

Chapter 01

Nozipho Biyela

.

I'm browsing through Arnold's designs, my junior designer based in Lagos with a cup of hot tea in my hand.

It's just after Christmas holidays and I'm trying to catch up with my work. I also need to stock up the botiques, we had a lot of orders on holidays. I had a line up of more than ten people to design for New Year's Eve celebration in Jamaica.

"Mom Phiwo isn't opening his room for us" says my twin-girls Liyanda and Ayanda walking toward me pouting.

"That's because it his room" I tell them and close the laptop because I know there is no way I can continue working with these two here.

They are just like their aunties. They talk a lot and fight each other like hell. When they are present you need to keep an eye on them.

"But we want to get in" Aya says climbing on the couch.

"He is not being cool mom" Liya says.

I know we can talk about this all day so I change the subject.

"What do you want for supper?" I ask them.

"Strawberry salad" Aya reply.

Ya neh!

I look at Liya, she is a bit clever than her sister. She is the one I could say took after me, Aya took after her daddy.

"Roast turkey" she says and jump next to her sister and they start discussing which cartoons to watch.

I dismiss myself and walk to the kitchen to start cooking supper before hubby comes back from 'drinks with friends'.

I defrost the turkey and steam green beans in the microwave and sauté the garlic in the frying pan. I then take the beans and toss them with garlic. After finishing with beans I start seasoning the turkey.

I don't hear a knock I only hear Don's name filling the room.

"Nozieeee" he sing-greet.

Before I can answer the other five walks in chatting out loud.

"Turkey...mhhhh!" Mandla says and give me a quick hug on the shoulders.

Now I need to defrost two more trays of meat since my husband decided to bring all his friends and brother-in-laws to supper without my consent.

"Who invited you to my house?" I ask them smiling.

"Jonhy Walker told us to go to Sbu's house" Don says and walk to the fridge and take out a yoghurt.

Thapelo opens the drawer and take the spoon out then rush after the running Don telling him to share.

They are thirty years old but they are six years old if you know what I mean.

Loyiso greet me politely and walk to them in the lounge. He is Simtho's boyfriend, he is unfriendly but he is polite and likeable. He is a former cop so I guess he is normal.

"Sisi how are you?"

I smile, "I'm okay you?"

"I'm fine too" he says.

I don't know if it's okay calling a man an angel but Lwazi ia just an angel.

But force of attraction had to happen and he fell in love with one of the crazy Biyela sisters, Sena.

He also follow the chaos in the lounge.

As soon he disappears I feel those arms slipping around my waist and cold lips brushing my neck sending a tickling sensation all over my body.

"Sbu!" I moan and tilt my head to the side.

He breaths in my ear, I nearly reach orgasm.

"I missed you" he whispers.

I turn around and pull his head to me and kiss him.

We moan on each other's mouth.I don't know if it's normal to love a man like this.

I break the kiss and look into his eyes.They have hunger, affection and just warmth.

Everytime I look in these eyes it's like I'm seeing them for the first time,on the 'anniversary wedding cake morning'.

I've heard love fades away after marriage,but here I am after four years of marriage looking at his eyes my knees getting weak,my heart pounding out my chest.

"Is something wrong with daddy's eyes?"

We break the gaze and turn to look at him.

He had a big worry on his face,his hands behind his back.

I look at Sbu,we burst out laughing.

"No my boy,I was just looking at his eye colour" I say.

He nods with confusion and ask where his sisters are.

He is just five years old and he is the best gift I ever had.

My heart cried blood tears the first time I saw him,I had no choice but to raise him as my own while pregnant with twins.

My mom,well a woman who raised me,Sbu's biological mom, taught me that a woman's husband's child is hers.

After cooking I go set the dining table and dish for my kids aside.They eat infront of the TV.I know most mothers don't allow that but I can't have my kids around these men when they are together.They can get very uncontrollable plus they have unfiltered mouths.

I then call the loud-chatting friends from the lounge.

They take seats,I serve each of them and poured them juice.

"What are you all doing,eating without praying?" Don ask them.

They lift their heads and look at him deadly.

I doubt Sbu knows Christmas is Jesus' birthday,he thinks it's world food day.

"We prayed by hearts" Thapelo says and put a full spoon in his mouth.

"You all need Rev.Lyie" Don says.

We all laugh out. Aunt Lydia is now a church-goer and they call him Prophet Lili, Pastor Lydia, Rev. Lyie and Lyie Jesu.

"So guys I'm thinking of settling down" Lwazi says out of the blue.

We all look at him surprised.

"Like popping the question?" I ask beaming.

He looks down shyly, "Yes but Sena is moody these days she can just say no"

Poor Lwazi! He is so scared, little does he know Sena has been crossing her fingers for this for the last two years.

"Whooray!!" Don clapped.

Omg! I need to design a dress for the wedding.

"At last" Sbu says.

"So I need to arrange the place and do a romantic set-up then I need all of you there but she mustn't know" he says.

"Of course we were going to be there anyway" Don says.

This is so exciting I don't even finish my food I rush to the kitchen and call other sisters to whisper the word to them and tell them to keep it under their breaths.

When I look at them through the passage, Mandla is telling them something and they all groans disgustedly.

I know he is telling them something sexually.

After five years they have only grow older, they didn't change a bit.

Don is still the craziest one with no love-life.

Thapelo is the beast one with an intimidating presence.

Mandla is the serious one with a deep mind.

Lwazi is the kind, loving, well-mannered one.

Loyiso is the unfriendly one.

And then there is my hubby, Sbusiso Biyela, he is the....one I love.

He walks towards me and pass to the kitchen as I'm still thinking about him and his friends.

He opens the cupboard, take the glass and pour water from the sink and drinks.

He then....put it inside the plates shelve,on top of the plates.

"Sbu that glass wasn't there" I tell him angrily.

He just walk past me,"I'm tired babe I've been cooking the whole day" he says.

Cooking?

Oh he is referring to making me three cups of tea before going out.

I think he is the stupid one.

Chapter 02

Senamile Biyela

.

"Quinton keep it down" I call my naughty 4years old son from the kitchen.

Quinton is the best thing that ever happened to me.I actually never thought I could love a living creature so unconditionally.Thanks to Lwazi,my handsome boyfriend for shooting me up the first day he slid his pipe between my legs.He is such a scorer.I could just lend him to Bafana Bafana.

Speaking of that man I have no idea where he is.

Imagine opening your thighs half-asleep and sending your hand to the other side then baam you touch empty sheets!

I really hate helping myself with the hand,Lwazi knows that.He will pay for this.

I'm so angry maybe that's why these pancakes are burning.

"Who is going to eat that mommy?" Quinton asks blocking his little nose.

"You and me"

He frowns,"No I won't,it will dye my intestines and I will poop like a monkey"

"Then you will eat cereal" I tell him taking the pancakes out.

"I don't want cereal,I want delicious pancakes"

He is so spoilt. He is used to have his way. I blame Lwazi he is the one who taught him this is his castle and we are his servants.

"Then you will eat these pancakes"

"No mom!!!" he shout and start crying.

Quinton doesn't cry like normal kids. He screams to the ceiling, kick his feet, slap the tiles and roll down.

"Quinton stop it!" I shout angrily.

The pancakes are not burnt that badly. I don't even know why pancakes are so special to him.

"Boy"

The voice I'm very angry at says coming from the garage door.

Before I know it he is scooping his son up asking what is wrong.

One of these days I'm going to cut their afro hair with a scissor. No scissor is better I will use broken beer bottle like rural boys. I suspect it for their behaviour.

"Why you not giving him pancakes?" he demand.

Because you left me wet on bed and went wherever your yellow face led you.

"They are little burnt and he is refusing them" I tell him with attitude.

"Why did you burn them because you know Sunday is pancakes morning?"

Hebana! I roll my eyes.

He click his tongue and walk out with his son on his arm.

I hear his car driving out. He is going to buy them for him.

Hell he didn't even kiss my cheek, he haven't seen me all morning.

What if there is someone else?

The nigga has been receiving dodgy calls he doesn't answer in front of me.

For his sake I hope his ancestors guided him not to cheat on Sena, otherwise he will be joining them soon.

Just thinking about the possibility of him cheating make me sweat.

I put Beyonce on just to calm my emotions down.

Then she sings "Who runs the world,girls" and I get irritated.Like really? Girl you are the only one running it,some of us still rely on men's dicks to wake up with full mood.

I need to call my sisters.They have to tell me a plan

"Babe he will come around,maybe it's just work.You know he just started a company,his mind must be occupied" Fiki said when I called her about Lwazi's behaviour.

Fiki is manless,everything she says must be influenced by lack of sex.

I decide to call Simtho.She took long to answer,she must've pulled out of Loyiso's dick.

Her ; What do you want?

Me. ; Hey wena relax that dick isn't running away I need to talk to you about something serious

Her ; Talk

Me. ; I think Lwazi is cheating on me.

Her. ; (chuckles) Come on Sena,did you smoke weed again?

Me. ; He has been receiving dodgy calls and going out every afternoon saying he have late meetings.Today he left me on bed by dawn.

Her. ; Geez babe he just started a company he is obviously busy with...

I drop her before she could finish.

Everyone has painted Lwazi the world's number one good guy.Everytime we fight people give me long eyes.

I don't even want to call Ziphe she will just tell me the same.I'm sure Thapelo glorify her every morning and doesn't hide any calls from her.

I can't call Zethu either,she will just brush me off and talk about herself like she is the one who called.With her I prefer texting,so I text her.

She reply with two words : Stalk him.

Actually that's not a bad idea.This is why I crowned Zethu the coolest sister.

After a while Lwazi and Quinton come back.

"Mom look" Quinton say throwing a baloon on air and jumping up to catch it.

Kids are such forgiving souls,they took after Mandela and Jesus Christ.

I smile,

"You bought balloons?"

"No a lady gave them to me" he say beaming with joy.

Girls know this feeling.My mind multi-ran and laid answers for me about who the lady is.

Quinton disappears chasing his balloons.I get a chance to give this man a stern burning stare then walk to the bedroom.

Before I can slam the door he is here grabbing my arm,asking what my problem is.

"My problem?" I ask turning around to look at his face.

"You are acting like crazy woman.You shout and give dead looks and..."

I laughed,

"Except that you receive mysterious calls,disappear in the evenings and leave me wet on bed by dawn I have no idea what's my problem is"

"Sena are you being serious right now?"

Is he really asking me that?

"No I'm kidding ha ha ha,now get out!"

He close the door with his foot and then unzip his pant and take out his dick.

"This is what you want? You want dick Sena,here have it"

Oh this fuckin asshole!

I'm not related to Nikki Bella but the slap I gave Lwazi had Nikki's genes.

He hold his cheek shocked,a tear automatically drop from his eye.

"Just because I love you doesn't mean I am a greedy sex-crazy hoe" I say and rush out the door.

I find Quinton in the lounge with his balloons and pull him with me to my car.

"Mom where are we going?" he ask as I fasten his seat-belt.

"We are visiting Phiwo"

He get excited and tell me about their games with Phiwo and the twins.

I drove like crazy,within ten minutes I'm parking outside my brother's house.

Quinton runs to the house first.I walk in and follow my brother's voice passing Nozipho drawing on the table.

I run to my brother's lap and cry.

"Sena what's wrong?" he keep asking,I'm just crying saying nothing.

After a while I calm myself down and tell him all about Lwazi's behaviour.

"You have to confront him about it" he says looking at Don smiling.

"I did and he just assumed I want sex and shoved his dick to my face"

"And you Doll wanted no dick?" Don ask laughing.

If I knew he was here I would've drove to Thapelo.

"I can't say that but all I want...."

I don't finish they burst out laughing.

"Guys it's not funny" I say with irritation.

They don't stop I decide to leave them and go talk with my wise sister-in-law.

"Ah babe it's probably just work"

she says.

She is not that wise.

I stay in my brother's house until mid-day listening to Don's craziness.

When I fetch Quinton to go he refuses and ask me to fetch him later.

I leave him and drive to my house.

When I arrive Lwazi's car is parked outside which means he's been somewhere.

I walk in and hear him talking with the phone in the bedroom.

I eavesdrop his conversation.

"She is already suspicious I can't be there today...yeah maybe tomorrow....I can't wait,make it

extra romantic with dull lights...yes...okay sure"

I walk to the kitchen in tears.Lwazi is really cheating on me.

What haven't I done for this man?

Chapter 03

Simtholile Biyela

.

I spent the afternoon with Don.My brother's friend and my best friend of years.Nobody knows me better than him and nobody knows him better than me.Everyone has made peace about us.

We had a couple drinks so I'm a bit tipsy.

I walk in my house and find Loyiso staring into space on the kitchen chair.

"Hey babe" I greet and walk to the bathroom and freshen up.

I dress up in my short silky nightdress and go to him.

"Have you eaten?" I ask opening the cupboards.

Instead of an answer I feel his hand grabbing my hair firmly.

"You were with him?" he ask in a deep calm voice.

His grip is tightly on my hair but I manage to turn around and look at him.

"Babe" I say shocked by his behaviour.

He is not looking at me,he is looking at the wall behind me.Gosh he is angry!

"Babe what's wrong?" I ask in fear.

"You're sleeping with him" he say.

I'm confused.I don't know who 'him' is.

"What are you talking about Loyiso?"

He breaths heavily and slam his lips on mine and kiss me violently.I kiss him back although his hand is hurting me.

He push me to the table and force my head on top of it.

He is breathing heavily.He is not speaking.He is angry for some reason I don't know.

I don't know when he grabbed my panties aside I only felt him slamming inside me.

I scream out in pain.

I'm not ready but he is not stopping,he doesn't care.His hand is yanking my hair.

This is my boyfriend of four years,my body knows him I suddenly feel wet and moan in pleasure.Plus I love fast and furious.

My orgasm build up and I explode within minutes.He also cum shortly after me and groan like a bull.

He doesn't stay in though he pulls out and walk to the bedroom leaving me lying on the table with my chest breathless.

I expect him to come back and wipe me but he doesn't.I give up and follow him.

Jesus Christ! The nigga is on bed,under covers watching the ceiling board.

I walk to the bathroom and clean myself.My vjay hurts a little so I kinda walk funny.

I slip in next to him and kiss his cheek.

"You know Don suggested we take a weekend aw..."

He turn his head to me with a lightning velocity.

"I don't want to hear his name" he says angrily.

What's the fuck?

I look at him shocked,"What did Don do?"

"He is fucking my girl"

Don is fucking his girl? What girl?

"Which girl?" I ask

He grab my face and suck my lip hard,"This girl"

Whoah China!

"Don and I are friends,he is like my brother.What's the fuck Loyiso?" I ask nearly shouting.

He exhale sharply,"I'm not a fool Simtho"

"I never said you were"

"He cuddle you,touch your boobs,brush your hips and do all the intimate fucks.What kind of a friend is that?"

Wow,unbelievable!

"It's either you're losing it or...." I didn't finish I felt a painful pinch on my nipple.

"Loyiso what is wrong with you?" I ask him.

He breaths like he just ran a marathon.I sit up and look at his face.His eyes are burning.I suddenly know this man next to me is no longer Loyiso.This is Banger.

I feel cold shivers running down my spine.I know if I don't play right he will completely lose it.

"Mbatha what have I done?"

He turn his eyes to me,I suddenly feel the need of eye-glasses.

He touch my cheeks,atleast he is trying to be calm.I brush his hand and smile.

"I hate that you spend more time with him than me" he says.

I clear my throat and look away.

"You let him touch my assets" he continues.

I glance at him,fear wash all over me.

Loyiso has once beaten me and apologised the next morning.I forgave him,it's not like he abused me I'm the one who got drunk and disgraced him infront of people by keeping my claws on Don.

He see that I'm shaking and pull me to his chest.

"I love you Loyiso" I whisper in his ear.

He just hold me tightly and breath in and out heavily.

I feel his chest panting up and down.No no no!!!

I move my head up and look at him.

He is crying.

"Mbatha...my love"

"Yes babe" he respond with a breaking voice.

"I'm not sleeping with Don,he is just a friend"

He draw his nose and nods.

"If you don't like him touching me I'll tell him to stop.Our joy means everything to him" I tell him in desperation.

"Okay let's sleep" he says and put my head on his chest and wrap me.

When I wake up Loyiso is already gone to work.He resigned as a cop three years ago and started a furniture factory.He have developed in the industry and opened a few more with my father's help.

I get up and go get ready for work.

I find my lunchbox on top of the kitchen counter prepared and breakfast in the microwave.

I smile.I'm one of the few blessed woman in the unirvese.

After eating my breakfast I pack my lunchbox in my bag.

Oh wow,there is a single red rose inside my bag.

A huge smile crawl to my face,I take out my phone and text him.

I drive to work on high spirit.When I get to work I greet all the employees and go to my office.

I put my full attention on my work , humming now and then.

At breakfast break one person I'm scared and excited to see walk in through the door.

"Hey nana" he says and walk around the desk to hug me.

I give him a reserved hug but he is Don so he doesn't notice my coldness and kiss my cheek.

"I know you have no breakfast" he says handing me the Mugg&Bean paperbag.

I smile and take it,"My light in the darkness"

He roll his eyes.

"What's up with you? You look..I don't know"

I pretend to be confused,"Me? Aybo there is nothing"

He give me a look,I give in and tell him.

"Loyiso isn't comfortable with us being touchy-touchy"

His face drops.He suddenly look sad.

I don't want him to be sad,I stand up and walk to sit next to him on the couch.

"We are still friends babe" I say touching his shoulder.

"For how long?Soon he will tell you to stop being friends with me period"

I sigh,"He is not stupid,he knows you and I are package.He just think we are too intimate"

He nods and pull me for a hug.We stay in each other's arms drawn to our thoughts.We don't even hear the door opening and Loyiso walking in.

We hear a throat clearing and turn to look at him.

"Umhhh I brought you breakfast....Don howzit?" he says with expressionless face.

I get off Don and go give him a hug.He hugs me coldly and give me a soft peck.

"Sho Loyi-loyi...Simtho later!" Don says and walk out.

"I was telling him to stop..." I don't finish,his mouth is sucking my lower lip merciless.I can't kiss him back he is fast and furious.

He pulls away and kiss my forehead and walks out.

I touch my lip,it swollen.My whole body is shaking I don't find my feet so I just slid on the guest's couch.

The door opens again and Don walks in.

"Babe what happened? Did he hit you again?" he ask frightned.

I shake my head, "No I'm alright"

He turn my face to him,his eyes land on my swollen lip.

"God Simtho!" he say gasping in shock.

I force a smile,"It's nothing...Aren't you working today?" I say changing the subject.

He doesn't say anything he stare at my lip then brush it softly with his thumb.

I close my eyes and listen to his soft touch.

I feel his soft breaths breezing on my face I open my eyes and find his face inches away from me.

His eyes are fixed on my mine.I blink trying to make sure I'm seeing Donald.

His eyes are soft, filled with apology and undivided love.

"He hurt you, he hurt my heart" he says in whisper.

I suddenly feel the need to cry. Tears run down my eyes, I let them fall freely.

He lift my face with his index finger and put his lips on mine. I open my mouth for him, he slowly kiss me with affection. I hold his head and deepen the kiss.

When we break it we are both out of breaths. Our heartbeats are pounding.

I look at him out of words. I haven't been kissed like this in a long time.

Then it clicks. I just kissed my friend. I cheated on Loyiso!

"Donald" I say shocked at myself.

His senses also crawl back, "Simtho... Oh God!"

I stand up and run to my desk. He just sit there looking at me with shock.

Chapter 04

Simtholile Biyela

.

I'm so guilty, I keep looking at myself in the mirror checking if Don's kiss is not visible.

The day just ran quickly, in the blink of an eye I'm knocking off driving home.

I calm my nerves before opening the door and walking in. I find him in the kitchen with the first-aid box.

"Loyiso" I call him in panick.

He turns around and look at me. His lip is cracked and bleeding, there is another crack on his chin.

"Oh hey babe" he says like it's all good.

I throw my bags down and rush to him.

"What happened to you?" I ask looking at him taking the wipes.

"Don happened"

My heart stopped beating,I look at him shocked.

"Don?" I ask.

"Yes,he thinks I'm physically abusing you" he says calmly.

Wtf?

"Then he hit you?" I ask anger building up.

He shrugs,"Ya well...not so harsh"

I slow down on wiping.Who does Don think he is?

"Is he fucking crazy?"

He chuckles and brush my hand wiping him.

"It's not okay don't stress about it"

"No it's okay,who does he think he is?" I say fuming.

"Your guardian angel"

I slap his head,he wince and laugh.

After cleaning him,I put plasters on his cuts then collected my bags on the floor and called Don.

The fool doesn't pick up.I angrily throw my phone away and grab my car keys.

"Where are you going now?" Loyiso asks coming from the bathroom.

"To set boundaries"

A smile creep to his face,"About time"

I roll my eyes and walk out.

I told Don Loyiso didn't do anything to me,but no,he had to come and hit my boyfriend.Friends respect each other.I will not have him poking his nose on my business like that.

I park out his house and stride in and knock.

Mandla opens the door and smile when he see me.Oh they are all here.

"Hey Simtho" he greet and hug me.

I once had a crush on him before he got divorced,I'm kinda uncomfortable with his hug.

I break it and ask for Don,he shows me the lounge.

They are all here,my brother included.

I don't greet I just ask Don aside.He refuses and tell me to speak,there is no problem.

"Didn't I tell you to stay out of my relationship?" I ask.

He look at me alarmed,we've always been sweethearts.

"What is wrong Simtho?"

Everyone is looking at us,the TV volume has been lowered.

"You went to hit my boyfriend after I told you I'm alright" I shout at him.

"You was shaking,you weren't alright.He abuse you and you're turning a blind eye"

This motherfucker!

I threw my keys at him,"Who do you think you are???"

"I'm the caring friend.I love you"

"Yeah right,you kissed me then you went to hit Loyiso.It should've been another way around,you're such a jerk"

He look at me regretful,"Simtho I made a mistake"

"You are just an asshole,no wonder you don't have a girlfriend.No one can love something like you"

My brother get up the couch,"Guys slow down"

I turn to him,"No bhuti Don is a jerk,he deserve to know it.He doesn't respect anyone"

"Simtho you are shielding a monster,I'm not a bad guy here" he say.

I gave him one lifetime-covering slap,"Never call or visit me again,you and I are strangers"

He look at me shocked,"Simtho you got to be kidding,I'm not going to let that mons..."

"I hate you"

Everyone exclaims in shock. Don and I don't fight, ever.

He look in my eyes for doubt, I glare at him with hatred.

"We're friends" he say in almost whisper.

"We were, get yourself a girlfriend and stop meddling in other people's lives"

He bite his lower lip. He is trying so hard not to cry but he fails and walk away.

He is crying. I felt a sharp stab in my heart but turned around and walk away.

When I get inside my car tears pour out. I try wiping them but they just keep flooding. I hurt my friend's feelings!

Can I really do this to Don? No I can't.

I open the car door and run back to the house.

Thapelo, Mandla and Sbu look at me surprised.

I run past them to Don's bedroom and find him lying on bed with his back sobbing softly.

I lie on top of him, "You know I didn't mean any of that"

He look at me with tears, "You hate me" he says.

"No I don't"

"You said it, I don't deserve to be loved" he say and chew his lip again.

Beside his friends Don has never been truly loved. Not by his parents, not by his ex's. The mother of his son disappeared and died, another girl he fell in love with ended up with another man. So that was very insensitive of me.

"I'm sorry I said that" I say regretfully.

He close his eyes and shake his head, "No go away Simtho"

"No" I say and attacked his wet lips.

He sniffed and kiss me back. I close my eyes to shut out the man with dreads and deepen the kiss. Neither of us have stopped crying.

Suddenly his bottom poke me, my vjay tickles. I moan on his mouth.

I shut Loyiso out.I shut Don out.This is me kissing a man I love.

He break off,"Simtho...we...I'm..."

I shut him up with another kiss.His hands run under my dress up to my ass.

Panties gone.

I stretch my legs on top of him and felt his dick sliding in slowly.

I gasp,he is way huge.I fall on top of his chest,"D..o..n..a..l..d"

He lift my ass up with his hands then come up from beneath thrusting to my depths.

"Simthoooo" he cries looking at my vjay welcoming him in and out.

Out of the blue he have flipped me over.My legs are spread on his arms.He is not rushing.He is hitting every corner smoothly.

I'm crying.I'm crying because I'm sleeping with my friend.I'm crying because I'm cheating on my longtime boyfriend.I'm crying because I'm feeling so much pleasure.

He pulls out and look at me,

"Ngiyakuthanda Simtho"

I close my eyes to shut the man with dreads off,

"Nami ngiyakuthanda Vukile"

He chew his lip and thrust in again.

He close his eyes but tears somehow manage to come out,

"I love you so much" he keep saying with every thrust he fills in.

I rest my head back on the pillow and let him devour my body like he wish to.

Suddenly my vaginal walls tightned,my mind knotted.A warm sensation ran through every single vein of my body.

"Ooooooh babeeeee I...I'm cuming Vukile" I scream out and explode.

He doesn't stop,he doesn't wait,he thrusts deeper and harder.

I regain myself and open my eyes,he is looking straight in my eyes.

He is breathing with his opened mouth.Suddenly he is breathing fast and louder.His mouth

opens wider but his eyes remain on me.

"I...I'm cuming Biyo" he cries out and shut his eyes.

He falls on top of me groaning like a slaughtered bull.

I listen to his escalated breaths, his head tucked between my boobs.

After minutes he lift his head up and look at me in fear.

"It was good" I say smiling.

He exhale in relief,"I'm sorry...I love you Simtho"

"I love you too"

We wrap in a tight embrace for a long time.Then a man with dreads crossed my mind,I'm dead meat.

I push Don off and take my panty and wear it in a hurry.

"Don't go,he will kill you" he says panicking.

"I can handle him,I just need to drive fast"

I pull my dress into position and run out the room.

Shit!

There are people in this house.Not just people,but my brother and his friends.

I stop dead on my tracks.

Thapelo turn his head first,his eyes land on my messy hair.I look down at my feet.

"Go Simtho" Sbu says without looking at me.

Yes I'm 28 but this is Zululand respect is the number one key.I just fucked my brother's friend in his presence and screwed another friend of him on the process.I'm such a hoe.

Mandla isn't looking at me either.I walk out sheepishly and go to my car.

I drive like I'm racing.

Lucky me,this man is already on bed I tiptoe to the bathroom.

Hell I didn't even wipe myself after cheating.

I quickly kick my shoes off and slip the dress off and slid down my wet panty.

I open the taps and go take the body wash then boom!

He walk in the bathroom and look at my body with affection.

"Shit babe" he curse and stride towards me.

I just froze and looked at him.

Oh hell he scoop me to his arms and walk to the bedroom with me.

"I want you so badly Simtho..I'm craving my cookie"

He throws me on bed and kiss me with hunger.

His hand grabs my pussy.

"Fuck! You're so ready"

I knew I had to get up and run but before I knew it his cock tip was touching my cunt.

With no effort his mamba slipped in.

I close my eyes,this is Mbatha,he is from Stanger,he will just know.

"Fuck!!!" he says pulling out.

My whole body is shaking.I don't open my eyes.I don't want to see his face.

"You are soaked in sperms" he says unbelievably.

I just shut my eyes.

"Fuck Simtho! You went to fuck him"

I shielded my face with a pillow,"Mbatha please"

He grab the pillow away,"You're wet with him,you let him in"

I just cried.

My nightmare came to live I felt a jaw-drifting punch.

Chapter 05

Zethu Biyela

This Simtho sister will be the death of me. Instead of going to Imran's birthday party here I am driving like a pussy-rushing man to her house because she hasn't returned my calls since yesterday.

I know and understand that she can't get her legs off Loyiso, but come on bitch we had an appointment to go to.

I park outside and walk to knock on the door.

She must keep ignoring me, it's fine I'll just use my master of all-doors key and get in. They'll have to excuse me for the morning-glory interruption, I need to see this bitch that is my sister.

"Hey wena bitch!" I yell as I walk to her bedroom door, just so they know I'm coming and stop whatever they are doing.

"I know you're here, open up!" I call outside her door.

I put my ear against the door just to be sure there's someone inside.

Oh fuck! I hear her moaning.

"I'm telling you this one last time, open up" I warn opening my bag for my master-of-all-doors key.

Okay... I open again with my famous key.

Boom! The bitch is moaning alone under covers.

"This is no time to masturbate bitch" I say dragging the covers off her.

The first glance at the woman on bed send shivers down my spine.

It's her weave... but her face!

I take a few nervous steps back,

"Simtho" I whisper.

She clear her throat, "Z..e..t..h..u"

Oh my God! What's happened to her?

Maybe she was attacked by thieves.

What if she got hit by lightning? Not that there was any but you know how KZN operates, witches can send a single thunderstorm to a single house here.

"You are Simtho?" I ask walking closer.

She moves in pain,

"Pain..killers on the..top..drawer" she whispers.

Fuck it! She is in pain.Lot of pain.

I fumble my bag for my cellphone.

What's their number?

10111? No that's police.

10777,yeah.

I dial and put on my ear.

"What are you doing?" she ask with a stronger voice.

"Calling the ambulance" I tell her and curse the white hoe telling me all the useless things on the line.

"Please don't" she says.

I frown and look at her.

What does she mean?

"They won't take long" I tell her.

"Just don't,please drop it"

Okay...I don't want to stress her bruised-self so I listen to her.

"Why Sie,you need medical attention immediatly?" I ask.

"Just give me the pills"

I should've asked this first,

"What happened?" I ask.

She take the pills and swallow them then rest back on the pillow.

"Who did this to you Simtho?" I ask again.

She exhales,

"Please promise me you won't tell anyone" she says.

It will depend, but because I want to hear the brutally attacker and take drastic decisions I promise her I won't tell.

"Mbatha" she says.

I hate this thing of honouring people by calling them by their surnames. Who the fuck is Mbatha now?

"Who the hell is that?" I ask almost shouting.

"Mbatha.. my Mbatha"

Huh?

Does she mean Loyiso? Her cute boyfriend?

"Loyiso?" I ask.

She nods and close her eyes.

What the fuck bitches?

"Why? Is he insane? How can he do such cruelty and ruin your make-u..." I stop myself from being crazy this is a serious moment.

"Where is he? He doesn't know whose sister he messed with" I say fueled up and lift my bag to walk out and find that mothersucker.

"I slept with Don" she calls as I'm about to exit the door.

What???

"You what?" I had to ask.

"I fucked Donald"

Jesus Christ,thy mercy that changes water into wine,what is this that I'm hearing!

"Simtho" I say disbelievingly.

Tears fall down her eyes, "I messed up,I broke Mbatha's trust..How can I betray him like this? He loves me"

Whoah China!

"Wait,hold it there Biyo! Mbatha or whatever you call his cruel-ass,had no right to do this to you.Yes you did him wrong but this..no mntase,no! He deserve to be put in jail"

She sit up in the lightning velocity,

"No! You're not telling anyone about this.I'm the one who made him do this,he had every right to be angry."

Aybo is her common sense bruised too?

"Simtho he beat the Avon out of you,at least tell dad to deal with him if you don't want him behind bars" I tell her.

Over the years we've learnt that our dad is not a legit businessman at all.

I once saw him killing a guy that drugged my young sister Ziphe.That is the day I knew I'm the daughter of Chuck Norris SA.

"Zethu not a word to anyone, you'll tell everyone I caught a flu" she says with a serious face.

"Wow,I can't believe you.He might be out there shooting Don as we speak"

That get her attention, she suddenly look worried.

"He won't, I mean he is not that bad" she says.

Oh shame her mind got damaged.

"So you think he will let Don get away with moaning on top of his girlfriend just like that? I think you've lost your mind sister, here we are talking about an ex-cop,Banger"

She sighs, "Please call him for me,you know I have to keep my distance from him now on"

I feel the urge to roll my eyes but I don't.

I call Don, he take his time to answer I almost give up.

"Hello...Don" I say as he answers and just keep silent.

He must not waste my airtime like this,I'm not calling with free minutes here.

"Donald man,I'm using airtime here just tell me whether u-right or not" I yell on the phone.

I listen carefully for one last time before dropping the call and hear his voice;

"Please just don't kill me.. it wasn't my intention.. I just fell in love with her..please Loyiso"

Oh no!

"What?" Simtho asks.

"He is killing him" I tell her.

"Huh?"

"I hear Don begging him not to kill him" I say.

I don't hear what she says next I need a plan to save Don quickly.

My dad.

I dial his number with trembling fingers,I rumble out as soon as he pick up.

"Dad please call Loyiso and tell him Simtho is not well now"

"Ntombizethu I have no time for games" he says.

Okay that was a stupid plan,I need a new one.

"Well Don is not picking up his phone and Simtho is worried sick,I just want you to call Loyiso and ask him a favour to make sure Don is fine.Otherwise Simtho will faint again" I tell him.

Simtho once fainted when Don got stabbed in the club two years ago.Our health wellness is our father's weakness and I know Loyiso fears my dad very much.

So he will just tell him ; Mbatha please make sure that Donald boy is fine wherever he is and go attend my daughter "

"Okay" he says.

I let out a huge sigh and sink next to Simtho.

"So now you and Don are friends with benefits?" I ask.

She click her tongue, "I've ruined my friendship with him,after this we can never be friends again."

Yes I know Loyiso will never allow her six feet anywhere near Don.

"You're in deep shit,how is the pain?" I say.

"Not the same,Loyiso bought me strong painkillers" she says and smile.

"You think that's sweet of him?" I ask disgustedly.

"After everything I did,yeah"

Fuck!

"While we are out there getting chocolates and flowers you will be on bed blushing over painkillers boo" I tell her and walk out to run s bath for her.

I help her washing herself and lotioned her bruised back then put tons of make-up on her swollen face.

"How do I look?" she ask.

There are mirrors here. I take a small one for her and put it in front of her face.

Her face drops,but

"I'll get better, he said he will buy me a doctor's facial cream"

Mxm!

"I real wish you can let me handle him" I tell her.

"No, I don't want anyone involved"

Sighs!

Then we hear footsteps coming to the bedroom.

It's him!

Breath in and out Zethu!

"Umhhh Zethu hi..babe" he says and walk to kiss Simtho's cheek.

I just look at him,anger filling up every vein of my body.

Simtho notices,"Zethu you said you're rushing to the meeting " she says smiling.

My hand is just gripping the lamp-stand,I feel like smashing his head but this will get messier than it already is.

I exhale and walk out and drive to Don's house.

I find him relaxed on the couch drinking whiskey. Wasn't he begging for his life thirty minutes ago? It all thanks to me that he is alive and drinking alcohol.

"Hey" I greet nicely.

"Biyo" he says and come to hug me.

I once had a one-nightstand crush on him,Simtho is a lucky bitch.

"Thanks God you're okay"

He chuckles,

"I am,I just need to get what's mine so that I can be 100% okay" he says massaging his trimmed chin.

"What's that?" I ask.

"My love, my other half, my pillar of strength, my everything. My Simtholile,uBiyo wami.I'll die if I have to"

No no no,he is supposed to back off.He doesn't want Loyiso Mbatha on his back, trust me.

Chapter 06

Nozipho Biyela

.

I can't believe I've lost track of time like this.I had one hell of a day at work,with my P.A on emergency leave my life is hell.

My husband is already home, that I know because he's left me about six voice messages. I know he is mad at me,plus I doubt there is any ready food. Gosh!I was supposed to attend Sphiwo's music practice. I completely forgot. That's plus one mad man for me today.

I'm just going to order food in the restaurant and drive straight home.

"Oh wifey is back" he says,with sarcasm, as I walk through the door.

"Hey babe"

He looks at me disgustedly.I exhale and drop my bag on top of the table.

"I'm sorry I lost track of time,where are they?"

He doesn't answer,he just pour water in four cups and walk out.

Okay!

I stand for a while thinking how I'm going to approach my son. But I don't finish thinking he's seen me already.

"Mom!"

I look at him. He is disappointed.

"Hey baba"

"You didn't come, everyone had their moms"

Oh man! I go and take his hand.

"Mommy got held up at work, I'm so sorry my boy"

He sighs, "That's not cool mom"

"I know baby, it won't happen again" I say and pull him with me to the lounge.

Oh they've eaten. They ate on my couches. There is a juice spilled on top of the coffee-table and pizza boxes on the floor. I really want to shout right now but I have no right.

"You've eaten?" I ask looking around.

Ayanda has her feet up, a big chocolate slab in her hand and headset on her ears.

"Yep" their father replies looking at the TV.

"Okay thanks... I ordered food but it's okay we'll eat it tomorrow"

"Mhhh" he says.

He is being dramatic right now. Everyone lose track of time, him included.

I grab the remote and lower the TV volume.

"Mom!!!!" Liya shout, lying flat on her stomach on the floor.

"You're not even watching Liya, I want to talk with daddy" I say taking a seat beside him.

He doesn't shift though, so I squeeze myself in a little space there is and then put my arm around him.

"You're angry at your wife?" I ask.

"Yeah"

I exhale, "I'm sorry babe, I had meetings and my P.A was absent, everything was crazy"

"But Nozi it's nearly eight o'clock, you have three kids and a husband to look after."

"I know, I'm sorry"

"Fine" he says and send his hand to my waist then push it down inside the skirt.

Not in front of my kids mister!

"Just stop" I whisper firmly.

"It's a reward for making me do your Mommy duties" he says.

I smile secretly. When will he stop loving my cookie so much?

"Later" I tell him.

"You think they'll sleep soon?" he ask looking at the kids.

I look at Sphiwo drawing something on his workbook with a sticksweet in his mouth,Aya muffing a big chocolate and Liya licking...? Licking my coco.

"With that sugar they are taking I doubt. They'll be hyperactive and sleep after a good while"

He frowns "What do you mean?"

He is such a dumb.

"You gave them sweets so they won't sleep just now,they are still going to be energetic, you can tell Menziwa to just relax for now" I say giggling.

"I'm going to die,get the coffin ready" he says in defeat.

I laugh at him and raise the TV volume again.

"Guys can I watch the news?" I ask the kids changing the channel.

"Nooooo!" they chanted together.

"No guys I'm watching it"

Sphiwo gather his things and leave the room,his sisters follow him.They hate news.

Sbu and I laugh at them and cuddle before the TV.

"I bathed them" he says boastfully.

I doubt that, maybe he just filled their bathtubs with water.

"You're such a gentleman, thanks" I say touching his trimmed chin.

"You're welcome"

After watching the news I go to the kids and check their rooms and put them to beds.

Sbu and I take turns with putting them to beds.

Sphiwo make you watch Spidermens with him and check out his messy drawings and practice his school songs for you. Ayanda make you read her stories and then interpret the story you just read to her for you. She love books and know most of them, so at the end of the day you become her student because she even make you revise the story and all the characters. Whereas Liya will just talk and talk about what happened in school, who did what, which teacher said what, who was wearing what. So getting the kids to bed is one of the most tiring time we have.

"They are asleep?" he ask with his head popped out the covers.

I sigh, "Yeah, I never thought getting kids to bed was such a job"

He laughs, "It's like getting them to the womb"

I laugh, "You are very naughty"

He pull me on top of him and run his thumb on my eyelashes.

"I love you, I haven't said that in hours I was mad" he says.

I smile, "I thought you've dumped me"

"The only place I can dump you to is in my heart"

My heart melt. I look at his eyes,

"I love you too, now about that reward.."

He poke my front with his erection, "Menziwa still remembers"

I smile and kiss him. We get it on with me on top. He is groaning like a bull being slaughtered, I'm screaming like a pornstar.

"I can't get enough" he says with his eyes closed.

"Fuck! That was good babe"

He slowly open his now red eyes, "MaZungu"

"Yes Biyela"

"Are you still on the pill?"

What kind of a question is this?

"Of course" I say looking at him.

He closes his eyes again. I won't say anything until he says what he want to say.

After a while he opens them again,

"I want another one"

I'm so bad at this 'reading between the lines' thing,

"Another one what?" I ask.

"I want a baby"

I just burst out laughing. Is he crazy?

"What? No man your jokes are lame" I tell him.

He inhale,"The twins are grown now,I want another baby.Please let's try MaZungu "

He is fucking mad.My life is a mess as it is.I have a demanding career,a 5-years old son and four years-old twin girls where am I going to get time for an infant?

"No Sbusiso, not now."

He look at me,"Why not?"

"Because I don't have time"

He shift me aside and look at me with a frown, "You don't have time for what?"

"To make more babies and look after them"

"You don't have time to look after my baby?" he ask.

"Yes"

He chuckles in annoyance,"I've never heard that line from a wife before... You don't have time to look after our baby!"

For me this night has been ruined already.

"Sbu you know how getting pregnant will stop life for me"

Before he can answer we hear a loud knock.

He rise up to go check. I thank God for that knock,at least I can continue this fight tomorrow.

Oh not tomorrow, tomorrow we are going to Lwazi's marriage proposal. I can't wait to see Sena's face.She's been wanting this for years. At the moment her and Lwazi are not speaking.She is convinced Lwazi is cheating on her.She is such a drama queen but I'll excuse her on this one. It's actually so good to see her on the dark side and Zethu not running her mouth. We are very secretive about this, Sena will get a blowing surprise. She'll need to give Lwazi hot sex to apologize for cheating allegations.

Aybo who was knocking, why is this man not coming back?

I get off bed and put on a gown and go to the kitchen. I need a slice of pizza anyway.

His head is buried on his hands,his shoulders are moving up and down.

What happened to the cop?

I stop at the spot and look at Sbu with shock. Who can make Banger cry? Him and Simtho are okay now,right?

"I'm trying to forget Sbu, I just can't... How can she hurt me like this?...With him out of all people!..I can't even face the guys,they know I'm such a weak in bed my girlfriend run to other guys."

Simtholile! He is hurt,really hurt.

His voice is coming out in pieces. His dreadlocks are covering his shoulders and face but I know he is crying. He keep sobbing.

My heart just cry with him.I know how it's like being cheated on with someone you know and considered a friend.

"Hardie Loyiso man" Sbu says patting his shoulders.

He doesn't know how to comfort him.

He let out another loud sob,"It's hurt,deeply...yesterday she called me by his name, I didn't want to do anything I'll regret I just left and went to the hotel... (sobs) I love her,I live for her,I can't let her go Sbu..(sobs) What did I do wrong? Why can't she want me, me alone? I need her...Simtho.. I love you"

This is not good trust me.

This won't end good, Simtho doesn't know what she is calling her way. Neither does Donald.
Loyiso is obsessed, desperate and very heartless if need to be.

Chapter 07

Nozipho Biyela

Today is a yeep yeep day. We're here outside Lwazi's new building, patiently waiting outside with our hearts coming out our mouths.

Sena doesn't know anything, Zethu, the family's mastermind, came up with whatever lies and got Sena driving here. I can't wait to see her face when Lwazi asks the question.

We're sitting outside with our heads glued to the second floor's balcony. Everything is dark, only dull lights outside where Lwazi is. Poor man, he's been shaking like a leaf all day.

Zethu jumps up and tell us Sena just told her she is parking outside. Sbu and I are not okay but that moment I pinched his arm in joy. He squeezed my hand.

We're all here except Loyiso. Simtho has been quiet all evening and we're giving her space. On the other hand Donald is just himself but him and Simtho are just avoiding each other.

"I feel like screaming already" Fiki says rubbing her hands together.

"Don't you dare!" Sbu warns her.

After a few minutes we see a woman figure opening a balcony's door. It's her. We had to hold Zethu back from screaming.

She looks around in confusion. It's like she is looking for someone.

Music comes on..it's Brandy-Say You Will.

Sena looks more confused, she step back and look around. Then Lwazi appears walking slowly. Sbu had to pin me back to my seat, as well as Thapelo to Ziphe. I just want to scream yesssss.

OMS (that stand for Oh My Sbu anyway) he goes down on one knee. We can't hear him but we know he is saying it.

Sena is frozen for a moment, it takes her a while to record everything and then she jumps up and scream something. Lwazi stands up and take her left hand and then scoop her up and

swing her around.

Not even these muscular men could stop us from jumping up and screaming our lungs out.

The lights fully come back on, Sena look at us and close her mouth in shock.

We are all jumping up, screaming. The whole building buzz with Brandy-I don't care.

They must've chosen Brandy because she is Sena's favourite singer.

The firecrackers are blocking my view but I see them kissing and then disappearing inside on full speed.

I suddenly feel like I'm in a Christmas celebratory ceremony. I've never seen such a beautiful thing, which makes me wonder how their wedding will be. My sister-in-law will probably want to fly to Italy for her wedding, she once mentioned that she want to have an Italian wedding.

They run toward us, with happy faces. The last time we saw Sena's smile was a week ago. She really owe Lwazi apology.

"Yeah babe" Fiki screams and run to meet them halfway.

It's become a crazy scene, we all want to hug them. Sena is screaming "I'm getting married".

Us, ladies give our full attention to the huge diamond ring around her finger. It's so breathtaking, it a Sena's type, it grabs attention.

"Lwazi how are you feeling?" I ask.

He take deep breaths, we all look at him. He close his face with his hands and then bend down with his hands balancing on his knees.

No... I look at Sbu, he just smiles.

After a moment Lwazi rise up and look at Sena with tears.

"I can't believe she agreed...she's been everything" he says.

I'm inlove with him. Where did Sena get such a sweetheart? Why did the sweethearts finish before I can pick mine.

It's like this man reads my mind,

"Did you cook my stiff-pap?" he whisper in my ear.

Really? At the moment like this he is going to ask me about stiff-pap. I told you he is faraway

from being a sweetheart.

"I'll cook it" I tell him really annoyed.

"Hawu Nozi you didn't cooked it! How am I going to eat my liver? You know I like it with cold pap" he says out loud.

He was like this when I first knew him,I never expected him to change but I had my hopes.

Funnily,I love him like crazy no matter what.

"Not a good time for that" Mandla tell him laughing.

"You going to be like this too after we got married? Crying for pap in front of people" Sena ask her sweetheart.

Lwazi laughs and shake his head.

"I can't believe you are getting married" Ziphe says to Sena with a smirk.

"None of us do" Fiki says.

"Better believe it darlings, I'm Mrs Madlala"

Yes she is.

"Okay I'll call Biyela and let him know his daughter has accepted a marriage proposal" Sbu says taking out his cellphone.

After rejoicing we all drive to Mandla's house.Zanda being a wifey material she is prepared food and drinks to accommodate the day.None of us thought about it.

Unfortunately Simtho get a chair next to Don and things get awkward.

"Please pass me the salt Biyo" Don says.

Simtho breaths out and pass it.

"So you guys really slept together?" Fiki ask.

Zanda,Ziphe,Lwazi and Sena nearly jumped off their chairs.They didn't know, they are so behind the scenes.

"What???" Ziphe asks.

"They what?" Sena asks.

"So you guys didn't know? They fucked and Loyiso found out and beat Simtho to pulp"

"What???" all of us said.

This is news,bad news!

"He hit you again?" Don asks.

What does he mean again?

"Simtho.." Sbu says in a questioning tone.

"Zethu I told you to keep the fuck shut" she says angrily and stand up to go.

"Simtho wait, are you okay?" Don says following her.

She doesn't get anywhere, she slowly goes down to the tiles facedown.

Everyone screams and run to her.

>>>>chapter continues

Chapter 07 continues

Simtho Biyela

.

The last thing I remember is me walking out Mandla's dining room and people calling my name. After that I don't know what happened,all I know is that I have a white man in front of me with a big file smiling at me.

"You have a loving family... welcome back Miss Biyela" he says.

"What happened?" I ask looking at the drip connected to my arm.

Before he can answer my family comes in looking relieved.My sisters hug me and ask the doctor how I'm doing.

"She is fine,she just need to eat well" he says.

"What was wrong with her anyway?" my brother asks.

He smiles,his smile will be the death of me.

The door burst open again, my man comes in with his dreadlocks all over the place.He must've been running.

"Oh thanks God!" he says and throw himself next to me and bury his head on my chest, breathing heavily.

"I'm fine my love" I say brushing his head.

I don't want to even glance at Don's direction. What I did was a mistake, I love Loyiso I can't hurt him like that.

He realise what he is doing, "I'm sorry..it just that I got so nervous, I thought I'll lose you" he said getting off me.

"It's okay, I'm not injured"

"I love you,I know I haven't been telling you that enough these last few days.I realized how short life is,I want you to know that I love you" he says.

I sniff and nod,"Thank you,I love you too"

Eye is bitchy,I quickly get a glance at Don's face he was just blank.How did we get here?How do I come out from this tunnel?

"What the doctor said? Why did you faint?" he ask me.

The doctor clear his throat, "She is stressing too much and not eating well"

Everyone look at me,nxa!

"I've been eating well" I protest.

He smiles for the 100th time since I woke up,

"You need to eat enough to feed the two of you"

Huh?

"Excuse me?"

He turn his attention to Loyiso, "We have booklets teaching about everything a woman undergoes during pregnancy.Anyway congratulations and welcome to daddy-world"

No,God no! I scream at the doctor telling him he is crazy.

Imagine being pregnant, getting fat and ugly.Besides I don't want kids yet,I have enough nephews.

"How far she is?" Zethu asks.

"Can't wait to be an aunt huh? She is still early, only two weeks" the doctor says and open his file.

My heart stop beating for a second. Two weeks? God what did I do wrong to you? This is the worst cheating punishment I've ever heard.

"Two weeks?" Loyiso ask looking at me.

I slept with Don two weeks ago, I also slept with Loyiso that week. I don't know who the father of this child is!

"Bustard"

Then everything happens very fast. Don is on the floor, Loyiso has his hands around his throat.

I want to scream but I can't find my voice. He is going to kill him.

My brother and Thapelo are trying to pull him off. Don is kicking his feet trying to break free.

The security guards rush in and managed to pull Loyiso off.

"I'm coming after you dog!" Loyiso say before disappearing out the door with guards.

"I trusted you Don...hawu Loyiso left without seeing my ring?" Sena says.

Don keep scratching his neck, his eyes are red. His friends are not even looking at him.

"Nxaa!!" Mandla says and tell Zanda they must leave.

"Where are you rushing?" Zanda ask.

"I just don't like cheaters and backstabbers, let's go"

Wow! They leave.

I look at my brother, "I'm sorry"

He come and kiss my forehead,

"I love you" and then he leave with Lwazi, Nozi stays behind.

"I think we should also go" Thapelo says looking at Don.

"I just need to talk with Simtho" he says.

"Not happening, you've done enough damage already. We're leaving now" he says and pull him by his arm roughly.

After they've left Nozi rush to push the door close and they all gather around me.

"Who is the father?" Fiki ask in a serious note.

I shrug, "I'm not sure"

They exclaim.

"You hurt that man,for what? Don is just lusting over you" Sena says.

I close my eyes,this is not what I want to talk about right now.

"Yesterday he came to my house just to cry,Simtho how can you act like this?" Nozi asks.

I exhale, "I want to die"

Zethu chuckle, "Not before you identify the baby"

"I'm very disappointed in you" Ziphe says and gather her purse and walk out.

After getting lectures from my sisters I was left alone with my thoughts.

I stayed up until morning, I just want the doctor to discharge me and go home in Mandeni.

None of my family come to bring me breakfast but I receive a wrapped tray from kitchen staff saying someone drop it for me.

I get discharged and take a taxi to my house. I don't want to bother people by calling them to come pick me up.

All doors are closed,not even the curtains are opened.I just walk straight to my bedroom to collect my stuff and leave.

I'm stopped by a sad cry coming from the bathroom.

He is crying and talking in a language I don't know.I tiptoe to him.

He is on his knees with his eyes closed.He is praying, I think I've heard this language in one of Nigeria movies.I know his mother was a Nigerian but I didn't know he can actually speak or pray in those foreign languages.

After a while he finishes and pull something from the roof and step on top of the bathtub.

"Loyiso what are you doing?" I ask shocked.

He jump and look at me surprised.

"What are you doing with a rope?" I ask angrily.

"I'm killing myself"

"What?"

"You heard me,I'm ending my pathetic life. You can fuck Don with no worry and have your happy family with him.I quit"

Whoah!

I run to him and grab his left foot with all I've got.He trip and fall.

"Bitch" he curse.

He get up looking fueled up and stride toward me,I run away screaming at him.

I don't run fast enough because he catch me and pin me to the floor.

"I hate you" he says and attack my face with his mouth.

He kiss every part of my face, "Nobody does this to me,nobody make me cry Simtho"

"I'm sorry" I cry.

He part my legs and lie in between, "You raped my feelings and I'm going to rape you"

Huh?

Chapter 08

Simtho Biyela

.

Loyiso may have injected me with something after last night's deeds.I don't know what happened I'm just sore and tired.I've been on bed the whole day.

It's Loyiso who's been nursing and taking care of me. If he didn't scoop me to the bathroom I wouldn't have bathed I swear.

He is not speaking, he just say and ask what necessary, he is still mad at me.As mad he is he doesn't forget to take care of me and that is the Loyiso I love,the loyal man.

My sisters has been constant calling checking how I am or should I say checking how my situation is. Zethu is number one at being nosy,she suggested to move in with me so that she can know everything that's happening,I told her it won't happen.

My brother did call too but I can tell he is still angry with me.

He is a great brother though, I don't know what we would be without him. Even my father changed a little bit after finding him.

And Don called too, I don't know for how many times. I just ignored him, later I'll put his numbers on blacklist, I don't want to fuel this any further.

I miss him big time, at times like this I would just drive to him and talk about everything and he would cuddle me and make me laugh and forget.

Just the thought of not being able to be with him hurt again but I'll do anything just to keep Mbatha. I can not live without Loyiso, he is my everything.

"I made you chicken & mayo sandwich" he says walking through the door with a plate.

I sit up and take it, "It smells nice"

He takes the knife at the side and slices it in four pieces for me to eat and then turns around to leave.

"Mbatha" I call.

He turns around and looks at me blankly.

"Thank you"

He stretches his lips in a smile and nods.

I eat my sandwich and lie down again.

I don't have a big appetite but I'm just eating for the mini one inside. I'm still shocked and scared about having a baby growing inside me.

What scares me the most is I don't know who the father is between two men, but I'm giving Don 75% chances.

I have no freaking idea what I'm going to do, maybe I should give birth and hand the baby to him and continue with Loyiso.

The problem will be my father, he will want his damages from Loyiso.

The house gets quiet, I take it Loyiso had gone somewhere. I take that as an opportunity to freshen up again. We still share the same bed so I have to smell nice for him.

He still sleeps with his arms around me. I still feel his lips on my forehead in the mornings. He still

loves me.

He comes in as soon as I finish dressing in my nighties.

"Biyo"

I haven't been called like that in weeks. I look at him surprised, oh he is tipsy!

"Mbatha" I say looking at him.

"Ngiyakukhumbula" he take steps closer.

The fact that he said that in Zulu made it so sweet and sincere. Trust me these types of things when said in Zulu brings a different sensation to the meaning.

I don't know what to say, I'm scared I'll say something wrong.

I wait for him, he come and wrap his arms around me.

We look in each other's eyes for decades before he exhale and kiss my lips.

I kiss him back and run my fingers in his dreads, I missed doing this.

"I love you Loyiso" I say as we break the kiss.

He grins and look away.

"I do, God knows I do. I just don't know what I'm you going to do to make things right" I say.

He glance at me and shake his head, "You don't know how it's like " and then he leave the room.

After ten minutes he walk back in and come to bed and lie on top of me.

He start kissing and caressing my body with his hand. Today he is not rushing, he is slow and tender.

I don't know where he pulled the ropes, he just scooped me to the chair.

Now we getting Thapeloic, I smile to myself.

He tie my hands together and my ankles to each chair foot.

He strip his clothes off and kiss me. I'm already wet and his hand is not helping, I need Mbatha himself.

And then he goes down with his tongue, I literally lose it and scream on top of my voice.

He immediately stop before I can jerk out.

"Babe don't stop" I say with my eyes closed.

I feel his breaths distancing and open my eyes only to find him walking out the door.

"Loyiso come back" I yell.

He comes back wearing a condom,say what!

A dark slim girl walks in after him,wearing nothing.

I look at him confused,why is he bringing naked girls in our bedroom?

"Who is this?" I ask as the girl look at my wet pussy with a smirk.

"No one you should know about" Loyiso says.

"Fuck Loyiso, the bitch is coming naked to my bedroom and looking at my tied nakedness"

He shrugs and pull the girl to him and bend her down.

Wtf! His fingers dig inside the girl's pussy,my heart nearly stopped beating.

"Loyiso!" I call out with shock.

"Spread your legs baby" he talk with the girl.

Is he going to fuck a hoe inside my house, under my presence?

No,he wouldn't do that to me!

Out of the blue he is banging his dick inside the girl and they are both moaning.

I scream his name harder begging him to stop.

He doesn't listen he goes in and out the girl from behind with his eyes closed.

"Loyiso please" I beg crying.

He still doesn't listen, he just pull the girl by hips and thrust deeper.

"Faster baby" the girl scream.

He does listen to her and raise his pace.

I watch as the girl reach her first and second orgasm.I listen to her screaming at my man.I watch her take my happiness. And there is nothing I can do I'm tied to this chair.

After a while I see the veins coming out my man,I see his muscles tensing up.

He groans loud and fall to the floor.

"I love you Biyo" he whispers breathlessly.

Wtf! He is mad, he can't be saying that after what he just did.

"No I hate you, you're a dog Loyiso" I scream with little energy I have left.

He slowly open his eyes and see me. Something changes on his face.He immediately sit up and hold on to the bed.

"I hate you" I tell him with hiccups blocking my voice.

He sit on bed,his dick licking sperms.

He look at me shocked and scared.

"What have you done to me?" he whispers.

"Fuck you,you're a monster" I tell him.

He look at my face,his hands start to shake.

The girl is still lying on the floor with eyes closed.

"Untie me you sick bastard!"

He comes to me with wobbly feet and untie the rope with shaky hands.

"How can you do this to someone?" I ask.

He tries to answer but his lips shake and he stop.

I go grab the gown and run out the room leaving him looking like he is about to faint.

I snatch car keys and run to the car and drive out.

Tears flood out again as I approach my brother's house.

They are all outside.Oh my sisters came to gossip this side.

Pity Nozipho has become a Biyela diva and she is now like one of us.She married to the crazy family and became crazy too.

"Hey what's wrong?" Sbu ask pulling me to his arms.

Oops! I can't tell him what Loyiso did.

"I'm not feeling okay,my head pains"

I feel lot of eyes rolling from the sisters.

"Dramatic ass-bitch" Zethu says.

"Did you have to cry like Loyiso hit you again?" Fiki ask.

Sbu brush my back, "She is sick,what is your problem? I'll get you painkillers princess"

I nod and go sit next to the twins.

They start talking to me as soon as I sit.I've never seen them mouth-shut,they must've taken after Sena and Zethu.

Sbu comes back with a glass of water but Don comes running and make him drop the glass.

"Whoah China!" Sbu exclaims.

He is like us,that's what disappointed my dad he said he thought having a son would be different.

Sbu is crazy like us,he is even using our lines when speaking.

"What are you running for Mr good what-what?" Sena asks.

"Junior!" Don says and bury his face with his hands.

Chapter Nine

Sena Biyela

.

On the headlines this month is Simtholile,Donald and Loyiso.These fuckers have been on our mouths for their love-triangle or should I say sex-triangles for weeks.Not even my surprise proposal outshone their sheningas.

They always invade our space with their problems. Just as we are chilling outside my brother's house Simtho comes crying saying she is not feeling well.Yes,she shouldn't feel well,with all that cheating and beating going on in that house.

Soon after her her fuck-patner comes running too.Now we have to attend them, story of this month!

"Junior" he says out of breath.

"What with Junior?" Sbu asks handing Simtho a glass of water and pain tablets.

"I can't find him,he is gone.. there is blood"

What is wrong with him? He talks with his hands covering his face.

None of us understand what he is on about we just look at each other confused.

"Don just tell us what is going on,you're not making any sense" I tell him.

He slid on the chair powerlessly,

"My son Sena, he was studying in his room I can't find him,there is blood on his books"

Huh? I think my ears heard wrong but the reactions around the table tells me otherwise.

"No! Maybe he got cut and went to the bathroom. Did you look for him?" Zethu says in panick.

"He is....God I can't..please help me Sbu I can't" he cries.

"Did you lock the doors? Did you hear anything?" Nozi asks pacing up and down.

"Yeah...I don't know" he answers crying.

Sphiwo once disappeared before his father's wedding, my brother was shattered, I can't start to imagine what Don is going through, not knowing where your child is,to be unsure about his safety and wellness.

"Let's just call the police" Fiki suggest dialing on her phone.

I'm supposed to be driving home now but I can't leave the situation like this. But first let me call Lwazi and ask if Quinton is fine, I don't trust anything now.

Lwazi doesn't pick up his phone,I hate it when men do like this. What is keeping him from answering his phone?

"Biyela is sending people to your house, it'll be better if they find us there" Nozi says after talking with my dad on the phone.

I trust my father's people, they'll find him.My only worry is whether dead or alive.

Sbu doesn't want to risk with his kids,he ride with all of them in his car. Nozi drives with Don,at least she can comfort him.I wouldn't know how to ride with a crying man.

We all drive to Don's house, we arrive just a minute before the police.

They patrol the house while drinking cokes and take blood clots as evidence. Unfortunately there isn't even one fingerprint on the spot. We all realize something bad may have happened to the child, I feel my tears worming their way out, I am a parent I can just imagine Don's pain.

"These police are useless, only if Loyiso was here" Sbu says scratching his head.

Loyiso! Why didn't we think of him from the start? That guy can add 1 + 2 and get 5, I don't know how.

"Simtho" Ziphe says.

She look at us with emptiness, my poor sister, I give her a quick hug. Junior is like a son to her.

"Call him, we need his help. He must do it for Junior at least" Fiki begs.

I hope we are not asking for too much, given the current situation with him and Don.

She exhales and call him,

"Hey...I went to my brother Mbatha...yes it's the truth... Okay..."

She should be talking about this urgent matter not their affairs, I nudge her.

"...Junior is missing... Umhhh we were wondering if you can come and help...me and my sisters....no Loyiso I didn't go to him...I..I can explain.. plea.." she look at her cellphone.

"Don't worry dad will come with help soon" Sbu says.

Police come to tell us they are going to submit what they found to the captain and walk away. They are useless, I click my tongue loud for them to hear.

Simtho's phone start ringing irritatingly, she eventually answers and agree to whatever the person says.

"Umhhh...I have to go, I hope they find Junior soon" she says.

She is not serious. She can't be walking out on her friend in this situation.

"You're leaving?" Don asks with a puffy face.

"Umhhh yeah, I have to" she answers hesitantly.

"I need you Simtho, please don't leave me now" he says with a trembling voice.

Don is a pet of his crew, my brother and all other friends treat him like an egg. He is the youngest of them all.

"Stay Simtho, you're the only one who can put him together right now, please sisi we're family"
Sbu says to Simtho.

"Loyiso needs me too" she says.

Don look down at his hands,Sbu exhales.

"Stop with that panelbeater" Zethu says raising her hand.

"Okay...Sbu call them and ask where they are, I can't sit like this not knowing what happened to my boy"

After twenty minutes 5cars arrives...continues!

Chapter Nine (continues)

Simtho Biyela

.

No words can describe the way I feel right now as I'm driving out Don's house to my house leaving him looking thirty times dead.I've forgotten how it's like to be happy.

How can life turn around like a tyre in the blink of an eye,I used to be happy.

At least my father is now involved,that rises my hope with 10%.He have connections all over South Africa and criminality is his speciality. Whoever took Junior will be joining his/her ancestors soon,nobody mess with a Biyela loved-one and live to tell the tales.

Before I drive through the house I quickly text Don telling him he is in my prayers and delete the text as soon as it deliver.

"Biyo" he says as soon as I get through the door.

"Hey babe"

Funny how my heart can forgive this man in the matter of few hours no matter what he does,am I sick in love with him?

He comes and wrap me in his arms, I exhale his scent and fall in love with him more.

"You feel heavy,what is worrying you?" he ask brushing my shoulders.

"Junior is missing Loyiso,there is blood where he was sitting"

He clear his throat,"How is his father?"

"Like you care" I blurt out.

I realize what I've said and look at him with fear.He just look at me plainly.

"You're right I don't care...I tried cooking you something nice,wanna taste?"

"Actually I don't want to taste food you prepared with hands you used finger-fucking your hoe"

He chuckles, "Don't be a brat,I don't have a hoe I just wanted you to feel how it's like"

"I will never forgive you for what you did Loyiso"

He frown, "You'll have to,I also forgave you for fucking Junior's dad"

I sense sarcasm in his statement, the way he says Junior's dad makes me think something behind it tickles him.

Before I can question him about it his cellphone rings.

"Your dad" he tells me then answers.

"Mr M...Just in the house with my love,what's up...oh shame I heard...no problem I can do that...give me a few hours...nakanjani Grootman"

He put it back in his pocket and pull me to him.

"I have to go help the gents with Junior's search"

Oh..didn't he refuse to look for Junior one hour ago? This man is mysterious.

"Oh babe that's so kind of you, I know how hard it is for you to be doing this after everything that has happened. I'm grateful Mthiya Ngenkomo,Ndabezitha wami"

He smiles,"I'm doing it for you,I know how much you love Junior "

Will he ever stop making my heart beat fast?

"Anything for your Biyo right?" I ask looking at him suppressing my smile.

"Anything my love"

I smile broadly,"I love you... but please don't kill anyone, I'm over washing blood-covered clothes"

He grin, "I haven't killed in three years...anyway how about I chow my cookie a little bit before I go?"

"No,not with the same dick that was fucking that skinny bitch.Forget it" I say and walk away.

He grab my arm, "I miss you Simtho hawu!"

"No Loyiso,you had sex with your hoe a few hours ago now you want to fuck me?" I say firmly.

"You know I never enjoyed that,every thrust I pushed hurt because of the way you was crying. I never want to see tears in your eyes,I hate hurting you but sometimes I have to because of the pain you've sent me through.I don't like hurting a person, I always go an extra mile and very severe in hurting people."

I exhale, "I know it is my fault, askies"

"Okay...just don't hurt me again I love you so much to make you cry"

"And I love you too"

"Okay...so am I getting my pink cake?" he ask smirking.

"I'm not in the mood Loyiso, maybe when you come back"

"I don't know how long I'll be gone and I'm horny now"

I sigh and remove my clothes.After taking off all the clothes I turn to him and find him looking at me with soaked eyes.

"I'm sorry" he says in whisper.

I frown, "I'm over that,you fucked her let's move on now"

"Not that,I'm sorry for everything"

I don't follow, I'm the one who should be sorry.

"Sorry for what?" I ask.

"For the pain and imperfections, I wish I can be a better man for you"

I exhale, "You're a perfect man,now let's do this so I can go eat"

He step foward and kiss my forehead, "I'm sorry I can't warm the food for you I've got to run the guys are waiting for me"

He then turn around and walk out.

I'm naked for him,what is he walking out for?

He comes back after five minutes,I'm still in the same position confused.

Three new guns are around his waist,something that look like earphones is hanging around his neck,he is wearing black boots and a big wristwatch that keep flashing green lights.

"You look like a gangster" I say.

He chuckles and put earphones in his ears, "Driving out gents"

He then put them back around his neck and press a button in his watch,red light flash.

"I have to go my love,please put your clothes on you're tempting me"

Wait...

"Where do you store those guns? Inside my house?" I ask firmly.

He hold his laughter and run out,

"I love you" he shout outside.

I'm mad at him.

Chapter Ten

Fikile Biyela

.

I'm sure most of you know me but don't know me,if you know what I mean.

Well,let me tell you a little about myself.

My name is Fikile Trinity Biyela, I love the Trinity name but nobody want to call me that.I'm 32years old,I'm the eldest of Muzi Biyela's brood.

I have two kids from different fathers,I hate their fathers with passion.

I'm single and in love with my ex-boyfriend and do casual sex with him.He got married while we were still dating, I was hurt.I tried breaking up with him after hearing the news but the heart wanted what it wanted.I love him.He is Zanda's old brother, his name is Mvuselelo Miya.

"Loyiso is on his way" my dad says after speaking on the phone.

Didn't Loyiso refuse to help? What made him change his mind?

I've always been nosy and this time my guts tells me Loyiso took Junior and my guts has never been wrong.

"Oh,how kind of him?" I blurt out and receive a scolding look from my brother.

"He is helping we should be grateful, it's not easy for him with everything that has happened" he says.

My dad look at him," What has happened? "

I pinch Zethu's arm hard to stop her from babbling everything out.She's got a very wetmouth,nothing stays in her chest.

"Just a guys' feud. How long are they going to take?" Nozipho says brushing off dad's question.

"With Banger..I mean Mbatha involved everything should be quicker, I'd say less than 24hours"

See,my dad is like a Minister of Thugs,he have criminal connections every where.

After ten minutes Mr Banger enter through the door.

"Hey hey" he greet in his naturally mean Loyiso tone.

We greet him back. He step aside with my dad and talk.

Just the sight of guns around his waist send shivers to my stomach. He look like a TV gangster.

"I'm scared" Ziphe says snuggling herself on her husband.

Thapelo brush her and kiss her forehead and tell her something.

Why can't I get myself a man like him?

My brother once accused me of crushing on Thapelo. The truth is I adore Thapelo,he is my dream guy.He is loving, protective, intimidating, handsome, sexy,brave, faithful... I wouldn't finish describing what I love in him but I don't have a crush on him.

"Can you take your discussion outside, your guns scare my wife" he says in a deep voice, smiling at my dad.

My dad smiles back and signals Loyiso out.

Zethu looks at Ziphe with irritation, "Mxm!"

"Go to hell" Ziphe replies.

If Zethu is not fighting with Simtho she is fighting with Ziphe.She is a brat and single as a fuck.

