but it called for the second time and the third, and the fourth. Sighing, I swiped the screen and answered "Hello."

The voice on the other side took me by surprise, it was an unfamiliar female voice

Me: Ndithetha nabani? (Who am I talking to?)

She was hesitant at first, wanting me to remind her that I was still waiting for her name

"Uthetha noKhanyisa (You're talking to Khanyisa.)"

I closed my eyes, feeling this burning feeling inside of me return, I opened my eyes about to talk when she said

"Ndifuna ucela uxolo about what my parents have put you through. Bendingayifuni nam len... (I didn't want this as we...)"

Me: Ubungayifuni? Ubungayifuni kodwa ubuhleli kwelakhukho lobubhanxa? (You didn't want it yet you were sitting on that stupid grass mat?)

"Ndicela undimamele, please. I know ayilulanga lento kuwe but it isn't easy for me as well."

Me: Jonga don't ever call this number again. If you know what's best for you and your selfish parents.

"I was ju..."

I hung up, now feeling like I could punch someone. I tried Aphindiwe's phone again but it was still on voicemail, it was a fuckery situation because I had never saved Khamila's numbers,

was on bad terms with her brother so I couldn't get hold of her to get through Phindi. I recall not having slept well, waking up in the middle of the night thinking hard about my life problems. Two weeks passed my body still with me but my mind, it always lingered on whether or not I should drive to Stellenbosch University and what drove me crazy was the fact that she wasn't answering my calls and had ignored me on Whatsapp before deleting it. At first I presumed she had blocked me until I added her on Nkulies Whatsapp then discovered that her number didn't reflect at all. On that Saturday afternoon I was sitting on a camp chair with a glass of something strong, having a decent chat with the gents. Bulelani was back in town again and the braai was held in his back yard. I kept on trying to call Aphindiwe but still to no vain. Nkulie grabbed my phone out of my hand as I was texting one of my workers to quickly trace her number for me

"Jonga Miles, imaid xa ikwate oluhlobo uyayiyeka. Yintoni yangathi zange wajola? (Look Miles when a woman is this mad you let her be. Why you acting like you never dated?)"

Me: Khazise phone yam Nkululeko (Just bring my phone Nkululeko)

Nkulie: Bhuda kharinge nentwana yakho uyixelele uba kuyothathwa abantwana for a reason (Bhuda please talk to your boy and tell him there's a reason girls are being fetched)

Bulelani: And for once ukhetha ukhala okwe Ndoda, kuyakhulwa (and for once you prefer crying like a man, you're growing)

Me: Mxm

I took my phone from Nkulie and text away like I was doing, I impatiently waited for a response. I kept on checking my phone every now and then hoping to have received some news just yet. After what seemed like forever he sent me a

text, telling me the number was found in one of the houses in Sea Point. I informed my boys about the crisis and as always I received a lecture of not going there but when I refused they gave me a 'play safe' one. Nkululeko not trusting my gut he jumped in the car with me and we hit the road. I was close to being drunk, not drunk enough not to know what I was doing or not being able to drive, even though I wasn't driving like my normal self. 80Km per hour was the speed I was driving at when I would actually drive at 140/160 if I were my sober self.

Nkululeko was complaining about how he'd be getting ass by now if it was not for my wining ass, there was a girl he was praying he would get but actually volunteered going with me to Sea Point when I didn't want a wingman.

Something kept telling me shit was wrong the closer we got and every time I promised myself I wouldn't lose my temper because I didn't want to scare her away. I checked the location and

typed it on my GPS when we entered Sea Point, the house was two minutes away from where we were parked.

Immediately when we found the apartment I stepped out, unable to control my nerves as we walked through the gate; nervous that I was here to see her without her permission and that I might find her with someone. Nkululeko saw how agitated I was getting as we knocked at the door and there was no answer but the loud music which echoed through the house. My boy attempted stopping me but failed when I was already inside, my eyes meeting the small crowd of people inside the house, I scanned the crowd and came across a familiar face. She seemed nervous as I made my way towards her

Me: Luthando

Luthando: Hey. Wenzani apha? (What are you doing here?)

Me: Uphi Aphindiwe? (Where's Aphindiwe?)

Luthando: I don't think she wants to see you

Me: Uphi? (Where is she?)

When she Didn't answer I started searching the house, from the kitchen, bathroom, the bedrooms and back to the lounge where I was at first. I was about to turn away when my came across a sliding door to the balcony, Nkululeko was besides me the whole time, probably here to help stop me if I got violent which I was planning not to. I budged through the door and my heart floated immediately when I saw her, I didn't register seeing her on a guy's lap as yet because I was still happy that I was at least seeing. Like I hoped she wouldn't, she jumped away from his lap giving me the sign that something was going on and that's what made me snap

Me: Masihambe (Let's go)

Aphindiwe: Siyaphi? Andifuni uhamba nawe
(Where are we going? I don't want to go with
you?)

Me: Aphindiwe masihambe ngoku! (Aphindiwe
lets go now!)

Kimberley: Aren't you supposed to be married?

Me: Khamila not today

Kimberley: You can't come here ordering her
around like you doing, she doesn't want you she
moved on. So leave!

Assuming Nkululeko might have predicted my
next action he pulled her aside, she struggled
on his hold swearing in her language. I stepped
towards Aphindiwe but her mysterious guy
stood up and stepped in front of me preventing
any further contact, I chuckled trying to remain
calm

Me: Mfana ndize apha ndizothetha
noAphindiwe and I don't expect to have your

ass standing in my way. Move.

"Akafuni uthetha nawe chap."

Me: Bhekela (move)

"This is my house and xa ndisithi Aphindiwe doesn't want to talk to you I mean she doesn't want to..."

It was a matter of two seconds and I had him against the glass table they were sitting around, their bottles and glasses were all scattered on the floor if not broken, he struggled under me as I tightened his collar around his neck. I was aware his buddies were trying to help because I heard when Nkululeko cocked his gun, daring any of them to make a single move

Me: Awuzobamba icherry yam then uzothetha lekaka uyithethayo uyevha. I don't a fucken fuck who's house this is, when I come to fetch what belongs to me then I've come to fetch what fucken belongs to me.

He was staring at me looking like if I freed him he would actually fight me, I wanted to dare it so I moved away and like I had expected the bastard grabbed a bottle and almost crashed it on my head, if it wasn't for my quick reaction and it made contact with my elbow.

Nkululeko: Fuck!

He swung at me with the bottle cup and it cut my upper arm, there was no time to pay any attention to that, I swung

my arm at his face and pushed him against the wall, crashing his head between my elbow and the wall. I wasn't planning to but I felt myself pull out my gun and aim at his head, my eyes were concentrated on his which were now as big as his balls. I was fuming with anger and from afar I heard Khamila's voice beg Aphindiwe to tell me to stop, I don't know if it was my mind playing tricks on me or they were in actual fact far. I felt someone grab my t-shirt

and with the mind that it might be someone helping their dear friend I pulled back from this guy but now aimed my weapon at his forehead. I pressed it deep against his head and attended the friend only to come face to face with a terrified looking Aphindiwe. I understood her fear, she had witnessed me kill a man before and with a knife then

"Mihle please don't."

Me: Come here

She stared between my hand and her friend who was against the wall, we all knew he had no chance to escape because Nkululeko's eyes were on him and I believed none of this bitch ass niggurs were stupid enough to make a single move.

Me: Sondela Aphindiwe (Come close Aphindiwe)

I was shaking from anger, I was out of patience and what she was doing killed me, she was

more concerned about this guy's being than she was about me. I turned my gaze to him and deepened the gun on his forehead, he hissed gritting his teeth together as the metal stretched against his skin

Kimberley: You're going to kill him! Someone please stop him!

Aphindiwe: Mihle ndiyakucela! Please don't!

I was totally shut and only wanted to crash his skull, I didn't know this but something told me this whole week I haven't seen her, he slept with her

"I'll come with you. Mihle I'll come with you."

She was on her tippy toes now holding my cheeks, I turned my focused gaze and looked at her, her eyes were teary but I couldn't give a damn right now. I lifted my hand and grabbed her neck, rough I would like to think because she closed her eyes like someone who was

enduring pain, I brought her head close and placed my forehead on hers

Me: You're coming with me?

She nodded, looking straight into my eyes

Aphindiwe: I will if uyamyeka uOdwa, please.

Her voice was cracky and shaky. I removed my forehead from hers and kissed it before pulling her shaking body into mine with one arm, I turned my head to her friend

Me: If I find out you touched her, I'll kill you.

I removed my gun from his forehead and he lowered his head into his hands. I don't care who was watching me as I walked out hand in hand with a shaking Aphindiwe who just gave a nod to two of her best friends that she'd be alright. I knew they were people who took videos and pictures because I heard Nkululeko say

"If any of you post this shit, ncncnc."

I knew after today a lot was going to change, the way she acted around was going to change, her way of talking was going to change.

Aphindiwe was going to change. That scared me because it was still the same lady I fell in love with that I wanted next to me and I wasn't the type to understand everything so chances were her changes were going to frustrate me.

Entry 171

Aphindiwe

I've never seen him like that before, yes I do remember when he killed my rapist he was angry but not as much. The day I was raped he was more hurt than angry but that day I saw

anger, a monster, someone who could killed using his bare hands. We made way to his car and I felt I couldn't carry my weight, scared was an understatement, I wanted to die right on the spot. I avoided glancing his way as I sat on the passenger seat, there was silence in the car, even Nkululeko didn't say a word. Mihle kept on squeezing my thigh making me wish he'd quickly remove his hand immediately after he'd just placed it. My mind was anyway but on the anger of the man sitting next to me, he continuously kept on grabbing the steering wheel his knuckles turning white every time he did. My heart was hammering against my chest threatening to pop out or I could say I felt like I was about to throw up. I blew out a few breathes to calm myself but failed, I was scared to death, my knees still loose as I sat still on that car seat. His gun was on his lap and I kept passing my gaze to it every second. The drive was tense not even Nkululeko could make it

better, this time around his presence was useless. When we arrived at his place he gave his car to Nkulie for him to drive home. The time had just hit midnight, perfect for him to plot my death and kill me without having any trace, I'm sorry but that's what came to mind when I saw him like this. When we stepped into the house I closed the door and stood two feet away from him watching his every move, he hadn't glanced my way since we left Sea Point. He sat on the single couch and stared straight ahead, I did think that after some few minutes he would have switched on the television but he was still looking at the blank screen, and I, I was still standing on that one place. Up to that time I was shaking and kept blowing soft, shaky sighs. After what seemed like a decade he finally stared my way, his gaze bore in me and I looked back at him praying he'd at least lose the anger that was showing in his eyes

"Yizohlala phantsi (Come sit down)"

It has never took me that long to walk from the door to the couch, if there was a way I'd head the opposite direction and run but I knew no matter what I still loved him and that's why I walked towards the couch he appointed. I dropped my eyes to my feet immediately when I sat on the couch and even then I still felt his gaze on me. Hayi mntase wayengathi ugade umntana omncinci sana, ingade ndihleli nomatshingilane endlini (Oh he acted like he was looking after a little child, like I was with some security guard in the house.)

Mihle: Aphindiwe

Me: Mihle

Mihle: Ndjongxe xa ndathetha nawe (Look at me when I'm talking to you).

I lifted my head and faces the monster in front of me, with him looking like this I wasn't

admitting anything, I couldn't, he was probably going to kill me.

Mihle: Ngubani lanja ubuhleli nayo? (Who's that dog you were sitting with?)

Me: I was with a lot of people

"That bastard that had you glued to his lap damnt!"

Me: Ngu Odwa (it's Odwa)

Mihle: Uyamfuna? (You want him?)

Me: Hayi

Mihle: He's fucking you?

Me: No.

He chuckled and it amused me how calm yet angry he looked, he simultaneously licked his lips while running his hand down his face. I knew this wasn't going to be easy but I now sensed it was going to be worse than I thought

Mihle: Ndizokubuza futhi (I'll ask you again), Is he fucking you?

Me: No

Mihle: Uphambene Aphindiwe? (Are you mad Aphindiwe?) I'm fucken giving you a chance to rectify your damn self and you still lying. Is this bastard fucking you?!

Me: Hayi Mihle!

He stood up obviously fuming, I didn't know whether to stand or sit but because I knew it would be an advantage if I stood I did that just in case he hit me. I wasn't telling the whole truth but I wasn't lying either, Odwa and I never went intimate. He stopped pacing and turned to me, I felt my heart beat hard against my chest from just looking at him in this condition

Mihle: Mambhele ndisakucenga (Mambhele I'm still begging you)

Me: Kchange ndenze nto no Odwa (I did nothing

with Odwa)

He hit the dining table with a fist and I swear I heard that thick glass on top crack when I jumped

"Uphambene?! Are you fucken out of your mind?!"

Me: Hayi

He took long steps towards and at the back of my head something told me to stand still because I remembered how much he hated it when I refused contact with him but I stepped back regardless, he came to a halt a foot before me

Mihle: You are fucking me up.

Me: Mihle ndi...

Mihle: Ndizokubuza futhi Aphindiwe and if you lie again. Wenzani nalanja? (What are you doing with that dog?)

I shook my head and that right there was my mistake, unable to step back because I was going to fall over the coffee table he grabbed my face by the cheeks digging his fingers deep in my cheekbones. You can imagine my shook right, that unpleasant feeling caused by him putting his hands on me. I held his arm trying to fight the pressure he was applying more, it felt like he could break my jaws just from holding me that way. He was staring straight into my eyes clearly daring me to speak but I couldn't even open my mouth from the way he was holding me instead I felt like my facial skeleton would break. He finally let go only when my eyes filled with tears, when he released me I swear there was nothing better I could have asked for but being free from that hold.

Between soft sobs I managed to say

"I'm sorry. Uxolo Fhaku."

Mihle: Thetha

I wiped my tears with the back of my hands drying my cheeks and eyes but it was useless the tears kept coming, something was happening in my heart and it was an unbearable feeling

Me: Promise you won't hurt him.

He laughed. Thixo wam lobhuti wahleka ninani and then I regretted asking that

Mihle: You care about the laaitie huh? It's cute.

He was looking at me smiling but that was before that smile faded into a serious blank look

Mihle: Jonga ke sthandwa sam, uyamthanda then you'll talk

Me: I care about him and you'll kill him anyway! Whether I talk or not you will...

Mihle: Just talk damnt!!

I jumped and flinched again, right now I had all

reasons to be scared of him, all reasons Google could probably give me

Me: We just had foreplay that's it. It was nothing else.

I swear I saw him stop breathing, the look on his face made me regret saying that not because he became more angry but just because he looked crushed

Me: Fhaku

Mihle: You sucked him?

My heart dropped to my tummy, the feeling of wishing to throw up when I realised the following morning after I did returned. I opened my mouth to speak but I couldn't, there was nothing I could say that could change this

Me: Uxolo Fhaku

He closed his eyes and tightened his fists, I said a small prayer asking the Almighty to accept

me in heaven despite my sins because I was dying today. He eventually opened his eyes and looked at me, they were blood red and of course you know the story they were blood red. He didn't say a word for a good while but rather gawking at me

Mihle: And you liked it?

Me: No. I was drunk

Mihle: And if you weren't you were.

Me: Hayi

Mihle: Prove it to me.

Blonde moment. With furrowed eyebrows I questioned him

"Njani? (How?)"

Mihle: Ngomso. You'll call him umxelele that I want him here.

My eyes became bigger the more he spoke, realization hitting me

Mihle: I want to see you in action, exactly how you gave it to him.

Me: Mihle Hayi

He turned around and headed towards the bathroom, I've never been so fast in my whole life. I grabbed hold of his arm but quickly let go when he turned and threw daggers at me

Me: Ndiyakucela Mihle, please Fhaku. Don't do this, please bhuti.

He didn't budge not even a single blink, an annoyed glance was all I received

Mihle: Awuzofuna ndiyomlanda ngokwam (You don't want me fetching him by myself). Make sure he's here by afternoon

That was his final word as he walked away to the bathroom, I tried keeping calm so I could think of a plan and a way of getting him to get rid of this psychopathic idea. He couldn't be serious, there was no way in hell I could do that

in front of him, I would rather die. To be honest kuni that was a genuine drunk action, I cared less when I did that but right now it hit me hard. I dug in my pockets for my phone and searched for Odwa's contacts on Whatsapp, I wasn't going to call him that would be the death of me. To my unfortunate luck there was only one tick and I was losing my patience because I wanted to let him know.

It does not come to mind how long I sat at the lounge scared to go to the bedroom. I only stood up and headed there when I couldn't stay up anymore, the passage and bedroom lights were off. I took cautious steps and opened the door, unlike the other days I didn't switch on the light but removed my clothes in the dark. I took his vest that was laid out of the couch and wore it with my panties before sliding in bed. The following morning I woke up to an empty bed, empty house. I was all by myself and had no

idea where he had gone, the house was locked and I wasn't going to try calling him. I used one of his spare towels and took a long shower hoping it would get rid of the lump I had irritating me in my throat. For the first time in forever I actually felt like things would be better if I were home, I wouldn't have been feeling like I didn't belong. I prepared a bowl of cereal then chilled at the lounge watching television, having emotional chats with Asanda and Kim. Even though feeling like my throat was going to crack open from his lump I had, I held back the tears and played the strong girl character. In my mind I had all sorts of worst situation of his arrival and it scared me, I still hadn't convinced Odwa about coming here, I then mentioned something about dying or Mihle killing me and I received a "send me a location" text within a matter of seconds. Call me selfish if you have to Mihle was going to hit me if O didn't step his foot here. With the hope that Odwa would arrive before

Mihle because I was hoping to elope with him but because my ancestors didn't know I existed or probably forgot about my existence they once again didn't answer my wishes. My whole body tensed and my heartbeat quickened when I heard the key turn on the door handle. There was about three hours since I been alone in this house and I suddenly felt it would have been okay if I was locked here the whole day. He walked in holding a plastic from Checkers and an energy drink in his other hand. He was dressed normally so I took it as though he had gone to the fields instead. After stepping out of the kitchen he sipped from his can and looked around the room before looking at me

"Iphi lentwana? (Where's this boy?)"

Me: On his way

I avoided looking at him, in fact I didn't want to look at him at all. Firstly I was hurt from the consoling chats I was having on my Whatsapp,

secondly I was hurt because he wasn't better from yesterday. He said something but I couldn't make out what it was because I was concentrated more on the feeling of trying to hold back my tears

Mihle: Aphindiwe?

Me: Yintoni? (What is it?)

Mihle: Ndiyathetha (I'm talking)

I eventually turned my face to him and gazed at the man I wasn't sure I wanted to be with right now

"Uthini? (What are you saying?)"

Mihle: Ndinike number yale ntwana (Give me this boy's number)

Because I was tired of fighting and feared he'd once again lay a hand on me on much worse states, I unlocked my phone and read the number out loud. He dialled it, placing the

phone against his ear, I assume O didn't pick up when he cursed and tried again but that's when we heard a car pull off on the driveway. Ixhala, ndandirhalela nocula Taru Bawo and ask Him to magically open up a hole for me where I could hide. I stood up and rubbed my sweating hands against the leggings I was wearing, he was studying me like a hawk craving its prey

Me: Fhaku can we talk about this?

Mihle: After this is done we will.

My breathing was inappropriate, I was scared, my knees were about to give up on me. How in the fucken living hell was I supposed to give head to another man with the man I loved watching. I was about to persist the begging when my phone vibrated against the couch, earning both our attention. The name on the screen made my insides turn

Mihle: Yiphendule (Answer it)

With shaking hands, I picked it up

Me: O

Odwa: I'm outside. 103 is the house number?

Me: Yes

Odwa: Ndilapha (I'm here)

Me: Okay

I dropped my phone on the couch and took two shaky steps forward as Mihle approached the door and opened it, I heard the door of a car closing and I knew just then my dignity was coming to an end. Mihle stepped aside and from the side view I could see how narrowed and focused his eyes were

Mihle: Uyindoda. Uzincede ngoza ngoba uba'khange uze bendizokufubana ndikubulale. (You're a man. You did yourself a favour by coming because if you did not I was going to find you and kill you.)

O walked in and immediately his eyes landed on me, the sympathy and regret in them made me want to beg Mihle over again. Mihle closed the door and turned to me, his stare lingered on me for a very long uncomfortable time before he cleared his throat

Mihle: Ndininika imizuzu eye'2 (I'm giving you guys two minutes)

He retreated to the bedroom leaving Odwa and myself all alone. We stood in our positions the silence wrongly filling the room.

Odwa: Phindi

I glanced his way and raised my eyebrows at him

Odwa: Uright? Are you okay?

He stepped towards me and was about to touch me when I took a step backwards

Me: Hayi Odwa, sundibamba (don't hold me)

His worry increased

"He can't see you holding me, uzomenza umsindo (you'll make him angry)."

Odwa: Is this guy hitting you?

Me: No

Odwa: I don't believe you.

My eyes fell on the man who was standing at the passage looking between Odwa and I, while Odwa's were on me still waiting for me to answer his question. I didn't think my knees could carry me anymore when I saw the gun in his hand, he took slow steps towards us and stopped besides the dining table which he broke yesterday

Mihle: Jongani andizothetha kanintsi ingathi ndithetha nabageza. I was expecting to find you guys ready already, nikupha lomonde ndinayo.

Me: Nyawuza please listen to me bhuti, there's

no need for this. We can...

"Aphindiwe, don't you fucken dare! (Long pause)
Dont!"

I flinched when he yelled my name, my face and body language screaming fear from a distance. I wanted to fist bump myself for making him angry, this was a job well done, now he was back to being the angry man I feared. I was definitely dying that night. Odwa walked up to me and grabbed my hand pulling me to a more open space, he let go of one hand while the other fiddled with his belt. I dropped my eyes to his waist then back to his eyes, not having forgotten that Mihle was still in the room, watching us

Me: Odwa

I shook my head at him but he continued undoing his pants until his CK underwear was on display.

Odwa: Jonga Phindi, let's do this and get it done with. It's a matter of seconds and it's better than losing our lives

He was whispering to me, his hands on my shoulders as he searched for my eyes. I felt my heart drop to my tummy as he held my chin and pleaded, I get it he didn't want to die but as for me I felt I was going to die anyway. He lowered me to my knees and for the last time before I took out his craft I threw my stare back at Mihle, his burning gaze was on me, it was clear it was me he wanted to watch sucking another man, he didn't give a bloody damn about O being here. I felt my tears filling my eyes that was when I broke eye contact and looked at the waist of the man in front of me.

"You can do this Phindi"

Was the voice at the back of my mind, I was growing cheeky but it didn't help regardless because whether I was cheeky or crying, Mihle

wasn't letting this one go. My shaking hands held the waistband of Odwa's undergarment and just when I was about to pull it down I pulled back, hearing Mihle cork his gun. I stopped breathing instantly and only waited for a shot, I didn't want to look at him.

Mihle: Continue

That's when I gained the courage to turn my head, his teary eyes weren't leaving me and what scared me more than the anger on his face was the prepared weapon in his hand. It surprised me how whenever he was angry he had teary red eyes but those tears never fell, not a single moment. Odwa moved back and knelt in front of me, holding my face in his hands

Odwa: Sweetheart jonga

Me: Ndiyoyika O

Odwa: He won't kill you. Not in my presence, asoze. I won't let that happen.

I shook my head, another flood of tears wetting my cheeks. I still could feel Mihle's eyes on me but right now what I cared most about was the comfort I was getting from this guy in front of me, I needed it more than anything.

Odwa: Uyandivha? (Do you hear me?)

I dried my eyes with the back of my hands and sighed loudly, actually ready to do this nonetheless. O was about to get up on his feet when Mihle spoke

"Ningahamba (You guys can leave)."

Astonished I looked at him between furrowed eyebrows, why was he addressing the both of us? Odwa didn't ask anything further but picked up his pants, fixed it and held me by a hand about to pull me towards the door, I pulled back looking at him

Me: Andihambi (I'm not leaving)

Odwa: Intoni? (What?)

Me: Hamba. I need to stay here

Odwa looked at me like I had suddenly grew two heads, when he couldn't understand why he looked at Mihle who was standing feet behind us, O stepped close to me taking me in a hug

Odwa: You'll be safe right?

I nodded, he nodded back before heading to the door and stepping out. I waited until the sound of his car was unheard prior to turning and facing an angry Mihle. He was leaning against the wall, his gun now placed on the table as he unbelievably stared at me. I attempted calming my breathing but it wasn't working and this silence was annoying, we had been quiet for over five minutes. He sighed a little aloud before speaking

"Niyathandana nalamfana? (Are you and that guy in love?)"

I shook my head and he still kept his focused

gaze on me

Mihle: Then nenzani? (Then what are you guys doing?)

Me: Nothing Mihle

Mihle: Aphindiwe sthandwa sam, I wasn't born yesterday.

Me: But andixoki (But I'm not lying)

Mihle: You get comfortable in his touch (silence) so there's either two things that's happening. You in love or in lust with him, which one is it?

I shook my head indicating that it was none of those he listed, he took in my image from head to toe before nodding

"Okay. Ndisayolala (I'm going to sleep)"

When I was left alone in the room I turned my gaze to the clock against the wall, it was only approaching two in the afternoon, this day was taking its time. I absentmindedly dragged my

feet to the couches and threw myself on one of them, swallowing the lump I had on my throat. I text Sasa telling her how unsafe I was feeling, she wasn't good at giving good advices, all she did was throwing swearing words and telling me to leave his ass.

I tossed and turned on the couch attempting to sleep for over an hour, I couldn't not when I was suffering from a headache like I was doing so I ended up jumping off the couch and headed to the kitchen to check the plastics he bought with. Finding some stuff to cook I first rushed to the room to search for some painkillers for the headache that was killing me but I stopped at the door when I heard him talk on the phone. About around and back something in me told me to stop and eavesdrop, I knew it was wrong but I did. From the tone of his voice he was definitely having a conversation of a female, telling about his broke heart. I found myself

wondering from jealousy whom it was he was so comfortable talking to about our fights, he didn't get much into detail

"(Chuckles) so ufuna ndizokubona? (So you want me to come see you?)"

...

"No. Yenziwa kuba undithanda kaloku so iright lonto but lena funeke ndiyenze ndodwa uyaqonda? (No. You're doing that because you love me so it's alright but this I gotta do alone you understand?)"

...

He went quiet for a long time listening to the woman on the other side, my mind kept telling me it was probably a relative but I knew it wasn't. Because I loved him, I wanted to lie for him and tell myself it wasn't any girl he was romantically involved with but he continued proving me wrong

"Jonga sthandwa sam asizoxatyaniswa yilento. I know I was supposed to see you izolo I couldn't, I wasn't in a good space neither am I today."

...

He sighed and I heard him drag his slippers, I almost jumped away from the door but quickly listened and heard that his footsteps were heading the opposite direction, towards the window and that's when it became difficult to hear him out. Without thinking twice I pushed the door and walked in, like someone who was doing nothing wrong he only turned his head to look at me and returned his attention to the phone call, he however kept it short bidding goodbyes to whomever he was talking to. He threw his phone on the bed and made way to the bathroom, I searched my handbag, the only item I had here with me and took out two grandpa tablets. I returned to the kitchen and

started preparing a meal, my mind still on that phone call, I wanted to find out whom it was he was talking to but I refrained from it today wasn't the right time.

He remained in the bedroom for another three hours straight before I called him to have supper, and like expected we didn't talk while eating - his concentration was on the tv while mine was on my plate and phone. I was still not good at cooking but a little better than before, what I cooked was edible or maybe he tolerated it because it was his grocery. After supper I cleaned up and went straight to bed leaving him in the lounge playing Fifa. The following morning I woke up to an empty house and I recalled having heard him dress up for work but immediately went back to sleep after that. Once again I wore his shorts and vest, his short fitted just perfectly because of my thick bottoms while the vest was oversized. He surprised me

with a phone call wanting to know if he had to fetch my bags or I wanted to leave, believe me when I tell you that we went in circles for almost five minutes because I felt like he was kicking me out. It was just yesterday when he told me and Odwa to leave and not even 24hours after that he was asking me the exact same thing. I came to conclusion that I should actually go because I felt he wanted his space and I needed mine just as much. At something past five he returned from work and drove me back to residence, he had brought me Steers' ribs and quarter leg chicken, with chips and cold drink to eat. On our way to Stellenbosch I kept on feeling like I was losing my relationship and I know it might sound stupid to say but it scared me, I didn't want it to end, to me it felt like we were just starting so we couldn't end here.

When we stopped opposite the gate of the

school's residence I wanted to rewind the ride, at least not to part ways with him when it felt like this. Yes sitting with him and having him not even look at me hurt me but this was hurting even more. I let out a shaky sigh when I realised he wasn't turning off the engine like usual, he didn't want to stay

Me: Thanks for ukutya (thanks for the food)

He gave me his normal look but because of this, it seemed different

Mihle: Okay

Me: Impahla zakho? (Your clothes?)

Mihle: Ndizozilanda when I see you again.

I nodded opening the door to step out. I made sure to do it as slow as possible because I wanted him to beg me to stay, to grab and kiss me and say something but he patiently waited for me to step out

Me: Bye.

He raised a brow and I closed the door, he drove off immediately when I stepped away from the car and if it weren't for the people around me minding their own businesses I would have found a way to run after that car. I spent approximately four days without having contacted him and visa versa, and it was beginning to sink in all thanks to Kimberley. If she wasn't preaching to me about Mihle being a thug and never going to change, she was shouting at me to leave the relationship and make peace with it.

"He's not good for you. Leave while you still can because you know how gangsters get. Do you need him to hit you so you can realise he isn't good for you? How stupid are you? Blah blah blah."

Were the continuous lectures I received from her and a little bit of some advice from

Luthando. That Friday I spoke to my father surprising him and myself when I told him I would be catching a flight the following Tuesday, I preferred being home instead of living like this, wishing every passing day that he'd call telling me he was outside. I wanted to text him and tell him I was leaving but what difference was it going to make because he was probably talking to someone more important than I was because he was online on Whatsapp but rather not chatting to me.

172 Entry

Mihle

I was sitting in my car after a long emotional week, a week where I tried keeping away from her because I was still angry about the event that had occurred the previous weekend. What I

did not want was to see her and lay a hand on her once again, that hold was enough and it shouldn't have happened in the first place. I wasn't pleased, this was something I wanted to leave behind, I wanted another way of expressing my anger not through physical violence. I had spent over ten minutes leaning against the steering wheel, my phone in my hand trying to think whether it was a good idea to call Aphindiwe. After contemplating I decided it was so I rang her but it sent me straight to voicemail. Twice. I laid back on the seat and closed my eyes, that was after sending her an sms. A whole week and I hadn't laid my eyes on her, I know she text me a couple of times on Whatsapp which I ignored her, me being mad didn't justify not answering to her texts but I did regardless and now I wanted to talk to her, I couldn't get hold of her. I collected my items and stepped out of the car to my house, it was already dark and still full from the braai we had

at work I decided I'd just head to bed. That was after taking a shower. In bed I could not sleep a bit, possibly thinking of a way I could get hold of her, I longed for her, I needed to talk to her. It wasn't a want, I needed this, her voice at least.

The following morning I woke up with a headache as the time flickered at 6, there was no way I could sleep any further because my mind was all over the place. I checked my phone and saw missed calls from Pearl, the last time I remembered she was still mad at me for not being able to see her when I was fighting for my relationship. What really bored her was how I wasn't giving her the attention I used to when I was with Nomthandazo and I figured what she failed to understand was these were two different women, and I felt differently about them. She was upset when I told her openly that I loved uMambhele but became more upset when I couldn't see her. At that current moment

she was the last person I wanted to see, my mind was on the woman I truly loved, I rang her again but still to no vain. Seeing that I had no other option but to contact my wingman who was probably going to give me a great lecture, I rang him

"Miles."

Me: Ntwana, ugrand?

Nkululeko: Standard bhuda ugrand wena?

Me: Ha.a, ndise vaar(ini)

Nkululeko: Smoko?

Me: Ndifuna whereabouts zika Aphindiwe.
Andimfumani...

Nkululeko: Miles, Miles, zingaphi impundu ezijaiva ngakuwe bra for you to be stuck kuleway? (Miles, how many asses often dance on you bra for you to be stuck on this one?)

Me: Nkululeko?

Nkululeko: Mihle

I chuckled because he barely called me by my name, only a couple of times, this might be the third time in my life if I counted properly <b

Me: Uzoyijonga le number or ndikhangele omnye umntu? (Are you going to look for this number or must I find someone else?)

Nkululeko: (sighs) Mxm. Ndinike le way (Give me this number)

Me: Ndifuna feedback immediately (I want feedback immediately)

Nkululeko: Mxm

He hung up on me and for the meantime I took a refreshing shower awaiting him to send me a text. It was the 10th of December and I knew I couldn't go see her now wherever she was, however the following week Thursday was my last day at work before my leave and I planned to travel wherever she was. It took Nkulie the

whole day to return my calls and tell me he traced the number back at Mthatha. I knew I wasn't supposed to be angry but some fume grew in me, she flew out without letting me know, is that how much she wanted to be away from me? It somehow made me feel like she didn't want me anymore, like she were giving me a hint that I should stay away. Little did she know I was going nowhere, not while I still had the hope that I still stood a chance with her. I might have been the most stubborn person you'll come across but when I felt unneeded, I knew my way out. Right now she needed me more than anything, I felt it. I knew it.

Spending a whole week brainstorming a decent way to approach her. I decided I'd drive the distance just to get my mind off things because if I flew I'd get there before time, before I had managed to get my thoughts together. After

work on the 14th, I went to the laundry for my clothes, returned home and packed a few then went to meet up with the gents at the fields. It was this time of the year where the business brought in money but I wasn't there spiritually, and my absence was a cost in many ways. I had been absent for almost two months and only giving instructions through the phone and because of this we were losing great money. I left a report after the meeting, a clear report on how things were to be ran while I was away because from Mthatha I would be heading home.

As early as 1am and I was on the road to Mthatha, I wanted to complete this drive before the afternoon sun hit the grounds. If I managed to at least get there before the heat was strong, I was going to be able to tackle my task for the day. It was an exhausting driving, one that had

me cursing and complaining, my body giving me cramps because it was almost a decade since I drove to anywhere over 300km.

Forgetting how long that distance was, I only made it in the town at to two, extremely exhausted out of my soul. Making it from the reception to my room was an easy process, that's when I took the time to regain my strength by taking a nap at least.

My watch striked 18:22 as was standing in front of my car still trying to get hold of Aphindiwe, I was a little worked by then because I still reached voicemail. Agitated, I called Nkululeko again he'd find the exact location of her cellphone number

Nkululeko: (whistles) Miles uzak...

Me: Nkululeko not now! Find me le number.

Nkululeko: Mxm, sharp.

I hung up and unlocked my car, stepping in. I

was a little uneasy now because it occurred to me that she had rejected my number and got rid of Whatsapp so I wouldn't get hold of her. It was a matter of seven minutes and I received a message from Nkululeko sending me the location which I immediately typed on my GPS device. After receiving my route, I embarked on the 13 minute journey to Northcrest. When I discovered that the route might be locating me to her elders house that's when my worry arose, I couldn't just budge in and ask for her, that would cause more family problems for her. They would definitely call her father if he wasn't around and let him know a man had come looking for her. I found the house and silently hoped that it was the correct place, parked my car a little further from the gate and switched off both the engine and lights. I turned on the car seat and faced the front of the house in case someone came out. To my luck, it wasn't even ten minutes when I saw a girl step out,

followed by a familiar face and Aphindiwe. They were dressed up, yayingabuzwa they were going out. They approached the gates in smiles and talking, that was my cue to jump out and so I did. As though she felt my presence she came to a halt and looked around before her eyes landed on my car then on me. They were about two feet away from the gate when the other two girls took note of her change of mood and me. At the back of my mind I kept on telling myself not to yell at her because I heeded that she was going to head back into the house and I didn't want her to. She was about to turn on her heel when the familiar girl grabbed her arm, Sisanda or Asanda, I'm bad with names. She threw some words at Aphindiwe in an attention I could detect from where I was standing, Phindi did the same but eventually sighed and they stepped out of the gate. It was funny how they faced the other way and started walking like I wasn't even standing there. If it wasn't for my

love for this girl I would have left but I got in my car and sped towards them, stopping just an inch in front of the other girl. My car half crossed the tar and pavement before I stepped out and took long steps towards the lady I came here to see.

This Sisanda or Asanda kid quickly searched her handbag and pulled out a cellphone which I quickly snatched out of her hand, earning a rude snort from her

"Ndicela undinike iphone yam. (Could you please give me my phone back.)"

Me: Would you please keep quiet.

Asanda: Bhuti ndic...

Me: Just shut up!

Her eyes almost popped out from shock and she did what she should have done the minute I arrived here, keeping her mouth shut

Me: Damnt. (Sighs) Phindi

I turned to the lady in front of me who still looked surprised seeing me here

"Ndicela sithethe (can we talk)"

Aphindiwe: Wenzani apha? (What are you doing here?)

Me: Ndizobona wena (I came to see you)

Aphindiwe: But...

I attempted touching her, she stepped back avoiding any physical contact

Asanda: Bhuti

I shut my eyes already irritated by this girl

"One ndicela iphone yam. Two usenza late and three, can't you see uba you're making uAphindiwe uncomfortable or what you're blind?!"

Aphindiwe: Asanda!

Asanda: Hayi Aphindiwe uyandidika lobhuti!

I chuckled and actually told myself I'd ignore the latter, my concentrate was on her second statement, I was making them late besiyaphi?

Me: Then hambani ngaphandle kwakhe (then leave without her)

They simultaneously said "What?", both giving me looks like I just spoke a foreign language. I narrowed my eyes at Phindi because she was the person I was talking to

Me: I've booked a room for us eGarden Court. I want you to come with me

Asanda: Akazi, we were leaving. Masambeni (let's go)

Aphindiwe: Hayi, andizohamba (I won't go)

Asanda: Iintoni! Aphindiwe uright nje? (What! Aphindiwe are you alright?)

Aphindiwe: Can I talk to Asanda for a moment,

please?

I nodded giving them some space as I headed to my car, I watched them from a distance and actually took note from actions how Asanda was refusing. She kept shaking her head and throwing her hands up, looking at Aphindiwe like my woman had gone crazy for a moment. I waited approximately three minutes before they all turned and walked towards my car.

Aphindiwe opened the passenger door and placed her handbag on the seat

Aphindiwe: Ndicela uba dropper kulandawo besisiya kuyo then (Please drop them where we were heading them)

Me: Sure.

They all stepped in and actually went quiet for a moment, it wasn't long until the loud mouth spoke again

"Jonga ke Mihle, xa sibuya endlini funeke

sibuyele sonke. Ungacingi sizomshiya uAphindiwe nawe. (Look Mihle, when we return home we have to return together. You better not think we'll leave Aphindiwe with you.)"

Me: (chuckles)

I followed the directions they gave me and it wasn't long until I dropped the girls at a more ratchet looking place, I wasn't familiar with uMthatha so you can imagine how clueless I must have been. Subsequently, I drove back to the hotel with the one person my heart was pleased to have around. I noticed how tense she was during the drive, when I turned off the engine she reached for the door handle but stopped the actions startled when the locks clicked

Me: We need to talk...

Aphindiwe

His visit scared me more than it surprised me. I wasn't ready to see him, I missed him but wasn't ready to be around him not whilst I felt that way. I couldn't say no to him for one reason; he was going to lose it and believe me when I say I wasn't going to sleep that day had I gone out and rejected his offer. Seeing him brought back a lot of emotions and that painful lump on my throat which I attempted swallowing numerous times. I kept shut and waited for him, neither of us were locking in one another's direction

"About us."

That's when I finally faced him, his gaze was still focused on the windscreen in front of him

Me: What about us?

Mihle: Uyayazi ndiyakuthanda right? (You know I love you right?)

He faced me eventually, his eyes narrowed. He looked something between angry and fine

Me: I do

Mihle: I doubt that.

Me: Ndiyayazi Mihle

Mihle: Then why did you walk out on us? You do know yonke lento is because of your childish ways of handling izinto?

I bit back a chuckle, now I was the one to blame for everything. Where did this leave his pathetic family of hypocrites.

Me: I was shocked.

Mihle: And that's how you handle shock?

Me: Ewe. You can't blame me for this, what did you want me to do?

Mihle: You could have stayed damnt! If you really knew how much I loved you you were going to stay!

He threw a fist at the steering, startling me along. I swore he would have punched me by the time he was done talking. I averted my gaze from him and suddenly hated how true his statement was. But I did the first thing that came to mind at that moment

Mihle: Look at me !

I faced him, his nostrils flared from breathing so high and his chest paced

"I am not going to have a girlfriend who jumps on another dick when things fall apart kuthi. Do you understand me?"

I nodded

Mihle: Say it.

Me: I understand

Mihle: You keep testing my patience Aphindiwe, and I'm not good at this remorse thing. Andifuni ndide ndibulale umntu because of wena (I don't

want to eventually kill somebody because of you).

My stomach formed knots as I swallowed dry spit, he was revealing his true self bit by bit and I don't think I was ready.

Mihle: Come here

I moved towards him and his lips met my forehead, his hands held a firm hold on my neck as we remained in the position for over some time. He lowered his forehead to mine and had his eyes closed while I took in his figure, his breathing relaxing every time he exhaled

Mihle: Masambe (let's go).

He brushed my right cheek with his thumb, I loathed the feeling it was giving me even under this fear. We stepped out of the car and into the hotel to his room. I only placed my handbag then we stepped out again for supper, at the dining hall we didn't talk much, a part of me felt

like he still wasn't okay. He didn't mention being okay and that always meant he was not forgetting any of this.

The first thing that came to mind when I saw him was confronting him about the call I overheard the other day but his outburst caught me off guard, it was definitely a topic for another day. To be honest with you ndandingu zwelakhe, a girl of her own words but with this guy I had no chance, ndandithetha ndime. I was finally feeling that thing of dating a gangster, the type of relationship where he talked and you listened and I prayed it only stopped here. Uncomfortable by this silence I dug some words at the back of my throat

Me: Uhamba nini? (When are you leaving?)

Mihle: I don't. Haven't thought that far yet. You want me gone already

I shook my head, forcing a smile.

Me: How many days did you book for?

Mihle: The whole weekend.

Me: You know andizokwazi uhlala weekend yonke nawe (You know I won't be able to stay the whole weekend with you)

Mihle: Uzondibona kodwa? (You'll see me though?)

I ignored how that sounded like a command than a question and nodded.

Back to the room we took a shower, it was almost a decent one if it wasn't for him touching me all over. No matter how aggressive he seemed when he was angry, his touch always remained gentle, giving me endless chills. His hand was right between my thighs barely touching my womanhood when I stood on my tippy toes allowing him access, instead of going further he moved away, bringing the

free hand to my neck. He tilted my head as he placed wet kisses on my neck prior to turning me around and finding my lips. My knees lost their function when manuvoured his tongue in my mouth, in a very seductive manner. I felt like he wasn't close enough even though there was barely space for a papersheet to fit between us. He lowered his hand below my butt and picked me up, my legs tightening around his waist with instant action. He remained under the shower and the water only reached my arms which were around his neck, I was grinding against his waist hearing his groans encouraging me not to stop. I enjoyed his moans. He moved his hands from my waist to my butt and reached for my temple with his index finger, I was wet already. His finger kept moving from my clit to my pussy, being adventurous amongst the lips. He finally pushed it in, earning a soft moan from me against his lips. I felt his smirk against my mouth, he enjoyed it when I called out his name,

be it loud or soft. He pulled out his finger and brought it to his mouth, I could have screamed and tell him to stop but the way he sucked it was what had me wishing he'd do it. It was fucken sexy. I was still balanced on one arm and the legs around his torso as I watched him, he pulled out the finger his eyes close and bit on his tongue which was licking his bottom lip. Goddamn I think I might have came from just that. He placed one more kiss before placing me on the floor, my dropped my hands from his neck to his chest to his waist. Even though I still wanted more I got a sign from him that this was it for the night, he probably wasn't in the mood and when he wasn't I respected that as much as he respected it to me as well.

The next morning I woke up to a frown next to me, it was a peaceful sleeping face and looking at him in this state made my heart react a certain. The only reason I woke up that early

was because of that feeling you get when you slept knowing you have something important to do the following morning and to me, it was to call Asanda. I did that right after buying airtime via cellphone banking.

Me: Mntase

Asanda: Hey

I breathed out a soft sigh when I heard she was still sleeping

Me: Niphi? (Where are you?)

Asanda: Ekhaya (at home)

Me: Intoni?! (What?!)

I must have been that loud because both Asanda and Mihle gave me sleepy snorts, I glanced over the man who was next to me as he turned to face away from me but his hand made a firm hold on my thigh

Me: Asanda why nigodoke without me?

Asanda: Ndithe ugodokile and uyayazi uMalume ebengasoze acontact mama abuze uba uphi anyway. He'd contact you ke qha (I said you went home and you know Uncle would never contact my mother and ask where you at anyway. He'd contact you rather).

She was not lying, if I were with my mother's side of the family my father only contacted me to ask about me, and if I didn't return home he only stepped into that yard to fetch his daughter. I'm pretty sure you're wondering how I made it here that's because I left telling me I was heading to Northcrest and he threatened me about not giving me money this whole December, it was a scary threat but I took my chances. I now knew either of the two would happen after my arrival at home; one, he won't talk to me, two he'll give me a great hiding and still withhold the money from me.

Me: Okay. Ndizosose ndigoduka ke (I'll just go

home then)

Asanda: Okay

Me: Bye

I hung up feeling guilty from leaving that way, I left as someone who'd return there now I didn't even bid my goodbyes. I would have to contact Makazi maybe later today and apologise. Mihle brought me back to reality when he squeezed my thigh moving his hand upwards, I smacked it away and fixed my sleeping position. He turned over and encircled his arm around my waist pulling me close, he placed a gentle kiss on my neck

"Good morning."

His morning voice was a total turn on, more especially when he was muttering his words softly

Me: Hi

Placing his forehead on my back, just below my neck I moved closer my body reacting to the physical contact I haven't had in a while. His thumb was brushing circles on my tummy and I allowed myself to enjoy that but he sooner moved up to my breast and touched my nipple. My breathing left its normal calm level and increased just a little, he continued using his thumb on my nipple and I began thinking he must have forgotten he was doing that but right after that thought crossed my mind he placed a wet kiss on my neck, and another one. Another one followed and this time both his thumb and index finger were seductively playing with my nipple. I wanted to turn around but he stopped me, keeping me firm on that position, his hand dropped to my butt cheeks and he grabbed one of them tightly in his hand before letting it go and smacking it. Instantly I felt the on feeling fly out the window as I grabbed his hand and moved it away from my butt, he was still

astound when I turned to look at him

Me: What was that?

Mihle: Intoni? (What?)

Me: What you just did?

Mihle: I just spanked your ass

Me: I don't like it

He raised his brow his lips parted a little, he
blinked a couple of times

"Azange wayenza lento ugqiboyenza (you never
did what you just did)"

Mihle: And so?

Me: So it's probably umkhuba omfumene
somewhere and I didn't like it

He chuckled still looking dazzled, he lifted his
hands surrendering

Mihle: Uxolo

What I hated more than anything was the smirk

on his face as though he enjoyed this. I had this feeling that he probably did this with some woman because it was new to me, he had never spanked my ass up front and now to have him do it now meant he was adopting it from somewhere. I shifted away from him and checked the time to reassure myself, it was a few minutes after six so I attempted going back to sleep but to no vain, shit filled my mind. I felt his fingers trace my back and that made me move even further, actually finding myself at the edge of the bed. I almost jumped off when his arm pull me close to him and I roughly bumped into his chest

Me: Awwwwu!

He was as quick to remove it and turning me around

Mihle: Did I hurt you?

I appreciated this Mihle, the one who was so

cautious and didn't want to hurt me no matter what. The Mihle who was careful from his touch to the way he spoke to m

Me: Kancinci (A little)

He pushed himself in between my legs and tucked his head on the space above my shoulder. I rubbed his arms which were on my sides, his was tense and I noticed something was wrong, I did not ask him because we were getting somewhere with this morning attitude despite the fact that I still felt like he was bringing some weird things to the tale

Mihle: There's something filling my head but now isn't the time for it.

I moved my hands to his back and played along with my fingers, he laid his whole weight on me and that's when I hissed trying to move under him. He balaned on his fists and picked himself up, he lowered his forehead to mine

"You heard me?"

Me: Ewe. You do know you haven't brushed your mouth yet.

I giggled how he lifted his forehead from mine and looked at me like i had just said the silliest thing ever, it was the truth

Mihle: And so?

I pointed his lips with my index finger, fighting back the edge to smile. That's when he lowered his lips to mine, I quickly turned my head making him kiss my chin, Mihle being Mihle he forced his way to my lips. He did the last thing I hoped he'd do, sticking his tongue in my mouth and tongue kissing me.

"Mmmm Mmmm!"

I pushed him off me and he obliged laughing. He moved himself away from me enjoying this whole show while I was continuously spitting, pretending to be wiping my tongue

Mihle: Strawberries and cream huh?

Me: Stop it!

Mihle: Or Choc chip bliss yoghurt

I pulled a face and he smiled shaking his head on his way to the bathroom. As I was laying there an unpleasat thought crossed my mind, a feeling that when I was away he could have seen Nomthandazo or the woman he was talking to on the phone. Both his S6 and Alcatel phone had no password, I presume he felt he didn't have anything to hide. Or it was his trust for me which I was about to break. Unlocking his Samsung I checked the coast before sliding into his Whatsapp and scrolling through his contacts, I came across Nomthandazo and was a little hesitant as to whether to open it. I was still debating, fighting my devilish side of the brain when I heard him flash the toilet. I minimized the app and locked his phone, throwing it besides me.

He stepped back into the room and came back to his bed space, I side glanced him feeling like he knew I had just gone through his phone a second ago

Mihle: What was the argument you had earlier on the phone about?

Still trailing on my thoughts I tried to think which argument he was on about

Me: Oh Asanda went home without telling me

Mihle: Usengxakini kengoku?

I shook my head

Me: She told her mom I had gone home

Mihle: And what if she calls David then

Me: She won't

Mihle: Why not?

I fixed my pillow and gently laid next to him, he extended his hand and cleaned my eye

Me: My aunt and father aren't on talking terms

Mihle: Ngoba? What happened?

Me: Long story

He fixed his sleeping position, laying across on the bed he placed his head on my tummy, just below my stomach

"I've got all day. Tell me about your family, it's about time I know where I'll be taking my cows."

I rolled my eyes and prepared myself for the one topic I loathed since the day my mother took her last breathe. The topic which made me feel like I had to choose between a family that loved me truthfully and a family that loved me because of my father's title.

173 Entry

Asanda

I was annoyed by Aphindiwe to be honest, for many too reasons. I felt stupid how she came here needing a shoulder to cry on because her man wasn't contacting her, because he had laid a hand on her but when the bastard pitched she was that easy to let her gut down, it was that quick for her to forget what he put her through. The whole situation drove me insane because she was beginning to fear his words and actions, and because I knew better I understood that the minute fear of your boyfriend steps in then the relationship itself wasn't healthy. I guess what worked on me the most was knowing how it felt being in an abusive relationship, I can't quite make up what it is that drives you into staying - maybe it was the fear of knowing he'd do anything to prevent you from having another guy because you were his. I dragged myself out of my bed after the third

time my mother came yelling into my bedroom. She hated it when I slept this long, in her life a normal girl who wanted to be groomed into a wife had to be up at 6am and get ready for the day, maybe I did not want to get married. I stepped out of my room with my toothbrush in hand, dragging my feet along the tiled floor to the bathroom. That's when the drowsiness vanished after having washed my face with cold water. In the kitchen was uMakazi and my mother, they were going on about the big church event that will be held on Christmas and knowing my mother she'd drag us all to attend Makazi: Awusembi tshini ufike nini? (You're so ugly man, when did you get here?)

"Ngoku apha ekuseni (Now in the morning)"

My dearest mother answered from me. I pulled a chair from the table and sat opposite my mother's sister who was eyeing at me like she were searching for signs about last night

Makazi: Uphi Aphindiwe? (Where's Aphindiwe?)

Me: Godukile (Gone home)

Makazi: Goduke nini? (When did she go home?)

Me: Namhlanje ekuseni (Today morning)

I poured some milk on my oats bowl and prayed this woman was done with her question but a second later I wanted to face bump myself for even praying, I knew she wouldn't

Makazi: Unezinto lamntana. Ngeyengazanga kwalapha, uyabona ukufaka entweni yotywala ngoku ngoba kaloku yena unemali. Yooh hayi wasenza usisana (That girl's funny. She shouldn't have come here in the first place, you see she is dragging you into this alcohol thing because she's got all the money. Yooh no, sisana really brought us some trouble).

Sisana was their sister, Aphindiwe's mother, that's how my younger aunt called her because she was the youngest. My mother was the

oldest from the female group

Me: Mama ndicela undiphe swekile (Mom please give me the sugar)

Makazi: Uthi ugoduswa Yintoni? (So what sent her home?)

Me: Tamnci.

She pulled a face prior to dragging herself off the chair. She, Yandisani and my grandmother was the ones who had even bigger hatred towards my uncle and the hatred they had rubbed on to Aphindiwe even though she did nothing to hurt our family. I understood my grandmother was manipulative so she spread all sorts of rumours in the family, having everybody feel the way she did towards Phindi's family. I devoured my oats whilst I text away on my phone, trying to get hold of Aphindiwe but presumed her phone was off when I only received one tick from Whatsapp. My family's

conflicts affected me because I knew they did not quite approve of me hanging around with Phindi but she was still my sister and I loved her. My grandmother was in the lounge narrowing her eyes to see the television screen properly, she was watching some documentary film. I avoided staying any longer in that lounge because she'd question me about my night out and why I had brought Aphindiwe here. I fixed myself for a quick bath and decided to take a nap, the headache I had from hangover and family issues was killing me, probably it was the type that would have me die in my sleep.

