

# HIS FOREVER

## SEASON 2

❖ KHWEZI'S ENTANGLEMENT

❖ THE BEGINNING OF *THE PREDATOR*

*This scripture is an opening to the final book about the boys. Its aim is to highlight how our rightful heir came to be **the Predator** & How Khwezi found herself in a complex entanglement at a very tender age.*

**THE FINAL BOOK WILL AIR ON FACEBOOK FOR FREE**

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This book is a sequent to ***His forever season 1*** which can be found in ***simple escapes reading fan club***. A complete pdf of season 1 book is posted in the above mentioned group under files. Majority of the characters in this script originate from season 1. If you haven't read season 1, read it before starting this one. Thank you.

***From your author to you.....***

*Remember the beginning is always the hardest, hold on, crawl if you must but don't give up, light will soon shine and the glow is definitely worth all the hardships..... I love you all and thank you for your support.*

## PROLOGUE

In head master's office sits three boys. All in grade 7. Boys will always be boys but what happened today is unusual. Two old known bullies in the school sits trembling in fear not even able to look at their opponent. They are older and much broad and bolder as compared to the younger one who seems collected like he didn't just deal with two bullies older than him. The head master is defeated. He asked and asked but the two bullies are crying their eyes out, not able to utter even a single word. Poor things are trembling in fear while as the tiny one is just calm, looking at the head master almost sending shivers down his spine. How can a boy so young give such a creeping vibes?

"Mkhonto Dlomo" his not much of a talker, he looks up at the principal when he calls out this name, making the head master regret calling him. The head master strengthens up, he gathers himself to question him once again "What did you do to the boys?" silence, its been a wasted 30 minutes. The two boys are not much of help either, they have been crying silently with muffled hiccups and snots. The head master rummages through his drawer looking for their files, to call parents. He really did try, but it doesn't look like any of them is going to participate in telling him what happened.

"Call my father please, not my mother" Mkhonto's voice come up, bringing the head master's eyes at him. How did he know he was searching a file to call their parents?

"Why?" another silence, he is not going to honour him with a response. The head master sighs in defeat.....sends all three of them outside the hall way while they wait on their parents. Through the blinds he keeps checking on them, the two big bullies are both curled up together while Mkhonto is singing lowly dancing his head. Such weird kid.

Two hours later Mr. Dlomo finally shows up to find two angry mothers who decide to melt like butter by just looking at him. The other one is fanning herself drooling.

"Ladies, Peterson" he greets, shake the ladies hands and finally principal Peterson's hand "This is new, I guess I'm here for Mkhonto?" he saw the culprit from the three boys sitting outside the office. He offers himself a vacant sit, unbuttoning his

expensive suit jacket before he sits, his cologne alone has rendered the two angry mothers speechless.

“Very surprising for me too, our usual problem is behaving lately” usual problem is Siphosakhe, the boy is a headache, the reason why Vula and Peterson are so well acquainted of each other. Peterson cannot account the number of times he’s had meetings with this man just because of his son, one of the triplets. The principal turns to the mothers “Ladies, as I have explained earlier. The three boys were apparently in a fight, inside the rest rooms. No one saw anything except piercing screams of the boys that got the attention of one of our guard who was walking down the corridor at that moment. His explanation was that he found the two boys curled on the corner crying, while Mkhonto on the other hand was getting dressed, like he had been naked. So I don’t know what transpired in those restrooms because we have no cameras installed there and the boys are not participating either, that’s why I called all of you here. To get to the bottom of this because we condone no bullying in this school”

“It’s clear who is the bully here, did you see how calm that boy is?” one mother spits

“I would like us not to point fingers before we here all sides of the story, if you may please calm down mam, I’m going to call the boys one by one to narrate what happened” the principal suggest already on his feet to call the first boy. The boy runs to his mother crying instead of talking, his accomplice also hides behind his mother with tears running down his cheeks. Finally the calm Mkhonto is called in, he climbs his father and sits on his lap “Mkhonto what happened in the restroom?” the headmaster asks what he asked the two boys but failed to respond

“Nothing happened, right guys?” Mkhonto replies glancing at his classmates who both decide to quickly nod

“But it doesn’t look like nothing Mkhonto” the headmaster

“Sir I don’t know, they stripped me and said they wanted to see my wiwi and showed them my wiwi without a hustle”

“What is a wiwi?” one mother asks, Mkhonto points his d\*ck and they all gasp except Mr. Dlomo “That’s absurd, my son wouldn’t do that” she defends

“They said I’m too young to be in grade 7, so I have to show them my wiwi to prove that I qualify for grade 7” Mkhonto explains playing with his calm father’s tie

“Boys did you do that?” they both nod still trembling “Then why are you crying?” no answer, even Mkhonto shrug his shoulders “I’m sure no one’s ever cried from seeing someone’s wiwi, boys please” the principal begs but it seems like no one is going to talk “I think it’s safe to say no one is going to talk, parents please talk to your children. We don’t condone any kind of violent behaviour in this school, I will not hesitate to suspend or expel bullies in this school. Having said that, because you all don’t want to talk. You are all on rest room duties next week, you’ll all clean male toilets the entire week” the boys all nod in agreement “You may all be excused, please talk to your children parents” the principal urges dismissing the meeting

“Baba they called Sakhe an abomination” Mkhonto tells driving out with his father, his father didn’t even ask because he knows Mkhonto only retaliate when you come for his brothers and sisters

“Why would they call him that?”

“He was trying to boost by telling everyone he is hardcore, he told them he is my uncle because he is a product of my grandfather and grandmother” Vula almost laugh

“But he is your uncle”

“And he is your brother” that wipes the smile on vula’s face. He changes the topic because that truth hurts

“Why were you getting dressed?” silence, Mkhonto knows where this is going “Khuluma Mkhonto” (Talk....)

“Baba I just scared them a little” his father sighs, parks his car on the side of the road

“Mkhoto we talked about the predator. Dlomo what did I say about transforming just when anyone pisses you off?” Mkhonto looks outside the window to his father’s question “Son you know this is our secret, us and your mkhulus’ secret and

if you keep showing that predator in you, mama is going to know and we both know we don't want it to eat mama right" it's wrong to threaten a child with his mother's life but it's what have tamed him for a while and seems to be working

"I won't do it again sango I promise" his father laughs spanking his head

"Good my boy, remember this is our secret nabo mkhulu only" the boy nods

"Can we have some chicken baba, but not KFC please" his father laughs, all his children hates kfc because of him. He loves it too much and shove down on everyone it on everyone.

"Only if you promise to keep cool, no more transforming son" Mkhonto nods and agreement to his father's plea. Vula joins the road in silence, this thing his son has kills him inside and the fact that he can't tell his wife about it kills him. This is the aftermath of doing the one thing he was asked not to do, he was asked to keep clean, no more killing but what did he do? He killed a man who kissed his wife and now he has a beast of a son. ***His forever season two. KHWEZI'S ENTANGLEMENT AND THE BEGINNING OF THE PREDATOR.***

## VOLUME 1

### VULAMASANGO

It's been a while. Years of laughter, joy, pain but most importantly it's been years of living my dream come true. I wouldn't change even the slightest events in this past years. I can safely say my heaven and I have been through some things but we still came out stronger than ever. I swear the love I have for this woman grows with every single breath I take. She ages like fine wine, with years she glows like sunset, Mtho usually tease her saying she doesn't age. Somehow I believe that, she still looks as breath taking as when I first saw her in park station. Sometimes I pinch myself in the morning when I wake up in her embrace, every day is unbelievable with her. It's like I'm living my dream come true.

She wears motherhood like a glove. My children are lucky to have a mother like her, she mothers all the children. Our home is never dull, chaos in our house is like every day crèche. I swear all of my family are taking advantage of her kindness, people keep popping babies and dumping them for my wife to raise, although she doesn't mind, I do mind. The way our house is so full the only time we have our own time is when I kidnap her to our sanctuary. Other than that a whole month can go on without me getting some action.

She asked for some time, time to raise Khwezi and the boys before she unties her tubes so we can try again but years later she is still raising Khwezi who is now 17 and the boys who are now 11 and 10 respectively. Mkhonto is eleven and the triple trouble are ten. Her tubes are still tied and there is no way for my ill-mannered sperms to swim to their designated place.

I know I'm going to be late for work, but today something just doesn't want me to leave her side. I feel like today is one of those days when I love her more for no reason at all. I pin my elbow on the pillow and support my face with my hand just so I can watch my wife. Vulamasango Dlomo is one hell of a lucky bastard madoda. I married a pearl, something rare, something foreign. I watch my beautiful wife move her jaws in sleep as if she has something in her mouth. I should take her a video, she never believes me when I tell her she eats in her sleep. I'm disturbed from staring at my wife by her ringing cell phone. She groans looking the other way

when I reach for her phone. Zwelithini. Why is Zwelithini calling my wife so early in the morning? I hope it's not those bored council members requesting for my wife, just so they can grill her for not bringing back their seer.

'Zwe' I answer the phone, keeping my voice low so not to wake her

'Dlomo' he acknowledges 'Good I got you, I was actually looking for you, why is your phone off' I had a busy night with my wife last night, we did things that married people do, I didn't want to be disturbed hence why I switched off my phone. She complains a lot about my busy phone lately.

'I forgot to switch it on, zikhiphani?' (What's up?) he laughs

"Congratulations, two bulls died" I'm confused, it can't be me, I have a wife with chains around her tubes

"You know my situation, it can't be me"

"It's you Dlomo, Morena confirmed it. Remember only he can see her" I nod, although he can't see me "He called me in the morning asking me to go check Mhambi's grave. He said he had a dream of her telling him that she is coming. He said he saw her burn the grave and to our shock, we found the grave burned to ashes"

"What?" I cannot recognise my voice, it comes out laced in shock

"Yes son, meaning she is coming with her pair. Congratulations. I expect both you and Mthokozisi home today, so we can perform the ritual tomorrow morning" shit! my wife is going to kill me "And oh! Bring MaDlomo with, ntate Morena is coming, he said she has to be smeared with the ashes from the grave" WHAT? NO NO

"Meaning I have to tell her" he burst in pieces of laughter

"Yes Dlomo, unless you can find a better way to explain why her daughter's grave burned and why she has to be smeared with ashes from the grave" sigh "Don't worry, this is our seer, we'll take the beatings with you son. Boy she is going to eat you alive. Please tell her when you get here, I want to be there to witness the pregnancy war once again" the family we have, they rejoice in our pain

"Dlomo, bye. We'll see you later" I cut the call through his annoying laughter. No wonder I'm so attached to my wife today, it was my daughter. Not born yet but



powerful as hell. As happy as I am, sometimes it scares me. How can she die and come back? Freaky family I have.

“Morning baby” she says behind me, kissing the back of my neck. I turn with my nervous smile, she frowns “What’s wrong?” gosh! This woman knows me so bad

“Nothing, its Zwe. We have to go home. Two bulls died” she groans with a chuckle, pecking my lips as she slips off the bed

“I wonder who is pregnant this time, hai le busy yong!” (You guys are busy) she exclaims, wrapping herself with her morning gown

“It could be us” I’m teasing, just testing the waters “You were creaming me all night long last night” speaking of the things we did has my trunk tightening once again

She glances at me once and disappear to the bathroom “Andizi sango, I’m not dropping babies anytime soon” oh boy! Another disastrous pregnancy. Why do I always have to be the one who knows first every time she gets pregnant? “Baba kaKwezi aren’t you going to be late?” she screams still in the bathroom

“I’m not going, we all have to go home” she peeps through the bathroom door, glaring at me with a frown

“I have an event today Sango. I have never attended any of the bile smearing rituals. As far as I know women are not needed for that right” my answer is yes but I can’t say it, it comes deep in my guts “Keng baby, you okay?” she comes to me. Putting her hands on my thighs and meeting her beautiful face with mine

“I’m fine my heaven” I bring her waist to mine so she sit astride me “I just love you so much” she rolls her eyes, wrapping her arms around my neck

“What do you want sango?”

“I want us to go home today, please cancel your event or find someone to do it for you” she sighs

“Why are you so adamant on taking me with?” lie lie fast vulamasango

“We haven’t been home in a while, and I’m told the council is starting to complain about us” she blinks, rapidly blinks with creased forehead “Please” I motivate smooching her lips so she doesn’t see through my lie

“We’ll go, but I know your lying, your hiding something from me” women and their sixth sense “Let me go freshen up so I can feed my children” she leaves my hold heading back to the bathroom

“What about this one?” I point my dick, I can’t get enough of my wife. Sitting on me woke my dick up.

“I thank god that my tubes are tied so hard your ill-mannered sperms cannot penetrate me, the way you don’t give me a break, I swear I would be on baby number 10 by now” hmmm! Lowly I mumble feeling dead already. God please be with me.

As soon as she closes the door I fall in another deep silence, my conscious eating me up. I thank my daughter for coming back now, my wife is going to leave me when she finds out what I did. I intended to take the secret with me to the grave but now it has come back to bite me. My son is paying for my stupid decisions, Gumede and ntate Morena told me that with age the consequences of doing the one thing I was asked not to do will show on him. From what the principal told me yesterday, it’s safe to say I ruined the rightful heir to the throne. My son is tainted because of my actions.

The boys couldn’t speak, they were so shaken beyond repair. Repeatedly they both kept saying ‘his eyes changed’, poor things looked so pale like they had seen a ghost. At least we talked a bit when I fetched him from school, which was surprising because he is naturally not much of a talker when he just had his moments. My worry levelled when he tried to switch on the music in the car. His nails, they had suddenly grown and looked like digging forks. Even he himself didn’t realise until I pointed out to him, he also just looked at them confused. As soon as we got home I cut them off, making sure that my wife doesn’t see the mess I made. But again the call I received from ntate morena cremated me.

“Vula you’re going to have to tell boitumelo the truth, that child is changing and his powers are over powering me, I can’t tame him any longer” I felt my soul escape me, I can’t lose my heaven, I know she is going to leave me as soon as she finds out what I did

“Ntate Morena I can’t, you know your daughter”

“Either you confess or find the boy’s mate, only his rightful mate will tame the reptile in him”

“Ntate Morena how am I supposed to find Mkhonto’s supposed chosen. His eleven years old for crying out loud and what are they going to do, play hide and seek” he laughed

“No, just her eyes, if he can just look in her eyes, it will tame that thing, subside it for a while until he comes of age”

“And where do I start this search?”

“I don’t know as yet but his mate has to be of a royal family, Mkhonto is a rightful king to the throne, there is no way the ancestors would choose him a commoner queen. All I keep seeing regarding his mate now is a little girl, praised as his queen by her seer, her royal name is Tlotla but other than that it’s just blank”

“That’s better, we can start searching all the royals with girl child named Tlotla” I’m very hopeful at this moment

“We? Vula you did this yourself, I’m helping in taming Mkhonto for now and that’s where I end. You find the girl” with a hopeful heart I dropped the call “His queen, Tlotla.....” that’s where I start.

## VOLUME 2

### BOITUMELO

My Zulu man, my heart in a human form. I watch him walk tall from the stairs in just his track pants and simple white shirt. I can't believe I'm still in love with this man even today. Every day I fall deeper for this man who still can't pronounce my name. Funny thing is that all my children can pronounce my name perfectly, at some point we thought he was fooling around so Mtho organised a lie detector test just for us to really confirm that saying Boitumelo for him one hell of a task. The lie detector confirmed that he really doesn't know how to say Boitumelo. To him I'm Buthumelo and I'm glad he only calls me that when he wants to cement something or when he is angry. He comes straight to me, wrapping his strong skilled arms around my waist.

"You smell mouth-watering Mr. Dlomo" I compliment, biting on my lip. I know what that does to him

He leans down, aiming for my lips "Are you ogling me Mrs. Dlomo?" I shake my head with a giggle, yes I am. He turned me into a sex addict, his sex addict. I want to rip his shirt apart and touch on his well build muscular physique

"Good morning parents, please remember you have five intruders in the house, refrain from traumatize us so early in the morning" Khwezi breaks our bubble, heading for the breakfast table. She so grown, a young lady giving me headache.

"Are you not writing today?" her father asks, still clinging on my waist. He asks because she is not wearing her uniform, she is in matric writing her finals.

"Nop, my next paper is next week Wednesday" she is already dishing for herself

"Manners Khwezi, wait for your brothers" she sighs, rolling her eyes at me. From her now I see why Sango doesn't like me rolling my eyes at him

"In this house we eat together....." Sakhe sings, followed by Zizwe and Muzi. They jump on their sits, without greeting.

".....And greet our elders" Sango adds, finishing off Sakhe's chorus. He has to be a bit more stringent with this three. Their ears are way too wet.

“Morning Sangoooo” Sakhe, he pisses him off and makes me laugh at the same time when he gets under his skin. He defeats my husband most of the time. Now he is calling him ‘Sango’ on purpose, to piss him off.

“Siphosakhe I’ll spank that ass so early in the morning uzoya esikoleni ukhala mfana’wami” (You’ll go to school crying my boy) I brush his arms, easing him and untangling myself from him. He can’t be breathing fire at my children so early in the morning. This thing of this children calling him Sango and I my Heaven sometimes it’s our fault. We got used to calling each other like that and by the time we realised we had to change addressing each other with our bubble names it was too late. The children had already picked up on them.

“Morning babies” I kiss my children, one by one rounding the table and just then. The one that worries me walks in. Looking cool and weird at the same time. His a bit hesitant when I peck his lips, next time I can tell he is going to say No mama at my face. I’m raising a weirdo of a son, I wonder what kind of a king he will make.

“Good morning” he greets the rest, formal as always. He looks at his father, who he knows wants his special greeting “Good morning Dinangwe” my husband melts, he grins to his dimples

“Morning son, you hear that Sakhe? That’s how you greet your elders”

“Leave my son alone Sango, Sakhe bless the table” taking my sit by my husband

“Maa!” he exclaims, resulting in giggles all over the table

“Siphosakhe don’t test me”

“My heaven please” he clasp his hands trying to give me a puppy look

“Siphosakhe I’m not your heaven and telling you to bless the table” I’m a bit stern now, siphosakhe is one hell of a job.

He sighs, in defeat “Okay, hold hands and close your eyes family” we do as told, bowing down while at it “Here goes nothing.....eeeh! Amen father for the food, siyabonga, sho” Muzi and Zizwe wants to laugh, they hold it in looking at my displeased face. I swear Sakhe is going to make me age sooner than my time

“We starting with yours today” Zizwe and Muzi, already debating about whose plate they are eating first. They are such twins, share almost everything. I see they agree on eating Muzi’s plate first. And just like that they both dig in.

“Mama kaKhwezi can I join you at work today, I’m going to be bored to death in this house alone” khwezi asks. I cannot account how many names I have in this house, mama kaKhwezi, my heaven, MaDlomo, MaMotaung, MaNdlunkulu....the list is endless. I just agree whatever I’m called.

“I’m not going baby, baba a re we are going home today when the boys come back from school” (.....Said.....)

“WHAT?” they all exclaim, not pleased. None of my children like going home. The boys hate that they are subjected to heading cows and goats at home, while princess khwezi dlomo doesn’t see herself doing any hard labour Mankosi always makes her do, they say they are training her to become a perfect Dlomo bride that she will soon be when they chose her a prince. I hate that thing so much, I want my daughter to fall in love on her own terms, chose her own love. Not have some stuck up prince from hell forced down her throat. I hate that she is growing so quickly, as soon as she turns 21 Mankosi and Ndlovukazi are adamant on starting the search for her prince, while I on the other hand had an agreement with her that I’ll send her abroad to study, just to escape culture being forced down her throat.

“Bulls died boys” my husband informs with a mouthful, the boys knows it very well, they have been subjected to that ritual more than I could count

“Mama and I never go, why do we have to go this time” thanks baby, fight for mommy my angel

“Khwezi, you can stay if you don’t want to go, I’m taking my wife and you’ll not question me” such a man, bullying my baby

“But my love Khwezi is just asking, I also don’t understand why you have to take me with this time”

“MaDlomo you’re coming with” that comes out stern, leaving no room for arguments

“Khwezi pass me coffee baby” like lightning Sango holds Khwezi’s hand, refraining her from passing me coffee

“Baba?!” Khwezi enquires, looking confused

“Yazini my angel I think I saw life in this coffee, a cockroach” what nonsense is this? There are no cockroaches in my house. If my tubes weren’t tied, I would think that I’m pregnant. He usually gets this jumpy when I’m pregnant but I know I’m good. Not popping any babies anytime soon.

“I’m full” my neat freak Mkhonto pushes his plate, he just lost his appetite. I narrow my eyes at Sango, he knows Mkhonto is a special child, you don’t mention things like that while he is eating “You’ll find me in the car with malume Abongile” he tucks his bag pack over his shoulders

“Have a great day baby, mommy loves you” he just nods at me already walking out. This child is way too weird for my liking, sometimes I think my son doesn’t love me much but then he would come and do something unexpectedly, sometimes wants to sleep with me or at times buy me gifts out of nowhere. I catch his father staring back at him as he walks out, deep down this child worries him too. He is too closed.

“Mama please pass me twebankie’s plate” Siphosakhe can eat until the sun comes out. I give him the food without even arguing. My brother’s names really do stick, I’m still sunflower to him even today and my son is still twebankie, he thought to push the name off him but no one wants to let it go. Lately Siphosakhe has elevated the name to ‘Rat’

“We are done baba and we finished our food” the twins, both jumping off their chair. They both march to stand beside him, looking like two crooks they are. The younger version of himself, sometimes he find it hard to separate them when they are not looking at him, the two monkeys are too identical, the only difference is their ear birthmark, one has a black birth mark and the other one is white. He sighs in defeat, feeling broke as each day passes.

“How much today?” my poor husband, I almost feel sorry for him but I won’t dare involve myself between him and his employees. He makes them do staff and pays them, he said he wants to instil the principle in them that nothing is for free in this world. Every man has to work to make his own money.

“The normal rate of four rand because we are in grade four” Muzi whispers something in zizwe’s ear, who is their voice today, they change on speaking terms “Oh and another two rand for polishing your shoes yesterday, two rand each,

making the total six rand” through his sweat pants he rummage inside the pockets and comes with coins. He hands the two crooks six rand each and they fly to get their goodbye kisses from me, they love those. Unlike Sakhe and Mkhonto who suddenly think they are too old for my kisses. Excited, they leave the room, ready to take the world with daddy’s six rand and mommy’s kiss.

“Time for the big boys” oh lord, here comes trouble for my husband “Twebankie and I don’t do coins dad, paper please” he hands out his hand, expectantly. My husband puts R10 note in his hand “Sango it’s the two of us here, don’t be stingy” Khwezi and I die in laughter. My poor husband place another R10 note in his hand “Have a great day family” he sings in jubilation, walking out of the house “I love you my heaven”

“I love you too baby” I scream back, giggling at my husband’s defeated look.

“I swear Sakhe is going to be the death of me” he pushes his chair in defeat, comes to me and kisses my cheek “I have to go see yellow mellow, please pack up in the main time, we’ll all come back on Sunday”

“Baba the whole weekend” Khwezi complains

“Khwezi Dlomo we are all going home” he kisses her cheek too and leave Khwezi defeated. She really doesn’t like going home.

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## MTHOKOZISI

Just when I sit my troubled brother walks in, looking exhausted already. I feel sorry for him. Nine months of pregnancy for him is nine months in hell. I’m ready to pop some corn and watch him receive the whopping of his lifetime when Makoti finds out he scored her.

“Bafo” he goes to the fridge, this is so him, even the boys are just like this. Stands for a while looking for god knows what in my fridge “Are you broke? Why is this fridge so boring?” he bangs my door coming to me

“Bang my door again Vulamasango I’ll tell on you” he frowns “I’ll tell makoti you got her pregnant”

“I feel exhausted already, I don’t know how to tell her”



“Don’t bafo, if you value your life, don’t tell that woman she is pregnant”

“I have to bafo, apparently there is something that has to be done to her this time. And with Luthando coming back, I have to tell her so she can be careful. Lord knows how Luthando is going to retaliate” I can’t believe we really are doing this

“Bafo maybe I should kill her, maybe if she died of my hand it won’t affect Mkhonto. After all Ndlovukazi just wants even a body to heal and move on” he shakes his head in defeat

“I think it will break her even more if she comes back dead, have you seen how my mother looks like?” she is not great. Ndlovukazi is not giving us peace. We had kept Luthando and Sipho captured for years. The first years were easy, we convinced Ndlovukazi that Luthando is in Paris. Every now and then we would photo shop her somewhere there. Until Gumede paid both of us a visit ‘Ndlovukazi is fading, slowly she will die if Luthando does not come home. The disappearance of her daughter is slowly eating her inside. Do right Vulamasango, bring your sister home or else you’ll lose your mother’ he delivered the message and left. Now my brother feels trapped in the corner, makoti is also not going to take the news of Luthando coming back not well, and she has every right not to want Luthando anywhere near her. That woman put her through so much.

“When are you releasing them?”

“Today, the driver will take her straight home and drop that imbecile at his home too”

“The cops?” he sighs

“That is covered, if any between the two makes contact with the cops I’ll know” I nod, reaching for my phone “When are we leaving?”

“As soon as the kids come back from school”

“Quantum?” he laughs

“Yeah, just to piss the girls” we both laugh, my girls hate traveling in quantum with passion “Speaking of girls, did you manage to get through to Lulu?” that immediately drains me, something is definitely up with my sister but we just don’t know what it is

"I tried bafo, she is like a rock, refuses to speak up. Maybe you should try talking to her" I suggest but he gives me a look

"Are you stupid? You know I intimidate the shit out of Lulu, she can't even stay in a room with me for 10 minutes. How do you think she is going to open up to me?" that's true, Vula scares the shit out of her which is very odd and....

"Wait a minute, don't you think you're the reason why she suddenly pulled out on makoti, breaking their friendship?"

"And how would I do that?" stupid nigger, I think now it makes sense

"What if she has a crush on you?" he frowns "I mean Lulu cannot stay in a room with you, everytime you walk through that door and you're in here she leaves, even back when they still stayed together did she ever spend more than 15 minutes with you in a room?" he thinks with a frown

"I'm not sure but I actually think she always escape being in a room with me. But if your right, that's one fucked up situation. Lulu is your sister, making her my sister too and on top of everything she is my wife's best friend, well was"

"And I would fuck you up if you tried any shit with her" he chuckles

"I'm not you, I don't fuck around. I know what I have and my wife made it perfectly clear that there is no forgiving cheating with her, if I ever cheat she is leaving me so I wouldn't even try, I can't lose my world over stupid things"

"Aaaaah so much speech, your scared of that woman wena that's why you don't want a side dish"

"Yes I am and speaking of side dish. Where is ayandaaa?" I beam "Third wife calling?"

"Eish bafo, I think we are getting there" he burst

"At least I'm not the only one screwed this year, I can't wait to see sis Marry's reaction when you tell them you're taking a third wife" fuck him

## VOLUME 3

### BOITUMELO

I don't know what this two thought. Putting Lulu and I in the same car for a drive of almost four hours. I think deep down they are still hoping that will fix things, well I'm hoping too and I'm trying but my best friend changed on me like I was never her rock. I guess that's life. Sometimes you win sometimes you lose in my case I lost my friend even though I don't really know the reason behind her sudden change of heart towards me. I guess that's growing up. Sometimes we lose people we thought we'll be by our side till the end of time as we grow. It hurts when it happens but it's best to lose people than to have them wearing sheep skin around you pretending to be your friends.

Mtho and Sango both took the front sit while Lulu and I are forced at the back together. They are talking away like they are not carrying dead weight at the back. I haven't said anything to spark conversation either, truly speaking I get tired of being the bigger person. Even nice people do have limits and I think I have reached mine with my situation with Lulu. When I entered the car she was already in and I couldn't just go back, but had I known before I entered the car that she was in here, I'm adamant I would have chosen to ride with ausi marry and Lihle. But I knew it would have been awkward and I somehow thought we would talk but her short answer when I greet her was enough proof that she hates my guts so I also kept to myself too.

