

NTOZAKHONA'S END

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PROLOGUE

She is rolling down on the floor, crying like she used to love my father, I'm watching with a cigarette on my mouth.

This is *bullshit!*

I feel like calling her out for whatever *shit* she is doing right now. I've always wondered what made my father fall in love with her. I mean, she is not even educated, but, still, my father brought her into our lives, mxm aii.

She's screaming like it is not her that killed him, okay I know very well that it wasn't her that killed him but then step mothers are always the first suspects; although in this case, she is not because we all know she was home with me when my father died, and she is not smart enough to hire hitmen. I'm just glad that my father erased her from his will because, the money that she thought, or thinks she will get is the money she most won't get.

I'm exaggerating, I know that my father was killed by people living in Johannesburg, not her, but still she's not getting any cent from the Tselanes.

I throw the stompie I had in my hand down and stamp on it before turning away, I'm leaving my father's funeral, I'm leaving the North West, papa has secured me with enough money to keep me wherever I will be settling. The first place that comes to mind when I think of leaving is Johannesburg, and it's closer to the people that killed my father.

"Drive Boitshwarelo" I command my driver, I can drive myself anywhere I want to, but I have money so... why not?

"Alright sister boss" I hate him for this, he chuckles when he sees the face I make, I

laugh too. "Where are we headed?" he asks.

"Johannesburg is the city we will be painting red" I say, he nods and steps on the accelerator, I adjust my car seat and relax.

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" *Didimalang*" someone half shouts, I'm asleep but I hear his voice, he sounds really scared or something, I open my eyes and *shit*, police are staring at me, and Boitshwarelo has pulled over to the side. If I didn't convince Boitshwarelo to have drinks during our stop, and to have sex in

the car, and drive off right after catching our breaths, we wouldn't be in this state.

I stare at the young policemen with puppy eyes, he ignores my eyes, yohhh.

Boitshwarelo tells me that the policemen only want " coli" which will cost us R500, yerrr this is day light robbery, but because I know very well that if I don't pay that R500 coli I will end up in a cell.

I give them their R500, and we get back on the road, it's funny how Boitshwarelo and I don't speak a lot, but we *fuck* each other most of the time.

I'm relaxed on the car, it's quiet– too quiet, I'm actually in need of a puff, I check my pockets, and there's nothing– sigh!

" *Skuif?*" I ask Boitshwarelo, he tells me to open the dashboard, and there it is, a courtly, I take a lighter after putting the cigarette on my mouth, after lighting it I pull and then relax. This is all I needed.

" *Reya waar?* where are we going?" He asks.

" *Akecavi*, I don't know, we'll figure something out, *akere zaka eteng*, we have money and papa had a house here." I say, he nods and continues to drive.

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We drive for hours still, it's only now that we are finding my father's house, yep he had a house in Thembisa. I had no clue about it until his death.

It's dark outside but I'm standing on the doorway, smoking and thinking of the death of my father's murderers, I am Didimalang Tselane, a daughter to Bokang Tselane, and no one messes with whoever I *fuck* with and lives to tell the tale, those *fuckers* will pay.

The breeze that hits my skin is like no other, I had never thought that living in Thembisa would be the 'it' thing now, but hey I'm not here for fun, I'm here to hunt down my father's killers.

Avenging the death of your father is a duty to the heirs of the family, not the daughters Society would say, but I'm an heiress, so I will do anything for my and father's peace.

There's someone kissing my neck.

God help me, Boitshwarelo has learnt almost everything about my body, he knows where to touch me to turn me on. I pull the last puff and throw the stomopie

on the floor and stamp on it, I turn to kiss his lips, he holds my waist, and stares at me, I don't like what he is doing, sex is what I want not starring contests.

"What's wrong?" I ask.

"You look beautiful." nope, this is not supposed to be happening, he shouldn't be catching feelings.

"No don't be those." I say and go inside.

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CHAPTER 1

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

Ntozakhona has lost his mind?

He is seated in a dark corner, that's how he is living his life now. The death of his aunt took a great toll on him; the fact that he was not there when they buried her made it worse.

When he ran away, he went to the North West, he stayed there and *fucked* many things up, he even went as far as killing a person, but that's not what he wants to focus on right now, he is trying to forget that.

Forgetting it wouldn't be a big deal if he hadn't come home to the news of his aunt's death. Lunganele was harsh when he told him.

"You couldn't be home? Huh? The only woman that cared about you died three months ago and you, *Ntozakhona* couldn't be home? Honestly, she had no business being in your life and caring for you because you are nothing to her, you don't share blood— *nothing*— but guess what she cared for *ukudlula thina Sino Nhloso*, and you couldn't be home for her funeral?" That was what Lunga said, Ntozakhona tried,

but he couldn't digest it, how was he losing people that he loves in such a short period of time.

" *Uyis'phoxo!*" Lunganele uttered his last words to him, and up to this day they haven't spoken. Ntozakhona lost every part of his heart that day, and he swore that he will never ever love someone.

Upon learning the news of the death of his aunt, he was close to being a lunatic– for a month he was chained in his room because he posed as a threat to almost everyone. Nhloso came home and chained him with tears filled in his eyes.

" *Bafo*, I swear I won't hurt anyone."

Ntozakhona had said, but it fell on deaf ears "I'm your brother, will you chain me like I'm an animal?" he tried again, seeing that it wasn't working, he said; "I'm not your mother's child *vele*, so I'm not surprised that you are doing this to me" and that's when Nhloso's tears fell, he tried by all means to treat Zakhona and Lunganele equally, he did not have any favorites, he tried but still Zakhona feels some type of way about them, he sighed and left the room after chaining him. Olerato and Lunganele took turns in feeding him his *danone*, that's the only thing he did not

resist eating– he lost himself and his weight as well.

It's been 4 months all in all now.

He is not chained anymore, but he doesn't go outside for he hates the sun.

His room is always dark, no lights are allowed to penetrate through anything, and no one has ever tried to open the curtains since Nompilo tried, Ntozakhona roared and cried until the curtains were closed.

His family is all home, they are trying to help him although they don't know what exactly is wrong with him.

Bathing is something that he does when Lunganele drags him out of his room, although he doesn't utter any words to him, he doesn't mind bathing his brother.

Today no one came through, not Nompilo with food, and not Nhloso with his small talks, not even Lunganele and Ole with their danone.

He almost jumps when the door is kicked open, the curtains are opened, if he had been eating he would have some energy to shout at the *fucker* who did this.

"Who the *fucker* allowed all this?" Sibonelo, it can never be anyone besides him, he

knows it's him, he can't open his eyes fully, but he knows the voices of his family.

"Nhloso, bring the car this person is close to death!" He shouts, Sibonelo picks Ntozakhona up.

"What do you mean he is dying" oh that's Lunganele.

"He hasn't been drinking water for the last four months, no Sunlight, he literally doesn't have any source of energy, and *ubab'wakhe uthukuthele*. " Nompilo says "I don't even want to Begin with your father Nhloso." right, if they had time, they would be asking Nompilo why she wasn't saying

anything all this time, but they have a dying person to attend.

" *Angifi mina*, I'm not dying" he mumbles, even his voice is weak, Nhloso wants to cry so bad, but he has to be strong for them.

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CHAPTER 2

DIDIMALANG TSELANE

I've been in Thembisa for the past two weeks, and finding my father's killers hasn't

been that hard, I had to bribe a friend of a friend, and he got me where I wanted to be.

Ntozakhona Hlatshwayo, he fought my father for a girl, her name is Busisiwe Mthembu, I didn't pay attention to her because my father was really being a pervert, from what I heard the girl was just clubbing like any other random student or something, my father saw a next meal, she didn't like whatever he was doing so she screamed, and *fucking* Ntozakhona came for help.

Had he beat up my father that wouldn't be a problem, but my problem begins with the

fact that he killed my father, I have to avenge him.

I looked for him and found out that he is not well, he has been in ICU for three days, he was taken to a hospital in the bhundus but they transferred him to Netcare Rosebank Hospital because it has the 'best' doctors.

His brothers, Phelo and Nhloso are the ones that are always here, Sibonelo takes care of him from afar, and Lunganele makes sure that he calls every day and night to get updates from the doctors.

There's no security appointed for him, it's just the normal securities of the hospital that are here so that makes getting in and out easier, I haven't thought of any way that will be easy for me to kill him, I mean I haven't killed a person before.

Boitshwarelo and I are parked just on the parking lot, I'm still contemplating on whether to get in alone or allow him to come with, also Phelo is the only one that came today, Nhloso hasn't come so im not sure yet.

"I'll go in alone" I don't know when I decided this but hey I have.

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I'm now a fiancè to Ntozakhona, that's what I said to the doctor to get access, luckily their doctor- Maponya, who knows everything about them- is not in as yet.

I pull out a courtly from my pocket, a lighter too, after placing the cigarette on my mouth and lighting it, I pull and puff.

Coming here, I didn't know that I'd be looking at a handsome person like this. His sharp but well defined nose of his is the one that makes him cute. I'm lying, his dark

beard too– although it's not trimmed–
makes him look more handsome.

"If it was any other man that you killed for the same reason that you killed my father for, I wouldn't be doing this, I know that you were helping a girl out, but killing my father dude? No I can't pretend like you didn't do that.

"I don't know a lot about you– okay that's a lie– I know a lot about you, I know that you love danone, and that you are still stuck on your girlfriend that died after you broke her virginity. That you were sexually abused by your uncle and I'm sorry about that.

"I'm sorry everything that happened to you happened, I would say I hope you heal, but you are not gonna live anyway so I guess this is my hello and goodbye to you, I'm hoping that when you get to hell you greet my father and warm my place up for me." I say and chuckle, it's funny how most things I've said I have never even thought of, I guess his handsomeness has the power to make me blabber.

I remember that I don't have a gun with me just when I hold him, I cuss under my breath and leave, when I get to my car, I see him– Nhloso– parking his car, *shit* I can't

get back inside, and I left a scent of nicotine, that will raise suspicions, *fuck!*

" *Wabora weitsi*, you are such a bore." he says, mxm!

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CHAPTER 3

NOMPILO VILAKAZI-HLATSHWAYO

I'm seeing an older version of uNhloso, grey hair and all, he looks 50 or something. He is standing not so far from the dam, he

has little stones that he keeps on throwing inside the dam.

This feels like *Deja vu*, it's like I've done this before, like I've been here with a man that looks exactly like Nhloso.

"Nhloso is stubborn isn't he?" he asks, this puzzles me. Nhloso has never been appointed to do something, so why is he saying that he is stubborn.

"I'm not following baba" he chuckles and shakes his head, this person is Nhloso and Nhloso is him, their laugh even.