"Everything will be alright Don" Mandla says.

"Yeah...he didn't have a jersey on,it's getting cold"

This is not right. Whoever it is is so cruel to hurt Don like this.Junior is his only hope.

"Junior will be back, that I'm sure of" Zanda says.

Zanda though, did she have to cut her hair so short? She like dresses and sandals.

"What is wrong with you?" I ask irritated.

She look at me, "What?"

"You look..like a girl,just a girl" I say.

She doesn't get what I mean, the others do and laugh.

"I was also going to ask what happened to the weave" Sena says.

She get what we're on about and roll her eyes, "This is about a haircut, isn't?"

"Yeah,you should've done a bobcut at least instead of looking like a boy" Zethu says.

"I think you look great chommie,what did that man say?" Ziphe says.

I expected her to compliment this haircut, she have a natural hair bun herself, what would she know?

"He didn't even notice I don't have a weave anymore" Zanda reply with a seductive smile.

"Who is 'that man'?" Mandla asks.

"Just a guy who refused to let Zanda pierce her nose" Ziphe say.

Mandla laughs, "You guys are still on about that"

"Yep" Zanda says.

"Nobody is piercing anything" Thapelo says.

Ziphe and Zanda pouts while Thapelo and Mandla agree with each other.

"Falling with older guys is actually the right thing" Zethu says out of the blue.

"We're not old, just few years ahead of them" Mandla protest.

We all laugh,except for Don.

"Don't even think about it Ntomb'zethu,Thapelo is the last sugar daddy we're accepting in this family" Sbu says laughing, Thapelo slap his arm.

"I'm only six years older"

"But you look 26years older" Sbu continue teasing him.

"You're jealous of how sexy my husband look" Ziphe say brushing Thapelo's arm.

"Get over yourself, my man look sexier" Nozipho get in.

"Thank you mama" Sbu says and kiss her.

"Wouldn't he,with all that exercises you guys do in your house?" Sena ask.

We all laugh because we know my brother is a sex addict.Nobody in the family haven't caught him making out with Nozi in his house, even our parents.

"Guys there are kida here,Ziphe and Zanda" I say.

"You're talking about pro's,they know this topic more than us" Zethu say.

"No they don't" Mandla reply.

"Get out of here"

We continue chatting and laughing that we even forget about the situation at hand and we don't even see Don walking to his bedroom.

"And where is Don?" I ask.

We all look around.

"Maybe he is in the loo" Zanda says.

I get up and check him in room and find him staring at the wall with tears running down.

"Don" I say and walk to sit beside him.

"Fiki" he brush away his tears and look at me.

"It'll be fine"

He shrugs,"You don't know that"

"Keep faith,he need you to be strong for him.He will come back"

He nod, "I just wish..I don't know... a perfect life,where I can be happy and be a better father"

"You're one of the best fathers I know. Look at Nkanyiso and Lindokuhle they don't even know what their kids eat and wear. I can just kill those fuckers, they make my blood boil. You wouldn't believe what Lindo said when I told him about Simile's school trip"

He look at me, a smile escape his mouth.

"What he said?" he ask.

"He said he doesn't know what I do with money, I'm stinking rich I can feed the whole Osizweni's orphanage if I wanted to"

He laughs, "And what did you say?"

"I told him my bank balance is none of his business, he must go enlarge his dick in Vendaland and support his kids with change that he get from there"

He laughs even more, "You're just what I needed"

"Oh you're gossiping this side now" my brother's voice say from the door.

"I'm not gossiping" I protest.

"Whatever...they've found a lead, by the look of things Junior is safe and alive"

Wheew!!

"They've got him?" Don ask excitedly

"Not exactly, they say whoever it is is a mastermind. They must get codes to break in the place, it won't be easy"

"Loyiso can get those codes, right?" I ask.

"He want to speak with Don privately at first"

What now?

"Okay" Don says.

Sbu dials on his phone and give Don.

"Hello...yeah it is me...what? no!...that's just bullshit...please man don't do this... but..okay fine I'll back off just bring back my son..okay"

We all look at him questioningly as soon he hangs up.

"He wanted a deal" he says and sit down.

"What deal?" Sbu ask.

"He just wanted me to stay away from Simtho after helping me with this"

"What if she is pregnant by your child?" Sbu ask.

He look at us and exhale, "We didn't discuss that"

Something tells me Don is hiding 50% of their deal.What did Loyiso force Don to do now?

Chapter Eleven

Zanda Dlamini (Featured Character)

.

Well I'm not a Biyela but people confused me for it.I'm actually a family friend.

The Biyelas are such a loving bonded family. I'd dry my voice if I had to count number of times they've been there for me.

The girls call me their 'sister' or Ziphe's twin, because of our strong friendship and age.In them I've found myself a family.Bab' Biyela is very protective of me,as for Mam' Ntombi I'm her sixth daughter.

We just came from Don's house, Junior was brought safe.He didn't have a single scratch, as to how his room got blood nobody knows. They say it's all thanks to Loyiso, he did all the job.Don owes him big time.

Mandla doesn't even take off his shoes he just throw himself on bed.He refused to close his eyelids without seeing Junior walking through the door first. They all sat through the night,us ladies only woke up around 03am after they told us Junior has arrived.

I'm not a day-sleeper so I take this opportunity to arrange the closets and spring-clean the house.

He is still snoring by the time washing dry out.I decide to make him lunch before going to my brother's house.

I finish cooking and go freshen up and get dressed and he is still asleep.

"Where are you going?"

Oh wakey-wakey!

"Oh hello...my brother's house remember?"

He yawns, "Mhhhh...and you're wearing those tight jeans?"

I feel the need to get Biyelanic and roll my eyes but I don't because I'm Zanda Dlamini.

"Look like I am,got a problem Mister?" I say.

He chuckles,"No dear Madam,I'm just worried about my exposed assets"

I laugh, "You don't need to worry my cupcake"

He grunts, "That's not on,I'm not a kid or girl"

"Whatever! You'll have to warm your food,it's in the fridge."

He close his eyes and sleep again. I take my perfume and spray him.He duck his head under the blankets and curse.

I laugh and throw myself on top of him.

"Move Zanda...I can't breath geez!"

I laugh and press my ass harder on top of his head.

He is strong,it doesn't take him a second to roll me over and cover me with blankets and sit on top of me.

"I can't breath" I yell shallowly.

He laughs and press his body harder on top of me. My body start heating up. I use to be in this position with uncle Themba He would press his huge body on top of me and not move,I would find it hard to breath and beg him to move and he wouldn't move an inch.

"Please!!!!" I cry under blankets.

Mandla doesn't care,he laughs harder.

By the time he move off I'm wet in tears.He look at me shocked.

"Oh my God! Zanda I thought we were still playing"

He try to touch me but I yank his hand away.

"You had no right to do that to me" I shout crying.

"Babe"

I stand up, "Get your hands off me, you devil"

He look at me wanting to say something but words fail him.I walk out to my car.

I put more powder on my face and wipe my tears dry before driving out.

I find my sister-in-law Siza,my brother Mvuselelo and my sister Phumlile having a random conversation in the lounge.

"What's wrong? You look like you've been crying?" Phumla says just as I'm taking a seat.

"Oh hello to you too Sisi...guys ninjani?" I say greeting everyone with a hug.

"I'm not hugging you,what's your problem?" Phumla says pushing my hands away but I hug her anyway.

"What is wrong with you today?" Siza asks.

"Lack of sleep,they returned Junior by dawn" I lie knowing exactly what is it that is wrong.

"Oh!" Phumla says looking at me.

She love people's business, you'll get used to it.I know right now she want me to elaborate the whole story.

"It's all thanks to Loyiso actually, he is the one who masterminded everything" I say.

Phumla push back her weave, "So sweet of him, isn't? Imagine helping someone who fucked your girlfriend."

How does she know this now?

"Who told you that?" I ask.

"A little bird"

Mvuse clear his throat, "Maybe we should leave gossiping for later,for now let's focus on the fact that I'm hungry"

Siza look at him, "Why you never said babe? Let me go prepare you something quick"

Let me tell you about Siza.She is medium in height, slim but curvy,light in skin.I've never seen her angry or shouting. She goes to church twice or thrice a week.She worship and treat my brother like a king.She is the world's kindest woman.

"Make me a sandwich too babe" Phumla says.

"You are such a food-gobbler, lucky all the weight goes to your ass" I say.

She laugh and spank her butt, "Four slices Siza love"

I never thought I can make a relationship with her. After serving 16 months in jail she realized how messed up she was and reached out to me. I had to put all the differences aside and try to connect with her and Mvuse. After all they are all I have.

She is still the old Phumla though, she does anything to get what she wants but she is a great sister with bad advices.

"Okay sisi" Siza say and kiss her husband's cheek and leave to the kitchen.

We follow her with our eyes until she disappears.

"She is too good" I say.

"I never believed in angels now I do" Phumla says.

I chuckle, "Pity how some people don't appreciate diamond when they get one"

"Yeah trust me some people are stupid like that" Phumla says.

Mvuse clear his throat, "I don't like what you guys are doing"

"What are we doing?" Phumla ask him.

"You're shading me"

I laugh, "No we're not shading you we're being honest"

He fix me a hard stare, "I'd appreciate it if you stayed on your lane as a kid"

"And I'd appreciate it if you stayed on your lane as an adult and a married man" I say.

He look away and play with his fingers.

"When are you going to stop sleeping with Fiki? You're married" Phumla ask.

"I can't"

Huh?

"What do you mean you can't?" I ask.

He shrugs, "I just can't"

Phumla and I exchange girly looks.

"Why?" Phumla ask.

He cover his face with hands and exhale.

"Because it different... it's not the same"

"Sex???" Phumla ask,I'm just sitting here shocked.

He nods, "Yeah"

I get angry, "Then teach your wife and stop using Fiki"

"You don't get it,I don't want her on bed I want Fiki"

Trust me some people are sicker than Robert Mugabe.

"Then why you married Siza not Fiki?" Phumla ask.

"Fiki is not marriage material beside I love Siza"

If he wasn't my brother I would've thrown this vase on his head right now.

"You'll lose Siza,watch this space" I tell him.

He look down and play with his ring.

Siza come back with a tray and serve her husband first.Phumla and I can't stop glancing at each other.

Oh I also get a sandwich and a glass of juice, what a wife material this is?

After eating Phumla and I clear the dishes a go wash them.

"We must find a way to teach that girl bedroom moves,you know Genesis and Isaiah won't help her with that" Phumla says.

I laugh, "I swear she lie like a corpse while my brother do all the works"

"She must stop thinking Petro Scarliot will write her on the sinner's list if she suck her man"

We both crack with laughter.

"Who is Petri Scarliot now?" I ask in stitches.

"A bible guy she once mentioned"

We laugh so hard that we don't even notice my brother behind us listening to the whole conversation.

"I wish I had brothers, they wouldn't gossip and make fun of my problems"

Oops! We turn around in shame. He look at us disappointedly then walk out.

His words cut deep in me,I never meant to hurt him.

We wash the dishes in silence and then go to bid our farewells. We don't find them,they've locked themselves in our room.We're no longer welcomed, I wish I can apologize at least.

Phumla and I go to our respective car sharing a little fruitless conversation.

When I get in my house my spirit has dropped with 60%.I just want to sleep and be alone.

Lucky for me Mandla is not in the house either. I drag myself to the bedroom.

Boom! He is sitting on the bed...in the same position I left him at,with the same clothes.

"Have you even showered?" I ask.

He look up,his face symbolises sadness.

"Babe what's wrong?" I ask panicky.

He inhale, "You know I never meant to hurt you...Zanda I'm sorry"

Jehovah,he is still worried about that?

I sigh, "Babe that's so 4hours ago,it's okay I'm the one who overreacted"

He pull me to him and look at my face, "I love you,I would never hurt you,it was a mistake"

"Babe it's okay" I say and kiss him assurance.

"Thanks... I'm hungry"

"You never ate?" I ask.

"You was angry with me,I thought you'll not come back" he say sadly.

"I love you Mandla, not coming to you is unreal...anyway I have much bigger problems"

He look at me, "What?"

"Mvuse caught Phumla and I gossiping about him and his wife"

Damn,he burst out laughing.

"It's not funny Mandla" I say angrily.

"Lucky for me I only got one sister and she doesn't gossip, only my nieces Aya and Liya gossip about me" hesay laughing.

He will not stop laughing so I decide to go warm his food while trying to get hold of my brother. I will not get any sleep without his forgiveness.

.

I can post only one insert today munchies, hope you forgive :*

Chapter Twelve

Zethu Biyela

.

This is the reason why I hate blind dates, where the fuck is this stranger?

I've been here since 7pm now it's 8;20pm. The only reason I'm still sitting in this empty restaurant is because I want to give this Siyanda man a piece of mind.

Who does he think he is making me wait like this? Does he know I turned down about five dates to be here with him today? Nx.

"Looks like your date isn't coming?"

I look up from my phone to see this white guy I don't know.

Where did he come from? Nobody is here in the restaurant except poor Zethu Biyela and inside workers who have disappeared to back rooms and kitchens.

"And why do you care?" I ask very irritated.

He smiles, a very white smile and look at me with twinkling blue eyes.

"I don't care I'm just feeling sorry for you" he says.

I laugh a Zulu girl's laugh, "What a kind white boy"

"I'm not a boy, black girl"

I'm really not in the mood to fight with white guys.

"You're invading my space please leave my table"

He raise his eyebrow, "Your table?"

Something in the way he asks make me think I crossed some sort of line and made him angry.

"Yes, I booked this table" I tell him as bold as I can be.

He clench his jaws and look down.

What is wrong with this white guy? I'm in the middle of the date here lol.

"This is not your table...you're beautiful" he says.

Okay....right???

"Uuh-haaah" I say looking at him weirdly.

He smiles again, "What does uuh-haaah stand for?"

"Yeka ukungihlanyela ufutsege la " I say.

He laughs and look down, "Black people scare me,please don't get irrational"

"Black people scare you how?" I ask.

"Their language is strong and they are mean"

Oh this fucker!

"I think you should leave this table this second before I get real irrational"

He lift his eyes to me, "I'm Darren Givanston"

"Okay nice to meet you Darren,now please excuse me"

He stare at me and doesn't say anything. I get a chance to study his face.First thing my eyes land to is his pink lips,they look juicy.He remind me of Justin Timberlake in his early days.

One thing I always want to do to a white guy's hair is to run my fingers through.

"Can I run my fingers through your hair?" I ask.

He look at me astonished, "I guess it's fine"

I lean over him and run my hand on his scalp then I sit back and smile at him.

"Thank you"

"That felt very good,nobody has done that on my hair before"

"That is because you're an annoying guy" I tell him.

He smile and then glance at his watch, "Look at the time, I have to go black lady"

"I'm not a black lady, I'm Zethu" I say.

He laughs, "So her name is Zeethoo"

"Can you go already" I say.

He wink, "Okay...a little goodbye kiss maybe"

I roll my eyes, "In your white people's dreams"

He laugh, "I know you want it,come on Zeetoo"

"You're getting under my skin, please disappear"

In the matter of seconds I feel cold lips smashing on my month. I exhale his strong rich smell and give in to the softness.

"I'll see you next week Zeetoo"

What does he mean by that? We're not dating.

"Who said I'm seeing you again?" I ask.

He smiles, "Keep well..and you're looking extra beautiful after the kiss"

He dust his jean and walk out without looking back.

"Wait...White guy..Hey you" I shout.

"Mam can I help you?"

I look back to see the waitress looking at me.

"Yeah call that white guy who just left for me,be fast" I say.

She look around, "Ma'am you're the only one here"

I bang the table, "I'm talking about the one that just left man"

"No one has been here for the last forty

five minutes,you may have imagined him"

"Aybo sistaz I'm not crazy,tell the securities to stop that guy for me" I say.

She look at me and then go to the others and hand talk with them.I get weird looks.

"Oh thanks God you're still here!" says a guy holding a huge bunch of flowers.

I look at him,"Sorry sir did you bump to a white guy on your way in?" I ask.

"No,the whole place is empty that why I thought you've left.I like your perseverance" he says.

I collect my purse and stand up, "He better be still around"

The flower's guy hold my hand, "I'm Siyanda,aren't you Zethu?"

Oh man my date!

"I am,and I'm rushing somewhere now.Enjoy your date" I say and walk out.

I ask the guards which way Darren went.

"Nobody has exited the restaurant in fifty minutes" one man says.

I take a deep breath, "You cannot miss someone who passed right in front of you"

They look at each other and shrug,

"Sorry ma'am but we're being honest, actually no white guy has entered here after six"

So its clear I'm the crazy one here,I look round one. ore time and go walk to my car.

Where did Darren go,that's what I keep asking myself as I drive to my flat.

...continues munchies I'm working

Chapter Twelve (continues)

Zethu Biyela

.

Should I book an appointment with the psychiatrist? Please God don't let my brain malfunction!

What if I was dreaming? Or if Darren was a ghost

Imagine having a conversation with a dead person.But that will be some sort of magic hey,if not I'm definitely a Ghost Whisperer,you know like the girl in the movie.

Jokes aside, this thing of being the only one who saw a white guy in the whole restaurant

disturbs me.

I'm mentally disturbed.

I open my door still thinking about Darren. I get in and go straight to the bathroom.

Wait, let me just not wash my face. I need to keep my kissed lips as proof of Darren.

Darren who are you? Darren where do you live? Darren why didn't anyone see you except me?

Okay, I need to get out of here before I lose my mind. But who is going to allow me to sleep over?

My brother Sbu? No, I wouldn't sleep a minute with all the moaning and screaming from him and Nozipho, and the twins would probably want to share a bed with me.

Fiki? No, she is probably out fucking her married ex-boyfriend.

Simtho? Definitely no, what if Loyiso beat me.

Sena? She'll kick me out, she is not kind.

Zanda? Let me not bother her and Mandla

That leave me with the youngest sister Ziphелеle.

I take my overnight bag and drive to her house.

As you know I don't need anyone's permission or key to get in the house. I unlock the door and let myself in.

Did I eat? No I'm actually hungry.

I'm not overstepping any mark here, this is my brother-in-law's house.

They are long asleep, the house is quiet and dark.

I turn the kitchen lights on.

I scramble two eggs, make some hot chutney and take slices of bread... let me add a few russians.

Cranberry juice how are you? I pour myself a glass.

I need to forget my evening and this is the best way. I eat in front of the TV, getting my mind off things.

I'll just use a downstairs spare room I don't want to disturb them.

I toss and turn for hours not able to get Darren off my head.

Did he mean it when he said he'll see me next week? But he never mentioned the location of our appointment.

That kiss...his eyes...is he for real?

I wish I can turn back the clock and rehave that conversation. I would ask him more about himself instead of being mean.

I don't know when I dozed off,I wake up to the sound of a screaming girl.

Fuck Ziphe and Thapelo, now it's not the right time to do porn.

I plug my earphones and play some music,there is no way I'm getting my sleep back.

Well,I do get my sleep back and doze off again.

My empty stomach wake me up,I go to the bathroom first and clean myself up while singing Shabalala Rhythm or Black Mambazo song I don't know ;

Kanti wena wenzani?

Sengathi wangishaya ngaphakathi,mhlawumbe yimi ngiyazithandela nje.

Ngoba sonke isikhathi uma ngithi ngiyacabanga

Ngisuke sengicabanga ngawe...

I'm mentally dedicating the song to Darren.So I end up singing to the top of my voice so that he can hear me wherever he is.

Oooh he is white,he doesn't know Zulu.

Let me just sing Chris Brown-I Should've Kissed You.

By the time I finish bathing my voice has dried.

I go put my jumpsuit on quickly and dash to the kitchen for some lemon juice.

I find Thapelo and Ziphe in the middle of the kitchen looking at each other.

"Morning Lovies" I greet while opening the fridge.

They don't greet me back,whatever!

I make my lemon juice and drink it then attend them again.

"You slept early last night" I ignite the conversation.

They look at each other,

"You never said you're coming" Thapelo says.

"Yeah,some date crisis and white ghosts and all that" I tell him.

He frowns, "Oh yeah"

I nod, "Umhhh-haaah...damn that remind me of Darren"

Ziphe raise her eyebrow, "Who is Darren?"

I shrug, "Nobody knows"

"Are you the one who messed my kitchen?" she asks.

"I never messed it,I only ate in it and slept in your spare bedroom,did I do wrong Bhut' Thapelo?"
I say.

He look at Ziphe, "No...not at all,you know you're welcome here anytime"

That my hunky brother-in-law!

I smile and look at the fuming Ziphe.

"As long as you tell us and not burgle our doors" she says.

"Hear hear" I say raising my hand.

She fold her arms, "Now please clean up your mess"

What?

"No ways,I'm tired you guys woke me up with your noise early in the morning" I say.

She widen her eyes,Thapelo laughs and walk out.

"Clean up or I'm calling Sbu" she says.

"No"

She take out her phone and dial.

Sbu is a sweet brother but when it come to our sister feuds his hand become firmer.He once made me wash all Simtho's clothes after calling her a pornstar.

"Okay, fine. I'll clean" I say.

She drops the phone and smiles.

"Now where is my good morning sister-kiss?" she asks.

"You're not getting any kiss bruh, go wash your mouth I don't know where Thapelo spermed to"

She laughs, "See, this is why I don't want you in my house, you never come with peace. Anyway tell me who Darren is before I squeeze the truth out your ass"

I look at her and exhale.

"Just promise me you won't think I'm crazy" I say.

Chapter Thirteen

Ziphelele Mokoena

.

They say I grew up too fast. I'm the youngest daughter of Muzi Biyela.

I'm 22 years old, I got married to Thapelo Mokoena at the age of 19. We are everything to each other.

For four years we've been trying for a baby, it worries me a lot that I can't fulfil my marriage needs.

He is not concerned about the baby that much, he says it will come if it comes. But I've seen the way he is with my brother's twins and his friends' kids, he adores kids.

Somehow I feel like I'm failing him.

Why can't I do this like other wives? Girls my age have given birth twice. Some of them don't even need babies, they abort or dump them.

My thoughts are escalating to all different measures I can try to conceive a baby.

He is not awake yet, he is snoring softly, his arm is around me.

I'm not asleep but I don't move because I don't want to wake him.

I'm just staring at him wondering what is it that I can do to complete our marriage.

"Why can't we make our little one?" I whisper tracing my finger on his well-trimmed facial hair.

I have ever-ready tears, whenever I'm sad they just drop automatically. My sisters says it's because I'm weak and childish.

He draw one long snore and open his eyes. I jump surprised and pull my hand back.

"Ziphe" he calls.

I look at him and say nothing.

I feel like I've been caught bewitching, I wipe my tears sheepishly.

"Babe what's wrong?" he ask getting up the pillow with a worried face.

"Nothing" I say.

He cup my face and look at my eyes, "It can't be nothing, you've been crying. Did I do something wrong? Is it Zethu?"

I shake my head and drop my head on his chest. He squeeze me and wait for me to be okay.

I know I'll just spoil our morning if I tell him what is bothering me.

He hate the baby topic, I don't know why, maybe he don't want to think about it or get reminded every time that he doesn't have a baby.

After a while I rise up and smile at him.

"Ziphe what did I do?" he asks.

"Nothing I'm sorry, I just had those moments"

He exhale, "I know you're lying something is bothering you"

"Nothing is bothering me except the girl in our bedroom downstairs" I tell him.

He laugh, "Leave her alone"

"It's not about her presence, the early-morning singing, the eavesdropping and the mess she make" I say.

"You'll have to set some ground rules as the householder"

"As if she'll obey, you don't know her like I do. She instructed pasta for lunch"

He laugh, "I feel for a guy who'll marry her"

"If he is not a ghost"

She asked me not to tell anyone but I always have a wet mouth when it come to my husband.

He frowns, "How do you mean?"

"You'll have to zip this in your chest, she met a white guy but only her saw that guy in the whole restaurant"

He chuckles, "That's weird,right?"

"Very weird,but what's more weird is that she is falling in love"

"Damn!"

We get disturbed by a loud singing from downstairs.

This is one of the reasons why none of us want Zethu to over-visit our houses.Not that we don't like spending time with her, it just that she is too much.

We are compelled to wake up and go the bathroom.

"I'll use the bathtub,you go in the shower" I say taking off my pyjamas.

I know if we share a bath we will end up getting cosy and I'm not in the mood.

He stop taking off his T-shirt and look at me, "Why?"

"Just" I say.

"Wow" he take off his clothes and turn on the tap.

I get my water ready and slid in.

I look at him drowning his head under water.I can just stare at his body all day.

When he open his eyes he find me looking at him and smile.

"You're cute" I shout.

He doesn't get what I'm saying, he frown.

I laugh at him,he frown even more.

"Boy-I-adoreee- you" I sing pointing at him.

He doesn't hear me but he read my lips and laugh.

I decide to go upstairs and try upstairs bedrooms.

I need to make sure I look sizzling before I step out of this house.

I push the door and let myself in.

Boom!!!!

I've never seen such a big dick in my whole life.

Thapelo is lying on top of the bed with his eyes closed. His hand is wrapped around his dick, he is moaning softly while wanking.

At first I'm electric shocked, my mind works fast and tells me to run out. This will be too embarrassing for him.

Where the hell is Ziphelele when her husband needs her the most? She deserves to be cheated on.

I slowly take step backs and close the door behind me.

His loud groan follows me;

"Aaah fuck Ziphe"

Father Christmas! What is this I'm witnessing in this house?

Thapelo is a maniac, who cries his wife's name while masturbating?

"Hey, you look like you just saw a ghost?" Ziphe says as I run past her in the kitchen.

"Better a ghost than...bye see you later" I say stopping myself from revealing too much info.

Chapter Fourteen

Zethu Biyela

.

Life is a bitch, I wasted my make-up, my perfume, my new Lenty Bahasa designed dress, not to mention the petrol I used coming here.

Empty dates two weeks in a row, thumbs down Zethu!

Not that Darren set exactly date or time for our next appo, but today is next week and he promised.

You know what, fuck all men. Black or white futseg!

I should just become a lesbian, dating girls is much better and less stressing.

To say Zethu was fuming as she walked out the restaurant after being stood up would just be an understatement.

I'm spitting fire, but I'm not angry at Darren or whoever my last week's date was. I'm angry at myself for thinking Darren was real.

I unlock the car and stuff the takeaway I bought for supper somewhere in the car.

"Somebody look angry today, another girl-to-chair date?" the voice says behind me.

I turn around with a full swing, my heart skip two beats as I'm welcomed with a familiar face.

He has the biggest smile on his face, he looks even more handsome in a tight white T-shirt and jeans.... things I can do with those lips!

"Hellooo" he says loud waving his hand on my face

Geez! I'm awkward.

I clear my throat, "Hi.. what did you say?"

"I asked if you're coming from another girl-to-chair date?"

Is he being serious? How can he mock me when he is the one who told me he'll see me this week and then stood me up.

"You know what, fuck you" I tell him showing him the middle finger.

He laughs, "So rude, but you know where your comfort will always be" he says opening his arms.

"Comfort my foot!" I say and get inside the car.

I don't know when or how he opened the door on the other side and got in.

"Hey white dude this is my car" I tell him.

He looks around it with a smirk on his face, "You can say that again, look at it. Juice bottles, empty energy drink bottles and all dirty all over the place"

Whoah... for his sake I hope he covered himself and his family with Clientele Funeral Cover.

"Please do me a favour and get the fuck out my car Mr Hygiene"

He look at me, "Nice hair, I wonder which dead Brazilian woman died and traded this hair for you"

I look at him with my mouth opened in shock. In my whole life I've never had anyone dissing me like this.

Just because white people have natural long hair doesn't mean he have to diss blacks for putting weaves on. Right?

So much for thinking about this asshole the whole week.

I lean back on my seat and push back my "traded hair" unable to react in anyway.

"It's a joke babe, what with the long face now?" he says.

I look at him with the most irritated face,

"Look Darren it was nice meeting you, you're a cute guy. Actually I haven't been able to get you off my mind since that day in the restaurant. I've been looking forward to see you again but clearly you and I wouldn't make even good neighbors. So now I want to go home, please get your racist ass out of my car"

He look at me, I look at him. He doesn't say anything, I don't say anything either I'm waiting for him to get out so that I can drive.

"I was only joking Zethu, forgive me" he says pronouncing my name correctly for the first time.

I just look at him plainly.

He exhale, "I'm sorry I didn't mean to make you angry, it just that I'm kinda attracted to your rudeness"

He should just shut up. Now I am a rude person, everybody knows how contained and humble I am.

"Get out" I yell.

"No"

Wtf!

My anger build up to a mansion, all the English I learnt at school vanishes.

"Yeyi webhuti womlungu ungazongidina, awungiphumele ngifuna ukuhamba" I say in Mageba.

"I'm not going anywhere until I've said what I've wanted to say to you for years"

I look at him, "For years? What do you mean?" I ask.

He run his fingers through his hair and exhale,

"Sorry,how are you anyway?"

He is avoiding my question.

My stomach start turning, what if he's been stalking me and he is my father's old enemy?

"What do you want?" I ask nervously.

"I want you"

I frown, "What do you mean by that?"

"I want you to be mine"

I can't contain my surprise, "But you don't even know me"

He chuckles, "I do"

"How? We only met last week"

"Through media"

I roll my eyes, "So you're those people who stalk others?"

"No"

"Why people never saw you in the restaurant last week?"

He laughs, "You saw me,didn't you?"

"But only I did"

He shrugs, "Maybe because you were the only one who was meant to see me"

"How so,you have super invisibility powers? Who are you?" I ask.

He look away,out the window, "I'm Darren"

"I know that English name,I want you to tell me about yourself. You already know me through media"

He shrugs, "I'm nothing special, just Darren"

I'll never get shorter days in this lifetime,sighs!

"What do you do for a living?"

"I work in the restaurant"

Oh!!!!

"You're a waiter?" I ask shocked.

"Cleaner, waiter,cashier,stocker, you name it.I work in the restaurant"

"Umhhh" I sat disappointedly

How do I tell people I fell in love with a cleaner?

No wonder he just disappeared and no one noticed. He may have just stopped by the dustbin and collected garbage.

"What you don't love me anymore?" he ask.

I look at him,my eyebrows raised.

"Who said I love you in the first place?"

He smiles, "You confessed thinking about me the whole time"

I roll my eyes, "That was until you showed your racist side"

"I'm not racist, I may said a bad joke but that doesn't mean I look down on anyone regarding the skin colour or hairstyle"

I look at him getting all serious. In all white people I've met this one take the handsomeness prize.

"You're staring at me the same way I stared at you the first time I saw you" he says.

I smile, "Excuse me"

"I can't believe we're sitting like this" he says touching my chin.

"Are you real Darren?" I ask.

"No" he says and lean foward and brush his lips against mines.

I've missed this essence. I've missed these lips.

I let his tongue slid in.I run my hands through his hair while he deepens the kiss.

I feel my panty soaking as he let out his first moan.I flip over a sit on him.

My dress goes up my ass but I don't care. All I care about is sucking these lips until my breaths run out.

I shove my hand under his T-shirt and run it on his chest.

"Zethu wait" he says pulling away out of breath.

"What?" I say going down on him again.

He complies but pull away again.

"I can't do this to you" he says.

I look at him, he remove his hands around my waist.

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"I can't fuck you"

I turn his face to me and look at his eyes. He look away.

"What is it? I thought you like me"

"I don't like you, I love you and I can't do you like this in the car"

Oh fuck men!

"Why?" I ask irritated.

"I want to have you in special ways only, I've waited for a long time to put my lips on yours. You're special to me"

That may have sounded nice if I wasn't horny.

"How can you turn me on and then drop me?"

"I'm sorry" he says and bring me to his shoulder and embrace me.

I breath out, I'm not going to get it. I may as well drive home and spend time with my Battery Operated Boyfriend.

"You have a tattoo?" I say looking at his neck.

He quickly push me away, "Ahhh, yeah"

"What is it about?" I ask.

I feel his body quivering, I look at him.

I laugh, "It's a girl's face, God you're weird,who is the lucky bitch?."

I expect him to say his mom or sister,

"It's you"

I look at it carefully and recognize myself.

"You didn't have this recently" I say.

He shake his head, "I had it three years ago after seeing you in the Richard's Bay sport tournament"

What?

"You're scaring me...why?"

He look at me, "Because I never knew what is it to fall in love with someone until I saw you"

I feel my knees breaking, "What?"

"I know it's weird,but you're my fantasy girl"

Chapter Fifteen

Tyson Givanston *Narrates*

.

It was three years ago when I first saw her.Richard's Bay Summer Sport Tournament.

Her father had sponsored the event,she came on behalf of him and was given the duty to welcome all the officials.

I was doing my last year in university, doing Business Management fulfilling my parent's wishes.

They couldn't be more proud,they sent me to stand in for my father. The honourable President of Sports Creation, the co-founder of Run The World Association and the owner of Inkanyezi Trading.

"Mr Tyson Givanston how nice it is to have you with us" every time my father's colleagues and friends said that I felt like rolling my eyes.

My dream was to become a musician but my father told me clearly that he didn't work his ass hard so that his children would become bloody entertainers.

I tried pursuing my dream of becoming a musician while studying but it didn't end well. I killed my twin brother rushing to an after-party.

My life has never been easy, I live with that regret and my parents make sure I never forget that my Darren's blood is on my hands.

I took over Darren's businesses after his death, I didn't want his legacy to end.

The least I could do is to live his dream.

Just to be there in front of all those people who looked at my father as some sort of God irritated me more than the shiny tuxedo I was wearing.

"Ladies and gentlemen to welcome all the officials is Miss Ntombizethu Biyela of Gala Corporations" the voice said through speakers.

I hate these professional things, all I wanted was to get the day over and go back home.

A girl wearing just a black crop top, tight-jean and Nike takkies appeared. She had her weave tied on top of her head in untidy bun.

I looked at her shocked, isn't that dress code inappropriate to welcome people like us in?

"This is inappropriate" one man said behind me.

I rolled my eyes and looked at the girl in front of us fascinated.

She must've been in her early twenties, to say she was beautiful would be an understatement.

Mind you dating wasn't something on my schedule.

I had to disobey at least one of my parents' rules, just to spite them. They wanted us to get married at the age of 22.

Darren did and became a golden boy plus he was interested in family businesses.

She took the mic,

"Lovies lovies, I'm here to welcome you to R'bay's sport what what so welcome. You'll have to excuse God for the sunny weather, he didn't know you'll be wearing suits (giggles, I laughed along too). Anyway we as Kwa Zulu Natal would like to welcome all the participants, guests and sponsors, my father included, he sponsored the event with tons of money"

She rolled her eyes as people grunted angrily at her then she laughed.

I stared as she laughed with zero care in the world. I knew from that moment that I want nobody

but her.

She is that missing piece in my life.

"Before I waste your precious time, go and enjoy the day and good luck everybody especially Mandenians"

I wished her speech didn't have to end,I still wanted to stare at her.

I kept searching for her through the crowd with my eyes but being a bubbly person that she is she was no where to be seen.

When I got home the first thing I did was to go online and search for her.

I found lot of things about her family. Her father is a well-known businessman. Her brother is married to Nozipho Faya.She is the fourth sister in five sisters.

They are all beautiful and stylish but she captured my heart.I stocked her pictures in my computer, some I put on my wall.

I know it's weird because I never tried reaching out to her in anyway, I just appreciated her from afar.

Most times she visits the restaurants with her sisters,I would just watch her through the cameras.

She appear in papers more than her sisters,for all the wrong reasons but that never changed the way I feel about her.

It was last week when I saw her sitting lonely on the table while I was sorting finances up in my office.

"Mr Givanston that girl is here again, she doesn't look happy at all" one of my security guards came to tell me.

Every employee knows they have to treat her special, but not even by mistake must my name come up.

I gulped a glass of whiskey and walked to the dining area.

"What are you doing Ty?" Lulama,my head manager asked shocked.

Some female employees rolled their eyes with jealousy.

She never saw me approaching as she was busy on her cellphone.

I told her I'm Darren, I always do that. I'm living my brother's life anyway.

I nearly pee on myself as her eyes met mine for the first time.

"Looks like your date isn't coming" the whiskey in me said.

She is a natural rude person, that I know through people. I was ready to go with the flow.

We had a five minutes conversation, I sealed it with a stolen kiss.

One of my dreams came true, I've been happy since then.

My parents and I don't get along but that day I visited them.

"Look who is here today?" my little sister who is studying law in Cape Town said coming to me with opened arms.

"Janey" I said embracing her.

She is the only one person I like in my family.

"Janey who is that?" my mom asked from her study.

"It's Ty" Janey screamed.

My mom came to look at me, "My God look at you"

That's for the black suit and formal white shirt.

"He look like a true Givanston" my dad appeared.

I looked at Janey, she rolled her eyes, we both laughed.

I went to hug my Mom, then shook my father's hand.

That's how formal we are in this family.

"What did we do to deserve this special visit?" my dad asked.

"Nothing" I replied then looked at Janey with a creepy smile.

She covered her mouth, "You finally talked to her!"

I walked away, she pulled me back by the arm.

"Talk nigga" she said.

"Janey is that an appropriate word to call your brother?" Mrs Givanston asked.

"Mom gimme a break,talk Tyson.Why you're having red cheeks and unlimited smile?"

I laughed, "Nosy little sister,I talked and kissed her"

My father cleared his throat, "Her? You kissed a girl"

I didn't answer him as I ducked Janey's slaps.

"You creepy thing, so you're guys are official dating?" she asked.

"Hopefully, she is not as bad they say" I told her.

My mom came forward, "Who is it that you're talking about?"

Can she let any news slid one day?

"His imaginary girlfriend" Janey bubbled out.

I pinched her, "Not imaginary,she is a real person"

"But you only imagined her" she said.

My father chuckled, "It's a dream girl then"

I looked at him, "Yep"

"Can we meet her? As long as she can provide us with grandchildren" Mrs Givanston said.

"Zethu Biyela, Mr Muzi Biyelas daughter" Janey told them.

My dad frowned, "Which one of them? I don't like those girls,they are too much"

"That's bad" I said.

Janey laughed, "Good because you're not the one who want her"

My mother took the interest to Google Zethu and she was so unhappy with all she found.

I told her the heart want what it want.

I went to my house by midnight and slept with a jolly heart.

Although I see her every day with no one's acknowledgement I was still looking forward to see her again.

She had a meeting schedule for Saturday in PMB but she never went.

I decided to go to work,luckily I saw her again walking out the restaurant looking angry.

Today I'll pour my heart out for her.

Chapter Sixteen

Zethu Biyela

.

The more I think about it the more I feel uneasy. How can a white, handsome guy fall stupidly in love with me like this?

His creepiness is one thing that scares me the most. I mean, who does that?

"I'm scared of you" I say shifting away from him.

He tries to hold my hand but I yank him off.

"I'm not a bad person Zethu" he says begging.

I shake my head, "Please leave me alone"

I know one thing or two about obsessed people, they eventually kill you.

He look at me pleadingly, "I'm sorry for the way I carried this love obsession I have for you but I really love you"

"No don't love me" I say.

"Zethu you're the only thing that has kept me going under any circumstances... (exhales) My life is a mess, if I lose you too it's won't be worth living"

I look at him, "What do you mean?"

One tear drop from his eye. I get smitten because I've never had a guy crying for me before, let alone a white handsome guy. I'll diarize this moment and put five stars at the end.

He wipe the tear away, "I waited for you with no guarantee that you'll be mine but faith kept me going. If you don't want me I don't know if I'll be able to survive knowing that I'll never have you"

This is pure insanity but it soften my heart. This is true love in a silver plate.

I take his face and stare at his eyes. I see nothing but pure love and sincerity.

"You really love me?" I ask.

"More than anything" he respond in a broken voice.

Oh fuck all my ex's,did they have to waste my time with their not-blue eyes?

"Where have you been all my life,Jesus Maria!!!" I say bending down to kiss him.

I don't forget to run my fingers through his hair as he deepens the kiss.

I instantly get wet as he moan in my mouth.

"Darren my gosh!" I say breaking the kiss breathless.

He grab me again and the kiss get more rushy and needy.

I grab his bottom, he break the kiss and shift uncomfortable.

"Don't worry, this car is like a mobile clinic we have all the necessary protection"

He chuckles, "It's not about that,I just don't want to degrade you.I can't fuck you in the car like you're some Mary or Anna,you're special to me"

I really hope Mary or Anna are not some fuck hoes he have.

"A place doesn't make it special, it's who you do it with that make it special" I tell him.

"Yeah,but still, I never imagined our first time would like this."

Many guys I know wouldn't think twice before accepting the vjay,the place wouldn't be a factor.

Maybe this guy is my Romeo,huh!

"Okay let's go to my flat"

He doesn't agree to that either but I eventually win.

Weird he doesn't ask for directions, he just drives like an old heart-attack granny.

"You're such a boring driver" I say.

He keep quiet, he's been quiet all the way.

He get out first and come to open for me.

"You don't have keys of my place, right?" I ask.

He look at me and smiles, "No I don't"

"Good"

We take a lift in silence. I lead the way and unlock my door.

"Welcome to my paradise" I say.

He clear his throat nervously, "Thanks"

Someone is getting cold feet here.

"Want something to drink?" I ask.

"Water please"

I go get him a bottle of water in the fridge and pour myself a glass of wine while at it,he'll have to deal with that.

He doesn't seem to mind though, we sit on the couch and sip on our drinks.

I keep side-glancing him,he look really uncomfortable.

Planned sex is hard to initiate,I'm also nervous.

"Darren" I call.

He look at me then look away immediately.

"You look uncomfortable" I say.

"It's just that I don't want you to look at me differently after this,I love you I'll never use you"

I smile, "I know babe,I'm nervous"

He laughs, "Me too"

I don't really understand why I want to sleep with this guy so badly.Must be because of his dreamy body.

"Let's act normal first, drink one-one glass of wine and chat"

He nods,I go to the cabinet and take out the glasses then pour the wine.

"Mine is the full one,the half one is yours" I shout.

When I turn around with two glasses in my hand I bump into a man's chest.

The wine pour all over his clothes,he grab the glasses from falling.

"Darren" I say shocked.

He push me to the wall and pin my arms over my head.

I expect a kiss but a deep stare follows. He stares at me for good five minutes.

"My love" he whispers.

"Yes" I reply.

"I love you"

I smile, "I love you too"

He smiles and start kissing me.He doesn't rush,he is slowly tasting every part of my face.

When he run his tongue inside my earlobes I scream out,he laughs.

I haven't had such a passionate love-making in a while.He held me with so much care.

"I love you" he kept reminding me.

He only had his break-out after my second orgasm.He scooped me to the bathroom and bathed me.

"Thanks" I say.

He look at me dressing in my nighties, "You're beautiful, thanks for giving me a chance I'll never disappoint you"

It looks like I'm finally taken,bye Fiki in Singleville.

"You look sexy when you're sleepy" he says.

I laugh and throw myself on bed.

He also get in bed.He is sleeping over,okay.

He wrap me to his chest and kiss my forehead, "Sleep my love"

I close my eyes and doze off within seconds.

I usually wake up at night and drink something but today I didn't wake up.

I only woke up as the sun shone through my eyes.

I find a handsome,naked, white guy staring at me.My Darren!

I smile, he smile back.

"Morning my love" he says.

"Morning"

"I was waiting for you to open your eyes,I have to dash home then to work" he says.

Morning disappointment!

"Aw" I say.

He kiss my lips, "I'll make it up to you"

I pout, "I still want to be with you"

"I also want to be with you" he says.

I sigh, "Okay,tell your boss to give you a week off"

He laughs, "I will"

It breaks my heart to watch him go.He kiss me one last time, deeply, before leaving.I can tell he doesnt want to go either.

I wrap myself with a blanket and WhatsApp my sisters telling them I'm Darren's Queen.

They ask for his picture, I remember I don't have his picture.

But we have something called Internet these days.

-Darren Givanston- I type and pictures and articles of him come trolling.

My hands shake the moment I set my eyes on the images of him and his family.

Darren is married and have a son.

I knew he was too good to be true.

Tears just floods out,I cry my lungs out.

My heart is torn in a thousand pieces. My sisters start calling me, I think they've also searched for him and found the truth.

I don't pick up,I just lie there wrapped in my misery.

My brother shout from the door, "Zethu please open, it's me"

I drag myself to the door and open.

"He is married bhuti,how can he do this to me?" I say throwing myself to his chest.

"Umhhh...are you sure it's him you've been seeing?"

I cry even more, "Yes, Darren lied"

"Darren Givanston died Zethu"

What's his problem?

"He was here this morning Sbu" I say.

He take out his phone and type something then he shows me.

"DARREN GIVANSTON DIED IN A CAR ACCIDENT LAST NIGHT" the article reads.

No ways!!!!

My whole body shake.

How can I sleep with a ghost???

Chapter Seventeen

Zethu Biyela

.

He is always there for us, he really is a blessing of the family.

I've had a couple heart breaks in my life,but never had I been torn apart like this. I don't want to even start imagining last night was unreal and fake.

He drags me to the bathroom and run the water for me.

"You don't want me to strip you and bath you,because I will" he says.

I roll my red,swollen eyes, "I'll bath bruh"

"Don't try killing yourself in the bath,I'm just outside the door" he says walking out.

He can't be less of an overprotective, dramatic brother.

I slowly get in the water and wash myself slowly. I can still feel Darren's touch,that make my tears pour out even more.

My brother scream my name outside the door.I walk out wrapped in a towel.

He sighs, "Are you sure you don't want to stay indoors just for today"

I shake my head, "I need closure bhuti"

"What if it hurt you even more?" he asks.

I shrugs and go look for something to wear.He follows me.

"I want to dress" I say.

He frowns, "Okay, so?"

I laugh, "Give me some privacy"

He go and sit on the bed, "You're my sister, I don't mind. I'm not going to leave you alone so that you can try your eyes out"

How weird would that be? I fold my arms before the chest and look at him.

He grunts, "Gosh Zethu,fine I'll turn the other way"

He turns, I laugh and start dressing.

"Done, you can turn around and tell me how gorgeous I look?" I say.

He turn around and smile, "You're going to woo the ghost"

My face drops, "Thats not cool"

He put his hands up, "Apologies, but you know what I'd suggest?"

I look at him, "What?"

"That we go look for him during the night"

I know what he is implying. I walk out leaving him laughing. He can be an idiot sometimes.

He follows me still laughing, as we are about to walk out the door Mrs Madlala appears.

"What brings you here?" Sbu asks.

"The O-M-G situation, babe did you see his feet?" she ask me.

I look at her, "Your point being?"

She flash her hand showing the ring.

"They say you have to look below in ghosts, their feet don't touch the ground when they walk" she says.

Sbu can't hold himself, he bends and laughs with his stomach out.

See, this is why Sena and I don't get along most times.

I'm about to leave them when another family member I'm not in mood to see appears.

My family is dramatic did they have to tell her?

"Oh poor child!" she says as soon as she sees me.

Next thing she pops a 2l bottle of a pink-looking water and sprinkles me with it.

"Aunt Lydia what's the fuck?" I ask shielding myself.

"Come" she says grabbing my hand.

She pulls me in the house. I'm in awe, others are in stitches.

"Aunt I'm rushing, I need to go to Darren's restaurant" I tell her.

She pours the pink water in a cup and shoves it in my hand.

"Drink before bad lucks attach" she says.

My eyes widen, "I'm not drinking this"

"You slept with a ghost, you need cleansing" she says.

My anger builds up, "He was not a ghost"

"Nigga has been dead for years" Sena says from the doorway.

I shoot her a look, "Mind your own"

"You will end up losing your mind, even a conversation with a ghost is not good for one's life" Aunt Lydia says.

I swallow a big lump and gulp the thing down.

"You guys are making her cry again" Sbu says coming to me.

Sena looks at me, "Sorry sisi, I can't imagine what I would do if I was to find Lwazi is a ghost. I'd probably kill myself"

Sbu shoots her a look. Lydia starts sprinkling the whole house.

She look at me,tears run down. Her brother push her behind him.

"You're Darren?" he ask his eyes all out.

I nod,looking at the wailing Zethu.

What happened to my love?

"But you died" he says.

Oh shit!

I scratch my head, "I...I..My love.." words fail me.

"Oh Jesu waseNazareth!" her brother says.

"I can explain, it's an identity confusion" I say.

"No..hey cap-sister don't you have rough salt in your kitchen?" he yell at one of the staff.

Lulama walks front, "There has been a misunderstanding, maybe we should all go up in the office and clear out"

Sbu look at him, "Is he not a ghost?"

Lulama shake his head, "I can assure you Mr Biyela"

He look at her sister with begging eyes.

"She will stay,I'll go with you" he says.

A guy,who I guess is one of the family security guards come and lead her out.

My heart break at the sight,I wish she could understand me.

We all go to my office.

"I swear to you bafo,if this guy decide to strangle us here my father will come after you" he says to Lulama before sitting down.

"I use my brother's name, my real name is Tyson Givanston" I blurt out.

He frowns, "Why would you do that?"

"It's my fault he is not living,he should be alive"

He look at me in disbelief, "But using his name and living his lifestyle doesn't mean he is alive"

"It's guilt, atleast if I shut myself out and live his life I feel better"

Lulama clear his throat, I don't just open up to anyone. I look at him and nod.

"Only God have power to take someone's soul Tyson, you can't live your life punishing yourself. You may have drove the car that night but only God can decide who live on earth, not you"

I look at this person I've always seen on newspapers and magazines. I would die to have my dad saying those words to me.

"Thanks" I say tears blinding my vision.

Lulama tap my shoulder, he is always been like a brother to me.

"Now I'll have to go and explain all this to my lil sister" he says.

"I would like to come too,it's my fault I should've been straight with her" I say.

He give me a bore look, "Don't cry about it,I saw something appealing on your menu"

"You'll have to go order" Lulama tell him.

He laughs, "You just fucked my sister last night and you think I'm going to pay for meals here, be serious man!"

Wow,just wow!

"Instruct the kitchen staff to prepare whatever he wants" I tell Lulama.

He stretch his leg, "Make it double,Mama is also starving at home. Add a champagne bottle and snacks for my kids"

Lulama gasp,I shoot him a look.

"Lulama you heard him" I say.

"This chair is comfortable, I wonder if it can fit in my car or I'll have to hire a truck to get it to my house" he says punching the chair.

Now this is absurd!

Lulama laughs and walk out.

"We can't wait to meet you as a family" he says.

Pity I can't say the same about them.

Chapter Eighteen

Nozipho Biyela

.

It's never a dull moment in the Biyela house. Early in the morning my husband had to rush to Zethu's flat after receiving a call saying she is not in a good state.

I'm alone with the kids, they want their daddy.

"Mom, dad promised to take me to Gateway" Liya says coming to the kitchen as I prepare myself a light snack.

"And he will take you later" I say.

She puts on a big frown, "Why later? He said early"

"He also promised to play a game with me, mom where is he?" Sphiwo asks.

Aya also comes and asks if her daddy will bring milkshakes wherever he is.

I sigh and take out my phone and call him. It rings to voicemail.

I turn to a pair of eyes glaring at me.

"He is coming" I lie.

Sphiwo folds his arms, "We don't lie to each other mom"

Okay now I need an escape.

As usual God answers my prayers, Fiki walks through the door like a queen.

"Hey fam!" she greets in high spirit.

"Auntieeee" I say loud for the kids to notice.

They see her and all run to her and jump on her. I get an escape and snatch my food and go upstairs and lock myself in my room.

I love my kids, they mean everything to me but when it's just me and them I can't deal.

I get a chance to freshen up and go through social media.

I hear Fiki shouting as they break things and fight. They will drive her crazy.

I'm disturbed by a knock at the door.

"Mama"

My heart do a little gwaragwara dance. I jump and go open for him.

I throw myself in his arms, he squeeze me.

"Missed me?" he ask.

"Like crazy"

He kiss me and give my butt a tight squeeze.

"Oh how is Zethu?" I ask.

He exhales, "She is fine, it was just a little misunderstanding of identities"

"I don't follow, did Darren die or not?" I ask.

"He died but Zethu is dating his twin, Tyson Givanston. He is using his brother's name for some reason"

Okay, I don't want the whole story of this madness.

"How is aunt Fiki downstairs?"

He laugh, "Occupied, she is barefoot now"

Poor First born!

"And we have a nanny for a few hours" I say and walk to the bed shaking my ass.

"What are you trying to say Mrs Me?" he ask following me.

I get on bed and start unbuttoning my shirt.

"I say you make up for leaving me early in the morning, without even a single kiss," I say and lick my lower lip.

Sex is Sbu's language. It doesn't take him even two minutes to strip his clothes off and grab me and pin me against the wall.

"I want to fuck you woman, I will leave you dizzy" he say pinching my nipples and then running his tongue on my neck.

He use his knee against my clit to give me my first orgasm. My husband is a God in bed, he over

satisfy me.

He make me come using any part of his body,even his toe.

"How are you?" he ask after giving me my last stormy orgasm.

I just smile, my breaths are too heavy I can't speak.

He kiss my nose, "I love you Nozi"

I just nod and fight to catch up with my breaths.

After a while we go to shower and change to our casual clothes and then go downstairs.

Sisi Sena is also here now.

"You guys need Jesus" she says.

I roll my eyes and give her a tight hug.

"Jesus, you're strangling me" she say freeing herself.

"Oh my God! You're glowing" I say.

"Must be lot of sex" she replies.

Fiki roll her eyes, "Or lot of make-up"

Sena wave her away, "We're here to eat"

One day you'll also get used to them.They can board your house without notice and say they're here to watch TV.

"Doesn't Lwazi buy food?" Sbu ask.

"We want to waste yours" Fiki reply.

Ziphe, Zanda and Simtho also walk in.

Ziphe is looking like a true wife with a doek around her head.As expected the first person she see is her brother,they snuggle each other for ages.

"I also want to hug bhut Sbu" Zanda say.

Ziphe laughs, "No,I'm still hugging him"

Zanda pull her away and jump on Sbu's chest. Ziphe also pull her away. It's a game now,they're making lot of noise while at it.

Sometimes I forget they're only 22 & 23 years of age.

"Take your noise to the kids' room" Simtho shout at them.

Sbu pull them and walk to the kids' room.Noise get even more louder.

"Let's just go outside" I say.

We walk to the balcony. Of course Sena was going to bring wine and glasses.

We sit around the table, Sena pour her glass first.

"I hear Zethu is actually dating Tyson Givanston not Darren" she says.

We're gossip queens!

Fiki let out a chuckle, "Seems like everyone is finally getting their Hunk Charming except me"

I laugh, "I doubt Zethu will settle down, it's probably a fuck boy that is passing"

Sena look at me, "He have a tattoo of Zethu's face on his neck,he fell in love with her three years back and waited"

That's news to me.

"Sounds like an obsessed stalker to me" I say.

"I say we give him a chance, everybody deserve a chance in life.We can't judge him from afar" Simtho say.

We all look at her. She is different.

"As long he doesn't put his hands on her" Sena says and sip on her wine. "

"Like I said, we can't judge people from afar" Simtho say.

Fiki laughs, "As long as Loyiso continue yo hit you I'll judge him.Yep,I'll judge him and his whole fuckin pathetic being"

Simtho bang her glass on the table, "Ain't nobody judging you for fucking a married man.Chill bitch,you ain't perfect"

I put my hand up, "Okay now let's slow down"

Sbu appears, I silently thank God.Only him can deal with his sisters when they're fighting.

"Everything alright?" he ask holding a tray with unattractive food.

My stomach turn around, I run inside the house to the toilet and throw up.

"Mama u-right?" he keep asking.

I finish and rinse my mouth.

"What's wrong babe?" he ask.

I shrug, "I don't know, maybe it's something I ate"

"Okay" he pull me to his chest and squeeze me.

"I love you mama,with all my heart" he then kiss my forehead.

I smile, "Where does that come from?"

He smile, "Just that I appreciate you"

I give him a weird look,he smile.

>>>>>>>>>>

Simtho Biyela

.

I wanted to spend the day with my sisters. Loyiso left for Stranger yesterday afternoon. My house is lonely and boring.

I knew one of my sister was bound to spoil my day. None of them like my boyfriend but they pretend him because they fear him.

Just as Fiki and I were arguing Sbu came with a tray of food.

His wife rushed away at the mere sight with her hand covering her mouth.

"Bitch" Fiki says smiling.

Sena and I look at her questioningly.

"She is pregnant" she say

"What???"

We know Nozi doesn't want a baby,she is grooming her career.My brother may have pulled some strings.

Someone clear a throat behind us,

"Hey...is Sbu here?"

I hold my breath and not turn around.

I don't know when I blanked out,I only snapped when Nozipho tap my shoulder.

"Umhhh...what?" I ask.

"Don is asking for you in the house" she say.

My eyes widen,I don't want to see or talk with him.

"Just go,he is family you can't avoid him forever" Sbu says.

I stand up and go inside the house.

He look up as I approach, I fail to hold his gaze sit opposite him.

"Hey"

He doesn't answer, he look at me.We haven't had a one-on-one conversation ever since that day.

"You asked to see me?" I say.

"Simtho you hate me?" he ask.

I'm surprised by the question, "Of course not"

He exhale, "How are you?"

I'm good...

"Fine" I say.

"I miss you, Junior too"

I feel tears threatening to come out. I miss my baby boy.

"I miss him Don" I say

"Then why you not even phoning him,I know you're not his mother but he love you,he need you"

I let tears flow, "I'm sorry"

He come and wipe my tears, "Don't apologize, I'm no forcing you,I'm asking a favour"

I look up and meet his eyes. He stare.I get lost in his eyes, he caress my lip with his thumb.

"I'm sorry for causing havoc in your life, I never meant to hurt you. I love you too much Biyo"

I exhale, "Only if things were not the same"

"What do you mean?" he ask.

"I'm with Loyiso"

He look away.

"I'm sorry Vukile"

He sigh "It's okay, please hold me for a while"

As risky as that is I wrap my arms around him. My other hand happened to be against his left side. I feel his heart pounding.

I've never felt such beautiful sensation in my life.

"God Vukile!" I say unbelievably.

He look at me. I just take his lips with full force.

After a breathtaking kiss we catch our breaths.

"This maybe a start of my happiness or the end of me" he says.

I have no idea what he means, but I smile because I'm in love.

Chapter Nineteen

Simtho Biyela

.

After the passionate kiss I had with Don, we ate lunch at my brother's place and left for Don's house.

I only went to see Junior. I never realised how much I miss him, it was like old times. Playing games, helping him with his school work and just watching him interact with his father in their spectacular crazy way.

Junior is twelve years, he is now on social networks, later he took his tablet and excused himself and went to his room and lock himself.

"So he is on Twitter?" I asked shocked.

"Yep,he have 25 000followers" Don replied, very proudly.

"Doesn't it affect his school work? He is a kid Don" I said.

He laughed, "Msimang men know how to manage their things"

"So,he is a man?"

"Yeah,what do you think is between his legs? He should get girlfriends now"

Girlfriends! I just let that slid,Don is a parent in his own way.

I prepared them something to eat and bid goodbye...but then things got out of hand.

The goodbye cheek-peck turned to passionate deep kiss and that led us to bed.

I'm currently pregnant with a baby I don't know whose father is,I'm sleeping with two men who used to be friends.I've come to the realisation that I am a bitch.

Surprisingly I'm not feeling even an ounce of guilty. Maybe it's because I know I won't be caught, Loyiso is only returning from Stanger tomorrow afternoon.

As I'm driving home I'm in a debate with myself. Who do I love?

Don and I have this strong connection, whilst Loyiso and I have this amazing history.

Even though I'm drawn to Don I can't let go of Loyiso I just can't. He is the love of my life.But how do I ignore what Don and I have?

Being an official bitch that I am I told Don not to contact me in anyway, but I promised him we'll see each other soon and told him that I love him,which I really do.

With Loyiso you can never be sure, so I check if his Audi is in before I get inside. Luckily it not, which means he is not back.

Power to Jesus!

He filled the fridge with everything that I like before departing for his journey. I crave sweet things.

This time I bathed at Don's house so I get in my nighties because it's already getting dark outside and treat myself with three bowls of ice cream.

Just like Junior I lock myself in the bedroom and log on WhatsApp.

I was waiting for my sisters to ask questions and of course they're asking if Don and I had sex again.

We have our WhatsApp group, just us the Biyela Divas so I know if I tell them in the group Zethu will also read and then tell everyone who is willing to pay attention.

So I update the others privately.

Nozi is worried that Loyiso will find out, Sena calls me a whipping prostitute, Fiki asks who have a big dick between Loyiso and Don, Ziphe just send a disappointed face.

The thing as sisters we don't keep even a single thing from each other. That's why we're always fighting, everyone knows everyone's business and we live closer to each other.

I decide to give Don a call, he answers at the second ring.

Me ; That was quick

Don; It's a rare call, I had to pick up quick

Me ; Whatever, what are you guys up to there?

Don; (sighs) Watching Drake's tour

I laugh, Junior love hip hop and he try to make everyone fall in love with it.

Me ; How is it?

Don; Boring...I mean very nice, isn't son?

I hear Junior saying whatever, I laugh.

Me ; I was just checking on you, let me not keep your from watching your show.

Don; Please Biyo let's talk a bit

Me ; (laughing) I'm not calling with free minutes

Don; I'll transfer your airtime please, at least until he finishes this song with this fake ass woman.

I listen to the song playing at the background and sing along.

Junior giggles from the background and sing too.

Don; Bye Biyo

Me ; No,I'm still on the phone

Don; Junior I'll be in my study

Me ; Oh stop,Drake is cool isn't J-R?

Junior ; He is, dad is just so yesterday

I crack with laughter.

Me ; No he is just so last week

Don ; You're ganging on me?

Me ; No,we're just stating the facts

Don; I will stay yesterday or last week but I'm not listening to these Indian guy

Junior and I ; Boooooooo

Don ; I love you Biyo,bye

Me ; (laughing) I love you guys bye

Junior; Love you

I end a call with a big smile on my face.

Three missed calls from Loyiso!

I'm in shit.He called while I was on the call with Don.

I quickly call him back, he doesn't pick up.Which give me enough time to come up with an excuse for not answering.

I watch one movie,eat choc cookies,some ice cream and dognuts then sleep.

I hear something banging on my sleep but ignore it.I have a tight security, dad made sure of it.

The sun gaze through my eyes,it's morning already.

Someone is holding me,I nearly wet my panties.

"It's me"

Oh crap!

I turn my head around. He doesn't look like someone who has been sleeping but he is on his

pyjamas.

"Babe" I say shocked.

He look at me,deep in the eyes. I start praying with my heart.

"I thought something bad happened, I've never been so afraid in my life Simtho" he says.

He must be talking about when I didn't answer the phone.

"I'm sorry I was...."

"I know what you did" he says cutting me.

My whole body freezes my heart stop beating for a while.

"Babe I swear it wasn't my intention, just that..."

He laughs, "I told you to always keep the TV volume down."

Huh?

"You didn't even hear me coming, you left the TV playing." he says.

I let out a sigh of relief, "I was too sleepy"

He chuckles, "Need more ice cream?"

I smile and nod.

"I saw that we've ran out of ice cream in this house" he say sarcastically.

"Whatever, where is my kiss?" I say.

He shake his head smiling and kiss my lips.

I feel the need to take one bath with full water and soap.

"Let me go bath and then come back to be cuddled" I say.

He smile, "Okay"

He is not himself, something is just missing. I wonder if his ancestors are alerting him about what I did.

I take a long bath and wear my shorts and go back to him.

"You're okay?" I ask.

He nod and tighten his arms around me.

I give him space and shut up.

After sometime he get up and close the curtains, turn the lights off. The room get dark.

"Why?" I ask panicking.

"I'm scared" he says.

I turn to look at him, he get in bed and hold me.

"I want to hold you behind" he says.

I slowly turn the other side. God, please don't let him shoot me from behind.

He breath out loud.

"YOU'VE GOT THE SMILE, THAT ONLY HEAVEN CAN MAKE.

I PRAY TO GOD EVERYDAY, THAT YOU KEEP THAT SMILE.

YOU'RE MY DREAM

THERE IS NOT A THING I WON'T DO

I'D GIVE MY LIFE ALL FOR YOU

CAUSE YOU'RE MY DREAM

AND BABY EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS

YOU WILL NEVER GO COLD OR HUNGRY

I'LL BE THERE WHEN YOU'RE INSECURE

LET YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE ALWAYS LOVELY GIRL

CAUSE YOU'RE THE ONLY THING THAT I GOT NOW.

IF YOU HAD MY CHILD

YOU WILL MAKE MY LIFE COMPLETE

JUST TO HAVE YOUR EYES ON THE LITTLE ME

THAT'D BE MINE FOREVER..."

I turn around to look at him. He stop immediately.

OMG! My man just sang for me. He got such a deep, lovely singing voice.

"Oh my God!!!" I scream.

"I wasn't done" he says

"Let me get my phone to record first"

He stop me, "I don't know how to say this"

"What?"

"I want to ask if you would marry me...I just don't have a clue what I'd do if you say no...I mean I know that I love you and want to be with you forever. I'm not a perfect person, I have my flaws..I'm not proud of who I am but I need this chance of being your husband... I'll try to be your everything, to make you happy all the time and always be there for you guys.I know the baby may not be mine but I love you,I can love him too...I'm so scared, if you're not ready to commit to marriage I'll understand.I just don't want to lose you,I love you so much Simtho you wouldn't understand"

I have tears running down my neck. I have mixed emotions.

I've never seen Loyiso this nervous. Even his hands and voice are trembling.

I know he wouldn't survive without me.

"I'll say yes" I say crying.

"Really?"

I nod and wipe my cheeks, "Yeah"

He get off bed and turn the lights on and kneel down.

He take out the small box with a huge diamond ring.

"Simtholile Biyela will you look beyond my flaws and make me the happiest man in the world. Will you marry me?"

I nod,tears running down.

"Yes I will marry you"

As he slid the ring on my hand,reality kicked in.

I'm not fit to be a wife.

Chapter Twenty

Zethu Biyela

I've been avoiding him, ignoring his calls, locking his white ass out. He haven't given up though, he keep trying by every means to get his lame apologies through.

My sisters called me a drama queen, but none of them have been in my stilettos. Having a boyfriend who lie to you about his identity, fuck your brains out and let you scream his 'dead' brother's name.

Here he is again today early morning knocking at my door, begging me to open and hear him out. I decide to open and hear his 'little sorry' speech.

First thing he says is what I've heard thousand times this last two days.

"I'm very sorry babe, please hear me out"

I fold my arms, "Okay"

He blink twice and let out a sharp breath.

"I need you to give me a chance, I'm not that kind of a person. I just never thought it could affect my relationship."

I chuckle, "Anything else?"

"You wouldn't understand how much I loved him. He is the only person who ever saw something worthy in me. That day he was so excited about going to watch me perform along The Sweatboys, he couldn't wait, he kept telling me to drive faster. He thought they would cancel my performance if we arrive late. A text came through his cellphone, it was his friends telling him that John Decock will be among the audience. He was his biggest fan, to him having John Deck watching his twin brother sing meant. He jumped up and showed me the text, I lost focus and lost control. I hit the truck coming the other way, he died on the scene I only broke a few ribs and bled a little."

He pause and exhale, "He had family Zethu, he loved his wife, they only had five months of marriage. His son was just crawling. I caused my parents undescribable pain. I created a widow, by my name there is a fatherless child."

The eyes that use to look at me with love and admiration now have swamps of tears,glittering with agony and helplessness.

I find my own eyes watering, "I'm sorry Darren... I mean Tyson" I say embracing him tightly.

I pull his head to my shoulder and rub his back.

"You have to forgive yourself, he loved you he's forgiven you.You need to let your conscience free" I tell him.

He look at me,

"Do you?"

I frown.

"Do you love me?" he asks.

I breath, "In a way I never planned to love any manbeing except my brother and daddy.I'm helplessly inlove with you,you're the only thing that dwells on my mind all day."

He stares at me,his blue eyes not even giving a single blink.

"I do, I love you" I emphasize.

He look away, "But you don't know me"

He can say that again.

"I love the guy who stole a kiss from me in the restaurant and disappeared, whatever he does,whoever he is,whatever his story is, I don't care and I don't need to know, I just want his heart"

He force a smile, "You're too beautiful for me, I never thought you can even cast your eyes my direction. You're the perfect thing in my life, I love you more than life itself"

I lay my head against his chest and enjoy the homely sensation.

"You're my everything" he says,more like talking to himself.

I lift my head up and look at him,"I'm still hurt though, you lied to me"

He suck my shoulder,"How can I heal you my love?"

I throw my head to the side, "Sexually heal me"

He chuckles, "You're just the way I imagined"

He trace my eyebrows and then brush his lips against mine. I've missed these lips, I quickly let him take full authority of my mouth and body.

The sexually healing is intimate, breathtaking and energetic. Those little liars who say white guys have small dicks needs a whipping. They are not as gifted as the Nigeria's but they're average and able to reach all the necessary corners, I can reference that for you.

"I'm in love with you" he say looking up at me his head between my boobs.

He is too handsome, I just want to take him out and show off to the whole Mzansi. Even Lwazi doesn't compare to him.

"Loving the sight?" he ask.

"It's a very beautiful sight, I can just lick it"

He widen his eyes, "Talk about licking... I feel like..you know what I mean"

I burst out laughing, "You better not come in my mouth"

He slid off me and lie at the side, "I thought you loved me"

"I love you, not your waste"

He laughs, "I love you and your waste, everything that have crazy Zethu's mark I love"

I punch him lightly and laugh. I settle nicely and give him my A+ licking game.

His moans will open the heaven doors for me. I watch as he break into thousand of pieces as he waste out.

He calm his breaths, "Damn! You're my black queen"

"Did you have to say black?" I ask.