"Abongile stopped at Sasol for pee breaks and snacks, do you also want to stop" Mtho asks looking at us at the back through the review mirror. I would stop to check on the kids but they are with Sis Marry and Lihle so I know they are okay, right now I just want to get this trip over and done with. The sooner we drive and don't make any stops breaks the sooner we'll get home.

"Nna ke sharp Mtho" (I'm fine mtho) he nods and look at his sister, I don't hear her reply but I think she gestured with sharp by her hand that she is also okay

"She meant she is okay" Mtho translate to my husband just to get under his skin, Sango is very good with Sotho now, well not good good. You know shaka zulu has

a way of always making his people stubborn. Sometimes when I try to teach him my language he'd be like 'Buthumelo leave me alone with your ke ke ke'. But my brother doesn't play, when they spend time together he doesn't compromise, he sticks to his Sotho and Sango has to be the one compromising and that's how he became well acquainted with my language.

"Mommy o tjile?" (Mommy did you eat?) Well maybe his sotho is not so perfect, what's o tjile?

"O jele?" Mtho is happy to correct him

"I'm fine baby but a bit of snack would do" from his black bag that he insisted to carry himself he produces two packets of biltong, passes one to me and the other to Lulu

"What about me?" Mtho

"You're driving, I can't have you eating my pr..." He trails off, clears his throat as Mtho laughs his lungs out "I can't have you eating my petite, beautiful wife's goodie bag" oh is it now? Am I petite? He must be high on something

"Let me see baby" he hands me the bag, all sorts of goodies are stored inside "Baby why would you buy me such junk?"

"It's not junk, it's goodies, I'm spoiling you"

"Why?"

"Wee Madoda! Am I not allowed to spoil my wife?" I roll my eyes "I'm just grateful that you agreed to come with me and cancel you event" hmk! From my bag I produce my phone, set an appointment with Peter, something is up. Sango is usually this jumpy and lovey dovey when I'm pregnant. I have to make sure that everything is still intact.

The longest drive and most boring trip I have ever taken. I long admitted during the years that our friendship has sailed the repair stage but somehow I think my husband and brother in law are still rooting for us to fix things.

Mtho parks outside the Khoza mansion, she is quick to bang the door fly out like she is running from covid. The two men turn to look at me from the back.

“What?” I ask, munching on chocolate I called junk earlier. My husband is very thoughtful. This goodie bag is left with only three items, the rest went down my throat.

“Makoti you could have tried harder” Mtho

“And say what? Lulu hates me and I’m getting sick and tired of trying to fix us”

“But my heaven you haven’t tried that much, nawe your too closed. When last did you call her?” Sango

“Baby I can’t call someone who blocked me”

“Use your other phone” Sango suggest

“And say what Vulamasango? Say what? Hey girlfriend why did you block me? Why did you push me out of your life like I was never your best friend? I’m too damn old to be begging friendships, if she doesn’t want me I’m cool and I’m living my life” they annoy me sometimes for always pushing me to fix things with someone who definitely doesn’t

“Baby you two come way too far to.....” I cut him

“NYULA” I warn “Don’t test me” he nervously smiles but I know he got the message, every time I ‘NY’ his name, he knows shit is about to go down

“I think we should go say hi to the old folks” Mtho suggest already climbing off the car. I hate that my aunt married Bab Lungisa after her white husband died. So practically Lulu and I are more than friends now, we are family and I have to see her and deal with her attitude every time we have ceremonies at home.

The minute we show faces in the yard, Boy spring out of nowhere and squash me with a hug, he has grown so much. I can see Lulu is not pleased with boy’s enthusiasm at me from behind, her eyes intently keep on us as I hug boy. And her expression is definitely not pleased. I hope she doesn’t shout the poor boy after I have left.

“Hey baby” he lets me go, look at me from toe to head

“Girlfriend do you age mara” Sango and Mtho burst, I hate that everyone is saying the same thing over and over again about me “My girlfriend would think I’m cheating if she saw me walk with you in town” my jaw drop

“What girlfriend Kwanele?” he brushes his head, regretting what he just said. Immediately he abandons me and hugs his uncles “Kwanele you better be using protection, I’m.....” Sango cuts me

“Baby the boy is seventeen, please let him be” he pulls me to the house

“Khwezi is also seventeen” he stops, narrow his eyes down at me

“My daughter and I had an agreement, she is allowed to just flirt with boys when she turns 30”

“And bring a boy for us to meet when she turns 35” Mtho adds

“And get married at 40” Kwanele finishes off their nonsense and they all agree with head nod. If only they knew the reports I get from Sakhe. Bab Lungisa comes to meet us halfway, kisses Mtho lips which makes all of us burst in laughter....he is too affectionate with his children, I know even Lulu still get mouth kisses even today.

“Dlomo” he shakes sango’s hand “MaNdlunkulu” he embraces me in a hug “Niright my children?”

“We are okay bab Lu, where is maane?” (Aunty?) I ask looking at the entrance expecting to see her walk through and indeed she walks right as Bab lu is about to respond

“Oh my yellow mellow lovely son, you came just in time boykie kamama, I’m thirsty” she is standing by the door, happy to see her step son more than me, her niece.

“Aaaaah Vula you need to get makoti out of here now” Mtho suggest lowly keeping his look at Sango like he just remembered something

“Why?” I ask, I haven’t even said hello to my aunt

“Fuck” Sango curses like he also just remembered something. He grips my hand hard and pull me back to the car.

“Yei wena vulamasango, that’s my daugh.....” I don’t hear the rest of my aunt’s complain. Sango is already closing the door on me.

“Baby what was that? I want to see my aunt”

“Some other time baby” he brushes my thigh driving out of the gate “I love you, okay” and I say my son is weird while his father is also weird

“I love you too” he holds my hand tight driving us to the palace.

Arriving at home we found kids quantum already there. My daughter was already waiting on me because she is always on my tail when we are here. Khwezi is a lazy child and these people don't understand that, they boss her and force rural house chores down her throat. So my daughter is always on my tail because she knows mommy will always jump to her rescue.

“Mama kaKhwezi gogo wants me to fetch water from the spring” she tells just as I climb off the car, with a twenty litre bucket by her side

“There are taps here, why would she wants you to fetch water that far?”

“I don't know mama, I just did my nails yesterday I can't.....” his father cuts her

“Go fetch water Khwezi”

“But ba....” She doesn't finish

“NOW” he roars, startling me too. Khwezi turns with a bucket, I can already see tears sprinkling the corners of her eyes.

“Baby wait for mommy, let me go greet then I'll accompany you” she stops, sniffing as she wipes her tears with the back of her hand

“BUTHUMELO?!” and this one? What's his problem? “You spoil Khwezi way too much, if you keep going like this. Khwezi is going to turn out a spoiled brat and she will defeat you. She is a young royal woman and all woman of her age here fetch water from the spring every time they come home. Its culture, she has to do it and sprinkle that water around this yard just to show her ancestors that she hasn't changed name. That she is still a Dlomo. No one is mistreating Khwezi by sending her to the spring, when she comes back I'm sure Ndlovukazi will order her to do just as I'm telling you” I hate his culture

“Baby mommy can't accompany you” it's quarter to burst into a full cry o'clock, she wails out loud walking to the spring with a bucket. My heart sinks and I throw a dagger at my husband.

“It’s culture baby” he defends

“I hate it” I leave him there watching his my daughter cry all the way to the spring. This is why she hates it hear.

It’s a full table. Almost everyone is here, which is odd because nothing much is happening. Bulls died, which means someone is pregnant with twins. It’s not something to be this celebrated because we are used to Dlomo women popping left right and centre. Somehow I’m starting to think there is more to the reason he brought me here.

I haven’t seen this smile in Ndlovukazi in a long time, Luthando’s disappearance is taking a toll on her. She is such a mother, I feel her pain. I know that if Khwezi was to disappear from the face of the earth I would die. That little girl is my world, she may have not come from my womb but I wouldn’t trade her for anything in this world.

“I’m happy that all my children are here but one is still missing” Ndlovukazi sadly announces with a heavy heart in the middle of dinner, her eyes glisten at mention of her missing daughter. I truly feel her pain but, am I ready to have that gorilla back in my life? Nop. I’ll never be and I’ll make sure Sango keeps her locked where he’s been keeping her.

“We’ll keep searching Ndlovu yami, I’ll exhaust all the resource I have to make sure you see her once again” Zwe kindly consoles his wife. I think if it wasn’t for him, Ndlovukazi would have long gone mad.

“Ehhh actually” Sango nervously shifts besides me, stealing glances with Mtho. The attention around the table is turned to him “We found her” he announces, gesturing ‘We’ by pointing between him and Mtho. The entire table falls to silence, waiting on him to explain further. Even I’m shocked. I thought we had an agreement that I don’t ever want to see her sister in my life ever again.

“Baby can we please talk” I whisper next to him, hoping to convince him otherwise. He doesn’t pay attention to me, he just squeeze my hand under the table and continue to give out his news



“They should be here any minute, we found her and asked her to come from hiding” Mtho adds. Ndlovukazi is lost for words, already in tears.

“Are you serious?” Zwe questions, shocked because they had searched the earth up and down looking for Luthando. Sango nods, keeping his eyes away from me.

“So she is on her way home now now?” Uncle Kay also asks, in disbelief of the news. Mtho assures with a nod

“Thank you my children, I don’t know how I’ll ever thank you” Ndlovukazi’s voice is even trembling at how content she is. I know I’m selfish but this is like a knife stab to me. This two very men announcing Luthando’s comeback know the wounds I have because of Luthando. That woman hates my guts and I feel just the same way about her, there is no love lost between us. Sango had to choose between me and her cruel sister and he chose me, which has been a bliss and now he just stabbed me in the back and fetched that devil without telling me.

“Excuse me” I leave the table, excusing myself from fake smiling to welcome the woman who won’t hesitate to have me killed. I hate vulamasango, I hate mthokozisi.

## VOLUME 4

### BOITUMELO

If it was for me, I wouldn't want to have Vulamasango next to me ever again. But we are husband and wife and we are at his home. I can't have him kicked or leave at any chance I feel like. The bastard came to bed late at night on purpose, just so he can find me asleep. I hate that indeed I slept and didn't feel his dead weight climb the bed. My heart is torn by what he and Mtho did. I heard all the excitement of Luthando's arrival from upstairs in our room. The palace is happy with her arrival, forgetting the things she did to be cast outside in the first place. I know I'm no blood here but I birthed this people their rightful heir to throne and cleansed their cursed seed. The least they could do is consider my feelings about their cruel daughter. I'm not going to show my face until Sango comes back, I want myself and my children out of this place as soon as he comes back. I texted Khwezi to my room. I know she always has her phone everywhere she goes.

"Mama why are you here? Breakfast is about to start" she asks just as she walks into my room

"Where are your brothers?"

"They haven't come back from the ritual" I nod

"Please bring mommy some breakfast baby, and make sure you dish for me yourself" she is seventeen, too clever for my liking, that look she is giving is reading, she sees that I'm a bit off. I don't trust this royal bitches any more. All Sango's sisters were okay with me since Luthando left but now that she is here, I'm afraid I'm to be cautious all over again. But I know Buhle and Nkanyezi adore me to death, I'm still yet to see if they were fake loving me or really did. Luthando's come back is about to change things for me in this house.

"Mama kaKhwezi are you okay? Where is baba?" sigh!

"I'm fine baby I just have a headache and baba is with the boys, the ritual remember" she nods, inspecting me before she leaves the room. Sango and I

haven't talked about his betrayal, he came to bed late on purpose and woke up by dawn for their bull bile smearing ritual. I want to make sure I leave this place with my children before that witch sinks her claws in any of us. Luthando is a vile woman who wasn't even shaken to hire someone to push me down the stairs heavily pregnant with her brother's children. I don't know how he can forget all that and have that woman released. I know he is doing it for Ndlovukazi but what about me? What about my safety and my children's safety? I know she will kill her nephews and nieces that one. Sometimes I wish I had chosen a normal guy with normal problem like cheating and staff, not a royal with vile sisters who hates me and wants me dead.

My daughter wastes no time, in few minutes she walks through the door holding my tray. Two plates sits on the tray. I guess it's hers and mine.

"Thank you baby" I receive the food already digging in. Damn I was starving.

"And I made your coffee just the way you like it" I take a tentative sip and taste my coffee.....she knows mommy to well this one, it hot and creamy just my way

"You dished this food yourself right" she nods digging in her plate "When you're done I want you to go collect your brother's things and pack them back. We are leaving when they come back" she beams, she hates the rural more than anything

"Oh, I almost forgot gogo asked about you" with Luthando back, I have to ask which one because Khwezi used to call her gogo Luthando growing up

"Which one?"

"Gogo Luthando" just great. I know she wants to finish me off. I fake a smile at my daughter, I can't put her in the middle of my hate with her oldest aunt.

"I'll see her before we leave" she nods, sad face creeping her "What's wrong?"

"Hmk she is so thin mama you should have seen her" shame Boitumelo the nice naïve girl died when she pushed me down the stairs, brought Sihle in our live who was another piece of work. I don't even feel sorry for her but in front of my children I'll pretend. I don't want my children hating on their family because of me.

"I'm sorry baby, I'm sure she will be fine now that she is home"

“And what is worse is that Bhuti Nhlanhla and Sis Nomonde rejected her. They didn’t even hug her Maa. It was sad to watch” I wouldn’t hug that devil too but I don’t say it, I just fake sadness for her. I’m sure those two are just mad that their mother left without a trace and forgot them. No one knew that she was held captive by Sango for me and for his sanity. He and I both knew that he would kill Luthando if he didn’t move her away because she is like a dog with a bone in our lives, always here starting trouble. So because my husband was ordered to keep clean, not ever kill. He had her held captive in one of the foreign national’s prison with her co mate siphos. I wonder if that bastard is released too.

“I’m sure they will come around” I say after a long moment of being in my thoughts but she is no longer on that, she is smiling staring on her phone. Lord I hope she is not sexually active as yet, I’m not ready to be a grandmother “KHWEZI?” I shout, startling her

“Maaa!” she jumps

“Are you having sex Khwezi?” her eyes pop, she flies out of the room like I just said something insulting. I don’t get why they have to be all nervous and awkward about such talks. Whoever is ploughing my daughter I’m going to cut their spade in two.

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## VULAMASANGO

Coming back from the ritual inside the kraal we arrive right in time for breakfast, all the females sit happily eating breakfast still in celebration for Luthando’s come back. The hard questions haven’t been asked. Everyone is still happy about her come back. My mother’s content smile warms me, I haven’t seen her this happy in a while. But I’m afraid I might have pressed my wife too far for bringing back my sister. I see she is nowhere on this table and knowing her, I’m sure she is already packed up and ready to leave. Khwezi appears up the stairs smiling at her phone, I know no one who loves her mobile like Khwezi.

“Hau! Khwezi, where is your mother?” Ndlovukazi asks, she arrived on the table same as us

“Oh she’s got a headache” she turns to me “Where is the Rat and his gang?” that’s how Khwezi calls his brothers. The Rat is Mkhonto and his gang is the ‘triplets’ as people think.

“Kids dining hall” she nods and disappears straight that way. Mtho and I share looks, deep down I know I have a livid woman waiting on me upstairs. I really don’t know how this is going to play out. Just as we continue having breakfast, Khwezi passes again with her brood following her. The excitement on their faces confirms my worst nightmare.

“And then?” Ndlovukazi asks of the noise

“We are leaving, thank god” Sakhe is happy to give out the information, he even kisses the air the way he is so happy.

“Leaving?” Ndlovukazi and Zwe turn to question me “You can’t leave, we have to perform her ceremony tonight. Her family is arriving today for King Morena to perform the royal seer arrival ceremony for her” Zwe reminds me, thinking I forgot and I take him on that, playing like I forgot

“Ooooh konje? Let me go talk to her, I almost forgot” I’m quick to remove myself from the table pretending to go talk with my wife. I know we are not going to talk, we are going to fight and I’m not looking forward to that.

Getting in our room I don’t find her, she probably went to help Khwezi with the boys so I make my way there. To the boys room. Just as I pass the stairs I see Luthando coming up.

“Bhuti?” (Brother) she calls out, I hate the way she looks but I would do it all over again if she comes for my wife again. We haven’t talked but we sure talked when I went to tell her that I’ll be releasing her for Ndlovukazi’s sake, I laid some rules and I hope for her sake she will abide by them “Unjani kazi’lam”(How are you my blood?) she asks, finally making it to where I stand

“I’m okay, you?” she nods, dropping her eyes

“I’m sorry for all the headaches I caused you and I would like us to start on a clean slate bhuti wami” (my brother) I see her eyes worn in tears, she looks very sincere

“I just want to say thank you for giving me another chance and I promise to behave. Thank you mta’kamama”(.....my mother’s only son) I can’t help but laugh, it stings that I almost killed her and had her held captive and losing out on raising her children who now wants nothing to do with her. But she was getting too much, too vile to want my wife dead.

“It’s okay thandolwa’mama, we can start afresh” (..... my mother’s love,..) I open my arms and she falls right on my chest and I brush on her. This is my eldest sister, as much as I hate her, we’ll always share a sibling bond so I’m bound to forgive her. She melts in my arms sniffing her tears away “It’s okay don’t cry, your home now and I’ll also fix where I wronged you. I’m sorry too sis’wami” (.....my sister) my wife pass us just as I’m holding my sister, her pained look is not hard to miss. Luthando squirms in my arms when she sees my wife pass us without even greeting.

“Maybe I should go talk to her, apologise for all I did” she suggest when we break the hug but I shake my head no, I know my wife, she feels betrayed now and when she is like this she just need space

“Not now, she needs space. Just give her time, I’ll tell you when she is ready to talk” her eyes sadly falls but she nods

“I transferred some cash in your account to start afresh and see your way out. Abongile will give you all your documents and cell phone when he comes back. Call me if you need anything okay” she nods with a tad bit of smile

“Thank you Sango” I can’t help but laugh “And please tell you heaven to forgive me”

“I’ll try my best. Go do your hair now, and eat please” I watch her disappear down the passage laughing. She really need some food. She is too thin.

## VOLUME 5

### VULAMASANGO

Her seated small bag pack on the bed confirms my worst fears, she is ready to leave. Nervously I make it besides her without her eating me up. I hate it when we have this kind of tension between us. My wife and I are the crazy type. The crazy kind of love type but now, I can feel her hate before she even confirms it. Her silence speaks volume, I betrayed her.

“Sthandwa sami ngiyaxolisa” (my love I’m so sorry) carefully I retire by her side

She expels a heavy sigh “Blood is thicker than water vulamasango”

“It’s not that mama and you know it, if you could look past your hate and see my reasoning behind all this”

“Hate?” she questions, hurt of my choice of words “I’m the bad guy now neah”

“Baby please, I don’t want to fight I just need you to understand”

“I’m listening” I hate how calm she is, her calmness confirms that she really is hurt

“My heaven you saw my mother, she was on the verge of dying. I was afraid that one day I might wake up to the news of my mother dying from heartache. Slowly my mother was fading and I had to bring Luthando back. I know how you feel about her and I promise she will not come your way anyhow, you won’t have to see her ever again after this weekend. Please my love just calm down” she calmly stands

“Yes my children and I will never set foot in this palace, so yes I’ll never see her. We are leaving, you’ll find us at home”

“Sthandwa sami don’t do this”

“I’m taking my children home, where I know they will be safe. You’ll find us home love, don’t leave, enjoy having your sister back” her mind is made up and I have no other choice but to tell her

“You can’t leave” she frowns at me

“Why not? Are you going to lock me up in here?” that I can also do but no today

“There is a reason why I brought you here, I was asked to bring you because Mhambi is back” she freezes, just look at me for a while, probably thinking I’m crazy

“Back? Back how? Are you losing your mind Vulamasango?” she snaps, Mhambi is a sensitive topic, I think she never really healed after losing her

“Baby your pregnant” the laughter, that Aunty dee’s mocking laughter. She has a habit of picking up on it too when she is trying to be sarcastic.

“You’re not funny” she tells recovering from her laughter but immediately frown at me when she realise the serious expression on my face “Vulamasango you cheated?” what? How did we get to that “I can’t get pregnant, who did you impregnate to bring back Mhambi”

“My heaven I said you are pregnant. You. No one else” I clarify

“That’s nonsense, you know I had tubal litigation”

“And last time you were still on contraceptive if I remember correctly and I still scored” she sighs, taking a deep breath

“What are you trying to do? I’M NOT PREGNANT DAMN IT” she shouts the last part, ignited by that little flame she has in her and I know that’s my cue, slowly I remove myself besides her before I find myself in ICU.

“There are five pregnancy test in the drawer, call me when you have calmed down after taking them and oh, you’re not going anywhere. Ntate Morena is on his way to perform a ceremony for her return tonight, which you have to be a dominant participant because she is inside you. He saw her” she knows what that means, I see her retire back on the bed in shock as I close the door. I hate leaving her like this but I know if I don’t, she will burn on me when she sees those positive test tubes so I’ll just wait outside until she calms down

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## BOITUMELO

Why did I get married? I wonder what Tyler Perry was thinking when he drafted that movie. Today I also wonder two. I have been in this situation before. The first time I fainted at work so I hardly experienced this two minutes of hell. The second time was in that Indian doctor’s consultation room when watched the tube form



two lines on the pregnancy test. The worst time of my life. That's why I decided on tubal ligation after I found out I was about to have my own TLC show, SURROUNDED BY TWINS. I tied my tubes to avoid this right here, I don't see myself babying another child. Hell I'm too old for this shit. But then again this is me. Boitumelo Motaung, not very much loved by God.

I prayed before I took this thing because I was hoping that for once he'd show for me, show me some love and show my cocky husband that he is the only one who decide to give children but guess what? I'm not loved by God. Two freaking lines. Freaking damn lines! Furiously I throw the first in the bin. There is still enough hope in me. This is a mistake, I have tied my tubes for years and this has never happened. I take the remaining four and pee on them. I'm not going to look at them, I want that cocky husband of mine to see who is God. My God will not fail me.

Opening the door with an aim to search for him I find him crouched behind the door, he almost falls when I open the door.

"Come in" I inform, he takes a while studying my face but eventually he does. He is hesitant even walking in but he slowly follows behind me but he doesn't close the door "Check those, they are negative. My God would never fail me for the third time" I can't help but regret my words at how his face falls. He is disappointed more than the word disappointed. I really don't understand this creatures called men, he actually wanted another child while we already have five drowning us.

"You're not pregnant?" the sadness in his tone is not hard to miss. He really did want another crook. I'm not having another pair of crooks, the bunch I have in my household is enough. Those tsotsis drive me crazy as it is. (.....thieves..)

"Modimo gase moshemane Sango, I'm sorry baby but I'm not pregnant" (God is not a boy Sango.....) I confidently tell him, I need him to wipe this thing of us having more children in his mind. I know we have Mhambi still left behind but I think one of my children can still bring her back, does it necessarily has to be me? I'll ask my grandfather and Gumedede

"I guess we are leaving then" perfect, just perfect

"Yes my love, don't worry my love, we'll have more when the time is right" I console even though the words doesn't from deep in my heart. I'm ecstatic as hell.

“I’ll go announce our departure” I watch him sadly walk out of the door, serves him right for bringing that vile sister of his in my life. Happily I rise from the bed to throw the rest of the negative test in the bin but.....what the hell is this now? Where is my God now? What’s this positive lines doing on these test tubes.....

## VOLUME 6

### BOITUMELO

I'm pregnant. Another shocking mysterious pregnancy. I'm shocked at myself, at how this happened. I mean I have been able to keep safe all this years but now out of the blue here I am with five positive pregnancy test. This is definitely my daughter. The first time I carried her and her brother I got pregnant mysteriously like this, I had gulped two packets of morning after pills in two consecutive days but I still got pregnant. And this time she passed through my tube litigation. That's one of the safest birth control method. Only 1 in 200 women fall pregnant through this procedure and it's very odd that I would be that 1.

In defeat I sit back on the bed, hovered in shock as I stare at parallel lines in all the test. This crook I call a husband really knew what he was doing, to even buy five pregnancy test. Sigh! I don't even have the energy to be mad, I'm just shocked at my daughter's timing. She has a certain time with Luthando. The first time Luthando was harassing me, I was pregnant with her and Mkhonto. And now she is here again and Luthando is back, is this a coincidence or is there something she is trying to tell me from my womb "Am I reading too much into this baby" I ask my flat stomach, soon to be not so flat anymore. Fuck I hate pregnancies but I love my babies.

Sango walks back in while I brush on my stomach, having a conversation with my babies. He stops dead track staring at me in confusion. He probably thinks I have lost my marbles, I was sure that those four test were negative hence my outburst at him earlier on

"Are you okay?" the sadness in his tone is not hard to miss, even though he is asking if I'm okay, I think the news of me not being pregnant shattered him more.

"I'm fine Vulamasango, I'm just pregnant like you wanted" frown lines crease him

"What do you mean?" his change of tone is hesitant, not sure what to expect. He must think he married one hell of a crazy woman.

With an eye roll I inform "I'm pregnant Vulamasango" he frowns further

“How?” what? How? This nigger better be dripping

“Don’t nyao me, didn’t you fuck me and got me preg……” (Don’t how me,...) he is quick to squat before me hold my hands, brushing all the anger away

“Please calm down sthandwa sami, what I was trying to ask is ‘how’ because few minutes ago you were adamant you’re not pregnant and now I come back to get my phone, your suddenly pregnant. Which one is it my love?” I hate him

“I’m pregnant Vulamasango, you got what you wanted” I throw him the test and disappear to the bathroom. I need a moment alone. I’m too old to be making babies, I should have cut my……

“Don’t do this sthandwa sami” he wraps his arms around me from behind. We look at each other on the mirror before us “Your scaring me Buthumelo, I’m used to you shouting and hitting me when you find out about our pregnancies, this expression is new and it’s scaring the shit out of me” I can’t help the tears embracing my cheeks “Please scream, fight me. I’m ready for that but don’t cry love, you crying breaks my heart, you making me think you really don’t want to carry our babies”

“Sango it’s not even about that. I’m too old for this shit and it scares the shit out of me, what if she doesn’t come like the last time, what if I fail to bring her. I’m scared okay, I’m scared that this is the last chance to have my daughter back and I’m scared of this chance, that’s why I tied my tubes okay, what if I don’t carry her to term again, what if I lose her all over again. Sango I’m scared of going through that pain again”

“Oh sthandwa sami” he turns me and pull my teary face to his chest “let’s get out of here” to the bedroom he sits me on the bed, kneel between my legs “I didn’t know you felt like that mommy. Nothing is going to happen, I’ll make sure of it”

“Sango you’re not God, he can still take her like he did last time. I don’t want to feel that pain again” he pecks my lips wiping my face with his thumbs

“We’ll not lose her again. This is our time to bring her back, let’s embrace it my love and not worry about what happened last time. You remember what I asked you on our wedding day?” I shake my head no “Let’s start with forever my love” I smile through the pain “The past doesn’t matter, tomorrow doesn’t matter but forever matters in our love. With forever we can overcome the test of yesterday, today and

tomorrow. You're my forever buthumelo and I'll be with you till the end of time, through all the ride I'll be here sthandwa sami. Let's do it together, okay mama" I nod wiping my tears "Come here" he cups my messy face, bring me to his lips, peck them first "I love you okay sthandwa sami"

"I love you too sango" he chuckles

"Let's get rid of this tears" he smashes his lips to mine, serving those legs wrapping kisses of his. The heat of the kiss has me voluntarily wrapping my legs around him, he brings my body closer to his waist with his skilled hands touching on both side of my waist as he remain kneeled in front of me. My hands reach for his jacket, about to yank it off but the door burst open "Fuck" he curses, four of his crooks stand pocket handed just like him. The seriousness on their faces alarms me. Children are a nightmare.

