

Disclaimer: This is a continuation of my rapist my lover

Chapter 1

Does it get better? Do you ever get used to the pain?

I was screaming on top of my lungs I couldn't handle the pain, it was too much. I didn't know what was more painful whether it was an emotional pain or the physical pain but what I knew for sure was that it hurt so bad.

Everyone was rushing around, I heard them telling me not to close my eyes, talking to me trying to keep me awake but my eyes were heavy. I was tired.

.....

Exactly at 00:30 recorded time my baby angel was born, she was healthy although born a month earlier. Funny how the history has a way repeating itself when Lihle was born I was crying because I was giving birth to the child of the rapist now when Ngesihle was born I was also in heartache because of the same rapist. I really didn't see this one coming not even in my wildest dreams did I see that Monde was the one who raped me. how do people do such awful things and be able to live with themselves. Not only did he break me by raping me but again he had to go and make me fall in love with him. I couldn't believe that a person I loved with all my heart just hours ago I hated with passion now.

A nurse got in with my baby as I had to breastfeed her, luckily since she wasn't my first child I knew what I had to do and how to hold her.

Later, I saw Monde getting in my ward with his whole family, they had brought the clothes for the baby I couldn't even look at them. They were all fussing over the baby while I just looked at them they kept exchanging the baby in between them exclaiming how beautiful she was. I wanted them to leave so I could put them off the visiting list. We made some small talks here and there then they decided to give Monde and I some space, talk about people who sure can pretend. Here I was thinking that in them I have found a second family. *Kungcono ukuthemba itshe kunokuthemba umuntu.*

Monde sat on the chair which was next to my bed as I busied myself with my baby paying him no attention at all.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“we can fix this” he said quietly.

I looked at him thinking he must have lost his mind to think that I would even consider forgiving him.

“please talk to me Minnie I need to know that there is still a chance for us” his eyes were pleading with me.

“I need you to leave and never come back” I said quietly through gritted teeth. I was boiling with anger but I didn’t want to burst in front of the new born.

“I understand you are still angry I will come back tomorrow masowuphumulile” he kissed Ngesihle’s forehead part of me wanted to cut him off my kid’s life completely but that wouldn’t be fair on both my kids, everyone needs their father in their lives. Having grown up with a father figure in my life I didn’t want to deprive my kids of that chance of having a father.

I spent few days at the hospital, I got discharged earlier than I had expected when we got out the hospital he was already there waiting. I looked at my aunt.

“I told him to come and fetch us. There is no way I am taking taxis when my son in law has a car”

She still didn’t know what had happened.

“you know he has been spending the last days with your son, he really likes him. they have a very special bond you chose well my child”.

I rolled my eyes.

Monde and Aunt were busy having a fired-up conversation while I just wanted to get off the car they were suffocating me. Monde kept looking at me in the rear-view mirror yes, I had cut him and his family off the list and I was not sorry not even a bit.

When we got home I was the first one to get off the car, I went straight to my room Ngesihle was sleeping so I had to put her down she was heavy. Lihle came out of the room running.

“mah is that my sister let me see let me see her” he said trying to climb up to me.

I smiled.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“she is sleeping, how about you help me put her down”

He followed me to my room.

“what’s her name mah” he asked whispering.

“Ngesihle”

“she is so beautiful”

“yes, beautiful like you”

“no mah I am not beautiful I am handsome”

I laughed and Ngesihle yawned.

“you are getting too smart for your age” he nodded smiling.

“I am smart mah”

He helped me as I unpacked Sihle’s clothes, Aunty peeped in at the door and told me that Monde was leaving I nodded and continued with what I was doing.

“hamba uyovalelisa angazi nje ukuthi uzombalekela kuze kubenini”.

I put the clothes down and went out to him, he was leaning in by his car.

“what?”

He shook his head.

“you know Minenhle you really need to give me a chance to explain acting childish won’t help us in any way”

The fuck

“oh, so I am being childish now?”

“okay I am sorry but this is frustrating me too, you haven’t said a word about the issue it’s more like you just want to forget about it and us”

“do you blame me?”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“Monde you know how much you hurt me so please stop coming here and acting like everything is back to normal. We are not okay and we will never be okay, maybe one day I will forgive you. Give me space please”

He scratched his head.

“but I need to see my kids too”

“you can always see your kids, I still have to explain to my son how you miraculously became his father”

“but....”

I cut him off.

“Leave Monde, it’s over. We are over”

I said walking away I didn’t turn until I got into the room, I quickly closed the door and cried. Love hurts deeply, if you have never been hurt by someone you love deeply, someone you thought you would spend the rest of your life with then you are blessed it is some excruciating pain. I promised myself that after this I will never cry for him again.

Sihle’s loud cry woke me up from my deep thoughts this child sure can cry, I changed her nappy then breastfed her she was forever hungry which explained her weight.

It was after supper and Lihle had just gone to sleep it is his sister who wouldn’t sleep, we were just chatting with aunt she was telling me that the family was coming over the following day to see the child so I had to prepare myself.

“so my child tell me what’s going on between you and umkhwenyana are we still having the wedding?”

I sighed.

“No, the wedding has been called off”

She looked at me like I had lost my mind.

“and you expect me to ask you what happened?”

“Aunty though I was getting there, so here is the thing....”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

I narrated the whole thing to her from the moment I arrived at the Mbatha's to when I eavesdropped and heard the whole thing. She couldn't believe it for the first time in my life my aunt was speechless if the situation was reversed I would have laughed but the situation didn't allow me to.

She got up and gave me a hug that's when I noticed that she was silently crying.

"oh, Aunty stop crying I am fine"

She shook her head.

"I promised your mother I would take care of you I failed, I failed her"

"Aunty you did the best you could this is not your fault, I want us to move past this."

She wiped her tears which fell uncontrollably.

"how Minenhle, tell me how Minenhle how do we move on from this"

I held her hand as I held my baby tighter with my other hand she was probably wondering what was happening.

"we are stronger than this, we have survived storms this is minor compared to things we have been through me and you. We will move on from this I promise you"

She nodded and took Sihle from me as I got up to make her a cup of tea it calmed her down, I don't know how but seemingly it had some sort of magic.

"what kind of a cruel man does that to a woman though"

"men are trash out here I can tell you that much"

I poured some water on the kettle and plugged it in after years we finally had electricity although the elders were not as thrilled as we were.

"I hate that he is related to my grandkids"

She said playing with Sihle's cheeks.

"yeah but Aunt how are we going to tell Lihle about this whole thing"

She kept quiet for a while.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“we will not tell him yes what he did is unforgivable but we don’t need Lihle hating his father after all he needs a father figure in his life”

I took the cup on the top shelf and put it in the tray before taking everything needed to make tea.

“I don’t know if that is for the best”

“it is trust me on this one. Maybe when he is older he will understand the truth but for now it will be too much for him, with him nje knowing that he is the product of rape he doesn’t need those details”

I nodded, maybe she was right I just wasn’t sure about this. I took the now sleeping Sihle to my room then went back to talk some more with aunt. We slept late.

I was woken up by Sihle crying her eyes out, I got up immediately and tried attending to her but she wouldn’t stop crying I tried breastfeeding her but she just bit on my breast. The pain, if she wasn’t my child I would have thrown her on the floor.

When I woke up the following day my eyes were still heavy I was still tired as I stayed up all night attending to Sihle who wouldn’t sleep with Lihle it was never like this. He was calm, slept a lot and hardly ever cried but this diva here wants her presence to be felt. Aunty had her strapped on her back as she went about with her chores I don’t even know when she woke up. I took some water and went to my wash my face and brush my teeth before making breakfast for everyone. Aunt had a thing for children they loved her and I could see that Sihle was getting attached to her too. Lihle was helping me around, they always warned me about him being gay since he followed me around whenever I was home but I enjoyed it.

Nokwakha was the first one to arrive with her creche and her mother they were all in high spirits singing some wedding songs, I don’t understand how can one person have so much energy Nokwakha’s aunt was on another level. I had forgotten Aunt said she was going to call a family meeting until they arrived. After them my always drunk cousin came with the uncles, they were all in high spirits I hated that I was going to be the bearer of sad news.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

Nokwakha and I cooked as the elders were having a flowing conversation Aunt said she was going to tell them so they don't ask many questions. Everyone respected her in the family.

“cha uyakwazi ukuphula umoya womuntu we Minnie” that was my always drunk cousin Siya. I just looked at him and smiled.

“are you hungry”

I said giving him his food.

“la ekhaya nje akekho umuntu oyoze ashade ayikho nje indaba yenu bengithembile ku Minenhle kodwa naye nje uyangiphoxa”

We all laughed.

“when are you getting married Siya?”

“when I find someone like you maybe”.

He is crazy.

Chapter 2

It gets better when you let go, you know holding onto grudges or some things people did to you only hold you back. You will see them enjoying their life while you are all miserable and feeling sorry for yourself. I focused on me, I took all the energy I had and focused on my family. I lived for my children and nothing else.

I was so deep in my thoughts I didn't even notice the car I nearly ran into in front of me, I quickly parked on the side. I rushed out to check on the guy's car for any damage I was panicking.

“I've always known you don't like me but I didn't think you would want to kill me”

He said as soon as I got out of the car as he met me halfway.

“you know this was not you I would have gave the person a tough time”
He added. I can never get over how handsome he is.

“I hope I didn't do any damage”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“you nearly did, lucky for you there is no damage”

I sighed in relief.

“I am so sorry, I don’t usually drive like that I don’t know what is wrong with me”

“you know you can make it up to me”

“I can?”

I asked getting curious

“yes, let’s go grab a coffee. There is this good café I know not far from here”

I grinned.

“it will have to miss me I am sorry I have a child waiting at home”

“okay, next time I won’t take no for an answer”

I apologised again the drove home I never thought I would bump into him again, after being an annoying person he was at the mall, Johannesburg is very small.

I was greeted by Sihle’s laughter when I got home she was playing with Mme the child minder, that sight I could get used to it every time when I get home. She got so excited to see me she was such a happy child also she didn’t cry a lot anymore she was a darling although she loved attention. I went to change my work outfit and changed into more comfortable clothes then played with her.

I had just finished bathing Sihle when Monde came in, I know the child is his and everything but he doesn’t have to barge in in the middle of the night, a boundary is needed which must be respected.

“she has to sleep you know”

I don’t think I will ever forgive this guy, I was trying to make this co-parenting work but every time I see him something in me turns, forgiveness is never easy. Forgive they say your mind shall be free they say and here I was struggling. Have you ever hated someone so much that you mentally envision yourself killing them, that was me? it was better when I didn’t know the rapist and to think that I fell in love with a rapist made things worse. Sihle betrayed me because she seemed happy to see her father she was all smiles when he

took her and played with her. I took a decision in that moment that I will never tell my kids the truth about their father. How can someone be so good and bad at the same time.

I decided to give them space as I went to join Mme for supper, she had dished out already and waiting so we both sat down and ate over a small conversation I noticed that she put out a plate for him too. I didn't want to be in the dinner table as him, I heard Sihle laughing before I saw them and he came straight to us. When Mme was getting up I told her to sit down.

“no Mme he can dish out for himself and besides I didn't know he was staying for supper”

Mme looked apologetic.

“but Minenhle I have a child on me, how am I going to dish out for myself?”

He asked looking frustrated. Oh, he was hungry, I kept quiet and chewed my spinach hard while staring on a blank space. After some awkward silence even Sihle could sense it Mme got up and dished for him.

I was the first one to leave the dinner table after I was done eating, I went to do some ironing for the next day I always leave that for morning but I am always late so I saw it fit that I do it. I was hanging the clothes when he got in with the sleeping baby, he put her on her side of the bed I had a cot for her but she always sleeps with me so it's useless. He then turned to me

“we never really talked Minenhle”

“I need to sleep Monde”

“you even lost weight I hate this knowing that I am the cause”

“Monde I said I want to sleep!”

I said through gritted teeth I didn't want to shout. He looked at me for a while then got out. I changed into pyjamas then read my bible I was suddenly a very spiritual person who was failing to forgive such a hypocrite I was. After I was done I prayed asking for God's guidance through it all and thanking him for being with me always.

I woke up with a throbbing headache but I soldiered on and went to take a bath. I could feel that it was going to be a long day this headache was a sign. I called home while I was

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

making breakfast and Aunt was telling me about how Lihle had demanded to visit his family over the weekend.

“no wait, he demanded? Ubazelaphi?”

“I don’t understand why he suddenly loves them so much, apparently he gets bored here because there are no kids he can play with”

“Lihle must not mess with me I told him clear that he can only visit over the holidays. I need to talk to him”

“it must be the phase don’t be too hard on him. remember don’t take out your hatred of their father on kids.”

“I’m not but I still need to talk to him. I will call later”

This child will be the death of me, I went to my room to collect my things then kissed Sihle. I was planning on buying a house but my budget wasn’t on my side I had to endure living in Monde’s house for a while. Well it’s the least he could do.

Chapter 3

Sandile and complaining. If he is not complaining about me being scarce, he is complaining about his boyfriend not giving him enough attention but what I knew for sure I had missed him. It was weekend and we were having lunch just the two of us like the good old days before I become a full-time mother maybe I should take my aunts offer of her living with Sihle while I worked, I suggested her coming to live in Joburg though and she would hear none of it. She always says that Joburg has no fresh air its air is polluted and there is noise pollution she wouldn’t survive a day bear in mind she has never been here.

“but my friend you have lost weight”

“and that is a good thing, right?”

I said smiling

“I guess, I don’t know maarn I am just not used to this person I am seeing in front of me”

I eyed myself.

“come on I am not that bad”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“uhm. Waiter!”

People have been saying I lost weight but I didn't think I lost it in a bad way so it didn't bother me.

“but my friend you never really told me about what happened between you and Monde”

“I did not?”

He rolled his eyes.

“no seriously I thought I did”

“today is the D day spill the beans”

I laughed then frowned.

“My friend when people say men are trash besuke bengadlali I experienced it first hand, you know”

“what happened? Oh, how I wish you could just get straight to the point”

“uuuuh there is the vanilla one”

He said looking behind me.

“ungabheki, ungabheki. He is looking at us”

I wanted to look but he slapped my hand

“he will see that I am talking about him stop, ooh he is so yummy”

I laughed and he kept quiet immediately.

The guy tapped me on the shoulder and I frowned as Sandile was blushing opposite me. when I looked up I found the “yummy” guy to be the guy I nearly crushed his car few days back.

“we can't keep bumping into each other like this”

He said smiling.

“Hello to you too”

“oh, where are my manners. My name is Busile Madikizela”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

He said extending his hand to Sandile who was red like a rotten tomato.

“Sandile”

“so, I take it you are the friend to this beautiful person opposite you”

Sandile laughed.

“are you worried I might be your competition perhaps?”

“I am just being polite”

“oh, I like you already please do join us”

I kicked Sandile under the table, he can't seriously let this handsome man hijack our lunch.

“oh no that would be rude of me”

Thank you.

“I sure will see you again”

He addressed me smiling, then he left. I still hadn't given him my number since the day he asked for it at the mall which was the previous year but it felt like I would be seeing him everywhere.

He waited till he was out of sight then he clapped.

“bitch! Where did you get that hoity toity”?

I laughed.

“no don't laugh I want to know, how do you always get all the handsome ones and I get all the pigs”

“you are such an exaggerator, anyway I met the guy late last year I think and we are not dating”

I emphasized the last part.

“mmhhh”

“I am serious I very much enjoy being single you know. Thank you very much”

“well you need the D maybe you will gain some weight”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“this is some really nice pasta you know”

He rolled his eyes. After lunch he accompanied me as I went to buy Sihle’s stuff we were running out of her formula but I decided to buy other things as well.

When I got home I found Sihle sleeping so that gave me some time to catch up on my work on which I was behind on. Mme was really helping me out I don’t know how I would be surviving without her.

Chapter 4

Life was going good on my side I was content, I didn’t have everything I wanted but I had everything I needed. For the longest time I had been trying to convince Lihle to come and live with us but he was hell bent and said he wanted to live with his grandmother even when she had agreed. To be honest that child saw me as his sister and aunt as his mother.

This was the day I had been dreading, Monde was coming over to talk I needed to let this go and by this I had to hear him out, I had to forgive him. I hoped that in my heart there was still an ounce of forgiveness that I can offer to him. This anger I was carrying was too much for me, it was not healthy. He arrived rather early than what we had agreed on, Mme had left with Sandile and Sihle for grocery shopping I felt like that was them giving us space that we did not need really.

“where is my baby girl?”

He said when he got in.

“asisabingelelwa”

He smiled.

“how are you Minenhle?”

There is this way only he says my name that makes me feel some type of way.

“I’m all good, should I get you anything?”

He sighed.

“I can’t believe we act like strangers now, you seem so uncomfortable around me”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

I shrugged.

“just a bottle of water”

I went to take with a glass then sat opposite him since he was seated already.

“this is awkward, never in my wildest dreams thought we would be here”

I said after sitting down. We both kept quiet for what felt like an hour.

“why?”

I asked after a while, he looked down and scratched his head.

“Monde you wanted to talk and I need you to answer me honestly”

“this is hard”

He said looking at me.