"You know very well what I mean, *kungani usahleli egoli sewuzoteta?* I mean it should be clear by now that every Hlatshwayo child should be birthed *ekhaya, futhi* please Ntandoyamangwanya should not be blamed for the death of his grandmother. Take care of Ntozakhona too." he says and tells me to leave.

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"You've been staring at me this whole time what's wrong" Nhloso asks, laughing. We are still at the hospital, bringing Ntozakhona here like this was us rushing, I

mean his head is not shaved neither is his beard, but his good looks can never be missed.

"I was with your father" he squints his eyes
"Or one of *obabamkhulu bakho*, I don't know which but he is one of them" he laughs snapping his brows, this man here never takes me serious, he thinks I joke about everything, I don't laugh, I just brush my big belly.

"Are serious baby?" I raise a brow at him, like does he think I'd joke about things like these? "I'm sorry baby" I nod my head.

"He is angry at you" I say, he snaps his brows again, in confusion.

"What did I do?" I don't know how I'll say it to him, Nhloso tried in every possible way to be a brother and a father to his brothers, I remember him having sleepless nights because Lunganele was not coping, he had just learned that his mother died for his son to live. If it was up to Nhloso he would take all his brothers' problems. "I failed them, didn't I ?" he nods his head several times before letting tears drop from his eyes.

"No you didn't babe, I mean you are young and you have problems he *kwawena*. " I say, reaching out for his hands, they are shaking "Also, from now on you don't have to carry all these burdens alone, I'm here to help and guide you. I'm your *wife*" I say.

"I never was enough for them right? I'm a disappointment to them." I quickly shake my head no.

"You are not, you know ancestors demand a lot, all we have to do is do what they want at that time, I'll be there with you. Also they want me to go to *eNquthu*. " I tell him that the man I was with told me that every

grandson or granddaughter should be birthed back there.

"I hear you" he doesn't, I know we will revisit this topic one day some day. Ntozakhona stirs, I'm hoping he'll open his eyes but five minutes pass and he doesn't, sigh!

" *Hawu bafo, bengithi uyavuka.* " Nhloso says and chuckles, brushing Zakhona's head. I see his love for his brothers all the time, and he receives it back. Nothing anyone– except themselves– does to them will ever break them apart, Lunganele was not speaking to Zakhona but he spoke about him everyday.

Also the additions of the Zondis made them even stronger, Sibonelo is the glue and their base. Phelo covers them, that crazy ass, I can't wait to see him again, it's never a dull moment with him. He was exploring Africa, but as soon as he heard that Zakhona is back, he ran back to Johannesburg.

"I've always known that *intwana* is alive." he said, but he 'explored' Africa in hopes to heal from Zakhona's death.

When no one got tracks of Zakhona, we all panicked, we thought he died "It's unlike

Ntozakhona to not leave his tracks behind." Lunganele said, Nhloso too was defeated.

'*Madanone* has turned back to Manyamalala.' that's a typical line to expect from Nhloso, but he said none of that. Sibonelo promised to bring him back, and he did three months later.

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CHAPTER 4

DIDIMALANG TSELANE

I've been here for more than three times, and I've given up on trying to kill him– it's hard. I mean who did I think I was, the upcoming Van Damme? I may be unruly and all but in all that I have to be realistic.

I've never had the guts to kill anyone, although I am daring. Maybe hiring a hitman would have been better, but I had already seen his bushy self, I had already been taken aback by him.

I don't know if he is a Nazareth or what. His beard and hair are unruly, his handsomeness is evident though, I see his pale skin– he is too yellow– he has a

visible T-bone on his face, this is a sign that he has lost weight.

I've bribed people to be in here, so I can stay as long as I want, they said that they would call me as soon as Lunganele or that Scary-ass-motherfucking-big and handsome Sibonelesihle come.

Ntozakhona's twin is said to have went back home. Phelo is not a threat at all.

I know I don't have much to worry about right now, the ones that are left here are logical, imagine if Nhloso was the one to find me here– yerr I'd be dead. I know a lot about them, behind all those cute faces are

angry man hungry for blood, it's really amazing how this one— broken as he is— had never killed a person before my father.

I shift a bit when I see him stir, he's been doing this a lot, the first time he did it, I held my breath because I thought he'd wake up, but he didn't, so I know I have nothing to worry about.

I pull out a cigarette and light it with my light, I pull and puff, this was not the life I had wanted for myself, a girl with damaged lungs, but I am what I am, I have made decisions, mostly bad and I have to live with them.

Cigarettes help me think, they occupy my mouth when my thoughts occupy my mind, right now I'm wondering when this guy will wake up.

This man has been unconscious, for what exactly? It's unknown, I mean he doesn't have any visible injuries. I'm hoping he wakes up though, no man deserves this—ironic right? Yep I know, not so long ago I was planning on killing him and now I'm the one wanting him to wake up.

" *Anathi?*" wait, how did I miss him waking up? His voice is ever so husky, it's like someone who just... nah let me not be this

cocky and dirty. I look around trying so hard– too hard– to hide that I'm startled.

"Anathi, is it you?" his small eyes are staring at me, he looks weak as he tries to get his body up, he looks angry, how is it possible.

" *Heita*, I'm not Anathi" he squints his eyes when he furrows his brows, he nods slowly after sometime

"Who are you then?" he asks, words cannot find me, but I answer anyways and say,

" *Kenna Lucia grootman*" I don't know how when the hell that name came to my mind but hey.

"Lucia, alright." he is staring a lot. I'm actually amazed that he woke up and spoke "You've been here a lot, I could smell you." yerr it gets worse.

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CHAPTER 5

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

She came here a lot, although he could not hear everything everyone that came said,

but he definitely smelled their scents, this one here came with a smell of nicotine.

For a moment, when he opened his eyes he actually thought that it was Anathi that he saw, but her accent changed all that.

She still hasn't left, she's sitting silently on the chair against her will, he asked– more like begged– her to sit here with him until at least one of his brothers come.

"Why hasn't a doctor come check you?" she asked.

"I don't know, probably because Maponya is not here." he answers, she nods, she knows about Maponya, their doctor.

"Alright, how did you end up being here?"

oh she is not so quiet, she asks questions after questions.

"I don't know, maybe it's because I've been eating danone for more than four months" she gasps, what the hell is he saying?

Talking about Danone, hasn't anyone brought him that, he is looking around the ward like a lost cause.

He sucks in a sharp breath when he realizes that there are no danones for him.

"What are you looking for" she's done smoking, does she know what smoking

would do to a person, especially to women? Cancer is a real thing out there—he knows better.

"Danone." he says, Danone helps him forget things really, no one will ever understand his relationship with Danone, it was there when he had lost the love of his life, loving danone was not intentional, he is an old Zulu guy, there's no way he'd be addicted to danone *nje*. She laughs, she knows about his obsession.

"It's a pity I don't have it with me." she says, he didn't expect her to have it *vele*, they continue sitting in silence until the door

opens and Lunganele enters, upon realizing that Ntozakhona is awake, he almost squeals but he remembers that he is a man, he can't squeal.

" *Bafo*. " he says, trying too hard not to be emotional.

" *Mnyamane*. " Zakhona whispers, he remembers very well that Lunganele wanted nothing to do with him, although he'd bathe him and all but he still wouldn't talk to him, it means a lot to him that he said bafo.

He tried to hold himself, but there's no need, he hurries to hug his brother who

doesn't seem like he was half dead.

There are chuckles, Didimalang is watching with a smile.

" *Usuthole ingane uvuka nje?*" Lunganele asks laughing.

" *Hawu back?* " Ntozakhona laughs.

" *Sawubona ntokazi ukahle?*" Lunganele asks, a smiling Didimalang.

"I'm good." she answers looking down.

Ntozakhona tells Lunganele that her name is Lucia.

" *Ingane yakubu Anathi?*" Lunga asks, Zakhona shrugs.

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LUNGANELE HLATSHWAYO

Life hasn't been okay.

Happiness is not money.

He had to accept the fact that his mother died for his son and wife to live.

He had to accept the fact that his brother wouldn't be there for the burial of his mother.

He had to try and forgive himself for treating his mother like trash, although they had made peace, it doesn't change the fact

that he disrespected his mom, he still regrets that.

His mother visits almost everyone in their dreams except him, she must be angry at him.

While the he was dealing with that, Zakhona came back home, he said the most hurtful words to him, Zakhona sank into depression, he couldn't stand the light. He thought he'd be okay but no, instead he almost died.

Now that was the most fucked up time of his life, he prayed for him to wake up, he

couldn't have another family member of his dying with a grudge against him.

He loves Ntozakhona and would do anything for him, but the fact that there's an Anathi look alike here doesn't sit well with him. If Ntozakhona wants a girlfriend, he should not look for Anathi in that girl, that would be very unfair.

" *Eyy bafo, umkami uyang'dinga*, I'll tell Sibonelo to pass by"

" *ulaphi uNtando?*" Zakhona asks.

" *Unomawakhe*. Sis wam, it was nice seeing you." he's already out the door when he

says this, Didimalang can't respond because he is gone.

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CHAPTER 6

PHELO ZONDI

He is known to be the black sheep of the Zondi family, and well he doesn't mind because it comes with goodness and all. He gets money without working for it, heck he doesn't even have a degree, why would he have one when Sibonelo already has?

Sibonelo obtained a degree at a later stage in his life, but who cares, the fact that he does have it means the world to their father; and honestly he is not jealous, if not both of them at least one of them should make it in life.

He's a hopeless one when it comes to romance, he fucks here and there but never attaches his feelings, he can't because the love of his life is somewhere in KZN, dead.

Ziphelele was her name and no she wasn't the last girl her parent had, actually she was the first born, but already her parents had had enough of girl children, shaking his

head. She was a beautiful girl, she was yellow too. She was just fit, not big bodied nor slender. What he loved about her was the fact that she had confidence, she wore every short thing with confidence.

Every night he yearns for her touch, he yearns for a stolen kiss. If she were alive he doesn't know where they would stand, but what he is sure of is that he would have never let her go.

They complemented each other, Phelo is the it guy, he has flawless skin, his eyes are the brighter shade of black... His eyes

sparkle even on his sad days, wait... He is always sad.

He never fails to trim his beard, and his head always has a fresh fade.

She was an outgoing person, something that he never thought he would look for love in, she was alive and always happy, there was never a day where she was moody, she was a straight forward person.

Although he is known to be a 'forward' person by his family, people From outside don't know that, they think he is shy and all. The only person who knows, or knew him well, besides Sibonelo was her, she knew

that he sometimes struggled with his speech, that's why he licked his lips before saying anything, licking his lips helps him think first and try to make up each sentence he plans to say, he breathes before speaking and makes sure that his speech is said as fast as possible, so that he doesn't stutter or stammer. His mother probably doesn't know that, but Ziphelele did.