"You're black" he says.

So much for my sucking energy!

"And you're white" I say.

"Why do you get offended about who you are?" he ask wiping himself.

"When you highlight that I'm black every time you talk it make me feel like you're discriminating me" I tell him.

He stop and look at me, "I never realised, I just like the way it sounds. Like my black queen, the

black mama,the black bitch etc"

I roll my eyes, "Let the blacks say that to each other, you're white I feel offended"

He put his hand up, "Okay, I'm sorry"

After the little argument we go shower and make some love.

"I'm going to make you breakfast" I say putting my gown over.

"What are you going to make? Madumbi?"

Does he have to be....nx

"I said breakfast, black people also eat starters in the morning" I tell him.

He surrender, "Yeah sure,can I have icy juice with whatever you're making?"

"I hate that I love you, De clerk's son" I say giving him a lip peck.

He laughs, "I'm offended, you just referred me as white"

I click my tongue, "The race joke is not funny, I'll make you your English breakfast "

He laugh even more, "I love you my queen"

I blow him a kiss and walk to the kitchen. As I'm struggling to keep my nails safe as I break the ice cubes into the juice jug a knock come through.

Intruders!

I go open.

"Hey Zethu"

I'm surprised to see him at my door.

"Bhut' Loyiso how are you?"

"I'm good,hey sorry to invade your house like this I was just driving by and thought why not come and greet my sister-in-law"

Loyiso is unreadable man,you can't tell what mood he is in but today he is obviously happy.

I laugh,"Right? Care to share the good news?" I ask

Many people don't know if he's got complete set of teeth due to lack of smiling but he is an approachable man.Or maybe only to me.

"It's nothing, except that I'm getting married soon" he says.

My eyes widen, "What???"

He smiles, "Your sister agreed to be Mrs Mbatha"

Oh man! I jump and hug him.

"And you fuckers never told me"

"It's not like you answered the calls or replied to any messages" he say.

Oh fuck my dramatic ass,now I've missed all the important things.

"Man I'm so happy for you" I say.

Someone clears a throat behind us, "Didn't know you expected any visitors"

Okay, that's rude! This man you call a visitor is about to buy my sister with eleven cows and thousands of rands.

I look at him, "Babe this is my brother in law Loyiso"

He look at him,he actually stare at him and sag nothing.

Loyiso is also staring at him, "How nice it is to meet him" he says not breaking the stare.

Tyson chuckles, "Not as nice as it is to meet you caveman"

What is this tension I'm sensing from strangers?

I don't want my man on Loyiso's bad books so I ask him to take the food to the bedroom.

Loyiso follow him with his eyes, "Cute rich boy"

I look at him, "What did you just say?"

"I was just complimenting Tyzee...I mean Givanston.. anyway how about you join us for supper today, you can bring the boyfriend along"

I look at him but his phone beeping refrain me from asking another question.

He swipe the screen and the screams of a girl having sex fill the room.

He is not going to watch porn in front of me,is he!

"Please don't do it....oh Jesus fuck Biyo" a man I know very well moans.

I nearly pee in my panties,my knees refuse to function.

"Yesss Vukile that way...oh yes babe" my sister, or should I say my late sister scream.

In the blink of an eye his cellphone meet the wall.Tears run down his cheeks,he let out a single,agonizing scream and slid to the floor.

He cry loud, he doesn't sob he cry and call his mother like a little boy.He pull his dreadlocks and moan in pain.

I don't know what to do,I'm just shocked and angry at Simtho.

Tyson appears to check what is going on,Loyiso storm out on full speed.

"What is wrong?" he ask.

I'm shaking because my sister is sleeping in the mortuary today.

"He is going to kill my sister" I say.

He push me out the way, "Never"

I'm left alone crying for my sisters deeds.I pray Tyson get out alive

Chapter Twenty One

Narrated

.

For years he refrained himself, bottled his heart aches and disregarded his body desires.He had this thin lace of hope that one day he will get a chance, by the grace of God. He believed she will come around, open her eyes and leave her heartless evil boyfriend and see him more than just a loving friend.

Never had it crossed his mind that one that he'll have to watch her walk down the aisle and promise him her forever.

When the news broke to his ears,by her brother who happens to be his best friend, his whole world shattered.His mind just went crazy,his thoughts escalated to the point of suicide. But then suicide wouldn't be an option to him,despite of the misery his son still need him. He's gone through enough already, he can't lose his father.

He haven't shifted even a millimetre from where he was sitting in the morning when Sbu

called. He is just watching the walls, on them he is watching his pathetic life play.

He doesn't hear a loud knock banging on his door, he has no idea that his Junior has been so worried about him that he called Simtho to come over.

She bounces in wearing just a simple dress, to him he is the most beautiful creature he's ever seen. His eyes quickly dart to her left hand and there it is glittering making him wince with agony. No words could describe the amount of pain he felt at the sight.

Knowing her 'friend' very well, she knew she's added another kilo of pain in his life. She walked to him slowly and knelt before him.

"Vukile" she calls helplessly.

He closes his eyes and breathes out,

"Are you happy?" he asks.

What a trick question!

Am I happy? That's a question she doesn't know how to answer.

"I don't know" she answers honestly.

He opens his eyes and looks at her eyes, he wanted to ask her why but words refused to come out.

They always had this amazing spark, it strikes as soon as their eyes collide.

The doubts and hesitations reoccur on her head. Sometimes she doesn't know what influences her decisions. There are so many things she regrets in her life. One of them is breaking Don's heart.

"I love..." he stops before finishing.

She wraps him with her arms, again only God knows what influences her decision. Their bodies exchange heat, they lift their heads and connect their lips together.

They engage in a beautiful, yet sad love-making. To Simtho this is the last time, she has to make their last time memorable.

Just a few weeks ago Loyiso has given in to his jealousy and bugged here and there in his enemy's house. He installed some cameras in a few rooms, including Junior's bedroom.

He's been too busy that he never checked what was happening in that house but he managed to hire a guy to keep him updated. Nothing has been fruitful, just the bastard playing or having dinner with his son.

But today a dark cloud is slowly approaching the Biyela house as Loyiso drive in a slow motion and park in front of the house.

Anyone would expect Loyiso to be angry and run to the house and blow the whole house with fire. But he light one cigarette and puff a few times. He has smoked a few times in his life, it's not something that excite him.

Mr M has always taught him to think clear before taking decisions. He is a natural thinker, that he knows.

He get his soldier-boy ready and walk to the front door.

Another silver merc park behind his. He doesn't take notice, he is a man driven by purpose.

They've been friends before he crawled for his love. He has visited his apartment for drinks a few times. He find his destined direction and take slow steps towards.

"I wanna hold you like this forever" Don says, squeezing her half-naked body.

She let out a breath, "This got to be the last time, we talked Don"

He nodded and looked away,

"Maybe I'll survive but I'll never stop loving you. I will always be there, I wish you the best of luck"

She loves him, no doubt. He is always there, he care, he put her first.

"You will always be special to me, thanks for all the sacrifices" she says.

The sacrifices! Yes he is that cowardly, he gave up his rights to Simtho's child no matter what's the paternity of the baby. He did it to save Junior, it was one of Loyiso's demand. Like any desperate parent he gave in and there will be no turn backs.

"Hi" he say pointing the gun, aiming to his head.

Simtho's whole world shut out. Only her popped out eyes look alive.

Two gunshots follows.

Don is down. Simtho is still trying to work out where she is shot.

"Uyinja Donald" Loyiso shout, dropping his gun and then watch as he bleed, from the side of the head and the chest.

Hopefully he was going to bleed to death, he prayed as blood flow out.

"Mbatha" a cry escape Simtho's mouth.

That alone make him blaze with anger.He point a gun to her.

"I love you...you double-crossed me,you have to be minuses"

She close her eyes and scream one more time before death swallow her.

Another two gunshots follows.

She expected two bullets to strike her body,she already had asked God to come and meet her halfway or send Gabriel if He is busy.

She wait another two minutes before opening her eyes.

Did she get shot or what?

Loyiso's motionless body on the floor make her jump.

Did he shoot himself instead of her?

She look up as she see black shoes standing in the doorway.

A young white guy look at her with pity,he wasn't holding any weapon.

She wanted to ask what's the hell is going on but she was too frightened and traumatized.

"I got you" this guy say and walk to her.

She only remember a few guys walking in the room and herself being scooped outside.

>>>>The chapter is continuing.

My sincere apologies my dearest readers,I lost two people who meant the world to me I've been emotional unstable and couldn't write. I'll make it up to you

Chapter Twenty One

Continues.....

Simtho Biyela

.

Everything just flips back as I watch a white doctor doing something on my arm.

The gunshots.Donald!!!

I jump up and check my whole body for any wounds...then it comes back I didn't get shot, Loyiso did.

I feel my head spinning around,the doctor gentle push me back down on bed. He is white,which reminds me of a white guy in the Don's doorway.

I've lost them. I killed both Don and my fiancée.

"Don't cry,you're just fine you and the baby" the doctor says.

"What happened?" I stupidly ask him.

He look at me sympathetically and then walk out.

I feel like my whole world has come to an end.What now?

Ziphe come running through the door.At least there is someone who still loves me.

She doesn't care about the drips and all she just throw herself on me and cry.

"Thanks God" she says.

How I wish to be her right now.Perfect flawless life

Chapter Twenty One

Continues.....

Simtho Biyela

.

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"Thanks God" she says.

How I wish to be her right now.Perfect flawless life.

"Where is Don?" this is what I get out of mouth first.

She look at me with tears, "The doctors are with him,all we can do is kneel before God he lost so much blood"

I think she knows my next question cause she start being uncomfortable.

I need her to tell me I saw wrong.

"And how much blood did Mbatha lose? Is he in the same hospital as Don?"

Tears just roll down her face.

"Mom will come soon" she says.

My body heat up.

"I asked if Loyiso is submitted to where Don is.You know they can't be in the same place, Loyiso will finish him off" I say.

"No Simtho... I can't do this,please don't make me" she cries.

Aunt Lydia storms in with a box of blanket, mom follows after her.

"What did that stupid white man said?" aunt Lydia asks directing to my mom.

I know my mom and it's the first time I'm seeing her so broken.

"He gave me discharging forms to fill...nana how are you feeling?" she say fixing her attention on my stomach.

"Bad. I nearly killed Loyiso and Don,they are fighting for their lives in hospital because of me" I

say crying.

"At least my son is still breathing" aunt Lydia says.

Her son is Don, she take him as her child I don't know why. But I just don't understand her statement.

"Baby we need to go to Stanger" my mom says.

Stanger is Loyiso's hometown, I only visit there on important occasions. I don't like Loyiso's father, why would I jump off hospital bed and go there.

"No, I need to check Don and Loyiso first" I say.

I think I heard aunt Lydia chuckling, Ziphe shoot her a quick eye-bomb.

"Look baby, we can't go see Mbatha now. He is... he is no more" mom says.

My worst nightmare comes true. He died. He won't put another ring on my finger anymore. I won't hear him saying his vows to me in front of the priest. remember his voice when he asked me to marry him: ONE DAY WHEN THE SKY IS FALLING I WILL BE STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO YOU.

Today the sky is falling but he ain't here next to me.

"Did I kill you Mbatha wami?"

I let out the loudest scream my chest can allow.

My mom comfort me and says I mustn't cry it will all pass.

Aunt Lydia is also comforting me saying I must cry because I just lost a husband and my child will be fatherless.

Ziphe is crying along with me. She is crying for her Bhuti Loyiso.

The nurse comes and take out the drips then give me the prescription of pills.

Through the blazing sun aunt Lydia covers me with a fluffy sleeping blanket on the shoulders.

I am a widow. I made myself feel this. I deserve this pain.

They don't allow me to go see Don first, I'm driven straight to Stanger.

We park I'm the yard. The house is already full of people.

I can just imagine how the community is feeling. They lost their hero. Loyiso donated lot of money for his community, he helped lot families and sent some poor kids to school.

"Nasi isfebe esibulele ugazi" one of his yellow cousin says as I walk towards the main house.

One black woman get hysterical,saying Loyiso was such a goodhearted man,he didn't deserve to die.

Mbatha Snr just look at me and show aunt Lydia where I must sit.

On a thin sponge,on the cold tiles.I would've complained if I was myself but now I'm too broken to think about pneumonia.

"Mrs Biyela are you going back to Durban today?" he ask my mom.

"No,I will have to stay here until the funeral Loyiso was my son"

He nods, "At least someone sane will be here to look after the house and arrange everything while I go up and down sorting my boy's things out"

I remember how Loyiso reacted to his father calling him 'my boy'.

My chest tightens up,I need to scream my lungs out.

As I start crying everybody in the house follows.

Later Mbatha Snr leave for Durban. My mom have to take control of the house.

Three girls comes to where I am,including the yellow one.

"So how much are you getting?" the first one asks.

I'm confused.

"What?" I ask.

"How much money are you expecting for killing our cousin?"

Oh help me God!

"So his dick wasn't enough for you? You're such a disgrace for women" the yellow one says and spit on my blanket.

My Biyela genes nearly show up but I hold myself.

The other one pulls something from her back. Three sticks.

"Today you will know who oMbatha,oSintshakazi oShandu kaNdaba are" she throw two sticks to the others.

I'm just frozen. Wtf!!!

"What the fuck!" someone says from the door.

Three of them comes in rushing.

As these yellow cousins start attacking me Sena throws a mop on the other one.

Fiki pulls the other one with a weave and throw her to the wall and start Biyelazing her.

Zethu is dealing with the yellow one with her boot.

The screams fill up,the elders rush in.

"What is wrong with you?" my mom shouts pulling them apart with the help of other women.

Aunt Lydia clap her hands, "We are burying a violent person anyway"

Can she shut up for one minute?

My sisters are fuming,as well as the cousins.

They manage to get the cousins to the other house.

Ziphe looks at me, "Are you okay?"

I'm awesome!

I nod,

"Are you okay?" I ask her.

She shrugs, "I'm worried about Thapelo, he haven't eaten all day"

Nice life problems.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Simtho Biyela

.

I've been sitting on this sponge for three days,I hear from my mom's updating that all the funeral arrangements are going well.

Actually it is the white tent that make me real realize that Loyiso is dead,like never coming back again.

I've received enough curses. More fingers are pointing at me for his death. More hearts are wishing nothing good for the bitch that is me. As for Welile, the yellow cousin, she don't know me like I know myself.

What I hate the most is that none of these ugly relatives know how my relationship with Loyiso was. Nor were they interested in his life, except his money.

A part of me wish Loyiso did pull that trigger on me. They say the dead can't feel no pain, how I wish to be them. If I'm not in pain I'm in fear, the only time I feel like a free girl is when I'm with Don or Junior.

Fuck it! I'm a bad person, I haven't checked on Junior.

I quickly ask Ziphe to give me my phone. My screensaver is us, looking happy in a restaurant a few weeks ago. We had our moments. He had love for me, true love. He was what many women dream of.

Junior's phone is off, I wonder how he is holding up. At least my Mandla is taking care of him.

I saw my sisters hiding some alcohol in the freezer, I just pray Ziphe or mom catch it before the service otherwise they will cause unnecessary chaos.

The church service start at 08h00. The testimonies are great. Many people are complimenting what a great boy Loyiso was.

Zethu was the last person who spoke with him, so she is given a chance to speak about his last moments.

I didn't know Zethu had such a sorrow side, let alone sympathy veins.

She goes up, Sena is accompanying her holding her hand. She can't walk straight, she is crying so much.

How Stanger people love news, the whole tent goes dead silent as Sena get the microphone to her mouth.

"He..Loyiso came to check on me that morning. He was happy..I didn't know his full wide smile previously, but that day I did. He told me about his proposal.. he was excited. And then...something came through his phone, he lost it. He started crying, he was hurt. I knew he wasn't thinking straight, I tried stopping him from going to Don. I didn't want him to go but he ran out. Next thing I got a call from Fiki saying he died there. I should've stopped him, I could've tried harder or locked him in. He loved us like his own siblings, he would do anything to protect us...and he loved my sister more than his own life. It hurts Loyiso (cries)."

I'm letting the tears roll down, I have no strength to wipe them. Nozipho keep wiping my face now and then.

When his father is supposed to speak, he doesn't he poke my dad and show him to go.

My dad haven't spoke to me, or anybody for that matter. He only tell my mom what he wants and shut up.

People are now more curious. My dad take up the stage. Loyiso and him comes a long way. He fathered him, taught him all the criminal tricks, when he wanted out he introduced him to the real business world.

"He was my prince" he says staring at the coffin.

We're expecting a speech but he doesn't continue, he just bend to the coffin and bow. He whisper something to the coffin and touch his heart.

"Oh my poor husband" my mom says behind me.

Everybody speaks. Thapelo speak on his friend's behalf.

We go to the cemetery. His 'Gents' are carrying the coffin.

Yep, his funeral does have a pastor.

I remember the way he laughed one day when I suggested we go to church. He said the bible reminds him of a Maths book so he will never read it.

I watch the coffin go down. Even Aunt Lydia cries there.

"Rest in peace Shandu Ka Ndaba" his father says as he throw a shovel of sand in.

We head back home. People get their refreshments and they start yelling at each other and laughing at the top of their voices.

I don't think I can stomach any food so I just go to one of the bedrooms and sit there.

I think about the four years of my life with Loyiso. The first time we met and all.

I feel my throat getting dry and go to the kitchen to get something to drink. I better customize myself with this kitchen, I hear I will stay here fifteen more days.

My father comes in as I open the fridge. He see me and pretend to be forgetting something and quickly go back.

Is it too much for him to hug me and tell me I've got him? Maybe he hate me. I disgust my own

father!

Tears start again. I don't even remember what I came here for.

A hand come behind me and grab a bottle of juice in the fridge. I turn around.

The white guy.

The same white guy who was in Don's house.

He opens the drink and hand it to me.

"Don't cry,I've got you" he says and smile with sympathy.

He turn around and leave.Zethu comes in and bump to him.

He just scoop her up and kiss her all over her face.

It's Tyson damnit!

But what was he doing there? What really happened in that house that day?

I watch him his attention is fixed on Zethu like she is the only thing in the world and wonder what is his story.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Zethu Biyela

.

I feel like my family is breaking apart. My dad is soaked in his own world,nobody can get through him.My mom is struggling to get through Simtho on the other hand. My brother is like a zombie, I don't know if he still eat or bath.

As for me,I'm truly hurt about Loyiso's death.Only if I knew he was going to die I would've said my goodbyes.Now I'm even more hurt by looking at my yummy boyfriend from a distance. I really miss him.

If he is introduced to the family I would be wrapped in his arms right now,but now Aunt Lydia would sprinkle me with holy water for kissing a man in a funeral.

Wait,who invited Tyson to the funeral? OK,stop it Zethu nobody invite people to the funeral,people see the tent and come.

Umhhh..I doubt my sisters still remember we just buried a close family member.

Fiki is now in charge of a cold-room,the keys are in her bra.

Sena is already half drunk and demanding the spare key from Fiki,which is causing a lot of noise.

I wonder what happened to Loyiso's dreads?

As I'm still thinking about that on my way to the main house I bump to...

Oh! I'm swinging on air already.

Lot,lot kisses plaster my face.I feel like crying, I don't know if it's ciders or Loyiso's death.

He senses that, "I'm here" he says brushing my shoulders.

I sniff back and control myself before looking into his eyes like I've longed these couple of days.

"I missed you" I say.

He stares at me for a while without blinking and then smile,

"Me too"

I breath out, "So you came to the funeral?"

"Yeah.... umhhh do you want something to drink?"

I give him a cheek peck, "Don't worry my bid sister is a cold-room admin"

He chuckles, "I missed the way you make me smile,even with the stupid things you say"

So I say stupid things? While still thinking about the response to that a cracky voice comes behind us,

"Sorry"

I turn around. Oh my poor sister!

"Hey I didn't see you" I say pulling away from Tyson's embrace.

She doesn't look at me,she is looking at Tyson.

Maybe this is when you introduce your boyfriend to your sister.

"Oh this is Tyson...the king of my heart. You can call him Tyzet if you want" I say.

She frowns, "Oh!"

I roll my eyes, "Oh bitch he is handsome, you cannot disapprove of him"

"Nice to meet you... who?" he says looking at me.

I nearly forgot he is a forward brat.

"It's Simtho, the one who's boyfriend we just buried" I clarify.

He clear his throat, Simtho walk away. Maybe I shouldn't have said that.

"Ouch... where were we?" I ask.

He squeeze me, "Go to her, don't be insensitive" he says and kiss my forehead.

I just don't know how to comfort people, especially those who just lost their partners.

What will I say?

I put on my brave face and follow her.

She is staring at the wall.

"You know when Alexia lost her boyfriend she says she healed her soul by wearing his clothes at night. Dishing his food in evenings, in the morning when she find the food still on the table the next morning that when she would realize that he is really gone" I say.

"Stupid idea, stupid advisor" Sena says from the door.

"Can you just go fuck Lwazi and fuck off from here" I say irritated.

She giggles, "Already did"

Say what!

"You did what?" I ask shocked.

She sit on the couch, "A little sucking and grinding in a car wouldn't harm a casket"

I think she is over drunk and bluffing.

"You're a hoe, you know that" I say.

She laughs, "A hoe for my fiancée, isn't?" she flash her ring.

I roll my eyes, "Savelelwa"

She clap and dance, "Shiy' umona duh! Wajika Andile,shiy' umona duh"

Simtho cracks up, "Guys stop it,I don't want to laugh I'm not happy"

I brush her back, "It will be fine babe"

"I know exactly what you're going through" Sena says.

I look at her, "How do you know? Lwazi has never died"

She roll her eyes, "He didn't speak with me for weeks, it's the same thing,Loyiso ain't speaking with Simtho"

Can Loyiso wake up with his gun already?

"You're stupid, it's not the same.Loyiso is dead,Lwazi was on a flight mode" I tell her.

"That's not an appropriate thing to discuss" she says from the door.

From the little sister to the Biyela's granny,I'm telling you.

"Hey Mrs Mofokeng" Sena shouts.

I laugh, "Stop it Senamile"

She giggles, "These Sotho surnames confuse me"

"It's Mokoena,dammit" I correct her.

Ziphe is beyond irritated, "Sena I think you should go to sleep"

Sena looks at her wristwatch, "I don't sleep at six o'clock... anyway where is Quinton?"

I clap, "Mom of the year!!"

"He is with Nozi wherever he is" Ziphe says.

Sena lie on a pillow, "I couldn't ask for a better wife"

"Who killed him?"

We all look at her.

"Who killed Loyiso?" she ask again.

"Only you and Don were there fucking" Sena says with no manners.

Simtho frowns, "Don wasn't armed and he got shot first.I didn't do anything"

Ziphe sit next to her, "Are you saying there was a fourth person who shot him?"

She shrugs, "I don't know but someone shot him"

"Who could've shot him Simtho?" I ask.

"That white guy was there" she says.

"Which ngamla now?" Sena asks.

She turns her head to me, "Your boyfriend"

"Yeah he followed Loyiso from my house, but he only arrived there after the whole thing"

"I saw him standing on the doorway as Loyiso was lying on the pool of blood" she says.

"But why would Zethu's brand new boyfriend kill him? He have no dealings with any of it" Ziphe asks.

"Only Loyiso can answer that"

Wtf! She is really accusing my boyfriend for her fiancée's death. God give me strength!

Wait a sec...something was off between Loyiso and Tyson when they met in my house.

How do Tyson know Loyiso? Can I trust him?

Now I think I really need to go see Fiki about cold-room access.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Nozipho Biyela

.

It's a day after the funeral and guess what we're doing.. PACKING. Yep, we're going back to our caves. I just can't wait to go back to Durban.

Ever since we came here I've been a household wife, a waitress and a nanny to all the kids.

I just can't stop worrying about everything and everyone. My husband, Donald, Junior and Simtho. My other big worry is Mbatha Snr, he is a lonely old man, losing Loyiso is world shattering for him. With Loyiso dead I don't know who is going to pressurize him to go to his medical check-ups.

Liya is also catching a flu,I think it's because of different environment.

"Mom have you seen my diary?" that's Sphiwo standing on top of my suitcase with dirty boots.

I sigh, "I already packed it,why do you need a diary anyway?"

He throw two Zulu dance moves on top of my suitcase. He saw people doing it yesterday in the tent after the funeral.

"Everyone have a diary.You,dad,my aunties and all" he replies.

"That's because we have lives" I tell him.

He stop what he is doing, "I also have a life"

I roll my eyes, "Whatever, get off my suitcase"

He jumps off, Sbu comes in.

"Boy" Sbu says.

"Howzit dad?"

"Moja ntwana" Sbu says.

One of these days I'm going to have a heart attack.

"Is that the way of greeting your dad Phiwo? And wena Sbusiso why are you teaching my son street-language?" I ask my hands on the waist.

I doubt they heard me,they just fist-bump each other.

"Sbu,Sphiwo!!" I call.

"See you mom,I gotta check on the chipmonks" he says and run out.

Chipmunks be Ayanda and Liya,his sisters.

I glare at Sbu,he shrugs and sit ass-flat on the floor.

My anger vanishes,I go sit next to him.

"The hospital called, he is..."

No!!! I cover my ears and shake my head.

He squeeze me to his chest.

"Babe he is fine" he says.

My heartbeat slow down, I compose myself.

"I thought you was going to say he is dead"

He chuckles, "He is stronger than that"

"But why are you sad? You don't look happy that he is recovering" I say.

He sigh, "It doesn't feel fair"

I didn't know he felt this way. I just look at him shocked.

"You know what I mean, think about it. He can't be with Simtho anymore, he just can't" he say looking thoughtful.

I don't agree with that but I'll hold my opinion for now.

"I think you need to focus on eating these days" I change the topic.

"I'm fine, I've always dream of being a slim guy" he says jokingly.

I laugh, "You are Simphiwe Shembe's size now"

His eyes widen, "Give me all the leftovers"

I laugh and stand up, "What happened to 'slim guy' dreams"

I bump to my father-in-law by the door.

"MaZungu"

I nod, that's all he say to me these days.

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****Inside The House****

"So you are also going to keep this from me?" Sbu ask looking straight to his father's eyes.

"Keep what?" he roars.

"How Loyiso died"

"I wasn't there, how should I know?"

"Menziwa you have your eyes everywhere, nothing slip past you. My question is why are you

keeping quiet? Why haven't you done something? Your daughter is in the dark,she is in pain"

Biyela sighs, "I should've known, for a great father that I am I should've suspected something. You know I can't even look at Simtholile in the eyes, I can't stand the pain I let dwell on her eyes.I knew Banger was a violent person, that is what I loved about him.His cruelty, his lack of perseverance and fearlessness. Why not even once did I check on how he was doing with my daughter? Why didn't I worry? Did I give up on my daughter? Did I let her swim in the crocodile's dam?"

That's the exactly regret that is eating Sbusiso daily. He sit back on the floor and cover his face with his hands.

"I liked that he loved my sister with his whole being. I just never thought love could be more than enough" Sbu says.

Biyela nods, "And when love is more than enough it dangerous"

A moment of silence passes as they both consume in painland.

After a while Biyela rise his head and lean it against the wall.

"We had to cross some bridges, burn some tollgates and destroy some roadblocks to get where we are. Along the way we created enemies as well as friends.We only kept close eye on the enemies and that was our biggest downfall.Friends became enemies and it became nasty." he pauses.

Sbu breath out, he is just a few minutes away from knowing the truth.

"I had three boys.Loyiso being the mastermind, Seth Givanston the rich nephew of the Givanstons,he was our T.I guy and Lebo our spy.Seth became selfish and sold us to the Germany Fumblers,Loyiso had to take care of him.The police started sniffing around, Lebo fled to the USA. Only Loyiso stayed,he had to protect our treasures and he joined a police force. Lebo came back to SA and joined forces with the Givanston twins to avenge Seth's death.Unfortunately one of the twins died in the car accident,Lebo returned to the USA"

Sbu look at his father, "Darren Givanston?"

He nods,"Yeah"

Sbu look at him, "So you think the other twin developed a crush on Zethu and let go?"

Biyela shrugs, "Maybe or maybe not"

"What do you mean?" Sbu asks.

"He is clever"

It can't be,Sbu think to himself.

"I can't have another crazy gangster boys of yours getting involved with my sister"

Biyela scratch his head, "I never meant any of my dealings to involve you. I love my family too much"

Sbu grunts sarcastically, "Yeah,let's see how you're going to convince Zethu that her boyfriend is with her out of agenda"

"I don't have to do that, I need to take care of all the dogs and threats"

More blood will flow, another Biyela diva is going to weep.

>>continuing

Chapter Twenty-Four

>>>>Continues

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****Inside Silvia's Hotel****

He first called around nine o'clock, Zethu said she was packing. Again when he call at 1pm she says she is still packing her shoes.Women!!

He decide to sit outside his hotel room and enjoy the Ballito view.He may as well cancel the dinner reservations he made for two of them in Durban.

"So little guy I see you still want me dead?" a voice from behind roar,nearly making Tyson fall off his chair.

He didn't expect anyone, he is alarmed. He is even more alarmed when he see who it is.

"Yeah,it's me" Biyela says coming more steps closer.

Tyson blink a couple of times,

"B-daddy"

Biyela chuckles, it what his boys used to call him when they were still united.

"I must congratulate you, you successfully killed Banger and managed to come and satisfy yourself by watching his coffin going down the grave"

Tyson clear his throat, something told him to carry his gun but knowing that he was coming to fetch his Queen he ignored it.

"Unfortunately I was there only to support my girlfriend" he says ignoring his thundering chest.

"Which is my daughter?" Biyela ask.

"Yes"

"I don't allow any fool near my family, those who want Muzi come to Muzi. You harm even one hair of any of my loved ones I kill you"

Tyson chuckles, "Just like you did to Loyiso. After he broke your daughter's jaws for years?"

He hit a nerve, Biyela inhale and chew his jaws.

"I didn't know"

Tyson laughs, "Oh you didn't know? Guess what I did for you B-daddy? I saved your daughter, I came just as that dog was about to pull a trigger on her head. I shot him exactly where he shot Seth"

Biyela grin, "This is about Seth, not you saving my daughter"

"Whatever goes through that old head of yours is influenced by high sperm count"

Biyela pull out his gun, he point it to Tyson,

"Well said, I have lot of children and none of them will die by the hand of a white fool" he say.

Tyson's eyes widen, "You think I want to kill Queen?"

"She is Ntombizethu, not Queen and you will never stand an inch near her"

From Seth's telling Tyson knows Biyela doesn't hesitate to eliminate his threats.

"I will never hurt her" Tyson begs.

"Yes you will never hurt her, that is why today we're making sure you go sing for your brother and cousin in hell." Biyela says steadying his fingers around the gun.

This is it, Tyson thinks to himself.

"Please" he whispers.

Biyela shake his head, "No die peacefully, don't cry you will make it rain on your funeral day"

Tyson breath out, "I won't, I just need one favour before you do it"

Biyela glares at him, "I doubt you gave Banger a chance to ask for favours, why should I give you?"

"Tell her to go to my townhouse, there is a little storeroom next to the garage. There is a big green toolbox on top of the shelves. She must open it, it opens with a code. The code is the day she was crowned Miss Mandeni. She will find a piece of paper there, that's paper is my life. She must make sure she signs the ownership of the apartment I bought for her in Zimbali. Lastly please tell her I love her, from the first day I saw her and that she mustn't cry because I died a happy man because I knew she loved me too"

For a great father that Biyela is, he doesn't even know when did Zethu became Miss Mandeni.

"She was Miss Mandeni?" he ask himself lousy.

Tyson keep quiet, he unhook the necklace around his neck and throw it to Biyela. He doesn't catch it, he let it fall on the concrete floor. It land and form an S-shape.

Tyson stares at it, it's the last gift he received from Darren. Letting it go is letting Darren go, and letting Darren go is letting himself go.

"What is this?" Biyela ask.

"A necklace of course"

"I see you're very brave" Biyela says sarcastically.

"I see you're very observant" Tyson replies.

As much as Tyson fear this moment he also doesn't want Biyela to see.

He had prayed to die before but now he want to live. He have a reason to live.

"I don't like brave enemies" Biyela says pressing on the gun.

>>>charging and continuing

Sorry about mini-skirts lovies

Chapter Twenty-Four

>>>continues

"I'm not an enemy"

Biyela chuckles, "Since when? You failed to take me out with your twin and Lebo, now you come for me through my daughter! That's very low of you Givanston" he says.

"If I take you down,if I avenge for Seth's death, what will I gain? What's for me in return? I had plans, I had chances,plenty chances to kill you but I didn't. You know why? Because I fell in love with a girl in Richard's Bay.A girl I don't ever want to see shed a tear.A girl I wish to give everything.A girl I want to see smile everyday"

Biyela inhale defeatedly.

Tyson continues, "You know what that girl posted on her Facebook status on Father's day,she said; My dad is my world, my world is my dad.My dad is my happiness, my dream is to make his world happiness because his happiness means my blessing and his life means my joy."

"Now tell me how can I take away the happiness of my Queen? Her happiness means my happiness old man"

Biyela's hand drop down, "I want to believe you..."

Tyson cut him in," I don't want you to believe me,I don't care you believe me or not. I do it for her,she is the only person I care about "

Biyela sighs, "Why do all the thugs fall in love with my daughters?"

Tyson chuckles, "I'm not a thug,I'm just a person who deal with things accordingly. I don't steal from no one,I work my ass for everything"

"And who steals?" Biyela asks.

Tyson laughs, "If that gun wasn't on sight I would've told you but now I'm shaking, fearing for my life"

Biyela look at him, "Kahle kahle wena mfana womlungu uyadelela"

"Ouch,Zulu language! I'm white,remember!" Tyson mocks.

Biyela click his tongue, "White wamasimba"

"Careful old man,I may need you to shake my hand while handing your daughter over to me for marriage"

Biyela tuck his gun behind his back, "No wonder many white people drive nice scooters,you guys

dream big while still young"

Tyson look at him, "Scooters? Did you check the car I decorated this parking lot with?"

For some reason Biyela's heart start liking this white boy, but he has learnt a lesson about not watching these boys dating his girls. He will put on his binoculars on all of them.

"Why are you here anyway?" he ask.

"Errr...I'm meeting someone"

Biyela give him one of his looks, "Let's hope it's 'someone'"

Unfortunately clicking sound of high shoes approach where they are, Tyson hold his breath. He knows how Zulu fathers operate with their daughters.

"Babe are you here?" she shout.

She stop dead on her tracks as she meet her father's merciless look.

"Baba"

He keep quiet. Tyson is not even breathing where he is standing.

"Is this Durban?" he finally ask.

"No" she replies.

"Then why are you here?"

Tyson clear his throat, "You know we're dating, there is no..."

Biyela turn to him, " This is not England, we have rules. Ntombizethu if you want to go out with this boy you will go and give impahla to his home until then there will be no secret meetings between the two of you"

Tyson look at him confused, Zethu burst out laughing.

"Dad just in case you didn't see, he is white and I'm classy. We don't do that" she says.

"I don't care, you will do that. It's my culture, your culture finish and klaar"

Zethu realize this is serious. Who does that nowadays?

None of her sisters has been forced to do it, why her? She is dating a white person for goodness sake!

Merry Xmas Lovies

Chapter Twenty-Five

Ziphelele Biyela-Mokoena

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"Baby"

"Mhhh"

Really? We haven't been alone for days and he is shutting me out like this.

I've been longing to be in his arms, to have him staring down into my eyes with the biggest smile on his face, but on our first evening back in our house he is already glued to whatever is on that laptop.

"Thapelo I'm talking to you" I say irritated.

He groans, "Yes Ziphelele Biyela I'm listening"

He mustn't test me!

"Oh I'm a Biyela today?" I ask.

He let out that breath that you make before answering an annoying person.

"Mrs Mokoena I'm busy, I need to catch up with work, my best friend is fighting for his life in hospital so please give me some time alone. I need to breath"

Yeses! This is the first time my husband speak like this with me. I always come first, no matter what's the situation.

I just freeze where I am and stare at the back of his head because he already swung his chair around.

Slowly I turn around and get out of his study room.

There is nothing I hate like being turned down while I'm being nice. I was only going to ask him about the salad he would like to eat for dinner.

Suddenly I'm lonely in my room. I miss being at home, even if it means putting up with Zethu's nuisance.

I video-call Sena. She is between Lwazi's legs, they both come to the screen and greet.

Sena ; Are you okay princess?

Me. ; Yeah....how are you?

Sena ; You don't look okay, is Thapelo giving you problems?

Lwazi laughs and tell Sena he will be in Quinton's room. I like his intelligence.

Sena ; Talk talk!!!

I sigh, why did I call her instead of Nozi?

Me ; It's nothing. When are we going to Mandeni? I miss us, I miss the family.

Sena ; What did Thapelo do?

He did nothing, I have no reason to cry. Every husband tell their wives to give them space.

Me ; He really didn't do anything

Sena ; You want to tell me those are Loyiso's tears' leftovers?

I wipe the tears and laugh.

Me ; You don't make jokes with someone's death.

Sena ; Yeah I know, especially someone like Loy-loy.

Me ; I need to go cook, I was just checking you send my regards to Quinton.

Sena ; Ok darling I better go to my man too.

I roll my eyes and hang up.

Nozi would've been a better option, she is a good advisor plus she is also married.

Zethu call while I'm scrolling for Nozi's number.

Zethu ; Bitch, hiiii

Me ; Yes sisi, how are you?

Zethu ; Bad mntase!

At least I'm not the only one with problems

Me ; What did Tyson do?

Zethu ; It's more like 'what did Muzi do'?

Me ; Ookay...what did our father do?

Zethu ; He want me to give Tyson impahla,otherwise I'm not allowed to go out with him,apparently it's a traditional route.

I laugh out loud. This is what I needed,a good joker

Me ; Tjoh! I love Biyela

Zethu ; Mxm!

Me ; So when are you going to the bead maker?

Zethu ; I'll buy that in Berea,what I want is iQhikiza

Me ; That will drive you to Inkandla dear

Zethu ; I was thinking of you,since you don't have a baby yet.

Seriously? I laugh again.

Me ; I'm married, I'm an elder according to the tradition I don't involve myself with kids' stuff

Zethu ; Get over yourself, I need this done this weekend I miss my man's dick.

Me ; No! I'm not an Iqhikiza,I am a married woman and beside that I don't want to do something I don't know try Zanda.

Zethu ; Oh yes,fuck you and bye!!!

My dad can be a psycho sometimes, Zethu is a grown girl.Nobody do those Zulu stuff anymore,but it serve Zethu right.

"Why are you smiling alone?"

I turn around and look at him.

"It's people who love talking with me,they make me smile" I say.

"I love you"

Out of topic! I want to strangle him because now I must say I love him too.

I sigh, "Me too"

He come and sit next to me.

"I need you to be my pillar of strength" he say.

"Pillar of strength? A pillar of strength you need a breathing space from?" I ask.

He sighs, "You don't understand, sometimes I need you to hold me and rest your head on my neck,not you asking me about dinner menus and future baby names"

All I say is "Wow" and look at him.

"I'm going to check Don,it would be nice to have you coming with me but I know we just came you want to be in your house.I'll see you later" he says and lean to me and give me a light kiss and go.

So I don't know how to be a good wife!

I look as his shadow disappear and inhale his smell.

My cellphone beeps,one e-mail;

**Dear Miss/Mrs

Sisacela izintombi zisivakashele ngoMgqibelo ntambama. (We are kindly pleading for the girls to visit us on the Saturday afternoon)

Kindly Zethu Biyela**

Just as I finish reading she calls.

"Everything is sorted my love, now I just need your presence" she shout like my phone's speaker is damaged or something.

"Which girls did you invite?" I ask bored.

"My father's uncle's cousin's nephew's daughter will come with izintombi from Inkandla"

I laugh, "And this will take place in the Givanston's luxurious house?"

"No,in Ty's house. I still need to organise Tyson's parents that will ullulate since his really parents won't budge"

Oh help me Lord!

"Zethu you need Jesus" I say laughing.

"And Christ my dear"

I laugh, "Together with the holy spirit"

"Let me go mntase,I'm a busy bee"

"Okay sharp sisi"

I'm definitely going, I need to see this.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Fikile Biyela

.

I don't know why I agreed to come here.Every time I come here I feel loose. I feel like my womanhood is being degraded and undermined.

Why can't I let go? Why can't I put an end to this?

"Hey baby"

I breath out and let my body melt on his chest. His strong arms cover my back,his soft lips plant a kiss on top of my head.

"You look beautiful as always" he say brushing my hair.

I smile, "Thanks"

He pull my hand and lead me to the bedroom. Again he went out all the way for me.The bed is covered with red roses.There is a bowl of strawberries and a bottle of wine at the side.

"I bought you something" he say his twinkling eyes looking down to me.

You know us women and surprises.

My mouth widen, "What is it?"

He walk backwards and grab a gift bag.In my mind I already have a diamond bracelet or expensive perfume.

Boom! A black lingerie.

"What you don't like it?" he ask.

I close my open mouth, "Yes,I mean no.I just didn't think it was that thing"

His face drops, "Oh! You expected something else?"

Nx,why do I always feel like it's a must to make this man happy?

I force a smile, "Not really, it's just a surprise"

He smile, "That's what I wanted to do,to surprise you"

I take it and look at it.It's one of those you see in porn movies worn by pornstars.

Beside the fact that I have more than enough black lingeries I hate that he bought it for me out of all nice things he could've bought.

"Look Mvuse I may be stupid in love with you and all that but I'm not your sex object" I tell him throwing the bloody thing on the floor.

He look at me shocked, "Fiki it's not what I'm implying"

I fold my arms, "You have your wife of choice, I'm your exlover-made-to-sidechick the least you can do is pretend you're not with me for sex only"

He look away, "Fiki you're misunderstanding me,you know for me it's not only about sex"

"Oh,what else is it about?"

"It's about everything Fiki,connection,pleasure..."

I laugh, "Connection? You know what Mvuselelo let's just leave it"

He glares at me, "Stop what?"

"This connection-pleasure madness"

"No"

I frown, "No?"

"Yes Fikile no,I won't go away from you" he say coming closer to me.

"I must have an A+ pussy" I mock him.

"You have no idea" he say grabbing my arm.

I shake him off, "I didn't say touch me, you and I are done for good Mvuselelo Miya.Go home,your wife needs you"

I take a few steps towards the door before he grabs me by waist.

"Fikile you're not going away from me" he say between his teeth.

I try walking out from his grab but he tighten his hands,his nails sinking in my skin.

"You're hurting me" I whisper.

"You're also hurting me"

Like a hurricane I swift around and throw my handbag against his head.He hold my hands together and pull me back to bed.

"I'm not your slut damnit!" I yell at him.

"Fiki you know I need you"

I kick him, "You're mad"

"Yes I am,you make me mad"

He grab my shirt apart.My body is exposed.

"Mvuse don't do this" I beg.

He kiss my neck while his hand go to my breasts and slowly massage my nipples.

"Mvuse please"

He moan on my neck and run his tongue to my earlobe. I moan,he groans.

Our bodies are our greatest enemies. It betrays me,my vjay get wet in an instant.

"I need you Fikile" he whispers as his fingers penetrate my honeypot.

"Let me in" he say sliding his finger beneath the panty.

My skirt goes up my ass,my knees are spread apart.

I close my eyes and feel his magic fingers trail in and out of my vjay.

"Oh baby!" he cry as I grab his head down.

I let my body flow with the intimacy. I dissolve into the world of pleasure.

"You always leave me breathless" he say as he fall next to me.

I open my eyes and look at him.I feel warm liquid rushing out my eyes.

I grab my belongings and sort my clothing out.

"Where are you going? I cooked for us" he ask.

I wipe my nose and pick my bag from the floor and walk out.

He follow me,

"Fiki don't do this to me please"

I just cry out loud.

"Baby please" he say blocking my way.

"Just let me go" I say.

"Fikile ngiyakucela,don't leave me"

"Let me go Mvuselelo"

He exhale, "I didn't mean to hurt you, things just went out of control"

I nod, "Can I go Mvuse,yes or no?"

"I don't want you to go but you can go"

I push him out of the way and walk out.

"Forgive me" I hear those words as I walk out of the main door.

.

Zanda Dlamini

.

I planned a romantic dinner for Mandla.He has been down for a while,and I've had my full attention on Junior since Nozi was in Stanger.

I think I need to spice things up between us a little bit.

A text message from Mvuse disturbs me.

****I'm in the penthouse,I need someone****

This message frightens me,I try calling him he doesn't pick up so I decide to drive to the penthouse.

I let myself in since nobody respond to my knock.

His groaning tell me things are bad, so I kick off my sandals and march to his bedroom.

Mvuse is lying facedown crying his lungs out.

Roses are scattered around the room,pieces of a broken bowl are all over.I hate sex scenes.

"Bhuti" I call him.

He doesn't stop crying or look at me.Now I don't know whether to shush him or let him be

I need to call Phumla,she is old she will know what to do.

In the blink of an eye Phumla is here.

"What's wrong?" she ask me.

I shrugs, "Come"

We go to the bedroom.

Like I said Phumla will know.She jumps on bed and shake him.

"You have to tell us what's wrong, you have cancer?" she ask.

I jump, "No Phumla! Bhuti you better talk with us,"

He turn to us with puffy red face, "I hurt her"

"Her' is not Siza right?" Phumla ask.

He nods.

"Which hospital is she in?" she ask.

"Not like that... I forced her into something and now she hate me"

I look at Phumla, "What did you force her to?"

"I kinda raped her,I just don't know guys"

My legs lose balance I go down to the floor with my ass.

"No!" I cry.

Mvuse sniffs,Phumla cover her ears with hands.

"You guys will drive me crazy stru!"

I just can't imagine what Fiki is feeling right now.

"Why Mvuselelo, why?" I ask crying.

"Ja Zanda, Mvuse why did you do it?" Phumla say.

"I don't know" he say.

"Do you know what you did?" I ask.

"I'm sorry"

Like a buck I jump to him and start punching him. He just shield himself and say he is sorry.

Phumla start giggling, "Zanda stop it, his cellmates will do enough of that"

I don't know why she is giggling so I turn to her and throw her two punches. She flinches and curse me.

"You, Mvuselelo Miya I don't want to ever see your face again" I say and walk out.

If he is a rapist I'm good as brother less.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Fikile Biyela

.

That fuckin' door again.

"Delivery for Miss Fikile Biyela"

I sigh and sign. I'm getting tired of Mvuse's lousy gift.

Actually I'm getting tired of him taking advantage of me every time I break up with him. I don't know when he is going to see that this thing between us is a waste of time.

What really annoys me is that he knows exactly what to do to calm me down.

Maybe I should go away for a while, just to be away from everything and regain myself.

Without wasting any time I take my laptop and browse beautiful places I can visit.

While many women dream of visiting New York I would like to go to Punjabi.

I like Indians,the way they value their culture is amazing.

Fuckin' door again!

I take my brother's golf stick and go to the door.I'm ready to smash these delivery fools' heads.

Boom! It's African biggest witch of all times.

Chef Horny herself.

"What can I do for you?" I ask lacking amusement.

She look at the golf stick, "Are you armed?"

"Phumla what do you want?" I ask.

Ever since she broke Mandla's heart none of us have been close to her.We don't dig her,the only connection she have to us is because she is Zanda's sister.

"I know what my brother did" she says.

Oh he ran and told his sisters he chowed my vjay without permission.

"Okay, so you came to laugh?" I ask.

She roll her eyes, "No boo,I'm on your side.Actually I'm with all the rape victims. It's us as women who should unite and make the abusers pay"

I'm hell confused.

"Where did you take all that?"

"He is my brother he confess to me.You should've seen how devastated he was after realising that he raped you."

I don't know whether to laugh or cry at this. So Mvuse is sending me all these gifts because he is afraid that he raped me.I mean how many times have he used his romantic powers to take me down.

Maybe he saw me crying and thought otherwise. This is too funny.

"Why are you smiling? We need to make Mvuse pay" Phumla says.

I look at her, "We?"

"Yes darling, I can be your silent partner"

I laugh, "So we're chommas now?"

She roll her eyes, "Of course not, but we can be sisters in-laws"

I raise my eyebrows, "As you know my brother is happily married so thanks but no thanks"

"I don't fuck that one even in my worst nightmares. What I mean is you can marry Mvuse"

I sigh, she is back to square one of madness.

"I thought he was already married" I say.

"Have you never heard of divorce?" she ask.

"What is with divorce in this?"

She look at me like I'm stupid, "Are you naturally slow or it's Mvuse's sperms?"

I might just slap her any second now.

She grunts, "Mvuse hurt you, right now you can tell him jump and he will ask you how high."

"What do you mean?"

She walk in.

Well I didn't give her permission to do so, what if she poisons my house.

I follow her, she sit on the couch and look at my laptop.

"Punjabi? Why are you browsing such gross country. I can't stand Indians, they smell like garlic"

Bare with me Lord!

So you were saying? " I say grabbing my laptop and shutting it down.

"I said tell Mvuse to divorce Siza and marry you. I mean who else will marry damaged goods"

I gasp, "Who is damaged goods?"

"You, you was raped dear. He must be the one who make you a confident woman again"

"And why must I make an innocent woman suffer? Siza is nothing but a good girl" I say.

She laugh, "Too late to play angel Biyo, you've been fucking her husband ever since they started calling OK Shoprite"

I click my tongue and look away.

"Seriously Fiki, you and Mvuse love each other. Now that he is at your mercy you need to use that opportunity. Ungathithizi njengakuqala"

I feel one demon entering my body. I need to think.

"Is that all you came for?" I ask her.

"Yeah, but a glass of wine wouldn't disturb any of my plans" she says.

She is friendzoning me.

I stand up, "I'm sure you have plenty of it in your house Chef what-what"

She give me a dead stare, "I suggest you change your attitude before marrying my brother"

I roll my eyes, "Byeee Phumla"

She dances her ass out, "Think about it doll"

I close the door behind her and sit down.

I turn and turn Phumla's idea in my head. She is right, this is my opportunity to take back what is mine.

I'm done being the black sheep of the family, done being the victim.

Now it's Fikile's territory.

I phone my husband to be, he answers after the first ring.

"Baby...Fiki, I mean MaBiyo"

I can see his fear right through the phone.

"Hey" I say.

"Fiki I'm really sorry, please babe I need to talk with you"

"Okay, we can meet"

"Okay, thanks babe, wherever you want me to come I'll be there in a second" he say.

"My house, now" I say and drop the call.

Like a lightning he drives, he is here in a second.

I must admit he is the most gorgeous man I've ever seen. Although he is wearing same clothes as yesterday's.

"I brought you this" he says giving me the gift bag with a shaky hand.

"Oh,thanks. It's so nice being me today" I say.

I tell him to sit down. He is uncomfortable.

"Fiki I'm really sorry" he says.

I glare at him, "Really?"

"I can do anything to show you just how sorry I am"

I cross my legs, "Okay, marry me"

He look at me shocked, Fikile "

"Yes marry me,or you don't like marrying your rape victims?"

His knees shake, "But you know Fiki I don't like polygamy, it against our rules at home"

"I wasn't planning on being anybody's second wife anyway" I say.

He stares at me questioningly.

I wait for him to ask whatever he want to know.

"What are you saying?" he ask.

"I'm saying divorce Siza and marry me"

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Ziphelele Biyela Mokoena

.

I may have not grown up in the rural areas or received enough knowledge about Zulu culture but I know this is not how they conduct Ukuqoma.

I'm sure if these girls Nonto brought (our cousin from Inkandla) had any means to go back to their homes they would've left by now.

Poor girls are being tormented. Some of them can't even manage to blink in the long eyelashes.

"Okay right now I need everyone to come and choose the wig,make sure you take something that suit your skin colour. I don't want any embarrassment" the First Lady of the Givanstons

announce.

The girls look at each other, they thought it was over.

I raise my hand, "Zethu this is a Zulu ceremony and right now we are looking like Brazilian prostitutes"

"Zee dear I know you like your Lira-self but right now you are going on behalf of Zethu"

The girls grunts.

"We don't need the wigs" Nonto complains.

Zethu sighs annoyed, "I didn't say you can't put your beads (ubuhlalu) around your foreheads"

I know better than to argue with Zethu where she is Mrs of honour. I'll put on the wig, it's only for tonight anyway.

Two of the stylist that have been making us over come with....I think it's high-waist skirt beaded with ubuhlalu belts.

"What is that?" I ask.

"Your clothes"

"What???" we all chanted in amazement.

We are nicely dressed in our clothes.

"Hey, don't what me. Grab the skirts and vests and go change"

Black high-waist skirts beaded with colourful ubuhlalu, white vests (must be tucked in) and white All-Stars takkies everyone.

At least the girls are allowed to put their beads around their heads.

We do look beautiful I must say.

"Zee you're intombi tonight, right?" she ask me.

I nod, "Yeah"

"The ring dear"

"No ways, forget it" I say.

"You can't be a married woman going to emqomeni, take it out you're embarrassing me"

Most of our fights start like this.

"What will Thapelo say if he hears about that?" I ask.

"For once in your life please put your sister first,not the dick"

The girls laugh, I might just slap her.

"Calm down Ziphe" Nonto says holding my hand.

"I'm not taking it out" I tell her.

She stares at me challengingly, "Then you're not going"

I laugh, "Not after you painted my face and glued my eyes with eyelashes.I'm definitely going"

She sighs, "Okay, but please hide your left hand"

I click my tongue, she is so annoying.

"It's getting late we must go" Nonto says.

She is Iqhikiza,she should be in charge not Zethu.

Zethu and her go to the lounge, where all the stuff is put.

I'm left with these Inkandla girls I don't know. They start complaining about wigs.

"It's giving me headache already" the other girl says.

"Oh chommie maybe the real owner died of headache" the other one reply.

I want to laugh.

"Sorry" says a girl poking me.

I turn around, she look like barbie. I want to laugh,she keep blinking like her eyes are heavy.

"Umhhh...how many litres is the traditional beer, I doubt my head can carry much with the wig"

I frown, "Traditional beer? Is it necessary?"

She look at me like "day".

" Yeah,it's the main thing "

I laugh, "I'm afraid we only have wines"

"This journey is a waste of our time" she says and rejoin the others in the gossip group.

We are called to the lounge.

Impahla includes duvets, bedcovers and pillows,juice sets,dinner sets, tea sets,accessories for Mrs Givanston,tuxedo for Mr Givanston, wrapped gift for Tyson's sister.I don't even want to know what is inside that big box on the couch.

At least there is Tyson's dish filled with cosmetics and ucu inside like how it's originally done in KwaZulu.Although this dish is wrapped with white ribbons.

We carry the stuff to the cars.

"Why there is another dish like Tyson's?" I ask looking at Nonto coming with the second dish.

"Oh that one is Darren's" Zethu answers carrying a box of whatever alcohol is it.

"Isn't Darren died,and why are you giving him like Tyson?" I ask.

The other girls just look at it.

"Oh shame he is a twin" the other one says.

Am I the only one who doesn't understand this?

"Ziphe Jesus, isn't we don't separate twins in our culture? So whenever Zethu give Tyson something she'll have to give it to his twin too."

"But his twin died" I say.

"That's what I'm telling you, we don't separate twins Tyson is alive that means Darren is also alive."

"Huh?" I look at Nonto dumbfounded.

"Isn't when your twin die you also get in the grave with him.Which means you die with him and he lives with you"

I raise my hand in defeat, "Okay whatever Nonto,let's go"

We finish loading the stuff and.. click click, Miss Zethu Biyela make us pose in a line and take pictures.

We get in the cars and go.

>>>>to be continued

Chapter Twenty-Eight (continues)

Tyson Givanston Narrates

.

It's little things in life that counts. Tonight I feel like I'm getting married or something, it's one of the biggest days of my life.

Many white guys date Zulu girls but none of them get honoured by getting introduced as a boyfriend in a Zulu cultural way.

Although her father forced her to it but I appreciate her for doing it.

As for my parents they don't see any importance of this, it's just a mess up of their plans. I had to beg them to come.

Well Zethu asked me to install cameras so that she can watch everything, as she is not allowed to come.

"They are here" my sister screams.

Loud singing fill the yard. The only reason the neighbors will keep shut is because we are the Givanstons.

"Are they gonna sing all night or they will come in?" my mother asks.

I shrugs, "I don't know"

My father chuckles, "Man of honour doesn't know" he mocks.

Kholeka, our hired Zulu aunt, come.

"Mrs Givanston you should go ask them who they are and what they want" she tells my mother.

"Why me?"

I give her one of those looks, she promised to be nice.

She grunts and go.

"Hello ladies" she greet.

They immediately stop singing, others laugh.

"Hello" one respond.

"Who are you and why are you here?" my mother asks.

"We are coming from Inkandla, from the Biyela homestead. We came to visit Tyson Givanston"

"And why are you visiting my son in the middle of the night?" she ask.

Nobody told her to ask that,she mustn't spoil this for me.

"We came to give him our love"

I melt right there behind the door.

"Okay come after me"

I quickly run and hide in the kitchen. My mother lead them to the dining room. I wonder if all of them will fit.I need to renovate this house.

They stand on their feet still carrying the luggages.

"You can sit down" my mother tells them.

They remain on their feet.I'm peeping through the door,unfortunately my eyes meet with Zethu's young sister.She smiles fondly.

My sister laughs, "Just put your asses on the couches"

That little brat,I will sort her out.

"We don't sit down" the one wearing different from others say.

My mother frowns, "And why is that?"

"We will sit down if you give us R3 500 cash"

What's the hell?

"Who does that?" my sister exclaims.

My mother look at my dad with raised eyebrows.

Kholeka comes to the kitchen and grab my arm.

"Pay it" she says.

"It's a custom, otherwise they will stand all night and report bad hospitality back home"

R3 500 for sitting down! Cry with me people.

This is lobola in advance.

I hurry upstairs to my room and collect all my petrol money. Unfortunately I'm R600 short. I don't stack cash in my house.

I call my dad for help, he doesn't answer.

Now I'm panicking I can't go ask him money in front of these girls.

Two minutes late he walks in,

"Why are you calling me?"

"I need R600"

He chuckles, "These Zulu women are already robbing you"

I keep silent because I'm at his mercy. He takes out his wallet and gives me.

"I always know I can count on you" I mock him.

I go to give it to Aunt Kholeka. She goes and gives it to the girl, she counts it carefully before telling others to sit down.

They start singing again, my sister takes out her phone and starts recording. I wonder if that is allowed.

The one who has been speaking stands up;

"My name is Nonto Biyela, as I've said we came to visit Tyson. Can we see his father?"

My father frowns, "Why?"

"Just go" my mother says.

He walks in front, "It's me"

He sits hesitatingly.

Zethu's sister unwraps shoes, tuxedo and wristwrist-watch.

"Not even one day do we want you to go out looking like a herdboy, wear this tuxedo and keep track of time"

They put a tray with a glass and bottle of whiskey in front of him.

"Now and then quench your thirsty, we adore you"

I can't believe how wide my father can smile.

"Okay now can we have his mother?" the girl ask.

My mother doesn't even hesitate, she rush and sit down. To her this is just a "Free Gifts" day.

I don't wait to see what they got for her.I go to my room and freshen up and put on my new clothes.

I didn't realize I've taken an hour trying to look handsome.

"They are asking for you" my sister screams.

Breath in,out,in,out.

I want to vanish as soon as I appear. All eyes are on me.

"Sit here sbari" the girl says showing me the small reedmat on the tiles.

I sit down.

"Can we have the second one?" the girl asks.

"Which one?" my father asks.

"His twin"

I feel my heart breaking into thousand pieces.

"We know he is no more,we need anyone to sit on his behalf" Zethu's sister clarify.

"I will" my sister says.

They take a dish and put it in front of her.

"You're our other half. So Bhut' Darren this is Colgate,you put it in this toothbrush (showing it) and brush your teeth.We like hygienic boyfriends" the girl says.

She went on explaining each and every item. Telling what they are and how we must use them.

My family can't even hold themselves, they are laughing their lungs out.

Lastly she give her a white beaded necklace and put it around her neck.

"This necklace is a sign of our love, by giving you this necklace we are giving you her heart.Take care of it,don't break it" she says and then unwrap the slab of chocolate and give her in the mouth.

"Mhh this is so great" my sister moans to the chocolate.

"Okay now it's our other half. Are you alright love?" the girl ask me.

I nod, "Yes"

I hope that how I should be answering.

They give me a dish filled with cosmetics, they explain everything.

Finally I get my necklace of love.They push a piece of chocolate in my mouth.

Mhhh...delicious!

Wtf!!

"Hey what are you doing?" my mother screams.

These bloody girls attack me with sticks.

They don't stop, I have no choice but to run.

What did I do now?

My arms are bruised, this is shit!

I quickly lock the door behind me in my bedroom. I call Zethu.

"Your girls just attacked me,wtf?" I ask out o breath.

She laughs, "You'll be strong kingbae"

Oh she knew about this!

I don't know when these girls are going, but I swear to you I'm never coming out of this room

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Narrated

.

She strides inside the restaurant with her head held up high.She scan the whole area until her eyes land on him.

She smiles, she like it when men keep time.This just shows how desperately he needs her in

this 'mission,'

"You're early or I'm late?" she ask sitting down.

"You're late but you're forgiven" he say smiling.

She look good,he think.

They are meeting for the first time, they always communicate electronically.

"So we finally meet Nomzamo" he says with a sarcasm.

She burst out laughing, "Oh Travis!"

They share a short-lived laughter.

"Let leave those names for electronic communication use. How was the trip back to motherland" she ask tapping her fingers to the waitress.

"It was amazing,I never realised how much I missed it here" he look around.

She take out an envelope from her bag.

"A little welcome-back gift from me"

He smiles and tear it open,

"You're so sweet Phumla,unfortunately I didn't bring anything"

She shrugs, "No sweat"

He read the ticket that came out of the envelope and his face drop.

"I would like to attend this car-race Phumla but you know I need to keep a low profile.I can't risk Mr M to see me it will raise suspicions"

She sighs, "Can't that old man die already"

He laughs, "Patience! I'm surprised you managed to get your brother marry his daughter"

"He still need to divorce Siza first,and marry Fiki in the community property and then we can carry out our plan and take him out"

He chuckles, "I can't wait,that man use us and then threatened to kill us.I mean after risking our lives for him,getting deals together. I'm so disappointed in Tyson. How can he rub shoulders with his family"

Phumla shrugs "He got it very bad for Zethu, the second youngest daughter. Getting him to come on board is impossible"

"Yeah Darren was clever than him. I wonder why didn't it be him who died"

The waitress comes and put a bowl of ice-cubes and two glasses and a bottle of champagne "

He laughs, "Isn't it too early to celebrate?"

She roll her eyes, "Lebo this is South Africa, we celebrate the victory before the victory, and celebrate the victory during the victory, and celebrate victory after the victory"

He shake his head, "I get it"

They raise glasses and toast.

" To the Biyela's downfall and our rise"

Then they both gulp down their drinks.

"Mhhhh what are we celebrating?"

They both turn around, their throats dry as the Namib desert.

She grab Lebo's glass and finish what was left.

"Oh this is actually good. Not only does she have a good taste in large dicks but on the champagne too"

Phumla scratch her forehead furiously, "Not now Sena, and what are you doing here?"

She put her bag on their table, " Running my business what else. So you're not going to introduce me to the chocolate-hunk?"

Lebo blushes, "Oh I'm Travis Duma"

Phumla chuckles, "It's Travis. Travis this is Senamile Biyela"

Lebo's jaw drops. What if she heard them?

She flash her left hand glittering with a diamond ring, "It's Sena Biyela Madlala sweetie"

Phumla roll her eyes, "Good now excuse us"

She give the guy one last close look before going, "With pleasure chef-chef"

They breath out,

"You think she heard us" Phumla ask.

"She is beautiful" Lebo replies.

Phumla grunts, "Focus Lebo ,if you lure after his daughter we will not be able to take him down"

He shift his attention back to the table.

"Sorry ,I think we should meet in private now. The Biyelas are every where"

They wrap up their conversation and leave together.

Little did they know Sena's nosiness sent her flying to the camera-system and track back everything from when the guy entered the restaurant

This is QM Diners, her restaurant she opened under her son's initials. She doesn't like Phumla.

I mean what if she was having sex with this guy,right here, she think.

What she discovers send shivers down her spine. This is not a chaotic restaurant so she could here some of their conversation in the video play.

"What is wrong with this bitch? It's not enough that she broke Mandla's heart now she want to make her way to our family through his brother"

She pace up and down,cursing every now and then.

"Miss Biyela your... " the assistant manager getting in.

"Abel go get me something strong" she orders without listening.

"Okay,but please return Mr Madlala's call first' he say.

She grunts, " Abel Abel Abel do me a favour and get me a drink "

He lift his hands up apologetic and rush out.

She then call Nozipho,

"Wifey, I need you to order me a beautiful coffin with silver handles.We are burying someone soon"

Nozipho laughs, "Who is dying?"

"Phumla aka Chef Horny"

Nozi laughs, "What did she do now"

She chuckles, "Will update you later but I'll tell you what, Phumla is joining Loyiso soon. I'll wrap a dildo to go down with her in her coffin..Bye my alcohol is here"

#sorry for the minnie on first day back

Chapter Thirty

Simtho Biyela

.

It's been a rough couple of weeks for me. Luckily for me I have an amazing family, they show me unbelievable support and love.

My dad is still distant though, my mom think he feel guilty. Like he failed me, which is why today I decided I must go and spend time with him at home.

He is surprised to see me,

"Simtholile"

I smile, "Dad"

He hugs me, a little longer than usual.

"What's wrong? Are you sick? Is someone troubling you"

I laugh "No I'm visiting my old man, you keep avoiding me ever since Loyiso..umhhh well"

It's still hard to swallow the fact that Loyiso is dead. I know he was all things but I knew good sides of him. And a huge part of me misses him.

He sigh, "I failed to protect you, you nearly died. I can't even face your mom, she resent me"

I sit on the couch, "No, mom loves you and wish you were more open to her. We all know that beside everything that has happened Loyiso was still like a son to you"

He exhales and reach for my hand and brush it.

We had a good father&daughter session. We went to eat lunch together and play cards and watched a movie.

"Thanks God this movie is over, now we will watch Amazulu"

Think of something Simtho,fast.

"Umhh dad I left my dog locked in his cage, she must be hungry"

He doesn't even pay attention,his eyes are fixed on the screen.

I go bid mom goodbye.She emphasize that I must eat healthy because I'm pregnant blah blah.

I drive back to Durban, looking forward to nothing.

As soon as I get inside my house,I scramble a lot of eggs and sausages.While many pregnant women hate eggs and chicken, I would kill Shaka Zulu for it.

The dog!!!

I wonder what kind of a mother I'll make,I can't even take care of a dog.

Sbu bought this dog for me so that I have something keeping me company and my mind off things.

"Coco" I yell all over the house.

Her cage is open, I don't know what happened.

I find myself crying, I don't know why it's not like I adoreed this dog.

I guess I just can't stand losing someone anymore.

I call the security and ask if they've seen where Coco is.

Guess what, Zethu stole my dog.

I'm mad at her. Who gave her the right to break in my house and steal my stuff.

I wouldn't be surprised if half my jewellery is gone.

I drive to her flat,I don't knock I just kick the door open.

I'm welcomed by Tyson cooking a feast in the kitchen. Lucky bitch!

Tyson and I haven't been formally introduced.

He look startled it must be my angry face.

I look at him and blank out for a while.

What happened at Don's place? How did he get in? Why did he save me?

"Good evening if you're looking for your sister she is showering.

My sister...the bitch who stole my dog.

" Ntombizethu" I yell and rush toward her bathroom.

She is dancing while lotioning herself in front of the mirror.

I take the hairspray and spray it all over her.

"What's the fuck! Are you out of your mind" she ask shielding her eyes.

"No I'm out of my dog" I continue spraying her.

She jumps on me,and grab the spray away.

"The only reason I'm not punching your face right now is because you're pregnant and miserable"

"Everything alright?"

We turn around, and speak same time.

Me ; Your bitch stole my dog

Zethu ; This bitch attacked me.

Tyson look confused.He tell us to calm down.

We don't.

"If you think for one second that I'm scared of you,your hormones must be fooling you"

"Where is Coco?" I demand.

"You fuckin' left her alone, if it wasn't for me she would've died"

I scream, "She is my dog, my responsibility"

"Fine"

She walk out angrily and come back with Coco,her fur painted.

"You painted her Zethu,what is your problem" I ask.

This is like someone taking your daughter without permission then bring her back with a dragon tattoo.

"Just admit it,I can take care of her better than you"

Tyson pull her toward him, "I think you should give the dog back, tomorrow we will go look for yours"

She shake her head, "No I want Coco"

She is being childish

I try getting out but she block me.

Tyson look at me with begging eyes.

He have his ucu around his neck.Love is in the air.

"Zethu get out of the way" I say.

She sniffs...drama at it's best.

"Maybe you can lend her Coco for the week" Tyson begs.

"No,just give her lot of sex she will be alright"

Tyson chuckles,and look at her.You should see her puppy face,she is a character.

"Please"

"No" I stand my grounds.

"I will design your baby room for free before you give birth" Zethu says.

She must really love Coco.

I contemplate my answer, well it's not a bad idea.

A dog for a room design.

"Fine" I give her the dog.

She kiss it all over the face,Tyson look excited too.

Well....

"I will also need a pack of sausages in exchange with her" I say going to the kitchen to look for it.

They follow me.

I find more interesting stuff in the fridge and load it in the plastic bag.

"Now you're shopping Simtho,you're being unfair" Zethu says as I put a bottle of mayonnaise.

I roll my eyes and tie the plastic.

"Ciao" I blow them kisses and walk out.

I feel a bit happy as I drive back to my house.