Aphindiwe

I coughed and prepared myself for an emotional talk, this was the times I hoped he was somehow Dr Phil because I needed a hell lot of consoling after this

"Here's the thing, my father is the main problem here."

Mihle: Is that how you feel or how your family feels?

Me: How they feel but I do see where they coming from, but not the way they going about it. So my father met my mother God knows when but I do actually know my father was 25, and they fell in love until he was known by my mother's parents. Batshata and by then the problems existed but weren't so obvious because they attempted tolerating each other. The real problem and not talking to each other started after my mother fell sick and was told her pregnancy might kill her.

He kept nodding, his eyes never leaving my own.

I continued

"I didn't know she was suffering from pelvic cancer, I was only told a few months after her

funeral. Umama wasishiya during labour, umakhulu wam, her mother, didn't come during her sick days nor after her death along with uMakazi wam. They only pitched during the funeral and honestly I feel that's not how my mother had to be buried, she deserved non...

I looked up at the ceiling trying to hold back the tears I felt coming, blinking them away had to help right? I blew out a few breaths as Mihle held my hand, squeezing it

Me: Eyonanto that I find hard forgetting are the quarrels that went about between my father and my mother's family just a few hours before we laid her at rest. I never witnessed my father cry kodwa ngalamini he did and nangoku I still don't understand where this is coming from.

He sat up and took me in his arms, when you're hurt you know that's the one thing a person shouldn't do because the minute they console you, you lose it. I remember sobbing for at least

way too long before I managed to laugh it out when he said he'd have to tumble dry himself from all the tears I left on his shoulder. He dried my cheeks with the back of his hand and smiled at me

"Usafuna uqhubeka? (You still to continue?)"

I nodded while answering him in a voice that sounded foreign from mine

Me: Ewe I got this, I'm a big girl.

Mihle: (chuckles) and big girls don't cry

Me: Haisoka. So I learnt something earlier this year

Mihle: And what's that?

Me: A claim part of the reason why mama ka mama engafuni utata (why my mother's mother doesn't want my father)

Mihle: Mmmh

Me: Apparently my dad raped my mother's

sister.

Because of shame and hurt that consumed me I averted my gaze from his and continued drying my cheeks and neck, he didn't say a word for quite a long while before he asked

"And uthini ngalonto wena? (And what do you say about that?)"

Me: I don't believe it.

Mihle: Don't you think you nee...

Me: I know my father, ndiyamazi what he's capable of doing and not, and lena isn't one of them.

Mihle: I'm sorry.

I forced a smile but at the back of my mind all I was thinking of was how true this was. My father wasn't that type of a man was he?

Mihle: Aren't we showering? We need to have breakfast.

That was his way of pulling us out of that awkwardness. We had a quick shower before retreating to the dining hall for some breakfast. There we spoke about how we'd see each other later that day and tomorrow, he didn't understand much when I told him being back home would make it difficult for me to come, he kept pestering until I told him I'd try harder. In the afternoon he drove me home and dropped me off a yard away, leaving me with an intense kiss, I bet an indication of how much he missed me. It was the type of kiss that made want to find a plan to go back to him at that hotel.

I embraced myself for the lecturer I was about to receive and maybe a smack or two. I pressed the intercom of the gate and waited for sis'Phumeza to open it and when it did I felt my feet hold me in one place. It was then my gut feeling told me I was in big shit, the last time I had this feeling was when I woke up at a

hospital bed approximately 10 months from now. I side-slided through the gate as it was about to close and took slow steps towards the house. Inside sis'Phumeza was washing the dishes I presumed were from lunch

Me: Molweni sisi

Sis'Phumeza: Mmm

I shifted on my heels as she returned to rinsing the plates

Me: Ukhona utata? (Is my father here?)

Sis'Phumeza: Ewe. Ukutya kwakho kukwi oven
(Yes. Your food is in the oven)

All of a sudden I was not hungry, as much as I liked food. I nodded and walked over to my room praying in all languages I know. I locked myself in that bedroom for almost an hour before there was a knock at the door and Phumeza appeared behind the wooden door

"Uyakumiza uMr Dabula (Mr Dabula is calling you)"

She closed the door before I could say my lousy okay, I sat on the bed rethinking my lies over and over again before I walked out of my room ready to die. He was sitting on the couch, a glass of water in the cup holder on his right with his legs stretched out on the couch, he muted the television and tucked in the couch so he'd sit up straight. He took his time to position himself and turn his head my direction

Tata: Aphindiwe

Me: Tata

Tata: Usukaphi? (Where are you coming from?)

Me: eNorthcrest

Tata: Wade walala sana lwam (And you even slept my child)

I looked away, thinking he was going to yell but

instead he clapped his hands, cheering me on. I stared at him as he continued with this childish behaviour

Tata: You see Aphindiwe Nondinyele Dabula perhaps you've forgotten my child this is my house and my house means my rules.

Was that my second name? David was capable of getting that name on my birth. There was a long silence before his next sentence

"Phindela apho uvela khona (return where you're coming from)"

Me: Uxolo Tata

Tata: Nonsense! Nonsense!

I flinched when he jumped on his feet and a glass made contact with the white tiles, its pieces touching my feet. He was angry looking at me like he somehow felt pity for my being or as though he was cursing nature for making me his daughter

Tata: Hamba!

Me: Tata ndice...

Tata: Leave!!

I literally sprinted to my bedroom and locked the door immediately when I stepped in, I was aware this would make him more angry but it was the only way to safe myself from a hiding. I leaned against the door and listened if there were any footsteps coming down the passage but when I didn't hear any I let out a sigh I didn't know I was holding. I threw myself on the bed and took my phone to text Mihle, figuring he must have missed me I saw his name flash on the screen of my i6.

Me: Fhaku

Mihle: Mambhele

Me: Ubulele? (Were you sleeping?)

Mihle: Mmm, gqibo vuka decided I should call

you, uyakhumbuleka

Me: Ncooo awutefi.

Mihle: (chuckles) Andinanto yokwenza kulendawo, not that bendizele ezinye izinto

Me: I can imagine. Maybe if my father wasn't around it would have been easy

Mihle: Akafuni uhambe ngoku? (He doesn't want you to leave now?)

Me: Andiqondi uzovuma, he just told me to leave ndiphindele apho ndivele khona (I doubt he'll allow me, he just told me to leave and return where I'm coming from

Mihle: (chuckles) kutheni ungezange kum kengoku? (Why didn't you come to then?)

Me: Haa babe

His laughed was contagious because when he did I heeded how I smiled at the walls in my room because of the man on the other side of

the speaker

Mihle: Your father reminds me of utatam, indoda was strict. Akakubethi kodwa? (He doesn't hit you right?)

Me: No, last time he did was a few months after my mother's funeral. I guess he was still hurt from the losing his wife

It was true, he barely laid a hand on me and it must be because I never stayed with him, I only saw him during holidays or the weekends he visited in Bloemfontein. His way of teaching me a lesson was to punish me, either to confiscate the things he bought me or never give me money. I never really cared about it until I had him only in this world

Mihle: Probably. Angazi akubethe uDavid, I'd have to deal with him ngokwam.

Me: Hayi hayi I still love him kaloku

He chuckled and his smile was evident through

that short laugh

Mihle: Then when am I seeing you?

Me: Ngomso I guess

He kept quiet for a while and I was about to ask what he was doing before I heard the t.v. go on

Mihle: Kwasekuseni mos (Early right?)

Me: Ewe

Mihle: We back together right

I was about to answer when he cut me

"And I'm telling you, andibuzi."

Me: Okay but we still have a lot to talk about

Mihle: Right

We continued talking for over an hour, I remember changing my position about ten times as I did most of the talking and he listened. We were disturbed by my father who turned the knob of my door wanting to come in,

I stopped talking and threw a gaze at the door, I whispered to Mihle before I took long steps towards the door, I was about to turn the key when David shouted

"I know you're awake, hambotya."

Afterwards I heard his retreating steps down the passage, I press the switch on the wall and closed my eyes as the lights brightened the room

Mihle: Usekhona? (Are you still there?)

Me: Ewe. David was calling me for ukutya and I better go ke Fhaku, him and I aren't okay so mandingam'testi

Mihle: It's okay. Goodnight then

Me: Goodnight bhuti

Mihle: I love you

Me: Nam

Mihle: Nawe ntoni? (You too what?)

"I love You." I managed to say between a grin, I knew how much he hated that but because I wanted to fool around I said that. After ending the call I closed the windows of my bedroom and left that space to the lounge. My father was nowhere to be found nor was his maid, I presumed to prevent himself from hitting me he decided to devour his supper in his bedroom. I checked my food in the microwave and warmed it prior to dragging myself to the lounge for a reality show or two.

You know you not loved anymore when you sleep on the couch and wake up on the couch, well that was my life in a sentence. My plate was right on the coffee table dry as fuck, and I was shocked when I glanced over at the clock on the wall and saw its hands read 06:20 in the morning. Funny how the television was off and there was a very tiny towel covering my feet, the

attempt my father did. I snorted when I sat up feeling the pain on my neck, I felt like it had broke three times and was walked over million of times. I grabbed the plate and placed it in the sink, soaking it with some water.

My day began after sis'Phumeza stepped in the house telling me my father was out of town but that didn't mean he wasn't sleeping home. Well I couldn't care less, at least he wasn't home for the time being. I understand I should have been hurting that he couldn't wake me up and tell me he was leaving instead had to call his so called maid, I was used to it already. Having dressed and had breakfast which was prepared by usisi I left the house telling her I was going to do my nails and hair in town.

I contacted Mihle just as I got off at Garden Court hotel, it was literally a four minute drive from my place, he told me his room number and because the hotel wasn't as big as some which

I've visited it was easy to find the third floor. When he opened the door I stepped in and was taken back the amount of papers scattered all over his bed, and a big file. A part of did not know he was actually working

Mihle: Nhanha zam nezika David

Me: (giggles) Molweni Fhaku wethu

He was about to kiss me when he stopped midway and cocked a brow, I leaned forward and took the kiss

Me: Ndiyadlala (I'm joking).

Mihle: You're testing waters.

Me: Whatever. Unjani?

He gestured his hands towards his bed

"Busy."

I walked over the bed and took a set of stapled papers which consisted of a list of numbers, many were circles in red and just when I was

about to ask what that list was for he grabbed it out of my hand

Mihle: Don't touch anything

Me: Oh. Ixolo

The seriousness in his face made me take a step away from the bed so I wouldn't find myself touching anything again

Me: What are those names for?

Mihle: Nothing you need to worry about.

I slightly nodded as I sat on the chair on the far left, he packed his paper each on its own in that file and pressed a couple of keys on his laptop before closing it and looking at me

Mihle: Now you can come here.

Me: Come fetch me

Mihle: Mmmm, nyani?

He slowly licked his lips and took his between

his teeth, I nodded watching how he moved like a predator towards its prey, he was a foot away from me when he pulled his t-shirt over his head. He stood between my legs touching my shoulders, that's when I leaned in placing a wet kiss on his lower abs, my hands were busy undoing his belt. When his belt was undone I stood up and pressed my lips against his, my hand holding his manhood through the boxers "HmMMM."

Music to my ears. I wanted him to do it again but to earn another soft moan I had to take him in

Me: Can I remind you why I love you.

He looked straight into my eyes as I fell on my knees. I was becoming the feisty me now, I was in so much comfort zone he was actually unleashing the bitch in me. His eyes burned into mine until I licked the tip of his private part, he

closed them, a "fuck" escaping his lips. I was slow, wanting him to rethink why he fell for me, i wanted him to have flashbacks, it was actually one essential medicine to remind a man why he chose you and that's why I took my time. By the time I was done he did not even give me a chance to properly stand on my feet until he had me pinned me against the wall, he licked my lips before inserting his thumb in my mouth. I was wild girl so I wasn't about to ask what must I do with that thumb instead I sucked on it, his hungry eyes giving me the courage.

Mihle: You giving me that feeling again.

Me: What feeling?

He grabbed my waist and pressed it against his, his tongue twirling inside my mouth soaking me between my legs. It was warm and tender, seductively making its way to my lips and neck. He moved one of his hands to my butt under my skirt and shifted my g-strings to the side,

without expecting it he pushed in his middle finger in my anus. Forgetting how that felt I let out a sharp scream, the nerves making me stand on my toes

"Shhhh."

He muttered against my mouth as he kissed me gently, his middle finger not leaving my butt.

Mihle: Did it hurt?"

I shook my head. I don't know why I lied, I believe it was the feeling of wanting to give him what he wished for and I knew it would his mood if I told him it stung. Maybe if he had massaged it like he used to it would have been better but it was over two months since his finger made way into my butt and so my body had forgotten the feeling. This man saw through me, whether he was in a stable state or not because his next sentence surprised me

Mihle: Maybe we should stop

Me: Why?

We were whispering like kids who had stolen the moment under a roof full of elders. His breathing was uncontrollable because I was playing with his penis, I didn't want to stop. I wanted him.

Mihle: Because

My eyes were on his face while his were closed probably enjoying what my hand was doing to him

Me: I'll give it you.

He snapped them open and looked at me with the most lust I've ever seen any man display. The lust suddenly turned to concern and I knew I had to reassure him

Me: I think I'm ready.

He didn't have to ask what, he knew exactly what I was talking about. He was about to pull

out his finger when I held his firm and looked at him straight in the eyes, he swallowed

Mihle: Phindi

Me: Remember how you said we'd share a certain connection if we did it, I want that

Mihle: Can we not?

Me: Please

He clinched his jaws, his height was still hovering over mine

Mihle: I'm probably going to hurt you Mambhele

Me: You won't

He finally forced himself away from me, leaving me against the wall, he didn't stop looking at me

"I believe in you."

Mihle: I don't have a lubricate

Me: We won't need it

He tilted his head to the side and took me in, he wanted to say something but I figured he couldn't find the right words. He finally broke eye contact and turned his back on me, he was tense. He ran a hand down his face and turned to look at me again

Mihle: What exactly is going on?

Me: Nothing

Mihle: Aphindiwe, you're not going to stand there and lie to me.

Me: My nightmares are back (silence) of that night.

I felt like my words were being blocked as I spoke that is how much I was actually whispering, I couldn't hear myself speak either. He watched me and the anger that suddenly showed in his eyes scared me, his breathing was heavy, that Mihle I feared was back. I felt like he was going to explode as he focused his

gaze on me that was until he nodded looking away. He kept gritting his teeth because I could see the reaction of his side jaw which kept moving

Me: Please numb me ple....

Mihle: I understand. I do but you do know we that isn't the right way to get rid of your nightmares

I nodded forgetting he wasn't facing me. He finally turned whilst addressing me

Mihle: This, we need to do ngendlela eright. Or we could just not do it at all.

Me: Ngoba?

Mihle: Because

He opened his mouth to talk but closed it again, he wanted to say something and I needed to hear it

Me: Thetha Mihle

Mihle: Because it would change you.

Me: How?

Mihle: It doesn't matter Aphindiwe we just not doing lento. There are various ways to fight your nightmares and this isn't one of them.

Understood?

Me: I thought ubuyifuna (I thought you wanted it)

"Not anymore."

He challenged me to say anything else after that but I shut my mouth and accepted what he was saying. He was frustrated by then, I noticed how his hands shook as he did his zips, he was bothered by what I just told him.

Just when I thought I was getting some good shandis I had to ruin it with my stupid dreams, the mood that filled the room went from a sexual one to one that oozed with anger.

174 Entry

Mihle

Monday I woke up thinking I was going to see my woman but unfortunately there was a story to it, her father refused, dragging her to court instead. Not happy that I was leaving without seeing her I drove to Port Elizabeth anyway. I haven't seen my family ever since that stunt they pulled at my house, I did however speak to my mother a few times after that but that did not mean I had forgotten what they put me through. What they put my relationship through but most importantly what they put Aphindiwe through.

It didn't take me long until I arrived home compared to the drive I did on Friday to Mthatha. I was however a little too exhausted for anything, even to speak was a sport. My sister

stood in front of my car her eyes scanning the car as I pulled up phamb'kwe garage. It occurred to me that she hadn't seen the car yet hence the grin on her face. She only approached my door when I turned off the engine

"And then?"

I had to open the door to hear her properly

Me: Baby sis.

Zizipho: The car mfondin

Me: It's my new baby kaloku. Mama azange akuxelele? (Didn't mother tell you?)

Zizipho: No she never mentioned it.

I was expecting that since she saw the car only when she was bringing a makoti for me. Their minds were elsewhere but my car

"I did not know you were coming."

Me: Well ndilapha ngoku (Well I'm here now)

Zizopho: Umama uyayazi yena? (Does mama know?)

Me: Nobody does

She brushed the body of the ride before turning to me with yet another grin

Zizopho: A ride?

Me: Ha.a not ngoku

Zizopho: Ngoba? (Why not?)

Me: Zizopho.

Zizopho: Mxm, uyayitshintsha imood yomntu yazi

Me: Pardon me for not being the best brother in the world.

I closed the back door of my G- Wagon and walked besides her towards the house. From the side I could tell she was frowning and I couldn't care less, my mood had just dropped after stepping into this yard. We made it into

the house in silence and like I had hoped umama was not home, probably by my uncle's and I was somewhat hoping she would sleep there. I throw my leather bag over my shoulder and made way to my small apartment, that was after having a glass of water in the kitchen. My sister knew I wasn't the type to be all jill and jolly just because I was seeing her after months of being away, it was all the same to me - a great big hug and a hello did it. I laid on the bed and instantly rang my woman, the headache that kept pounding causing me to close my eyes. Her small voice put a smile on my face

Me: Bhelekazi

Aphindiwe: Andikukhumbuli (I so miss you).

Me: (chuckles) I know. Andikwazi ucinga kakuhle when you not by my side yazi

Aphindiwe: Lies ezingaka

Me: So you don't believe me?

Aphindiwe: Hayi tshini. What's wrong?

Me: I'm home

Aphindiwe: Already?

Me: Mmmmm

Aphindiwe: Bendicinga usesendleleni, maybe a little close ke. Ukhaw'lezile (I was thinking you still on the way, maybe a little close then. You were quick)

Me: Yeah, and since ndifikile apha my mood's been off.

Aphindiwe: Why?

"Haven't seen them since lanto yomakoti."

She kept quiet and I could imagine the feeling it might have brought to her, it was bitter by just saying it

Me: Ngxesi, I shouldn't have

Aphindiwe: It's okay.

She cut me off sounding a little unconvincing
Aphindiwe: It had to be mentioned some time.
Do you think basezoqhubeka ngayo?

Me: Over my dead body

Aphindiwe: Mihle

Me: Nhanha

She didn't talk for some time, probably an
awkward twenty seconds before she sighed
softly

"We need to talk."

Me: About what?

Aphindiwe: Ngoku ubulapha I been thinking but
khange ndibene chance of asking you

Me: Ask me what?

Aphindiwe: Remember lanto that happened, the
thing is I'm worried because I feel I already
know what type of a man you are.

Me: And what happened?

Aphindiwe: Lento ka Odwa

I chuckled, this isn't what I expected, not at that time

Aphindiwe: Uhm no jonga please don't get it the wrong way but he did nothing.

Me: I wasn't planning anything against him
Aphindiwe

Aphindiwe: Please don't...

Me: I won't. You're looking out for a friend right?

"Ewe."

Me: Good.

There was silence and I loathed it, that burning feeling that filled my chest made me sit up straight, I saw through her and this was something she didn't understand. She was hiding something from me

Me: How was court?

Aphindiwe: Oh bekumnandi wethu but too long, kuyathethwa phaya and seeing those people in action Thixo wam

Me: The future you

Aphindiwe: You can say that again

Me: You don't sound too thrilled.

Aphindiwe: I'm not. This kaloku was my second option, thanks to David, I'm a pharmacist type of person.

Me: Damn that's far apart

Aphindiwe: I know right.

Me: Uzobaright

Aphindiwe: I know. Nyawuza

"Baby?"

Aphindiwe: Khabuye

Me: (chuckles) Jonga have you been to Durban?

Aphindiwe: No

Me: Uyafuna uya? (Do you want to go?)

Her screaming made me remove my phone from my ear, she wouldn't stop causing the clamour, asking questions amongst the yelling she was doing

Me: Mambhele?

Aphindiwe: Okay, wait bhuti. Are you taking me to Durban?

Me: Well you want to spend time with your man right?

Aphindiwe: Ewe

Me: And you haven't been to Durban right

Aphindiwe: Yes

Me: Then we going Nhanha

Again she screamed and I swear I heard some jumping happening as well. She wouldn't stop

thanking me like we were there already. We continued talking until her father interrupted the phone call, not wanting to be an inconvenient I ended the call. Because I was in no mood to face my mother yet I took a nap but to my unfortunate luck it was disturbed right when I started it.

"Mama ukhona. (Mom is here)"

Me: Sure

She was about to step out but stood at the door and looked at me

Zizipho: And ndicinga ufuna ukubona (And I think she wants to see you)

Me: Ndiyeza (I'm coming)

She walked out and left me lying there, in my mind I was already having a conversation with myself, begging myself not to snap or get annoyed. I searched my bag and pulled out my slippers before heading to the main house, not

quite happy to be leaving my comfort zone. From the back yard where my room was situated, the closest entrance was the kitchen door, that's where I stood watching my sister holding a tray with three glasses of juice

Zizipho: Ndikubale? (Must I count you?)

Me: No.

She nodded leaving the kitchen, I outstretched my body and yawned, that gesture coming from not getting enough rest. I filled a glass with water then headed to the lounge to meet my dear elders. My mother, mamncinci wam and Bulelwa were sitting on the leather couches chatting and laughing, they all glanced my way when I walked in

Mama: Nkwenkwe

Me: Ma?

Mama: Molweni Ndoda, unjani mntanam? (Hello boy, how are you my child?)

She hugged me and I returned the gesture before letting her go and taking in her figure. She wasn't short in height nor was she tall but because I was a man, I stood two feet tall over her

Me: Ndiright ma, ninjani nina? Mamomncinci? (I'm okay mother, how are you guys? Aunt?)

Mamomncinci: Siyaphila Fhaku. Tshini Ndoda le moto iphandle yeyakho?

I sat on the open space next to Zizipho and continued with the chat with these women. Bulelwa has always been the nosy one since we were young, the age gap between us was always visible because she made it clear every time that she was five years older than I was. She crossed her leg over the other like a woman who was about to spit out some gossip and asked

"So usuke ekapa uquba? (So you came from

Cape Town driving?)"

That was the most hilarious thing I've ever heard, I understand I barely drove to Port Elizabeth but I did when I wanted. Not knowing how to answer that question I gave them an honest answer

Me: Hayi. Ndisuka eMthatha (No, I'm coming from Mthatha)

Bulelwa: Haibo wazi bani eMthatha? (Oh who do you know from Mthatha?)

Me: Aphindiwe

Her face changed sour and her eyes looked like something had just been shoved between her legs. My sister snapped her head at my direction and that was the same reaction I received from the other ladies in the room. Something I had expected

Bulelwa: Yhini awaza naye apha (Oh and you didn't bring her here)

Me: Animfuni kaloku (You people don't want her)

I raced my eyes amongst them waiting for any of them to justify themselves. My eyes landed on my mother and she exhaled aloud, her eyes on me

Mama: Waqhuma kakuhle kodwa Ndoda? (And you drove well though Ndoda?)

Me: Well ndilapha (Well I'm here)

Mama: Sibulela uThixo ngokuthwala (We thank the Lord for carrying you.)

Me: Bendisalele so ndicela uyogqibezela ubuthongo (I was still sleeping so can I please go finish my nap)

My mother stood up and walked me towards the kitchen, that was after bedding goodbyes to the other relatives. They informed me they would tell my uncles that I were home, that was another bunch I did not want to see.

Because a lot was occupying my mind I couldn't nap again, not to even bring a drop of drowsiness back. I took a long refreshing shower and called on my gents, maybe a little time out would do. I was obviously with Kwanele, wherever I went around eBhayi he had to be around. He was the only cousin close to my age and most essentially who tolerated the type of person I was; we grew up together so the dude understood me better. Our first stop was at Xolani's place where we had a couple of beers with two other laaities from the hood. It was just a casual chill before I went home, just because I had my leave did not mean other people were on holiday too.

The week passed by very slowly, it was boring because I had nothing to do on my plate, my days were spent just the same - Xbox, video calling Aphindiwe, driving to the correctional

services to see a friend who was serving his sentence, eat and repeat. Any day during the week only became better when Kwanele arrived back home from work but that was strictly at 6 pm everyday. My first Friday there mzala and I had plans, we decided to gather the gents around and have plenty of beers at the well known drinking place, a place which carried many good and bad memories. It occurred to me that the last time I went there was when I ended up dragging some slutty ex by her hair. You had to understand how many reasons I had for never visiting home, when I did it was preferably a weekend and I wanted out of this place. Many reasons which I felt forcefully took me back to the old me, a me I was trying to forget. Xolani, a friend of mine as well, made a proposal that we pop by at Siyabulela's place but didn't mention that his sister was around. It was to my fucken surprise when we arrived

there and Siya asked me if I had wanted to see someone. Now look before I talk about anything else any further, Siya and myself were the best of friends, were being the key word. We come a long way back. We went to the same primary, secondary and high schools, got into trouble together, went to initiation school together, got drunk together until I dated his little sister.

Maybe she were a little too young for me yes, because back then a six year gap was a little too much but then it was something we both wanted, until she aborted a child that was supposed to be mine. I sent her to a coma just from a physical attack, was banned from seeing her and heard she had moved to

Pietermaritzburg because the obsession I had over her was enough for me to kill her, because at that time in my life I felt she owed me a life and happiness as well. I had over six years not seeing her and six years of change and trying to be a good man, I had a couple of years free of

drugs but still the mention of her name had me feel like something punched me fucken hard in the stomach.

Siyabulela: Uyafuna ubona uLelovuyo? (Do you want to see Lelovuyo?)

The mocking manner in his tone didn't go missed and the smirk on his face was a way to test me, I thought he was fooling around until he called her out. You have to understand that this guy and I never really fixed our shit and I understood why he hated me, we just tolerated each other for the sake of the other friends we shared. When she shouted his nickname I noticed that her voice hadn't changed a bit, it hadn't change a bit. With every drag of her shoes against the tiles signalling she was getting closer, I felt myself run out of breath. I was still comprehending what was going on when she appeared on the doorway and looked at her brother

"Siya."

Siyabulela: uMihle ebefuna ukubona (Mihle wanted to see you)

My concentration was on her face her still innocent eyes instantly raced around the room until they found me and she stopped moving, the fear that suddenly consumed her when she saw me made me realise to her I was still that monster. Why wouldn't I be? I never apologized to her instead I had hit her over and over again, telling her I would do that until she brought back my child. If it wasn't for the flashbacks that came crashing into my head I would have stood there and probably said a word or two but I couldn't so I stormed out like a coward. I needed to stop this feeling I felt was holding my breathing back, my head was pounding and I began sweating and shaking. I leaned against a wall and tried calming myself down, seeing her wasn't supposed to make me feel this way. It

was then I realised that in this period of six year I never questioned myself on how I would be if ever I saw her again, if I've ever really healed. I never did self assessment because I thought she was gone for good.

I began walking towards my car when Kwanele came racing after me, he grabbed me by my arm to stop me

"Ta Miles."

Me: Khandiyeke Kwanele (Let me go Kwanele

Kwanele: Jonga Miles, singavaya bra.

Ubungafuni uza kwalapha kakade (look Miles, we can leave dude. You didn't want to come here in the first place)

I touched the gate with my left hand while the grip of my right hand on my beer became tighter, I too thought I'd break it.

Me: Yintoni lento izanywa ngu Siyabulela?

(What is Siyabulela trying to do?)

Kwanele: Ta Miles uyamazi uSiya ngokwenza uqhusa nentando yakhe. For sure le ibiyindlela yokwenza uphambane ngoku ndimjonge apha ebusweni ngoku angenayo uVuyo (Bra Miles you know how Siya is, he's always doing what suits him. For sure this was a way of getting under your skin because I studied his face when Vuyo appeared in the kitchen.)

Me: Funeke ndithethe naye (I have to speak to her)

He stopped me

"Andiqondi uba yeyona ndlela leyo. (I don't think that's the way)"

Me: Ngoba? (Why?)

Kwanele: I think uyakhala lamntana (I think that kid is crying)

For the first time since I laid a hand on her I thought about the emotional damage I put her through. That was for the very first time I

actually thought I had fucked up big time. I was still in my own mind when Xolani touched my shoulder, I did not even see him approach us

"Bendingayazi uba ukhona lomntana bra. (I didn't know this child was here dude.)"

Me: Ya sure

I had Kwanele take me home because I was aware if I stayed and drank I was going to get into a fight. What had to happen was for someone to provoke me and I'd send them to hospital so I avoided that. I borrowed him my ride instead. I remember sitting at the table at home with my mother cooking and my sister on the other side of the table holding a coffee mug. In my mind I heard them have conversation but couldn't make out what they were saying, I was staring right at the door, which brought in extra light in the kitchen, without blinking. Zizipho was irritating me with how she kept spinning on that stool as she continued chatting with

umama. I did think I was going to mention it and tell her to stop but my mind wouldn't let me think of anything else but what I just saw less than an hour ago

Zizipho: To earth with you, umama uyathetha (Mom is talking)

She clicked her fingers in my face bringing me back to earth

Me: Yintoni? (What?)

Mama: Uright Ndoda? (Are you alright boy?)

I turned my attention to my mother and nodded slightly

Me: Ewe.

Zizipho: Uyaphosisa mama (Hes lying mother)

I wasn't even looking at them but was aware that they had their eyes on me, both looking concerned that I'd leave the house in a good and return not okay

Zizipho: Ubungatshongo uba you going out for drinks?

Me: Ndibone uLelovuyo (I saw Lelovuyo)

I heard my sister gasp and it had me wondering what my mother looked like but I still refused to look at them

Zizipho: Ukhona?! (She's around?!)

Mama: Wathini kuye? (What did you say to her?)

I pushed back my chair and walked towards the door, I shoved my hands in my pockets and looked at the burglar before me, blocking me from stepping out

Mama: Mihle?

Me: Andithethanga naye Ma (I did not speak to her mama)

Mama: Mntanam ndiyakucela ungakhe ulinge umbambe lamntana. Eyonanto ezobaright, ungakhe ulinge uthethe naye (My child please

don't touch that child. What will be right is if you don't even talk to her)

I turned to my mother, even she didn't trust me. The pleading look she was giving me made me feel like she was seeing me throw away the work I've put in myself all these years only because this girl was back in town

Me: I'm not that person anymore mama

Mama: Uyandothusa Mihle (You're scaring me Mihle)

Me: I need to talk her

Mama: Mihle!

Me: Andizombambha! I just hav...

"Awuzoyenza lonto! Naku ngoku unomsindo yento endingayaziyo, uyabhabhazela. Ngubani uwazintoni uzoyenza kula mntana?! Huh?! (You won't do that! Here you are angry from something I don't know, you are fuming. Who

knows what you'll do to that child?! Huh?!)"

Me: Asoze ndiphinde ndimbambhe (I would never hold her again)

Mama: Wakhe wayithetha lonto ngaphambile (You once said that before)

Me: I was on tik ngoko

Mama: Mihle kukwam apha and usahlala under my roof uzokwenza lonto ndiyithethayo. Awuyi uyothetha nalamntana (Mihle this is my home and while you reside under my roof you'll do as I say. You're not going to talk to that child.)

I faced away from them. I had to count my words because I wasn't talking to my friend but what I needed from her was trust at least, I wouldn't throw away that much progress. I just had to speak to her, I had to. There was a whole lot silence, the anger and tension was thick enough to cut.

Zizipho: Do you think uyafuna uthetha nawe

yena? (Do you think she wants to talk to you?)

Me: I couldn't care less what she wants.

Mama: Uyabona ke mntanam uzokhathala.

Uzomyeka lamntana yakwa Mali. Sufuna undenzela intliziyo ebuhlungu Mihle mntanam, utata uhamba usaqala uzilungisa and Myeni wam doesn't know the progress usele uyenzile. Ndicela ungandenzeli uxanduvha olungaka Mihle, akekho utatakho. (You see my child you'll care. You will leave that Mali girl alone. Please don't break my heart Mihle my child, your father left us just when you were starting to work on yourself and my husband doesn't know the progress you've done already. Please don't bring this much weight on me Mihle, your father is no more.)"

I could hear from her voice cracking that she was at the edge of crying, I stood with my back facing them and didn't move an inch. Her words meant something to me and I valued them but

they did not know what it was I felt, why I wanted to talk to her so badly. There were things I needed to say to her.

I walked out of the house to my room only to drown in my misery. I was lying on my bed with my eyes closed as I paid attention to this bed which felt like it was spinning. I'll admit I was drunk I think because every second minute I would down a cap of the whiskey I had sitting besides my bedlamp.

The following morning I woke up with a headache and hungry as fuck. I checked time on my phone, anything after seven meant my mother was already up. It was striking twenty past nine, that explaining the sound my tummy kept on repeating. After brushing my teeth I retreated to the main house, mama was in the kitchen dressed in her Wesile church uniform. I always told her this was when she looked most

beautiful

Me: Molweni mama

She looked over her shoulder and greeted between her teeth. It was obvious she was still upset about yesterday's event because I can guarantee you she definitely a morning person. I searched the fridge for my plate and placed it in the microwave to warm it up. She was standing at the counter searching her Truworths handbag, she pulled out a list and her bank card, placed them on the table before calling on her daughter

"Ma."

Mama: Iza.

Zizipho walked in still dressed in her pyjamas, she had a bowl in her hand and a mouth full of cereal. She waved a hand at me because she was still in the process of chowing

Mama: Nali icard, nazi izinto uzozithenge.

Umama Faru sele esiza, mandihambe (Here's the card, here's the list of things you'll buy. Mama Faru is on her way, let me go).

Zizipho: Bye

She glanced my way once more before leaving the house. My sister was holding the list of grocery in her hand scanning through it

Me: Grocery list?

Zizipho: Yep, ayinintsi kelonto (Yep, and it's quite a lot)

Me: Mmmmm.

Zizipho: Ndicela undikhaphe toro bhuti (Please escort me brother)

Me: Uqhel'hamba nabani kanti? (Who do you often go with?)

Zizipho: Asenathi

Me: Hamba naye kaloku (Then go with her)

Zizipho: Mxm

She grabbed the stuff and pressed them under her arm to hold them from falling as she took the bowl and marched out of the kitchen

Me: Be ready ngo half 10!

I shouted before stepping out of the house. I devoured my food while cleaning the room - sweeping, placing my shoes and clothes where they should be and gathering all the stuff I had laying around. I had been in the hood for a week and it already felt like a whole year. The work of being a man back home was a bonus on its own, it deserved to be listed as a sport. Shit was too much.

I wasn't the type to go shopping unless it was for my clothes but because I wanted to take my mind off things I did. I never really knew doing grocery for a woman was this tiring, it was impossible to find the things she had listed

there. Instead of grabbing Long life milk, she specified she wanted clover milk, tshini Bawo. Wasn't milk all the same nah? There were salad dressings we had to buy strictly at Woolworths food. I had to ask Zizipho multiple times if we weren't going to Exact and Milady's for sugar or flour maybe. When I bought my groceries I did it at one supermarket, either checkers or pick'n'pay and I didn't freak out when I left something behind. I'd always pick it up the next day or week, it wasn't the end of the world.

By the time we returned home I promised her never to go grocery shopping with her again. I wasn't pissed that these small stuff we bought cost me thousands like I were buying a grocery for ten people but I was fucken angry that we even went to Woolworths for food. What the fuck was wrong with women?

I remember sitting on the couch watching these

reality shows with my sister but ended up sleeping. I was disturbed by my phone ringing, I snorted when I saw Xolani's name, a part of me was hoping it was Phindi

Me: X

Xolani: Khandikhaphe Miles bra (Please drive me Miles dude)

Me: Vaar? (Where?)

Xolani: Airport chap, kune vrou endiyoy'landa pha (Airport dude, there's a lady I'm fetching there)

Me: Yooh

I yawned as I removed my feet from the coffee table

Xolani: Khawenze Miles (Come on Miles)

Me: Sure. Uphi? (Where are you?)

"Pozini bra (At home)"

I reported to Zee that I was heading out, she was in the kitchen preparing to cook supper. I passed by my room first to change from the shorts to black jeans and my black Nike Thai. I kept my white t-shirt and only threw on a jacket in case I did not come back earlier than I anticipated. My drive to the airport with Xolani was okay, he was filling me in with all the events that were going to take place in the hood, by events I meant the good and the bad. From funerals to your graduation and birthday parties. The lady who awaited us at the airport was his baby mama, a lady he's been on and off with for as long as I can remember. She was visiting home from Johannesburg where she worked and raised her son, a boy who looked so much like his father.

You do understand that iBhayi has to be the most corrupt town in the Eastern Cape and

that's why we grew up the way we did. We thought getting drunk, taking drugs, giving out babies and hitting girls was the proper way any man should live. We were messed up teenagers but many of them recovered before I did. Their definition of hitting a girl back in those days was to give her a slap just to discipline her but mine was more like put her in a hospital bed. At that point and time in life it made me feel superior, nobody touched my sister if she didn't want to be touched because it was her brother they feared. When I walked in a spot people acknowledged presence, people let down their guts just to move out of the way. I mean there was nothing fun about it because nothing was alright with being known as a killer and an escapee of prison. I remember when I did start changing, the rumours I heard about how much of an act that was because sooner or later I'd return to that nothing of a child I was. I grew up believing I'd be nothing because society made

me feel that way and I gave them a reason to.

Now that I have changed I wanted to take it all back because they were people I was keen to know but discovered they feared me enough to even utter a word to me. Even when I looked like the best product of rehab there were still some people who saw that monster in me and she was one of them.

We were driving down the streets of Motherwell, just a couple of houses from Xolani's when I saw her standing with three other girls just a yard away from her home. UXolani wandibona uba ndandizomisa because I remember him looking at me and say

"Hamba Miles."

But I didn't, I stopped and my gaze never left her. To them I'm pretty sure I appeared like someone who was going to hit her because during the time I was with her that's all they

witnessed. I heeded they were looking at the car as I stepped out curious as to who owns it. Xolani copied my actions only to stop me. When my eyes met hers she instantly turned on her heel and ran the opposite direction, going to her home meant passing by me so she thought it would be better if she just didn't go home. I didn't have the time to get back in my car and drive after her so I ran after her, and it wasn't even fifteen seconds before I caught up with her. Her jacket was the first thing on reach so I held it but she attempted taking it off so I took a large step and encircled my hand around her waist. It broke my heart when she stopped breathing, acting like someone who was waiting for nothing but a slap or fist or maybe a kick from me

Me: Lelo

Lelovuyo: Ndicela undiyeke Mihle (Please leave Me alone Mihle)

Me: Ndifuna sithethe (I want us to talk)

Lelovuyo: No no no no no.

She cried and fuck me for hoping she wouldn't, it was impossible not to

Me: Andizokubetha (I won't hit you)

Lelovuyo: Please let me go. I'll do whatever you want please, ndiyakucela Mihle

I tightened my grip around her not because I didn't hear her plead but because those words hit a deep sensitive spot in me, those were the exact same words she would use when I either forced myself on her or hit her. I released her and I swear I never saw someone run that fast in my life when there was nothing chasing her. I could see from a blurry vision the people from the neighbouring houses and on the streets watching, convinced like any other person that I was going to hit her.

I wanted to yell, I wanted to scream and

probably run for my life. This feeling was foreign, I haven't felt it way too long, I haven't endured it since I moved to Cape Town. I felt a tear leave my eye and fall unto my cheek as my mind took me back to 2010, right somewhere on that same street.

Entry 175

Aphindiwe

Not only was I back to having my rape nightmares but my mother was appearing in my dreams again. She was still telling me to save the little boy, but I still couldn't understand the dream. And no, I could not run to my father for help, he wasn't a very traditional man so that Saturday of the second week I took a short trip to Northcrest, Makazi was my only help at that moment. When I arrived at Northcrest Makazi

sent Asanda and I to the shopping store for a 2L of coke and bread. We left her frying eggs and some Russians. That was the only place that felt like home, where I wasn't stuck watching television or locked up in my room. Like any other children, we took the longer route to the shop and back, reason being, we wanted to talk about boys and nothing else. She had me in the corner asking about Mihle, as well judging me on my decision of giving him a second chance. Ndandiyithanda landonda and she somehow felt like I didn't know him enough to love him this much, she continuously kept on reminding me his family did not approve of me so that meant I should have more fun. A year ago I would have bought what she said, and agreed how much sense she was making but not then, I could not.

We returned home to cold eggs and russians, that's how long we've been gone. After warming

our foods we sat around the table with Makazi and had a school talk. She sounded worried and concerned that Asanda's studies would now be affected with Bhuti Olwethu still behind bars, the mention of his name scarred me. As much of a home this was, it wasn't as warm without him.

Me: Makazi uyakhumbula bendicele sithethe?
(Aunt do you remember I asked us to talk?)

Makazi: Ewe ntombi

Me: Bendifuna sithethe ngephupha endihlala ndinalo and utata akanaxesha lam (I want us to talk about a dream I'm always having and my father doesn't have the time)

Makazi: Ewe sisi

She wasn't looking at me, she was focused on her plate slicing the egg in small pieces with her fork. I only managed to get a glance from her by the mention of my mother's name

"Umama uvela oko kweliphupha. (My mother appears every time on this dream.)"

Makazi: Uthini? (What is she saying?)

Me: Lamaphupho abakwindayo ezi different oko but qho xa evela kubakho umntana oyinkwenkwe omncinci, undixelela oko uba mandim'sindise lomntana kodwa ndiyaboyika. (These dreams are on different places always, but every time she appears there's this young boy, and she always tells me to save him but I'm scared of him.)

She looked at me whilst playing with the teaspoon in her cup, I wanted to know what she was thinking.

Makazi: Kunomntu ongekho right okhoyo empilweni yakho? (Is there currently someone who isn't alright in your life?)

Me: If ayindim, akekho omnye endimaziyo (If it isn't me, I know of no other person.)

She let out a suppressed laugh, one I guess was directed to my not-so-funny joke. It saddened me how they thought it was a joke but to me it was a feeling, something I carried ever since I lost my mother. It was a wound which only became deeper after my rape attack. I was always placed in situation where I had to act the strongest because I appeared I had it all together and because I did not want to put my father in a pessimistic spotlight, and because I did not want to reveal myself vulnerable, I acted strong. I was far from being strong and there currently two people who seemed to know this; Mihle and Asanda. Both of them knew just as much, there were a couple of things I was hiding from each of them, to Mihle being many family matters and to Asanda it was my rape.

Makazi: Uthi msindise entwini lomntana?
(What is she saying save this boy from?)

Me: Andazi Kazi but uyakhala lomntana and

unegazi (I don't know aunt but this boy is crying and stained with blood.)

The look she gave me was one of concern as though she knew something I didn't. She probably did, these elders always did and felt it was okay not saying a word because they felt they were protecting us

Makazi: Ndizokuxelela ntombi noba ku late phambikoba uhambe (I'll tell you later before you leave)

We continued with feasting afterwards Asanda and myself cleaned the kitchen. We took a walk around the streets, seeing and talking to every person we knew on those streets. Many of them viewed me as the 'rich girl who didn't associate herself with Eastern Cape females' it was the label I carried since I was in Primary when I would come visit. All thanks to my father's status. Some were kind enough to ask how I was doing and mention how long it has

been since they last saw me, others just walked up to us and hugged Asanda pretending like I weren't even there

I recall how we bought cracker snacks and crazy pops, and I forced her to walk back with me so we would get more crazy pops, these type of snacks came once in a year to me more like Christmas. Later that day as promised, Makazi explained to me what the dream might have meant, she did mention that she too wasn't quite sure but her interpretation couldn't be that far.

After her explanation a part of me knew it could be Mihle but another half was denying it. He was a man who seemed like he had everything under control, despite his parents coming through uninvited and bringing a wife for him, he didn't seem bothered. He killed his enemy right? And to my thinking Bafana couldn't be the problem, these dreams occurred to me way

before I knew Bafana was in Mihle's life. Makazi kept on telling me it was my job to find that person because probably they didn't know they were in danger. It's a memory to me how I had a headache on my way home, thinking about what possibly could be the problem. Why did he want my help

When I arrived home the first thing I did was to call him, at least to hear his voice

Mihle: Mambhele

I don't know if I imagined it all but he sounded not himself, he seemed down

"Uright?"

Mihle: Yah, I am love. Wena uright?

Me: Yes. Are you sure you okay?

Mihle: Ewe. Ikhona ingxaki? (Yes. Is there a problem?)

Me: Ha.a

Mihle: You don't sound you convincing.

Me: Hayi I was just checking, you sound a little down

Mihle: I must be tired but ndiright Nhanha

Me: Okay, uphi? (Where are you?)

Mihle: Home

Me: And the music?

Mihle: Zinto zika Zizipho ezi (This is Zizipho's doings)

Me: Okay let's talk on Whatsapp then, ayinintsanga le airtime (this airtime isn't a lot)

Mihle: Not ngoku (not now)Nhanha but I'll call you later kevha.

Me: Ngoba kutheni ngoku? (What's the problem with now?)

Mihle: I'm busy okwangoku

He sounded like someone who was laying on the couch with his feet on the coffee table like he liked doing and that in my definition was not busy but I let it slid bidding my farewell.

For the rest of the day I just watched movies that were available, searched Box Office and rented those which weren't. I watched those having a snack of Jumping Jack popcorn, I couldn't seem to get my mind off this thing and as a result it gave me a terrible headache. A part of me wanted me to ask Mihle that same day but I did not want to address it over the phone, I had to look at him in the face and see if he'd lie about it. My other worry was seeing things through dreams all of a sudden, growing up a Xhosa individual I always knew visualizing through dreams meant having a gift of seeing things and many people I knew ended up bethwasa. I knew it was not for me, there was no way ndingaba ligqirha.

We were just a week to Christmas and for some of us that vibe was not even felt in our homes. My father was hardly home, sis'Phumeza had her leave and that left me alone with that huge house. I was hoping utata had forgotten about the punishment because not long from then I'd need money to refresh my hair and probably buy an outfit or two for the trip to Durban. Mihle hadn't said when we were going there and because I knew he was capable of saying tomorrow I had to stay ready. I fell asleep on the couch while watching Agent 47, my favourite, and was woke by my father who shoved a Spur container my way

Tata: Uyalala esofeni zam awonaxhala (You sleep on my couches you actually have no worry.)

I looked at him as he took the remote to change the movie which had just began. Standing up I

stretched my body

Me: Is this all mine?

Tata: Ewe sele ndityile mna (Yes I've ate already)

Me: Phi? (Where?)

Tata: At Spur

Me: You could have brought it apha endlini sitye sobayithu (You could have brought it here so we can eat together)

Tata: Ngoku ukhamisileyo apha

He glanced my way for a split second prior to turning towards the tv which displayed a News channel. I made way to the kitchen to warm up my food, grabbed myself a can of Just Juice then went back to lounge. We sat in silence while I ate and he got busy on his laptop simultaneously dividing his attention to the television

"I haven't seen your marks."

It made me cringe every time he spoke English because he always sounded like he had a better accent than I did, and it wasn't supposed to be that way, this man was a product of Apartheid

Me: Azikaphumi (they aren't out yet)

He looked at me and stopped typing, this was a ticket for me to carry on talking

Me: We only getting them in January.

Tata: And I need to have them e-mailed immediately when you receive them

Me: Oh kay

He raised his eyebrows at my bored tone

Tata: Aphindiwe uyayiqonda uba andidlali ngalento (Aphindiwe you do understand that I'm not joking), those marks are your everything basically.

I grinned when he looked away only to catch him looking just when I was pulling a face at

him, he shook his head, definitely holding himself back from swearing. I held back a laugh when he continued shaking his head but looking at the PC in front of him. I was lucky enough to have the remote and change the channel to my liking, he was too glued on his laptop screen and occupied with work. He sent me about three times to the kitchen to get him either a glass of a water or a can of Just Juice, that was before I left him in the lounge alone. In my bedroom I was multitasking, busy on my laptop watching Power and also busy on Whatsapp. I had seasons of Power I had not finished yet and they helped me greatly in days like these when I was bored. I later received a call from Mihle like he had promised, we had a call duration of close to two hours, if that wasn't an indication of how much we missed each other then I don't know.

During that call he confirmed our trip date, the

29th of that December, giving me enough time to plan a convincing lie so David would grant me permission without asking way too many questions.

Lelovuyo

I turned over in my bed hugging my pillow while I listened to my mother and brother have the loudest quarrel about me. Mother was mad that her dearest son had called me out to see Mihle but right now she was even more mad that he actually touched me. I dried my cheeks and eyes with the back of my hand and attempted erasing the image of him in my head but I couldn't, he somehow seemed to be stuck at the back of my mind. Progress of fucken six years and it was all for nothing. I stayed away from home and my family for six years full

because I still wanted to live. My mouth was still sour from vomiting earlier on, I cried to a extent where my intestines couldn't take it anymore and ended up throwing up. A part of me could not believe how selfish he was but another part kept reminding me that this was Mihle; he thought of no one but himself.

I'm out here bluffing yet I haven't even told you about myself. My name is Lelovuyo, a 23 year old from Port Elizabeth from a large Mali family. I was the last born of five children, well four now because we lost my other brother in this gangster life. It was a pain every family went through here in Port Elizabeth, parents burying their children because they got killed in a gang or wanting to leave a gang. The only thing that brings me here is my relationship with Mihle, a relationship I thought I was over until I saw him again. I was that one beautiful child in the

family, the type who used her beauty and body to attract the boys, I was your typical teenager. Snatched out to get drunk, had tried out weed and cigarette before, wore make-up at school and had the waistband of my school skirt under my breast just so it would be the suitable length for me.

That was all before I met Mihle. He was your cleanest drug addict ever. Never a single day would you find him looking like he needed a scrub, no he was clean even when smelling like the strongest weed blunt ever. When I met him little did I know he was involved in this gang life and doing drugs. I remember it very well, he looked like the best thing God had ever placed in that environment with me around. Like everybody who was in that tavern, he was there to drink as well like I was myself, he had a beer in his hand and looked unmoved by every girl who stepped through that door. His

concentration was on a certain table, an empty table I noticed and he was only staring at it that hard because he was thinking. That was my cue to ask my girls we change tables.

He was dressed in black denim and had a navy Adidas track jacket and a cap, with a beer in his hand and his eyebrows furrowed. We moved to the table he faced and it took him a while to actually notice that the place had been occupied. At the age of 15 and obviously desperate for attention I stood up and made sure he saw the size of my butt in those blue high-waist jeans I had on. I recall how he just looked at me then turned to the other boys around him, he looked calm even when talking, unlike many people I knew he didn't use much energy for talking. It was so attractive how he seemed like he wasn't competing with the music because instantly when his mouth moved the other guys paid attention. A best

friend of mine was actually annoyed by then because she failed to understand this obsession I had over bad boys, she was only different one in the group because my other girls knew exactly what I saw. I was little disappointed when he finished his beer and stood up leaving the table, he made his way towards the door. His figure spoke authority, boss and it was how careless he handled it that attracted me. His hands were in his pockets as he walked like he had all the time in the world.

He walked in again after a long while, a friend on his side and that was the first time I saw him smile as he pulled out his chair. It took just that much to have me dancing next to their table, between the space of both our tables and glancing his way every chance I got. His eyes followed my every move and it was somewhat a drop of energy for me. By the end of the night I had his number in my E250 and he had mine in

a phone that looked more expensive.

My mother warned me about men who were out of high school every time she would see me standing with one in the streets. Many of them were friends but to her because I was still in high, the only boys I had to befriend were from high school and it was only appropriate if we spoke about school work and nothing else.

This was the year Whatsapp was introduced and I was still preoccupied with Mxit, my phone only allowing that type of communication either than phone calls and text messages. He never called for a whole four, it had me think he never saved my number but when he eventually did and asked to see me, to me that was an achievement. That specific day I left the pots at low heat on the stove because I couldn't miss that chance, I literally wet my neck from the cheap body spray I had and gave an extra glow to my lips with lip gloss. He leaned against a

electric pole smoking a cigarette as I approached him, still looking like he owned that space.

It was in a matter of three days and we confirmed being an official couple. I wanted everybody to know and so they did because I bragged about him to every girl. It was from every boy who liked me when I heard that he was a leader of some specific gang, because I was naive and in love I thought they were making these stories up just to have me leave him. He only confirmed the news to me five months in our relationship and still I did not leave him. I could have left then because he was already changing me but I did not. I only went out when he did, could only wear my short clothing in the yard and when stepping out I had to change. There were great verbal fights between us if I was seen with

any guy. I had it all to leave but I loved him so I stuck around. You have to understand that I didn't see anything wrong, he hadn't hit me right so he couldn't be that bad. Aged 15, repeating grade 8 and there was this mysterious boyfriend by my side, I felt I had made it in life kaloku mntase. He gave all the signs on a silver platter and still I didn't question any of them. The clothes he'd buy me, the snacks and chocolates, the expensive birthday gifts. I was enjoying every bit of it and would not risk it by believing all the stories I heard, yes he was a gang leader but he was good to me and my boyfriend. And it only changed that one particular day, that day he asked to see me at 11 in the evening, I was sleeping then and received a call from him. A call that somehow changed my life because it was that day I sneaked out only to receive my first hit from him. I wasn't aware he had called me to hit me, well he wasn't planning to hit me, he called to

ask for a favour in the middle of the week and I could not, immediately when I told him I couldn't he laid a had on me.

The next day he apologized like a priest who made the biggest mistake and sin but he did it again and apologized, then again and again until I tried dumping him. If you have dated a nyaope boy before you'll know you don't just leave them when you please, they call the shots. I started thinking he was going to kill me because I found ways to run away from him, ways to not meet up with him, ways to ignore him but he always found me and when he did before reminding me how much he loved me he'd hit me. It scared me because I felt it strong for him still even when he hit me, I would actually defend him when people accused him, would lie and cover up for him when questioned as to why I had bruises.