"Why is mama crying?" Sakhe asks, the playful him out of the window

"Who said I'm crying?" I ask in confusion, yes my eyes are probably red but I'm no longer crying, I was about to jump my husband thank you, no longer crying.

"What did I say about not knocking in my room?" Sango questions, keeping his eyes at them. The three look down but Mkhonto, he doesn't easily scare off that one

"Why is my mother crying?" Mkhonto questions, challenging his own father

"Who said I was crying?" I ask again

"I felt it" Mkhonto, I frown in confusion, his father shifts uncomfortably

"GET THE HELL OUT" he shouts, pointing them all out "NOW!" he roars

"Baby wait, twebankie baby what do you mean you felt it" Sango is on his feet, opening the door wide for his crooks

"OUUT" he roars, startling me too. What's his problem? He stoop to the four mini him "IF YOU EVER BURST IN MY ROOM LIKE THIS, I'LL SQUASH ALL OF YOU. NIYANGIZWA?" (.....do you hear me?) hau bathong! So much anger at my children for stopping his horny deeds

"Yebo baba" they all chorus

"OUT" my babies all sheepishly walk out, burned by their horny father

“And you still want more” I ask as soon as he shuts the door

“This is the last pair, I promise” he comes to me with that silly smile of his “Where were we?” he bends to me on the bed, pecking my lips looking at me with his dirty horny look of his

“We were about to strengthen Mampe and her brother” he beams, grab my face between his warm palms, force my face to look into his determined eyes, he is way too dreamy when he is like this “Did you lock?” I laughs, I know this look very well. He is about to burst me.

He collides our lips, plants his tasteful tongue in my mouth. Desire breaks throughout all my nerves in my body, kissing him back with the same hunger. He pushes me to lie back on the bed and I pull him closer, wanting to feel all of him everywhere. His hands drop back to my waist, digging his fingers in my skin to pick me to the pillows. I wrap my legs around him as he hovers me. He groans when I touch on his belt, freeing something I want so bad. He breaks off the kiss, eyes turned Korean

“I love you uyezwa?” I nod, melt at my zulu man “And we are going to be just fine” I believe him, his never let me down. He stands off the bed, gazes down at me in mischief “The king misses your lips” he grabs his arousal evidence in his hand, inviting me over to him with his index finger. Like a good wife I am, I crawl to him. Sit feet floating from the bed before him, his arousal is my doing, it’s not in yet but I can already feel it “The sooner you undress me, the sooner I can serve you, your favourite dish” I stand, try to reach for his shirt but he steps back, shoves me to sit back on the bed “Oh no love, I’ll take care of upstairs, you take care of down stairs” he is too hungry, I know we won’t take long. Again I oblige, take care of his belt while he undresses himself above, his jeans and boxers both follow the same time and he springs free. Deliciousness of it is inviting.

Clumsily I drop to my knees, peek up at him to find him already quarter to cuming land. He loves my lips around his king. Maintaining strict horny eye contact I grab hold of him, squeeze tightly rubbing on him. He groans and tenses, his breath hisses through clenched teeth. Tentatively I put him in my mouth and suck him for dear life. He taste too damn good.

“Ahh. MaDlomo.....whoa, slow down tiger” not today, today I’m not taking any prisoners. I want him in me too. I push him deeper into my mouth, press my lips tightly around him, grinding my teeth a bit on his member to tease him “FUCK” he hisses “Mama weeee.....uyenzani indoda yakho” (My love.....what are you doing to your husband) I love me some man who sings to my dance. Appreciate my efforts with a cry. His cry is sexy and inspiring so I go for the kill, push him deeper in my throat and gag on him, swirling my tongue at the end “Fuck woman” he grunts through gritted teeth, pull out of my mouth and grab me by my waist tossing me on the bed. He’s panting, tearing my dress like I didn’t undress him so good.

“You going to buy this dress” I tell with a giggle, watching him take off my panties “I’ll buy you the damn store” he comes up, tear my bra between my breasts. Fuck him for that but I’m too needy to admonish him. I lie down gazing at him spread my legs apart. I want him so badly. He stares down at me and licks his lips “You are a fine sight, MaDlomo” Slowly crawls up and over me, kisses me from my navel up as he goes, teases both my nipples when he reaches my breasts.

“Aahh Bunny please” I moan beneath him, and he doesn’t stop

“Please what?” he murmurs between my breasts.

“I want you to feel you baby”

“Really?”

“Please my king” gazing at me, he pushes my legs apart making space to fall on me. Without taking his eyes off me, he sinks into me at a deliciously slow pace. I close my eyes, tightening my toes as I take in all the pleasure. The exquisite fullness of him inside me feels priceless, my hips voluntarily move up to meet his slow delicious thrust. He eases back and very slowly fills me again. I dig my fingers in his skin as he slowly moves in and out of me, again and again “Bunny, faster baby” I cry, unable to control the feeling. He gazes down at me and kisses me hard, then really starts to pound in me “FUCK!” I curse, feeling his relentless punishing fuck, he really is fucking me now. The pounding rhythm is hard to keep up. I feel myself gather up, my legs tightening beneath him.

“Let it go baby” His words undo me, I explode, creaming him deliciously as I break into finer pieces and he follows calling out my name “Oh fuck! Buthumelo” He

collapses on top of me, panting same as me “This cookie gets more tasteful everyday” we both laugh through our heavy breathing “I love you baby okay”

“I love you too daddy”



## VOLUME 7

### BOITUMELO

I must have slept after my session with my husband. I wake up to find myself alone in bed wrapped with a fleece. Such a sly bastard. He feast on me and leaves me. I wonder what time it is, the curtains are pulled closed so it's hard to estimate time of a day and where the hell is my phone? Holding the fleece tighter to my chest I look around for my phone but I can't seem to spot it anywhere.

"Where the hell could you be phone?" I ask myself when I feel my eye search is futile, how am I going to get some food because there is no way in hell I'm going to show my face at dinner table with Luthando devil's agent here. I need it to call Khwezi or her father, someone to bring me some food. A soft knock disturbs my train of thoughts "Come in" I allow entrance for whoever is knocking and in walks my worst night mare. I feel exhausted before we even start.

"Sawubona" (Greetings)

"Luthando" I can't even fake a smile but I do acknowledge her back. She expels a sigh before she takes sit.

"How are you?" Inwardly I roll my eyes till they touch on my brain, I realise I haven't responded to her when she sighs again "Boitumelo i...." she trails off at first "Vula asked me to give you some space but I felt I need to apologize" she really looks like life dealt with her harshly but my cold heart is not moved

"Apology accepted thank you" I gesture her out with my head but she remains, sighs in defeat

"Boitumelo can we please talk?" she begs, sitting on the bed I just rolled her brother on

"I'll be back" I disappear to the bathroom. I hate that she is here but I feel the need to get decent to have a conversation with her, though I can tell I'm not going to be a very understanding participant. Ten minutes later I come out feeling a bit better now that I cleaned the remnants of her brother's cum all over me. I opt to stand by the wall and listen to her.

“I know I did you wrong, there are no words I can say to take away the pain I put you through. But I need you to know boitumelo I’m truly sorry for everything, the time I spend in that place gave me time to reflect on everything I did and through thorough introspection. I admit I did you so so wrong and please forgive me” I think I got tired of being nice, people repeatedly take advantage when they know that you forgive easily so I’m just going to stick with my guts with this one, there is no way in hell I’m forgiving Luthando

“Luthando, thanks for the apology but I’ll never forgive you so please, stop wasting your energy” the door shifts open and Ndlovukazi walks in, I’m happy that she got her daughter back but I don’t want her filthy daughter anywhere near me. I see she didn’t ‘feel’ like coming here as she say, ndlovukazi must have pushed her to come apologise.

“MaDlomo you really have to forgive my child, this tension is not good for the family. I almost died not knowing the whereabouts of my daughter. Please do it for me at least” ndlovukazi reasons, pulling me to sit on the bed with them “I know some things are beyond forgiveness but my child who are we to go against God” I feel like joining my subconscious who has a pillow pressed on her ears just to pass out on then conversation “Even he himself say we must forgive those who trespass against us. MaDlomo please forgive my child, you can’t hide in here the whole weekend, you haven’t shown face at the table and now this is causing more friction in the house. Please my baby” I hear her and I feel where she is coming from, she is a mother, a good one for that matter, even I know hell would break lose if Khwezi disappeared without a trace but I also have to trust my guts, and right now, I don’t buy this Luthando change of character because of prison

“Maa I think you should just let me be. I’m happy that you’ll finally know happiness because your daughter is here but please. I’m sorry I can’t find it in my heart to forgive her but I promise I’ll do better, I’ll show face but please stop forcing us. I really can’t look past the things she put upon me”

“Boitumelo I was driven by range back then, I don’t even have a valid reason why I hated you that much. It started with my husband wanting my brother’s seed. At first I was protecting, I didn’t tell him about your pregnancy because I didn’t want to put my nephews under his claws. Then he came for me, threatened to rape Nomonde (her daughter) if I didn’t cooperate, I knew he would do it within a blink

of an eye. The man slept with his own blood sister, what was my daughter? So I hired someone to push you, I thought maybe of you just lost the babies at once he would retreat. But you didn't. And when Vula retaliated on me pushing you down the stairs, I was angered, my own brother almost killed me because of you and that's when I grew anger towards you. I wanted you out and I did almost everything I could to make sure you vanish and when Sihle came back. I thought I would finally get rid of you because I thought Vula would give you up for her but he didn't again, instead he fought for you and that caused a rift between my brother and I"

"Luthando don't lie please, your problems with Vula started way before me" she nods

"Yes that I agree, I have always been mad that he took my position in everything as the first born. Vula is a middle born in my family but he was treated like a first born, my mom, my uncles all my entire family were all about Vula, Vula this, Vula that"

"Baby Vula was the first born male in what? Two decades? He was bound to be praised, held in high regard because through him we knew our seed would be cleansed off the curse, we knew he was the key to unlock our future and he did just that by marrying his heaven here, now we have a yard full of testosterone. He unlocked the male seed and we cannot be more grateful for him and his heaven. That's why it is so important for me to have both of you forgive each other, I'm not getting any younger. Zwe and I are dying soon and Vula and his heaven will have to take the throne until Mkhonto comes of age. I don't want to leave this family in squabbles, I need to rest in peace knowing that you all got each other's backs, not against each other" Sigh! "Please makoti wami" (.....My daughter in law) she invade me with pleading eyes, almost to tear land. She is interrupted by Vula walking through the door. He has a tray of food in his hands but freezes with a frown at the two women in my room

"Am I disturbing something?" he ask, running his eyes on the three of us, feeling the heaviness carrying the room

Ndlovukazi sighs "I just wanted to plead with MaDlomo to forgive, look now she is eating in bedrooms like this isn't her home, I need my daughter in law eating with us vulamasango" Sango sighs, putting the tray I'm eagerly waiting for aside. He finds my eyes with his look and I don't like that expression, he better not gang up

on me with his family. Why can't they let me hate Luthando in peace, I honestly feel like she is being forced down my throat.

"Sthandwa sami even Zwe is not happy with this tension, I'm not saying forgive, but just tolerate each other" wow, just wow. He begs squatting to me holding my hands.

"Okay" I take him by surprise, he didn't think it would be that easy. I just want this over and done with, but I know I'm far from forgiving that woman

"Okay?" he asks

"Uhuh" I confirm, faking peace

"Oh thank you mtanami, let's go eat with the rest of the family" Ndlovukazi, these people really don't know me.

"We'll find you there mother, please excuse us. I need a moment with my wife" Nldovukazi obliges and mouths 'thank you' to me in a low tone, as for the person I'm supposed to forgive she doesn't even thank me considering I just fake 'forgave her' and they say I'm being unreasonable.

"Eat up, I have to tell you something" Sango orders putting a tray on my lap. I don't like the stress in his eyes

"Sango I just confirmed your pregnancy news and forgave your sister, what more would be stressing you now" I question already digging in. I hate how I eat every time I fall pregnant, I'm never full and now it's not even the exact dinner time but I'm eating like there is no tomorrow

"Please slow down" the mean look I give him makes him silently mouths 'sorry' through his lips "Baby the is reason why I had to come with you here is because Mhambi's grave burned" I stop, feeling almost full at an instant

"What?"

"Don't panic baby, let me explain" I offer him the chance, deserting my food to pay attention to him "Ntate Morena had a dream the day we conceived. He said he saw Mhambi burning her grave in his dream and as a seer he knew that meant she is coming back so she needed that grave burned, she can never be considered as dead from now on. He called Zwe to go check the grave and Zwe indeed found the grave

ruined, burned to ashes and when he got back from the cemeteries he received news from the herder that two bulls died. And that confirmed all Ntate Morena's suspicions. Our daughter is back with her pair"

"Sango why didn't you tell me all this" I'm shocked beyond repair

"I wasn't sure about the pregnancy news because I knew you had that evil operation of yours to restrict my soldiers from making it to the pond" I roll my eyes, bringing him to laugh "So I felt I needed to be sure before I have you killing me for nothing. But thank God someone is grown, you didn't take the news as bad as you usually do"

"My daughter is not as rebellious as her brothers, she makes mommy stay calm" I wink and he just shakes his head, getting back to serious

"So my heaven because of that there is a ceremony that has to take place tonight, in fact just now your family is waiting for us at the cemetery. Mhambi has to be transferred from the ancestral side to this side again, remember her name 'Mhambi our majestic traveller' she had a task that side and now that it's done, she wants to come back to mommy and daddy"

"Sango your family scares me, I'm carrying a ghost moos"

"That ghost is our daughter, finish up so we can go, I'm sure everyone is already waiting on us"

"I'll eat later" good thing I cleaned up when that devil luthando disturbed me, I just dash to my closet to step inside a long dress and cover my shoulders and head "What are they going to do this time?" I ask stepping back in the bedroom. Him taking my hand in his as we walk out.

"Just going to smear you with the ashes from the grave"

"WHAT?" I ask, ceasing my steps. He says it with no care like it's a normal thing to do "Why am I always the one subjected to this inhuman acts, why can't you join in because this is your seed germinating in me" he frowns

"Buthumelo I don't want no ghost ashes on me, please" fuck him, and I want ghost ashes on me? He pulls me regardless of my heavy feet "I would die if someone smear me with dead people's ashes"

“I hate you”

“And I love you so much”

## VOLUME 8

### BOITUMELO

Upon our arrival at the cemeteries we find almost everyone there. By almost I mean almost the entire family, even my brothers. I want to jump bobo but I have to keep still, I haven't seen him in a while since he moved to Cape Town. He started his firm there and it's thriving. Makatly gave him too more girls, they have three now. As for abuti Morena (My grandfather's son) he is the bulk of the family, the brother I have that scares the shit out of Sango. I love how he intimidates my husband.

Walking through the crowd Sango leads me to the centre of the crowd where an animal skin lay for me to sit beside my grandfather and Gumedede. All this is done just by my daughter's grave. He settles me to sit but I hold tight to his hand, pulling him to sit down with me.

"My heaven, let go. You have to sit here" he whispers, people remain silent around us holding candles in the dark night

"I want you here" my tone doesn't match his, he gives me the you better not Buthumelo look

"Baby I'm not supposed to be part of this"

"Well I'm also not going to entertain any of this if you don't, we created this baby together and we'll honour all her request together" he pops his eyes

"I told I don't want no ghost ashes on me, I'll....." he is cut off by my grandfather's firm tone

"SIT DOWN VULAMASANGO" fuck he expel in a low tone, joining me on the skin mat. I smirk in pleasure at how spooked he is, kissing his cheek just to infuriate me. People laugh around us. Gumedede starts with their clan praise, joined by almost everyone....

***"Mkhabela,  
Dinangwe,  
Bhelesi, Khweba,  
Malala nomunwe endunu,***

***Avuke ancinde akhwife eMpumalanga,  
Abuye ancinde akhwife eNtshonalanga,  
Sikhaba esingangenkomo!"***

Then silence wears the atmosphere, my grandfather undresses what was once my daughter's grave. Seeing how hollow it looks shatters me. It's just an empty big hole with ashes, mumbling to himself he takes both Sango and I's joined hands and put it at the edge of the grave, scoop some ashes with from the grave and sprinkle them on our joined hands.

"OUR MAJESTIC SEER TRAVELLER, WE WELCOME YOU BACK TO US. THANKFUL THAT YOU STILL CHOOSE YOUR PURE HEART TO BE OURS. YES YOUR FATHER WRONGED YOU, HE DIDN'T REMAIN AS PURE AS YOU WANTED HIM TO BE AND THAT CAUSED YOUR BROTHER TO PAY DEARLY FOR YOUR FATHER'S DOINGS" Sango shifts, uncomfortably. I frown at him in confusion, what the hell did he do? He was asked never to kill again and if he did, it actually explains why I'm raising a weird son "HE CLEANSED HIMSELF AGAIN FOR YOU" my grandfather continues, then keeps quite, like he is listening. He growls after a while, his eyes changing to white "NO NO THAT CAN'T BE THE PUNISHMENT" he begs, clapping at the grave joined by Gumede

"IT WILL KILL YOUR MOTHER OUR SEER" Gumede adds, also trying to reason with an empty grave "YOUR FATHER MADE A MISTAKE, PUNISHING HIM THROUGH YOUR MOTHER WILL KILL HIM, THE PAIN WILL TEAR THEM APART" now I want this over, I want answers as in now

"ANYTHING BUT THAT OUR MAJESTIC SEER TRAVELLER, ANYTHING YOU WANT" my grandfather. He and Gumede both ceases clapping, growl with white eyes like they are listening "WE HEAR YOU..... LESOTHO..... HIS QUEEN.....TLOTLA.....WE'LL DO IT. HE'LL BE CLEANSED" my grandfather continues answering to the grave I guess, only his answers we hear. After his episode he looks at Gumede, like they are having an internal communication "We need Mkhonto" He looks up at Zwe through the circle surrounding us. Sango's change of breathing and uncomfortableness alarms me, this is not all about him tainting his hands once again. Why is my son needed now?

Zwe nods and leaves, I guess to go get my son.



“Baby why do they want Mkhonto?” I whisper to him, the panic in his eyes further disturbs me

“I don’t know baby, probably because they were twins” maybe but I don’t think that’s the reason, something is up and it’s way up in the sky

“Vulamasango” my grandfather speaks, bringing all eyes on us once again “Your daughter wants you to know that punishment for taking a life, is a life for a life. You’re going to lose a life you created for taking a life” my eyes blurs up, tears glisten in a moment. I can’t lose my children for Sango’s killing. I let his hand go, look at him with nothing but pain and hate.

“It was a mistake” he murmur

“A mistake that your son is already paying dearly for. At least with him Mhambi wants us to take him to Lesotho. The one to tame him and purify him is a princess there, marrying her and looking in her eyes will subside the predator in him”

“He is eleven, my son can’t get married at such tender age” I argue

“And his chosen is just three months old” gasps “Think what her parents are going to think of us asking a hand for a three months old baby” I hate Vulamasango more “And MaDlomo your pregnancy is not going to be easy, for your husband’s vile actions you’ll not have a smooth pregnancy my baby”

“Can’t she kill him, I want him dead” People laugh while I’m being serious. I have never met a man so selfish, now his actions affect the all of us.

“No she can’t, our seer don’t kill. She is against killing that’s why her father was asked to not do that but he went and did it again, angering the ancestors” Zwe comes back, holding my son in just his pyjamas. I hate Vulamasango for putting me through this. Mkhonto untangles himself from his grandfather’s hold and come sit straddling his father. His small hand wrap around Sango’s neck holding him for dear life with him giving me his back, he brushes my son’s back looking at me.

“I’m going to kill you” I promise in a whisper, burning him with my hateful eyes

“Twebankie” my grandfather calls “Come to Khulu boy” he lets his father go, go to his grandfather’s opened arms “Remember that thing we talked about” my grandfather talks with Mkhonto on his lap, my son nods “I’m going to need you to

get in here and grab some ashes with you hand. Those ashes are going to help us make that beast sleep for a long time” what beast? I look at the devil I married, he better had not introduced my son to that beastly dog of him. Damn Declerk the dog! When is that thing dying anyway, what is the life span of dogs? That thing has been alive for way too long.

“It will sleep and not hurt mama khulu?” my son asks and my grandfather nods, what the hell is going on here and what could possibly harm me except Lunyando? He obeys his grandfather and enter the shallow grave, stoop to scoop some ashes and come out and then come sit on me holding ashes in his hand

“Don’t let it slip through your fingers until we get home okay” my son nods “Now for the final part” my grandfather stands. Him and Gumede scoop all the ashes inside the grave with spades and pour it all on us, Mkhonto, the devil and I. I hate my life in days like this.

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## VULAMASANGO

I can’t say I’m very pleased with myself. I can see that I’m on the edge of losing my heaven and I’m afraid I can’t have that. That woman is my soul, my world and at this moment she can’t stand that I even breathe. Coming back from the grave she couldn’t even spare me her look, she went straight to bath and didn’t come down for dinner once again. She is mad all over again and now it’s not just Luthando saga. She is mad at me too.

“Where is MaDlomo?” Uncle Kay asks looking at the empty chair beside me. He, Zwe and my mother are too fond of my wife.

“She is tired” I lie, I don’t even know how she feels but one thing is for sure that she hates me now

“I asked you that on purpose Vulamasango, the more you taint your hands the more you’re going to lose the one you love the most. One of these days that chair next to you will be vacant for the rest of your life and you’ll be all alone, and boy I will help that woman clean you up. I’ll have hire her the best lawyer to divorce your murderous hands and marry her off to another man. Just to break your spirit” in

his dreams, no one is touching my heaven and I would like to see him try make my heaven divorce me. All hell would break loose.

“I made a mistake okay”

“MISTAKE?” fuck this guy? Morena. Ntate Morena’s son, he is the one to take the throne after ntate morena and he is the only person in this world I feel can break me into two pieces. Someone should tell him to slow down on gym, he is close to being South African The Rock “You call killing people mistake?”

“It was one guy. He stepped on my toes and I went to rough him up and the bastard fell, he hit the edge of a steal table with his head and died on the spot”

“Who is the guy?” Mtho asks, the hurt in his tone can’t be missed. We usually do shit together and he knows everything about me but this. I really didn’t go there with an aim to kill the guy, I just wanted to scare the bastard kanti he would die on me “WHO IS THE GUY VULA?” he is starting with his big brother tone, sometimes he likes reminding me who is older. I really can’t say. He chuckles shaking his head “It better not be who I think it is” It is unfortunately

“Abuti when you say Mhambi wants punishment for a life, does that mean my daughter is going to lose one of her children?” my father in law asks, looking at his brother who sorrowfully nods “Wa bona wena shaka zulu” (you see you shaka zulu) ntate tau dares me with his trembling finger “My sunflower is going to leave you and I’ll make sure she does and doesn’t come back to you, how could you?” eish! Now everyone hates me all over again

“Let’s all come down good people please” ntate morena intervenes, I love him “For now let’s focus on taming Mkhonto, we need to do that before he transforms and scares the shit out of his mother. His mother will lose our seer if she sees her son in that form. Now wena killer” (...you killer) I don’t love him anymore “You need to find a way to convince your wife that something is happening with her son but don’t dare mention the beast. I know my daughter, she will panic and lose our seer while at it. For now we all have to keep this from her until she gives birth, understood?” we all nod “You’ll let us know when we should get ready to go to Lesotho Vula but I suggest we let her pass the first trimester first before we do any traveling. It was revealed that her pregnancy will not be smooth”

“Ngiyabonga” (Thank you)

“Your welcomed Killer Dlomo, or is it Murder Dlomo” I hate uncle kay so bad.

## VOLUME 9

### BOITUMELO

It's been a two months since the shocking news of the murder I married of a man. I wonder if we weren't summoned to the bundus that weekend, would he have confessed his sins. I'm three month pregnant and feeling like I'm about to pop, these babies are way too big.

I'm going to see my doctor whom I also hate so much today before we ride for Lesotho tonight. The entire family is here all over again. Ready to travel and ask hand for a probably my six month old daughter in law. One of the many reasons I hate my husband more. We haven't shared a bedroom since the reveal of his killing and I don't intend on doing so anytime soon. I hate how selfish he is, he knew exactly what were the consequences of his behaviour if he kills but he still went ahead and did exactly that. And now every day I have to keep looking at my children like it's the last time because I don't know when I'm going to lose one of them, any day could be the day I experience that pain of losing a child once again because of his itching murderous hands that looks like satan's toes.

"It's time" he snaps me out of my livid thoughts holding my hand tighter when the receptionist call on us for the second time, we are here for check up before the journey tonight. I may have kicked him out of my bedroom but he refused to leave my life, he is here every step of the way.

"Don't touch me" I yank my hand off his and stand to go see peter, I hate that doctor too "Corrupt doctor" I greet peter, he shares a look with the devil coming behind me

"I guess I'm still hated too" he says

"I don't hate you, I despise you" my hate for peter is simple, I suspect he and Sango did something to me, he couldn't give a solid reason of how I fell pregnant.....his reasons were touching here and there.

"You know the drill madam hate, please go ahead" I roll my eyes at him before disappearing in the dressing room. I undress and wear hospital gown and then go back to them, lie up on the bed looking at the both of them with nothing but hate

“This hate is really not good for the baby” he says, gloving his hands “Let’s see our two hate babies” he confirmed that I was carrying twins, which I already knew. I hate this cold gel but I prefer this than that transvaginal ultrasound where they put that probe in my cookie. He glides the monitor around my abdomen and the huge heart beat comes to live, I hold my devil’s hand with a smile. Allow him to kiss me as we look at our babies. Such a precious moment.

“Where is the other blur?” he asks Peter smiling, it was just two blur when we first saw them “Is she hiding from mommy and daddy?” he is not looking at peter, his focus is on the monitor. My eyes follow Peter’s creased forehead lines.

“What’s wrong?” I ask

“We have only one heartbeat and I can’t see the other twin” Now Sango looks at him, slowly wearing a frown too

“What are you saying Peter?” he almost snaps

“I’ll be back, I don’t need to scare you” he is on his feet before we ask any further questions, my fears creeps once again

“Sango I can’t lose another child again” tears are already shading my eyes, with a blink, they make it down the side of my face. He climbs the bed and hold me to his chest

“Let’s be hopeful, we’ll not lose our baby” I nod, inhaling his calming scent in

“I miss you” I confess, I really do. Pregnancy is hell without husband and that vibrator doesn’t hold me like he does, or make me cum like him

“I miss you too my heaven, maybe allow your Sango back in our room just one night in a week and hate him again” that’s a perfect suggestion, why didn’t I think of it before

“That’s a great idea, please kiss me” he laughs before he smooches his lips on mine, I hate how I’m always hungry for him when I’m pregnant

“Hmmm” Peter clear his throat, with that female Obstetrician of his. He is no longer laughing, he points the other doctor to me and I lie back straight, allow the doctor to scan me again. She glides the monitor on me too, for a while also listening with her stethoscope.

“It’s a vanishing twin” the doctor confirms to peter who closes his eyes receiving the news

“What’s that?” I ask, feeling the one holding my hand tighten his grip like he understands what’s going on, something that vanish disappears, and my child can’t vanish in my womb. Who would still my child in my womb? Or that vibrator I have munching on has satanic powers....with one penetration it steals babies in wombs

“Please get dressed, we’ll talk in the office” I nod with a heavy heart. He turns to his colleague “She is three months, did she absorb all the tissue?” the doctor nods

“Everything is perfect, the other one just vanished” with blurred sight I go to dress, feeling my world closing in on me once again. My husband comes from behind me in the dressing room, pull me to his chest as I cry because we both can tell what is going on.