Tomorrow I must visit Don,it's about time.

Another break-in!!!

My door is open, someone is whistling inside.

"You're back.I bought Coco food,where is she?" he ask.

I blink... what now!

"I gave her away"

He frowns, "What?"

"Look Sbu,I gave Zethu the dog because she liked it better"

She chuckles, "Wow,you re-gifted my gift"

"I'm sorry maybe you should've just bought me a robot doll.I'm not animal friendly"

He look at my plastic. It's a transparent one.

"Is that mayonnaise?"

I nod.

"Thanks God,mine is finished and Nozi want to bite my head off"

Before I can answer he grab the plastic and take it out.

"No SBU you're not taking it"

He flee to the door, "You just saved my life"

Fuck me!!!

#Sorry_I can't_Edit

Chapter Thirty-One

Senamile Biyela

.

It's Sunday,I'm spending time with my two favourite guys.

"I'm tired of watching cartoons,how about we go outside and get some fresh air" I say after long hours of watching Quinton's channels.

Lwazi scoop him up and go to the backyard.I follow with snacks.

Next month the lobola negotiations are starting and we plan to have a December wedding.I can't wait!

Lwazi and Quinton play around,I watch and take pictures.

"Lwazi"

That's my brother's voice.He had to spoil our time.

He is with Junior and Sphiwo.They all carrying bags.

"Oh shit!" Lwazi say punching his forehead.

"Ay man,seriously! We're going to be late" Sbu says.

I look at him "Where are you guys going? And wena Junior and Phiwo who is your aunt"

They quickly rush and give me kisses.They look like they can't wait to go wherever they are going.

"Umhh babe I forgot,we have a 'guys night'" Lwazi says and run inside the house.

"Go pack buddy,or you're staying behind with your mom and wearing panties" Sbu says looking at Quinton.

I raise my hand, "He is not going anywhere. Nobody told me anything about Quinton going to a 'Guys night'"

I then turn to look at Quinton. He shake his head and run to the house.

Sbu smiles, "That's my boy"

I walk to the house angrily. Lwazi can't just up and leave with my son without my consent.

"What do you think you're doing?" I ask as he pack Quinton's bag.

"I'm so sorry my love, it slipped my mind. We're taking the boys out for some games and stuff"

"And I'm only hearing this now? When are you coming back and where are you going?" I ask.

He hugs me and run to the kitchen, pack some snacks.

He curse and run to the bathroom.

Quinton open the drawer and take a camera.

They both run all over the house taking things. I'm not going to help them.

They should've told me, I would have made my own plans.

"Babe have you seen my navy pants?"

I roll my eyes and bite the apple.

"So you really gonna stand and watch?" Sbu ask.

I shrugs and bite my apple.

"Why are you such a bitch?" he ask looking at Lwazi passing on a full speed.

I laugh "Maybe I was born a bitch"

He laughs and help them pack all their necessities.

They get ready to go,

"Mom are you sad?" Quinton asks.

I nod and say yes.

"Dad can mom come along?" he ask with a begging voice.

"Nooooo" Sbu says first.

He is such a bitch.

"Don't worry pumpkin, mom is just worried you'll not be a good boy while away" I say helping him with his bag.

"I promise to be a good man, now smile mom so that Quinton can see"

I crack up and laugh. He just reversed what I tell him when he is sad.

"Bye aunty", " Bye mom" they run out.

Sbu winks at me and follow them.

"I'll make it up to you love" he embrace me and steal a kiss on my shut lips.

"Love Mrs Madlala"

Arghhh..."I love you too.

It's only past five,the evening is still young.

I just can't stay in this house alone, even movies won't do justice.

So who do I visit?

Simtho is not very friendly these days.Fiki is out of town.Nozi will make me nanny the girls,she is also pregnant and not nice.

I decide to call Zethu and check if we could go out.

"Sorry babes I'm spending time with my hubby"

For that small ceremony of ukuqoma she calls Tyson hubby,things we witness in Mzansi!

What now!

I haven't met this Tyson accordingly,maybe I should.

DON'T COOK DINNER, I WILL DO THE HONOURS I text Zethu.

I dash to this place I've heard serve nice traditional food.

I order samp,usu and hot soup.

I give them the containers, they seal it for me.

I make my first stop at my favourite woman of the evening.

I find her watching a romantic movie.

I switch it off so that I can get the attention.

"Aunt Lydia I need you to accompany me to Zethu's"

She glares at me,"Stop giving me reasons to slap you Senamile, switch my TV on"

I kneel in front of her, "Pretty please, I swear it going to be fun. We will meet the Ghost"

That get her attention, "You mean the white one"

I nod.

Aunt Lydia is a complicated adult, but you can't help but to love her.

She talk non-stop in the car. I ask her to be nice before we enter.

The lovebirds are in the bedroom.

I set the table quietly. Aunt Lydia sit while I go fetch them.

"Oh the room-service is here" Zethu says.

I smile kindly, "Miss Biyela and Mr Tyson dinner is ready. Would you please follow me to the dining room"

Zethu frowns, Tyson smile in confusion.

They follow me but stop immediately as they see Aunt Lydia on the table.

"Come on, I don't bite" she tells them.

Zethu shoot me one of her looks, I smile in return.

They all sit.

"I'll go fetch the candles" I say and go away singing like a choir leader.

"Aunt Lydia please dish, we're starving" I say.

She stand up and dish.

"Samp, Yay!!!" I scream.

Tyson's look is priceless as she put a big piece of usu in his plate.

"Let's dig in before it get cold" I say.

Tyson look at Zethu, she shrugs.

"Mhhh this meat Sena... eat up Givanston" says aunt Lydia.

Poor guy! I swear this is my best Saturday ever.

Tyson manages to finish his plate but he doesn't look okay.

"Are you alright Ty?" I ask putting a concerned face.

"Yes I'm good" he replies.

We chat and laugh,with little participation from the couple.

"I think we should let the kids rest" Aunt Lydia says.

"Well Zethu do drop my containers by my house tomorrow.Again it was nice seeing you Tyson,see if you break my sister's heart we will give you more than stomach cramps"

He look at me I wink at him.

"Witch!" Zethu says.

"Hey ungrateful brat" Aunt Lydia yell at her.

Tyson give us handshakes before going to the bathroom

"Welcome to the FAM Ty-Ty" I say laughing.

"You guys are racist" Zethu calls before we exit the door.

Day well spent!!

Chapter Thirty-Two

Zanda Dlamini

.

Early morning I received a call from my brother saying I must come over for dinner in his apartment. Apparently he have this big announcement he need to make.

Mandla is still sulking about spending the afternoon alone.I promised him I'll be back before eight

I arrive and there is no dinner.

"I thought I got a dinner invitation" I say looking around.

Phumla and Mvuse are sitting on the couches watching some Nigerian movie,eating popcorn.

"Hello to you too lil sis" that's Phumla.

I hug both of them and pick Mvuse's popcorn and sit.

"So where is the food and what is the announcement?" I ask.

Phumla lower the TV volume, "You love news neh!"

"At least I took after you. Where is my wife? Don't tell me she haven't come from church" I say jokingly.

Phumla clears her throat. Something is cooking in this house.

I stare each of them, their expressions tell me I'm about to welcome big devastating something.

"What's going on guys?" I ask.

Mvuse sit up straight, "Siza and I are separating"

What????

"Separating what? I'm not following" I say, my heart racing.

"They're divorcing dummy" Phumla says.

"Why? Did you guys fight?" I ask.

He shake his head no.

I look at him shocked. Like who the hell is this monster?

Phumla throw some popcorn in her mouth,

"Not only that but expect a wedding in a few months. He is marrying Fiks" she say taking the remote and increasing the volume. She look overexcited.

I should storm out and go to Mandla. Why do bad things keep happening to good people?

I stand and switch the TV off.

"Is it true, big bro?" I ask.

He nods and say it's true.

I clap my hands, "A round of applause Mvuselelo. I have no words to say. You're such a good example, you inspire me. You're such a great person, not to forget your great heart. I'm sure mom is proud of you wherever she is."

He look at me astonished. I take my bag.

"Enjoy the movies"

I storm out and drive straight to Fikile's place. Siza need someone to voice out her feelings.

There is a big argument going on inside her house.

"You're playing with fire Fiki" I recognize it's Sena's voice.

"You're jealous because I've also found myself a man. I'm not doing this because I want to steal your spotlight, I love him"

"He is playing you, I need you to stop this nonsense before I tell dad because then all the hell will break loose"

I'm not a master of eavesdropping, right now I'm tempted to get in and say my piece.

"Mvuse is mine Sena, he should've married me not her. Now that God is settling everything into its rightful form you want to spoil it with your lies"

That's it!

I push the door, they turn and stare at me.

"So Fiki it's true? You want to build your happiness from another woman's tears" I ask, trying to be calm as possible.

She look at me from head to toe.

"It worked for you. Phumla's tears, hello!" she says.

"Yeah, maybe she deserved it given the fact that she made Mandla cry as much as she can. With you it's different, you're wrecking Siza's heart"

Sena laughs, "You're late Zanda, her and your sis are bff's"

I'm shocked, "I wonder what's in it for her"

"Well our families will be bonded, which means she will be able to get her hands wherever she want"

Fiki laugh at her, "Funny coming from you. You're also marrying your ex-employee, is he after the Biyela riches too"

Sena is fuming. You can never bring Lwazi's past in the arguments, you'll see flames.

That how much she loves that man.

I don't wanna witness a cat fight,

"Calm down Sena, Fiki is an adult if she sees it fit to bring down another woman it's fine. If she

can go past the fact that Mvuse chose another woman after spending almost a year with her then she is strong enough to enter a marriage where she will always know she is the second best"

Fiki look at me deadly, "You have no right to judge me"

"I'm not,I'm just interested in your future and the possibility of Mvuse step-dadding your kids. Does he love you to that extent, or you'll always wonder if he is not banging a side-dish while you're away"

She walk away and sit on the highchair.

"He raped me, okay.I deserve this from him" she is tearing now.

"I've been raped several times in my life, I have never dreamt of marrying one of my rapist" I say.

"So he raped you,how? Did you scream for help or you enjoyed and came while screaming his name"

I close my eyes, "Sena stop it.You sound exactly like a corrupt cop"

"Fine,but Fiki think about your happiness" she begs.

"I am.Geez guys I can't breath"

Sena nudges me, "You're beautiful, strong and there is a loving sexy David Beckham waiting for you while you're busy snatching people's husband"

I get the hint and say "You're one in the millions, you don't need to marry a guy who pities you"

Sena again,

"You're intelligent, now please don't let anyone fool you,especially Chef Horny.I mean it's so devastating to be cheated on,not to mention divorced without committing any wrong. Think about that poor girl"

Fiki roll her eyes, "You've never been married, cut me the crap"

Sena wave her left hand, "Ta-daaa what is this?"

"An engagement ring,you're not married yet" Fiki says bored.

"Speaking about marriage I think Lwazi and I should go for counselling before tying the knot."

Sena though!

I attempt to speak but;

"I'm also not sure about the wedding gown, I mean there are so many designs"

I raise my hand, "Okay Sena. Matter at hands right now, Fikile are you gonna be making vows before the Lord that you'll love Mvuse till death do you apart?"

I see traces of uncertainty on her eyes, I'm doing a good job so far. Zanda the convincer!!!

"Well I'm planning to make my own vows, I hope Lwazi do too. Pastor's vows are getting boring with each year they're being recited"

Sena again, her lobola negotiations haven't even started but here she is planning the wedding during a serious session.

My phone rings, I know it Mandla.

"Answer it" Sena says.

I roll my eyes, "There is no emergency, he just want to tell me to come back"

"That's what a raw greenpepper does" Sena says.

I'm lost, both her and Fiki giggles.

"What? Are you even black?" Sena ask.

I frown, "I don't follow"

Fiki click her tongue and walk away.

She comes back with a piece of green pepper.

"Eat" she say shoving it in my mouth.

"No, this is disgusting" I protest.

"Fuck it Zanda, eat the damn thing " Sena shout.

They're like my sisters I know they won't poison me. I chew slowly, disgusted.

"Let watch a movie while Fiki is deciding" says Sena.

This is not part of my plans but maybe I need this.

Holy crap! The time fled I only see it's past nine as the movie finishes.

"Mandla is furious, wherever he is I must dash ladies" I say collecting my bag.

"Don't give him a chance to shout shut him with a cookie" Sena says laughing.

I leave in a panic, I even forget asking Fiki her final decision.

I find him sitting on the kitchen chair, looking murderous.

"Hey love"

He get off the chair, "I've been calling and calling, where were you cause your brother said you left his house long time ago"

DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO SHOUT SHUT HIM WITH A COOKIE.

I walk closer to him and shut him with a kiss. One thing lead to another, we end up on the couch.

I've never heard him moan this much, I'm way over impressed with myself.

"You are so damn tight, let's take this to the bedroom" he says as we finish our round.

My stomach groans.

"I will fix something to eat first, I only ate popcorn and green pepper the whole afternoon"

He stop buckling his belt and look at me,

"Why would you eat greenpepper?"

Oh crap!!

Chapter Thirty-Three

Fikile Biyela

.

JOIN ME AND MY FRIENDS FOR SUSHI, YA NEED TO BREATH SOME AIR.

That's Phumla's text.

She is not a nice person, why is she being nice?

Maybe Sena is right. Phumla convinced me marrying Mvuse is the right thing to do.

But why?

I text her my sorries, I need to think and stay away from her.

Well today my sons are visiting. Just in case you wonder if I'm a great mother, because I hardly talk about them, well I am one of the greatest mother I know.

I sacrifice for my kids, I protect them, which is I put them away from the spotlight.

I want them to have a normal childhood.

My first born Simile is 11 years old, his father used to be my lecturer. He is not old if that's what you're thinking. He is one of those who had an early success.

He is a bad father, that's you must keep in mind.

Sickening fact is Simile look exactly like him. So much for carrying him for nine months and 2 days of severe labour pains.

Yeah, kids with dark-skinned fathers can betray you like that. After all your hard work they still will look like their fathers.

Enough about that jerk. Here come babydaddy number two.

A lecturer again. Looks like I never learnt.

Another jerk with a seductive smile. This one is a jerk with capital J.

He tried making me abort Wokuhle, he was getting married so the baby was going to spoil everything.

As pigheaded as I still am I chose my baby and suffered yet another embarrassment.

Today I am a proud mother of two boys, they're my place of sanity.

So today they're visiting and sleeping over.

"Kuhle is allergic to nuts, don't forget" that's was my mom seventh text.

She is taking her gogo tendencies to another level.

I smile, thinking how my parents wanted nothing to do with my kids at first.

"So guys what do you want us to do?" I ask them.

Simile shrugs and continue channel-hopping.

I look at Kuhle,

"I want to visit Phiwo" he says.

This is mommy-and-her-kids moment.

I smile at him,he is cute

"You'll see Phiwo tomorrow, today I want it to be all about me and my boys"

He doesn't get disappointed as I thought he will be.

"Okay, then ngiteta (strap me on your back)" he says.

I laugh,"Come on Kuhle you're seven only small babies can do that"

He pout, Simile laughs.

This kid can't be serious.

"I'll give you ice-cream and you can choose the movie" I say.

He shake his head no.

I sigh, "Why are you obsessed with this? You're a big boy look at you"

"I want to know how it feels like" he says and jump on me.

I laugh and put him on my back. He wrap his tiny hands around my neck.

"Mom you think dad will come to my school match?" Simile ask.

No he won't come he is a jerk.

"I think so" what can I say.

Simile is not much of a talker.He only talk when it's necessary, other than that he nod,shake his head or ignore you.

I worry about him sometimes. Imagine when he is old.A dark tall man who never talk and doesn't smile that much.

His wife will definitely rule him,which is why I'll make sure I move in with him when he marries.

I decide to warm the pizza.Kuhle is still on my back,heavy like a sack of cement.

There is a knock.

I'm not expecting anyone.I gesture Simile to go open.

"Who are you?*" he ask whoever it is.

It's like this boy is trained to be zero percent nice.

" Umhhh I'm here for Fiki"

That fucken voice. Why is he here uninvited?

I try getting Kuhle down but he clings tightly. So I rush to the door with him like that.

"Mvuse" I say shocked.

He look shattered and three times his age.

"I didn't know you have kids over" he say scratching his head.

"Mom the pizza!" Simile says and leave.

He is a bit rude though. I'll have to talk with him.

"What brings you here?" I have to ask.

He shrugs and scratch his head.

"MOM WHERE DO STARS GOES DURING THE DAY?" Kuhle is right near my ears but he scream this question.

"You're deafening me stop shouting. They go to heaven" I reply.

Mvuse frown,kanti where do they go?

"Isn't that the heaven?" he point the sky.

This kid Jesu!

"No that's the sky" I say.

More questions are following, that I can feel.

"Oh! Where is the heaven then?"

"Up up up" that's all I could come up with.

Mvuse is still standing, with a silly smile looking at us.

"Get down and go choose the movie I'm coming" I say bending to let him down.

This time he doesn't argue, he run.

"What is it?" I ask.

He sigh,

"I sent Siza the divorce papers"

I should be celebrating right now. Isn't this what I wanted?

"How did she take all of this?" I ask.

He look at me taken back, "Bad"

I feel bad about that. I'm suddenly filled with doubts.

"I'm sorry to hear that" I say.

He chuckles, "It's what you wanted Fiki"

I feel this huge lump in my throat.

"It's not, I wanted to be put first and be loved wholeheartedly"

He sniff, "I can do that, I've put you through a lot. It's only fair"

A marriage of fairness. No I can't. I have my kids to think of.

He smiles, sadly,

"We can make it work, you're a great mother"

I pull him for a hug,

"I'm sorry, please cancel the divorce. I want to let you go"

He push me away, "No, we're doing this baby"

Tears are forcefully coming out, "Life have great things in stored for both of us. You love her not me. I'm sorry I can't put myself in this misery"

A figure is behind me. I look around, it's Simile his eyes are fixed on Mvuse.

"Baby what are you doing here?" I ask wiping the tears, trying to smile.

"Go" he say looking at Mvuse.

I gasp, beyond shocked.

"Simile" I warn.

He doesn't even look at me. Mvuse is just shocked as I am.

"I said go " he emphasize.

Mvuse turn around and walk away.

I grab Simile by the arm,

"Who taught you to speak to your elders like that?"

"Is he my elder?"

This kid is testing me, really now.

"Yes and show some damn respect Simile" I shout.

"I don't give my respect to strangers who make my mother cry, now excuse me"

With that said he walk away.

I think my mommy skills end here, it's time for his uncle's intervention since his father is a jerk.

SBU I NEED SOME DISCIPLINARY ADVICE, SIMILE DOESN'T RESPECT ME I text him.

He replies, LIYA IS ALSO GIVING ME HEADACHE. SORRY NO ADVICE.

He is useless sometimes. I face reality and call my mom.

"Who did he disrespect again?" she ask, she is slyly taking his side.

"Huh?" she ask again.

I can't tell her Mvuse, so I pretend I'm running out of battery.

Maybe I should form my own disciplinary strategies or Google them.

Chapter Thirty-Four

Ziphelele Biyela

.

When you're in primary school, you look forward to be in high school. From high school you can't wait to be in varsity. From varsity to work, to marriage.

In life you always have something to look forward to.

Me, I'm looking forward to have kids.

Tell me I'm still young and need to enjoy my youth years and all that but we all have different dreams and goals in life.

Thapelo doesn't seem to be looking forward to anything than coming from work to home.

Things are starting to go south instead of north for us. Which is why I want a baby so badly.

I want to complete my marriage, but Thapelo's views about it are opposite.

Today I have a date with my brother.

"You're all dressed for SBU?" he ask as I put my earrings.

"I can't afford to be ugly"

He chuckles and wrap his hands around my waist.

"Now I'm debating if I should tag along in this date"

I turn around and look at him,

"Nooooo"

I want to discuss some secret with my brother, there is no way I'm allowing him to come.

"Fine, I'll go check Donald. He is up and kicking"

What???

"Don't lie" I say.

He smile, "I'm not, my boy is back"

I last checked Don five days ago. I am a terrible person.

I grab my phone on top of the bed and send Sbu a text cancelling the date.

I wonder if Simtho knows.

Her phone ring for a decade before she answers,

"Ya" she answers.

She is rude these days but we understand her.

"Don is awake" I realise I'm screaming as Thapelo laughs.

"Ya Mandla told me,bye" she drops me.

"Let's go" I say looking at Thapelo.

"Go where? Do we tag each other now?"

I roll my eyes, "Drama Mr Mokoena asambe"

We arrive in hospital, I'm scared. He nearly died.

"You cancelled me for Don?"

Oh oh! My one and only brother along with Nozipho.

I hug them, "We can try next week"

We all go inside.

He is with Mandla, laughing. It's his first day back on earth and he is laughing.

"Oh my God!!" Nozi throws herself on him while crying.

I'm just standing there, scared and happy.

"Welcome back" Sbu says.

He frowns, "I'm sorry, who are you?"

I nearly faint. He lost his memory, dear Christ!

Sbu and Thapelo look at each other frustrated.

"The one with a scar is your fiance, you were engaged to be married before being here" Mandla narrates.

I look at him with my eyeballs popping out.

Thapelo is shocked and glaring at Mandla.

He doesn't care, he points at Sbu.

"And that is your ex, but you guys got along very well. And that is his sisters (pointing at me and Nozi)"

What is wrong with Mandla???

Sbu coughs without control.

Don smiles at Thapelo,

"I hear we were planning our wedding, as soon as I get out we are tying the knot"

I want to throw up, Mandla is enjoying every second of it.

He could go to jail for damaging a patient's recovery.

Thapelo shake his head,

"Look I don't...."

Mandla cut him,

"Yes he will be ready, relax and heal"

Nozi tempt to speak, but Don says "I love you babe"

Thapelo cough uncontrollably.

Mandla and Don burst out laughing.

"Oh guys you should've seen your faces, priceless!" Don says.

They were playing. Geez! I control my breathing before laughing along.

We all hug Don and laugh.

Whееееew!!!

The door opens, we all look.

It's Simtho.

I want to leave, Sbu have this expression I can't describe.

"Breathe, please man!"

We all turn to Don, he is struggling to breath.

Thapelo dash out screaming for the doctor.

I suddenly feel sick.

>>>>>>continues (I'm a little occupied sorry lovies)

Chapter Thirty-Four

Ziphelele (continuation)

.

We had our reunion with Don. We then gave him and Simtho privacy.

As Thapelo pulls me toward the exit I'm curious about what going down in Don's ward.

We all know Simtho is the reason why Don is on that bed and Loyiso is six feet under.

I wonder if they gonna make their silly fling a relationship now that Loyiso is dead.

"Hopefully he will be out in few days, we can organise him a surprise welcome-back party"

He can't stop smiling. I'm as excited as he is about Don, just that my mind is occupied with lot of stuff.

I wonder who is the father of Simtho's baby.

Simtho never wanted a baby but God blessed her with one. I'm jealous!

"Ziphe!"

His voice brings me back to earth.

"Excuse me, my mind is not here" I say.

"I asked if we are still going to your parents Friday? "

I'm sure he want us to cancel the trip and be with Don.

"I suppose we can cancel"

His lips stretch to his ears. Is he keeping me away from my parents?

"You are keeping me from home." I say, rather shouting.

He swift his eyes from the road to me.

"What? You said we are postponing not me" he says full of sarcasm.

"But you're happy, I thought we both longed to see my parents but I was wrong. You actually hate them, I've observed how you always avoid spending time with them"

I'm so angry at him.

He look at me shocked. I want to slap him so hard, he knows how much it means for me to be with my family.

"Ziphe that's insane accusations, I'd never..."

"Stop the car!!" I shout very angrily.

He hesitate before slowing down and pulling at the side of the road.

I'm not usually an angry person. People take advantage of that, they walk over me.

"Ziphe look at me" he begs.

Just the sight of his face, make me wanna puke.

"You're not an interesting view and stop calling my name like you know me" I say opening the door.

"Where are you going now? What did I do?" he ask.

Some nerve this man got!

I cross the road, wherever I'm heading is a better place than Thapelo's car.

I ignore him calling me until I get out of his sight.

I have no idea where I'm going, I guess I'll just walk.

I realise how hungry I am as I pass an Indian restaurant.

I decide this is where I'm gonna eat and banish my anger.

Luckily this place is almost empty.

I choose a seat by the corner, where I can think and cry as much as I want without anyone paying attention.

I order six of their mince samoosas, a bunny chow and orange juice.

"Are you sure you gonna finish all that ma'm, I mean our samoosas alone can fill you for days"

I look at this stupid waiter. What is it with people and pissing me off today?

"So I'm not allowed to order what I want in this restaurant of yours?" I ask, losing all the calmness.

"No not at all, ma'm. I was just looking out for your finances"

"Since when somebody looks out for me? Huh?" I shout.

He try to apologize but I'm having none of it.

I'm so tired of waiters and Thapelo, together with God, dictating my life.

Why can't things go my way?

Suddenly a woman wearing a sari emerges and asks what's wrong.

"Your waiter here is treating me, can't I find peace in this world?" I say.

She looks at him angrily and apologizes on his behalf, offering me 25% off my bill.

"Fine, now can I eat?" I say, staring at both of them.

They both go. But the waiter pulls out his apron and follows the lady. Trouble!

I finish my meal and pay, I realize the bill cost me all the money I had in my purse.

I think about my next step.

Well I don't have my phone with me because I had put it on the dashboard and didn't take it with me. Which is a disaster because now I want to go home.

I have no money left, no transport and I am 30 minutes away from home. It's also getting late and less safe in the street.

I walk out, seeing that I'm the last customer. They probably want to close.

What now?

I continue walking because I don't want street-boys to see that I'm stranded and take advantage.

A piece of paper flies and lands on my shoe.

It's getting windy and I have no jacket on. This night can't get any interesting, right!

I take the piece of paper from my shoe, I might as well read it so that I look busy.

It's those flyers of witchdoctors where they advertise their miracles.

MICE THAT BRINGS MONEY R250, they are being extra ridiculous now.

DREAM LOTTO NUMBERS R150, this is a dream itself.

They are just robbing people.

Maybe not...

GET PREGNANT WITHIN A WEEK R200.

What if these things real happen? I mean these people have super natural powers.

I once heard a story about a witchdoctor somewhere in Kwamhlabuyalingana who return the dead person to life.

I hear footsteps near me and quickly fold the paper and shove it in my bra.

The waiter..why did I fight him again?

"Ma'm I saw you and thought I must come and apologize again, I didn't mean to make you angry" he say sadly.

He could be cute,given a new pair of jeans,clean shirts or a clean shave.

He is holding a yellow Shoprite bag.I guess he is carrying his lunchtin there.

I feel sorry for him.

"I'm sorry too,I'm just having a bad day and I bite everyone's head"

He look at me relieved, "Thank you ma'm"

Well,desperate situations calls for desperate measures.

"Actually I'm looking for help,I have no money,no transport"

The hero has fallen.

He look at me surprised.I would be surprised too.

"I have an extra R20,I'm not sure it can get you anywhere" he says going through his rugged jean.

I sigh with relief, "Thank you,I can get a taxi home.I'll pay you back I promise"

He smile "No need,I'm happy I can help"

So good hearted!

"I'm Ziphe"

He smile, "Nireshe"

I'm rescued

Chapter Thirty-Five

Simtho Biyela

.

As soon as everyone disappears through the door, reality surfaces.

I nearly killed him. This is all my doing.

He is supposed to be in his house with his son watching a movie and eating dinner.

I'm evil!

I could've channelled the situation better and caused no bloodshed.

It's all on me.

"Don't cry, it's okay" he says hoarsely.

What am I here for?

"Come, sit next to me" he commands.

I look at the door, back at him. No I should just leave.

He reads my mind,

"Don't do that"

I swallow and walk to him. I should hug him but my conscience won't let me.

"You don't have to" he says.

I look at him. He reads minds now!

"Sit, you and Junior are the reason why I fought"

I don't think this is what we should be discussing now.

"How..how are you feeling?" I ask nervously.

He coughs, "I'm dying Biyo please take care of my son. I have a money buried in the forest, you must dig it up and live on it"

I look at him with panic. He bursts out laughing.

I punch him, "Are you crazy?"

He laughs again, "You are so sour, what up?"

I sigh, "It's so messed up Don"

"Him?"

He can't even say Loyiso's name.

I nod and shake my head which make him chuckle.

"Him, you, the baby and everything else" I say.

Me and Don are friends naturally. I can say he is my best friend because no matter what I can always confide on him. Even if it considers him, crazy right?

"At least I'm back, we will find a way forward together"

I don't know about that. My future is blur, I can't point it.

"I don't know Don, maybe we can talk about this after you get discharged. Now tell me, how is it like being on the coma?"

He laugh so hard, I end up joining him.

"You're dumb tjo!" he says still laughing.

"I've never been in a coma"

He shake his head, "I don't know, that's why they say I was half dead. Update me what has been happening?"

I laugh and tell him Nozi is pregnant.

He gasp, "The motherfucker have no chills, he scored again"

"Yeah and Zethu is dating and it's serious" I say.

"Who is the unfortunate bastard? Doesn't he pray?"

I laugh. I missed him.

"A white dude, named Tyson"

He close his eyes, "We call you Almighty please don't abandon your white child Tyson. Protect him against all evils"

I laugh. Zethu will send him back in coma.

"I can't believe it" he says.

"Well that's not all,Zanda's brother is divorcing his wife for Fiki"

This time he sit up.

"Carry on,go into the details"

I laugh.

Don and I will make a bad couple.Look at us,enjoying people's businesses.

I narrate everything for him.

Within a few minutes we are chatting and laughing like we are in the hotel by the beach having champagne.

I wish I can spend the night but his lousy doctor orders him to get back to sleep.

He kiss my forehead and I leave.

I feel like a weight has been lift off my shoulders.

.

Meanwhile;

Ziphe Biyela

.

I get home and find my husband no where in sight.

I wanted to apologize but I'm no longer going to do it because he's gone wherever his heart led him.

I don't bath I just wear my pyjamas and slip in bed.

I read a You magazine until I feel drowsy and sleep.

I'm wakened by sound of human voices coming downstairs.

It's a new day.

I don't even want to think about yesterday's incidents.

My flyer!!

I quickly run to the bathroom. Thanks God I find it before anyone else,on the floor.

I pick it up,I'll make a call to this witchdoctor as soon as I get my phone.

I should own two phones now,like Zethu.

"Now I think I should call dad,your stubbornness ain't getting us nowhere"

It's my brother's voice. Why so early in the morning?

He is talking with Thapelo, who didn't sleep home.

I'm mad,I rush to the bedroom my hands on the hips.

"Where were you?" I ask.

They look at me like I'm some miracle.

Thapelo rushes to me and hug me.

"Don't touch me" I push him.

God knows where his arms have been.

"I was so worried about you,where were you?"

He must stop!

"We looked everywhere for you and you were here sleeping peacefully. Couldn't you at least call?" Sbu say angrily.

He mustn't shout at me!

"Do not,I mean never shout at me while im hungry" I say pointing at him.

Sbu try to refrain himself but laugh eventually.

Thapelo glares at me.Given different circumstances I would've been scared.But not now when I'm feeling like donuts.

"Out of my way" I say walking through them and out of the door.

I eat first, every sweet thing I can find then showers.Completely ignoring two idiots in my house.

I find a hiding spot in the balcony and give Dr Dlozi a call.

He tell me to prepare his money then collect a bottle of medicine that will help me conceive.

I suddenly have my faith in this man.

Hopefully everything goes accordingly

Chapter Thirty-Six

Senamie Biyela

.

Guess who called me with good news today?

Fikile,yep the bitch got her brains back.

I can't wait to see Phumla's face when she realise that her plan is going down the drain.

"You're happy"

His arms snake around my waist.

"It's a new day,why cry" I say.

He kiss my neck,

"I thought you are happy about meeting your mother-in-law"

I roll my eyes, "More like monster-in-law,I don't even think I'll cope being in a same room as her"

You heard it,I'm meeting my mother-in-law for the first time today.Only because Quinton deserve to know his grandma,otherwise fuck that bitch!

"Turn around and look at me" he say with a serious tone.

I look at him,

"I won't be nice if she is not nice,don't even start lecturing me"

Lwazi is so forgiving it irritating.I understand it's his mother, but she never acted like one.

"I'm not going to lecture you,I'm going to ask a favour." he says taking my hands into his.

Okay,breath Sena.

"We will be nice,extra nice actually.."

I raise my hand, "No"

"I'm begging you,this is my time to show her that all those sufferings and names I suffered didn't

break me but moulded me" he says.

"But babe..."

"No buts,we will be nice and flash our luxurious life while at it"

I smile, "I can live with that,actually let me hire a chef for the week she'll spend here"

This will be interesting.

"Although she didn't say it but I think she is dragging her husband with her"

The bastard that discriminated my bae,I don't think I can.

"Are you sure?" I ask.

He nods.

"I mean are you sure you want them here after everything. Why can't they crash in a hotel anyway?"

He scratch his head.Did I tell you that he removed the afro?

He have a fade-cut now. He look smart and more handsome.

"Yeah,she is my mother after all"

I roll my eyes at him.I want to remind him about all those sleepless night after he had to watch his mother and stepfather having sex.His mother chasing him out of the house because her white in-laws were coming.

Why does he forgive this easily?

His phone rings before I can remind him how awful his mother is.

He speak to who I think is Thapelo. The dickhead that kept us up the whole night because he fought with Ziphe.

"Is that Thaps? What does he want now?" I ask loud so that he hears me.

Lwazi signals me to shut-up.

I don't,I grab the phone;

Me ; I so hate you,you know I've developed wrinkles

Him; Sorry diva (laughing)

Me ; It's not funny, anyway how is wifey?

Him; Mad is an understatement

Me ; Mad at who? Where is she now?

Him; She drove out with a pocket of choc-cookies, probably to buy a gun and shoot me.

Me ; She is really weird, I wonder what's up with her

Him; I don't know, bye

I look at Lwazi concerned. What if Ziphe is becoming bipolar?

He smile, "I love your face"

I switch from concerned to blushing.

"She is pregnant" he says and I switch from blushing to shocked.

"No...I mean it can't be" I say.

He laughs, "Isn't she giving Thapelo some skoon?"

He is right! She is pregnant.

OMW! Three pregnant bitches in one household. What are we doing to SA population rate?

"Remember how you were while carrying Quinton?" he says smiling, his eyes shining with affection.

"I wanted to kill you. Remember when I accused you of finishing my peanut-butter and cried all day"

He laugh "I ended up admitting that I finished it and sped to buy another one"

It feels like yesterday. I can't believe we've come this far.

The first day in my office!

Sex in the toilet!

"I love you, more than you know" I say.

He respond with a hot kiss. God knows I love this guy.

We spend the day indoors preparing for our visitors. Quinton is excited about meeting his grandma, only if he knew.

Everything is in order except Lwazi who had to rush to his office to sort something out.

I've made sure I put one of my elegant dresses, together with diamond accessories.

My phone rings,

"Where are you?" I say irritated.

His mother could be here anytime now.

"I'm coming babe, please open the gate my mom is there"

What!?

"She will park there until you come, I'm not one of her servants"

I can hear the frustration in his voice,

"Sena please and don't forget our promises"

"No I'm not... Lwazi.. Hello"

Damn him!

I drag myself and take the remote and open for her.

Large suitcases! Really?

A white girl and a boy in their teen years enters followed by this elegant flawless woman.

The kids greet while looking at me with hidden stinky attitude.

I flash my biggest fake smile,

"Yebo"

The woman look around the house, then back at me.

"Lwazi has done good for himself" she says proudly.

I smile, "Must be your motherly affection and guidance. Welcome"

She look at me, "Oh! And you are?"

She is sarcastic.

"The woman who love him unconditionally" I reply.

She chuckles, "I see..where is my grandson"

"Upstairs" I can't believe I'm this calm.

Well,she offers me a handshake.

"I'm Natalya,his mom,but my husband calls me Natty"

I shake it, "Since I'm not your husband I'll settle for Grandma.It's Sena by the way"

I stride away with pride.I'm about to have a week-in-a-hell.

Chapter Thirty Seven

Ziphelele Biyela

.

I'm here, outside the shack that is half size of my bathroom.

I should've brought a bodyguard with me.

That smell coming from the smoke that travels out the wooden windows is making me nauseous.

I rush to the car and take my bottled water and gulp it down.

I feel a bit better and rush back to join the que.

There is five of us and I'm number three.

The closer I get to the door the more nervous I become.

"Next"

Oh...I'm the next one.

The smell! I wrap my scarf around my nose.

The man look scary than Mulimisi from Muvhango.His dirty brown hair isn't helping either.

I don't know whether I should greet or not because he haven't risen his eyes.

"Hey"

He doesn't look up.Maybe I should greet him in the ancestral way.

"Eh Makhosi" I sound worse than the broken record.

He let out a huge grunt before looking at me.

"You called, my child" he says.

How does he..? He is a witchdoctor.

"Your bottle is ready,drink half a cup three times a day"

I nod,at least this is going faster.

"Thank you"

He put a 2l bottle with black liquid in front of me.

I take out the money and hand it to him but he signals that I must put it down.

I'm smiling like a kid on Christmas as I drive to my house.

But my smile is short-lived as I realise I have to sneak in and find a good hiding spot for my cola.

Lucky for me hubby is not at home.

I hid it under the spare bedroom bed,together with a tumbler.

I've been a horrible wife let me make up for it.

I marinate the meat and put it in the oven.I'll do the salads and pap after a short nap.

I doze off before I can even think about what to wear tonight.

When I wake up screams fill my ears.

What the hell!

The smoke...Oh man my meat!

Thapelo is running all over opening the windows.

"Ziphe you will kill yourself next time" he says, very angry.

I pull my mind back into it position and hurry to turn the fan on.

My meat has turn into coals.Sigh!

I haven't kiss my hubby in 12hours.So I kiss him,he look surprised and relieved.

"I was trying to cook for my man" I say.

He smiles,

"And you slept on duty"

I laugh, "I won't cook again,we will just order"

"You're lazy these days"

I kiss him.His lips taste so good, I find myself moaning and going deeper.

In two minutes my body aches for him.I pull him toward the couch and strip his t-shirt off.

I sit on his waist and remember I should drink my cola first.We may conceive right now on this couch,who knows.

"Just hold on" I say getting off him.

"Babe,whatever it is it can wait" he say breaking, his eyes half closed.

"Shhh!!" I put my finger on his mouth then run to the bedroom.

I look if he is not following me before pouring it.

It doesn't taste as bad as I thought.

He take me on as soon as he get his hands on me.

After the deeds I feel my stomach grumbling.

"You should order our lunch" I say.

"I'm not hungry,order yourself" he says.

Nx! My face just heat up I want to slap him.

He is the man,he should make a call.

"You're not taking care of me like you vowed to"

He chuckles, "I'll make you a sandwich"

"I don't want a damn sandwich...actually you can make me egg and hot sauce sandwich"

He frowns, "Must be sweet huh?"

I click my tongue "It's like you live to piss me off"

He raise his hands and walk away shirtless with his belt hanging.Yummy!

"Use the nando sauce" I shout.

I can hear him saying 'whatever' but I'm thinking about my sandwich to get mad about it.

He take two years and months to get it done.

"Chef Hubby at your service Mrs Thapelo" he says proudly.

He also give me an icy orange juice, I'm so proud of him.

It's super-hot I keep blowing my mouth which make him laugh.

"I love you,okay" he says.

I gulp the juice down and nod severally.

"Miss Flames!" he says laughing.

He is having am episode of his life.

"How did you get home yesterday?" he ask.

Niresh!!!

I took his last money and promised to pay him back.

But look where the bitch is at!

Chapter Thirty-Eight

Ziphelele Biyela

.

I'm the best wife anyone could ever ask for.Thapelo told me last night.Lately I don't snap at him, I'm always nice and making love to him.

I'm tempted to buy the blue baby boots as I peep through the window shop on my way to Niresh's restaurant.

I want a boy.Boys aren't lot of work, or so I think.

I've had my fair share with baby girls,and beside we have so many girls in this family.

Unlike the other night today this place is packed,with Indians mostly and few white women.

"You came for the bean roll special?"

This one man ask and before I can answer he pushes me toward the counter.

"Hurry before it finishes" he says and shout for the waitress to come over.

Really now?

"Good evening,would you like to order?" the girl asks.

"No I'm here to see Niresh,is he around?"

She frowns, "Niresh?"

"Yes"

"He doesn't work here anymore. He was fired" she says with no care.

"I need to see him,where does he stay?"

She shrugs, "You can ask Rashida"

Rashida?

She clarifies that Rashida is the owner and the manager.

She shows me her mini office.

She is still in the blue sari I saw her in the other night. She is not a beautiful Indian woman and doesn't seem nice.

After arguments and lot of convincement she tells me where Niresh stays.

I just hope I will find him.I wonder what he is doing now.He looked financial unstable, I don't mean to judge him. I'm just worried that he was fired from his job.

His home symbolizes struggle with it washed white paint and broken windows.

I knock with a heavy heart. He doesn't have a lot but he still give for help.

A young girl wearing a black legging and big shirt opens.

"Hello" she greet.

I smile, "Hello,is Niresh around"

"Yes,come in"

I follow her,she yell for Niresh to come to the dining room.

Their furniture is old but well taken care of.

He stop and look at me shocked.

"I came to pay you back" I say.

He shake his head, "I wasn't lending it to you. How do you know my home?"

"I went to your work and they told me you got fired so I asked your manager to give me your address"

"You shouldn't have"

"I wanted to. So you don't work now?" I ask.

He look at the girl apologetic, "I'll find another work soon, we will be fine"

I want to help him but I doubt he will let me.

"Well I know a few places and my sister just opened a restaurant in town" I say.

The girl jump up with joy,

"You mean they can hire him.Oh God you're an angel!" she scream while Niresh shoot her a disapproving look.

"What happened? Why are you so happy Tasha" a voice coming through the door says.

A teen boy holding two Cambridge packets.

He sees me and smiles, "Oh hi there.I'm Suresh,you're beautiful"

Okay..

"You can join us for supper" he suggest.

I smile, "You going to cook?"

He shake his head, "Tasha's teacher gave me bread and chicken stew.She is a great cook" he says opening the bags.

Niresh get angry, "Stop being stupid Suresh,why did you go there?"

Suresh shrugs,"So you'd rather die than ask for help.I'm sorry but I wouldn't die of hunger when

Miss White is still here "

I feel sharp pains in the abdominal areas but it quickly vanishes.

"I'll get the plates" the girl, Tasha, says and hurry to the kitchen.

"Where are your parents?" I blurt out.

I mean they should be back from work by now.

Suresh answers immediately, "They passed on, it just Niresh, Tasha and I"

I blink, "That's sad"

So Niresh is the head of this family and he doesn't have a job. The youngest went to ask for food so that they don't go to bed hungry.

"Don't cry" Niresh says.

"I'm sorry" I mumble.

Tasha serve the food. It's three bread slices each and small pieces of chicken and soup.

Niresh is uncomfortable, so am I.

I feel like an invader.

Suresh is telling a story of how he beaten a school bully last week and how he saved some kids from drowning in the pool.

I want to believe him but there is so much exaggeration in it.

We are all laughing as he tell us how he dive under the moving truck.

It's amazing how we have a few slices of bread on our plates and laughing our stomach out.

"I enjoyed the dinner" I say.

Tasha look at me, "You look familiar"

I shrug, "Must be the stupid papers. They say the most untruthful things about us"

She jumps, "Oh my God! You're a Biyela diva"

It's breaking news for everyone.

"You mean she is the...Oh man it's you" Suresh says.

I roll my eyes, "I'm no big deal, now chill and tell m more about your Superman episodes"

The cramps again. This time I wince.

"Are you okay?" Niresh asks.

I nod, "Yeah,I should get going you must give me your numbers"

"Okay,but are. you sure you're okay?"

I fake a smile, "Yes"

I take out his money and hand it to him.

"You're so kind, you really helped me that day" I say and Suresh look at him curiously.

He open the envelope, "No no this is a lot"

I scream as another sharp pain strike.

"I have to go"

I take my bag and run out.

"Let me drive you home, I'll catch a taxi back" Niresh behind me shout.

I nod,the pain is getting severe.

My breath is swallowing. He help me get in the car.

"Drive me to the hospital and phone the number saved Hubby"I say breathlessly.

I close my eyes and say a silent prayer.

Chapter Thirty-Nine

Sena Biyela

.

It's funny when you're hosting someone in your house then Boom she act like she is the one hosting you.

I like Lwazi's young siblings, Hope and Jay,although they are their teen-selves sometimes.

I can just slap motherbitch if it wasn't for Lwazi.She pretend this is her house. She doesn't know

how far Lwazi has come.

I'm crossing my fingers to get through the two coming days without get physically or bitchically with her.

What did I say? Look at her rearranging my cupboards.

"Dinner will be ready,set the table NICELY and NEATLY then go call Lwazi and Jay" she barks.

My phone disturbs me from giving her my cute response.

It's Thapelo! I'm so tired of him and Ziphe's drama.

"What now Thaps" I answer hiding my irritation.

He is panting on the other side.This is serious.

"Thapelo what's going..."

"Ziphe is in hospital"

"What happened? Is she okay?" I ask nervously.

He doesn't answer I rush to grab my car keys and bag while texting the others.

I should tell Lwazi but the stairs will delay so I tell his mother that I'm rushing to the hospital my sister has been admitted.

Whatever happened she didn't deserve it.She is my little sister.The pet of the Biyelas.The good one.

I don't stop at the receptionist I just run inside.Luckily I bump to Thapelo at his worst look ever.

"What happened is she okay? Was she shot or it's a car accident? What happened? Is the baby okay?"

Maybe I'm asking lot of questions but he should enlighten me than watching me with his printed forehead.

"Fuck it Thapelo! Where is she?"

"How did you know?"

God help me!

"You called me.Now tell me how...never mind" I leave him and rush toward the door he came from.

Oh my baby sis!

She have her eyes closed breathing softly.

"Babe" I hug her.

She open her eyes, "Mhhh"

"What happened? Did someone stab you?" I say noticing the blood stains on her skirt.

"Let her rest" the voice of a bloody white doctor.

"She is my sister, we talk whenever"

He chuckles, "Right now she is my patient and doesn't talk whenever"

Okay I lose this battle, but before I walk out;

"So 'her doctor' what happened to her,nobody has answered me"

"Your sister suffered a miscarriage, she was four weeks pregnant"

OMW!!

"What? Why?" I ask in devastation.

"We are still running more tests but it look like her bladder has been toxicited with dangerous indigenous herbs."

I'm in shock. I'm sad and I'm scared for both Thapelo and her.

How are they gonna endure a second loss?

I step out of the room to let the doctor continue his duties.

Why Ziphe? She is only 24.How much sadness do one deserve in this cruel world.

Now everybody is in the waiting area,excluding my parents. They are on their way,supposedly.

They all look at me like I'm the doctor here.

"Don't just stand there update us?" Sbu say fiercely.

"She is fine"

They look at me with "carry on" expressions.

I guess Thapelo haven't told them the news.

So I break the news to them. Simtho get emotional, Zanda follows, the others look like they just heard that Somizi is pregnant.

I sigh and sit next to Zanda and comfort her.

Later the doctor comes and allow us to spend a few minutes with her, just as dad and mom comes. Uncle Thobela is here too, his eyes land on my transparent top which reveals my lacy black bra and my bare body.

I pray he doesn't get a chance to shout and judge me.

He is not the type of the uncle you would visit on holidays and bring alcohol with. He is Thobela Biyela, not your typical Malum' Siphos.

Ziphe will spend two days in hospital, they have to clean her.

I'm the first one as we walk out the hospital.

Has God ever been with me? Nope.

"I have come for your lobola negotiations, my brother begged me to come early" he is telling me.

He is right behind me.

"Oh, that's nice. How is the family bab'omncane?" I ask as humble me I can be.

"They are good. So you're ready for marriage?" he ask.

Where are others when I need them the most.

"Yes, I'm ready"

He chuckles, "Your clothing says the opposite"

But God I prayed, what happened!

I keep silent because whatever my mouth says will be wrong.

"You look like those desperate American singers"

He is the king of shades too.

"It's style bab'omncane"

My lovely brother saves the moment as he come rushing to ask him if he is sleeping in the hotel with mom and dad tonight.

"I don't like sleeping in hotels.What if last night they had a prostitute sleeping on the same bed?"

He is something else,I tell you.

Sbu laughs, "They change the covers"

"Exactly son,not the bed"

Why did I park far anyway?

"Don't worry Sena will accommodate you,she have enough rooms"

I want to kick Sbusiso's balls.

"What?" I ask.

"Go take my bag in your father's car MaBiyela.So Sbusiso I hear you are expanding our family furthermore"

Life never loved me.

My mother-in-law and uncle Thobela under one roof.God help me!

Chapter Forty

Ziphelele Biyela

.

We all have looked back in life and thought "why was I so stupid?"

The past can never be undone.Either you accept your mishaps and do better or you dive your soul in regret.

As for me I would be lying if I say I've learnt to live with all that has happened.I keep asking myself tons of questions.

Since when I'm like this? Look where my obsession got me.

My sisters had to know,I confessed my little visit to a witchdoctor and got lot of judgement.

And guess what? Sena knew about the pregnancy and she thought I knew too.

When she explains all the symptoms I've been showing I realize maybe I'm actually dumb than I already know.

My mother organised me a counselling session before I go home. I'm doing it for her peace-of-mind's sake, otherwise I wouldn't budge.

Nobody knows what I'm going through. The absence of my husband just adds to my sorrows. I guess he hates me, not that I blame him.

I'm not even sure he is going to show up and fetch me. I just wish he could give me a chance to explain.

None of this was my intention.

I'm also mourning the death of my baby that I never got to hold.

After the counselling session I go to the shower and freshen up.

Zanda brought me clothes, I hate hospital gowns.

I wear my sandals, knee-length jeans and t-shirt.

I throw the jacket on top, I know I look horrible but at this point in my life my looks are of the minor importance.

"Hi"

I turn to be welcomed by Nireesh's face. If it wasn't for him... I don't know.

"Hey" I greet back.

It's so kind of him to come check up on me. I mean we are not even close, we just know each other from the streets.

"I'm sorry I haven't come to check on you, I've been busy with job hunting. How are you feeling?" he says.

I force a smile and lie, "I'm good, thanks for coming. How is Suresh?"

He grins, "Same"

Okay.

Where is my husband? My time is over in here.

"They're discharging you so early?"

"I have recovered, there is no need for them to keep me here"

We chat a bit, he asks me if my job offer still stands, he has come to his senses.

I really wish I could be more supportive to his family but now I have a lot on my plate.

He hug me and bid goodbyes.

Everything is ready,except my ride.

Oh he is here...

He is tense,he does hug me but he doesn't say a thing except asking if I'm ready.

He load the bag in the backseat and open the door for me,he cares.

I hop in and sit.He comes,start the car and drive off.

My whole family is here,including a very coloured women and two kids who I work out is Sena's in-laws from Cape Town.

I just hope there is no Welcome Back party,but I know my father better than that.

Luckily they are just here to offer their support,which I wish they didn't.

I wanted to be with my husband alone.

"You nearly missed out,Don is getting discharged tomorrow.It look like everybody is getting discharged" Simtho beams.

It good to see her this happy,her smile has been rare.

I just smile at her and walk toward the kitchen where it seems to be less noisy.

"Ow babe look at at this! How do I look?"

She is back on purple hair!

"Take a picture,I want to send Tyzee a picture" she shove the phone in my hand.

All I want is a break tuh!

I click the camera without waiting for her to pose.

"I understand that you just came from the hospital but what you're doing is completely unprofessional"

And who said I'm a professional cameraman?

"Ntombizethu!" my father's voice roars.

"Yes daaaaad.. could you please take a picture of me... only click the cam when I say 'action'.

I leave them,my father will have to deal.

I finally get a break and go to my bedroom.

When they're all gone how is it going to be like?

One by one they all come and check if I'm okay,minute after minute.

The moment I've been dreading is here.

My family walk out the door and the silence in the room can be sliced with a butcher knife.

"Are you okay?" he ask as he realize I'm staring at him.

"Are you okay?" I ask him.

"It's not about me,its about you?"

I decided to ignore him on that and ask if I should make us some tea.

"Nope,I don't want tea I want my child"

For a moment I think I heard him wrong.

"What?"

"My child,the one you decided to abort,I want it"

I lose all the control I had on my emotions and cry.

He think I aborted!

"Ziphelele I don't know why you're the one crying,you got what you wanted your muti worked wonders.I had no idea I was marrying a witch,you killed my child you devil" his last words is accompanied by tears.

He then take a vase and smash it on the floor and leave weeping like a child.

What have my life become?

Chapter Forty-One

Nozipho Biyela

.

"She is pregnant again" that's what everybody is saying.

I feel like I have been nothing but a pregnant woman to these gossipers.I've learnt to not give a fuck.

That exactly what I've been doing lately,I don't give a fuck.Not even for my job,I have hired a temporary head designer and added management staff members.I stay at home,cook,play with my kids and shop carelessly.

I'm very lazy.You must thank God if you see me up before nine.Sbu have learnt to deal.

"MaZuzu"

I must keep the door locked,my sister-in-laws have no stop.

I lift my head from the yoghurt that I'm destroying.

Oh and MaZuzu is a name that pops out from their mouths because I'm Mazungu.

"Hi" I say.

"I can't believe you're pregnant again"

That line that I hate with passion.

"I've only been pregnant once,you guys take it as if I'm always pregnant" I say angrily.

She laughs, "Okay okay I'm not here to discuss pregnancies.Im here to talk about the HOUSE PARTYYYYY!!"

I know no house party.

"What?"

"The one we are throwing for Don tomorrow" she is beaming.

We???

"We are throwing a party?" I ask.

"Yeap,I'm thinking we should invite Dj Melvo"

I get a headache without listening to any BANG music,just the thought of it.

"No it will be just dinner,not tomorrow,on the weekend.We must give him space"

She want to argue but I always have a backup,I'm team-Sbu!

"Yeah mama is right"

Why he is here so early anyway?

"Aargh! Boring bastards" Zethu grunts.

"What did you say?" Sbu asks.

His mood have been stinky lately.It all has to do with Ziphelele.

"I said I must buy a bikini" she replies.

I laugh as Sbu stares at her with slapping wishes.

"We are going to Thapelo's,Ziphe is getting discharged today" he says.

I thought we agreed on giving people 'space' after hospitalisation.

"We will ride on Zethu's car" I say.

I really don't feel like being alone with the elephant him.

I regret it as soon as she start driving.She is not driving she is flying.Nicki Minaj is bursting my eardrums.

Sbu is lost in his own world.I also feel sorry for Ziphe and Thapelo.Its not an easy road,it will take time for them to heal especial Ziphe.

Thapelo has turned into something I don't know.It would've been okay if it was just a natural miscarriage but finding the muti that killed his child was just a destruction.

We're here.You would think we have a ceremony judging by the number of cars parked outside.

"How was the ride?" she ask.

Really?

She opens the doors for us.Let me repeat; Zethu open the car doors for us.

I must give Tyson a round of applause,he is hitting it right!

We get in and greet.Why are they speaking so softly like somebody died.

The woman??? Lwazi's mom.

She is beautiful,not even a doll is like her.Pity I have no respect for her.Sena has told everybody how evil she is.

"Finally I see a somebody" she say smiling at me.

I don't return a smile I just look at her.

"Nozipho Faya,right?"

Oh she is about that! Wait did she just throw my family a shade?

"Yep" I say.

Biyela and his no-nonsense brother are just quiet and staring at her.

Fiki start by coughing dramatically,Sena follows with a loud laugh.

"Zethu there is a word out there that says you're a nobody,what is your comment on this issue?"
Simtho says pretending to be a journalist.

"I say...mhhh.. what am I going to say? It's so hard for me to think these days with all the wrinkled witches sharing the same Durban oxygen as me"

Sbu intervene, "Guys not now!"

I was going to enjoy this,his father wasn't saying anything what is his problem?

Lwazi's mom is too light in complexion and I think she is starting to think she is white like her husband.

"Okay maybe I should just sing for you guys,now we look really sad,let me cheer you up" Zethu says.

Biyela stand and leave,followed by Uncle Thobela.

We endure listening to Zethu singing Diamonds.When she finishes we vote.

"I'll give you 1/5" Sena says.

They exchange harsh words.

"Why are you a horrible singer,aren't you Sbu's sister?" I ask.

"Preggie" she tease and laugh.

Nx!

Later Thapelo comes followed by Ziphe.They need to resolve their issues,we should've given them space.

At least Ziphe can pretend.Thapelo!!!

He is way too broken.

"Hey!" I greet him as everyone fuss over Ziphe.

"Hey"

I sit next to him, "You'll be fine,have you talked to her?"

"Talked about what?"

Good thing he doesn't scare me now, "About everything,you need to heal and that means talking to her about everything"

He sigh, "I don't know if I can do that"

"Don't be negative"

He chuckles, "To be honest Nozipho I don't know,maybe I'm not cut out to be a husband.Look how I'm failing at everything,maybe I should just lose it all,I've already lost my baby"

He doesn't mean that,he is just hurt.

"I mean it!" he adds.

Chapter Forty-Two

Ziphelele Biyela

.

He walked out.I've been sitting on the couch waiting for him to come home.

Time goes,tears dry out,my life is breaking apart.

My heart keep telling me he will come back,we will talk things through and grieve together.Hopes keep me waiting till 2am.

I have no sleep at all but maybe I should allow my body to rest.

I wonder where he is? I know if I call my brother I will find out but I also don't want my family to meddle in my marital problems.

I don't know when the sleep conquered me,when I wake up I hear the water running in the

bathroom.

He came back in the early hours of morning. He wouldn't come so early from either of his friends.

I'm lost in my thoughts as he walk in wrapped in towel barefooted.

I knew he wasn't going to greet me but the fact that he slept out should make him feel a bit guilty.

"Hi" I greet.

His silence pierces my heart.

"We did the 'for better or worse" I can't control the shakiness in my voice.

He click his tongue, "I'll be moving to the spareroom till I find my own apartment"

No, he is not serious.

"Thapelo I just lost my child and you want to move out, really?"

I get furious, I get it that this is my fault but for him to kick me when I'm already down.

"I want..." he start but I furiously shout at him.

"You're not the one who experienced massive miscarriage pain twice in less than 5 years"

"So this is about you? You Ziphelele, always. What about my children who never get to live because of your recklessness" he shout and throw everything he had on his hands on the floor.

My eyes burn with tears, "So you blame me? You think I wanted all this to happen"

"No you're a naive, reckless spoilt brat. Why on earth would you go to witchdoctors? Didn't I tell you we will wait until God..."

"Hey you fuckin' son of a dealer what do you know about God?"

I really never intended to say that and I regret it as soon as I realise I've just said it.

He scratch his face and pace up and down.

The next thing he does is pulling a big bag and shoving whatever belongings of him inside.

"Babe I didn't mean..I'm sorry, please let's talk my love"

He give me a loud tongue-click and throw a shoe against our framed photo on the wall.

"Thapelo" I call nervously.

He walk out with his bag,I wail.

I love Thapelo, I can't imagine my life without him.I wish this is all a passing phase.

After a while I drag myself to the bathroom and wash myself.

I dress up and text my sisters 'goodmorning' because if I don't they will think something is wrong and show up,which is the last thing I need.

For the first time in my life I find consolation in the whisky,his whisky.

I should be recovering and taking things easy as per doctor's instructions, but life is throwing me in the different direction of that.

My head feel a bit light,I fall against the table as I try standing up to make myself something to eat.

My mind tell me I could do with some company.

I scroll down my phone and come across Niresh's number.

He ask if anything is wrong,I just tell him to take a cab and come over it urgent.

I don't pay attention to how much I've drank,it just feels so good.

All my problems are gone,why am I crying?

I should just laugh but the knock disturbs me.

I open,it my guest.

"Are you drunk?"

I laugh, "Is that the first thing you going to ask me Niri? How about 'hey Ziphe where is your husband"

He get in and look all around,

"Why are you drinking so early in the morning?"

"Early morning, late in the evening, tell me what exactly is the difference?"I ask.

He pulls me to the chair, "I was in town,what is so urgent?"

Nothing, that's the funny part. I called him for nothing.

"Where is my husband?" I ask him and cry.

He is not sure how to comfort me so he pulls me for a hug.

I hold on him, only if Thapelo could be like him.

I brush his chest, he push me, but I hold him tightly.

"Please, you're drunk go to the bed" he instruct.

I cry and throw my arms around his neck.

He try pushing me away but I attack his mouth with my lips.

I don't know what I'm doing but it eases the pain.

He firstly kiss me back but then he pushes me furiously, I fall on my butt.

"No sir, I wasn't kissing her she is drunk, she called me here saying it's urgent. Please believe me I don't want any trouble"

Who is he talking about? Is he...

OMW!! My body shivers, all the alcohol wash off my system.

Thapelo!!

His eyes are fixed exactly on me.

Niresh walk toward him in order to walk out but he punches him right on his nose.

He stumbles and knock his head on the door, he kick him and shove him out the door.

I try to stand up as he charges toward me. He grab me by the arm.

I stand up ready for a hard slap but he doesn't hit me instead he look me in the eyes and ask,

"Who are you bitch?"

I swallow, I have no right words to say right now. I'm surely losing my husband.

Chapter Forty-Three

Zanda Dlamini

.

We are having breakfast with Sbusiso. God knows what drove him out of his house early on the morning.

The way he is gobbling on his plate, Nozi must cook for him, really now.

He put more slices of toasts and another egg.

"Are you hungry or you're here to exploit my food?"

I'm used to their way of communicating. The rule is offend and don't get offended.

He doesn't answer, he reach for Mandla's plate with his fork and take ring onions.

"Mhhh Ziphe you've outdone yourself. You should teach me these so that I can surprise Nozipho with B-in-B" he says while chewing.

Him and Nozi, you'll never get used on how much they love each other.

"Why are you here again?" Mandla asks.

He swallow and look at him,

"To eat, obviously"

I laugh, "We are happy to have you over. I can't wait for Don, eish"

Mandla laughs, "Me too, for now"

"For now?" I ask laughing.

"After three days of his presence we will wish another Loyiso will come and shoot him"

Broken sense of humor!

They both laugh and say how peaceful the world has been without him.

"But the clubs have been losing money, who was buying all the alcohol" Sbu says.

Idiots!

Mandla laughs, "He is such an effect"

The laughter is disturbed by Thapelo and a large bag.

He look at us, we look at him. What is going on?

"I'm sorry to disturb" he says and walk past us.

I think he is moving in but the question is for the why?

Mandla look at Sbusiso, he frowns and shrugs.

"You go" Mandla says.

"No you go" Sbu replies.

These two idiots!

I stand up and follow him. I don't care if he needs space but I need to know what's going on?
Where is Ziphe?

I find him in the spare room putting his range of shoes inside the closet.

"Hey, u-right?"

He look at me briefly then back to his activity.

"I'm alright Zanda"

He is lying and he knows it, but I don't push I just look at him.

"I'm moving in, I hope you don't mind, I'll hardly make a sound"

I'm not concerned about that. He is my concern, why is he moving in?

"Join us for breakfast" I say and walk out without waiting for his response.

"What is happening?" Mandla ask before I could sit down.

"I don't know but he is moving in, he doesn't look good" I say in almost whisper.

We continue with breakfast hardly saying a word to each other. Sbu look more concerned.

After a while Mandla comes, and sit with us. His eyes are red and burning with fire.

"I'll get a plate" I say.

"No it's okay, I'll have water"

I thought he was having breakfast with us.

He pours himself a glass of water from the bottle and drink.

Sbu clears his throat, "What's up?"

Thapelo look at him lost.

"What is wrong bru?" Mandla asks.

Maybe it's something private, I should excuse myself and give them space.

I leave them, when I'm safely on my bed I dial Ziphe's number.

It rings unanswered, which get me worried.

I phone Zethu, she answers when I'm about to drop.

"I was just about to call, it's Tyson's birthday in seven weeks and I'm still not sure what to do for him"

That's like in two months to come. She is dramatic I tell you.

I sigh, "Zethu Biyela"

I can feel her rolling her eyes, "You're the one who called nywe nywe, what up?"

"Please go to Ziphe's place, she is not picking up her phone. I'm worried" I say.

"She is probably having make-up sex with the beast, why would I traumatise myself like that?"

I laugh,

"The thing is the beast just walked in with his bag looking furious, I think something happened"

"Mhhh my life have no chill! I'll go let's hope she didn't poison his food with muti and got caught"

This girl is something else.

I gasp, "Zethu!"

"I'm kidding, I'll phone you when I get there"

She drop the call leaving me stunned.

I'm pacing up and down with the phone in my hand.

I hope Ziphe is okay, she is a great person despite all the mistakes.

"What are you doing?"

I look at him at the doorway. He look so fucked up.

"Are you okay?" I ask.

"Thapelo is not" he answers.

They amazingly love each other.

"I saw,what is it?" I don't care if I sound nosy.

"They fought, he moved out but then he realized he forgot his office keys then drove back to find her kissing the dude who rushed her to hospital. It's fucked up babe"

I wasn't ready for this. It doesn't sound like the Ziphe I know.

I guess pain make you do unthinkable things.

Later Zethu calls and tell me Ziphe is home but everything is a mess.She is breaking things from doors to windows to bathroom mirrors.

I run past Mandla and grab my keys in the lounge and speed out.

We should be celebrating,Don is coming home today,it should be exciting with lot of joy in the atmosphere.

In this life each laughter is destroyed by pain.

Chapter Forty-Four

Senamile Biyela

.

I'm cursed.I have a curse in my blood,that's what the late scenes of my life is showing me

I'm actually the less fortunate one in the family.

Why? Because I have an irritating mother-in-law who is pretending to be sick and I'm cooking her a soft porridge right now because I'm making a wifey impression to my uncle, who I don't know where he took my son to early morning.

Sigh! My son must be hungry wherever he is.

My uncle have been nothing but a boss ever since he came.He have forced me to obey Lwazi's mom,I have to prove to him that I'm not a brat,I'm respectful.

Lwazi is Judas,he is taking my uncle's side on everything.

I need a breather!

"Quinton is not back?" Jay ask behind me.

"No, I don't know where they are because all the cars are here and beside my uncle can't drive"
I'm getting really worried.

"Talking about cars, do you mind if I borrow the Vivo?"

He is eighteen and it's his brother's first car so I don't care.

"You can, just make sure you don't break a single thing because that is our ancestral car"

He hug me from behind, I nearly spill the porridge that I'm stirring.

"Sorry, I'm just happy. I'll take Hope with me" he say happily.

"You're going now? What about breakfast?" I ask.

"We will grab a Wimpy's" he runs off.

Minus two troubles.

When the porridge is thoroughly cooked I pour it in the bowl and put all the necessities on the tray. This is a curse!

She is on bed, makeup on point, hair neatly tied, busy giggling on her phone. So sick!

"For my patient" I say putting a tray beside her.

"You're so kind but I would've enjoyed a glass of warm water first" she says high on attitude.

"When you're done eating, you can have that water. You know where my kitchen is" I say flashing a smile.

I walk away. She is not sick, she is doing this to make me suffer. We will see where this game ends.

"You gave them my car" the big baby whines.

"It's just an old car"

I walk away from him as fast as I can.

He is not concerned about bab'omncane's disappearance with Quinton. He told me they are men and I hate him for that.

"What's for breakfast?" he is following me.

He never take hints.

"I'll make breakfast when I see my son" I say and throw myself on the couch.

"You're so dramatic mama ka Quinton, your uncle is a sane old man"

Whatever!

I hop through channels and settle on E. I need my mind at peace.

After a good while I hear his little giggle outside. Pheww!!

I was supposed to hug him and confront uncle Thobela about taking my son out in the morning without acknowledging me. But I'm not, instead I have my jaws on the floor.

No, he did not!

"Bab'omncane!" I scream.

He is chilled,

"I thought with all the rich air around the suburbs they're actual clever but no they are as stupid as they come" he says.

Two live birds on Quinton's hands and one dead on his hand and isihlilingi.

"You can't shoot these birds bab'omncane, it's illegal. You'll get arrested"

I don't think he understands a single word I've said.

"Here you get arrested for killing a mere bird?"

God be with me!

"It's nature" I say in emphase.

"I kill birds everyday back home and nobody cares" he says.

"They are not like these birds"

He is not interested.

"Birds are birds, beside these are not even eatable so what's special about them?"

Sigh! I'm riding a still train.

He walk past me. Quinton is already somewhere shouting excitedly. I'll deal with him later.

I did say I'm the less fortunate one. Shortly after them I get a call from the concerned neighbor, on about a man who have been shooting God's birds outside her house. I apologize to

her and assure her that no birds were killed. I also had to lie that my uncle is a bit mentally disturbed.

Shoot me!

I start with breakfast and set the table. I call everybody.

Lwazi and uncle Thobela are buddies. I'm surprised cause uncle Thobela love none of our boyfriends. He should be preaching and criticizing cohabiting.

"Why do you burn them?" he asks.

I forgot he is not a fan of toasts. I keep shut and go take a loaf of brown bread.

We have normal Zulu people in my family, you should know.

"Thank you ndodakazi. As I was saying son, whites should stop pretending as if they own God's nature"

He is still on about the birds.

Lwazi chuckles, "They are just worried some species will extinct and future generations will only hear about them"

Uncle Thobela dip his bread inside the cup of black tea then bite. Quinton is looking at him with praise.

He also dip his toast inside his juice and bite. He doesn't drink tea. He is also my uncle's biggest buddy.

"Mkhulu when are the birds eating breakfast?" he ask.

"We will feed them later boy don't worry"

"Where are the birds going to stay?" I had to ask because definitely not inside my house.