“I think it is the only way we can move on from this, I don’t want to hate you. You are the father of my kids I need to at least be civil towards you but I can’t do that without closure”

“Minenhle I had been following you from that day, I wanted to make things right. I regretted what I did, I don’t want to blame it on alcohol but I have had too much to drink”

He looked away for a moment I didn’t want to disturb him so I continued listening.

“after that night I kept having nightmares of you begging me to stop, I had clear memory of your face. I wanted to apologise but I didn’t want to get arrested”

I raised my eyebrow and kept quiet. How selfish.

“look I had just lost my parents and everything went downhill from there, my family was going through a lot I didn’t want to add on the problems we already had. I wasn’t working at that time so I would follow you every time when you went to school. I noticed how after that incident you became a loner, how you lost all your friends I wanted to give you a shoulder to cry on but I was a coward. I know I should have owned up to my actions but it was hard”

He stopped and looked at me then continued.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“when I kept following you I fell in love with you I don’t know how but something in you touched my heart and I couldn’t help but wonder if me and you had a chance of being in a relationship and then you fell pregnant”

This guy was seriously stalking me, he knew so much”

“but after that you disappeared. When I saw you that day at the shops I knew I had to get your number”

“wow”

I was speechless; how can one person be so fucked up. how do you even begin to fall in love with someone you raped, how do you explain that”? not to mention that he was following me more like stalking me after raping me, who does that?

“believe me Minenhle I wanted to tell you throughout our relationship but I couldn’t and I could see how what I did affected you, I couldn’t do it I really couldn’t. what I know for sure is the love I have for you, through this whole thing I’m glad you know the truth now”

“Monde how can you make this sound so normal? You are weird”

He sighed.

“I cannot apologise enough for what I did, I will live with it for the rest of my life and I know it will haunt me till I die”

“I hope one day we can go past this, I want to forgive you I will try but I don’t think I will ever love you again”

He did not answer, he just looked at me and after a while he said to me.

“even if I divorce my first wife?”

“it’s not about that Monde you know it, I know you love her and I accepted that I was even willing to marry you despite that but this changes everything”

I heard Sihle’s laughter even before they got in. Sandile got in first with Sihle and gave Monde a death stare he will never forgive him. he couldn’t believe after I told him the whole story his words were “I will burn that trash of a man down including his useless family” but I knew he wasn’t capable of that.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“mhhm you are still alive”

He could see that Monde wanted to take the child but he just wasn't having it. I got up and took Sihle from him.

“had fun with Sandile my love, here is daddy”

She was already holding out her arms for him to take her, this I can never take away from my kids no matter how much I hate their father.

“did you guys eat?”

I asked as I was headed to the kitchen to make something to eat. Sandile followed me.

“we ate but there is still room for more”

He sat down on one of the high chairs, Mme was resting in her room.

“I still don't understand how you let that rapist in your house”

I slapped his hand.

“hayi wena not so loud and basically it's still his house”

“same difference okusalayo ungu mdlwenguli nje”

“Sandile!”

“okusalayo”

He said rolling his eyes. I made a Nutella sandwich for the three of us including Monde of which I then took to him.

“guess who I saw today looking all yummy”

I smiled I knew where this was going.

“who?”

“the yummy B-man”

I tried to hide a smile but I failed. I couldn't believe that I was falling for this yet he's never asked me out.

“where”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“he was at Woollies doing some groceries which means he doesn’t have a wife unlike someone I know”

I laughed, this one and shades.

“well we don’t know that for sure”

“can you believe that he still remembered me”

“but who would forget you”

We continued chatting and laughing, being with him is always a breath of fresh air. After a while he left as he said, “boyfriend duties” so I decided to pass the time by cooking.

When I was done cooking I went to check on Monde and Sihle I found Monde changing Sihle’s nappy. I looked at him struggling and laughed quietly he turned almost immediately looking helpless.

“don’t tell me you’ve never changed a nappy before”

I asked still laughing.

“no, I have never been in that position”

Really?

“Monde you have three other kids don’t play with me”

He looked at, oh he was serious.

“okay let me teach you”

I said taking a nappy from him and showing him how it’s done.

“see it’s easy”

He smiled.

“yeah next time I won’t need your help”

“a thank you would have been nice you know”

I said teasing.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

After we were done he dressed Sihle up then we all went to eat, I fed the child while he was eating. Mme was still sleeping it was unlike her the shopping must have got her tired I know how Sandile can be.

“this is very delicious I can’t remember the last time I had a home cooked meal”

“you live on takeout’s that’s really not healthy”

“I know but I’m just too lazy”

We continued talking as I tried to juggle in between eating and feeding the child, the conversation was just flowing. After a while he left.

I decided on watching TV I am not a TV person but I do watch it every now and then when I am really bored, Mme got in after a while she did the dishes then came to watch with me she loved soapies. She was telling me about how big Greenstone is and how she still can’t get over it she was talkative I loved her.

After a while I went to sleep since Sihle was sleeping too she has a habit of keeping me up all night so I go to bed as early as I can.

The following day I woke up really early my mood was good I was in high spirits I told Mme to get ready early as we were going to church. I hardly ever go to church which must be the reason why everything was going downhill in my life. I texted Sandile and he told me that he was taking me to his church which was in Sandton.

I was wearing a black pencil skirt, a white long-sleeved shirt tucked in and heels I had lost weight but I still looked good, I combed my natural hair into a neat bun it was about time I did my hair.

When we got to church we found Sandile already waiting for us he was with his boyfriend, his boyfriend was so reserved I don’t know how he kept up with a ball of energy that is Sandile. He greeted us and took Sihle from me as we all got in. the church was really big and judging by the cars that were parked outside it was like only rich people churched there but it was in Sandton what was I expecting though.

The service was a breath of fresh air and uplifting the pastor preached about loving unconditionally, it revived my spirit was in peace I needed to come to church more often.

Chapter 5

I woke up with my spirit revived it must be this thing of going to church, I was singing in the shower while showering. As soon as I stepped out of the shower I heard my phone ringing somewhere but I wasn't bothered if it's important the person will call again. as I was putting a body lotion on it rang again I looked for it then answered the call. It was an unsaved number. I answered then kept quiet if he wasn't going to speak then we will listen to each other breath.

“Hi”

He said after a while and I returned the greeting.

“is this Minenhle?”

He asked politely.

“Yes”

“Oh great I thought I got a wrong number”

“errr okay and you are?”

“its Busani Busile”

I kept quiet for a moment and then it hit me oh Busani the Xhosa guy.

“how did you get my number Busani Busile?”

“I wouldn't want to reveal my sources. I wanted to check if I got the right number” with that said he dropped the call. Weird.

I saved the number not that I had the intention of calling him again but so I would know when he calls you know.

I arrived early at work so I decided to check my emails first of which had nothing important except the meeting I had at 12 in the CBD so I decided to prepare for that meeting first. Thirty minutes before the meeting I took my stuff and drove to the destination.

When I came back the receptionist was busy giving me weird vibes and smiling she then gave me a paper bag from Rocomammas and told me that a very handsome guy left it for me. my first instinct said it could be Monde but why would he bring me lunch. I asked her

what the guy looked like and when he described him I just knew it. So, we are bringing each other lunch now. Interesting.

He had left a message on my phone but I had switched it off for some reason, I called him and thanked him for the lunch I mean it was just lunch no fuss should be made about that then went on with my day.

It was a Friday evening and I was going on a date with Busani Busile I decided to finally go out with him I mean the guy had been asking. Monde had been here since midday he insisted on babysitting honestly, I didn't understand what was his problem because Mme is there. I was wearing a red satin dress that was really sexy even if I have to say so myself and gold stilettos I kept my makeup minimum I didn't want it to be like I went overboard for the date even though I did. It was my first time being out since I gave birth to Sihle so I felt awkward having to leave her with Monde.

Monde was playing with Sihle when I came in he stopped what he was doing as soon as he saw me.

“how do I look?”

He couldn't speak his mouth was open, I guessed I looked good in such a way that he couldn't put it into words. I was instructing Mme as to what to do then took the keys so I don't disturb her when I come back.

I was getting in the car when Monde came out too, I rolled down the window listening to what he was saying.

“where are you going?”

And then?

“what does that have anything to do with you?”

“I am the father of your children so I deserve to know”

“yes, the father of my children Monde and that's where it ends but if it will make you sleep at night I have a date.”

He turned and went back inside while shaking his head, I didn't even understand what he wanted at my place in the first place.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

I arrived in this restaurant and Busile was already inside so I checked myself a bit when I was convinced that I looked good I got out and went inside. The place was dimly lit it had that romantic vibe about it. I was surprised though as to why the place was empty. He got up when he saw me and held my hand leading me to our table.

Classic music was playing in the background I am not very familiar with the genre so I didn't even know what song was playing. A waiter came to our table to take our orders.

We were having a chilled conversation over winery getting to know each other I made sure not to drink a lot the last thing I needed was to get drunk on my first date and leaving a bad impression that will last forever.

“so, what brings you to Jozi”

He asks after I had told him where I am from.

“well what everyone came here for Gold, there are no job opportunities where I come from”

I made sure to omit some parts I didn't want to be laying all my problems in the table now, mine are too deep.

“yeah you can say that again, same for me too getting into entrepreneurship can be very hard when you are in the rurals”

From there the conversation was just flowing, he was telling me about his family and everything that surrounds him. he is a very open person I just hoped he didn't leave no wife back in the rurals.

“so, you booked this whole restaurant just for me “I asked after some time.

He laughed

“and you are asking this now?”

“well I wanted to impress”

This is just overboard yeah, I am flattered and everything but who books a whole restaurant just for a date well maybe rich people do.

“well I am impressed”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“so” he said searching my eyes

“can I score a second date with you”

“if you play your cards right maybe”

He smiled.

It was about 10pm when I arrived at home but lights were still on I wondered why they were not sleeping this late. I was surprised to find Monde still there and Sihle still awake, doesn't this one have life. When I got in he looked at me then checked the time and then who is this? My father?

“why is the child still up, its way past her bedtime already”

“she was restless I guess she could feel that her mother is not home”

Exaggeration. I took off my shoes and put my handbag down then took her, she was sucking on her dummy for dear life. Her big eyes were looking at me with curiosity as I played with her cheeks it's like she was asking herself where the hell I have been.

“well as you can see I am back now so you can see yourself out”

He looked at me for a while, I raised an eyebrow.

“just like that?”

“what am I supposed to say?”

Okay I was being rude.

“you really didn't have to stay Mme is capable of taking care of her you know”

“I know Minenhle I wish I could be there for you guys you know, I want us to be family again”

“sadly, that can't happen”

By now Sihle was yawning you could see that she was getting sleepy.

“Thank you”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

He was already at the door when I said that he turned and smiled, our eyes locked for a moment before I looked away. He left.

I was woken up by a ping on my phone alerting me of a message coming in.

Good morning, I trust you slept well like I did. You are on my mind, have a good day. Xx.

I smiled making a mental note to reply to him, this is sweet I think I might have forgotten how it feels like to be in love again yes, I know we were not dating but still it felt right.

I was suddenly in high spirits I was even singing along to songs on my way to work I wasn't going to let anything get in my way. When I got to work, I had a lot to do.

I was still buried on my work I had some editing to do loads of it, again our receptionist knocked on my door I looked at her and noticed that she had fresh white lilies on her hand and some expensive chocolate. I smiled at her motioning her to get in.

“these are for you”

She said with the wide smile, that annoying smile of hers which was prying for gossip.

“there is nothing to tell”

She got up

“mhhmm if you say so”

She said walking out. As soon as she was out I checked the card there was nothing special written and it was signed by Busile I mean who else would sign the card. I smiled and called he picked up almost immediately doesn't this one work besides sending random flowers and lunches.

“they are beautiful thank you”

I was smiling like a retard.

“I aim to please my love”

I nodded smiling as if he could see me.

“are you having a good day”

He added. We spoke some more before he dropped the call.

Chapter 6

It was Easter holidays and Monde had insisted that kids visit him I decided to stay in Joburg so I could have some quality time with Busani yes, we were in a relationship and in love but I hadn't introduced him to the kids I didn't want to expose them to different stepfathers. It was still early days for me to get into more details about our relationship but what I knew for sure is that I was in love. I was packing an overnight bag as I was spending the weekend with him he didn't want to come over as he was respecting my space.

I drove to his place well I've been there before so I knew my way around, on my way there I called Monde to check on the kids. Lihle was too excited he didn't even want to stay on the phone long I was still talking when suddenly, I was stopped by a traffic cop. A guy came over and I rolled down the window I was lucky because he just wanted money for a cold drink that's the thing with driving big expensive cars but they just assume that you have money of which I didn't have.

when I got there Busani buzzed me in I can never get over how stunning his house you would swear a president lived there, I parked behind his and he opened the door for me this one was born a romantic. We kissed lightly then he took my bag from the car and we got in.

"I cooked"

He said excitedly.

"what did you cook?"

"Uphuthu"

I rolled my eyes. Really all that excitement for uphuthu.

He laughed.

"I tried"

"well yeah it's the thought that counts babe"

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

He told me to get comfortable as he would be dishing out in a few, dishing out what amasi but hey we must appreciate. I went to unpack my stuff, he called me while I was still unpacking so I went downstairs.

I was surprised as to what was laid out everything was there, you would swear a chef came by and provided everything.

“and here I was thinking that we were having amasi”

“you know me I always go all out”

I smiled inwardly. He pulled out a chair for me and I sat down.

“so, what is your take on politics”

He asked while I was still enjoying my food but who asks such a question and I have never been interested in politics but I couldn't just that now could I.

“locally or?”

“in general,”

“well I am not politically affiliated but with the state of country right now with Zuma and corruption I don't think I would choose ANC”

He looked at me and chewed.

“I know don't get me wrong I know ANC has done a lot for citizens of this country back in the days it was the best political party anyone can go with but recently a lot has changed which makes us question ourselves if it's a wise to continue putting it in power or rather give other political parties a chance”

“so if they can elect another president would that change your perspective”

“I don't know but what I know for sure is that our country is in crisis I mean look at youth unemployment rate, rate of crime amongst other things why don't we give other parties a chance and see how it goes”

“which parties like EFF and DA. For starters DA is openly racist that we all know but we just turn a blind eye on it, see how they chose Maimane so they can use him as the front to

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

get our votes, let's not even touch the subject of EFF our country would turn into a war zone they have no peace”

“but they are smart”

“yes, I agree they are but they use their intelligence in a wrong way”

“well I personally go with any party that seeks to eradicate poverty and increase youth employment I mean look at the statistics and the number of graduates who are unemployed who end up selling fruits or their bodies even just so they can take care of their families”

“we should fix the problem with ANC instead of abandoning it look at this when your child is misbehaving do you chase them away or you sit down with them and let them see where they are wrong, discipline them and come up with a solution”

“this is not the same”

“the scenario is almost similar”

After a while a helper came and collected everything we were using.

“are you sure you cooked all of this?”

He smiled

“okay I have to admit I got some help from her”

He took me to the cinema and we watched some comedy, when I say this house had everything I am not exaggerating, it was just a dream.

I remember this one time he told me that when he grew up he had nothing they were poor, his parents passed away leaving them with his grandmother who had no source of income and depended on social grant and doing washing in their neighbourhood. They were known as those poor kids who were mocked at school, they had nothing but a dream. Their grandmother made sure that him and his sister get the best education of which he vowed to get his family out of poverty.

After completing matric he went to university of fort hare and luckily for him he got a bursary that carried him throughout university being the hard worker he was after he completed the company that had given work hired him being an engineer was a dream come

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

true for him but he wasn't satisfied which is why he started his own business on the side which grew massively and now they are living a lavish lifestyle. He was thankful to God that his grandmother was still alive to enjoy see her amazing work she had done of raising them up, his sister moved to the States to further her studies there.

Well I must admit I liked him the first day I saw him but I always saw him as this rich snobbish guy after he told me that I fell in love, I loved his drive and hunger for success and his love for his family that alone says a lot about a guy. If a guy doesn't care about his family then you should question how is he going to love you and take care of you.

I was already sleepy when the movie ended, that's the thing with me I have a short attention span but give me a book then I will be awake till the wee hours of the morning. We went to bed soon after it and I dosed off as soon as my head hit the pillow, I was tired. I had a peaceful night with peaceful dreams and no nightmares I guess that is the thing with sleeping next to the person you love.

I was woken up someone kissing me all over my face I wondered where I was then it hit me well it had been long since I had slept out.

“you've been sleeping too long I miss you”

I yawned and rubbed my eyes.

“what time is it?”

“its past 10”

What?

“I have been sleeping that long why didn't you wake me up”

“you had a long week and you looked tired”

He was in his gym gear.

“you are coming from the gym already”

“its 10 babe and I have a gym in here”

“what don't you have?”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

He laughed

I said that walking out to en-suite bathroom, I needed to brush my teeth I could smell my breath telling a story. He followed me to the bathroom and he stripped naked as I was brushing my teeth I decided to join him after I was done. I hugged him from behind when I got in and he turned.....

When we were done breakfast was already laid out, I had a bit of rice krispies with plain yoghurt I had to leave a room for more. Food on this table was too much and I wasn't about to let demanding work of his helper go to waste.

I was enjoying my breakfast when I noticed that my Busile was looking at me and smiling.
“what?”

