NOMANZI
Ngan'yedlozi
Chelsea. Gemini.

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AUTHORS NOTE

This book is the first book I ever wrote , please be kind to the errors you might encounter. Kindly chat with me about anything you would have loved to chat about with the writer of this story :

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Chelsea Loves and Care

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YOU.

Happy Reading Time

CHAPTER ONE

Nomanzi

I sighed for the umpteenth time walking out of this building, it had to be the most stupid excuse they could come up with. I was over experienced. That just bull.

My tummy growled and I sighed, I didn't have any cash left on me,except one for my transport.

My eyes wondered around checking my surroundings, it a habit I couldn't get rid off. Always be alert. But then they fixated on the little boy who dragged his schoolbag on the ground, ungrateful brat. His mother must be working her ass off for him and he ruins his bag like that.

As I started walking towards him,my eyes flew to my right, a black car with tinted windows driving slowly beside the sidewalk. My stomach knotted. My breaths hitched.

My steps automatically picked up,at the corner of my eye I saw the window rolling down then the boy looked at it,he didn't stop, he picked up his pace. Good boy.

“Andile what did I tell you about getting out of school without waiting for me”. I said immediately I got to him. He looked startled, the window rolled up.

I got him under my arm and pull him towards the restaurant near us, “come on I'm trying to save you”. I said and he panicked, I quickly picked him up and headed in, the bell rang above us indicating that customers have entered. I looked back and the car came to a stop in front of the restaurant. Dear lord.

I placed the boy down looking around for a way out. Some people looked at us then focused back on their meals. A waitress came our way.

“Good evening ma'am, welcome to Ribs 'n' Steak. Please follow me to a free table”. She's nice. That her job.

The bell rang from the door, the boy's hand gripped my hand tighter and I reacted in the same manner. Pulling him closer to my side,we walked behind the waitress in complete silence, my heart hammered In my ears.

She took us to a table at the far end of the restaurant, it a nice spot, immediately we sat down I grabbed the menus, that dismissed her.

“Okay boy what the hell is going on,why are you here alone, where are your parents”. His eyes glistened with unshed tears, his lips quivering. “I'm scared”. He whispered ,what have I gotten myself into.

“Yeah guess what? Me too. Where are your parents?”. He shrugged, oh just fuck me. “Do you know their numbers?is there anyone I can call?”. He kept looking around, tears already falling, don't you dare give me that kid.

“Boy focus!” I snapped ,and he shivered , “Papa,you can call papa”. I nodded taking out my phone,he looked around. “He's here. The man from the car”. He said panicking, I froze. Completely. “Auntie..He's coming coming this way”. He whispered panicking. I snapped out of it,standing up.

“Come”. I said pulling him out of his chair, we walked to the further back of the restaurant, we saw restroom signs. I pulled him towards them,pushing the door open we entered the ladies. It was empty and i was grateful. I picked him up placing him on the edge of the sink shoving the phone at him I took off my jacket.

He gave my phone back. I looked at the number, it was correct, I mean it was ten digits . It rang, once,twice, third time, forth, fifth, “whoever you are, you better have a good reason why you called this number”. Uh rude prick.

“Is your son in danger a good reason?”. He went silent and I heard a chuckle and he cleared his throat . “You jozi girls,always after one thing or another, tell me is it money that you want?”. He has a very deep baritone voice. I shook my head at the thought.

“Listen here you little fucker, drop the arrogance. Your son's life is In danger so is mine. There are men following us,we in the ladies and I don't know what the fuck to do!!”. I said through gritted teeth.

“If you're looking to con me I respect that, I mean you even have my personal cell number, but bringing my son into your bull—
“Shut the fuck up for fuck's sake and fuckin listen to me I—

“The f word is a bad word Auntie”. The boy interrupted me, I mentally rolled my eyes.
“MJ?”. He sounded alarmed, so he recognized his son's voice, good.