"In the storeroom" Lwazi replies.

I shoot him a killer look.

"You know baba you can stay until tomorrow, I'll get a driver to drive you to Mandeni. You need to see this museum I was talking about" he says looking at bab'omncane.

I think he just want to annoy me. He is not getting sex for two days.

The madam appears wearing a fluffy gown.

"You forgot to bring me the glass of water sweetie" she says pretending to be having difficulties with speaking out loud.

"How are you feeling sisi?" uncle Thobela asks looking at her pitifully.

She coughs and fan herself with hand.

I look at Lwazi and find that he is looking at me. We share a secret laughter.

"Sena you'll go buy her strong pain tablets later" Lwazi says hiding a smile.

You should've seen my fake concerned face.

It turns out Madam is not a fan of pills. She suddenly pretends to be getting better. She is such an actress.

I then receive a call from Fiki.

It's sound like she is driving "Come to Ziphe's place, there is a disaster in paradise"

I sigh, "Do I need to come though, yazi I'm dealing with a lot right now"

"Yes, Ziphe is drunk and destroying the house" she says.

"They will buy a new one Fikile I'm busy" I say.

"Okay I'll update you, don't tell anyone especially uncle Thobela"

"No problem"

An evil plan comes to my mind. I walk toward the table so that everybody hears.

"Don't lie Fikile where did you get those madumbe's?" I say loud.

Fiki on the other side is confused, "What madumbe?"

I laugh, "No you can't, I mean how are you going to make that steam bread without buying inhloko meat"

Fiki curse, "Bitch are you crazy, I'm gonna drop you"

I sigh, "Pity you'll be eating all that alone..okay,bye"

I drop the phone.

"Was that Fikile? " he ask.

I nod, "Yes bab'omncane"

He smiles, "I'm sorry my kids but I think I won't be around here for longer"

I sing silently, "uJesu ufik' ekuseni"

Chapter Forty-Five

Fikile Biyela

.

One of these days I'm taking a holiday to far far away, just to have wine and relax. This family have endless drama.

As an older sister I have to sit down with a crazy Ziphe and talk some sense into her head.

She obeys me and sit with a glass of wine.

"Can you stop drinking?" I ask.

She sip, "Not that again Fiki"

She is getting out of control. Maybe Thapelo did the right thing about marrying her young, she would've turned worst than all of us.

"What is the problem?" I ask.

"Thapelo, that is my problem"

I gather myself, "Talk to me babe, what is happening?"

She gulp the wine first and tell me everything from A-Z.

"You're not the right one, have you thought about it as if you're in his shoes?" I ask.

She clap her hands, "I can't believe my own sister is taking his side!"

I roll my eyes unintentionally, "There are no sides Ziphelele, your husband is hurting and you go and cheat on him"

"I was hurting, he just left me, we are supposed to be going through this together. Why can't anyone understand my pain?" she start crying.

"Ziphe he caught you kissing a man in his damn house and you called him the son of a dealer. Why you bringing his father up? You know what it does to him, our father is not perfect either"

Truthful speaking you can't bring somebody's parents imperfections when arguing. It's totally wrong, I don't care how angry you are.

"I regret it,okay.I just want him to hear me out"

"I don't know, maybe you need a mediator because both of you can't talk and listen to each other.Maybe it's time for marriage counselling"

"It won't stop him from blaming me.It make me so mad that he think I was aborting while I've been whining everyday to him about having a baby"

I sigh, "He is hurt,please go and talk to him before dad and mom find out"

She stand, "Right now I don't care who the judgement comes from, I'll deal with this pain on my own"

She walk away.At least I tried.I might as well get myself a glass of wine.

I don't know where she went,I get myself a glass and pour the wine.

Zethu has left to fetch her helping lady to come help us clean the mess in this house. So long I'll be having my wine by the balcony with a broken door.

I plug headset in my ears and drink, drink, drink.

"I can't believe you didn't watch her after you promised.Where is she?" Zethu ask angrily.

"Don't shout,I'm older than you.She is upstairs somewhere" I say.

I don't know why she is pretending that Ziphe is a lunatic.

Anyway how long I've been sitting here?

"She may have hanged herself by now and you're drinking"

Zethu is being ridiculous right now.

"Argh! Stop it,she is okay I talked with her"

I follow her inside the house.My sharp nose tell me someone is smoking a cigarette.But who?

Fuck her!

I snatch it from her and slap her so hard.

"Just for a few hours of pain you're already acting like a stupid hoe."

She hold her cheek, "You hit me Fikile Trinity Biyela!"

I shouldn't have, but she asked for it.

"Stupid bitches like you deserve more than that. We all have been through shit in this family but no one ever acted like you. Not even Simtho, what is your pain compared to hers"

She start crying, "You're taking his side"

I click my tongue, "Grow up! Own up to your mistakes"

Zethu nudge me, "Enough! Ziphe all she is saying is deal with your problems clear minded. Don't neutralize your pain because you'll lose you husband just like that" she say snapping her fingers.

"And there is always a desperate woman ready to snatch him just like that" I add.

"I've never been in so much pain. When I lost my first baby the thought of having another baby soon kept me going. Now I've lost that second baby and my husband is leaving me, what is going to keep me going?" she say in tears.

I look at Zethu, we have no clue what to say.

All we do is to beg her to stay strong. Nobody said marriage was steak and kidney.

"Who have been smoking?"

We turn to look at him. Son of Abraham!!

"What is going on here? Nobody told me about the robbery" he says looking around with a frown.

I fear what is going to happen in here.

"Ziphelele, Ntombizethu, Fikile!" he says in a low commanding voice.

"Dad" I say.

"What is going here? What is this I hear about Indian boys and Ziphelele disrespecting Mokoena's house?" he ask me.

"But dad Ziphe is right here" I say.

I mean why I should be representing her?

"I don't want to talk with alcoholics"

Oops!

"She is hurting dad" I defend.

"Oh ya I forgot, Thapelo is also out there drowning herself in alcohol and cheating because he is hurting" he says.

I keep quiet.

"Pack your things little lady you're going to Inkandla tomorrow"

What???

"Dad,they should be talking, how are they going to talk if Ziphe is miles away" I ask.

"Go Ziphelele" he command.

Ziphe staggers away.What is wrong with Muzi?

"Mokoena said he is not ready to talk,until they both realise that they need it each other there is nothing to talk about"

With that said he walk out.

"Tjoh!" Zethu exclaims.

I don't think my father is thinking this clearly. They deserve a chance to sort this out on their own.

We help Ziphe pack her bags, she is crying nonstop.

"Shame you'll bath in the river, beware of crocodiles" Zethu says zipping one bag.

"Zethu" I exclaim.

"What? It's not like she is going to a hotel, they eat roots and rabbits there"

I laugh and ask her to stop.She knows how to worsen sticky situations.

Later we all leave to our different directions.

There is a car parked outside my house. It's Sena.

She open the door, "Why did you change the locks?"

"I changed them because of you" I reply.

She close the door while shouting that I have something on my hair. Weird!

When she is near she whispers,

"Bab'omncane is here because Simtho told him that you cook good steam bread and madumbes"

What???

"No"

She laughs, "He doesn't laugh with kids, if I was you I would be making arrangements to have a steam bread and madumbe right now"

She walk away and take the bag from the car.

Just as I'm wondering uncle Thobela appears from the back of the house singing a certain song,whistling in between.

"Ndodakazi" he is greeting.

I smile, "Baba"

He shake my hand, "I decided to pay you a visit,hopefully your food is much better than Senamile's"

"Much better bab'omncane, you'll taste her steam bread with inhloko meat today.Tell him about your madumbes Fiki' Sena says.

First I don't know how to make steam bread,secondly I've never cooked inhloko meat before and thirdly I don't like amadumbe.

But I'll make a plan,I can't have a Thobela Biyela on my neck all day.

Sena will regret this!

Chapter Forty-Six

Zethu Biyela

.

I've always been the family ghetto. I always get what I want either front-way or back-way.Talking about 'getting what I want' I think I want a Spain vacation with my bae.Work will have to wait,my dad will deal with it.

"Love"

He is always here,early in the mornings.If we didn't spend the night together his face is the first thing I see.

"Hey sweetheart" I greet back.

He doesn't take his shoes off and slip in beside me then kiss my lips,more like lip-brushing.

"Why are you not taking out your shoes?" I ask.

He smile,"Why don't you take them off me sweetface?"

I grunt,

"We are going to Spain next week" I say.

He just look at me while pushing his shoes off.He should be happy.

"Did you hear me? A bae-vacation to Spain!!"

"What about my businesses? Babe you know I can't just up and leave I run multi businesses that requires my full attention" he says and then kiss my hand.

"I also run businesses,if I can make time to be with you surely you can also do it"

I'm starting to get angry,but I can't be angry at him because I don't want us to fight after all the bragging I did to my sisters about us being the most tight couple.

He lean his head on the headboard,

"I'm responsible, nobody pick my mess for me.I have to do everything according to schedule."

I think he just referred to me as the irresponsible businesswoman.

"You have a whole week to arrange everything, it's not like we're going forever,it will be just three days or four" I say.

He sigh, "We will do it,just not next week"

"If it not next week then it never" I say then pick my phone and log on Twitter.

He snatch the phone,"I want to be with you,how is Simtho anyway?"

The way he say Simtho make me wanna laugh but remember I'm upset about the Spain trip.

"She is okay,getting fucked soon." I reply.

He chuckles, "Isn't it a bit too early for that,black people mourn for years as far as I know"

"Not applicable in the divaland"

"So if I die you'll not wait even six months before jumping on bed with another guy?" he ask with some underlying anger.

We're not talking about me here,it's Simtho.

"You'll probably die when I'm fifty,so no,I'll probably buy myself a dildo"

Anger all gone. He laugh out loud.

"Did you see Coco?" I ask.

He stop laughing,"She was wandering around the kitchen"

She must be hungry. That dog is always hungry,she eat more than me.

"She is a foodgobbler,I think I'll return her to Simtho" I say.

He look at me disapprovingly, "Do you ever get responsible for anything?"

"Noted" I say.

"What is noted?" he ask.

"That you've called me irresponsible twice in less than thirty minutes"

He literally roll his eyes on me, "You're responsible for holding grudges"

"And for sucking your dick"

He laugh,I don't. I'm mad,he think he is better than me.

I get off bed,kick his shoes off the way.

"I'm so done with your responsible ass"

I walk to the bathroom and fill the tub with warm water while singing.I sing to stay calm and I am a good singer as far as I know.

I find him still on the bed.He is scrolling my phone. This man just want to be on my bad side today.

"You still smoke?" he ask his eyes glued on the phone.

He is looking at my pictures.

"La..lala..la..lalala" I ignore him and sing.

He doesn't respect my privacy, this one day I found him reading my diary, who does that?

"Where were you here?" he asks turning the screen to my face.

Should I tell him it's none of his business?

"Some club you wouldn't know" I say.

He zooms it in and frowns, "Were you with this guy? The one with a glass behind you"

"No"

He is so irritating when he is paranoid and insecure.

He sits up straight, "I don't believe this"

He looks so worked up.

"Do you know him?" I ask.

"No..Yes, is your dad still in Durban?"

"No, what do you want from him?"

"Never mind"

Mxm!

Coco barks in the passage. She is such an annoying dog. When she was still with Simtho she didn't bark, she was the nicest dog I've ever seen. Now she barks, she is always grumpy and eating.

Maybe she is pregnant.

"Who?"

Oops! I thought out loud.

"Coco" I say.

"She is not, she misses Simtho"

What is he now? A dog analyser.

"I'm going to feed her then I'm off to see Don"

He jumps off bed, "I'll go with you"

I stop and look at him, "What about your businesses responsibility?"

I don't let anything slide,he must know that.

"You're not safe" he says.

Not safe???

"I'm not safe from what?"

He look away, "There is a lot hijacking in Durban"

Now I think he is hiding something.

"Who is that guy on the picture Tyson and why am I not safe?" I ask angrily.

He swallow and look at me ready to lie.

"Truth Tyson,truth!"

He sigh, "His name is Lebo"

"And how do you know him?" I ask.

"We used to work with Mr M,he was a computer pro but things went wrong,he disappeared"

Works for Mr M?

"Tyson you worked for my dad? How? Why?"

He look frightened, "I was young.Look I didn't..."

"No no no! So you're with me for revenge on my father? Geez! You're a thug,you want to kill me" I run to the kitchen and open the lower drawers.

I have a gun and I know how to use it.

He appears,I cock it and point to him.

He rub his face, "Put it down,your friend or brother is waiting for you"

He is red with anger.

"Take off my necklace, you and your friends want to kill me.What is your plan hheh?"

He walk toward me.

"When you're ready to listen I'll explain everything. Now feed the dog and go to your friend" he

say calmly while taking the gun away.

"How many guns do you own? This kitchen is a danger zone"

I keep quiet and give Coco food and then eat my cereal.He watch me silently.

"Coco let's go girl" I say whistling for Coco.

He walk closely behind me. I'm not sharing a car with him.

I get in my car,he get in his and hoot for me.I just drive off.

Well at least he is not following me.

My father! That sly,he knew Tyson but pretended not to.

Look at how Loyiso and Simtho ended.He was my father's guy too.So how do I trust Tyson?

Talking about sly people, what is Sena doing here after we planned to visit Don together on weekend.

They are around the kitchen table laughing.Sbu and his wife are here too.

Sena is the first to see me, "What are you doing here?" she ask.

"What are you doing here bitch?" I ask.

She laugh, "Clearing my head, motherbitch extended her vacation"

What? I laugh at her.

"Hi ghost" I greet and hug Don.

"You smell good, where is your boyfriend?"

I glare Sena.

"I didn't tell him" she protest.

I look at Sbu

"Don't look at me,I know nothing nor my wife" he says.

I unzip my bag and take out the champagne.

"Glasses!" I walk to the cupboard and take out five glasses.

I pour while they look at me with shock.Do they not know champagne?

"Are you crazy?" Sbu asks.

"Don't be a left foot..lift your glasses and toast to Don homecoming"

Sena grab it first, followed by Don.

I look at Sbu, he slowly reach for a glass.

"We're in this together Sbusiso, don't you dare!" Nozi says firmly.

Sbu let go of the glass.

"Your loss! Here is to Don"

We toast and drink.

"You know what let's drink this awful morning away" I say pouring some more.

"Zethu you're such a bad influence, stay away from my kids" Nozipho says as Don gulp the second glass.

"You should be relaxing and staying healthy" Sbu says.

"Champagne is healthy" Sena says.

We laugh and then a throat clears.

Slice me!

"You must be..."

He cut in, "Tyson, Zethu's boyfriend"

I roll my eyes. He is such an annoying person.

"Now we're going white. So do you know the Biyelas clan names?" Don asks.

Tyson clears his throat, he thought the family interrogation was over. He must wait until he meet my Inkandla cousin Nduku.

"Stick with me buddy,I'll teach you"

He smile then look at me,

"You forgot the gift you bought for him yesterday"

I didn't buy Don any gift except the champagne.

I take the bag, "Oh yeah"

What's inside?

Don snatch it,"I knew deep down you loved and appreciate all the great things I've done for you."

He look at whatever it is,

"Thank you Zethu"

He is getting emotional. I want to ask what is it but remember I'm the one who bought it.

It's a little silver statue of a soldier. There is also a written silver framed slate.

Written: HE TAKE THE BULLET, HE SURVIVE THE STORM AND KEEP GOING BECAUSE HE IS A TRUE SOLDIER.

I hear Wows around the table.

"I'm gonna get you a gift too" Nozi says.

"Thank you Zethu, you're now my favourite" Don says.

"You can actually hang this in the lounge,where did you buy this Zethu?" Sena asks.

I look at Tyson, he shake his head.

"If I tell you I'll have to kill you"

Tyson put his thumb up for me.

"Tyson you can buy it for me too,I'll pretend I bought it to my mother-in-law"

I choke. I think I'm gonna go help her mother-in-law suffocate her.She is a bitch.

Chapter Forty-Seven

Sena Biyela

.

The thought of going home and come back when she's gone have crossed my mind but I fought against it.This is my house and I won't let anyone think less.

I don't like this woman and the feeling is mutual. She throw shades every chance she get,I think she is jealous.I filled her void in Lwazi's life.

"You could be a good cook if you put less salt in your meat,your pasta is not bad" I compliment her at dinner table.

All the effort I did pushing my heart to let my mouth say that, but she still hate on me.

She doesn't take it as the compliment, she say I'm ungrateful and jealous of her cooking.Baam!!!

Lwazi is not home during dinner.It's becoming a habit,if he is not running late meetings he is having drinks with Scott or doing unfinished paperwork in his office.

After dinner I go with Quinton and Jay to Q's bedroom. Jay start telling him a story about the king of birds.

Quinton is interested and actually believe birds once talked.

"Wow,can you please start from the owl part again uncle Jay?"

It going to be a long night!

Jay start telling again, I'm bored but I want to be here so that I can put his socks on once he sleep.He hate wearing socks,on cold nights like this I sneak them on his feet once he sleep.He cry about it in the mornings.

After Jay has told the story four times he finally fall asleep.

"I want my own little guy" Jay says looking at me pushing the pillow under Quinton's head.

"All in good time Jay,you need to focus on school" I say.

"I can manage school and being a father"

This kid think parenthood is pap and vleis.

"Trust me you don't wanna go there" I say.

He stand up,"I do actually, I want to leave a part of me when I die"

I stop what I'm doing, "You're not dying soon,wait till you're thirty then you can say that"

He chuckles, "I am,I have a heart condition and a few months to kick off"

I choke on my saliva, "What?"

He shrugs,"I've accepted it,I'm already trying for a baby with a girl back home. She is not up for motherhood though"

My knees shake,he is only eighteen. He can't die,whatever condition it is doctors can ammend

it.

"Does Lwazi know?" I ask.

He shake his head, "No,I don't want him and Hope to find out they will want to try and find help.Honestly I don't need help I only need a person with a warm heart to raise my baby for me"

He stares at me.No!!!!

"Jay" I say in almost whisper.

"You're a great woman,I've seen you with my brother and Quinton"

I shake my head,"I'll get doctors,specialist from overseas, you deserve to live Jason" I beg.

He smile, "See,you have a good heart.I appreciate that but no thanks I don't want another surgery.This is the second heart"

I fail holding in, "Why? You're so young and deserve life"

I may have judged Jay and Hope when I first saw them but as time goes I learnt that they are good kids.

"I know, but not everybody is destined for long good lives.So what do you say?"

My emotions are all over the place, I don't know what to think or say.

"Okay,you can think about it and get back to me later" he take my hand to lift me up.

"And it's between me and you,my brother must not find out"

My life will never be the same again if I know I let him die.

"I promise" I lie.

I break down as soon as I shut the door in my bedroom.

I don't know him that much but this is too much. I have a heart, I care about young people.

I take a long shower,it make me feel better.

I don't have time to ask shit when Lwazi finally walk in looking drained out.

He kiss my cheek,"Are you alright babe?"

I nod.

"I'll take a bath and then give you a massage, I love you okay"

He doesn't even know why I'm sad but he is trying to lift my mood up. This man knows me like the back of his hand.

He walk out, to check Quinton and kiss him goodnight. He is such an absent dad.

I can't get any sleep, Lwazi is bathing.

He walk back in and put his pyjamas on and join me.

"You're angry I wasn't home for dinner?" he ask.

I keep quiet. I am angry at him for that but right now that is not the case.

"I promise things will be okay, soon enough my company will be on track and I will be a man you've always wished for"

I chuckle, "If your employees had required experience maybe you would be spending time with your family and focus on giving your siblings love"

He look at me amused, "Where is my Sena?"

Does he think I'm that horrible?

"What are you trying to say" I ask.

"That the Sena I know wouldn't have said such courageous dissing words" he says.

"How do you go and not bang your head on the walls with such defective mind? Your level of stupidity never cease to amaze me"

I pull the blankets over my head. I can hear him breathing next to me, he is frustrated.

When I wake up in the morning he is not on bed. He must have already gone to work, right.

I go check Quinton and find him and Hope playing watching cartoons. I leave and go take a bath.

I dress up and go downstairs only to find Lwazi setting the table.

I ignore him and walk out the door to get some morning fresh air around the pool.

"Mom breakfast!!!" Quinton yells.

I walk back and notice Zethu's car parking. What now!!!

I find everyone around the table and sit.

The door opens, "Guess who came to have breakfast with you?" she ask very cheerful.

Lwazi laughs, "Tyzee"

Oh she love that! She blow Lwazi a kiss,they must've sorted out their issues with Tyson.

"Hello sista,hi chickens (to Jay and Hope) and hi Lwazi my love" she says taking a seat and grabbing a glass,pouring a juice.

"Oh hey mam,you look stunning." she say looking at Lwazis mom.

"Good morning" she say with a satisfactory smile.

"You're beautiful,in and out I hope,I like your fingerprints" Zethu continues.

She is here for trouble, I can feel it.

Lwazi's mom smile, "I think you mean to say nails,thank you anyway"

Zethu look at her, "Wow!Who would've thought Lwazi has such a great mom.You just corrected me saying when I say fingerprints I mean to say nails,wow!"

I don't have the strength to stop her.I keep stealing glances at Jay.You wouldn't tell,he look happy.

"Don't you have wine or something to wash down all these eggs?" Zethu ask.

Lwazi's mom frown,"We only drink wine on special occasions"

"Isn't eating breakfast with me a special occasion?" Zethu asks.

Lwazi's mom laugh, "Oh no! Who are you?"

I regret that for her.Lwazi is concentrated on his food and feeding Quinton.

"Oh I'm Sena's sister,the lady of this house.A sister,I mean a person who love,care and protect her sibling"

Somebody must stop her.

She sit back on the chair and sip the juice.

"So what is a mom,if you care to shed some light I've never been a mom before"

Zethu though! I wash my hands,who did she took after?

Silence.

Jay and Hope are looking at her waiting for the conversation to go on.Lwazi has stopped eating

and is playing with his wristwatch. I suddenly want to hug him.

"I..I need to lie down" she says getting up from the chair.

Oh now she stammers!

"Mom are you okay?" Hope ask concerned.

"She is alright princess" Zethu replies before she can.

I look at Jay and find him staring at me,he smile.

Zethu strike a conversation with Quinton asking about his dance classes.

After a while Lwazi get summoned to the study by his mom.She must cut him the crap.

"I think we should put a snake in her bedroom so that it will be a real snake versus a two-leg snake.Snakey!!"

She is extreme. There is no way I'm bringing a real snake in my house, the snake with fat ass is alone trouble!

Chapter Forty-Eight

Zanda Dlamini

.

We've had Thapelo over for a couple of days now. He is not doing so well.He doesn't say more than five words, even his friends can't go through him.To be honest I don't know why he is still here,he was running away from Ziphe's face and now Ziphe is gone.It's not like he want company. He is pushing everyone away.

"Later is dinner with Donald,I need you to get my navy tux ready"

"Tux for dinner with only Don,come on!" I say.

Like really?

His mood is on another level,he is applying his shave cream looking at the mirror.

"I'll be stunning...umhh I need to trim here" he says.

What's up with him?

"What's up?" I ask.

"Nothing, I want to beat them"

"Okay whatever stupid game it is,I need you to take me home"

He stop and look at me from the mirror view, "KwaMbuzeni?"

What???

"My home is my brother's place" I say irritated.

"Are you ever going to go back?" he ask.

"Are you trying to get rid of me?"

"Zanda,no! I'm just asking, you can't run away from reality. One day you have to find closure and peace"

I take my phone out but I can't find my headset.

"Don't you wanna see how your nephews have grown? I know they treated..."

"Really Mandla? I have moved on,I don't care to know them.I don't want closure,I do have peace my life is here" I scream at him.

He raise his hand, "Fine I'm sorry"

I lose all the groove I woke up with.

"Forget about driving me,I'll drive myself and probably have my breakfast there.You and Thapelo are not such Hey people to eat with right now"

I get off bed,throw my gown on and walk out.I grab a bottle of water and walk out.

"Bye bad people" I shout as Thapelo walk down to the kitchen.

"Someone is slowly turning to the Biyela diva" he says with a smirk.

Somebody is running away from the Biyela diva,I think.

I ignore him and walk out and drive to my brother's house.

I haven't checked on him.He is not marrying Fiki anymore, good grace! But the divorce is still happening.

I knock and knock and knock before he opens.

"You look like hell" it's the first thing he says, looking at me from head to toe.

"I swear in the whole South Africa I look better than you"

We hug and walk in to sit on the kitchen chairs.

"Did your boyfriend kick you out?" he ask.

I roll my eyes, "You'd be seeing my bags, anyway how are you?"

He sigh, "I'm slowly realising how many things money can't buy, like happiness"

"Ya neh!" its only I can say.

"Ya, some will lose some will win, life is that"

I brush his back, "You'll be fine, I know you are stupid but yet strong"

"Hey I'm not stupid"

I laugh, "Okay you're not stupid, you just have a tendency of thinking with your di...umhh have you heard from Phumla?"

He slap my head, "She is still mad about me and Fiki"

I roll my eyes, "What was in it for her anyway?"

He sigh, "What brings you here, looking this ugly dragging horrible gown?"

It's not a horrible gown, it's white, fluffy and nice smelling come on!

"Had a fight with Mandla, he want me to go back to KwaMbuzeni and confront I don't know what demons. He could really be annoying, I don't know how I've gone for four years with him"

He look at me, "He really love you"

"Is that a statement?" I ask.

"An observation. That guy always have your best interest at heart"

I grin, "Best interest? How is going to the same place that robbed me my childhood and happiness a best interest?"

He stare at me for a while, "I'm sorry I wasn't there"

I smile, "It's okay, I have moved on"

"Have you?"

I nod, "Yeah"

"Then what are you scared of? You need to show them how better you've become, it'll give them sleepless nights"

"Who???" a voice ask.

Why is she here? Doesn't she have a life.

"Morning to you too Phumla" Mvuse says.

"Hi Mr Miserable"

I look at her, "Wow! That's so supportive of you"

She roll her eyes and hug me then Mvuse.

"So who were you planning to give sleepless nights? And wena Zanda you slept here, what did Mandla do?"

"Which question do you need an answer for the most? I only can answer one" I say.

She push her mouth and think, "The first one. Who are we going to give sleepless nights?"

Troublemaker as always!

"No one" I reply.

"Okay, answer the second one"

We laugh at her.

"Make your famous top class breakfast sisi, I'll go shower" I say.

She laughs, "Who died and made you my madam?"

"Do it and shut up" I say walking away.

After showering I have no idea what I'm going to get. It's safe to call me the queen of overacting now.

"Come out!" Phumla shout out the bathroom.

She never take a break on making people miserable. I was still...well but she is disturbing me.

"Mvuse told me about the little tantrum you threw at Mandla. Now you're going to make it up for him"

I look at her, mad. Who gave Mvuse the right to tell her? She'll blow everything out of proportion.

She take a disgusting slutty lingerie, "Wear"

Is she crazy, "What?"

"We are making a video to cool him down, you can't just storm out on him when he is trying to look out for you"

My eyes pop out, "No, I'm not doing that. We will sort it out personal."

She click her tongue, "You're very annoying, gqoka now"

I sigh and put it on, "I feel very cheap"

"You're not expensive chill, turn around I need to pin this fluffy tail on your back"

I stand with my hands on the hip, "What am I now? Monkey clown"

She laugh, "You're so out of it"

She go and bring a sack filled with small white balls.

"What are these? And why are you keeping them in my brother's house with lingerie" I ask.

"I bought it to try and spice things up for Siza but she never used it"

Bitch!!!

"Come" she grab my hand and lead me to the bathroom.

"Lie in here, I'll pour those ball on you" she says pointing at the bathtub.

I'm only doing this because I have nothing better to do.

I get inside and lie on my back. She comes and pour hundred balls over me.

They are just plastic balls, okay.

"Okay now show out your cleavage and put one knee up"

I laugh, "I'm an official slut"

She take out her phone, "Take one ball and put it in your mouth, then take it out and bite it with your teeth and then suck it with your eyes closed"

OMG! She will poison my life.

I take one ball and do as instructed. She is recording and pausing to give instructions.

"Okay,now stand up slowly,put your hands on the edges of the tub and bounce the tail up and down with your ass"

I look at her ready to say no.

"No don't even start" she warns.

I turn and do exactly that while laughing.

"Blow a kiss and cut"

I do,we both laugh out.

Then,

"What is going on here?"

Geez! I hide my face.

"Mvuse get out!" Phumla yells.

Mvuse keep looking at me funnily during breakfast. I've sent the video to Mandla and he haven't responded.

I'm worried. He was supposed to get horny and drive straight here to get me.

Later I bid them goodbye, "See you when I see you"

"Bye boo"

I hug them and go.

I'm scared to walk in because I don't know if he is angry with me or disgusted by the video.

I'm tiptoeing in the lounge but before I can reach for the staircase a huge laughter arose.

I look at him,he can't stop laughing. What is wrong with him?

"Where is (laughs uncontrollably)..your..God..the tail (laugh all over again).. Babe tjoh!"

This is definitely not the reaction I expected. He should be yearning for my body not laughing.

He look at me then break off again,bending and holding his stomach.

When he finally stop he take out his cellphone and play the video and laugh all over again.

I'm disappointed, angry at him and full of regrets.

I shouldn't have listened to Phumla.

"Can you do this for me? The twerking, where is the tail?"

Nx! I leave him like that.

Chapter Forty-Nine

Sena Biyela

.

I did a research and found a good cardiologist based in London. I could make a few calls to book him an appointment if he gives me a 'go ahead' but he have been dodging me. I need to get through him, he is too young to lose his life just like that.

His mother is a natural wicked, cold hearted bitch. I haven't seen her in the mood that acknowledge her son's condition. She have her attention on everything that doesn't matter. What kind of a mother is this?

Enough about that witch, I have serious problems. Like Lwazi's whereabouts.

He have been gone for too long, we're going to be late for Don's dinner. I don't even know why he needed to trim his haircut, it's not like we are going to dinner with Mr President.

I try calling him again but he still doesn't pick up. Zethu is also sending me dozens of texts saying the booze is not enough I should buy more on my way.

Zethu is a drunk, I don't why. I thought people grow healthy habits after falling in love. She should be eating healthy and friendly with the gym to keep that tummy flat. I must have a word with her, she doesn't have a slight clue on the turn-ons/off.

I was planning on taking Quinton with me, all his cousins will be there but Hope fought me against it. I let it be, after all this is his family he deserve to spend as much time with them. And beside we may come home very late.

I send Lwazi a text telling him I'm going without him. I'm already in hot water with Aunt Lydia.

"Oh you're flying solo now" she ask with a smirk.

I really don't have time to entertain her.

"If I was you I'd spend time showing love to my kids than being this stupid and selfish. I'll see you later, please don't masturbate in front of my son I heard you're the queen of live sex. Bye"

Her expression is priceless. I go bid Hope goodbye and give her last lectures.

"I'll take care of him, go" she push me out.

I laugh, she is now annoyed.

"Bye baby, behave!" I yell.

Quinton looked like he can't wait a second for me to go. They better not burn my house down.

I walk out and drive away.

Zethu is outside speaking on the phone, she drop it and run to me when she see me parking.

"Is it in the boot?"

Doesn't she know how to greet and hug your sister?

"Hello Zethu, if you're talking about alcohol, no I didn't bring it"

She look disappointed, "And you didn't bring Lwazi either?"

I take the gift bag I brought for Don and walk away.

"Copycat!" she says walking behind me.

"People have been buying each other gifts for centuries" I say.

"Whatever! Is Lwazi not coming?"

I hope not, I don't want to fight him in front of people.

"I don't know and I don't care, where is Mr Tyson?"

"He is in PE, he left this morning. His one of three hotels is there, he said he is bringing me a gift. What do you think it is?" she ask.

"Condoms"

She click her tongue, "Jealousy is a fatal disease"

We walk to everyone.

"Where is Lwazi?" Sbu ask.

In this family we don't greet huh?

"What am I? His bodyguard?"

This question is going to ruin my night.

He look at me,"Mhhhh"

I walk past him to Don.He have Junior on his lap,must be heavy.

"Hey" I hug him.

"You are my crush for the night,where did you buy this dress?"

"It a secret,Quinton you're heavy get off your dad" I say.

"No he is my baby,leave him" Don says.

Quinton grin, "Dad I love you but don't ever call me your baby again. It against our vibe"

It's amazing how fast he have grown.

"Okay I apologise" Don says with a smirk.

Thapelo join us, "Hi Sena,where is Lwazi?"

That question again!

"Hold it on " Hi Sena" if you don't want to piss me off" I say.

He look away,I can see the smile on the curves of his lips.Asshole!

"The meat won't do itself" Don says to Thapelo.

"Give me a break.Mandla is our braai-master" Thapelo says irritated.

"Have you heard from Ziphe?" I ask.

"No"

Okay.I walk away before I can tick him the wrong way.

"Skoni"

I walk to her, "Who is that?"

She laugh, "Where is Lwazi?"

God I swear I'm going to scream if someone ask me that one more time.

"He is here" I point my vagina.

She laugh and ask if we are okay.

"I think he is cheating" I say.

She bite an apple,"Don't you always think that?"

"It's different this time"

"Have you seen my husband?" she ask.

She obviously think I'm overreacting.

"Upstairs fucking a girl" I reply.

She wink at me, "Ain't no pussy hotter than mine"

I laugh, "Get off that horse you're going to fall"

"Guys,you won't believe this"

We look at her,she sit opposite us cross-legged.

"Ziphe is eating the tin fish and rice for supper,how gross!" she says.

"I can believe that,she is in the rural area" Nozipho says.

"But they can have something better than that.How far are the shops, she have a fat credit card with her" I say.

"I'll call her and put her on the speaker" Nozipho says.

She pick up,

"Hi" we say.

"Hey guys,how are you?" she says,she sound so unhappy.

She is unhappy anyway.

"We're good,having dinner at Don's place. Thapelo is here too" I say.

She doesn't respond,Zethu jumps in "Tell them what you're having for dinner there?"

It's quiet for a moment then we hear weeping sounds,

"I can't even have a decent meal...(weeps)I'm forced to eat canned fish"

I try hard not to laugh,Zethu's laughter is already breaking the ceiling.

"Ziphe" Nozipho says calmly.

"I'm still here,Zethu is laughing at me.You guys don't care about me (weep)"

Nozipho put the phone out of loudspeaker and say,

"Ziphe people are dying, you're there crying over food.Don't you have serious things to cry about, like your marriage."

Oops! I wish I can hear her response.

"No..No you are there to learn Ziphe,this is life be grateful. Some people don't have that fish, they're sleeping on empty stomach. Learn a thing or two about life" she continue to shout.

Yesess!

"Okay,just hold on everything will be fine"

She cut the call and walk away.

"And you need to learn a thing or two about tracking" Zethu says and walk out to the guys.

Tracking? Wtf Zethu!

Where is Zanda by the way?

This house is complicated. Normally the kitchen is somewhere close to the entrance,here you search for the kitchen.

I find her in the kitchen. Cooking, as always.

"I knew I would find you here" I say.

She turn around, "Oh you're here, great,dish that pap for me on that silver bowl."

I shouldn't have appeared here.

"Fast,Mandla is almost done with the meat"

I grunt, "Can't Nozipho or Zethu do it"

"Zethu refused,she said she is in charge of the booze and Nozi said she is tired.Is Simtho not coming?"

"To free food? No way, she probably want to come when everything is done"

She laugh, "You won't believe what happened this morning"

I look at her curiously, "What?"

"I did a romantic video for Mandla while at home, wearing a lingerie and doing sexy moves. Guess what he did when I came back?" she says.

"He fucked you against the wall"

She laugh, "Oh I wish"

Okay...

"Then what?" I ask.

"He laughed at me until he ran out of breath and asked me to twerk for him with the tail that I had put on the video"

What? Is he an idiot?

"No, get out!" I say shocked.

"I need to steal his phone and delete it"

I think I just stolen her idea, one of these days when I'm calm and motherbitch is gone I think I'll give it a try.

"Turn him on then deprive him sex the whole night. It is the best revenge" I say.

We laugh, the voice come behind us

"Gossiping, that's all you're good at."

"Hello aunt" we greet holding laughter.

"Aunt my foot! I've been dying for a cup of tea and you're here gossiping" she says, her arms crossed.

Like really? Are we sangomas now?

"Coming right up auntie" Zanda says.

She walk away, good grace!

"Where was she all this time?" I whisper.

"Upstairs lecturing the twins about good behavior" she says in whisper.

We get everything ready, including a cup of tea.

And what's up with Mandla? He is wearing a suit and look so formally.

"Hi Smindlos" I greet.

"Don't ever go kasi on me" he says and hug me.

"Aren't you just a big jerk?" I ask.

He look at me confused, "No I'm not"

I roll my eyes, "Oh you're just not rolling with the time"

He want me to go on but I leave him to get more bowls from the kitchen.

Everything is set, aunt Lydia is sipping on her tea acting like the madam. I've set for the kids in the lounge, they can eat while watching TV.

"Put the napkins there" she instruct.

"Thapelo pray" she says.

I want to laugh, we all do but that aunt Lydia's look, hey.

"Let's close our eyes" Thapelo says.

We do, he start praying. He is a good prayer, he say all the right words to God. He should teach me that.

"Thank you my child" aunt Lydia say after 'Amen'

"You should be a pastor. When did you learn to pray?" Don ask.

"When everything in my life started to go wrong" Thapelo answers.

The table fall into silence.

Zethu break it, "Don't move"

She take out her phone and take pictures of the food.

She laugh, "Oh she'll die"

Really Zethu?

"You're not sending those to Ziphe?!" I say.

She sit on the chair, "I just did,at least she can eat it with her mind"

I give up on Zethu.

Nozipho clear her throat, "You're being unfair, she was crying for real."

Zethu laughs, "She must get over herself, canned fish is nutritious"

Sbu look at her, "She was crying because they make her eat fish?"

"Ya,it was so sad" Nozipho reply.

Don crack with laughter, everybody join him except Thapelo and Nozipho.

"If she doesn't like it in a tin she can go fish hers in the river" Mandla says.

I still don't know why he is dressed up like this.

"Why are you overdressed?" I ask.

He smile, "Life is good,why not?"

"It's not your special night,you want to steal my shine" Don whines.

"Relax Bullet" Mandla says brushing his suit.

"Bullet?" Nozipho ask.

"Ya,Bullet"

Mandla is high.

"Mr bha bha bha" Sbu make the gun sounds.

Are they serious?

"So Bullet have you thought about getting Junior a stepmother?" Aunt Lydia ask.

Don cough, "I'm too young Ma"

He is twenty-nine according to Home Affairs.

"Nonsense, if you can't find her on your own I'll get you one of our church girls.They are well-behaved" Aunt Lydia says.

"Thanks but no thanks,I can't have someone as boring as you as a wife" Don says mouthful.

"Who is boring?"

It's going to be a long night!

"All of you born-again women, I'm sure you send verse quotations as the morning romantic message. You give Jesus statue as the valentine's gift"

I laugh, "And they bless the sexual intercourse before and after"

Everyone laughs, Aunt Lydia is fuming.

"Calm down, have a glass of wine" Zethu says offering her a glass.

She doesn't take it.

"Take, it's Jesus' blood" Sbu says.

She stand up, put more meat on her plate,

"I will enjoy my food better if I join the kids in the lounge"

Great is the Lord!

Wtf?

She take the bottle of unopened wine.

"What are you doing?" Zethu ask.

"One bottle will be enough"

Who is she now? An alcohol police?

"Come on!" Don says.

She doesn't budge she walk away.

"Okay, it's half a glass for all of you" Zethu says taking a bottle of wine near her.

"Helloooo"

I knew she wanted to make a grand entrance. I know Simtho very well.

Behind her comes Fikile. Why are they overdressed?

And then he appears behind them. In all-whites, looking ravishing and delicious.

He comes straight to me and give me a cheek peck. I remain still.

Fiki is in a long red dress, she looks excited.

What are we missing here?

"What is going on?" Zethu asks angrily.

"Dinner, why only one bottle of wine?" Fiki asks.

"Why are you guys dressed like this?" I ask.

"We're celebrating Don's survival, it's also the same day Sbusiso asked Nozipho for marriage and also the day we lost our mother Vivi. It's a big memorial day so why not look like a million rands?" Mandla says.

OMG! We're such bad people for not knowing.

Sbu strips off his jacket, he has a white T-shirt under written: VIVI'S SON NOZIPHO'S PROPERTY

Nozipho's eyes are all out, "Oh My Gosh!"

She also forgot, good!

"You guys should've reminded us, now we look bad" Thapelo says sadly.

"No, everyone who forgot will put some money in paying for my weekend away to Cape Town with my family and also put money to pay for Don's new Lamborghini that you forgetters are buying for him" Sbu says.

What???

"But..."

Mandla cuts Zethu, "Thank you, dinner may continue"

I look at Lwazi, what kind of a partner is this.

"I was also tipped off by Fiki" he whispers.

"Mom and dad also forgot, Aunt Lydia too" Nozipho says.

"My parents and Ziphe too" I say.

Sbu smiles, "It's going to be an exception"

"My Lamborghini! Its name will be Digger" Don beams.

Yoooh! This world is polluted.

Chapter Fifty

Ziphe Biyela

Nonto has been a great help. She is always here when I need someone. I wish I can say I've grown accustomed to this place, it's just too much for me. Fetching water from the river, that I don't have a problem doing, but making fire is really a nightmare.

I've tried reasoning with my father, to at least come stay with them at Mandeni, but he is his stuckup-self.

My sisters have been supportive except Zethu of course, who find this whole thing as a joke.

The pictures Zethu sent of the dinner looked great, but my eyes paid more attention to the man I used to call my pillar of strength. He looked so relaxed, like nothing is wrong in his life. Maybe he doesn't miss me. Of course he did tell me he want out.

Was I really selfish?

Through it all I've lost everything. My happiness, my baby, my home and my soul. Nobody understand the pain, not even the man who vowed to be with me through storms and hurricanes.

Not even a single text from him. I guess he meant what he said.

Maybe it's time I get my life back. I've had many things taken away from me.

I need to be in control. This is me, the new Ziphelele, the mother of two dead kids.

I walk through the wardrobe that my father had delivered for me. I take everything that is mine and neatly pack in the suitcase.

Somebody walk in. They don't knock in this home. They don't believe youngsters also have privacy.

"Dade" he says.

It's my cousin Nduku. He has been pestering me about Zanda's number. He is not the type that take relationship seriously, only marriage can stop him from approaching women.

"Yes brother"

He sit on the chair, "And then, where are the bags going?"

"Back to Durban"

"So soon? I thought Bab'Muzi said you're going to be here for a month or so"

I sigh, "He thought so Nduku, but I'm done. Two weeks have been enough to clear my head and to know what I want"

"So you're going to leave without giving me that girl's number?"

Here we go again!

"She have a boyfriend Nduku beside you once dated her sister, Phumla" I say irritated.

"That one was just a fling beside she is not the marriage material. I want your friend now"

I sigh and zip my suitcase, "No, respect people's relationships. Get yourself a girl around here"

He chuckles, "I already did, I also want Zanda she will be the second wife. You know as city wives, what do they call them?"

I laugh, "Trophy wives"

I can't believe he think Zanda would want to be a second wife slash trophy wife.

"Ya that, I'll make sure she have everything she want" he say proudly.

"Let's say she want a massage, where will she find a spa in this place?" I ask.

He frown, "What is that? I will massage her"

I roll my eyes, "Your hands speak 'I mix cement', I can't imagine them giving massage"

He laugh, "That's where you're wrong, you underestimate these hands. Sadly I can't prove the magic to you"

I shake my head. Rural areas maybe be bad in terms of civilisation and technology but people in it are more than awesome. They have this amazing welcoming spirit, I will miss them, especially Nduku.

"Let me go tell mother to prepare you something to eat before you go" he says and walk out.

I have a Fenty Beauty collection I haven't used, maybe I can leave it for Nonto. She is beautiful but a little make-up would do her good. We are in the 20th century no girl is allowed to apply zumbuck on her lips, we leave that for our aunties.

After I finish packing, I freshen up but I don't dress up just yet. I walk to uncle Mzingelwa's hut

and knock.

"Ziphelele come in"

I walk in, bow my head and then sit on the reedmat. I have developed these manners, no I was forced to develop these manners by him. This stay haven't been a butter sandwich, trust me.

"I have decided to go back to Durban" I say, not looking him in the eyes.

"Does my brother know?" he ask.

I expected this question, "No but I'll pass by him before going to Durban"

He keep quiet for a moment then ask when I'm leaving. He is shocked to find that I'm leaving today.

"Do you know how to travel in a taxi or bus?" he ask.

Eish!

"Do you know the taxi rank where you're going to get a taxi to Eshowe?"

I sigh, "No"

He chuckles, "I don't know my child. My brother would never forgive me if you go missing"

I keep quiet. I hope he come with a plan.

"I will ask Skhumbuzo, my neighbor's son who drive a BMW to drive you"

I sigh in relief, "I will pay for the petrol, he mustn't worry"

"No child of mine will pay for anything. Don't worry about that, you just give me a phone call when you've arrived"

Isn't he just lovely?

"Thank you Menziwa"

It's time I update everyone about my departure. I start with Nonto.

"I hope you will be able to fix things. Apologize Ziphe" she says.

"That's what I was trying to do Nonto, he refuse to listen to a word I say. Right now I want to focus on me"

She nod, "Yeah, you have a lot of healing to do. Get those professional people to talk with"

I sigh, "Yeah since I can't talk to my husband"

We hug and go to the kitchen.

Aunt Josie, Mzingelwa's wife is busy wrapping a lunch tin.

"I heard you're leaving from Nduku and thought I should prepare these sweet potatoes for you to eat on the road"

I smile, "Thanks Ma"

She wipe her hands, "Take care of your husband my girl. That Biyela stubbornness must die, you're a Mokoena now. You need to obey your husband, remember secrets destroy marriages"

I nod, "I hear you"

"The key to everything is respect. As a woman your duty is to make sure your husband feel respected. Even if you don't agree with him just don't go against him openly"

This is going to be a long lecture, I nudge Nonto with an elbow.

She jump up, "Oh Mama is that a spider?"

She reach for the broom and ask where it is.

"I think it crawled out by that hole" Nonto point pretending to be nervous.

She look for it while we're laughing silently.

Later everyone gathers to wish me farewell.

The Skhumbuzo guy comes in and collect my luggage. He is dark, very tall and handsome.

One turn off is the silver-tooth. I have never liked people with silver/gold teeth.

My family stand waving until we're out of sight. Wow! I've never felt so special in my life.

"Now that I have your attention, hello my name is Skhumbuzo"

Oh I totally forgot about him. My family had me occupied with the hand waving and smiles.

I smile shyly, "I'm Ziphelele, thanks for agreeing to drive me"

He smile, "You think your father Mzingelwa left me a choice"

"I'm sure he asked you nicely" I say.

He chuckles and focus on the road.

I'm bored,"Don't you have music?"

He turn the music on,guess what,no thanks.

I lean forward and switch it off, "Thank you,I'd rather listen to my phone"

I connect headset to my phone but he clear his throat.

"That's quite rude"

I sigh, "But we're not talking and you have Mtshengiseni on your playlist"

He chuckles, "It is Ichwane leBhaca not Mtshengiseni"

"It's one and the same thing to me" I say.

He keep quiet and focus on the road. I'm at his mercy so I don't put the headset on,due to respect.

The journey is long and boring.

Someone shake me.Oh man when did I sleep?

"Eat" he says pushing a McDonald takeaway in front of me.

How did he know? I've been dying to have a burger.

"Thank you,I'll give you your money later" I say opening the box.

He start the car and drive.He is not a talker or he just hate me,okay!

"I need a bathroom" I say.

He look at me briefly, "Hold on"

He park near the public toilets, I don't know where we are.

I jump out and run inside. There is a que,help me God.

I finally get my chance, I pee and wipe myself. There is a mirror on the wall,so sophisticated.

I look at myself and realize my skin is a bit darker.It must be the blazing sun of Inkandla.

I walk back and find Skhumbuzo talking on the phone.

I sit and close the door.He glance at me.

"Seatbelt" he whispers.

I grunt and fasten it.

"Do whatever you want,Bye" he say to whoever it is on the phone then start the car.

Finally we are in Mandeni.Mandeni is not a big city but I swear to you just seeing my hood sent a smile to my face.

"You'll have to direct me" he says.

I direct him until we're in the gate.

I phone mam' Sibiya,the helper to tell the security to open the gate.

"This is the most beautiful house I've ever seen" he says looking at the house admiringly.

"Come out, let's go" I say.

We walk in and find mom in the lounge reading a magazine.

"Hello housewife" I greet.

She look up shocked and come to hug me.

"I didn't know you're coming"

I smile, "I decided this morning, my dad will get mad"

"Leave him to me.I can't believe you survived two weeks in there"

I laugh, "I'm stronger than I look"

She smile with a concerned face,"Yes you are"

My mother has always believed in me.She is my ride or die,my rock indeed.

She then notice Skhumbuzo.

"Oh my child forgive me,I'm just taken by this brat's sudden appearance. How are you?"

Skhumbuzo smile, "I'm trying Ma,how are you?"

"I'm good.I believe you are the one who helped this kid escape?"

I laugh, "Stop Ma,Skhumbuzo take a seat I'll prepare you something to eat"

I leave them getting into introductions.

Skhumbuzo is more friendly to my mom,what's the heck?

He help me offload my luggage and bid us goodbye.

"Have a safe journey son" my mother says.

"Thank you Ma"

Mom walk back in the house. Skhumbuzo's face immediately change from friendly to 'Don't mess with me'.

"Thank you,drive safely. I'll phone my uncle to tell him you're on your way back"

He nod, "Stay well"

I sigh,normally I would've hugged him but I don't know him like that.So I wave at him.

"Bye"

He laugh, "Bye Ziphelele"

He get in his car and drive out.

I take the time to go and check my car in the garage.I hope no one used it.

Just as I walk in my father come in.

"Dad before you shout I was a good girl at home. I've grown good manners and I'm ready to grow up and be serious with life" I say nervously.

"Who told you to come back?" he ask.

"I'm a grown woman, I make my own decisions"

"You make stupid decisions Ziphelele" he roars.

"Isn't life all about that? Making mistakes and learning from them" I ask.

He look at me, "You told your husband?"

I shake my head, "No"

He sigh, "You girls are going to drive me to grave early"

This went easier than I thought.

After dinner I make a phone call to set an appointment for therapy.

Early in the morning I get ready to drive to Durban. My mother insist I carry some scones for Sbusiso.Sbu and her scones!

I drive to Durban with a lot on my mind.If I was carefree as Zethu maybe my life would be flawless as well.

I remember the state I left my house in.I refuse to be that emotional freak again.

I drive through and unlock the door.

I breath in and walk around.I open the windows and check the fridge.

"Excuse me,can I help you?" a woman's voice say.

I turn and discover this slim beauty in a robe staring at me.

"Hello? Who are you?" she ask.

I'm still confused as Thapelo appears from the staircase.

"Thapelo tell me who is this?"

Thapelo look at me motionless.

"Ziphe" he says.

"Good morning. Please get me my royal blue dress with gold from the closet I have somewhere to be" I say calmly.

The girl look from me to him, "Is she the one?"

Thapelo sigh, "Yes"

My heart broke a million pieces. I'm the unlucky one.

Chapter Fifty-One

Sena Biyela

.

Finally Lwazi's family decided to go back to Cape Town. I can't start to describe the happiness I felt yesterday.Free from Motherbitch at last! I should throw a party, it have been a while anyway.

There is one thing that worries me though, Jay.He is so stubborn.He is so obsessed with a baby and death.I owe it to Quinton,this is his beloved uncle.I feel like I need to do something. But

how?

I haven't told Lwazi about Jay,I don't know how I would approach this matter.

Speaking of Lwazi, lately his work mean more than his family. I'm getting used to his late meetings and what what.

Today is one of those lucky days where he knock off early and come straight home.

He greet and throw himself on the couch.No kiss,no hug,thank you.

"I see I was missed" I say in sarcasm.

He sigh, "Sorry,I had a rough day"

"Isn't your days are always rough? Mr Rough CEO" I say.

He run his forehead and ignore me.

I continue with my magazine,"Mhhh this is nice"

He glance at me, "I'm really tired. Have you cooked?"

I open the next page, "Oh nice! They even have maids slash chefs in here"

I'm reading the magazine remember.

I hear him sigh, "I'll take my boy and go get takeaways"

I open the next page, totally ignoring him,

"Do what you want...mhhh interesting" I say reading.

He stand and walk away.Good for him!

"Mom let's go with daddy" Quinton says running to me with his dad behind.

"Don't run in the house like that Quinton" I say.

He stop and look at me,"Get up mom.Let's go"

I sigh, "Go where?"

Lwazi clear his throat, "Let's just all go eat out,it has been a while"

Really?

"No you two go and enjoy" I say.

I would've responded to him better but I respect Quinton's presence so I will be the gentlewoman.

I can see the disappointment in his face, "Okay,we will bring you something"

I smile at Quinton, "Bring mommy something okay"

"Okay,daddy let's go" he run out.

Lwazi look at me,I look back on my magazine. I'm done shouting at him.I have serious things to do like watching Fifty Shades of Grey.

My life has become something I don't know. In everything I know Quinton must be my first priority. Lwazi is changing and I don't know why.

I have a feeling that he is cheating on me but my family knowing him too well made me dismissed the thoughts.

I watch the movie and realise how dry I've been.Maybe it time I get my BOB back.

I send Jay a WhatsApp message asking how he is.That's when I notice the storm chats in my family WhatsApp group.

I scroll up to catch up on everything. Wtf? Ziphe is in Durban!

I listen to the voice note she sent.

Thapelo!! No it can't be.I saw him yesterday doing shopping with Don.

I log out of WhatsApp and call Ziphe. She doesn't pick up,she is with Nozipho so I call Nozipho.

"Hi" she say.

"Is Ziphe okay?" I ask.

I hear her breathing heavily, "No but don't come"

"Is it true?" I ask.

"I don't know but Zethu went there to find out"

Great!

"I'm also going there,hopefully the bitch is still there"

"Sena don't..."

I cut the call and rush upstairs. I put on my jeans and slippers.

I drive like a maniac. I can hear Zethu shouting all the way from the driveway.

I rush inside and find her face-to-face with Thapelo. She is holding a leather belt on her left hand.

"Zethu I told you she is not here" Thapelo says angrily.

"Then call her here, isn't she your booty call?" Zethu asks.

"Thapelo what is happening?" I ask.

He looks at me, "I could ask you the same"

"Don't test us wena, where is the bitch you keep in my sister's house?" Zethu yells.

Thapelo glares at her deadly, "You don't question my guests, this is my house"

If he wasn't this big I would've slapped him.

"You keep hurting her Thapelo. She sacrificed everything for you, you did what? Abandoned her when she needed you the most" Zethu says her voice filled with different emotions.

Thapelo keeps quiet. He doesn't have a single regret.

"You want a divorce Thapelo?" I ask.

He frowns, "And you would be more than happy to file for it, helping her take everything from me?"

Zethu chuckles, "No you can keep everything, even her clothes. We will be more than happy to see her happy, obviously her happiness doesn't lie on you. You've been nothing but pain in her life. Are you proud?"

Thapelo sighs and walks away.

Zethu throws her belt in the air.

"She left her lousy bag, which means she is coming back"

I smile, "Really?"

Zethu sits on the floor, "I need my muscles relaxed they have a lot of job to do"

LOL. Bitch we're waiting.

We hear a car driving in and stand by the door. Zethu's face speaks danger.

"Don't do that" Thapelo's voice say.

"Back off" I hiss.

A young girl walk in.Zethu grab her hair,

"Hello bitch welcome home"

The girl bend down, "What is going on?" she yell.

I should put my foot on her chest but she is too young. About Ziphe's age.

Thapelo pull Zethu away,the girl look at her shocked.

"Are you crazy? Don't ever grab my hair like that,geez!" she says pulling her hair back in place.

Thapelo breath out frustrated, "Zethu"

"Don't Zethu me,get that bitch in the ring"

"This bitch is my niece, can you just...man" he say and pull the girl away.

Fuck!!!

"Oh My Jesus!" I exclaim.

Zethu look at me, "It's what you get for failing to do introductions timely"

I remember Thapelo had a sister but I didn't think she had a daughter.

"We should apologize to the poor kid" I say.

Zethu laughs, "I ain't doing shit except roasting myself some steak I didn't have supper"

Is she crazy?

She walk away,I follow her.She goes to the defreezer and take out a tray of meat.

"Thapelo is angry at us,I'm sure he is upstairs planning our murder and you're eating his meat in his house?"

Zethu doesn't budge,she put a pan on the stove.

"At least I will die with a delicious steak in my tummy"

This child!

"Have you spy on Lwazi?" she ask.

I laugh, "No, I don't have time for that"

She shrugs, "You are so quick to fix people's relationships while yours is failing"

She strike the nerve.

Thapelo walk in and look at Zethu, "Are you still here?"

"Obviously, do you have any redwine?" Zethu says.

Thapelo look at me.

"Don't look at me, you sent all the wrong signals. You wanted to hurt Ziphe and we reacted and now we are having refreshments" I say.

He sigh, "How is she?"

I shrug, "You are her husband, it's your duty to know"

Zethu jump, "Your stove shocks I'm not doing this anymore. Please turn it for me" she says looking at Thapelo.

"I hate you guys" he says turning the meat.

"Trust me, the feeling is mutual" Zethu says.

The girl walk in, "You're still here? What do you want?" she ask us.

Webantu!

"This is our house, where do you expect us to go. Get the bread and plates" Zethu says while taking out the glasses.

The girl roll her eyes, "I need a glass of wine"

"Better you sweetheart, I need glasses of wine" Zethu says.

I clear my throat, "You didn't bring any driver"

Zethu chuckles, "Don't drink and drive, isn't that law expired with Thabo Mbeki's presidency?"

I give up on her.

The next thing we are having meal and wine like nothing was wrong.

"Sorry but Thapelo you haven't introduced us" I say.

"Oh! Tami this is Zethu and Sena, Ziphe's sisters. And guys this is Tami, short for Tamika"

I smile at her, she gulps a wine

"Don't ever grab my hair like that, I'm a karate girl I would've hurt you" she says.

"Get over yourself, I can pull even Jay Lee's hair and she won't do a thing. Fill the glass for me and stop dreaming" Zethu says.

We all laugh. Later we bid them goodbye, Zethu is a bit drunk but I believe she can drive.

I have missed calls from Lwazi, Nozipho and mom. I call Mom first, she just wants to know how I'm doing.

I then call Nozipho and tell her how everything went.

Queens of drama, that's what she calls us.

I walk inside my house, it's dark.

I turn the lights on and walk upstairs. I check Quinton's room and find him in his PJs fast asleep. I tiptoe out to my room and find Lwazi speaking on the phone.

He doesn't realise someone else is in the room,

"I told you I can't.. What about my son? No she went out and is not back... We will talk tomorrow I'll see what I will tell her.. Okay, thank you for understanding. Goodnight"

My suspicions have been confirmed. The man I loved with every fibre in my body is cheating on me.

He turns around and sees me, he is shocked and starts to panic.

"Babe" he says.

I look at him, tears flowing down my cheeks,

"This is what you do to me Lwazi?"

He stands up and takes my hand, "No it's not what it sounded like"

I slap his hands away, "I hate you, you played me"

He shakes his head, "No you don't"

"I actually do, I never want to see you again"

A tear escapes his eye, "I'm not a cheater, I'm worse than that"

I look at him, "I shouldn't have trusted you"

"I killed someone Sena"

What???

I look at him, "What do you mean?"

"I killed my mother's husband"

Is this a dream?

Chapter Fifty-Two

Sena Biyela

.

This is the time where you sink on the floor and mumbles "water please". Not for me though, I'm staring right into his eyes.

"How? Did you shoot him or you stabbed him, or you poisoned him?" I ask at last.

"I strangled him" he answers after a while.

No, that's bigger, maybe if he had shot him I wouldn't be scared.

My mind click right back, "Oh my God, you're going to jail!"

He sigh, "Hopefully not"

What does he mean hopefully? Of course he is going to jail, people are going to laugh and gossip about me.

I sink on the bed and ask at last, the important question.

"Why?"

"He discriminated me" he says.

He was over that, he forgave him. He told me himself.

"Lwazi, why did you kill your sibling's father?" I ask.

"I can't tell you"

Really? Fuck him.

"You cheat on me, you kill people and now I can't even know why?" I ask fuming with anger.

He sigh and stare at the wall, "I never cheated on you"

I chuckle, "Great! If not when was the last time we got intimate? When was the last time you spent time with me? Why aren't we making sex anymore Lwazi?"

He swallow, "Because I can't"

I could've lived with him being a racist murder but a sex-less partner that I can't.

Tears threaten to come out, "Why?"

At least I need clarity. I've given him my all, I deserve the truth.

"Look at me in the eyes" I say.

He turn his head slowly. I look in his eyes and I see the old Lwazi, the broken one.

I can't control tears now, "Talk to me"

He lie on the bed on his back and close his eyes then take a deep breath:

"My phone rang as I walked out of the office.

Natalya.

It was going to rain cats and dogs. My dear mother was calling, God is alive!

"Hello" I answered.

"Hi baby, we are coming over this weekend I heard you have your own company"

I knew she only called because the ploughing is over it's now a reaping period.

"Okay, I missed the kids. Is Hope behaving?" I asked.

It had been almost two years since I last saw them. I had flew to Cape Town for work and decided to drop by and see them.

"She is a good girl. Bye now Andrew is waiting for me, don't forget to pass my regards to my grandson"

I sighed, "Okay"

I didn't develop the courage to tell you just yet. I knew how you would flip up because you know

our history and them coming to your house would be a lot. But eventually I managed to tell you my family is visiting, it didn't go well but you finally supported me.

On the day of their arrival I had asked you to be nice to them. I wanted to show Andrew how ten times I am a man he can never be, and you to show Natalya how ten times a lady and a mom you are than her.

As we cuddled and waited for them to come I received a call I didn't expect. The man who is opening the new laboratory in PE wanted us to do business.

My company is new, that was going to be my big break.

So I rushed back to the office, appointment or no appointment I'm meeting this man.

Okay, I got there and found Andrew wandering around my office.

"Sweet kid"

I hate how he called me. He used to say that when I was young and I hated it even back then.

"What are you doing here? Where is Natalya?" I asked

"Probably on their way to your house. Sadly I couldn't meet your lovely wife and sweet son since I'm rushing to London" he said with a smirk.

"Why are you here?" I asked again.

He smiled, "To check on you"

I stared at him with so much hate,

"I'm not your son or friend, why would you check on me?" I asked

"You're my bootycall"

I clenched my fist, "Don't call me that shit, leave my office now"

He laughed, "Oh come on lattie, didn't you have fun?"

I tried containing my anger.

I've moved on, I've forgotten that, yes I have. I convinced myself.

I'm not going to give him the satisfaction, I told myself.

But no, he had to push me.

"I would be a mean grandpa if I let my step-grandson miss out" he said sarcastically.

I lost it, "You'll never"

He smiled, "Feisty now? I like it better but fresh meat on the market first"

I threw the first fist right on his jaw.

He had crossed the line.

He licked his cracked lip, "Assaulting your business partner is not wise"

He took the framed photo of my SON on the table and kissed it.

"I hope you are as good as your dad. Meet you in six days"

I couldn't take it. Not my son. I grabbed him by the neck and held tightly until I saw his tongue all out. I was about to let go but memories flashed back like it was yesterday. I squeezed his neck tightly, with my nails sinking in his skin.

His eyes rolled back and his body softened. I realized I've killed him. I felt relieved by the sight of his body so powerless on the floor.

I sat on my chair completely zoned out. I didn't even hear Scott coming in.

He was shocked, I didn't elaborate anything I just told him to call the police I've killed the dog.

He called people, not police. They took his body, they burnt it to ashes in the foreign land.

After everything I drowned a couple of shots and drove home.

I'm not a bad person Sena, I don't avenge myself. I forgive, why forgiven people can't play their role? Why must I suffer by being reminded about all the sufferings I underwent?

Why can't I have peace? I moved on, I forgot, I was a child anyway. Now my duty is to make sure my kids don't go through same things as me. Somebody threaten to hurt my child, or even enjoy that idea, I'm rightful to eliminate him.

Now everything is as visible as yesterday. He brought it all back. How am I going to make love to you so manless? So dirty, how Sena?

How are you even going...no God no!!"

He fail to go on, his chest is wet. My whole face is wet, my eyes feel heavy from all the crying.

This is just too much pain for one person. Doesn't God love all his children equally?

No!!!!

Chapter Fifty-Three

Sena Biyela

.

My night ruined. As well as my man's humanity. There is nothing I can do to make him feel better. Nothing I can say.

I fill the glass with icy water in the middle of the night and drink. I can't sleep, not when he is having nightmares.

"Fuck" I find myself cursing.

I blame his mother. This is all her doing. She made her own son a victim. Now I have to deal with it. I have to try make it feel better. Mostly I have to keep a secret. A dark secret that I will take to the grave with me.

I exhale, this is really frustrating, I slowly take the steps back.

I find him wide awake, lying on his back, watching the ceiling

"Can't sleep?" I ask.

He doesn't answer me, he take a deep breath.

"Maybe you should see someone, a professional" I say suggestively.

"Come closer" he pull me closer with one arm.

Something has been troubling my mind.

"So he is still in London, theoretically?" I ask.

"Yeah"

"After that, what's next?" I ask because this better stick together. I'm not going to lose my man to jail.

"There is nothing tracing his whereabouts, he will be a 'missing person' until his family give up" he say so cruelly.

This has completely made him lose his true-self. Anger is all I see.

"Do you trust your friend, Scott?" I ask.

"Yes,he is my business partner now"

My eyes open wider, "Business what?"

He sigh,"I will give him 25% of the company, I owe him my life"

Stay calm Sena! Understand.

I change the topic, for better, "So what do you say about getting somebody to talk everything with?"

"I don't need a shrink. I'm fine, really" he say.

"If you are fine then when are we going to have sex?" I ask.

He keep quiet.

I chuckle, "You see,you need someone to revive your esteem and self integrity"

"Babe can we not talk and just cuddle, it's 02am for goodness sake!"

I'm not giving up.I'll be on his throat about it till he agrees.This is my man and I want him back,spiritually.

We cuddle both deep in thoughts.I'm thinking about Andrew's family, how his kids are going to react.I don't care about his wife,she will make a nice widow.

Oh my God!!

"Jay"

He can't carry such heartbreak. He is not strong enough.

"What about Jay?" Lwazi asks.

I'm scared, my voice is breaking.

"His heart condition, he won't be able to handle it"

"What heart condition?" he ask loud and confused.

I...Oh shit!

"Sena what are you talking about?" he ask angrily.

I want to punch myself,"Babe umhhh..it's nothing"

I promised Jay I won't tell him. He trusted me.

Why my mouth, why?!

"You better talk Sena or else"

Or else strangle me? He better be not threatening me.

"He is sick, he doesn't want you and Hope to know" I say in shallowness.

He take time to process it, "When did he start being sick? What is it, headache?"

I sigh, "Heart failure, he have a donated heart and is facing death"

He sit up, "But he can..."

I cut him, "He doesn't want to be cured. He said he have had enough with surgeries"

He bury his face with his hands, "Babeeey"

This is definitely our worst night. It can't get worst than this.

"Please babe don't cry, I'm sure you can do something. He doesn't listen to me"

He chuckle with pain, "I'm his brother, I'm meant to protect him. He couldn't even confide in me"

I sigh, "Please stop beating yourself up about everything"

"I need to go to Cape Town, when he discover his father's death he won't be able to handle it"

I take his hands, "Hey, don't do that. Don't ever panic, okay"

He can't afford to lose his calmness and raise suspicions. That man is still in London, no need to go to Cape Town and pre-mourn.

He is shaking, "I'm going to lose him, like Olwethu"

I pull him closer and embrace him.

There is no more talking. He get under covers, so do I. I stay awake listening to his silent thoughts that is represented by his loud breaths and non stillness.

As his breaths go softer my eyelids grow heavier. Tomorrow is another day.

New day. Sun blaze through the curtains. I wish I could say birds are singing like everybody but not in this house, here The Lion King is echoing loudly.

I look at him beside me, looking so peaceful in his sleep. Won't you stay like that forever?

I kiss his lips softly, cautiously not to wake him up. I go to the bathroom to do my business and wash my face and teeth.

I walk to Quinton's room, my ears get blocked as I enter. He is watching it attentively with a big box of biscuits on his lap.

Where did he get it? Gosh!

"Quinton" I scream.

I can't find the remote, I press on TV to switch it off.

"Mom" he says frustrated.

"And then? Didn't I tell you to keep the volume down in the mornings?" I ask angrily.

He stuffs two biscuits into his mouth. I guess he can't speak now the way his mouth is occupied.

"Why are you eating cakes in the morning? No, who gave you?"

He couldn't have reached up for them by himself.

He answers me after swallowing, "Mama is downstairs"

Which mama?

I snatch the box from him, "Go brush your teeth"

I walk out leaving him throwing tantrums.

I wonder which mama is here early so? We really need privacy in this house, we are going through things.

It's one and only, Ziphelele. She is drinking tea with my new cup, doesn't she have a house?

"Did Sbu kick you out?" I ask.

"Good morning"

"You just made it a worst morning" I say.

She rolls her eyes, "I was hoping to listen to some morning glory audio"

Privacy! I need that.

"What do you want?" I ask grumpily.

"Someone to accompany me to my first session of therapy"

I fold my arms, "And I look like the one to listen to your sob stories about failing marriage and cry along. Girl take a girl to dinner before traumatizing her!"