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He has just taken a bath, and he is in formal clothing, they look good in him, but

it's not his style; Sibonelo called yesterday and asked if he'd be able to pitch for him at a business meeting.

There's a meeting for all taxi owners here in Durban– yesterday he slept at Lunganele's crib which is basically his now– so he'll be representing his brother there, he knows a thing or two about ranks and routes so he doesn't think that he will disappoint his brother, and he can't be manipulated by old men, with belly pots.

He sighs before getting into his car and starting the vehicle, he keeps on making an inside prayer that he doesn't fuck this up.

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CHAPTER 7

BUSISIWE MTHEMBU

A female assassin? *Damn that's a job for men* people would say, but in all honesty women are capable of doing more it than men do, women are the correct people to do those kind of jobs because it's rare to get irresponsible women.

She lied about waiting for a client, the truth is that she is here for him, an enemy of

Sibonelesihle has risen, he wants revenge for his younger brother– Musa– who was bulletted down by Sibonelesihle when he couldn't find information about his lost brother.

The thing about having enemies is that they do not come for you directly, they make sure that they hurt the people you love. It's unfortunate for Zakhele, or fortunate for Sibonelesihle that Zakhele does not know that Sibonelo has a little family.

She knows about this because she never does anything to anyone without

researching them, she had to dig deeper to find out about Sibonelo's wife and son; although every gangster or gangster-wannabe knows Sibonelo, no one really knows about his marriage because he made sure that he hid everything about them.

The minute she knew that it was Sibonelo she had to go against, she wanted to back down, but again telling Zakhele that she's backing down because she has cold feet would get her killed, so she followed this moron here.

She's spoken to him, they get along really well so she's made up her mind, she'll set up a meeting with Sibonelo.

"I'm gonna head home now, it was nice knowing you nkosazana." he says to her, she smiles and nods.

"It was nice seeing and knowing you too, Zithobeni." she says, her voice is cold even though what she's saying is genuine, he promises to call her tonight. They hug before he leaves.

Her phone is ringing, when she checks it, she sees 'Zakhele' flashing on her screen.

"Sure" she answers, she sounds a bit rude but that's how people that are best in what they do respond, *abancengi bayancengwa*. (They don't beg, they are begged.)

"How is it going with the job?" She chuckles and relaxes her back on the chair.

"I know how to do my job, this is nothing compared to what I've done before, and your peanuts money is what I can get with half a job, so it's either you let me do what I do best or you get another person for this job." Zakhele takes a deep breath.

"Alright, sorry, continue with your job" now who would go against Sibonelo for this?

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The weather has changed, it has started to rain; she's thankful that she drove to her apartment before it rained.

She gets off her long jacket and boots, she has only her undergarments underneath. She throws herself on the bed, it's been a long day.

"Hello." it's an unknown number.

" *Ntokazi*" an involuntary smile creeps up, there are just things that can be said by any man to her, but she would only smile when they are said by him, for instance *Ntokazi*, she's been called that before but it has never made her smile. " *Ngiyakuzwa umamatheka lapho, mama.* " she giggles, how the hell is a person able to 'hear' the other person smile? " *Usudlile kodwa mama? Have you eaten?*" He's not giving her a chance to speak.

"No, I haven't." She says.

"Yin'ndaba mama? Should I bring food for you?" He asks, she wants to say no, but

she'd like to see him again so she says yes, and he says he is on his way.

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CHAPTER 8

LUNGANELE HLATSHWAYO

" *Wedali.*" he whispers, he has her close to him, they have this time to make up for the all time lost. They haven't been intimate for the past four months, they have been distracted a lot, and having Ntandoyamangwanya with them *fucks*

everything up because they can't get nasty, everytime they try he screams.

He brushes his front on her behind. " *Fuck*, I missed you *wedali*. " he whispers to her ear before turning her to face him, his small eyes are even smaller, they almost look closed.

"I missed you too." she whispers, her hand travels from his chest to his front, she stares at him, they lock eyes, she goes down on one knee and helps him off his trousers and briefs, his member pops out, veiny and big, she licks off the pre cum that has just came out, she stares at it.

It's his second blow job from her, the first time she did it, it knocked him out, he can only pray to God that he doesn't sleep again today. She's good like that. She brushes Hlatshwayo with her small hand, when she flicks her tongue on his tip, he hisses.

"Wedali, Cha." he feels like upping her and putting her on the bed to *fuck* her brains out in just this instance, but he can wait.

Fuck, he doesn't think he'll be able to hold this in, he hasn't been inside a woman in four months, God help him.

She slowly inserts his penis inside her mouth, she uses her hand to cover the part of his penis that can't be covered by her mouth. Hissing is not a solution, and groaning will wake his son up, so he holds on to her gold hair, and *fucks* her mouth, she keeps gagging, she holds on to his waist to keep him still, he stops *fucking* her mouth, and she take a breath before deep throating him, he feels like calling all his ancestors.

He picks her up and throws her on the bed, today– dark or blue– he is getting *isbumbu*, she's wearing a dress, so he just gets her panties off her, she's on birth control,so

he'll go in raw, she screams and holds on to the sheets when he slowly pushes in, he is not having any mercy, he is pounding on her.

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They just finished their second round, this is how they are, they just can't get enough of each other.

" *Umhlaba wam uqala luwe Dali.* " she smiles, he is random like that. "

Ngiyaluthanda bambo lomphfumulo wam."

She smiles, there are just that only him can say.

"Ntando hasn't made a sound let me go check him." he says, she seems tired, so he stands and gets a wet towel in the bathroom so he can wipe her full-of-cum self, he wipes himself too and then heads to their son's nursery, getting there, he notices that his son is not breathing, his heart stops beating for a minute but he gathers strength to go furthermore inside.

"Ntando, *mfana kirhi* no." there's blood all over his nose " *Mgiyomtshelani unyoko?* "

He takes his son and holds him to his chest after cleaning his nose.

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CHAPTER 9

BAB' NKABINDE

It puzzles him, he can't understand why Priscilla thought her sacrificing herself would be something that will be accepted. Even though *ethelwe ngenyongo*, fact remains: she is not a Hlatshwayo by blood.

She sacrificed herself to put their ancestors on standby.

He made it clear to Olerato that it's either, She or her son dies; the only compensation for that would be someone with the blood of the Hlatshwayos.

It was very dumb of whoever Priscilla went to to consult to tell her that she could be taken as compensation.

Now everything is going back to square one, and he can't seem to find solutions for this, and the fact that they have been standing here for more than two minutes is a problem for him because he doesn't

know whether they are still here or not, and also they should not go to the hospital because if they do, this will never stop– it's not a medical problem.

Babi'Nkabinde is at Lunganele's home, he needs to help Ntando.

"Do you think they are here?" Simphiwe asks, another idiot he has to deal with, this one has a problem of women; women are the root of all problems, he doesn't know why he'd want have two roots of problems in his life.

"Aii *sifikisene*" he responds, annoyed.

"Ntandoyamangwanya!!!" He yells, he's seeing Ntandoyamangwanya, sitting on the ground; his grandfather– Ntando, Nhloso's father– is calling him too, so he has to call him back to life; it will depend on who Ntando looks at first and that depends on who shouts louder than the other.

There's someone opening the door, Simphiwe is awed right now, who the hell is Nkabinde, he is shouting at a Ntando whom he does not see.

"Ntate Nkabinde." a very pale woman that has bloodshot eyes and a puffy face says, her voice is cracking.

"Shhh " Simphiwe says, this might be the help that their child needs, Nkabinde doesn't need any disturbance.

"Dr Khoza?" She knows him, he is the one that takes care of Ntozakhona if Maponya is not on duty.

"Shhh." he hushes again, this time it's arrogant and harsh, he hates people that don't listen to him.

Nkabinde is walking around the yard, he is not shouting anymore, maybe it's a good sign.

"He's awake." A voice from inside shouts.
Olerato invites Simphiwe inside, Simphiwe
is relieved and also worried about
Nkabinde who seems to be running out of
breath, so many events in one day?

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They've just offered him water, he is fine
now, Ntando is back, it might be temporary,
but he is back.

"I need to talk to your sister in law."

Nkabinde starts. "Nompilo, there's a lot that

I need to discuss with her, she's pregnant right?" Nkabinde is a confused or a confusing soul, he says a lot in a single sentence, leaving the next person unable to answer.

"Yes she's pregnant" they are still shaken, the Hlatshwayos, they thought their son was dead, honestly Lunganele doesn't know why they dreaded going to the hospital, but he is glad they did.

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CHAPTER 10

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

I'm so screwed, I want to go home, but these *fucking* doctors are not allowing me to. They say I'm weak, how can I be weak when I can do almost everything for myself 'You are not fully recovered Mr Hlatshwayo' that *fucking* big eyed pitch black says all the damn time when I ask to be discharged.

They say that I'm sick, but what they do not know is that I was never really sick. I almost died of hunger, yes; but that wasn't the only reason why I died for some time. I

had to go and be with them for some time, so that they could set me free, honestly I wouldn't say that I've healed, but I have learned to let them go, that would be my family members that I felt were taken away from me, not to mention the love of my life, I couldn't understand her death, I still can't.

There are questions that I still have, my mind still wonders that if I hadn't gave in into the matter of having sex with her, what would have happened. Would she have lived a little bit longer or not? Most importantly, I ask myself if I hurt her or not, that was I too much in the moment that I didn't hear screaming in pain.

When I first opened my eyes, I opened then to a very beautiful being that looks exactly like the woman I love, now I don't know if I like her or I like the fact that she looks exactly like Anathi.

I don't know who she is, but I have to find out as soon as possible, I need to get out of here and find out about everything that has to do with her, I need to know about every single detail, even know how much hair is on her hair.

Speaking about Lucia, she should be here, she always comes, sometimes she doesn't say anything, she just comes and smoke in

my presence, which will soon come to an end.

Oh there she is, opening the door, I smile at her, she looks so beautiful, she's a thinner version of Anathi, which is weird but she makes me smile anyways.

"Hey there " she waves a hand, I wave a hand too. "How are you feeling?" I'm feeling very itchy because things in here are very untidily put thank you very much how are you but...

"I'm good, *unjan wena?*" I ask her, she doesn't respond but adjusts the pillow that I'm balancing on, like I can't do it myself, I

tell this girl everytime she's here that I'm not sick. "So... Honestly, I don't know you, what brings you here, what makes you care?" I ask when she's settled down and pulling out her cigarette which annoys me to the core.

"Who said I care?" She answers a question with a question, it's like she's talking through her nose, yeah what a disrespectful child she is.

"You do, you can't deny that!" I say, she stares at me for some time before she says,

"You killed my father" boom, a bomb dropped into my shoulders and I feel like it's gonna explode right now.