“Shhhhhhh, don’t cry my baby” it hurts all over again, this is the reason why I didn’t want to fall pregnant again, to avoid this pain and I hate him all over again “I’m so sorry sthandwa sami” (.....my love) I have no words for him but now I just want his comfort “Let’s hear peter out and I’ll get you home” I nod and he leads me back to peter’s office where we sit holding hands tight.

Peter sighs before breaking our hearts “Guys I’m sorry but the other twin is no more” he shakes his head for emphasis “We have ourselves what we call the vanishing twin syndrome”

“What does it mean?” I ask crying on my husband’s chest

“It’s a condition in which one of a set of twins or multiple embryos dies in utero, disappear and gets resorbed partially or entirely, with an outcome of a spontaneous reduction of a multi-foetus pregnancy to a singleton pregnancy, portraying the image of a vanishing twin”

“What could have caused it? I was not careful enough or did I eat something?” he shakes his head

“From what we know about this condition, vanishing twin happens for the same reason most early miscarriages occur — something called chromosomal abnormality. When an embryo implants in your uterus and begins to develop, the growing baby's cells make infinite copies of its DNA every single second”

“Is she going to need surgery to remove the foetus?” Sango asks, kissing on my head and brushing my back while I cry

“No, the confirmation of one heart beat confirms that the vanishing twin is absorbed by the remaining twin, the placenta, and the mother's body. She is perfectly fine and we'll carry the remaining twin to term” Sango nods gripping me tighter to his chest “I'll give you guys a minute” he sadly leave the room, giving me enough time to cry on my husband's chest

“You see why didn't want this, Sango I hate this pain, it hurts”

“I know mama, I know my love”

“This is all your fault” he doesn't respond, he hold me tighter as I shatter in this arms.

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## VULAMASANGO

Peter did comeback after sometime and updated my wife's file. He prescribed her some medication and freed us home. I hate the pain my wife is in. I hate that this is happening now, today of all days when we had went there just to safe up for tonight's journey. Unfortunately we cannot postpone leaving and she understands. Arriving at the house she just wanted to sleep and I cuddled her until she fell asleep, now I have to break the devastating news to the family. I kiss her forehead before abandoning the bed, how I missed just touching her like this, she is been nothing but a drama queen.

Opening my bedroom door I find Mkhonto and Sakhe sadly sitting outside my door

“And then?” I ask, looking at my two boys

“My heaven is in pain” Mkhonto. That's my heaven by the way, not his “I feel her pain in me” this is why I have to do this Lesotho trip, this child is not only a beast, he has senses I can't explain

“She will be fine boys”



“Can we sleep by her side, please baba” Sakhe. I know he is here because he is Mkhonto’s pair, they do everything together and tell each other everything. With a nod I allow them be and they enter their mother’s room.

Heading downstairs to my family I pass Khwezi giggling on her phone. The day I confiscate that mobile, she will learn how to cook or even clean. Khwezi is too lazy and her mother lets her get away with everything.

“Make me something to eat Khwezi and stop grinning like a fool with your phone” she rolls eyes

“Baba I just got my nails done, I can’t touch anythi.....”

“KHWEZIII” I roar, startling her “Make me food” I order, she blinks like her mother, blinking tears away before she nods and disappear to the kitchen. Bloody cry baby!

“And then? What did my daughter do?” Mtho asks emerging behind me

“Where is everyone?” he points outside with his head “Lets go, it’s not even Khwezi, I’m going through my own shit” Getting outside the Veranda I find all my family there, discussing our trip for tonight

“How did it go? Are we safe to travel?” ntate tau asks, reading Gumede and ntate morena’s expressions I can tell that they already know

“We lost another twin” I announce in defeat sitting down, I feel my brother’s pat on my shoulder

“Oh Nkosiyani, how is she? I’ll go check....” My mother is already on her feet but I stop her

“Ndlovukazi please she is sleeping right now, just let her rest for a while” she nods, sitting back down

“I’m sorry my baby” I nod breathing the pain away “We can postpone the trip so you.....” Gumede cuts her

“Unfortunately we can’t, the sooner we do this the better for our seer. Mkhonto is on a verge of full transformation and if he does, her mother might lose our remaining seer”

“Does the death of the other twin confirms the prophecy of Vula’s offspring dying as punishment for what he did?” Mtho asks and nate Morena and Gumede both nod “Thank God” gasps “What?” he asks with a shrug

“You saying thank god your brother lost a baby?” Ndlovukazi asks in disbelief “What kind of a monster are you?”

“Well its better they lost the baby we didn’t know, imagen losing the slay queen, the triple trouble or that weird creature” aunty dee responds agreeing with Mtho, they are such step son and step mother, always agreeing with each other and ganging up on people. As much as this hurt but I’m actually relieved. I have been a walking corpse the past three months waiting on one of my children to die. This one was still my baby but it’s better him than the other, God will forgive me.

“Why exactly are you coming with us?” Ndlovukazi asks, annoyed of her answer

“Bona, wena black petticoat, that’s my niece in there, my daughter to be precise. I’ll be with her till the end of time so you better make peace with it before is stab you with my initiated underground knife” (Look here, you.....) bab Lu is brushing on his beast wife, Zwe holding his ready to explode bomb of a wife

“Well I’m better with black petticoat than you, madam fake sangoma jumping from a white man to a black man”

“Better me than you, wena jumping from brother to brother, what an abomination” they are like this, love and hate each other but we all make sure not to entertain their fights because when they fix things, the one who tried to bring peace will be the enemy

“Here baba” Khwezi disturbs the fight putting a not so put together plate before me, her tone is still dealt with and I know if her mother was awake, I would be dealt with myself

“Kneel Khwezi, your father is a royal man you can’t just put a plate before him without kneeling” Ndlovukazi, not impressed about my daughter skills

“And where is the water for him to wash his hands” Aunty dee adds, now both of them ganging on my girl. I love them fighting each other not my child.

“Thank you baby, go daddy will be fine” my daughter smiles and run out. Leaving me with displeased looks from ladies who were fighting just now.

“At least she is not a Motauang, I can already see the headlines. Princess Khwezi Dlomo rejected by every royal family for being lazy” Aunty Dee

“That’s my grandchild you.....” Here we go again

## VOLUME 10

### BOITUMELO

I can't say it hurts any less but waking up between my two little man yesterday warmed my pained heart. This is exactly why I didn't want to bring another life into this world. I never got over losing my baby girl. And now losing another one took me ten steps back from healing. And worst part now is that I can't even mourn my boy in peace because Mkhonto is another weird kid that needs saving. Sango and my family said we have to take him to Lesotho where he will get help to ease this anger in him. Seeing his supposed chosen they reckon might subside his range. That's what I was told but I feel like there is more this story. Everyone is dancing in circles every time I ask for real reasons, not this 50 cent shit story I'm told.

So we skipped the boarder at night, arrived here in the middle of the night. We were warmly welcomed by the king, his father and their seer. My grandfather being the only royal seer left is able to open doors for us, they seemed well acquainted with the king, like they go way back. Everything was arranged to happen today morning because when we arrived it was past eleven o'clock at night. So because it was late, that's the only three we met before we were offered food and shown to our rooms respectively.

Though it was late when we arrived, I can tell we are in different world. The breeze is just so different and welcoming. The atmosphere and the air is just not the same. There is just something soothing about this place that I can't pin point. Something that heals to the soul.

I haven't slept with my husband in a long time but waking besides him feels magical. My murder of a man, I kiss his slightly parted lips due to snoring. I still wonder who he killed, he totally refused to confess, hence why he is been sleeping in one of our guest houses at home. I hate that he put our son through the aftermath of his killings knowingly. This nigger was told to stay clean or else the range his first born will be, will be something never seen. But guess what? Here we are, in another country, finding solutions for his stupid decisions. Sometimes I wish to leave him but then I remember how I feel when I'm not close to him, I feel like I'm suffocating when a day passes by without seeing him, so I'm not ready to drown, I love this

murder and I'm still here. I hate growing up because back then I know I would have long left his behind.

I had set an alarm because Ndlovukazi asked that we wake by dawn, some royals carry strict rules where wives wake before husbands, so because we don't know what we are walking into, it's best to be safe than sorry. So as the royal seeking help, we'll wake early and wait on them.

After waking up I cleaned and made my way downstairs. Finding Ndlovukazi, aunty dee, dinny, Nkanyezi and Buhle already waiting up on me. Nkanyezi and Buhle are the only Sango's sisters I know will still love me even with the return of the evil Luthando. Back then they were just kids influenced by their eldest sister but now they are women, old enough to make their own minds and they choose to be with me through this, which I'm very grateful for.

It seems like the room is not happy about my timing.

"We do have husbands too you know, just that we couldn't bring ours with, or else we'd be waking late too glowing like goddess of sex" Nkanyezi jabs, if only she knew we did nothing, as much as I miss my husband I'm not comfortable getting it on in someone else's house

"How I miss my Zungu" Dinny, still married to Sizwe. The only person unmarried here is Buhle, I see her rolling her eyes like Khwezi.

"What kind of a mother in law are you going to be? Showing up late for your son's delegation day" Dinny burst out laughing when aunty eats me up, I hate that we are here to negotiate for Mkhonto to take a six month old bride. I want my children to fall in love in their own pace, choose their own love but I'm afraid in this case I don't have much to fight for, it's for my son's own health that we see this through.

"Let's pray the parents agree to this nonsense before you age me by calling me someone's mother in law" I'm really too young to have a makoti, and I can't really imagen myself being a mother in law. I wonder what kind will I make?

A beautiful old woman walks in through our argument. She has a smile that just draws you in. Her dimples beautifying her face exaggerates her face even more. She is very beautiful and has a very welcoming aura.

“Dumelang, san’bonani” (Good Morning) She greets, killing our argument. Nervously we all bow, showing her some respect “Oh please stand, we don’t do that here” inwardly I thank my ancestors, this is the part I hate the most about most royals. And now with my tummy, which is too huge for its time. Standing from those bows is always a hustle “I’m MaBereng, the grandmother around here. Who do I have here?” she nicely asks taking a couch and showing us to take sits too.

“I’m Ndlovukazi, queen in the Zululand. That’s my daughter in law MaDlomo and her two aunts Dimpho and Dineo, and here are by last born Buhle and Nkanyezi” the beautiful warm woman nods with a smile

“And which one is marrying my granddaughter?” she asks with that beautiful smile hers, infecting the room with laughter with her questions, Ndlovukazi points at me “Well you can all go back to sleep, I’m going to need her only” I squirm, not sure what I’m needed for “Nothing bad love, I have to take you to the hut where our see will read your heart, we can’t talk with people we don’t know what their hearts harbour, so as the mother seeking help for her son, it has to be you we read” Ndlovukazi and aunty dee nods in understanding while I’m shaking in my boots

“Okay” my tone comes shaky but I soldier on, for my son

“Can we wait for her here?” Dinny asks and I’m so thankful, now she is being the aunt I need, not my mate.

“No problem at all, I’ll ask my helpers to bring you some refreshments while you wait” the old humble woman takes my hand in hers and lead the way, my nerves subsides at the touch of her hand. She feels warm and welcoming “MaDlomo, what exactly is your son’s problem?” she asks still holding my hand as we walk outside, the morning beauty of the sun bracing the mountains takes my breath away. This place is exquisitely beautiful. I didn’t see it that much at night when we arrived because I was drowsy and it was dark.

“Wow this place is beautiful” she laughs me off. With a sigh I come back to her question “My son is got anger, too angry and too weird. Our seer informed us that this is where we’ll find his bride to tame the anger in him. One look at his chosen will subside his natural ire so my grandfather being the royal seer left, suggested we claim our bride at once. Pay what’s due so we know we have a bride here before other royals claim her when she comes of age” the humble woman nods, taking in

the information. This is what Sango and my family told me, and I believed them because I can tell I have an angry weird son. I pray this works.

Getting in the hut we find that man that was introduced as the seer last night. He is joined with a beautiful young woman. The woman keeps her eyes at me from the moment we enter the room.

“Dumelang” (Good morning) I greet, taking the floor next to the woman as Mabereng points me

“MaDlomo” the seer agrees

“Hello” the woman besides me agrees

“Introduce yourself mabataung” the seer urges the woman beside me

“Hi, I’m mabataung, the mother of your supposed bride” oh! That’s why she was looking at me. Her accent is, that mabataung sounded like something Sango would say when trying to speak sotho

“Boitumel....” I stop meet way when the seer raises an eyebrow at me, even today I still forget to address myself with my marital names “Sorry, MaDlomo Dlomo” I correct and the seer nods as we shake hands

“Please join both your left hands” the seer orders and we do as told. He covers our grip with both his hands and closes his eyes, going to his moments. I have been in this things for a while so I no longer squirm when they happen. But I can tell mabataung is shaken, she reminds me of myself before I accepted that I married a man with too much tradition and culture for my liking “Tlotla Molapo, his queen” the seer say before he opens his eyes with a smile “We are done” oh! that was fast and easy “You can both rest, those two were meant to be and we’ll find a way to each other when the time is right”

“So my son will be normal?” I ask but receive a frown from the seer

“Normal? Is he not normal?” The seer

“No he is but he is a very weird child, too angry and closed. That’s why we are here, for him to see his chosen to tame the anger in him” I elaborate but receive laughter

from the seer, he looks at the two woman as if in silent communication and only when they get what he is saying and they laugh too.

“MaDlomo, ask your family to tell you the truth, that boy is perfectly fine” he says injecting me with more questions before he excuses us out. What truth now?

“Your very beautiful” my beautiful skwiza herself informs me randomly when we put on our shoes outside

“I know right, I feel like keeping my eyes on her” Mabereng adds, if only they see what I see in them, I don’t stand a chance to their beauty.

“Thank you. You guys are way way too beautiful too” we all laugh, heading back to the palace. Every house around this yard is extremely beautiful in its own way

“Mabataung are you sotho?” I ask, bringing her and mabereng to laughter

“Not really, I’m Zulu. MaNgcobo but married here” oh now the accent makes sense

“Well I’m sotho by the way”

“Really?” they both ask and I nod “Well you’re a sell-out, you look like one of shaka zulu’s gang and even speak like them” Mabereng jabs, bringing Mabataung and I to laughter.

Getting back to the house Mabereng abandoned us along the way. Mabataung and I made it to the lounge where we find Dinny, Buhle, Nkanyezi and a very beautiful girl I don’t know. Bitches are living big here, champagnes so early in the morning. They better not embarrass me.

“Where is Maa and Aunty?” I ask the minute we step into the room, not pleased of how they are carrying themselves

“The queen took them and offered us our kind of refreshment, damn I feel so refreshed” buhle

“Guys please stop, it’s too early and.....” Mabataung touches my hand



“It’s okay, no one judges here” I’m still not at ease “Oh I’m mabataung by the way, her skwiza” eish! I forgot to introduce her, I’m too focused on these three not embarrassing me

“I’m dinny, her aunt and these two are Buhle and Nkanyezi, her sister in law. Come sit next to me, do you want a drink?” Dinny being forward again, why would she want champagne at 07:00 in the morning

“Please” what? “Where are the masseuses?” mabataung asks sitting next to dinny who is quick to offer her a glass of champagne

“Was she serious? I thought she was taking us for a ride” I’m lost at what they are talking about

“Oh believe my mother in law lives big, champagnes life is her kind of thing” they all burst to pieces of laughter “MaDlomo this is my sister in law, Oratuwe. We call he Ora” the girl smiles, sipping champagne too. I nod at her with a smile. She looks too shy.

“Madam juice please sit down and stop stressing” Nkanyezi jabs at me, nervously I take a sit with a pounding heart, I don’t want them getting drunk because I know how they get when intoxicated “FUCK!” Nkanyezi curses next to me, shocked we all follow her eyes

“DAMNNNNNNNNN I THINK I JUST CAME” Dinny, staring at the creature outside the door

“IS HE FOR REAL RIGHT NOW?” I question, admiring the beauty before me

“You’re all married” Buhle

“Am I?” I question feasting on the delicious man

“Who the fuck is that creature, I’m not married” Dinny asks Mabataung who is laughing her lungs out with tears falling her cheeks “Fuck if he comes for me I’m filing for divorce in the next hour. Check those arms out” He really is a dream to look at. God made some men to test us yazi? What kind of a creature is that? He is stretching himself, like he just came from a run. We are staring at him from opened sliding doors, he is outside seducing us without even trying. Just as we enjoy the

show, Mtho joins him, then another guy and finally Sango. Fuck! They talk like they know each other, all from running.

“And who is that?” Mabataung asks, I don’t like that look she is giving my husband

“I love me some Zulu man, I would let him take me all night long” Ora, wasn’t she shy just a minute ago. This bitches better not try.

“That’s my husband ladies, please eyes off” I reprimand, now feasting on my husband

“And that was my husband you were undressing minutes ago” Mabataung. Dinny chokes on her champagne, we all turn to mabataung in shock

“Seriously?” Dinny asks. She nods “Doesn’t he squash you?” I wonder too but I wouldn’t ask her that, she is the tiny type.

“Nop” she says, keeping her eyes on her man “Excuse me” we all watch her, heading to the opened doors. Her man sees her just as she stands, he leaves the gents and meet her half way. Fuck even his smile is panty combusting. Like a piece of paper he picks her with her waist to his height, smooches his lips oh hers. Mabataung wraps her legs around him and up the go the stairs.

“They are going to fuck like wild animals” Ora, taking us by surprise

“I’m horny” Dinny announces, well I am too but I won’t tell

“Excuse me” I make my way for my poison, I’m horny and I need him too

“You’re going to give it up too” Nkanyezi. Well they better leave me alone. I miss my husband.

## VOLUME 11

### BOITUMELO

“Sango?!” I call him, standing by the door. He regards me with a frown but do come for my call

“Is everything okay?” he asks, almost in a whisper

“Follow me” I order and turn on my steps. With heavy steps he does follow me to our room. I feel him burn me with his stare as he silently walks behind me. I’m sure he is even sweating rivers thinking he is in another trouble.

The minute he shuts the door behind me in our borrowed room, I push him back to the door. Stand on my toes to smash my lips on his. He is a fast leaner and a very sexually starved husband. He grabs me by my waist and pulls me closer to him and claims my kiss, he takes all the lead from me. Pushing me against the bed as he kisses me, and I hear a satisfied moan leave his throat in my mouth as we continue to kiss. I moan into his mouth too, appreciative of how he plays my body like a guitar. He stops when my legs touch on the bed, still standing he gapes down at me

“What do you want, MaDlomo?” he breathes, resulted from what he is feeling and the fact that he just came from a run

“You.” I confess,

He beams “Really now? I thought we don’t sex in people’s homes” that’s what I told him last night when he tried his luck

“Just fuck me Dlomo okay, I’m pregnant, horny, angry and I hate my husband okay” I love a man who listens, he wastes no time, scoops me in his arms and throw me on the bed. I giggle, laugh at how he is suddenly the hungry one

“Ngizok’bhebha ubhebheke, uyezwa?” (I’m going to thoroughly fuck you until you’re really fucked, you hear me?) The promise in his words has my walls aching already, fuck it’s been too long

“Please make love to me Sango” I ask in a whisper, not wanting to be thoroughly fucked in people’s homes, I don’t want people hearing my scream as my husband

pounds me. He smiles, seductively crawling on top of me. He hooks his index finger into his vest, pull it off and throw it down the floor then rest his muscled sweaty body on top of me.

“Oh I missed you sthandwa sami” he murmurs, without taking his blazing eyes off mine, slowly starts to unzip my dress front zip. All the way down and leave me exposed to his lustful eyes in just my undies. I hate bras when I’m pregnant and I hardly wear them “Istove sami madoda” (my hot plate gents) he gasp, drinking me in. I let arms out of the opened dress and he pulls the dress completely off, joining his vest on the floor. His eyes smoulder me, he bends to my face, when I think he is going for my lips he doesn’t. He plants shallow light kisses at the side of my neck. Trailing his kisses from the base of my ear, my neck and down my throat

“My panties baby” I murmur, and he smiles against my throat before he crawl back. He plants a long peck on my cookie before he undresses it, I feel more warm dampness shooting between my legs. I’m wet as hell for him. He hooks his thumbs into my panties and pull them down my legs. I long kicked my shoe off. He ceases all actions, looks down at me in contentment, appreciating how bare I am.

“Ki lamang Lesotho lee baby” (Whose pussy is this baby?) he asks, blazing down at me with nothing but lust

“Yours baby, kiss it” I whisper, bringing him to a chuckle

“Here?” he cups my sex, and I nod. Wickedly he grins, spread my legs wide and bend his face down there. I close my eyes, ready for his tongue game which always makes me cum. I feel him sniff on my sex first, take a while just staring at it

“You smell divine Madlomo” he plants a peck on my opened sex, my bean jumps on its own. I hear him chuckle before he kisses me and unleashes his experienced tongue to my cunt.

“Oh....bunny” I groan and push his head further in. The feeling of his tongue circling my clitoris is taking me straight to the loonies. Round and round he circles me, flickering my clit while at it. I feel him touch on my folds, open them up and blow sweet gentle air as if soothing a wound “Aaaaaaahh” I cry, unable to hold myself from the sweet sensation

“Baby keep it down” he say, in between my legs. I shove his head back, he better not start me. My husband’s sucking game has my toes curling up, I feel myself build up, ready to rain him but I don’t want to cum as yet. I’m one lazy woman when pregnant. Once I cum it’s game over

“Bunny” I pull his face off my sex, rise a bit from the pillow to look at him “I want you inside me” he smirks, come up at me and hover me with evidence of my moisture all over his lips. He licks his lips first then, smashes them to mine while he fiddles with his sweatpants. I moan in his mouth when I feel his hard shaft against my thighs. I open my legs wider, ready to take him in but he doesn’t, he goes for my breast. He grabs his shaft and fuck my nipples, smearing his precum all over them. Oh the torture is marvellous, I writhe beneath him, unable to keep still

“Bunnnyyyy” I cry, unable to take the torture anymore “I want you inside me Dlomo” I murmur, dressed with desire, Vulamasango knows how to play me his way. No man can do me like he do. He gazes down at me, pull back down and push my legs apart. He hovers me again, without taking his eyes off me, then he penetrates into me, so deliciously slow and filling my cunt up like never before. I close my eyes, feeling him dip way way down low. Instinctively charging my pelvic bone up to meet his smooth slow thrust. Every thrust carry its own desire, he pulls almost out with every thrust, then slowly eases back into me filling so delicious. I dip my fingers in his skin at the back as he slowly move in and out of me. Oh I have never had a man do me so good.

“Dlomo.....faster” I moan, wanting him to make me cum already and he obeys, kisses me hard, and then really starts to move “Fuck!” I curse, feeling his fast punishing thrust hit my g spot repeatedly, I’m five minutes to explosive and he feels it. I start to quiver, my legs vibrate and wrap tight around his waist

“Oh baby wait for me” he begs, looking at our intersection as he pounds me, I can’t, instead his voice infuriates me, I explode, cream him nicely shouting his name and he is right behind me, calling out my name shooting his hot cream in me “My heaven! Oh fuck, MaDlomo!” he dies on top of me, panting as we breathe out our release. Oh this man! Tell me again why I kicked him out of our bedroom when he does me so good.

“Someone was really thirsty” my husband beams, we are panting after our brunch glory. It’s not a morning glory because we are way past morning, probably heading to 11

“It’s been three months” three months of pregnancy and starvation

“And whose fault is that? Akere wena baby you kicked me out of our room” he argues

“For a good reason” I defend and I feel him stiffen

“Let’s not go there my love please, how are you feeling?” he asks brushing on my tummy, I’m wrapped around him like a snake

With a sigh “I haven’t dealt with it much, I pushed it back so we deal with this first” he wraps me closer to his touch

“I love you, you know that right?” I nod and he awards me with a head kiss “And please, if you need to hit, kick, cry or anything, let it be with me. Don’t push the pain at the back of your head for too long. I need you to deal with this so we heal but now I understand you’re reasoning for shutting it off this weekend” I nod again, kissing his firm chest

“I love you too baby, where are my babies” I haven’t seen them since last night

“I saw them eating at the other side wing of the house with other kids when we came from running”

“You guys seemed well acquitted with each other, do you know them”

“Just Mjay, we were in the same agency.....I mean we were in same varsity” I frown to look at him, I know my husband when he lies

“Why are you lying?”

“I’m not lying mama, I just.....you hear that, someone is hungry”

“VULAMASANGO!” I snap, my growling stomach can wait “The seer said you must tell me the truth, stop going in circles at me”

“How did that go?” he better not make me forget

“Okay Sango, I still want to know why you lying to me”

“Okay baby, I think we are late, the ritual is probably about to start and nna le wena we are cooped up in here. Please let’s get this day over and done with then tomorrow I’ll tell you all the truth you want” Hmmmmm! “I swear mama and oh your daughter was looking for you before we went for a run” fuck! I forgot my baby, she must be lonely as hell. I’m quick to abandon my husband and dash in the bathroom “You are my wife before Khwezi’s mother you know that, right?” he sulks, holding his member that just had a feast on me

“Sango I’m sure your full, it’s time for my children” This man can eat me till the sun dies and he should get up, he was right about us being cooped up in here.

After cleaning up I make for Khwezi’s room, I saw where she was assigned yesterday night. The room is odd, like she didn’t even use it. Where are even her bags? I produce my phone to call her as I walk out of her room in search for her.....

‘Baby where are you?’ I ask as soon as she picks up

‘In my room mama mogirl’ this child

‘Which roo.....’ I stop midway, running to her and a young man who looks like the creature from earlier on. The boy clears his throat for Khwezi to see me behind her I guess. She is pulling her suitcase, which should be in her room

“Mama KaKhwezi” her tones comes nervous, running her eyes anywhere but me. What the hell is going on here?

“She is your mother?” the guys asks, shocked I think, staring at me. Khwezi nervously nods “Damnnn! You’re gorgeous” he admires, taking my hand to kiss it. Young player I tell you “How old are you?” haibo!

“THIS IS MY MOTHER SISO” Khwezi snaps, not pleased with the flirtatious guy

“Sorry baby...I mean baby girl” the tension between the two is off, am I missing something? Or am I reading too much into this as I always do?

“Mama this is prince Siso, he was just showing me back to my room” Oh! Now I shake the boy’s hand

“Nice meeting you prince, I guess will probably meet properly later on” he nods with a smile

“Your room is just two doors away when you turn left MaDlomo” is that a blush I see on my daughter’s face, that guy is way too old. It better be just a crush. She composes herself when she sees that I’m looking at her

“What was that?” I ask as soon as we make our way back to the room, which I still wonder how she lost her way back

“Nothing mama, I told you he was just showing me back to my room”

“And how did you get lost to your room?” she rolls her eyes, opening the exact door to the room she supposedly forgot

“I forgot my luggage in the cars yesterday so I went to get it and got lost on my way back to my room and that’s when I run into him and asked directions” hmmm

“If you forgot your bags, how did you change? Because you look well bathed and in different clothing from yesterday” now she is tongue tight, on the bed like a caught witch “KHWEZI DLOMO?”

“Maaa!” now she is looking at her expensive manicures nails like they owe her answers

“Out with it, what is going on young lady” my tone is calm, joining her on the bed. With teenagers you have to play calm, no screaming because once you scream and shout, that’s goodbye confiding in you and hello sneaking around.

“Mama how did you know that baba was the one?” Mehlolo! (Miracles!) This I didn’t expect, now I’m the tongue tight one

“Baby your too young for love, still about.....” she cuts me

“Mama please” Nooooo! Inwardly I scream, my baby is just seventeen. She just finished writing her matric just months ago. Now we are preparing for her to go to varsity, not fall in love.