“Bravo you recognize your son's voice now don't shit with me, because already I'm in deep shit because of your son, hey boy,talk to your father”. I said handing him the phone. He took it with shaky hands . “Papa?Papa there's a bad man around the restaurant, he...he followed me from school, and he...he said he knew you, that you had sent him to fetch me,he told me to get in the car, when I didn't he showed me a gun,said that he was the new security guard, but Papa, he...he had the bad man's tattoo. I'm scared Papa, Auntie is scared too”. A lot happened in a short period of time and I just walked into the lions den. The boy kept nodding and his eyes shed silent tears. He handed me the phone.

“Stay put,I'm coming”. He said and ended the call, stupid fool with no manners, he could've said 'please stay put I'm coming'. But no, he commanded me. I looked at the boy and he looked less scared, he looked hopeful, what a fucked up situation I'm in. I looked at his watch, quite expensive for a little boy. He unclasped it and turn it over,it had a button underneath, now that new,he pressed it for some seconds and a little red light flashed,he smiled.

I'm actually grateful that no one has come this side since we locked the door.

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Time went by really quickly, and I felt pressed. Needed to relieve myself. I looked at the boy who looked defeated leaning against the mirror.

“Stay here,I'm going pee”. I said and didn't wait for his response, going to the toilet I relieved myself.

“Sir!!!sir you can't go in there!!sir that a ladies room!!”. I heard someone shout from outside, pulling down my skirt I met boy running to my direction, meeting him halfway I grabbed his hand pulling him to the toilet. Getting inside we locked ourselves in. I closed the seat stepping up,I pulled boy with me. A gunshot fired,screams filled the restaurant, if I hadn't peed yet,I would've peed on myself, my hands flew to my mouth and boy's mouth, with our eyes bulged out at each other, the door of the toilet i locked us in banged open ,and boy's hands clutched mine on his mouth, I didn't want to see,my eyes closed shut with my hand still on my mouth. I'm dying today. That was my last thought.

CHAPTER TWO

Nomanzi

“Come.” I heard it,the deep baritone voice, my eyes flew open, so did boy's. He flew from the toilet seat to the man's arms, but me, I was glued to my spot. He closed his eyes holding boy for dear life. When he opened them something shone in them, as if a sun hit a mirror, maybe I'm overseeing things. It must be the shock.

He extended his hand for me to hold as I climbed down the seat ,I took it with my shaky hands and my knees and feet betraying me wobbling making me lose a little balance but his hold on my waist was firm to keep me in place, not being able to make any eye contact i let my eyes fall to the ground. When I got down I realized how big he is,big tall dark ,I felt like an ant,and he knew it, boy buried his face on the man's shoulder blade, with our hand holding, he took us outside, a few police men where in the empty restaurant, only the stuff members were left.

Scratch that this is a whole station, armed officers pacing around the restaurant, others had their guns pointed at the entrance, that made me grip tight on his big hand.

Two men ran towards us with a haunted looked, they looked terrified, one took boy from his father,and boy clung on him,that made me relax. He knows them. “Mabaso.” the one who looked exactly like boy's father called out, boy's father sighed shaking his head, I wonder what they're talking about.

I'm a little uncomfortable with the way this guy is staring at me. Staring is rude doesn't he know that. The way his eyes go from my toes to my head, from my head to my toes, my hand clench around boy's father's and he clears his throat gaining his brother's attention. The aay he addressed boy's father tells me that they are Zulu folks,my folks, that made my heart less scared.

“Inkosazane le iyona esindise impilo yomzukulu wamaNtungwa. [She's the one who saved the life of the Mntungwa's grandchild].” oh his voice is even deeper when he speaks our mother tongue.

“Sawubona ntokazi. [greetings].” boy's uncle greeted ,I just concluded that boy's father and this man are brothers, no way people look this alike and not be related, I refuse. “Yebo sanbona.” I greeted back, my palm sweating in his big hand, boy's uncle nodded. I successfully withdrew my hand from his gaining his attention.

“I should go.” my hands found the hem of my blazer suddenly feeling anxious. “Uyaphi?” I don't know how I should answer to this question, sarcastically?honestly?rudely?
“Home.” I said and boy rose his head from the other guy's shoulder, I finally got a good look at him,he looked like these two but younger.