I said wiping my mouth

“I love you”

He has showed me signs that he loves me but he never said it out loud the first time I agreed to this relationship thing of ours he said, “I think I like you”. So, him saying that was really a cherry on top I guess I gave it to him good on the shower. I got up and kissed him.

“so what are we doing today?”

He asked as I was doing the dishes I suggested that he gives the helper a day off.

“I was thinking we spend the day indoors and enjoy our company”

“yeah true, how about a picnic at the backyard”

“actually, that is a great idea babe”

I finished the dishes and decided to do some tidying up although there wasn't much to be done. Busile went out to set up outside while I picked out what we were going to need fruits snacks and everything.

I couldn't believe it the setting was so amazing I didn't pay any attention to what he was doing but when he called me out it was amazing.

“where did you get all these in such a short space of time?”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

I was stunned.

“a man must never reveal his secrets”

Okay I’m impressed.

It was all laid out beautifully he even had some petals sprinkled on everything he took my hand and we sat down.

We were enjoying talking about nothing in particular we were so comfortable around each other.

“you know my grandmother would like to see you”

No ways I have something against being introduced to a family after two days of dating.

“really?”

I couldn’t hide the sarcasm in my voice.

“yes, babe I told her all about you, she wants to see the woman who is responsible for my happiness”

That is sweet.

“that is cute”

“you are not being sarcastic, are you?”

“no, I’m not babe”

“I was thinking we go for the Easter’s this coming weekend”

Why do I always put myself in such positions, all my relationships start almost too soon and things move fast too soon. I was hoping with this one I could take things slow. I held his hand and looked at him in the eye

“listen baby I understand what you are saying but can we take things slow not that I don’t want to meet your grandmother I do I really do but I don’t want to make the same mistakes I did previous years”

He looked at me like I was crazy.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“really?”

“yes, baby can we just enjoy our happy bubble for now, get to know each other”

He smiled

“okay I get you now, it makes sense I mean we have been dating for two weeks now that is really short”

He said feeding me some strawberries.

“actually, it’s been three but hey who is counting”

He laughed.

We had fun over the holidays and everything was going smooth, I understood Busile and I were still on the honeymoon phase but it was amazing I was enjoying every step we were taking. He went home for the easter weekend and I thought why not go home I mean I had missed home too and my kids so I booked a flight I wasn’t in the mood for travelling.

Chapter 7

Monde insisted on picking me up from the airport since I had no means of transport I thought why not, I found him already waiting talk about keeping time.

“you are really on time”

I said as he was helping me with my bags.

“so many bags you do understand that it’s less than five days right”

“most of the things that are here are for my kids”

He rolled his eyes.

“our kids Minenhle our kids”

“did you just roll your eyes at me?”

I asked laughing.

“no I did not”

By now he was packing my things on the boot.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“I did not greet you properly”

He said hugging me.

“I hope the kids missed me”

“they did we all did”

Now it was my turn to roll my eyes. The drive to Mandeni was short, you would expect roads to be busy around this time of the year but it was empty so it made it easy to drive. We were chatting along the way about nothing in particular.

Aunt was already outside when the car parked I knew I was in for questioning she had hands on her waist instead of coming to help me with the bags. Lihle came out of the house running oh I thought they were still at Monde’s I had my arms wide opened. I had missed him insanely.

“hey kiddo”

“what did you bring mom?”

“is that all you care about Lihle, you don’t care about how your mother is doing anymore”

He hid his face on my jacket, this boy was getting tall by the minute. Monde didn’t stay long he left almost immediately he was still not in my aunt’s good books and I doubt he will ever be. That woman fights for my battles more than anyone on this planet earth, never tell your mother about your quarrels with your friends or guy they never forgive and you do. Sihle was sleeping.

“aunt I am waking her up”

“this child has been crying so please don’t make me slap you, you are old”

“but I miss her”

I said pouting

“that may work on that rapist of yours but it won’t work on me okay”

I covered her mouth

“aunty the kids will hear you”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

She looked around in panic luckily Lihle wasn't around he was busy checking his clothes out. She let out a sigh

“but still he is a rapist, are you hungry”

“no, we ate at the airport”

The following day Aunty woke us up at six, the hell. I rubbed my eyes and looked at her.

“are we being robbed?”

“vukani we are going to church”

“church starts at 9 aunty and now its 6AM do we really have to wake up this early”

“yes, if we want to make it on time”

I should have brought my car with I couldn't believe how dependent I had been on the car as a result the thought of walking to church didn't appeal to me at all. I woke up and found aunt already cleaning the yard outside old habits die hard, I decided to make breakfast so long since we had tidied up before we went to bed, there wasn't much to be done.

At 9 prompt we were inside the church waiting for the service to start, more people were piling up you could tell that it was Easter and people really worship the Lord when its Easters. I was deep in worship the song was speaking to me I had my eyes closed even, when I opened my eyes I snapped out of spirit at that moment.

I saw the Mbatha family walking in I didn't even know they went to Christ Embassy, when I say all of them I mean from the big brother and his family to the youngest brother and his family even the kids that lived in the states were here. I was suddenly not in the mood for church my aunt was still in the spirit like nothing happened. The preacher was preaching something about resurrection it was a resurrection Sunday after all but I hardly heard anything I was busy scrutinizing them all that's when I realised I hadn't forgiven them I forced a bile down my throat. Monde and his wife was all lovey dovelly with we are at church for crying out loud and the kids looked like they were all a happy family. I was a bit envious but I was glad I never got in a polygamous marriage I doubt I would have been happy.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

Sihle was getting restless I tried shushing her that's the dreadful thing about coming with a child to church. I wanted to leave early but aunt told me to wait until the church was out as the pastor was going to take us home.

“it's getting cold outside so we can't be walking with the child”

I was amused.

“since when are you and the pastor best friends?”

“shut up kuyashunyelwa”

Mhhmmm.

Outside we were waiting for the pastor as he was still going around greeting people and making small convos that were unnecessary really. I don't get people who always want to make small talks after church why can't a person just go home after church instead of talking to everyone. I noticed Monde's wife coming towards me and Lihle squealed in excitement.

“Mama”

Did he just call her mother? She greeted me with the widest smile ever, mine was fake.

“look at this one all grown”

“yeah she is”

She took Sihle and played with her cheeks.

“the kids miss them, they should visit again soon”

“well I am going back to Joburg soon so I doubt it will be anytime soon”

“Listen Minenhle me and you never really got to talk about things. Please take my number and call me”

“I have your number”

“okay please do call me whenever so we can talk. I am really sorry about everything hey”

She hugged me okay so we are hugging each other now. Interesting.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

Finally, the pastor was done we got in the car, my aunt took the front seat I noticed them smiling at each other every now and then, I wondered what was up with them. When we got home the kids and I got out of the car first to give them space after I thanked the pastor for taking us home.

An hour passed and aunt was still in the car it must have been an interesting conversation they were having. Lihle was busy showing me his books from school and his report he was a smart kid I was proud of him, he surely didn't take after me surely it was his father's genes that were instilled in him because I was never smart in school.

"I see you are very good with calculations"

"yes my teacher said I should choose maths and accounting in high school"

"oh really?"

"yes, she says I will be a very successful person she likes me mom"

She sure does.

"she is telling the truth you are very smart and you sure will have a brighter future. Your father and I will make sure that you have everything you need in life okay all you have to do is keep getting these As"

He smiled and ran to play outside. Aunt got in after a while as I was feeding Sihle.

"the bible must have been interesting hey aunt"

"you have a big mouth yazi Minenhle can you be useful and dish out food for me"
I gave her the child and she continued feeding the child.

"soo is the pastor married?"

She just shook her head as I laughed.

Chapter 8

Sandile being the darling that he is, he offered to take me to Joburg I obviously preferred him over Monde who had offered too. He picked me up at home when he arrived I was ready but as usual it's always hard saying goodbye to them I don't know when will I get used to saying goodbye to my family.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

Sihle decided to behave for once in her life and was sleeping most of the time and we were just talking about everything.

“I still can’t believe you travelled with Monde all the way from Durban to Mandeni”

“well we are not exactly enemies he is the father of my kids you know and besides I was stranded”

Okay I’m explaining a lot of unnecessary things

“but still why do I get the feeling that you two will get back together”

“nope forget that one not even in the future I don’t see it happening. Sandile I am in a happy relationship”

He rolled his eyes I could see him on the rear-view mirror.

“I saw that”

“I’m happy for you akufani I hope he doesn’t have a wife that will show up out of nowhere”

He is funny

“not everyone is like Monde you know, how is the boyfriend?”

He smiled, the guy is in love.

“friend he is so good for me I am loved”

“I sense a but”

“he still won’t tell his folks about us”

“he is still in a closet?”

These people had been dating for so long and still the guy won’t tell his parents that he is gay, what kind of a coward is he.

“yes, my friend and I am tired. Everyone in my life knows about him but on his only a handful”

“do you guys talk about it?”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“yes, apparently his parents are really strict he is from the deep rurals of KZN and his father is a chief so there are expectations for him”

“Like an arranged marriage?”

Oh, this is too much for one person

“and the girl had been chosen for him since he was a child so they can strike whenever and tell him to marry the girl”

“He needs to fix this before it’s too late Lunga needs to stop being a coward he needs to show his father that it’s you he wants he can’t be dragging you if he won’t fight for your relationship”

I could see that this was tiring him a person can only take so much, relationships are tiring they require so much energy and strength we don’t have. We had been so deep in our conversation I didn’t even realise that already we were at Montrose I got out with Sihles bag to the loo while Sandile went to Mugg and Bean to order something to eat.

I found him already sipping on his wine when I came back luckily, they provided chairs for kids at Mugg and Bean.

“you don’t waste time neh”

He laughed

“if I wasn’t driving I would have ordered a bottle”

We arrived in Joburg after noon I was really tired you would swear I was the one driving, I bathed Sihle I knew she wouldn’t sleep since she slept most of the day, Mme was coming back the following day luckily for me I wasn’t working. After I was done I called home then called the boyfriend I missed him he was also coming back the following day.

Chapter 9

It was a bliss okay I know I’ve been saying that a lot but Busile you guys was amazing he was everything you can ever want in a guy and I didn’t want to jeopardise this by comparing him to my ex no. Sex. That’s all I am going to say.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

I had just come back from work when I got a call from Sandile he was crying, here is the thing Sandile never cries he is the strongest one in this friendship I am the one who is always crying so you can imagine how shocked I was when I heard him crying. I drove to his house there and then. When I got there the guy was a mess, I got emotional too. I hugged him and cried too I didn't even know what was going on.

“he is gone”

“he is gone”

He kept saying in between sobs, I hugged him tighter I wanted him to let it all out before talking to me. I didn't understand what he meant by gone maybe he meant he is dead or something.

He calmed down after a while I went to take a tub of ice cream it was needed, he took a spoonful of vanilla mixed with chocolate flavour and indulged. We were just staring on space thinking when he sobbed again.

“it hurts”

“I know my friend I know, let it all out”

He put his head on my shoulder.

“what happened?”

I asked after a while. He was silent seemingly deep in thoughts thinking about this whole thing trying to stomach it in.

“we were so happy”

He spoke after a while, I pulled away from the hug and looked at him.

“we were so happy, he loved me we were in love but his parents just had to do this. He is coward Minnie he chose that girl over us over what we had”

“I'm sure it was not an easy decision”

He was emotional, I knew that me talking to him at this point wasn't even going to do him any better, the best thing I needed to do was to give him space.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“will you be fine alone?”

He nodded. I hugged him one last time before leaving, I felt bad for leaving him but I had a toddler waiting at home.

The following day after work I passed by Sandile’s place to check on him, I know he said he was fine over the phone but I had to make sure that he really was fine. When I got there I found him cooking.

“Hello”

He turned and smiled but I could right through him that he was far from fine he was just trying to act strong.

“you did not go to work today?”

He shook as his head as he stirred on whatever he was cooking there.

“what did you tell them?”

“matters of the heart”

I laughed.

“and they let you off just like that”

“yes I mean I have a good record they had to”

I sat on one of the high chairs and told him about my day. We were still talking when we saw his boyfriend getting in. I gave Sandile a quick glance who did not even turn. He greeted me and went to Sandile.

“don’t even think about it”

He said through gritted teeth.

“uhm I will see you tomorrow friend”

“you are not going anywhere Minenhle if there is anyone who needs to leave here it’s this trash”

I hate being caught up in couple’s arguments I never know what to do or say in situations like this, when I looked at Sandile I could see that he means business. Lunga went upstairs.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

I decided to keep quiet because Sandile was boiling with anger, my phone pinged signalling an incoming text.

I miss you

I smiled.

But babe I was with you few hours ago.

He typed almost immediately.

I know sthandwa sam but I wish you were in my bed right now, it is so cold without you

He is such a romantic

Few hours babe few hours.

I was spending the weekend with him, with both our busy schedules it was hard to spend enough time together so whenever we had time we made sure it doesn't go to waste. He was a hardworking man who dedicated his life on work and his family which made me wonder what happened to the mother of his child because that is one thing he never wants to talk about. His child lives with his grandmother in Eastern Cape so I am guessing what happened between the two of them was huge.

“earth to Minenhle”

He said putting a plate in front of me, I smiled I didn't even notice that he was done cooking.

“are you not dishing up for your boyfriend”

He rolled his eyes.

“ex-boyfriend please put an emphasis on that one”

He sat down and ate and started up conversation totally unbothered about the food issue. After a while I had to leave and let him deal with issues, I really didn't want to be on his shoes right now.

Chapter 9

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

We were all sleeping and it was midnight when I heard someone banging on our door, the first thing that came to my mind is that we were being robbed but a robber wouldn't knock on our door so I woke up and wore my gown then went to check who was there while rubbing my eyes. I was surprised to see Monde standing on the other side of the door, its midnight what could he possibly want. That boundary I was talking about was really needed. I looked at him and you could see that he was fuming I lived with this person for quite some time so I knew him like the back of my hand.

“what is going on?”

I stepped aside so he could get in.

“I can't believe all this years I have been taken for a fool Minnie”

“what are you talking about Monde you are not making any sense”

He looked at me.

“should I make you some tea?”

“I don't want your damn tea!”

He sat down and rubbed his head but that was uncalled for I didn't do anything so I didn't deserve this at all.

“I am sorry I am just so frustrated right now”

“listen I can see you need to calm down so I will give you some food so you can sleep I have a very long day tomorrow”

He nodded still not looking at me so I went to make dish for him on some left overs. While he was eating I made sure that the spare room was in a good condition then went back to sleep. When he is ready to talk, he will talk.

When I woke up the following day I was surprised to find Monde ready to leave, not that I wanted him to move in but I expected some sort of explanation as to why he barged in like that the previous day.

“I am sorry about yesterday”

He said when he saw me walking in.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“want to talk about it?”

Luckily breakfast was ready so I dished out for myself and sat down.

“no maybe someday”

I shrugged he took an apple then left. Weird.

After breakfast I kissed my daughter then left for work.

When I got to work everyone was just getting in so I went to my office and buried myself on some work, we work in this place there is really no time for gossip. You hardly ever find two people gossiping even in tea room people make small work and go back to their work, not that I mind I am not one person to participate in gossip anyway.

I was still working when I saw Busile getting in, I smiled I had missed him. I loved that despite his busy schedule he always finds some time to come and see me perks of being your own boss. I have never been to his workplace this made me feel bad in some way. He got in and locked it's a good thing it was around lunch hour so there was no way my boss would barge in.

I kissed him.

“I missed you”

He kissed me again “I missed you too my love”.

“to what do I owe such a pleasure” he was sitting on a chair next to my desk and I was sitting on the desk which made him have a full view I was right in his face practically.

“I was around so I thought I should come by and see my baby”

His hand kept going up and down my thigh which sent chills down my spine I was wearing a skirt which flowy so that meant his hand had no trouble going inside. I opened my thighs making a way for his hand. He smiled seductively. Before I knew it, I was on top of him and he was kissing me hungrily his hands were all over my body.

“we don't have much time”

“I know I'll be quick”

He said taking my top and tossed it somewhere on the floor I had never had office sex before and I was not against it. His finger found it's my way down to my nuna while the other hand held me in place as he kissed me. I moaned in his mouth, he inserted another finger and that's when I lost the ability to hold it in his thumb was busy rubbing my clit this whole time. He took his hand out of it and licked them while looking at me in the eye he then kissed me so I could taste myself. I took off his pants and got up a bit so I could get it down then sat down again. I took my underwear off.

“do you have condoms?”

I was on birth control but we were not on that no condom phase in our relationship. He took the condom and gave it to me so I can put it on him.

“you came prepared huh?”

I said while opening the wrap with my teeth and slowly put it on him. I inserted him on me there was no time to be all romantic about it, it was a quickie after all. I moved slowly going in circles he moaned a bit then I increased the pace going faster. I could feel myself sweating up I got closer to him while I rode on him I was getting loud so he put his hand on my mouth.

“aaahhh”

I was coming, I could feel him shaking too. We both came at the same time, he looked at me and smiled while he tried to catch his breath. After a while I got off him and got the wipes.

After work I drove to woollies I needed to do some groceries and get a birthday cake for Mme since it was her birthday the previous day and I didn't get her anything. On my way I called Sandile, he told me how about him and Lunga made up.

“euw I don't want the details”

He laughed.

“apparently he told his parents everything”

That is scary, I know how strict traditional parents can be.