Sigh! “Baby the one is someone your heart beats for, someone you feel like they complete something that’s been missing in you, something you weren’t aware it’s missing until you meet them” I hope that makes sense, that’s how I feel about my husband



“I think I’m in love” I’m going to need a whisky after this, pity I’m pregnant. But for now I have to calm my tits down

Nervously “Who is the lucky guy?” the fucking monstrous guy I’m about to break into two. I hate him multiplied by ten.

“Say” she tells

“Who is say?”

“Siso” I gasp, look at her in shock

“The prince?” she nods “Khwezi he is old”

“Maa he is just 22, well turning 23 this year, I’m also turning 18” she defends, well I don’t care, she should date a guy her age or at least one year older than her. And ‘how old is hubby from us’ the sleazy subconscious of mine asks and I’m quick to burn her back under the bed in my brain with my look

“Okay, okay....why do you think you’re in love with him” I’m a cool mom but inwardly I can’t wait to tell Mtho about this, I know he will put a stop to this nonsense without a fight, unlike Sango

“We spent the night together”

“Baby you didn’t....” the horror in my tone cannot be missed, even saying the last part is horrific to my lips, my baby cannot be engaged in such acts.

“No mama jeez” she is getting pissed

“I’m sorry baby it’s just that you can’t spend a night with a man and.....”

“Mama I have glass and I was raised better, we just cuddled and talked. I’m still a virgin” thank God, the hate I have for him is no longer multiplied. It’s still hate but just to the scale of ten, not multiplied by ten like earlier on. At least he didn’t take advantage of my jewel.

“Okay, I’m sorry for assuming the worst. I know you’re my daughter” she smiles “So you spent the night together and just talked?” she nods

“And kissed” ahhhhh! I hate him multiplied times back “But it was simple kiss, he stopped when I became uncomfortable” Fuck! I don’t believe I’m having such talks with my seventeen year old “And I’m scared mama, what if I didn’t kiss him well? I

have never kissed anyone but him” I pray she messed up so the pervert can back off

“My princess is perfect in every way and if he keeps his distance because you didn’t kiss him well then that’s his problem, you’ll find someone better who will love the way you kiss”

“But I don’t want no one else, I want him” I’m doomed aren’t I?

“Baby promise me no sex until you’re at least 21” she looks down I know that very well, my little whore is going to give it up sooner than I think “Please use protection Khwezi, I’m not ready to be a grandmother” that infects her with a giggle “I’m taking you for prevention when we get home, I can’t be a grandmother” she laughs out loud as I stand making my way for the door. I have heard enough of this, I need to scream on my pillow

“Thanks for the talk mama”

“No sex Khwezi and tonight you sleep in your room” she nods “And I’m going to come check you in the middle of the night” now she rolls her eyes as close the door out. I need something strong, tell me why am I pregnant now?

## VOLUME 12

### BOITUMELO

Motherhood is a curse. I lost my child a day ago, have a horny curious teenager up in my sleeves and now I have to woman up again for my weird son. Being a mother is all about giving, all my children are just taking and taking. I sometimes feel like if I had more friends, we'd escape being a mothers just for one weekend. Go somewhere and just relax without having our brats bundle if joins just for a day or two. But at least I have my murder by my side, though sometimes he gets too much le yena. I haven't had time to have a talk with Mtho about my little teenage problem. I intend on doing so immediately after this.

We are seated outside the huge green garden. Perfect sun and perfect weather. It's lunch, introduction time and getting to know each other. The real reason behind this union will take place in just a few minutes.

"Why do you keep looking at Khwezi and Seeiso?" Sango whisper in my ear, next to me on the large table as we eat with our co-in laws before the ceremony

"Am I?" I nervously ask, out of ways to tell him that the seeiso guy might screw his daughter soon. He nods, narrowing his eyes at me, I better come out of it before he sees right through me "Well Khwezi I look because she is my daughter and I want to make sure that the guy is not making her uncomfortable" they are sitting close together and I'm not comfortable with that shit

"Seeiso is a nice boy, I'm sure he doesn't even look at Khwezi like that. She is too young for him, relax" hmk! If only he knew "I love the queen" he says, smiling as he sip his drink looking at mamajara, forgetting the Khwezi issue, now turning his sight to the queen and king. I know what he is talking about, I love her too. I have never met a woman so simple, so gentle, so warm, so caring....urgh! she is just adorable.

"Baby?"

"Hmmm"

"Do you think Khwezi is old enough to date" sometime my mind just doesn't think, he looks down on me with a frown

“MaDlomo no ass hole is going to touch my daughter” oh well! “Is there something you want to tell me?”

“What? No...I.... I.....” I stutter, like I always do when I lie

“BUTHUMELO!” fuck my tongue “OUT WITH IT” he hisses, against my ear not to raise suspicions

“GOOD PEOPLE!!!” that creature of a man stands, taking all attention of the table and thank God he destructs Sango from forcing the truth out of my mount. All eyes glue to him. Fuck the guy is delicious! I see bitches drinking more than they should, and I must say even I know if I wasn’t pregnant, I would be running wine way down my throat to quench my thirst “BoMoletsane I have great news, way way fantastic news” Okay, now he definitely has our ears “I’M GOING TO BE A FATHER AGAIN, MABATAUNG AND I ARE EXPECTING” ululations, joy and clapping of hands erupt through the table. Oh wow! He looks so happy shame. With a swift he scoops his tiny wife’s waist from the chair beside him and smash his lips on her. Ah! They look so adorable.

“Majara there are kids on this table, please behave” Moletsane remarks, infecting the table with more laughter. Majara lets mabataung go but he holds her still, tucked under his arm

“Moletsane get a wife” he jabs and we laugh more “I AM A FATHER TO BE, DON’T KILL ME MR. OFFICER” he sings, moves his broad shoulders in an attempt to dance still holding his wife and we die more in laughter “Well I have a thank you gift for my lovely wife here” he announces, staring down at her like he is looking at his world, pure gold “SEEISO” he calls out, the guy clinging my daughter like glue. I’m sleeping with Khwezi tonight, this guy is going to chow my daughter if I’m not careful. With that million dollar walk and those bracket legs, and that swag. My poor baby is even checking him out as he walks to.....wait “THERE YOU GO BABY. THAT’S A THANK YOU FOR TAKING MY STEELY MEMBER AS YOU CALL HIM” gasp, Seeiso uncovers a brand new Maserati Levante SUV in dark maroon colour behind us. Oh no! I feel like screaming, now I’m jealous.

“Sango I want a Maserati” I hiss, keeping my voice way down low to him. He looks down at me in horror

“Baby you have.....” I cut him, I don’t want stories

“You see what real man do? They buy their wives expensive cars for carrying their children. I bored you multiple crooks and you have never bought me a car” he gazes down at me, trying to hide a smile I think

“I’ll buy you a damn Maserati when we get home”

“Thank you” I fold my arms, look at the mabataung enjoy her expensive big car. Why does it hurts so much? Why hasn’t he buy me a car? I drive a bloody BMW X6 I bought myself. He’s never bought me a big car.

“My heaven are you crying?” his tone comes shocked, looking at me like I’m losing my mind

“Sango you’ve never bought me a car” it hurts okay

“I’ll buy you cars mama, don’t cry” he brushes my back

“You promise” he kisses my nose, laughing

“I promise sthandwa sami”

Well I guess the kids’ ceremony went well even though I missed the entire thing after Majara went all Lupus on us. I’m still shaking as I think back to that. I have never seen a wolf so huge, well I have never seen a wolf at all until today. I have seen those from television but I think tv don’t do them justice, they look younger and more dog like on tv but in reality. That thing is huge, white fur and red eyes. Jesus I’m no longer attracted to the guy. He made me pee on myself by turning into that beast, hmmm! I feel sorry for his wife, I would run for the hills and never turn back if Sango was to go all Lupus on me.

“Butleng, hare bueng ka kgokgo” (Wait guys, let’s talk about Kgokgo) –kgokgo is a term for monster but a bit mocking. Aunty dee changes topic, we are sitting in the lounge as we women after the ceremony, all men went to Moletsane’s hut

“Ours is better, it’s a wolf. What’s that thing you guys have?” Mamajara asks, spooked as aunty dee

“They called it the predator” I’m lost, I thought we only had Lupus

“What’s a predator?” I ask, immediately the room comes quite, people look at me with pity

“Aooo! Ngwanakaaa! O tswetse kgokgo” (Shame my baby you birthed kgokgo) Aunty Dee remarks, looking at me with pity as she drinks her klipdrift straight from the bottle

“O bua kang mane” (What are you talking about aunty?) I ask confused as hell. There is no way in hell Majara could come out of me, that’s the kgokgo we saw, right?

“Dimpho? You better ease up on that klipdrift, you’re getting drunk” Ndlovukazi is quick to admonish her. She rolls her eyes and say

“I’m never sleeping with that boy ever. Even visiting me it will be in broad day light and outside in public. Yoh!” she claps her hands, and turn her eyes at mabataung. Okay I think her klipdrift is working too much on her too, mabataung is already laughing although she hasn’t said anything, just looking at her in shock, eventually she say “O no tseba monna wa hao ke ntja e kgolo?” (Did you know your husband was a big dog?) Laughter erupt inside the room. Mabataung nods buried in laughter “Doesn’t he scare you?”

“No he doesn’t, but my daughter. Tlotla is another story”

“Wait? Your daughter has that thing too?” I’m quick to ask, horrified. I don’t want no wolf daughter in law. She will eat my children. She nods and my mouth drops “WHAT?” I’m on my feet, horrified. How can they tie my son with a wolf girl? “Jesus she is going to eat my son, I’m sorry but this union has to be reversed. I didn’t know.....” aunty dee interjects me

“Sit down wena, that snake you birthed is way scarier than a wolf” people laugh

“Mane what the hell are you talking about” I snap, she better not call my children snakes

“Sit down baby, she is drunk” Ndlovukazi reason and I oblige although I’m still going to talk to Sango about the wolf girl. My son is not marrying her, never.

“We were here hee mabataung.....so you sleep with him?” Mabataung nods, buried in laughter “So does he hook you like dogs? I have seen dogs sex and they

fasten each other until the male is satisfied. Does he fasten you like that?" Jesus!  
The aunts we keep

"I'm not going to answer that" mabataung say in between the laughter

"Hmmmmm" she say narrowing her eyes at mabataung "I'm sure he burst you up, hmk. Anyway, ke batla ho bua ka kgokgo. Boitumelo when are you sleeping" (.....anyway, I want to speak about kgokgo.....) she better not try me. I'm no child and she can speak about majara the wolf all she wants.....

Getting in bed I find my husband already there. I took longer with the ladies because the topic was getting interesting. Mabataung ended up giving up giving the details of their bedroom when she got drunk. Her mother in law allowed her to drink today saying it's the last time because they just discovered that she is pregnant. I must say from what she said, their bedroom is wild and freaky.

I make my way to clean up today's day before I slide beside my husband. I wonder when he got in here, I didn't see him pass us in the lounge. His clothes are scattered all over the floor. Eish! I always bite his head off for this, and usually he does this when he had a really shitty day. I wonder what could have angered him because the union was blessed, although I'm still to object on that after the discovery of my baby daughter in law being a wolf.

The minute I enter the bathroom I feel him behind me. I thought he was asleep.

"Hey baby" I turn, wrap my wet hands around his waist and pull him under the water "I thought you were asleep" I run my hands slowly down his tight muscled stomach following the direction of the water "Baby waitse I discovered some shocking news about our daughter in law" I tell, expecting him to ask what but he keeps silent. Okay something is up. I look up to find my husband with blood shot red eyes "Sango? Baby what is wrong?"

"Baby my family lied to me" what? The pain in his voice is not hard to miss

"Talk to me papa, what happened?" he heaves a sigh. Pulls me closer and plant a long kiss on my forehead, with water nicely hitting the both of us "I found out they killed Luthando's twin to.....I don't even understand what they were trying to do"

“Wait a minute.....Luthando is a twin?” he nods, pained

“Was, she was murdered for me apparently” oh my poor husband, he looks and feels so hurt

“Do you want to talk about it now?” I know him, when he is heavy like this, he just wants me close to him, probably why he joined my shower. He will talk when he wakes from me I know.

“I just want to hold my wife close to me” ah! My big baby bathong!

“Let’s get out of here so you hold your wife to sleep, okay?” he nods. I pull him out of the shower and wipe him and I. I don’t even lotions us, straight to bed we lie and he folds me closer to his chest. Sniffing on my hair as we lie in silence.

“I love you my heaven” he confess, after a moment of silence

“I love you too Sango” I confess back, already consumed in sleep.



## VOLUME 13

### BOITUMELO

My family and I we got back home about a week ago. Things went well in Lesotho but the ending was not so pleasant for my husband. He is been ghosting his family after discovering what they did, and that resulted in me being the go to telephone lady for his family. They call me day and night, asking if he still mad, asking me to ask for forgiveness for them, asking me.....heee! There is a lot of asking going on.

A soft knock disturbs me from my trailed thoughts. I'm watching my online class to become a well-qualified chef, not good cooking chef I'm currently am at the moment. Sango would freak if he finds out I even registered for school. He feels like I don't need all this but I do. Transitioning from engineering to restaurant was.....let's just say even if my engineering degree burned, I wouldn't even cry. This. What I'm doing now, I love it more and I feel like I wasted my time with all that maths and science. I pause my class and give entrance to whoever it is and Lulu walks in. Immediately I frown. Horrified of what she could be doing here. I mean....

"Boitumelo" no more girlfriend? I guess that's still okay. She acknowledges offering herself a sit before me on the other side of my desk

"Lulu" I acknowledge back

"Aren't you going to ask what I'm doing in my restaurant" my? I frown at her but decide not to dwell on it

"Say what you came to say Lulu please" I'm trying very hard to keep calm

"Well I'm here for my share" what share? I'm still lost. From her beautiful expensive vintage Gucci bag she produces an envelope. Pushing it to me with her expensive well-manicured nails. I have realised that since she married Sbu and rolls with 'the wives' as they call each other, she is rolling in money and spending just like those bitches

"What's this?" I ask, receiving her envelope

"It's a document that shows that I own half of this shit" she say the 'shit' regarding my office with her index finger

“When you say shit, you’re talking about my office?”

“No girlfriend. When I say shit I mean this bloody restaurant. In fact I should also have my office in here” I can’t help but chuckle

“Are you high on something Lucia?” regarding her with her first names infuriates her more

“Mrs. Dlamini to you boitumelo, or you forget I also scored myself a rich guy like you. Not all good things were meant for you” the attitude is reeking my office

“Okay Mrs. Dlamini, back to the poop you just puked. What the fuck are you talking about claiming some shitty share in my restaurant” I hiss

“I’m not claiming Boitumelo, this was my idea and you stole it” heee batho!

“Lucia where were you when I started this restaurant? What cent did you contribute in funding of this restaurant?”

“Nothing. But it was my idea and you stole”

“I didn’t steal a damn thing and you know it. We were going to do it together but you decided to go rogue on me. I wasn’t going to run after you like a sick puppy begging you to come back to your senses so we could see ‘OUR IDEA’ through. You know what scratch that. MY MOTHER’S IDEA through. This was my mother’s dream in case you forgot. We just decided to see it through because you were unemployed and needed something to do back then and I had the money. I was ready to fund while you run the restaurant” She pushes her chair, standing

“Well no one knows that. That’s a subpoena from the court. Asking you show yourself to answer for stealing my idea” this bitch!

“You have no proof for all this nonsense Lulu”

“Don’t I? You forget that we had already sat down and started working on our business plan which collaborate with everything you did here. All you did was change the name but everything is same as that on paper. And what the hell is BM GOLDEN DINING” she hisses, I stand back too lean forward to her so she gets my message loud and clear

“That’s my restaurant name, mine. Lucia, you hear that. BOITUMELO MOTAUNG GOLDEN DINING. And bitch, bring it on. I’m sick and tired of giving you stinky

attitude a pass. You wanna fuck with me Lucia? Go ahead and take me to court. I'll show you the bitch I have turned to be and I'm going to have a field day with you fake wanna be ass. Forcing bitches down your throat to make friends. Look at the mess you've become. A bitter shitty person who lives on a man. And I'm glad my friendship with you ended because this shit you've become, is not my best friend. The Lulu I know would have walked through those doors and talked to me like a person. Show me my wrongs not come in here being a bitch. But honey! You don't know me anymore. You want to be a bitch? I'll be a devil whore for you. Get your trashy ass out of my office this instant" she stands, frozen I think because she doesn't know the shit I have been through has caused me to wear a thicker skin, she thought she was going to have a field day with me "NOW!" I shout and she snaps out of it, grab her bag and fly out of my office "Nxa! Sefebe sa nleka waitse" (Bitch be testing me). I retire back on, chair, brushing on my left baby bump because of the mild pain developing there "Sorry baby, mommy is going home. We'll eat ice cream and sleep" I talk to my baby collecting my things. This whore ruined my day. Nxa! I'll resume my classes tomorrow at home. Saturdays and Sundays are strict family time in my house, I don't show here unless there is a really pressing matter that needs me.

I get home early and I find Khwezi wearing headsets smiling with her phone, she doesn't see me as I drop my bags on the counter and abandon my shoes. The boys must have gone to Mtho's house after school. They love it there because they get away with everything and Ausi marry spoils them rotten. This reminds me.

"Baby" I sit next to hair and she jumps, pops her eyes

"Oh mama mogirl you startled me" she says touching on her chest "Why are you home so early?"

"I'm just tired baby. I have been meaning to talk to you" she turns to me "When are you starting school konje?" she bites on her lips

"Next month" I sigh

"I thought I was out of time, we need to go shopping and your father and I have to find you accommodation before you get there. Remind me next week baby so you

father and I can start on preparing for you” she runs her eyes everyway but me  
“Keng Khwezi?” (What is it Khwezi?)

“Eish Maa, about school maa”

“What about it?”

“I changed my mind” I beam, open my arms

“Come give mama a hug baby” she giggles at my happiness but come to take her hug “Thank you baby. I’ll talk to daddy he’ll get you in Wits right way” she stiffens, pulls out of the hug with a frown. I wanted her closer to home. Where she will come every day but she wanted UCT, miles from home and she is accepted there. She didn’t even bother with other institutions but because she did amazing, I know she will not hustle getting space at wits “Whats wrong?” I’m asking because of the uneasiness wearing her face

“I actually wanted NUL mama mogirl” I frown, confused

“What is NUL? And where is it?” she scratches her head

“National University of Lesotho” her voice comes in a whisper

“EXCUSE YOU?” I shout,

“Mama it’s a good school, I researched and I saw they have law. And I can apply for July intake” this child better be kidding me

“Bona wena Miss NUL. You’re not going to Lesotho. UCT or Wits full stop” (Look here.....) her eyes glister with tears. She is such a cry baby.

“Mama that’s not fair” her voice is wobbly, I know she five minutes to bursting into tears

“Life is not fair my baby. You’re not going there, finish and klaar” she burst into a wail, stand marching up the stairs

“Futhi I’m sleeping at cindy’s place tonight” teenage tantrums. Cindy her friend moved this side with her family over the years and they are still close. She usually sleeps at Cindy’s when she fights with me and I don’t mind because Cindy also sleep here most of the time

“Hamba Khwezi” (go...) Jeeerrr! Leaving work for a shitty day and getting more shit at home. What the hell is NUL? Let me google it. Why would she want to go there after spending just a weekend in Lesotho? Was she really taken with the beauty of the country that much? “Bring my phone wena NUL, ketlo sheba toti ena ontso bua ka yona” (.....You NUL, so I can check this rubbish you’re talking about) I’m too tired to stand.....she comes back and hand me my bag that I left on the counter when coming in

“I’ll come back on Sunday mama” What? I frown to look at her

“SUNDAY? Khwezi it’s one thing to have a night off, but the whole weekend?”

“Cindy’s parents are going away for a weekend and they asked me to sleep with her”

“And why didn’t they call me?” she blinks, fighting tears

“Mama please”

“Mama please what? Tell Nomvula (Cindy’s mother) to call me. Only then I’ll allow that nonsense” she burst up the stairs again

“MAMA YOU’RE RUINING MY LIFE” bloody horny teenager, she thinks I don’t see what is happening here. She can hate me all she wants. I’m sure she just want to go to some party or something. This young gang is too eager to experience at a very tender age. Mama spending the whole weekend out. Mxm! Over my dead body.

Okay I’m checking this university out and it’s there, it exists and it’s actually legit. Maybe I was quick to judge but I still don’t get why she would want to go there. A text notification pops just as I’m investigating this institution through the net. It’s a number I don’t know. And the text reads ***\*Hey boitumelo, it’s Luthando. I wanted to ask if you’d be comfortable with me coming there for a weekend. I want to speak to my brother. I hate that he is feeling guilty because of what he discovered about our family. I want to assure him that I hold no grudge against him and.....\**** I don’t read the rest of the nonsense, I send it straight to my recycle bin. They can go hold grudges elsewhere. I don’t want that devil anywhere near me.

***\*Book yourself into a hotel Luthando\**** that should give her the message. This day keeps getting shitter with every hour.

## VOLUME 14

### KHWEZI

“Breath in Khwezi” I have to keep repeating to myself with every step I take as the elevator chimes up. I can’t believe I did this. My mother is going to be soo livid and my father, I don’t even want to think what he’ll do..... I hope twebankie and his gang don’t burst my door like they always do. I have to start having keys to my door, I don’t know why our bedroom doors at home don’t have keys. I’ll ask mama for one, I hope she doesn’t grow suspicious of me. Back to my sneaking out. I can’t believe he really is here.

I don’t even have my overnight bag with me because I sneaked. Sigh! Room 102. The Sandton Gardner hotel is where Khwezi Dlomo is at. Against my mother’s wishes. My boyfriend travelled all the way from Lesotho just to spend the weekend with me and I couldn’t let him sleep alone, okay? Yes we spent the entire day together after my parents left for work today but it was hard leaving him here alone after he travelled so far just to be with me. I still remember our morning conversation like it was just a second ago.

‘Hey babe’ I picked the call, beaming in joy when I saw his name flashing on my screen

‘Oh I have graduated to ‘babe’ now my star? I guess I’m really your man now’ oh boy I have never meet a guy who makes me blush even through a phone call. I was just happy to hear his voice, so I sold myself and he grabbed the opportunity with both hands ‘Stop blushing my star’ he said, making shivers pop through my skin

‘Siso what do you want?’ I asked, trying to fake boredom. Like he bores the shit out of me

‘I want to see you’ I laughed

‘You can video call me siso’

‘No I want to see you face to face, breath to breath, soul to soul’ this guy!

‘Siso you better not be high, we are countries apart’ I reminded him

'Nop. I'm in South Africa. In Sandton to be precise. Room 102 at the Sandton Gardner hotel to spend the weekend with my girl' I felt myself squirm, looked at my phone like I could see him 'My star?' his voice called and I put my phone back on my ear 'Are you still there motho waka?' (.....my person?)

'Yeah' my voice came in a whisper

'Can I please see you Khwezi Molapo' Goosebumps, this guy!

'You're here?' I asked again, thinking he'll say he was just kidding

'Yes. Sent me your location so I can come pick you up' at that moment I was happy, in disbelief, shocked. All sorts of emotions were going through me 'Please MaMolapo' he begged, called me with his last name. He really knows how to make me defy my parents' shame. In that moment I knew I'll be breaking my fathers' wish of dating only when I turn 40.

I have never been that fast in my entire life. I bathed and made sure I look on point in just 30 minutes. By the time he got to my pick up location, I was already waiting. I didn't want to give him my house location because I didn't want to risk malume Abongile and bab'Khaphela seeing me get in a strange car. They would flip and call my fathers. So I pretended to be going to cindy's house and send him my location when I was a bit of a distance. (.....uncle Abongile and father Khaphela.....). He had surprised me so so good and now it's my time to surprise him.

He gave me his entrance card earlier on and asked me to come in as I please tomorrow. So I don't knock. I want to surprise him back, I hope he is sleeping. I want him to open his eyes in the middle of the night and see me next to him. I take a deep breath and enter my boyfriend's suite. I don't know why he'd book a suite when he's just alone here and just for one night. Sigh! He has cheese boy tendencies. I pass the marvellous lounge and make my way straight to his master bedroom. He is not in the room but the covers are opened. It shows that he was in. Maybe he went to the bathroom. I think and head to the in suite but still there is no sign of Siso. Where could he be? He said he was here for me only. I wonder for a minute until I hear laughter break from the balcony, a mocking laughter while at it. I carry myself there and I find him standing outside the balcony, he is on the phone and serving me his back. He is just in his boxers, nothing on what's so ever.

I love love his walk, those legs! If he marries me one day I hope he gives all my children his legs. Those brackets are to die for.

'Baby girl, bona I'm getting married. Stop calling me and stop texting me. I told you that I shag, I don't do the love nonsense and if you caught some feelings, see what you do with them. I'm someone's man and she will be happy with you exploding my phone with text messages and calling me in the middle of the night' my heart sinks. He is getting married, I feel myself blinks my instant tears. I sneaked home to spend the night with a married man?

'Tshepang I'm trying very hard to be understanding with you. I don't want to be rude. We fucked on coupled occasions, yes, but I made it clear that don't do love and you were okay with it. Now that I haven't fucked you in over two weeks you think you have claim to my dick? A.a nana, buy a dildo or something. STOP CALLING ME' the last part he shouts and drops the call. I guess to cement his point. I see his broad shoulder move in a huff "Yoh! Kwena ya llela kwae ya...." (Yoh! Bitch be crying for my di.....) he exclaim turning but ends up trailing off. His jaws drop.

"Khwezi?" his voice comes in a whisper, he takes long strides to me and cup my face. Look at his phone for time before he pulls me to his warm chest "Jesus my star what are you doing here so late? Why are you crying? How did you get here?" I can't reply, I'm hurt "Okay, let's get you back in, you'll freeze here" he pulls me back to his bedroom. Puts me on the bed and cover me with his fluffy duvet and kneel before me "Okay my star you're scaring me, what happened?" he asks, worry dancing in his eyes "Did they kick you out at home?" he asks, confused as hell "MaMolapo kekopa o bue le nna hle lerato ka" (MaMolapo please talk to me, my love) I hate that MaMolapo name because it makes me flush every time and now I'm smiling through my tears "Keng motho waka" (What's the matter my person)

"Siso you're getting married" I tell with a husky voice and he pops his eyes

"Not yet, I'm fixing my life so I can marry you"

"I heard you with your ex okay. I heard you tell her you're married. Are you going to shag me too and tell me your married after" he laughs, break into a beam that takes my breath away

"Okay. Let's get two things out of the way my love before we go any further. How did you get here? And where are your shoes?" Eish! How can I embarrass myself like



this, my mother fights me almost every day about shoes. Only now when he mentions them I realise I'm barefooted.

"I.....i.....i forgot them" he frowns, look at me in confusion

"And getting here?" I don't like that look on his face, why is he suddenly so serious

"I sneaked out and ubered to spend the night with you" he closes his eyes, expel a slow sigh

"So let me get this straight. You sneaked home, with no shoes on and ubered to come to me" I nod, embarrassed by the shoe apart "Khwezi you walked up in my room, looking like a hobo with no shoes? What did people say?"

"I don't think they noticed" he releases another sigh, stands and goes to the telephone

'Hi. It's Prince Seeiso Molapo in room 102. Can you please bring me ladies sleepers, eh size...' he looks at me with a questioning eye and I raise my four fingers 'size four'..... 'Thank you' he drops the call and turn to me. He doesn't look happy I must say "I'm going to get dressed and take you home" Haibo this guy! "IT WAS A SHITTY THING TO DO COMING HERE MY STAR. I TOLD YOU I'LL SEE YOU DURING THE DAY. WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO RUIN THINGS FOR US?" he shouts, in the closet, already getting dressed I think. Bathong!