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CHAPTER 11

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

"What do you mean I killed your father." I ask, the problem is there's only one man that I've killed in my life, and that's that

pervert back in North West, and if that's her dad then I'm *fucking screwed*.

"At a club, you killed my father." She says and pulls out another cigarette, *fuck* I hate it when she does that, I hate the fact that she feels like smoking can literally take away her problems, she finds solace in it, it sucks.

"So you are here for what, revenge?" I didn't mean for it to come out so rude but *ke*.

"Yeah" I so want to chuckle, but I hold it in.

"But I saw something in you, you were just so vulnerable I couldn't kill you." she's

taking away my masculinity, she walks to the door, she's leaving already?

Oh she is closing the door instead, okay my heart starts racing, I don't think I'd ever be able to do something bad to her, yeah sure I don't have any weapon on me right now but even if I had one I wouldn't be able to use it against her.

She locks the door, she cat walks when she comes back, what the hell is wrong with this girl.

"Khona." it's how Anathi used to call me, it's weird, I sigh, she locks her eyes with mine, I

fail to hold contact, I throw my eyes to the other side.

Her hands fall on my chest, just a touch from her makes my breath hitch, I haven't *fucked* in months.

He face is inches away from mine.

"I betrayed my father." she says and brushes her lips on mine, I'm ready to do anything just to have her kiss me, just a kiss. Mhayise is already standing like a man ready to go to war.

"You think I want to *fuck you*" fuck I hate that this is turning me on, she's doing this

on purpose? She wants me to crave for her, her hands travel from my chest down to Mhayise, she puts her hands underneath my briefs, she holds my already hard member, she puts more pressure to it which makes it pleasurable, I groan.

" *Fuck*. " I cuss under my breath, "Stop please it's hurtful

" she's hurting me now, what the hell?

"I'm capable of doing much more, I just enjoy having you alive!" Yerrr, this is a nonsensical person.

"What the *fuck*?" I'm not audible, she's fucking squeezing my penis, what triggered

her to do this? I may be in a hospital bed but I'm not sick so I grab her hand, but I'm scared yo snatch it off because I'm gonna hurt myself instead.

"I'm not your friend, *Susa isandla sakho lapho.*" I can't have a woman degrade me like this, she releases my dick, and I sigh, I grab her wrist and grit my teeth "I'm not gonna have you disrespect me yezwa..." She shuts me with a kiss.

What the hell just happened, I doubt that this girl is okay upstairs

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CHAPTER 12

BUSISIWE MTHEMBU

I'm sitting on a couch, patiently waiting for Zithobeni, I can't wait for him to get here; I know very well what he is looking for and I am very much looking for that too. Getting laid.

I won't deny that I have feelings for him, but the job that I'm doing would never let me be a girlfriend nor a wife to someone, I'm the type to smash men and pass because

really, an assassin that has a family is always on the edge.

I don't watch soapies, I watch documentary reality shows, they kind of give me new ways of killing, and they help me think, but today I am not interested in that, I have a glass with the contents of Ciroc in my hands, I'm preparing my mind for what I'm about to do.

There's a knock, it's him; I cannot wait for him to see the sexy number I put on for him, honestly this was bought for me by my sister on my birthday, I just laughed and put it aside, because I'm too boyish for that, but

Guess what; today, I have it underneath my gown.

I open the door for him, he is in a pair of navy adidas tracksuits and he has a steers paper bag in his hands

As soon as he gets inside, I close it and attack him with a kiss, he responds to the kiss after a moment or so, he wasn't expecting that. I grab the paper bag from him and place it on the table while still kissing him, his hands run from my waist to my butt, I like the way he is handling me, I like that he is in control, I'm up for the challenge.

"*Shhh, wenzan?*" he shakily hisses, I'm already affecting his breath, he wants to stop, but he is too aroused to do that, men think with their dicks! My bean, or rather my clit is throbbing, I feel I'm wet.

I moan in his mouth, I get rid of my gown, I don't care if he sees me or not, but today I'm surely getting laid, by him. "*Fuck mama, ungenzani?*" He mumbles, I help him off his jersey and the black vest he was wearing underneath, he is fit.

I'm hoping he has no abs, I stop kissing him and run my eyes on his body, he is sexy, he is full stomached, he doesn't have

abs just like how I hoped, I run my hands on his stomach, God it's hard; he roughly pulls me closer to him again and kisses me, his kiss is sloppy this time, it's a hungry kiss.

"I can't *fuck* you as yet!" He announces after he breaks the kiss. What the fuck does he mean. "I mean I can't let you use me, we just met." yeah no, I'm being tested.

"Are you not feeling me?" I ask, my eyes falling to his his big bulge, his penis is literally screaming to be freed, what the *fuck?*

"I am, it's just not the right time as yet." he says, somebody kill me, now! "I would like to know you before I *fuck* you." can he give me his penis, like I'm in need, yohh I'm drained.

I sigh and sit down, so all this for nothing?

"Ayikulimaz' is'bunu leyontambo mama?"

Fuck Zithobeni and his family and everyone that has ever been graced to be fucked by him, he laughs when I roll my eyes, mxm, I want to cry, honestly.

"I don't want to be taken advantage of." he adds a dumb statement, again, sigh, sigh.

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CHAPTER 13

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

He's always denying the fact that he sometimes felt like an outcast at home, like *ivezandlebe*. But he is over that, he is older now and he understands things more.

All he needs to do now is get out of this place and make his life alright.

He is soon to turn 29 years old, but he hasn't stabilized his life, it's time for him to

take over his life and get control– more like being the driver of his life.

He gets off the bed and heads to the bathroom, he doesn't want to take a piss, he just wants to bath.

Oh, there's a mirror.

He stares at his reflection, he's *fucking* lost weight, he sighs, this suffering he's been through has to stop, he has to stop everything bad thing that happens to him, and also he has to start considering peoples' feelings.

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Dr Maponya is here, he keeps on writing things on his board.

"Ya Maponya, ngiyaxolisa bafo, kube ngangizazi bengiyoku thakazela." Dr Maponya rolls his eyes.

"You are still disrespectful even when you almost died?" Dr Maponya asks.

"Mxm, anyways I'm tired if staring at these blank walls, I want to go home." He announces.

"You want to go home?" Dr Maponya is shocked, what happened? Zakhona is not fully recovered, they don't know what led him to hospital beside the fact that he was "starving" but still, he hasn't fully recovered.

"What haven't I fully recovered from exactly?" Ntozakhona asks, Maponya has no answer, so Ntozakhona says "I thought as much, please fix my files I want to leave today." again Dr Maponya sighs and nods.

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DIDIMALANG TSELANE

My legs are spread like I'm a whore of some sort, he's just too good at what he does, I think I'm addicted to his dick—Boitshwarelo.

"*Fuck* yeah, harder." And instead of hitting my spot harder, he moves faster, I still need to teach him the difference between harder and faster.

He moves in circles and continues to ride me fast, I like his new pace that's why I won't comment on it, lest he changes it.

"How's that?" he asks, instead of an answer
I dig my claws in his back.

"Hit it there." I encourage, he is hitting my
G-spot, my eyes roll to the back, I cum. He
thrusts in thrice and then he becomes stiff,
like he is having a mini stroke or
something. I so want to laugh, but I'm too
drained to laugh.

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I've just take a bath, I want to go to the
hospital, i don't know what it is that keeps

me there, I always go there just to sit and stare at him, he tries coming up with topics, but I give him one word answers, I do it on purpose, I like watching him quiet, it's like there a mysteries that he tries to solve in his head.

"*Oya kayi?*" (Where are you headed?)

Boitshwarelo asks, this one thinks we are dating or something, where I'm going has nothing to do with him.

"That's none of your business." I respond, still trying to keep calm.

"Oh, you going to see that boy, *omaratong keyagobona.*" He says and I chuckle, I'm not

gonna grace him with my response.

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CHAPTER 14

DIDIMALANG TSELANE

My tongue is dry.

I'm rooted in one place.

I can't move my eyes from the bed.

I came here thinking he would still be here,
but nope, the bed is neatly made, and
there's no sign of him being here.

I was informed that he was discharged this morning but I didn't believe them because, why? I thought I was something or rather I meant something to him, I guess it was all an illusion, it was all in my head.

"No he would have told me if he was gonna be discharged." I made a statement to one of the nurses that told me that Mr Hlatshwayo was gone.

"He's gone." She repeated and shook her head, I continued with my journey to his ward, to see him, and he's gone.

She probably thought I was one of his bitches, maybe the obsessed ones, the ones he'd reject after *fucking* and they would continue to ring his phone until he blocked them.

And to be honest, my hands are itching, they are itching to reach out to my pockets, take my phone and dial his number; but I won't, if he wants to be in my presence he'll find me. His numbers are one of the things I found when I had someone digging out information about him.

With my tail put in-between my legs, I walk out of this fucking room, I sigh and keep

my head straight when I get to the reception side, they don't have to see how disappointed I am.

Getting to the parking lot, I take my courtly from my pocket and light it fast, after a pull, I realize that I don't feel better I throw it down and stamp on it. Fuck my morals, Booyens is where I am going– it's where he might be, or he'll find me there.

Getting a key will take me forever, so I'll just park next to his yard.

His voice is the only thing I'd like to hear for now, to get me out of my misery of thinking that he cut me off.

"Hello." I thought he wouldn't answer, most people don't answer unknown numbers.

"Hey, it's Lucia." I say, taking a turn.

"Oh, how are you?" He sounds uninterested, God what am I doing?

"I'm good, I heard you were discharged."

"Yeah, I showed up at your crib and heard moans." Shit.

"Uh... It's not..." I try to explain, but he interjects.

"No, you don't have to explain, we are nothing to each other, so you don't have to

explain, Goodbye." That Stings, it's really unsettling that he regards me as nothing to him.

I thought he'd hang up but I hear him breathing on the other end.

"Can I at least see you?" I ask, I need to explain to him, I feel guilty, but there's nothing going on between him and I.

"Yeah, I'm sure you already know where I live, Didimalang." He puts emphasis on my name, and it clicks that I lied to him about my name, I had no business doing that, but I did because I'm a fuck up.

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CHAPTER 15

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

He first went home– Booyens– to get his car, and then went on a search for Luc weia, or rather Didimalang.

It wasn't hard finding where she lives, he's an IT person, so...

When he got to Thembisa he went straight to her home, talk about being *Kasified*, her

home is in the hood, their house is beautiful and a little big, just not too luxurious– it's for middle class people.

When he got to the door, he knocked but no one answered, instead moans were what he heard. He thought it was random people, so he knocked again, when she screamed begging the man to 'hit it there' he knew it was her.

He turned back returning to his car, and drove off. He didn't go home to his family, he wanted to cool down his heart that felt like it was put on a braai stand.