I drew a line when I survived a coma because

he hit me and had the nerve to dump me at my doorstep, unconscious and bleeding. My mother found me God knows when and actually believed I had died. This was a story to me but when told I had flashbacks of begging him not to but he continued, he hit me until I did not have it in me anymore. Okay I might have aborted his child but I was damn 16 at that time, scared and did not want to drop out of school. My mother had made it clear that she didn't have money to raise another child, my father worked at the mines and earned the little to raise us, and umama was a housewife. There was no money for another child so I had to do what was best fit and that was to have an abortion. I could not tell him because I was aware of his passion for being a father so I did it privately then a friend I thought was a friend told another person until it got to his ears. And here I was laying on my bed trying to keep my tears from falling again. Maybe coming back

was a bad idea, I don't know what I thought, that maybe he would not be home or that after six years his family had found a home elsewhere.

I knew very well that he wouldnt stay long in jail, he did escapes before he dated me and during our relationship.

I dragged myself out of my bed and retreated to the kitchen with hope that I'd get water for my dry throat but was stopped in my tracks but Siyabulela

"Bhuti."

Siyabulela: Uthi ikubambe phi lekaka inguMihle?
(Where did this shitty Mihle hold you?)

Me: Undibambe uba ebefuna ndibe (He held me because he was trying to stop me)

Mama: Andikhathali noba ebefuna ukupha imali, andifuni landlavini yomntana isondele kuwe (I

don't care whether he wanted to give you money, I don't want that discourteous child next to you)

Me: Inoba ebefuna uthetha (Maybe he wanted to talk)

Siyabulela: Khayeke umthethelela! (Stop defending him!)

Me: I'm not! Nguwe lo ubusithi utshintshile uMihle so if he changed nyani he probably did not want to hit me!

Siyabulela: Uphambene?!

Me: Sundi shouta!

Siyabulela: Khahambe uyolala, uqhunyiwe wena (Just go sleep, you're high)

Mama: Lelo khaw'yiyeke lento mntanam (Lelo leave this my child.)

I matched out of the kitchen without getting the drink of water I wanted. I loathed how he was

throwing tantrums like he would do something if Mihle stepped foot here but he wouldn't, instead of punching him in the face he'd just talk like he was addressing a Lord of some sort.

I don't know how long I drowned in my own misery on that bed before my mother came to my rescue, she walked in and gave me the most sympathizing look ever

"Uright?"

I shrugged my shoulder unsure how to answer the question, I was not okay but I understood where all that came from, she was frustrated. She sat on the side of my bed and patted my legs

Mama: Uyayazi Lelo uba ndizivha njani ngalam'gulukudu womfana and andikufuni ukubona ube naye (You know Lelo that I don't want to see with that ill-mannered boy.)

Me: Asoze mama.

Mama: Uyayazi intlungu wasibeka kuyo lamntana, uyayazi Lelovuyo (You know the pain he put us through)

I nodded feeling the lump on my throat grow, the last thing I wanted was being reminded how he actually tried killing me. It was a reminder to me every single day I spent away from home.

Mama: Awuzoya ndawo. Kulapha kokwenu qha uba lamntana akakazwi usuka kuwe sizofaka abapolisa. Akaqeqeshwanga gqithi la Mihle (You're going nowhere. This is your home and if that child cant stay away from you we'll include the cops. That Mihle boy was not groomed well.)

She left me in that room after giving me the same warning six times. I wasn't planning on having contact with Mihle but my worry was did he feel the same, he knew where I lived and knowing him he was the type of man to just walk through that gate and come stepping on the same doorstep he left me to die. I was

hoping my mother would have at least allowed me to go back, I wanted to breathe and have a normal happy December but with that going on it seemed already impossible.

The following days I had to remain in the house to avoid any contact with Mihle but the little contact I would have with him would have me tumbling like I never survived what he put me through. I honestly couldn't care less it was he wanted to talk about, I just could not see him, I didn't want to even breath in the same space as him. As much as I was taught to forgive, I believed I would never get through what that man did to me. Never.

Entry 176

Nomthandazo

Being a mother had to be the worst thing ever in this world. Not that I did not want children but from all that experience I knew someone had to get pregnant for me and raise my children for me but have me them my own. The second worst thing about being a mom was loving that small innocent child even though he looked like his daddy who did not want you any more. I actually thought I wasn't going to fill you in with the whole waking up in the deepest hours of the night to stop his cry, or change his diaper, or change his sleeping position but I had to tell you in case you thought it was all cute.

I was laying flat face on my pillow still not planning on getting out of bed any time soon. I had the best mother if you care to know, she was more like my nanny than a mother at that stage in my life, and she still did it all for free. Sivuyisiwe had gone to George for the holidays, she left immediately after her leave began and

that meant I was left at home with my parents and my little sister who wasn't really helpful. If she wasn't out with her friends, she was glued to her phone. I reached for my phone under the pillow and unlocked it, my thumb swiping over the Whatsapp icon. Yesterday, I felt my heart fall to the pit of my stomach when I viewed Mihle's display picture, only to come face to screen with a devilish smiling Aphindiwe at the airport. He hated doing that, well I would know because it was a topic I raised. He only did it once in a decade and his display picture remained the same for centuries. I remember looking at his status for a long while wondering why he didn't change so it corresponded with her image. It was still inked

"I'm a father.

I did not have to view his picture to see if it was still her, I could tell from just looking at it appear through that small circle.

My bedroom door swung open and Azola appeared on the doorway, already dressed

Azola: Uthi umama vuka (Mother says get up)

It was a week later after Sivu departure that we were going to George. For obvious reasons of course.

Me: Ulilelani umntanam? (Why is my child crying?)

Azola: Mama uyamtyisa (Mom's feeding him)

I pulled the blankets over my head and could still feel her staring at me. You need to understand why I never got along with Azola the way Sivu did. One, I wasn't the type to free talk with her about boyfriends and all, two the year gap between her and I I always wanted it to be seen. And thirdly, I wasn't your easy person, didn't socialize much nor go out much. And another thing that drove me insane about her was how she always wanted to be the golden

child. As the last born she was to act that and I was supposed to understand that right? But I couldn't for very personal and obvious reasons.

I was happy my mother was available to help me but I knew that my holidays would be spent looking for a nanny because mid January I had to be back at work and with my mother resigning as a nurse, things were going to be a little hard for me. You might be thinking her resignation was the greatest thing but it wasn't, they planned to leave us and go stay in George. Yes, it was still based in the Western Cape but it was as far as KwaZulu Natal when I thought about Olakhe giving me problems. Thank God my father was around, umama didn't really do much yelling at me for making them an hour late. We were told from last night that at least 12 o'clock in the noon must have us stepping out of the house and we only left at something

past one. I was always excited being home, by home I did not mean Belmar but George. Being together with the family was one of the greatest feelings ever, and to be honest if it were by choice I would stay there with grandma and rather work that side.

You know what it's like being gathered together, having to serve about thirty people at once. We helped each other with the cooking, by having each of us cooking and prepare a certain portion of a meal. The starch and meat were always the most difficult to cook, it's either they burnt or never well-cooked. Our mothers always complained, questioning about the types of housewives we'll be. Those were their times, we lived in a different generation now where we needed not to be housewives but wives.

I was catching up with the sisters and cousins from the family while I watched one of

Malumekazi's children hold uOlakhe. I couldn't take my eyes off her fearing that she might drop my baby. uAmahle was a 12 year old and she was still a baby herself, I couldn't trust her with my child

Me: Mahle khazombeka apha sisi (Mahle come put him her love)

She was careful with every step she took as she walked towards us. Next to me on the couch I had laid out some blankets for him, that's where he was resting before Mahle woke him up. She placed my son in my hands and I held him, he was staring at the fan which was attached to the roof, amused by its speed.

Lala: So wakushiya nje njalo uMihle mfazi? (So Mihle left you just like that?)

Me: Ewe kaloku

Lala: Rha bekunonyiwa (Damn there was going to be shit)

Sivuyisiwe: Hayi man, khaniyeke uthetha ngoMihle (No man, just stop talking about Mihle)

Boni: Hayi ntombi ngoba? Tshini ndifuna umbona lomntana mna (No girl why? I want to see this girl)

Me: Awumazi na uAphindiwe? (Do you know Aphindiwe?)

Boni: Tuu ke sana

Me: Mandi, Uphi uAzola? (Mandi where's Azola?)

Mandisa: Ebese kitchen umgqibele kwam (She was in the kitchen the last time I checked)

Me: Ndicela undibizele yena (Please call her for me)

You probably wondering why I was sharing this with everyone, that's because they asked. They were family and were the females in the same age group as myself and Sivu, we spoke about everything and they happened to ask where

baby daddy was and how he was doing, and how our relationship was going. They weren't just shocked that we broke up, they devastated to hell that our younger dearest sister took him for me. Azola appeared from the kitchen walking with Mandi and Aya

Azola: Nomtha?

Me: Unazo ipicture zika Aphindiwe mos? (You have Aphindiwe's picture right?)

Azola: Ewe ngoba? (Yes Why?)

Me: Khabonise uBoni (Show Boni)

Azola: Why?

Boni: Yhini Azola ntombi iquestions ezingaka (laughs) hayi khazise le phone yakho (Yho Azola girl so many question (laughs) just bring your phone).

She handed the phone to Boniswa after paging through her images first. Boni's face became

blank then she laughed afterwards

"Haibo unangphi lomntana? Zintanga zoAzo mos ezi (Oh how old is this child? These are Azo's age group.)"

Me: Mncinci (She's young)

Azola: A year older than mna

Boni: Ndincenda ngongamazi. Yooh (claps hands)

Sivuyisiwe: Anindidike (You guys are boring me)

Lala: Umilile ke usisi. Ukhulile nafuthi from the last time ndagqibele umbona (She's got a great body and has grown from the last time I saw her)

Boni clapped her hands again. Lala was passing the phone back to its owner when Boni took it and stared at the picture again. She chuckled

"Uza nini Tamnci apha? (When is Tamnci coming here?)"

Me: Andazi (I don't know)

Boni: Hayi ndifuna ubona lentombi yakhe (I want to see his girl)

Sivuyisiwe: Inoba bazoza since umamoncinci passed on, uza oko (They'll probably be here since auntie passed on, they're always here)

Boni: Ebekhona last year Tatomncinci? (Was uncle here last year?)

Me: Ewe

Boni: Laliphi eliholazana? (Where was this whore?)

Sivuyisiwe: Khaniyeke uthetha ngomntana kanje! Nibadala for lento niyenzayo (Just stop talking about the child like this! You're old for what you're doing)

Lala: Haibo sothukile Vuyi (We're shocked Vuyi)

Sivuyisiwe: Haisoka. Kudala nithetha and kuyo yonke lento you haven't said a word about how

wrong Mihle is naye kulento, into eniyenzayo kuthuka uAphindiwe (Nonsense. Y'all have been talking and all this you haven't said about how wrong Mihle is as well, all you're doing is swearing at Aphindiwe)

Boni: Yoh insensitive letopic

I was still surprised by Sivuyisiwe's outburst. When we spoke about this I honestly didn't know who's side she was on. I understood she hated uchuku and was always there when I needed a shoulder to cry on about this matter but whenever I said something negative about Aphindiwe she acted like I hadn't spoken a word.

Me: Very sensitive

I watched as my elder sister took her laptop and the Drum magazine she was reading and walk out of the lounge. I couldn't give a stinking damn, if it was about Aphindiwe I'd say whatever it was I wanted.

Mihle

Working in the rain wasn't a problem, catching a cold was. I had a weak immune system hence I avoided getting cold but that morning I was soaking wet. At past seven I was already at another family's yard, slaughtering cows and sheep. The deeds of being a man in the Xhosa tribe. Kwakukho umcimbi, iVulamzi, a traditional ritual where a person had built a house and was going to be staying in it for the first time. It was a belief to inviting your Gods and incestors to guide and protect you in those walls. Such ceremonies to us were like weddings and funerals: you tell people about the event and its date, you don't cancel it no matter what. It was a Saturday morning and one bloody cold morning. I was making a phone call to Aphindiwe, trying her for the forth time now, but

it rang again until it sent me to voicemail. It frustrated me when she did not answer her, and it was not because I thought she might be cheating or something but I had the most brutal ideas in head. I was a person with many enemies and so my loved ones were in danger as well, that's what worried me.

I pushed my hand under my overalls for my tracksuit pockets looking for my other phone. I wrote her a text message, asking for a return call immediately after she'd seen my missed calls. I was standing against the wall of a house planning to head back to the house where men were gathered when I felt a hand on my back. It didn't take me by surprise to see Siyabulela standing besides me, I've been noticing how he's been looking at me since we stepped into that house

"So yintoni engakusi endlini njengamanye amadoda? (So what's not letting you into the

house like other men?)"

I raised my brows at him and chuckled. I ignored him

Siyabulela: Or usacinga ungulaMihle woyikwayo? (Or you still think you're that Mihle people are scared of?)

I ignored him again, looking at the neighbour houses like there were the most interesting things I've seen

Siyabulela: Jonga ke uzokaka uzokhe uphinde ubambe owasekhaya (Look you'll shit if you ever touch my sister again)

He got all my attention. I turned and looked at him. I wouldn't start telling about how much fear the thought he ignited in me but I definitely will tell you about the irritation which suddenly grew in me

Me: Ndizobamba.

He flared his nostrils and straightened his shoulders

Me: Uzokwenzani? (What will you do?)

Siyabulela: Uzonya (You'll shit)

Me: (chuckles)

I nodded and walked away. I was only a few feet away when something in me triggered, he wanted to play dirty, I was going to give him dirty

"Undincamisele yena, I'm sure undikhumbulela lonto. (Kiss her for me, I'm sure she misses me for that.)"

I dared him to him throw a punch when I saw him tighten his fists, he was really angry, angrier than I've remembered. I headed inside the house and found myself a seat. This was going to be a fucken long day.

On the 20th which was the following week on a Tuesday, I drove to East London to go see my girlfriend. I left Port Elizabeth at 6 in the morning. That yesterday she had cried to me on the phone, terrified that her father was forcing her to go to Cape Town. I didn't understand the fuss until she raised not enjoying being there without her mother, and that now she was going to have to face half of her family which knew about us. My concern grew, I knew if she did not want to go then she didn't have to. Her other worry was that during our date to Durban she might still be in the Western Cape.

This girl really knew her father because when I went to see her in Mthatha two weeks ago, she mentioned that her reason for not returning from Johannesburg the previous year was because her dad would have dragged her to Cape Town, and he was going to do it again.

She had suggested that I don't drive the whole

way to Mthatha, she'd just hike to East London. When I arrived at Hemmingways mall she had already told me was there for about thirty minutes now, she too left in the morning. I asked her to pack some stuff in case we brought up a plan and had her sleep over at my place. I wrote her on Whatsapp to place an order at Mugg and Bean for the meantime while I was looking for a parking.

She was sitting at the table more aside from the others, as I approached her I noticed how she was looking far ahead of her. I think she could feel someone was looking at her because she instantly turned my direction and smiled when she saw me. I kept my eyes on her and decided to stop opposite this Cafe, she was staring back at me. I pulled out my phone and called her, you won't believe the look she gave me when she looked down on her phone and saw my name on her screen. I chuckled because I

knew she wasn't going to pick up, I mean I was barely fifteen feet away from her. She rolled her eyes and answered

"Fhaku."

Me: Come kiss me

Aphindiwe: What?!

I laughed because her what was a little loud, I heard it both on the phone and in the lingering air, she tried keeping a straight face but it didn't work

Aphindiwe: Bazothini abantu? (What are people going to say?)

Me: Kunomntu ombalekayo? (Is there someone you're running away from?)

Aphindiwe: Hayi

Me: Then come to me

Aphindiwe: You're wasting airtime yazi

Me: It's worth it.

Aphindiwe: Hayi

Me: Yes

She laughed and covered her face while dragging herself up from the chair. She left her handbag and walked up to me. The beauty on her face as she was blushing is still indescribable. I only ended the call when she was a reach away, my hand touching hers. I leaned forward for a kiss and picked her up while hugging her

Me: Missed this smell

She giggled placing her forehead on my chest

"Feeling better?"

I questioned as we walked back to the table, she shook her head while attempting to intertwine our fingers, she failed with every attempt because I kept playing with my fingers

until we arrived at the table.

Me: Ordered anything?

Aphindiwe: Ha.a

Me: Why not? I told you to nje

Aphindiwe: Wasn't sure what you'd want so I told the waitress ndisalinde umntu

I opened the menu book and placed it in front of me

Me: Utata yakho akakwazi ukushiya? (Can't you father leave you?)

Aphindiwe: Akasoze. The only reason we didn't go much when my mother was alive was because she preferred being umfazi wasez'lalini than uyasetown. But now she isn't here, my father will find every reason to

Me: Did you tell him you have a trip nge 29?

"No."

Me: Sizathu? (Reason?)

Aphindiwe: I didn't feel it would work

Me: How many reasons do you have again for not wanting to go there?

She started counting, I narrowed my eyes when her counting went to the other hand, she stopped at seven then looked up at me

Aphindiwe: Nazi. One, I don't enjoy it there. Two, with umama we only stayed less than a week and utata understood. Three, now I know it'll be more than a week. Four, Nomtha uyandichaphukela

Me: No she doesn't

Aphindiwe: What? She does, I mean it's obvious akandifuni

Me: It's impossible. She isn't that heartless

Aphindiwe: I might not know the lady like a sister should know her sister but I know she

hates me.

Me: And I know her, she's just upset.

She laid backwards on the chair and folded her arms over her chest, I kept a straight face at her.

I surrendered

"Fine. Qhubeka (carry on)"

Aphindiwe: Five, probably the whole family knows ngoku. Six, ndizofakelwa meeting and the last I won't get to go to Durban.

Me: Firstly uzoya at Durban, be it next year or ngoku I'm taking you to Durban so don't worry. Secondly, akho meeting ezobanjwa apha

She pulled a face at my latter comment, I was caught up in the middle of wanting to laugh and keeping a serious face on.

Aphindiwe: Mxm

Me: Dikiwe kengoku? (You're annoyed now?)

Aphindiwe: This is a joke mos kuwe

Me: Not at all baby wam. You don't know how troubled I was ukuvha ukhala izolo

She kept quiet for some time. I used the silence to call unto a waitress to place our orders. After we did that she continued

"Do you ever have regrets?"

Me: About us?

Aphindiwe: No. Nje in general

Me: It's a normal thing but I avoid it. Always look at the bright side of things

She slightly nodded, seeming unsure of what I just said

Me: You better not be regretting us

She shook her head still not looking at me. I took the chance extend my arms and hold her hands

Me: Bhelekazi

Aphindiwe: Mmmh?

She averted her attention to me then our hands, she squeezed mine in return

Me: Learn how to talk to David, umxelele uba ezinye izinto awuzithandi and xa ungafuni uzenza awufun

Aphindiwe: Babe, he'll stp supporting me financially kaloku. You don't know utata

Me: I'll support you financially ngokwam

Aphindiwe: Mihle

Me: What? That's your biggest worry right?

Aphindiwe: No. Utata will think I don't respect him

I shook my head, she was misunderstanding it

Me: You won't back chat him, you'll be addressing him nicely like a parent and daughter conversation. Umxelele what you like and don't kwi relationship wenu.

She sighed and closed her eyes. This was getting to her honestly and I wanted to make her see through her worries, it wasn't much like she anticipated it. You'd get ukuthi kokwabo nobody even mentioned her

Me: Just go home but uxelele utatakho uba nge 28th you've gotta fly out because you're going somewhere

She placed her head on the table and groaned. I freed my hands from hers and leaned back on the chair looking at her. As I was staring at her I kept on giving things to life or time for allowing me to meet her when I had overcame the monster I was, because maybe she too would have been a victim. I cringed from the thought of it and my heart felt heavy, like a weight had been thrown at it.

We sat at that table and feasted while I tried to

mask my face with one that looked less bothered. I wanted to share with her that somehow I felt my life was going back to what it used to be but I refrained from it, she had a lot to worry about already, I mean the child was bothered about something she had no control over. I am not the type of person to watch movies at the hotel, I just downloaded those but that day she forced me to the cinema before we headed to the beach for an hour chill. I drove her as far as iDutywa, just to make sure she was safer, before I drove back to Port Elizabeth. She video called me just as I passed Port Alfred informing me that she was in town about to catch a taxi home.

If I had to count at that time the things or people that made me happy in my life, she topped the list. And I think people hating her for me made my love for her even more stronger because the more I forced to draw away from

the more I wanted to stick around. I've been having sex with way too many girls and not a single time when I had sex with someone I wasn't dating did I wake up feeling the need of wanting to know them but with her it was just that way. It wasn't from the moment I woke up next to her that I knew I was in shit.

Back at home I searched hotels which still had open rooms, I wasn't shocked when I didn't find any. If you thought you'd book a room during December holidays for festive then you would end up sleeping in your car in South Africa.

People here loved travelling to places where booze, ass and dicks would be available. The only place I could find which was available was a beach house which was up for rentals, C'est La Vie Beach house, which only accommodated 10 people. It had 5 bedrooms and their en-suites and was a self-catering service. My only problem was finding people that could come

with me, I had about three already but I refused paying that much money for only three people, excluding myself.

Aphindiwe was not pleased with me taking a bunch of other people along with but I explained to her. I did the explaining for two days before she agreed to it and told me she could drag along her cousin Asanda, the girl didn't like me but to make Phindi happy I accepted. On my side I had Kwanele, his girl, Xolani and his girl, Zizipho and Abenathi. They charged per night - R5 400 and in total my bill was R21 600 for four nights, without foods and booze. Xolani and Kwanele insisted on helping me pay where they could so I sat down for them the alcohol budget, that would do, anything that had to go under the nose I'd pay for.

Unfortunately my girlfriend flew with her father to Cape Town on the 23rd without having told her father she was leaving for Durban on the

29th. I had to pressure her before she did it, but lied to David saying she was going to Johannesburg to visit her friends, that's where she missed the whole point, her father hated Jo'burg saying she wouldn't return if she went there. She told me over a phone call that she had to cry and mention something about her mother in order to guilt trap her father and it worked. I recall how she kept on repeating how guilty she felt but would contradict that by saying she'd do it over again if it meant another trip to a place she hadn't seen.

I was expecting her to complain about all the things she thought would happen in George the couple of days she was there but she didn't. Instead she gossiped to me that my precious ex girlfriend, that's how she had name her before sharing the news with me, had told their other female cousins about us and now many of

whom she didn't know weren't even in the greatest spirits to get to know her. I could imagine the hell she was going to encounter had Azola not been around but thanks to her forgiving self, she was one who stuck with Phindi during those days. When I transferred money to Phindi to book a flight for herself from the Western Cape to Port Elizabeth, I learned that she was bringing two other people, Khamila and Luthando. I found it a ridiculous idea because she was aware we only needed one more person to make ten. Khamila threatened me and I could picture her face by just hearing her voice

"Then we'll sleep outside if that's the case."

Me: In the cars right?

Khamila: You're an ass

Me: Thanks Khamila

She snorted before saying something to Phindi

whom I could hear on the other side

Me: Give her the phone

Khamila: FYI Loot and I are packing our clothes.

Me: Good. Now give Phindi the phone

There was a weird sound on the line as if she threw it on top of something, I heard Aphindiwe mutter a swear word before speaking

"Fhaku."

Me: Nizoyenza njani lento yena? (How are you going to do this thing of y'all?)

Aphindiwe: Hayi baby banayo indawo yolala If abakwazanga ulala kuthi (No baby they have a place to sleep if they can't sleepover)

Me: Okay

Aphindiwe: I'll have to go home ndiyothatha mpahla zam and bath

Me: What time is your flight?

Aphindiwe: At quarter past 5

Me: Alright. Have battery so you can call me when you land but I'll estimate time nam

Aphindiwe: Okay Fhaku

Me: Sure ke babe.

We were flying out on the 30th so I had to prepare them a place to sleep and that would be by sitting my mother down. She was about to find out that the girl she didn't like for me would be sleeping in her yard and not alone, but with her crazy friends. Kwakuzonyiwa.

Entry 178

Aphindiwe

Nothing was as fun as taking a trip to places you had never visited but what was more fun was having your boyfriend and friends with you.

We were chilling in the room of the Bnb Mihle had booked for the night for us trying to draw a list of the booze we needed. He dropped us off and told us he'd be back in a few, he had to run somewhere. The Bnb wasn't bad but it was lower than the standard Mihle would choose, judging from all the hotels I've been at with him. It contained two beds -a single and a double- a small wooden table, some vases and painting got decoration. It had a mirror and an en-suite bathroom which contained a shower, toilet and a sink.

I threw myself on the single bed and sipped on the can of Appletiser I was holding. Kim was emptying her bag, laying out a couple of outfits

Me: Jeans and a lousy top will do?

Kimberley: Are you serious though?

Me: Yes. This is a township, you don't need to look classy

Kimberley: And I live in a township at Kapstad as well

I shrugged my shoulders and took another sip of my tiser. I took the piece paper on the round table in between the beds, a table which held a lamp and some old-looking telephone. The piece of paper had a list of the things Mihle said we should write, these were things we'd need for that day and tomorrow. Tons of alcohol and some snacks, a box of pizza and spur ribs, some ice cream for Kimberley as well. I emptied the bottle and placed it on the table before rolling and laying on my back

"Loot!"

Luthando: Mmmm

Me: Are you okay with this list?

Luthando: Ewe.

She flushed the toilet and stepped out of the bathroom, running her wet hands down her

thighs as she spoke

Luthando: uMihle uzohamba wedwa to buy ezizinto? (Will Mihle go alone to buy these things?)

Me: I have no idea. Kutheni ubuza? (Why ask?)

Luthando: In case there's something we forgot to write apho siyicinge sele ehambile

Me: I'll make a phone call kaloku.

There was a knock at the door before Lootlove found herself a seat on the corner of the bed, she dragged her feet towards the door and swung it open. My man's figure was standing at the door looking at her, he said something to someone outside and I waited for him to walk in as Loot stepped away from the door. He did after a few seconds, followed by a man who was fair in complexion and shorter than him.

Mihle: Khamila

Kimberley: Mxm

Mihle: You too

Kim turned and took him from head to toe before she twirled 360 degrees to face the man who was standing behind Mihle

Kimberley: Bhuti molo

"Sure. Ugrand?"

Kimberley: Ya I'm good, yourself?

The guy nodded. I was now kneeling on the bed holding Mihle's hand whilst looking at my friend trying to make conversation with that dude who looked less interested

Kimberley: I'm Kim. This right here is Luthando

She dragged Loot by the arm and pulled her besides her. She turned to face me and grinned sheepishly

Kimberley: And that's Phindi. You are?

"I'm Xolani."

She gave this Xolani dude a blank face, okay something was wrong and she was about to say it

Kimberley: You seem bored or you don't talk much?

Xolani: Hayi. Ndicaphukela is'lungi qha (No. I just hate English)

Kimberley: Oh

She dropped her arms from Luthando's right arm and placed them on her shoulder. Her face was twisted with attitude and she raised her eyebrows for the guy who returned the same look. I suppressed a laugh while Mihle also watched in amusement

"Too bad then because I speak English, that means we won't talk then Xolani."

Xolani: Sure

Kimberley: Miles is he your friend?

Mihle: Ask him

My man was smiling, enjoying every second of this. I could see how Luthando wanted to laugh as well

Kimberley: Well for that you're an ass. So is he

She went back to folding the clothes she wasn't going to wear but had laid out on the bed anyway. Xolani smiled at her but because she was looking at her clothes she never caught that

Mihle: Nifuna uphuma nathi? (Y'all want to go out with us?)

Me: My gut's telling me not to but bayafuna

Mihle: You gut?

I nodded and he chuckled

Mihle: Ithini? (What's it saying?)

Me: I feel something bad will happen

Mihle: So uthini kengoku babe, awuhambi wena?
(So what are you saying babe, you aren't going?)

My jaw dropped, I couldn't believe he said that. He was willing to go out with my friends whilst I wasn't around, like I would allow that. He leaned in and kissed my forehead before he pulled back and took the list I was holding, scanning through it.

Mihle: Who's coming with me for the food kengoku?

Me: I could

He smiled like he was hoping I would say that. He encircled his arms around my waist and took me off the bed to the floor. Thando was talking to Xolani, introducing herself again if I wasn't mistaken

Me: Guys I'm going to buy food okay

Kimberley: Everything on the list

Me: I know

Mihle: Relax Khamila, I'll bring you the whole shop.

Kimberley: You call me that one last time Miles

Mihle: Khamila

She dropped the jeans she were holding on the bed and looked at Mihle, he stared back at her before saying

"Khamila."

Me: (laughs) Can we go?

Kimberley: I swear if I had the strength of a man I would have punched you.

Mihle winked at her before walking with me hand in hand towards the door. Xolani followed after us until we arrived to the car and he did the honour of giving me the front seat. We drove to a mall and I managed to get everything

that was on the list except for one bottle of Whiskey

Xolani: Siyangayithola le way kwa Gondwana mos?

I looked at Mihle to answer his friend since I had not even the slightest idea what Gondwana was and how it looked. Mihle nodded typing on his phone. We continued to the teller and paid the alcohol before we left spar tops. On our way back to the Bnb Mihle was busy making phone calls to a couple of people, I assumed it must have been his friends. Back at the Bnb he dropped me off and Luthando helped me offload the food and the booze we'd need for the meantime, while getting ready. We took a shower and helped each other with our hair before Kimberley required an iron from the reception. It took about an hour for them to bring it our room, by then Kim had already decided on something else to wear.

While waiting we drank and ate, I had a Kim who was annoying and pestering me about asking Mihle for weed. To be honest, I kept making excuses on it because I couldn't tell them he had prohibited me from smoking it. He could tolerate my drinking but the smoking part he told me straight that I would quit and if I didn't he'd make sure he makes me. I had months not taking weed. It's not that I felt any different because I smoked it casually but I somehow made friends in Cape Town who were stoners, especially that coloured one.

Kimberley: I'll ask him myself then because you're being unreasonable now

Me: You stopped being scared him I see

Kimberley: Not even a bit. Your man's still a monster

Me: He was angry Kim

Kimberley: He almost killed Odwa

Luthando: (chuckles) Aren't you exaggerating kodwa Kim

Kimberley: Hayi, no Loot. Like who causes a scar on someone's forehead by just pressing a gun on it? I mean those are things we see in movies, where a skull can be cracked by a gun smash not in reality

Me: Well you saw it now

Kimberley: And you're still with such a man
I raised my eyebrows at her. Was she serious now?

Me: What?

Kimberley: Don't get me wrong babe you know I support your happiness 100% but things like what he did should be a sign. One day it's you he's going to hit

Me: He wouldn't

I think Luthando noticed how annoyed I was

getting because she held my shoulder and squeezed it

"Can we concentrate on being happy nah guys? We going to Durban tomorrow, nam I haven't been that side so please."

Kimberley: I wasn't fighting

Luthando: Nobody said you were babe

Me: I hate what you just said

Kimberley: But I mean...

Me: And I did say we should stop discussing my man. The guy's not perfect but at least he's trying

Kimberley: Jammer

Me: Mxm uyandidika yazi (Mxm you bore me you know

Kimberley: Haibo Phindi

I stood up and headed for the door. I don't know

what was getting to me more, the fact that she made me feel bad about loving someone who was a danger to others or how much I feared what she said might be true. I was growing a lump all of a sudden and the more I walked away from that room the more it grew. I stepped outside and let out a long sigh when the wind made contact with my face, I grew goosebumps because the silk blouse I was wearing wasn't warm. It was than thirty seconds standing there when I heard Kim call my name, I rolled my eyes and looked ahead of me

Kimberley: Phindi babe asseblief man. Kyk hier, ek's baie wammer. I actually didn't think you were going to take offense

Me: You never think I'm ever going to take offense on anything wena Kim

Kimberley: I'm just looking out for you

Me: By saying that I'm dating an abusive man?

Kimberley: You're putting words in my mouth

Me: That's exactly what you meant. I mean what could "he's going to do that to me" mean? What could it possibly mean?

She sighed and looked at the door to check if anyone was coming. Maybe I was shouting but I couldn't hear myself, that's how worked up I was

Kimberley: Okay I'm sorry for saying. For making it sound like that but that isn't what I meant. Djy weet ek is maa' worried that's all. Ek verstaan hoe lief djy is vir Mihle and I'm sorry okay.

Me: People got flaws and he's one of them. I don't expect you to come out here pointing fingers at him like you perfect

Kimberley: Sorry geez. Can you just stop being angry already? I'm sorry.

She forced me in a hug and shook me when she noticed I wasn't going to return it. She kept placing kisses on my neck and cheek. I pushed her away

Me: You're about to kiss me so move

Kimberley: I'm not gay

Me: I wouldn't trust you from the way you check my ass

Kimberley: It's beautiful

I tried pushing her away but she held tight on me, I went from pushing her to trying to remove her hands from around my waist.

"Kim suka!"

She leaned in laughing as she pretended to be looking for my lips. She only stopped doing that when Mihle's G-Wagon pulled in the driveway, she however didn't drop her hands from my waist. Mihle stepped out of his car and his eyes

landed on my waist

Mihle: And then?

Kimberley: Waat?

Mihle: Why you holding my woman like that?

Kimberley: Because she's my friend and I can hold her however I like

Me: Uyandifuna babe (She wants me babe)

I wasn't going to laugh but the way Mihle stopped closing the door and gave Kim the most ridiculous look made me crack into fits of laughter. He had a funny face on, one like he believed me

Mihle: Step away from my lady

Kimberley: Jeez I'm not gay

Mihle: Khamila I don't care. Girls hit on each other straight or not. Move.

There were two other men behind him,

approaching us with four other girls, amongst the girls I saw a familiar face, my sister in-law. There was a car parked behind Mihle's, a white Amarok.

"Girl."

Me: Hello

She pulled me in a hug, the first she ever gave me, I was beginning to think she was drunk because she was a never this affectionate with me

Zizipho: You good? Tshini ingona ndivha ngoku uba ulapha (It's only now I'm hearing you're here)

I looked at Mihle and he was somehow smiling at us, satisfied that we were getting along this much I guess

Me: He didn't say

Zizipho: Ha.a. Utyebe notyeba (You're even fat)

Me: I am?

Mihle chuckled and pulled me in him, he lowered his head and whispered

"She means the ass mntuwam."

He simultaneously squeezed my ass as he said that, punched him soft in the tummy and laid my head on his chest. His hands was low on my waist brushing circles around the most sensitive part. I felt myself get a little excited from just that feeling but I had to contain myself, we had people around.

Me: I need to check uAsanda uba how far is she

Mihle: Usendleleni? (Is She on the way?)

He checked his watch prior to cursing

Mihle: Ngelixesha? (At this time?)

Me: Uhiker umntu amaziyo (She asked for a hike from someone she knows.)

Mihle: Call her

I nodded as I separated myself from him. My

phone was in the room where Luthando was still waiting for us, she was laying on the bed chatting on a phone call when I entered. She removed her phone from the ear and covered the speaker

"Bakhona? (Are they here?)"

Me: Yep

She continued back to the phone call whilst I made my own phone call. My cousin never disappointed me, with the second ring and she picked up sounding like she was already drunk

Me: Sasa?

Asanda: Yima andikuvha. Bongani khathome lomculo please!

I had to move my phone from my ear every second until she stopped shouting and the music was low

Me: Uphi?

Asanda: Endleleni bitch. Damn kukude apho (on the way bitch. Damn it's far there)

Me: How far are you?

Asanda: Bongani siphi? (Bongani where are you?)

I couldn't hear her guy friend properly but she answered me

"16km outside Port Alfred."

Me: Okay.

I didn't know how far that was but I knew anything after East London meant half way.

Me: Utsho xa ufikile sizokulanda noMihle (Do say when you're here so Mihle and I can fetch you)

Asanda: Hayi Bongani uzondizisa evha (No Bongani will bring you)

She was at it again. I knew she only did this when she didn't want to be around for too long.

She could have told me she did not want to come along, I knew she hated Mihle but not sticking to the plan was only going to annoy Mihle

Asanda: Uyevha Phindi? (You heard Phindi?)

Me: Ewe whatever

I hung up before she could answer. A lot seemed to be working on me about this trip right even before the trip had began.

We had our night out at Gondwana Cafe, a fun night club, well it was fun because people from eBhayi made it fun. From the way they spoke to just how wild these bunch of people were, they were a different type in the whole of Eastern Cape. I know people think people from Cape Town are your typical mixture of black and coloured but wait until you go to Port Elizabeth, damn people from this place were the shit. I

kept on looking around, turning my head 180% every now and then. People in this part of the province seemed like they were taking drugs, all of them but the beautiful part was just how beautiful they were, how they didn't care about any eyes. That on its own was an inspiration.

My hand was in Mihle's as we sat around a table, drinking, chatting and dancing on the chairs to the music. It was just a second from when he'd placed a kiss at the corner of my lips asking if I was okay.

I was about to turn to Luthando and hear out what it was she was saying when he tightened his grip on my hand. At first I thought I could handle the pain but it felt like he was about to break my hand so I snapped my hand in his direction and touched his arm with my other hand. He seemed to be looking straight ahead of him, like he was somewhat blacked out and couldn't feel he was doing this to me. I hissed

and smacked his hand

"Mihle."

I whispered but he still didn't budge. My hand was at the edge of breaking so I had to should

Me: Mihle you're hurting me

He looked at me finally before blinking a couple of times, that's when he took in my face and withdrew his hand like I was some lightening that just stroke him.

Me: What's wrong?

Xolani: Miles ugrand ntwana?

He looked at my hand then at me

"Are you okay?"

When I was supposed to be worried about my hand, I was worried about him to be honest. He wasn't okay I knew my man and he was not okay

Me: Are you okay?

He looked at the direction where he was staring first before he nodded

Me: Can we go talk? Ndiyakucela

Kwanele: Mntakwethu uright? (My brother are you okay?)

Me: Mihle

His look told me he was agitated but He got up and I followed him outside. We weren't walking besides each other like we often do, I was taking huge steps behind him because he was pacing. When we got outside he couldn't stand on one place, he kept tapping his feet and checking the entrance every split second

Me: Are you okay?

Mihle: I am

Me: Uyaxoka (You're lying)

He stopped for a second and looked at me, he

seemed annoyed, angry and impatient. Not long ago this guy was alright, what the fuck was wrong with him now?

Mihle: Something disturbed me

Me: What was that?

Mihle: Can we not Aphindiwe

My mouth gapped, I was shocked that he was shutting me out. I mean this was the same man who was suffering emotionally yet tried acting strong, the same baby who appeared in my dreams. He was my boyfriend for crying out loud but there he was shutting me out when I was most concerned. I surrendered

Me: Fine. Suit yourself

I walked back in, mad and really mad, I felt he had no right to do that. He was smiling not long ago then the next he was about to break my arm. I knew for a fact that he wasn't bipolar so something was really wrong. After a few

seconds he stepped inside and took a seat next to me, when he did I was not the only one who looked up at him, his sister and friends seemed to know and understand what was going on. Kimberley touched my shoulder and I faked a smile when I looked her way

Kimberley: You okay?

All I could was lie so I nodded. He downed his beer and opened another one. Kwanele kept whispering stuff to him, begging him not to. I remember well how he kept saying "myeke mntakwethu lomntana, ndiyakucela chap", I wanted to know whom they were talking about.

He only sat stiff on his chair and looked at that same spot he was looking at before, I kept searching the room and looking around to see if there was any person looking back at him but dololo. He was half way through with his Castle Lite when he pushed his chair away from the table and stood up holding my hand

Mihle: Let's go

Me: Where to

Zizipho: Niyaphi? (Where are y'all going?)

Mihle: Sizobuya (We'll be back)

He whispered something to Kwanele before him and I walked out to his car. He wasn't saying a word and so I took the decision to keep to myself as well, all we did was make way to his car and drive in silence until he sighed. I glanced his way thinking he was going to talk but instead he sighed again cursing.

Me: Where are you taking me?

Mihle: A place where we can be together

Me: You have serious problems. You need to fix your shit

Mihle: Your language Aphindiwe

Me: And that's all you care about? I asked where you taking me?

Mihle: We need some air

Me: You mean you need air

He looked at me as he stopped at a stop sign. He stopped longer than he should have and I took the chance to look at the time, 01:13am displayed on the screen of his vehicle.

Me: How are we even going to Durban xa unento ezifunny kanje Mihle?

He kept quiet

Me: Could you answer me please.

He still shut his mouth, I was getting angry by second because this isn't what I flew from home for

Me: Can you take me back iclubini?

He furrowed his eyebrows as he looked at me, slowing down the car at a yellow line. He turned off the engine and faced me

Mihle: Ndicela undilinde sifike kulendawo siya

kuyo then we'll talk

Me: Nalapha kuright, we could talk right here.

He let out a frustrated sigh but gave in as he unbuckled his seatbelt. I copied his action and waited on him to talk

Mihle: About what happened back at the club, I'm sorry.

I crossed my arms over my chest and looked outside the window I guess that was when he noticed it was his cue to talk

Mihle: I'm really sorry

Me: Could you learn to talk to me please. Mihle your family doesn't love me anymore and it would make things worse if you'd die from stress under my care, I'm your girlfriend for crying out loud. Thetha nam

He sighed and blew out a few breaths

Me: And don't leave anything out.

"Remember when I told you I was once involved with a girl who aborted my child. I know I never went deep into details but ukhona and her presence (silence)."

I fixed my position of sitting and gave me him a nod so he'd continue

Mihle: I'm not the man you think I am Mambhele. Her presence reminded me of the real person I am, the murder I probably was destined to be.

Me: You can't say that

He looked at me for a long while without blinking, his eyes were becomin glossy from the tears forming in them. He blinked them away and gritted his teeth

Mihle: Yazi Nhanha when you take drugs you don't become the same person, even after you've stopped. I remember when I used glue and tik as well as coke imorals zam in life were different, I had to take those in order to switch

off my self-conscious, my emotions and I took them every time when I was about to commit a crime because I knew it was likely to get someone killed during the process. That's what I used them for but my system yaziqhela I ended up taking them to live. (Silence) It's funny how when I'd go see uLelovuyo ndandisiya ndihigh oko, oko and it was okay okay, I mean she was okay with it, I was okay with it until ndambetha. She hid from me, lied to me so I couldn't see her and I failed to under ngoba kwakutheni. Kum ndandifuna sihlale ngalandlela, aberight xa ndimbona abe excited like she used to be. Never did it occur to me tgat she was running away because I was hitting her to me it felt okay. I fed on her pleading, I fed on her cries and begging, ndandifuna ahlale endicenga because to me that made me feel powerful, like I was supposed to be begged and feared that way. It was all fun until that day (silence)...

As scared as I was, my heartbeat being the only sound that one could hear in that car I took the time to study his image - he was shaking. Lips and hands were shaking, his chest was raising up and down in a more greater speed

"Uyabona that day when she cried it felt different, when she begged me I didn't feed on it instead it scared me. I wanted to stop but the drive of her asking me to stop like I were the wrong one made me more angry, it caused me to kick her, stamp on her over and over again until she stopped breathing.

I shifted on my seat but stopped when he looked at me, I did not want it to seem like I wanted to be far away from him because I didn't

Mihle: When she woke up in a coma

Me: Coma?

The whisper was loud enough for him to hear me. He nodded his eyes not leaving my face, I

wanted to gasped but I couldn't so I held it in

Mihle: I was told not to see her. Well I had hit her when she was at her worst, not aware that she already was experiencing body problems from the cheap street abortion she did, I did what I did to her. Her family took her away after I escaped from jail and I never saw her again for six years. She's back

Me: And she's the one you saw at the club

Mihle: I want to talk to her. Ndifuna ucela uxolo

Me: And does she feel the same?

His facial expression gave it away, he didn't have to say it

Mihle: She thinks I'm out to hit her again

Me: Why don't you try another way of talking to her? Maybe she doesn't want to be close to you but wants you to pass the message through and there are many other ways. You could write

her, call her

He opened his mouth to talk but I stopped him

Me: You need to understand that not everything will go as you wish. She clearly doesn't want to talk to you and you should respect that, forcing yourself kuye will only make her even more scared of you. You keep pushing and she's used to that Mihle kakade so uzokoyika. And you're lucky she hasn't charged you for harrasement

Mihle: I just want to apologize to her. Andizoba right untiluntil kusuke lento

Me: Are you pushing because you want to apologize or because you want her to obide by your rules like she used to?

He kept quiet. It was clear why he was so persistence

Me: You're doing it for the wrong reasons. You can be a better Mihle

Mihle: Or maybe not. I'm trying to fight a murderer over and over again, maybe I was destined to be that. I went from killing people myself to organizing killings. I run a damn human trafficking firm, where people die on a weekly basis. What does that make me?

I shook my head unable to answer him

"Ikum lento yobulala."

Me: No! You installed it yourself now it's time you uninstall it. You're not a killer! And never will be. Yikhuphe lonto kuwe.

He chewed on his lips. We kept quiet for a very long time before I touched his arm, he tensed, he was fucken tense

Me: Fhaku

He looked at me, the unsurety and hurt in his eyes didn't sit well with me

"You're not a killer"

When he closed his eyes I felt the need to kiss him so I leaned in and placed a wet kiss on his lips, he let out a pleasure yet frustrated moan

Me: Do start by writing her, or calling her. In whatever you're going to do, do not ask to see her ndiyakucela.

He nodded with his eyes still closed, I cupped his face my hands and watched him carefully. He finally opened them and forced a smile. He mouthed

"I love you."

Me: I know

Mihle: I do Mambhele and I don't ever, ever want to lay a hand on you. We know each other but like we should, we haven't even been together for a year yet I've fucken scared you three times already. I've shown you three times already that I don't deseve you staying here with me but you're here

Me: And as long as you keep showing me you want me here I'll be here

He smiled, a real smile this time

Mihle: So usafuna uya eDurban even after this?

Me: Even after you rejecting me sex ndingafuna ukuya

He laughed, shaking his head. His happiness was contagious because I sat there and smiled at him gazing at his dimple instead

Mihle: Ndi suspicious uba eyonanto oyihleleleyo nam is my sex game

I shook my head preventing myself from blushing which I was failing dismally. He licked his lips and gave me that look he always did when he was about to get naughty

Mihle: You want it here?

Me: Phi?

Mihle: In this car

He leaned in and fiddled with my chair, he pushed it backwards creating more space between the dashboard and myself. He bit my earlop and whispered

"Imma start by sticking my tongue up your ass kuqala."

Me: Mihle

He chuckled against my lips and ran his tongue on them<

"You'll love it."

He kissed me. His hand was on my thigh so I leaned back hoping he'd bring it up, my clit was screaming to be touched already. Because of this man's dirty talks and language I sometimes didn't know myself as well.

Entry 178

Lelovuyo

My December was not the same for many reasons that year; I had not been around for six years, that was one and the other was because I spent most the time hiding behind the fences of my home. I barely set foot outside the yard, with or without my mother around, I trusted nobody, not a single person from that town of ill-minded people. I still stayed up all night wondering why they couldn't help me, why they didn't, they saw me cry and scream when he had held me but none of them, not even the elders actually bothered stopping him. It was obvious from my actions that I was terrified of the man, it was obvious nakumuncwane bethuna kodwa abantu baseBhayi stood rooted and watched the drama unfold. None of them were a help to me so I had no reason to be outside the yard and risk being in contact with him.

There were at least a couple of times where I

saw him, that day I'd be standing at the gate or looking outside the window. I won't lie apha kuwe and say when I saw his vehicle passby I did not look, I did, in fact it was more like a full time job. I would stand at the window and peep through the curtains until it was out of sight. A part of me still didn't feel safe even when I was behind the walls and he wasn't aware I was looking but the fact that I knew he had a mind of its own reminded me that he could stop anytime and steo out of that Benz into my yard. My brother always asked me if I still wanted to leave home and return to Pietermaritzburg, and every time I gave him the response "yes""a fight would break between us. He called me a coward and a doubter because he took offense when I told him I couldn't trust anybody against Mihle, not even himself and mother. I wasn't lying, rto me it felt like none of them could defeat him. He spent two years beating me up, even though I was naive enough to believe he'd

stop they had all signs to see that I was being abused but they did not even ask. All my mother ever did was to yell about my late coming, shout that she wouldn't be shocked even if I'd fall pregnant because I was sleeping with older men but now she felt like she could stop him from doing what he wants. Never, that man is a living monster, I doubted he even had a heart or feelings.

On the 27th of that hot December day, I was standing at the gate sucking on an ice-pop when his beautiful vehicle appeared on the street. My heart started hammering against my chest and my hands suddenly sweated, I was immediately covered in goosebumps. I don't know why I never moved from the car but something seemed to be keeping there. as though daring me to face my fear. His route in and out of the township always passed by my house so I was aware he was going to drive by

soon. I was aware of the changes that suddenly took place, how I felt like other houses around weren't even in existence, how I felt like I was about to have a heart attack for some reason and also my breathing wasn't proper - I couldn't whether I was breathing too fast or too slow. His car came to a halt just two yards away from my home, at a spaza shop. It was close enough for me to even tell the colour of the t-shirt he was wearing by just looking at the windscreen. I did not move, not an inch, unless you count my abnormal breathing as a movement. I acknowledged that he had not seen me when he stepped out of his car and looked the other way, he was grinning from something he had heard on the phone call he was currently busy with. He had company, his cousin Kwanele and a lady who followed Kwanele into the shop leaving him outside. It was when he ended the call and closed the door when his eyes landed on me, he stopped everything and stared at me. Okay

jonga I could've ran but I did not, I just watched him back. He moved about two or three times away from his car and tucked his hands in his pocket, from that distance I could tell he wanted to speak but had no chance. He pulled his hands out of his pockets and locked his car while he was standing where he had been for the past seconds. He took another two steps but stopped and he turned as fast as I had ever seen body do, heading towards his car. It only occurred to me what he was doing when he unlocked his car and climbed inside, without a single thought again I turned on my heel facing towards the door. Asian Bolt didn't have competition on me at that moment, my sprint was that of a world record especially when I heard the screeching sound of the wheels.

I never went out until New Year's eve when more than three people confirmed to me that he

was no longer in town. There were stories that he had opened early at work than usual but him not being in sight for more than two days made me believe that he was gone. I went back to having a normal for at least two days. By normal I meant drinking and drinking a lot, that's all I did for fun, dating was a big no for me. I trusted no man in my life, and because I wasn't attracted to girls I remained single and you could say I only received the pleasure from masturbating. To me being single for that did not feel weird, it wasn't even strange at all. It was a matter of living.

Mihle

On the 30th in the noon we made way to the apartment to await our flight which departed at 12:35pm. Aphindiwe was a little because she

was the only person who had gone to Durban and actually we were going to drive there so she could see all other places, it was impossible, there was no way we'd drive 11 hours, we would die out before we even reach our destination. She had her arms crossed over her chest scowling

Me: Baby jonga kaloku

She moved when I touched her shoulder so I had no other choice but to plant a kiss on it. It was exposed from the loose strip tank top she was wearing

Me: Mambhele wam

Kwanele: Hayi Phindi uqumba kangaka

Aphindiwe: Khange nitsho uba kuhanjwa nge flight, mna all this time I'm thinking ndizobona zonke ezindawo including Margate (Ya'll didn't say we were flying, I'm out here thinking I'll see all places including Margate)

Me: We'll see Margate together kaloku Nhanha.

She side-eyed me. I pulled her in a hug and whispered in her ear

"Jonga uyabona le yase Margate itrip, it'll suitable for just the two of us because I'm giving you my first child there."

Aphindiwe: Mxm

Me: Khancume kaloku Bhelekazi wam, mariri wam, caramel yam. Thambo'lam lekhentakhi. Khawenze kaloku baby, khancume mntu wam.

She fought wiping the smile off her face but failed, instead she buried her face in my chest

Me: Ngxesi ke baby evha. Nyani I'll take you to Margate

Kimberley: This bitch still mad?

She asked as they approached us. They had gone to buy some biltong and pass at the ladies room, leaving us alone to beg my girlfriend here

Kwanele: Nope she's good now

Kimberley: Ncooo babe. I have a feeling you were going to demand a stop and stroll at Margate though

Aphindiwe: Heard the place is beautiful

Me: I should take you to Port Alfred, that's real beauty.

We all gathered at gate B4 before heading through the passage to the aeroplane and embraced ourselves for the hour and 15 minutes flight.

When landed perfectly at 13:55 but were delayed by the airport company which we had hired cars from. Apparently they had not fully approved my booking with regards to being unsure on how the payment was going to be settled. I had to explain that I had spoken to a consultant whose name I forgot and reported

that I was paying it in cash but still the white woman behind the counter kept on telling to be patient it wasn't their fault I wasn't specific. Yes I lost my temper, yelled her and almost asked for the manager until my dearest girlfriend pulled me aside and had my cousin handle it. We were only the cars after 40 minutes sitting on those steel chairs and waiting.

Aphindiwe: That was unnecessary kodwa Fhaku

Me: And which was?

Aphindiwe: Haibo uphoxa nam ngoku?

Me: Not at all qha I want to know what did I do which wasn't necessary

Aphindiwe: Yeka (nevermind)

Me: Habio qubmile ngoku (Oh are you mad now?)

Aphindiwe: Hayi yeka qha

Me: (chuckles) khaze ndiphuze (come let me

kiss you)

We decided it would be best if we went to the beach house first before getting all the stuff we knew we needed. The keys were handed to us after signing a contract agreeing to the terms and conditions of the place, the essentials were explained to us because they knew we weren't going to read through that whole list. I, the applicant and two witnesses inked our signatures on the black and white sheets before being allowed access into the house.

The place looked even better when you were inside than it did on the internet. The girls started running around choosing rooms before I heard a couple of screams and ahhs from some ladies about sleeping on the bunk beds. Aphindiwe and myself were sleeping in the main bedroom, how the other couples would sleep was up to them, I had my space. She placed her bags on the floor and walked around

the room before she opened the blinds which revealed a large window to the outside

"Wow"

Me: Asihambi mos mna nawe, sizoshiyeka apha
(We aren't leaving right, we'll remain here)

She turned and looked at me, biting her bottom lip, I licked mine

Me: Undivimbile izolo (You didn't want to give me some yesterday)

Aphindiwe: Oh so this is what the staying behind is about?