She laugh, until tears form in her eyes.

"Why are you laughing?" I ask.

"Simtho told you to buy vibrators, look at you. Miserable without sex" she say laughing.

I can't help but laugh with her.

"You also need to get laid so that you stop crashing our houses by dawn"

She laugh, "Not even in my wildest dreams, I choose to keep my legs closed"

"Since you are here, make yourself useful and prepare breakfast. You'll serve it, respectively by bedrooms" I say and walk away.

"You need it so badly" she mumbles.

"I'm thirty, show respect"

She laugh.

The Lion King is back on again. I sigh and walk toward Quinton's room to tell him to keep it down.

The old Quinton is watching too. They are absorbed in the cartoons that they don't even notice me.

It's so early in the morning for this noise but I let it go because my man is occupied with something else than horrible reality.

Chapter Fifty-Four

Simtho Biyela

.

I hang out with myself most of the times. I enjoy my own company.

"Ever since Loyiso died you are boring as a fuck"

That's what they are all saying and I don't care to put a book down without reading the last chapter. If I'm not reading a book I'm tuned to reality shows and movies indoors.

Right now I'm reading His Alone by Alexa Riley, which is the second edition of Everything For Her. I swear Fifty Shades of Grey got nothing on this book. Damn! I'm so absorbed in it that I forget about the pie that I was eating.

"Is this a kraal or house?"

I look up annoyed. I don't need disturbance, not now when I'm reading the erotic part.

Somehow I smile, "Hi"

"I feel for my shoes" he says stepping carefully.

There is a box of pizza on the floor and a few chocolate wrappings, no big deal.

"Stop being smart" I say carefully folding the page I was reading and closing the book.

Donald. I can't resist his company.

He hugs me, "Did you bath?"

Now he is exaggerating it.

"Come on, smell my armpits for proof" I say lifting my arms.

He smells, "Yeah right"

I smile "What brings you here?"

"The GTi, why are you throwing dirt around? Are you that lazy?" he asks picking it up.

He walks to the kitchen to throw it in the bin. Lucky me!

"You should hire a maid" he says when he comes back.

"Are there male ones?" I ask.

I seriously can't have another bitch cleaning my house and going through my stuff, especially my clothes.

"I don't know, but your living style is not healthy. Let your guard down and get a helping hand, you're pregnant and shouldn't overwork" he says, with a serious face.

"Go hospital go! Turning boys to men" I say clapping my hands.

"Whatever! Now how are you?"

I sigh, "Tired but unfortunately I can't rest before I finish this book"

He frown, "Why? It's not like the book can run"

He won't understand anyway. Nobody does, until they read these Alexa's books they'll understand.

"Have you eaten breakfast?" I ask to change topics.

He shake his head, "No"

"Where is JJ?"

" At your brother's, he think that is his home. He said he miss his bed and Phiwo last night and left"

I smile, "Okay I'll make breakfast then, I haven't eaten either"

Boom! He laughs. I look at him confused.

"You have eaten pizza, chocolates and pies. What do you mean you haven't eaten?"

I roll my eyes, "Breakfast is bread, crumbled chicken strips, fried chips, mushmallows, kit kat, eggs, tomatoes, mayonnaise and hot chocolate"

He follows me to the kitchen, "Mushmallows, kit kat are not breakfast"

He must watch it!

"Breakfast is what I say it is, this is my house"

He keep quiet. I gather everything and start preparing with him watching me.

"Do you need help?" he ask.

"At last! Peel the potatoes" I say.

"Don't you have those ready chips?"

I thought he was willing to help.

"I ran out of them and I don't feel like shopping" I say.

He take one potatoe and sigh.

"Breakfast is still breakfast without potatoe chips"

"Peel Donald"

He start peeling. We get everything ready, with him complaining there and there, and sit to eat.

"Oh no!" I say realising that I forgot the kit-kat.

I walk back to take it,he judges me with his eyes.

"We haven't talked you know" he say out of the blue.

"What have we been doing?" I ask.

I know exactly what he mean and I've been dodging it since he came out.

"I'm talking about us. I'm here now Biyo,we've gone through hell for each other.Now that we can have each other,you are drifting away"

I sigh,I'm not going to enjoy this kit-kat.

"I'm pregnant Don,it could be his this...I don't know"

He stop eating, "But we love each other, you love Junior too,how hard it could be for me?"

He don't understand. I didn't hate Junior's mother,he hated Loyiso.This might completely change everything, so much has happened.

"I think you deserve more" I say.

"I want you only"

I shift my eyes away, "I love you Don,more than a friend but I can't see,I'm scared"

"What are you scared of?" he ask hoarsely as ever.

"I'm scared of how my life will turn out.My life is a stew of despair,misery and instability"

My future is my biggest fear because I don't know what it have for me. Hell,I don't even have a mind diagram of how I want it to be.

He reach for my hand and look at me in the eyes.

"Not all those who wanders are lost.Your home and future lie right here,in me"

"All that glitters is not gold.I don't want fantasies to lead me on only for reality to crash me down" I say.

"You have doubts?" he ask in a broken tone.

I shake my head,"It's not that"

"I would die for you Biyo,I love you. Even as a friend, I'd never hurt you"

His words melt my heart, "I love you too"

"I sense a but" he say.

I smile "But I don't want to rush things, I have a lot to consider.Heal and let me be pregnant then we can take it to the next step"

He sigh, "Can we at least be friends with benefits?"

I laugh, "Isn't it took early for you to be slaving your muscles?"

"Women-on-top is what they call it"

I laugh out loud, "No thanks"

He look at me with begging eyes,I laugh at him.

"Just little one in and one out" he say.

"Dude!" I say laughing.

We finish eating,he clean up while I look for a good movie to watch.

"Do you want to go out tonight?" he ask joining me on the couch.

"No"

"Since when are you this boring?" he ask.

"Since Bluetooth turned orange"

He click his tongue, "Send Zethu a message tell her I want to see her boyfriend"

I look at him, "Hhayi bo! What do you want from Tyson?"

"A white chick"

I roll my eyes, "I will have a heart attack, please don't"

He chuckles, "Yeah right.Anyway let's have sex,just for fun,no strings attached"

I look at him,my eyes widened.

"Are you serious?"

He unbutton his shirt, "Yeah we will then pretend it never happened"

I laugh, "Okay,no text about missing my vjay"

"Deal" he say.

This is stupid,fun and also breaking the rules.

We strip our clothes off and get it on.

Chapter Fifty-Five

Nozipho Biyela

.

My relationship with Anthony is taking a strain. My attention has been all captured by my family and the endless drama.He is also stuck on his constant business trips.He make me worry, at his age he should be resting and enjoying his late years of life.Only if he had an heir to take over, I guess money really doesn't guarantee the best out of life.Right now he is in Lesotho according to an online source,hopefully when he returns I will be able to rekindle our relationship. He will always be my daddy.He gave me the bests in life.

Donald is recovering well,now that he is out I have my husband's full attention. This morning he woke me with breakfast in bed, it may have been prepared by Ziphe but it's thoughts that counts hey.

So far this pregnancy is treating me good.No morning sickness and less crazy cravings and mood swings.

Speaking of the devil!

"My peach"

I wonder why he comes back from work this early.I put the magazine that I've been reading down and smile, my whole world light up.

"Babe"

He put the keys and phones on the coffee-table and kiss me.

"How is my little buddy?" he ask.

I really hope it's a boy so that our kids would be balanced.Sphiwo needs a little brother to grow into men with.

"He is well behaving, why are you here this early?"

"I can't work I'm hungry" he say in exhaustion.

That's just being the rich man's son.

"You have the kiosk in your workplace and the restaurant is just across the street"

"I want a home-cooked meal.How about I go buy spinach and we cook pap and boil some meat"

There is no 'we',he can't cook,he is referring to me and I'm sorry because I'm too tired to cook.

"No I'll warm pie for you"

He sigh "I don't want pie"

I get a lot whining from the kids,I don't need a thirty years old man to go 'childish' on me.

"I'll cook later babe,not now"

He keep quiet and pick his phone. Something is bothering him but right now let me go prepare him food.

He is going to eat pie,so are the kids when they come back.I'll have to call Ziphe as the day goes and see how her therapy went.I really pray her and Thapelo work things out.

I put everything on the tray and go put it in front of him on the coffee-table.He doesn't look pleased but he pick a knife and start cutting,good for him!

"Is there something wrong?" I ask as he eat silently.

"Yes,food"

I roll my eyes and pick up the magazine. I really need new clothes,especially dresses and comfortably flat shoes.I need to maintain my style standards.I don't see the need to be pregnant and unattractive.I make the mental note to call my stylist later and see what she can do.

"Junior want a watch" he say bringing me back from fashion earth.

"Oh that's so clever of him" I say.

He chuckles "Not just any watch,the Rolex"

I laugh, "Don will be bankrupt by the time he turns sixteen"

"I still don't get why a mere child would insist on wearing Nike clothes only"

Well Junior is like our little Jaden Smith.What Junior wants is what Junior get.I guess Don's parenting style differs because my Sphiwo have to prepare a speech and get into interviews

before getting what he wants, having a rich grandfather doesn't work on his favor.

"He is living the best life, daddy's one and only" I say.

Just as we discuss his son he walk in wearing the tight jeans, crisp white shirt and sunglasses. Who is he smart for?

"I also want food" he say before he even sit.

"Didn't they feed you where you're coming from?" Sbu ask.

He smile, "Oh boy they did but right now I want the real pie"

Real pie? It better be not what I'm thinking because he just came out of the hospital. He is resting his body and taking things easy.

"What brings you here?" I ask.

In the years I've spent in this family I've also grown out of the 'greeting' habit. Here you walk in and just start talking without wasting anybody's breath with your hellos.

"My car brought me here so must I go myself to the kitchen?" he say with his forever childish face.

I stand up "No, who knows where those hands have been"

He laugh and then turn to throw crazy remarks at Sbu's new cut.

I take out the pie and put it in the microwave. While it warms up I dial Simtho's number.

She answers when I'm about to give up.

"I'm sleeping" she says in a tired voice.

"Wake up and listen" I say.

I hear her sighing, "What is it?"

"Don smell like pussy, who is behind it?" I say digging out.

"I don't know Nozi"

I hope she is not lying, we don't lie to each other.

"Good because whoever it is is an inconsiderate bitch. Don should be resting and not slaved around on beds" I say.

She laugh, "Girl, have you never heard of woman-on-top before?"

"So it's you little hoe" I say laughing.

"Don't tell anyone, it was a once-off thing just to remove spiderwebs.Can a girl have a secret in this family, gosh"

Secret? What is that?

I laugh "Couldn't you wait at least a month?"

She is unbelievable!

"Says a person who get fucked every night,get some ice-cream girl"

I laugh, "Fucked up bitch"

She laugh "I want to sleep"

"Next time feed him after stretching your legs for him.I don't clean after your mess" I say.

"I'm too pregnant for that,catch up later.Don't forget to zip your mouth"

I laugh and drop the call.

"Here gossiping"

I turn to look at him taking out water out of the fridge.

"Mind your own dear hubby"

He laughs, "Who is it? Sena or Zethu?"

I laugh,Zethu and Sena come highly recommended in the gossip field of this family.

He walk out.I prepare everything and put a jug of juice aside and go give Don.

I walk up to Sbu's study to give them space to talk their business and sports.

On my way I'm texting Sena telling her about Simtho and Don,she calls immediately and ask me to dish more details.

"Sena you're the only one who knows beside me,put a locker on those lips" I say.

"Babe you know me.So are they now together?"

"No,bye now"

She laugh as I drop the call irritated by her questions.

I look for Sbu's laptop and switch it on.First I check in my Instagram to see what's new.I am a big fan of Ellen Degeneres too,maybe I should start by watching her shows on YouTube and then catch up with the Fashion Police.

An incoming call disturbs me.

Zethu. I wonder what she want,she rarely calls.

"Hel.."

She cut me, "Hey listen to the latest shockers"

I frown "What?"

"Simtho has given Don the cookie on the silver tray"

Sena!!!!

"What?" I say shocked by Sena's lack of honesty.

She chuckles, "Woman on top,dear mama!"

I have no words for this.

"How did you find out?" I ask.

"Can't say my source,but can you believe it? I mean it's too soon"

"Zethu, don't spread lies" I warn.

She doesn't even care, she goes on and on.Now I need to find a way to stop this from circulating.Sbu mustn't know,I know how he feels about them being together.

I sigh and get back to the laptop after she cut the call.

Chapter Fifty-Six

Zethu Biyela

.

Somebody just lifted my spirit up with bunch of flowers and sweet hand written message. Don't even guess you know it's my Tyson.

I put on a cap and sunglasses and walk out. I need some fresh air. Maybe I should start by dropping Coco at Sbu's place and then go see the main bitch. I have a business to discuss with her. I still can't shake off the picture of her on top of Don.

I drive to Sbu's place and find him with Don. I manage to control myself from blabbing my mind out but I can't stop looking at Don and smiling.

"What? Do you like what you see?" he ask.

I roll my eyes, "I'm into the Givanston type of men"

Sbu chuckles, "Where is umlungu anyway?"

"He is a businessman brother, he don't sit on the couches all day" I say.

They look at each other and share the silent joke.

"Why are you here?" Sbu ask.

"Do you have wine?" I ask.

"Drunkard!" he reply, clearly annoyed.

Get used to it brother!

"Fine I'll drink at Simtho's house. Please look after Coco for me"

He look around, "Where is she?"

"Running around the house I suppose"

Don laugh, "Now you're dating whites and having pets"

"Stop undermining me Donald" I say.

He laugh, "Shit, is his private hair also white?"

Sbu burst out laughing, I can't believe they are this stupid.

I ignore them on that, "Where is Nozipho?"

They continue laughing,

"Answer the question first?" Sbu says.

I give them the middle finger and walk out leaving them laughing.

I drive away to Simtho's house. This house is so dull, inside and out. I swear people think nobody

stays here.

I knock once and walk in. She is humming and cooking in the kitchen. She is getting fat.

"Why are you happy?" I ask and lean by the counter.

She look at me, "Who told you to come in? "

I smile "Why is your neck red?"

She grin, "I'm trying to cook my baby is hungry"

"Talk Simtholile" I say.

She turn back to her pot and stir.

"Fine" I walk away.

I need to find traces of evidence. I start in the dining area and look around. Everything is in one piece. I snoop around in every bedroom, still nothing. Maybe it was all lies.

I sigh and go back to her.

"What have you been up to?" I ask.

She shrugs, "I don't know what you are talking about"

I sigh, "Fine, don't ever ask me about my personal life"

She laugh, "Consider it done"

I wait for her to finish cooking her pasta while sipping on some wine. After she finish dishing herself a mountain we both go sit in the lounge.

"I need you to look at this" I say giving her the envelope.

She frown and put her plate down.

"You can make changes if you are not satisfied" I say.

She read with a huge grin on her face.

"R3.5k for what?" she ask.

"It's half of what I normally cost, that's family deal" I say.

She laugh out loud, "Girl, who do you think you are?"

"Simtho this is the fair deal,other designers would cost you ten times that price" I say.

I'm real doing her a favour here. I've designed my friend's houses for five thousands and above.I come highly recommended in many places.

"Come on,sip some champagne! You are not even a qualified designer and we had a deal that you keep Coco and do my baby's room for free"

I don't remember the 'free' part,I only said I will do her baby's room.

"That deal wasn't sealed,we didn't discuss further details like the price and time"

She dig in her plate and shake her head.

"You're sick"

I sigh, "This is why I don't mix family with business"

"Forget it.I'm not paying you a cent I gave you my dog" she say.

I laugh, "Come on,I'll do the shopping until my nails break and do the painting. For what? A dog you got for free"

She need to be considerate.

"Look at it thoroughly and see how much effort I'm going to put in making your baby's room beautiful"

She shake her head, "No Zethu you don't get to bully me"

I give up!

"Fine then we have no business" I say.

She giggles, "Oh yes we do sweetheart"

She must keep dreaming. I look around for the remote and something catch my eye.

"Simtho is that your g-string?" I ask looking at the black thong on the floor near the couch's edge.

She choke on her food and cough.Somebody give me a Bells

I laugh, "Got nothing to say now huh?"

She laugh, "I was bathing"

Bad liar.

"We bath in the lounges now. So tell me how was it?"

She smile, "Refreshing like nothing on earth"

I laugh "Cheers to that. Did you condomise?"

She frown "I keep it real, I have nothing to lose"

Clap once, clap twice!

"You know you could be twice pregnant as we speak?" I ask and we both laugh.

"He does love me" she say, suddenly serious AF.

"I know, have you moved on from Loyiso though?"

She sigh, "I can't, especially knowing that I could be carrying his child. I blame myself for everything"

I hold her hand, "God's timing can never be fought"

She shrugs, "I hate to have my hand in it"

"He was going to die anyway, sick bastards always do"

She gasp "Zethu! He was also a good man"

I chuckle, "Good at making your pussy sing in tunes, good at giving you expensive gifts and making you feel special other than that he was a monster"

She roll her eyes, "And how well do you know Tyson?"

I keep quiet, but he can't be that bad.

She laugh, "Exactly most of the times men's first impressions are never genuine. Trust him when you know him"

I nod "I'm still gonna sleep with him though"

"Don't get pregnant"

I roll my eyes "Unlike you I do condomise"

She smile cheekily, "And you miss out on the good staff"

She can have that good staff I'm not riding on that bus, who is going to drink all the alcohol if I

get pregnant?

I look at her, "You actually need a life, let's go"

She reluctantly go with me for fresh air.I need to pick Ziphe up too,she also need a life.

We drive to Sbu's house first to pick the lifeless pregnant Nozi.Sbu is against the idea but I manage to convince him we are just going to dine and eat sea food and drink plain water.

We ignore Simtho and Don staring at each other and sharing secret smiles every now and then.

Just as we are about to walk out Thapelo walk in with his niece.

"Hello" Tami greet looking at everyone in the house.

She look just like my type. We can get along very well.

"This is Tamika,my sister's daughter" Thapelo do the introductions.

Tami start off by hugging Nozipho.

"Oh my God I love you,you even look better in person" she says.

She hugs Simtho then wink at me and shake Sbu's hand.

She then go to Don with a seductive smile.

"Hi,I'm Tamika"

We all know who she is by now.Don chuckles and do the handshake, which take a little longer.

"Sweetheart that's enough handshake for the day" Simtho says.

I look across at Nozi,we both burst out laughing. Simtho look ready to kill the girl while Sbu look ready to kill her.

Chapter Fifty-Seven

Sena Biyela

.

Finally she walk out.I grab my bag and stand up.Her eyes are bloody red,this is what opening up about everything does.

"Why did you take so long?" I ask.

"It only have been one hour" she say in a husky voice.

"It felt like a week"

I've been waiting for her on the chairs in the waiting area while she went in for her therapy session with Dr Cowell. I didn't want to go inside and bore myself and cry my eyeballs out about Ziphe's issues.

I give her a hug, "Are you good?"

She nod, "Ya,thanks for coming"

"Anytime"

We walk to her car and drive off. She drop me at my place, I walk in and find Fikile playing with Quinton.

"Hey mummy" Fiki says.

Quinton jump up and run to me. I pick him up as heavy as he is.

"Missed me?" I ask.

He smile "Yes,me and daddy"

I also smile "I also missed my boys"

I put him down, he continues playing with Fikile.

"And you sistaz when did you arrive here?" I ask Fiki.

"When your man wanted to go out"

Lwazi! He promised me he would look after Quinton until I come back.

I hide my concerns and ask how long he has been gone. It has been three hours.

I hope he is not drinking wherever he is. This day-off was for him to rest and spend time with us.

"I'll go get him, please take Q with you. I will fetch him later"

Fiki being the eldest understand that there is trouble, she doesn't do a lot of questioning she will do it later, that's for sure. She gathers a few toys and a jacket and pack it. We walk out together.

"Bye baby, I'll fetch you from aunt Fiko. She will give you chewing gums" I say to Quinton.

A chewing-gum part get him racing to Fiki's car and shouting for her to hurry up.

"What's happening Sena?" she ask.

I can't answer her.This is the first time I'm keeping them from the truth.

I exhale "I just want to know if he is really not cheating on me"

She roll her eyes "Girl can you sit down and sip some champagne?"

I expected that,my family trust Lwazi more than me.

I know he is not cheating on me with a girl but he could be cheating on himself with alcohol,that's my worry.

"Feed my son,I will call" I say and walk away.

I need to check him in his work first.I drive there and bump to his PA,who tell me he left thirty minutes earlier with Scott.

I need to start in that bar they always hang out at,Chibbaz.I drive there anxiously.

I park in the parking area and walk in.This place is classy I wonder how old is the owner.

I walk straight to the barman and ask if he's seen Lwazi Madlala.He is well-known in this place.The barman show me where he is sitting.

There is a bottle of whisky in front of them. Scott see me first and smile. Both of them are my ex-employees from Gala Electrical.

I tap his shoulder, "Hi"

He look at me shocked "Babe"

I greet Scott, "I came to fetch my man,if you don't mind"

"Not at all boss lady,Lwazi see you tomorrow"

I smile "Babe,I left Quinton alone let's go"

He stand up "Why did you leave him alone?"

That's a rich question coming from him.

"Bye Scott" I say.

I need to think ahead and monitor this Scott. My instincts tell me I need to put him on the leash.I need him to be silenced,I won't take his word for it.

We walk out holding hands. Lwazi could drink a whole bottle of bad whisky and not get drunk. Now tell me which blood type make that happen? It's a good thing though, I can't have a man who drink and sing religious songs and insults everything.

I open the passenger door for him, I'm a man. I get in my seat and drive away.

I drive in the garage and open the door for him. We've been silent throughout the journey.

He walk in the house and call out for Quinton.

"He left with Fiki" I say.

He look at me, his eyes are reddish.

"Oh"

I know he is wondering why I'm not shouting at him for breaking the promise. Yes, I am mad at him for choosing Scott over his son. He was supposed to stay and bond with Quinton.

"Lwazi" I call him firmly.

He blink, "Babe"

"I understand but this... no babe no" I say.

He sigh "I'm sorry, I needed to take my mind off things"

I nod, "But we have TV, play stations and a tennis court. We also have alcohol in the house"

He look away,

"Sorry" he mumbles.

I walk over him and kiss his neck. He shivers and push me away.

"Babe I will bath first" he say.

I hold him by his arm "No, I need my man. It's over babe, live your life. Be proud, you have nothing to make you feel any less than a man"

I pull his head down, entwining my hands around his neck. I kiss his cold brewery-smelling lips. He kiss me back, I pull away and smile.

He hold my cheeks and kiss me again, deeply this time. I find myself moaning in his mouth.

I push him to the couch and remove my mouth from his and go onto his neck, my tongue licking now and then.

His eyes are closed,he keep moaning.I go back to his lips and suck them while I send my hand to his belt and unbuckle it.

"Babe no" he say and try pushing my hand out.

"Babe,this is us" I say and lick his earlobe,circling the inside with my tongue.

His boy is standing firmly right now.I would love to give him a little blow but I need him to see my face and remember it's us.

Thanks to Andrew for bringing back all the hurtful memories to his head,now I need to work on his self-esteem and try to bury those memories.

I don't take anything out,I just slide the panty aside and push him in.

"Babe" he cry and pin me down on him.

I move down,he move up, we meet halfway and moan.

His eyes are closed,his mouth is open.I thrust in and feel tears threatening to come out as he moan in pleasure.

How painful it must have been? Now he remembers the moans he made.

He hold my butt tightly, "Babe...fa..faster"

I increase the pace,he is way too fast though. I stop and let him be.

He clench his teeth,making that 'ssss' sound and go a bit slower.

He must go ahead. I won't be able to reach there,my mind is clouded.This was for him anyway.

I stir on him and moan louder,he squeeze my butt and cry out.

"Babe...Babe" he cry,trying to make me stop.

"Babe cum" I say and press my butt down.

He lift my thighs a bit up and thrust in and out like a lunatic.

His break out is accompanied by a loud bull groan.

I wait for him to find his senses back before I unhook myself.

So much tears.

He hold my hand and look at me.

I go first, "I'm sorry"

I shouldn't have cried,we are moving forward here and burying the past.

He pull me to his chest, "I love you Sena"

I start weeping again,I only manage to nod.

"I promise I'll be a better man for you"

I just brush his head and enjoy the comfort I get on his chest.

"I will never hurt you or my son, you're my family" he say.

"I know"

He exhale "You loved me when nobody did.You love a person who was never loved by both his parents.You are something else,something special"

I blush, "Okay,now I need to wipe these sperms"

He chuckles, "Wasting energy,I'm not done with you"

I giggle and draw a heart with my finger on his arm.

Bye Ziphe and Fiki on the deserts.

Chapter Fifty-Eight

Ziphe Biyela

.

I don't know what to expect as I walk in.I look around and feel as cold as the walls of this house.My house.Where my heart is supposed to find comfort and warmth.I walk to the kitchen, it's dry.

I put my purse on top of the counter and exhale.The pots are shining inside and out.What they've been cooking with? I open the fridge,there are no left overs,only some Woolworth's salad in a sealed container.

I'm hungry and my own cooking. Firstly I need to move my stuff to the spare bedroom. I've been advised to give him what he want. If blaming me is going to let him heal,so be it.I need to focus on forgiving myself before I plead for his forgiveness.I need to give him space but also be

available whenever he needs me. Being a wife means making a lot of compromises. I take almost everything that belongs to me and move it to the bedroom downstairs. I'm so tired and hungry by the time I finish. I have been going back and forth in these staircases. I need a warm shower before I start with the pots. I shower and get in my night wears and tie my braids messily.

I'm tired I can't cook beyond pap and roasted meat. I'll take the salad in the fridge and have some bubbly with it.

I cook what enough for one tummy and set the table. I'm sure he have food wherever he is and his niece is sorted.

I dig in my food while checking dozens of pictures Zethu is sending me. They are now in some kind of chilled club, Zethu and Tami look drunk. I wonder why Nozipho and Simtho are still there. Hell will break loose with my brother. Nozipho should be home with her kids, not in night clubs looking lost.

Sena is occupied with whatever is happening in her house. She made excuses of why she can't join them. Fikile is always out of town attending business meetings or home with her kids. Fiki is almost boring as me and Zanda if you ignore the fact that she drink like a fish when she get the chance.

I'm halfway with the food when the main door swing open. I lose the appetite.

I feel his presence getting closer and closer. I keep my head down and concentrate on the plate.

He sit on the chair, opposite me.

I lift my head and find him staring right at me. For a while we just stare at each other until I decide to shift my gaze back to my food.

After a while he clear his throat, I look at him. He doesn't say anything.

I eat my food silently, again he clear his throat.

When I look at him he is looking at the plate,

"You cooked?"

He didn't greet me, we haven't talked in weeks and this is the first thing he is going to ask. He is interested in the food I cooked.

I just nod and continue eating.

"I'd like some food too" he says.

I want to ask why he didn't eat where he is coming from but I decide against it.

"I only cooked for me" I say.

I didn't know he still want to eat the food I cooked. I thought he have everything sorted out and surviving gladly without me.

"Wow!" he exclaim.

There is a conversation we should have before discussing food.

"How are you?" I ask looking at him.

He shrugs, "Hungry"

I do the Christianity and push the plate with half eaten pap and small piece of meat to him.

He pick the fork right away,

"Thanks"

He start eating like a street kid having his first meal after days.

I watch him and suddenly feel bad.I should've cooked more.

Within two minutes he has wiped the plate clean.He take everything to the kitchen and come back drinking a bottle of water.

We sit in chairs,not having any conversation.I realise how broken I've made us to be.

I stand to leave,my eyes are getting heavier.

"Goodnight" I say.

He keep quiet.I sigh and walk away.

I can feel his eyes piercing through my skin as I walk.This is not going to be easy.We both can't initiate a productive conversation while we have so much to talk about.

I go to the bathroom and brush my teeth.I finish and just take a minute to look at myself in the mirror. My eyes have completely lost the light,my skin has lost complexion.

I drag my feet and go to bed.

Oh flip't! My phone.

I kick the blankets and walk back to the dining room.

I find him busy on my phone. Wtf!

"That's my phone" I say with my arms folded on my chest.

"I know"

Is he testing me?

"Thapelo!" I say warningly.

He doesn't budge, "Is Niresh that boy who was here in my house?"

I can't believe he is snooping in my cellphone openly. What happened to privacy?

"You really care, fifteen messages just to apologize?" he ask.

I sigh, "I put him in the awkward position, now please give me my phone"

He chuckles, "And I haven't received a single text or call from you apologising to me for what you did"

Now I feel like a kid, I have nothing to say. I feel bullied.

"Thapelo my phone" I say.

Instead of giving it to me he throw it against the wall. It smash into pieces.

I'm shocked, I have my hands covering my mouth.

I don't know when he stood up and came to grab my hair.

"You do it again and again and again" he shout.

I find the strength to shove him back, when he walk to me angrily after balancing by the wall I let one hot slap against his face.

"You don't break me like this Thapelo and put your filthy hands on me" I scream and grab him by his shirt.

When I aim for another slap he hold my hand and push me to the wall and pin me.

"You're tough, huh?" he say.

"Don't talk to my face or else"

He cup my face with his left hand,

"Or what Mrs Mokoena? You'll slap me or even worse get a muti to kill me"

Tears troll down my face, I can't move or slap him but I can scratch his arm with my nails.

"You think I wanted to kill the only thing I've ever dreamed of for four years. Do you know the pain I feel looking at Quinton knowing that my baby would be his age. Huh? Do you?"

He keep breathing heavily and stopping me from hitting him.

"You think you're the only one in pain. Well you're not feeling half the pain I'm feeling. I have my conscience eating me every fuckin' day and a husband who doesn't understand nor listen"

He sniff his nose, "You think you know how I feel?"

"No I don't know as much as you don't know about me. We're doomed Thapelo, maybe you were right we should quit" I say.

He grab my face and attack my mouth with his lips. I obey and respond to him, I taste the salt of my tears in his lips.

Within a few minutes we are on the floor. He is breathing heavily on top of me, his eyes are closed.

We kiss each other with so much anger, my lips feel like they are swelling.

He slide his hand in my vjay and massage it roughly. I tear his shirt, the buttons fly all over.

He stop kissing me and strip me naked and then push his pants down.

He grab my legs apart and put his cock in my wet vjay and rub it.

I grab his head to my face and kiss him with hunger. He moan and push it slowly inside. When he is completely fitted he start bouncing on top of me.

I hold around his waist tightly and move with him. He is groaning and cursing while I'm screaming and crying.

I reach my station first, he doesn't slow down he keep thrusting harder. He poke all the right places and my mind keep going on an overseas vacation.

Just when I think I'm getting back in action my body fails me. The magical wave take me away over and over again.

Eventually, when I'm like a breathing corpse, he groan like a bull taking it last breath and fall on my chest powerlessly.

I'm too tired to even open my eyes and see what he is doing. I only hear his movements near me.

He scoop me up and walk with me.He is taking the steps.No! I sleep downstairs, not with him.

I want to argue with him but I can't. He put me on the bed and come back after a while. I feel something soft and warm wiping my legs and in between.

My body is long asleep,it's my mind that is still holding on.

"I love you.. forgive me babe"

I hear those words before my mind shut down.

I wake up in the beautiful place.The sky is clear and blue.The grass is green and there is no one except me.I'm smiling and picking up the flowers.

"Hi" a little boy appears.

I smile at him, he look so cute and innocent.

"Hey,do you want a beautiful flower?" I ask.

He smile, "Yes and a beautiful mom and dad"

My heart melt, "I can be your beautiful mom.Here take the flowers"

He doesn't take the flowers,

"No,you're not a beautiful mom.You cry and always sad"

I look at him confused, "Who are you with here?"

"My little brother,he cries a lot because our mom and dad also cries a lot"

The flowers in my hands drop to the ground.

"Where is he?" I ask.

"In the peaceful place"

Just when I want to ask if I can accompany him back to where his little brother is he vanishes.

I look everywhere for him but I can't find him.Instead of crying I sit on the grass and sing a beautiful song with a smile on my face.

I know I'm not loyal I owe you multiple chapters :* :* I'm gonna type till my fingers hurt today

Chapter Fifty-Nine

Ziphe Biyela

I open my eyes, look around the room. My bedroom, yah! The sun is blazing sharply through the curtains. How long was I asleep?

Thapelo? Maybe he used the other bedroom. Last night was intense, maybe he is still mad I slapped him. I was driven by emotions. I'm embarrassed thinking about how crazy I acted.

I had a dream! I remember the little boy, my body shivers. He said I'm always crying and sad, he needs a happy mom. I need to deal with my demons, I've held this baggage far too long. I need to let go.

I need to forgive myself and I need to apologise to my husband. I need to start over, focus on life ahead and stop living in the past trying to make it right.

I wake up and kneel on the carpet. I close my eyes and take a deep breath;

"Dear God I have no idea where to start. I'm grateful for the life you gave me, thanks for protecting me. Heavenly Father I'm not here to ask for a lot, I need strength. Please untie my soul from guilt and give me the ability to move on. I plead for peace in my life, solidness in my marriage and joy. In your holy name I pray, I bow for you my Saviour. In Jesus Christ's spirit Amen"

"Amen"

I open my eyes shocked, he is kneeling right next to me.

For a moment we just look at each other.

I throw my eyes to the floor, "I'm sorry"

He pulls me to his chest and squeezes me for good minutes.

"I understand. I'm sorry I said those hurtful words to you MaBiyela" he says over my shoulder.

The words I've been yearning, I wanted his understanding.

I fight back the tears, "I'm sorry too, I was hurting. I really don't know how to deal with pain"

He chuckles, "You drank babe and brought a nigga in my house"

But I'm apologising for exactly that.

I push him, put my hands on his shoulders and stare at him.

"Do you doubt my love for you? You think I'd do things to hurt you, us, intentionally?" I ask.

He shake his head, "No..I was hurt,blaming you was the only way I dealt with it.I'm sorry for that,babe you need therapy. This 'babies' thing will destroy you"

So outdated!

"Had my first session yesterday"

He look saddened by that,he take a long deep breath.

I smile, first smile in weeks. He smile back.

"My knees hurts" I say.

We sit on bed our arms around each other. Maybe I should talk about the strange dream.

I tell him,he get strangely quiet after.Maybe I shouldn't have told him.

"I'm going to take a bath" I say and head to the bathroom leaving him rooted in the same spot on bed,looking lost.

I get in the bathroom, flip it! I took everything to the spare bedroom downstairs. Why was I that dramatic? I should've taken some and left some.I'll just take a bath downstairs then.

Now I have to pass by him. I take a deep breath and walk back through the bedroom to the staircases.

TV volume is very high.Woman sexually screams fill the whole floor.It coming from one of the bedrooms here.

I head to the door of the source of loud porn and knock.

Zethu better not test me!

I kick the door,it opens.It's just like her not to lock the door.

I go to the TV stand look for the remote and switch the damn thing off.

She comes out of covers with red eyes.

The niece!

"What are you doing here?" she ask very angry.

Her knees are up,she was doing what you're thinking. I'm so embarrassed for her.

"Do you know how close I was? You need a life" she continues.

I yawn, "Keep the volume down,you're traumatizing me"

I walk to the door, she grunt angrily.

"Damn it Aunt"

Oh shoot my bubble! I'm an aunt to my peer.

"Lock the door" I say and close it behind me.

She is the complete opposite of her mother. I've met her mother once or twice,she is the most humble person I know. You can't help but respect her.

Yesterday I put my things all over the place.My clothes are scattered on the bed,shoes crowded on the floor.He saved me some work by taking me to our bedroom.

I fill the bathtub with warm water.I scrub my body,my joints hurts. Yesterday was Hallelujah.

From this bedroom I can hear porn sounds from Tami's bedroom. I need to soundproof all the bedrooms.

I finish bathing,dress up and head to the kitchen to get me and Thapelo breakfast snack.Later I'll make full English breakfast.

I find him dressed up,sitting on bed with his hand on the cheek.

"You look sad" I say.

He look at me, "I'm not"

"Are you certain?"

He exhale, "I feel like I failed my deceased babies"

Okay he need to stop.

"Love" I touch his arm.

"Let's cherish one another. They say God doesn't give you more than you can handle.In God's time all will be okay"

Ow! That's deepness from nowhere but I agree with him. We lost the baby but we still have each other, why not cherish what God hasn't taken away from you?

"About last night, I'm sorry" I say and hand him an apple.

He laugh out loud, "No I'm not forgiving you for that. You'll be punished accordingly"

My eyes pop out,

"What?"

"Damn your little hands provide such stinging slaps" he says and laugh.

I'm embarrassed, my dad would be disappointed.

"Stop laughing I'm traumatized" I say.

He stop laughing immediately and look at me.

"Babe I'll go with you to the therapy, I'll support you. You are not alone"

Can he just chill?

"Not by that, something worse" I say.

He frown.

I exhale, "I walk on your niece helping herself"

"With what? Alcohol" he says.

I guess she is well-known drunkard. You know those type that would tell others in front of elders like,

"Open the bottle, don't mind them they know we drink'.

That type in my family is Zethu.

I laugh, "Helping herself intimately"

He look at me confused, "Huh?"

"Are you slow or what?" I ask laughing.

He spit the apple he had bitten on the plate. Now he is disgusting.

He is grinning disgustedly, "That is awful, fuck!"

I laugh, "Better the finger than the actual thing,that's more awful"

"Awful ne?" he says and bite his lower lip.

"I'm eating brother" I say with a serious face.

He come close to my face,

"Somebody hasn't eaten for a long long time. Don't you think you owe him Mrs Mokoena?" he whispers.

He is so wrong though. I feel his warm lips tickling my neck.This is it.

Breakfast time is way over,I hope that Tami has prepared something and left some for us.I'm not making that full breakfast anymore, blame Thapelo for that.

We find her in the lounge glued to her phone and smiling.

"Good morning,so you're back together that's nice" she says.

She is not one percent embarrassed by what I caught her doing earlier.She is some girl.

I leave them chatting and go to the kitchen. I find a bowl in the sink. She didn't cook,she ate cornflakes,so lazy.

We will eat sandwiches and juice I have no energy. Anyone who got a problem there is Mugg&Bean.

"Food guys" I say handing them the plates.

"I last ate full breakfast a month ago" he says.

I roll my eyes, "Now you don't know the story,nice"

He must be serious, he is the one who made me tired.If I overwork in the bedroom, I'll slow down in the kitchen.

"That guy..what's his name Thapelo?"

She calls me aunt and his uncle by name. She must cut me some slack.

"You are not still on about him,please" Thapelo say clearly annoyed.

Curiosity didn't kill a cat,it's lies.

"Who is that?" I ask.

She flip her long eyelashes, "My yummy future bae.Oh aunt his lips my gosh!"

Really? Her mother's brother is right here.

"Donald" Thapelo tell me.

I drop the glass on the table, "Askies?"

She smile, "I need to see him again and Thapelo please don't be my grandfather about it"

Wait a minute....

"He is my sister's boyfriend,he is not available" I say.

Thapelo look at me with a reprimanding look.

"Boyfriend as you say,not husband. I get goosebumps just thinking about him" she say with his hand on her chest.

"Stop dreaming girl" I say.

I choose to ignore Thapelo's look at the moment. My sisters are my ride-or-die,I will always be on their side.

Now I need to raise 'boyfriend snatchers' awareness to the girls.

****charging and coming back****

Chapter Sixty

Fiki Biyela

.

I came very late last night.They were already asleep.I missed them so much that I just wanted to see them before I close my eyes. I arrived here around half past ten at night. They were fast asleep,I only had a chance to kiss their foreheads. My princes.

In the morning I'm awakened Kuhle's voice.He is on my bed,scrolling on the phone.

"Morning baby" I say.

"Mom I can't find the Fighting Tiger" he says.

I yawn,take it and look for that game.I find it and hand it back to him.My phone used to be

fun,loads of porn videos and nudes,he had to demand sharing it for games I deleted every creepy stuff.Now the only safe device to keep my dirty stuff is laptop.

"Where is Simile?" I ask.

He doesn't answer,he is so busy tinting the screen sideways and making little screams.The game itself is very noisy.What a way to wake up!

I must freshen up and make breakfast.My mom can wake up at nine o'clock,depending on her mood.Don't ever count on her to make breakfast. Her 'responsibility wake up by dawn to attend his businesses' she always say.Our helper only cook lunch,breakfast and supper is on family.

I shower, dress up in the African printed long skirt,tuck in the white shirt and sandals.Just for fun I wrap the skirt-matching doek around my head with my ponytail popping out.

I walk back to Kuhle and beg for my phone.I need to check on my siblings,we last talked yesterday when they went out dragged by Zethu.

Nozipho is in hot waters with Sbusiso,that's what the text she sent says.I think it's about coming home at midnight.Sbu must chill,as much as she is the wife and mother of three kids with one coming soon she also deserve to enjoy life.She has been forever in that house slaving around and eating unhealthy.

We walk downstairs, Kuhle is following me chatting nonstop, I don't even know the topic of the story but it's about some nice racing game.

Simile is in the kitchen,cooking. At first I'm shocked,then I start panicking and rush to him.

"Are you trying to kill yourself? Simile!!" I say pulling him away from the stove.

What if the hot oil jumped on his face or he burn his hand? I'm going to have a heart attack.

"Good morning mom"

He nearly.. may have hurt himself and he is still greeting me this calm!

"Simile don't ever,I mean ever again,come to the kitchen and touch the stoves or ovens.Wait for an elder to do it for you" I say.

Kuhle giggles,"Mom Simile always cook his favourite food"

What?

"Simile" I say glaring at him.

"What is wrong with me cooking mom? I can cook,I know how to operate the kitchen

appliances"

I exhale, "You're young, you're a boy, don't cook end of the story"

"Okay" he say and walk away.

I need to have a talk with mom. My kids can't be wandering around the kitchen and cooking.

"Morning honey"

Finally madam is awake. We hug, she look amazing.

"Are you trying to compete with your children?" I ask looking at her outfit with jealous.

"You are competing with me, not the other way around. Ask your dad if you want to know who is beautiful between us"

I roll my eyes, "You're so full of yourself"

She sit on the chair, "Add more sausages and eggs your father's brother is on his way"

"Thobela?" I ask.

"Yes, he left a few days ago because his cow wasn't well. He is staying until Senamile's lobola end" she say peeling banana.

I exhale, "He is going to make fuss about everything, I need to be on my A game."

She laugh, she love people who torture us. I look at myself,

"Outfit, decent. Make-up, not too visible. Nails, nude pink. God is great!"

We both laugh.

Trust me Bab' Thobela can turn a mansion with aircons into hot hell. He roast people for a living.

I prepare breakfast, Simile set the table against my will. He like overworking himself and he should stop.

"Mkhulu" Kuhle shout and run to the door.

He is here, wearing cowboy's hat and brown leather jacket. He pick Kuhle up with a huge smile, walk toward us.

He take off the hat, "Menziwa!"

"Yebo Menziwa" my mom greet back.

He shake our hands, take off his jacket and hang it over the chair and sit.

"Oh this is Skhumbuzo,he drove me here.We are neighbours,he is Nkosi's son.Sit down my boy"

Now I look at him.I didn't notice him, my attention was on Bab' Thobela's weird animal skin band around his wrist.

He sit on the chair opposite me.I need to breath,okay.He intimidate me,I can't look in his direction.

One look was enough to see how flawlessly dark his skin is,his eyes are small like a black china.

"Good morning" he greet.

His voice! No I give up,I need to be locked up for having these feelings about a strange man in front of my kids.

My mom greet him ecstatically. I'll probably choke on my saliva if I try saying anything.

Bab' Thobela is busy telling my mom about his cow.I don't understand his fuss about a cow.What is wrong if a cow dies because nobody mourns they all feast in great free meat.

"I need a laptop for school" Simile says.

I look at him,"Which grade are you doing Simile?"

"Grandpa will get you one baby" mom says and go back to Bab' Thobela.

"Thanks granny,my dad said I must forget about it he doesn't have money"

My blood boils,"That son of a bitch! How come he have no money but he is on vacations every month end? "

"Fikile not in front of the guest" mom warns.

I exhale frustrated. He must never disappoint my child.His father is his superhero, he is going to have anger if he keep turning him down.

"I'll talk with him baby" I say.

My mood has been spoiled,I push the plate aside and drink water instead. Mom and Bab' Thobela are chatting and laughing. Kuhle is making annoying chewing sounds.

"Kuhle what are you? A cow" I say looking at him.

"No mkhulu's cow is sick"

I let him be because he doesn't understand what I'm on about.

"Thank you my daughter, food was delicious except the onions"

I'm used to him I don't care anymore. Nobody is perfect in his eyes. Not even my dad, he once told him he remind him of a Nigerian rich man who was a witch and devil worshiper.

I stay behind and clean the table, they all head to the lounge.

"Mom"

I lift my head up.

"Yes baby"

"I'm not sad about the laptop, my dad is my male parent. You're my queen I know you'll never disappoint me. I love you"

I smile and hug him, "And you're my prince, I love you too. Don't ever call that goat again"

He push me away, he smile like a grown man.

"Ma there is this girl in my class, she is beautiful"

Now wait a minute...

I look at him shocked, words failing me.

"Tell her how you feel" a deep voice say behind me.

"I will, I can tell she like me too" he say and walk away proudly.

I look at this guy, all the crush I had on him gone.

"Why did you tell my son to court girls? Who are you?" I ask angrily.

"Skhumbuzo" he stretch his hand.

"You go and tell him you were playing, now"

He smile "You are beautiful"

I will slap him!

"Bhuti wabantu" I say warningly.

"Let him grow up. I'd like to know you better"

He sound like a deep rural man.He speak with so much authority and pride.

"No" I say and walk away from him.

He hold my hand, in my father's house! The nerve of this guy!

"I am a patient man,I'm a Nkosi.What a Nkosi want it's what he get.Be well nkosazane"

He let go of my hand.I'm fuming,he is so arrogant.I go wash my hand.

"We will see about that Skhumbuzo Nkosi" I say to myself.

"Daydreaming?"

I smile and hug him.

"Oh daddy where have you been? A guy nearly beat me because I didn't want to tell him my name"

His face change immediately, he look murderous,

"Where is he?" He ask.

"He is with Bab' Thobela,he annoys the living hell out of me. Please have a word with him"

He charge to the balcony right away angrily. If a Nkosi want something from a Biyela he'll not get it.He will feel the Biyela wrath instead, nobody talk to me like that and make me feel so little.

I hear the shouting from where I am.At least my dad is a superhero.

After minutes dad walk in and walk past me fuming.

He walk out in after him,he stand next to me.

"Fikile Biyela,daddy's princess,you will be my princess soon. Daddy won't be always there,see you soon"

He walk past me to the main door.Fuck him!

Now I need to find Simile and give him an earful about girls.

Chapter Sixty-One

Nozipho Biyela

.

Can you believe he slept with Sphiwo? Because I came home at midnight and didn't answer my phone when he called.

I take it he is not talking to me because he is downstairs with the kids,he didn't even come to check on me.So being married means I can't live.

I drag my feet to the bathroom, I brush my teeth and fill the bathtub with water.I'm exhausted,I soak my body and rest.To think I allowed Zethu to drag me to her 'fun places',it was out of this world. I may have not danced or drank but I had so much fun gossiping about drunk people and those with bad dancing skills.Zethu and Tami were having time of their lives.They get along very well,they share similar personalities. Simtho was a bit rude toward her,it must be that 'handshake' moment.My body need some rest.

"Nozipho"

I hear his voice from the distance. He shake me violently, my mind crawl back.My body is cold.Oh shucks! I slept while bathing. I don't know for how long but he is glaring at me with so much anger.

"See what happens when you join Zethu's squad" he says.

I grunt and step out.I dry myself with towel,lotion my body while he is watching me like a hawk.I take another towel and wrap myself and leave him there.

I put the summer short on and his T-shirt.I look so baggy with it but who cares!

"Your kids miss you?" He say when he walk in.

"I'm going to them right now"

"What are your plans today? Going to Point?" He ask so cocky.

I'm not going to nurse his whinings,he is always going out with the guys not even once have I said a word.

"No I'm staying at home giving you the cookie,maybe next week I'll go to Point" I say.

He is looking at me with a killer one, I blow him a kiss and wink then walk out.

"Babies" I say.

They are squashed in one-seater couch.All three of them,watching cartoons.

"Hi mom" they greet back.

Their attention is on the screen.I thought they missed me.

I let them be and head to the kitchen. We are starving.

There was a tsunami in my kitchen. Dirty dishes on the counter, mugs and glasses are lying all over. There is a plate on top of the stove with empty meat tray. I check inside the microwave and find food crumbs inside and spilled milk.

"I'm going to die" I mumble.

Where do I start cleaning this mess? No I need to eat first. I open the bread tin and take the bread out. Now where do I make the sandwiches?

I gather all the necessities and prepare in the dining room. I grate the cheese, add some lettuce and sliced tomatoes. I put little mayonnaise in four sandwiches and so much in one.

He is sitting with Liya on the other couch. I put the tray on the coffee table.

"Juice or cold drink" I ask.

Liya say juice, Aya say fanta and Sphiwo say milkshakes. I shouldn't have given them options.

I go back to the messy kitchen, pour juice in one glass and take 2l of fanta. I take milkshake for Sphiwo and head back to the lounge. They are already eating like hungry lions. They take their drinks. I pour Sbu the cold drink in a glass and sit on the couch with my plate.

"Oh no!" I say when I realise.

They look at me, I'm looking at the sandwich. It is the wrong one.

"Who ate my sandwich?" I ask.

I'm already shaking with anger.

"There is your sandwich on the plate mom" Sphiwo says.

"No this is not, mine was different" I say my voice breaking.

"Different? All the sandwiches were the same" their daddy says.

"No they were not, I put more mayonnaise on mine"

He shrugs, "I don't know"

I look at the twins, they giggle and put their hands on their cheeks.

"I ain't playing with you" I say.

"Maybe it's Aya" Liya says.

I look at Aya, she points to Sphiwo. Sphiwo is licking his fingers, my mayonnaise is all over his little fingers.

"Why didn't you write your name on it mom?" Aya asks.

They all laugh, they think it's funny. I take my plate and stand up to leave.

"I'm going upstairs when I come back I want my kitchen spotless" I say and walk away.

I go to the kitchen first, put more mayonnaise and grab a packet of simba chips and go. I sit in my study and eat. Yummy!

When I'm done eating everything I head back downstairs. Nobody is here, it's quiet. The TV is off as well. I go to the kitchen and find it in the same situation. Now I'm being tested.

I call Bab' Biyela, his son is not treating me good.

"Makoti" he answers.

"Baba Sbusiso is ill-treating me. Yesterday I went out to dinner with the girls when I come back he has messed my kitchen like a brainless person. Everything is all over the place. Okay I let that go I prepare them food in the dining room because the kitchen has no space, guess what? He swiped my sandwich which I prepared with so much love."

"Where is he?" He asks.

"He took the kids I don't know where they went, he refused to clean the mess he made. What am I in this house? A maid" I say angrily.

"Calm down Makoti, he will come back there and clean. Give him laundry to do and he will be the one who will organise supper"

I take a deep breath, "He is stubborn baba"

"Leave that stubbornness to me, go to that place where they massage people for money. Visit your friends, go shopping and come home when you feel like coming home. He will serve you dinner"

I sigh in relief, "Okay thanks baba"

He chuckles, "Don't worry about the kids Ntombizethu will come collect them"

I smile alone, "You are the best Menziwa"

He chuckles, "The best from the best"

I drop the phone with so much excitement. I know nobody go against Biyela's word. I do need some spa treatment indeed. I run upstairs and change the clothes, take my purse and head out.

Guess who is back?

"You're back?" I say.

He walk past me with a grin. I laugh out loud. I drive to Palesa's flat and invite her to my shopping spree. We clean out the shops, kill the meat in one of the expensive restaurant and head to the spa.

Around six o'clock I drive back home. Sbu didn't disturb me with his constant calls. I take my shopping bags to the guest's bedroom. We will fit tomorrow, right now I need to eat.

"Hubby I'm home" I shout.

He appears and come to me. He hug me and lead me to the dining room. He pull the chair for me and put a napkin in front of me.

He comes back chewing, he put the plate filled with Spur ribs.

"You don't chew while serving food" I say.

He ignore me and walk away. He come back with bread rolls, he is chewing again.

"Candles?" I ask.

He switch the electric lights on. He go back and come with nonalcoholic wine. He put the glasses and sit next to me.

"I need these ribs cut into small pieces" I say.

He frown, "Cut?"

I smile, "Yes cut them"

He sigh and pull the plate to him.

"While you are at it, pour me something to drink" I say.

"Now you're taking this too far" he say.

I shrug and look at him. He do as told.

"Thanks" I say and sip.

He finish and push the plate to me. He eat his food.

"I need a bubbly bath, back scrubbing and foot massage" I say.

He put the fork down, "Can I eat without you reminding me you are the madam?"

I smile, "Oh so you know I am the madam?"

He smile, "Fine I get the point"

"Great,now give me salad from your plate"

He shake his head "This is abuse"

"I love you" I say and wink at him.

"I hate my father"

I laugh, "I know you do"

He exhale, "My kids are with Zethu"

God be with them!

Chapter Sixty-Two

Zethu Biyela

.

"I don't eat mutton" Ayanda says.

I exhale,"Why?"

"Because I don't eat it"

I'm sure right now their parents are cuddling and giggling. Menziwa why?

I head back to the kitchen and warm a roasted quarter-leg of chicken I bought a few days ago.

"Here" I give her the plate.

She smiles, "Thank you auntie"

I also pick my plate and start eating.We are watching some Disney movie.

"I also don't eat mutton" her other half says and put down the half-eaten plate.

"But you already ate it Liyanda" I say.

She fold her arms, "I don't eat it,ask Sphiwo"

I look at Sphiwo,"Maybe,I don't know.Do you think Toni will find out that Jane is behind his dog's death?"

I sigh, "Ayanda will you please share with your sister?"

She shake her head, "No"

"It's okay I can eat the birthday cake in your fridge" Liyanda says.

Birthday cake must be the black forest I have in the fridge. For the hundredth time I go back to the kitchen and cut a piece of cake.

She take it and start eating.Sphiwo pull the mutton plate in front of Liyanda and eat.

"Why are you taking my food?" Liyanda says grabbing the plate back.

She grab it with so much force,the food fly to the floor,the plate break into pieces.My good Lord!

"Liyanda why did you grab the plate like that? Didn't you say you don't eat mutton?" I ask angrily.

"No,I said I will eat it later"

Do I look like granny to these kids?

"I also want a birthday cake" Ayanda says.

Sphiwo yawns,"I only want ice-cream"

In Zulu they say "Izinsuku azifani" which means what happens today will not happen tomorrow. Like yesterday by this time I was having the time of my life,today my brother's kids want me to commit suicide.

To be fair to them I go get the other two what they want.Now that there is peace, everyone is happy with what they are eating I must go call Tyson,this movie is boring and childish.

Just to add to my misery he doesn't answer his phone.His WhatsApp last seen was two hours ago.

I hope they will fall asleep soon.I walk back to them and watch the silly movie.They are busy giggling and talking about it,choosing their favourite characters and arguing.

Finally the movie ends but they look as awake as daylight. Now it's nearly past eight,I'm sending

everyone to bed.

"Guys it's bedtime" I say switching the TV off.

"But we don't want to sleep" Sphiwo says.

"I don't care,we are going to bed"

They huff and follow me.They're already in their pyjamas, all they need to do is jump on bed and close their eyes.

"We are sleeping in one room?" Sphiwo ask.

"Yes,you have a separate room in your father's house" I say.

"But..."

I stop him with my hand, "You'll sleep on the top one.Girls you'll sleep on the bottom"

"We are sharing a bed?" Liyanda ask.

These kids don't know anything about life.Some kids are sleeping on the street with no blankets over.

"You are sisters and sisters share" I say.

"Let us sleep, auntie want to read us a bedtime story" Sphiwo says.

I want to read them a bedtime story? Geez I only read Fifty Shades of Grey!

They all climb on bed.

Now I need to google an online bedtime story. Nothing defeat Google. Flip it! I left my phone in the lounge.

I use to be very creative.In my class I used to get 45% in essays.I can make up a story in my head.Yes,I can.I make things happen,that's me.

"I know this one story, it is about a royal princess called Anathi"

"Louder I can't hear you auntie" Sphiwo shout from the top.

"Anathi is my friend from school" Ayanda says.

I roll my eyes, "I'm talking about the one in the story, it is namesake"

They keep quiet.

"Princess Anathi was a very beautiful girl who had no friends. Her mother was very strict,Anathi was lonely"

"Our mom is also strict,she doesn't let us eat ice-cream and cakes at night because we don't sleep if we do" Liyanda says.

What? So they played me.Wait,this is why they are not asleep!

"Do Anathi go to school?" Ayanda ask.

"No Anathi was home schooling.Her only friend was her cat Pammy.But Pammy couldn't talk so Anathi had no friend to talk to..."

Sphiwo cut in,"That's pretty sad"

"Don't disturb me I'll forget the story.Okay this one day Anathi went to the forest and met the big lion"

"Oh she is dead" Liyanda says.

Liyanda is the big-mouthed one,she took after Sena.

"She greeted the lion,the lion roared at her.She stepped back frightened but the lion smiled at her and said 'I will not eat you I am a good person.I promise"

"She sighed in relief and asked the lion if they could be friends.The lion..."

"Please say yes lion" Ayanda squeals.

She also have a big mouth,she took after Simtho.

"The lion was happy,she said 'I would love to be friends with you.Let's go and greet my other friends'.Wow! Anathi was happy,they went to the depths of the forest where the lion friends were. They found more lions who looked at Anathi with their mouths dropping saliva.They all surrounded Anathi,Anathi was very scared.She looked at her lion friend. She begged her not to eat her.All the lions laughed at her and jumped on her.They ate her"

I hear sniffs,

"Who is crying?" I ask.

"It is Ayanda" Liyanda says.

"Ayanda it's just a story" I say.

"Why did she eat her,she promised she won't?" Ayanda ask crying.

"Because she only promised" I say.

They are now quiet and mourning the fiction character's death. Geez, these kids!

"What did you learn in Anathi's story?" I ask.

"That when a lion say she won't eat you she will eat you" the first answer comes from Sphiwo.

"That don't make lion your friend" Liyanda says.

Ayanda sniff, "That lions lie"

I laugh, "Okay, I need you to listen to me very carefully"

Silent.

"Not every person you meet is a friend, not everyone who smile at you wish you the best in heart and not everyone who make good promises to you will keep their promises"

"Choose your friends carefully, many people who smile with you and promise to be good to you are the ones that will be responsible for your downfall. Do you guys understand me?"

"Yes" they all say.

"Don't let people you don't know very well in your life" I say.

"I just hope the lions were arrested" Ayanda says.

I sigh, "Yes they were arrested and Anathi's mother got another beautiful daughter"

I just want to make her feel better. I created this story and it ended where the lions eat Anathi.

The sad story work in my favour because they fall asleep immediately. Now I can breath. I go to the lounge, clean up and check my phone. So many missed calls from Nozipho, Sbu, Dad and Tyson.

I send Sbu the text to let him know they are asleep and okay. I call Tyson back. He is on his way because he thought something was wrong. He is full of drama, the way his voice is shaking.

I unlock the door for him and sit on the couch checking my WhatsApp. Ziphe and Thapelo are back together! We need to slaughter a goat.

He walk in like a mad person, he hug me tightly.

"You scared me, don't ever do that again"

I smile, "Tell my brother to never bring his kids over here again. Feel my head and see how hot it

is"

He touch it,"Are they asleep?"

I sigh, "Yes,after two hours"

He kiss me, "One day you will be a mother.This is a good practice"

I roll my eyes, "That is like what? Five years to come"

He laugh, "That is whenever you are ready"

"Let's go to bed I'm tired.We will not have sex tonight"

He stop, "What?"

"Yeah they gonna hear us and the twins have big mouths" I say.

He walk,"I wonder who they took after"

"Between Simtho and Sena.Oh how can I forget the master of them all,Fikile"

He burst out laughing, "I can't see the back of my head"

"What?" I ask.

"Never mind"

We get under covers fully dressed,if we are naked it will be hard to resist the heat.

I'm awakened by a loud noise of something breaking.Sbu's kids!

"Thanks God" I mumble and wake up.

I go to the bathroom,I wash my face and brush my teeth then head to their room.They are fighting with pillows.

"Good morning guys"

They stop and look at me.

"Morning auntie" they say.

"Let's go brush our teeth" I say.

They follow me, I help them brush.They wash their faces,we all go to the kitchen.

I put cornflakes and milk on the table.I bring them bowls,

"Help yourselves"

Liyanda grab the cornflakes first and fill the bowl. How is she going to pour milk now?

The others fill their bowls too.They pour milk,it spill all over the table.Great!

Tyson come and kiss my cheek. They are looking at him shocked.

He smile at them,"Hello guys"

They look at each other and continue eating without greeting him back. What? They don't like my boyfriend.

I look at Tyson and shrug,he walk back to the bedroom.I take another bowl to make him weetbix.

A knock come from the door,I go open.

"Hey" he greet me and walk in.

"Thank God you're here" I say.

He kiss their cheeks, "Hello babies,did you sleep well with your aunt?"

They stare at him and not say anything.

He smile, "We missed you,today I'll take you to Gateway as promised"

They look at each other then they look at me.

No!!!

"He is your dad" I say.

They are something else!

"You can trust your family but not people you don't know" I convince them.

They smile and hug their confused dad.

"What did you say to them?" He ask as we pack their toys.

"It's between the four of us"

"Is it now? Tell me did you have sex with Tyson last night?" He ask whispering.

I laugh, "Did you have sex with Nozipho?"

He smile, "I had hundreds of that thing"

"Fuck you,I had to go on virgin mode and sleep with my clothes on because of your kids"

He laugh, "Biyela is my hero"

Chapter Sixty-Three

Simtho Biyela

.

It is early in the morning, I'm having hot beef curry,savoury rice and fried chicken pieces.When I woke up my stomach growled hungrily.I had a long night after a rough night. I'll never allow Zethu to take me out for 'unwinding' again.It's not my life's piece of cake.I may have enjoyed it before but yesterday's night made me realise I've grown out of that lifestyle.It's not even because of pregnancy.I just hate it.

Somebody knock on the door.People have a way of annoying others.Who is it so early in the morning?

"It's opened" I shout.

I know who it is before I can see him.His presence always make me feel funny,I can always feel him.

"Donald" I say.

"Good morning" he say.

He look at the plate in front of me,he look at his watch and frown.

"Or not.Good day"

I bite a piece of chicken and talk while chewing,

"Who said I can't eat what I want when I want?"

"No one but are the intestines ready to welcome such heavy food early so? I mean are they even awake,the intestines?" He ask.

He can be very stupid. Are the intestines people now? They wake up.

"Do you want food?" I ask.

"No, a good morning kiss would be better"

I shoot him a look,"Don't start"

He laugh, "Do you know how many ladies would die to have all of this?"

"Oh now that girl got to your heart! You were charmed" I say.

"Charmed,no.I charmed,I still have that 'thing' you know"

I roll my eyes, "No you don't have that 'thing',if you had it I would be head over heels with you"

He smile, "And you're not?"

"Trust me,I'm a grown woman.Love is for kids,like Ziphe and Zanda" I say and stuff the rice in my mouth.

He stare at me, "Why is your pussy wet every time I touch you?"

I laugh, "It is because your dick is always hard when I do this"

I lift down my t-shirt,reveal the cleavage and brush it.

He bite his lower lip, "Well it's not"

I drink water, "I have a lying detector"

"Where?"

I take off my T-shirt,leave bra only. I pick the bottle of water and pour water on my boobs.

"What are you doing?" He ask.

"It's just so hot,especially in between my boobs"

I pour water in between my boobs.I push my finger between and run it up and down.

He is too fast to stand up and come to where I am.He hold me from the back.He is hard,his thing is poking my butt.I laugh out loud.

He kiss the back of my neck, "Okay fine, I'm always horny when I see you.Your pregnancy have that 'thing' you know"

I smile, "Is it the pregnancy or is it this?" I ask taking his hand under my skirt.

He rub me,"It is both with this " he say squeezing my butt.

Okay now we are going to have sex in the kitchen. He is horny,I'm horny,why the hell not?

I hold on the table,he take me from behind. We are filling the whole place with sex screams.I just love him,okay.With him I don't have to pretend something that I'm not.I don't have to be scared,I say exactly what I want to say.He get me,I get him and for the most we love each other.

We reach our breaking points, he clean me.We dress up and sit on the same table.

"Bosso ke mang?" He ask.

"I need Tshivenda lessons" I say.

He laugh and sit up straight, "I was here to shout at you, you just seduced me when I was about to start"

I look at him, "Shout for what?"

"For yesterday's night.You know I actually felt sorry for the mini-mini inside you,imagine having a mother who doesn't sleep,who go to clubs to watch people,looking miserable AF"

I roll my eyes, "For days I've been missing my dad thinking he is in Mandeni but here he actually is"

"Your body need to rest,you can't be up at midnight watching people drink and dance" he say.

"Okay,stop being my father" I say annoyed.

"Well that is our child,I care okay"

Our child? That is some positive spirit.

I sigh, "Fine"

"Live your life the way you want but stay away from unhealthy places at least until you give birth"

I nod, "What are your plans?"

"I was thinking we go check on Ziphe and Thapelo"

I look at him, "And Tamika"

He laugh, "Ya and her too"

I roll my eyes, "I need to freshen up and look good for outdoors"

I freshen up,not that I do after every two hours, I just don't want to smell like sex.I dress up and go find him watching cricket.

"How do I look?" I ask.

"Pregnant"

"And you look like a man who has been in a coma" I say.

He laugh, "No,I look like a man who just had sex"

I roll my eyes, "Let's go before I look for something to eat"

He stand, "You look gorgeous"

Too late mister!

We drive to Thapelo's house playing Busiswa's music. She get to my heart,our African queens.

He take my hand we walk in.Ziphe is in the kitchen cleaning.

"Hello darling" I say hugging her.

She hug me then hug Don.

She look at us, "So?"

"So what?" I ask.

"Are you guys together now?"

She love news hey! I just wink at her while Don go look for his friend.

"You saw my message?" She ask as soon as he disappears.

"Yeah and I'm chilled"

She scratch her forehead in frustration, "Chilled?"

"I mean my boyfie is the most attractive male being in Durban,who wouldn't have a crush on him?"

She smile, "Boyfriend? Okay,thanks for updates"

I forget about her and take chips in the cupboard and eat.

"Mhhh!!" she say analysing me with her eyes.

I throw my hand in the air, "Fine,we are taking things slow.We are having sex and plans together. Are you happy now?"

She smile, "Yes,you are happy so I'm happy"

She walk in with a messy weave and pyjamas.At this time she is wearing pyjamas?

"Either I drink some black tea or I kill someone. Hello guys" she say walking past us to plug the kettle.

I look at Ziphe,she is not pleased.

"You're still on your pj's, Donald is here" I say.

She look at me,her eyes widened, "You're not serious. Aunt is this a prank?"

"No he is here" Ziphe says.

She race past us squealing in joy.We laugh,she is so stupid.

We walk to the balcony where the guys are.I take a seat next to Donald,Ziphe sit on Thapelo's lap.They are so in love,I love them.

"Guys I love you" I say looking at them with teary eyes.

"We love each other too,marriage is a journey with upsides and downs.I love my wife,thanks for all the support" Thapelo says and kiss Ziphe affectionately.

"I'm glad you guys are working things out cause I really don't know how to deal with a grumpy Thaphelo.Take it slowly emotionally but make up for all the sex lost" Don says.

We all laugh.She come wearing a red dress and black stilettos.So gorgeous bakithi!

"Where are you going?" Thapelo ask.

She sit down, opposite us, "I always look like this Thapelo come on"

"Hey love you look beautiful" Donald say.

Oh gosh! She blush,she can't even look at him in the eyes.

"Thank you" she say.

"Have you been around the places?" Don ask.

She look at him, "No but I would love to"

Don smiles, "Great,since you are dressed let's go to town"

She smile, "OMG! Really?"

"Yes.Babe we can also start shopping for mini-mini" he say looking at me.

I smile, "Sounds like a plan"

Her face just drop in disappointment. She thought just because I don't have a ring on my finger I don't have Don. Newsflash he is mine!

"You guys make it fast and go" Thapelo says.

"Why? What do you want to do? That is my little sister" I say.

He chuckles, "And that's my little brother who just got out of hospital"

I laugh, "Trust me with him"

"Well I don't, look at his shirt buttons"

We all look at Don.

Gosh! He missed one button when dressing after the deed. We all laugh except Tami who walk inside the house with an angry face.

"You can look but you can't touch" I sing.

Ziphe smile the victory one.

Chapter Sixty-Four

Zanda Dlamini

.

I received a text from Sena telling me tomorrow we are going to dinner as the girls. I think it's all about Ziphe finding her way back to her marriage. She is the Biyela's apple, her happiness means a lot to everyone.

My body is just exhausted, I don't know if it's because I slept early and woke up very late. When I woke up Mandla was already gone, he have a meeting in town.

I make fruit salad and lie on the couch. I switch on the television, I watch animal channel. Maybe I'm going to have a flue

.

I don't know when he came in, I felt someone shaking me. I slept on the couch, now my head is throbbing.

"Babe are you okay?" He ask.

"My body is heating up,I think I'm coming with flue"

I sit up,he sit next to me and feel my head.

"You need to drink tablets.You don't have to worry about chores around the house anymore.My PA found us a helper,she'll start tomorrow"

I have told him I can manage maybe a thousand times.

"Don't look at me like that.I want you to focus on your exams and get that degree" he say.