“Papa can Auntie go home with us?” What ?no!! “No MJ, Auntie has to go home, I'll take her home, you go with BabuMeli and Kay.” he said, oh he's so fluent in both languages. “Okay. Bye bye Auntie, I hope to see you again, thank you for saving my life.” one thing I know about this boy is that he is well-mannered. I smiled and pat his back.

The two guys walked to one of the black SUVs ifi counted correctly, they were five. The three of them got in the third SUV In the middle. The first one pulled out of parking, the second followed in suit,then the third, so did the fourth and fifth. Are they some kind of royalty or what? If that's the case then. *Bayede.*

“You don't have to drive me home, I'll take the taxi.” I said immediately the cars disappeared from our sites. “Asambe.” didn't he hear me. He led me to a black Mercedes-Benz, sorry I won't describe the model cause I don't know cars.

I opened the backdoor but then his next words stopped me, “Ucabanga ukuthi wenzani? [What do you think you are doing?]” He asked and I lazily rolled my eyes going to open the front door.

“You could ask nicely yunno.” I muttered under my breath. I heard him scoff. okay wow,this car is ,it's a wow. It smells nice as well,many but nice.

I punched in the location of my flat in the GPS, trust me to be forward like that.

Now lemme finally introduce myself. I was named Nomanzi Yandisa Zungu. My friends call me Noma. My family call me Ncuncu because of my small appearance. My mom call me Nono. My dad call me Nomanzi ka Baba or MaZungu. I am a daddy's girl, that has been established long time ago.

I'm turning 21 soon ,it a matter of few months, I'm currently studying interior design at UJ and this is my last year, which is why I'm job hunting beforehand. My phone rang from my purse breaking the thick silence between boy's father and me,I smiled when I looked at the caller ID.

“Munt'omdala.” that how I address my dad and he hates it but he laughs anyway. I smile suddenly feeling okay.

“Umuntu wazala inkunzi yenkomo,ayi Intombazane [I clearly birthed a bull not a girl].” trust my father to roast me wherever whenever. I couldn't hold it, I burst into laughter. That just how I am with my father. Everything else tends to disappear when I talk to him.

“Kusho bani yena, Manzini ngifunze wena mina,uthanda ungathandi nginguwena. [Says who, Manzini I took after you, like it or not I'm you].” I said with a coaky smile and I know he's also smiling.

“Uyaphilake Nomanzi ka Baba.” that softened my heart and my mouth formed a thin line as I pursed my lips together.

“MaZungu?” I snapped out of it and looked at the stranger beside me and a sudden panic surged .

“Baba.” I answered, he remained quiet meaning he's waiting for my answer to his question. “I'm fine Baba, just a little tired. I went to look for apartments today. Then another company rejected me,apparently I'm over experienced, like what the actual fuck?” I bit my tongue after I just cussed.

“Abazi ukuthi balahlekelwa yini. Kuncono ngoba bayazi ukuthi une experience eningi. Inkampani yabo ngeke ikwazi ukumelana nomuntu omncane onjengawe.[They don't know what they're losing.

At least they know that you are over experienced. Their company cannot handle a young woman like you].” my dad just know how to make me feel good no, better.

“Thank you Baba. I needed to hear that. Wena? Unjani?” He yawned mockingly. I laughed at his childishness

“Ngingumqemani mina MaZungu, unyoko unehaba nje. [I'm healthy as a fox, your mother is exaggerating].” I know that. My mother is an overreacter sometimes.

“Unjalo unkosikazi wakho,futhi umthanda enjalo. [That your wife, and you love her that way].” I said and I know he's smiling and nodding as if I can see him.

“Ingakho ngamushada. Ulayi njengamanje. [That why I married her. Where are you right now].” I looked around seeing that we're approaching the building.

“Ahem. In a Uber, we're just approaching the building.” I said avoiding the man's eyes.

“Kulungile ke Nomanzi ka Baba, hambo phumula. Ngilindele ukukubona ungumqemane mase ufika ngapha [alright then ,go rest. I need you healthy as a fox when you get to this side]” He said and I just smiled.