He stood on the spot where he took
Anathi– a hilly like place.

There are Danones in his car– he made
sure that he stocked them up– he took six
and munched on them.

Not so long ago he received a call from
Didimalang, he said they will meet up, he
has to get going, he has to get to Booyens
at this instant– that's where Lunganele's
sanctuary is.

He gets back to his car and drives off, he is
tired of being petty honestly, what's not his
is not his period; he won't be praying to God

asking why he isn't his favourite, no more
suicide attempts.

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Her car is parked outside his yard.

She's standing there in her dull clothes,
she's in brown tracksuits, this really doesn't
match her personality, oh and she has a
cigarette in her hands.

"I'm sorry you heard that." She says before
he even gets to her.

"Hello, Lucia, or should I say Didimalang?"

He completely ignores her apology. She sighs.

"I'm sorry about that too, I just didn't want your brothers to find out about my agendas until I came clean myself." She says

He leans against his car, and eyes her with his too small eyes, he shakes his head with a light chuckle.

"So what do you want from me Didimalang?" He asks her.

"I don't know, but all I know is that I want to be in your presence." She says honestly.

"Well I can't avail myself to someone's snack." He says, this throws her off, Didimalang is very impatient, she can't beg, but she tried.

"He is my snack, don't get it wrong." She says. "Eintlek akecavi hore nekechunang mo, have a nice life Khona." (I don't know what I was doing here) Again the name calling, his knees want to betray him.

"Aiii aii, ungalingek mina ungijwayele amasimba, that's a language you'll use when speaking to your friends, not me." He says and clicks his tongue. "When you know that you are over this attitude of

yours you'll know where to find me." He says and goes back to his car, he drives off immediately.

This girl will kill him, he needs to keep distance between them two.

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CHAPTER 16

NHLOSO HLATSHWAYO

One thing about him is that he won't die by natural causes or by a bullet; a lot is

expected from– too much is expected, so he'll either die because he had a stroke or heart attack– either of the two.

If it's not the underground gang, it's his brothers draining him.

To be honest, Sibonelesihle being present here helps him a lot, if Sibonelo wasn't here, he would probably be dead, sometimes he fails to think for himself because he has to put his brothers first.

He is home, but he is considering leaving his heavily pregnant wife back here so that he can go back to Johannesburg to help find Ntozakhona who was said to be

discharged early today– he is nowhere to be found.

What he wants to understand is: why exactly did Maponya discharge the boy without telling them.

"Babakhe." She says running her fingers on his arm, he is tense. They are taking a midday nap.

"Mkami." He responds, according to him they would have their white wedding soon after she gives birth, which is weeks from now, but she is not interested in that, she said that they should just sign.

"I said ubokhuluma nami." (you should talk to me) she says.

"I know, but there are things I don't want you to carry on your shoulders; I'll call Bafana to help me with this one." He says, she nods her head, and brings his face closer to her, she kisses his forehead and tells him that she loves him.

"I love you baby." He says, a tear falls from his eyes, it might be that he is growing old, but honestly he is tired.

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"Bafo he is back." It's Bafana, Nhloso just sneaked out of his bedroom to answer this call, he releases a sigh of relief.

"What would I be ngaphandle kwakho mfowethu." (... Without you) Nhloso expresses his gratitude.

"I love you Bafo, you are my brother, there's nothing I'd never do for you." they are each others' rides or dies.

"I love you bafo." He says and they both laugh at the awkwardness.

Nhloso goes back to his room and gets into bed, he snakes his hands on his wife's

waist, he sighs and kisses her temple.

He needs a fist-talk with Ntozakhona, maybe he will start thinking like a man, he is tired of Zakhona's tantrums.

He just hopes that they all overcome their problems because if his brothers are okay he will be able to connect with his child and his wife, everything for him is fucked up, and no one should get him wrong, he is not blaming anyone, he is just tired of being the eldest, it drains him to the core.

He wonders if Nompilo wasn't his wife, if he had another woman, would they tolerate

him? Would they support him even if they didn't get it back.

This woman of his is really something else, she is truly Godsent. To think that she matured in a short space of time makes him chuckle under his breath, his mind goes back to the ShopRite scenario, where she refused to help him because he took her numbers and never called, yep she was a cashier, he laughs she was a troublesome woman hey.

"I love you Sthandwa sami." He says and closes his eyes to call for sleep.

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CHAPTER 17

GAMELIHLE ZIKODE

"Manyamalala, you do what you do best, you don't care about the next person do you?" He says to Ntozakhona, someone has to ask him. "Why are you such a baby mfana?" He asks, Ntozakhona feels attacked.

"Hawu bhuti what did I do?" Still he manages to respect, if there's something

Nele and him have in common, then it's respect.

"You were discharged from the hospital, but you don't come straight home, why do you keep doing this to your brother? Will you be content if you ever find Nhloso dead with a letter besides him? You are old now, you need to learn to think about the next person, siyakuthanda and we worry when you disappear." Bafana' s tone is still kept low.

"I'm sorry bhuti, I'll work on my attitude."
Ntozakhona is trying to look at things positively and it's working.

"We love you alright?" Bafana offers him a fist, Zakhona bumps it with his fist.

"Gang gang." He responds. They head back inside, everyone looks tired, like they could do with some sleep.

"Yeah Manyamalala." – Sibonelo.

Ntozakhona laughs, it seems like everyone else is calling him with this name, except the inventor.

"I'm sorry, I cause stress to you all, I just fail to think before acting, but I swear today it wasn't one of those days, I had went to see to see someone." His voice breaks, Lunganele is the first one to respond.

"You should call bafo, we worry." They are things that they need to talk about, just the two of them.

Olerato— his best friend after danone— stands to hug him, and he tries hard not to break down; it would be better if MaQwabe or MaZondi were here, at least they would brush his head.

"You've lost weight" —sis' Kwanele says with a warm smile. "Come I'll make you food, there's danone in the fridge." She adds, Olerato frees Ntozakhona.

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SESI KWANELE

She sees him, Ntozakhona is not okay, he's never been okay, if he sat down and spoke to them maybe he would feel better and supported, but instead he chooses to run away.

She told them all that she'd take him to the kitchen and they should all disappear, and lock all doors, they should make sure there's no way to get out.

She doesn't know if she's really the person to talk to Zakhona when she, herself, is still mourning her baby, Ntombikayise.

"Eyy, I forgot that we said we'd order in."

She says to Ntozakhona with a little chuckle, she takes 12 danones and offers him, he declines them but takes two of them. "Come." She says and heads back to the sitting room, Ntozakhona looks around.

"Where's everyone?" His anxiety is shooting up, what is this, have they all planned to... No he vowed to never do this to himself again, he has to keep himself together; he

needs to stabilize his breathing that seems to have hitched up uncontrollably.

"I need you to talk to me Ntozakhona, you are not okay, let me know at least kutsi what's eating you up." She says, he shakes his head no.

"I don't want to talk." He keeps repeating, his hands go to his head that is suddenly throbbing.

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CHAPTER 18

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

Indoda esakhalela unyoko?

He can't let them know that he still yearns for a touch of a mother, he still yearns for either of them; this is taking him back to a place he pledged to never revisit.

"I want to tell you something, I know it's wrong but I think it will show you that no one should suffer alone, you see your big brother, Sibonelo?" Ntozakhona has his eyes closed, but he is listening. "He suffered from nightmares, he'd scream almost every night when I was afar, it

wasn't me that stopped them, he spoke to me, I held him and they went away little by little." She says.

"You are not my wife, I can't share my personal stuff with you sisi." He says, politely.

"I know, but I'm your sister." She responds, he sighs.

"I'm a burden to all of them." He feels like he is being a snob now, but he continues anyways. "Yazi, I don't know what's wrong, sometimes when I take 2 steps forward I feel like I've taken 10 steps back."

She nods at him, his eyes are still closed. "I miss my mothers." Tears fall from his closed eyes. "Especially the one that birthed me, she was taken before I could know her. I wanted her, I wanted to have a mother of my own— not that ma treated me badly, but I needed my mom." He doesn't sob, only tears gash out of closed his eyes.

"It's hard being me sisi, I'm not making myself a victim, but what am I? What do I have? At least oLunga have you, me? It's them that I have, I have no other person I share blood with." He didn't mean to go this far, it's like there's a controller that makes him speak.

"My children– if I'll be blessed to have them– will not have someone to call cousins from their grandmother's side, I'll have to start from over, I don't wish my life upon anyone, my enemies too." He wets his lips with his tongue.

"Before I accepted ma as my mother fully– last year– my mother was a grave, I'd go there and talk to it, I don't know whether I was hoping that it would respond, kubi kubi." He repeats and starts sobbing.

"No one is ever born a curse, but me..." He releases a heart wrenching cry, she thought she was strong but she is crying with him,

something is breaking, it's Lunganele, he was here all along?

"*Khala.*" He encourages his brother, it will not heal him, but at least it will make him feel better for now... Right?

They all appear, Sibonelo's eyes are bloodshot, he relates to this. "You are my blood, my mother was your aunt." Sibonelo drops the bomb and leaves, he wasn't crying, he just hurt, Kwanele lets go of Ntozakhona and follows her husband.

Lunganele kneels before Ntozakhona, he doesn't know what to say to him, what they did was very wrong– eavesdropping– but

they all wanted to know where
Ntozakhona's trauma comes from.

He can't apologise, it's just not the right
thing to say. He holds Zakhona's shoulder
as a sign of him being there.

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CHAPTER 19

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

He broke the promise he had made to
himself, that he would never make his

family feel like crap ever again; the blame is not entirely on him though.

He is still seated on the couch staring at the ceiling, he needs to be away for some time, and the only person he can think of is Didimalang.

"I'm going to Booyens, I'll be back tomorrow." He informs after finding his voice. Lunganele offers to drive him but Zakhona declines the offer with a chuckle and a shake of his head.

"Where is Phelo?" He asks, before he gets to the door

"In Durban, he'll be back soon" -Gamelihle, he nods and carries on walking.

Instead of going to Booysens, the place he went to was Thembisa, yeah that was the plan, he wanted to be in her presence, the only person that reminds him of Anathi, just that this time it's a Kasified Anathi.

Thankfully, today there are no moans, he knocks.

"*Kemang?*" Someone shouts from inside, he doesn't respond, if the person wants to see who he is then they will come to him.

"*Omang wena?* It's a boy, little boy that

doesn't know what the term "respect" means.

"Sawubona mbhemu." Ntozakhona says, he is not really greeting him, it is actually a correction.

"Hey I don't care about greetings right now, *dintshang obatlang hier?*" The boy says. He speaks like Didimalang.

"Uyadelela mfanam, ngizoku gqema mina, uyosikhohlwa nokuthi ulengisile, uzokhalela unyoko." He says, he has forgotten about his problems, he needs this boy to call Didimalang.