I sigh, "I get it but..."

"No buts,you need to draw up her job description.I will discuss the salary with her then we can have everything down on the contract"

I exhale, "Okay stop talking"

My headache is getting worse.I try standing up but my vision blurs.He help me down, put a cushion behind my head.

"You need to see a doctor" he say panicking.

He hurries to the kitchen and come back with a glass of water and grandpa sachet.

"I hate grandpa!"

He tear it open,"Just focus on getting better,the grandpa work fast"

I close my eyes and swallow it then gulp water down. It leave a bitter taste in my mouth, I grin.

"Rest,when you're okay we are going to the doctor"

I exhale and close my eyes.I hate being in pain.He sit with me, his arm around my shoulder. I drift back to sleep.

I feel a little better when I wake up.He must've taken me to the guest's bedroom when I was deeply asleep.I stretch my arms and yawn.I'm hungry.

I walk to the kitchen to make myself something to eat.I warm yesterday's leftovers. I'm not sure if Mandla is hungry but I'll give him,just in case.

"Little girl who are you?" a strange voice says behind me.

I turn to see this old man with grey hair and very mean expression glaring at me.

I don't know him or how to react to his rude question. I put down the wipecloth,

"Sawubona baba" I greet as humble as I can be.

"Who are you wearing pants in the Zungu's house?" He ask.

Now this is getting out of hand because I don't know him, he don't know me.

"I'm sorry sir, who did you say you are?"

He take off his glasses and look at me from toe to head,

"Is it Johannes' misfortune! Little girl get lost in my eyes now, this is not a Jikani house"

My nerves are getting short, he is completely shouting and undermining me. God intervene!

Great is the Lord! Mandla appears behind him.

"Grandpa"

Yeses! I can't deal with this, I run past them and race to the bedroom and lock the door.

After a few minutes there is a knock, I just know it's Mandla. Right now I'm angry, hungry and irritated.

I unlock the door and look at him with so much anger. His grandpa is rude. He is not even the grandpa, he is his grandpa's brother. Mandla has told me about his awful stories.

"Can I come in?" He ask.

I walk back and sit on the bed.

"I didn't know he was coming, please wear something appropriate. I want to introduce you" he says.

"He is very rude"

He chuckles, "You haven't seen anything. Come let's get this over and done with"

I grunt and go look for a long dress and a scarf.

"You do the talking" I say.

He hold my hand, we head to the sitting room.

He is sitting like a king, reading the newspaper. As soon as he hears our footsteps he look up and fix his eyes on me.

We sit opposite him, he fold the newspaper and look at us.

"Grandpa this is my girlfriend Zanda Dlamini" Mandla says.

"Oh I thought she was your wife. Why are you making your girlfriend a wife?"

I'm looking at my hands, I can feel his eyes piercing through my forehead.

"I don't understand" Mandla says.

"You are doing vaat'n sit in the Zungu's household. Is Thandiwe condoning this nonsense?" He shout.

We are not doing vaat'n sit, I stay in Mandla's old house and Mandla stay here with his mother. We just visit each other frequently.

How I wish Mam' Thandiwe is here!

"Little girl does your family know you are here?" He ask.

"Yes they do grandpa" Mandla answers for me.

He bang the table with his hand, "Hey shut up Mandla damnit! You are turning my son's house into a circus. In the Zungu family we do things accordingly, you are breaking the rules."

Right now I'm shaking, this man can shout very loud.

"My apologies Sengwayo" Mandla say in a low voice.

"Next week we are sending people to this child's family to pay the damages and cleanse their home"

What? No that cannot happen. Mandla better speak the truth. I have no family.

"It is all understood Sengwayo"

I lift my head and look at him. What is understood?

"You can be excused young lady. Contact your family and tell them we are coming with the apologies"

My mind take slow to process what he says until Mandla poke me with his elbow.

I stand up and go. I was hungry but now I don't think I can stomach any food.

Is this man sent to crush my world or what? He is coming out of nowhere and dictating our life. Why?

I'm happy,Mandla is happy, isn't that what matters?

I sit on the kitchen chair. No matter in which angle I look at this issue I just don't see a way forward.

Maybe Mvuse should take charge of everything, he is my brother after all and Phumla is also here.

Mandla just can't stand up for himself. Why would he pay damages for something he never damaged?

Oh shucks! I haven't offered him anything to drink or a snack.

Mandla walk in as I prepare the drinks.

"Babe are you okay" he ask taking my hands.

"You know we can't do it"

He exhale, "I can't break the family rules either. Your family need to be informed you are here in the Zungus"

Fuck him! I've been here for four years. Why is it the issue now that the wrinkled man is here?

"You know I have no family" I say with a breaking voice.

"There is no other way,we will go back and do things the right way. I love you"

I let out a chuckle, "What are you exactly going to pay for?"

"The damages"

Is he mad or maybe suffering from amnesia?

"Damages for what Mandla? What did you damage,you found me already damaged"

He lift my chin,I look at him.

"You may have lost your virginity in a brutally way but you were not damaged"

I still don't get him. He is just speaking in riddles.

"Of course I was damaged" I say.

He smile, "No you were innocent, I took your innocence away. You couldn't even kiss properly. I taught you how to suck,how to ride on top and all the dirty stuff."

I blush, "Okay stop"

"So yes I am paying the damages for taking your innocence. Your hymen was damaged, not you" he says and kisses my forehead.

I can't stop loving him instead I fall deeper and deeper for him. He is so special to me, he makes me feel special.

About going back there... I'm not sure yet

Chapter Sixty-Five

Sena Biyela

.

Sometimes in life we encounter situations that need us to put our morals aside, do the most unthinkable that goes against our humanity. We are all paving our way to the future, all the obstacles that trip us we either skip or remove them.

I love Lwazi, he is behind all my success and maturity. He found me when I was nothing, just a beautiful girl with a rich dad, he accepted me with all my imperfections. He taught me how to love, how to care and think like a lady. I am because he is. On top of everything he is a good guy with a heart of gold. He doesn't deserve the life he lived.

The intervention has begun. Today I'm putting my plans on action. I withdrew a sum amount of R30 000 yesterday. I need to find out Scott's future expectations

Lwazi is taking Quinton to Musgrave. He is taking too long, I wish he can go as soon as possible. I'm trying to help them dress up fast, he keeps finding faults with the shoes I choose.

"Guys hurry up" I say tying Quinton's sneakers.

"Why are you trying to get rid of us this fast?" Lwazi asks.

I need to calm down a little.

"I'm not getting rid of you, I'm helping you" I say in defense.

When they are done running around they take their backpacks and go.

I hear the car driving away, I hurry to my cellphone and search for Scott's number.

"Boss lady" he answers.

"Hi Scott, can you please come over to my house now?"

"Is there a problem?" He ask nervously.

"No there is something I want to discuss with you"

"Okay I'll be there"

I make myself comfortable on the couch and drink some wine.

After thirty minutes he calls, I open for him. When he walk in I can see he is nervous.

I smile, "You look hella fine"

He relax, "Thank you, is Lwazi around?"

"No, come to the lounge" I say walking away.

He follow me, "Is there anything you want me to do for you?"

I sit on the couch, "No"

He sit and look at me confused. If I was not into my Lwazi I would say he is damn handsome.

You know white guys with blue eyes have that thing, you know.

"I know what you did for Lwazi, I'm very grateful" I say.

He clear his throat, "That is what friends are for"

I smile, "Indeed but you deserve some sort of reward"

He chuckles, "Is it?"

"Don't tell me you can willingly get your hands dirty for nothing?"

He shrug and glance at his wristwatch.

I pull the stack of notes under the cushion,

"This is thirty thousands rands, to thank you for everything"

I put it on his lap, he burst out laughing.

"Thirty thousands? That is the sum of petrol I use monthly"

I raise my eyebrows, "Where do you travel to? Swaziland to Lusikisiki everyday?" I ask.

His facial expression changes, "Is that all you can afford?"

This is getting interesting.

"Scott nobody hired you to clean up Lwazi's mess,you did it because you are his friend" I say.

He chuckles, "Lwazi knows how much he owes me"

"Scott take the money,you didn't kill the man for him.Don't give yourself too much credit" I say angrily.

He stand up with an evil smile,

"Now it's not the time,Mr Andrew is still in London.We surely don't want things to turn South instead of North.Stay well" he say and throw the money back to me.

I hiss through my teeth.He is rude.He walk away proudly.

He think his future is bright.He think he is going to be one of those who took advantage of my fiancée. He think he is going to be a parasite in my life.

Well I spray parasites,they don't last longer in my life.

Now that I've learnt his intentions I need to put plan B into action.

I'm not about to watch people like Scott come to destroy Lwazi's life.He has worked so hard to be where he is,he has come too far.

I need to make one more phone call.I'm about to utter the words I've never thought I can think of.I'm about to change who I am.

"Hi Mlu it is Sena...Yes I'm very well...No this is not about my father, in fact I'd appreciate if he doesn't know anything relating to this phone call...Great! Now listen I need you to do a job for me,a clean one... Ah stop it,you know your kind of dealings, that's exactly what I'm talking about... Meet me tomorrow to the location I'll send to you...Okay remember don't tell anyone,especially not dad..Bye"

I cut the call and fall on the couch. Am I really doing this?

Who am I becoming?

Must I really go this far?

I look at Scott's Facebook account. His display picture is of him with his ten year old sister.They look so happy.She look so happy to have her brother.

Can I do this to her?

I close my eyes, I need to focus.

I log out of Facebook and check Instagram. I come across Jay, he has posted tons of pictures of him and Andrew's happy moments. He loves his dad, he can't wait for him to come back.

But daddy ain't coming back. He will never have 'daddy' moments again, he will have them on his memory only.

I can't believe I'm crying, I feel tears running down my cheeks. Nobody deserves the pain of losing someone.

We all deserve happiness in our families. That's what I want too. This world is cruel, it is the survival of the fittest.

I want my family to be happy. I want my son to grow up under the presence of his dad. I will go to desperate measures for my family. Before this week ends I will be a murderer.

.

Guys I'll post tomorrow and make up for today I'm exhausted, had a long hot day. Goodnight :* :*

Chapter Sixty-Six

Zethu Biyela

.

He is watching me dress up. He is not happy I'll be going alone. I've been telling him to go out with his friends too because our diner is exclusively girls only. He is clingy, he said he will drive me and wait for me. I can't wait for all the juicy stories, my sisters have the endless drama in their lives. I sometimes think I'm the only one with a peaceful life.

"You are happy?" He asks.

I smile, "Of course, it has been a while since we all went out as the girls. Sena is the best plus she is the one paying for everything"

"I think that one doesn't like me. I can just say your brother and youngest sister are the only ones who like me" he says.

I don't think they dislike him, he came to my life when everyone is busy with life and its challenges. They haven't had time to get to know him better.

"No they do like you it's just that they are horrible people by nature. Ziphe, Sbu and I are the only goodhearted people in the family, mom and dad excluded" I say.

He chuckles, "And the old one, what's her name?"

"Fiki? No that one roast people for a living. When we were young we had a TV room near the bedroom, she would be the remote manager. We would watch what she was watching. If the movie had a sex scene she would order us to get under the blankets. We would hear her giggling at the moans"

He laughs, "She was protecting you. How I wish I had many siblings too, it must be fun"

"Fun? Do you know how we would endure cold on the tiles because Fiki told us if we sleep on beds the man with an axe would come and kill us? It went on for a week, she would sleep on bed alone saying she is watching out for him"

He is laughing so hard, I get mad thinking about those days. We would give Fiki R2's for her to sing us Mariah Carey's song- I wanna know what love is. Her lyrics weren't even correct.

He stop laughing, "I can't believe you were once bullied like that"

My phone ring, it's the bully itself.

I answer, "Just when I'm telling Ty about how you bullied us when we were kids"

"What? I didn't" she say laughing.

"The man with a big axe? You loved torturing us" I say.

"Put the phone on loudspeaker I want to speak to Tyson" she says.

I put loudspeaker on, "He is listening"

"Hello Tyson" she greet excitedly.

Tyson smiles, "Hey how are you?"

"I'm good. Whatever Zethu told you about me is lies. I'm a good person"

Tyson look at me, "I see"

"Look Tuesday afternoon I'm taking you out, it will be me and you, no Zethu."

I roll my eyes, "Now I'm wondering"

She laugh, "Shut up wena. Tyson what do you say?"

Tyson smiles, "It's a date"

"Fikile go find your own man" I say.

She laugh, "My man is Tyson"

I bend to Tyson's neck and kiss him on and moan loudly.

She is laughing on the other side, "I don't want to listen to sex. Make one round and drive to California Dreaming that's where we booked"

She cut the call laughing.

I was only teasing Fiki with the kissing and moaning but the guy here has been turned on.

"Tyson" I say when he try taking my top off.

He look at me with pleading eyes, "I'll be quick I promise"

"No I'm dressed up, lie on your back" I say pushing his chest.

I pull his pants down and start playing with his manhood. I'm getting turned on by his low groaning.

He is so cute when he is getting the pleasure, his eyes get smaller. The 'O' shape his mouth forms when I press my tongue on it. I suck him until my cheeks hurt, he is grabbing on my hair.

He explode in my mouth, I swallow. Things we do when we are in love!

I'm a bit late but he is a good driver, he know all the short cuts.

He drop me and drive to Cubana, he is meeting a friend there he will come fetch me when I'm ready.

I find them already chatting and laughing. Fiki is already halfway in her glass of wine.

"Did you start without me?" I ask.

"How was it?" Fiki ask.

How was what now? They are all looking at me. Geez!

"I was not... Fiki get a life" I say and pour myself a drink.

They all laugh. Zanda is glowing, Mandla must be giving it to her very well.

"So how big is he?" Simtho ask me.

I shoot her a look and sip on my drink.

"Is it like the cucumber? Small carrot or 1kg polony?" Ziphe ask looking at me.

When did she get like this? She used to be innocent, thanks to you Thapelo.

"I'm not discussing my boyfriend's private part with you people" I say.

"Mandla is going to my home to pay for the damages" Zanda says in the middle of laughter moment.

We all look at her. She look unhappy about it.

"Are you ready to go back?" Ziphe ask concerned.

She exhale, "There is no time to get ready, it's happening this coming weekend. His grandpa is having none of the nonsense"

I get her, it's not easy for her. She is frustrated but now or later she must confront her past. Her family must see the car she is driving. She made it, they must be informed.

"You don't have to be alone, I'll go with you" I say.

She look at me surprised, "Zethu you don't have to..."

"I'm also going" Ziphe says.

Sena raise her hand, "Ziphe you ain't going, you have Thapelo to make up to for the time lost. Zethu and I will go with Zanda"

Zanda sigh with relief, "You guys have no idea how much that would mean to me"

"Don't sweat. Mandla loves you, we also do" Sena says.

"Speaking about love Ziphe how is it going?" Nozipho asks.

Ziphe smiles, "All I can say is even if we wanted to live without one another nature wouldn't allow it. He is my all, I'm his all"

We all say 'mhhh'. Shame she can't stop smiling. You go girl!

She is the youngest one, she found true love before all of us and she is the married one.

"How is Tamika?" Simtho ask Ziphe.

They both burst out laughing. We wait for a joke to shared.

"Well Tami had a crush on Don, a huge one and Don sort of clarified his relationship status" Ziphe tells us.

"What is his relationship status?" Zanda asks.

Simtho stuff food in her mouth. My gosh! Her stomach is getting bigger, as well as her nose.

"He is with Mini's mom" Ziphe says.

"And who is Mini?" Fikile asks.

"Mini-mini is the mini one" Simtho says.

I'm interested in how the unborn baby got such an awful name but my attention is grabbed by a dark guy wearing ingwe vest, three-quarter trouser and imbadada sandals. He is looking at our direction.

Is he...? No he comes directly to our table.

"Makhosazane amahle" he greet in a deep sexy voice.

Everyone look up surprised. His eyes are fixed on someone. Fiki!!

"Hello, can we help you?" Sena says.

"I came to say hi to the beautiful lady here" he say pointing at Fiki with his eyes.

I burst out laughing, "Ayeye!"

Sena poke Fiki, she keep her concentration on the glass she is holding.

"I know you" Ziphe jumps in.

The guy look at her, he smiles.

"The talking machine" he says.

Ziphe laughs, "No I'm not that, I didn't know you come to Durban. What brings you here though?"

He look at Fiki, "My heart is running out of diesel"

Is that his punchline?

I'm in stitches, Nozipho is glaring at me with the dead one.

"I'm sorry to invade your space, I'll be waiting outside for you. Daddy is not here, hopefully we will talk nkosazane emhlophe njengezihlabathi zolwandle" he says and walk away proudly.

"Fiki you know him?" Simtho ask.

Fiki gulp down her drink, "Yes, his name is Skhumbuzo Nkosi. I don't like him. He is arrogant"

Ain't you always on top of things big sister?

"We need to pray, like right now" Simtho suggest.

"We call your holy spirit" I go first, with my hand on my chest.

Sena raise her hand up, "He who changes water into wine Amen!"

"He who changes fish into prawns, can I get a hallelujah?" I say.

Nozipho and Zanda are in stitches with laughter. Fiki is clearly annoyed.

"Drylands into wetlands, He deserve all the glory!" Simtho says laughing.

"Right now I'm not in the mood, will you stop that? It's annoying" Fiki says.

We all laugh. What is she scared of? Isicathamiya guy is waiting for her.

Chapter Sixty-Seven

Fikile Biyela

.

The unexpected happens. That rural guy I never thought I would cross paths with shows up at our table in Beach front.

He turned me to the center of attention. Now I have Sena and Zethu breathing down on my neck. I can't wait to get out of here. They are laughing and getting all silly.

I'm saved by Nozipho who start telling us how Sbu is changing and becoming domestic handfull after Biyela gave him an eaeful.

Sena is not babbling about her relationship with Lwazi today, she has finally got over the engagement excitement.

Before we leave I gulp another full glass of wine. I need the strength. We all walk out, I'm silently praying that guy is gone.

"Where is he?" Zethu ask first.

"Maybe he is gone" I say with ecstasy.

We hug each other and bid goodbyes and walk to the cars. I'm riding with Simtho in her car. I'm relieved I didn't have to deal with that arrogant person today.

I open the driver's door while Simtho opens the other side. A hand grab my arm, wtf!

Oh gosh not him!

"We agreed that we will talk" he says.

Agreed?

"I'm not talking with anyone, I agreed to nothing" I say angrily.

He is holding my hand, like seriously!

I close the door,

"Just a minute" I tell Simtho.

He look at me calmly, "I'm glad you're give me this opportunity"

I yank his hand off me, "I'm not giving you any opportunities, I want to tell you to leave me alone or else something bad is going to happen"

He smile, "MaBiyela I..."

I raise my hand, "Don't call me that, I don't sew your church uniforms"

Now he is laughing and I'm missing the joke. His eyes are too small when he laugh they completely shut.

"If I was you I wouldn't laugh" I say.

He stop and look at me, "Why, am I too ugly to laugh?"

I didn't mean that but,

"Of course" I say.

He cover his face with both his hands.

"Are you a kid or what?" I ask.

Right now he is annoying and bringing me the wrong attention. People are going to think he is my Inkandla boyfriend and I'm breaking up with him so he is crying.

I grab his hands off his face,

"What is your problem?" I ask.

He have a huge stupid smile, "MaBiyela I was connecting with my ancestors they are telling me you're the missing piece of my heart"

I have no words for him.I just look at him taken back.

"Skhumbuzo are you okay upstairs?" I ask.

"Why?"

"Because one minute you are a Zulu arrogant guy,next you are an annoying mosquito in my ear and then you are a preschool kid" I say.

He smile, "Which me do you like?"

I roll my eyes, "Be serious"

Simtho slid down the window, "I want to go home"

She roll it up before I can reply.

"Is she your sister?" He ask.

"Obviously" I say.

He push me gently aside,he open the door.I can't hear what he is saying to her.

After a while he close the door and smile at me.

"She is really tired" he says.

At least he is observant.

"I'm glad you saw that, goodbye Skhumbuzo"

I tempt to open the door but she has locked.She start the car,is she out of her mind?

"Oh no!" He says.

He is smiling as the car drives off.So Simtho does this to her own sister?

"I would love to drive you home"

Was it his plan? He doesn't know me.

"Don't worry I will walk and get a cab"

I walk past him angrily, he try holding my hand but I slap it.I leave him there.

I walk,I will keep walking unti a plan comes to my mind. I have no money,my purse is in Simtho's car,together with my cellphone.

A car playing loud maskandi music stop next to me.He is not giving up.

"Get in" he orders.

He is back to his arrogant ass-self.He push the passenger door open.I'd love to throw a brick on him but hey behave.

I hop in and bang the door when I close it.

He switch the music off.

"It look like my children will have two fathers" he says.

I ignore him.His car is very neat,I'm impressed.There is a litre of coke and tumbler cup.

"You don't drink alcohol?" I blurt out.

"No" he answers.

"Okay I don't care whether you drink or not"

He laugh, "I was just answering your interesting question"

Keep quiet Fikile!

"I know your fathers, they are great men" he says.

If he think complimenting my family will score him some points,he better think of something else.

"You know Fikile the day I first saw you something in me changed" he says.

He side glance me, "You are different. You don't decorate your feelings and thoughts. I love honest people, you speak your mind.That is the first thing I loved about you."

I chuckle, "Well,thanks"

"You are different and I love you"

He doesn't wait or play with words. You can't love me on the second time you see me.We are on

the 'getting to know you' phase.

"Do you love me?" He ask.

I can't believe he just asked me if I love him. Am I expected to love people I don't know?

"No, I don't love you" I say.

He exhale, "Great, now I have to make you fall in love with me. That's actually an interesting part"

I look at him, "How are you planning to do that?"

He shrug his shoulders,

"I don't know I'll see, I'm currently in my cousin's house in Durban North. I'll send flowers to you, like in the soapies. I will write you poems, I'll show up on your doorstep with expensive chocolates wearing a huge smile. Take you out to those expensive restaurants where you rich city people eat sea spiders and frogs. I will..."

I signal for him to stop, I'm in stitches with laughter.

"Why are you laughing?" He ask.

He is looking so serious right now, that alone make me laugh even more.

"You are something else. Is that how you're going to charm me?" I ask.

"I'm not going to charm you, I'm going to make you fall in love with me"

I arrange my weave, "Is it?"

"Yeah I'll charm you after you've fallen in love with me"

"And how are you going to charm me when.. no if I fall in love with you?" I ask smiling.

"I will treat you like daddy' egg, stay loyal to you and agree with you all the times"

I frown, "Agree with me all the times?"

"Isn't that what women want?"

I just sigh and lean back on the chair. Wait...

"How do you know directions to my house?" I ask.

He smile, "Wonderful lady by the name of Simtholile gave me"

Fuck her! What if he was a serial killer? Is she pregnant and stupid?

"What if I don't want you to know my house?" I ask.

He smile, "You think I can steal a house"

I click my tongue, "You always have stupid answers"

"People call me uptight, when I try being funny like other people I'm called stupid"

I sigh, "Okay stop whining"

He chuckles, "This the Nkosis have to see. Two men in charge of one house"

I keep my silence because I don't understand this 'two men' statement he keep saying.

I give him more directions to my house. He park outside.

"Your house is beautiful, just like you" he says.

"Thank you for the ride"

He nod, "It's my job"

I smile, "You are full of it,hey"

"So this is how we part?"

"Yes,drive safely" I say opening the door.

Why am I sad? This is my house I should be happy I'm going to my comfortable bed.

"Bye MaBiyela,sleep well"

I look at him and get out,

"Bye Skhu"

"I love you,I'll be doing my assignment.You will love me too" he say before I close the door.

I smile and watch the car drives off.Why am I smiling?

Chapter Sixty-Eight

Sena Biyela

.

"Is there something wrong?" He ask.

I look at him and put on my pretence smile,

"I'm just nervous about the meeting"

He throw grapes in his mouth,"You've been in this industry for a long time. There is nothing you can't conquer"

I sigh, "Yes you're right"

I hate lying to him,he has been nothing but an honest loving man to me.

I'm doing this for him,for us,that must be some sort of comfort. I'm lying for good intentions. He is already going through a lot,I can't add another burden.

He throw a grape to me,I catch it and put it in my mouth.

"They are too sweet" I say.

"Just like you" he says.

I smile, "You'd say anything to make me feel special"

"Because you are special"

My heart melt right there.

"I like those misplaced dimples but mostly I like how we are always honest with each other. I think our love is unconditional" he says.

I look at him walking towards me with his eyes sparking with affection.

He take my left hand, "We've come a long way"

I nod, "Yes,we have a child together and I got the rock on my finger"

He smile, "I love you,you alone"

"And I love you too"

"Hey what about me?" a little voice comes behind him.

He bite his lower lip,I'm also trying hard not to laugh.

"You don't love me dad?" He ask again.

Lwazi turn around and scoop him in his arms,

"Who is daddy's prince?"

"Me" Quinton answers with his hand up.

"Who is his queen?" Lwazi asks him.

He point at me, "It's mommy"

"So I love my prince and my queen equally" he says.

"Okay, I also love my prince and my queen equally"

I laugh, "No you are the prince so you love your king and queen equally" I correct him.

He look at me,he is confused right now.

"Is my dad a king? He have a kingdom?"

I smile, "Not the really king,he is the king in our hearts. Isn't we love daddy?"

"We do" he answers.

"Good.You are staying with your king,mommy is going to a meeting"

He pout, "I don't want you to go"

"I'm bringing a pizza when I come back"

He smile, "Okay daddy let's go feed the bird"

They come and kiss my cheek and head out.As I watch them walk my heart get the motivation.This is for them.

I take my bag and walk out.I'm meeting Mlu (my dad's hitman),before this week ends I want him who is a threat to my fiancée's freedom eliminated.

I'm probably going to regret this when I see RIP's on his social network's accounts.I will deal with my conscience later right now I need to stay focused.

I arrive in Spur and wait for him on the corner table.There are only few people minding their own businesses.I buy a cold drink can and sip on it while I'm waiting for him to show up.

I last spoke to him thirty minutes ago and he was on his way.I keep checking my phone, if he is postponing he would've updated me by now.

I wonder how Lwazi would feel if he knew there is no meeting,I'm meeting a hitman to orchestrate a murder of his used-to-be friend.

If he happens to find out, how would he take it?

I can't be looking lost, I would get wrong attention. I lean on the chair and chat with the Simtho because she is online. That one has no life, let's hope Don will drag her out of that dark hole he calls a house. Honestly that house of hers has no life, despite all the expensive furniture and glass sliding doors. I think Loyiso's spirit is still there, that's why it is an unexciting place.

I'm busy smiling on my phone when someone sits opposite me. I lift my eyes from the phone, my knees shake under the table. My phone drops to the floor.

What is he doing here? His expression says one thing, mad.

"Dad" I say, my voice vibrating.

He looks away from me, he is clenching his jaws. He is trying to calm down.

I should've known that Mlu is the loyal servant to my dad. I should've looked somewhere.

He looks back at me, his eyes are spitting fire themselves. I'm in trouble, my father is mad at me.

"Senamile" he says.

"Baba"

I can't hide how frightened I am right now.

"Start talking" he orders.

I can't believe this is happening to me.

"I don't know what dad is talking about" I say, reversed.

He exhales, "You know I love you my angel. I can express my love for you the right way or the hard way, you choose"

I look down, "Daddy please"

"Talk Senamile"

I know once he loses his cool the whole place is going to look at us. I've had enough of his belt lashes.

"I wanted to kill someone" I say.

He chuckles, "Why?"

"He is going to blackmail Lwazi, he did something for him and he wants more in return for his

silence"

"So Madlala can't fight his own battles, my daughter have to get her hands dirty for him?"

I close my eyes, "Dad this is deeper than that"

He lean on his chair, "I'm rushing nowhere. Explain to me why it is your job to fight Madlala's enemies"

I feel tears burning my eyes,I fight them back.

"Do you promise you will never tell anyone?" I ask.

He frown, "What is it?"

"Dad you have to promise me"

He sigh, "Okay I promise"

"Lwazi used to stay in Cape Town as a child.His mother is,was married to the man called Andrew.They both didn't care about him,this Andrew man raped him a several times"

He is looking at me in the eyes,he is wearing no expression.

I continue, "He drove past Lwazi's office while his family was visiting us.He reminded him all of that,he threatened to do the same to Quinton. He lost it and killed him"

His jaws are moving up and down,his eyes are speaking danger.

"You know how Lwazi is,he killed him and sat there doing nothing until his friend Scott showed up and helped him by cleaning the murder scene and getting rid of his body" I elaborate tears flowing down.

He scratch his chin, "You love him?"

How relevant is that Menziwa?

"Dad how can you ask me that?"

"He is a strong man,I'm so glad he found you.Look at how matured you are"

I wipe the tears, "I'm scared of losing him"

He nod, "I know and you will not lose him."

"But if Scott sell him to the police,I mean he is already saying Lwazi owes him" I say.

"So that is why you're calling hitmen?"

"It was the only way"

"If he didn't tell me and I found out later that my daughter has killed someone nc.. nc..nc I don't know" he say shaking his head.

I sigh, "I'm sorry I disappointed you"

"I'll sort it out without any bloodshed.Don't ever pull this stunt again. You are my daughter, not a murderer"

I look at him in disbelief, "Like you'll make sure Lwazi's freedom is without uncertainty?"

He nod, "That boy has been through so much,I wish there is more I could do for him"

I smile, "Thank you, thank you"

"Delete Mlu's number" he says.

I pick my phone up and scroll for Mlu's number and delete it.

"Now go,that boy needs you now more than ever before" he says.

I pack my things, "Don't forget,this issue is very sensitive for Lwazi"

He smile, "I'm zipping it"

I laugh,that is our line at home.

I kiss his cheek, "Love you bye"

"Be good to him"

I laugh and hurry away.I'm so glad I have a father like him.I know he will put everything together, Scott will stay in his place.

Chapter Sixty-Nine

Fiki Biyela

.

Beginning of this year we opened a family butchery,it has a grilling space and a small bottlestore. I'm in charge of it, it is one of the most successful business we have.Yesterday

there was a fight which resulted in one person dying right outside the bottle store.

I spent the whole day today in Tongaat, helping the police collect evidence and doing the necessary questions. I have to close the place for at least two days, I need the security upgraded.

I arrive in my house around five, I'm exhausted. I remember I have a date with Tyson. I have no strength to go out.

I take out my phone and text him that he must come over to my house. As tired as I am I need to cook, the guest is coming.

I run to the bathroom, freshen up and dress up casually. I go to the kitchen and start cooking.

Zethu calls, I ignore her. I know she is worried I'm going to spill all her past sheningas to Tyson. She must take a chill pill.

I set the table and call Tyson. He tells me he is just a few minutes away. I open for him and go meet him at the door.

"I'm so glad you made it" I say.

He smiles and hugs me briefly, "It's a pleasure to be here"

I lead him to the dining area, he compliments the house.

"How is my sister behaving?" I ask as we sit down.

He smiles, "She is very forward and carefree. I love her like that"

His smile says it all, Zethu has this white guy wrapped around her little finger.

I open the bottle of wine and pour in the glasses.

"So you don't want her to change? Not even in the future" I ask.

"No, I want her to be herself. She doesn't have to pretend to be something she is not when she is with me, not even in the future" he says.

I open the containers and dishes. He is taking small sips, he is very cute, they will make beautiful mixed-race babies.

"I honestly never thought Zethu could fall in love" I say.

He looks at me, "Why is that?"

"Because I didn't know which guy or girl she was dating. She was unpredictable and very wild"

until you came as a handsome ghost that stole her heart"

He laugh, "I've been in love with her"

"You are very creepy, you know"

"I don't think so,I just do things secretly and I'm always five steps ahead" he says with a smirk.

"The Givanstons are well-known and rich but you seem to be leading your own different life.Why are you avoiding the spotlight?" I ask.

His face changes,he take another sip.

"I'm trying to build my own legacy, I'm an individual who have different goals and dreams"

I nod, "That's understandable"

"I hear you were very bullish" he say smiling.

I laugh, "No I wasn't, I only took advantage of being older on a few occasions"

He smile, "That is bullying"

"No it's not.Did your girlfriend tell you how many pens she brought from school that didn't belong to her?" I ask.

"No,she say she was a good girl"

I bite my meat and put the fork down,

"Good girl my foot! She would sell the stolen pens to under grades.She was very naughty"

He laugh, "She was being business wise,those are the elements"

I roll my eyes, "She was actually very dumb in school"

"She wasn't, she passed her matric with bachelor"

So he is going to argue with me,come on I was there.

"Excuse me" I say and walk away from the table.

I come back with a file and hand it to him.

"What is this?" He ask curiously.

"Open it,argue with me after"

He open it,he look at the first document.

"What?" He burst out laughing.

"Yes,she was taken out of Afrikaans class after that"

Well he is reading Zethu's grade five midyear examination answer sheet. It was sent to my parents by the principal. Zethu had answered every question with rude answers like;

1.1. What's the fuck is this?

1.2. I don't know meneer,do I look white to you?

1.3. I don't understand this stupid language

1.4. All I know all this "praat ons" people arrested Mandela

1.5. You always annoy me with this ghargha sounding language and please don't wear those glasses in class you look weird.

"She got 0%,my dad had to take her out of Afrikaans class and changed the school the following year" I tell him.

He start laughing again, "My babe is crazy.Listen 'Sorry meneer I don't even watch 7de laan'."

I laugh, "She was the hardest kid in the family"

"She is always telling the truth" he say and look at the pictures of Zethu as a kid.

He is smiling admiringly, "She hasn't changed, she just grew up"

"Yeah"

He look at me, "Can I keep this one"

He lift a photo of Zethu,wearing a pink bikini.I think she was seven.

"No problem but when you break up with her return it"

He stare at it, "I'll only break up with her when I'm dead"

"I'll drink to that" I say raising my glass.

He lift up his, "To my love"

We click the glasses and laugh.

He love my sister, that is enough for me to admire him. I trust him, he will not break her

heart. This is the first time Zethu commit in a relationship, I don't want her to be disappointed.

"How is the pregnant one?" He ask.

Pregnant one?

"I have two pregnant sisters" I say.

"Not the Faya designer"

I roll my eyes, "She is married, she is a Biyela now"

He chuckles, "Well I'm talking about Simtoo"

I laugh, "Simtoo is very well thank you"

"See now you're mocking my pronouncing"

I laugh, "No I like it, say Zethu"

"Zeetoo"

I choke on the food laughing, "Okay now say it complete. Say Ntombizethu"

He bite his lip first,

"Nthombizeetoo"

I laugh, "Just call her pet names every time"

"No I'll say MaBhiyela"

I laugh and shake my head. Then we hear a loud glass shattering sound.

"What is that?" He ask.

I shrug my shoulders nervously, "I don't know"

He signals for me to stay still, he walk toward where the sound came from. I stand and follow him, I have to know what is going on.

He open the door leading to the living area.

Guess what?

Zethu is lying flat on her stomach on the floor. The door bang on her forehead.

"Eishhhh" she stand up and rub where the door hit.

"What are you doing here?" I ask shocked.

"Am I bleeding?" She ask.

"No.You've been eavesdropping all along?"

"No I couldn't hear a thing, this was a bad spot" she says.

"You are unbelievable" I say.

She look at Tyson and smile, "Why are you looking at me like this?"

"You just gatecrashed our dinner" Tyson says.

"And I got banged on my forehead now let's stop whining and go continue with dinner."

"You are something else" I say and walk back.

They follow me,I hear smooching sounds.

"I knew I was being discussed here,my guts have never been wrong" she saying picking the file.

"Shut up and sit down" Tyson says.

She sit and pour wine, "I'm sorted with food,I only need this.I'll probably feel funny after this,babe we are hijacking one bedroom here"

What? I'm not going to have them fucking each other on my sheets.

They wink at each other and smile. Arghhh! I need a man

Chapter Seventy

Zanda Dlamini

.

My heart get heavy as I'm zipping the bag.Sena and Zethu are downstairs waiting for me.To them this is more like a trip to the country.

"It's going to be okay"

He put his arms around my waist and wipe the tear that has escaped.

"I'm sorry you have to do this" he says.

I exhale, "I can't wait to come back home"

He smile, "It's here,it is not going anywhere my love"

I need to collect myself,I cried enough.

I force a smile, "I will be fine, now put the moolas together I'll see you Saturday."

He kisses me then pick my bag.I follow him, we find everyone waiting.

"Finally" Zethu says.

"I'm not driving" Sena says.

"Me either" I say laughing.

"Then it's me and Sir Wellington V.O driving then" Zethu says picking her cellphone.

"What?" Mandla ask.

"I'm driving,I'm outvoted" she says.

Sbu laughs, "Mr Wellington will be controlling the wheel,be safe guys"

Sena sighs, "Okay I'll drive"

Zethu do a bit of gwaragwara dance before walking out.I look at Mandla,he open his arms.We stay embraced until Nozipho throw a cushion at us.We laugh,take each other's hand and follow others.

Lwazi and Sbu are having a tense conversation with Sena outside the car.It looks like Sena is giving them instructions.Nothing she will say will stop them from drinking while the kids are around.

"I'll call" he say.

I give him an assuring smile and close the door.

The moment Zethu start talking about how loving Tyson is I just know this is going to be a short journey. She hasn't stop drinking, it's funny how she has put the bottle in the brown paperbag.

Sena is on the wheel and deejaying.She is playing rap music,my mind is just exhausted from it.

We stop by the garage,fill in and buy some snacks.Sena is a good driver,we are almost in Eshowe within a short period of time.

"Let's drive to Hell first and then go check in The George" Zethu says.

I laugh, she is going to be my pillar of strength this one. When we arrive in town I start giving Sena directions.

Then we take the gravel road, everything flashes back clear as the sun light. I fight back all the emotions, I'm strong now.

We leave the gravel and join the two footpaths that is used as the rural area's drive in.

"The one with three rondavels and white four-room" I say.

"Can't they repaint the house or something? Isn't they are Satan's employees?"

I look at Zethu shocked. That is my father's home for goodness' sake!

Sena park below the homestead. Nothing has changed, except the grass that has grown taller in the yard.

I close my eyes and sigh. Now I need to push back every painful moments I endured in this home. I have to put on my brave face, they don't deserve that satisfaction.

Zethu open the door on her side, "Hello motherfuckers" she says loudly.

We should have forbidden alcohol, look how wasted she is now.

"I'll lock her in the car" Sena says.

We both get out.

"Your cellphone is ringing in the bag, it's Tyson" Sena says.

She put her hand on her chest, "Oh my gosh! I'm dumped"

She jump back in the car, Sena close the door and lock.

"Don't worry she'll fall asleep" Sena says.

I exhale, "Let's go"

We walk carefully, there is dirt lying all around the yard. The grass almost reach our knees. This is what happens when the maid run away.

There are voices coming from the big house. We walk towards it, Sena is leading the way.

The little boy wearing torn short and no t-shirt open the door as we are about to knock.

"Hi" Sena greet him.

Instead of greeting back he run back inside.

Sena push the door, we are welcomed by pairs of eyes already looking at our direction. MaQwabe's eyes are the one my eyes land to.

"Hello my children, how can I help you?" She ask.

She is wearing a dirty apron, her doek is tied at the wrong side. She look nothing like the madam she used to be.

We sit on the bench near the wall, opposite the table they are sitting on. Zehlile has a huge stomach, she look like she can give birth right now.

"I'm Senamile Biyela"

MaQwabe nod, "Why are we visited by such people today?"

"We came to tell you that the Zungus are coming Saturday to pay for Zanda's damages" Sena says.

Philile look at me, her face drops. Nosihle's mouth is hanging open.

"Wait... Oh my god! It's her, look mom" Zehlile says pointing at me.

So they didn't recognise me, it's only have been four years. I haven't changed that much, how stupid they could be?

MaQwabe rub her eyes and look at me again.

"Zanda this is you?" She ask.

I want to say something but my tongue is choking me. I just stare at her.

"Mom has been looking for you ever since, dad has been haunting us in our dreams and you were with your prostitutes friends chasing glittering life?" Philile says.

She haven't changed nor grew up.

Sena blow her chewing gum, "Look my love I don't know you, you don't know me, can we keep it like that? Because honey you won't be able to put out that fire you're igniting"

"Zanda where have you been?" MaQwabe ask calmly.

Again I just stare at her.

Sena come to my rescue, "She is in Durban, Morning Side. This year she is doing her final year in

Unisa. Will you be able to hear what the Zungus have to say?"

MaQwabe blow her nose, "Are you pregnant?"

I'm looking her, I don't know if I should sit here or just leave. Sena read my thoughts and hold my hand.

"No she is not"

She sigh in relief, "I haven't slept a wink since the day you left. Why did you leave like that? We even reported you as the missing person to the police"

Sena chuckles, "That's too rich from you, you failed to report to the police when your evil brother raped her several times. You sold her to the community hooligans, she suffered under your watch. You treated her like a slave"

Philile stand from her chair, "Hey fancy girl you will not talk like that to my mother"

Sena stand up too, "Just because you have a chiskop and look like a man doesn't mean you scare me"

I breath my first words, "Sena calm down"

She sit down, "I don't like people with lives I can end with a single whistle to undermine me. We are here for one thing, you talk to the Dlamini's and tell them they must expect the Zungus Saturday"

I sigh, "I'll buy food and drinks"

Philile is sizing me with her eyes, "Now she can afford food and drinks and fake hair"

I chuckle, "I thought you would be something by now. I feel sorry for you"

She want to answer back but MaQwabe raise her hand.

"I will tell them. Nosihle go prepare Zanda's house for them"

Sena blow her gum again, "Thanks but no thanks. We're booked in the hotel, that little house hold awful memories for Zanda and besides we don't want to share the same oxygen"

Zehlile ask if we are driving back to Durban. Sena tell her we booked in the hotel around here.

"Nosihle go make tea for them" MaQwabe orders.

Nosihle roll her eyes, "Ma you know there is no sugar unless they drink it sugarless"

Of course I do drink it sugarless, can't she remember?

"Don't worry we are sorted. We'll see you tomorrow late" Sena say and stand up.

I guess we are done. I stand up and dust myself.

"You saw Owami?" Nosihle ask.

I look at her, she is looking at me. The little boy of torn short is standing next to her. My heart breaks a little, she used to be like my child. I would do the chores with him strapped on my back.

"He used to cry for you after you've left but I guess he doesn't have the slightest idea who you are by now" she says.

Sena sighs dramatically. The little boy is looking at me with innocent eyes.

I just walk out without uttering a single word. They can't act like nothing happened. Mothering Owami wasn't an option I chose.

Sena is on my heel as I stride to the car. She unlock it, I open the door and find Zethu deeply asleep.

Sena get in the driver's seat and look at me,

"Are you alright babe?"

I nod, "Thanks for handling everything"

She grunt, "I can just strangle that ugly bitch"

"I can't wait for this to be over"

She sigh, "Me too, we are dickless for two days, that's like two years"

I roll my eyes, "Sena"

"What? We have been on sex pause for a while now that we are getting it on again this has to happen."

I laugh, "So you've been on sex pause?"

"Ya, right now I kinda need the peruperu phaphapha to get off this mood the bitch has put me on" she says.

I laugh, "Peruperu phaphapha is gonna happen after two days now drive"

She laugh, "Mandla is coming to pay for peruperuzing on top of you"

"Okay stop it"

She start the car.I'm blessed to have them by my side.They bring me the smile during the dark moments.

Chapter Seventy-One

Sena Biyela

.

Zethu is still asleep,I'm with Zanda eating breakfast. I must say she is one of the strongest women I know.The way she handled herself yesterday was amazing.Her story make me realise how unfair, traumatic and inescapable life can be sometimes.

"You know I've been thinking"

She look at me, "Okay,out with it"

"I want to open a home,centre,shelter or whatever you call it.I want everyone who want to escape the walls of sadness to come"

She look at me,she doesn't understand. Maybe it won't make sense to anyone.

"Look,let's say you are going through something at home like emotionally abuse and you want that peaceful place where you can cry,talk to someone and share your story.That place where you can let it all out,escape your problems and surround yourself with strangers who care"

I don't know if it make sense but she is nodding attentively.

I exhale, "Share My Life"

"Is that a name"

I nod.

She smile, "I'm impressed,so what's the plan?"

"I'll hire psychologists and have people like you and Lwazi come to share their stories. People must have hope"

She sigh "Well,all the best.I'll be there when you need me"

Zethu walks toward us,she is still on her pyjamas.

"I'm dying" she says.

"Drink black tea,no sugar" Zanda says.

I exhale "Finally you wake up"

She grunts, "Fuck this head" she rub the side of her head.

"You shouldn't have come, you're useless" I say.

The aim of me and her coming here with Zanda was to support her.If she can't control her drinking today I'm sending her back to Durban.

"I'm sorry guys" she says.

"Today you are not drinking one glass,go freshen up we are going to the shops."

She roll her eyes, "Fine"

She drink a bottle of water and go to the bathroom.

"I think we need to go to your home first and pick one girl so she can help us" I tell Zanda.

"We can manage" she replies.

"I know but we need to know what they have,like if they have enough plates and glasses"

She exhale, "Okay we'll take Zehlile"

Zethu comes back rocking a bumshort,long leather jacket,croptop and cowboy hat.We are in rural areas, maybe we should dress accordingly.

"How do I look?" She ask turning around.

Zanda and I look at each other.She look good,for New York though.

"They'll have a fit,go wear a dress or jeans" I say.

"I'm not changing my clothes just to get strangers approval"

"This is not about approval, we need to respect the place and it's customs and traditions" I explain.

"Well they can take their traditions or customs and shove them in their asses.I'm not about to change my lifestyle and swag for people who fail to protect children. My respect and compromises are earned, now let's go"

I sigh defeated and collect my bag, we all head out

"You grew up here?" Zethu ask.

Zanda chuckles, "You were here yesterday mos"

"I can't remember a thing,I can't wait to see them"

I look at her "Zethu you must behave"

She stick her tongue out, "Madlala Mrs"

We laugh and walk in the yard. There is a sweating black man cutting the grass.We greet him, he greet back and continue his work.

The pregnant girl see us first,

"Come this way" she shouts.

We go to the rondavel she is calling from.She is with the old sister and her mother.

"We thought you were coming in the afternoon" she says.

"We think we may need help with the shopping" I say.

We walk in, there is only a reedmat on the floor.We take our shoes out and sit.

Zethu remain on her feet,staring at the mother.

"We are happy to see you" MaQwabe says.

"Right,we need someone to accompany us to the shops" I say.

"I'll go,I need to check my child's grant anyway" the old one,Philile,says.

MaQwabe look at her hostilely, "You are cleaning the houses,Nosihle will go"

She put her hands on her waist, "I said I'm going, Nosihle will clean"

Oh she is talking like this to her own mother? Although MaQwabe deserve it but this girl has no respect and manners.

"We are taking Zehlile" I say.

"Zehlile is pregnant and doesn't know the father,I'm going" she says.

Zethu laughs, "Girl are you okay in your head?"

"Sorry Rihanna,nobody is talking to you.Sit down like others before you speak,this is not your granny's house" she fires at Zethu.

"First I won't sit down, I can talk the most sensible things while on my feet unlike you.Being pregnant and not knowing the father got nothing to do with shopping" Zethu says.

MaQwabe clear her throat, "Zehlile go dress up they are waiting for you"

The pregnant girl walks out,Philile is shooting dagger looks at her mother.

"Wolves" Zethu says and walk out.

I thank God she decided to walk out before things get out of hand.She would've ended up kicking someone's ass.

"Zanda my child I'm so happy to see you koDlamini again" MaQwabe says.

"It's my father's home" Zanda says.

She look down, "It's hard my child the doctors say I have a tumour in the brain"

"Does it mean you are dying soon?" I ask.

"No she is not dying fancie" the evil old sister says.

I laugh, "Fancie is your child's grant that you rely on for a living"

"Unlike you magoshas,I have a man who take care of me" she says.

"Your clothes say otherwise. When are you moving out and finding a job?" I ask her.

She keep quiet,her mother look at Zanda apologetically.Zanda is busy on her phone,scrolling pictures of Mandla and smiling.

Zehlile walk back,we stand up and walk out.

"Is that your car?" She ask Zanda.

"Yes" Zanda replies.

She is shocked, her mouth is hanging open.

We get in the car,she is touching the seats and smiling.

"This is like a little heaven" she says.

I roll my eyes,Zethu chuckles.Zanda is driving,her sister is in the front seat with her.Zanda keep

glancing at us in the mirror and smiling.

They say curiosity killed a cat,I clear my throat

"So you really don't know who the father of your child is?"

"I do actually" she says.

"But your sister said you don't"

"Because it's none of her business"

Okay,it's none of my business too.

Zethu is now on her phone talking very loud,with Tyson I guess.I also need to check on my prince and king.

My phone has tons of missed calls and messages from Lwazi.I open the first message;

SCOTT IS IN HOSPITAL

My knees shake I call him immediately, he answers.

"What happened?" I ask.

"Nobody knows,his sister found him in his house unconscious"

I can hear the frustration in his voice.He take his friendship with Scott like a brotherly one.

"Was he shot?" I ask.

"No he wasn't hurt but when he woke up two hours ago he couldn't remember a thing"

That's confusing.

"How?" I ask.

"He doesn't know who he is or anything about his life. They say he can't even recognise his parents"

I sigh, "Maybe he had a seizure, it's only temporary"

"The doctors doubt that,he is brainwashed but they can't find what went wrong"

My dad! He is behind it,omg! He did say there will no bloodshed.

"That's brilliant" I say.

"What?"

I realise I just said that loud by mistake.

"No I'm talking to Zethu here" I say.

"No she is not talking to me" Zethu say loudly.

"Bye call me when you're free" he says.

I know he is annoyed. This calls for a celebration.

"We must buy a bottle of champagne for ourselves" I say smiling.

"Now we are going to drink? What changed Holy Mary?" Zethu asks.

"I just realised how hard to chop and grate will be if we are sober" I say.

She laugh "Who said anything about me chopping?"

What she think she came here to do?

"We'll be doing just that" I say.

"So that the uncle from Gomora can rape us when we are drunk? You guys have the rape wish"

Zanda glance at us, "You're testimonial"

Zethu fold her arms, "Sorry babe but I can't be around such people when I'm out of it. What if that ugly woman poison our drinks with her Mhlabyalingana portions?"

"My mother is not a witch" Zehlile says.

"You're right she is the devil herself, I always thought Satan is a man. Your mother proved me wrong, she is a woman wearing dirty aprons with cracky dry lips"

"Zethu she is pregnant, give her some peace" I say.

"Whatever"

The rest of the journey is quiet. We start shopping, Zethu is not lifting a single thing. She'd be standing near the cucumber saying "Guys we need cucumber, here it is". Her laziness is on another level.

We get a boy to push our trolley to the car. We drive back to Zanda's home.

As soon as we step out a woman comes charging towards us

Chapter Seventy-Two

Zethu Biyela

.

There is a woman swearing and shouting at Zanda,two women are trying to hold her.

"What did we ever do to you? My sister-in-law is dying because of you" she shout,tears running down her face.

People are coming out of the main house watching. I guess it's relatives and neighbours.Zanda is standing on the same spot,frozen.

"Let go of me MaNzuza this little piece of trash lured my husband on to her bed.What kind of a child is this? Don't you have respect for your elders?" She continues.

I glance at Zanda,she have tears flooding down her face.Everything I have in my hands fall to the ground,I take my shoes out.This is it.

I grab the first woman and toss her to the side,people are now screaming.As I grab the shouting woman by her clothes I feel strong hands grabbing me.

I try fighting but he is stronger than me.

"Let go of me" I yell.

He pulls me to the main house,everyone is following us including the woman,now she is crying hysterically.

"MaNdlovu what is happening?" The man who was holding me ask.

I guess MaNdlovu is the madwoman.

"Dlamini's girl who my sister-in-law raised as her own,only for her to disobey her and sleep with my husband is here to cause more troubles." she say breathing heavily.

People gasp and look at Zanda disgusted.

"Ya Bab' Nduna this girl embarrassed MaQwabe to the whole community, now she is bringing rich sugardaddies to pay for her.She want to outshine Nosihle this one,I can see it"

The man,Bab' Nduna,stop her with his hand,

"We all know everything Dlamini's daughter did before running away but please let's try doing this with manners. She will apologise, as a young girl she may have been tricked by devil to go for Themba. I'm sure MaQwabe has put all the past behind"

Now shoot me...

"Are you for real right now?" I ask disgusted.

"I'm the Chief's deputy man, you will not talk to me in such manner. I was summoned here by the elders of this family to resolve all these issues your friend caused before running away" he says.

My foot feel itchy, I tap it down repeatedly.

"How noble?" I say.

Sena comes forward, "Chief's deputy man" she bows.

Everyone look at her.

"I'd like to know as the Chief's person what did you do when you saw Zanda ploughing the fields before going to school? Going to the river ten times a day? Did you by any means try to find the boys who raped her by the river?" She ask.

"Raped by the river? I've never heard of such" he responds.

"So things happens around the area and you don't hear about them? Neighbours what did you do when you heard Zanda screaming getting beaten by MaQwabe and her daughters?" Sena asks.

They keep quiet.

"Can you confirm for us, clueless friends, how many times you saw Zanda roaming around with boys since she was a slut" she looks at the people.

Zehlile clears her throat, "Zanda never dated or returned a hello to boys. I did the same classes with her until matric"

I chuckle, "You watched her suffer girl, don't be holy now"

Bab' Nduna raise his hand, "MaQwabe what happened in Dlamini's house?"

And then she start crying... I can just stab her through the heart.

"Since we have deputies what what in this area why doesn't the deputy devil of this home answer?" I say looking at the old sister.

"Well my mother was trying to groom her to be a woman, then malume raped her,about the river incident I'm not sure" she says.

People gasp,the MaNdlovu woman screams and charge to her.She shield the first slap,another woman holds her back.

"Isn't Themba your uncle,why would you ruin his name?" She keep asking.

I guess women are really stupid, they rather believe the wolves they married than other woman.

Zanda stands up, "I didn't only suffer in the hands of my family, whom my beloved father trusted with his life.I suffered in the hands of the community.Everyone of you watched,I wasn't your child you didn't care.I passed my matric very good,nobody ever asked why I didn't go to varsity.I'd go to the river five times a day,one more time with overloaded washing no one of you ever asked why.I ran away,of course I had to,I found people who love me more than anything. These girls right here are Muzi Biyela's daughters,yes the one and only tycoon you know"

People look at us shocked, MaNdlovu stop crying immediately.

"Exactly,they are my new family.I had a chance to come back and arrest all those who abused me.I chose not to,because I needed peace.I didn't want to go in and out of courts.I moved on,I have a new family. I'm doing this to pay respect to my father.Bab' Zakhele,MaQwabe,Philile and you MaNdlovu enjoy the money my boyfriend is bringing tomorrow.I'm not God I don't give punishment"

She look so confident, Sena is nodding.I'm not pleased by her 'not giving punishment'.

"You will not give them the punishment but I'm definitely going to make your husband suffer MaNdlovu.I want him to be an example to everyone that you don't ruin a young girl's life and get away with it. Send my regards to him,my name is Ntombizethu Biyela and I don't do threats" I say and walk out.

I look for my shoes and walk to the car.I need to let the steam out.

My phone keep ringing, I don't answer. I can't, my heart is torn into pieces.My eyes are swollen now,I don't know what is going on in that house.Nobody has come out.Tears keep flowing.

Later I'm awoken by someone calling my name.I open my eyes.It's Sena,she is wearing different clothes.It is dark.

"You slept in the car" she says.

I rub my eyes, "What happened after I was gone"

"More tears, stupid apologies and boring family speeches" she say.

I'm glad I left.

"We are starting with food preparations" she say.

"It's early" I say.

She chuckles, "No it's not, we are peeling, chopping and marinating. We are drinking champagne on top of that"

I grunt, "I'm not sold, the day has been ruined for me"

She smile "At least it got you crying, that's some achievement"

I laugh. A speeding car approaches and stop behind ours. I didn't know there were people driving such cars in this area. Never underestimate people you don't know.

"I guess they have loaded niggas in this place too" Sena says.

No it's not! My eyes are deceiving me.

Two of them get out of the car and run toward our car. I'm shocked to the core as to why they would be here.

Just when they pass our car racing in the yard Sena calls out for them.

"Guys what are you doing here?" She asks.

They stop and look at the car. My eyes meet his, he put his hands on his knees. What is wrong with him?

"Where is Zanda? Are you guys okay?" Mandla asks.

"She is okay in the kitchen, we are all good. Why are you people here?" Sena asks.

I'm watching that man who hasn't rise up.

Mandla sigh in relief, "Couldn't you answer our calls? You know how worried Lwazi is where he is? You bloody ignored our calls, we've been losing our minds since morning"

My door is opened, I'm grabbed out of the car. Next minute I'm on his chest suffocated in an awful hug.

I hear Sena calling for Mandla to come back. He is going in.

We talked with these men before going to town, we told them we are okay. Five or four hours

away from the phones doesn't mean we are dying.

I thought we were the only ones with drama.

Chapter Seventy-Three

Zanda Dlamini

I know Zethu is mad I'm letting these people get away with everything. I need to convince her that going after Themba will open wounds for me. I need us, girls, to focus on positive things in life and shape our lives. I really have no sweat to waste on them. Karma will not lose address, it never does.

We are in the kitchen with Zehlile, Nosihle and three other girls. Zethu is still in the car sleeping. She is really angry.

"I'm going to check on her" Sena says.

"Okay tell her we are having champagne" I say.

She laugh and go out. I pour myself another glass. Zehlile is drinking juice because she is pregnant.

"Life! I never thought I'd see you loosen up and drinking alcohol" she says peeling carrots in the big dish.

She is sitting on a chair, her legs are opened widely that we are seeing her white panty.

I laugh, "And you are pregnant"

"As much as this pregnancy is a shame but I'm really proud of myself. I can't wait to hold her" she says.

I shake my head, "I'm only making babies when I'm thirty"

Nosihle giggles, "I used to say forty"

Just when we are laughing at her a door burst open.

"Who is that policeman?" I ask.

I'm tipsy so when I get a glimpse of a figure in the doorway I think my mind is playing funny

tricks on me.

"Can we help you?" Nosihle asks.

Other girls are just looking at him shocked. His eyes are on me, burning my skin.

I stand up, "Mandla"

He walk to me, grab the glass and walk out. What is he doing? We are all shocked.

"Zanda you know him?" Nosihle asks.

He walks back with an empty glass in his hand, he is angry. He look at everyone.

"Mandla where is my champagne?" I ask.

"You didn't return my calls because you are busy drinking and laughing. Do you know how dangerous this is?" He asks angrily.

I'm like 'WTF'? He is coming here unannounced and forbidden, he walks in without knocking and throw my drink outside.

I grab his arm, "Let's go"

"Not so fast, we want to be introduced" a girl who has been quiet all noon long speak.

I just pull Mandla's hand, just as we are about to walk out the door.

"Who is this?" My father's sister asks.

She married in the village neighbouring with ours but she only visited twice throughout my life in here. She only came on special occasions and ordered everyone around. I remember how she would call me 'Zaza' and Zehlile 'Zeze' and how we hated it.

"Hey auntie" I say, my palms are sweating.

"Zaza I'm talking, who is this man?" She ask.

I roll my eyes, she can't see me anyway.

"It's Mandla Zungu" I say.

She put her hands on her head, "Mayeee! What is happening in my brother's house? The same man who impregnated you is here in our premises"

He impregnated me now? Drama.

"Auntie it's not what you think, please keep your voice low" I say.

The girls giggle inside the house. Mandla doesn't look shaken a single bit.

"You get inside" she orders me.

"What? No auntie" I protest.

She raise her hand up, Mandla quickly push me aside.

"Don't you dare put your hands on her" he says.

Auntie is shocked, "Are you threatening me in my home?" She asks.

"Don't even think about laying your fingers on her."

Auntie chuckles, "You are paying one cow extra for putting your tiny legs in the Dlamini's premises and for disrespecting me"

"I don't care what I'm going to pay, just don't touch or make her sad" Mandla says.

"Good boy. Now you are going to pay R50 for parading in our kitchen while you are an in-law" she says putting out her hand.

"Zanda will bring it when she comes back" he says.

She smiles, "Okay be fast Zaza, go around Gogo's rondavel Bab' Nduna won't see you"

Okay now, is it?

We sneak around the rondavel, nobody see us but we can hear loud voices from the main house.

He opens the car door for me, I don't know this car. Oops! Zethu and Tyson are inside making out. I quickly close the door, Mandla laughs.

We go to my car and find Sena arguing on the phone.

"Okay I get it, I'm sorry I'll make it up to you. Keep nourishing it because tomorrow night aah ahha" she says.

I gesture for her to go, she roll her eyes. She open the door and get out while giggling.

I exhale, "What are you doing here?"

"We thought something bad happened" he says.

I roll my eyes, "You overreacted, how did you know my home?"

He look away, "Tyson tracked Zethu and located her"

I frown, "Tracked?"

"Never mind.What happened? Why were you not answering?" He asks.

"We had an episode, my uncle's wife wanted to kill me but it's all sorted now"

I hear him breathing heavily, "What? You don't need stress,not now.Nx! These hypocrites"

"Okay so where are you going to sleep?" I ask.

"Tyson will make a plan"

I guess Tyson have connections everywhere.

I'm glad he is here,I missed him.I lie on his chest.

"How long have you been drinking?" He ask.

What's the fuss?

"I don't know but I'm planning to drink the whole night" I say.

He kiss me on top of my head, "Please don't"

I smile, "This is the night where I need alcohol,did you see that auntie?"

He doesn't laugh as I expected him to, he exhale,

"Just don't my love, I'm begging you"

"What is your problem? It's not like I'm a drunkard.I drink twice a year"

"Do it for me" he says in a low sexy voice.

"Okay but nothing for mahhala.What are you going to do for me?" I ask.

He smiles, "I'll do whatever you want"

I take his hand,put it under my panty.

"I miss you" I say.

He bite my earlobe, "I like the drunk you"

I'm not drunk,I'm craving for him inside me.

Later we return to the house,he leave with Tyson. I miss him already.My auntie is in the kitchen with the girls.

"Finally" she say clapping her hands.

Sena is watching us with a big frown. I pray she doesn't make any remark, not in front of my aunt.

"We are done,we will continue early in the morning" Nosihle says.

Zethu grab a glass and sit on the chair, "Good, I'm sure you don't want our hands to touch anything anyway"

"Of course, did you guys wash your hands?" Sena asks.

"No we licked them" Zethu answers.

I want earth to open up and swallow me.The eye my aunt is giving me send cold shivers down my spine.

Everyone laughs, she signal me to come over her.

"Bend over I want to say something" she says.

I bend to her,she pull my ear.I scream in pain.

"Auntie what are you doing?" I ask.

"Enlarging your ears so that they can listen"

Who does she think she is? The only respect I have for her is because she is my father's one and only sister.

"My compensation fee,for the headache you and that Zungu boy gave me today" she says.

I sigh and take out the R100 Mandla gave me and give it to her.She sneak it inside her boobs.

"You chose well my child, he is handsome and very rich.The perfume he was wearing is that we smell on TVs"

Smell on TVs? Everyone laughs,Zethu is the loudest of them all.

She shift from the bench and tell me to sit down.

"Now tell me how he is on bed? You don't have to starve my child,I'm selling imbiza that boost man's drive" she says.

My mouth hangs open, I'm shocked.

"I can't imagine putting up with a chicken your whole life because he is rich. Buy my medicine he will go for two hours" she continues.

"How much is it?" Zethu asks laughing.

"R50 only" she says proudly.

Is she really my brother's sister?

"Listen you with long Indian hair, I'll give you a bottle for your husband and you'll give me that expensive whisky I saw in the cupboard for my husband" she says looking at Sena.

"That is for guests and besides my man doesn't need any boosters" Sena says.

"My husband will also be a guest, he drives an SUV. Surely we can't give him a castle lager"

Zethu laughs, "Of course not. I say we take two bottles, one for SUV hubby and one for us. This bottle is weak and almost finished, what are we going to do the whole night?"

"Yes girl" Nosihle says.

I sigh, "Guys that booze is reserved for tomorrow guests"

"We can go buy it in the morning" Zethu says.

"Okay, bring it Zethu" Sena says.

Everyone cheers, except me and Zehlile. But why must I obey the rules of a man who is miles away?

"I'm in, let's drink the night away" I say.

"Not you, you are not allowed to drink. Mandla will kill me and bury me in the desert if you do" Sena says.

"What? Who is Mandla, my father?" I ask irritated.

"Go drink juice with Zehlile, eat whatever you want to eat" she says.

I click my tongue, take out my phone and walk outside.

He answers after the fourth ring, "My love"

"Who are you, giving me orders of what to drink and not drink?"

"Oh that! I just think you need to be fresh tomorrow, you know how my grandpa is" he says.

I sigh, "Mandla stop frustrating me"

"Okay I'm sorry babe but please don't drink. I'll bring you nonalcoholic champagne if you want"

"Okay don't, I will not drink" I say.

"Okay babe, just eat healthy you know. Maybe fruits, vegetables and drink water" he say.

I roll my eyes, "Stop being my dietician, I miss you"

He chuckles, "Not as much as I miss you. Your moans and screams are the only thing ringing in my ears"

I blush, "Don't turn me on, where is Tyson?"

"Here, eavesdropping"

I laugh, "Tell him Zethu is drinking like a fish here"

"Tell her I love her" Tyson say at the side.

I laugh, "Bye guys"

I walk back in the house, I go to Zethu and whisper in her ear

"Tyson said he loves you"

She smile, "Oh that one must stop overreacting. I get Mandla, he is worried about you and his baby"

I look at her confused, "What?"

She roll her eyes, "Girl by baby I mean vagina duh!"

I shake my head, "Drink Zethu"

I go sit on my spot and watch them drink.

Chapter Seventy-Four

Fikile Biyela

.

I'm having a late meeting with butchery suppliers, it takes longer than I expected. My stomach is growling, my mind is already having a plate of delicious creamy shrimp and mushroom rice.

My manager wraps everything up, we come to agreements and finally the meeting has been dismissed. I collect my belongings and walk out.

I'm thinking about driving to Pavilion centre first and....

"Hi"

I turn around frozen. Who is tapping my shoulder like that? It's late and I don't trust this place.

I exhale in both relief and anger, "Skhumbuzo what are you doing here?"

"I came to see you"

"Now? You thought this is the perfect time?" I ask angrily.

He scratches his head, "Umhhh..sorry if it's a wrong time"

I breathe out "I'm in a rush, see you next time" I say opening the car door.

"Are you hungry?" He asks as I'm about to close the door on his face.

"Of course I'm hungry, what do you think? I've been in the stupid never-ending meeting with white grannies and my stuttering manager for hours"

He laughs, "Okay, let me drive you"

I chuckle, "I can drive, don't you have your own car to drive?"

He looks around, "I'll leave it here and fetch it in the morning"

"Like you'll find it still here" I say.

"Of course I'll find it, it's my car"

Has he never heard of thieves before? Hijackers? Don't they have those in Inkandla?

"Okay come in" I say.

I go to the passenger's, he comes to the driver's seat and closes the door.

He looks at me and smiles, "Finally I'll know how it's like dragging a million rands on a freeway"

"I'm hungry so my temper is very short" I say.

He chuckles and starts the car. I'm not that person who carries sweets in her bag, I only have a pack

of minty chewing gum. I so wish I can have at least a lunchbar to shut this growling stomach up.

"So tell me, how much is this wig of yours? He ask.

I thought we were having a silent trip,that would've been nice.

" R3 600" I say.

He laughs, "That's half my son's school fees"

It's clicked, I don't know this guy.I only know his name and foolishness.

I sit up straight, "You have a son?"

He smiles, "Sons,not son"

I cough,I'm letting a stranger drives me. Who knows maybe he is even married!

"Yes I'm married" he say as if he reads my mind.

My heart sinks.Why do I always attract fucked-up players?

I'm looking out the window,he is also concentrated on the road.The past days I've thinking about him,hoping to see him soon he was back to his wife,he didn't think about me.He was just playing with my feelings.

Why my heart? Why. Why are you allowing this to happen to you every time? Don't you get tired of getting hurt?

"I'm single though" he says after a good while of silence.

This is the question that pops to my mind,

"Did you go go to school?" I ask.

"I don't know"

I roll my eyes, "What are you doing for a living?"

"I'm a CA and tax auditor"

No! I look at him,

"What?"

He laughs, "I'm kidding I'm a herdbooy in one of the homesteads back home"

He have time for games, I don't.

"Stop the car" I say.

"Why?" He ask calmly.

"Skhumbuzo stop this car now" I scream.

"Okay I'll stop" he says.

He keep driving until traffic descends.He then stop at the side.We ignore the hoots.

"Now you are going to tell me who you are?" I say fiercely.

He frown, "Is that why we are stopping?"

I look at him,like is he stupid or what?

"Yes" I say.

He smile, "I thought you were having period pains"

I look at him, that smile of his I can just wipe with a hard slap.

"Talk"

I can't even control my anger. Why am I angry anyway? It's not like he is my boyfriend.

"I'm Skhumbuzo Nkosi,I'm a CA and tax auditor.I'm a father of three sons and MaMvelase's first son of three sons"

I push the bloody hair back, "You said you are married and single, which one is it?"

"I'm married and single"

I exhale, "Skhu I'm done with married man.Can be this the last time you come see me? I'm still on healing process, I've been heartbroken more than ten times.I'm done being a side-chick, a front golden girlfriend to get business deals and a homewrecker"

"To me you're none of that. I don't have a wife" he says.

Oh maybe she died!

"What happened? Did she pass away?" I ask.

He shake his head, "She left,one week after giving birth to Busizwe,my last born"

I frown, "Left for what? To where?"