"I wanted to surprise you" I defend

"That's a shitty surprise, come" he gives out his hand standing before me, clothed in sweatpants and hoodies

"You'll never see me again, you're getting married anyway" he laughs, pulling me up and heading us out of his suite. By the door we meet a man in hotel uniform with my sleepers I guess. He smiles at me, causing the one griping my hand to hold it tighter

"Excuse you?" Siso gives the man an intimidating look I have never seen on him

"Oh my apologise sir. If the sleepers are for Miss Dlomo we will not charge you. Have a lovely night mam" the man say and turns before I can ask anything

"Who the fuck is that?" I laugh

“Probably someone who knows my dad. I get that a lot through my dad” he eases but gives a suspicious eyes

“It better be, I don’t share nna khwezi”

“Well I don’t remember agreeing to be your girlfriend and I’m still mad at you for kicking me out of you suite”

“Oh I love you my star and I’m not about to ruin my chance to do right by you, by giving in your shitty surprises that will get us in trouble” mxm!

## VOLUME 15

### KHWEZI

“Are you not going to talk to me?” he asks, I have been keeping my silence since we left the hotel. I gave him my address and sulked all the way “MaMolapo?” mxm!

“Don’t call me that, you have your Mamolapo waiting for you in Lesotho” he laughs, the car coming to a halt and only now I realise we are right at the front main entrance gate “Siso please drive I’ll show you where to park, babKhaphela will see me here” he obeys, drives further and I lead him to the small gate. The one that is hardly used. I stole the key to that gate to sneak to him and yena he doesn’t appreciate my efforts.

“Is it okay here?” I nod and he kills the engine. Turn to look at me “MaDlomo please look at me” I love a dude who calls me with my last name or his. He takes my hands and kisses them “Firstly I want to say thank you for the surprise but it wasn’t a gesture. Khwezi I don’t want to get you in trouble in anyway and on top of that, you’re still underage. If your parents were to discover that you didn’t sleep at home and spend the night with me, baby I would be charged for having a minor with me without the guardian’s consent” I roll my eyes, I’m turning 18 in couple of months “As for the ‘Siso you’re getting married’ statement, baby I’m getting married to you” I pop my eyes, look at him in horror and he laughs “Khwezi I’m cleaning up my act to make you my wife. I don’t care how old you are. As soon as you turn 18, I’m asking my family to come ask for your hand before other royals claim you”

“Hooo! Hold up baby, are not moving too fast?” I question, in panic

“Khwezi you’re a princess. You know how this things work. Asking for your hand means building an alliance between two royal families. And it means that you’re promised to another family so all the other royals can back off. We don’t have to get married straight away but eventually we will. It’s all about conserving you for the Molapos for now” this guy is really serious “And to achieve that, I have to keep my act clean. I don’t to do something that might anger your parents and they end up not giving my family even a single chance to speak for me. So please baby girl, next time you try to surprise me, can it please not include things that might get us

in trouble” I nod, with a smile that I know is making me look like a fool right now  
“Thank you my wife to be” he winks and kisses my nose before he opens his door climbing out. I watch him come to my side and open my door. Oh such a gentle man!

He takes my hand, helping out of the car and pin me on my side door after closing it. His hand wrap around my waist. He smells so nice.

“Don’t ever take ubers again at this time of a night” Can he be my boyfriend, not my father “Those things are not to be trusted, especially to vulnerable young girls like you”

“Okay dad” I jab, bringing him to a laughter

“I’m serious baby, don’t ever do that again” I nod “Now there is one thing I’m going to do before I let you go” I frown

“What is it?”

“This....” Oh boy! He smashes his lips on me. Pull me closer to him pinning me against his car. My hand wrap around his neck, I pull him closer. Feeling him like never before. I feel myself get damp between my legs, I have never felt so good. I want more of this kisses. Abruptly, he pulls off the kiss, burry his face at the sight of my neck breathing heavily “Please leave baby” I laugh

“But your holding me” he rises from my neck. Peck my cheek and free me off his warm hold

“Go love. I’m going to stand here until you call me and tell me you’re in your bed safe”

“Okay” my voice comes pained, I don’t want him to let me go

“I love you, okay” he kisses both my hands and I flush, I’m shy to say it back but I know I do “Now go, I’ll see you tomorrow. Dress up, I’m taking you on our first real date”

“Okay, sleep tight” I steal a kiss on his cheek and run, I hear him laugh out loud as I run to my gate. Tentatively I open the gate, careful not to wake Sango and his heaven. My father would kill me but I know he would have to go through my mother first to get to me. I take gentle steps to get to the house. I know the front

door is locked, so I don't bother. I used the sliding door and left it opened ajar because I knew no one would check the lounge. Thank God I'm in. The house is dead in sleep. Carefully I make my way upstairs to my room and enter. The minute I enter my room I release the nervous breath I have been holding. Open my eyes after a moment of relief.....and then? This crooks?

"Where are you coming from?" the chorus. Damn it I hate twins

"BHEKIMUZI, BHEKIZIZWE, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN MY BED?" I hiss but they are not moved. They are both under my covers with my laptop on. What could they be watching so late?

"We wanted to watch facebook so we took your laptop" Jesus! Let me text siso to leave so I can deal with the crooks

**\*Baby I'm in safe, you can go\*** I fly the text and head for my window, open the curtains and wave at him. I see him flicker his light

**\*Okay angel. I love you\*** off his car turns, I can't help but grin looking at.....

"Who is that?" they both chorus again. I hate this little crooks, can they speak one at the time

"None of your business, I want you both out of my room NOW" they both stand, in matching pyjamas looking at me like I'm crazy

"We want to watch facebook first" Zizwe say

"What are you talking about? Facebook is not something you watch" they look at each other

"But Twebankie and Sakhe were watching facebook on your laptop and it was screaming. We want to watch it too" why am I being tested today? I reach for my laptop, check the recent places that is 'screaming facebook' that Twebankie and Sakhe were supposedly watching.....those two idiots! They were watching porn on my laptop! Okay I downloaded few because I'm curious lately and I must have forgot to delete them "Can we see facebook?" the crooks asks when they hear a scream, I mistakenly opened one as I try to delete all of them

"No you can't, it expired. Tell me why do you say it's Facebook? And what were you doing on my laptop"

“Twebankie said they were watching facebook when we asked and they close the laptop running when we came in, so we also opened the laptop and try to look for facebook”

“Go to sleep, there is no facebook here” I order, shutting my laptop. Tomorrow I have two little mice to kill

“Nop, we are sleeping with you. We want to watch facebook too” this is going to be a long night. Sigh! They both climb the bed and point me the space between them. I’m going to make them watch wrong turn 6. They will stop snooping in my room when I’m not around.

## VOLUME 16

### BOITUMELO

Thank god it's Saturday. Sango will take the Kids out, I'm too exhausted. I can hear him take a shower. I hope he is not going anywhere because I need some me time today. I don't want to deal with his crooks. Let me make the bed and wash my face, then go make breakfast. I don't want to join him in shower because he will end up having me I know.

".....She was crying like eeeeeeei" Twebankie, as much as I'm not at ease with the wolf girl, I'm grateful that the ceremony worked. Twebankie is now open and more talkative. I walk in through their conversation with Sakhe. It looks heated and they are quite happy.

"I want mine to be that big, do you think it will grow like that?" Sakhe asks, I wonder what they are talking about

"Yes, but mine is going to be bigger than yours and I'm going to move my waist like that man" Sakhe looks not happy about that

"I can move my waist better than you" Sakhe moves his waist, almost like pounding into someone. This kid!

"SAKHE!" I reprimand, both stand with popped eyes "What the hell are you doing?"

"Aaaah Dancing mama"

"What kind of dance is that?" they look at each other, running out of words. My husband's kiss on my cheek disturbs me. He smells divine "I love that you smell so nice but where are you going?" I ask turning to him

"I have to go check the SGH this week, remember the manager is on leave, next week I'll check the BM" oh yah! I nod "But I'll be back very soon, it's just checking the paper work and seeing if everything is still going well. Did you want to use me today?" the naughtiness in him never die

"I'm tired today, I wanted to clean in peace and sleep so I was hoping you take the kids out"

“For you, I’ll do anything. Feed me so I can leave and quickly come back” this is why I love him, he does just about anything I ask.

“What do you feel like having for breakfast boys?” I ask, heading for the kitchen. Each they scream their cravings and I see we are eating junk today.

“Where are the others?” I ask as I put plates in front of everyone. There is no Khwezi and the twins on the table “Go call them” I suggest when they say they don’t know but the crooks come down the stairs still in their pyjamas “And then?” I ask, they know they should bath first “Did you at least wash your teeth and hands, why are you both so.....” I trail off, failing to find the correct word

“Spooked” Sango finishes for me

“We slept late, we were watching facebook on mogirl’s laptop” mogirl is khwezi, sometimes she is called sisi, sometimes mogirl, sometimes just khwezi. Sakhe coughs hard.

“Facebook?” Sango asks, as confused as I am. They both nod “Why would Khwezi allow you to stay up passed your bedtime”

“She wasn’t there, she came late” muzi say jumping on the chair

“I was in the lounge, watching tv and this two sneaked in my room and watched horror movies” she say coming in the dining hall, then narrow her eyes at Sakhe and Twebankie “You twooooo, I’m going to tell mama what you’ve been watching on my laptop”

“We’ll also tell on you” Sakhe defends, cocking an eyebrow at Khwezi

“About?” he turns and goes to her sit. Whisper something in khwezi’s ear that results in her frowning a bit scared if I must say.

“Can someone pray so we can eat?” Sango. He can be so annoying. I wanted hear the end of this conversation

“You pray Sango” he gives me a look but he knows better than to say no

“Okay hold hands” we do and bow “God please bless our food amen” mxm! The devil in him is too powerful. That’s almost how his prayer goes almost every time.



We all dig in, talking through breakfast until Sango decides to touch my baby bump and tell me to feed her girl

“Mama is there a baby in your stomach?” Sakhe asks, from his father’s brushing on my stomach and his words

“Yes baby”

“How did it get in there” Khwezi laughs but immediately composes herself when her father looks at her

“Through facebook” the answer comes from twebankie, totally wrong but I have never been more loving of the word facebook

“Seriously?” Sakhe asks shocked.

“Mkhonto, Sakhe don’t you want to come with me so we can talk about Facebook?” Sango asks, intently staring at them and I think they get him “I bet you have lots and lots of questions about ‘facebook’ they both climb down in delight, Sakho kisses my cheek and tell me he should be back by 11 “My heaven?” he calls out, standing by the key holder rail bar “Where is the small gate key?” Khwezi chokes on her tea, breath in and out like she was caught doing something she shouldn’t be doing

“All the keys are there baby”

“No it’s not, I’ll ask Abongile or bab khaphela, maybe one of them took it” well we hardly use that gate, I don’t know why he is looking for it anyway.

“Mama, cindy and I are going shopping today so.....” She tells helping me clear the table after breakfast but I’m quick to interject her

“No Khwezi, we are cleaning the house and doing laundry today”

“Maa I never do those”

“It’s about time you start, you’re getting old Khwezi and you know nothing about house chores”

“But mama mogirl you always say not all of us are gifted in house chores, I’m one of those please mama, pretty please” in and out breathe boitumelo

“Khwezi, you’re not going anywhere and that’s final” I make sure my voice comes stern, I don’t want to be arguing with a teenager this morning and I know when she start pulling those pretty please on me, I’ll end up giving in her demand.

“Your ruining my life” she snaps, stomping her foot while at it and I realise something on her feet

“You’re wearing the SGH sleepers?” she frowns, look at her sleepers

“Yeah” It comes as a whisper

“Where did you get them?” her eyes run everywhere but me, suddenly she is nervous

“Aaaaa Cindy, cindy’s mom”

“Hau! Nomvula checked in your father’s hotel and stole sleepers” I can’t help but laugh, black people will always be black people

“Mama” her voice comes inaudible “When you say the SGH baba’s hotel you mean The Sandton Gardner Hotel?” I nod “In Sandton?” I nod again

“Yes where he went now to check how everything is going” I explain

“Now now when he was leaving he was going there?” Jeezzz! This child

“Yes khwezi, what’s with the million dollar questions?”

“Oh fuck, I’m screwed”

“KHWEZI LANGUAGE!” by the time I reprimand she is already running up the stairs. What’s with her lately!

Khwezi disappeared on me, I don’t know how or when she left but she left me to my house with the twins. Sango hasn’t come back as he had promised. It’s heading to two o’clock now and I know things must be hectic at the hotel “Muzi harder baby” I tell. Well I’m having a massage by the twins, Muzi on my shoulders while Zizwe is on my feet. It’s nice giving birth yazi, this are the benefits. The door pings

just as I'm enjoying my boys' hands after cleaning and doing laundry. Gosh! I'm too tired to even stand "Go get it Muzi" he obliges, goes to the door I hear him greet

"Oh! Saubona gogo" (Greeting grandma) gogo? Ndlovukazi? What could she be do..... Oh lord! Someone shoot me now!

"Oh my boy. Muzi or Zizwe?" Luthando asks, stooping down at my son. I know she can't separate them because she doesn't know them that well. When I got pregnant with this two she was already in exile

"Muzi gogo, I'll take your bag. Mama is this way" what is this witch doing in my house? She smiles coming in the lounge

"I can't believe they have grown so much. Unjani his heaven?" (.....how are you....) bloody witch! I'm going to wipe that smug off her face

"Mama which room should I put gogo Luthando's bag?"

"Leave it there boy, gogo is not staying" she raises an eyebrow at my comment and lord knows I mean it. I don't want her in my house "Excuse us boys, go fold you socks from the laundry" they walk out of the room, leaving me with this witch I can't wait to get rid of "What do you want in my house Luthando?" I hiss, making sure my displeasure is loudly heard

She chuckles "This is my brother's house wena bloody Mrs. Perfect" oh yah! Now we are getting somewhere, I can't help but laugh

"To think I was starting to hate the bitch I have become towards you kganne I was right all along. I always know my gut to never let me down. Areye tswa" (.....while as.....let's go, get out) I'm on my feet, grab her bag to throw it out but she holds it too. We battle over her bag.

"THIS IS MY BROTHER'S HOUSE BOITUMELO, THERE IS NO WAY IN HELL I'M SLEEPING IN SOME HOTEL" she hisses, through the First World War over a bag

"YOUR BROTHER'S HOUSE MY LEFT FOOT, GET THE HELL OUT" I hiss back, she suddenly stills. Wear that sheep skin she is been wearing towards me.

"WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?" Sango shouts, right behind me. Fuck Luthando "BUTHUMELO? LUTHANDO? AREN'T YOU TOO OLD FOR THIS SHIT?" he better not

start with me, it's his evil sister that crawled out of hell to piss me off. I was enjoying my lazy Saturday with my kid's massages until this devil he call a sister showed up.

"Boitumelo is throwing me out" bloody snitch too. Sango looks at me, with a not so happy look

"Boys upstairs" I order the two standing besides him, he came in with Sakhe and Mkhonto. Sakhe obeys but Mkhonto "MKHONTO!" I snap, only then he leaves but give Luthando an intimidating look. This boy tend to think he is grown sometimes. When I'm sure they are out of sight I turn to the two siblings "Le mamele and le mamedisise. Wena moloi ena weno hake hloke ho mona haka mona. Letsame leyo lokisetsa ditho hlatheng kwana. Hake hloke ho bona fariki ena ka haka NYULA hake kgutla mona" (YOU TWO LISTEN TO ME AND LISTEN CAREFULLY. I DON'T WANT THIS WITCH YOU CALL A SISTER IN MY HOUSE. YOU BOTH BETTER GO AND FIX THINGS IN THE BUSHES, NOT IT MY HOUSE. WHEN I COME BACK, I DON'T WANT TO SEE THIS PIG IN MY HOUSE NYULA) I hope they heard me or hell will break loose if I come back to find Luthando in my house. I'm sick and tired of people playing on my head.

In and out, I have to keep breathing. I have cramps on my left side. I hate that all this nonsense is happening while I'm pregnant "I'm sorry baby, mommy will take it easy" I brush on my bump, talking to my baby to hold on as I retire on my bed. Luthando is going to send me into early labour I tell you.

Sango walks in while I'm still trying to calm my baby. I know him from head to toe, I can tell when he wants something before he evens asks and this look right now, it stings. It stings want. And it better be not what I think.

"Just one night my heaven" oh hell no! In my dreams

"Vulamasango don't test me" my voice comes low. I don't want to raise my blood pressure because my baby is already reacting to the stress

"Baby yazi you used to be so nice and so forgiving, please don't....." calm down boitumelo, calm down. I repeat inwardly. I don't need this, especially with this cramps. Hell I'm in pain.

"Your sister can stay Vulamasango"

“Really?”

“Mhmm” he kisses my cheek and fly out of the room. I hate my life. I fight back tears, feeling constant cramps on my bump “Hold on baby, I’m sorry baby” I hiss in pain, reaching for my bag and keys. I’ll call peter along the way, I know he closes by 12 during Saturdays. But he will take me, he is paid millions to just look after our health.

## VOLUME 17

### BOITUMELO

I didn't plan on coming here so I have no clothes, another stress I don't need. But I'll sure run to the shops after my nap, and buy some food too while at it. This used to be my flat with Lulu when we were still close, when I was her rock and she was mine. As much as she hates me now and I hate her, that girl was my best friend. We talked about almost everything. Went through everything together and right now I miss her more than the word miss. I wish she was here to just listen and laugh at me like she always did. I really do need a friend right now. I know Dinny would jump for me but problem with Dinny is that she is my aunt. If she hears anything alarming that the family should know she will sure tell them and right now as much as I hate Sango, I don't want to involve my family as yet because I think we can still walk through this without involving family.

I drove straight here after my consultation with Peter. He chowed my head off for putting myself under stress. And ordered me a week off bed rest. He diagnosed me with low blood pressure, which could result in fainting and temporary loss of consciousness in pregnancies.

At least now the cramps are gone. For my peace of mind I think I should take my week of rest here. I don't want to talk to Vulamasango because he is another person that's pissing me off so bad, I know to him right now I just come as a bitter unforgiving wife but he is not the one that felt Luthando's wrath. My instinct has never failed me so even now I'm going to be hard headed and stick to them. My phone will be off until I'm ready to take more of his annoying ass.

Okay. I have been lying on this bad for a while and it seems like sleep is not coming. And all I keep doing is think and think which Peter advised against. Maybe I should just go buy somethings to wear this week and food. When I come back I'll feel better and be sure to sleep.

I grab my bag and keys again and head to leave but I stop midway down the corridor. I'm sure Lulu's bedroom was shut when I came in here. Now it's opened

and now that I move closer I hear coupled sniffs. This flat better not do me like this. I was stabbed and lost my baby while I lived here. I better not have another intruder. With a deep breath I peep in through the lightly opened door and see Lulu curled on the bed crying. And then?

“LULU?” I acknowledge, standing by the door. She looks horrified, pops her red eyes like she is seeing a ghost

“Wha...what...are you doing here?” her voice comes heavy, laboured in pain. This is my flat but I won’t rub salt on a wound

“I needed some time out. What are you doing here?” she just look at me once and go back to her pillow crying. I don’t believe I’m doing this but I enter further in, sit beside her and brush on her back. She used to love it when I do that. No talking, just brush on her until she’s calmed down.

Another fifteen minutes later I hear only the sound of her heavy breathing. I stand to leave her now that she is okay but she stops me.

“Why is your life so perfect?” she asks, gluing me on the spot

“My life is not perfect Lulu”

“Has Vulamasango ever put his hand on you?” what? I turn to look at her and she rises from the pillow. Points her purple blue eye “HAS HE EVER DID THIS TO YOU?” she shouts. Rendering me speechless “And you say your life is not perfect boitumelo? Why do I always have bad things following me? Why didn’t you get a cheating whoring husband who comes home to rape you and beat the shit out of you? Why didn’t you get a rotten womb like mine? Have one child that you can’t even claim as yours because he is the product of sibling abomination. HMMMM BOITUMLEO!!! WHY CAN’T I HAVE MORE CHILDREN” Jesus! “WHY DO YOU KEEP SHITTING THOSE BRATS OF YOURS?”

“Lulu!” my voice comes in a pained whisper, I have no words

“DON’T COME ANYWHERE NEAR ME” I stop on my tracks, I was about to hug her “I DON’T WANT YOUR PITY”

“Lu...” She bites me

“LEAVE ME THE HELL ALONE, GET OUT” she shouts

“Lulu if you ever need to talk, remember I’m just a phone call away. All you have to do is unblock me and call. I’ll come no matter the time of the day. We may hate each other but we’ll always be best friends” she chuckles, look at me with nothing but hate

“I’m not your best friend boitumelo, you should call me your ex mnaks” (....ex sister wife)

“What are you talking about?”

“Vulamasango was ours baby. He chowed ME as much as he wanted when you weren’t looking. I slept with that beast of yours countless times when we used to live together” I swallow, ease the clump forming on my throat

“You’re lying” she laughs, out loud

“Baby Vulamasango has a tattoo written ‘Will Smith’ in small italic just under his pelvic bone on his right thigh” she smirks “how would I know that girlfriend unless I have really seen him naked” I feel myself shake like a leaf. No one knows about his tattoo because he said he had it while he was still in high school and he had a man crush on will smith back then. He had it there because he wanted a place where his mother wouldn’t see it. And now that he is grown it embarrasses the shit out of him that’s why he wants no one to know about it “Your life ain’t shit boitumelo, you just have a man who protects you from the truth but he is just as fucked up as my husband”

I let my heavy legs carry me out of my flat before I lose my baby. Fuck I hate men.

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KHWEZI

I feel like I’m sweating rivers. How can I be so stupid? Of course that guy from the hotel who noticed me works for my dad. Oh lord I hope he hasn’t said a word to boitumelo’s Sango. That man can be mad when he wants.

“We are here nana” the uber driver tells me, snapping me from my busy thoughts

“Okay sir let me call him to.....oh here he is” I spot Siso already standing outside. I had texted him to stand by the corner when I escaped from my mother’s chores “Siso?!” I call him, from the uber. He frowns a bit but do come, he stands outside



the car “Please come in baby” I beg, I can’t risk being seen. Sango, the rat and Sakhe might spot me. So I have to be extra careful.

“Come out Khwezi, what’s wrong? What did I say about this uber business?” Jeez can he not be my dad today. He opens my door and reach for his wallet “Bona auty yaka, how much does she owe you?” (Look here my brother.....)

“I PAID. GET IN THE CAR SISO” I snap, only then he does come in but hesitantly. I can see he is not comfortable “You can go sir” I tell my driver, who nods and drive us to our designated place

“What’s going on?” Siso whisper in my ear, biting my lip while at it. I feel shivers run in places I didn’t know do shiver

“I’ll explain, just a minute”

“Are you kidnapping me?” he speaks in my ear again, his hand touching my thigh  
“Are you kidnapping me wearing shorts?” mxm!

“They are not shorts, they are sexy pants” I correct, infecting him with giggles

“Your ride ends here” the driver disturbs us. I thank him and Siso climbs out first and hold his door open for me to climb out too. I see his mouth drop in shock.

“Khwezi, wena vele vele le dieta are cooking oil and water” (.....so definitely you and shoes are.....) I frown, he better not go all sotho on me

“I didn’t hear a word you said” he takes my hand, sigh helping me out

“Where are your shoes Khwezi?” Eish! I sneaked out okay, I ran and ended up forgetting to put my shoes on “Don’t you have shoes?” I roll my eyes

“Shoes can wait, let’s sit down. We have serious problems” I lead him to the bench. I asked the driver to drop us at the park nearby.

“O sure haona tlhabela?” (Are you sure you don’t have bottom heel tear?) he asks, in disappointment staring at my bare feet “Hee re tsamaya re jola le rona bo Seeiso. All the way from Lesotho for tlhahabela” (We go around dating, .....foot fugus) I think that’s a mock, though I can’t hear a thing he say when he start going all sotho fast on me

“Babe my father owns the hotel you’re staying in” I shoot straight to the point, wanting him to end this court hearing he is having over my feet

“Aren’t they painful?” I frown “Your feet, like now when your.....”

“SISO!” I snap once again

He surrenders, raise his hands and retire next to me “Okay, okay sorry love” he plants a peck on my forehead “I don’t like your shorts, they are too short but hee. What were you saying baby?”

“Baby my father owns the SGH” the frown on his face confirms that he is now getting what I have been trying to tell him “And that guy from yesterday might tell him about me being there”

“Jesus Khwezi are you trying to get me killed? Do you know how expensive it is to send a corpse in Lesotho from another country” I give him a bored look

“CAN YOU BE SERIOUS?” I snap again and he sighs

“Okay don’t panic, I’ll talk to the guy later on. He is on night shift, relax baby”

“What if he calls my father?”

“I don’t think he has your father’s numbers. He would have called him by now” I wish to be as calm as him “Stop stressing. Tomorrow I’m checking out after seeing you, your father will not know about me or you being there. But I’m looking for another hotel next week” Next week?

“You’re coming again” I can already feel myself buttered in happiness

“I told you baby that all you have to do is say yes and watch me move heaven and earth to be with you” I’m covered in joy, I look around if people are not watching and steal a quick kiss on his lips. He dies in laughter standing “Come let’s go” he tucks my arm under his

“Where are we going?” I ask, worn in joy

“To get you some shoes and a bit longer shorts” I roll my eyes at the latter, I love shoes although I forget them almost every time “I’m sure people must be thinking I’m walking with a hobo besides me. No clothes on, no shoes mxm, shame!” he can be such a father when he likes

“So I guess we’ll do our date tomorrow before you leave?” I ask, changing the topic because I feel like he can go on and on about my shoes

## VOLUME 18

### KHWEZI

Getting home I find gogo Luthando with my guy and baba. They all turn to look at me as I come in. I don't like the frown on my guy's face.

"Ubuya'phi wena?" (Where do you come from) my guy asks, making sure I feel his displeasure in every word he utters

"I...Cindy and I went shopping, Saubona gogo Luthando" I disturb him from having my head off by greeting my grandmother

"Hello baby"

"And you go shopping dressed like that?" my guys asks, what's wrong with my pants

"What's wrong with how she is dressed?" my father asks and I feel like kissing him  
"Khwezi is a kid, leave my princess alone" I love my father

"Let's see your shopping baby" eish! My grandmother asks, already holding out her hand for me to give her my bags. Hesitantly I give her the bags and she gasps, looking through my bags "Vulamasango! Why are you spoiling Khwezi like this? Buying her Bathu shoes" I cringe, this woman was in prison. How does she know about Bathu manje? All eyes are on me, even my father himself. Damn it Siso! He went crazy at the stores. Decided to buy himself a pair and I too. My guy is giving me that look, that look that says you better explain right now young lady

"KHWEZI?" he shouts

"Baba I swear mama gave me money to spoil myself for doing well in my matric" I hope my lie is convincing enough

"You're telling me that makoti gave you money to buy your self shoes worth thousands and thousands of rands? Don't shit with me, call her"

"Who?" I ask horrified

“Your mother” baba adds. Oh lord! I hope my mother comes through for me, or else I’m in deep shit. Heading to her bedroom I can feel my heart already thumping out of my chest. God I swear if my mother comes through for me, I’ll never see siso again. That’s a lie and I know it, I just want to bribe God to come through for me.

“Knock knock” I knock already coming in “Mama.....mama mogirl? Mama kaKhwezi” I call coupled times until decide to search for her in her bathroom but still there is still no sign of her. Instead I find my father’s phone ringing repeatedly on the pedestal. Peter calling. The phone reports. I head down stairs with a bit of hope. God is looking out for me, this gives me enough time to cover my tracks.