"I'm here for Dhidhi." Zulus and their accents, they are unnecessary sometimes. But he knows how to pronounce Didimalang, he's just pressing it to annoy little man here.

"I know, you are that Ntozakhona boy, aren't you." He will only let it slide because... There's no reason to let it slide, he balls his fist and he throws a punch at this disrespectful-ugly-Tswana boy. The boy stumbles back

"What the fuck, I'm not one of your boys, I'm Boitshwarelo, I'mma fuck you up."

Boitshwarelo says after getting balance, and throws in his fairly painful fist.

He hit Zakhona on the jaw and somehow Ntozakhona happened to bite his tongue, now there's blood.

Ntozakhona doesn't let it go, he wraps his hands around Boitshwarelo's neck, he pushes him inside the house and slams him against the brown wall, his knee goes to Boitshwarelo's stomach, Zakhona's height works for him.

He tightens his grip on Boitshwarelo's neck, Boitshwarelo has turned pink, he is also super pale. "Stop!" It's Didi's voice, he

ignores it. He continues to tighten his hands around Boitshwarelo's whose eyes are almost falling off their sack, they are popped out, until Dhidhi touches him.

"Ngizok' ndizisa ngenqindi mfanam ngempama, ngizok'shaya" A true definition of 'Beat first and ask later' but this time it's, 'Beat first and warn later'. Why did she have to come back home? Or was she here all along?

"I'm not done with you wena S'hlama."

Ntozakhona says and points a finger to a very panel beaten Boitshwarelo.

"Hold on ntwana, I'll call a doctor for you."
Didimalang informs Boitshwarelo, she
squats before him and takes his hand in
here.

"No... *Ke, jr sharp ntwana.*" He says and
coughs, his rib cage or something in that
area is aching, he doesn't know which part
is hurting, he didn't do life sciences at
school obviously.

"Ntozakhona Fuck off!" She yells over her
voice. "I don't ever want to see you again.
Ntwana don't close your eyes. Ntozakhona
looks dumbfounded, Boitshwarelo can't be

dying, he didn't do anything to him, it wasn't that much of a beating.

He isn't done with him yet.

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CHAPTER 20

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

This fucking Boitshwarelo can't be this weak, I mean I didn't do much to him, I am very certain that this, that he is doing is for him to gain pity from this stupid girl, and so

that she could hate me, I'm not gonna allow that.

"This fuck buddy of yours is fine, I can prove it to you." I can but I'd rather not do that, I don't want her to hate me more than she does already. She gives me a death stare, that's all she can do honestly. I'm glad that she finally understood that I'll be leaving when my left butt tells me to leave, otherwise I'm here, forever.

I settle down and watch drama king here squint his eyes in 'pain' when she applies surgical spirit on his busted lips, she should be helping me instead.

"Ahh fuck." He's moaning, okay, I'll let them help each other and go get my danone in my car.

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They are done with the shit they were doing, at least that baby boy has went to sleep, I can have Didi now all to myself.

"*Obatlang Mona.*" I'm glad she is not speak that crazy *tsotsi* language, it makes my blood rush.

"I want you." I say honestly, I hope she wants me too.

"I don't think I have ever been romantic, nor been a sweet talker, I find you interesting." I say.

"It's good that you find me interesting, Mr Hlatshwayo." The humour is full in her voice as she says this.

"I've been in search for my love almost my whole life, I found one and she died." I say, there's no shock in her, why am I shocked that she's not shocked? I mean girl here is very cocky and shit, so I'm shocked that I'm shocked that she's not shocked, dies that

make sense? Nope it probably doesn't.

"Listen, I've called Samantha, a doctor, she'll be here any minute from now." I inform her, I need her with me, even if it's just for a few hours.

"And what made you think that I'll come with you?" She asks, I swallow my rude thoughts and words, I'm tired, I just need to talk to her, alone, I don't want to push her away.

"Please." This is by far my best line when it comes to begging. At home, I was taught everything but to beg.

"Okay, I'll come with you, but only if we are going to Booyensens." I smile, of course we are.

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Samantha came and took over with Boitshwarelo, we drove off right after that. I'm with her now, she's not eating the food that I ordered, she's just staring at the ceiling.

I pull my hoody, it covers my forehead, I sigh and relax on the couch, she crosses

her legs, I'm watching her every move.

She's ghetto but she acts like a lady.

"Can I kiss you?" The shape of her lips reminds me of Anathi, I just want to taste if they taste like hers. This is wrong in every possible way but it feels right, I feel like I love her, scratch that I know that I love her, she manages to make me feel stupid, she makes me angry, she makes me happy sometimes, although we've just known each other recently but I feel like there's a lot she's managed to make me feel.

I know that I'm very easily manipulated, and I fall in love very fast. I love people very

easily but her man, it's different and even though the Anathi in her made me look at her longer than I would have, I kind of feel like I love her more than I loved Anathi, it's just an invalidated thought though.

Her head moves down and up, this motion represents a nod and a nod represents a yes, I smile at her.

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CHAPTER 21

NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

On my phone plays a soft soul song named Mvula by Langa Mavuso, it's softly playing as I walk to the sitting Didimalang. She's looking at me as I make my way to her, her eyes are on mine.

I kneel down before her, I run my finger on her clothed thigh, I lock my eyes with hers. I remove my hand from hers and cup her face with one of my hand, her fair skin complements my yellow hand too well. She drops her head and links her forehead to mine. For a minute, we stare at each other.

I'm still kneeling when she places her lips on mine, they are warm, involuntarily, I

close my eyes, my heart beats and I make a wish with my heart, I hope that she loves me, my wish is that she will be able to love me right.

I know that there will be problems but I hope that we never go to bed angry at each other.

I stand and help her stand too, my eyes are still closed. Slowly I let myself off my hoody, I help her off hers too, she helps take off my track pants and trunks, I help her off her sweat pants.

As I kiss her lips, I feel her breathing against me, I let my heart take over for me,

I let it tell her that I love her, and I'm sorry that I felt attracted to her because she looks so much like my Anathi, I dare not say it out aloud.

I pick her up, she wraps her legs around my waist line, getting to my bedroom, I throw her on the bed, we are both naked.

She's shaved and clean, "Vula kakhulu." I instruct her to open her legs widely, she does, and damn what I see is what I like.

I shakily suck in my breath, and climb on the bed, my cock is impatient, and I know I will not last, so I start by kissing her lips.

I'm stuck there, on her lips, longer than I had anticipated. She's a good kisser, I moves to her neck, she's moaning lowly, I'm guessing she's enjoying.

Her nipples are what make me lose my senses, she might be slender, but her twins are big, so I squeeze the other hard nipple of hers while I suck the other, she's starting to move up and down.

My knee is pressed between her thighs, I feel her warmth as she fucks my thigh, I retract my knee when planting kisses on her torso.

"Fuck no, please don't." She says, trying to push my head when I start sucking her clit. She's disturbing me, I hold her hands and lock them with one of my hands, she's fucking my face, and screaming, when she tightens her thighs around my face, I stop sucking her, at least now I won't be a two minute noodle guy, alone.

"Ntozakhona." She says.

"Tshela Mina, ufunan fohloza."

"I want you to fuck me." She says, she is impatient this girl.

"Cela phela." I tease.

"Keya okopa." Nazoke, miss feisty here will straighten as a ruler lakumina.

Slowly I penetrate her, her walls tightly grab my dick, I hiss and she moans. I move, although I feel my knees weaken with every stroke. She's super hot.

I lose myself, I forget that I'm a complicated person, I forget that I have problems to face out there as her sweet voice screams my name, she's begging for me to fuck her harder, my pace decreases as I slam harder into her.

"I don't want to cum, please just stop." She begs, I burry my faces on her shoulder, my hands tame hers and I slam harder and faster in her, her walls clenches, I keep on with my pace, I want her to cum for me. I remove my face from her shoulders, I want to see her face when she releases.

Her eyes roll back, she trembles. I pull out and rub her clit she is violently shaking and screaming, while I watch her, I stroke my penis with my hand. One, two, three strokes and I groan and fall on top of her, we smell of sex and I like that she smells of me.

I kiss her forehead, normally I would go for a second round, but this is my first cum after how many months? It's impossible.

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CHAPTER 22

DIDIMALANG TSELANE

I'm so embarrassed to admit that he knocked me out with just one round. I slept right after our first sexual experience.

He is not a size I have ever had before, he is bigger than what I had ever accommodated, most importantly he listened to my instructions, he was able to control me too, I don't know how I feel about being controlled.

My eyes are still closed, but I feel him, I feel his fingers drawing patterns on my arms, I open my eyes and they meet his, he smiles, I notice that it's my first time actually paying attention to his teeth, they are perfect and white, most yellow people's teeth are not this white but his are, I guess it's his genes.

"Hi." He smiles at me, gosh I can't look at his eyes, I throw my eyes to the other side, he chuckles and pulls me closer to him.

"Had I known that after making love you would this shy, I would have made love to you on my deathbed." I smile at him saying that we didn't fuck but we made love.

I suck in a breath and turn to look at him, he cut his hair and beard, he has a fresh German cut, and his beard is trimmed neatly.

"Hi, Khona." It's only now that I greet back, he pecks my lips and asks me if I'm

sleeping over or not, I have a sick friend at home but I want to be in his embrace.

"Let's take a shower." I don't answer his question, but tell him this.

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He scrubbed my back and I scrubbed his, there were kisses here and there, but we didn't fuck or anything.

He gave me his T-shirt, his sweatpants are hilariously big, there's no way I am wearing

those. I washed my clothes and put them on tumble dried them.

"I'll warm up *dijo*." I inform him, he nods.

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We just ate and now we are watching TV, actually I am watching TV because he fell asleep, his hands are still wrapped around me though.

His phone is ringing, 'bhuti.' is flashing on the screen. I shake him and give him his

phone.

"Bhuti... No I'm just in Booyens... I'm with Didi... Yes it's a she... Okay... Goodnight ubingelele usisi." He says and hangs up, he gives me his phone and falls back asleep like he wasn't awake just now.

I don't know when I fell asleep, but I'm waking up to being kissed all over my face, I'm in bed.

"Good morning" he says, with a content smile, he's a smiler I see.

"Good morning Khona." I offer him a full smile too. He pecks my lips, I could get

used to this guy here.

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We took a naughty bath, we had sex in the bathtub; I really enjoy him being inside me, I enjoy being in his presence.

We are parked outside my yard. "Didi, I just want you to know that ngiyak'thanda, it took time for me to realize that I do, but I know I do." I'm caught off guard, I don't know what to say, I kiss him.

"Uhambe kahle." I do know how to speak is'Zulu. He thanks me before driving off.