I nodded looking at her appetising legs through the leggings she was wearing. I didn't have to ask her, she just walked towards me her eyes on my face. She stopped in front of me with her hands on my belt

Aphindiwe: Uyayifuna? (You want it?)

Me: Yeah

Aphindiwe: Yonke? (All of it?)

Me: Yonke baby

She lifted her height by standing on her tippy toes and gently grabbing my bottom lip with her teeth, she turned and pressed her ass against my manhood

Aphindiwe: I would've been giving it to you qha andizokwazi uzibamba (but I won't be able to control myself)

She moved away from with her back facing me, my eyes dropped to her ass and I swallowed. It was unhealthy having a girlfriend yet spend close to two weeks without touching her, it was a law not allowed

Me: I don't give a fuck about them

She giggled causing me to chuckle. It was just through thought only and I was already hard from it. Nothing could compare to the lust you had for a person you truly loved, no

imagination of other girls invaded my space, my mind and soul were concentrated on her. I sat on the bed and pulled her close, I didn't want her in between my legs or on top of me, no, I want myself on top and inside of her. I lifted her tank top and planted a wet kiss on her tummy, she closed her eyes, digging her fingers in my hair. I drew circles and rounded her belly button with the tip of my tongue, she dropped my head even lower making my eyes come in contact with her vaginal area. I ran my thumb through her tights creating a camel toe

""Baby"

Me: Mhuh?

Aphindiwe: There's a knock at the door

I looked up at her, hoping she'd change her statement

Aphindiwe: kukho umntu emnyango (There's someone at the door)

I brought her closer, finding her clit through her tights, she lifted her right leg and placed it on the bed behind me, she leaned in pressing my head between her private part and the bed mattress. I gave her a soft bite and she moved it away only to push my face in deeper. I softly pushed her back unable to move from the trap she kept in

Me: Masihoje umntu osemnyango kuqala (Let's pay attention to the person at the door first)

She closed her thighs as she bit her lips looking at me, I stood up from where I was kneeling and fixed her leggings for her, they traced her vagina for anybody to notice. When the material was away from her skin she walked towards the door and opened. I was laying on the bed allowing my body to ease my throbbing penis

Aphindiwe: Ndiyebuya baby evha (I'm coming back baby okay)

I gave her thumbs up and was left alone in that room for the next four minutes. She walked back inside smiling

Me: Yintoni? (What is it?) subsequently looking the door

Aphindiwe: We are left alone

I sat up removing my shoes while watching her. She took off her top and leggings, then her bikinis followed. It always felt like the first time seeing her naked whenever she stripped for me

Aphindiwe: I want to show you something

She dragged the chair from where it was placed and positioned it at the bottom of the bed, I took it that seat was for me so I sat down and watched her. She sat at the edge of the bed and looked at me

"You must not break the rules okay"

Me: What are the rules?

Aphindiwe: Don't touch me unless I ask you to

I nodded, smiling at this idea. She caught me by surprise when laid back and opened her legs, she sucked on her two fingers and ran them down her private lips

Me: Phindi

"Shhhhh. Just watch what I do when I think of you."

I shifted on my seat and swallowed hard when her fingers penetrated in her. She slowly dug them deeper, her waisst leaving the bed as she lifted it in the air. I undid my zips and wanted to drop my pants but a part of me still wanted to watch this. She finished me off when she pulled out those two fingers and run them down her anus, she turned and laid on the side, positioning herself comfortably. Slowly, gently she pushed in her index in her ass and the soft moan that left her lips was the reason I stood

up from that chair and found myself ontop of her, my lips against hers while my index finger was in her private part.

Entry 179

Mihle

As I was lying on that bed watching her I thought back to the moment she sat on top of me and whispered "I love you" while riding me the way she did. It was every day when I laid her on bed that I realized she was more of a freak than I thought. She was standing in front of the mirror, naked, her hands brushing her weave. I had my hands behind my head while I laid there naked and still wet from sweat

Me: Are you still on contraceptives?

Aphindiwe: Ewe why?

Me: Ndiyabuuza nje qha (I'm just asking)

She turned and leaned against the wall next to the mirror and half-smiled at me

"Uneworry that I might fall pregnant?"

Me: Hayi ndicingelana nawe apha (No I'm more concerned about you here)

Aphindiwe: What about me? Who said andifuni umitha (who said I don't want to get pregnant?)

Me: It was you

She pulled a face, one that made it obvious she did not believe what I just said

Me: I'm not going to reference it, you know you said it

She faced the mirror against and gave me a chance to admire her. She was perfect for me, in everything. From her body size, how perfectly she fitted in me, her hands on mine, to her personality. She had a strong personality in a

sense that even as emotional weak as she was, she managed to take me over, in certain circumstances and that's what kept me with her. Most of the females I been with always agreed to everything I said but she sometimes could say no and stick to it, that was a turn on for me. The confidence she oozed made me want to test her even more just to see how far she would handle me, I had many reasons I wanted to have her around despite her tight pussy and good sex. You might think Nomthandazo was strong as well, or even stronger, but you would be shocked. She only won a fight through a fight; if there was shit I did and she found out, she got over her madness through blackmail or being equal. She was not the type to sit me down and talk, to her it was an eye for an eye and that turned our relationship into a toxic one as happy as we seemed. I don't blame her because 80% it was my dirty laundry which had us fighting.

Me: Khawuz' apha (Come here)

She stared at me on the mirror and shrugged her shoulders; I patted the open space besides me. She was picking up weight but her hourglass body still remained, it was only the flat stomach which was picking up some fat and she knew it because I saw her holding it still looking at herself in the mirror

Me: Ufuna umntu apho? (You want a person inside there?)

Aphindiwe: No! Ngoku sisikhulu already (It's big already)

Me: No it's just not flat

Aphindiwe: Xa singekho flat sitheni? (If it isn't flat then what is it?)

Me: Not flat

She stood beside the bed and chuckled at my lame response. I held her hand and pulled her

towards me, she found a comfortable position on top of me. I watched her, I think she started feeling uncomfortable with my eyes scanning her body because she brought her hands up to cover her boobs

Me: Ha.a

Aphindiwe: But wena kutheni undijonge kanje? Udenza uncomfortable (But why are looking at me like that? You're making me feel uncomfortable)

Me: You have no reason to be.

She refriained removing her hands which were cupping her boobs so I stopped fighting her

"Üphi umkhanga wakho? (Where's your birthmark?)"

She pointed a part on her neck, I found myself chuckling because I was always kissing or brushing her neck not to notice the birthmark

Aphindiwe: Ubungawazi? (You didn't know it)

Me: No

I shook my head, my eyes dropped to her belly button then below that. She leaned in and covered my eyes

Aphindiwe: The way you look at me is what's making me do things I did not know I can do

Me: Isn't that a good thing?

She shook her head blushing. I brought my hands up her waist and grabbed her, she leaned forward and placed her forehead on mine

"I want to see you do those things."

Aphindiwe: Nyani?

Me: Ewe

I found her lips and she returned the kiss just as passionate. It was a matter of a minute and she was moving her waist on me, wanting to rub on my manhood. I laid her besides me avoiding

taking her then, I was in the mood of teasing her first. My hand found its way on her thighs rubbing her inner thigh. Her lips remained on mine as I fixed my position of lying on the side, she threw one of her legs on my waist and gave me the access I was about to ask for. I found her clit first and her hand immediately grabbed my arm, I placed a kiss on her neck then one on her shoulder, I was approaching her breast about to get her nipple when a knock interrupted us. I turned her around so her back would face me, she moved close enough to have her butt touching my manhood. Her leg still remained on me but a little lower, I deeply pushed in two fingers in her castle and she bit on my thumb which was brushing her lower lips. My intention was to have her moan so the person at the door would stop but my baby held it back. With push of my fingers inside her the more she pushed out her ass on me. The knocking stopped but persisted a few seconds

later

Me: Fuck.

Aphindiwe: Sumhoya (Don't pay attention to them)

I penetrated further using my thumb and she went insane, turning to lay on her tummy, her waist raised and she pushed out her ass whilst her face was buried on the pillow.

Aphindiwe: Mhhhhhhh

I pulled out my thumb and lower my head to her butt cheeks, I placed a kiss on one them before lowly shouting

"Ufuna ntoni? (What do you want?)"

"Nevermind!" was the response I received and it was coming from my dearest sister. Aphindiwe was still composing herself from almost coming, her thighs and waist wouldn't stop shaking. She was biting hard on her lip with her

eyes closed

Me: Nhanha?

She shook her head when she felt my hand find her pussy again but I could tell she wanted it all because by just running my thumb between her wet lips her toes curled

Me: Let's take a shower sizohamba

Aphindiwe: Where to?

Me: Probably around, the others are back

Aphindiwe: Ndicela sihlale kancinci (Can we stay a little longer?)

Me: Funa another round?

She nodded, closing her eyes from embarrassment

Me: Well we had one kakade, so let's get on our second one.

After taking a shower I waited for her to pick an

outfit and get dressed, she had to change three times because the things she picked out were either too revealing or I didn't like them for being around crowds, maybe if it would be the two of us. She finally settled for a long, maroon seude dress which fitted her perfectly but had me doubt it simply because she didn't want to wear a bra with it. Yes she looked sexy but her nipples were visible through that material. I gave up when she took it off and threw it on the bed saying she was going nowhere because I've been undressing her for over thirty minutes now. I allowed her to wear the dress and tried hard not paying attention to her chest even though it was a hard thing to do, and what I did know was it would be the first thing every man would look at.

Me: Awuseli mos? (You not drinking right?)

She stopped tying her sandals and looked at me, I could tell she wanted me to rephrase and so I

did

Me: You not drinking today

Aphindiwe: Uyabuza? (Are you asking?)

Me: No ndiyakuxelela (No I'm telling you)

Aphindiwe: No, ndizosela (I'll drink)

Me: Ngoba

Aphindiwe: because I want to drink

Me: Not tonight kodwa

Aphindiwe: Ha.a Mihle

Me: Yintoni?

Aphindiwe: How can you just do that?!

Me: It won't kill you

Aphindiwe: Then why did you bring me here?

Me: To have fun

"Yet you're telling me not to drink?"

Me: Your fun isn't in a bottle Aphindiwe.

She forcefully crossed her arms over her chest and scowled. I stood from the bed and went over to her, she was leaning against the wall, I was about to touch her when she shook my hands off before I even touched her

Me: Awuzifa (You won't die)

Aphindiwe: You can't fly me all the way from Cape Town to stop me from drinking while we in Durban. You could've left me behind xa kunjalo kaloku. Ndizosela.

Me: Fine uzosele, uyevha?

She literally looked at me from head to toe as I stepped away from her, I headed for the door and left her alone in there. It was only a matter of time and she would quit, for good, whether she liked it or not. She had to understand that I was doing this for her, It was for own good. I walked out slamming the door the door behind me. I was far from being angry but rather

irritated by her for thinking and believing she depended on alcohol to have fun. I drank I know but never a single moment was I beyond tipsy, and she, the very first time I was called to help get her to hospital she was beaten up, drunk and high. I walked outside through the lounge sliding door to make a phone to Nomthandazo who wouldn't stop sending me texts to call

Nomthandazo: Finally, uphi nah lento caba awuzozihoya iphone calls nemessages zam? (Finally, where are you now that you won't answer my phone calls and messages?)

Me: A phone call

Nomthandazo: And my messages?

Me: Ufuna ntoni Nomthandazo? (What do you want Nomthandazo?)

Nomthandazo: Mxm. Uyagula uSimi (Simi is sick)

Me: What do you mean uyagula?

Nomthandazo: Uphethwe yifever?

Me: Nimsile kwagqirha? Is it bad?

Nomthandazo: Hayi but umama uthi it isn't bad

Me: Umamakho? (chuckles) and suddenly she's a doctor now?

Nomthandazo: It's my mother we're still talking about apha.

Me: I know damn't but akangogqirha, she won't make decisions if my son should go to hospital or not.

Nomthandazo: She raised three grown children for crying out loud!

Me: I couldn't give a damn whether it was 10!
You're going to take my son to hospital xa egula, uyandivha?

She kept quiet but I could still hear her loud breathing on the other side of the line

Me: Nomthan...

Nomthandazo: Ndiyakuvha.

Me: Good. I will transfer you imali

Nomthandazo: I don't need your cash

Me: It's for my son not you.

“Mxm”

And that was her goodbye. I stared at the screen of my phone waiting for her Whatsapp text or an SMS but she never sent any of the two. Whenever our phone call conversations did not end up well, I knew I would either be getting a bunch of text messages or Whatsapp notifications. I locked my phone and stepped back inside the house, the goosebumps which appeared on my arms now disappearing.

Everybody was gathered in the kitchen around the counter having some braai meat. I jumped on the counter and found a place to sit next to Xolani. Everybody was around except for Kwanele's girlfriend and Phindi whom I

presumed was still in the bedroom getting ready.

Me: Zee, khandinike ipaper plate (Zee, give me a paper plate)

She handed me one out of the bulk and I got a few pieces for Aphindiwe before placing it next to me. I kept on checking my wrist watch to see how many minutes has been in that bedroom and when the watch stroked 25 minutes, I excused myself to look for her. When I was a few steps from the door she opened it and stared at me, closing the wooden door slowly

Me: We'll need jackets, kuyabanda phandle (its cold outside)

She nodded and walked back inside the room and I followed behind her. She hung her jacket on her handbag while I wore mine walking besides her. In the kitchen we held discussions on where we were headed first and what

activities we would part take in during the midst of the night. Clubbing and drinking was all which seemed to be the plan because on New Year's eve we wanted to attend either of the two events: the Nasty C event, which I was hoping would be off the list and the Beach party which I was actually keen on attending.

So all we did that night was drink and move from one open club to the next until we the drivers told the girls we weren't driving anymore. They wanted to explore every single club in such a short period of time.

The following morning I took a shower, leaving Aphindiwe in bed. I was heading out for breakfast with Kwanele and his girlfriend, I woke up my sister as well so we'd have at least two ladies to help us with the little snacks the other ladies might have wanted. I stepped out the bathroom and into the room to a groaning

Aphindiwe

Me: Morning

Aphindiwe: Uyaphi? (Where are you going?)

Me: Nearest supermarket for izinto ze breakfast

Aphindiwe: Who are you going with?

Me: My sister noKwanele

She nodded, pulling the white sheets over her head

Me: Ufuna uhamba? (You want to come with?)

She shook her head from the under the blankets, I walked over to her side of the bed and removed the blankets over her head, she had her eyes shut tightly. I leaned forward and placed a kiss on her forehead

Me: What must I bring for you?

Aphindiwe: Something for hangover

Me: Drink strong black coffee my baby,

uzobaright before we go out futhi.

Aphindiwe: You reckon?

Me: Definitely

The three and I left for something over two hours, getting takeaways for breakfast and a whole lot of ice cream and snacks. We did not purchase any alcohol because there was still a lot from last night and another thing was because we had no list of the stuff people wanted to drink. We returned to an empty house and a driveway with only one car instead of three. Not even Aphindiwe was in our bedroom. Whilst Zee Lala unpacked the groceries I made a phone call to Aphindiwe but her phone went unanswered, I tried it a couple of times prior to trying Xolani. I was just waiting for him to pick up when Kwanele interrupted me

Kwanele: Bayeke ndibafumene (Leave them, I finally reached them)

Zizipho: Bathini? (What are they saying?)

Kwanele: They were at the beach, bayabuya.

When the rest returned the ladies helped each other with preparing breakfast while we chilled at the pool having a guy conversation. Xolani was curious as to what happened to Nomthandazo because it was his first time seeing Aphindiwe and he assumed I were having her as a side chick. I took the time to fill him in with the details which were enough for him to understand, I did not mention that she was a sister to Nomthandazo because that had nothing to do with him. From there the conversation shifted to my house and life in Cape Town, then to Lelovuyo, a topic I did not want to hold at that time but they forced it anyway saying I needed to face the fact that I needed help to get over my obsession over that girl. Kwanele kept mentioning something like if I really loved Aphindiwe I would try even harder

to get help or else I would see myself back to the old me, and this time around I wasn't going to hurt Lelovuyo but Aphindiwe because of a wound that has reopened. He kept on repeating the words

“Uzobetha yena ngoba uzobe engekho uLelovuyo (You will hurt her because Lelovuyo will be out of reach)”

Me: I will never touch Aphindiwe

Xolani: Remember watsho the same thing about uLelo and you almost killed her.

Even though they felt they were trying to help me to me it felt like they were pouring salt on an open wound. I felt my heart hammer against my chest and I knew I was scared. I wasn't scared of what they world saw of me, that never moved me, it never bothered me but what I feared was relapsing and going back to that person. It didn't have to be through drugs, I was still a

monster sober and I knew it, was always denial when told I needed anger management help. My fear was losing my temper and hurting her. My biggest fear was laying a hand on Mambhele when I knew very well that with the Odwa saga the devil in me wanted to hurt her.

Entry 180

Asanda

The trip to Durban was needed, by me more especially, for many reasons. It was for the very first time I viewed Aphindiwe's man as useful and you can't blame me for that, it was the first time he ever did something that pleased me as well. Aphindiwe wanted him and I to actually get along, she wanted me to somehow tolerate the man's presence because he was still to be in her life for a long period, I couldn't shame and it

was going to take me eternity to. I knew trouble when I saw one, and that man was double the trouble I knew. During our three day stay in Durban she kept on asking me to at least smile at him or be kind to him but that man couldn't give a damn about me, he never looked my way a single moment we were there, not even when I spoke, and I wasn't complaining.

I was back home and back to reality, my stress was piling up thinking about my NSFAS status. I needed an approval so I could at least get myself residence, which was all I needed to continue with my studies because with Bhuti Olwethu not around, mother made suggestion that we put it up for rentals so we could at least get some money for it. Bhuti did receive the news and approved but a lot needed to be done, a lot like removing the furniture and living what was more convenient for the tenants. I was laying on the bed viewing statuses on Facebook

with the little I had, my feet rested on the armrest because I did not want to disturb my mother with the moping she was doing.

uMakazi was in the kitchen frying some eggs and viennas

Mama: Uyonqena kodwa mntanam, awuthathi nefeather duster lena kengoku Asa (You quite lazy my child, you're not even getting with the feather duster)

Me: Khange ku dustishwe kanti izolo? (Didn't you dust the furniture yesterday though?)

Mama: Yenzwa everyday ifurniture. Shukuma kulo sofa yakwam udustishe le furniture (You clean the furniture on a daily basis. Get up from my couches and dust this furniture)

I looked at her just to analyse her face, I knew when she was serious about something and would get made if I did not do it and when she was going to let it go. This was one of those

days when she was going to flip and probably kick me out her house so I stood up as instructed and searched for the feather duster, the dusting cloth and Pledge furniture spray. I had my earphones plugged in my ear as I started with the furniture in her bedroom, to the last in the lounge. I leaned on the cabinet and looked outside the window for the sign of a friend whom was coming to visit

Makazi: Ukhangelala bani nah sisi? (Who are you looking for?)

Me: Chomam (My friend)

Makazi: Uhamba nini ke lonto ngoba ndidikiwe ngababantwana bahlala besiza apha. Awuyazi noba uyafunwa nah kwaba kwabo, umntu afike apha ephethe izinto ezimdaka (When are you leaving because I am up to here with these children visiting you all the time. You don't even know if their parents love you, a person walks in here with dirty things.)

I couldn't believe my ears, my aunties was a pain in the ass to be honest. I rolled my eyes looking away from her

“Not everybody is out to kill us ke sana Makazi.”

Makazi: Thatha mntana wesalungu. Tshini niyadlala nina ngabantu besinto (You go English girl. Wow you guys play about the traditional people.)

Me: Ndithetha inyani Makazi, abanye abantu abanamona (I'm speaking the honest truth Aunt, other people aren't jealous)

She shook her head and continued staring at the Oros in the glass jug, she had me thinking she could just break that jug from just staring at the damn cold drink for nothing. My mother walked in wiping her hands on her apron and looked at the three plates laid out on the table

“Yooh kuyadika xa bengekho abantu (It's boring when people aren't around)”

My grandmother was out of town, at Lusikisiki to be specific, and I was thankful for not having her and Yandisile around, don't blame me, those two were the reasons I always wanted to cut my holiday short. As for bhuti Olwethu, he was missed dearly. We gathered around the table and feasted, talking about life stuff here and there. My subconscious kept reminding me that Mihle could help get bhuti out of prison but then again I did not want to sell Aphindiwe out like that. The documents Aphindiwe said he needed were confidential and I could not get them myself, I needed umama and Makazi to know. And so I spoke

Me: Mama kukhona omnye ubhuti onosinceda ngokupha ubhuti Olwethu (Mother there is a man who could help us with getting bhuti Olwethu out of jail.)

My mother stopped chowing and looked my way, the look she gave made me want to take it

all back.

Mama: Uthini? (What did you say?)

Me: Nevermind

Mama: Asanda thetha lanto ubuyithetha
(Asanda say what you were saying)

Me: There's a man endimaziyo onosinceda
ngokhupha ubhuti ejail (There's a man I know
who could get brother out of jail)

Mama: And ngubani lobhuti waphi? (And who's
this man, from where?)

Me: Waziwa kakuhle nguAphindiwe (Aphindiwe
knows him well)

And that was all it got to have my aunt laugh,
look she cracked so hard, clapping her hands in
the process, then she looked at me with one of
disbelief.

Makazi: Uthi uAphindiwe utheni? (You're saying
Aphindiwe did what?)

Mama: And lobhuti uzomkhupha njani uOlwethu?
(And how is this guy going to help get Olwethu out?)

I shrugged my shoulders

“Andazi”.

uMakazi did that thing again, shaking her hand ekhuza ngongathi I just killed someone

Makazi: Yheeee Bawo tshini yimihlola yantoni nale. Jonga dade, lomntana lomntu bathetha ngaye ngumntu one'connections ejail (Heeeeh God, what ridiculousness is this. Look sis, the person this child is talking about is someone who has connections in jail.)

Me: Hayi

Makazi: Or umntu osuka ejail (Or someone who has been to jail before.)

Me: No!

Mama: And uyazi njani lonto? Ubungatshongo

uba waziwa nguAphindiwe lomfana? (And how do you know that? Didn't you say Aphindiwe is the one who knows this man well?)

Me: Nangoku (And that's true)

Makazi: Nizana nabantu abane connections ejail ngoku Asanda (You know people who have connections in jail now Asanda.)

Me: No waziwa nguAphindiwe (No, he's known by Aphindiwe)

My mother got on her phone and searched through it. I was getting nervous by second as she pressed it against her ear, looking at me like I just told her I was pregnant, or even worse like I killed someone. When whoever answered she handed it to me and instructed:

“Faka lento kwi speaker (Put this one speaker)”

I did as she told me and closed my eyes when I took in the name on the screen

Mama: Aphindiwe

Aphindiwe: Kazi

Mama: Bububhanxa bantoni obu buthethwa nguAsanda (What stupidity is this Asanda is bluffing here?)|

Aphindiwe: Obuphi Makazi? (Which one, aunt?)

Mama: Ngubani lomfana kuthwa uyamazi one'connections ejails? (Who is this man you know of who has connections in jails?)

She kept quiet for a while then I heard her sigh

Aphindiwe: Yichommie Makazi (It's a friend aunt)

Mama: Yi chommie? (A friend?)

Aphindiwe: Ewe Kazi (Yes aunt.)

Mama: And yichommie etheni lena ihoya ubhuti wakho? Uyazelaphi uba ubanjiwe uOlwethu? (And what kind of a friend is he to be concerned about your brother? How does he know Olwethu

is arrested?)

Aphindiwe: Ndamncokolela Kazi (I spoke to him about it aunt)

Mama: Aphindiwe?

Aphindiwe: Makazi

I could hear her from her voice that she wanted to dig up the ground and bury herself, I was feeling like shit sitting next to my mother and I wasn't even answering these questions, she must have felt even worse

“eKapa uyofunda okanye uyochochomana namagintsa (Are you in Cape Town for studies or to be friends with thugs?)

Aphindiwe: For studies Makazi

Mama: Yeka abagintsa. Yeka abangitsa mntana ka sisi. Asoze wazane nabantu abane connections ejail ngoba abubantu ngabantu abangekho right, ngabantu ababese jail! Yeka lo

chommie (Leave the thugs alone. Leave the thugs, my sister's child. You can never know people who have connections in jail because those people are not to be trusted, those are people who have been to jail. Leave that friend alone.)

Aphindiwe: Alright Makazi

After that the call was ended, I was still seated on that chair unmoved, unable to think properly because my aunt was staring straight at me looking for answers. My mother closed her eyes and sighed loudly, I kept looking around, avoiding looking at any of the two. My aunt wouldn't remove her eyes from me until I looked back at her

Makazi: Yheeeh ooAsanda!

She clapped her hands again before taking her fork and knife and continuing to eat. I suddenly lost my appetite and just sipped on my cold

drink until it was done. In black families, talking or making a sound after such quarrels was not an easy thing because even that would be used against you, so instead of getting up to refill my glass like I was wishing, I sat on that chair and joined the silence. I thanked God for time that day for the absence of my granny, had she been around she would have told my mother to hit me or probably kick me out of her house. I tried eating the Vienna because not eating would have them lecture me again. Makazi wouldn't stop making sounds while my mother kept on looking at me every thirty seconds. When they were done with eating I gathered the dishes and boiled some water to have them washed, they still kept the silence, both probably making up assumptions about this guy I just mentioned. My phone was making vibrations against my thigh but I avoided taking it out until they were out of the kitchen. My mother was the first to get and leave, leaving me behind with my aunt

who got busy on her phone for a matter of five minutes then got back to that conversation

“Yeeh Asanda.”

Me: Makazi

I was looking at the basin full of dishes in front of me, not appreciating her curiosity

Makazi: Uzixelele uAphindiwe uba lankwenkwe yegintsa abusy nayo, ezomenzela abayelekenqe (You must tell Aphindiwe that boy she’s busy with will show her the worst.)

With that said, she got up and pushed in her chair before excusing herself from the kitchen. I let out a sigh and bent over the basin just to get a proper breath. I wiped my hands and dug in my pockets for my phone, like I was expecting there were 11 messages from Phindi: one, where she was asking me why I told them, two, where she was asking me why I told them, then the rest were all question marks. I stepped

away from the cabinet and found a seat at the table, typing a paragraph back to her, I was explaining to her with the honesty because I knew she only wanted to help and it was me she was worried about. I recalled how she even suggested I transfer to Cape Town and go stay with her but that would mean starting over with my studies, and uTamnci would approve of his daughter living with me. The less drama, the better.

Aphindiwe

After receiving the call from Makazi I was furious, what was wrong with people around me and Mihle, the guy was genuinely trying to help. I sent a couple of texts to Asanda, same time, she responded after three minutes of me waiting to hear her response. I trusted her

answer to my question but what I did not trust was how she told me she said it, that it was her mother who saw through the lines. She kept explaining it to me in text and on voice notes until I told her it was fine, I would get over it. I found myself stuck between wanting to tell Mihle about it on a phone call or waiting until the following day to fill him in about this whole drama, whatever it was I wanted to tell him. I spent that day with Azola, just like other days I spent in George. In that household she was the only person who understood me and whose snobness I could tolerate, maybe because I was already used to her. The rest of the girls in our age group spent half of their time thinking they were white, had white friends and always spoke about ooCraig noNicole, and that to me was off line. If Azola was busy with her coconut relatives I was in the bedroom chatting on my phone or chilling with the guys in the family but that wasn't easy as well because Nomthandazo

was already making comments of that is what I know, chilling around incanca.

Azola, Linomandla and I were heading out that following day; Azola's boyfriend was coming in town for her, my boyfriend was coming in town for and Lina was going to treat her afro. We left in the same car but only separated our paths in town. Azola wanted us to have this outing as a double date but I could not and I believe you guys already know why. It was for the very first time I had to wait for Mihle for over an hour and actually feel like leaving, he was never late when he had to see me. He kept calling after every text I sent him telling me he was close by, I placed myself an order of milkshake at Spur and awaited him. When he made way through the door I could not even smile at him, yes I was happy to see him but I was damn angry at him

Mihle: Baby

He found a seat opposite me and let out an

exhausted sigh, I bent over and my mouth met the straw of my milkshake. I was aware he was looking at me waiting for me to answer him

Mihle: Ndiyabulisa Nhanha? (I'm greeting Nhanha)

Me: Kchange ubulise (You didn't greet)

Mihle: Molo baby (Hello baby)

Me: Why are you so late?

Mihle: Ngxesi Mmabhele, there was a crisis at the fields

Me: Is everything okay?

Mihle: Yep

He seemed unsure and I could tell there was something he was hiding from me. He lifted his hands for a waitress

Mihle: Uzotya ntoni? (What are you having?)

Me: Let's order drinks for now, tell me about the

fields. What happened?

He looked at me his hand still in mid-air, his eyebrows were furrowed together, that was the look he gave when he did not want to talk about something

Me: Please

Mihle: Phindi

Me: Ndandithe learn to talk to me, please

He ran his hand down his face and looked at me with a begging face, I wasn't backing down, he had to talk. Instead of allowing him to win, I folded my arms over the table and looked at him. He placed his forehead on his hands on the table and groaned

Mihle: Yaziyintoni, me telling you this will ruin our day. Can we not ndiyakucela?

Me: I need to know it.

Mihle: Nyani?

Me: Ewe

Mihle: And we will continue like nothing has happened after I tell you

Me: It depends.

Mihle: Then let's eat

Me: Okay fine, ewe

Mihle: Nyani?

Me: Ewe. Please talk

Mihle: (sighs lowly) I was talking to some people to help me demolish the place.

Me: What?!

He grinned at me and nodded. I know there were people staring at us as I got up on my seat and hugged him tightly. I felt tears form at the back of my arms as he picked me up and hugged me, I was placing kisses on his neck, on his ear and every place where his skin showed. He wouldn't let me go and I didn't want him to

because I knew I was going to break down from tears of joy

Me: I knew you'd do it.

Mihle: You got raped because of someone who was my enemy because of that business. I can't keep hurting you deliberately. I can't Mambhele. I did that for you Nhanha.

I sniffed on his shoulder and I felt a tear leave my eyes to fall on my cheek, he squeezed me even tighter and repeated

"I did that for you Bhelekazi wam."

Entry 181

Aphindiwe

As I was sitting opposite him at the table my eyes wouldn't leave him, he was concentrating on the cutlery in his hand and the plate in front

him. I had my glass in my hand taking sips unaware. I was thinking of the decision he just took and my curiosity hit the top, I did not want to seek ungrateful but I had to question him

Me: Mihle

Mihle: Mmmh?

He brought a fork carrying a piece of steak up to his mouth. He wasn't done chewing what he had in his mouth yet but he wanted to fill his mouth with another piece yet

Me: What was the sudden change that made you take the decision you did?

He cocked a brow and continued chewing. He finally opened his mouth when there was less food left in his mouth

Mihle: What decision?

Me: Of destroying the fields. It was the best thing in your life not long ago

Mihle: Why aren't you eating?

Me: I am

I placed the glass and took the knife to cut the burger in front of me in half

Mihle: Ndiyivale because it's what you wanted. It had my enemies attack you to get through me so I had to.

I raised my eyebrows at him because I knew that must be part of the reason but it wasn't entirely the reason

Me: And?

Mihle: That's it.

Me: We both know how much money that place brought it, and I know you were going to find a way to your enemies so they don't hurt me. So what was the real reason?

Mihle: I figured ayikho enye indlela to my enemies. You doubting my reason

Me: No Fhaku, and I'm grateful kodwa kwakukudala I asked you to close it. Why now?

Mihle: Because I figured a way now

I nodded and took the half of the burger from my plate. I noticed how he was looking at me so I stared down at my plate, maybe I appeared unthankful to him but that wasn't the reason to my questions, I just wanted to know he wasn't in trouble. I was glad he did not say anything after that because his words were enough to make me think he never really loved me, I had to always remember that I was happy he was fixing his aggressive side for me. We sat and ate in silence, and to me it felt somewhat awkward because we never kept to ourselves in a million days since the day we were together, there was always something to say about everything. When it became too much for me to just listen to my chowing I enquired

"So where are the girls kengoku?r)"

Mihle: Bakwelinye iholo (They're at some hall)

Me: And when are you letting them go?

He shrugged his shoulders and laid back on chair, he sighed and looked in the distance

Mihle: No anytime soon. I can't let them go ngoku until I figure what how I'm going to handle this

Me: Handle what? I thought you said you had a plan

He looked at me again and opened his mouth to speak but stopped. I placed the French fry I was holding and looked at him

Me: What's wrong?

Mihle: Nothing. It's just that those girls know all seven of my boys. Sending them home means risking having my men in jail

Me: Yhoo. You think they'll talk?

Mihle: Amantombazana are over thirty, of

course one or two will talk.

Me: (blows out a sigh)

Mihle: And once my men are in jail,
andisindanga.

I felt my palms sweating and my heart
hammering hard against my chest. He was right,
he was so damn right

Me: And that is something you don't have a plan
for?

He shook his head.

Me: Then you shouldn't have let them free.

I found myself saying this not because I wanted
them to suffer but I was in a position where I
had to either let my man down or them. He
raised his eyebrows at me and blinked a couple
of times if I remember well

Mihle: No.

Me: I mean if you're going to jail for it then you

might as well ju...

Mihle: Hayi!

I was interrupted halfway through when he threw a punch on the table, startling me for just advising him

Mihle: All you been doing is talking and asking stupid questions. Azanga utsho uba I must close the place?

Me: I did but I didn't...

Mihle: Then just shut up. I've got a matter to find a solution to.

Me: Ak'funekanga uba ubekrwada (You don't have to be rude.)

He flared his nose and waited for me to say one more thing. There were times when I was supposed to be scared of him but I wasn't and there was times when he really freaked me out but this wasn't the time instead I was annoyed

that he was sulking and taking his stress out on me. His outburst made me feel guilty all of a sudden that I was all excited about his decision yet it was about to burst open his brain from stress.

I checked that there was nothing of mine I was leaving on the table before closing my handbag and standing besides him. On our way to the door I was struggling with my bag and milkshake I was carrying, he pulled out one hand from his pocket and outstretched it to me

Mihle: Bring one of them

Me: The handbag?

Mihle: Noba yeyiphi (Any of the two)

I gave him my handbag and finally took a sip on the bubblegum milkshake I was holding. I was more than full from the food we just had but I craved the milkshake so I had it. I took his hand

in mine and followed besides him since I noticed we weren't heading out to the parking lot but were roaming around the mall. Our romantic walk was disturbed by his phone ringing in his pocket, I freed the hold I was holding

Mihle: Maxoza

He took a couple of steps and stopped walking, I too had to stop and wait for him. The other person on the line must have been explaining something which did not sit well with him because I saw it on his face before he could even speak that he was agitated

Mihle: Maxoza, what did I tell you?

He listened for barely a second and yelled

"I fucken told you to stay in one place!

Uphambene? Nxxx!"

I was forced to look around and see if there was anybody looking at him, oh at us, and like I had

imagined there were a couple of eyes looking our way. I kept dancing on my feet waiting for him to compose himself even though I knew it took him a couple of hours or days to get himself under control. He had his hand tightened in a fist about to smash his phone and his eyes shut as though preventing himself from screaming. I was playing with my feet at that time because I was told to shut up so I did not want to say anything to anger him more. He finally opened his hands and looked at me, he outstretched his hand and pulled me closer placing a kiss on the side of my head

"Sorry."

I nodded and snuggled my head on his chest

Mihle: Where were we going?

Me: Andazi (I don't know)

He gave me a straight smile before dragging me along him up to Spitz. Unaware what it was

we were there for I stay along his side, he checked out a couple of formal shoes before asking for a size 8 of a brown glorious looking shoe

Me: Why a formal shoe?

Mihle: Ndisifunela ioccasion yasemsebenzini (I want it for an occasion at work)

Me: What type of occasion?

Mihle: Every year we have a welcome ceremony for soldiers in South Africa so it's a two day event. One held as a gala dinner and the main event.

Me: Is it held apha?

He nodded putting his arm around my neck and lowering his head, his husky voice made way through my ear

"And Miss Dabula, will you be my date?"

I giggled and shook my head, he bit my earlobe

prior to asking

Mihle: Why?

Me: I don't have an attire Mr Gabavu.

Mihle: And that's why I'm hrre

I removed his hand and looked at him, he smiled showing his teeth

Me: For real?

Mihle: Ewe. Or what you don't trust my taste?

Me: Ha.a shame. Thank you

He gave me a 360 twirl and tilted his head to the side

"You do see how I dress right?"

Me: Maybe if you had to dress a male ewe, but not a female more especially me.

He took his low lip between his teeth and smiled, he kept nodding

Mihle: Okay you choosing your outfit but

ndifuna uyazi uba

He started counting from his fingers

"No bra free or whatever lanto is, no see through dress, no dress that has a side cut showing your legs and definitely nothing rising above your knee."

By the time he was done my jaw was hanging, I mean those were the most fashionable things to wear nowadays

Me: You want me to look like a gogo?

Mihle: No. I want you to look like my girlfriend

He planted a kiss on my lips and turned to look for the guy who went to get him a size 8 of the shoe he asked for. I encircled my hands around his waist from the back and laid my head on his back, I was short compared to him, my forehead barely reached his neck. He brushed my arms before bringing his hands to his back and touching my ass, I jumped moving away

from him

Mihle: Yintoni kengoku?

Me: Ha.a tshiii

Mihle: Oh so kuright when you're holding me but mna I can't hold you?

Me: You're holding other places

Mihle: My places

I moved away as he attempted to pull me close wanting to spank my ass. I was saved from the embarrassment by the guy who arrived holding a box, he handed it over to Mihle who found a seat at the bench and opened the box. The guy handed him plastics he was supposed to put on his feet before fitting the shoes, like I was expecting he looked at the plastics then at the guy, I found myself holding back a laugh

Mihle: And then?

Guy: You have to put them before fitting

Mihle: Xa undijongile ndinukilwa zinyawo? What are these socks for?

He pointed the socks on his feet

Guy: I don't understand what you're saying. Please speak in English.

He was African so he had all reason not to understand my rude boyfriend. I thought Fhaku was going to rephrase his statement but instead he pushed a shoe in his foot and fit it. I kept on passing a glance between his foot and the guy standing in front of us

Mihle: Sinjani baby? (How is it baby?)

Me: I love it. Jonga it will need a uhmm grey suit

Mihle: Nhanha?

Me: Baby

Mihle: How's the shoe?

Me: Mxm awudiki. It's beautiful

He blew me a kiss before taking it off and putting on his Nike runners

Mihle: How much is this pair?

"R3400"

Mihle: I need this pair

The guy took the box and walked towards the teller, we followed after him and waited to pay up.

When we left Spitz I told Mihle we visit Identity for something I could wear that night but he told me he knew of a place that sold dresses which would look good on me, a place back in Cape Town. I was told I had to go back to Cape Town early so we could find the perfect dress and shoes for me, I had my hair and nails to do as well. Before I was dropped a few yards from home by him we visited the beach and had ice cream of my choice from this ice cream shop which sold crazy huge ice creams. We chilled in

his G- Wagon talking about us and a lot of school. It was all he ever wanted to know when I was around him; how serious I was about school. Every time the topic came into conversation I felt like he was my father and not my boyfriend. He questioned about my fees, registration and when I were getting my results. My dear friends that day I was told to bring home my results the day they gave them to us. A David was enough in my life and now to have Davids was a pain in the arss.

Lelovuyo

I sat on the couch at home and continued chatting on my phone to my Zulu friends who missed me back at Pietermaritzburg while my mother was on a phone call talking to my elder cousin sister whom I lived with back there. She

was informing her about my stay here in Port Elizabeth because she wanted me to heal fully and understand that was home. It would be better if I were staying for school or work at least but to sit around at home and do nothing was even worse than being in Maritzburg because here all my friends were in University. I looked at the woman who was sitting on a sofa away from me talking about me like I wasn't around. She kept mentioning my encounters with Mihle and how they had me having sleepless nights and losing the brave girl I had grown in.

I shook my head disagreeing with her totally, I was still the brave me but it was just not being ready to see him that freaked me out like that. When she finally hung she turned to me placing her hands on her lap

Mama: Lelovuyo mntanam

Me: Mama

Mama: uZandile ucinga ufuna uncedo olu special (Zandile things you need speak help)

Me: Haibo Mama

Mama: Uthi uZandile ubobane nighmares phaya (Zandile says you used to have nightmares there)

I furrowed my eyebrows and looked at her. Well it wasn't a lie but they were better than before

Mama: Kutheni ungandixelelanga? (Why didn't you tell me?)

Me: Bendingacing' uba ibaluleke olomhlobo (I did not think it was that important)

Mama: Kwanto eno phazamisa impilo yakho ibalulekile (Anything that could disturb your health is important)

Me: Andifun ncedo kodwa mna. It was just nightmares and besides akho mali apha ekhaya for lonto (I don't need help. It was nightmarish

and besides there's no money for that here home)

She looked at me, she wasn't anything because she knew what I saying was the honest truth.

They never considered therapy or help when I most needed it, they couldn't drag me there now I was used to these nightmares and they weren't affecting me much. She got up from the couch and walked to the kitchen only to appear again at the doorway

"Lelovuyo"

Me: Mama

Mama: Ndifuna uthethe nam mntanam xa kunento ekutyayo (I want you to talk to me when there's something bothering you)

I nodded and looked away because suddenly my throat became dry and I felt myself holding back a loud cry. I wanted to talk to her but I couldn't, I never learned it from a young age.

Her real reason for calling my cousin was because this morning she found me crying in my room and I never told her why I was. She would have killed me if I did, or probably kick me out. The thing is I found myself wanting to talk to Mihle, as scared as I was to be in the same space with him but somewhere in my heart there was longing for him to at least say something to me. I found myself laying on my bed going through every possible name I thought he could use for Facebook until it hit me that I was searching for my rapist, for my abuser and that's when I cried because I felt a mess. I felt sick and bitchy in a way, I was supposed to hate him right? Why was I even bothered searching for him when he almost took my life away? What was it about him that I couldn't let go? Maybe I was sick and needed help.

I swallowed the lump on my throat but failed as

I felt that feeling I had in the morning come back. I cleared my throat and spoke to my mother hoping she wouldn't noticed I was at the edge of crying

"Mama ndisayolala (Mama I'm going to sleep)"

My voice failed me, and I knew it did worse when she appeared on the doorway and called me. I stopped in my tracks but did not turn to her

Me: Mama

Mama: Ulilelani? (Why are you crying?)

Me: Andilili mama (I'm not crying mama)

Mama: Jika (Turn around)

I wiped the tears I had rolling down my cheeks with the back of my hands before turning. The look she gave me broke me even more, she too looked like she had lost hope and when the one person who held you together looked that

hopeless it was a fail. She walked up to me and enveloped me in her arms and that's when I let it all out, unable to hold it back. She kept begging me to stop but I couldn't until she brought me water with sugar which I drank in small sips

Mama: Ufuna uphindela eMaritzburg?

As much as I wanted I said no because I did not want to hurt her, she was carrying too much burden because of me already. When I was finally calm I told her I was going to lay down and she allowed me but she doesn't know that in the bedroom I did more crying hoping she wouldn't hear me. My heart was carrying too much pain and I wanted a way to let it out but I did not know how. It wasn't the therapy they wanted that could help me but it was the man who put me through this, all I wanted to hear from him was "sorry" and remorse that he regretted what he did to me, maybe that was

the way I'd heal but I couldn't let any of my family know that, to them it would be like taking myself back to the lion's cage.

I recall waking up at something past 9 with a headache and puffy eyes, when I lifted my head from the pillow it pounded even more. I laid there for a while remembering why I felt this way, I did not want to think of it but it was impossible not to. I pushed myself off the bed and made way out of the bedroom to the kitchen. My brother was sitting at the lounge watching soccer and a glass of coke in front of him

Me: Molo bhuti

Siyabulela: Sure Vuyo. Uright?

I always hated the nickname because I told him it sounded like a boy's name but he never changed it until ndali votela sana

Me: I'm good. Uphi umama? (Where's mama?)

He took in my face and I saw from the look on his face that he wanted to talk but refrained from it.

Siyabulela: Ulele, uthe unentloko (She's sleeping, she said she got a headache.)

I marched to the kitchen but was stopped by him when he asked me a question which got me cold instantly

Siyabulela: Sele ekufumene? (Did he find you yet?)

Me: Who?

I asked that even though I knew whom it was he was talking about. I was just curious as to where the question came from

Siyabulela: uMihle.

Me: Was he supposed to find me?

Siyabulela: He wants you Lelovuyo

Me: Uyandifuna? (He wants me)

Siyabulela: Into endiyithethayo izobuya lanja. Uyamazi uba xa efuna into akayiyeke ade ayifumane (What I'm saying is that dog will come back. You know when he wants something he doesn't let it go until he gets it)

I wanted to say something but I seemed to choke from what he was saying and the truth in everything he was saying. I felt tears prick at the back of my eyes, I shook my eyes not wanting to believe what he was saying

Siyabulela: Phindela eMaritzburg Vuyo (Go back to Maritzburg Vuyo)

Me: Akafuni umama (Mom doesn't want me to)

Siyabulela: Bububhanxa obo. Hamba (That's nonsense. Go)

Me: Talk to umama then

Siyabulela: Ndizothetha naye (I'll talk to her)

I don't know for how long I stood on that same place thinking about what he was saying. I was sweating and shaking at the same time, unable to think straight

"Ndizothini uba undifumene Bhuti (what will I do if he finds me brother?)"

Siyabulela: Akasoze (never)

I wanted to believe him but I couldn't. I knew Mihle would be here any time and he was going to find me. I didn't even know where he stayed but I somehow felt he wasn't far. I turned on my heel and headed back to my room forgetting the reason I went there in the first place. I checked my phone to see that I didn't have a threatening message from a number I knew not off. I remember hugging my knees while laying on my side thinking of all possible things he could do to me. The day he ran after me came flashing back and I felt goosebumps filling my body. I was convinced he was going to hit me

when he touched me; the way I was so scared I felt like I was going to throw up, but he never did instead the plea he gave me shocked me, he was a man who never begged. That day he begged, asking me not to scream, telling me he wasn't going to hurt me but even when I wanted to believe him my mind and subconscious didn't allow it.

He was the last person I thought of when I went to bed and the first that came to mind when I woke up. I was up at 05:53 and couldn't go back to sleep because of the things that were going through my mind. I never understood how a man could be that obsessed over a child he had not even seen, a child he never felt move nor kick. To me it came as an excuse to just hit me, he wasn't angry I killed a zygote, he was just finding a reason to take out his anger on me. I rolled over and closed my

eyes in hopes of going back to sleep because I felt overwhelmed with everything going on around me. I wanted to disappear or die for a period of time and return when all this was over but since I was prey it wouldn't end until my predator found me.

I was discussed by my brother and mother on a daily basis like someone who wasn't around and I was used to it by then, they did it all the time. I wasn't even allowed to interfere or comment because my mother still thought I wasn't mature enough to make my own decision, the sad part was me being as old as 22 but still treated like a 15 year old.

At least there was two days of breathing and no one talking about Mihle under that roof. It was funny how much I wanted to run away from him but he always found his back to my mouth, my mother's and brother's. There was no escaping

the guy even when I wanted to because not even a single day would pass, since I arrived there, without having my brother say his name. That two days had me hoping it would continue that way, at least I found me some peace. I was hoping the peace and quiet would last a little longer but the Gods never heard my prayers because on that third day I received a call from a number I knew not off, and because I didn't put much thought in it I answered

Me: Hello.

There was silence on the other side and I repeated myself about three times before feeling like something was wrong. I contemplated ending the call but finally the person spoke in a deep familiar voice

"Lelo."

Me: Mihle

That was barely a whisper, I don't even think he

heard me say it.

Mihle: Ndicela unga dropi, ndiyakucela, hear me out (Please don't end the call, please, hear me out)

Me: Ufunani? Undifuna ntoni? (What do you want? What do you want from me?)

Mihle: Lelo

Me: Sundibiza lonto! (Don't call me that!) Don't you dare

Mihle: Just hear me out please. I did not know what other way to get myself to talk to you but this. Mamele.

Me: Where did you get my number?

Mihle: It doesn't matter.

Me: It does! Who gave you inumber wam?! Who gave it to you?! Who?!

I did not end the call when I heard it was him because I thought I could handle it but the more

I spoke to him the more it scarred me. How dare he? My mother budged in my room and saw me standing there with my phone against my ear and teary eyes

Mama: Lelovuyo yintoni? (Lelovuyo what is it?)

Me: Someone gave my number to Mihle mama. Someone gave him....

I could even finish the latter sentence as I began crying, not strong enough to carry my weight. My mother took the phone and pressed it against her ear, her breathing was insane and she was beyond angry

Mama: Ungaze ulinge uphinde ufounele umntana wam uyandivha? (Don't you ever call my daughter again do you hear me?)

She did not wait for him to response. She threw my phone on my bed after ending the call and keeled down next to me. This was the second time I've seen my mother cry ever since I was

born; the first time was when she begged me not to go back to Mihle after she found me almost dead at her doorstep, the second time was now. I would have said three times but when I was at her doorstep I was unconscious so I'm not sure if she cried or not. She took me in her arms and asked me to get up but I was too weak, there was no more power in me. As I sat there I realised I was shaking more than I was crying, after that call I believed he had found me, he was probably back and there was no turning back.

As I laid in bed with my mother sitting at my feet I kept thinking of the worst possible things he was capable of doing. I found myself wishing he'd rape me rather than kill me, I could bare him forcing himself on me because he had done it before but I wasn't ready to die, in fact i was scared of dying. But then it hit me that

what was there to live for if the monster himself found a way back to my life, it was better to die than pretending to be happy whilst I was the most miserable girl there ever was. I don't know when and how I went to sleep but I remember waking up from shock every hour or two. The sleep wasn't constant nor was it peaceful.

When I woke up for the second time my mother wasn't in my room but the lights were on and the curtains closed. I took my phone to check the time but something caught my attention, there was a notification from a number I did not know. I sat up preparing myself to view the message and like expected it from uMihle...

"I do not mean any harm, all I want us to do is talk. Hearing my voice might still scare you a bit so we can do the bit here on Whatsapp. I want to see you, I want to tell you how sorry I am but text doesn't have that much effect hence the

plea to meet you. I don't expect you to be okay with but please think about it. You don't have to come alone. Ndiyakucela."

I think I read the text about five to six times before I tried responding but I could not however there was a lot I wanted to ask him, starting from wanting to know who gave him my number to why he wanted contact with me so badly. I wanted him to know the damage he did to me. How I trusted no man around me not even those who had no intention of hurting me. The nightmares, the trauma of never going out at night, the dark side of knowing I would never be me again. How I chose death because it seemed better than the hell life I was living and that was all his doing.

Entry 182

Mihle

Before the event that was going to take place in Cape Town for all South African soldiers, I decided it would be wise if I went home to visit my father's grave first.

Last year around about the same time I returned home to a cheating Nomthandazo. It wasn't something I saw with my own eyes but I suspected it when I arrived home and she wasn't around until close to midnight, and when I did question her about her whereabouts she gave me an attitude. I hit her, something I regret doing to this day but I was angry and I knew she cheated. She kept telling me I had no proof but I felt in me, and that was why I never stopped searching until I found out who the guy was.

She told me she had plans with her friends that night before I could even ask her to attend the

event as my date, I respected her plans and allowed her to go only to actually be allowing her in another man's hands. Now you know the reason I asked Aphindiwe, a part of me obviously wanted to go with her, I mean she was my girlfriend but the main reason was because I feared history would repeat itself. And this time I would lay a hand on the one person I wanted to better myself for. I was a man who never showed any emotions except for love and hatred, even with that love my expression of it was limited, I did not want to be taken for granted just because I loved too much. I always left a space for my partner to know that I could leave them at any time so they couldn't feel irreplaceable.

The reason for my decision to go home a week before a big day was because I woke up feeling like something tragic was going to happen, and I been feeling that way for more than three days

now. Ndandinexhala endandingalazi uba lisukaphi and it agitated me. I was told from a very young age that as an African person if something did not feel right then it meant something wasn't right, and as an African person kwakufuneke nditshise impepho and call upon my ancestors.

I flew to Port Elizabeth on a Saturday before constantly begging Aphindiwe to stay in Belville until I was back, which was something she was furious about because Nomtha wasn't making her stay the easiest. My mother was expecting me because I told her about this feeling I was having, I reported it to Dabawo as well who told me to attend to it before it came in the form of nightmares. There wasn't much I was going to do there, it wasn't a ceremony which needed me to slaughter some sheep, ndisile, it was paying respect to my elders and asking for guidance.

I arrived home that Saturday and stayed home the whole day with the urge of wanting to face time with my baby but I could not because she was under the same roof with Nomthandazo. It was funny how Aphindiwe feared Nomtha more than she feared her father, Tatomdala and Mamomdala. It was Nomthandazo she complained about, whom she worried about rather than her parents, I mean they were the ones who were going to kill her once they knew we were still together. My mother had bought me impepho to burn at the grave yard yasekhaya and because I was flying on Monday, I decided I'd do all that on Sunday evening. I woke up on Sunday and lazied around at home with nothing to do, my sister and mother were at church, leaving me with that huge house all by myself. After cleaning to a level which I presumed was enough for my mother I returned to my room, took a shower and went back to the main house to watch some soccer until they

got back in the afternoon. Zizipho and myself drove to the shopping complex and bought the few items mother said she needed in order to make a Sunday dish. When i returned I took home to ekhay'khulu to see the rest of the family, I stayed there chatting with my aunts and uncles until it was time to head to the graveyard. Unlike the while culture we did not have a graveyard far from home where it looked like we had abandoned our loved ones, our graveyard was in the garden, situated right at the bottom of the garden.