“what did they say”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“it’s bad my friend, they disowned him saying that he has brought nothing but shame in their home, he is a disgrace they said all the things you can think of and you can see this is draining him”

“they are still in shock, they will come around hey”

“that’s what I said to him too I just wish his parents could be as understanding as mine are, I guess we will never get married if his situation continues like this”

“and you need his parent’s blessings too hey”

“I know babe, this is just stressful”

“he should just give them time and after all this has calmed down then talk to them, make them understand that he did not choose to be like this, he was born this way there is nothing he can do”

We spoke some more then I got out of the car while still talking to him, now he was telling me about some gossip, he never runs out of things to say that one. I dropped the call after a while and did the grocery.

Call it curiosity or caring too much but I was worried about Monde I mean he can’t just barge in my house looking like that and expect me to let it slide just like that. As if on cue sms came through

Where are you?

On any other day I wouldn’t have replied immediately but this wasn’t any day I wanted to know what was happening.

On my way home

After sending that I quickly sent another text

Why?

He didn’t reply after that, mxm.

When I got home Mme helped me unload groceries of which I gave her the cake after I was done. Monde arrived shortly after, Mme has some level of respect for Monde that I didn’t

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

understand it's not like we were dating or anything like that. At times I felt like she respected him more than me.

“right on my footsteps as if you were following me”

He laughed a bit.

“I feel like I owe you an explanation after what I did yesterday”

“you feel like?”

He led me to the study room so I guessed he needed some sort of privacy, this was big.

“what is it about?”

“you know the kids are not mine”

“which kids are you talking about?”

I immediately got on a defensive mode as if he was talking about my kids.

“my wife has been cheating on me all these years”

What? This is the reason why I never ask what is happening rather ask what happened in case I am be expected to come up with a solution, now I didn't know what to say to him.

“are you sure?”

I know this is the stupid question to ask but how.

“yes, the paternity results came back yesterday”

Wow, I was speechless.

“so, who is the father?”

“I don't know, all I know is that all these years I raised kids that are not mine”

Karma really is a bitch you know.

“oh God I am so sorry, I am sure this must have been hard for you but those kids are practically yours. Where is their father?”

“apparently she broke up with the father after Lubanzi (the last born) was born”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

She really fucked him up you could see that this broke him although he tried to hide it, this was really an insult to his manhood.

“so what happens now?”

“I don’t know”

He is such a sucker for love, I would have gone out of that damn the moment I got those results back and never look back but hey we are not the same. I guess he had invested so much in their relationship and marriage, but not one not two but three.

“I know what you are thinking but I love her Minnie”

I nearly rolled my eyes, you should just see when you are taken for a fool who knows maybe they were sponging him off for some money.

“I know”

We both kept quiet for some time both lost in our thoughts I don’t know what he was thinking about but I was thinking about how much of a fool he was when he randomly said

“are you happy?”

I knew exactly what he was talking about.

“I am I didn’t think I would find love after what I went through but someday somehow love found me”

I wasn’t boasting or anything but I was happy.

“I can see even your eyes are sparkling when you are talking about him”

I smiled but it felt weird talking to him about it.

“I know hey”

After a while he left, what is love I felt like love isn’t what I grew up thinking it was, love really was something else. love is tolerating each other and perseverance I guess. From that little encounter I had with Monde I saw him with a different eye, he was a loving person he loved too much. I wondered what his family was saying about this but I wouldn’t be surprised those are some sneaky little hypocrites.

Chapter 10

A day after Monde had come over at my place Busile and I were going on some mini vacation, he is one person who loves spending some quality time. Therefore, we were going to Durban for a weekend, I have been to Durban but I had never spent some holidays over there to be specific I had been to Gateway only. Sandile came over apparently he wanted to make sure that I pack some sexy stuff not just anything. I was just glad he was back to his old himself I even told him that a heartbroken him is no fun at all.

“babes what is wrong with you only one lingerie, you can’t be serious”

I rolled my eyes.

“I am going for a weekend only I won’t be on lingerie all day long”

“you never know when you might need the Dick honey so you better be prepared”

He went to my closet and took three other lingeries, and some “sexy clothes”.

“Listen every day you have to show him why he chose you”

I smiled.

“ohh okay but my friend what could I possibly be without you”

“nothing babes nothing”

Sihle woke from up her midday nap as if she could hear her Godmothers/fathers loud voice, she scanned the room and smiled.

“Sihle just woke up and she is smiling wow this is a first”

“of course, why wouldn’t she smile when the fabulous mother is here”

She said taking her and playing with her. In the meantime, I went to cook, Mme doesn’t cook on weekends unless I am really busy so since it was a Friday and I was leaving I decided to spoil them a bit. I called Monde to come and have supper with us, Busile and I were going to leave late.

After I was done cooking I called everyone over that’s when Monde parked outside.

“manje lesidlwengu sesifunani lana?”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

I gave him an eye

“vele uyisona”

He said rolling his eyes.

“he is going through a hard time you know his wife has been cheating on him”

I said lowering my voice I was surprised when he laughed.

“iheeee awu cha you know karma a karma my friend that’s all I’m going to say I don’t even feel sorry for him”

Monde got in and we all sat down and ate making jokes here and there. It reminded me of the good old days, it was all fun until Sandile decided to spoil the moment.

“aike we Monde don’t think just because you have been invited for one supper then that is your ticket back into my friend’s life no not at all she has moved on. right now, she is waiting for her boyfriend to come and take her on a vacation honey”

Monde looked at me and I looked at Sandile daring him to shut up but he kept going on about how happy I am and everything. Awkward.

Mme saved us all by getting up and tidying up the place, Sandile was busy playing with Sihle like he didn’t just make everything awkward for us all.

“uhm let me go and check if I have everything”

Monde got up also.

“I will leave, thank you Minnie enjoy your vacation”

He left immediately.

“really Sandile, the poor guy is going through a lot right now”

“awu cha he deserves it all, he deserves everything coming his way. You don’t rape my friend and live to tell the tale. I will torture him for all the days of my life I can see you want him back”

“I am going to take a bath”

I said going to the bathroom.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“don’t get back with trash I am warning you”

He shouted after me, I just shook my head. He is handful but I love him.

Busile picked me up shortly after I was done with freshening up, Sihle didn’t even cry for me when I was saying my goodbyes such an understanding child I have.

“you look good my love”

This guy always compliments me I was in my travelling gear which are jeans, tshirts and sneakers nothing cute about that but hey a girl can do with compliments every now and then. My heart was breaking because I had never gone anywhere without my child but I had an amazing weekend to look forward to and that’s what matters.

“get Monde out of your mind”

Sandile whispered on my ear before we left, I don’t know what gave him the idea that we were going to get back together I was content and happy in my relationship I had no time to be thinking about Monde. I quickly looked at Busile when he whispered that but luckily, he was busy with Sihle.

We were so tired when we arrived we showered and went straight to bed I was looking forward to what the following day had instore for us, we cuddled. I was woken up by Busile who had showered even.

“babe they close in an hour for breakfast”

I yawned.

“what time is it?”

“it’s nine you’ve been sleeping for too long”

He said kissing me. I went to take a quick shower when I got out of the shower he had already chosen what I was going to wear.

“uuh babe”

I was confused.

“yes, my love”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“you chose an outfit for me”

“yes, babe I don’t want you wearing these short things those thighs are mine to see”

Mhmm I hope these are not his controlling ways because if that’s the case I can’t deal with that, I lotioned and wore what he had chosen for me. We went for breakfast.

I had the most splendid day Durban sure is beautiful from sightseeing to Ushaka Marine where we went back to being kids. I saw a side to Busile I didn’t know existed the side he hardly ever reveals his playful side but I love it. He doesn’t have to be serious at all times.

“enjoyed yourself baby”

He asked as soon as we were in the hotel.

“I did wow it was amazing babe, you were so playful I loved it”

He laughed.

“I am always in playful mode baby”

“no, you are always this serious businessman who is always like you are going to discuss a business deal”

He was laughing so hard.

“you are making me sound so bad”

“let me show you how playful I can be”

He said tickling me all over my body, I was laughing so hard I couldn’t breathe or talk

“you like this B”

He was laughing too, he stopped and kissed me all over my body just when things were getting serious his phone rang.

“I thought we had agreed on switching our phones off”

I said balancing my body on my elbows.

“I’m sorry”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

He mouthed as he answered his phone, wow this guy. I decided to switch my phone on and check on my family too since we were using our phones now.

“what, what happened?”

I heard him shouting to whoever was on the other side of the line. It sounded serious so I stopped what I was doing and looked at him, he listened some more then ended the call.

“what’s going on?”

His mood suddenly changed.

“my child is sick I have to take a flight to P.E”

He said dialling on his phone of which I later learnt that he was calling his P.A to book him a flight. I got up from the bed and packed out things there goes our romantic getaway not that I’m complaining or anything. He went to the reception to fix whatever he was supposed to fix and I was left changing what I was wearing to something more comfortable.

“I have checked out already so we have to keep moving”

He was so snappy you would swear that I was the one who bewitched his child. He took our bags and I followed him out. There was a rental car already waiting for us outside his P.A is a genius because I didn’t think of that at all.

“am I going with you?”

“yes”

A “can I please go with you Minenhle” would have been appreciated but hey he is stressed I must be a supportive partner. I decided to text Sandile so long.

“you know it’s not my fault that your child is sick”

I was tired of the silent treatment, he closed the book he was reading and looked at me he smiled a bit.

“I don’t blame you babe”

He took my hand and intertwined my fingers with his.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“I am just worried, I don’t do well with worry I hate things that are beyond my control”

“you can’t control everything Busile this one was beyond your control you need to understand that”

What I saw there was a man who loved his child unconditionally, who was worried about the health of his child to be honest I would have the same thing if that was one of my kids. I always panic when one of my kids is sick which is why my aunt opted for not telling me when it is something minor.

Chapter 12

His home was just out of this world I mean it was everything and more, it stood out since they lived in the village you could see that people in this place were just surviving but they were content. His grandma was already outside when he saw the car entering the gate I knew they were not expecting me which made me nervous about meeting them under those circumstances. She opened her arms wide when she saw him getting out of the car and hugged him. They had a very special relationship. She smiled when she saw me standing awkwardly next to his grandson.

“Gran this is her”

I melted, she knew about me. a tick.

“oh the one with the kids”

That wiped the smile on my face instantly there really was no need for that.

“how are you mntanam”

She said hugging me too.

“Gran how is he”

“hayi wethu sengcono kuthe kanti bekungeyonto etheni”

So, all the panic for just something this is the moment where I would have rolled my eyes but I was still paving my way here so I couldn’t.

“I actually I wanted to talk to you about something”

Now I really don't understand this woman, how can he use his son to drag him all the way here. I was still not sure whether she liked me or not besides the comment she made she was accommodating. When we got in we found the child watching t.v and he looked perfectly fine to me. Busile looked at me apologetically this was probably the first time his grandma has done something like this. She went to the kitchen where their helper was at to get us food. The child had moved from where we found him sitting at and he was now sitting next to his father.

“my name is Buhle”

He said smiling, the manners he had wow. He was a bit older than Lihle only a few years though I could tell. Busile laughed and introduced us properly.

“is he your girlfriend papa?”

I choked on my juice, this child is so blunt I really did not expect him to be straight like that.

“yes, Buhle she is my girlfriend”

He said smiling and looking at me, the grandma got in with the food it was a traditional meal. Steamed bread with chicked which I later learnt that it was called “umleqwa” in their language.

“papa I also have a girlfriend at school I love her”

Busile just shook his head while I laughed, his child was such a character I loved him. his grandma scolded him and told him to go eat in his room since he couldn't keep his mouth shut.

“grandma I will behave I promise I will zip my mouth”

“mntanam I am sorry we are meeting under different circumstances, welcome to our home”

I smiled, she is not bad.

“thank you I am honoured to be here”

She asked some questioned which were not personal and then we all chatted about nothing in particular.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“I hope you will be sleeping over”

“we didn’t really talk about it gran”

Busile said looking at me.

“no, we can spend the weekend here I don’t mind”

The old lady smiled at me I felt like she was testing me in a way, I still felt uneasy around her. She said she wanted to do groceries so I offered to take her to the mall while Busile bonded with his son. I drove the rental car as she gave me directions.

“so, tell me do you love my son?”

Uh obviously I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t love him but I couldn’t say that.

“yes, I do”

She looked at me for a while like she didn’t believe I feel like this woman thought I was in it for money but honey I worked and I afford my life so she must not start with me.

“I’m not sure if I like you or not so I will tolerate you because my son loves you”

Okay I’m not sure I like her either but then again at least she was honest.

“you still have to prove yourself. We don’t trust anyone around him after what Buhle’s mother did so we have to be cautious”

I see. I wonder what she did though but I wasn’t going to ask because this woman has made it clear that she doesn’t like me although she tried to be polite about it. We got to the mall and she led me to checkers you could tell that she is not one person who just eats whatever by the things she picked. Honestly, I was tired now I had to go from one shop to the other because wow this person is a lot but hey we must impress.

We were in the car going back, Busile kept texting me back and forth I smiled and answered one of his texts because he wanted to know if I was surviving with his grandma.

Babe I am driving, will see you in two hours.

But that is too long I miss you

I laughed and the gran looked at me.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

Do you want me to kill your grandma, stop TEXTING? I miss you too.

“just because I said you are not my favourite person that doesn’t mean you have to kill me”

She said laughing so I didn’t know whether it was a joke or what. I will thank the heavens if I make it through the weekend.

Before I knew it the weekend was over and I was back in the busy streets of Joburg driving back from a meeting. I don’t have a lot to say about the weekend but the grandma treated me well despite what she said and Buhle was such a sweet child I really didn’t understand what kind of a mother who would abandon her child just like that. I remember Busile telling me that her grandmother said I was for keeps and he should just marry me we laughed about it but I was flattered honestly, I didn’t think his family could love me like that.

Chapter 12

We are raised to believe that marriage is everything, we should love unconditionally but no one ever tells you the baggage the comes with it. Girls need to be strong and are taught to take care of their men at a very young age but here is the thing they forget to tell us how we should take care of ourselves, they forget to teach their sons how to love us and how they should treat us. You have to figure it out yourself sometimes we go round about it the wrong way but that is how you learn right. To love is not easy to be loved is easy.

I woke up with a bile on my throat I quickly rushed to the bathroom to throw up but nothing came out but when I went back to bed it came back again. I rushed out again and this time around everything I ate came out. Ever thrown up to a point where tears even come out of your eyes, that was me. Busile came to check up on me luckily, I was done so he flushed the toilet as he helped me wash my face.

“we should take you to the doctor in the morning”

“no, I am fine babe”

“okay but if it carries on we will go”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

He said spooning me from the back it was so hot but hey he was trying to be romantic here. When I woke up in the morning he had made me breakfast he is a natural romantic so I was used to it.

As days went I would be sick every now and then but I didn't pay any attention to it because I felt like it was now and I didn't tell my boyfriend because he liked making a big fuss over nothing so I thought it would be best if I don't tell him. This one time I had just had breakfast which came all up afterwards luckily Sandile was with us so insisted on taking to me to the doctor I was also getting worried now so I didn't give him any trouble.

I was surprised when the results came back positive not even in my wildest dream did I imagine myself getting pregnant, Sihle was still so young she still needed my full attention what was even more surprising was that I was not only pregnant but I was three months pregnant this was confusing. Well I had skipped taking my pills every now and then but not because I wanted to fall pregnant but because I forget to sometimes. When I got out Sandile could see that I wasn't OK so he didn't ask anything he just drove me to my place.

“are you dying?”

He asked after a while, I looked at him and laughed the drama he had though.

“I told myself that for once I will mind my business but I am dying to know”

“I am pregnant”

“oh kanti”

“you are not surprised?”

“uuh let me see”

He pretended to be deep in thoughts then he added

“when two grown people have sex everyday what are the results? Pregnancy of cause”

The thing that was really stressing me is how was Busile going to react to this I didn't even know if he wanted kids or not, he never spoke about it. When we got home, Sandile dropped me and left.

I am pregnant

That was the text I sent to Busile with just that and went to chill with my kid, Lihle was visiting for September holidays and by then we would have moved out of Monde's place I had finally bought myself a new place I mean it was high time I couldn't live there forever this was my proudest moment. I fell in love with the place the moment I saw it I didn't even have to think it twice. While we were still playing Monde got in, he hardly ever came to the house I figured he was trying to fix his marriage.

“my family”

He said smiling and I gave him an eye while Sihle was over excited to see him sometimes I think these kids love their father more than they love me, they are never this excited when I come home.

“I am getting a divorce”

What? I didn't see this one coming what happened to love?

“oh my God really? What happened?”

Well cheating happened but the last time I talked to him about this which was weeks ago he wanted to make things work, he said he loved his wife and he was going to fight for her.

“I tried making things work but seriously I think we both know that once cheating is involved it is hard to fix things especially when there is one part involved”

“I am so sorry I really didn't see this one coming”

I gave him a hug not because I wanted to but I didn't know what to say I couldn't come up with right words to comfort him and besides a hug is the best comforter.

“thank you”

He said after I pulled out, should you have told me a year ago that we would be here today talking like civil adults, co-parenting so well I would have laughed at your face but forgiveness really goes a long way you know.