"So vele, you left me here with a nurse or doctor or whatever that she is after I was beaten by your monkey boyfriend?" These are the words that welcome me, and he says it in the presence of Samantha. I smile when I greet Samantha and head to my room, Boitshwarelo has to know his place otherwise he'll leave.

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CHAPTER 23

BUSISIWE MTHEMBU

At last, he finally agrees to meet up with me, I've been on his tail, and probably on his neck too trying to beg him to meet up with me for one week.

I'm waiting for him in a coffee shop of his choice, I don't know whether it's his wife's or what because it has his surname, aiii, 'Zondi hot sips' I think the person that named it wasn't in their right senses or they were just bored or they are not creative.

I'm on my fourth cuppacino but still this man is not arriving, when I finish this coffee I'm leaving, oh I see him coming in his formal grey suit, he looks a lot like his brother– Phelo. Even their walks, they are now legged. I'm on my feet now, it's an action to show that it's me that he is here for.

"Busisiwe wakwa Mthembu?" His tone is not welcoming, it's probably my dress code that put him off; I'm in a black legging and a hoody, oh how can I forget about sneakers? I nod my head and force my hand out for a handshake, he looks at my hand and sits down, he doesn't shake my

hand, wow. "So, how can I help you, Mthembu?"

"No, this is me helping you, I was sent to kill you." I tell h, he laughs.

"And what made whoever sent you think that you were capable of that?" Bloody sexist.

"I don't have to introduce myself to you." It's not what I do; scratch that, it's not what we do. We the dogs of the streets are supposed to be known from a distance, you don't have to say what your name is. "How's your light?" I ask, he clenches his jaws, that is where I want him.

"What the fuck do you want?" He almost yells but... his dignity.

"I want you to listen to me, your life is at stake and I don't want to risk mine by killing you." I say, his eyebrows cocks up. He collects himself and sighs.

"So, you are a Mthembu? Are you a brother to the Mthembus?" I shake my head no, he releases a deep sigh of relief.

"It's just a clash of surnames, they don't even know me." I assure him, his wife was once a girlfriend there, so I understand his insecurities.

"Can we have a proper meeting and you'll tell me about what it is that threatens my son." He says, Good.

My phone on the table rings, it's Zithobeni, Sibonelo steal a glance at my phone, I quickly reject the call, I'll call Zithobeni when I can.

He's taken my heart, I don't know, maybe there will be something I will ask in return from Sibonelo, I'm not sure that I want it yet, I'm too undecided.

"I have to go back home, thank you for informing me that you posted as a threat to

me and my family, and also I'll tell Zithobeni that you said hi."

"Go Down!!!" I yell, he is too slow, he is shot twice, if only he had went down when I told him to, we would have avoided all this, and now I'll be seen as a person who plotted against him. Fuck Zakhele.

I retract my gun from my waist, the man that shot him is gone, the staff is lying on the floor, they are doing what they is right, laying on your stomach to avoid being shot, no one is thinking of calling an ambulance.

I rub to the heavily bleeding Sibonelo on the floor, his eyes are wide open, he is not

blinking, ko he can't be dead, he just can't!

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CHAPTER 24

>>>TWO MONTHS LATER<<<

KWA ZONDI

The Hlatshwayos and the Zondis are gathered in one room, kwa Zondi in eBhubesini. Everyone is quietly sitting waiting for the man that will be discharged today, Sibonelo. He was shot, the bullet

almost hit his spinal cord, fortunately it missed. Or is it unfortunate for Zakhele?

One thing that's for sure is that Sibonelo will never let it go, eyamasende ayipheli; he is gonna, one way or the other, revenge himself. He almost lost his life and left his wife to be a widow at a young age– he doesn't want to think about dying and leaving his wife alone, the thought of it is worse than the nightmares he had. If ever it happens that he dies he wants to die when his son is at least 26 years old, oh and he will die with his w wife, it's weird but he knows that he wouldn't survive even as an ancestor to see a man ontop of his wife, he

would make sure that he whispers something crazy on her ear so that her vagina becomes dry instantly, or maybe cut the man's penis.

Nompilo is still umdlezana, she gave birth to her son one month ago, he was named by Ntozakhona– Sbani, their lamp. Her child is wrapped in baby blankets. She kisses his forehead and rubs her fingers she would have loved to have a baby shower but hey they had much bigger problems to deal with, she didn't have a smooth pregnancy, it was so hard, but at least she managed to see the joy in

Nhloso's tears when he saw and held his first ever baby.

"Kuyanya lowomsunu kayihlo." Says Lunganele, oh she was lost in her thoughts, she's brought back to their world by cusses. She figures that they are talking about Zakhele. Cussing in this home is so normal that nobody ever gasps when anyone cusses, even the women. Their only worry is that their children will grow to inherit that too, Sibonelo inherited it, maybe he's always cussed?

"Ubhuti Sibonelo naye ngathi ikhanda lakhe ligcwele upelepele." Ntozakhona.

"Why are you still including 'bhuti' when you speak to me, because clearly you are disrespecting me." Sibonelo says and huffs, only if he wasn't scared of being physical with his loved ones...

"He's not wrong though, Zakhele is dead." What the fuck? Nompilo's eyes are popping, her hands are covering her mouth. Oh so this is all that she missed?

"I hear you but I want him alive, whoever killed him will breathe life into him; I want to kill him." Sibonelo says, pissed that they betrayed him, all along he thought Zakhele is alive.

"And risk having Kukhanya growing up to be some kind of fucked up monster?

Ukhuluma igqe wena bhut'S'hlama."

Sibonelo clenches his jaws, ever since he was born he has never been this disrespected, and he's being disrespected by Phelo.

"Ngizoku dabula ngempama wena, I want Zakhele here, and alive." Everyone sighed when he leaves the room, Kwanele following him.

"He's disrespectful this one, crutches didn't humble him, maybe a wheelchair would

have done better." Nhloso dismally fails to whisper.

"FUCK YOU." Nhloso yells.

Everyone has left, except the two best friends– Phelo and Zakhona.

They are outside, and for the first time ever Phelo sees no danone in Zakhona's life.

"I swear you are an asshole." Phelo.

"Hhaybo? Sengenzenike manje?" Zakhona asks with a chuckle.

"You just abandoned danone because of Didimalang."

"Well, not fully because I still eat it."

Ntozakhona responds with a shrug.

"You are brown bafo, I love that for you; I love you." Zakhona chuckles.

"More than love itself." Zakhona responds.
They fist bump.

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CHAPTER 25

DIDIM weALANG TSELANE

I'm two months pregnant, and that is exactly how long I slept with these two guys, I don't know what I will do; I've never been one to believe in abortions. I'm gonna keep my baby, I've made research and I discovered that you can actually check the paternity of a child before they are born so I know I'll be able to check the child's paternity when she has been formed fully.

I'm hoping it's Ntozakhona's child, even though Ntozakhona is a crazy character and has gone through the most in his life, I know that he will be the best father ever.

I just took a bath and I'm staring at my naked reflection on the mirror, I'm not showing, but in my head I do, I like the child already, I love him or her already.

I've bonded with him or her and now I can only hope that it's Ntozakhona's child because him and I are dating, officially.

Boitshwarelo still lives with me regardless of the fact that Ntozakhona is always complaining, he is insecure.

"Didi, Zakhona is here for you." This is another problem of mine, the main reason I can't let Boitshwarelo go, he has accepted that I'm in love with Khona. He is not bitter.

"Please let him in." I say, I unlock my door, he gets in and kisses my cheek.

"Sthandwa Sami." I smile

"Babe."

"Kungani ungagqokile?"

"I just woke up, relax Khona."

"Alright I need to show you something somewhere." I wonder "but I think, it's not bad here, so I'll show you here." He whispers into my ears, fuck my knees weaken. He helps me walk and stand before the mirror, his eyes are smaller than

their usual size. "You are beautiful, uyazibona?" He asks, I nod in response. With one hand he cups my perked up breast, he pinches my nipple lightly, I close my eyes when he kisses my neck. "Don't close your eyes, I want you to see me." He says.

He unbuckles his belt, drops his jeans and boxers, fuck, he is sexy. "I Love you." He says before penetrating me, I'm quarter to screaming; he is moving slow and tenderly. His lips keep on brushing my neck. I part my lips and let the pleasure he is inflicting take over; fuck I love him.

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BUSISIWE MTHEMBU

"You did this, you opened a can of worms, now help me close it." Sibonelo has the guts to say this to me; I know I dug up a lot, but I helped him didn't I? I helped him stay alive. I told him about Zakhele who was a threat to him; and I can't be blamed that Zakhele was a *bitch*, ***umacothela***.

"So are you gonna ask me, or you will demand that your will be done like you do to your puppies." Honestly, I don't want to

go back to my previous life, as life of having to kill people; I want something out of me and Zithobeni.

" *Angiy'ncengike mina iyfebe.* " Firstly, I don't whore around; secondly, I can count the guys I slept with with one hand.

" *Is'febe Mina?*" I laugh lightly and shake my head; he's got to be kidding me. "Let me go before I say unpleasant things." I say and up myself from the chair, as I start walking.

"There's no one I'm seeing, other than you here, and yes I'm talking to you. Why did you lie to my brother about your identity?"

And that gets me freezing, fuck I should have known.

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CHAPTER 26

SIBONELESIHLE ZONDI

I fucking hate doing this shit to a woman that is loved by my younger brother, I mean what the fuck? But I have to, it's for my family's sanity, I have to keep them all safe.

"Please." I have insulted get enough, I even blackmailed her with the fact that she is a Mthembu, but not legally because her

mother and father were not married, she is still a Zwide, she's Qondani's little sister, the Mthembus don't know though.

"What do you need me to do?" Her eyes are filled with tears, fuck I swore to never hurt a woman, physical or emotionally, but it is what I'm doing right now.

"Just track them for me, please." She sighs and nods, honestly I'm glad that she agreed, she's the best in the game, no one would ever do a job faster than she does, now Ntozakhona would track them better but I don't want to involve any of my family members in this because they would tell

Kwanele, which is the last thing I need her to know.

"You need to promise me that you will not tell him about me until I find the guts to tell him myself." She says , I nod with a small smile, I'm grateful, honestly.

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When people grow, they fucking grow, Kukhanya is half my height. He's a good child, but he's quiet, too quiet for my liking, this has me thinking a lot, I have sleepless nights most of the time because I'm wondering if my son is okay.

"Baba." He brings me back to life, I sigh and look at him.

"Mfan'wam." I say, he sinks down and bites his lips, I wonder what's coming now, he does this when he is unsure about something that's serious.

"He's miserable, his life is miserable because they don't know him ekhaya lama Weave." This child is confusing me, I just nod to get away from his ancestor-alive self, I want to see my wife, I miss her.