I was standing with my uncles at the bottom of my father's grave where I knelt and burned the traditional herb and placed it on his grave

Me: "BoFhaku, boThahla, boNdayeni,
ooYindlana abahle, nani boRhadebe
Mthimkhulu, Makhulukhulu, oBhungane abahle,
ndiyayiqonda bazali bam uba inoba kushukuma
indawo kuni ngiba ndingoyena mntana

abenimcingela ngoma kulendawo kodwa ndibethwa kuxakeka booNdayeni. Andizazi ndithini bazali bam kodwa ndithi bandizocela indlela nokukhanya. Ndinemibono embi (sighs).

Immediately after saying the latter sentence my thoughts traveled to Lelovuyo and I felt it hit my heart, painfully.

"Ndinemibono nexhala and ndiyoyika uba yimibuyo yokwakukhuhlakala kwam. Ndicela ukukhanyiselwa bantu badala basekhaya, ndicela ukukhanyiselwa Tata. Ndiyakucela Fhaku, ndiyakucela Tata."

I swallowed the lump on my throat and stepped aside when I realised I could not speak anymore. The eldest of my uncles took a step forward and addressed his two brother laying at rest along with other family members. We left the traditional herb burning, it had to burn out on its own, I walked in between these old men as we headed out of the garden. I don't know if it had

to do with belief but when I stepped out of that garden a part of me felt like the weight on me was removed but I still felt the fear at that tip of my heart.

I had booked a flight in the evening that Monday so during the day I drive around in my mother's car, alone because all my gents were out of town and at work. I had just parked the car at the shopping complex when I lifted my face and my eyes met the figure of the one person I was hoping not to see. I wanted to address her yes but not after my plea to my elders yesterday, I had to stay purified for a couple of days right? I could not do bad to another being. I sat in the car and watched her walk besides another girl, laughing like she had forgotten her problems. They walked in at Spar supermarket for over 10 minutes if my calculation was right since I was under some weird nerves, before coming out

holding a plastic bag full of some items. I stepped out of the car and made sure it was locked before approaching her, I did not want to scare her nor did I want her to run so I approached her from the back. When I was less than a foot from her I poked her back, it was better than literally touching her or calling her name, which would have sent her running like a mad woman.

She stopped talking and turned to face me, I don't why but instead of looking at her face my eyes dropped to the plastic bag which now laid on the floor

Me: Ndicela unga scream(i) please (Please don't scream)

I don't even she heard me because she mimicked a statue and remained still. Her friend on the other hand was looking at me like she was the one who was about to scream, I did not know the girl but she probably heard stories

about me or was too young when I still lived here. I shook my head at the friend when she opened her and she left it hanging, it took me by surprise really, how could someone who did not know me be that scared of me.

Me: Lelovuyo, jonga ntombi I promise not to hurt you but can I talk to you for a minute.

She shook her hand multiple times and stepped away from me. You know I hate this the most, someone walking away when I'm addressing them but I was challenged to put those nerves aside and beg her. I picked up the plastic bag and handed it to her, the friend extended her hand causing me to withdraw the bag. Her eyes did not leave my mine, she didn't even blink ndikuxelele

Me: Ndicela uxolo. I know you might not give a damn because usuka kum and it definitely won't fix what I broke but I am sorry.

You know how you look when you're holding back sobs, how your mouth keeps shaking because you don't want to be heard that's what was happening to her. She brought her hands up to her cheeks and wiped the tears off with the jersey she was wearing but they kept coming

Lelovuyo: Why ngoku? Why now?

I could barely recognize her squeaky from the crying she was doing

Lelovuyo: Kutheni uzotsho ngoku after what the damage you've done to me?

Me: I tried contacting...

"Stop lying! yYeka uxoka, you never tried. Not even with a damn text, you never tried!"

I opened my mouth to speak but had to close it again because my heart ached seeing her like this. And maybe she's right, trying for only a few months after four years of realising your

mistake wasn't trying at all, I could've contacted her the minute she changed homes because of me. I could have said sorry then

Lelovuyo: Asoze utshintshe. You'll always be a liar, an abus...

I nodded wanting to accept the fact the she let that word out, the word which felt like a knife in my flash

Lelovuyo: I hate you. Ndiyakucaphukela.

Me: You don't and you know that. It's how I made you feel that you hate and not me.

She kept quiet and attempted wiping her cheeks dry again, she was about to speak when I took a huge step towards her, and without taking into note what I was doing my lips crashed into hers. I was hoping she wouldn't respond so I would know she really did not want this but she froze for a split second before parting her lips to accept my kiss. I was about

to run the tip of my tongue on her lips when Aphindiwe appeared in my mind, I pulled back and looked at her. The same shock which consumed me was what I saw on her face, that's when she took a step back and for the very first time slapped me. When she brought the second one I grabbed her wrist and stopped her by pulling her close. She kept her eyes on me with her head tilted up so she could face me

"I came here hoping you were dead already. But I guess rapists live longer right?"

I freed her wrist and extended the plastic to her again, and this time she grabbed it out of my hand, hurting my hurt with her natural nails in the process. I turned and walked away.

I was avoiding hitting her, probably choking or dragging her to the car. I was avoiding this thing I felt which made want to tell her that nobody ever spoke to me like that and nobody was, but she did and I wanted to kill her but I knew if I did,

I would fly to Cape Town in the worst state ever and that whatever anger left in me I was going to take it out on the wrong person. So I surprised myself and walked away.

Entry 183

Lelovuyo

I watched him walk away and I felt a part of me tear; I felt like I had betrayed myself and allowed him to touch me. My vision was becoming blur and my mind was drifting to many other painful things he had done to me. I knew he never meant to kiss me, that action wasn't from a good place but rather to see if I was still weak under his touch and I reacted when I wasn't supposed to. The sound of the car wheels scratching against the tar road

interrupted my thoughts, I watched his vehicle leave the shopping complex

Pinkie: Masambe Lelo (Let us go Lelo)

I gave her a small nod and walked besides her. I don't even know why I was crying for situations I got myself in, I mean I could have expected that from him and I was supposed to be prepared for something like that but instead I acted like a naive princess under some stupid spell.

Pinkie: Uright?

Me: Ha.a

She sighed and continued walking but I stopped about a step away from her, causing her to stop in her tracks as well

Pinkie: Yintoni? (What is it?)

Me: Ndifuna uthetha naye (I want to talk to him)

Pinkie: Ubani? (Who?)

Me: Mihle

Pinkie: Ngoba? (Why?)

Me: Ndifuna u...

Pinkie: Ha.a Lelo toro, ndicela sihambe (No Lelo please, can we just go)

Me: There's something I need to know from him

Pinkie: Yintoni leyo? Can't you see uba la bhuti hasn't changed na sani nah? (What is that? Can't you see that man hasn't changed dude?)

I stopped talking and tried to calm my breathing, his home was just a few yards away from where we were and I grew the nerve to storm into that yard and confront him. Pinkie looked at me for a while before she turned her head to look in the direction I was staring

Pinkie: You know you're not supposed uba ungene phaya (You know you're not supposed to enter there)

Me: I won't

Pinkie: And you think uzothetha nawe phandle?
(And you think he'll talk to you outside?)

Me: He will

She threw her hands in the air prior to dropping them to her waist, she challenged me

"I don't even think you regret udlwengulwa ngulamfana yazi (I don't even think you regret being raped by that guy you know)"

Me: Excuse me?!

Pinkie: Ukuncamisile for crying out loud and you allowed him! Isn't that something to you?

Me: Kissing and raping are two different things!

Pinkie: Well raping starts there!

Me: I think ngowujika undiyeke ndizigodokele (I think you should turn back and let me walk home by myself)

Pinkie: Good. But as your friend, I wish umamakho ayazi lena into for your own good.

As she walked away I grew the urge of picking up the stones scattered around and throwing her with them. She was swinging her arms angrily as she hurried the opposite directions. I turned around and hurriedly dragged myself down the almost empty street. Children were at school and adults at work so it was only the few people who had nothing to do with their lives who were around, people like me. I was almost a yard away from his yard when I came to a halt almost straining my ankle in the process, the car he was driving was parked in front of the garage. My fear returned. Maybe telling Pinkie to go wasn't such a good idea after all. My steps were suddenly cautious as if I was passing a yard with a huge dog and trying not to wake it up. I could tell someone was watching me, I knew he was watching me because that's

what my mind and gooesbumps kept telling me. When I had finally passed the gate at least, I sprinted down the street like a crazy lady. I did not care whether I looked crazy, I was running away from Mihle because I suddenly did not feel like talking to him anymore, instead when I felt his hawk eyes on me I knew I had to get home ASAP.

I never mentioned any of what happened that day to my mother, I could not. Like everybody who knew what had happened to me, what he did to me, if they knew I allowed him to kiss me they were all going to see me a bitch, I mean who allows their rapist to touch them and not hate it?

I was standing in the kitchen listening to my mother talk as I thought of this. Well let me be honest, ndanding'mamelanga to what she was saying ngoba ndandizingela lento

Me: Mama yazi ndicinga la therapy ingasebenza
(Mother you know I think that therapy would
come in hand)

She licked her index finger and thumb cleaning
the flour she had on her hands

Mama: Une nightmares futhi? (You have
nightmares again?)

I nodded, unable to speak the lie, the gesture
felt a little better

Mama: Ubungatshongo uba awusenazo? (Didn't
you say you don't have them anymore?)

Me: Not kakhulu kodwa ndiyacinga uba
ndiyamrhalela umntu endinothetha naye (They
aren't much but I'm thinking I would like to talk
to someone).

She nodded and pulled out her Nokia Asha. She
dialed a number and placed the phone against
her ear

Mama: Molweni tata unjani?

I could tell it was my father she was talking to from the smile she had on her face. It was funny how much she still loved my father even after putting her through so much. My father was a typical man who had gone to Gauteng for work but ended up taking a Sotho woman as a second wife, my mother being the type of woman she is, she gave up on her marriage. They weren't divorced but they weren't seeing each other like they used to. I believe she still loved him because of the way he cared for his children, I mean through this struggle of mine he was always present. I recall when I wanted to go for a check up because I was falling extremely sick, he flew to Martizburg when my mother couldn't and was there in hospital with me. He thought I had some fetus left overs in me but apparently it was a goldstone infection. He was a father to us and a good one, I don't

know about being a good husband to my mother though.

She left the kitchen still on her phone and gave me the space to finally breathe. I wasn't sure how comfortable I was talking to someone but ever since the previous day I been feeling some type of way and it scared me. I was probably thinking too deep into things but I was curious as to why I did not hate his touch. Why didn't I hate it when he kissed me like I had anticipated I would.

When she stepped back into the kitchen I couldn't wait to hear what she had to say to me

Mama: Utatakho uthi uzoyifaka imali engange R8 000 enzele ukwazi uqala ezi session. Kodwa ke mntanam uyayazi ukhomntu owenza lonto apha elotion so funeke uyohlala noSiyabulela etown. (Your father said he will deposit R8 000 for starters so you can start the sessions. But my child you do know there's no therapists here

so you'll have to go stay with Siyabulela in town).

I cringed and pulled a face before she turned to see what I was saying about her suggestion. I gave her a blank face. I never lived with my brother before but I knew it was definitely hell, I mean he was capable of locking me in the house when he goes to work just to make sure I was safe

Me: Uthethe naye kemama uba andiphathe kakuhle (You must talk to him then mother, to at least treat me well).

Mama: Lelovuyo...

Me: What? Uyamazi unyana yakho uba unjani (You know how your son gets)

She smiled at me whilst shaking her head. I hopped out of the kitchen to my bedroom, feeling relieved that I was somehow finding closure in all of this. My heart was already at its

healing process because he said sorry and now I was going to find out what his actions might have meant. I was somehow hoping I would be told he still loved me, I do not know why but I just wanted to hear that.

Aphindiwe

I saw Mihle on Tuesday, the day after he returned from Port Elizabeth. I had to lie to my uncle and aunt and tell them we had an event for first years at school so they could allow me to leave, it was all lies, I was sleeping over at Belmar. He fetched me in town that afternoon and before heading to his place we went grocery shopping. He really hated takeaways and only devoured them when I was craving them, or else he cooked. I picked up his off mood first thing when I stepped into the car but

presumed he must have been tired, but I realised later back at his place that he was still grumpy. He cooked with his music on whilst I was on my phone and watching television, we weren't talking much. I was bored and irritated by his attitude, I was well aware that if I wanted us to talk I had to start the conversation. I dropped my feet from the couch and pushed them in my slippers before dragging myself to the kitchen where he was. I leaned against the counter and watched how concentrated he was as he chopped the spinach

Me: Are you sure bekuright ekhayeni?

Mihle: Ahh.haa

He said nodding in the process

Me: It doesn't seem like it.

He walked to the sink and rinsed his hands, he turned to face me while wiping them dry

Mihle: Kutheni uzocinga lonto? (Why would you

think that?)

Me: You been grumpy since ndifikile kuwe.

He narrowed his eyes and watched me, I stopped brushing my weave and looked at him. I thought he was going to defend himself but instead he said

"I'm sorry. Kukho nje into endihluphileyo (There's something that didn't sit well at heart)"

Me: What is that?

Mihle: Ndizokuxelela, not ngoku kodwa

Me: Okay

I was about to head back to the lounge when he stopped me asking me to dish up some ice cream in a bowl for us. I took the biggest bowl because my man had a very sweet tooth, sharing candy with him would leave you unsatisfied, he fed a lot on these things. We sat on the counter and had some silly

conversations before shifting it to the event on Friday. He jumped off the counter every once in a while to check his pots, that was before he stood in between my legs and placed his head on my chest

"Uthi injani le lokhwe yakho?"

Me: Uzoyibona babe.

Mihle: I promise you if it shows your nipples.

I tried holding back a laugh because he kept on repeating that, I never thought he loathed this nipple free thing so much

Mihle: Aphindiwe.

Me: It doesn't Fhaku.

Mihle: Ubuthe when do you need to go shopping for this dress?

Me: Ngomso

Mihle: I'm coming with you.

Me: Hayi!

Mihle: Ndihamba nawe.

I folded my arms on my chest and pulled a face at him. He scooped a spoon of gravy from his stew and tasted it before he closed the pan and turned off the stove. When he turned around he came across my face and chuckled

Mihle: Qumba Nhanha but I'm coming with you.

Me: Uyadika evha?

Mihle: I know Mambhele wam.

He walked up to me after dropping the apron and cooking glove next to the sink, he laid his head on my lap and brought his hands around my waist.

Me: The food smells good, uphaka nini?

Mihle: Let me have this as starters kuqala

He kissed my private part over my leggings and ran his tongue on it. I could not even close my

legs because he was in between them so I brought my hand between my thighs and covered the sensitive part. He was fiddling with the waistband of my leggings attempting to pull them off. I was fighting him, kept on toss and turning on the counter but careful not to roll over the edge. The house was filled with laughter and his husky chuckles warmed me. I knew I wanted him to eat me out but it was more fun when he begged for it

Mihle: Nhanha?

Me: Mhhhhh?

Mihle: Khayeke kaloku.

I shook my head and fixed my leggings which were as low as my thighs. I was about to sit on my butt since I was laying on the counter when he literally lifted and threw me over his shoulder then marched towards his bedroom. He dropped me off the bed and pinned me under

him, his lips making trails down my neck, his heavy breathing was the one thing which was going to turn me on because his hands were still on the bed. He positioned himself in between me and slowly pushed his manhood against mine and sucked on my neck while he breathed out a "fuck".

He hovered over me and watched me, I was refraining from blushing but it wasn't working. He pulled his t-shirt over his head and licked his lips, he was in the mood and I liked it.

Me: Will you tease me kqala?

Mihle: Anytime

I closed my eyes blushing like I was crazy as I pulled my leggings off, he helped me get them off my feet. He leaned forward close to my ear and whispered

"Turn around, I want it from the back."

And he did it everything from the back. He

kissed me from the back, finger fucked from the back, penetrated from the back, played with the back, licked from the back and as satisfying as it was it killed me because I wanted to kiss his lips, lick his abs and touch him where I could.

Entry 184

Lelovuyo

When the week came for me to attend my therapy sessions I actually felt like I needed more therapy than I thought I did. My anxiety was over the moon, I felt I was stepping into depression and drowning in my own misery. I must have been overreacting and over thinking but I have never been to therapy, I did not know what it was suppose to feel like but the fact that I had to talk about the pain someone I once loved put me through did not sound like fun to

me. My brother was gone to work on that Tuesday and I had to drag myself out of bed and prepare for the day ahead. All the great things I were wishing to hear there were suddenly not important to me, I did want to go anymore but I ended up going anyway, it was my father's money deposited there.

After a long twenty minutes of catching two taxis I was finally sitting at the beautiful reception waiting to be called next. I had a boring Home magazine in my hands browsing through it just to pass time and to ignore the aircon which was making that room cold. I was finally called after a long ass time sitting there, I don't know how many times I blew out some calming breathes before walking through that brown door. Behind the huge desk sat a coloured woman with spectacles at the bridge of her nose, she looked up at me and smiled

"Lelovuyo."

Me: Yes ma'am

Therapist: Take a sit my baby. Right there

I looked around the room and comfortably sat on the leather couch while placing my sling bag next to me. She looked in her forties and quite stylish, you could see in her outfit and the decoration in her office. She was jotting some ink in a form before she closed what appeared like a note book and looked up at me

Therapist: We can start.

She moved from her chair holding another book and a pencil, she sat on the couch opposite the one I was seated on and sighed

Therapist: Let's start casual, there's no need for us to be formal we'll be friends until you're feeling better. Call me Betty or Ms Richards

Me: I think Ms Richards will do.

Ms Richards: Good. So how are you feeling?

Me: I'm okay

Ms Richards: Are you, really?

I nodded. She smiled at me and shook her head prior to placing her writing equipment next to her then intertwining the fingers of both hands together.

Ms Richards: Lelovuyo, look my dear, for us to understand each other I need us to be fully honest with each other. That's how I'll manage to help you

I nodded, feeling embarrassed to be caught red-handed

Ms Richards: So let's start over. How are you feeling?

Me: Nervous. A little off I think

Ms Richards: Mind telling me why?

Me: Never been to therapy before, I thought I'd

be excited about it

She laughed and fixed her sitting position, she placed one leg on top of the other then laid back on the couch

"What was it you felt exactly before coming here?"

I filled her in about my different moods, the changes I've been undergoing from last week until I sat on that couch in her office. She kept nodding to indicate she was listening, there were smiles here and there and some giggles as well. She gave me all the time to explain until I smiled back at her and told her I was done

Ms Richards: You see young lady if we can talk about why you came here the way we did now, then I promise you we'll be making some progress.

Me: I did send the report

Ms Richards: And I received it madam but I

want you to tell me the story.

I slightly nodded and stared hard at the bottle of water on the other table on my right. My throat was suddenly dry and I felt a bottle or two would be helpful.

Ms Richards: You want a bottle of water

Me: Please.

She stood up and walked cautiously to the table, she took two bottles and handed me one before opening the other for herself. I took a couple of gulps before resting and taking a few breathes, I went back to downing almost the whole before while she stared at me surprised I think, I couldn't read the look she was giving me

"Ready?"

She asked when she saw me close the bottle

Me: I think.

Ms Richards: No one is ever ready to speak

about their problems. Take your time

Me: So I'm here because I can't heal much from wounds I had six years back.

She nodded and leaned back on the couch, her face signalled that she was listening attentively

Me: When I 13 years of age there was a guy I met up with, who lived around the same area as me. I really loved him and we dated for a period of two years and some couple of months. He abused me.

I was thinking that's all she needed to hear but she narrowed her eyes and said

Tell me from when you started seeing him."

Me: Okay. I saw him at a party and threw some charms at him (smiles) he was like the one thing I actually concentrated on at that party the minute I knew he was there, then I finally got his numbers and one thing led to another we dated.

Ms Richards: You were never forced to give him sex before he proposed the relationship?

Me: No. He said it after the second day of meeting him at our special corner that he was thinking we should take it to the next step.

She smiled and nodded

Me: The first year of our relationship was a bliss, I mean I felt lucky to have him in my life. He spoiled me, made sure I was always safe and felt protected. He was the sweetest person I ever came across

Ms Richards: Were you guys active at this point?

Me: Sorry?

I knew exactly what she meant and heard her clearly but I wanted her change her statement hence I asked again. I felt embarrassed talking about my sex life

Ms Richards: Were you already sexually

engaging with him?

Me: Yes

Ms Richards: When did you start?

Me: Having sex?

Ms Richards: That as well

Me: I uhmmn, started at 12 years when I broke my virginity then him and I had sex the second after I agreed on starting a relationship with him.

Ms Richards: And you did not think that was too soon?

Me: To be honest it crossed my mind but I felt obliged to do it because I wanted him to stay.

Ms Richards: Okay. Carry on

Me: He started being violent a year after we dated. I'm not entirely sure how long it was after our anniversary but he started off by slapping me because he found me standing with another male

She tilted her head to side and furrowed her eyebrows

Ms Richards: And this male what was he to you?

Me: A friend. I would have never cheated on him. Our area is too small and he would have found out sooner so I didn't do it.

Ms Richards: From the first time you accepted his proposal to when he first slapped didn't he show any temper symptoms or any sign of being violent?

Me: He was an angry but he never laid a hand on me. I remember when he'd come see me angry I knew we'd have sex at that time because it was his only way of distressing. At first I never loved it because he was always so rough but I adapted to it

Ms Richards: And you ended up loving it?

Me: Yes. (Chuckles) I would actually get bored when he was gentle and being soft.

We kept quiet. I was quiet because I thought she was going to ask me a question from the way she was looking at me but when I realised she wasn't I broke contact and focused my eyes on the beautiful coffee table between us.

Ms Richards: Do you want to continue?

I nodded.

Me: He hit me, gave me a slap when he saw me with that friend of mine. Apparently he had seen me in the afternoon and was still mad about it in the evening when I saw him but I do understand why he was angry, I lied to him.

Ms Richards: You are defending him?

Me: I am?

Suddenly I felt some type of way. Was I? She fixed her position of sitting and looked straight into my eyes

"You are. Are you saying he was okay slapping

you because you lied to him?"

Me: No but...

The look she gave me made me stop talking, this whole thing was overwhelming. When I returned my eyes to her she forced a smile on her face

Ms Richards: Let's continue tomorrow alright.

Me: Okay

Ms Richards: When you get back home I want you to have fun, don't think too much about the things said here, what we discuss here will stay here until we've found a resolution. This must not ruin your mood or happiness okay?

Me: Thank you.

Ms Richards: I will see you tomorrow.

I plastered a smile on my face and headed for the door, when I was behind those brown doors my frown returned. I understood she said I must

not think of any of the things we spoke about phaya, but was that how she portrayed my reasoning, that I was defending him? I could not be defending him. I mean it was impossible. I leaned against the gate and shut my eyes, I was feeling dizzy and I couldn't make out whether it was from thoughts or hunger. I had only shared 20% of the whole story with Ms Richards and I felt like quitting already. Shit was still about to get real.

Aphindive

It was Friday and I was getting for the gala evening held at Cape Town Sun Conference venue. I was sitting in front of the hairdresser perfecting my makeup which Mihle urged I don't apply at all. The type of dress I was going to wear forced me to have make up, even if it did

not, I couldn't step into that place full of glorious people looking like that pineapple yogueta lollipop which has freckles. He was busy on a phone call standing in the middle of the room, with an apple in his hand which he kept biting and chewing whilst speaking. I glanced his way more than once, that was enough for him to pick the hint and stop what he was doing but he chose to ignore me, on purpose bethuna ngoba wayendibona uba ndidikwe njani. My irritation had me thinking what more could that other person on the line be feeling, he probably couldn't wait for the call to end.

When he did end the call and throw his phone on the bed I stopped applying my mascara and asked him

"Ayikho enye indlela onolitya ngalo elo apile? (Isn't there another way you could eat that apple?)"

He turned and looked at me, I could his mind wasn't in his head because he just stared at me as I spoken and pardoned me after I finished my question

Me: Yeka (Nevermind).

Mihle: Intle lo makeup, uyacaca uba nguwe (You're makeup is beautiful, you look recognizable.

Me: Thanks. Do I ever not look like myself kodwa?

He chuckled and I knew something doltish was going to come out of his mouth

Mihle: Well uqala kwam ukubona (Well the first I saw you

Me: (laughs) Suxoka!

Mihle: Nyani. I couldn't tell whether you were dark or light

My jaw dropped and I could refrain from

laughing, he was such a terrible liar, I knew how perfect my make-up always looked, I could open a tutorial channel on YouTube if I wanted to.

Me: I bet you don't even remember how I looked that day.

Mihle: Haisoka tshini, what do you take me for?

Me: Ndixelele ke bhuti

I placed my highlighter next to my makeup kit and spinned on the chair to face him, he was seated on the bed. He licked his lips and gave me a look I couldn't quite make what it meant, but it was cute.

"I do remember you couldn't get your eyes of me. That I know."

Me: Mxm awandibhora

Mihle: (Chuckles) but we both know wawundijonga nje (but we both know you were looking at me)

Me: And how do you know that? Because you kept staring as well

Mihle: Only because I felt your eyes on me

Me: You're so big headed.

He shrugged his eyebrows and stood on his feet. I went back to what I was doing while we continued talking. He told me how much of a lust attraction he had on me the second time he saw in the kitchen having cereal but he never viewed me as the type of a person he was to date. I wanted to know when he discovered that I was but he never told me, even to this day and I too am thinking just like you, it was right after he had sex with me.

When I was finished with my makeup and hair I fit my body in my dress, careful not to stain it in any way possible. Mihle was fully dressed by then so he helped me with zipping the dress

and tying my shoes, obviously all of this came with a lot of complaining. We bought a whole pizza only to eat three slices from it, I devoured only one because my ass wanted to keep space for the foods at that event, food which Mihle wasn't so thrilled about. He was so quick to judge, telling me to eat the pizza because there wasn't any normal meat from those types of foods which were served there, for a while he forgot not all of us were meat crazy.

We left the house a little too late and he was blaming me for that, I knew he said at 19:00 we must be leaving the house but when the time passed and no complaints came from him I thought he didn't mind, now in the car at 19:43 and he wouldn't stop talking about how bad I am at being punctual and that he actually had to tell me we're leaving at 17:00 when we actually will be leaving two hours later. When I tried justifying myself he raised his voice at me

telling me I was speaking nonsense so I kept to myself. Guys, to the venue it was approximately a twenty minutes drive and he spent that whole twenty minutes talking about my bad punctuality. I did not even understand what the fuss was about because we weren't the only people late, well maybe I would have felt guilty if we were the only ones but there were over thirty other people still at the parking lot or making it through the gate.

I looked his way and saw how irritated he actually was so I decided to play different and show him I cared because I did

Me: Fhaku

He looked my way, his eyebrows furrowed. I smiled at him and stared right into his eyes, at first he looked back at me with a straight face but finally chuckled

Mihle: Khandiyeke (Leave me alone

Me: Ngxesi kaloku Nyawuza wam. Uxolo bhuti

He turned away from me and was about to open the door when I questione

"You forgive me?"

He nodded

Me: Mbaaa ke.

Mihle: Are you serious?

Me: Ewe

Mihle: I'm half way out the door already

Me: Haaa you haven't even opened the door

Mihle: Jonga, jonga

He opened the door and hung his feet out while I kept telling him to stop because he wouldn't want to give me the kiss in that position. He groaned and pulled himself back in then turned to me, he stuck on his tongue and leaned it. Because I was used to that already I sucked on

it for merely two seconds and he parted his lips and accepted mine. It was always that tingly feeling I got at the bottom of my stomach every time we had physical contact whether it was from his touch or kiss. My hand found its way to his pants and I traced his manhood over the pants he was wearing and he instantly broke the kiss, gently holding my hand as well.

Mihle: Ha.a

Me: Uxolo

I said unable to wipe the smile I had on my face, he shook his head and opened the door while I flipped the mirror in front of me to see that my hair and makeup were still proper.

We finally made our way into the venue and my eyes couldn't believe the beauty I saw. The various military groups and uniforms were beautiful, both the men and women looked out of this world. There was the Air Force which

was dressed in navy camouflage. There was the Army which was also in camouflaged uniform. Mihle pointed another group in navy and told me those were the Air Force Reserve Command and the Air National Guard.

I leaned against him and whispered

Me: Then which group do you fall under?

Mihle: The Navy baby

Me: Oh. I forgot mna

He chuckled shaking his head in the process. He had told me this before but my blonde ass always thinks the Navy in the military is the team dressed in Navy uniform. Before we made it to our seat he was greeted and stopped by many people and a couple were interested as to who I was. I recall when he was stopped by a group of men in the Army and there was a different vibe to them, it was as though he was more than excited to see them than the rest of

the people he greeted. It was the first time he let my hand go and shifted his attention to the six men standing with us. His hand only returned back to me, on my back, when one of them asked

"And this beautiful lady is?"

I was about to answer when he did for me

Mihle: She's Aphindiwe.

"She's got a mouth right? Let her answer."

Mihle: My fiance

Suddenly they all turned their eyes to him and there was silence. The different looks on their faces made me look up to my man and he had the most serious face ever. One of the men chuckled then laughed

"Wait wait. Ore fiance? (Did you say fiance?)"

Mihle: Ya. Problem?

He managed to ask between short laughs

"Nee nee man, waka bra. Mihle wena ntwana z'khiphani ngawe grand grand?"

Mihle: (Chuckles) tomorrow after party bra. Worry not.

"Ahh geen bothata bro."

We walked besides them and headed to the reserved chairs. Mihle instructed me to go to the sixth and check for our names whilst he was talking to some white men he addressed as Captains. I never have smiled that much when I saw the name 'Aphindiwe Gabavu' next to his chair, so we were married already huh? I comfortably sat on my seat and placed my handbag down, I scanned the overly packed hall looking at these people who were so occupied in their conversations. There was only a small percentage of us people who were brought as dates, we were easy to identify because we were the only people seated, some of us too preoccupied with our cell phones. I captured a

couple of selfies to upload on Instagram and Facebook, well I was that much of a social media person.

There was a stage in front of us, one decorated in the most beautiful way and around the room portraits and photos of people I assumed were heroes hung on the wall. Mihle finally made his way to me and found his seat next to mine.

Immediately when he was seated I asked

"So we're married now?"

Mihle: Huh?

Me: Ndingu Gabavu ngoku?

He laughed and bit his lower lip, he held it between his teeth and grinned at me. I couldn't help but smile back at him

Me: I want a ring on this finger then

He took my hand and looked at my ring finger

Mihle: And it would look damn good on you

right?

I pulled my hand away because I wasn't expecting him to play along. No matter how much I loved him I was not ready to be called someone's wife especially not his. Do not get me wrong ndandimthanda uMihle but the man had a lot to fix about himself before taking in a wife, he wasn't ready to commit fully, not ready to share everything he felt with his wife nor was he ready to sacrifice some things for his wife's happiness. The man generally wasn't ready for that stage in life. I was about to say something to him and I noticed the movement of everybody heading towards their seats, there was a woman in the Navy uniform standing at the stage in front of the mic. She pleaded that people take their seats one more time before heading off the stage.

The program was a pretty simple one; speech after the other and a mention of names here

and there. Every principle or chairperson of that branch had something to say as well the other executive members. There was a list which was read, a list which contained the names of soldiers who did something positive or gave back to the world for the past three years. There weren't asked to stand or received an award for it but it was just to honour their existence. As the list was read I realised every name mentioned had a reason behind it; the name of the individual was called, the department he or she worked in and why he or she was honoured. When I heard Mihle's name I almost jumped off my seat from excitement, I couldn't hold myself when they read out that he saved a number of six children in Sudan during the explosion and war which was taking place there in 2015 and that last year, 2016, he donated an amount of R800 000 to the orphanage home in Somalia to children who lost their parents during the shootings and bomb explosion which happened

there. Forgetting where I was I started clapping and had people's eyes and heads turn our direction that's when I realised I was doing something I wasn't supposed to do. Mihle's hand was already holding my hands stopping me from making an embarrassment from myself. The man who was announcing gave me a smile and a nod before he continued. We were asked to give a round of applause when they were done with all names but I couldn't wait. Mihle was looking at me trying not to smile, I shrugged my shoulders at him and he finally smiled and whispered

"You didn't have to."

I whispered back

Me: What do you mean? That's a great thing to do Fhaku

He nodded and looked forward again. I poked him and he turned to me once more

Me: Can I kiss you for that?

Mihle: Nini ngoku? (When now?)

Me: Ewe (Yes)

Mihle: Ha.a

He faced the front again. I took the chance to lean forward and place a kiss on his cheek, he squeezed my hand which he was holding but didn't look at me. I moved back and tried remaining on my seat but the news I just heard seemed to burning something in me so I leaned forward again and found his ear

"I love you."

I whispered. He then looked at me and placed a kiss on my forehead

Mihle: I love you too baby, kodwa you need to calm down kengoku.

Me: Uxolo

We continued listening to those hour speeches

and all those boring other stuff. There were also slideshows of photo captured in other African countries, videos which were shown as well from all the good moments to the sad one which had my attention throughout. When the show came to an end we were told to depart to where we'd be serving ourselves and we were welcome to leave after that. That show took something close to five hours before we were dismissed. By then I was starving like hell and could probably eat half of the people in that place.

We returned home at 02:20 and I was more than annoyed. Not because I was hungry, I ate more than enough at that place, all sorts of foods but I couldn't drink, Mihle prohibited me from doing so. There were wines and champagne available at that place but sadly I wasn't allowed to touch nor smile any of those

because I apparently could make a fool of myself when drunk. Now back to the reason of me being annoyed, I was annoyed because a girl was drowsy and couldn't sleep much because of that late event. I felt Mihle could have told me it was more of a 6 to 6 so I'd prepare myself, I had the thoughts that at we would be home at ten or maybe eleven in the evening.

When we entered the house I did not even head to the shower like Mihle wanted us to, I was throwing pillows on the couch telling him how much he didn't understand.

Mihle: So awuzohlamba? (So you won't bath?)

Me: Ha.a

Mihle: I'll wake you up ufika kwam Phindi yazi

Me: You can't do that.

Mihle: I can't?

Me: (giggles) okay you can but don't toro.

Ndidiniwe baby

Mihle: Yizohlamba (come shower) and you'll be okay.

I shook my head and he smiled, assuring me that he was seriously going to wake me up when he returned to bed.

I attempted not falling asleep but I failed dismally so I ended up sleeping but was woken up just when I was starting to drown into sleep. He placed a kiss on my shoulder and mumbled something I couldn't hear. I tried shaking him off me but his arm was around my waist so it was useless anyway. He pulled me closer prior to moving his hand to my neck and began rubbing it gently. My eyes had that stinging pain and I refrained opening them because I realised the light in the bedroom was still on. I thought I had won that one and presumed we were sleeping but when his hand traced the

waistband of my g-string I knew he wasn't sleeping. I smacked his hand away but he returned it, I smacked it again. He grabbed my butt cheek tightly enough for me to open my eyes and let out a scream

"Mihle!"

Mihle: Baby

He was calm as ever when I turned around to face him

Me: Ha. a ndifuna ulala Mihle (No I want to sleep Mihle)

Mihle: Uzolala kaloku Nhanha (You'll sleep Nhanha)

Me: Nini? (When?)

Mihle: Now

Me: Good.

I couldn't even close my eyes with this man around me because as I tried he did something

to wake me up, either play with my eyes trying to open them or playing with my mouth. His hand was all over my face

Me: You told me to behave phaya at the gallah but wena awubehave ngoku

Mihle: Sizolala ngo4 (We'll sleep at 4)

Me: Are you serious? And what time is it now?

Mihle: It's five to 3.

Me: Ngo half three. (At half three)

Mihle: Baby you do know we're going nowhere in the morning and the casual event starts at 5 so we can sleep all we want during the day.

Me: I want to sleep ngoku.

Mihle: Ha.a

I heard him fiddle while my eyes were closed and the next I know there were teeth on my ass. I laughed softly smacking his head but instead he continued biting and licking my butt cheeks.

Me: You're not even turned on for lento uyenzayo (for what you're doing)

Mihle: And so?

Me: You only do this when you want to hit it

Mihle: Well I could. Uyayifuna?

I kept quiet because I wasn't quite sure if I wanted to say no. I knew for a fact the minute his lips were on mine he'd be in me in no second.

Mihle: I just want us to talk.

Me: About what?

Mihle: Anything

By now his finger was in between my thighs tracing my womanhood over my panties. I was trying so hard not to react but I was failing. Half of my body was uncovered because he removed the blankets from me. I was about to say something to him when he sucked on some

part sensitive on my thigh, I felt my blood rushing and my butterflies awakening. As I was laying on my side he found his way between my thighs, his head between my legs. When my other leg hovered over his hand I felt him move my panties to the side and before I knew it his wet tongue touched my clit.

Me: Ubuthe you want us to talk.

Mihle: Singathetha nangoku

Me: Mmmmm

His thumb was rubbing circles around my pussy whilst his tongue was doing wonders on my clit. I didnt know whether to move towards him or away from because it was starting to feel so good. He gently pushed his thumb in me and I closed my eyes, the body loving this and I felt hot. He stopped sucking and pulled back

"Aren't we talking?"

Me: Huh?

Mihle: Asithethi? (Aren't we talking?)

Me: We are.

It was a whisper because this man was still teasing me, he was doing some small strokes using his thumb.

Mihle: Then say something to me love

"I love you."

Mihle: Nyani?

I gave him a slight nod which he did not see because his eyes were focused on my private part. Maybe I did not want to sleep anymore, maybe him doing what he was doing was what I wanted after all. I decided we would sleep in the afternoon when I whispered to him

"Don't you want them off?"

He chuckled and bit my inner thigh when he realised what it was I was talking about. After that eating me out session, I wanted to practice

my deepthroat on this man.

Entry 185

Nomthandazo

Since I knew about the event which was being held at Century City, an event I presumed everyone in the Western Cape knew about, I decided I was going to attend it. I was going there with my friends and Sivuyisiwe. It was an event I attended the previous years with Mihle and now I was going without him but because I was looking forward to having fun, I was keen. Sivu kept on pistering the idea of me getting myself a man to mingle with because I was more like a depressed single mother and she hated it. I wasn't depressed but I just did not know what to do with my single life as yet, and because I was exhausted from nursing my boy

to working I assumed I complained about life on a daily basis.

Sivuyisiwe was out with her blesser and had not slept home on Thursday but she was returning after work because we had plans. It was funny how our parents complaint whenever she went out with her man or maybe they weren't used to having her out of the house. Well she never had much luck in men, she was single most of the time or pushing men away but with this man who was almost 20 years older than her, she seemed just happy. Apparently udaddy was settling a divorce and my fear for my sister was how he might just hurt her during the process, I mean you can never trust a man until you know his full story right?

My mother was helping me with my search for a nanny and so far nothing seemed good. I was under so much pressure because Azola would

be returning back to school, and the compensation she demanded for looking after her nephew was also beginning to drive me crazy, I expected her to do from love. There was a day I had to drive from work to home during work hours because of her phone call, she called me crying saying she did not know what was wrong with Lakhe he wouldn't stop crying so I had to rush home to see what was wrong with my son. There were many other incidents before mom and I decided I needed a well-experienced nanny because with Azola around, my son would just die and that would mean the death of me as well because his daddy would strangle me to death. Speaking of which, I missed him but was currently focusing on being with him, as hard as it may have been, I thought I was making progress. Progress I were to test today evening. When I returned home later in the evening because I had to treat my gel nails, my mother was already home thank God, and

she had already bathed Lakhe for me

Mama: Molweni

Mama: Yentombi uyazilibala uba unosana (You forget you have a son)

Me: Uphi? Akusanuki kamnandi ukukutya
(Where is he? The food smells so good)

Mama: Azola uyamtyisa (Azola is feeding him)

I picked up the spoon next to the ingredients and stepped towards the stove, my mother smacked my hand away just when I was about to dig in the pan with creamed spinach

Me: Ndiyacela mama, okwe taste ke (Can I have mother, even if it's to taste.)

She allowed me to dig in, nothing too much, and told me to step aside when I had a spoon

Mama: Anifuni upheka ingxaki (You guys don't want to cook that's why)

Laughing, I made way to the lounge where

Azola was seated with my son. I leaned forward and placed a kiss on his forehead before smiling at my sister

"Usisthandwa kodwa wena Azo. (You're a darling Azo)"

Azola: Uggqiba udikwe ndim (And then you get irritated by me)

Me: Not always nje.

I sat opposite her and held my child's hand. Nothing bored me like how much I carried him for nine months, loved him before I even saw him, ate all nasty things because of him. I undergone changes and he came out looking like his father. I was still sitting at the lounge talking to Azo when our father walked, followed by his first born. I left Azola with my father and Lakhe in the lounge to go prepare myself for the night ahead.

We arrived at the venue three hours after the starting time and there was already little parking available. I could not believe my eyes when I saw how many cars were already there, I thought Mzansi people loved free things but that day I discovered otherwise, maybe R200 wasn't much money after all.

Buhle: Niyabona ngoku bendithe masihambeni early it's because I knew kuzobanje (You see when I said we must leave early it's because I knew it would be like this)

Me: But we'll find iparking.

Sivuyisiwe: And to think bendicinga sihambe ngo9

Buhle: Besizoma phandle ke sana (We were going to wait outside)

After a long struggle we finally found the parking and a way inside. It was already full and people were holding glasses of champagnes

and chatting among their circles. Only a 2% of the people there noticed you when you walked in, and half of that cared to stare your way, the venue was just too full. There was a woman performing on stage, singing some soul music softly. A number of people who worked the SA Force were dressed in their uniforms but a great number of soldiers weren't, babeswenke bemanzi. We walked over to the drink area and I requested a cocktail before we found ourselves a table at the table area. Immediately after we found ourselves seated my eyes roamed around the room, in hopes that I would see him, or at least he see me. Something close to an hour passed before it was announced that the starters and main courses would be available in less than thirty minutes, that was when the chefs and cooking team walked placing their plates, cutlery and other equipment. I was on my way to refilling my third glass when I spotted him, he was seated at a table with a

few other guys, there were two girls with them as well. My heart hammered against my chest as I made way to the table, I was approximately 18 feet away from him but suddenly I was nervous, a feeling so unusual. I returned to the table and sighed

"I just saw uMihle."

Sivuyisiwe: Uthini? (What is he saying?)

Me: I just saw him kula tafile wethu, akandibonanga (I just saw him on that table, he didn't see him)

Buhle: Singayo hlala nabo? (Don't you want us to go sit with them?)

Me: I don't have a problem

Sivuyisiwe: Go ask him kuqala, he isn't alone kaloku so we can't just invade their space

Me: I will be back.

I got off my seat and fixed my white shirt which

I had tucked in my jeans, with my glass I made way to their table. He saw me before I arrived at their table and I saw him close his eyes, leaning back on his chair. I refrained from turning back because I knew him better than anybody, he wasn't happy to see me

Me: Someone's not happy to see me.

I finally said when I came to a stop next to his chair, he faked a smile and looked up at me

"Nomthandazo."

Me: You can't be that bothered to see me

Mihle: No I'm not. I'm just surprised.

Me: Oh well

Mihle: Uzenabani apha? (Who did you come with here?)

Me: Sivu noBuhle

Mihle: Greet combination

I smacked his shoulder and pulled a frown, I knew exactly what he meant, he was referring to something we once did when him and I were together. He chuckled and looked around the room, I sensed he was looking for someone but I didn't want to ask and bore him. I had over a month not having seen him, he once dropped by my house whilst I was at work and brought some clothes for the child. I felt he was avoiding me in a way but I was going to ask him that later

Me: AboSivu bafuna uzahlala nani (Sivu and Buhle want to come sit with yáll)

Mihle: And wena? (And you?)

Me: Nditheni mna? (What did I say?)

Mihle: You don't want to sit here?

Me: Mxm, siyeza.

Prior to walking away I greeted the people around the table as well, Nkululeko was one of

them. We returned to their table with our handbags and glasses before finding seats and getting into the conversation. Sivuyisiwe went with some guys to dish out some foods for all of us whilst the rest of us were left behind chatting. My eyes were concentrated on Mihle who was sitting opposite me chatting to Buhle and I before his eyes shifted from me and looked behind me, I noticed he wasn't paying attention on me anymore and his eyes held a message, so from curious I turned and almost choked on my drink when I saw my dearest sister standing about a foot away from us. Was I even allowed to say sister nah because she was more of a witch to me than anything else. She was with two girls who looked at her confused as hell

Me: Oh wow.

I felt my heart drop to my stomach and I suddenly regretted being here. For the first time

ever since I meet this guy I had nothing to say, nothing at all and I think it shocked the both of them as well as my friend. When Sivuyisiwe returned she had the exact same shock I had when her eyes landed on a peaceful looking Aphindiwe

"Haibo ntombi ubekwa yintoni apha? Please don't tell me you guys are still."

Mihle: Sivuyisiwe please

Sivuyisiwe clapped her hands and looked at her Phindi, her concentration was on her younger sister while mine was on the man who continued disappointing me.

Sivuyisiwe: Aphindiwe?

Aphindiwe: Sivu

Sivuyisiwe: Yintoni usiphoxa kanti? Didn't you say kum lento wawuyenza noMihle you left it behind

"Friend what's going on here?"

A coloured friend of hers enquired and I chuckled, so these bitches didn't know

Aphindiwe: Nothing

Me: You know what's funny Mihle, kuba ungandixelele that your so-called girlfriend is here. Why did you lie to me nah futhi?

My tone was still very low and two other guys weren't aware of what was happening while the other one was still trying to calm Sivuyisiwe down because she wouldn't stop talking. The bitch lied to us!

Mihle: I was telling you what you wanted to hear Nomthandazo.

Aphindiwe: Mihle ndicela sihambe (Mihle can we go?)

Me: Niyaphi? (Where are y'all going?)

She threw a disgusted look my way and that's

when I lost it, I was the one who supposed to be waging her, almost at the edge of puking. She stood up and grabbed her bag stepping away from the table that's when I grabbed hold of her arm and roughly pulled her but not for long because her mysterious man stood on his feet and gave me the most deadeast look

Mihle: Let her go.

I looked at him and the look he was giving me was daring me to go against his orders so I freed her hand.

Mihle: Phindi

Aphindiwe: What?

"Okay I don't what's going on her but these girls are ruining our night."

Me: Before you talk shit, ask. Your friend here who is supposedly my sister is fucking my man

"And so what? He chose her right?"

Damn this coloured girl had a nerve.

Aphindiwe: Mihle can we go?!

She yelled a little louder this time earning his attention, he was raging with anger as he broke eye contact with me and looked at her

Aphindiwe: Please.

He looked at her for a while before I saw him melt under her stare and plea, that hurt me even more from jealous because never a single day has he been that soft to me. He grabbed his phone, car keys from the table and looked at me for what seemed like the last time. I don't know why but Aphindiwe mouthed a "I am sorry" to me which meant nothing as all, instead made me hate her even more. I sat there and did not fight back, instead watched them walk away. I felt defeated. Maybe I had to let them be, such people deserved each other anyway.

Entry 186

Aphindiwe

There was silence in the car and my mind was racing. I couldn't help it anymore, I wanted to talk to this man but I just didn't know where to start, I had to start somewhere though. It seemed the two of us were angry and I couldn't make out why he was angry. He kept on gripping tightly on the steering wheel and gritting his teeth. I wanted to ask what he was fussing about because I was the one who should be frustrated, I couldn't believe his guts. As for my girls, we left them behind at the event, they assured me they would request a cab or call Andrew because we all used Mihle's car as transport

"Are you sure you're going to be okay?"

Luthando had asked me before I closed the

front door, I nodded planting a okay smile on my face,I was going to be just alright. Kim signaled that she would call me before we drove off and now there we were somewhere in the streets of Cape Town and I was feeling naar

Me: Why would you do that?

My heart was aching, I was trying so hard not to cry because nothing was as painful as feeling not enough to the man you gave your all to

Mihle: Do what?

He looked at me then back at the road ahead of us

Me: Invite Nomthandazo over. Why would you do such?

Mihle: I didn't invite anybody

I chuckled and opened my mouth to talk but ended up closing it again. I shook my head, so I was the fool here. He looked my way again

"And then why was she there?"

Mihle: Ndizoyazelaphi mna lonto? (And how am I suppose to know that?)

I laughed from hurt and clapped my hands to every word that left my mouth

Me: Couldn't you have at least told me she was coming so ndizothatha esam esgqibo and stayed at home rather? Couldn't you have at least paid me that much respect ke xa caba awundihoyanga? (Couldn't you have at least told me she was coming so I could hvae had time to make my own decision and stayed home rather? Couldn't you have just paid me that much respect since you don't about me?)

He narrowed his eyes at me and stopped at the stop sign longer than he was permitted to. I opened my mouth and attempted to speak but swallowed my words back, it always felt like I was being punched in the stomach when he did

shit like this. I stared outside the window and tried consoling myself but turns out that was a bad idea because I began crying

Mihle: Aphindiwe?

He was quiet for more than ten seconds before he called my name again. I moved my hand to my face and wiped my eyes with the back of hand, still staring at the dark night outside

"Khange ndibize Nomthandazo. She was probably there and caught a glimpse of me ngoba ndibone ngaye sele esiza at our table."

From the first word that came out of his mouth I detected a lie, I kept on shaking my head, he wasn't convincing at all. Like any other time, I felt he was lying his way through because he knew I would forgive him. I searched my handbag for tissues and pulled out two to properly dry mt face

Me: If that's the case then why didn't you tell her

I was sitting there?

He sighed and passed a glance my way before looking at the road again

Me: I mean you could've told her right but you can't because she's always the first person to protect when it comes to her and I

Mihle: Doesn't it cross your mind that if I still loved or cared about her ngendithe we must stay there so I can watch you shutter instead, awuyicingi lonto?!

Me: I don't even know why you're angry?

Mihle: Because you're trying so hard to implant this imaginary shit and make me someone I'm not?!

Me: That's because you're fucken giving me reasons to?!

Mihle: Mind your language xa uthetha nam
(when talking to me)

Me: Fuck that!

He chuckled dangerously and turned off the engine of his G63 because we had made it safely home by then. I did not even feel this ride because he was driving too fast, and I for one was very upset. I stepped out of the car and literally stormed to the door. I almost face-palmed myself when I arrived at the door and realised he had the keys and he was probably going to take his time just to allow me throw away this cheek I had. I don't what it was he was doing in the car but he took forever inside there with his leg hanging out the car, prior to finally stepping out and locking the car. As he approached me his eyes were glued on me, he shook his head as he opened the burglar. He pushed the door open and I invited myself in but was stopped by his painful grip on my wrist, I snapped my eyes on him

"Uyandilimaza! (You're hurting me!)"

He freed my arm and looked at me, simultaneously closing the door

Mihle: Yintoni ingxaki yakho? (What is your problem?)

Me: You're not going to turn tables apha and play the victim Mihle. Okanye inoba ucinga ndisidenge sakho, that's why we're in a relationship.

Mihle: Isdenge santoni?! Amdithi ndiyakuxelela uba khange ndibi...

Me: Suxoka! Suxoka man! What type of a man are you? Why don't you ever want to own up to your nonsense?!

I beyond angry then, I was throwing my bag in the air not giving a fuck if the handles tor. He was looking at me, his lies keeping him quiet for once. I turned on my heels about to proceed to the bedroom when a thought crossed my mind, I knew I wasn't supposed to say what I had in

mind but I wasn't the only one to sleep with a broken heart. I turned and faced him, he looked furious but I couldn't care less

"Yazi yintoni, it's funny how you're allowed to communicate with girls even your ex for that matter, call her over whenever it pleases you and make excuses about umntana but I have one male friend and you threaten to kill the whole Cape Town for that."

I nodded, finally accepting the toxic rules of this relationship

Me: Yaz Andrew was right, I deserve someone way better than you. It all makes sense now why you threatened to kill him as well (chuckles) because you knew very well he could replace you because he's man enough.

That mythical creature I hadn't seen since the day he murdered Bafana was back but he didn't scare me. To be honest I didn't know and still

don't know what it is about Andrew which fucked him over but whatever it was, I knew it was working

Mihle: Phuma.

The shock which consumed me would have had me choke on something if I were eating or drinking. Was he kicking me out?

Mihle: If you want him then get the fuck out of my house! Phuma!

Still astounded I remained where I been standing. He took huge steps towards me and believe me when I say I never thought I would ever be that fast walking backwards but he caught up with me anyways, and dragged towards the door. Okay, the aim was to get him angry not to be kicked out. I fought back but man was too strong for me. When we arrived at the door I held onto the sides of the door but he continued pushing and pulling me outside. You

can imagine at this point I was using all strength I had, my weight as well but no progress, instead holding onto the door frame made me break my nail that's when I let go and that was my mistake right there, I was outside. He dropped me to the ground and turned but I caught up with him before he made it to the door

Mihle: Ukhange ulinge.

I removed my hand and started begging him. I wasn't crying, I don't think I was going to anyway. He made way to the door and I followed him but it was shut in my face. First thing that came to mind was hit the door but I didn't want to catch the neighbors attention with such negative behavior because the next thing, I would be seen as the girl who's being abused by her boyfriend so I refrained from doing anything not worth doing.

Me: Fhaku, I'm sorry. Uxolo Mihle

I could hear him curse and swear inside, maybe he was trying to calm himself down. I knew he could hit me, he was capable so maybe he was going to open when his anger had subsided. But I was getting cold, my bag was inside I couldn't help but feel like he wasn't going to open so I pleaded that he at least give me my jacket and cellphone but still dololo .I think I might have sat on that stoop for an hour before he threw the door open and made his way to the bathroom. I knew I heard something shatter against the wall when I was outside and I wasn't mistaken, vase pieces were scattered among the floor and on the wall where the vase had made contact the paint was gone. I followed him to the bedroom but stopped at the door, scared to get in. I took multiple sighs before softly opening the door

Me: I'm sorry.

He slowly lifted his head and stared hard at me,

without blinking or making a single move. I folded my arms over my chest because I was shivering from being cold and scared.