I was surprised to find five missed calls from Busile when I was getting ready for sleep and I noticed that he called immediately after I had sent the message but I was busy comforting my ex to notice. I called him back and he got back to me almost immediately.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“you are pregnant?”

Uh that’s what the message said.

“yes”

I said quietly, I couldn’t put how he felt on his voice.

“can I come and see you?”

“babe yes you don’t even have to ask”

I wonder if he had decided to come earlier and found me hugging Monde yes it was an innocent hug but it wouldn’t have looked that way to him.

He arrived minutes and came straight to my room, the reason he hardly ever comes to my place is because he says it makes him uncomfortable I don’t know why I don’t even ask. He took off his clothes and joined me on bed.

“we are pregnant”

He said brushing my belly, that alone gave my heart some palpitations I couldn’t help but smile and held his hand while it brushed my belly.

“are you scared?”

This man you guys.

“I was more scared of your reaction more than anything I wasn’t sure if you would be happy or not”

“I am happy baby well I wasn’t expecting you to fall pregnant now but we are having a baby, that is good”

I smiled my cheeks were hurting by now.

“I am three months pregnant I don’t why I didn’t pick up this earlier but the doctor said these things happen, there is a medical term for it but I forgot”

“aren’t there any complications?”

“no, he checked me earlier and he said I am perfectly fine and the baby is doing just fine”

We kept quiet for a while and then it hit me, we were going to be parents. I was blessed with the man I loved with all my heart. I was falling asleep listening to him talking to the baby promising all the things in this world, he was hoping for a girl and I was honestly going to be fine with whatever gender because I had both a girl and a boy.

Chapter 13

This was the day we were moving to the new house I was over the moon, Monde did not take the news well when I told him that I was moving out but hey naturally I was an independent lady so it was a move I had to do. Most of our stuff were on the new house already we were moving to Auckland park. It was an eight-bedroomed house which included the main bedroom (upstairs), two guest bedrooms (one upstairs and one downstairs), Lihle's room (downstairs), Sihle's room (downstairs next to his brother's), a nursery which was next to the main bedroom and Mme's bedroom also aunt's bedroom. That's when I realised I had a big family. Sandile insisted on having his bedroom so he took one of the guest's bedroom and decorated it to however he liked it. It had a spacious kitchen which had everything in grey colour and a touch of white, a cinema, a lounge and a dining room with two bathrooms (one upstairs and one downstairs), a cinema, my office which had a little library it was just a modern masterpiece with a view to die for when you go outside using the backdoor it overlooked a lake I could already imagine my afternoon watching the sun set.

We were settling in just fine, I was that woman now who lived in a big house and drove a big car my life was going so well. I thanked God all the days of my life I couldn't believe that this was me I remembered the days when I was a receptionist earning peanuts living in a one roomed house barely surviving, God surely is alive at that time I didn't think I would be here I didn't even believe in love but here I was living every woman's dream.

I love you.

Again, I was reminded of how lucky I was.

Monde had just informed me that he was on his way since he was the one who picked Lihle I had suggested that they book him a bus but no not Monde's child he wasn't going to travel on a bus alone. I made sure that I cook, Busile was in P.E I suggested that he come

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

back with Buhle too so he can spend holidays with us, we were going to be family soon so it was high time the kids meet each other.

Lihle was the first one to jump out of the car, I was waiting for them by the door smiling. Sihle clapped when she saw his brother.

“wow mom your house is so huge”

He said standing and admiring it.

“you know I didn’t believe my dad when he told me how big it is”

“Lihle do you ever greet?”

He laughed and came to give me a hug, he grows up really fast I always say this but he really does.

The following day, Monde called saying he wants to take the kids out for some shopping in Sandton, these kids have more clothes to last them a decade honestly, he said I should come too and I wasn’t going to say no to spending some time with my kids. He picked us up I mean it didn’t make sense for us to go in separate cars when we were going to the same place. As we were shopping I couldn’t help but take some for my unborn kid too I wasn’t sure of the gender yet so I picked neutral colours. Monde being the gentleman that he is paid for everything and he didn’t ask me anything since I hadn’t told him that I was pregnant. This walking up and down at the mall was tiring me honestly so I suggested that we go and get something to eat. My feet were swollen.

“are you pregnant?”

He asked while Lihle was busy feeding his sister. I smiled and brushed my belly.

“yes, I am”

“wow why didn’t you tell me”

“I don’t know it didn’t cross my mind”

I really didn’t understand why he would get hurt over this.

“are you happy?”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

He always asks this randomly, I guess my happiness still comes first to him.

Where are you?

I looked around I don't even know why I felt guilty.

At the mall, why?

He did not answer after that, I hoped he wasn't keeping tabs on me because if he was.

When we got home the only thing I was interested in was a warm bath and some good sleep but of course Lihle wanted to fit all his clothes so I had to smile through and admire it although I really wasn't feeling it.

I was woken up by Busile I didn't even hear them when they arrived I was practically dead, he was looking at me in a strange way.

“where is Buhle?”

“he is at my place”

I was confused because we had agreed that he was spending the holidays and what the hell was he waking me up for.

“Oh”

I wasn't even going to ask why he was at his place if he want to be sulky then he can do that at his place also. I was having such a nice dream you know. I tried to sleep again but he shook me more violently.

“Busile what do you want!”

I roared he was taken aback even I was taken aback I didn't expect myself to shout so loud.

“so, you do shopping with your ex now?”

“what? You are keeping tabs on me now?”

“just answer the damn question!”

Okay one of us must calm down, it's a good thing my room was sound proofed the last thing I need is my kid to hear us.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“yes, we went to buy things for the kids, is there something wrong with that?”

“yes HE IS YOUR EX for goodness sake, get that through your fucking skull”

“he is also the father of my kids”

“I don’t want you anywhere near him”

“now you are losing your mind, what kind of a parenting will that be”

“I am done talking to you about this”

He stormed out and slammed the door, this guy is crazy how dare he. I wanted to go back to sleep but I was too furious to even go to sleep. I went to take Sihle who had fallen asleep on Mmes bedroom. After I was done I warmed up my food and went to the cinema, I tried watching a movie but I kept thinking about this. I realised that I was wrong in this whole thing I needed to stop it I had to keep the boundary and let him be the ex that he is supposed to be. I made a mental note to apologise to him in the morning I didn’t want anything to put a strain on our relationship.

The following when I woke everyone had ate their breakfast already so I bathed Sihle then fed while Mme made me breakfast. After I was done I drove to his house on my way there I was preparing myself as to what I was going to say when I got there, I had to be mentally prepared but also, he really didn’t have to shout at me like that.

I found him making breakfast, I wondered where was his helper Buhle was watching cartoons in his pyjamas this kid loved t.v so much. When he saw me, he smiled he was more reserved than the last time I saw him.

“I know you”

He said after a while it’s like this whole time he was trying to figure it out where he knows me from.

“you do?”

“yes I do, you are papas girlfriend”

Busile got out of the kitchen wiping his hands on the apron he was wearing, he looked so sexy.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“what are you going here?”

He is not going to do this in front of the child now is he. I blinked and looked at him.

“Buhle your breakfast is ready?”

“did you make it the way my gran makes it?”

He rolled his eyes, he sure was in a sour mood of which the kid didn't deserve it at all.

“go eat Buhle”

I guess he knew better than to mess with his father when he is in that mood, he rushed out.

“can I sit?”

That sounded awkward considered this was practically my second home. He just shrugged so I sat.

“are you not offering me breakfast also?”

This was me trying to enlighten the mood of which I was obviously failing because he told me to get straight to the point. I apologised I was surprised at how forgiving he was I mean just last night he was burning. I told Buhle to come with me because I could see that he was bored alone at that house he needed someone to play with.

Time went on I was happily pregnant and loved I mean it couldn't get better than this. It was a lazy Saturday I decided to take Sihle so we could go to the park it had been long since I spent some quality time with her. I was spending most of time with Busile of which was unfair on her.

We were busy playing when this beautiful dark-skinned lady approached me, she was wearing a figure hugging dress which revealed her body which was to die for but I wondered though out of everyone who was at the park why would she approach me. she smiled when she reached me.

“I am sorry to come at you like that”

“if you were not this beautiful I would say you are a serial killer”

She laughed, Sihle was also looking at this lady who just came out of nowhere.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“I am Buhle’s mother”

Huh.

“I know you are dating Busile and he has told you all the terrible things about me but I am here to warn you about him”

She is crazy.

“he is not who he portrays himself to be and I can see that you are pregnant already this would have been better if you were not”

“what are you talking about?”

“can we meet in a more private space”

She took my number and told me that she was going to text. Who is this person? What does she want? I had tons of questions but what I knew for sure was that I was going to meet with her. The more I thought about this the more I got scared as to how she found and how she knew that I was coming to the park. has she been following me?

I met a person who claims to be Buhle’s mother

Sihle touched my face as if she was telling me that everything is going to be fine, I think kids have a sixth sense that tells them when things are not good. After a while I drove home I had this paranoia that someone was following me. I found Busile already waiting for me at home.

He quickly came out of the house and asked me is he did not harm or anything but she seemed harmless to me. Mme took Sihle and got inside the house I followed them in to my bedroom.

“Busile you need to tell me what is going on with her”

“all you need to know is that she is crazy, babe this person has been following you she is disturbed”

“well I am going to meet her”

I said taking wiping my lipstick with the wipes I had this habit of wiping my lipstick first before I eat. He grabbed my hand and the wipe fell on the floor, he looked at me in the eye.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“I said you are not going to meet her”

He emphasized that part.

“you are hurting me”

I said rubbing my wrist trying to get his hand off me but he was still looking at me with cold eyes, I didn't know this person he was so cold.

“you don't listen Minenhle you are stubborn”

“Busile you are hurting me”

I hated that my tears were at the verge of coming out, I didn't want to seem weak in front of him. he let go eventually.

“you are provoking me babe”

He rubbed my wrist and hugged me. I decided not to put it on my mind but I was still going to meet the girl he can break my arm if he wants to.

Can we meet tomorrow at Rocomammas at 12

I got the text from her few days later and I was relieved I thought she had forgotten about this whole thing, what I told myself is that I was going to get to the bottom of this no matter what it takes seemingly there was more to it than it meets the eye. As much as I was tempted to ask Sandile but at the same time I knew that I had to deal with this alone there are details of my relationships that he didn't need to know about. I got the message at 9 in the morning and luckily for me I wasn't going to work.

I arrived there at 12 straight, I waited and waited I texted the number but it did not go through. I called but nothing I couldn't believe this fool now I understood why Busile didn't want me to meet her she was absurd I mean who calls someone for a meeting and not show up so unprofessional, just when I was about to leave I saw her entering she was rushing I rolled my eyes. She was an hour late.

“I am so sorry; my car broke down”

She said sitting down. Well I had ordered already so she ordered her meal, seems like one will be here for a very long time.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“I was about to leave”

I said after a while to kill the awkwardness.

“did you tell Busile that you were coming here?”

I gave her a look.

“I’m sorry but I don’t want him interfering us”

“how is he?”

She added after a while.

“surely you did not call me here for that? I don’t even know your name”

“oh I am so sorry I’m Zoleka”

“You know sisi Busile is a very controlling dangerous man surely you have noticed that”

I kept quiet because deep down I had noticed that he was controlling but dangerous no not my Busile.

“the only thing I want to know is why you left your child?”

“it’s a complicated story....”

A waitress brought her food and she took a bite while I waited.

“when I first met Busile he was loving he was everything I ever wanted in a man and within a year I was pregnant, I didn’t even complain I was happy. It all started when I got pregnant he would shout at me but I thought I was the one who provoked him so I would apologise whenever he got angry but it got worse he started slapping me every now and then”

“Zoleka please just stop, stop lying”

“I had no money I depended on him, so I stayed he treated me so bad sisi. He would leave me home while I carried his baby, he would leave for days I wasn’t allowed to see anyone I wasn’t even allowed to leave the house I was a slave I had to give it to him whenever he felt like that”

“you mean he raped you?”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“yes, he did several times with no.....”

Who the hell does she think she is. I wasn't going to listen to this bullshit, I got up from the chair and looked at him in the eye.

“Busile was right about you, you are nothing but a conniving liar and I am not going to sit here and listen to this nonsense.”

I laughed a bit

“oh, I see what you are doing here, you are jealous oh wow it makes sense now you are jealous, wow”

I said going out, what was I thinking coming to meet this girl. I was so annoyed, I went straight to my car to calm myself down I wasn't in a state to drive. Just when I was about to get in the car.

“run sisi before it's too late run before you come out there in a coffin”

“leave me just leave me alone okay! Geez man”

I slammed the door and drove, I have never been this angry in my life. When I got home I went straight to bed I didn't want my child to see me in that state. I brushed my belly and reminded myself of what was important stress was not good for the baby.

I was woken up by Busile.

“are you OK my love, Mme says you've been sleeping”

Why did he wake me up urgh?

“yes I've been sleeping because I am tired, why are you waking me up?”

“I am sorry don't bite my head off”

I pulled the covers on and went back to sleep.

Chapter 14

I was 7 months pregnant this had to be the easiest pregnancy I ever had there were no complications at all, I was looking for the signs but Busile was treating me so good. If he was not organising me a spa treatment, he was taking me out pampering me. I haven't been

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

seeing Monde as I was told but this one-time Sihle was sick and Busile was working so I had no choice but to call Monde I mean he was the father of the child after all. We took her to the doctor and it turned out that she was catching flu nothing major.

“Minenhle you have changed”

What?

“yes, you have you are no longer the same Minenhle we all knew and loved”

This was news.

“what do you mean?”

“Minenhle when was the last time you visited your aunt and your child, the last time you spent some time with your friend you didn’t even notice that Sihle was sick until Mme brought it up”

“so you are trying to say that I am a bad parent?”

“no that’s not what I am saying I am just saying that you have been so caught up in your own bubble you don’t even notice everyone around you. All that matters is your damn boyfriend, you worship him”

Why do I feel insulted by this?

“Monde please don’t insult me, you know very well that is not true, I am not selfish”

“just look at yourself in the mirror, don’t allow that man to change you”

I didn’t realise that I was changing what I knew for sure is that my man loved me so much that he wanted to spend all his time with me, men hardly ever do that nowadays. Monde didn’t know Busile like I did, I know that he loves me and he really does.

I decided to call Sandile because part of me was feeling guilty to be honest I couldn’t remember the last time we had our usual lunch date and gossip about everyone living on this earth.

“Look who decided to finally come out from the world of hiding”

“haaa Sandile”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“when was the last time you saw me bitch?”

I sighed. It was two months ago.

“I am sorry I have been busy”

“busy with what? You don’t even return my calls you have become that person now you don’t have time for your friends anymore well I am practically the only friend you have but you know what I mean”

“can we do lunch tomorrow, I miss you”

He kept quiet for a moment.

“please my friend”

“I am busy”

“Sandile I am literally begging here”

“I am joking you know I would drop everything to spend some time with you although I doubt you would do the same”

“that is harsh my friend”

“it’s true you are changing and I don’t like it”

I wondered why everyone kept saying I have changed because I personally didn’t think I had.

Being the early person that he was I found him already waiting, he was wearing a skinny jean with a flowered loose top and some sandals (he was girly like that) with sunglasses on. He was busy texting on his phone he didn’t even pay attention to me when I sat next to him.

“hey stranger”

He said hugging.

“I missed you”

“I know you are this person who hardly ever calls”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“I am sorry I’ve been busy”

“busy with what because you are on maternity leave even”

He said looking on the menu. A waitress came to take our order and I ordered what Sandile had ordered.

“can I say something?”

Knowing him the way I do he was going to say it anyways so I nodded.

“I feel like your man is controlling you”

I laughed a bit.

“why do you say that?”

“Minenhle you are always with him, you hardly go out, your kids (he said rolling his eyes), when was the last time we had a lunch?”

He sounded like Monde.

“have you been speaking to Monde?”

“why would I speak to that rapist?”

He will never stop.

“you sound like him, he said the same thing earlier”

“you see I am not the only one who sees this. Minenhle don’t let him change you this is not you honey”

Weeks went by I was starting to notice thing they were talking about, Busile was changing he would preach to me about how I wasn’t allowed to speak to Sandile because he was a bad influence his exact words.

“baby we will get married you need to befriend people who are married”

I didn’t have any say in what goes in our relationship because he was the man therefore I had to follow his rules and let him do things his way.

We were at his place this one time well that's where I was spending most of my time, despite everything he was a perfect man I loved him and he loved me more than I deserved. I never thought I would find love after my saga with Monde but I did and despite me having two kids he loved me and my kids. People can say whatever they want to say about him because they don't know him but I know my man I know the man I am in love with. He is not a bad person he just has his moments like everyone else. this one time he was in the shower so I got a call from Monde he hardly ever called he respected my space ever since I told him to back off so I figured it was important, I answered.

“hey how are you”

And I thought this was important but I missed talking to him so I answered.

“you are so scarce, Minenhle you can't leave the kid with Mme all the time he needs your attention too”

“but Monde I thought we talked about this please don't question my parenting skills” he sighed.

“I know but Sihle needs you both your kids need you”

Well it had been two weeks since I was home I guess I needed to go check what she needed and bond with her but Busile needed me here too.