He shrugs, "I don't know, the letter she left said she is going to Jo'burg to start her life"

afresh. Life of her dreams"

He looks deeply hurt. The Zulu warrior in him is gone, now is the broken husband and single father.

"Wow! I'm sorry" I say.

"It's okay, I'm over that. I turned into laughing stock and got over it. I hated women but a strange magazine cover girl changed that" he says and smiles.

I smile, "You are a complete opposite of your outlooks"

He scratches his chin, "That's judgemental, can I start the car now or you're still questioning?"

I fold my arms and lie back on the seat,

"How old are you?" I ask.

"I'm thirty-six"

I smile, he is only four years older than me.

"Okay drive" I say.

He shakes his head and turns the engine on.

He turns the music on, Lady Gaga applause loud in our ears. He quickly turns it off.

"What is this?" He asks.

I laugh, "It's good music"

"You don't know what good music is" he says.

"And you do? Come on you can't even sing a note" I say laughing.

"Shut up" he says.

I laugh at him.

He clears his throat, "Now that you know who I am maybe we can go to my cousin's place and eat. I'm sure you're tired to cook"

Now he is taking it far.

"No I have food in my fridge, I'll warm it up" I say.

"We'll go there to take my knobkerrie then"

I look at him, "Don't, I want to go to my house"

"Come on,I'm not kidnapping you"

I'm not irritated as I should be as he drives to Durban North,a part of me want to see the place he is staying at I don't know why.

He drive inside a building.He drives up until third parking.He comes open the door for me.

"I thought you said you are coming to get your knobkerrie,why am I coming out now?" I ask.

He just smile and take my hand. We are holding hands now,okay. We get in the lift,

"You look beautiful, do you always have to wear such high shoes?" He ask smiling.

"I feel comfortable in them, they boost my confidence" I say.

He frown, "Okay"

The lift opens,he take my hand again.

He knock on the door, "Zalo"

The door opens,a girl appears at the door.I expected the cousin to be a guy.Maybe it's his cousin's girlfriend.

She is looking at me disbelievingly. Skhu push her out of the way.

"We have a hungry guest" he says.

I walk in behind him,the girl is still zoned out.

He show me a couch,"I'm going to get you a snack before you faint" he says and walk away.

I look around,the girl is still by the door looking at me.

"Hi" I say.

She walk and sit on the couch opposite me.

"Are you his colleague?" She ask.

I'm still amazed by her question when a voice comes from the kitchen.

"She is my girlfriend" he shout.

What? Is he crazy?

I smile, "I'm not his colleague"

The girl cover her mouth with both hands,

"Oh my word!" She exclaims.

I look at her, "You look shocked to see me here. I'm only accompanying him to get his knobkerrie, he told me"

She smile, tears glitter on her eyes, "Finally! Oh my gosh, he has finally found you"

I'm like 'excuse me girl what are you talking about'. I look at her confused.

"Was he looking for me?" I ask.

"Yes, we all thought one day he is going to fly to Cape Town and change his gender surgically"

I laugh "What?"

"My aunt is going to be happy, we all lost hope years ago" she beams.

I comprehend everything, so Skhumbuzo never dated or rather say introduced any girl after his wife left him.

"So he has been single ever since?" I ask.

She nod, "I'm so happy right now"

Let me explain her, she is tall, dark in complexion and medium-sized with very big lips. I don't know if I've seen her dress in any of the stores in SA, maybe she shipped it from India. It's colourful, very long and ugly. She have long braids tied with a white ribbon.

"I'm Fikile Biyela from Mandeni" I say.

She show her perfect white teeth, "Now look at me, I'm too forward. I'm Lungile Mngadi, Skhumbuzo is my uncle's son"

We share a quick hug. The snack is taking too long. Maybe he has decided to cook samp and inhloko, you can never know with this imbadada guy.

He comes back with a covered plate and glass of juice.

"Here" he says.

I take the plate, he put the juice on the coffee table.

I uncover the plate expecting to see a burger or sandwich.

No it's a big piece of dumpling, boiled chicken drumstick and wing. There is also a brown gravy at the side. There is no fork, no knife and no spoon.

"Umhh..thanks" I say.

"Fork Zalo" Lungile says.

He stands and hurry to the kitchen.

"That's his favourite food" Lungile say as I'm watching the food unbelievably.

I look up and fake a smile, "It look nice"

He comes back and hand me a fork and knife.

Are they seriously gonna watch me eat with those expressions on their faces?

"Eat" Lungile says.

I slice a piece in the dumpling and fork it to my mouth. He smile when I take a second bite.

"This is great" he says proudly.

We look at him, he is smiling like a kid on Christmas.

"What is great?" Lungile asks.

"She trust me"

I frown, "Who said I trust you?"

"You are eating the food I prepared out of your presence and you are here"

I roll my eyes, he is so full of himself. I'm eating because I'm hungry and not rude.

"My love" he say looking at me fondly, playing with his goatskin wristbands.

I blush mistakenly

Chapter Seventy-Five

Sena Biyela

.

Mandla's family came with three cows and a goat. One cow was slaughtered, the community

members came in numbers and feasted. I've never slaved so much in my life, I was sweating going up and down serving food. Zanda was lazy, sleeping on the table instead of making desserts. I understand Zanda she is pregnant although she doesn't know but Zethu! She was supposed to help out, instead she was smiling on her phone. When it was time to distribute the booze, guess who jumped up for the job? Her. I'll never play kitchen starring again, I'll make sure we hire caterers in future.

I can say everything went well despite Zanda sweeping everything under the carpet and smiling at MaQwabe. I don't even know why she would look at her direction but I guess she just wanted the ceremony to be without crazy episodes.

We are ready to go, I'm so happy and cannot wait to see my men. Now I have to beg two love-struck grown women that we must go to the main house, where everyone is, and say goodbye.

MaQwabe is very pained to see Zanda going without them resolving the past. I have no sympathy for her, she deserves everything that's coming to her. Nosihle and Zehlile may have treated Zanda badly but they were kids looking up at their mother and deep down you can see they are goodhearted. Another hell honourable citizen is that ugly chick, Philile. She was mean, barely smiling throughout the whole time. I'm so glad she chose to lock herself in the room most of the time because you can never trust her in the kitchen. Poisoning is a serious matter.

"Who is going to drive?" Zanda ask as we approach the car accompanied by Zehlile and two other girls we were with in the kitchen.

"Not me I'm online" Zethu says.

I walk faster, leaving everyone and stand by the passenger's door. They mustn't think I'm their chef, cleaning lady and chauffeur at the same time. I'm tired, they didn't lift a finger in anything, one of them must drive.

Zethu laughs, "Okay I'll drive but from the hotel to Durban I'm riding with Tyson. Mandla will have to come and take the wheel here"

We bid the girls goodbye, Zehlile promises to visit once she has given birth. She is getting too comfortable this one but it's okay. My heart jump up with joy as we leave the boring place behind heading to the hotel to get the rest of our bags.

The ride back to Durban is too long, Mandla is a slow driver.

"Overtake if you have to, I miss my man" I shout from the back.

He glance at me and wink,I roll my eyes.Zanda is sleeping at the front,poor girl.Her dream of having a baby at thirty-years has been crushed.She is clueless about the news,I fear the day Mandla break the news to her.I can see she is starting to get irritated very easily.

I feel like I'm dreaming as Mandla stop outside my house.Welcome sweet home!

Mandla is a gentleman he carry my bags for me. Quinton meet me at the door,I scoop him up and kiss his little face.He giggles,gosh I missed him!

"Daddy is in the kitchen" he says.

"Have you eaten?" I ask.

He nods, "I'm full mommy"

Mandla put the bags on the couch in the lounge,we head to the kitchen.We find Sbu drinking Heineken,Lwazi cooking on the stove.

"Really mfethu" I ask Sbu.

He look around,he see us and stand up.

"Finally" he say coming to me.

I hug him,he kiss my cheek and fist-bump with Mandla.

"Missed me?" He ask smiling at me.

Mandla walk to Lwazi,he say something they both laugh.Sbu take a gulp on his can.

"I told you not to drink in front of my son" I say.

"That's not fair,he doesn't know it's alcohol"

I turn and look at him walking behind me,

"That's the point he doesn't know what it is and it must stay like that until he is sixteen" I say.

"Okay I'll finish this one,it won't happen again" he says.

That's what they said the last time.I don't want to feel like I'm raising my son in a bar.

Mandla walk out in a hurry,his face is glowing with joy.First time impregnator!

I put Quinton down,he run back to the lounge.He is going to search if I bought him any new toy or gift.He'll find it on the first packet,I knew he was going to do this I prepared myself.

I walk to him. He fold his arms on his chest and look at me with a cute smile.He stand like that,I kiss his chin,his left cheek and right cheek then I kiss his lips.

I kiss his nose and smile, "Hi"

His smile widens, "Hello"

I kiss his lips again,he suck my lower lip softly and let go.We stare at each other smiling, we've been apart for years.

He kiss my cheek and then whispers, "I'm gonna do something to you,act normal"

I look at him,he is smiling at me.His hand goes to my front,he grab my covered vjay and poke it with his thumb.

"Okay that's too much eye-contact" Sbu shouts.

Lwazi look at him, "I'm still admiring my beauty queen" he say normally,with a smile.

He look at me again, he bite his lower lip suppressing laughter. I can't describe how my face may look like right now.The way he is rubbing and poking me,my joints are weak.

"Missed me?" He ask smiling.

I'm going to moan pleasurably, help me Lord.

I close my eyes, "Stop" I whisper.

He bend and kiss my cheek.He remove his hand from me,I exhale loudly.

"Wait two minutes and go to our bathroom upstairs" he whispers in my ear.

I nod,he turn back to his pot.Now I have to turn and face Sbu.

1..2..3 turn around.

"Are you guys still going to Shai-shai?" I ask very loud,unnecessary.

He give me a look, "You know how mama is.She want to spend time with her dad so the trip has been postponed again"

Now I regret putting money for their trip, they've been postponing for three weeks.Donald is also reluctant about the Lamborghini, he say he want to invest the money he have too many cars already.

"I'm tired" I say yawning.

"I don't want you or anyone else to put make-up in front of my babies" he says.

I look at him confused, "Why?"

He shrugs, "Because I don't want them to be introduced to make-up until eighteen"

I roll my eyes, "Now we're playing that game?"

"I'm serious"

"That's not full of sense and invalid" I say.

"I respect your rules, you respect mine"

"Okay Sbu, we will lock them out of our dressing rooms then" I say.

He knows what he is saying is stupid, he just wants an even comeback. He used to be my aunt's only child, will he ever grow out of this 'spoilt-brat' zone?

"Okay maybe you can use a teacup when you are drinking your alcohol" I say.

He laughs, "Sissy my beautiful sissy, the mastermind."

"I'm going to freshen up it's been a long journey" I say.

"No sit down and tell me about Eshowe" Sbu says.

Lwazi coughs, I steal a glance at his direction. He is stirring the pot slowly.

"I'll tell you later, I'm tired" I say.

He grabs a banana and peels it, "Come on. I want to hear it now"

My word! Why is he not with his wife today?

I walk past him, "Sbu last night I had only three hours sleep, so please."

He jumps from the chair and walks with me.

"Shana come let's go upstairs with mommy" he shouts for Quinton.

I stop and look at him hostilely, "I'm going to bath upstairs"

"We are going to chill there, what's up?"

Quinton comes running, he scoops him up. I look at Lwazi, he has a big frown on his face. I shrug my shoulders and go with them.

While I go bath they watch TV in a passage leading to our bedroom.

I miss him so much. Why do I have a brother like this though? He knows exactly where to push and spoil things.

After dressing up I walk out and find them gone. Maybe they went back downstairs Quinton got bored. They ruined my chances of getting a hot fix anyway.

As I'm taking the steps down I bump to Lwazi.

"They are outside in the pool" he says.

I smile, "Great"

We run to the bedroom. He push me, I fall on top of the bed. He take off his T-shirt and pant.

We kiss each other hungrily, his other hand pull down my panty. I'm more than ready.

"Get in we don't have time" I say.

He suck my lips and moan. I open my legs wider, he push it slowly inside. He shag me like a maniac. I meet his thrusts halfway. I'm trying to contain my screams.

I feel a hot wave taking over my body, all my joints weakens. I enjoy the moment, he keep thrusting in. Shortly he groans on top of me and curse. We are done for now but our business is still unfinished.

"I love you mamakhe" he say then bury his head on my boobs.

I brush his head, "I missed you, I was a few inches away from losing my mind"

He look up at me, "Can you feel me?"

Yes, his cock is still hard af. I laugh, his eyes are so horny and red.

"You know they can come back anytime" I say.

He push himself in again, as slippery as it is. He dance in it until I feel my body heat up again. We get it on again but a loud laughter coming our way disturbs us.

"Hahaha yoo Sena will kill you" Sbu says.

He pulls out quickly and pull me up. We run to the dressing room. We can hear Sbu's voice in the bedroom. I know he is doing this on purpose, sadly I can't report him to my dad like Nozipho.

"Hold on to the table babe" he say turning me around.

What if they walk in here? Sbu like to see people suffer,doesn't he know that?

I get on my knees and hold onto the small dwarf table.He kneel behind me and push himself in.He have his hand on my mouth,I can't scream from this pleasure I'm getting.We both reach our climax and moan in within.

Lwazi is nude,I'm without my panty and we are both soaked in juices.Sbu is giggling somewhere near.I need to come out,Lwazi is lying on the carpet looking on the ceiling smiling.

"Sbusiso" I shout.

"What?"

"Go away with a kid" I say.

We hear no voices,I guess he followed instruction. We sneak out and go to the bathroom to clean ourselves.

"They saw my panty" I say.

He chuckles, "No Sbu is an elder, he pushed it under the bed"

His clothes are still on the floor,he pick them and dress up.I take my panty under the bed to the underwears basket.We look at each other and laugh.

"Heads up,straight faces" he say as we take the stairs down.

We don't find anyone, we look for them everywhere but they are no where to be found.

Lwazi take his phone from the charger plug and call Sbu.He put loudspeaker on,it rings

"What?" He answers.

"We are looking for you,where are you?" Lwazi ask.

"On the way to my house,I'm babysitting tonight but my prices vary"

We look at each other.

"What?" I ask.

"I'm preventing my nephew from trauma.You guys have the whole night to yourselves at an affordable price" he say.

I sigh, "You didn't..."

Lwazi cut me in, "See you in the morning sbari,tell that chap to behave"

He drop the call smiling. I missed my son,I wanted to spend time with him too.

"Come on,smile this is good news" he say brushing my hair.

I exhale, "Yes I guess but I missed him too"

"Tomorrow you can give your attention to him all day,let tonight be about us"

I nod and smile.

"First let's dish up and eat then we can feed on our cravings" he say.

We walk to the kitchen holding hands, this is our night.Thanks to you brother.

(I'm sorry about yesterday)

Chapter Seventy-Six

Zanda Dlamini

.

I've been up since four o'clock, he is snoring softly next to me.I keep turning and tossing my stomach is empty,if I try closing my eyes it growls louder.

Maybe I'm diabetic, yes that's the only thing.I'm always hungry and feel light-headed like I could faint if I don't put anything in my mouth.Oh God I have diabetes! I'm so young,maybe I inherited it from an elder in my family.

I check the time, it's five-fourty.No this is it! I slowly crawl out of bed and head to the bathroom.I pee,wash my face and brush my teeth. When I come back he is wide awake.Wasn't he snoring just minutes ago?

"Is everything alright?" He asks.

Lately he is like my guardian doctor and it's annoying. From selecting menus to following me around and babysitting me.

"No I need water" I say.

He kick the blankets, "Sleep, I'll fetch it for you"

See, this is what I hate.

I tie my robe, "I can get myself water"

I walk out irritated. I'm literally running all the way downstairs. I open the fridge, take out yoghurt and pieces of fried chicken from yesterday. I'll have them with slices of white bread, maybe let me add something sweet for energy. I take out a bar of chocolate and sit on the kitchen chair.

While I'm warming the chicken in the microwave I'm eating the yoghurt. I don't know how I'm able to finish it so fast, this is really diabetes. I go to the bread tin, I feel my eyes burning as I'm welcomed by a loaf of brown bread. I want to eat white bread. Sigh!

I sit down with a plate of four brown bread slices and three chicken pieces. I'm chewing hungrily and angrily, tears are trolling down my face.

"Babe are you okay?" He asks scaring me off.

I nearly jump up and that alone makes me cry even more. I bite on my chicken and ignore his question.

"Zanda why are you crying?" He asks wiping my cheeks with his hands.

I stuff bread into my mouth and drink the juice. I'm partly embarrassed of being caught eating so much food after I told him that I'm here to get water. Maybe the sooner I come clean about my sickness the better. I'm also angry he sneaked up on me, didn't I tell him I'm here to fetch myself water? Why is there a need for him to come look for me instead of sleeping? Doesn't he trust me?

"I don't like what you are doing, stop judging me" I say.

He looks at me completely lost, "I'm not judging you, I'm worried you are crying and I don't know why"

"Yes you are here to judge me, angithi you are Mister Perfect. Please stop looking at me like that and go away" I say.

"Zanda I'm.."

I put my hand up, "Away Mandlakayise"

He scratches his head and steps backwards.

"I don't want to see you anywhere near me. OUT!!!"

He stops, he looks at me shocked. I point at the door,

"Out or I will be the one leaving. We surely can't be in the same house with all this judgement we give each other"

He exhale, "Can I at least take my car keys?"

"Whatever you want bhuti" I say and attend my food.

As soon he walks out the door with his judging tail between his legs I unwrap my chocolate and eat freely. Now that I'm full maybe I can get my sleep back.

I go back to the bedroom to sleep. I slid under the blankets and shift back to sleep.

When I wake up it's quarter to eight, I look around Mandla is nowhere in sight. Oh! I remember I chased him out. Maybe I was a little harsh, he didn't really judge me. It was all in my head.

I need to find him. I go to the bathroom and shower. I put on my yellow maxi dress and sandals. I put some sweets in my bag and drive to his mother's house.

I find his mother in the kitchen making breakfast, she smiles as she see me approaching her.

We hug, she is always smelling nice but today's perfume doesn't sit well with me I break the hug quickly.

"I'm happy you're here, I'll have somebody to eat with. I hate eating alone, where is the big-head?"

I frown, "He is not here?" I ask.

She shake her head, "No, he said he will come here late today"

I sigh, "Maybe he is at Sbu's place or Thapelo's"

I shouldn't have chased him out, that's his house and he had an early meeting today.

"Forget about him, he can take care of himself. Help me here" she says.

"I'm sorry Ma but I have to find him" I say and run out.

I get inside the car and call Nozipho.

"Zanda" she answers.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, is Mandla there?" I ask.

"Maybe, I don't know. I haven't got out of bed. But there are voices downstairs, call Sbu and find out"

Who doesn't get out of bed until 09h50? Doesn't she get hungry? She is using her pregnancy to

cover her laziness.

I call Sbu,he doesn't answer.I call and call again it rings unanswered. I must just drive there and check myself.

They take time to open the gate for me.I'm beyond myself with frustration. Everyone will assume I'm mistreating the man who loved me wholeheartedly even when I was a nobody.

I'm relieved to see him eating on the table with Sbu.They are laughing and not aware of me walking toward them.

"Hi" I greet.

They both turn to look at me shocked.They are only eating cereals.

Sbu stand up, "Zanda hi...umhhh I forgot to open the windows in the umhhh...kitchen" he say.

Kitchen? Aren't we in the kitchen?

He grab his bowl and run away.What is wrong with him?

Mandla clear his throat, "Hey babe"

I thought he would be mad at me.I'm surprised to hear him calling me 'babe'.

"I'm sorry I was a bitch,what I did was uncalled for.I'm really sorry my love" I say.

He smile relieved, "It's okay babe,I understand"

I don't deserve him. He is such a good person,always kind and understanding.

"You had a meeting at nine" I say.

He brush my hand, "Don't worry, I postponed it"

I exhale, "I'm really sorry"

He smile, "It's okay,how are you?"

I look down, "I need to tell you something"

"What is it my love?"

I look at him, "I think I have diabetes"

He frown, "Why? What happened?"

"I'm always hungry, when I get really hungry I feel like I can die.I get dizzy and weak. Those are

symptoms,maybe someone in my family had it" I explain.

I don't know if I said something funny and missed it.He is dying from laughter.

"What's funny?" I ask.

He laughs until he choke, "Diabetes? No man, stop it you are killing me" he say laughing.

I fold my arms and glare at him deadly.

"People die of this sickness and you are laughing at me? I may die Mandla" I say.

He compose himself, "Okay let's go home.I need to tell you something"

I nod,he take my hand we walk to the door.We bump to Quinton and Sphiwo running after the ball.

"Hi guys" I greet them.

They wave at me and continue with their run. Sbu is no where to be seen.

"I'll leave my car here" he say.

He get on the driver's seat, I sit at the back because I'm mad at him for laughing.

We get in the house and sit face to face on the couch.

"What is it?" I ask.

"Promise me you won't get mad and kill me"

I look at him. Did he cheat on me?

"Mandla you are scaring me" I say.

"You have to promise me first"

I sigh, "Okay I won't be mad"

He take both my hands and squeeze them.

"You are pregnant"

I doubt my ears heard him correctly.

"Huh?"

He smile, "Babe we are having a baby. I'm going to be a father"

I close my eyes so that when I open them I'll realise I was dreaming.

"How do you know? It's not true" I say.

"I've known for a while now, I was just scared to tell you. You are very short-tempered, not that it's a bad thing. I love you, thanks for carrying my little princess or big head. Know that we are in this together, we are going to make great parents. I'll be the father I never had and you'll be the mother you never had"

I wipe the single tear that has escaped my eye, "I was not ready to be a parent but I'm ready to protect him or her from the cruelty of this world"

He pull me for a tight hug. My whole life is about to take a different direction.

Chapter Seventy-Seven

Ziphe Biyela

.

I wake up to a pair of eyes staring at me. I smile at him, he is very adorably clingy lately. I'm not complaining though, I love all the attention he gives.

"Were you planning my murder in your head?" I ask.

Instead of answering he lift my head with his hand and kiss my lips.

"You look so innocent when you're asleep" he say brushing my eyebrows.

"I am innocent. Good morning"

He smile, "Morning my innocent angel"

I look at him and frown, "When did I stop being Sbu's angel?"

He chuckles, "When you started grinding me with your ass"

I punch his chest, "I miss him"

Realisation. Sbu and I use to be very close, I kinda miss old relationship. Maybe I drifted away after getting married. My attention has been fully on my marriage and making a baby.

"Why don't you go spend time with him later?" He ask.

"And who is going to spend time with you?"

"Lwazi,it has been some time since we last talked.He seems a bit off lately"

I nod, "I guess Tamika will be home alone"

He scratch his chin, "We will be holding prayers with our hearts"

I want to ask when she is going back to Jo'burg but I don't want to come across as a hater.

She is an absent guest anyway.She is always out partying, we only share 'hellos' if we happen to bump into each other in the mornings when she comes back. I'm sorry but I don't like her,we have no vibe.

His hand is too quick to get between my thighs.He is breathing heavily near my ear,that alone turns me on immediately. We glorify our morning.He is still an angry lion on bed,he always leave my legs disabled.

We go to shower together and dress up.I help him put his tie on.

"I have a request" I say.

lookhh"

I hope what I'm about to ask won't cause any conflicts.

"It's about Niresh..umhh that guy you saw here"

He push my hands off him, "I'm listening"

His reaction says a lot,I regret having to ask him this.In his mind I cheated with Niresh.

"He is the head in his family, he lost his job.His little brother go around his neighborhood asking for food so that they have something to eat before going to bed"

He is staring at me,pitilessly.

"How do you..."

I cut him in, "The day I got off the car after we argued,he is the one who helped me with a taxi fee,it was his last cent.I had to find him and pay back his money,that's how I found out about the situation in his home" I explain.

He exhale, "So you and him come long way back?"

"He is the one who called you when I went to hospital, he showed me true friend qualities.I never thought of him more than that,he is a great guy babe.I want to help him"

He chuckles, "Ziphe I don't want to talk about that boy or see him again"

I fold my arms and look away. He is being unreasonable and insecure. I love him.

"Is there anything else?" He ask.

I shake my head.

I follow him out,I still need to make breakfast for him no matter what.

"Stop sulking" he says.

I eat my cereal and ignore him.I feel like I owe Niresh after everything he has done for me.Getting him a good job, nice furniture and putting his siblings to better school would be a formation of Ubuntu.

"I don't want to fuck you against this table,stop turning me on with that grin"

I look at him angrily but my stupid mouth stretch into a smile.

"I love you ntwanas" he say.

I laugh out.Gosh! I shouldn't be,I'm angry at him.

"Lovebirds"

I stop myself from rolling 'em eyes.She look worn out,her shoes are on her hands now.

"Morning" we say.

"Don't you get tired from sleeping for eight hours?" She ask going through the fridge.

"We sleep and do lot of things in that eight hours" Thapelo replies.

She giggles, "Oh! I can imagine"

"Don't you get tired of partying?" I ask.

This girl is out partying from Monday to Sunday.Doesn't she have a life?

"How can I get tired of life?" She ask.

I look at Thapelo,he is smiling at her.What kind of uncle is this? He is supposed to put her on the right track, not worshipping her bad behaviors.

She walk away, "Kiss,kiss,kiss.I'm off to take a nap"

"I have never seen such in my life" I say.

"Sena was exactly like this before Lwazi came and Simtho before Loyiso."

I look at him, "Are you serious?"

He laughs, "And Zethu is just her long lost twin"

I laugh, "She has been tamed"

Later Thapelo leaves for work. I go work on my assignments too. My therapy session is at 13h30, from there I'm going to Sbu's place.

She walks in, disturbing me. I thought she was taking a nap. Grrrr!

"Do you have a lingerie?"

I look at her, that's a too friendly question.

"Why?" I ask.

"I have to go somewhere" she say with a huge smile.

"I do have a black one I haven't used"

She jump excitedly, "Awesome. Siyabangena!!"

Now I'm curious, "Who is he?"

"I'll tell you when I have him, okay"

I shrug, "Okay, let me save this file and go look for it"

.

(At Donald's house)

Junior has already gone to school, Don is home alone planning to visit Simtho as the day goes by. He is still on sick leave, supposedly fully recovering at home.

He is thinking about how ignorant he used to be regarding his feelings for her. He never thought it was love, he took it as a protective instinct. Maybe it's because he hasn't loved anyone ever since Junior's mother disappeared. He thought he loved Wendy but now that he is looking at it it wasn't love. Because what he feels for Simtho is genuine love and he hasn't felt it in years.

He sip water from the glass and sigh. In just few months he will be a father or stepfather. Although he is ready to bond with the baby regardless of paternity he is still afraid. If it's not his baby the truth will have to come out once the baby has grown. Will he/she forgive them?

Just as he is in deep thoughts the intercom rings. His heart jump up thinking it's Simtho. Well, his loyalty is about to be tested.

She stand by the entrance, her white coat wide opened, revealing a black lingerie.

He want to ask what she is doing here but he fails. She is sexy, that's not debatable.

"I see the surprise surprised you" she say smiling.

Don clear his throat, his voice needs to come out bold.

"What are you doing here?" He finally ask.

She take slow steps towards him, "I'm here to see you, do you like seeing me?"

She take the coat off, she have a black thin belt on her hand.

He want to tell her to go away but he is dumbstruck.

"Your highness! I'm here to turn myself in, I'm a sinner. I trespassed to your apartment, I deserve any kind of punishment" she say seductively.

They stand face to face. Donald is losing the pace of his breathing. His body has more control on him than his morality.

Seeing the weakness in him Tamika grab down his head and kiss him. It's hard to resist, her lips are too soft although she smell like brewery.

They push each other, mouth-on-mouth until she is on the couch lying on her back. She tie his legs around his waist and deepens the kiss.

He close his eyes and moan as his body react to the heat.

"I love you so much Vukile" his mind play tricks on him.

Pictures of him and her kissing in her office couch with tears running down their faces play on his mind. His heartbeats start racing, he feel his eyes warming up.

"I love you Biyo" he whispers.

Then he realise what he is saying and doing. With who.

He push her legs off him,

"Please get out!" He say.

Tamika can't believe her ears.

"My love" she say.

He pull her up and push her toward the door.

"Don't ever come to my house again" he shout.

She ask why he is angry with her? In her mind she think she did something wrong.

She get a flying white coat as a response. She cries as the door slam on her face.

Chapter Seventy-Eight

Simtho Biyela

.

He walks in like a mindless person.He throw the brown foodie-bag on the coffe-table.I know when he is dramatic angry and when he is really angry.

"What happened?" I ask.

He rub his left ear and look at me.This is angry Donald. Why do I feel like laughing at him?

"Don't laugh" he say.

I can't stop myself, "Talk or you're going to burst"

He exhale and rub his palms together.

"It's traffic"

I give him a 'really?' look.Since when he lies to me?

"What's going on Don?" I ask with a serious tone.

"Promise me you won't get mad" he says.

I think I will get mad by whatever it is,hence he thinks I might get mad.I suck my lollipop.

"Leave it,I'm having a good day I can't get mad" I say.

"I want to..."

I stop him with my hand, "Not today. Today I want to be happy all day long"

He exhale and smile, "How are you people?"

"We are good,thank you"

"Can I come kiss you?" He ask smiling.

I nod, "Yes,kiss me everywhere"

He come to me,kneel down and take my shoes off.He massage my legs and spread them apart.

"Why are you not wearing a panty?" He ask laughing.

"I'm not comfortable in it"

He chuckles. His hand go to my honeypot while he is sucking my lips.I can feel anger in his kiss.Whoever pissed him off did a good job. His mouth go to my neck,giving me tingling sensations.

His hand move up to my tummy.He stop kissing me.He press his hand on the side of my tummy.The little lazy bun poke his hand and disappear.

He is shocked, he look for her with his hand.

"Where is she?" He ask.

I laugh, "She is hiding.I'm surprised to feel her kick your hand,you know this mini-mini is lazy she hasn't kicked all morning"

He kiss my cheek, "Wow!"

He massage my tummy.

I touch his cheek, "You didn't forget about my kiss 'everywhere'?"

He laughs and return his hand back to my vjay.He push my legs wider and devour my honeypot.Nobody does it better than him.

"I love you babe" this is what I keep on reciting.

I explode right on his mouth,he licks me up.After gaining my consciousness I return the favour.

"I love you Simtho"

Well,that's how good I am at this sucking game.

I laugh, "I blew you so good sir"

He stop fastening his belt and stare at me. Damn! He is so serious today.

"What's up with you?" I ask.

"I'll never be ready to lose you. I love you so much, whatever happens breaking up is not an option Simtho"

I smile, "I know"

He take my hands, "I mean it babe. Whatever happens, no matter what it is, breaking up is not an option. We will talk, forgive each other and stand together. We've come a long way, I know you and you know me better than anyone. Whatever life throws at us we will use our true love as a shield. We will stay strong through hurricanes and storms. I'll be your sun, you'll be my rainbow."

I breath out, "I'm ready, you are my ride-or-die"

We share a passionate kiss, clean ourselves and head to the kitchen to warm the food he brought.

"I cooked this" he say.

I roll my eyes, " Yeah right, Mr Grillers"

"You love food, you know every restaurant"

I shoot him a look, "Don't start me"

"No I'm serious, tell me which restaurant you haven't ea at in Durban?"

"I forgive you" I say.

He laughs, "I wouldn't care even if you don't, I like seeing you angry"

I just smile and focus on my meat. Then the door disturbs us.

"Expecting anyone?" He ask.

I shake my head, "Maybe it the sublingual mosquitoes"

He go open up. Thapelo walks in, wearing formal pants, white T-shirt and blazer. He look pissed.

"Good day" he greet.

I return the greeting, Don is focused on his food.

"Man what did you do to my niece?" He ask Don.

Don look up, "I'm eating mfethu, I don't want to throw up"

What is going on here? What happened between his niece and my ride-or-die?

"What did you do to her?" Thapelo asks.

I look at Don questioningly. He drink his juice not bothered at all.

"Vukile" I say.

"She showed up in my house,dressed up like a slut and acted like the management director of SABA." He say.

I've never heard of a SABA company before.

"What is that?" I ask.

"Sluts Association of Bitches in Africa"

I cover my mouth with my hand, "No"

I can't help it,I laugh out.He look angry again. This is why he came here looking pissed.

Thapelo sit down, "She came to my office wailing, everyone's attention was on me.She told me you phoned her telling her to come over than you tempted to hit her when she denied you sex and chased her down the street"

"Oh she is the Minister of Liars too.Tell her to stay away from me" Don says.

"I'm sending her back to Jo'burg,she get suicidal when she is really angry" Thapelo say,his voice filled with sadness.

"Is she mental unstable?" I ask.

"She has bipolar, strictly on medication though "

Oh no wonder!

"Please send her back,I don't want crazy episodes I'm still fragile" Don says.

Thapelo and I look at each other.

"What? I am not physical fit,the doctor told me"

I drink my juice and look away. Thapelo clear his throat.

"You are sexually fit though" he say.

I laugh, "No he is not,where did you hear those lies?"

"Talk man, where did you hear those lies?" Don asks.

We both glare at Thapelo. He opens his mouth and closes it. He mustn't lie!

"Okay my wife told me" he says eventually.

"What?" I laugh.

He smiles, "She wasn't gossiping though"

Of course he is going to defend her, she married her mamgobhozi ass.

"I can't believe she is discussing my sex life with you. What kind of a sister is that?" I say.

Don laughs, "But I also know that Thapelo is gifted where and grind it better from which angle"

I look at him, Thapelo has a big frown on his face.

"My love" I say.

"Your nickname my nigga is The Beast"

This is it! I grab my juice and run away. Don is dead with laughter. Thapelo is embarrassed, shocked and amused.

(Delayed post)

Chapter Seventy-Nine

Fikile Biyela

.

I hate my mind for always thinking about irrelevances. I don't need this kind of distraction, I'm at work. So what if he has a cute smile? What is special with small eyes on a big man?

"Black China"

"Sorry ma'm?" Nokulunga, my personal assistant, says.

I look at her, "Don't mind me I'm a loud thinker"

She smiles, "You've been smiling and blushing with the laptop"

I smile and cover my mouth with my hand, "I don't know what's wrong with me"

"You are in love" she say.

Am I?

"It's written all over your face"

I smile, "Okay but I'm not sure if he is my type"

She shake her head "It's opposite forces that attracts"

I laugh, "Okay get out I want to blush in peace"

She pick her files and walk out giggling.

I'm such a mess!

Can you believe he has never called me? What kind of a man is this? Is he serious about us?

I call Lungile,I need to hear her voice.She pick up immediately.

"Hey it's Fiki" I say.

"Sisi how are you?" She ask.

I exhale, "I'm good,just swamped with work"

"I understand my love,we missed you that day"

I blush, "You missed me,not your cousin"

"Trust me,today he seasoned his eggs with sugar instead of salt" she say.

I laugh, "How is he?"

"He is trying to be strong and be a less nuisance to you"

I exhale, "As long as he is breathing"

"You love him,don't you?" She ask laughing.

"I'm such a sinner! Yes I think I do"

Why am I confessing my feelings to his cousin? I'm stupid.

"Don't tell him yet,I want to see him lose his mind it's enjoyable.He iron all the clothes,wash the dishes and vacuum the carpets.I love it"

I laugh, she must not abuse my man. Okay get a grip Fiki!

"Don't tell him we talked" I say.

She laughs, "Okay,thanks for calling"

I drop the call with a stupid smile on my face.

A knock disturbs me.I pull myself together and shout,

"Come in"

Biyela walks in wearing his formal suit and white cap. Have you ever seen such in your life?
Formal wear and cap.

"Hey dad" I say.

He hug me and sit on the guest's couch.He look around smiling.I wonder why he is here.

"How are you?"

I exhale, "I'm good,you didn't tell me you're coming"

"Do I need to?"

"No but what if you didn't find me or I had guests" I say.

"I don't need permission to come see my daughter"

"You're right,how is mom?"

He smile, "She is good,you know how your mom is,always looking beautiful"

I roll my eyes, "We are beautiful than her"

He chuckles, "Depends on the timing, right now you're beautiful than her"

I laugh, "Stop insulting your first born,how are my boys?"

"Simile is the one that brings me here"

I look at him, "What happened?"

"I'm not always around, he is growing up and need a father figure."

I exhale, "Dad you're always there in the afternoons"

"Do I attend his cricket matches, help him with karate lessons and play bikes with him?" He asks.

I feel my eyes warming up, "What must I do now?"

"I want him to come live with Sbusiso,he will be closer to you and his uncle can guide him"

I look at him, "That's lot of kids for Sbu.He may fail to manage them all"

"He is a Biyela,he is the future head of this family.His responsibility is to take care of everyone with our blood in their veins" he say.

"He can live with me" I say in protest.

"You're a wokalcoholic.I'm not taking your son away from you,you're his mother and I'm so proud of you"

I nod, "Have you spoken with Sbu?"

"There is a family dinner next Saturday, I will tell him then next year the boy will move here and start school around"

I nod, "I hope he will adapt to the changes"

"He will,he is strong and matured"

A knock disturb us,my next meeting is in two hours, who could it be?

"Come in"

Tata Madiba why did you die?!

"Hello boy" my dad say.

What is he doing here?

"Yebo baba" he say bowing a little.

Dad look at me brow raised.I fake a smile,

"This is our driver Sihle" I say.

He bite his lower lip and continue standing by the door.

I pick a pile of papers, "Sihle deliver this to Mr Kumar,you know his company's offices right?"

He walk to me and take the papers, "Yes ma'm"

He wink at me and turn around, "Stay well baba"

I sigh in relief as he walk out.That was close.

"That driver wear smart for his job" he say.

"What is wrong with that?" I ask.

"Nothing he just look familiar"

I clear my throat, "Dad people look alike"

He stare at me until I look away. He is a nosy old man.

My phone beeps.I pick it and look at the message;

WHY DID YOU SAVE ME FROM YOUR SUPERHERO???

So he have my numbers?I smile.Maybe I should've repeated the Mandeni trick.Dad would've kicked his stupid ass.

"He is at Mr Kumar's already, he is such a funny driver"

I look at him, "Dad?"

"He is a good driver"

Mom should fetch her husband, he is not minding his business.

(delayed post)

Chapter Eighty

Sena Biyela

.

I,along with Zethu and Simtho have been accused of dodging work and being the biggest spenders in the family.I think those are false accusations because we are the ones that go extra miles looking for perfect supervisors,managers and committed stuff.We are not hands on as Fikile and Sbu that's all.It's caused by that we have other business' interests other than supermarkets and factories.We've established our own different businesses that grab our full attention which include restaurants,electric companies and beauty spas.

I'm heading home after a long day with endless meetings.I'm expecting to find Quinton with my housekeeper but I find my dad with him.This is a surprise, I didn't know he was in Durban today.

"Good afternoon" I greet.

Quinton run to me,I don't have energy to pick him up.I bend and kiss his forehead and pull him by the hand.I put my bags on the table and go hug my dad.

"It's five o'clock Senamile" he says.

"I had a late meeting with Lè Beauty"

He shake his head, "When are you going to cook for Madlala and help your son with schoolwork?"

He is the one who always tell us we must work hard for our kids' legacy.What changed?

"I can manage"

He chuckles, "You are stubborn like your mother"

My mother is not stubborn, I don't know in the bedroom, but she is not.

"How is everyone back home?" I ask.

He smile, "We are a good little family, it's peaceful"

When was the last time we all went home together.I miss mom's shouting,Simtho&Zethu feuds and all the craziness Sbu brings.

"Have you talked with your old sister?" He ask disturbing me from my thoughts.

"About what?" I ask.

"I'm worried about her,she need to live her life to the fullest"

I look at him curiously, "Like date?"

He scratch his chin, "That's too"

I can't believe it!

"How come she is given a dating permission while all of us had to cross burning bridges in order for our men to be accepted?"

He chuckles, "Fiki is a grown,matured lady.I did give her hard times on Simile's father.Right now I trust her judgement and life choices,life hasn't been sweet on her side.She is wiser now"

I exhale, "You're right but she is not dating"

He look disappoointed. I can't believe Biyela is worried about his daughter's romantic life!

"How is Madlala?"

I smile, "He is good"

Speak of the devil! He walks in with a puffy face.

He is surprised to see my dad. He doesn't look okay.

"Good afternoon" he say.

He put his briefcase on the table and shake my dad's hand. They greet each other. Lwazi's eyes shows that he has been crying and my heart is sinking down.

"Is everything okay son?" Dad asks.

He scratch his head, "Yebo baba"

Dad look at me, I look away.

"Son, you can speak up we're family"

Lwazi exhale, "My mother's husband died and my brother is in hospital"

My eyes widen, "Jay is in hospital, why?"

"He couldn't handle the news, they say his heart is failing" he say in a painful voice.

"Quinton go in the playroom" I say.

He get off his grandpa's lap and run to the playroom happily.

Lwazi is about to break down, dad excuse himself and follow Quinton.

I sit next to him and put my arms around him.

"It's not your fault" I say.

He shake his head, "You don't understand, do you?"

"Of course I understand, you need to be strong babe. Be strong for Jason" I beg.

He fight back tears, "He doesn't deserve this"

"You don't deserve this either. We will get a specialist to treat him, that monster deserved to die" I say.

"Did Quinton see that something is wrong?" He ask.

I shake my head, "You did it for him remember, I love you"

He nod, I kiss his warm lips. I can't begin to describe the feeling I get every time I see my man broken. I get mad, murderous and sorrowful. I love him more than anything. I just want to take the pain away.

I wrap my arms around his neck. Maybe he should see a psychological counsellor, he has been through a lot.

He finally calm down, my dad appears.

"I'm sorry for your loss. What happened to him?" he asks.

Lwazi clear his throat,

"They say he was murdered but they are still investigating"

My heart start pounding. How far will the investigation go?

"I hope they find the murderers" dad says.

I want to give him a look, Lwazi's hand start shaking. I give it a tight squeeze.

"Babe go take a shower, I'll bring dinner to you and everything you need" I say.

He stand and drag his feet away. He look like a man whose whole world has been shut down.

I need to find ways of getting Jay help immediately or my man's life will never be the same. His heart is too soft to hold guilt.

He disappears in the staircases, I look at my dad.

He smiles, "He is like your big baby"

"Dad what if he get arrested?" I ask frustrated.

"I have two Sergeants investigating the case and a private investigator on standby in case the wife needs one"

I look at him beyond shocked, "How?"

"I protect my family"

Obviously!

I smile, "I love you more than anything in this world"

He smiles, "Wouldn't you? I pay for your long nails and Indians hair"

"I work,don't give yourself too much credit"

"Cook they must be hungry,I need to go"

We hug each other, I feel protected.He is my superhero.

I prepare dinner and serve Lwazi on bed and eat with Quinton in his room.Later I call Noziphoshe is the well-connected one.She must find me a cardiologist immediately.

"Babe you should see someone professional, just to let everything out" I suggest as we lie face to face on bed.

"A shrink? No babe"

I put my hand on his cheek, "It will help you"

He look sexy with swollen red eyes.

"I will talk to you if I want to talk" he say.

I smile, "Okay start by telling me how you feel"

He exhale, "I don't know how I feel but I love you and my son.I'd do anything to protect you"

I kiss his lips, "Just like I would do anything for you and Quinton"

We kiss passionately, his warm lips send moisture to my cookie.I put my leg around him.

"Dad"

Oh shucks!

I unwrap my leg from his father.We sit up and look at him.Why is he here? When did he wake up?

"What's wrong my boy?" Lwazi asks.

"I don't want to sleep alone"

Is this boy testing me? Since when he wake up and decide he doesn't want to sleep alone?

"Why?" I ask.

He climb on bed and sit on top of his father with his Spiderman pillow.

"I want my daddy" he say.

I sigh, "Why?"

He lie on his chest, minutes later he is snoring.

"I'll make it up to you in the morning" he say smiling.

"I can't wait for him to go to varsity" I say.

He laugh, "That's a long-term dream"

He put him between us and kiss his forehead.

"So how is Scott?" I ask.

"They are helping him adapt to his life"

I nod.

While many men become fathers Biyela has done beyond that.He is truly committed to fatherhood and do beyond human measures to ensure that we are happy and protected. For that I will always adore him

Chapter Eighty-One

Fikile Biyela

.

The office incident keep replaying in my mind.I keep smiling with the pots.Him standing by the door,my dad glaring at him and me shaking like a leaf.Times change as well as perspectives. Just two weeks ago I sent him a bulldozer that is my dad just because he pulled a hit on me.Today I'm protecting his crazy ass.

I didn't reply to his text.I thought he would call or send more texts since he somehow has my numbers but nothing.I'm a little disappointed. I'll calm my tits with a glass of wine.

I don't set tables,I'm a lonely dweller.I dish up sit on the kitchen chair and eat with a glass of wine in my hand. My life has a crazy,boring routine. It's work,check on the kids and engage with family.If I don't pull my socks I'm going to float on the same boat as Simtho.Arghhh! She has Don now,her life is better.

A knock disturbs me.I cancelled my pizza order, what is it now?

I drag my feet with my wine and go to the door.

He stands in the doorway with a smile on his face, wearing soldier's pant and white vest. Is it okay to wear like this? With soldier's cap and boots too?

He is... I don't know but this calls for intervention. I can't have him walking around wearing like isosha lomzabalazo. Wardrobe remaking is needed in his life.

"You look surprised ntokazi" he say.

I just close the door and walk back. He follows me. I sit down, he remain on his feet.

I look at him, "What's up with ugly clothes? Are you a soldier now?"

"I am your soldier"

He catch me off guard with that, I nearly choke.

"What brings you here Skhumbuzo?" I ask after gaining my normality back.

"Since you ignored my message I worked out that you type a lot in your office, your fingers must be tired so you couldn't reply to my text. Then a faithful voice within me said 'Skhumbuzo SikaGawula ntombi ziyashing' izinsizwa go there and hear your answer"

I laugh, "What answer? What was the question?" I ask faking confusion.

"Why did you save me from your dad? Is it something good I did?" He ask smirking.

I roll my eyes, "Really? I ignored you on purpose"

He just look at me, smiling ear-to-ear.

"Why do you have a silver-teeth? It's not your style" I ask.

He laughs, "I was proving to the girls in varsity that I'm rich"

I raise my eyebrow, "What?"

"I wasn't rich but they thought I was because of it. Back then girls loved glitters"

I shake my head, "Well I don't"

He smile, "I'll take it out then. Let me call Dr James"

He take out his phone. I'm looking at him shocked. Is he serious? I didn't mean he must take it out, who am I?

He speak with the phone,

"Hey James,tomorrow I'm coming there at eleven.Be not busy,goodnight"

He put the phone back into his pocket and fold his arms.

"Will you love me after eleven tomorrow?" He ask.

I melt.Lord why am I like this?

"Skhu" I say blushing.

"Please say yes"

Why is he like this? It's so cute when he begs.

"Okay fine,whatever you want" I say.

He look at the ceiling and exhale.When he look down at me his face has completely changed.

"I can't wait" he say sincerely.

I take a sip of my wine and look away.He place a Crunchy Bar chocolate in front of me.

"I bought you this" he say.

"Crunchy Bar?" I ask shocked.

"It's chocolate,I don't know what it's name.It look delicious from the outside, I'm sure you'll enjoy it"

Oh Lord!

"You are a CA,you went to varsity and mingled with different people yet you still don't know the chocolates suitable for your lady,I mean the lady you want" I say.

"I didn't take chocolate studies"

What am I putting myself into?

I sigh, "Thank you"

He rub his hands together, "Tomorrow after eleven"

I smile, "I'm going to regret this"

"You won't. I wish I met you sooner"

Wow at me! I haven't offered him a drink or food.I lack hospitality, I mean I have a plate of food in front of me and a drink in my hand.

"I'm not hungry,I have the greatest things filling up my stomach" he say like he has been reading my mind.

I clear my throat, "Okay"

He touch my hand, "I'll see you tomorrow.Sleep tight!"

My body reacts to his touch. I feel an overwhelming warm wave taking over my whole body.

"Thank you"

He remove his hand and walk away.I release the long held breath.I watch him walk until he disappears in the passage. I hear the door closing.

"Come on Fiki" I whisper to my conscience.

I go lock the door. My stomach have butterflies I can't eat anymore. I grab my R10 chocolate gift and walk to the bedroom.

I lie on my back,unwrap the chocolate and bite.

"Mhhhh"

It taste delicious.I find myself falling in love with the chocolate I once called a cheap slab. Or I fell in love with a buyer?

I keep tossing thinking about him.My black China!

I wake up to an irritating alarm.I overslept and I'm already late for my first meeting.My body is exhausted, my eyes are still heavy.I send my p.a a text message telling her to cancel all my meetings, I'm taking the day off.

I switch the alarm off and drift back to sleep.

When I wake up the sun is up and hot.I get off bed and head to the bathroom. After freshening up I check my phone and find tons of messages, missed calls and emails.Most of them are from my sisters checking on me.

I call my mom.We talk until my stomach reminds me of the kitchen.

I take out the yoghurt and fruits.I sit in front of the TV and eat.I need to find something fun I'm going to do today. Maybe I must go to the beach,it has been a while.

I watch all SA soapies repeats.They are addictive, they must be the reason why Nozipho stay

indoors everyday. I must make sure I'm home before 7pm so that I can catch Isidingo.

I make myself a thick sandwich before taking my car keys to head to Zethu's flat. She will never say no to the beach.

A yellow GT4 hoots as I drive out. Who is this visitor now?

The car stop in front of the house. I drive the car back to the garage. I hope it's not one of the business associates hoping to have a meeting with me on my day off.

No it's not!

I stop midway from going to him as soon as I see who it is.

"It's gone" he say showing me his teeth.

I smile, "You look more handsome without it"

"Do you love me now?" He ask.

I blush, "I think I do"

He gallop to me, I'm expecting him to scoop me up and shower me with kisses. He doesn't do that, he take my hand and kiss the back of it.

"Thank you" he say.

I chuckle, "That was your best thank you?"

"It wasn't even a beginning. I'm going to make sure you fall in love with me so deeply that you will never ever leave me" he say.

I smile, "We'll see"

He pull me to his arms, my head lie on his chest. I wrap my arms around him, I feel like I'm in heaven. He smell good, that's unexpected. He must've took perfume studies.

"I love you and I'll make sure you learn and believe that" he say.

I exhale and look at him. I have a boyfriend!!!!!! Ring those joy bells

(Other chapters on the way)

Chapter Eighty-Two

Simtho Biyela

.

We just finished watching vampire's movie,I had to tell him to shut up every minute.I need to watch this movie again when I'm alone.

I'm sitting between his legs with a box of choc-cookies on my lap.I asked him to feed me he refused. He is not that kind of a sweet boyfriend.

"I need a drink,please get it for me" I say.

He kiss my neck, "You found an errand boy for the day"

"No you're my handsome,goodhearted boyfriend who I love with my whole heart" I say.

He chuckles, "I love you more bone of my bones but my feet hurts you've been sending me around all day"

I brush my tummy, "Baby tell daddy that mom is thirsty"

He put his hand next to mine, "Tell mommy that daddy is tired"

I smile "But daddy that's not fair"

A little kick bounce under his hand. This baby loves Don's presence.

"Thank you angel" he say brushing my tummy.

"She was kicking you for not doing what her mommy want" I say.

"No she is telling me to kiss her mommy"

We laugh and kiss.His phone beeps, he take it and check the notification.

"Thapelo want us to come over for dinner" he say.

"Why?"

"Apparently Tamika want to apologise and make peace with you"

I laugh, "Was there lost peace between us?"

He shrugs, "She seduced your man that deserves an apology"

"We'll buy her a Goodbye gift" I say.

"I'm not in the mood of buying crazy girls Goodbye gifts"

I shoot him a look, "She is not crazy, it's a manageable mental condition. We need to be nice to her, she may do certain things unintentionally at times"

He sigh, "Enough about her"

We spend all day cuddling, making love and eating. He has brought the light back in my life. I'm at peace with my life.

"I love you" I say randomly.

He look at me smiling, "Can you hear my heart beating for you?"

I smile, "No silly"

We go freshen up and get ready to head to Thapelo's dinner. First I make two hotdogs for the road. He impatiently wait for me.

"I still don't know why we need hotdogs while we are going to dinner" he say as I wrap them.

"Just in case we get hungry on the road or if we find them still preparing the food"

He walk out carrying my handbag, "Thapelo's house is just fifteen minutes away"

I don't care anything can happen in that fifteen minutes.

He open the car door for me, I hop in and put the hotdogs on my lap. He get on the driver's seat and look at me amused.

"I'm hungry, thanks goodness I'm prepared!" I say.

He laugh out loud and start the car. I finish it very quickly, my baby kicks. She want some more.

I look at him trying to figure a good approach on this.

"Your stare is going to make me cause accidents" he say.

"Are you going to use your hotdog?" I ask.

He laugh, "Use? You're something else. Eat it"

I eat it, he keep stealing glances at me and laughing. I look around for something to drink. I've never seen a car with not even a bottle of Powerade.

"I'm thirsty" I say.

"Babe you said you're preparing for the road.How come you forget to pack drinks?"

I click my tongue. I'll have to wait until we reach Thapelo's house.

I smell Ziphe's sizzling spices all the way from the driveway.My sister is one of the greatest cooks in my family. Thapelo meet us at the door, I hug him and rush to the kitchen.

It's not Ziphe cooking, it's Tamika in a short red dress.She cooks too? Wow!

"Hi" I greet.

She turn around and smile, "Hey,thanks for coming"

I fake a smile, "Ya,where is Ziphe?"

"Upstairs nursing her aching vagina" she say laughing.

She is not bad as I thought. I laugh with her.

"Your uncle need to have mercy" I say.

"He is putting marks on his palace"

"I'm going to check on her" I say.

Before I walk out I remember I'm thirsty.I turn around,

"Do you have juice in here?" I ask.

She look around, "I think we do have undiluted orange juice. Let me prepare it for you,put some ice cubes.You'll find it ready when you come back from Ziphe"

She is putting too much efforts.Not that I mind,I love being spoilt.I walk up to Ziphe's room.I find her applying hand lotion.

"Hi"

We hug.She put her hands on my nose.

" How is it? My husband bought it yesterday"

I yank her hands away, "Horrible"

She laughs, "No it's not"

I sit on bed, "I hear you've been having hardcore sex"

She smiles, "Lies. Stop meddling on other people's bedroom businesses"

"Bedroom businesses? Mhhh!" I say.

She sigh, "That's the only place we use, the guest is everywhere in the house"

I laugh "Geez girl! You mean no more kitchen bang? No more balcony bang-bang show?"

"Nope the niece's uncle makes sure we play carefully"

I feel for her, sex should be done mostly on the kitchen table and lounge couches.

"Let me go get my juice, hurry up" I say and walk out.

I find her dishing out in the white dishes, my juice is on top of the counter.

"Oh thank you babes" I say.

"Pleasure. So how is the little one?" She asks.

I sip the juice, "Good"

"Your babydaddy look committed"

She needs to get over Don. Yes he is committed to me.

"He is the best" I say.

"Good for you girly" she say.

I sense some jealousy in her voice. Well she needs to accept that you can't get everything you want in life.

We gather around the dining table and feast on the delicious meal. I must say this girl beat me in the kitchen.

"The food is great" Don says.

"I was about to say that. Girl you outdone yourself"

She smile, "I learnt from the best, Thapelo knows"

Thapelo nods with his mouth full, "My sister is the queen in the kitchen"

"I'm also the queen in the kitchen" Ziphe says.

She can't hide her dislike of Tamika. She is cold and displeased by this dinner.

Thapelo wrap his arm around her, "You are the queen of everything"

She plaster a big gloom expression on her face and eat her food.

"I wanted to apologise to everyone for the inconvenience I may have caused,it was unintentional.Especially you Donald and Simtho" Tamika says.

"It's water under the bridge" I say.

She look at Don,expecting some kind of reaction. Don is focused on his food.

"Don am I forgiven?" She asks.

Don look up, "Sure,safe journey tomorrow"

She look a bit disappointed by his answer.What did she expect?

After dinner we watch a comedy show,Tamika excuse herself. Time flies, we say our goodbyes and drive back home.

"She could've called, dinner was unnecessary" he say for the twentieth time.

I lock the door, "The food was nice that's what matters to me"

He chuckles, "Of course"

We strip our clothes off,get on bed and cuddle.

"This life isn't good for Junior. One day he is at your house the next he is at Sbu's house.It's unhealthy" I say.

He brush my hair,I feel multiple kicks.This baby is super active.

"I know but I need to make time for both of you" he say.

I exhale "I know, I'm just worried"

"Move in with me" he say.

I look at him "Don!"

"It will be easy,my two beloved people under one roof will make less juggling for me.Beside this house hold old painful memories, the chapter of this house is closed"

I sigh, "I need to think that through"

He nods, "You also need people around you,Junior need you as well."

My eyes grow heavy.I know he want some action,I can't I'll make it up to him in the morning.

"Goodnight my love" I say.

He kiss my forehead and brush me until I doze off.

I dream of a dark river with huge waves. I'm trying to get my plastic doll that has gone deep in the river. My hands come out empty, the waves hit my face hard. I cry out.

"Simtho" I hear a voice calling me.

I wake up panting, tears running down my face.

"Babe it was a dream" he say holding my hand.

I let out a loud scream, "It hurt"

He hold me, "Babe look at me, it was only a bad dream"

I cry out, "My tummy Don, it hurt"

He touch my tummy, "Where?"

I point at the lower part, "Babe it's painful"

He jump off bed, "I'll get painblocks"

I cry louder, "No don't leave"

He stand confused, I point to the closet.

"Gown. Hospital"

He rush to the closet banging things on his way. The pain is getting worse by seconds.

He put his clothes on and put a gown on me. He carry me to the car and drive out. He is racing and overtaking, we get hoots everywhere. I make a silent prayer.

When we get to the hospital the pain has faded. The doctor take me to the ultrasound room to check if anything is wrong or I was having normal cramps.

"You scared me" he say holding my hand as the doctor apply gel on my tummy.

He is still shaking like a leaf.

"Is everything alright doc?" I ask.

He frown, "I can't...wait"

Don squeeze my hand, "What is it?"

The doctor look at us, "There is no heartbeat"

"Why there is no heartbeat?" Don ask.

"The umbilical chord is wrapped around the neck..."

I can't listen to more of this nonsense, "Fix your scan machine"

He look at Don, "Sir the baby is dead"

I sit up, Don hold me.

I point my finger at the doctor, "Fix your machine and find my baby's heartbeat"

Don look at me tears running down, "Babe"

I shake my head, "No mini-mini was kicking before I slept"

"Was there anything unusual you felt? Like +5 frequent,short-gaped kicks."

I cry, "I don't know.Don please my love,tell me this is lies"

He pull me to his chest.This is not happening.I want to believe it's a bad dream

Chapter Eighty-Three

Nozipho Biyela

.

"Go home"

This is the third time he is telling me.I shake my head.I can't leave,I need to be here for Simtho.

He sigh and sip on his coffee.Nobody is crying although pain is boldly written on everyone's face.

This was unexpected, Simtho was healthy,so was the baby.

What went wrong?

The only person with a slight clue is inside the labour ward with her,fighting the nurses and refusing to come out.

"Come on! It's been five hours" Fiki say and curse next to me.

It's been five hours since they gave her the pills to help her go to labour. Till now the contractions haven't started.

"It's my punishment, I've wronged so many people. Now God is punishing me through my children" he says pacing up and down.

"Dad that's not true" Sbu says.

"It is true. First it was Ziphelele now it's Simtholile, the ancestors are angry"

Maybe Biyela is right, the ancestors have turned their backs on us. The Biyela ancestors are powerful, they nearly killed my babies when I was pregnant. Sbu had to grow up and look for his unknown father. These ancestors always mean business. If they are angry I'm also in danger, my baby might not make it too.

Nontombi walk to him and pull him to the chair.

"Baba we don't need you breaking apart now, our daughter need us to be strong for her" she says.

Only if I could be calm, humble and positive like this woman. She has been praying every five minutes.

The doctor walks towards us. Everyone get on their feet except me. I'm tired, my feet are swollen.

"Has she given birth?" Sena asks.

She exhale, "Unfortunately no"

Zethu and Zanda sit back on their chairs disappointed.

"Give her another pill then" Biyela roars.

"We've given her more than two, her body is not reacting to them"

"So what now?" Sbu ask.

The doctor look at Nontombi, "We are going to do the C-section should the contractions not start until the next hour"

What??? That's insane.

"So you want her to have a scar reminde?" I ask.

"It's the only option we have left" she say.

This morning can't get any worse. Nobody deserves this.

"You still don't know what caused this?" Ziphe asks.

"We are still running more tests" the doctor say.

"Isn't that what you always say when you are dumb and don't know your job?"

Thapelo take her hand, "Babe! Excuse her doctor, she is just frustrated"

The doctor nods and walk away. Everyone sit on their chairs looking tormented.

After an hour Don walks out, he look worse than anyone. He sit next to Sena.

We all know what it means. She is going to surgery.

"Was she sick Don?" Sbu ask.

He shake his head, "She was fine. We went to dinner at Thapelo's place and came back happily. There was nothing wrong until midnight when she woke up screaming"

"What were you doing at her house at midnight?" Biyela ask.

"They are dating baba, now it's not the time. Let's keep Simtho in our prayers" Sena says.

Biyela glares at Don, I'm so glad he found out like this. Don was going to see flames if it wasn't under these circumstances.

"We weren't invited to dinner because..?" I say.

Ziphe sigh, "It was special for them Tamika arranged...."

She look like she just remembered something tragic. She stand on her feet,

"Tamika!!!" She say and curse.

Everyone is looking at her except Don who is electric shocked on his chair.

"Tamika did what?" Sbu ask.

"She is the one who caused this"

Thapelo stands up, "What?"

They stand face to face. Ziphe rub her face.

"That imbecile! She have been obsessed with Don, she envies Simtho. She did something on that juice she kept pouring for her."

Biyela get on his feet too, "Who is that?"

"Thapelo's niece, she had a crush on Don. Don rejected her, she didn't take it well but Thapelo forced her to apologize"

Why are we only hearing this now? That girl should be in the interrogation room as we speak.

"She is not crazy, she wouldn't do such cruelty" Thapelo says.

Ziphe clap her hands, "Of course she is crazy"

"Don't make crazy accusations"

Sbu stop them, "Now is not the time, we will get to the bottom of this later. That girl is going to pay"

Thapelo chuckles, "So you are going to pin this on Tamika? Seriously"

"Pin? Babe come on, think. Use your smart brain and put pieces together" Ziphe says.

"She would never do such thing. She may be crazy and wild but she is not a murderer. I know her better than anyone" Thapelo stand his ground.

"She is not going anywhere until the truth is out" Don says.

Thapelo look at him disbelievingly.

"She will be under my watch, I'll send people to get her. She will talk and pay if she has a hand in this" Biyela says.

"Under your watch where?" Thapelo ask.

"Will you stop defending your stupid niece?" Zethu ask.

"That's for me to know son. You just pray your niece didn't do this" Biyela answers.

"She did it. I always sensed Judas in that little witch" Ziphe says.

"She is your family" Thapelo say to her.

She chuckles, "Your family not mine"

Thapelo stares at her, "You're a Mokoena. We are not evil"

"I choose my sister" Ziphe says.

This is causing more problems in this family.

Thapelo nods, "I see"

He look at Sbu apologetic and walk out. Biyela is typing endless on his phone.

This feud between the Mokoenas and Biyelas is the last thing we need right now

Chapter Eighty-Four

Sena Biyela

.

After what feel like years the nurse walks to us followed by the male doctor. Dad stand up and look at them deadly.

"Is she okay?" He ask before they can even reach to where we are sitting.

"Yes she is resting" the nurse says.

I exhale, "Thanks God!"

"Where is her baby?" Fiki asks.

"We are here this discuss that. As we all know the baby was born very early and still, we think it's for the best if the hospital take care of it" the doctor says.

"Take care of it, how?" Sbu asks.

My mom rise up quickly, "No, that's not happening. That baby is a Biyela, she will be buried home I don't care how small it was"

Did this doctor think we were going to allow them to cremate and throw away Simtho's little angel?

They look at each other. The doctor clear his throat, my dad stop him with his glare.

"Prepare the baby for us, it is going home" he says.

The way things change in the blink of an eye. Now we are having a funeral. I look at Zethu, she has tears on her eyes. She has been hoping that the doctors were wrong the baby would come out premature but alive.

Thirty minutes later we are allowed to see her. I'm scared, I don't know what I must say to her to

make her feel better. I hope the counsellors tried to ease the pain from her.

Don doesn't care about my dad right now, he gets to her first and kisses her forehead.

"Baby I'm so sorry" Mom says hugging her.

She flinches, "It's okay"

It's not her voice. Her voice is not this shallow and soft.

Sbu kisses her cheek. I squeeze her hand and give her an assuring look. If I speak now I'm going to break down which is the last thing she needs.

"It pains me to see you here but I know God is watching down on you with your little angel under his wing" Zanda says.

Other than her no one says anything. We are all too scared, we don't want to say something wrong.

"You are the only child I keep failing again and again and again. Why?" he says.

I don't understand why he keeps thinking this happened to punish him. It's Simtho that is feeling the pain, misery and tragic loss.

Simtho just looks at him with empty eyes.

"They are keeping you so you won't be there at the funeral. It's a must that the baby is buried today" Dad says.

We all look at him.

That is inflicting more pain to her. She needs to be there when her baby is laid in peace.

"Dad" Ziphe says shocked.

Mom looks at her, "That's how it is done"

"Can't we take the baby to the mortuary until Simtho is discharged?" Zethu asks.

I nod "And we also need to prepare for the funeral; the tent, catering and coffin"

"It's not a funeral, it's a burial" Mom says.

"Now there is a difference between the two?" Fiki asks.

Mom raises her hand, "Not now"

She look at Simtho "Are you okay with that baby?"

She close her eyes, "I loved my baby mom"

I fight back tears.

"I'm sure she knows that" mom says.

"Why did she leave before I can show her that?"

Sbu hold her hand "Because her little soul wasn't ready for this world. You will heal sisi,God is with you"

She dismiss us, "I want to be alone with Don, don't make the grave hole too deep."

I don't understand where her request is coming from but it bring tears to my eyes.

We all walk out, Don stay behind.

"Zanda,Ziphelele,Senamile,Fikile and Zethu we will be the ones burying the baby.Nozipho you need to rest now" mom say as we walk to the reception area.

"I'm also going" Sbu says.

"Not you,son.Only females can attend" dad says.

Just when I thought this couldn't get any unreasonable.

"Why? It's my sister's baby"

Dad glance at him, "You'll drive them to Inkandla.Mzingelwa will show them where the rest of our family lies"

"This is insane!" Zethu says.

"It's culture." Dad say dismissively.

"Okay let's go" Mom calls.

I've never been so mad in my life.This Zulu culture subject us to unsimplified stupidity sometimes.

Why can't the premature stillborn have a proper funeral?

Why can't men attend the funeral? Not even the father is allowed?

"Where are we going now?" I ask as we approach the parking lot.

"To Inkandla.I'll follow behind with the baby,I need to rush to the shops to get her a blanket and clothes" mom say heading to her car.

"Can't we at least sleep a bit? I can't drive like this" Sbu say looking at dad.

He exhale, "Drive to your house the driver is going to fetch them at your house"

We all get in Sbu's car,the other cars will be driven to our houses by the driver.We all squeeze inside,nobody dares to say anything. Sbu drives with Nozi in the front.

Mandla and Lwazi are in the kitchen cooking messily. The kids are making lot of noise somewhere in the house.

"Thanks God you're all here, they want noodles and sausages" Mandla says.

Lwazi hug me, "How are you?"

I shrug, "Broken, she is destructed and I don't know how to be a bigger sister and comfort her"

He kiss my forehead, "She will get through this"

"If I were you I would be taking a quick shower" Sbu says.

He has a point.I kiss my man and rush to check the kids and go shower.

The problem is we don't have anything to wear.We are scattering Nozipho's clothes fitting. Fortunately all of us find suitable dresses except Zanda and Ziphe.They look funny and baggy.

We all get inside the condor with the scary driver. I send my mom a text,she respond saying she is heading back to the hospital.

We get to Inkandla by 16h35.We didn't feel the journey because we've been sleeping all the way from Durban.

I don't know how it happen that we find mom already here.The three Biyela senior wives are with her.We exchange the greetings.

"Now that we are all here let's not waste time.Biyela has showed us the space" Uncle Thobela's wife say.

There is a little coffin,which I don't know how they got at such short period of time.

Zanda start a gospel song, they join in. I'm still confused by all of this.

We are told to close our eyes and pray.

"Girls let's go" Mzingelwa's wife say.

Zanda is the first to follow her out, we all follow behind them.

We go few meters away from the yard where the Biyela cemetery is.

"Here are the tools let's start digging. It doesn't have to be too deep" she says.

"Why didn't men dig?" Fiki ask.

She look at her, "My Lord! This is women's job, it's our culture to do it this way. The baby wasn't even a full human being"

I close my eyes, "So she get buried like a cat?"

"Take off those high shoes and use that spade the time is going" she say digging the ground with a hoe.

I'm not the only one crying, Fiki and Ziphe are also crying. I'm glad Simtho didn't get to see this.

After two hours the hole is dug according to MaXulu's rules. We walk back home soiled up and stinking. We pick the little coffin and walk out singing.

The glamour is gone, the weaves are dusty, the make-up has been washed away. We bury Simtho's little angel. We push the soil back on top of the coffin. Fiki plant a cross sign, we pray for her safe journey and head back home.