Me: Mihle please say something

Mihle: Ndicela uhambe

Me: What? I'm sorry Fhaku

Mihle: Hamba Aphindiwe

My vision became blurry but I didn't want these tears to fall so I turned and went back where I'm coming from. I actually didn't know whether to sit on the couch or make way through the door but after weighing the two decisions for about two minutes, I grabbed my jacket on the floor as well as my handbag and stepped out of the door. As I walked towards the gate of that estate I was praying not to ever regret this decision, I was praying that he would at least contact me when he was better. I hate to say this, but I was crying, even when I contacted

Kimberely asking her to come get me. She did come but not with her car, nor Andrew's thank God, her blesser was with them. They made sure not question me until we arrived at Kim's flat.

I was holding a glass of water my mind thinking of the worst scenarios ever and every time I thought he'd dump me, I felt this pain in my heart.

Luthando: Phindi

Me: Ya

Luthando: What happened?

Me: I'm probably getting dumped tomorrow

Kimberely: Is it because of your sister? Why didn't you tell us you actually took him from your sister?

Luthando: Kim, now is not the time.

Me: No, yes. Actually I don't know

Luthando: Do you want to talk about it?

Me: No. Not now okay, Kim can I sleep please?

Kimberely: Yes baby. In fact, lets all sleep.

Kimberely allowed me to sleep in her overused t-shirt and we pressed unto each other on that double bed. Kimberley always slept next to me whenever we were at her flat, at that night she had her arms on each of my shoulders and her head snuggled on my back

Kimberely: He will come around babe okay. I know he will, he has to.

Me: Something's telling me we won't be the same again even if he does come around

Kimberley: Don't fear the unknown. That man loves you

Me: I doubt he does anymore.

Kimberely: That's nonsense.

Me: And you know what I think?

Kimberely: What?

I kept quiet for a long while before lowering my voice and silently praying as these words left my mouth

"I think I've lost the good I had in him from tonight onwards."

Kimberely: What do you mean by that?

Me: Nothing.

I was hoping I meant nothing but I knew exactly what those words mean and I was praying that he wasn't lying on that bed thinking I was with Andrew.

187 Entry

Nomthandazo

I downed another shot and asked for another round as I sucked on the lemon I was holding

Sivuyisiwe: Futhi?

Me: Ewe another one bhuti.

I said hitting the counter. We were long gone from the event because we couldn't drink the way we wanted there, we had to keep our dignity and be well-behaved, but I wanted more drinks especially after the dramatic shit which just occurred about two hours ago. Sivu shook her head stepping away from the counter

"Ha.a I can't mna, three shots down already, I don't even think I can keep my balance."

Me: I'll drink it for you.

Buhle was beside me trying hard to impress the bartender, she was literally leaning over the counter about to fall over the other side. I held her forearm pulling her back

Me: Uzowa!

Buhle: Asoze.Ndifuna lomfana ingathi uyatabana apha (Never. I want this guy who seems gay)

Me: Guy?!

I shouted signalling to the feminine looking guy, he turned around and looked at me bouncing his head to the music

Me: Are you gay?

Buhle: Nomtha! Excuse my friend, she's drunk.

The guy laughed it off before handing us our shots which we emptied in a matter of thirty seconds. I pushed my shot glass towards the bartender and nodded

"Another one?" He inquired and a nod was the only gesture I could give him as I was trying to handle the burning sensation from the shot I took. Sivuyisiwe pulled me away saying

something to the guy. The club was all of a sudden appearing fuzzy and I knew I had to take a seat so I asked Sivuyisiwe and she walked me towards our table where Buhle was already seated

Me: Ufike nini apha, bendicinga usa flirta nalamfana (When did you get here, I thought you were still flirting with this guy.)

Buhle: Haisoka, esastabane (Argh, that gay)

Me: Didn't you want him kanti?

She just waved her hand at me before opening her Ice Tropez. I searched my handbag for my iPhone and unlocked it, going straight to whatsapp. I texted my sex buddy asking if I could come over after this night out and his response like always, was him requesting my location. An evil idea came to mind and because I was drunk, couldn't care less and wanted to do it anyway, I did it. When I was

done I had to convince Sivuyisiwe that I wanted Aphindiwe's number only because I wanted to tell her she could have Mihle, I was done over him, she didn't buy my story but gave me the number anyway. Having screenshot the conversation and pictures, I sent her the screenshots with a message accompanying them, I was hoping she would hear that message loud and clear.

Mihle

Being furious was an understatement, I was displeased and felt belittle. I could count the times she had compared me to Andrew on my right hand and probably exceed on my left hand, I couldn't take it anymore. If there was anything any men hated was being compared to their enemy, an enemy whom your girl seemed to

have liked because if she didn't she weren't going to mention him every chance she got. I stared at the glass of whiskey I had in my hand before passing a glance to my wristwatch, I could have been asleep now but with that much anger and so much in mind I could not find any sleep. I wanted to call her and ask if she was safe, I wanted to ask her to come back but my anger wasn't allowing me, and having her here would mean I teach her lesson. I knew only one way to discipline a woman and it was if I laid a hand on her. I knew very well that if I would hit her, she would stop using her vulgar language, certain ways she addressed me more especially when she was angry would change and she would also count what things to say and what not to. But that was the problem, I did not want to lay a hand on her even though that was what filled my mind at that particular time. I refilled my glass and turned on my television, trying to preoccupy my mind with Sport News.

I did not notice time had passed that fast and was shocked when I checked it on the television screen and it was a few minutes past 5am. I properly tightened the lid of the Hennessy before getting up to place the glass in the sink. I needed a rest, even if it was for two or three hours.

My sleep was disturbed by a phone call from Phumla, three hours later from my dearest cousin reminding me about a braai at Mossel Bay. I was thankful she had called me because it had slipped my mind already. Thinking that they probably were expecting Aphindiwe on my arrival I decided to make a call to her so we could find the time to talk and resolve things before it was too late. Before I even made the phone call I saw a Whatsapp text from Aphindiwe, sent an hour before I woke up and it was the only thing which really mattered at that

moment. There was more than one message to my surprise but from each it was the first word which alerted me about how important they were

1st message

“I am so sorry, honestly I did not think what I said was going to break your walls like it did. Ndiyaxolisa Fhaku.”

2nd message

“I don’t think I can do this thing anymore. I understand what I did this morning was uncalled for but I don’t have it in me to be constantly fighting with you over the same thing and about the same person. I know we love each other but when things aren’t meant to be we need to accept and move on. I am sorry for separating you with Nomthandazo, maybe I wasn’t meant to be in Cape Town in the first

place because I came here and ruined something only to be used at the end. I hope you find your way back to her, as for me I will try and forget we ever happened. Take Care”

Edgy, I tried sending her a message but heeded I was blocked, then I tried calling her but it sent me to her voicemail. I pushed the blankets off me and got out of bed, dialling Nkululeko’s number, he was the one person who could help me allocate her. After calling him and instructing him on what to do I received some complaints but was also told that she was at some school residence in Stellenbosch. A drive that was supposed to be 25 minutes took me 12 to 15 minutes, I couldn’t waste any of my time on that, I had to know why she was ending things between us. Knowing that I had no access to the building I lied to the security telling him I was there to see a younger sister of

mine. I filled in the book of truth with false information and made my way inside, dialling a number that belonged to one of her friends whom she had once texted me using their phone. I was unsure who the phone belonged to, I only found out it was Luthando's when she answered. She was a hard, telling me things like Aphindiwe did not want to see nor talk to me, I had to keep calm and try convincing her to give my girlfriend the phone which she eventually did after wasting my airtime and time for almost a whole five minutes.

"Mihle."

Me: Ndicela ukubona

Aphindiwe: Why?

Me: Because I don't understand the texts you sent me. Why am I eve blocked kwento zakho, andiphumele on your calls. What's going on?

Aphindiwe: That's because I blocked you

Me: Why?

She sighed and I knew the question was a little tricky for her to answer

Me: Can I see you so we can talk about this sijongene please?

Aphindiwe; But kuhleli uzoyiphika lento.

Me: Ndizophika ntoni? What's going on apha Aphindiwe?

Aphindiwe: Who were you with after I left?

Me: Alone

Aphindiwe: My thoughts exactly.

Me: Undenza umsindo Aphindiwe because andiyazi lento uyithethayo and this would be better if we'd talk ulapha phambi kwam please (You're making me angry Aphindiwe because I don't know what you're talking about, and this would be better if we'd talk with you in front of me please)

Aphindiwe: Fine. Uphi?

Me: I'm at first floor

Aphindiwe: We at 36

She ended the call before I could confirm something. I ascended the stairs, taking them by two each. I passed the second door and as I was still reading the numbers, the fourth door on that floor opened and she appeared looking like she had been crying for a very long time. I approached her and felt myself wanting to strangle yet kiss her.

Me: Can we go downstairs?

On that cue, Khamila stepped out in her gown and looked at me from head to toe

“She’s going nowhere.”

I looked away trying to come to terms with this whole thing, we were three in this relationship but I probably didn't know. I could have patted

myself on the back for remaining calm but my arms weren't elastic. I couldn't be angry, not there

Me: Cool.

They shared a look with Aphindiwe before she repeated the look she gave me then went inside, banging the door unnecessarily.

Aphindiwe: What do you want?

Me: I want to talk. Yintoni lento undibhalele yona?

Aphindiwe: Yi message.

Me: You're not breaking up with me.

Aphindiwe: I am

Me: Andikubuzi, I am telling you.

Aphindiwe: Excuse me?

Me: Unengxaki yazi, or maybe your friends have a problem. Why every time xa unezi chommie

zakho you feel the need to separate with me.
What shit is that?

Aphindiwe: This is not about you Mihle. Could you stop making things about you for once!

Me: Then why am I being dumped?

She stared hard at me and shook her head, looking away. When I stepped closer to her she moved back and pulled out her phone, unlocking it she handed it to me. I laughed, actually shocked about what I was seeing there. I think my face changed about eight times as I read those screenshots

“What the fuck!” I continued reading and growing annoyed and angry because that was bullshit, my son was even involved in that stupid conversation.

Me: Fuck uNomthandazo. Damn she’s good

Aphindiwe: Are you even going to apologise?

I looked at her and tried shifting my mind from what I just saw. I had to focus on her for the meantime, uNomthandazo I'd deal with her xa ndigqiba apha.

Me: I'm sorry, you being dragged in this but none of these are true.

Aphindiwe: Okay but I'm not changing my mind.

Me: So this was your way of getting rid of me? Comparing me to Andrew then dumping me the following morning over screenshots. Nyani?

Aphindiwe: Can you stop making things about you all the time? Awubona uba I am hurt apha because I loved you!

Me: Loved? You've gotta be kidding me

I saw tear fall on her cheek but she looked away, not wanting me to see her cry. She stepped towards the door and my instincts kicked in, I grabbed her arm and pulled her back

“Mihle ndiyeke. Just let me!”

She started punching my chest and my arms, biting my biceps over my track top but I wasn't going to let her go. She was crying as she fought me to let her go, the swear words which left her mouth weren't affecting me whatsoever, I knew somewhere in her she knew none of those were true. I pinned her against the wall and held her face in my hands

Me: Aphindiwe.

Aphindiwe: Just let me go please.

Before I could even say another word I heard a door open, and another, okay now I had the attention of all these students. Khamila was holding her phone in her hands, looking a bit shocked

“Miles you have to let her go or else I am calling the police. You're harassing her.”

Me: Could you shut up?! You don't know shit

about this!

I turned to my woman and looked at her, she had her eyes closed but the tears kept flowing

“Andisakufuni Mihle.”

Me: You don't mean that.

Aphindiwe: You're hurting my jaws.

Me: Look at me, ndiyakucela.

Aphindiwe: Uyandilimaza.

Me: Ndijonge Aphindiwe

It must have been the excessive pressure I was applying on her jaws which made her open her eyes and look at me, she blinked and freed the tears in her eyes but they continued filling her eyes

“I will let you go because this isn't the proper place for this but you will unblock me ku Whatsapp, you will remove me from your reject list and we will talk lie we supposed to. Xa

ndibuya eMossel Bay this will be my first stop. Ndicela uzuphendule iphone Aphindiwe please, andifuni silwe ngenxa yalento. Ndiyacela Nhanha. I don't want to lose my temper over the same thing, andifuni. Uyevah?"

She looked at me through a vision I presumed was blurry because of the tears in her eyes. To be honest seeing her like that hurt me, I could feel from the way she was looking at me that she was fighting to numb herself from feeling anything for me. She wasn't looking at me the same but I wanted to explain things to her at a place better than that. With the eyes on us, the threats that police were going to be called were testing my patience and I was taking it out on her, which was something I did not want to do in the first place. I planted a kiss on her lips and moved away from her, looking at Khamila then the few pair of eyes which were on us.

Me: I love you.

I turned and walked away, aggravated and sick in the head. I wanted to take her with me to explain my actions more than anything because I knew being away from her for hours would have her draw up her own conclusion. She would end up feeding on other people's opinion and forgetting she knew me better than them. I wanted her to know that when I was put under pressure I wanted to prove a point. Holding her against the wall like I did and hurting her jaw was the monster in me daring somebody to call the cops or the goddamn security for me. I wanted her to understand that her man was trying. I was fighting this demon every time I was angry, and it was never easy.

Entry 188

Aphindiwe

I sat on that couch unable to think of anything but the texts Nomthandazo had sent me earlier that morning. What a way to start a Sunday. I wanted to believe none of them were true but somewhere in me I felt they were, or I must have wanted them to be. I don't why I would want that but I was drained to my maximum and wanted to be free from hurt just a little while. I overturned in the bed and faced the sliding door, wishing the curtains were opened so I could get lost in nature at least.

The smell of fish fingers and bacon filled the small apartment, reminding me of how hungry I was. I merely touched my cereal bowl in the morning when we were having breakfast in the morning. Now the time was nearing noon and I still hadn't touched a single thing going to my mouth except for water

Me: Do you think he did it?

Kimberely: I don't care if he did or did not, all I

know is that you can't keep a man who strangles you around.

Me: You're exaggerating Kim, he didn't strangle me

Kimberely: Well he sure acts like he does. I mean he acts like he hits you

Me: What?!

I sat on my butt and looked at her, she was apply Nivea lotion on her body. She shrugged her shoulders when she read the shocked look on my face

Me: He never laid a hand on me

Kimberely: Then what do you call what he was doing to you? Playing?

Me: I was...

"Phindi I could literally see you wince from pain. He was hurting you and you know that.

Me: Could you let me talk?

Kimberely: No because you'll defend his ass, so don't it's useless.

I sighed, going back under the sheets. I had a severe headache from all the thinking and madness I was going through, even the painblocks I took earlier weren't working

Kimberely: No man has any right whatsoever to touch you like that. Yes he can hurt you emotionally because that's what we do as humans but physically, no. I don't give a fuck who he is, hy moet nie.

Me: Why ubaxa kanje? (Why are you exaggerating?)

Kimberely: I am exaggerating fok all

Me: You are.

Kimberely: I'd be damned if you'd go back to that man. If he hasn't laid a hand on you, he still is.

i was about to pull the sheets over my head when Luthando walked in holding a glass of Drostdy Hof white wine

Me: Done with ukutya?

Luthando: Yep

Me: I am so hungry

I got off the bed, following Loot

Kimberely: Wait for me guys!

When we were all gathered in the lounge eating, I wanted to inquiry them about the decision I took of not wanting to talk to Mihle, but I knew I was the one who knew my love life better so it wouldn't help anyway. We feasted whilst watching TLC and having wine, our chats were anything but relationships and I believed they trying to nurse my situation. After that needed therapy I took a long shower, trying hard not to sob my pain in there. I have been battling with the lump I had on my throat since he left these

premises. I was hurt because I felt like shit, I felt like I appeared a fool to the world for loving, for even risking losing my family for a man who knew his agenda with me. I kept asking myself questions he wouldn't answer, if he'd ever do that to me, and with every piece I added on the puzzle, I knew he was able and probably did it.

I was at that point where I wanted him to admit he did it so I'd find closure and leave on a solid reason, I did not want to dump him and regret my decision later.

When I stepped out of the shower I found my girls in the bedroom busy putting outfits together

Me: And then?

Kimberely: We going out.

Me: Ha.a guys, we can't. I don't want to go.

Kimberely: If you're not going out then I'm bringing the outing here.

Me: Kim

Kimberely: What?

She looked at me with her eyebrows raised. I dropped myself on the bed and sighed, loudly "I do not want to go out nor have the outing brought to me."

Luthando: Don't you think you need this?

Me: No. The last time I was angry at Mihle I ended up on Odwa's dick, had Mihle almost kill the guy.

Luthando: Sundikhumbuza.

She squirmed, shaking her head

"But this will be different ke friend."

Me: Njani?

Kimberely: We are going to my cousin's place,

she's having a 31st birthday celebration.

Nothing big or fancy

Me: Can't. Your brother will be around

Kimberely: He won't. He and Maggie don't get along so well, so they don't talk to each other.

Me: But still. Can I just sleep? You guys can go and leave me here, I don't mind really.

The look she gave me was both hurting yet understanding, I almost celebrated when she nodded

Kimberely: Fine but you better not cry when we leave.

Me: What? Girl please.

Luthando's pity face almost made me feel sorry for myself but I wasn't the first to be in such a toxic relationship. I knew very well people were going to be talking about me in campus, I was now the girl who abused by her boyfriend

because that's what they saw when he had me against the wall. I helped my girls where I could and watched them get dressed, stressing about which shoes to match with the outfit. When they finally left I made sure the door was locked prior to finding comfort on the couch and trying to distract myself with the television, which unfortunately ended up watching me.

I flicked my eyes, trying to make out the sound I thought I was hearing. The person knocked again, making my thought a reality. I quickly sat up and rubbed the sleep away from my eyes, as I was about to shout indicating that they had received my attention, I remembered there was someone I did not want to see. I tip toed barefoot to the kitchen and tried to peep through the window to see who it was. Not knowing the face I quickly made way to the door and opened, coming face to face with a

coloured guy

"Waar's Kim?"

Me: Excuse me?

"Where's Kim?"

Fuck this guy was rude.

Me: She isn't around. She's gone to her cousin place for a braai or something.

He mumbled something in Afrikaans before pulling out his cellphone and making a call. I stood there not knowing to stick around or close the door and head back inside but because my upbringing wasn't allowing me, I leaned on the door frame and watched Kim's supposedly visitor trying to describe me to whoever it was he was talking to. He looked at me head to toe before handing me his phone

Me: What?

"They want to talk to you"

Me: Who's they?

"Just take the damn phone."

I took the phone and rolled my eyes at him, I was in mood for this type of behaviour so they quicker I dealt with him, the less time he'd spent standing there

Me: Hello

"Who's talking?"

Me: I

"And you are?"

Me: Myself

The person chuckled before clearing their throats

"Skatie, look baby girl I want my sister is she around?"

Me: Oh hey Andrew, no she isn't

Andrew: Hello baby. Where is she?

Me: Gone to your cousin Maggie

Andrew: Fuck, okay. I wanted something there but it's confidential so I have to come fetch it then. You alone by her place?

Me: Yes, but I will be leaving soon.

He chuckled, I presumed detecting the lie from my tone and the manner in which I answered his question

Andrew: Give me a few minutes please, I need this thing urgently.

Me: Cool.

He said something in Afrikaans before ending the call. I handed the phone over to the owner and without saying a word he turned on his heel and headed towards the staircase. I retreated back into the house, reminding myself to tell Andrew to hire another messenger, this one was an ass. I closed all curtains and made sure the lights were on as it was already dark

outside. Just as I was about to find my comfort on the couch with the ice cream bowl in my hand the flat phone rang, making me groan in irritation. I stormed towards it and answered

Me: Hello

"Ma'am there's an Andrew here for you. Do we buzz him in?"

Me: Yes.

After placing the telephone I ran to Kim's bedroom and pulled out a gown from her wardrobe, my whole butt was out on these leggings and her brother perved on me the very first day I met him. After a few minutes there was a soft knock on the door, a knock which made me nervous, this guy I last saw in 2016, four months back. I opened the wooden door separating us and faked a smile

Andrew:Skat

Me: Hello

He stepped in, smelling damn good and looking great in all black

Andrew: You good?

Me: I'm fine thanks how are you?

Andrew: I'm good. Why don't you ever change?

Me: How?

Andrew: The beauty.

I chuckled shrugging my shoulders. He made his way to the bedroom asking me why his sister had left me there alone. I lied to him, telling him that I wasn't feeling well you, I had a running stomach, I think he bought the story. I remained in the lounge since I was avoiding being in the space as him, and again he had said what he wanted was confidential. He came out of Kim's bedroom holding a brown envelope which looked like it contained something heavy, I wasn't going to ask. He looked at smiled

"What?"

Andrew: Don't you want me to take you out for drinks?

Me: I'm really not feeling well.

He extended his hand and touched my weave then he lowered his hand to my cheek, causing me to step back. His eyes were always so gentle when he looked at me, I could not even look at him for a long time because I could do something stupid. I think he knew his look did magics because he always kept eye contact.

Andrew: At least walk me out then.

Me: Okay

We left the flat talking about how I rejected him. I liked how he was making a joke out of it and sounding bothered at all, at least it gave me the idea that he was over me and it was a great feeling. I mean I once kissed this guy and if he had pursued with wanting me, I could have done

a lot of stupid things. It wasn't because I liked him but there were always those guys whom you knew you wouldn't mind giving a piece of yourself if they wanted it, he was on that list. I realized his car was parked outside because he claimed he wasn't there to stay so he saw no need to have to park it inside the yard. We were standing at the passenger gate saying our goodbyes after a short hug when a white G-Wagon pulled up in the drive way. I felt myself get cold from fear, I was fucken kicked out for mentioning the guy I just physically contacted, how could I not be scared. As Andrew was about to leave I absentmindedly grabbed his hand, he looked at me prior to stepping out of the gate which I just buzzed

Andrew: What's wrong?

Me: Nothing bye.

He looked at me worried but my eyes were on the car which had stopped running, Andrew

looked between myself and the car, twice

Me: It's okay you can go.

He looked at me again then at the car, at this point Mihle was closing the door, his eyes focusing on us. Andrew chuckled turning his back completely on Mihle. He placed his hands on my shoulders and looked at me, the sudden in his eyes scared me

"I will stay if you want me to."

Me: No

Andrew: Is this guy hitting?

Me: No. He just doesn't like you

Andrew: I know that.

Me: Please just go.

His small eyes were focused on me, I was hoping he'd obey me and leave. When I saw he was going to drop his hands from my shoulders I stepped back, rubbing my hands on the gown I

was wearing. He turned around and walked passed Mihle, but stopping a step away from him, I don't know whether it was disgust or anger on his face but one of the two. Mihle on the other side was upset, I was good as dead

"Uyaphuma okanye ndiyivale le gate sisi? (Are you getting out or must I close the gate lady?)" the security guard questioned, averting my attention from Mihle

Mihle: Uyaphuma (She's coming out)

I looked at him and said a little prayer, silently. You know that anxious feeling when you know something is going to happen, that's what I had. At the tip of my stomach, I felt like I was going to throw up from fear because for the very first time I knew he was going to hit me. I stepped out of the gate and stopped feet away from him. Andrew's car was still in the driveway but its engine was running, I wanted him to go because the more he stuck around the more

angry Mihle was going to get. I knew the minute Mihle did something stupid Andrew was going to feel the need to protect me and it would anger him even more.

Mihle: Sondela baby (come closer baby)

Me: Uxolo Fhaku

I never realized that I spent half of my time in this relationship apologizing, it never bothered me really because I was aware I was dating a man who did not think before he acted

Mihle: Aphindiwe!

I took about four steps towards him and before I could even reach him he approached me and a hand made contact with my face, sending vibration through my ear, then I was dragged by my weave towards him, I crashed on his chest and attempted pulling but he held a fist full of my hair, hurting me. I heard the car wheels screech on the tar road and a door close, before

I could even comprehend Andrew was standing before us armed, his gun pointing at Mihle

"Laat haar gaan (Let her go)"

Mihle: Shoot

I was still against his chest and couldn't look at him in the face as I wanted to. My nails were digging into his skin, fear consumed me because I knew he was going to dare Andrew to shoot.

Me: Please Fhaku, myeke

Mihle: Shoot damn't! Shoot!

Andrew laughed and cocked the gun, now I was crying, I was scared, I could hear the security guards talking about police, and I knew some students must have been looking.

Andrew: Let her go.

Mihle: I won't. Shoot if you have to.

I was aware of Andrew walking towards us with

his hand extended until his gun made contact with Mihle's forehead that's when his hand freed my hair and he stood tall looking at the coloured guy who was an inch taller than him

Mihle: Do it.

Me: Andrew please, you don't want to do this. Please don't.

I looked at Mihle and could not understand how someone would look so brave with a gun on his forehead. I found myself between them, as scared as I was, with shaking hands I touched Mihle's face and couldn't lower it because he was holding his head stiff, looking at Andrew. I knew begging him was a no go so I turned to Andrew, through a blur vision I begged

Me: Please Andrew, please.

He lowered his eyes to me for a second then returned them to Mihle. It took him a while to withdraw his weapon and look at me, he was

red from anger. Mihle's emotions somehow connected with mine so I didn't have to look at him to know how he felt, I knew it from just having him around. Feeling my knees could not carry me anymore I dropped to the ground letting out a wail. Andrew tried picking me up before he lowered his figure and enveloped me in his arms. I literally felt a painful, sharp sting in my heart when the G-Wagon reserved out of the driveway and unto the road. I felt my heart drop to my stomach and a breathe of some kind left my mouth, I wanted him to stay.

Andrew's comfort wasn't doing what his would do. I wanted to get up and ask him not to leave but I knew if he cared he wouldn't have left that broken. I just wanted him to stay at that moment but instead I heard the sound of the engine roar itself away.

Entry 189

Mihle

I didn't know where I was heading to but I had to drive somewhere, I had to get away and drive to wherever I was going to find peace at mind. A lot of remedies were running through my mind but none of them were getting an ass like I always would when I was angry, that's how I knew this thing was different and all. I couldn't get the image of him holding her in his arms and how comfortable she seemed to be feeling out of my head; it was the one thing which hurt me most, seeing him touch her twice that night.

I found myself parking in front of Bulelani's apartment before switching off the engine of my car and stepping out, I made sure it was locked prior to walking into the yard. Danger, Bulelani's pitbull was tied up at the corner of the yard where its dogshed was situated, I would have treated it like I always did when I was in a

good mood but that day was different from the others. I made way to the front door and knocked, being accepted by the mistress herself. I looked up to her man for a lot of things, one of them being a relationship, he has kept his woman happy for the past 7 years I've known him. After exchanging my greetings with Inga, I made way inside and found Bulelani attentively focused on his television screen

Me: Bhuda

Bulelani: Uyayibona lento yenziwa kule Parliamente yenu? Le ntwana uJulius ayinamthetho (Do you see what's being done at your Parliament? This boy, Julius doesn't follow the law)

I kept quiet, leaning back on the brown leather couch and holding my pounding head. He averted his attention from the television and looked at me, he knew how much interest I had in politics and how much I viewed Julius

Malema as a leader, so I think my quietness triggered him to focus on me instead

Bulelani: Ugrand?

Me: Ndiyikaka Bhuda

He extended his hand and took the remote, lowering the volume before he gave me his usual worried look

“Wenzi?”

Me: Uyandinyela uAndrew (Andrew is shitting on me)

Bulelani: Wenzeni? (What did he do?)

I tried talking but the anger I felt made me shake instead, I brought my hands to face, cupping it. He was staring at me, giving me all the time I needed to calm down

Me: He fucken pointed a gun at me

Bulelani: Wenzeni? (What did he do?)

He looked at me, and I could tell he was angered by what I just told him. In this game we played using your weapons when it wasn't necessary against your enemy called for a war, he knew very well pulling his gun out at me had consequences.

Me: (chuckles) all because my girlfriend

Bulelani: Aphindiwe uyibonile lento? (Aphindiwe saw this?)

Me: Indenza ilaaite mos lentwana. Udenza ingquza mos lekwekwe (He's making me a boy mos. He's making a pussy out of me)

Bulelani: How was Aphindiwe involved kulento?

Me: She was with him.

There was silence. Okay here's the thing, people around me knew Andrew and I weren't friends, we tolerated each other for the sake of business and making money, either than that we were enemies. People around him spoke the

same story. We were business partners until I fucked his girlfriend who wanted to be laid by me, I did what was the lady's wish. What sickened me more was how he wanted to involve Aphindiwe in this mess and she was allowing it, she was so flexible towards him. Now he was suddenly her hero. I chuckled again, the me I did not want to reveal stepping out of his hidden place bit by bit

Bulelani: Utsho njani uba ebenaye? (What do you mean she was with him?)

I wanted to explain everything to Bulelani but telling him I hit her would have him drag me out of his house. His mother was a victim of abuse, and died of depression which was presumed to have found its way in her life because of the situation she was continuously facing. So he loathed a man who hit women with his whole life.

Me: I think ziyatyana eziya (I think those two are

fucking.)

Bulelani: Mihle

Me: Ya?

Bulelani: Why uphole kanje? (Why are you so calm?)

I picked up from his tone that he was getting worried. Unlike Nku, he was always so quick to pick up my mood change and how it affected the person I was. He had his eyebrows furrowed at me as he looked at me, waiting for me to answer him. I knew what he wanted me to say and I wasn't going to say it.

Bulelani: Mihle I know that man and andiyifuni lento ucinga uyenza. Noba yintoni (Mihle I know that man and I don't like what you're thinking of doing. Whatever it is)

Me: Uyandiqhela uAphindiwe Bhuda (chuckles) Udenza weak. (Aphindiwe is disrespecting me Bhuda, she's making me appear weak)

Bulelani: Into eyenzwe nguDrew uAphindiwe akangeni ndawo kuyo (Whatever Drew did has got nothing to do with Aphindiwe)

Me: Intoni? She's the fucken reason the poes had his gun on my forehead. Ugqiba uthi akangeni ndawo!

He stood up and walked towards the wall-unit and opened the side which contained alcohol, he took out a bottle of whiskey, Glenfiddich. I was on my feet by then, my anger couldn't keep me seated. I leaned on the couch, with my head buried between my arms, I knew he was pouring some shots for us, that's how we always tensed down.

Me: Uyamlala Bhuda and whatever shit he's doing to her is working (He's sleeping with her and whatever shit he's doing to her is working)

Bulelani: Uzokwenzani? (What are you going to do?)

I stared at the wall trying to put my thoughts together but I couldn't think straight. Three images kept making way in my head, and two disgusted the fuck out of me

Bulelani: Mihle

Me: Bhuda?

Bulelani: Awuzombetha mos lomntana? (You are not going to hit this child?)

He looked at me for a long while before I nodded, not convincing myself either

Me: Ya

I swear I heard him curse before he placed the glass he was holding on the table and walked up to me. He grabbed me by the neck and brought me close to him, our foreheads touching

“Awuzobamba lamntana. Andifuni uvha ikaka yoba uye wambetha uAphindiwe uyevha (You

are not going to hold that child. I don't want to hear shit about you hitting Aphindiwe, you hear me?)”

Me: Andizombetha Bhuda

Bulelani: And uzomyeka noAndrew (And you will leave Andrew as well)

I chuckled breaking free from him. He was asking for too much, he knew very well that I did not have in me to let that bastard go

Bulelani: The only way to play a woman is to play her game. Don't hit her, ungakhe. Give her a taste of her own medicine.

I gritted my teeth not pleased with his advice but I knew he meant good and had good intentions, maybe if I did play the game the way she wasn't expecting me to, she would come back. I sat on the couch and sighed, burying my face in my palms

Bulelani: Ungamfundisa isfundo yena uDrew but

no blood spilling (You can teach Drew a lesson but no blood spilling)

I smiled, knowing that I was going to teach him more than just a lesson anyway. I knew I was getting back to my old self when I had little, almost to no remorse. That wasn't how I felt whenever I scared her the past times I did, I always regretted making her feel some type of way but on that day I had so much little remorse it scared me. I took my phone out of pocket and found her contact, I decide to send her a message which was either going to backfire on me or work for me. I knew she had to receive my texts whether I was blocked or not.

As I drove to my place that evening I realised I was more hurt than I ever was and the one thing which tore my soul apart than anything was thinking of her under him, inside of her, moaning his name. It was thinking of

everything I did to her being done by that bastard. I knew I had to find out whether they were sleeping together or not prior to doing anything stupid, and that thought only crossed my mind because I did not want to rob Khamila a brother under false beliefs. But if my assumptions were true, I was going to bury him myself.

I couldn't sleep a single minute when I was back at my place in bed, I wasn't waiting for her text back because I knew the type of person she was, I knew very well that she wasn't going to respond to it. She was the only thing I had in mind at that moment, and what irritated me was always thinking of Drew when I thought of where she might be. My instincts were telling me she was still around the same space as him but I did not want to believe that. I strolled through my phone and called the one person I knew would help calm me down, and she

picked up

Pearl: What a pleasant surprise

Me: Hello bhabha

Pearl: How are you?

Me: I'm missing you, unjani wena?

She laughed, making me smile

Pearl: Awuxoki. I am good. What's wrong?

Me: Ulala nini? (When are you sleeping?)

Pearl: Soon, usana lwam logqibo lala (Soon, my child just slept)

Me: Kiss her for me.

Pearl: I will. What is wrong?

Me: Why do you think there's something wrong?

Pearl: Because andicingwa xa umntu ehappy

Me: Wow

Pearl: So what's wrong?

Me: Come sleep over at my place ngomso

Pearl: (giggles) why?

Me: I need you. Remember the way you used to open your butt cheeks for me, I need that.

Pearl: I can't, ngomso umama akekho for ugada umntana (I can't, mother won't be around tomorrow to look after my child)

Me: Mnike sister yakho.

She kept quiet for a split three seconds before answering

"I will let you know tomorrow kevha."

Me: Whatever decision you take know I am waiting for you.

Pearl: Okay.

Me: Uzofika ulindwe yenye into evha

Pearl: (laughs) okay

Me: Sleptight

Pearl: Nawe baby.

I ended the call and turned over looking at the ceiling wishing the one lady I loved was on top of me as we spoke. The thought that she might have slept stared by that motherfucker crossed my mind. My obsession with this guy was getting out of hand and it was a pity they were still trying to figure out who had killed Bafana because had he known, I was going to instruct him to use Bafana as reference of what I did to people who played around my territory.

Entry 190

Aphindiwe

I don't know how long I had been staring at that text, refusing to believe what was written there. My heart took the change of beating normally to hammering against my chest, I felt myself

choke on the strong lump I had on my throat. I looked my phone and stood up, going to the sink for a glass of water. I had the thought that one was going to be enough until I drank the second one, removing this irritation I had on my throat. The people left in the flat by then were us girls, Andrew had left about an hour ago after him and I had an argument. He was upset that I told him I wasn't pleased with him defending me, and I was not. I appreciated his humanity but honestly him sticking around and pull in a gun on Mihle was the reason I was getting my ass dumped. I leaned against the counter and watched the two carefree girls who were watching some reality show. I was already annoyed with not changing into different things, not having my clothes nor body lotions there, I wanted to have my clothes with me.

The time was nearing 11 in the evening and I had a lot in mind, I knew I wasn't going to sleep

as yet with the many things I had in mind but just to be in bed at least. I excused myself and headed to bed with a decision already made, that I was going to Mihle's house the following day, for many reasons than one.

We woke up and visited the mall for a couple of hours just to pass some time. There was an orientation happening at school for the first years, and queues for registration, queues we avoided and planned we'd only go there the last days of registration. I was dressed in an outfit from Luthando since she was the one person in that flat close to my body size, the only pants which could fit me from her clothing was some Adidas tracksuit, and getting a t-shirt from either of the girls wasn't a problem since my upper body wasn't curved as my bottoms. We were at Edgars checking the make-up when Kimberely questioned

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

Me: Why wouldn't I?

Kimberley: Because the guy hit you like two days ago

Me: Could you stop saying that?

Kimberley: I'm sorry but I'm bothered with how people look at you around res now

Me: I couldn't care less

Luthando: Awufuni sihambe nawe? (Don't you want us to go with you?)

Me: No, I'll be able to face him alone

Luthando: Kuzobe kulate Phindi (it'll be late Phindi)

Me: If uMihle wants to hit he'll do it any time of the day, so it makes so difference noba ndiya nini

Kimberley: I feel like you're taking this whole

thing lightly

Me: What do you want me to do? Act like a victim?

She shrugged her shoulders as she got busy with the lipsticks going through them. I was beginning to think just because they were single and had nothing solid with the people they were busy with they wanted to drag me in that category. Never a single moment did they ever advise me to fix problems I had with Mihle, all they ever said to pull away from him and if he was the one he'd come back. That wasn't the way I wanted to test my relationship.

After that long day at the mall I requested a cab to Belmar and took the ride as nervous as I was. On my way to his place you believe how much I prayed hoping that he was okay, that he'd at least be okay with seeing me. From the gate of the estate to his house was a three streets away, a walk I actually not happy about because it made me more nervous the more I got closer

to his apartment. Seeing his car at the driveway was the only sign I needed to know that he was around, I found myself stopping and looking at the windows, suddenly feeling like I was being watched. I stared at the gate frightened that he was going to come out. Let me tell you something, that was the time I realised I was supposed to be scared of him, all these other times were just hallucinations and I took them as fear because of knowing his past, but what I felt that day as I slowly walked towards his door was real fear.

I withdrew my hand about six times before closing my eyes and finally knocking, ready to face whatever was behind the door. I heard his voice approach the door and assumed he was on a phone call. He opened the door with a phone against his ear and stopped talking, his face changing immediately. He narrowed his eyes at me, examining me from head to toe

before he opened his mouth telling the person on the other side of the line that he'd call them back prior to ending the call and giving his undivided attention to me

"Uzokwenzani apha?(What are you doing here?)"

I tried ignoring the rude question and paid attention to his worried tone

Me: I need to talk

Mihle: At this time? Uze ngantoni? (What did you get here with?)

Me: A cab

Mihle: At this time, do you know how unsafe it is phandle apha!?

Me: I need to talk to you Mihle!

I knew raising my voice was the only way I was going to get his attention. I mean he was already judging me for being careless. He

stopped talking and stepped aside from the door, gesturing me to get in. Ndingabe ndiyaxoka xa ndinokuxelela uba ndingena phaya ndipholile, ndandinexhala instead of being calm, not having forgotten that this was the man who dragged me with my weave two days ago, hurting my sculp and slapping me. I did not sit down like I always would, I didn't think I was wanted around anyway. He walked towards me and stopped about a foot away from me, I knew he was still pissed from the look he gave, one which carried disgust and pain

Mihle: Ufuna uthetha (You want to talk)?

Me: Ewe

Mihle: Then let's talk bhabha

Me: Mihle?

He stopped on his tracks and turned to look at me, waiting for me to talk

"I'm here to get my clothes."

Mihle: And that's it?

Me: No

Mihle: Ufuna ntoni Aphindiwe?

Me: To talk

He chuckled and shook his head, licking his lips in the process. He sat on the armrest of the couch, his hands in his pocket and watched me with his head tilted to the side

Mihle: Thetha

I looked at him and almost laughed at this whole situation, I was getting upset honestly because I felt like he was just dumping me for no reason at all. I felt like it was something he wanted kakade

Me: I don't understand the text you sent me.

Mihle: You don't understand it sithuba sani?

Me: Why am I being dumped?

Mihle: Awuyazi?

Me: No

Mihle: Should I remind you?

I kept quiet and stared at him, he also kept his stare on me

Me: Akhonto endiyenzayo noAndrew (There's nothing I'm doing with Andrew)

Mihle: And I should believe you ngoba?

Me: Because I'm not.

He moved from where he was seated and threw his hands in the air

"Every time sisilwa kukho lentwana involved. Every time we fight I must always find you in his fucken arms. What fucken coincidence is that!?"

Me: I am no...

Mihle: Suthetha ikaka Aphindiwe, ndixelele lento ndiyibuzayo. Yintoni lento oko sisilwa you run to

him?

Me: I don't run to him

Mihle: Kwenzekani? (What happens?)

I was unable to answer that. Hell like I knew why the guy always found his way to me when we were on bad terms.

Mihle: Ndithetha nawe Aphindiwe (I'm talking to you Aphindiwe)

Me: Andiyazi Mihle (I don't know Mihle)

Mihle: Awuyazi, and you expect me to forgive you, carry on like nothing happened? (You don't know, and you expect me to forgive you, carry on like nothing happened?)

Me: I'm not saying that

Mihle: What the fuck are you saying!?

Me: Don't act innocent apha Mihle, silwele nje was because you brought Nomthandazo at an event we were supposed to enjoy together!

Mihle: Brought!

Me: You're acting like you did nothing whereas your actions are the reason we here!

Mihle: Don't fucken compare into ezingafaniyo! Don't you dare. Not a single day have I touched uNomthandazo after taking the decision of being with you. Not a single day. Yet every time we on bad terms you find your way to him. Azifani ezizinto.

He had lowered his voice as he continued talking and the hurt behind it made me feel guilty. You know that one mistake you repeated all the time and regretted having done it but end up repeating it regardless, it was exactly what I was feeling towards this Andrew situation. I always reminded myself never to be soft to the guy, or to tell him to fuck off whenever he came around but I never did. I could feel his eyes on me as I stared at my feet.

Mihle: Look at me Aphindiwe.

I looked at him, he didn't look lekker at all.

Mihle: What do I lack that he has?

Me: Akhonto

Mihle: Aphindiwe

Me: Mihle?

My response merely came as a whisper, I loathed it when he called me many times, I knew he wasn't going to let this go

Mihle: What does he have which I lack?

Me: There's nothing

Mihle: Kodwa you always find your way to him. He's probably doing something good. Or maybe we should call him sibuze yena?

Me: No

Mihle: Then tell me and don't say akhonto, clearly there is. Awukwazi uphindela emtwnini

yet there's nothing attracting you to them.

I kept quiet and silently prayed he'd let it go, I wanted him to because he wanted me to list things which didn't exist.

Mihle: Or should I motivate you? Ndikuxelele why I always find a way back to Pearl? Huh?

I looked up at him, this sting in my heart going unnoticed, he wasn't about to do this

Mihle: She makes her available when I want her, uyandi...

Me: Please Mihle

"Then fucken tell me why the fuck you're always going back to him? Ngoba kutheni!?"

He threw a punch on the dinning table, punching the chair as well which made its way to the floor

Mihle: Aphindiwe!

Me: I am feeling any sort of way towards the guy Fhaku, I promise you. I promise you

Nyawuza

His breathing was heavy, I could literally hear him breathe whilst I was three away from him. His chest was raising up and down as he looked at me like a predator looking at his prey. There was silence for a long ten minutes I think, I don't know what was going through his mind as he had his head on the table on his folded arms. I wanted to touch him, to sooth him but I feared going near him, the man already laid a hand on me once maybe he was thinking of doing something to me already. When he lifted his head from the table he looked at me through red eyes

"Can we talk some other time?"

At least he wasn't telling me that we'll never speak ever again, that's what I was grateful of

Me: Okay.

Mihle: You can pack your bags

I nodded, cautiously walking passed him but stopped in my tracks when I thought of what he said to me

Me: Do you love her?

He knew whom I was talking to because he didn't ask but responded to what I was saying

Mihle: No. I don't even see her until you're not available for me.

I felt that scarring me still. I didn't want him making an approach to anybody except me and when was I ever not available for him? I made sure I was always with him and for him. I went to his bedroom and did something I never thought I'd do, pack my clothes from his wardrobe. I was trying so hard not to cry, I wanted to install the believe that if something was meant for you it would stick with you. As I packed all my clothes all our memories came flashing back to me, from the very moment I

allowed him in me in the room next to this one, whilst Azola was sleeping in the other. How I was trying not to moan as he stroked passionately, how I was so nervous but the thrill drove me to wanting more. I thought of all our fights, everything until to this day, to that moment I was packing my clothes.

When I was done I placed his watch on the hairdresser and made way to the lounge, he had his head buried on his palms as he sat on the couch looking like a man who had family problems

Me: Ndizohamba (I'll leave)

Mihle: I'll drop you.

Me: I requested a cab

He looked at me like he was going to tell me to cancel it instead he nodded

"Okay"

As he looked away I looked at him for what felt like the last time. I don't know why I felt like this was the end of us. You know how men are, if it's your man asking for space forget him contacting you, he'll find ass elsewhere and have a moment where he'll forget about you. Men never did breaks, they did breakups. When my cab arrived he did escort me to outside, helped me pack my bags at the boot. He closed the boot and walked me to the door which he opened for me. I was about to step in when he held my arm, pulling me gently towards him, his hand was gently on my neck as he looked at me

Mihle: Ndiyakuthanda Mambhele (I love you Mambhele)

I nodded, feeling some tears fill my eyes. He placed his forehead on mine and looked in my eyes for about ten seconds before he placed a strong baby kiss on my lips and pulled back, letting my arm go. I looked away, forcing myself

into the vehicle and allowed him to close the door, I didn't even want to look at him.

After that day, four days passed without having him call me, text me. There were times I looked him up on Whatsapp and not a single day did I find him online, I wanted to talk to him so badly at least to receive a missed call from him just so to know he thought of me. We were at the school campus trying to help with first year students where we could, it was hectic. It was Friday and there was a party we were hosting. On the 25th was Luthando's birthday so the plans we had were for the 27th of January, on a Friday. It was a gathering of 12 girls, a few I didn't know off but actually did not mind chilling around them. I was happy it was only girls because what I did hate was getting drunk around men because I always ended taking the most stupidest decisions. I had a carefree mind,

thought like a bitch at times and I think I always acted like one. I had to get used to being manless because I was, I mean Mihle went from calling me three times a day to not contacting me at all. We were back at the flat, preparing to get ready when I received an unexpected call from Azola

Me: Mntase

Azola: You need to be home

Me: Ngoba kutheni?

Azola: Kukho ibraai for 90th birthday ka makhulu apha ngomso and nguwe yedwa ungekhoyo (There's a braai for Grandmother's 91st birthday here tomorrow and you're the only one who isn't around)

Me: Grandmother kabani? (Who's grandmother?)

Azola: Aphindiwe

Me: Yintoni?

Azola: Uphi?

Me: I'm at school

Azola: Well kuyathethwa apha, awukho. (Well people are talking here, you're not around)

I sighed about to bring up an excuse, telling her I was going to come tomorrow when she said

"Tamnci uyeza. (Uncle is coming)"

That was enough to have me change my mind without even calculating nor weighing my options. If he didn't find me there, around his mother like other grandchildren I was a corpse already. After ending the call I went to the three girls in the bedroom, oh Mihlali was around too, and discussed the bad news to them. Obviously like I was expecting, I received ways of dodging tonight and just head there tomorrow but what these girls didn't understand was how that could cost me my education and life in Cape

Town.

Kimberley offered to drop me off since their route was the same way, even though they'd be about 10Km away from where I was headed. I was flabbergasted with the many cars parked in and outside the yard, those inside I only had a glance off as Kim came to a halt right opposite the gate, her engine still running. The only view you could have of my uncle's place was only when the gate was opened either than that the high walls covered everything, and it was every house in the neighbourhood.

Luthando: Good luck

She said as I stepped out of the car, closing the door. They knew what was up and knew that the last time I had seen my sisters was a week back when that whole scandal happened. I was questioned a lot when I finally opened up to them about how my relationship with Mihle came about, questioned and indirectly judged,

not that I was expecting anyone to understand. I stepped in the yard and saw faces I didn't know, there was a huge number of young people - by young I meant my age or half a decade older. With my handbag and small suitcase I made way through the lounge to the house and that's when I wished I would have stayed outside. I was still standing in one spot as I looked around, taking in every face here. If I did some quick maths adding those people and these ones they probably added up to twenty

Mamomdala: Ntombazana

Me: Mama

She side hugged me giving me a squeeze on the shoulder

Mamomdala: Bendicinga awuzi (I thought you weren't coming)

Me: Bendiseskolweni mamomdala.

She nodded, wiping her hands with the medium

dish cloth she was holding

"Bulisa oodabs bakho nooTata bakho (Greet your aunts and fathers)"

That moment I didn't quiet like started, I had to remind all these people who I was then I'd get a proper hug and kiss once they knew me, and also receive a look of pity and condolence message even two years after my mother's passing. None of them seemed to know me and I didn't mind actually to me these people weren't my family, my family was back in Mthatha. They barely knew me, others had to be reminded about my mother, it was only when I mentioned my father they gave me second hugs, one much warmer than the first. I faked smiled until I was done with the crowd, I was on my way to the bedroom to place my bags when I realized I did not see someone. I turned and analysed the room then realised it was utatomdala who wasn't around, shrugging my

shoulders I proceeded to the bedroom. Before I could even enter I heard two bass voice and one which belonged to Azola, I would have went to either of the two rooms left but one, I wasn't liked by Nomthandazo and couldn't place my things in her bedroom, two, I thought Sivuyisiwe might have hated me the same since that day so I couldn't use her room either, having no other choice I turned the doorknob and welcomed myself. There was more than three pairs of eyes in the room, there were four

Azola: Finally

Me: Hi

She hugged me, showing some real excitement having me here. At least she understood ndandingenabo ububele but I tried

Azola: Besele ndisithi awuzi (I thought you weren't coming)

Me: I wasn't told

Azola: Uyanqaba man. Uyabazi? (You're scarce man. Do you know them?)

Me: No.

She giggled, looping her arm into mine

Azola: Okay introduction guys, lona...

She pointed the first girl

"NguLisakhanya"

I looked at her, taking in her image. She looked around about my age if not younger, fair size body and she was a dark beauty, prettier than I was.

Azola: And then the gents. NguAli lo, in short for Alinamda and this is the boysin of the family uNtsika. Guys this is Aphindiwe, umntana ka Tamnci Ngani.

They all nodded, having something to say about me. We engaged in conversations which were okay and mind refreshing, they weren't such

bad people afterwards. I wanted to stick around and stay in that room for as long as I could, the less I saw the people the better it was for me. Unfortunately the stay in that bedroom was cut short when another unknown woman by me, came to tell us we were needed in the lounge for a prayer. At least there was one thing which gave me a smile when I got to the sitting room and it was seeing my father's face, though I felt he had abandoned me, it still warmed my heart seeing him. He smiled when he saw me and opened his arms as I walked up to him, he enveloped me in a warm hug, picking me up along the process

"Nhanha."

That word on its own was enough to get me emotional but I refused to cry. I was going through a heartbreak phase you could say, and I needed a parent or a mother to talk to about the decisions I was taking on a daily basis but I did

not have any of that. I didn't not even even I had family until he was around and that was my fault I know. I pulled back and accepted his forehead kiss

Tata: Uright?

Me: Ndiyaphila Tata Unjani?

Tata: I'm good.

Me: I missed you

I said standing on his side, not removing my hand around his waist, he smiled at me and mouthed "I didn't", I giggled knowing he didn't mean that because of the smile on his face. I never moved besides him as we joined hands in a circle and sang a Xhosa hymn before saying a short prayer for being happily gathered there. It was sad how I had to be part of that when I wasn't thrilled a little bit about being there. You'd think I was a little too harsh or judgemental but you needed to understand I

didn't know these people, except for those who took me in when I got there, none of them showed interest in knowing me either. The children of that family were highly educated to associate themselves with people who didn't have degrees, I mean that wasn't the type of family I was used to. I knew of a family which saw a child who didn't have a degree as someone who was struggling, be it financially or emotionally, and needed help. You were never seen as a disgrace to the family. I was finally understanding where my father was getting all that talk of his about having a child with master's in education, it was a family thing. Almost every person I spoke to there was either a medicine student, a doctor, architecture or a pharmacist. The pride they said their careers with when you asked was what amused me, they carried it on their sleeves. After the prayer we feasted from a buffet type of set, the pots and platters were sat out on the table and we

dished whatever it was we wanted to eat. I was introduced to the grandmother too, I knew her, I mean she was my father's mother. I knew her years before I could even meet her, from my father's talks and pictures.

I barely noticed the little prince wasn't around until Nomthandazo walked into the bedroom where we were chilling with many other people, asking Azola to go take Simlindile from Mihle because Mihle was refusing to invite himself inside, he wasn't staying for long. I heeded how her eyes crossed to me when she mentioned his name, she was probably thinking I was happy he was around and would want to go with Azola perhaps, little did she know we were apart because of her. Azola stood up, dragging a cousin of hers along and they left the room. I wanted to peep to see him but I knew looking out the window was useless, the whole yard

was covered with walls. Azola returned after a long while holding the little boy in her arms, he was the cutest thing ever, well both his parents were beautiful people. You would think of it was funny but I wanted to hold him, maybe play with him but I knew if his mother would walk in there she would turn the room upside down.

Me: Was he with utatakhe the whole day?

Azola: Ewe, surprising right.

I nodded, extending my hand to rub the boy's cheek

Azola: it wasn't his first time emthatha ke sana. I don't know where he gets the parenting skills.

I giggled, thinking back to the time he was googling on ways to make a new born sleep because Nomthandazo had threatened him with bringing the baby to him for a whole weekend. I felt this pain in my heart as I felt like there was nothing to keep in contact with him

like there was with Nomthandazo, they shared a baby together and were to still build memories with each other as a family. As for me it was gone, and there was possibility nothing I could think of which would make him want to reach out to me. I watched her eteketisa her nephew, it was beautiful image. I think what was more painful on my side was comparing the love he had for me to the one he had for his baby mama, no matter how much I tried I'd never be her. She was there to stay, forever and I had to accept I was a temporary thing.

Entry 191

Aphindiwe

I think you'd be confound if I'd tell you a month passed ndingathethi nala bhuti. There was a time I recall deleting his number because it

came across as a reminder of something that was no longer there. However, I never removed his pictures, our pictures from my gallery, and I too didn't know why. To tell you the honest truth, I was hurt, I couldn't stop thinking about him and I planned a strategy of approaching or texting him but every time I thought I found one I asked myself was I the only one who wanted this relationship. His silence made me question a lot of things, like how could he let something he believed to be so true die over non-existing conclusions. A day never went by without me wondering whom he was spending his days with, his nights with, what type of girls he had around him, were they better than me.