"Sthandwa Sami." I can never get over her. I loved her from when she hated me, I still love her even now.

"Myeni wami." She says, I feel my heart contented, I could never ask for a better wife, she's all I needed and more. I kiss her cheek and settle on the chair, I'm literally staring at her as she moves in the kitchen.

"When are we gonna talk to Ntombi?" It's a sensitive topic, she's our daughter, a one we lost four months after her birth, she had heart problems.

"I don't want to talk about it Gagashe." I nod my head, I know we have to visit this topic one way or the other.

"We need to let go of her." We've lost 2 children already, I guess it's a sign that Kukhanya is the only child we should have, I've accepted that.

"How's Phelo and you Zakhona?" A change of topic, it's too soon for us to move from our child but we have to, we have to let go of Ntombikayise.

"Mkami, our child will be angered now, why can't we let her be a happy ancestor?" I ask.

"I can't! I still want to hold her and feel her soft skin against mine, I miss her." She sinks to the floor, my first thought is to stand and put her on my chest, but I decide

to let her cry, it's the only way for her to heal; she needs to cry. "I want another child." She's crying, I can't give her another child, I don't want to find ourself in the position we are in as of now.

"I'll give you a baby Sthandwa Sami." I lie, I'm now in a sitting position, I wrap my hands around her and let her cry.

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CHAPTER 27

BUSISIWE MTHEMBU

It didn't cross my that Sibonelo would look me up, that he'd know about my identity, I should have known, he is Zondi anyways.

What he is asking of me is not hard, I'm just gonna track Zakhele's men and his brother's, how will I be able to do that if I'm on my brother's track always?

I'm driving slowly behind him, fuck he is in stress. I'm wondering how he is still able to cope in his state, being told all the time that he is useless because he apparently shoots blanks.

Fuck fuck fuck, I should driven at least two meters away from him, he is pulling his car

over at the side and calling for me, and I can't speed off, there's traffic.

"Why are you on my tail, you've... Wait wait who are you?"

"Busisiwe." I say, casting my eyes on his chest rather than his face.

"Busisiwe who?" He asks, the urge to say Mthembu rises but I ignore it and say,

"Zwide." He looks at me for long, there are cars hooting at the back, he orders me to pull over to the side.

"You look like someone I know, and that someone is my mother." He says and walks

around to the left, fuck!

"I've seen her on the pictures that my father kept, was she your mother too?" I didn't know that we shared a mother, also why is he using her as a past tense?

"Yes, she is my mom." He's dark, very dark, people often say that he is scary, but he is honestly and I love him like that.

"So she's not dead?" He asks heaving a sigh, fuck Sibongakonke for fucking his life up, he looks too old for his age, but he is still as handsome as they come. "Earth to Busi." I've been staring at him a lot. I've wished for a time where him and I would be

sitting like this, but todayi don't know what to say to him.

"Yes, she is." He rubs his head, and cusses out.

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QONDANI MTHEMBU

Everything is messed up, instead of yearning to go home, h he prays for more time outside; she's changed she's not the woman he fought to win her love. She's a controlling person. Had he listened to

Sakhile all this wouldn't have happened,
maybe he would find another girl to love.

Like today, he got to see his mother's
daughter, she was staring more than
staring. Her aura is as heavy as breasts are
when put on his mouth.

He enjoyed talking to her, and now it's time
to go back to his girlfriend.

Getting home, he finds her chilled on the
chair, drinking red wine, it's her addiction;
he doesn't greet he just walks up the stairs.

"Iy'febe zakho ezikwenza ungabingeleli."
She asks, but gets nothing as an answer,
"hey, I'm asking a question." She yells; he's

tired. He continues to walk to up the stairs with his bleeding heart. God knows how much he loves this woman, but right now she's doing nothing but bringing misery into life, he's just glad that they moved out of his father's house, he can leave her here.

"Ubuyeka kuzona?" She asks when she realizes what he's doing, packing his clothes.

"Aiii vtesk, sengikhathele uwena minam" he makes his way downstairs, he's fucking tired.

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CHAPTER 28

DIDIMALANG TSELANE

I can't believe this, he fell asleep with his phone in his hand, a phone that has a girl that looks like nothing but me. If she didn't have a bigger body, I would have thought it was me, I shake him slightly, I'm not mad, I'm just... hurt?

"Who is she?" Tears are already burning my eyes, fuck this pregnancy that no one knows about.

"Uhm baby, I can explain." My tears win, they fucking win, he's trying to explain, which is what guilty people do.

"Is she Anathi?" I ask, already knowing the answer, I get off his bed and get dressed, I can't believe this.

"Babe wait." He doesn't call me babe, ever. He's probably thinking that I'm his girlfriend, the dead one.

"We are done." I say and walk out with him shouting my name, he's following me. My heart is literally heavy. There's a lump forming on my throat. I get on my car, he

holds the door when I try to close it. "Which part of, 'we are done' don't you get?" I ask.

"I love you." No he doesn't, he just loves my face. I remind him of his love.

"I'll scream, leave the door and let me leave." I yell, tears fill his eyes, I'm not falling for that. "I thought you loved me, and I enjoyed being loved by you, and for your information, I loved you too. This is our goodbye." I say closing the door of my car and drive off, he sinks down and cries, I don't care. Tears are blinding my vision, I'm hoping to get home safely. Loving a person hurts, I shouldn't have. I wipe my tears and

pray with my heart, may God cleanse my heart off Ntozakhona.

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NTOZAKHONA HLATSHWAYO

We weren't meant to be, that's the shit she spewed to me yesterday when I went to see her, I fucking hate myself for what I did, it was really disrespectful of me,, I hate that I caused hurt unto myself.

Again, danone is my favorite thing now because if not it then what, drugs? At this

moment I hate myself but I find solace in my danone.

Just when I thought I'd be okay, it turns out I was never meant to be. If people don't fuck my happiness up, I do it myself. I've deleted every memory of Anathi, I was gonna delete that one too, but I don't know how I got carried away. She happened to open my phone and saw it, she didn't want to hear my explanation, she just upped and left.

Who wouldn't have? I'm Ntozakhona anyways everyone I love always leaves.

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CHAPTER 29

Four months later

•••*NARRATED*•••

They've been able to be away from each other, although it hurt they tried to keep their distance. Ntozakhona and Didimalang.

His relationship with Danone has been ever so strong, again. It's a matter of him running away from substance abuse. His hair is again left without being combed, completely. He hasn't had a cut in four

months, his brothers are tired of asking what the problem because he is not letting them in on his business, so they let him be. *Danone, is there danone in this house?* He gets off his chair and go to the fridge to check, *there's nothing.*

He quickly runs up the stairs to fetch his hoody, it's a grey one this time, he pulls it until it covers his forehead, he gets his car keys and walks off to his car.

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He drive to spar, he never shops here, but it's closer to his home, he can't drive to the

mall for danone only, *unless of course he doesn't find it here.*

He's not interested in seeing people and conversing with them, but he is who he is so he smiles when he asks for the 'sales' person, or rather a packer, where they place danone.

Her scent hits his nostrils, he turns to look, he hasn't forgotten how she smelt; she's just gained weight oh and she's pregnant, she has a big tummy. She doesn't recognize him until he shouts and says, "Didimalang."

"Ntozakhona?" He adjusts his hoody and gives her a small smile, she returns it thankfully, he asks how she is and hugs her while at it.

"Ukhulile." He says, she smiles and nods.

"I guess I have." Most women, including his sister-in-laws, change for the worst when pregnant, they become ugly for that time being, but not her, if anything this pregnancy has made her beautiful and sweeter.

"You are beautiful, and... Congratulations by the way." He says.

"Thank you, you look handsome too and congratulations to you too." She smiles and leave him standing there confused, his hands go to his tummyz he rubs it thinking maybe he's pregnant too, he laughs at his nonsensical thoughts, he goes on for a search for his danone.

It just sank that she's pregnant for another man, she couldn't wait to replace him and it's not fair.

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CHAPTER 30

...*NARRATED*...

Busisiwe was stressed that Zithobeni would leave her because she is a Mthembu, but he didn't; he was angry because of her dishonesty but it didn't take long until he came back running to her, begging for her love, and they are still together, **Happy**.

She also told Qondani how they were related, she took him to their mother although he didn't want to because their mother 'never' loved him, according to him. Busani took the role of their older brother because well, he loves his brothers do

much he'd do anything for them, but it's different for his sisters; he two now; they welcomed her to the Mthembus after paying damages to the Zwides.

Sibonelo and Kwanele are still in love, they decided that they let go of both their children, Kwanele demanded he gets her pregnant, he agreed just so they get done with their ceremony, but he is not gonna torture his wife like that again– *ukukhulisa umuzu woZondo kuzomela uZithobile, kodwa ukukhulisa igumbi lake kuzomela uKukhanya.*

The Hlatshwayos have no physical problems as always, they can't really complain about anything besides the fact that Ntozakhona has been giving them nothing but a cold shoulder.

Lunganele became really sick last month, and they all know that it has to do with a complaint from the ancestors, or someone with a Hlatshwayo DNA is not okay, but the question is *who*?

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DIDIMALANG TSELANE

My child was due last month, I kept on going to the doctor's, but they kept on saying I'll give birth soon, Boitshwarelo left, I told him to leave yesterday, he did. I deleted his numbers.

My pains are excruciating, they are so fucking painful, I'm facing upwards, muffling my cries as I call Ntozakhona.

"Hello?" He says and I just sob as a response. "Where are you? Stay there I'll be there soon." He says. "Don't hang up." He says, I place the speaker on my mouth for him to hear that I'm still breathing.

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CHAPTER 31

••NARRATED•••

Her legs are parted, he has parted my legs, he got a scissor, a cloth and a bucket with warm water, there was no time to find gloves so he just washed his hands.

"Didi, I know this is hard push!" He encourages, and she does, it's harder because she isn't getting support from from the person she is trying to push.

She tries pushing, harder this time, and a small head reveals itself.

It's a boy, Ntozakhona stares at him, the child's are opened but they are really small, *ingane ompofu*, and he looks exactly like *Nhloso and him*.

"He was mine?" Ntozakhona asks with a trembling voice. Even though it's hard to do so, he cuts the chord.

"What do you mean was?" She asks, her voice breaking.

"He's dead. He has been dead, *isisu siyabikwa*. He was supposed to be birthed at home." He says watering his hands with the warm water in front of him he then closes his eyes.

"I want my baby, Ntozakhona." She screams, it's not his fault but he blames himself, if he wasn't the father his son wouldn't have died, everyone in his life always dies.

"Mpendulo yam, why?" He asks, tears blinding his vision. He knows the reason, Didimalang should have told him and he would have made sure that she is at home for the arrival of his son, it hurts. "I need to call bhuti." He says and places his son on the couch.

The End