“Ngyakuthanda Mancane [I love you].” I laughed at the way he addresses me now.

“Baba I'm no longer your little girl. Sthembile is.” I said, and he laughed and hung up. My dad never want to let me grow, I have a younger sister Sthembile,but my dad treats her like she's older and I'm younger,I guess it because I'm after 4 boys. He always wanted a girl, and when he finally had one,he promised to love her like crazy and he's doing just that.

“So imoto yami i-Uber lakuwena ? [So my car is an Uber to you?].” Gosh I forgot about this soul. We came to an stop

“Sorry ,I just couldn't bring myself to tell my strict father that I'm in a fancy car with a stranger,when I'm supposed to be In a taxi but I'm sorry since it offended you. ” I said with my face looking straight forward. He cleared his throat

“Ayikho inkinga.” he killed his engine and turned to look at me,giving me his full attention.

“Angazi ngingaqala kuphi ngithi ngiyakubonga. Into osenzele yona ayikufaniswa nalutho[I don't know where to even begin to thank you. What you did for us cannot be compared to anything].” He waited to get a reaction, but got nothing.

“Ungaqala ngokuxolisa for ukungithuka when impilo yami ngiyifake engcupheni ngenxa yengane yakho. [You could start by apologizing for insulting me when I have put my life in danger because of your son].” the words flew out of my mouth before I could stop them. When I didn't hear anything from him I turned only to find him staring at me.

“Or don't.” I murmured, unbuckling my seatbelt I heard him sigh,a long ,troubled sigh.

“Ngiyaxolisa.[I'm sorry].” I froze with my hand on the handle of the door. I found myself smiling a bit.

“It okay, and for your information I'm not a jozi girl, I'm from Mandeni. Thanks for the ride.” I said without turning to look at him,with that I opened the door and shut it,with a little bang. I had one mission. He's feeling horrible about it, make him feel worse.

I smiled at my wicked plan. I purposely catwalked to the big front doors it going to be fun.

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CHAPTER THREE

MPATHO

"Usathukile,kodwa ulalile mekufika uSena [he's still in shock,but he slept after Sena arrived]" MaJola my housekeeper said when I settled on one of the chairs in the kitchen.

"Cishe ngalahlekelwa indodana yami Ma [I almost lost my son ma]" saying it out loud made my blood run cold immediately, realization setting in.

"Unkulunkulu nabadala mebengeke bakuvumele lokho mfanami [God and the ancestors would never allow that my boy]" but it almost happened. I almost lost the only person I love the most in this world. My only child. My son. My flesh,blood, heart and soul. My heir. My pillar. My anchor. My son is everything and more to me. I would give and take everything for him.

"Angazi bengingaba yini ,uma kuthiwa uMaZungu akafikanga kusanesikhathi. Angazi Ma." If MJ cowered and went to this man. What would they have done to him? To get to me what—

"Woza mfanami,woza sikhuleke[come my boy,come let pray]" I'm not a religious person but I feel like I do need to pray. Or need to be prayed for.

She came to me and held my hands. When I closed my eyes the memories came rushing. When I got there,the way she held MJ to herself, her hand on his mouth and hers. She protected him even when she was scared herself.

She was right,I was being an ass hole when her life and my son's were In danger. She put her life in danger for someone she didn't know, she could've walked away, avoided the situation, could've left him,but she didn't.

I don't communicate much with the one above but if I had something to say to him it would be. *'God thank you for sending someone like MaZungu'*

"Amen"
"Amen"

"Hambo phumula ndodana [go rest my son] I sighed before getting off the chair. Walking upstairs I went straight to his room ,he was on the east wing while I was on the west. Tonight he should be sleeping in my bed. When I opened the door I found him snuggled up against his aunt. Both snoring quietly. When he stirs in his sleep, Sena holds him close.

One thing about my siblings is that they always show up. You never go through shit alone. Sena took the duty of being the close mother figure to MJ at the age of 19. Some people even think MJ is hers, and she just agrees. At times like this a child needs it's mother, and I'm doing everything in my power to close that void in MJ's life of not having a mother but I just can't give that motherly love, it comes naturally from a woman. Now I can't go around acting as a woman to draw out that love. For that I have Sena.