“I will make time for them Monde I promise I know they need me”

“please I am not judging you I still care about you hey”

“I know me too”

I dropped the called when I looked up Busile was staring at me his eyes were literally tearing my clothes, I shivered a bit.

“I thought we agreed that you are never going to talk to that man again?”

“more like you commanded me”

I said that putting my phone on the charger I didn't want him to intimidate me at all but before I knew it I was on the floor he slapped me so hard I fell. I brushed my cheek I couldn't believe what he had done to me. I looked at him waiting for him to say that it was

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

a mistake but what followed was more than slap he was kicking me even while I lied on the floor trying to protect my belly. It was like he wasn't himself I don't know that man, he knelt beside me pulled me by my braids and said

“don't mess with me okay, don't you dare!”

I couldn't talk my tears did all the talking for me, my mouth was bleeding I looked into his eyes I wanted him to see that this was me the person he loved not some tramp but his eyes were cold he looked at me straight in my eyes.

“clean this mess up, I need some fresh air”

He changed into his sweatpants, took his car keys and wallet then left. I had no choice but to pick myself up and clean the mess he was talking about. There was blood on the floor I was nose bleeding. I went to the bathroom sat on the floor and let it all out I sobbed. He beat me for the first time in life a guy beat and I did nothing about it I just sat there I was so disappointed in myself. I was worried about my baby when I noticed some scars on my arm it occurred to me this guy was dangerous one of these days he was going to kill me. I needed to go home, I was going home. This hellhole is not for me. I picked myself got out of the shower then packed. I wanted to get all my clothes while he was still busy getting “fresh air” but I was surprised when I got to the door and it was locked. I went to check the spare and it wasn't there now I was getting frustrated, did this guy just lock me in?

I took my phone out and called him but he didn't pick up, I tried and tried but still no luck. I wanted to call Sandile but I didn't want him to know about my problems, I didn't want to be that girl everyone felt sorry for because his boyfriend was beating him up. I texted him I knew this would get his attention.

I am bleeding I need to get to the doctor

The baby is fine. I am on my way back I need you to cook for me, I am hungry

He is crazy if he thinks I will cook for him, I sat on the couch and waited for him. in the meantime, I decided to call my aunt.

“are you OK my child?”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

I could feel tears wailing up on my eyes when she asked that talking to her alone made me emotional.

“talk to me Minenhle I can feel it you are not okay, what is going on?”

Just then I heard the key turning on the door I told my aunt I would call later I quickly dropped the call. He got in looked around then went to the kitchen.

“where is my food Minenhle?”

He was shouting from the kitchen. I kept quiet.

“Minenhle I asked you a question, where the hell is my food?”

I was getting scared but I tried to act tough and looked at him in the eye.

“I want to go home, open the door”

“this is your home; which home are you talking about?”

This man is crazy, Buhle’s mother was right oh wow how did I not see this she was right. He sat beside me and rubbed my belly.

“okay baby I forgive you I know you were tired I will order in some food for us don’t worry”

What the hell?

“Busile I said I want to go home!”

His hand stopped moving on my belly.

“what, what did you just say?”

“I said I want to go home”

“and I said this is your home, why don’t you respect me Minenhle huh?”

He was getting furious again, he looked at me in the eye.

“you will go to your place in the morning”

What did I get myself into?

Chapter 15

Surprisingly he allowed me to go home I couldn't believe it what had just happened I kept asking myself who was that man, I thought maybe I had provoked him therefore I deserved it because he told me that I shouldn't speak to Monde and I did despite his begging. I had to work on our relationship. I was surprised to find Monde at my place he was with Sihle who didn't look so well herself. Mme met me halfway she looked apologetic.

"I am sorry sisi Sihle wasn't feeling well I didn't know who to call you were not picking up"

I just nodded I had my sunglasses on I forgot to put on my makeup, his fingers were a bit a visible on my face.

"what's wrong with her?"

I asked taking her from him and feeling her forehead.

"I'm not sure I think she was just coming down something"

She wasn't crying anymore, she was falling asleep maybe she really missed me nothing much. I mouthed a thank you to him as I went to my room. I put her down and looked at her as she fell asleep, after she was she was asleep I sat in front of my mirror and checked how bad my cheek was. Monde got in while I was still checking it out, I had bags under my eyes.

"Minnie what happened?"

He didn't even knock.

"why didn't you knock?"

"does that matter, what happened to your face"

"I fell"

He rolled his eyes I should have thought of a better lie.

"is this what I think it is"

I hated that I was feeling so emotional and I was going to cry any minute if he didn't leave.

"Minnie is he beating you?"

“what, no why would you even think of that Monde that man loves me”
“clearly he doesn’t love you if he can leave your face like that”

“I said I fell okay”

I looked at him motioning him to leave he surrendered and left, I took my phone and checked for any missed calls the weren’t any from him. I thought maybe he would have called and apologise but no yes, I was wrong but he didn’t have to beat me like that.

I woke very early the following morning I wanted to go to my gynae and check the baby I was worried about the baby. I texted him and told him that I was going to the gynae in case he wanted to go with me but he didn’t respond so I left without him. when I got there luckily for me it was empty so I didn’t have to wait I just got in.

He examined me and I was so relieved when she told me that the baby was fine but she stressed out that I had to take it easy because stress is not good for the baby, when she asked me if I wanted to see the gender of the baby I refused because I wanted to do it with the father of my baby present.

She gave me a pitiful look when I left, I didn’t want to be that woman I had to fix my relationship even it meant going for help because I could see that Busile didn’t like the way he was he needed someone who was going to lead him in the right direction and that person had to be me.

Everyone had gone to sleep when Busile arrived he was drunk, not just drunk but kaak drunk I didn’t like the direction our relationship was taking, it was leading us to a very a dark place and I wasn’t sure if I had the strength for it. I wondered how he drove to my place in the state that he was in, he kept telling me that he loved me. I took him to bed and took off his clothes as soon as his head hit the pillow he fell asleep, he was snoring so loud. I looked at him and wondered what was going on with him, my consciousness told me to leave him and the other one told me to help him. I was stuck between a rock and a very hard place it was really challenging. I eventually fell asleep with my thoughts, I had nightmares something I last had a very long time ago.

When I woke up the following he was still asleep, he looked so peaceful he almost like the Busile I was content a few months ago. He stirred looked around then closed his eyes again

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

I took the opportunity to go make breakfast for him because he didn't like it when Mme made breakfast for him. I made a full breakfast for everyone while mme was still bathing Sihle. When I woke up I went to wake up but I was surprised to find him on my phone, I raised my eyebrow and he didn't even look apologetic that he was on my phone.

“what are you doing on my phone?”

“I am deleting some numbers”

He said putting it down and asked if the breakfast was ready.

“why are you deleting numbers on my phone?”

“since you cannot do it yourself.i told you that I don't like your friendship nala nkonkoni (gay person) but what do you do you text him every night, and that ex of yours who is a rapist”

Where did he get that I never told him about my history with Monde, was he spying on me?

“Sandile is my friend please stop insulting him and stop being this homophobic arse that you are”

I said taking my phone but I didn't reach the door he had already closed it and pinned me on the door.

“what did you say woman?”

“I said stop being homophobic Busile”

He shook his head in disgust.

“you are lucky because your child is just on the next door but if that wasn't the case I would have showed you respect. You lack manners nowadays. Now put on your best smile breakfast is getting cold”

He left me on the room and went out. I still couldn't believe this was happening, is the life I was going to live moving forward? When I got there, I found him feeding Sihle while playing with her she was laughing, I was scared for my child I knew he wouldn't hurt but I wasn't comfortable with him holding my child. When Sihle saw me, she held out her hands

for me to take I could see that Busile wasn't happy with that but this was my child I took her almost immediately and sat down.

When we were done with breakfast Mme cleared up the dishes while I went upstairs to take a bath everyone could see that it was tense, normally when Busile was around it was always laughter and joking around but today it was different. I took Sihle with me I think in a way I was using her as my shield because I knew that he wouldn't hurt me with the child around.

I was done with bathing and making a bed when he got in, he looked at me and I ignored him.

"Listen babe I am so sorry I know I scared you earlier and I am sorry I really don't know what came over me"

This morning?

"Busile you beat me up yesterday like a nobody what you did yesterday was just too much"

He came and stood in front of me.

"I am sorry babe the thing you are too good for me I feel like I don't deserve you. I am scared"

I rolled my eyes.

"seriously babe I feel like one of these days you will realise what a fuck I am and leave I don't want that baby I love you I love you so much"

"I am not going anywhere I always say this I don't understand this is so difficult to understand"

I was angry he was letting his insecurities get in the way of our relationship.

"I know babe I will work on this I promise you I will change"

He smiled and held my hands.

"trust me"

He said, I chose to trust him. He went to take a shower when he was in the shower he shouted asking me how did it go with the doctor and just like things were back to normal. Talking really helps, communication is the key.

Chapter 16

Months were going by fast and if I said things were good between us I would be lying, he was a weather you never knew which weather condition you were dealing with. Instead of things getting better they went downhill, it was like I had to tiptoe on eggs around him. I wasn't allowed to talk to anyone I wasn't even allowed to have visitors over at my place, he insisted I work for him after my maternity leave I agreed because I didn't have any strength left on me, we were always fighting. Good times only lasted for few days, I had to mind what I was saying because I didn't want to make him angry.

I didn't want to leave without trying and I didn't even have anyone to talk to about these things. I had just come back from the shops because for some reason he only wanted me to do his groceries back in the days I would have been flattered but now I wasn't it didn't feel like love anymore. When I got back I found him in the kitchen, I knew that look it was the look that meant I was in trouble. I apologised even though I didn't know what had done wrong, he didn't say anything while I unpacked.

“Minenhle you don't respect me”

I looked at him, what was he angry for now. He was such an angry person.

“what have I done now Busile”

It was draining really.

“why is your ex calling you?”

I rolled my eyes, he was being ridiculous. How were we supposed to raise our children if there was no form of communication? When I was done with grocery packaging I went upstairs to take a shower and he followed me I could literally feel his breath penetrating through my back that's how hard he was breathing. He closed the door after me and locked it I didn't even mind that I refused to be intimidated by him.

I took off my clothes as I was preparing to get in the shower this whole time he was sitting on a chair that was on the corner facing directly at me. I did not make it to the shower door he hooked my legs and I fell on my back, I didn't even see him getting up from that chair. My hand immediately went to my belly I was trying to protect my baby, anything could happen at this stage I was 7 months pregnant at the time. I tried getting up but he kicked me on my face normally he would kick everywhere except my belly and my face but that day he didn't care at all. I wasn't crying I was trying to fight for myself but it was useless because he overpowered me.

He dragged me on the floor to the shower using my braids by now I was crying hysterically I kept begging him to stop him but my cries fell on deaf ears it was painful I could see the blood I didn't even know where the blood was coming from. He looked at me once then his face changed, he opened water from the shower. If the situation was reversed the water would have soothed me but the way my body was paining it was like my body was resistant to the water. He bathed he wasn't saying anything this whole time, his hands were soft but I didn't know they were going to be soft for how long. After he was done he took the towel and wiped my body. Still he wasn't talking well I wasn't going to say anything either I was tired. After he was done with whatever he motioned for me to get in bed he even opened the covers for me.

“I need to go to the hospital”

I said quietly I wasn't feeling any pain and that alone worried me because in a way that meant maybe I had lost the baby. He nodded, I didn't even change I just took my gown and my handbag then followed him to the garage. I was so weak I had no energy the whole side of my face was red and swollen, I had a massive headache. He kept looking at me the whole way but not saying anything.

“I am sorry”

That's all he said before we got in the shower I am sure he just didn't want his abusive ass to get arrested. We had to wait for some time before we got in, I was looking down this whole time when I looked up I saw a couple all cuddled up in a corner looking all lovey dovey I could feel tears in my eyes but I wasn't going to be that person who cries in public

with a swollen face. The doctor called us next, Busile held my hand when I got up. the doctor took one look at me and shook his head. There was that look I hated.

“can I get some privacy with her”

He said looking at Busile, I knew him he was stubborn he wasn't going to leave but the doctor didn't budge either so eventually he left but not before asking me if I was fine. Here he was trying to play the perfect husband I didn't understand where that came from. The doctor looked at me as he put his gloves on.

“mind telling me about your face?”

He asked it was like he was daring me to lie but I wasn't about to tell him that my boyfriend was beating me up, luckily Busile didn't take me to my gynae. He told me to take off my gown and t-shirt then lie on the bed.

“you know there are people you can talk to”

He wasn't looking at me when he said this, he was applying some gel on my belly I didn't respond. He looked at me briefly.

“you have a little fighter here”

I let out a sigh I was holding this whole time it was sigh of relief.

“I really don't understand how this is happening but you are one lucky woman, with the state you are in I expected the worst”

I was really thankful God really works in wonders, he is the God of miracles I was a testimony. He preached to me about how I needed to get help and not be afraid to speak because next I wouldn't be this luck I really don't know where he got the idea that I was being beaten, well he wasn't wrong either. This was a wakeup call for me too any sane person would get him arrested but I didn't have any fighting spirit left in me. I was drained.

Busile got in after a while, the doctor had given me so many pamphlets that I was sure I wasn't going to use but I didn't want to seem ungrateful so I took them. The doctor told him about the condition of the baby.

“she won't be so lucky next time”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

He said firmly.

“what did the doctor say?”

He asked when we were getting in the car, I didn't answer. I thought the doctor updated about the condition of the baby what else did he want to know. I put my safety belt on then said

“please take me to home”

“But we are going home”

He said sheepishly.

“I mean my home, my house”

I wasn't going to say anything after that and luckily for me he didn't argue he took me home.

Chapter 17

My whole body was in pain luckily the doctor had given me some ointment for my face when I was at the hospital so after taking a bath I applied. I was planning on spending an entire day with my daughter so I was grateful when she brought her over to my room and my breakfast.

I didn't know kids had a way of healing you until that day, Sihle was playing with her toys when I looked at her I felt a tear stroking my cheek. She reached up to me and wiped it, it's like she was telling me that everything was going to be fine. I had switched my phone off and dedicated this time on her.

When I switched my phone on later I had tons of missed calls from Busile I didn't call him back, I needed a break from him. I even had a missed call well he had demanded that I buy him a phone the last time he was here his excuse was he wants to call me whenever he wants to of course that won me over. I called him back well he hardly ever called although the phone was bought to check up on me.

“I miss you mom, when are you visiting us”

I had accepted that he doesn't greet.

“I miss you too my baby I will visit soon”

I wasn't planning to visit home but I needed to I realised then that I had to go home I needed the peace.

I spent the rest of that week at home I could tell Mme was surprised well she is the kind of woman who minds her own business, she didn't even ask what was going on I liked her she knew her place. Busile still hadn't stopped calling and sending flowers to my place. Here is the thing with rich people they think money and expensive things can solve everything sadly for me I was used to all those things so they didn't work on me. this one day thought I got a call from his mother scolding me about how I had taken his son back into that dark place he had gotten out of.

“I asked you Minenhle if you would be there for my son and you said yes”

I rolled my eyes, he has stooped that low now he runs to his mother so she can fight his battles.

“uyinkukhu esikwe umlomo ngoku (you can't speak now)”

“what do you want me to say mah?”

“don't go back on your word help my son, he needs help. He is a recovering alcoholic so I don't want him to go back to that place”

“only he can help himself”

After that I dropped myself, out of all the people I could fall in love with I had to choose him what is even worse is the pregnancy, that ties me to him forever. I need to stop getting pregnant for every guy I am in a relationship with it paints me with a bad name.

I was disturbed by the knock on the door, Mme had gone to the shops I wondered who was that. I took my baby and went to check the door, I couldn't believe my eyes when I got to the door. Musa is last person I expected to see I last saw him in hospital, I was surprised. He smiled apologetically, him and I were close before the saga but after I found out that he knew I didn't even want to hear from them. I cut them off. Sihle was obviously very happy to see her uncle he took her while I let him in.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“I am sorry to come uninvited like this”

I smiled.

“it’s okay, I will make you something to eat so long please get comfortable”

I said going to the kitchen.

“your house is very stunning”

I thanked him as I gave him his sandwich.

“want me to give you a tour?”

“of course, how can I say no, I really didn’t believe him when he said you have such a gigantic house you know he exaggerates everything”

I laughed.

“I had to get out of his house sooner or later”

Mme got in while we were still talking, she said she was going to start with the pots while I showed Musa around, she took Lihle.

“how are you?”

That is so random, there is something about this question when it is asked by someone who you can clearly see that he cares about you, you feel like pouring it all telling them everything but this time around I chose to go for the easy part. “I am fine”.

We somehow found ourselves in the balcony and chilled there overlooking Auckland park.

“you know I have been meaning to apologise”

I looked at him I knew exactly what he was talking about and to be honest I was over it. I forgave Monde so that means automatically I forgave him too.

“I know I am really over that Musa I mean I forgave your brother the one who did bad here and it is not your fault. I couldn’t expect you to go against your brother and tell me”

He rubbed his face

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“this has been eating me for a long time and I hate that we are no longer a family because of the secret I was part of I mean maybe if we had told you earlier situation would have turned out differently”

“don’t blame yourself Musa that chapter is closed so it’s best we move on from it because I have”

He smiled.

“you have such a beautiful heart you know”

This was the first time someone had told me that it sure was a compliment.