I cleared my throat, feeling the pain of a fresh lump. I looked behind me and saw Luthando placing her clothes neatly in the wardrobe

Me: Do you think I made a bad decision?

She stopped what she was doing and looked at

me, blankly

Me: With not reaching out to Mihle?

Luthando: You tried. I mean you went to the guy's house wazama uthetha naye and he lost his cool. He asked you to leave because he wanted to calm down, don't you think if that was the reason he would've called you already?

The truth in what she was saying hurt me. He couldn't be angry still

Me: It just hurts

Luthando: You will get over it. I mean I for one thought the guy loved you but andazi ngoku. What are your instincts telling you?

I rolled my eyes, turning to face my wardrobe

Me: I don't even believe them anymore, ever since I met up nalobhuti ingathi zayeka usebenza (it's as though they stopped working)

Luthando: Men.

I sighed softly ndizama ususa elagaqa that you have when your heart is heavy. There was no way I was going to hell anytime soon from this, and I actually gave up trying to find him or hoping to bump into him at the mall or in the streets. There was silence between my friend and I, each of us drowning in our own thoughts and getting busy with tidying our new place. Just as quiet and peaceful as it was, the door of our bedroom was swung open without even a knock and Mihlali appeared at the doorway, holding a glass of what appeared to be red wine

Mihlai: Zithini igirls?

Luthando: Iyadika lento yakho, learn to know.

Mihlali: Haisoka, what could I possibly find apha kule room yenu?

I chuckled, eager to answer her but my mood wasn't allowing me.

Luthando; It doesn't matter, knock next time

qha sisi.

She sat on Loot's bed and started talking about hosting a party, annoying me already. Look here's the thing, Luthando and myself both moved out of the residences we used to live in the previous year and applied for the female senior accommodations but the problem was applying late and only getting to choose between the flats that occupied 4, 6 and 8 students. We settled for four but had to get two other female students to settle with us, and Luthando suggested Mihlali, coming up with an excuse that we couldn't start knew people when we could at least give her fake friend a chance. So there you have it, Mihlali was leaving in the other bedroom with a girl named Siyasanga, then I shared mine with Luthando. Now on our second day finally having moved in Mimi was already informing us about a party that was happening later, it was a bloody Thursday for

crying out loud. Luthando was the one commenting and doing all sorts of shit whilst I was minding my own business, that was until she asked

"Haibo wathula kangaka girl, ugrand? (Hey, why you so quiet girl, are you okay?)"

Me: Ewe I am

Mihlali: Wena nalamfana yeghintsa anisekho together mos? (You and that gangster guy ain't together anymore right?)

I kept quiet, agitated already that she named him that. When she realised I wasn't going to answer her she continued talking

Mihali: Well ndimbone pha kwaAve, ihamba neziz'slay queens nabanye oobhuti abarelevant. Kukho enye igirl emtha nca, that's when I thought of you ndayiqonda inoba he's either cheating or he dumped you. (EWell I saw him at Ace's, he was there with these slay queens and

some relevant guys. There was some girl who wasn't leaving his side, that's when I thought of you and knew he's either cheating or he dumped).

I actually thought I wasn't going to open my mouth but she was so good at provoking a person. I chuckled from annoyance and turned to face her

Me: And so if we are still together?

Mihlali: Then you know he's cheating

Luthando: Yoh Mihlali uyazithanda indaba zabantu

Mihlali: Haibo are they still together? Yoh hayi shame. Well at least you know now

Me: Mxm

Mihali: Jongani guys, y'all are invited apha enextdoor niyevha, for now I need to go buy some more alcohol and snacks.

She removed herself from the bed and left, leaving me naar. I groaned and threw myself on the bed

Me: 2017 is going to be a long year.

Andiyithandi lentombi (I don't like this girl)

Luthando laughed, shaking her head

"Well inoba the feeling is mutual ngoba wakhe wathi kuKim akakuthandi, you think you're white."

Me: She's got all reasons to hate me, I'm something she's not.

We continued with what we were doing prior to taking a walk to the nearest supermarket for some snacks and ingredients for supper. When we returned back at the residence there were already three girls in the building, and one was comfortable on the counter. Siyasanga was the person chatting to them and they looked about her age, only one appeared to be older. By her

age, I meant 20/21, well Mihlali informed us she was a 97. She smiled when she saw us and exchanged greetings. We took what we wanted to snack and placed the others in our cabinet before heading to our room

Luthando: So awuzoya nyani kule party? (So you're not going for real to this party?)

Me: Ha.a, not interested

Luthando: (laughs) okay

We watched Black-ish but only went down with four episodes until the music started, and the voices and laughs indicated that many other people had arrived. We couldn't hear anything from the laptop so continuing with watching was useless. We laid on our backs enjoying the Doritos and chatting about how single my friend really was. She started opening up to me about her abusive ex boyfriend. I knew she was in a relationship with a guy who used to hit her, even

locked her up sometimes because he didn't want her going out. I was appalled when she told me every time he allowed her to go out, which was 3% of the time, when she returned she had to remove her panties and spread her legs so he'd insert his fingers in her, smelling her to check if she wasn't busy with another man. I was beyond shocked to an extent that I couldn't say anything else either than "sorry" and "yoh". She laughed, smacking my shoulder

Luthando: Haisoka it's old news ngoku.

We laid there getting to know each other on a personal level. Well I felt she was genuine, telling me everything there was to know about her whilst I cut some information, not entirely being honest. Mihlali invited herself into our space again, dragging Luthando with and leaving me all by myself because I told her I wasn't interested. Figuring out that I couldn't bath with so many people in the flat, I changed

into my pyjamas and prepared for bed but only slept at something past 2 in the morning when my body and mind couldn't keep up anymore.

I woke up the following day at little late than usual and found it strange that Loot wasn't in her bed and it appeared untouched since yesterday. I concluded she might have passed out in the lounge or in the other room. I dragged myself out of my sheets and made way to the bathroom, on my way out I bumped into Siyasanga. We seemed to be the only people left in that house so we had no other choice but to talk to each other, and she was a friendly kid.

Me: Hello

Siyasanga: Hey babes

She was holding a black plastic bag, collecting every empty bottle she saw and throwing it in that bag.

Me: Haibo wacleana wedwa (Cleaning alone), where are the others?

Siyasanga: Andibazi, oko bemkile at around 4 to some club they said.

Me: You're kidding me

She laughed, picking up another bottle then straightening her body

Siyasanga: Uyabona ngoku ku late, I mean it's around 11 so I thought I should start cleaning at least.

Me: Let me brush my teeth so I can help you.

I helped her with rearranging the chair and tables, sweeping the floor and she did the mopping. She assured me the glasses and plates weren't much of a job so she was okay doing them all by herself. I retreated back to the room and called Luthando but her phone went straight to voicemail, leaving me no choice but to text her. Kimberely was another one missed

by me but she was out of town with her small family, they were gone home to Kimberly.

After what seemed like three hours I tried calling Luthando again but her line still didn't go through, somehow worried I went to Siya

Me: Wena can you reach Mihlali?

Siyasanga: Ha.a

Me: Kanti bebehambe nobani? (Who did they leave with?) I mean it's heading to 3 and abakabuyi.

Siyasanga: Let me text uThabo.

Me: Who's that?

Siyasanga: A guy friend ebebehambe naye (a guy friend they left with)

I sat on her bed next to her as she text the guy asking where they were. He replied back after a few minutes that he last saw them at some guy's house when he left with one of his gents.

We threw in every question we could ask him until he said he was driving to our place so we'd have the conversation properly. He was outside in his Citi Golf which he apparently used as a cab. He gave us each a friendly hug, introducing himself to me before he got into detail about the story. So Siya and I learned that they ended up going to some guy's house by the name Ben and that he left them there with Sergio and Anga.

Me: What if something is not right kengoku?

Thabo: Hayi kukho uAnga, I trust my boy

Me: Please call him. Ndinexhala (I'm anxious) and I don't like the feeling.

He dialled Anga's number and placed the phone on louspeaker

Anga: Ntwana

Thabo: Dog, uphi ntwana? (Where are you?)

Anga: Nidlapha endlini. Yhe bra, we got some shit going on.

I would have rolled my eyes because of the guy's white accent but I was too concentrated on the shit he was talking about

Thabo: What's wrong?

Anga: Dog, uBen ikhona into ayenza kuMimi and Sergio won't fucken tell me what it is.

I looked at Siyasanga, her face mirrored mine. What was this guy saying?

Thabo: Uthini bra?

Anga: Just come to house dog.

Thabo was still looking at his phone even after Anga ended the call, his mouth was slightly open

Siyanga: Nimele ntoni guys!? Let's go (What are you guys waiting for!? Let's go!)

During the drive we were all silent, I think all three of us were trying to calculate what we had just had, we were trying to think of the least terrible things. Anga's home wasn't far from school, in fact it was in suburbs still around Stellenbosch. I could have been interested in looking at the alluring house but there wasn't time for that, worry lingered in the air as this guy opened the door welcoming us inside. In the lounge Luthando sat there with another girl I presumed was Nelly. Immediately when seeing us Thando stood up from the couch and walked towards, her eyes teary. I thought she was going to cry but she blinked them away, looking up at the ceiling

Me: What happened?

Luthando: They are doing something kuMimi

She crossed her arms over her chest. I heeded the bruises she had on her cheek, she was bleeding on her arm whilst the other girl looked

worse, even more traumatized.

Thabo: Uphi uMimi? (Where's Mimi?)

Nobody answered, there was painful silence, one which alerted the mind and heart that bad news were awaited.

"Undidlwengule (He raped)"

Nelly said with a cracking voice. She didn't have to say twice for me to understand the pain she was going through, I mean I still spent nights crying myself to sleep when I thought of the day I was held hostage and raped without consent. She didn't have to repeat herself. I was shaking, I was scared, there was pain building up inside my ribcage. I felt like I was going through it once again. When saw nobody was moving trying to figure out something I pulled out my phone and dialled the numbers of the the one person I knew would have a solution.

He answered, clearing his throat

Me: Mihle

Mihle: Aphindiwe, what's wrong?

A tear fell on my cheek. I was crying, I was crying because I was scared, because my then healing wounds were being re-opened. I cried because even with that much fear the question he asked made me feel protected, the concern in his voice sent a meaningful message to me. I was touched because even with that much distance between us he could still detect in my voice when something wasn't right.

Entry 192

Mihle

When I picked the call my attention was on the laptop I had on my lap as I was busy with some paperwork, it was when I heard her cracky voice

that I stopped reading the paper I had in hand

"Aphindiwe?"

Aphindiwe: I'm sorry to bother you but kukhona something endifuna usincede ngayo (I'm sorry to bother you but there's something I want you to help us with)

Me: Wena nabani? (You and who?)

Aphindiwe: noLuthando and another friend. They have been molested and those guys still have Mihlali.

I felt my heart stop for a second. I stood up, my nerves not keeping me seated anymore. I knew I was expected not to act but this was the lady I loved we were talking about here. I found myself swear if anybody touched her, I was killing them. they couldn't do that twice to her

Me: Are you safe?

Aphindiwe: Ewe, but Mihlali isn't.

Me: Uphi uMihlali?

Aphindiwe: I don't know, we think they've abducted her.

Me: If you're safe aphukhoyo stay there and send me location.

Aphindiwe: Okay

I ended the call and rushed to the bedroom to grab a jacket whilst making quick phone calls to Nkululeko and Tera. These were my most trusted wingmen and my tracking devices. To be honest I wouldn't have worried had it been any other girl, or had she been a smash and pass but she wasn't, this was someone I loved dearly. To me it didn't matter whether we weren't together at that point or whether she was now an eye candy to another, when she called for protection I gave her protection. I'd never live with myself if anything happened to her after she called out to me for help. I mean I

still blamed myself for her rape.

Siri's distance prediction was incorrect because we made it there in less time compared to what she anticipated. We arrived in front of a gate with an enormous mansion behind the walls, I found growing irritated from the sight of it because the first thing that crossed my mind was it belonged to a blesser. I made a short call to her, informing her we were outside the gate, she assured me they were sending us in. When we were safe and parked in the driveway I opened the cabin hole and pulled out my gun. Nkululeko chuckled, shaking his head

"Always prepared ntwana."

Me: Andidlali kanjalo (I don't play like that). Lets go in.

Tera was the one to knock on the door; at his second knock a young worried looking man

opened the door and welcomed us inside, subsequently greeningt us. I followed after Tera and at my second step my eyes met hers from across the croom . She remained seated but I could tell she wanted to jump off that seat and come to me. We greeted them all equally before Nkululeko started questioning the two guys. I made way to Phindi, she stood up from where she was next to Luthando but didn't move after that nor take a step towards me. I extended my hand for her to hold and when she did I pulled her towards me

Aphindiwe: Hi

Me: Uright?

She nodded. I cupped her face and looked at her, she was shaking as she held my arms

Aphindiwe: Ewe qha I think I'm just frighthened because I been through this.

Me: I understand.

We locked eyes for a moment before I dropped my hands from her face, stepping away from her. I approached Nkululeko as I listened to him questioning these young men. I tucked my hands in my pocket and watched, that day I wasn't doing anything.

Nkululeko: Phone(lani) lo Sergio, nimxelele aze apha qha ningatsho uba uzelani (Call Sergio and tell him to come here but don't mention what he's needed here for.)

Nku walked up to me and summarised the problem to me, giving me the important detail and leaving out the frivolous. I wasn't going to work that day, people painted me as the brutal one because I always got my hands dirty so that day I was an audience. As we waited for this Sergio guy, whom I presumed was the same age as those young men, I searched about where and how everything started. I was interrogating Aphindiwe and the one important

reason I did that was because I wanted to know if she was out with these rich men they were talking off.

Me: So awusahlali eres? (So you don't stay at res anymore?)

Aphindiwe: I do but not lena uyaziyo (but not the one you know).

I removed one hand from my pocket and brushed her neck, she closed her eyes for a mini second before looking at me then averting them away

Me: Usandithanda? (Do you still love me?)

She looked at me for the forth time in that 3 minutes

Aphindiwe: Ewe

There was silence between us for a moment and during that time I wanted to kiss her so badly but there was this feeling which was

holding me back. Guilt maybe

Me: Even after what I did?

She looked away, removing my hand from her neck but I dropped it to her arm, holding her still

Me: Ndijonge Aphindiwe (Look at me Aphindiwe)

"Can we not about this?"

She whispered that, not wanting to look at me. I pulled her close and planted a long kiss on her forehead, she held me tightly but was quick to let go.

Me: I'm sorry.

She was about to answer me when someone walked in and all our eyes went to the door. A young man who appeared foreign walked in, scanning the room, he tilted his chin trying to man up

"Tbo bruh what up?"

Thabo: We need to ask you some questions bra.

He scanned the room again before finally stepping towards us

Nkululeko: Do you understand Xhosa?

Sergio: No

Nkululeko: Izobanzima mos lento (this is going to be hard)

Me: Mbuze ngeslungu (Question him in English)

I watched the guy attentively as he answered every question Nku asked him, I was picking up signs which annoyed me from that guy, as much as I wanted to watch all of that and see how it was going to unfold, Nkululeko was beating around the bush and I wasn't the patient type. I moved from where I was standing and questioned meanwhile making my way to him

Me: I hear what you're saying and in all this shit you denying and trying to dodge some questions. I'm going to ask you once again and

for the last time, you're not going to make us fools. Where is Mihlali?

Sergio: I told you I don't fucken know.

I grabbed him by the collar, roughly pulling him his chest crashed on mine. What I wanted was his ear

Me: Don't fuck with me I will fucken blow your balls off

He chuckled, provoking me. Andibizwa ndingasabeli mna. I pulled out my gun and stuck it where the sun don't shine, he winced giving me a response but yayingeyiyo le ndiyifunayo (but it wasn't the response I wanted). I pressed the weapon harder on his balls and cocked theshit

Me: Now I won't ask you again

Sergio: Ben would know that

Me: Good. Show us Ben

I pulled away from him but not letting his collar go

Me: Our friend here says uzosiza kwa Ben. Someone must stay with the girls.

Tera: Ndiyahamba, usoft too much uNku

Nkululeko: Voetsek, voetsek

I chuckled before turning to Sergio who was still shamefully choking from my grip

"You better behave. Finding you won't even take me ten minutes and I will kill you. Understood?"

He nodded, that's when I playfully slapped his head.

Me: Thabo uhlala nam wena. Nku, no fooling around ke madoda, if you don't find Mihlali bring me Sergio's head.

The foreign boy turned and looked at me for one last time before leaving the house.

Before I could even turn I felt a pair of eyes on

me. I forgot I still had my gun in hand and was only reminded by the three pair of eyes glued to my hand, the other pair was searching for my face. I hid the machine where it always sat on my waist and found my way to where Phindi was sitting, Luthando moved up making space for me to sit next to her friend.

Aphindiwe: I thought you were going to shoot him

Me: I was just scaring the kid.

The look she gave me told me didn't trust what I just said, that's what you received after breaking someone's trust.

We sat there awaiting their return but all I got was a phone call from Tera

Me: Ntwana.

Tera: Hayi kuyanyiwa bhuda (It's shit messy bra)

Me: Z'khiphani? (What's wrong?)

Tera: Zimbulele ezkaka lomntana (These assholes killed this child)

Me: Yoh.

My heart raced as I felt it drop at the peak of my stomach. The thought of a mother's pain as she discovers her daughter died fighting for her life in the hands of a man who bought her, all in the words of not being content with what she received from home. I thought of Zizipho.

Tera: Sisazama amacebo of telling her close ones.

Me: Sure bra

I ended the call and came face to face with the faces that hoped for good news

Aphindiwe: Uthini Mihle?

I sighed unable to deliver the news. I looked at each of them, before I even spoke Luthando

started crying

"Mihle"

Aphindiwe begged with so much pain. It were the tears in her eyes which prevented me from talking.

Entry 193

Aphindiwe

He was watching me as I sat beside him in silence I did not know how to go about answering the question he asked me, I closed my eyes hoping I'd find an answer for it. I sighed, shaking my head

Mihle: Yintoni?

Me: It doesn't make sense

Mihle: So you're telling me you trust
Nomthandazo more than uthembe mna?

Me: Andithethi lonto? (I'm not saying that?)

Mihle: Uthini? (What are you saying?)

I looked at him, he was wearing that face I
loathed more than anything, he was annoyed.

Mihle: So you still don't believe that she'd do
anything to break us apart?

Me: What I don't understand is why she was at
our table to begin with? Why would you allow
her to sit there?

Mihle: Because the gents wanted them there

Me: That's bullshit, I know...

Mihle: Language.

I opened my mouth but closed it again, that
whole conversation was draining, I didn't have it
in me to fight anymore. We had just found out
Mihlali was killed and he wanted us to talk

indaba zochuku

Me: It doesn't matter.

Mihle: Because we are apart anyway?

Me: No, but because uyaxoka

He chuckled, running his hand down his face that was prior to him turning and facing the front. I watched him, his face changed three time in five seconds, he chuckled, pulled a serious face then chuckled again in five seconds.

Mihle: Okay, I'll give it to you. Maybe ufuna ndithi ndivuma because ndisamthanda, maybe that will sit well kuwe?

I kept quiet because wayethetha ikaka and he knew it, from just the sound of it my heart ached

"Talk to me Aphindiwe."

Me: Hayi

Mihle: Ufuna ndithini ke because ndithetha inyani awundithembi, clearly ufuna ndixoke mos? (What do you want me to say then because I'm speaking the truth and you don't believe me, clearly you want me to lie?)

Me: Why didn't you think of contacting me and talking to me about this?

Mihle: Because I was blocked

Me: I have three weeks ndik'unblock(ile)

Mihle: And you didn't text me because? How was I supposed to know I'm unblocked?

Me: Did you even want to talk to me?

Mihle: Phendula le ndiyithethayo? (Answer what I asked you?)

Me: I don't know why I didn't text you, your silence told me you were actually getting it from elsewhere, from one of your girls, Pearl maybe.

That was an assumption but when he kept quiet

and took his car keys inserting them in the ignition, I knew it was exactly what he was getting up to. I wanted to keep quiet and just open the door and leave but something kept me there, something which wanted so many answers

Me: So you were busy with her?

Mihle: You are drawing up...

Me: Ndicela uphendule umbuzo Mihle (Please answer the question Mihle)

Mihle: No, I was not.

He slowly turned his head and stared at me between narrowed eyes. I smiled; wanting to applaud him for thinking I was as stupid as I was. I didn't even know how he and I got there, how we ended up allowing people to break us apart.

Me: Thanks for coming.

Mihle: Sure

Me: Bye

I opened the door about to step out when he held my arm. I didn't want to turn and look at him but when his breath fanned my neck my anger subsided

Mihle: Ndicela undijonge (Please look at me)

It was just that complete turn he wanted before he crashed his lips on mine. Believe I would have pushed him away, I wanted to but when he seductively pushed his tongue in my mouth I betrayed myself, moving towards the edge of the seat. His hand made way to my neck where he gently left strokes as he brought it to my face. He finally pulled back, his lips leaving mine. I was aware he was looking at me awaiting me to open my eyes, he hovered his thumb over my bottom lip

Mihle: I hope there's no guy you're currently

giving this to.

Me: While you're giving everything to someone else

I removed his hand from my face and dropped it on my thigh. I didn't plan saying that but I was still irritated with him so I couldn't help myself. There was this pain in my chest, the one which reminded you that your heart was breaking

Mihle: And that someone else would never replace you.

I shook my head, preventing myself from talking about that any further

Me: I have to go, we'll talk.

Mihle: Ube safe. If anything happens call me

Me: Enkosi

I left his car before he could stop me again. I knew he was looking at me as I made my way to the gate because it wasn't until I was behind

the gates that I heard the engine of his vehicle roar. I sighed, trying to convince myself that I was okay. I thought I was doing good, that I was handling the break-up well but not a single moment during our conversation did he say he wanted me back or he loved me, he was just angry that I took decisions based on the screenshots Nomthandazo sent me. He sounded like someone who sought closure not my love back. I had to accept that he was okay without me, that he was doing great without me.

When I stepped into the apartment I was expecting myself to at least be the support system for these two ladies but I was a mess after the hour I spent with that man, I couldn't even think straight, I was there needing someone to remind me that someone would truly love me for me some day because for some reason what I thought was love suddenly

felt like I was kept around for sex.

I made my way to my room after having a glass of water and found Luthando buried under her blankets, from the sniffing she continued doing I could tell she was still crying'

Me: Thando?

Luthando: Mhhhh?

Me: Mind if I sleep nawe?

She uncovered her head and looked at me, her eyes were puffed as she forced a smile nodding

Me: We will talk about everything xa uright evha but please do me a favour sukhala (don't cry)

Luthando: I am sorry but I just can't believe they killed her because she refused to give away sex. How evil can men get?

I shrugged my shoulders while removing my bra from underneath my top. I wanted to sleep and not nap, I wanted to forget that day even

happened. I was suffering from a headache and couldn't even get myself to drink grandpa, I was simultaneously sick and heartbroken

"I want to share something with you."

I said as I lay beside her on her single bed, she moved making more room for me

Luthando: Yintoni leyo? (What is that?)

I shut my eyes, subsequently opening them not knowing where to start

Me: Okay this is something I never shared with any of you. Not even at home do they know I been through this, only Mihle does.

I could tell she looked surprised and probably wanted to comment but refrained from it, instead she nodded

Me: I never spoke of this so I am hoping I don't cry

Luthando: If izokukhalisa don't talk about it then,

you will xa uready

Me: I think I am

“Okay.”

Me: I got raped beginning this year

There was silence in the room. She just looked at me blankly as though waiting for me to say I was joking and when I didn't she questioned herself

Luthando: You are joking right?

Me: No.

She furrowed her eyebrows, propping herself on her elbow

Luthando: And when was this?

Me: Remember the time I didn't see you and Kim for about a month ndini avoid

She nodded, still looking shocked

“It was then.”

Luthando: Kim knew something wasn't right but she expected Mihle was hitting you so you were hiding because you didn't want people to see the evidence.

I chuckled lowly, my mind was travelling back to that scene, I felt my heart paining triggering some tears into my eyes

Me: And he was the most supportive person ever during that time in my life. Just when I started loving Cape Town

Luthando: How did you heal from it?

I kept quiet for a while, playing with the corner of her pillowcase. I avoided looking at her because her face carried so much sympathy directed to me, something I didn't want. I shook my head, correcting her

Me: I never healed.

My voice alerted me that I was about to cry, I knew that because my throat was aching from

the lump throwing there and from how I was trying to fight back some tears. The one thought which kept lingering in my mind was how he kept moaning as he tear my ass apart, as I died slowly he was gaining pleasure.

Luthando: Uright?

Me: I'm sorry I thought bendizokwazi uthetha (I'm sorry I thought I was going to be able to talk)

Luthando: It's okay, I understand.

She threw her arms around me and enveloped me in a childish yet warm hug

Luthando: Enkosi.

She whispered in my ear. Nothing felt any better than knowing that your presence meant something to someone, you didn't even have to speak, you being there meant something. I pulled back smiling at her

Luthando: Maybe we should be lesbians, we better off without these men anyway.

I smacked her shoulder and we burst into laughter

Me: (laughs) Khame khendikushiye nakule bhedi, uzondi rape next thing (Let me leave you alone in this bed, next thing you'll rape me.)

Luthando: (laughs) Awuse. Let's do this therapy

She said, positioning herself in a comfortable sleeping position, she pulled the throw blanket over her head and sighed. It wasn't long before she was off snoring whilst I still lay there still drowning in my own anguish.

For the first time in my life I wished I belonged to another family or that I was dead nomama, not having her with me wasn't just affecting my life the way people presumed it would, it was killing me as well.

ENTRY 194

Mihle

I never understood when people spoke about wanting to let go yet holding on, until I had to call it quits with Aphindiwe. Not a single day passed without me thinking about her but I knew I had to let those thoughts go as well, I was upset more than anything, to be clear with you I was still holding a grudge on that Andrew thing. A part of me knew she wasn't doing anything with him but like she wanted to know, I was also clueless as to why she kept him around. I sighed, downing the Valpre water from the bottle which I squashed after emptying.

I was aware that our relationship was at its downfall but it was not easy to let go. The only thing triggering me into letting her go was her relationship with Andrew, being compared to

the one person whom you knew was capable of replacing you and happened not to be your favourite person had to be the most difficult thing I ever encountered. I was old enough to know one of two things was happening between them, she either didn't want to let him go because she saw potential in him or she didn't want to let him go because he was her way of getting back to me. I wanted her to understand that my relationship with Nomthandazo wasn't the same with what she had with Drew, and it would never be, I was keeping Nomtha around because I wanted to see my son grow. I could never risk being on her bad because if she dared took me to court I would lose child custody, that I had knowledge of.

I removed myself from the couch I was seated on and made way to the kitchen where Pearl was, cooking. No, she wasn't sleeping there she

had just come by to cook for me, I needed some company like her own.

Pearl: Uright?

Me: Ndiyazama (I'm trying)

Pearl: I should actually be jealous of lindlela uyithanda ngayo lentombi (I should actually be jealous of the way you love this girl.)

Me: What's with you ladies and comparing yourselves to other girls?

She stopped seasoning the pork chops and stared at me blankly

"Ayikho lento uyibuzayo (You're asking nonsense)"

Me: Ikhona (There's sense to it)

Pearl: Haibo, how do you expect us not to compare xa umbona umntu

uba uthandle elsewhere kodwa ukhona?

(Wow, how do you expect us not to compare

when you see that a person has loved elsewhere but you've been there?)

Me: Luchuku olo

Pearl: Maybe if you men weren't as selfish then you'd know how we feel.

I chuckled as I leaned against the counter, playing with the bottle which now appeared reorganised

Me: You and I agreed on friends with benefits when I had uNomthandazo but you caught feelings, that was breaking the rules of what we agreed on.

Pearl: Why didn't you let me go then?

Me: Come on P

Pearl: Hayi, ndifuna ukwazi why kaloku (No, I want to know why.)

Me: Kuvuka the coloured in you kengoku (The coloured is awaken now)

Pearl: (laughs) no, but ndifuna ubone something kulento uyenzayo (no, but I want you to see something in your actions)

Me: I can't tell you why I didn't let you go

Pearl: If its anything negative I'm fine it, I passed that stage where I had feelings for you kaloku

Me: Nyani?

Pearl: Duh

She rolled her eyes, throwing the chopped peppers and onion into the cooking pan. She was one constant and genuine person I've met, the only person I could be ontop of and still have her give me advice on how to fix my relationship. She was a best friend.

Pearl: Thetha kaloku (Talk)

Me: Ndisakubuka (I'm still watching you)

Pearl: You did that a lot already.

Me: Do you realise where we would have been if you didn't leave me for la tsotsi

Pearl: Haibo, bhuti you told me to get a boyfriend

Me: Then you complained when I got a new girlfriend after Nomthandazo ngongathi wawu'available (Then you complained when I got a new girlfriend after Nomthandazo as though you were available)

Pearl: For you I was available.

Me: Hayi (No)

Pearl: What do you mean hayi?

Me: Uyaxoka ingxaki (You're lying that's why)

Pearl: Okay then, you need to fix things with lo girl wakho because now you don't even trust a single thing that comes out of my mouth after trusting me this much. By the way I still want to know why you kept me around

Me: Because you were always down when I wanted you.

Pearl: Uyandi user kanti (You're using me)

Me: Don't get me wrong, I liked you I really did but not enough for me to end my relationship with Nomthandazo and maybe if you were around when things were messy between her and I, I could have done something about us but ufike ndino Aphindiwe.

Pearl: Wathi kum you're not sure about her.

Me: I wasn't but I wasn't sure about you either.

Pearl: (clap hands) oh wow, after so long.

Me: Khayeke idrama (Stop being dramatic). You're one person I enjoy being honest with because you don't take offense kwi nyani (in the truth).

Pearl: I learned it the hard way thanks to you.

There was silence after that. I knew I had her

here but my mind drifted to Aphindiwe, well she was the one person I wished and wanted to see standing in my kitchen. I almost sighed when I thought of the last time Pearl was here, how I called her over but couldn't have sex with her because all I could think of was another guy, probably Andrew, holding Phindi the way I was supposed to. Pearl being Pearl, she understood and didn't complain whatsoever, I think that's what I liked about her. I recall when she told me she had gained feelings during our fun times I panicked thinking she was going to go out bashing on Nomthandazo but when I spoke to her about it she agreed that she'd deal with herself but never stopped seeing me. That thought triggered a question in my head

“Did you like me that much?”

Pearl: Mhhh?

Me: Wawundithanda lomhlobo na skeem? (Di you like me that much buddy?)

Pearl: If still coming here after you rejected me didn't show that, I don't know what will.

Me: I didn't reject you, your timing was bad

She shrugged her shoulders, drying her hands at the sink. I walked over to her and kissed her neck from the back, she giggled tilting her head to the side

Me: You want me to show you that I really do appreciate you regardless of all these things

Pearl: Show me how?

When I pushed my hands under her t-shirt cupping her breast which were braless she moved away, blushing

Pearl: That's not what I'm here for. These pots will burn if we continue and you know that, awuna stop kaloku wena

Me: Ha.a I'll stop, I just want

I finished my sentence by looking at her ass and

she blushed even more, shaking her head. She was about a few feet away from me and moved away with every step I took towards her. She knew when I was playing and when I wasn't because our sex life was different. Whenever I did call her over for sex she arrived her and did the talking after a round or two, we got to business, so wayeyazi if I played like that I was just teasing.

Pearl: (giggles) awuse. I'll finish cooking after le mushroom sauce.

Me: Uzoliphakela iou lady? (Are you going to dish for your mother?)

Pearl: As if umama angatya ukutya angakwazi ndikuthenge phi, asoze (As if my mother would food she doesn't know where I cooked, never)

I laughed, making drum sounds on the counter with my hands before stepping away from it and retreating to the lounge. I sat on my couch

and tuned to channel 203 just to get my mind off things, I so badly wanted to get my phone and call her, just to be assured that I'd see her again. I knew I were the reason for the distance between us because I said I would get back to her but never did, I was eager to but my anger kept me away more especially after I saw her with Drew again; something she wasn't aware off. When I saw them Kimberely was with them, along with another guy whom I presumed was Andrew's buddy, I was around Stellenbosch that day for business, it was a weekend. A part of me, right there and then, wanted to stop my car and go find out why she was still sticking around him, I mean it was barely 2 weeks after our fight and she hanging around with him again. I felt disrespected, belittle, it came clear to me how much she really liked the guy and that's all I wanted her to admit, that one way or the other wayemfuna and that he was doing all the right things which I wasn't. I found myself

getting a headache from just thinking about it. It felt like I loved where I wasn't supposed to, where I was prohibited from so as a punishment that was what I got. I didn't think she understood the pain she put me through, the comparing she continuously did of me and the other guy, it was denting my pride, my self-image.

I wanted to look at things the other way and see them from her perspective, as to why she was suddenly acting this way, why she did things like I was suddenly pushing her away but I couldn't. I didn't think I was wrong, I fucken loved this woman for crying out loud. It was ironic how I was the one who ended things between us thinking I was going to cope or win with that bullshit. Without another thought I pulled my phone out of my pants and dialled her number, it rang twice before her soothing voice echoed from the speaker

“Mihle?”

Me: Can I ask you something?

Aphindiwe: Ewe (yes)

She sounded but gave me the go ahead anyway

Me: What should I do to gain your trust?

Aphindiwe: Nothing

Me: Aphindiw...

Aphindiwe: You hit me when you promised never to and never said sorry for lonto.

Me: Aphindiwe

Aphindiwe: Hayi Mihle

Me: Can I explain myself?

Aphindiwe: Explain what? Why you'll find another reason to hit me futhi?

Me: No God damn't. I want to tell you (silence)
ndashiywa ngumsindo. Ndiyakucela Nana

There was silence for quite a while before she sniffed, signifying that she was crying. With a cracky voice she said

“We can’t do this anymore. Maybe you should stick with Pearl she understands you better anyway.”

I was about to answer when she cut the line. I tried calling her again but it sent me straight to voicemail. Aggravated, I stood up from where I saw seated trying her number again but I went to voicemail. I couldn’t allow her to, I didn’t want her to. I knew I had one last thing to do and that was to go by her new place, I had to talk to her face to face whether she wanted or not. No Andrew was getting what was mine.

Entry 195

Lelovuyo

I literally jumped when the assistance called my name, informing me that Ms Richards was ready to see me

"Good luck" she said as I walked likewise. I pushed the double wooden open and my nose inhaled that sweet scent I was now so used to. My social worker was on the other side of the table writing down something in her thick diary

"Have a sit Lelo."

Me: Good morning

Ms Richards: Morning dear

I relaxed on the leather couch, with my leg upon the other. I had two months walking in and out of here, it felt like home already. She spent the next ten minutes making short phone calls and diarizing again, that was prior to her muting the telephone as she pushed her chair away from the table

Ms Richards: And how are we today?

Me: We are good

Ms Richards: I see smiles, I like that.

Me: I'm feeling good

Ms Richards: That's beautiful. I was going through your report earlier on and I saw some progress. It looks like someone won't be here for too long.

Me: I also feel it within that I'm doing something good

Ms Richards: You are. So you had homework to do.

I searched my slingbag immediately when she said that for the piece of paper where I wrote his number. After finding the paper I handed it to her

Ms Richards: And where did you find it?

Me: In my brother's other cell phone

Ms Richards: Are they still good friends?

Me: No they aren't, my brother hates him.

She removed herself from the couch and sighed
"Let's make this phone call."

I followed after her and occupied one of the chairs in front of the desk. She dialled the number and left it on loudspeaker, it rang about four times and I started thinking he wouldn't pick up, it was during the week after all so he was probably at work but he did, his voice sounding deeper than I remember

"Hello."

Ms Richards: Good morning sir, am I speaking to Mr Mihle Ga..bavu?

Mihle: Yes ma'am you are

Ms Richards: Do you have a minute for me pleaser sir, sorry to disturb you.

Mihle: Can I call you back in a few minutes ma'am I'm a bit busy

Ms Richards: Alright no problem

Mihle: Sure

He ended the call. We looked at each other before both sighing simultaneously, I laid on the chair listening to my heart hammer against my chest, it felt as though he was here with us. Ms Richards was about to say something to me when the phone rang, showing the Vodacom number which was now familiar to me because I wouldn't stop staring at that piece of paper in my bedroom after I took it down

Ms Richards: Mr Gabavu

Mihle: Yes ma'am. Can I ask who am I talking to?

Ms Richards: I'm Miss Richards, Lelovuyo's social worker.

There was silence on his side before we had some voices, he sounded like he was moving out of the room because after a while there was a door closing on the background then it was

peace and quiet, only his soft breathing could be heard

Mihle: Yes

Ms Richards: Her and I have been seeing each other for two months now and she's doing some progress but she pleaded to me that she talks to you because there are questions she wants to ask you personally

Mihle: Okay

Ms Richards: But I'd prefer you come to my office if possible.

He was silent for over ten seconds

Ms Richards: Are you still there sir?

Mihle: Yes I am. And where is your office?

Ms Richards: in Port Elizabeth. We can organise and pay off the flight for you, both flights

Mihle: No it's fine I can afford that.

I almost laughed from how cocky he sounded, it was so ridiculous how he didn't change a bit in that

Ms Richards: So when can you be here?

"I can only be available on Saturday."

Ms Richards: Then do you mind flying in Friday so we can have a short session on Saturday.

Mihle: Of course it can be done.

Ms Richards: Thank you sir, see you Saturday then

Mihle: Alright

This time around Ms Richards ended the call then looked at me smiling

Ms Richards: That was easy, you said he was a difficult person

Me: He is. He's probably just curious as to what I want to ask him so he can torture me with those.

Ms Richards: No negative thoughts in here

Me: Sorry but I just can't help but think why he was that easy.

Ms Richards: We'll have to wait and see on Friday.

I smiled trying to be okay about it. All of a sudden I felt bad and scared about having him here this weekend, I know it was still Tuesday and I had plenty of days to work on myself but I didn't foresee any progress.

Ms Richards: Let's not talk about anything today. Your next appointment is scheduled for Thursday but let's make it Friday so you can brief me through the questions you want to ask him.

I nodded, slowly removing myself from the couch.

Me: Thank you.

She smiled walking the opposite direction to her desk whilst I headed for the door. Her and I tried having a conversation where she pretended to be Mihle but it didn't work, she wasn't giving me the answers I knew he would. He wasn't the type to be faked. That's when I initiated the idea of asking him to come instead, I was in need of some closure. All I had to do was wait for Saturday and pray that it goes down well.

That week seemed to pass by real quick, as a result instead of mediating like Ms Richards had taught me to when I was stressed, I spent hours in bed thinking of how Saturday would go. I'd have a real conversation with him after 6 years. I didn't count our last quarrel as a conversation. I was nervous to be honest with you because his answers were either going to break me or build me, but either way I'd have to move on after receiving them.

On that day, I walked through that building which had different doctors and therapist and made way down the usual hallway until I was standing in front of the reception. She smiled at me, nodding as a signal to get in, she was on a phone call. As I approached those doors a part of me felt like he was already in there already, I couldn't even peep through the keyhole, it was useless. I sighed aloud before allowing myself in, the smile which found its way to my face when I realised she was alone, on a phone call. Before sitting down I passed by the small table and took myself a glass of water. I checked my watch after gulping half the bottle, it was quarter to ten which meant he had 15 more minutes before he walked through that door, or less.

Ms Richards: Good morning dear

Me: Morning Ms Richards

Ms Richards: How are you feeling today?

She asked appearing from behind her desk. She always dressed beautifully, outfits which hung perfectly on her body and colours that complimented each other and her skin colour

Me: I'm okay and nervous

She extended her hands for me to hold, I did and she pulled me from the couch

Ms Richards: Whatever happens today don't let it ruin the progress you've made. He's here to give you answers not to destroy you.

Remember that

I nodded. She enveloped me in a short hug before pulling back and holding my shoulders tightly

"Okay?"

Me: Okay

I admired her outfit again as she went to the other table to grab a chair. Her navy, long coat

was what stood out the most; she matched it with a navy pencil heel, white loose trousers and a navy tight top which she tucked in. It was chilly that day so everybody was dressed warmly.

Me: Did you talk to him this morning?

Ms Richards: Yes, before I got on the other phone I spoke to him. He was saying he's ten minutes away

Me: That means he's here now

Ms Richards: It could be.

I rubbed my palms on my jeans and occupied myself with a magazine just to ignore my nervous. As I read through that magazine I was counting softly, trying to remove my mind from the thought that he could be walking through the hallway of the building. I hoped I'd count up to hundred or two hundred prior to his arrival but I was at 53 when there was a knock

at the door. I averted my eyes from the magazine to Ms Richards who was walking to door. I didn't know whether to close the magazine and place it on the table or to continue pretending to read, I did the first thing to come to mind, I closed it but didnt place it on the table.

"Come in."

When he walked in his cologne filled the room, indicating that there was a man with us.

Ms Richards: Welcome, thank you for joining us

Mihle: It is my honour to help where I can.

I did not even look at him until he stood in front me and extended his hand for me to handshake. I looked at him before taking his hand for a short two seconds. He found comfort on the couch opposite mine and looked at me in a way which made me feel uncomfortable, a way which made me look away. He was wearing a

long army green coat, black jeans underneath and a white shirt which wasn't buttoned up to his neck, he looked presentable and beautiful.

Ms Richards: Once again thank you for coming. Lelo really needed this moment so she'd find a way forward. She been doing good, there's great progress but we realised there are answers she needs before she continues well

Mihle: I understand.

Ms Richards: I have the whole story but I won't be the one asking you the questions, she will.

Mihle: Okay

Ms Richards: Lelo

Me: Yes

Ms Richards: When you're ready.

I nodded, fixing my sitting position for the seventh time in five minutes. Suddenly I was feeling uncomfortable ngento yonke

Me: Okay (sighs)

Mihle: Uright?

Me: Ewe

Mihle: Relax, let's pretend like we're having a normal conversation. Don't think too much into it.

Me: Okay, I'll be asking questions relating to our relationship, things which I'm unclear about.

He nodded

Me: Did you ever truly love me?

There was silence, too long that I even had the minds of rephrasing the question but he answered eventually

Mihle: I don't know.

If I was eating or drinking water I would have choked that instance because I almost choked on my own spit from his response

"I'll say I don't know for because 70% of the time we were together I wasn't on my sober state. I wouldn't be able to tell whether I did things from love or because I was under the influence of what I was smoking."

Me: And the other thirty percent when you were sober?

Mihle: I cared for you

Me: So you never loved me?

Mihle: I never said so.

Me: You just said you cared. To Love and care are two different feelings. So you never did

Mihle: I wouldn't put it that way

Me: Which other way is there to place it?

Mihle: Maybe I loved you but not strongly to feel it at heart when I was sober but I do know for sure that I wouldn't have allowed anything to happen to you. Once you care about something

that too is a form of love.

Me: It's either you loved me or you didn't Mihle

He kept quiet and didn't answer me, his eyes weren't leaving mine. I loathed how he was so calm under such intense eye contact, averting my eyes I don't questioned

"So you enjoyed more the idea of me making myself available to you?"

Mihle: I enjoyed every moment with you.

Whether it was over the phone or in person.

There was silence after he spoke because I didn't know how to ask the next question, I was thinking of a way to put it. I was hoping it doesn't make him lose his temper

Me: When you heard around that I had done an abortion why didn't you ask me kuqala if were I really pregnant?

He stared at me with narrowed eyes, for a very

long time before he answered, his eyes not leaving my face

Mihle: I asked you

Me: You never did

Mihle: I did, when I was on top of you holding you against ground I asked you and you admitted

Me: What if I did so you'd stop

Mihle: I knew you Lelo. You're stubborn and wouldn't lie about something if you didn't do it

Me: Because that moment affected me through my highness. You killed me child

Me: A zygote Mihle

Mihle: That was going to birth into my child damn at!

Me: And when you raped me?

Mihle: Intoni? (What?)

Ms Richards: English please

He didn't move when Ms Richards spoke, his whole body was moved in an angle I wasn't comfortable with, it's as though he was ready to attack me

Me: Weren't you affected through your highness when you raped me?

Mihle: Can I take a moment outside?

He asked looking at the coloured woman on our side but I answered for her

Me: No you can't.

He turned slowing, facing me

"Answer my question. Weren't you? When you heard me cry asking you to stop?"

Mihle: You never cried

Me: I did

Mihle: You never cried Lelovuyo

Me: Lets say I didn't then, why did you continue then when I asked you to stop

Mihle: Why did you stick around?

Me: What?

Mihle: Why did you keep seeing me if you hated it?

I felt like I had just been punched in the stomach and the pain was moving up to my chest. I felt something cut through my heart when he asked me that

Me: You're an asshole.

Not wanting to cry in front of him I jumped up and he quickly my arm stopping me from leaving.

Ms Richards: Let her go.

He freed my hand and I proceeded to the door, once outside I searched for the bathroom through a blurry vision. My mind was all over

the place, my heart was painful, I was feeling sick. I felt he was doing this on purpose, he was deliberately hurting me again. I don't know how long I stayed in there before Ms Richards came in looking for me

"Are you okay?"

Me: I'm good.

Ms Richards: It's okay to cry, you're not a robot after all

Me: He's such an ass.

Ms Richards: I've been doing my job for quiet a while, he's broken. Let me do the talking when we get back inside okay.

I nodded, sighing subsequently. She excused herself and used the toilet whilst I tried collecting my feelings which were scattered all over the place. If it were up to me I would definitely walk in there and slap the cheek out of him but I had to remain calm, this was a

professional place.

When Ms Richards was done she asked if I was ready and when I assured her we made our way back to the room which had the asshole himself. I didn't even want to look at him, that's how disgusted I was when I walked in there. I almost laughed at myself for being stupid, how dare I thought I could forgive him?

Ms Richards: Mr Gabavu I heard story of what happened during the relationship you two shared. It might have not been the whole story because I didn't hear your side but it's the patient we're more concerned about here. I'm going to ask you questions but I'll try not go too deep on your personal but some of them will relate to you personally

He nodded, fixing his coat and sitting position

Ms Richards: I learned from Lelo that raped her from the behind not once but a couple of times.

He shook his head, moving on the couch again

Mihle: I might have forced her one

Ms Richards: Might have?

He closed his eyes, a habit I was shocked he still did when annoyed or getting interrupted

Mihle: I did force her once but the other times she gave me consent

Me: I did not Mihle.

He opened his mouth to talk but didn't speak because I didn't give him the chance

"You never really asked. You'd just tell me that you wanted it and I told you oko that ibuhlungu and ndiyayoyika. You never asked me. You'd just pull down my pants and beg me to bare with you. You never asked."

His facial expression changed, regret pain and some pity was present on his face, I could tell even after 6 years. For the first time during our

eye contact he's the one who looked away. I brought my hands up to face to wipe the tears which wet my cheeks

Mihle: Can I take a break?

I think Ms Richards gave him a nod because he stood up and retreated to the door. My face was buried in my palms and I was trying so hard not to cry but I couldn't help it. It felt just like yesterday when I actually realised I was dating a monster. It was those days and I couldn't leave him because he told me never to.

Ms Richards: Must we stop for today?

She asked seated next to me. I shook my head, wiping my cheeks again

Me: I want to know what he has to say.

She nodded, handing me a bottle of water which was she took from the table. She squeezed my knee as though assuring that everything would be okay. He came back inside

shortly after and sat, he sighed before clearing his throat

Mihle: I'm sorry.

I lifted my head, removing my eyes from my knees to actually look at him. He never used those words as far as I know

Mihle: I know this might not mean anything to you, nor will they remove what I've done but from the bottom of my heart ndicela Uxolo. I was shit when you actually loved me, I could have told you I wasn't available because I knew deep down that I wasn't able to love but I took you anyway thinking that maybe (silence).

He furrowed his eyebrows and the way his face tensed I could tell he was trying to hold back tears. A part of me believed he was genuine but another part thought it was an act

Mihle: You know at that time you were the only person who loved me for me. The only person

who cared that I was still alive (chuckles) but because I wasn't used to such love I fucked it up. I can't blame the drugs I was using, you know I could have been Human once, just once ndive uba kunjani uthandwa but I didn't want to so I numbed the feeling. I numbed me. That's how I didn't give a fuck of whether people loved me or not, whether they wanted me dead or not. I couldn't be human and allow feelings so I shut them. It wasn't me you were dating, it was the monster I was (silence).

Me: Mihle

He interrupted me

"I'm not saying take me back into your life as a stranger, friend or whatever but all I'm asking you is ndicela undixolele."

He looked at me, that was the perfect time for me to say something but my stupid ass just kept quiet. I was muted from all of those words.

He never ever said such to me since the day I've known him

Ms Richards: Mr Gabavu, I hear you were in jail

Mihle: Ya

He said still looking at me, he only looked at her when Ms Richards spoke again

Ms Richards: And what were the charges for?

Mihle: Murder

Ms Richards: Were you ever molested, in prison maybe?

The way he looked her was clear that if he was still his old self he would've probably slapped her by now, his nostrils increased in size before he even spoke

Mihle: Don't ever ask me that question again.

Ms Richards nodded, not looking frightened but however moved by his response.

Ms Richards: I'm sorry I crossed the line. I think we're finished, thank you for coming to help Lelo get over what was bothering her.

He got up, taking his car keys and cellphone. He passed a look at him after shaking hands with Ms Richards

"Ndizokulinda phandle (I'll wait for you outside)."

She waited for him to be behind doors before she sighed, questioning

Ms Richards: What did he just say?

Me: He'll wait for me outside

Ms Richards: And do you want to ride with him?

Me: I don't know.

Ms Richards: I can give you money to catch a taxi like I always do. You don't have to

I kept quiet thinking about it. Did I want to ride with him? Still unsure I said

Me: I'll ride with him.

Ms Richards: Oh

Me: I want to test something

She forced a smile, heading to her table

Ms Richards: He was raped.

Me: What?

Ms Richards: I asked if was he ever molested in prison and he threatened me. He was raped

I thought of the man who just left the room. Being manhandled didn't suit him, instead he manhandled people not the other way around. It Didn't make sense. He couldn't have gone through such

Ms Richards: It's either when he was in jail or at a young age but something happened to him.

Me: Then you don't know Mihle.

Ms Richards: No my dear, I'm sad you don't

know him.

I looked at her trying to add what she saying. Maybe someone close to him was raped but not him, it can't be.

Ms Richards: Let's see each other Monday

Me: okay

I said taking my slingbag. I can't believe she was actually believing that or saying it. I saw him threaten her and I was there when he did it but that didn't mean he was the one who went through it.

I found him seated at the waiting area, talking on his phone. He didn't even have to speak, the look he gave me told me I was going with him. He was speaking to a lady I presumed because they were going on about izinto zomntana (child stuff). He had a baby, wow. I felt like I was walking with a total different person after that apology he gave.

He was off the phone before we got to his car, when he opened the door I stood a foot away from the car

"Ndiyokubeka kokwenu, ngena (I'm dropping you off, get in)"

Me: Andikho sekhaya (I'm not home)

Mihle: Then I'll drop you apho uhlala khona (then I'll drop you where you stay)

I don't know why I wished he would have asked where I stayed but it didn't seem to bother him. I wasn't his girlfriend after all, he didn't have to get bothered by anything of mine.

I got in the car and uncomfortably sat next to him. I could feel there was something that was poking me but I remained facing the front until he was like

"Faka iseatbelt (Fasten your seatbelt)"

I almost laughed at my stupid self when I turned

and saw what was poking me, it was this object thing which brought the seatbelt to you.

Ezimoto zikhumsileyo. During the drive we both kept to ourselves, I refrained from moving no matter how uncomfortable my sitting position was, I wasn't comfortable at all being in that vehicle with only him. He lowered the music from his steering wheel and looked at me as he stopped at the drive-thru

Mihle: Uzotya ntoni? (What will you eat?)

Me: Andifuni nto.

He looked at me prior to lowering the window and addressing the speaker

Mihle: McFeast, yes. Large meal please with coke.

When the he was through with placing the order he drove to the next window to pay for the meal, then to the other one for collection. He handed me the McDonald's brown bag whilst still

talking to the lady who was standing at the window, when he noticed I wasn't taking it he looked at me

Mihle: Naku ukutya (Here's food)

Me: Bendithe I d...

I didn't finish talking, disturbed by the look he gave me. I took the package and thanked him. I was hungry but I haven't accepted anything from this man for years.

Mihle: Uya kokwenu? (Are you going home?)

Me: Hayi ndikuSiya (No I'm at Siya's place)

Mihle: Phi?

I was a little surprised that he didn't know where Siya lived, so they were really enemies now.

Me: New Brighton.

He didn't respond but continued driving to my destination. I never opened the meal even though I was hungry as hell, I decided I'd wait

until I arrive at my brother's place. I directed him through the streets until to the last stop before my brother's medium sized shack

Me: Enkosi

Mihle: Lelo

Me: Mhuh?

Mihle: Will you ever let me know undixolela kwakho? (Will you ever let me know when you accept my apology?)

I nodded, unable to smile. I looked at him and wanted to forgive him that very money, I wanted to know if what Ms Richards concluded of him was true and if it was did he ever heal from it? I wanted to ask him but I couldn't so instead I nodded before closing the door, silently praying for him. I know he was the reason I was damaged but the thought of him crying because of someone forcing themselves into him tore my heart. Some things weren't meant to be

experienced by certain people; you could tell by just looking at someone if they'd survive certain pain or not. And if it was somehow true, he wasn't yet healed.

Entry 196

Aphindiwe

I knew I had to let go of things the time I started drawing up scenarios in my head which didn't satisfy my soul instead made me fear for my life. I was aware it wasn't a healthy thing for me because I was inviting fear into my life deliberately but what was one expected to do when their sufficient other was living up to the stories she heard. I know it was just a single experience where he slapped but this voice at the back of my mind kept telling me many more

were coming.