“Baba kaKhwezi she is not in her room, here is your phone. Peter is been calling” he receives the phone with a frown, I guess dial Peter person back.

‘Peter talk to me’ he say, distancing himself a bit ‘WHAT?’ he shouts, I wonder who is going to feel his wrath ‘Why the fuck didn’t you call me peter. The minute she made the call you should have picked the fucken phone and called me’.....  
‘Is she okay? And my daughter?’..... ‘Jesus peter! Thanks’ he drops the call, huff looking up and stare ahead for coupled minutes, eventually he turns and say

“Khwezi take your bags and excuse us, and your still going to tell me who bought you those shoes because it’s definitely not your mother” thank God. I’m quick to collect my shoes and try them on in my room

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## VULAMASANGO

Okay things are taking a turn I didn’t see coming. Slowly everything is going down the cliff. For Peter to tell me that my wife came to see him for cramps which were the consequences of the stress and her low blood pressure, guilt me up. She went to see him alone, without telling me that she isn’t feeling well. This means that she is secluding me again. She is hurt by me and she usually does this when she is hurt, she tends to cast me aside and make decisions on her own. I honestly didn’t realise that Luthando being here would push her to that point. I want to fix things with my sister, she was wronged by our family for taking her twin’s life and watch me be praised while as a part of her was killed like nothing. Rightfully she retaliated, took

out her anger on me with the one person I love more than anything, MaDlomo. She was wrong for that, and she is trying to mend things but if my wife doesn't want to make peace with her I have to let her be. Her pregnancy is difficult as it is, she doesn't need more drama. I have been an ass of a husband.

"Khwezi take your bags and excuse us, and your still going to tell me who bought you those shoes because it's definitely not your mother" this girl is another one that's going to give me a headache. I hate that she is growing so fast. Sitting down I expel an exhausted sigh before I kick my sister out.

"MaDlomo" she looks at me "I'm afraid mtana kamama you're going to have to leave" (.....my mother's daughter.....) Mtho gasps, Luthando's pain is not very hard to miss either in her eyes

"Vula what are you doing?" Mtho questions

"Peter tells me my wife was just with him. Her blood pressure is shooting the roof and she is starting to have cramps due the stress she is under so I'm afraid I'll not risk my wife and my baby's health. She doesn't want Luthando in her house. She is not ready to forgive and forget so, I'm going to have to ask you to leave MaDlomo. I'm sorry" silence. This situations is difficult as it is, I want to fix things with my sister but I will not lose my wife for Luthando.

"Okay, Lu you can come with me. I'm sure you understand where Vula is coming from" Mtho suggest

"You should have married a Zulu girl, this sotho girl tend to think we....." this sotho girl? My wife?

"Luthando let's get one thing straight. Me fixing things with you doesn't mean you can speak any how you like about my wife. I'll not tolerate you calling my wife 'this sotho girl'. That's my wife and you'll address her as accordingly. Don't make me regret opening my home for you. You wronged my wife in so many ways and she has every right to not want you inches from her" she looks down, quickly worn in regret

"I'm sorry"

"Hai nawe? With you Lupus mouth. Jeerrrr! Let's go" Mtho snides standing

“What’s Lupus?” Luthando asks not pleased at all

“My wolf, I own a wolf now” he lies. To think he fainted when he saw Majara take form. I wonder what he would do if he ever saw Mkhonto “Bafo, tell makoti to call me when she gets here. I think we have a mole in our house” He screams when they exit the door. He is talking about Khwezi’s situation. As soon as they exit the door, I dial my wife but her phone rings unanswered. Maybe she passed by the shops or something. She will be home soon.

Four hours later there is still no sign of my heaven. I have called her gazillion times and have started to use my resources already.

“WHERE THE HELL COULD YOU BE BUTHUMELO” I snap, scaring the kids while at it. I need to calm down. We are sitting on the dinner table with no home cooked meal for the first, the boys already have tears running their eyes except Mkhonto “I’m sorry my gang, mommy will be here soon” they nod, with frowns and tears running their eyes

“Baba....I’m hungry” Muzi

“Me too” Zizwe

“Me three” Sakhe. Breathe in Vulamasango. Where is this woman? She doesn’t even have friends so it’s hard to say I could call her friend.

“Let me call pizza okay boys” I suggest, trying to order but I get multiple head shakes

“That’s a snack, we want food” Sakhe being the voice of all. How the hell is pizza a snack? Okay maybe I also refer to it as a snack but today I don’t need this. Thank God, Khwezi walks down the stairs smiling on her phone. She frowns at the tears wearing the table.

“What’s wrong? Where is mama kaKhwezi, where is dinner?” she asks, but receives a different reply

“Mogirl silabamile” (We are hungry) Zizwe

“So?” Khwezi questions with a shrug

“Make your brothers something to eat Khwezi” I order

“But baba.....”

“KHWEZI!” she sighs, turn back to the kitchen.

Five minutes later, dinner is served. Four slices of bread each and a glass of milk.

“What’s this?” Mkhonto asks, staring at dinner Khwezi put in front of all of us. I have no words but I’m not going to eat bread and milk.

“Dinner” Khwezi replies having her milk and bread

“I want mama! I want food! I don’t want milk and bread!” Sakhe, Zizwe and Muzi burst into tears, all singing their wants. This is definitely going to be a long night. My baby where could you be? I can’t handle this crèche, please come home my wife.

“OKAY OKAY!” Mkhonto snaps me out of my thoughts “Who wants noodles while baba makes throws wors in the oven and make papa. Mogirl will make the gravy” tears ceases, my boy is very clever, why didn’t I think of this before? That I can do

“I don’t know how to chop onions” Khwezi

“WHAT DO YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO KHWEZI EXCEPT TO GRIN WITH YOUR PHONE?” I snap, making her look down in guilt “Stop being annoying. Your brother is coming with solutions here. Mkhonto, make the noodles, Khwezi gravy and I’ll make the pap and wors”

“I want mama” the twins, push their plates after our ten minutes hard work in the kitchen

“Twebankie can you please make more noodles. The noodles were nice. This wors is still red inside and this pap.....hmk” Sakhe. I know what he is talking about. Kanti how long does it take to cook papa? “As for the gravy.....the onions makes me want to puke” even I myself couldn’t down the gravy, especially with my pap that tasted like puke already. I have to admit Mkhonto’s noodles where the only thing edible before we had this disastrous dinner.



“I think baba should take us to baba Mtho. We’ll have food there” this one was one quite powerful sperm. Mkhonto is always up with solutions. Without wasting time, I’m on my feet. Telling everyone to follow me to the car. I honestly don’t need this. It’s heading to eight o’clock to the night and my wife is still not home. As I open the door with the gang behind me, I’m met by Abongile who was just about to knock.

“I think I found her” he tells, giving me his tab that points my wife’s cell phone at her flat. The hell?! What could she be doing there?

“Thanks man. Please take this gang to Mtho’s. I’m heading there straight away” he nods but advises

“Please take your security detail with you, we don’t know what might be the situation there”

“Wait Abongile, could this be.....” he shakes his head no

“No just for safety” Sigh! This better not be someone kidnapping my wife.

**VOLUME 19**  
**VULAMASANGO**

I don't know what boitumelo could be doing in this place. She hasn't been here in forever and I honestly thought she sold the place.

"Sango the place is clear, there is not any foreign movement detected at the moment, you're free to go" Nduna, my head of security from the office and personal informs coming to my window. He only comes when things are a bit hectic. He is more based at the office now. I had to stay few minutes in the car as they swept the area for any foul play if there is any. Nduna is still here but he is a married man now, he married Ayanda, my wife's then PA when she was still working for that dead fool

"Thanks man" I'm already out, holding the tab that shows her phone location to be here. I can't believe she got so mad and decided sleep here all together. I hope this key still works. I don't know when last I was here.

Entering the house I find the entrance door unlocked. She is definitely here, her bag sit on the counter with her phone besides it. I make path straight to her bedroom which I find empty, her bathrooms is also empty. Where could she be? This is a four roomed flat. Kitchen, lounge, her bedroom and guest room that used to be Lulus. Okay let me check that. The door is left ajar and I sigh in relief when I see her sleeping under the covers. Thank you Lord! I rest beside her and decide to strip and join her. I'll not even light the room, I don't want to disturb her, Peter said she needs this rest. We'll talk when she wakes.

"I'm sorry my heaven" I murmur fighting my hand from touching her so I can bring her to my chest, Peter advised that she should take enough rest. Me touching her we'll just wake her and we'll end up fighting. Which she doesn't need now "I love you okay, and I'm going to fix this. I'm going to kick her out of our lives, I won't stand to lose you over....." I'm disturbed by lights flickering brightening the room

"VU...VULAMASANGO!" my wife, stands shaking by the door. No no no. what the fuck is this? Who am I with on the bed? The person rises from the pillow.

“LULU” I shout, shocked at the woman besides me

“How could you?” her voice comes shattered in a whisper, taking me back from looking at Lulu who I wonder what is she doing here and what is happening. I’m confused. Someone please tell me what is going on?

“My heaven” I’m up on my feet, forgetting that I’m just in my trunks chasing after her down the passage “BUTHUMELO WAIT DAMN IT. LET ME EXPLAIN” she has to be careful, her pregnancy is high risk and she can’t be this emotional. I grip her arm before she makes it to the door.

“DON’T TOUCH ME VULAMASANGO” she shouts and I let her hand go but stand by the door

“Let me explain mommy, it’s not what you think. I came here looking for you, and I saw your bag and phone here so I figured you were here. I searched your room but you weren’t there, then I went to the guest room and saw a person under the covers. I assumed it was you so I got under the covers too. I didn’t want to wake the person because I thought it was you and after the shitty day you had, I felt you needed that rest. Nothing is going on mommy. I would never touch Lulu, you know that. You can ask her” tears are just streaming down her face “Don’t do this my love, I would never risk losing you. I know your deal breaker and I’m not ready to gamble with my forever” Lulu appears behind my wife “Lulu tell her, it was an honest mistake” what’s that look now on her face

“Didn’t I tell you that your marriage ain’t shit either?” Lulu say, with a content smug on her face. What the fuck is she on about? “You heard the man, he said he loves me and his going to fix us. He is kicking you out of our lives. He can’t stand to lose me over you. You heard the words mrs. Perfect” my wife falls to the couch, touching on her stomach

“CALL THE AMBULANCE” she hisses in pain, I kneel down on her feet and try to touch her “DON’T TOUCH ME VULAMASANGO. CALL THE DAMN AMBULANCE” ambulance will be late, I scoop her against her protest and head for the corridor to the elevator but before I exit the room I make Lulu aware of hell she just called upon herself

“LULU, you just made an enemy of me. I don’t know what game you’re playing at here but I swear if my wifes loses this baby. I’m going to kill Kwanele in front of you”

“Take us to the nearest hospital” I tell Nduna as soon as we get in the car. I’m thankful that it’s late at night or else I would be making papers tomorrow for being spotted naked out in the streets “FLY NDUNA” I order “Please borrow me your phone” he does and I dial Peter, I forgot mine and everything in that flat

‘Peter, it’s me. My wife collapsed, we are taking her to...’ I look at Nduna to tell me the nearest hospital he is taking us to. He mouths Heal Netcare ‘Heal Netcare, make calls’ he asks how long has she been out of it ‘Not long, I realised when we got in the elevator that she had passed out. I would say five minutes now’ he asks again if I spot any bleeding and I send my hand in her underwear and I’m relieved to see it coming clean ‘No no bleeding for now’ he assures that’s good news for now and he’ll prepare for us.

We made it on time to the hospital. The stretcher was already on standby outside the door for her. I couldn’t go in with her because of my naked situation. I had to ask Nduna for some pants and vest just so I could dress and wait on my wife. He went to the flat to get my clothes and phone so I can start making calls.

“Vula” Peter notices me sitting on the benches “What happened man, you look like shit”

“Eish! Peter” I’m so fucked I have no words to say “How is my wife?”

“I just got here but the doctor that attended her assures that her condition is crucial at the moment. I’ll know everything in just few minutes from now. Now I’m preparing to transport her to my facility” I nod, releasing slow breathes

“Can I see her?”

“Let me see what I can do. Hang in there man. I’ll be back” I nod and watch him disappear down the corridor. I see Nduna’s shoes stand before me as I sit looking down the floor.

“Here is your phone and shoes. Your clothes are in the car with her bag and phone” I nod looking down “Makoti is going to be fine, she is a fighter that one” I almost chuckle

“Thanks man” clothes can wait. “Did you find that bitch?” I ask putting on my shoes and already dialling Mtho. He shakes his head no. I had asked him to capture Lulu when he finds her in at the flat.

‘Bafo do you realise what time is it, please let me have my innocent sleep with my wife after feeding your boys who eat for two each person’ he complains, like he always do. This is going to cause a drift between us.

‘My wife is in the hospital’

‘What?’ I can hear him already shuffling

‘Don’t come bafo, rather make sure I don’t find you sister. Hide her and make sure I never see sight of her or else you’ll have her in a cold box’

‘Vula what happened?’

‘Your sister just made an enemy of me’

## VOLUME 20

## BOITUMELO

Light. Light can be so annoying at times. I feel it penetrate sharply in my eyes. I fight the urge to keep my eyes closed and open them slowly flickering my eyebrows. Where am I? This room is so bright and...a drip on my hand. Damn it I'm in the hospital. No no no no, I can't lose my baby. Thank God. I release a slow breathe of relief when I feel my baby still intact. Tears threaten my eyes when my mind remembers all that transpired. Banna ke dintja (Men are dogs) they say. Unfortunately for me I got to see that after raising his five of his children. Now he scored me extra more and decided to show me what a dog he is.

The door opens and I'm happy that it's Peter. He also smiles.

"Mrs. Dlomo" he acknowledges

"Soon to be ex Mrs. Dlomo. Is my baby going to be okay" he raises an eyebrow but decide to let my pre comment pass

"Princess hate is going to be just fine. You just suffered what we call Syncope, which I warned you about earlier remember" I nod

"What does this syncope mean?" I ask

"It's a condition often caused by a drop in blood pressure. This happens when the hormones released during pregnancy to relax the body's blood vessels are too little to pump blood up to the brain. And when this happens, it result in loss of consciousness and fainting" sigh!

"But we are going to be fine right" he nods

"Yes, if you listen and follow my guidelines" I nod "I want you to stay out of hot places, don't stand for long periods. If you feel lightheaded, nauseous, or sweaty, lie down right away and raise your legs. I need you to have more fluids and eat more salt, okay" I nod again "I'll draft everything down and give it to Vula. I'm keeping you for a night to monitor your blood pressure. Should I let them in?" he asks

“Who is here?”

“Mtho and Vula”

“Mtho can come in, I don’t want to see Vulamasango and please, don’t give him anything regarding my health. I’ll take my own things” he nods and walk out. Thank you God I say again looking up the ceiling. I need my phone to read books or something. I want to distract my mind from going back to that scene. They were in bed together, confessing his love and talking about getting rid of me. Jooo banna keya batshaba! (I’m scared of men)

“Makoti” aoo! Yellow mellow. He walks in looking like he is carrying the world on his shoulders

“Red bone” he chuckles and sits beside me

“You okay?” he asks squeezing my hand and I nod, smiling at him “He didn’t”

“Mtho please, I don’t need that right now” he nods “Where is my phone?”

“I’ll ask him, he probably has it”

“Please get it and get me some food. I’m starving” he nods but doesn’t stand

“Makoti I know you don’t want to talk about this but please, just give me the highlights of what happened. I have a sister on the run, a brother who is looking for my sister to definitely execute her. Can you say something so I know what is happening because Vula just wants Lulu dead, he is not saying anything” Sigh

“Mtho, Vula and Lulu are having an affair, he wouldn’t kill her. He loves her, he was talking about getting rid of me to be with her” he chuckles

“Makoti the affair part I already told you he didn’t and he wouldn’t even try. That’s nonsense. What I want to know is what happened in that flat?” they are brothers, obviously blood will stick together

“I had my usual one on one with Luthando, which made me furious and I ended up going to see peter. Who ordered me rest, so I decided to go to my flat because I was furious at Vulamasango too for letting Luthando stay in our house. When I got to my flat, Lulu was there and we exchange words as usual. She told me that

Vulamasango was sleeping with her while we were still staying together. I didn't want to believe her but she knew about Vula's tattoo" he frowns "Then because I was mad and needed my peace, I left the flat and went to my brother's house. I took my nap and when I woke, I was hungry and had left my bag and phone at the flat. I drove there to get them and when I got there, I decided to check if Lulu was still there because I was tired to drive back and thought maybe I would sleep there if she had left. But when I got in her room I found her on bed with Vula" He pops his eyes "Yes and he was confessing his love to her, telling her how he is not prepared to lose her and some shit. Mtho I hope you going to be on my side with this. I'm divorcing Vulamasango and I'm never coming back to him" he sighs

"I hear you makoti and I'm behind you. But can we hear his side before we jump to divorce. Vula is crazy about you makoti and I don't want to believe that he would jeopardise losing you over Lulu? Come on makoti"

"Thank you bafo" the culprit himself standing at the door

"Vulamasango I don't want to see you" he walks further in, stand besides Mtho

"Okay just listen. Allow me to explain and if you still want me to leave after I will" I just look at him and he narrates what happened, his version of events

"Vulamasango I'm pregnant, with a big bump. How could you miss that?"

"Baby it was dark, I didn't light the room because I thought it was you. Had I touched her, I would have known it wasn't you but I didn't, I didn't want to risk waking you and we end up fighting. Peter had stressed how much sleep you needed. Please believe me my heaven" he comes closer, grab my hand and put it on his chest "This is me my heaven, this is me and you know me. Look in me buthumelo, look through me. You know I would never hurt you like that. Please my heaven, I know what I have with you and I would never risk losing you like that" why is my heart believing him "Please mama, I can take anything but Buthumelo I'll not survive losing you. Don't make our children grow without their father because I'll take my life baby. I'll kill myself if you leave me" I roll my eyes and Mtho laughs

"Come here" I make space for him next to me and he audibly say 'THANK YOU GOD' and climb the bed "Stop crying Mtho is taking a video" I wipe his tears kiss his forehead. I know he might be lying but I believe him. Vula would never cheat on me, right?



“Thank you bafo” he say now lying on my chest

“You can thank me by finding Lulu and bringing her to me. Don’t kill her Vulamasango. I’ll get to the bottom of this drama she created” Mtho

“I’ll give an order to Nduna to bring her to you when he finds her because god knows if I see her I’m going to lose it” Sango

“Thank you. Makoti let me get you your food before I leave you with your big baby” I smile at him and watch him walk out

“He is your true brother that one. He doesn’t hesitate to believe you at any chance” he stiffens

“And I would take a bullet for him. I hate this thing Lulu is doing between us”

“Vulamasango you didn’t sleep with that girl akere?” he rises from my chest

“MaDlomo I love you. And you only. I would never touch her even if she was the last female on earth. Damn it I don’t even look at her like that. I used to take her as a sister until today”

“Baby she knows personal things about you. Like your will smith tattoo” he looks around the room and frowns

“Don’t say that shit too loud Buthumelo. You want people to hear that I once had a crush on another man” I can’t help but press my lips pressed together supressing a laugh. He really doesn’t want anyone knowing about it “I don’t know how she knew about that but please believe me my forever I would never hurt you like that. Okay” I nod “Now let me kiss. You scared the shit out of me today”

## VOLUME 21

### BOITUMELO

My husband and I spent the entire night at the hospital. Peter only released me at about eleven in the morning. Arriving home I thought I would come home to a dirty house after what he told me of the mess they made trying to make food but no. Khwezi has her headsets on and she is slaving away. Someone is growing. I see her father is as surprised as I am. The house smells divine. Everything is sparkling and now she is dusting the lounge.

“You should be hospitalised more often” Sango whisper in my ear as we stand watching my poor baby slave away

“Behave. My daughter is cleaning okay” he laughs

“I’ll go run you a bath. Follow me up, I want to sex you nice and slow” he laughs out loud when he sees me flush, the last part he whispered in my ear made my muscles move “You’ll find me ready” Jesus! He heads for the stairs with that naughty grin of his

“Maaa!” Khwezi jumps my way, tears already glistening her eyes. I didn’t birth this girl but the lord works in mysterious ways. Some of Khwezi’s habits are just me. My aunt complain of her tears a lot. Mostly she jabs to say ‘like mother like daughter’

“Baby!” I catch her right on time “Shhhh! Keng now Khwezi?” (What is it.....) I ask because she decided to burst into tears

“Mama i.....i thought you left”

“Baby I would never leave you. Stop crying” I brush on her back

“Why were you in the hospital?” she asks sniffing and scanning me

“Your sister is a high risk baby. But we’ll be fine. Who told you I was at the hospital?”

“My guy” I nod “I cleaned, I didn’t want you to do anything when you come back” ncooo!

“I see baby and you did amazing” she beams “Now relax, mommy is here okay. I’ll cook when I wake from my nap. Take my card and ask malume Abongile to take you and boys out”

“Thank you mama” she throws herself for another hug “I love you mama” she says in my arm and I melt

“Oh mama mogirl loves you too baby”

“My heaven remember your medication, the one you’re supposed to take immediately. Please don’t take long” Sango say up the stairs behind Khwezi grabbing his manhood. And now it’s no longer the king. It’s medication “Remember your supposed to take it hot love” can he die already

“Go take you medication mama, I don’t want you getting sick again” I can’t help but laugh. If she only she knew what medication is that “Oh mama, eish!” she is suddenly nervous, stops me on my tracks heading up “Mama something happened” I frown

“What is it?”

“You see mama I won some money neah and decided to spoil myself and buy some shoes. Manje My guy was grilling me and I was nervous and I ended up saying you gave me the money” teenage lies, even her eyes says it all

“Which competition did you enter Khwezi?”

“Aaaah the SM competition” she lies scratching her head

“What’s the SM competition?” she is trying to buy my silence this one

“Pretty please cover for me” she is starting “Mama please I’ll tell you when I’m ready”

“Tell me what”

“Pretty please” she clasp her hands in a beg slowly moving from me “Just say you gave me money mama, I swear I’m not doing anything I shouldn’t be doing” what is happening here? She is out of the door before I can say just about anything more. Sigh!

“Come here” he commands, gloriously naked on the bed. I just finish my bath to find my man spanking naked ready for eat. I have one gorgeous man I must admit “Drop that gown before you climb this bed” I can’t help but giggle as I let my gown slip off my body. Hungrily I climb the bed and crawl to him “BUTHUMELO YOUR CRAWLING FOR MY DICK” we both burst, it’s our bedroom joke `one we can’t share with you, yes you, the one reading this now` “Have I told you how beautiful you look with this pregnancy?” he asks, holding me closer to his body

“Nop”

“Well you’re my pearl, my pure gold and you’ll always be beautiful in my eyes” I wrap tighter around him. This man knows how to love me just the way I need.

“I love you too ntate Dlomo and I’m sorry I didn’t believe you yesterday” I position my face with his to peck his nose

“You had every right to not believe me but now it’s about us, let’s forget about that night okay?” I nod “Right now I would like to feast my baby if you allow me”

“You can do as you please, you don’t need no permission”

“Oh really now?” I nod with a giggle and before I know it, I’m pinned beneath him, his legs forcing

mine to spread apart. He deliciously weigh me down but careful not to squash his daughter, slightly grinding against my body. He gently aims for my face, take his kiss keeping a needy look at me. I know when to close my eyes and not and today, he wants to do me eyes wide opened. He ravages my mouth, take my tongue in a stormy kiss with our eyes wide open. Pull of desire travelling down my sex has me panting already

His hand slowly make way up town. The gentle trail starts from my thigh, over my hip, along my belly to my breast, squeezing, kneading, and pulling pleasantly on my nipple.

“Oh my bunny” I groan, lifting my pelvic bone up catch his delicious giant inside my inner thigh

“Easy tiger” he whisper in my ear, keeping his dirty look at me, that look that makes me feel like he is already inside. He gazes down at me bemused and breathless for a while “You want it?” He flexes his hips so his erection pushes against me.

“Yes. Daddy” he laughs, I feel his tingles of laughter against my neck as he buries his face there laughing

“Oh my dirty little freak” he kisses me again, eyes wide open as he torture me beneath him. Rubbing his delicious erections anywhere, all around my sex but not in.

“FUCK SANGO!” I snap, with tears threatening my eyes. The feeling is intoxicating and I just want it in, my blood is ready for him, my panting breathes is proof enough that I’m at heat for him

“Ukhalelani?” he asks, keeping his eyes on me as he continue to torture me

“I want you baby” my words come as a cry and he listens this time. Still eyes wide open I feel him knock up my cunt

“Vula ke sthandwa sami” his husky voice sends sensation down my most fickle organ and I open wider, feel his nice head making circle on my entrance. He keeps my look with his. Slowly and deliciously sink his member into me, eyes wide open. I want to close mine but his looks holds mine as he enters me “Oh I love you my heaven” I love him too he knows that but now my words are trapped in my throat, his exquisite possession of my cunt renders me mute. He runs his teeth over my chin, eases back, and then slides in again in so so slow sweet tender thrust.

“Oh Sangoooo” I feel my toes curl, taking in the pleasure. His elbows and his hands position on either side of my face, cup me like pure gold keeping his now Chinese eyes locked with mine

“You’re my forever. The best part of me” he confesses, moving slowly in and out of me at a very lazy pace, making each thrust carry its own magnifying electricity

“Aaaah bunny.....quicker baby” I murmur, worn in desire

“Oh no.....mama..... I need this nice and slow” he finds my lips kisses me sweetly with our eyes still locked at each other “I need you to know.....oh your my world

MaDlomo” he gently bits my lips, fighting the urge to scream. I sinks my fingers into his tight ass and sink him further into me.

Regardless of my hungry need for him to go faster, he maintains his exquisite slow delicious rhythm and I feel my body climb higher and higher in pleasure

“Oh bunny, I’m cuming” I confess, unable to keep my eyes opened any longer. The sensation is traveling throughout my veins. I have never felt something so soul satisfying as when he gives me one last deep stroke and falls hard inside me as we cum together, he keeps still shooting inside me as I cream him, breathless as him

“And you think I would risk my delicious pussy for another man to taste” he breathes, infecting us with giggles as we pant after our glorious love making. We hold each other as we take our much needed afternoon nap.

## VOLUME 22

### KHWEZI

My boyfriend is coming today. Another week to be precise. I haven't seen him since last week. I didn't get a chance to see him on Sunday as we had planned because my mother was hospitalised on Saturday and I had to clean so she comes home to a clean house. I know mom is a need freak, so when she is stressed I make sure not to be lazy so she doesn't stress more. I wanted to see him last week but was adamant. He is actually the one who suggested I clean to make my mom feel better when she comes back from the hospital and I must say it worked.

I must say being occupied with house chores has kept me on my good girl books. Everyone seem to have forgotten about my shoes court hearing which I'm not complaining about, I pray the shoes situation dies forever.

***\*Your SM competition is here. BM PARADISE INN. Tell me when you're ready for dzadzy to come pick you up\**** I instantly beam, even through reading his text he has a way of making me smile like a retard all the damn time. He is here again. I thought he was kidding when he said he is going to travel every weekend to spend time with me, but nah, nigger is here and doing the most to my heart. Thank God he changed his place of stay, the last thing I want is one of my dad's employees noticing me again. My God is with me, I haven't had anything from my dad about that guy, meaning they are not even that close as Siso had thought.

***\*Your girl is ready and waiting for her SM competition to come pick her up\**** about SM competition, he made it a joke when I told him I said I won money from SM to buy shoes. SM happens to be Seeiso Molapo competition by the way. He loves it and he is not willing to let it go anytime soon

***\*Send me your location when you're at a safe place for pick up hee motho waka, I'm leaving the hotel now\**** I don't know much about love but I pray we stay like this. I feel butterflies every time his name crosses my mind or when I read our texts like this.