“anyway, enough about me how is it at home, how is the wife?”

“she is alright we are fine. We are so happy I fear ruining things”

“how are you going to ruin things?”

He turned and looked at me it’s like he feared what he was about to tell me.

“I have a child”

Oh, that I remember Monde telling me about it.

“I have a child that I have been hiding for years, he is 6 years now and she can’t get kids”

“when did you get this child?”

“when we got in a relationship, my ex was already pregnant so I didn’t tell her because I was scared of losing her I mean we had just started”

This is a lot.

“this is a lot I mean this means you kept a secret this whole time you had been in a relationship with her”

“I really don’t know how can I get about telling her this”

“just tell her the longer you keep the secret the worst it gets”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

I didn't understand men and keeping secrets, I mean if he had told her right when he found out it would have been fine, their relationship was still raw she would have understood but he had to go and drag this whole thing. I felt sorry for him because this can go downhill.

“but she loves you will get through it”

“you also loved Monde but look at you two now”

I laughed

“come on Musa it's not the same, you will get through it but just tell her Musa secrets ruin things you have a good thing going on”

We spoke some more before Mme called us and told us that the food was ready, what would I be without her? Nothing. The table was laid out already.

“I promise you I will visit your place more often I am getting spoilt here”

I had missed him.

Chapter 17

I finally picked Busile's calls he was becoming a nuisance I wasn't ready to forgive I wasn't even sure if I wanted to carry on with this relationship. I was going to lose my child over this, it was toxic he wasn't healthy for me. I needed to put my child first even if that meant ending the relationship.

“I have been attending some therapy sessions I am trying to change baby for you and our child”

That is nice I guess.

“you need to change for yourself Busile not because you feel obliged to, this is your life”

He kept quiet for a while.

“I am sorry”

This one hardly ever apologise he never admits his wrongs.

“I know you are but that doesn't mean I am ready to have you back in my life. I love you but I am not prepared to lose what is precious over this”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“can I come and see you”

I kept quiet.

“please I miss my child (I rolled my eyes at that) it’s been a week Minenhle this silent treatment has gone for too long”

“fine you can come over”

He sighed a sigh of relief.

“I am on my way”

I don’t know when I had become so weak it was like Busile had put a spell on me, I loved him too much. He had done terrible things to me but at least he was trying to get help I mean that was the most selfless thing he can ever do.

You are on my mind I hope you are fine

I sent that text to Sandile I had missed him, I really missed him he was one person who never got tired of me and listened to my problems he was basically there for me all the time when I needed him. he didn’t answer, I wasn’t surprised.

Busile came a bit later he was drunk not just drunk but kaak drunk, I was so disappointed I thought he was trying to make things work. He slept in my bed because I couldn’t kick him out in that state but Sihle and I had go and sleep in the spare bedroom. I couldn’t sleep that night my thoughts made it hard for me to sleep. In between my thoughts I had to decide as much as it was hard for me but a decision had to be made.

I found him having breakfast he had taken a bath even looking all fresh, he eyed me when I emerged.

“Good morning babe”

He said while I dished out for myself, I gave him a simple nod.

“I am sorry for what happened yesterday”

“that’s all you do lately apologise, don’t you get tired of your own apologies?”

He did not answer. We both ate in awkward silence.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

He showed no sign of leaving he hardly ever spent a day at my place so I was a bit surprised. He was busy trying to be a perfect boyfriend I think. He surprised when he told me to take a bath as he had a surprise for me.

“I don’t trust you and surprised for all I know you could be taking me somewhere to kill me”

“wow you sure can hurt a person who is trying Minenhle”

I shrugged.

“well I booked you in a spa I think you could do with a break and a massage”

Now that he mentions it I really needed it but I wasn’t about to seem too excited about it.

“ooh”

“yes baby now please go take a bath yevha mntuwam”

.....

After I was done taking a bath I opted for a long maternity dress, I had undone my braids so I let my hair loose then wore slides with. They were a bit comfortable. I went to check on my baby before we left.

“why are you being so nice?”

“you are really mean today, is it the hormones?”

“No Busile it’s not hormones it’s you. I don’t even know how long this is going to last before you burst again I must watch even the way I move around you. I am not comfortable around you”

He held my hand.

“I admit babe I have issues I was serious about attending therapy sessions I don’t like this man I have become. I really don’t think I deserve you”

“so, you think beating me up is the solution?”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“i know you will get tired of my apologies but I will keep making it up to you nothing will take away those scars I left in your heart but Mamsholozzi I hope one day you will find it in your heart to forgive me”

I looked outside the window the weather was changing it was becoming chilly.

“how far is this place?”

I asked looking at him he smiled I couldn't help but smile back, all the doubts I had earlier were forgotten.

The place was just outside Jozi it was secluded from everything I don't even know how he found it but it that calm aura around it that made you feel at peace. He had booked the whole place perks of being rich I didn't even know one can do such a thing. We were treated like royalty, they were already waiting for us when we arrived I didn't know he was joining me too I mean I am the one who was hurting here not him but I wasn't about to be in a spa all alone I'm not crazy.

“I really needed that, thank you”

He did not say anything he just smiled. I hate love.

The rest of that week was perfect but I couldn't help but wonder how long would this last, I had learnt that with him one can never be comfortable. This was such a relationship.

We were having a date night, his idea I can't even remember the last time we had a date night. I decided to go all out make up and everything even with the pregnancy he had to see that I was still the bomb. I refused to let pregnancy make me a granny I took care of myself. I wore a long black tight dress which was flowy at the bottom not tight as in uncomfortable tight as in oh look at me I am pregnant but sexy kind of tight, I paired the dress with some nude heels here is one thing I like about nude is that it goes with almost everything I then put on my gold necklace. My red lipstick made my face stand out I liked how I look. Busile arrived after a while looking dashing himself.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

He had made a reservation for two, the restaurant was chilled with some jazz music playing on the background, the setting was just out of this world. Being in a relationship is not so bad after all if I was going to get this treatment every now and then who am I to stand in the way of what God has put together.

It was a weekend and Busile had to go home he went home every month it was a tradition and I wasn't going with him as much as he begged I wasn't going. I drove him to the airport. On my way back, I decided to go to Sandile's place he was probably going to kick me out but hey one had to try I missed our friendship. I have lost many things in life I couldn't lose him too. He was too precious to me.

When I got there I was welcomed by his boyfriend at the door he smiled and hugged me when I got in.

“you look so pregnant”

I laughed

“that's because I am pregnant”

“who is there baby?”

Sandile shouted from somewhere in the room, his boyfriend did not answer instead he just gave me an apologetic look and went to inform him that I was there.

When he emerged from wherever he was at he already had an attitude, wow such an attitude for not calling for few months he sure can be dramatic.

“what do you want Minenhle”

He is not even going to offer something to eat or anything.

“be nice babe”

His boyfriend said through gritted teeth, I sat down I wasn't about to stand like a stranger in his house. He huffed and sat down opposite me.

“I will make you two something to eat?”

Finally, someone has some manners in this house.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“what do you want Minenhle?”

He asked again.

“I miss you my friend”

He rolled his eyes.

“You don’t get to play with people’s feelings like that, you sent me a message telling me to leave you alone and now you are the one telling me that you miss me. please don’t contradict yourself”

A message?

“what message are you talking about?”

“stop playing dumb here, I don’t really have to beg to be in your life you made it clear that you don’t need”

I was so lost I didn’t even know what he was talking about

“now Minenhle please leave my place”

“Sandile you are chasing me out of your place? This is me Sandile please don’t do this”

I couldn’t believe that I was literally begging him to be my friend again.

“I am doing exactly what you did to me you chased me out of your life”

I was speechless, I took my handbag and got up when I looked at him he just raised his eyebrow. I left.

This was so hurting I had pushed everyone away, I had no one in my life. Sandile was that one friend everyone needed in life I didn’t know what I would do without him. I needed him but I guess I did this on myself. I don’t understand why Busile was so hellbent on the idea of me having friend. The only haven I ever had was gone.

Its Monde’s birthday tomorrow, please come.

I was surprised when I got that message from Musa I had even forgotten that it was Monde’s birthday not that there was anything I would have done about that but it was like I had lost touch of everything that was going on around me including my memory. I called

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

Musa and he begged me to come around. I agreed I really needed to be around people and besides what Busile doesn't know won't kill him.

.....

We were ready when Musa fetched us he was still that person who treated me like a baby because I was pregnant. I am starting to think that Sihle loves her father's family more than me the way she gets so happy when she sees them.

"I did not buy any gift"

I didn't want to feel out of place when everyone gives him a gift.

"you there with Sihle will be more than enough"

"how is he?"

"he is not good we are making this party to cheer him but he hasn't been doing well ever since the divorce. Imagine being married to someone for so many years and raising kids together only to find that she was taking you for a fool all these years"

Women are masters of cheating I can guarantee you that.

"that is awful"

"he blames himself for this whole thing, he thinks this is God punishing him for what he did to you"

Well.

"I hope this party will be the best for him, he can't mop around forever he needs to move on and not dwell on his past"

He smiled

"you need to tell him that"

When we got there Simphiwe was already waiting for us, she welcomed us with such warm hands this was awkward for me because I haven't been good to her. Maybe I am selfish don't treat people good at all.

"Sihle come to aunty"

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

I passed Sihle to her.

“I will take her to where the kids are at”

Which kids? But I didn't ask. I followed Musa in and decided to go to the kitchen while he went to join his brothers. I found Simphiwe and three other ladies I didn't know, she introduced me to them. They were nice they let me in on what they were talking about but I didn't bother memorising their names it's not like I was going to see them anywhere again.

After a while the big brother called everyone in, I noticed that this was more of an intimate thing and it worked for because I didn't like being around people anyway. Monde was so surprised when he saw I guess they didn't tell him that I was coming. I didn't know whether it was a good thing or not, he kept looking at me while his brother was introducing everything. We sang to him, the way I hate those singing moments in a birthday party but hey this wasn't my party.

“hey pregnant person”

I had just finished answering a call from Busile outside when he came out. I turned and smiled.

“I am a pregnant person now huh?”

He laughed.

“I would say you are huge but I don't to be at a receiving end of your wrath”

“my hormones are going easy on me this time around so you are safe”

he sighed and looked at me.

“I didn't think you would be at my party”

“I also didn't think I would be at your party until yesterday”

He sighed

“my sneaky little brother I sort of mentioned that in passing”

“Happy Birthday”

I said hugging him, he held on a bit longer.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“let’s get in before everyone start wondering where we at”

He said after breaking the hug off. I followed him in and I have to say the party was good I can’t even remember the last time I was around people.

Later, when I had to leave I went to Musa to inform him but Monde insisted on taking us home. Sihle was sleeping so he had to carry him to the car while I said my goodbyes to everyone.

“I am glad you are back in our family”

I found Monde already in his car, he started the car when I got in I could feel some slight pain on my lower belly I ignored the pain but it was getting worse. My phone buzzed signalling an incoming call I just switched it off I wasn’t in the mood of Busile’s antics. When we got home, Monde took the child to her room I went to drink some water I knew that drinking cold water is not safe but I had to I thought it would numb the pain.

“she is asleep”

He said getting in, I was facing the counter with my head bent down on the counter.

“where is Mme?”

He said opening the fridge this one thinks this house is his, I looked at him and kept quiet I was rubbing my belly trying to numb the pain but it was so difficult. He drank some water and looked at me.

“I think I should leave”

I just nodded.

“are you Ok”

I breathed oh dear what was going on I was not even on 9 months yet so there was no way I was going into labour.

“I....”

Instead of the answer I was hoping to give him I let out some painful moan, he rushed to my side.

“Minz”

“please take me to hospital Monde I don’t feel so good”

The pain was becoming unbearable, I was brushing my belly this whole time I couldn’t even stand still. He helped to his car after making sure that Mme was up, I needed Busile here but he was on the other side of the country. He kept telling me that everything will be okay.

Chapter 18

Monde

Minenhle wasn’t even crying anymore she was just moaning in pain she had her eyes closed I kept looking over at her, as much as I wanted to keep my eyes on the road I couldn’t I was worried about her. Her arse of a boyfriend wasn’t even worried when I called him all he cared about what was I doing at her place, it didn’t help that I never liked him from the word go so I wasn’t about to explain myself to him. Musa was convinced that I was jealous but something was off about the guy but I wasn’t about to ruin her relationship she deserved better and as far as I am concerned anyone who is not me is better for her. I took her hand and she squeezed it for dear life as much as it was painful but the feel of her skin made the pain bearable.

When we got to the hospital she was rushed to the emergency room and I was told to wait outside, it was in the middle of the night so I couldn’t exactly call her aunt surely, she was sleeping. I informed Musa about my whereabouts, I wanted to keep busy the wait was killing me. I texted Sandile, I basically texted everyone I thought would care except her aunt she deserved a call.

This waiting brought me back to the night she found out I had raped her, I waited like this at the hospital I knew that it was over between the two of us but I still had some hope. For the first time in my life after my parents had passed away I prayed like really prayed giving my all to God I wouldn’t be able to live with myself should she have lost our child. What would have happened to her that day would have been my fault, I brought nothing but

heartache into her life when all she ever did was love me. I had fallen really hard for her, I loved her more than anything in my life. I shouldn't have gone to that party in my state.

“they are no more” Masande said to me, I hated that he appeared so strong when he told me this, that was my worst nightmare. I didn't cry for days but the reality was sinking in everyone in the family was worried about me, so on a Friday night a day before my parent's funeral I disappeared and went to some party my friend had hosted my aim was to get drunk and not care about anything in this world. I wasn't ready for their funeral. When I got there I was half sober, I noticed this girl that was with her friends you could see that she was not used to these kind of scenes I wondered why she was there in the first place. “she is beautiful, isn't she?” I nodded but did not keep my eyes away from her. For a moment I wasn't thinking about my parent's funeral but my heart was filled with hope, I wasn't sure what I felt for her but I couldn't keep my eyes off her. She didn't even look my way I needed her to look at me but she didn't. I decided to stop looking at her I didn't want to appear creepy. I enjoyed the party only because she was there, she didn't do anything she didn't have to do anything.

I saw her leaving by now I was really drunk but I couldn't let her walk alone, I looked to see if her friends were following her but none of them were. I followed her she was walking faster and I had to keep up my pace for me to get to her when I finally did I don't know what consumed me the next thing I was kissing her and she was fighting me. I

Someone tapped my shoulder when I looked up it was the doctor, she was smiling at me which meant everything was fine. I couldn't believe how much I had drifted away with my thoughts, she told me to follow her for some reason they thought I was the father. Well. She was holding the baby smiling, she was a miracle baby who came before her time. she looked up at me I could see the disappointment in her eyes when she saw that it was just me I won't lie that stabbed my heart. I guess she was hoping to see her boyfriend. She quickly wiped the disappointment in her eyes with a smile and told me to come and see the baby before they take her away. She didn't have to invite me twice I walked over to her, she was tiny which reminded me of the day Sihle was born except that time she didn't want me anywhere near her.

When they were taking the baby away from her she thanked me it took everything from me not to hug her there and then. She was a beautiful mess, I let her sleep. She had a smile on her face she was content, I was happy.

I was surprised to get the call from the hospital then I remembered that I had put my number as the next of kin when I filled in her forms. They told me to rush to the hospital, something was wrong I knew it. I asked Musa to drive to Mandeni to pick Minz' family as I rushed to the hospital. When I got there I was surprised, the doctor called me to her office.

“I am sorry to inform you this Mr Mbatha but we have lost the baby”

I couldn't believe my ears “we have lost the baby” that loss word was familiar and I didn't like the sound of it. I had no response the first person that popped in my mind was Minenhle, that smile she had before falling asleep yesterday.

“have....have you told her yet?”

“no we wanted to inform you first she had been medicated but she should be up anytime from now, you can tell her if you want to or ...”

“I will tell her”

I don't know what difference it would have made but I felt the need to tell her I was suddenly overprotective of her, maybe it would be better if she gets the news from me. this was such a huge responsibility now I had to tell douchebag of a boyfriend too.

I found her trying to get up from her bed, I quickly rushed to her side and helped her up.

“where is Busile?”

“he hasn't gotten back to me yet”

That disappointment was back.

“I need my phone she needs to hear exciting news from me”

“where are you going?”

She was still trying to get off the bed.

“I am going to see my baby”

I made her sit down, this was becoming even harder than I had imagined. She gave me an inquisitive look.

“I need to tell you something”

I took a sit opposite her and held her hands.

“can’t it wait, I need to check if my baby is okay”

Oh, Minenhle I hate the fact that I will be the source of your unhappiness again. I closed my eyes I didn’t want to see the look in her eyes when I tell her this.

“we have lost the baby”

She laughed and got up from her bed going straight to the door.

“this is no time for your jokes Monde, come let’s go see the baby im sure she is wondering where is her mother”

I got up from the chair and went to where she was standing. I touched her on her shoulders.

“she is gone Minenhle”

She shook her head in annoyance.

“Monde how can you lie about something like this, don’t you want to see me happy huh? Leave me alone I am going to see my baby”

She got out of the ward and went to the other side leaving my heart in pieces.

Chapter 19

Minenhle

I never thought I would be here mourning the loss of my child not in my wildest dreams did I think that this will happen. It didn’t help that Busile was blaming me, he came to the hospital a day after I had lost the baby and blaming me for killing his child. His exact words were “you were busy partying up all night with your ex and you killed my child. I will never forgive you for this Minenhle”.