I turned on the couch, crossing my legs the other way around to avoid cramps. I might have been present in the room with my best friends but my mind was elsewhere, wandering about the whole of Cape Town thinking of how my life turned so sour in a matter of a few months. I only snapped back to reality when Loot bumped me softly with her elbow

Me: huh?

Kimberley: I swear you'll die from thinking.

Me: What is it?

Kimberley: We got an invitation.

I yawned, showing a sign of exhaustion.

Me: To?

Kimberley: Tyson's birthday.

I looked at Luthando expecting her to be blushing, I mean this was her dream man.

Me: I can't go out

Kimberley: O will be there

She said grinning, little did she know that the sound of his name made me cringe, that he was the reason I wasn't keen to go. I mean, I barely ever gave the guy a proper apology after the incident that happened.

Luthando: Why ungafuni (Why don't you want to go?)

Me: After what Mihle did to the guy, y'all still think he wants me around?

Kimberley: Then you clearly don't know Odwa.

From where she was standing, she threw her iPhone 6 to Luthando and we both looked at the screen. Yep it was a conversation between her and Odwa, and my name appeared on the list of people Kim was invited with

Me: Don't you guys think after what happened

to Mihali we should chill a bit?

Kimberley: We are just going to Ty's birthday party

Me: I know but

Kimberley: No human trafficking will take place there

Luthando: Kim!

Kimberley: What? I'm being honest

I sighed, leaning back on the couch, I had a headache and thinking about going out made it even more. They didn't know about how Mihle almost had me suck Odwa whilst he was watching with his gun pointed at me. They had no fucken idea how I almost wet my pants waiting for him to pull the trigger. It was something I never told them, and I doubt Odwa ever mentioned it. I almost felt sick from just thinking about the day

"I don't want to go."

Luthando: Haibo ntombi

Me: Guys (sigh) it's barely been 3 weeks since we lost Mimi, barely been a week since her funeral and now you guys want to go wild again.

Kimberley: We just don't have to live in misery, we aren't going wild we are celebrating a friend's birthday!

Me: Fine then, go! I'll catch a taxi when yall leave.

Luthando: Uyadika sani

Kimberley: Fine! My phone please.

Loot stood up from the couch and handed Kim her phone, it wasn't long until they disappeared in the bedroom. I sighed once again, maybe I had too many problems I didn't discuss and maybe that was pushing people away but I just didn't want to be around alcohol and weed right

now, I wanted peace and quiet.

After what seemed like a while sitting alone in that small lounge space Kim stormed in and stood between the couch and the t.v. stand. She placed her phone in my face forcing me to lean back because of the light which was straining my eyes. She dropped the phone on my lap and left

Me: What the fuck?!

Kimberley: Read!

I went through the conversation her and Tyson were having and almost laughed ridiculously. I forced myself off the couch and retreated to the bedroom

"He can't do this!"

I yelled still making way to the room

Kimberley: tell him that.

That was my cue, I began typing. I kept deleting

and editing my sentences, wanting to make my excuse sound rigid and concerning. I sent the message and waited for my friend's dearest crush to respond and what I received from him was a lousy "lol"

Me: What's this supposed to mean?

Kim took her phone and looked at me with a blank face

Kimberley: Laughing out loud

Me: I know but why did he say that?

Kimberley: Because he's laughing

Me: Mxm. I just sent him a lot of serious text and he's laughing.

She shrugged her shoulders while Luthando giggled, they were enjoying this

Me: They better not come here.

Kimberley: Then tell him

Me: I did!

She laughed, smiling as she gelled her hair. She would put some rollers on it after wetting it with the gel and every time she did the hairstyle, it looked smarter than the previous time.

Luthando was on her phone, kicking her legs in the air and with the smile on her face one didn't have to ask whom she was texting, it was pretty obvious. I sat on the black one-seater couch and watched them. They seemed unbothered and happy while I felt myself walk into the room of depression. I was battling the feeling of wanting to fix my relationship and that of wanting to walk away because of fear and unanswered questions. Nothing made my heart heavy like wondering which girl he was with, and whether he was finally giving up on me after I did not pick up his calls the previous weekend he wanted to see me. I was battling so many things because I was losing the one

person who made my heart smile, the one person my heart longed for.

Kim's phone rang, disturbing me from thinking. She answered with all smiles on her face as I rolled my eyes, annoyed already. After ending the call she pulled out her tongue at me.

Me: You are a bitch

Kimberley: I know sweetie.

Before I was even ready there was a knock at the door, I didn't budge but that didn't stop Thando from jumping of excitement ready to see her man while he was here to annoy me. I thought he was alone until I heard two other male voices and laughs

"Anikho ze mos apha? (Y'all aren't naked in here right?)"

Luthando: (giggles) khayeke udika, ungene (stop boring, and just enter)

The first person to appear at the door was Xolani then Odwa, then Luthando who was walking beside Tyson with his arm around her. My almost stopped beating when Odwa looked at me and smiled, I wasn't expecting him to be there. He hugged Kim prior to him walking towards me. The smile he wore on his face was genuine and made me shy, I almost forgot how much of a jolly person this guy was

Odwa: Ty, here's the lady who doesn't want to come to your party

Me: Hayi

Tyson: So it's this one here. My lady we are taking you with us. We never accepted no for an answer

Me: Why do I feel like Kim sold me out?

Kimberley: Oh hell no

Odwa: She didn't, we just want you there.

I looked up at him and giggled, looking away because I couldn't up with the look he was giving me

Odwa: hugs?

He asked eventually. I stood up and opened my arms. He hooked me from the waist and picked me up, making me laugh

"Odwa hayi!"

I swear he had a thing of picking me up because he always did. He placed me on the floor still hugging me then whispered

Odwa: Can we talk?

Me: uhm yeah

I said hesitant. I knew exactly what he wanted to talk about and that was one of the reasons I didn't want to go to the party.

We walked out of the bedroom to the kitchen, I leaned against the counter and waited for him

to start the conversation. He was on the other side of the kitchen, standing against the washing machine

"I think I understand why you wouldn't want to come to a place endikuyo unless there's other reasons I know not off."

I shook my head, unable to utter a word

Odwa: Well here's the thing, I want you there.

I smiled, maybe blushing was the right word. He looked at me from head to toe slowly before asking

Odwa: So you coming?

I shrugged my shoulders

Odwa: You know andizanga apha to leave without you (you know I didn't come here to leave without you)

Me: Okay I'm going ke

He was always smiling, I don't remember seeing

him down. He walked towards me and extended his hand tickling the part under my chin, I moved back holding his hand away

Odwa: Thank you

Me: You welcome. Siphindele eroomin (must we go back to the room?)

I had to ask before things got awkward. He agreed and we retreated to the room.

That day I left my phone behind, not wanting to get in any trouble nor to be the reason people gate trash at the premises they didn't own. I know I had said I didn't want to go to any party but the time my body adjusted to the vibe I wanted booze over booze. We were only a number of 21 people, more guys than girls obviously and the company was sick exciting. It was because of such reasons I enjoyed male company more. After a round of weed at the

balcony people voted for and spin the bottled had more votes than truth or dare. I just did not want to be more of a bore to these people so instead of refusing I played along. One had to take a raw shot of absolut vodka every time they refused to kiss the person the bottle pointed to, and because I wasn't there to kiss anyone I took shots. After the fourth shot Odwa suggested I stop because I was going to harm myself, taking in both weed and alcohol masssively the way I was doing. I stopped as asked then found my joy in watching and drinking Ice Tropez. Little did I realise I was getting drunk until I had to stand up from where I was seated because I had to visit the toilet, I balanced with Kim's chair as I could feel the alcohol circulating in my brain

Kimberley: Bitch you need to keep your balance.

Me: I'm trying.

I leaned forward and whispered in her ear

Me: Please escort me.

Without any complains, she stood from her chair, appearing as unbalanced as I was. Hand-in-hand we made way to the toilet, talking about how cosy Luthando and Tyson

Kimberley: And my only worry is the girlfriend's friend that's watching everything.

Me: Let her watch (giggles) oksalayo my friend is happy

Kimberley: And they want to beat her they go through us first

Me: No, no through you (giggles) I'm a coward

She laughed, leaning against the door. I didn't struggle much with lefting my leggings compared to the rough time Kim went through, she couldn't even tuck in her t-shirt for crying out loud. I remember leaving her in that toilet after complaining a couple of times because all she did was talk and couldn't find the waistband

of her leggings to tuck in the t-shirt. She yelled
poes a few times before jogging after me

Kimberley: Never again

Me: but you wanted to use the toilet as well

Kimberley: Only because I was already there.

She spanked my ass before hooking her arm
around mine.

As the night continued I noticed how much care
I was receiving from Odwa and I appreciated it,
even though I was a little soft under his touch I
kept reminding myself not to make that same
mistake again for both our sakes.

I remember when we were dropped at Kim's
place that I was holding something but my mind
couldn't register what it was until the following
morning when I was hangovered as fuck,
questioning my friends about that white
laboratory coat which was now on my bed

Luthando: Kim you also don't remember?

Me: She passed out before I did, she wouldn't know.

Luthando: That belongs to Odwa

Me: Makes sense because there's no other doctor I know.

Luthando: You took it and told him to get a new one because this you'll make a jacket.

My mouth dropped, I couldn't have said that

Me: I don't say such things when drunk.

Kimberley: You were wasted baby not drunk.

Me: Is there anything else I did?

When Thando smiled sheepishly and nodded, I ran to the bedroom and she followed me laughing

"I don't want to hear them!"

Luthando: But ubuzile nje (but you asked)

Me: Bendidlala (I was joking)

I stepped out and looked at Luthando who was still smiling.

Luthando: I am joking

Me: I've embarrassed myself enough to those guys

Kimberley: Argh, you can never be worried about that bunch.

I sat on the armrest and switched on my cellphone. I wasn't expecting much when switching it on because I considered myself manless but when I got a notification of two texts from one number which I knew and another which was written 'Nomthandazo' my hairs stood.

"I have to see you urgently"- Mihle

"Can we meet"- Nomthandazo

My mouth suddenly became dry, that wasn't a coincidence, something was happening and it involved me, I just didn't know who to respond to first but I knew as nervous as I suddenly became, I wanted to know what was going on.

Entry 197

Nomthandazo

Asking for Aphindiwe's number from Azola was quite a struggle because my sister was curious, ignorant and naive. She didn't understand why I'd suddenly text Aphindiwe when I haven't been talking to her forever, but I had my reasons of course. When she finally did give me the number I text Aphindiwe based on what I was told. I was upset because it was something Mihle himself said to me, and as far as I knew

these people broke up because that was what Mihle and I fought about a while back when I sent his dearest girlfriend the screenshots. I was taken by surprise when he said to me he was leaving his house keys with Aphindiwe so I had to talk to Aphindiwe if I wanted anything in his house. He was leaving his keys where? That's what had me, I wanted to know how was I still in a state of going through her if I wanted anything that had to do with him.

I told him there were documents of mine I needed urgently and I was hundred percent sure there were at his place, but when I told him I would be coming by during the week, Wednesday or Thursday, he informed me that he was going away for a conference in Pretoria and wouldn't be around for a whole 2 weeks. That was when I suggested he leaves his house keys with me then, so I could go look for my documents but he informed about the news

which were a disease in my life.

Call me evil but if I couldn't have him, she couldn't as well.

Sivuyisiwe always begged me to let it go, saying that karma would deal with Aphindiwe at her most best moments in life but I couldn't bare the thought of knowing that she was now happy with someone I was suppose to marry. Who knows? Maybe by then Mihle would have proposed and I'd be engaged to him but that witch came into our lives and took that away from me.

I was more than happy when she responded, asking about the place and time. Anytime was convenient for me at that moment because I had recently retired from my work, in search for a new job hence the need for the documents at Mihle's place. I needed a job which best suited my qualification; I had a son to support and looking at the way things were, his father could

stop giving me money for maintenance any time from then because he was being controlled by pussy. Unfamiliar with the places around Stellenbosch because nothing really took me that side instead of driving to Mihle's work, I entered the location sent by Aphindiwe into my phone as I reversed from the driveway at home. I was expecting her to be there with her friends because I knew she couldn't stand being with me all by herself. Who would after having done what they did to me, she probably expected any attack from me.

As I drove there, I was practising how to self compose, something I failed doing 90% of the time when triggered. I just didn't want to make a fool of myself amongst other people, I was from a family well-respected and known so I couldn't drag the name into the mud. I knew of Java Cafe but wasn't quite sure of where it was situated in Stellenbosch.

I spotted her first thing when I drove into the parking lot, she was sitting alone surprisingly and typing away on her phone. Prior to leaving my car, I breathed in and out trying to calm my already acting nerves. I wasn't planning on staying, I had a son back home whom I left with a nanny I wasn't sure I trusted so I was there to get what I wanted and leave. Fear must have triggered her because she looked, spotting me before I even made it to the table. I could have thrown a hand at her because of the way she was looking at me but instead I pulled the chair opposite hers and sat comfortably on it before addressing her. She drew her handbag closer to her and sighed, loud

Me: Aphindiwe

Aphindiwe: Nomthandazo.

I faked a huge grin before placing my bag on the floor next to the chair

Me: Andizango hlala apha (I'm not here to stay)

Aphindiwe: I wasn't expecting you to.

Me: And I'm not here to bitch around, I text you as an adult because I want us to talk as adults so ungakhe ulinge undizisele that high school vibe mna.

She chukcled before pulling a face, a provocative one for that matter.

Me: Mihle said he left his house keys kuwe so can I havew them there are thing I want kwakhe.

Aphindiwe: House keys?

Okay, here's the part that was challenging. From the look she gave me when asking that question, I didn't know whether she knew about the keys or just wanted to play me. I barely knew the girl so I couldn't read her, I wasn't good at reading people neither

Me: Ewe house keys

Aphindiwe: Andazani na house keys mna (I don't know any house keys)

Before I could answer a waitress made way to our table and asked if I wanted anything to drink

Me: No thanks

The demon that was sitting opposite me asked for a refill of the water she was drinking, she was burning from sin I saw.

Me: He said he left them with you.

Aphindiwe: Uhm, Nomthandazo I don't know off any house keys zika Mihle. I have 3 weeks not talking to him so I really don't have time this.

Me: Then why would he say zikuwe? (Then why would he say they are with you?)

Aphindiwe: Why would he say I have hus keys when he's around ?

I laughed, the satisfaction I got from hearing that. So she actually didn't know that he wasn't

around

Me: I see y'all cut all communications

Aphindiwe: Thanks to you.

Me: Thank me, he was going to leave you anyway.

Aphindiwe: Like he left you?

Me: No you stole him.

She half way standing when she chuckled, putting her big ass on that chair again

Aphindiwe: Maybe it's about high time we talk nyani. One, I never took your man. When it happened it was because he approached me. Remember when you found us in the kitchen that very first day, I was seated on the chair minding my own business when he came to me...

"And you thought because of that he loved you?"

Aphindiwe: No, but that's when I knew he wanted me, in his bed. The very one you shared with him

I stood up planning to walk away because I was going to lose it

Me: All I wanted were the keys.

Aphindiwe: Maybe it's about time you let it go. I didn't steal anything from you, he fell out of love.

I knew I couldn't any more when my hand connected with her cheek, she was standing as well so it made things easier.

Me: Don't come with that slutty attitude apha kum

Aphindiwe: Check yourself, it's not only sex that keeps a man.

When I threw the second slap she returned it, leaving a burning sensation on my cheek. Had it not been for the waiter who was suddenly by

our table telling us to stop because we were making other customers uncomfortable I would have strangled her. I stormed to my car, wanting to kill the bitch. It was ironic how I thought I'd walk away there angry about the key business and not that, I didn't expect her to say such shit, to be proud of it and to actually lay a hand on me. I know I had no right to slap her in the first place but for someone who was sleeping with your man to treat you in that manner was a disgrace, it was evidence that not even your man disciplined her on how to act around you. I expected him to at least tell her which boundaries not to cross with me, I was his fucken baby mama for crying out loud.

Aphindiwe

You won't believe that after that whole saga I

couldn't even attend class, all I thought of was how she knew he wasn't around when I didn't. If whatever she said to me was true then I was going to break, the only time I expected them to talk was when it involved the baby, not when he was leaving. A part of me was happy though that he didn't want her to have access to his place because that was the only reason he lied, it all made sense to me why he wanted to see me. I text him, testing whether the text would go through or not because when I tried calling him it sent me straight to voicemail. I grew a painful lump from all the thoughts and conclusions I drew in my head. I was starting to blame myself from not meeting up with him the time he sent the text, I would have known he was going somewhere.

Later on that day I went out to supper with my friends and they wanted me to fill them in with every little detail. They knew about

the messages I received and advised me to see Nomtha first which I agreed to because we thought Mihle was going to convince me otherwise, little did I know he wanted to inform me about lying to her, maybe he would have told me about going away as well.

Kimberley: So the bitch slapped you?!

I was sipping on my orange with a number in the air. When I was sure I swallowed properly, I spoke

"Twice. She slapped me twice."

Kimberley: See why I wanted us to go with her?

She elbowed Loot who was holding a rib

Luthando: Ha. a Kim, wena you were going to pour a drink on her, throw her with chairs.

Jonga you were going to get us into trouble for breaking things.

Kimberley: I really need to see this lady. Baby I

think you're too soft for her.

Me: Honestly she's obsessed bra. Like I'm starting to think she had him with a love potion, phela that's how witches act when the spell is finished.

Luthando burst into laughter, she shook her head while covering her mouth which she kept opening from laughing

Luthando: You can't be serious!

Me: What else can I think of babe? She's psycho.

I shrugged my shoulders worried more about Nomthandazo's mental illness than I was about the fact that she slapped me

Me: You know something's bothering me

Kimberley: What's that?

Me: Why would he tell her though and not me?

Kimberley: You weren't talking to him.

Me: But that doesn't mean he must just leave.

Luthando: Babe jonga, nawe you're becoming obsessed ngale ndoda. Look you were ignoring the guy's calls and texts, he probably added 1 plus 1 wabona you don't want to talk to him. And as for her, she knows because she wanted the keys.

Me: What for? Why would she want his keys?

Kimberley: Why didn't you ask her?

Me: As if she'd tell me.

I kept quiet staring at my plate and phone. It was over four hours since I tried reaching him and there was still no response from him.

Me: Maybe she still sleeps over at his place, she wouldn't randomly just want his house keys

Kimberley: Stop stressing yourself over these people babe. I told you once and I'm going to tell you again, if he loves you he will find his way

back to you. He won't just let things go so easily because you're giving him a cold shoulder. If he didn't love you, he'll let you know by letting you go. As for the bitch, leave her to me to sort out.

Me: I think he is letting go.

Kimberley: Then he didn't want you.

I nodded, trying to swallow the bitter pill she just gave me. I was holding onto something that was dying on a daily basis, something I wanted to build some more but the circumstances weren't allowing me. Out of the blue I started feeling anxious, and my heart was hammering against my chest, accompanied by this feeling was the dream which kept flashing back in my mind. A nightmare I had 2 weeks back.

Entry 198

Mihle

I recall the first time I went to check up on her, the second day of the week after work, and instead of seeing her, a girl I didn't quite recognise stood in front of me blocking my way through the door.

“Akakabuyi eskolweni (She hasn't returned from school)”

Me: Uzobuya nini? (When will she be back?)

She shrugged her shoulder and tilted her head as if feeling sorry for me

“Andiyazi. She could probably be studying because sele sizobhala, okanye ukwa Kim noLoot (She could probably be studying because we're close to exams or she could be at Kim's with Loot)

I nodded about to turn and walk away when she held my arm, gently

“Ungamlinda (You can wait for her)”

My eyes dropped from her face to her hand which was in contact with my arm, she pulled away after I looked at her with a blank face

Me: Tell her bendifikile (Tell her I was here)

She nodded, stepping back inside the tiled flat. I turned and headed for the staircase. I couldn't even care less about the gesture of that girl trying to hold me against my will, what I wanted was to see Aphindiwe and it was urgent. I was trying to figure out why she hadn't come to see me when I asked her to. Shaking my head, I made way to my car. I was bothered by many things than one, it was getting to me how she just decided to shut me out and didn't want me to have any say in that. I couldn't quite make out what was the cause of her actions, she didn't seem like someone who was entirely mad at me the last time her and I conversed but the way she suddenly did things. I couldn't add what was going on and being left clueless

frustrated me.

The only thing I could when I got to my place was to cook, work on my laptop and check on some stuff back at the field. I know you are probably wondering didn't I close it down; I was at the process of doing so until I couldn't come with any strategy of how I was going to release the ladies and have none of them tell the out world. It was impossible, no matter how much bribe we handed out to them or the life threats we would give them, one or two out of the 36 I had would sell-out. The thought of it drove me crazy, it was one of the reasons I didn't want to go but my Captains insisted, giving me valid reasons why the journey would be an advantage to my career. I was still young and needed such opportunities but to be out of the country for two years, leaving behind my family, an illegal business I was running and a relationship I wanted to mend so badly, didn't sound like an

advantage to me.

I sighed, changing the television for the third time. My leaving wasn't just a worry to myself but to my crew as well. Nkululeko wouldn't stop complaining about how much of a short notice it was, the struggle he'd get from being CEO for that period. Well he was right, he was going to have a hard time for two reasons; he didn't think like I did and the other, team members never took him seriously. He was very strategic and an individual full of ideas but he lacked authority, and that's why he was worried.

"If I return and we've made loss instead of profit, ndizonyela wena."

Was what I had said to him when I addressed the team, informing them about the journey I were to embark. I wouldn't be much stressed if Bulelani was part of this particular business but he never wanted in from day 1, he made it clear he wasn't doing anything illegal. The club

needed to run and they had to push, that was the only way to get food on their tables so if I came back and shit wasn't happening, I was closing it.

I had less than a week left in Cape Town and in total, eleven days in South Africa. I was heading to Sudan, with 2 other partners from my department, and another 6 from the other different departments. We were the only professionals, and the rest of the crew were trainees. I wasn't much present at the office that week because of being busy with my personal problems, I was excused for they knew there were many things I needed to get done prior to flying the country. Going to Sudan did not mean I wouldn't return again until two years, I was, but only after 6 months of being there would I get a chance to visit for a useless two weeks.

When I addressed the matter to Nomthandazo she became dramatic obviously, I think we all know by now the type of character she is. She made a big deal of it, even ended up begging me to go out on a date with her for the last time, I was confused, not understanding how someone could act like I was dying.

I was then sitting at a table in a restaurant opposite her, with my son next to her. It was strictly a friendly date and nothing close to picture perfect and she knew and understood that. I couldn't move my eyes from my breed, he was growing every passing day and what scared me was how much he looked like me. I was just hoping he wouldn't be like me, I didn't want him to inherit any characteristic of mine.

Nomthandazo: So uhamba Sunday? (So you're leaving Sunday?)

Me: To Pretoria yes, then phaya we are going to fly from OR Tambo on Wednesday.

Nomthandazo: nihamba nodwa?

I shook my head, pulling the fork out of my mouth.

“I think we have 15 new people we boarding with. Ngaba bayokwenza itraining.”

Nomthandazo: Ladies as well

I furrowed my eyebrows and looked at her with disinterest and shock simultaneously. That was the first uninteresting thing she had uttered since we sat at that table, and she knew better than to annoy me at that moment and time. She still managed to see through me even after spending months away from me because for the first 10 minutes seated in my car she could sense I wasn't alright. Stress was feeding on me, nothing was going my way.

On Saturday while driving back from the mall I decided to pass by at Aphindiwe's place to bid

my goodbyes. I wanted to see her, at least to hug her then. But again to my unfortunate luck she wasn't available. Like bad Déjà vu, the same girl was standing in front of me trying her luck at me once again

Me: Could you please call her?

Siyasanga: Uhm she left her phone I think, khame ndizame uLuthando.

I waited, looking at this young lady who finally told me her name, I remembered hearing Aphindiwe mention it the time of the incident. She tried Luthando again prior to shrugging her shoulders

Me: Were they going out?

Aphindiwe: No they left besiya kwa Kim, I don't know if they planned on going out or not.

I sighed, looking away from her. There's no other way to put it either than to say my heart was aching. If I was a girl I'd probably spend

that night crying because of how I felt that moment.

Me: Ndizobuya (I'll be back)

Siyasanga: Okay.

I returned to my car and brought back to Siyasanga what I had bought for Aphindiwe. A bouquet of white flowers, as pure as her. A white envelope with two things inside, a letter written on a paper torn from an exam pad and a promise ring like she had insisted, months back she explained to me what it meant to her.

There was my white t-shirt which she liked wearing whenever she was at my place.

Whether she used it as a pyjama, or made use of it the same way I did I didn't care, all I wanted was for her to wear it whenever she could.

For the third time in my life, I prayed silently, that she makes it to her flat before dawn so she would contact me before I left. There was

nothing more than I longed like holding her so she'd hear my heart beat and still know it beat for her. I wanted her to wait for me but how was she going to do that when I already knew I had lost her. She belonged to another, all I had to do was take the fall , bounce back and move on. She wasn't mine anymore.

ENTRY 198

Aphindiwe

We were on our way to city centre Cape Town when I missed two calls from Mamomdala. She barely called me, she was a person who wrote messages checking up on me so her calling could mean one thing and one thing only, urgency. Luthando took in the look on my face and questioned

“Is everything okay?”

Me: I doubt, my aunt just called and she never does.

Kimberley: Get back to her so we can have fun in peace. Nothing is as annoying as having guilt whilst trying to get drunk.

Luthando: Same as having guilt of cheating whilst trying to get your ass laid.

Me: Oh wow, I think you need some girl.

Luthando: Haibo njani ngoku, bendifumene?
(Wo how now, when I recently got some?)

I laughed, notching her with my elbow.

Me: It slipped my mind

I said aloud after my last laugh. I was still purchasing airtime via cellphone banking and whilst doing that I couldn't stop but wonder what the problem was. When I finally did buy the airtime I rang her back

Me: Mamomdala

Mamomdala: Molweni sisi, uright?

Me: Ndiyaphila mamomdala akhonto unjani?
(All is well great aunt, how are you?)

I picked up from her tone that something wasn't right but I wasn't going to ask because I didn't want to know. If it were bad news, then I was okay.

Mamomdala: Kuright sisi. Mntana ka bhuti uxolo ngokukhupha ezindaweni zakho Mambhele kodwa khaw'khawuleze ufike apha endlini mntanam (It's all right. My brother's daughter I apologise for removing you from your place but please do arrive her immediately my child)

I was convinced I wasn't going to ask because I wasn't the type to handle bad news in a good way, but the way she sounded drove me into a place I didn't want to be, and I found myself questioning

“Is everything okay Mamomdala?”

Mamomdala: Ewe sisi. Uzobanayo imali yokhwela? (Yes child. Will you have money for transport?)

Me: Ewe Mama

After telling me one more time to arrive as soon as I could she ended the call. I suddenly felt uneasy because when something wasn't right back home you knew something wasn't right no matter how much you didn't visit.

Me: I have to leave.

Kimberley: Are you serious?

Me: I'm dead serious.

Luthando: Akhonto embi kodwa?

Me: Akathethi Mamomdala, uthi I must arrive home qha

Kimberley: Dude you do know we can't drive back to Bosch right?

Me: It's okay, I will catch a taxi in town.

Kimberley: Are you sure? You don't mind right?

Me: No I don't.

After that I couldn't think of anything else but the problem back home. I don't recall how many times I prayed that it wasn't my father, I don't know what I'd be if it was him, I don't know what would become of me. Every time I thought of a different situation my anxiety grew stronger, no matter how less worse my imagination was making the situation, my anxiety just kept growing. I was scared.

I remember how uncomfortable I was in the taxi back home; I was busy fiddling with my dress and biting my nails just an attempt to get the thought out of mind. Had Mihle been around it was only going to take him one glance at me and he would know I wasn't okay. The thought of him made me smile, I wondered how he was

doing wherever he was. I changed sitting positions about way too many times prior to pulling my phone out of my bag and dialling his number, I just had to check that he was okay and wasn't the one I was being called for. The thought made my heart hammer hard against my chest. Twice the times I tried calling him his phone sent me to voicemail, so my eager-self sent him an SMS with hopes that he'd get back to me. My worries made me forget that I vowed on not talking to him until he reached out, I felt like the past months of our relationship I was always the one who had to understand, apologise and agree to everything even though he was the one at fault. I wanted him to know what it felt like when he was drifting away from me, I just hoped that he wouldn't give up the chase.

When the cab pulled through at my destination I felt my stomach turn, had I eaten something, I

would throw up. I paid and stepped out of the car. I could literally feel the black cloud hanging over the yard immediately when I walked through the gates, it was easy for me to tell something wasn't right. After a short, silent prayer I stepped in front of the door and knocked. After my second knock Azola was standing in front of me and smiling, however, it wasn't her usual smile

Azola: Hey mntase

Me: Hello.

I gave her a hug and stepped inside. She helped me with my bag and continued to the lounge before I could ask what the problem was. When I appeared I saw a couple of unfamiliar faces seated on the couches and on chairs, it was three ladies who were between the age ka Sivuyisiwe and Nomthandazo.

Mamomdala: Phindi, molo Mambhele.

Me: Molweni mamomdala.

She gave me a side hug before running her hands down her apron. I scanned the room and saw that Nomthandazo was crying, Sivu looked like she had shed a tear as well whilst the other two ladies were comforting Nomtha. I wasn't about to lose my breath yet but a voice told me whatever was happening concerned Mihle. I found a seat next to Azola and placed my handbag next to my feet

Mamomdala: Mambhele

Me: Mamomdala

Mamomdala: Kubi apha ekhaya, unyana ka Nomthandazo noMihle uyagula, pulse yakhe ibenga respondi ncam uhamba kwethu isibhedlele. (Nothing's great here at home, Nomthandazo and Mihle's son is sick, his pulse wasn't responding well when we left the hospital.)

I passed a glance at Nomtha prior to my mind rushing to Mihle, he will be devastated wherever he is

“Kudala sifuna inumber ka Mihle le ayisebenzisa eSudan kodwa asinayo. Nomtha uthi unganayo wena (We’ve been wanting Mihle’s number the one he’s using in Sudan but we don’t have it. Nomtha said you would.)

Me: Andinayo Mam’dala, I didn’t even know he was in Sudan.

Nomthandazo looked at me for the second time since I stepped into her home. I swear if she wasn’t hurt, she would have been smiling or laughing in my face. Mamomdala let out a disappointed sigh then nodded. I looked at the mother of the child then at Sivuyisiwe whom I believed would have a better answer to my question, there was no way Nomtha was in the state of explaining her child’s sickness.

Me: What's wrong with him?

Sivuyisiwe: Ayiveli. The doctor's don't know qha umntana just started heating up yesterday morning, then we thought it was a cold then all of a sudden he wouldn't stop crying, akaphefumli kakhule (he isn't breathing properly).

Me: Did you try Mihle's work, or one of his friend's place, nimbuze ngenumber?

Nomthandazo: It's Saturday, they don't work on weekends and I don't have any of his friends numbers.

Me: I know kwa bhut'Bulelani, we can drive there and go ask.

I was trying to hide the hurt I felt from all that, I understand he was rejected on my phone but Mihle had other plans. I had him rejected ages ago but his stubborn self still knew about my whereabouts, so why couldn't he reach out and

let me know he was fleeing the country? I mean it couldn't be that difficult.

Mamomdala: Sivuyisiwe ndicela nihambe mntanam, kheniyojonga loBulelani (Sivuyisiwe please go my child and check on this Bulelani.)

Azola, myself and Sivu left the house and jumped into Sivu's countryman. There was silence in the car unless the times when I was directing her. Bulelani's suburbs weren't far from Belville and I knew where he stayed because I been there a couple of times, with Kimberley and Luthando as well. In a matter of 25 minutes we were parking at the lawn, outside the yard

Azola: Akho zinja mos apha? (They aren't any dogs here right?)

I could've have laughed had the atmosphere been different but I didn't have the chance, so instead I shook my head. What was going to

make me laugh was how surprised I was that she feared dogs, the fear didn't fit her.

I couldn't shift my mind from thinking about Nomthandazo and a huge part of me felt guilty as hell. She had a miscarriage a few years back, I came into her life and took what seemed to be holding her together and now her son was in hospital fighting for his life at 5 months. I felt huge sympathy for both her and Mihle but her problems seemed bigger than his for some weird reason, and I couldn't help but feel I was responsible for some of her unhappiness.

I snapped back to reality when the door swung open and just the man we were looking for stood at the doorway

"Molweni. Aphindiwe."

Me: Molweni bhuti, asihlelanga. Xolo ngokuphazamisa, sicela number ka Mihle lena ndinayo ayingeni (Hello brother, we are not here

to stay. Sorry for disturbing you, can we have Mihle's number the one I have doesn't go through.)

He looked at me with talking eyes before he nodded, stepping back inside the house. I bet he wanted to ask why wouldn't Mihle give me his new number that was if he had a new number.

He returned with his phone and smiled at me, handing me the phone

Bulelani: Yonke into iright? (Is everything okay?)

Sivuyisiwe: Hayi, uyagula uLakhe (No, Lakhe is sick)

I had almost forgot that they knew each other, way before I came to the Cape. My forward ass was ready to address him already like I was the only one who knew the guy

Bulelani: Kwenzakantoni? (What's happening?)

I rang the new number from Bulelani's phone and handed it to Sivuyisiwe on the second ring, she took it and stepped aside. I wanted to talk to him so badly but I couldn't be the one to deliver these news to him. I couldn't stop looking at Sivu from five feet away, wondering what he was saying to her

Bulelani: Anithethi? (Y'all aren't talking?)

I shook my head, still feeling down from it. I understand I had to worry about what was going on but I couldn't help but think of why he didn't tell me. What was I to this guy again?

Sivuyisiwe approached us, disturbing my thoughts

"Uthi he'll arrange a flight immediately and fly back kodwa uthi angabalapha Monday or Tuesday (He says he'll arrange a flight immediately and fly back but that could be Monday or Tuesday.)

Bulelani: Okay. Please keep me updated ngalentwana ke.

We all nodded before bedding our goodbyes.

Azola: Did you take his number?

Me: No.

Sivuyisiwe: Ndiyithathile mna (I took it)

If he didn't want me to know he was in Sudan then clearly he didn't want me to have his number so nam ndandingazozinyhala mntakabawo (so I too wasn't going to force myself in him).

When we returned back home I had to witness Nomthandazo call him, talk to him and cry to him whilst I was seated there trying to make out his response to everything she was saying.

I'm sure wayengamteketisi haisoka, ekhala ngooBhelekazi wam, Mambhele wethu, Mamom'ntanam. I had to fight the urge of

rolling my eyes, I had to remember this was about the child, and not the two of them.

On Sunday there was no church, we visited the hospital instead and I waited on the cold benches while the family was inside. I asked to be excused from it all, I just couldn't stand seeing such a young soul plugged with pipes. Azola walked out of the ward and sat next to me, I looked at her prior to holding her forearm "Unjani? (How is he?)"

Azola: No progress. Instead kuthethwa nge heart operations and all. (No progress. Instead they're talking about heart operations and all.)

I wanted to say something but I couldn't, I was loss for words and I am not the type to console and convince people that it'll be alright. 3 years later and I was still crying about my mother's death.

Monday I went to school and came back with another bag because my stay was going to be long. I couldn't leave the family during such times, I had all the money I needed to take me to school and back so I was going to travel everyday until Simlindile was alright. I was used to using his father's name because that's the name I ever heard when he spoke of his son.

Tuesday afternoon we all went to hospital, with Tatomdala around. Apparently he had gone home for some blessings and came back with uDabs wam who seemed strict and unwelcoming. She was the one person in the family who didn't have to be reminded who I was because she claimed she saw her brother in me. I know my father was attractive AF but for me to look like a man, then I must be hella bad. We were gathered in the lounge after a short prayer, listening to lo Dabawo uthetha

nyani advising Nomthandazo on what to do. They were talking about church a lot, and I'm sorry to say this but my father prayed for my mother's health and still lost her. I had this thing bugging me, telling me to talk and tell them to see a traditional healer but it wasn't my place to talk, what did I know?

We were still in the middle of the listening game when there was a knock at the door, and knowing whom it was my body heated instantly. I was always nervous being around him and family because I couldn't even look his way, people would assume we were still attaching our private parts together. I was forever uneasy because Nomthandazo made sure I was.

I felt his eyes on me before I even looked up at him, and by the time I did he was already staring at Nomthandazo who was walking to him.

Immediately when he enveloped her in his arms she let out a cry, a loud, dramatic one. I don't

mean to be hating apha but y'all have to understand that I was so used to her pulling acts just to make me feel awkward about being part of this family so now I couldn't even tell if she was really touched by seeing him, or she wanted to paint yet another picture for me.

After what seemed like forever he pulled back and dried her cheeks, his shirt was already soaking wet from her tears. He was looking as handsome as fuck, like something to be eaten in fact. He was dressed in denim jeans, a white shirt which was tucked in and unbuttoned revealing his chest, a brown belt which matched with brown shoes. He looked like meat on a plate I couldn't have because I was suddenly a vegetarian.

He made himself comfortable next to her and was filled in with everything. I noticed after every glance we shared he'd look at everybody around me just so it didn't seem like he was

checking me out, however, his stares on me were much longer. I don't know how and why I suddenly grew this confidence to speak but when they continued their talk about holy waters and all kinds of priests I grew this irritation because this woman didn't even know the man she claimed she loved.

I cleared my throat, earning everybody's attention. I tried shutting out the idea that my father's older siblings were in the room and would definitely feel disrespected and undermined by me, I spoke

Me: Awungumntu wecawe, why don't you consult a traditional healer? (You are not a church person, why don't you consult a traditional leader?)

He looked at me, almost thanking me for not letting him down. I couldn't smile nor dance but trust me my heart smiled about hundred times in five seconds. He opened his mouth about to

talk when the queen of the house spoke first

“Why uzocinga isangoma kuthethwa ngecawe, yintoni le uyifake kumntanam? (Why would you think of a sangoma during a church conversation, what did you put in my child?)”

And my big mouth got me into trouble once again. There she was seated there, almost fuming to her last nerve, waiting for me to explain myself after she changed my words. I remember just opening my mouth to speak but nothing came out, I mean I was flushed.

Nomthandazo: Thetha! (Speak!)

Mihle and Tatomdala: Nomthandazo!

She looked at her baby daddy first before looking at her father

Tatomdala: Hayi.

Nomthandazo; Naku ebayabayaza (Here she is stuttering)

Mihle: Could you just!

He stopped talking and closed his eyes. I think he remembered where he was, he knew better than shouting at her under the Dabula roof

Mihle: Can we look at the reason why silapha. This is about my son.

Nomthandazo: Then ask your esisfebe sakho why the hell would she speak of something we believe not apha endlini during the hard times for mntanam.

Me: I had to remind you that awumazi uMihle like you think...

Nomthandazo: Uligqwirha gqithi

Me: Maybe you should take your son kokwabo and stop accusing me for nonsense. Stop living like a brat ugoduse umntana!

What was I to do when she screamed that loud at me about something that would never cross

my mind. She looked at me with eyes filled with disbelief. She was probably thinking I wanted to rob her her son after taking her man but I couldn't give a clean fuck anymore. I stood up and stormed past them towards the passage but was stopped by Mihle who held tight of my arm

Me: Ndiyeke (Leave me)

I removed his hand from my arm. She could have painted me of anything but that. I admitted to being a man stealer but I definitely wasn't a witch.

ENTRY 200

Mihle

After standing up holding her hand I knew every pair of eyes in that house was probably looking

at me, at us, observing what reaction she'd give me. She roughly pulled her hand free from my grip

“Ndiyeke!” was the word that came out of her mouth prior to her continuing with storming towards the passage. I shook my head, returning to my seat. If this wasn't about my son, I would have left already. I heard no words to say after what Nomthandazo did because if I were to speak I would probably embarrass her in front of her family, so I kept quiet

Mr Dabula: Nomthandazo Dabula andiyifuni lento ugqiboyenza ngongathi azange sakukhulisa ngambeko nomama

(Nomthandazo Dabula I do not approve of what you just did as if your mother and I didn't raise you with respect)

Nomthandazo: Kodwa tat... (But father...)

Mr Dabula: Ndithetha nawe! Ufuna uphendula?!

(I am talking to you! Do you want to back chat?)

Nomthandazo: Hayi tata (No father)

Mr Dabula: Ndithi kuwe andiyifuni lento ogqib'yenza and asoze uphinde uyenze apha kwam uyandivha? (I am saying to you I do not approve of what you just did and never again will you do that in my house, do you hear me?)

She nodded looking at her hands, and the old man kept his flaming eyes on her. I was about to nudge her softly with my elbow but her mother interrupted me

Mrs Dabula: Nomthandazo

She called her daughter's name softly, Nomtha looked up and stared at her mother prior to looking at the man of the house

"Ewe tata."

Mr Dabula: Azola

Azola: Tata

Mr Dabula: Hambolanda Aphindiwe (Go fetch Aphindiwe).

There was awkward silence until Azola and Phindi were both seated next to each other like they were before the quarrel. Knowing my Aphindiwe, I could see she was still mad, it was written in the way she kept looking at me then at Nomtha. I am pretty sure at that very moment she despised me just as much as she did with Nomthandazo. I could have removed myself from that seat and went over to comfort her but I wasn't allowed, not under the watch of everybody there.

Mr Dabula: Aphindiwe?

Aphindiwe: Tatomdala?

Mr Dabula: Nomthandazo?

Nomthandazo: Tata?

Mr Dabula: Ndifuna nobabini nindimamele and nindivisise kakuhle bantwana bam (I want both

of you to listen to me and hear me clearly my children). I will not have abantwana abaziphethe okwe ndlavini apha kwam, besilwela indoda yomnye umzi. Niyandivha? (I will not have children carry themselves as lunatics fighting for a man in my house. Do you hear me?)

They simultaneously said yes, deceiving the man. Well, maybe Aphindiwe wasn't because with every fifth second I passed my glance to her, and I knew when she was terrified and when she wasn't and right then, the man kind of freaked her out so I knew she could be taking the lecture a little too serious unlike the lady that was on my left.

Mr Dabula: Andizophinda ndithethe ngalento (I will not talk about this again).

Me: Ndicela uthetha tata (Can I ask father?)

Mr Dabula: Ewe Nyawuza

Me: Into ebendirhalela uyixasa yile ibethethwa

nguAphindiwe, ngasizathu soba ekhaya singabantu bamasiko gqithi. Not wanting to make you feel like andiyihloniphi indlela zenu, I would advise kujongwe macala obabini kuzokoneliseka each family (What I would like to support is what Aphindiwe said, with the reason that at my home we are traditional people. Not wanting to make you feel like I don't respect you ways, I would advise we look at both solutions so there can be fulfilment in each family.)

Mr Dabula: Watsho wathetha okwe ndoda nyani ke nyana. Bendithule nje ndifuna uza nesolution. Haike ndiyavuya xa ukwazi ucinga. (You spoke like a man son. I was quiet because I wanted you to raise a solution. I'm happy that you can think this well.)

I nodded, averting my eyes to the lady across the room. I wanted to hug her so badly because she still didn't look happy and I was bothered by

that.

Mr Dabula: Niyivele nonke into ethethwe nguMihle, khona enirhalela uyi add. Nkosikazi? (You all heard what Mihle said, is there anything you would like to add. Wife?)

Mrs Dabula: Hayi no tata, I am happy about everything mna.

“Uright nawe Bhelekazi? (You are fine as well Bhekelazi?)”

He asked his sister, the old lady just nodded then looked at me

Dabawo : Kodwa mntanam ndingathanda ubane moment nje nawe (But my child I would like to have a moment with you)

Me: Mna ma?

Dabawo: Ewe.

Nomthandazo: Sisezoya es’bhedlele Dabs maybe xa sibuya (We are still going to the

hospital Aunt, maybe when we return)

Dabawo: Hayti noba kungomso wethu (No, even if it's tomorrow.)

Me: Alright. Sizothetha Mambhele (We will talk Mmabhele)

After a short while Nomthandazo, Sivuyisiwe and myself left for the hospital. I didn't know how I was feeling really, I didn't even think I was strong enough for this. I knew my situation would have been better if Aphindiwe was with us but I couldn't bring her with for obvious reasons. When we got at the hospital I was already panicking, I hated the place and hated it even more when someone close to me was laying on one of those beds. Nomthandazo took my hand after looking at me

"Are you okay?"

Me: Not a bit, but I will be. Ndifuna nje umbon uba unjani (I just want to see how he's doing)

We stepped in when she was ready because I knew deep down I could never ever be ready seeing my son in that condition. The situation I had imagined in my mind was better than what I saw in that ward, maybe I was imagining things a little less worse so I couldn't hurt myself but that didn't help because when I stood about four feet from that cottage, my heart ached and I knew I was cracking. Nomthandazo squeezed my hand and softly dragged me so we'd continue but I stood still, almost feeling like I had lost him already.

Me: Can I have some time alone with him?

Nomthandazo: Are you sure?

Me: Ewe.

I wouldn't tell you what she did after that because my eyes were glued on that baby bed. Never did I picture my child stuffed with four pipes in his tiny body, I mean he was only five

months old. After gaining all the strength I had, I cautiously stepped forward and took a glimpse of his tiny body. He didn't seem to be in pain or maybe that's because he was sleeping. I passed my glance to the machine on the side of the bed showing his heart pulse and all other pulses important to the doctors, I knew his heart rate was normal by just looking at that machine. Sighing, I looked at him again

Me: Nyawuza, ndim ndoda encinci ka tata. I need you to fight boy because (silence)

Ndabindeka (I choked) I couldn't talk any further as I leaned on the cottage with my eyes closed. I was trying not to break because in such circumstances I had to be the strongest. I was always reminded back home that when you were going through the most times in your life crying wasn't an option because if it was an evil spirit that was doing that to you, then you crying would only give it more power and control over

you.

I only lifted my head again when the pain eased

Me: Vuka boy. You're my little soldier and I need you to get up. Vuka Jama.

I had so much I wanted to say to him but I didn't know where to start so instead of saying anything, I continued begging him to wake up, that was before Nomthandazo appeared at the door with her sister

Nomthandazo: Can we say our goodbyes, ubethile u8.

I moved away from the cottage giving them some space. I watched how she interacted with him and it warmed my heart, a way so strange and foreign. I use the concept foreign because I knew the feelings, I used to feel it towards her but that was a long time ago, so when it returned it seemed quite new. I knew I couldn't be feeling anything strong towards her, it was

just the soft I had for my baby mama.

The journey back home seemed a little tense because none of us had much to say to the other, I am thinking our worry was lurking over every positive thought we tried to have of him lying there. I didn't drive my car inside the yard when we arrived because I were to leave in no longer than ten minutes but I had to leave formally. We walked into the lounge and found Aphindiwe and Azola watching television

Nomthandazo: ooMama balele? (Is mother and father sleeping?)

Azola: Ha.a bayahlamba, Dabs yena ulele (No they're bathing, Aunt is sleeping)

Me: It's okay you will tell them bendizochaza uba ndimnkile.

Nomthandazo: Okay baby

Me: Goodnight then.

I turned and was about to leave when I felt this urge of wanting to talk to Aphindiwe. When I stormed in my traces I was aware Nomtha was already looking at me because she was already walking beside me, endikhupha

Nomthandazo: Yintoni? (What is it?)

Me: I want to talk to Aphindiwe.

Nomthandazo: Intoni?! (What?!)

Me: I have to talk to her.

Nomthandazo: Ngantoni? (About what?)

She looked at me with a questioning look for over a minute, and when I didn't answer she sighed and nodded

“But ndicela undixelele xa uzohamba (But please tell me when you're going to leave).”

Me: Sure.

Aphindiwe was still seated on the couch waiting for me to address her. I knew she heard

Nomtha and I speak but when she didn't move I presumed she didn't want to be accused of being all over me. I knew she had had enough of the accusations.

I looked straight into her eyes and spoke

“Can I talk to you Mmabhele?”

I couldn't quite read the look she gave me prior to dragging herself off the couch and pushing her feet into her slippers. She followed me outside and leaned against the door right after closing it. Her arms were folded over her chest and for some reason she looked annoyed, I knew she wanted to speak but she refrained from it

Me: Unjani? (How are you?)

Aphindiwe: Bendizoba njani? (How was I going to be?)

I opened my mouth wanting to spit back with an attitude as well but I was blocked, the thought

of my son lying on that bed was the only thing in my head. I closed my mouth subsequently closing my eyes attempting to get a grip of everything.

Me: Kutheni undiqumbele? (Why are you mad at me?)

Aphindiwe: I am not mad

Me: I know you Aphindiwe. Yintoni? (What is it?)

Aphindiwe: Can we talk toro.

Me: Kanti senzani. (And what are we doing?)

She looked at me and snorted. There was silence and it was irritating, I don't know why she was sulking and I was too stressed and hurt to be dragging that out of her

Me: Why the fuck are you mad?

I asked taking steps towards her and just when I was about to touch her, she flinched rising her hands to stop me. I hated that, she knew I hated

that and I felt I was being tempted

“I don’t know what the fuck is wrong with you and I don’t have the energy to beg. I have a son dying, I have to find a way to beg this fucken God that people believe in to safe my son, I can’t be begging you too. I hope ngomso xa ndilapha you’ll speak.”

I knew I was saying all that between gritted teeth because it was the only way to express my irritation that night, I couldn’t yell, I wasn’t in my yard. I looked at her for the last time hoping she’d say something but her cute ass was still sulking so I turned and walked away. I was stopped by her voice

Aphindiwe: Why wouldn’t you tell me uya eSudan?

I turned around and faced her, she looked shuttered. I knew she wasn’t acting, she didn’t know.

Me: Where are the things I left you?

Aphindiwe: What things?

I approached her, closing the gap between us, and stood just a foot away from her

Me: I came to your place twice ndifuna ukubona, one Saturday and the following week on Sunday.

She relaxed a bit

Aphindiwe: No you didn't.

Me: I spoke to lamntana nihlala naye, and I left some things kuye for you, that was on Sunday before flying to Pretoria wathi you're out with ooKhalima.

Aphindiwe: What?

Mihle: (laughs) so you didn't get anything?

Aphindiwe: No. Why you laughing this isn't funny Mihle.

Me: I know it isn't but your face, damn.

Aphindiwe: I'm pissed

Me: You are.

She smacked my chest and shook her head, her eyebrows were still furrowed

“What were they?”

Me: Ndizok'thumelela ipicture yazo (I will send you a picture)

Aphindiwe: But why wouldn't she give them to me?

I didn't answer her, not because I couldn't but because my eyes were on her lips, I had over two months not kissing her, not touching her the way I wanted to.

Aphindiwe: Are you even listening to me?

I moved closer and she took a two steps back, trapping herself between the door and I. I ran my hand on her exposed thigh and she immediately smacked it away and I knew the

only way to get her to kiss me was if I took her lips in mine. She struggled at first, trying to push me away but when my hand found its way into her pyjama shorts and met her ass, she grabbed tight of my shirt. I knew she never wore panties at night after bathing, that's why I had such confidence that I was going to get where I wanted to get. If there was anything which had her body heating up it was my hand against her ass, because I think she knew where I was headed after that. It was something which got her both excited and nervous.

I pushed my hand between her butt cheeks and start massaging her anus. Instantly when my middle finger touched her anus her breathing increased. I pulled back from the kiss and looked at her, her angelic face was the reasoning my dick was hardening. I had told myself I wasn't going to take things as far as I did but looking at her eyes closed, her bottom

lip between her teeth and her chest rising up and down the way it was, made me push my finger in and she moaned a little too loud than I expected. I crashed my lips on hers trying to suppress the sound she made. When I pushed my middle finger deeper into her she held my wrist too tight, moaning against my mouth.

I wanted to stop but the urge of getting her to moan even louder took over me so I moved my other hand from her waist and held her hand. She tightened her grip on my wrist but couldn't win the battle because she freed mine when I tightened my hold on her hand. I forced two fingers deep in her and she let out a sharp moan, one which I knew was loud even with my mouth against her. I stopped everything and pulled back examining her face, she looked like someone who was trying to bare pain

Me: Did I hurt you?

Her left hand was still holding my forearm and

she was digging her nails into my skin. I could feel burning sensation her nails were making on my skin but I couldn't care less about that, it was her I was concerned about

Me: Aphindiwe

Aphindiwe: Mhuh?

Yep, I hurt her. It was evident in her voice, in her face. Then I felt it, that feeling I didn't want to feel.

Me: Ndijonge (Look at me)

She was loosening her hold on my arm but still had her eyes closed

"Look at me."

She did, and I regretted asking her. It was not only her face which portrait pain but her eyes as well

Me: I'm sorry.

She nodded, searching for my eyes. I looked

away, letting her waist go. I stepped away from her and felt the demon in me breathing. I wanted to shut the thought out but it came breaking whatever wall I was building for it not to pass through. She touched my hand but I withdrew it

Aphindiwe: Are you okay?

Me: Ya.

There was silence and all that could be heard was the night wind and the tress dancing to it. I turned around and looked at her. She was worried

Me: I'll see you tomorrow.

I placed a kiss on her forehead and went for the gate. I could feel her eyes on me and I wanted to turn around and convince her that I was okay but I knew I wasn't. The thought of feeling like a rapist was overwhelming me. What I felt when she stopped me was the exact same thing I felt

with Lelovuyo when I continued raping her – the feeling of wanting to proceed even when I'm being stopped. I knew she was stopping me by holding my wrist but for some reason I felt it would be good if I didn't, I felt it would be satisfaction if she screamed louder than before.

Sweating uncontrollably, I stepped into my car and left the door opened. I held tight of the steering wheel and tried calming myself down, the less I thought of it the better. With my eyes closed, I breathed in and out about four times if I remember well and when I opened them still not feeling any better, I knew something must have triggered me. I knew something might have gotten me upset and the monster in me was feeding on it. Whenever I felt agony, taking it out on others made It happy and gave It life. It was awoken and ready to battle me.