Going back to my room I got an text from my youngest brother Kumkani saying he found the scoundrels who were supposed to pick up MJ, the minute things went south, they ran. The three of us were on a hunt. Mesuli my younger brother and I were looking for the bastard who had the nerve to pull out a gun at my son, while my youngest brother was on the hunt for the irresponsible bastards.

Mesuli sent me home after Sena gave him an earful for just disappearing when our son is in such a state. She called all of us but couldn't get hold of Kumkani and I, Mesuli being the responsible brother that he is, he answered his phone and well got a shouting for three people. So he sent me home and continued on his own. I know I'm gonna get my lecture tomorrow morning.

We lost our mother but it doesn't feel like that with Sena around. That girl is mom through and through, she even scold dad sometimes and actually get away with it. She says it the pecks of being the only girl.

I love my sister dearly. Infact I love my siblings. If anything mom told us is to love each other as if the world is ending tomorrow.

Suddenly the bed is not comfortable. I've been twisting and tossing for a hour now. Insomnia is a bitch. I've drank water but still nothing, no sleep. I've checked on MJ and Sena five times. "*It okay, and for your information I'm not a jozi girl, I'm from Mandeni. Thanks for the ride.*" as if being sleep deprived is not enough my mind races to her. MaZungu.

The only woman after six years who got me saying I'm sorry. The only woman who didn't cower to my intimidating gaze. The only woman who looks exactly like her. If I didn't watch her life slip out of her,I would have said she recovered and ran away. But this, *her*. She's a younger version of her.

As if the universe is having a blast at my misery the sun starts penetrating through the window my eyes ,awakening this splitting headache, I groan walking to the bathroom. I have an early morning today, business to run, kid to spend my time with, stubborn girl I'll try to please, people to slaughter . It just a lot honestly.

Going down the spiral staircase the floor below is filled with laughter, mostly MJ's ,I can hear MaJola's too. When I finally got to where they are, the sitting room, MJ is ganged on by Kumkani and Sena tickling him on the couch. Mesuli is on his phone pacing back and forth while MaJola sets the table. "Bo Khumalo." I gain their attention, and MJ's laughter dies down, Kumkani caries him over his shoulders. Sena comes to me engulfing me in her bone crushing hugs. Yesterday she didn't get the chance because we just dropped MJ off and left. Patting her back I let her know that I'm okay.

“Mabaso.” Kumkani says putting down MJ. He gives me his bro hugs, we've accepted that Kumkani is not very affectionate towards his brothers but his nephew, who he considers a son. “Mbulazi.” I greet him with a pat on his shoulder. Mesuli comes to the group and give me a full hug,patting my back as well. “Mzilikazi. ” I greet him. We chose these clan names to address each other. It rare to find us brothers addressing each other with our first names. I'm Mabaso, Mesuli is Mzilikazi and Kumkani is Mbulazi, then Sena is Sena or MaKhumulo if we are begging her.

“Papa, I'm hungry.” my boy whines breaking the little circle, Sena tickles him on Kumkani's hands then they chase each other around. Mesuli and I remain posted.

CHAPTER FOUR

MPATHO

“Ukwazile ukuthola ukuthi ubethunywe ngubani? [Did you manage to find out who sent him].” I ask my brother Mesuli as we take the staircase to the basement

“Akafuni ukukhuluma kodwa maduzane uzokhuluma, uSbopho uye dladleni layo lebhari. [He doesn't want to talk but soon he will, Sbopho has gone to his home].” He says so ever quietly, that how my brother is. Calm. Something Kumkani and I differ from Mesuli.

“Khumbula Mzilikazi asibathinti abantu besifazane nabantwana. Okokumuthusa nje.[Remember Meli, we don't touch women and children, just to scare him].” that how we operate, we protect the mothers of the nation and the future of the nation.

“Syakwazi lokho Mabaso, kodwa yena akakwazi [we know that but he doesn't].” He says opening the steel door and immediately, the stink of blood greets us. Kumkani did a number on the man tied to the chair,his buddies are already dead in front of him.