Without wasting time I check myself out in the mirror one last time. Make sure my make-up is still intact. The last thing I want is to look bad for my man that skipped

the country just to be with me. Making my way downstairs only now I remember my mother is home when the smell of her cookies filling the house engulfs my nostrils. Shit! I forgot she is been home since last week, she said her doctor ordered her to take it easy. Eish, how am I getting out of this one?

She notices me walking down the stairs but keeps at her task.

“Mama mogirl” I greet

“Sorry baby, I’ll just go change. I needed to do something. Let me clean up here then we’ll go” I frown, Vulamsango’s person better not mess up my plans

“Go....go where mama, with who” she laughs, packing up her cookies in jars and how I stutter

“Shopping Khwezi. I told you in the morning”

“Told me what?”

“Khwezi I came in your room today morning and told you we have to go buy the things you’ll need for school. Time is running out baby and we haven’t touched even a single thing on that list” What school? I changed my mind moos. All curtesy of a certain Sotho guy. I want to surprise him when I’m sure I’m admitted that I’m going to be close to him.

“Mama I told you I’m going to NUL njena, and it’s too late now, I’ll apply for July” oh lord! That look. She is about to go all ‘Nywezi’ on me

“NYWEZI!” She shouts “Bona mona wena, you’re not going to NUL. UCT as you wanted or WITS that’s it” (Look here young lady.....) her voice comes stern, leaving no room for arguments “Wait here, I’m going to change and we are going shopping” I nod, wanting her to get out of sight so I can run for my life.

As soon as she turns corner up the stairs I fly. I’ll deal with her later, Siso is here, okay! All the way from Lesotho. Mama I see her everyday but as for my boyfriend, I’m sorry but every moment counts with Siso.

I feel like drawing circles down the ground when I see his car pulling up, I’m suddenly nervous and shivering in goose bumps all over again. I hope love stays this happy as we ride this journey. I see him worn in content smug as he makes way to



me. In a swift, he sweeps me off the ground, spin me around keeping his lips locked with mine. Oh love feels so great. I love this kind of hugs

“MaMolapo” he finally puts me down, gazes down at me with a grin that matches mine

“Ntate” my word tickles him nicely, he burst pulling me closer and planting a peck on my forehead

“Someone is armed today” he winks “You look beautiful baby girl. How have you been?”

“Great” sometimes I become shy around him, my words just fail me when I’m this nervous

“Let’s get in the car” he says wrapping me under his arm. He opens my door and straps me in first before he goes to his side “I see someone is wearing shoes today” I roll my eyes “Meaning you won’t need this” he pulls a box of shoes from his back seat and put it on my lap

“Sisooo” I’m defeated “Another pair?” this guy is going to get me trouble with all this shoes

“Akere I never know when it comes to you and shoes, so just to be safe I’ll buy you a pair every time I come” he can be too much sometimes, he suddenly grab my hand as he drives, holds it tight and bring it to his lips for a peck “Thank you for being here lerata laka, I knew I’ll be fine after seeing you” his mood is suddenly sombre, I wonder what could be the problem?

I notice that his mood is a bit.... I don’t know if I’m being paranoid but he seems a bit down. He is not one to keep silent but he drove us in silence until we got here. I see he is a man of glass, another elegant suite he booked just of a weekend. I don’t know why he don’t just book a single hotel room for his visits to me.

He asked me to rent a movie from box office while he freshens up and I must say he is been gone for quite some time.

“Found anything you like?” he asks, going to his bag on the couch. He has a hotel rope covering him.

“Yeah” I’m nervous all over again

“No Disneyland movies akere motho waka” (.....my person) I narrow my eyes at him and he laughs, disappear to what I think is the closet with his bag “And order us some food while at it baby” he screams still in the closet. So much work.

After sometime he comes out intoxicating. Rocking summer shorts with simple blue and white strapped t shirt. He jumps right next to me and take the remote from me.

“Let me see if I’ll not be subjected to Sophia the first” playfully I hit his arm “Tlotla and Peete are still going to make me watch that shit by force”

“How is she? My sister in law” his smile it doesn’t reach greatest heights like when he usually talks about her

“Shit is going down at home, can we not talk about that. I actually want to forget all that is happening at home” he really doesn’t look his normal happy self

“Or we can just lie and listen to your fuck fuck music” he chuckles, falling to the pillow

“Come here” he opens his hand for me to lie on his chest and place me right on his chest and we lie on top of the bed with him playing with my hair “I knew I would feel better when I see you” he say after moments of silence

“I’m glad you feel better” I turn to look at him “What is going on?” he sighs closing his eyes

“My brother lost a baby and things are really hectic. Mabataung left with Tlotla and it doesn’t look like she is going to come back as each day pass by. And as for Juju he is back at being the animal. He is a loner once again, back at living alone and.....eish babe I’m scared he might kill himself, yes we took his guns and made sure he cannot go back to the mountains but, I still think it’s not enough. I’m scared that I might lose another brother all over again and.....” he trails off, releases a pained sigh can we not talk about this?” Even his words come pained, so I wrap him tighter, climber higher so I reach his face. He smiles when he notices what I’m doing. Before nervous takes over, I lean down. Take his smooth lips with mine and he allows me. His hands grab all over me, brushing all over my back. When he grab my behind I can’t help the cry that leaves my mouth through the kiss, his touch on

me is waking fibre I didn't know existed and his tongue in my mouth has me crying in his mouth.

"Mhhhhh Khwez!" he reprimands, pulling off the kiss. I think the kiss affected him as much as it affected me, his eyes are way smaller now "Did you order...." I interject him, feeling so wet down there

"I don't want food Siso" I don't dare look at him and he knows what I want. He laughs, grab my face in his hands and bring me to look at him. A sweet peck lands on my lips

"Not today baby. We are not doing that, maybe after you've turned 18 will try okay" disappointedly I nod "Don't be disappointed Khwezi, we have all the time and I told you I want you to turn 18 first so I can claim you. I'll claim even this pussy your willing to give free on silver platter" he spans my behind and I gasp, shocked. He laughs wrapping my waist in his arms "Oh you should see your face right now"

## VOLUME 23

### BOITUMELO

Oh Khwezi Dlomo! That girl is going to age me sooner than my time. She ran home yesterday and came back in the afternoon, being suddenly a good girl offering to wash dishes and staff. She is dating and I wonder who it could be because that Seeiso guy she was smitten with is in Lesotho. I need to make an appointment with Peter to put her on contraceptives, I don't want no teenage pregnancies up in my business.

"Mama" Sango startles me, he approaches me from behind and kiss my shoulders

"You scared me, where are you going?" he smells fresh on a Saturday morning

"The BM, last week I was checking on the SGH and this week is the BM. You're starting to forget things when you're pregnant again" Eish, I forgot that he mentioned that the person who manages his hotels is on leave and he has to keep an eye during weekends

"When is your manager coming back, this thing is chowing my time with you. I miss being lazy with you on Saturdays, especially when the boys are not here like this" I whine. Mtho took the boys to some soccer match this morning

"Let's go together then, well come back sooner than you think" he suggest but truly speaking I'm lazy as hell. I'm all about chilling in and not going anywhere

"Hai go, I'll be fine" he laughs kissing the side of my forehead

"Where is your daughter, she always keeps you busy"

"Aaa that one, she is going to come down looking fresh and leave me all alone" remembering the varsity situation "Atseba baby I have been meaning to talk to you about Khwezi and school. Just that I forget a lot when I'm pregnant" he frowns

"What about it, She is going to school next month" I shake my head no

"Your daughter has changed her mind, she wants to go to NUL" his brows creases further

“What’s that?” he asks already not loving it I can tell

“National university of Lesotho”

“WHAT?” he shouts, standing?

“Don’t shout me Vulamasango, SIT DOWN” I hiss, and he sighs retiring next to me

“I’m sorry mama, I’m just shocked. Why would she want to go there?” I shrug, he stands and head for the stairs but doesn’t take them, he stands down and call her

“KHWEZI, KHWEZI!” she replies baba and she is ordered to come down now. Her father is looking at her from when she takes the stairs until she makes it to us

“Where are you going?” Sango asks as she sits before us

“Visiting cindy baba” hmk. Baby girl is in evening gown, looking on point like someone attending a special occasion

“Dressed like that?”

“Aaa we just going to take pictures to update our Instagram” her father chuckles

“You’re not going” Khwezi pops her eyes at her father’s denial

“Baba kaKhwezi pretty please don’t this to me”

“You’re not going my baby, that’s final. Today you’re going to buy the things you’ll need for school which you’re going to next month in UCT like you wanted” her eyes glister in tears

“You told him” she turns to look at me with hurt, of course I told her father, she thought she would go study somewhere without her father knowing. Her father stand and kisses the top of my head

“When I come back, I better find plastics filling this floors of your school shopping. No daughter of mine is going to study in Lesotho. UCT your choice or WITS our choice. Capish little madam” her lips are trembling, tears ruining her make-up “And go wipe that mud off your face, you look like a ghost” that’s not true, she was on point until she started crying and ruining her make up “Take an uber to the mall sthandwa sami, I’ll meet you both there because it looks like you’re going to have a drama queen in your hands” I just laugh and watch him grab his things and walk out of the house

“I HATE YOU” I’m brought back to Khwezi by her outburst “YOU’RE NOT MY MOTHER, YOUR RUINING MY LIFE” she storms up to her room after hurting me like that. Kids will hurt you yazi. I wonder if they ever think that the things they say do hurt us, just because we are parents it doesn’t mean we don’t hurt. Children will break your heart, especially teenagers. Those agent of Satan don’t think before they open their curious minds. Sigh!

“Let’s go sleep baby, I wash my hands. I can’t be ruining your sister’s life” I talk to my baby as I climb the stairs, I don’t need stress right now and if Khwezi wants to go to Lesotho, then Lesotho it is, but I’m washing my hands and sanitizing them.

Just as I’m about to be engulfed in sleep, my phone beeps. I groan reaching for it and I find multiple please call me. Please call me, in this day and age, Sigh! Some people really do live under the rock. Because my father always say you never know who might be needing your help, I call the number nonetheless. The phone rings once and it’s picked but the person doesn’t speak.

“Hello” I have to speak first

“Girlfriend” the voice comes gravely, husky and inaudible but I know Lulu’s voice. I lived with the girl my entire life. Lulu? For a moment I look at my phone as if it will display her on the screen “Boitumelo” her almost ill voice comes through the speakers once again

“LULU” there is no love lost here, and I wonder what she wants. She is been nowhere to be found since the fateful night she almost ruined my marriage. No one has seen her or heard from her, even Sbu said he doesn’t know where she went

“Girlfriend.....i....I’m so sorry” I frown but remain silent “Vu...vula....never touched me, I’m....i’m sorry i....i....took my pain on you” she sound like she is immersed in so much pain “You....you were.....my best friend and i....i....know I don’t deserve to.....to ask anything.....of you but.....please look after my son.....please check.....him once....in a while. Please....tell him mama loved...him and...” fuck she is taking her life, we have been through this multiple times

“LULU WHERE ARE YOU?” I have already grabbed my bag and I’m heading down the stairs

“Girl...friend, i....i....i’m sorry okay” the phone hangs. Damn it maan! I hate her okay! But I don’t want her to die, we have been through the storms with that girl and came out together, only this time we didn’t survive. Thank God Abongile is here.

“Abongile jump in” I tell, behind the wheel. He looks at bab khaphela beside him “ABONGILE!” I snap and he stands “And bring that tab of yours you use to track people” he better not try me, I know about him spying for Sango.

“Mam, maybe I should drive” he suggest jumping in besides me

“No, here, track this number and direct me to the exact location” his eyes say he doesn’t want to do it but he doesn’t dare say it

“Mam does Vu....” I interject, speeding to sbu’s corner. My hope is that she is at her house

“Vula doesn’t know Abongile please. My friend could be dying and I don’t want that guilt on my shoulders” he sighs but I see him give in, he does his things “And I tell you every day to stop calling me mam” he just laughs me off “How long will it take?”

“If the phone still has life, I would say less than fifteen minutes” thank God, I know how Lulu can be. I have never met anyone who attempted to end their lives like her. I know this might not be a good idea but I have Abongile and I’ll take him all the way to where she is “Where ever you’re going the person is not there, pull over so I follow my tracker” Well he is the one well acquainted with this things so I do as told. I shift to the passenger sit as soon as I stop the car and he climbs off to take the wheel “MaDlomo this will not get me in trouble with your Sango right” I laugh shaking my head

“I won’t even mention your name if things turn sour” he nods flying taking the road that leads out of town. What could Lulu be doing out of town?

“Mam I suggest you stay in the car” Abongile’s voice comes through the mess of tears all over my face. We drove all the way to the bushes a bit out of town, just under the bridge that leads out of town. My heart broke when we started taking the dodgy gravelly road that looks like it hasn’t been used in ages. And now he just pulled in front of Nyaope boys who immediately ran at the sight of a car. They

were.....i think they were raping someone in those bushes because they all had their pants to their knees. He retrieves his gun behind his waist which I didn't know he had with "Don't dare get out of the car" that comes out stern. As an order and I nod through my tears, not able to look at the scene before me.

"God please let it not be Lulu, please my God. Please let it be some nyaope person who stole her phone. She is been through so much please God" I pray alone in the car. Watching Abongile take careful steps to where nyaope boys crowded naked. They have scattered but they didn't hide, they are waiting from a distance like they are waiting for him to leave so they can come resume what they were doing. He stoop down to scoop something and Lord he comes with my best friend's body. I feel a painful scream leave me. I know Lulu from a distance, slender and dark. And those legs are definitely hers.

I jump to the back and allow Abongile to put her head on top of me. Fuck life is so unfair. Blood is freely trailing down her thighs. I hold her closer to me with tears just flowing. She looks so frail and.....

"Aboongile.....i scream when he shuts the door with range" he doesn't listen. Standing just by the car he aims for Nyaope boys. One by one he guns them down and they drop to the bush, all of them. When he's done he blows his pistol, tuck it back at his waist and enter the car. He starts the car and drive in silence regardless of my shock

"I hate rapists, my sister was raped and I vowed to kill any man that ever puts his dick in a woman without consent" he says after a while as he drives like a mad person

"I'm sorry" I say, brushing on my frail friend "But those were someone's children" I argue and regret it immediately at how he turns to look at me

"Those were bloody animals. Do you see what they did? No person in their right mind would do something so cruel. I don't care if they came to this world as humans but they changed to animals when they turned to Nyaope. That thing made them animals and I killed them like ones too. Bloody useless use of breath" Okay! I keep to my friend. This man is really mad and there is no reasoning. I just think Nyaope people needs help than being killed and cast aside.



## VOLUME 24

### KHWEZI

He is looking at me like I'm crazy once again, his face is suddenly wears a frown as I step closer to him. He drops the call without saying his goodbyes to whoever he was talking to. I escaped home and came to his hotel room once again without telling him.

"Khe...khwezi" he grabs me and pull me to his chest, kisses down on my forehead "My star what is going on?" I just need to cry for a minute before I tell him "Baby bua le nna, what is going on?" (.....talk to me.....)

"I hurt my mother Siso" I confess, ashamed of my self

"A re dule fatshe love, tell me what happened" (Let's sit down.....) he leads me to the couch and settle me on his lap, he cups my face and wipes my tears with his thumbs

"I hurt her in the most hurtful way siso, my mother will never forgive me I know"

"My love I don't know how I will help you if you don't tell me what happened" he cups my face, grab it between his warm hold and peck my lips "Tell dzadzy what happened" I chuckle, eating my guilt up

"I told my mother she is not my mother" he gasp, drop his mouth in horror

"Khwezi how could you say something so evil" I blink, tears coming my way again

"I didn't meant it Siso okay, I'm sorry"

"I'm not the one you should be apologising too and stop crying you're going to annoy me with this tears you brought on yourself" his words makes me burst into full blown tears, wail out loud "Jesus! Ra jola ledi takalani le rona. Baby calm down please. I'm sorry I didn't mean that okay"

"Siso....si...." I can't make sentence, it hurts that I broke my mother's heart like that. He grabs my lips through my wails, swiftly turn me and next thing I know I'm pinned beneath him in a kiss. He grabs control of my tongue, absorb my cries in his mouth.

My hands travel down his firm back, pushing him closer to me as he kisses the daylight out of me

“A..a.a no baby” he pulls off the kiss, breathless

“Baby...let’s do it please” he shakes his head, stand off me and release a sigh like a blow grabbing his manhood

“I’ll be back and don’t be crying again, okay?” I nod and watch him walk awkwardly to his bathroom. I can’t help but smile.

“What happened to your jeans?” I ask when he sits back beside me, now in sweatpants

“Nothing you should worry you self about love, tell me what happened between you and your mother” I expel air before I start

“Remember we decided to go on our first date today” he nods “So today when I was done dressing up and all my mother tells me are going shopping for things I’ll need for school. She refuses to listen that I changed my mind about school and now she tells my father who she knows very well will drive me to Cape Town and enrol me by force”

“What’s wrong with Cape Town, I thought you were going there” I shake my head no, this NUL thing was supposed to be a surprise for him

“I changed my mind. I want to go to NUL” He laughs, out loud

“National University of Lesotho?” he asks, consumed by laughter. I nod “Are you mad?”

“I want to be close to you” he is amused

“Oh baby I’m flattered but nah..... I’m with your parents on this one. You’re not going to NUL because of my dick Khwezi. I told you this dick will follow you wherever you go”

“But Cape Town is too far and....” He interjects me, pulling me closer to him

“What did I say?” he asks, staring at me very serious now

“Just say yes and watch me move heaven and earth to be with you” he plants a kiss on my forehead

“Damn right MaMolapo. You’re going to Cape Town and I’ll make a plan. Okay?” I nod, though I’m still not giving up on this one “Now you need to go home and apologise to your mother” sigh!

“If we’ll ever have our date”

“Don’t worry, we will but now you need to ask for forgiveness to that woman. I’m taking you home and you’re going to do something nice for her and ask for forgiveness” he is already up standing, picks my side bag and hang it on me heading out

“Okay....so we are not spending time together today” I sulk glue on him as he walks us out of his hotel suite

“This is your punishment for disrespecting your mother” the boyfriend/daddy I have

“Eish, I forgot my phone baby” he tells immediately after we walk out of the elevator delivering us to the reception “Nka, wait for me in the car. I’ll be back” he hand me his car keys and kiss my lips before he turns back to the opening elevator. Suddenly he pushes me hard behind the huge metallic dustbin just by the elevator. The fuck! I’m about to stand and.... “MR. DLOMO” my father walks out of the elevator with a frown

“SEEISO?”

“Yes sir” I didn’t know he can be this nervous, he is biting his lips expelling breathes as he tries to keep my father’s shocked expression “What are you doing here?” he asks my father, brushing his head. My father laughs.

“I own this place Molapo, MB Paradise inn. Boitumelo Motaung paradise inn” damn it Sango, of course he does. How could I miss this again? I really need to start knowing everything this man owns

“You own them all, don’t you?” how stupid of him. My father frown in confusion at his comment “Never mind, I’m happy to see you again Mr. Dlomo”

“What are you doing here? Why didn’t you call to tell me you’d be in the country?”

“Aaaa it was, it was just a reunion weekend with my high school friends, I’m already going home tomorrow” my father pulls him under his arm

“Good, you’re sleeping in my house tonight. Next time you come here, call me. Don’t be booking in hotels” Vulamasango don’t do me like that

“Sir it really is.....” his interjected, my father pulling him the other way

“Let’s go cancel your bill and go home. I’m sure my wife cooked a storm and she would love to.....” I don’t hear the rest of their conversation as they disappear to what looks like an office. Damn it Vulamasango and boitumelo for owning everything! They are going to cramp my style with being everywhere.

I ubered myself home and flew here before I could be noticed. Damn parents! Siso has to come with an excuse to turn my father down. I can’t have him sleeping in my home though it could be fun. I would sneak in his room and....the door opens when I had just sad down. Siso walks in my house alone. I almost fall.

“DUDE!” I snap, looking behind him for my father but he isn’t coming in “What the hell? You....”

“Baby girl, please don’t ever ‘Dude’ me ever again” he says calm “I’m not your buddy okay” I nod

“I’m sorry but you can’t sleep here” I tell the obvious

“I know, I’ll just stall your father and leave after dinner” sigh!

“Where is he?” I ask because I don’t see any sign of Sango coming in

“He dropped me off and rushed to the hospital. He mentioned one of your mother’s friend being in the hospital” my mom’s friend? My mom has not friends. “Your quite a host MaDlomo, no ‘sir please sit here, what may I get you to quench the thirst of almost being killed by my dad’ I can’t help but laugh “You have a beautiful home MaMolapo” he admires

“Thank you, follow me” I lead him to the lounge and show him a sit. He retires there and sighs closing his eyes. I jump him and sit astride him but he picks me and puts me on the free couch

“Khwezi, I’ll not disrespect your parent’s house. Please behave sweetheart. This is not a hotel room” I roll my eyes until the touch the back of my brain and he laughs “I’m thirsty, and I have been dodging bullets from your father the past fifteen minutes. Can you please fix me something strong?”

“Coming right up my prince” he laughs as I head back to the kitchen. The kitchen door opens just as I rinse Siso’s glass. It slips through my fingers when my grandmothers walk in “Gogo, Mane” I gasp. What the hell is happening in this house?

“I’m not your aunt Khwezi, I’m your grandmother, where is Kgokgo?” she asks standing by the door while as Ndlovukazi went straight to the lounge

“Who is kgokgo kgono?” (.....grandma) I ask in confusion

“Twebankie” I can’t help but laugh, I wonder why he is called Kgokgo

“I think they went to watch soccer”

“Thank God” only then she walks in following Ndlovukazi who is already grilling my boyfriend “Make us tea Khwezi. Lord knows your one lazy child, I wonder if you could even make tea...” she stops, beam at Siso “Aaaaah helang! Gorgeous, what are you doing here?” gorgeous? I’m keeping that name to mock him

“Mme Dee” he stands, shaking her hand with a smile. He can be a good boy I see “I was just invited for dinner by Mr. Dlomo” he explains, taking his seat back

“Dinner? Boitumelo said she is in the hospital and will come late. Who is going to cook? Khwezi?” Aunty dee asks already laughing with my grandmother

“I already feel sorry for this royal family asking for Khwezi’s hand” I freeze, take gentle steps to them

“Gogo who is asking for my hand” I can feel my heart already thumping in my chest

“The Mkhizes baby. A letter came in asking for your hand. We are here to prepare you to meet your future in laws” I feel like I’m running out of breath, Siso is just staring at Ndlovukazi, he is not turning to look at me

“TEA KHWEZI!” Aunty dee snaps me and I jump, crawl back to the kitchen with a heavy heart “Such a lazy child, this is going to be the longest week. You teach her the pots and I’ll teach her house chores” I hear aunty converse with my grandmother

“Eeeeh! can I be excused, I’m going to make a call outside” I hear Siso asking and they allow him. Next thing I know he grabs my arm and pull me outside. I don’t like the look in his eyes, his trying very hard to control his breathing “Did you mean it when you said you’re ready?” I frown, not sure what he asks until it hits me. I’m quick to nod “I’m getting you pregnant Khwezi, I can’t lose you” WHAT!

## VOLUME 25

### BOITUMELO

I'm holding Lulu's hand on the hospital bed. She is still staring up in space with tears just free falling the side of her eyes. She hasn't uttered a word but I'm the one person she is been holding through it all. She is gripping her hand tighter to mine. She shook like a leaf when Sango and Mtho walked in. Cried silently but pull of tears were flowing down her face like flowing rivers. She hasn't even spared them a look, her eyes are fixed up in space.

"I have been raped and beaten almost every night since he married me" she confesses, after hours and hours of silence. I squeeze her hand in assurance as she starts to open up "I have been beaten and raped because I don't look like you" I frown, through my tears and look intently at her "Sbusiso is obsessed with you girlfriend. He married me because I was your friend. He used to ask me to dress like you in our house, talk like you, imitate you in every way and when I failed at a single task he would beat me to a pulp" I see Sango holding Mtho still, I bet he wants to go out there and kill that pervert "That's where my hate originated. I hated you for having a perfect life while as I on the other hand was forced to live your life. I know I should have said something but I thought with time he would change, get over his crush on you and love me but that day didn't come. Instead it got worse. Last night he made two of his associates sleep with me too, he just watched and dumped me under the bridge. That's where nyaope boys found me and dragged me to the bushes" I wipe my tears,

"Do you know their names?" for the first time she turns to look at me "The friends that he made sleep with you under his watch?"

"Yeah. They are regulars at his restaurant. Some rich white men called Gerald and Joshua. I think they are his business partners" I turn to look at my murder and his brother

"Go kill them" they look at me shocked. They better not try me. I know exactly what they are capable of

"Girlfriend no no, I deserve all that"

“You don’t deserve shit Lucia. I want Sbusiso, Gerald and Joshua dead today. Vulamasango and Mthokozisi, get busy”

“Let’s go bafo” Sango say, helping Mtho up

“Vulamasango?” he turns for my call “Make them feel excruciating pain before they leave this world” he nods and they walk out “Make space for me girlfriend” Lulu holds me tight allowing her tears to fall once again. I rock her in silence. I don’t care what she did to me but this is my friend. She doesn’t deserve all that shit no matter what.

My phone rings just as sleep was trying to engulf me too. I lazily reach for it on the table besides us. Gumede, it reports.

‘Hello Bab Gumede?’ I receive

‘Makoti, what have you done?’ I frown ‘The predator is heading to you for to feed him. You’re the mother MaDlomo, your words carry a lot of weight. He dances for your tone’ Seers and riddles

‘Ntate Gumede o reng?’ (.....what are you saying?) he drops the call before clarifying to me. Sigh! My grandfather’s call comes just as I was about to put my phone down. What the hell is going on?

‘Ntate Moholo’ (Grandpa)

‘Give him Luthando my child?’ he informs, bringing me to frown

‘Give who Luthando ntate moholo?’

‘Your son. He is coming and he wants his kill. You ordering his father to kill unleashed that thing in him. And it was said that for every kill Vulamasango takes, another kill of his loved one has to be sacrificial. Give Mkhonto Luthando as sacrifice ngwanaka before they take someone you love. That witch was already plotting against you’

‘Ntate Moholo I don’t understand’

‘You’ll understand. Give him Luthando’ another call dropped. What the hell is going on here? Jeerr! Two seers at a time? Let me go get some food, this seers make me hungry with their.....



“No mama, it’s me. I’m hungry” I stop to climb the bed off, listening to the voice in my head but looking at the.....what the fuck? What.....what the hell is that monster?

“BOI.TU.ME.LO” Lulu spells my name low, terrified as I am

“Am I dreaming?” I ask, staring at the creature at the door. Something hit the floor behind me, I don’t turn because I can already tell that Lulu is on the floor. She fainted

“Mama I’m hungry” the voice say in my head. Matching that of my son “I want to eat too”

“Mkh...khonto?” I call out, staring at the creature standing right at the door. It walks in, my skin shivers looking at the reptile look like creature coming my way. It licks my bare hands leaving them sticky wet

“Who mama?” this is my son’s voice ‘Give him Luthando’ my grandfather’s voice come back

“LUTHANDO” I give an order, its snake look like skin changes to red. The sharp bone like structures at its back sharpens pointing out like weapons. It turns, wag its tail in excitement and disappear before my eyes. Only then I feel my self-drop to the floor before I hear commotion, someone screaming ‘DOCTOR’.

THE END.

THE FINAL SEASON WHICH IS THE CONTINUATION WILL AIR ON FACEBOOK.