People tell you to be strong but how can you can be strong when everything is falling apart when you don’t have even one fibre that is strong in your body. Losing a child is the worst pain one ever can go through. Every time I think about her I think of that moment I held her in my arms, the love I felt for her. The bond we had, the kicks and everything.

It has been a month but it still hurt like it happened a week ago, sometimes I swear I hear her cry but when I go to her nursery I am always welcomed by the emptiness of it. I was disturbed by someone barging on my door, I looked up and it was Busile. I was drained I didn't need him adding on the stress I had, Mme had gone to the park with Sihle. i looked at him not saying anything and he also did not say anything.

“Busile what do you want?”

“you know Minenhle I will never forgive you for this. I hate you”

I flinched but I didn't want him to see me at my weakest moments.

“tell me something I don't know”

“how do you live with yourself knowing that you killed your child”

That's when I lost it

“listen here you coward! You know why I lost my baby huh? I lost the baby because of your beatings your countless beatings. You beat me to a pulp, what did you think would happen of cause it was bound to happen but you don't see me walking around blaming everyone to get over my guilt. You know very well that this is your doing, I should have left when I had the chance.” I said the last part more to myself than anyone.

He rubbed his hands and looked away.

“now if you can do me a favour please leave this home and never come back, I am tired of your insults. Get out of that door and never look back”

He looked at me one more time then left, after he had left I broke down that was the first I had cried after losing my angel, I cried for my loss, I cried for staying in an abusive relationship when I should have left, I cried for tolerating bullshit and then I forgave myself.

I went upstairs to her nursery i took out her clothes I don't know what I was planning on doing with them but as soon as I touched them I couldn't. I cried, I was taking her clothes out of her emergency bag as I was doing that I kept crying. It was difficult, there really is no time frame for getting over the loss of your child. I sat on the floor hugging on of the teddy bears I had bought at toy R us. I heard the door creaking open slowly but I didn't

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

look up but I knew who it was. One person who had been with me through it all I was feeling guilty because I hadn't been there for him when his divorce happened. I felt like I didn't deserve his kindness. He sat next to me and didn't say anything.

"how are you?"

He said after a while. I kept quiet registering his question. How was i? I was broken, I was hurt, I was hurting, I was.... The list was just endless.

"I am okay"

That is the safe answer that everyone always says when someone asks them how they are.

"you don't seem okay to me"

I laughed a bit, he smiled.

"how does okay look like?"

"okay looks happy, it doesn't look like the emotions you are trying to hide. Come on Minnie it's just me look at me"

I turned and he wiped my tears, that gesture alone just opened for more tears he took me into his arms I sobbed. I wish this pain could just fade away.

"he hates me Monde"

He kept quiet and brushed my back.

"he blames me for her death, he said he will never forgive me"

"such a douchebag, a jerk where do you find them Minnie"

I laughed in between tears.

"you mean yourself included?"

He laughed too.

"well, I guess you can say that"

"I don't know"

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“Minz don’t blame yourself these things happen, I know you are asking yourself why you? But if not you then who. You are strong Minz you will get past this and you can cry this pain out, you are allowed to grieve. There is no timeframe. We are all here for you okay, we lo uhm care for you”

“thank you”

Honestly that’s all I could say at that moment.

Chapter 19

“here is your breakfast mommy”

I opened my eyes.

“perfect breakfast in bed for a perfect mommy”

Lihle was standing on the doorway with a tray full of breakfast, I smiled at him.

“all this for me?”

He laughed and put the tray next to me.

“it’s Mother’s Day mommy don’t tell me you forgot”

Honestly, I had forgotten all about that. That was very thoughtful of him, I knew Mme helped him with the breakfast but I wasn’t complaining at all like he said I deserved to be spoiled.

“where is your sister?”

They were inseparable I was surprised he was alone, ever since Sihle started walking she is always following her brother around. The way she cries when Lihle leaves breaks my heart but Lihle is granny’s child what can we say.

“granny is bathing her”

He joined me and we had our breakfast with him telling me about his school and the girl he had a crush on. Honestly, I didn’t want him grow up.

A lot can happen in a year, getting over your breakup, mourning the loss of your baby, getting a promotion at work, buying yourself a car to being happy and content. A year ago,

I didn't think I would be here today but here I was breathing and happy. Single and content oh and alive. I was done with men I just missed sex though a year and some months of starvation is not a joke.

Sandile and I fixed thing and once again we were inseparable, Monde had a girlfriend that I didn't like but at least he was happy. Sandile insisted we go out as much as I wanted to spend the day with my family so here we were at Spur with my family including Mme and Sandile's boyfriend. After that we were treated to a Spa by the boys of which Sandile insisted on joining because he is the Godmother so he too deserve a treat to a Mother's Day outing.

Later that day I was welcomed by dead roses which I was told that they were dropped by Busile, such a nerve he had to even drop them personally. I tossed them on the bin but what was written on the card caught my eye *this would have been a perfect Mother's Day for you if you had not killed my baby girl* I wasn't even hurt by those words I just saw that the guy was delusional.

I somehow found myself at Busile's place not that I wanted to confront him about dead roses but i somewhere felt like he was going through the most, well maybe I also wanted to know about dead roses. He was once a special person in my life I loved him with all I have but circumstances were against us.

Chapter 20

Busile

I was surprised to see Minenhle's car at my gate I wondered what she was doing there, I didn't know what I was thinking sending her those dead roses because deep in me I know it's my fault she lost our child but to see how happy she was like she had forgotten about our child brought some sadness I cannot describe in my heart I wanted her also to feel the pain I was feeling. I was selfish, I am selfish I will forever be selfish. I loved that woman I will always love her I have never felt like that with any woman in my life not even with Buhle's mother. Others call it obsession I call it love.

I looked at her as she got out of her car she looked beautiful but she had lost weight again I guess I was wrong she wasn't as happy as she made everyone else to believe. She looked

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

at me, she had that look about her that I cannot put in paper the look like you are naked in her eyes she can see right through you. I looked away I was ashamed.

“Hey”

She said after a while, I don't even know why she had such a good heart. I nodded I didn't need her to see me at my weakest moments.

“what do you want?”

She blinked the pain that was written in her eyes away.

“how are you?”

This is the first time anyone had asked me how I am I don't even know myself how I am. I am alone, I am empty, I am angry, I am ashamed, I am hurting, I am.... The list goes on but if anything, I am not good and I will never be good but how can I tell her that without being described as a weak man, my father always told me well the little I know about him is that a man never shows his emotions, he told me that the only way to get your anger out is through beating something anything. He was a boxer.

“Okay”

She looked at me again. That look. I invited her inside when she got in that gate I told myself that I was going to chase her out but now that she is here again I am letting my soft side take over my father would be so ashamed of me. For a long time I never allowed my feelings to control me but with her it was different she followed me.

“I thought I should check up on you”

I don't deserve her, I mean this person not so long ago I sent her dead roses with a note I don't even want to think about.

“thank you”

“Busile you know it's okay not to be okay”

Maybe but that is not what I was told growing up.

“I know”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“so, tell me how do you feel”

Some things never change.

She laughed, oh I said that out loud. Seeing her laugh somehow brought up a smile that I didn't know was still there.

“ice cream?”

She got me addicted to ice cream whenever I was feeling some type of way, sometimes when we were going through something or after a heated argument she would take a tub of ice cream in her world ice cream solved everything I don't understand who told her that but in a way, I always feel better too after indulging on some ice cream. That was before things took a left turn between us. Again, my fault.

She nodded. I took a tub and two spoons then we went to the cinema, I miss her.

She sat down and I sat next to her. For some reason we were both not in a mood for a movie but I felt right being in there. After some comfortable silence I spoke.

“I feel like I owe it to you, you know to tell you how I grew up”

She looked at me probably wondering why I brought that up. I owed it to her, her out of everyone she deserved to know.

“wait let me talk first?”

I sighed, whatever she wanted to let out of his chest was not good.

“you know Busile I loved you hell I still do but the way you are treating me is really not good, I don't appreciate it. you treated me like trash and you still do, what did I ever do to you?”

Hell, I did not expect that one.

“it's not what you did it's me you have problems here, deep down I knew that it wasn't your fault I I”

I don't know why I was suddenly getting emotional.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“I don’t deserve you, I felt like at some point that you will see your worth and that I don’t deserve you I”

I was suddenly tongue tied she got next to me and gave me a hug I can’t believe I was crying I never cry, I kept apologising to her.

“I am sorry”

She kept quiet and hugged me it’s all I ever needed.

“you know I grew up in a broken home, my father was a boxer he believed in punching things that’s what he instilled in me too. He believed he owned my mother and she was a submissive woman. She would beat her up whenever she stood up to him and then call me and say *look that’s what happens when someone doesn’t listen, woman are made for us to own them they owe it to us to do whatever we say* at that time I was only two years old (she flinched) whenever he beat my mother up and make me watch I wasn’t allowed to cry his famous words a man doesn’t cry, he was grooming me to be a well-respected man that way no one would take advantage of me. I remember this one time my mother was sick and my father asked for food in that state she couldn’t cook and I told my father that it’s fine I will cook”

I noticed that she was crying part of me wanted to stop but also, I wanted her to know this was no excuse for beating her up but she just deserved to know.

“my father told me that I was allowing women to take control of me I was allowing my feeling to get in the way, I stopped he was my hero I wanted to prove to him that I am a man too but I loved my mom too so I said no I will cook. He got up from the couch he was so angry he went straight to where my mother was cooking and (I closed my eyes thinking about that moment) he beat her up so bad I went to him and got in between them but he was too strong for me. that is the day I watched my mother die she died in my hands, in a way I felt like it was my fault because if I had stopped and listen to my father my mother would be alive. He did not want my food he wanted my mother’s food”

She was quiet for a moment.

“what happened to your father?”

I looked at her straight in her eyes

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“he killed himself”

She flinched again. She was still crying. I took her hands in mine I never talked about I didn't realise how emotional it would make me but I was finally free. Free from the chains that were holding me.

“you know what is frustrating about is that, you saw what happened to your mother and yet you did the same thing to me and not just me Busile”

She said after a while

“you would be so satisfied about beating me up like you were proud of yourself, is that what you are? Are you your father, was that you following on your hero's footsteps”?

I don't know. I kept quiet I had no answer.

“answer me this please, do you want Buhle to be like you?”

“no of course not”

“Buhle does everything you do he follows in your footsteps in his eyes you are his hero so if he knows that you beat women that is what he will do. Busile how would you feel if you had a daughter and your daughter came to you and said *daddy my boyfriend beat me up*”

I was now crying.

“tell me how you feel one if your daughter came to you and said *daddy I was in hospital because my husband beat me up, I lost my child because my husband beat me up*”

I buried my face in her chest and cried

“Minenhle please stop you are hurting me”

She did not stop

“how would you feel Busile if one-day your son Buhle came to you and said *daddy please help me I killed my wife I was beating her and accidentally killed her?*”

I kept shaking my head asking her to stop.

She asked this with tears rolling down her eyes

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“how would you feel to find that your son killed himself because he couldn’t be man enough and own up to his mistakes huh? Tell me Busile I want to know”

“please stop please Minenhle I get it”

She cried so horribly.

“you hurt me Busile I don’t even know if I will ever trust a man or love anyone ever again”

“i can’t even describe how sorry I am Minenhle I really am”

She got up and I got up with her.

“break this cycle Busile, this ends with you. Fix this”

She was gone.

It ends with me.

Chapter 21

Minenhle

When I got home I slept, going to Busile’s place helped it did me some good to my mind I didn’t realise how much I needed closure until that moment. that chapter was closed, it was a book I wasn’t willing to open ever again.

Joy comes in the morning and troubles don’t last always. I was at the point in my life where I was content I didn’t depend on anyone for happiness it came within me. it was radiating throughout my veins, storms don’t last always. They do shake our lives a bit and turn it upside down but one thing about them they never last.

This was somehow a strange day for me I woke up feeling some type of way I can’t describe I could feel that something was just off. I called everyone at home to check if they were good and they were all fine so I figured it was just my paranoia getting to me. it was a sunny Saturday a month after my confrontation with Busile, in Joburg around that time of the year you must be grateful when you get the sun because their winter is drastically cold.

I decided on running some errands since I wasn’t working that day, so I was at Woolworths paying debit orders and everything. Side note; next year resolution no more credit cards. I

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

felt him so I looked around and yes it was him and he was with her and that didn't sit well with me. I don't even understand why it made me feel that way. He saw me and I looked away. I felt someone tapping me on my shoulder.

"hey"

He was all smiles looking happy, I guess love does that to you. I looked at him and nodded.

"this is my girlfriend"

Pretty but I still don't like her, she put her hand out for a shake and I looked at it. Monde nudged me on the shoulder.

"what?"

"don't be rude"

I smiled at the girl that I didn't even catch her name.

"I am sorry I have a lot going on, it's nice meeting you"

"no it's fine we all have one of those days, you are so beautiful hey I love your skin what do you put on"

She is very talkative.

"thank you"

After some awkward talks they left, I don't like it when I am jealous I am not that person.

For some reason Monde called me while I was about to get out of the parking lot since I wasn't driving I answered.

"how do you do?"

"I am all good, why are you calling you just saw me an hour ago"

"are you ok, you seemed a bit off"

"I am fine I wasn't off and you really didn't really have to introduce me to your girlfriend"

"can I come to your place tomorrow"

"no, I think you have to be with your girlfriend"

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

He laughed

“are you jealous?”

“Monde please get over yourself”

I dropped the call and drove home. I was welcomed by Sihle’s I swear those are the best moments to find her home looking like she was missing her mother, I really don’t want her to grow up. kids nowadays are growing up too fast, soon she will be telling me about a boy that broke her heart.

When Monde arrived, I was making lunch for myself since Mme and Sihle were sleeping now I had no choice but to make one for him too. He came and stood right next to me he had this smile on his face that he couldn’t wipe.

“you look rather happy”

“you know I didn’t know you still loved me”

I raised my eyebrow.

“and who told you that?”

“you didn’t even have to, your actions says it all”

“oh”

He looked no actually he stared right into my eyes, I hate it when he does that because I feel exposed like he can read my thoughts or something. I looked away and asked him what he would drink.

“you know her and I are over”

“oh”

“yes, it was no point lying to her when I know very well where my heart belongs”

“oh really?”

He came to where I was standing next to the fridge, put the bottle I had and put it back on the fridge then held me my hands.

“listen to me”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

For some reason my hands were shaking, he squeezed them.

“it’s you it’s always been you, we tried lying to ourselves but we both know where our hearts belong. My heart belongs to you I love you so much it hurts”

“love shouldn’t hurt”

He laughed.

“please don’t disturb me I am still being cheesy here. it’s you Minenhle I want to spend my rest of my life when I imagine my future I don’t see it with anyone else but you. Please take me back”

He blinked and released a huge sigh so he was holding his breath this whole time. He took my face in his hands and looked into my eyes while his thumb was brushing my cheeks I felt my lips parting. Quietly he said, “can I kiss you?” I nodded. My voice was gone I suddenly didn’t have the urge to talk anymore the moment his cold lips touched mine I felt chills down my spine. I still love him. I never stopped.

We had been in our own bubble, we were so happy I was scared it would burst any minute but that is all that mattered our happiness. I now believe that there are people who are just meant to be. I believe in fate.

We were invited to Sandile’s party well more like I was invited because he did not know that we had been together and it had been a week but no one around us knew well except Mm. I couldn’t wait to see his face when I break the news to him, it still feels surreal even to me I just find it hard to believe.

“did you think we would be here”

I asked him as we were getting ready to leave.

“not in my wildest dream I had given up actually I thought you resented me”

I laughed.

“don’t laugh you were so mean to me Minz, I kept whining about you to my brothers and you were moving on. you were happy”

If only he knew.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

“I wasn’t mean”

When we got to the party it was jammed already everyone had cups in their hands Monde held my hand when we got in and smiled at me. Sandile spotted us first and came to us. He made a face when he saw our hands.

“I invited you not him”

“please be nice Sandile”

“I will go find the boys”

He kissed me on the cheek and left. Sandile looked at me with a disgusted face.

“come here”

He led me down the corridor away from the buzz.

“and then that rapist, what is he doing here?”

“stop calling her that”

He rolled his eyes.

“Why Him?”

I looked at him talking to the boys when our eyes met I saw it I saw the connection we’ve always had.

“I love him”

I said smiling looking at him.

“well I always knew you were going to get back together with that rapist”

“stop calling him that!”

I was still laughing at what Sandile was saying when we heard a gunshot.

“what’s happening?”

Someone was shouting, we didn’t know also what was happening we were all down I looked around and I couldn’t see Monde.

“Monde!”

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

I was panicking, what just happened. Lord I can't lose him like this, I said in a silent prayer.

After a while guys all got in laughing and there he was also laughing.

“you guys are not funny you know”

He came to me still laughing.

“are you okay my love I heard you shouting my name”

“what kind of a sick joke was that, you scared us”

“I'm sorry my love”

“urgh I hate that I love you”

She kissed me.

“I love you too”

Why Him.

Love.

The End.

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi

Why Him
Writer: Yanga Njomi