At least his other eye is still functioning just fine to the point that pissed on himself when I came into view. Good.

“Baze kakukhanda wendoda [They did a number on you].” He trembles as I crouch in front of him.

“Ngoba nje uvikela umuntu ongenandaba nawe nanomdeni wakho,ozakwenu baphambene nemvula manje,mhlampe uzobalandela kwazi bani [because you're protecting someone who doesn't care about you nor your family, your friends are dead, who knows?maybe you are next].” He looks to the side as a sign of telling me, he doesn't give zero fucks about what I'm telling him.

A two knock came through the metal door, and a guard opened it, Sbopho dragged a lady inside. She was screaming and cussing, placing her in front of this fucker, he removed the blindfold.

At the sight of him in such a state,she couldn't hold it in,vomiting right on his feet. Women.

“OH my God, oh my God!!! You monsters!!What did you do to him!!” She screamed struggling to break free from Sbopho's hold.

“Question is darling Stephanie, what did he do to us,and well the answer is,he fucked up.” Kumkani says waving his gun around and shoot at the man's knee,making Stephanie scream her lungs out and the man well scream what left of his lungs.

“Mphilo what...what did you do..what did you do to them baby...is...is it money...do..do you...owe them money...is that it...is..th...I'll pay...I'll pay you please...please I'll pay you...just don't hurt him anymore pl...please...” at the corner of my eye I see my younger brother sympathizing the woman, if it didn't involve my son I would too. I mean that was touching, in front of me my youngest brother shook his head and smile like the maniac he is. The maniac that I am.

“Mpilo, Mpilo, Mpilo. Awbheke nje into ozalahlekelwa iyona,umuntu who's ready to sacrifice for you. And wena uba Islima. But I get it, trust me I do. Maybe she isn't that convincing, should we try who, Amara? Such a sweet little girl.” his head snapped up. Stephanie involuntary flew to him,landing a slap on his face. My brother that is. I struggled not to laugh.

“Whoo, I love them fierce, when they put up a useless fight.” he says pinning Stephanie against his chest, one hand holding hers tightly behind her, another on her waist trying to keep her from struggling.

“You don't bring my child into this! Don't fuckin bring my baby into this!Mphilo! Do something!!” Stephanie cry out and try to headbutt but he dodges it just in time.

He holds her neck and whisper but loud enough for everyone to hear. "If you try shit like that again, I will bend you over your man's knees and fuck you with my gun on his mouth, fucking it. And as I climax, my hands becomes sweaty, they might slip to the trigger and well you'll be coated in cum and brains. Understood?" Shit that hot. And trust Kumkani to do just that. When she doesn't struggle he let her go. After muttering. “Good girl.”

“You know Steph, I also have a kid. Little cute boy, five years old. Die hard fan of Spiderman, aren't they all? Love that punker to the moon and beyond, I guess you know the feeling, right Stephy?” She nods her eyes fixated on the gun in Kumkani's hand.

“Words Stephanie,words. I work better with words.” and trust me that runs in the Khumalo brothers, don't communicate well without words.

“Yes...yes I understand that feeling...as if there's no one more important than that bundle of many feelings...that feeling when you know you'd give and take everything for them. When they cry, it like your heart is constricting and never relaxing even if it just them making a fuss....you still feel like that....” for a moment I saw something shift in Kumkani's eye but it disappeared just as quick as it came.

“Exactly Steph. Exactly. Now tell if you find out that someone is a threat to Amara's life. Someone hurt Amara. Someone made Amara cry, scared and scarred, she has nightmares because of that person, tell me Steph, what would you do?” She turns so quickly, before I could even blink.

“I would plant a bullet on that fuckers head,after I have tortured the life out of him until he begs for death to come,but it never does, as I pluck out his eyes with my middle and accusing finger.

Then if it a man I'd go for his balls next, I'd squash them till there's nothing left, if it a woman, I'd make sure that I open a third whole between her legs. When they think I'm done. I'd tear out their tongues, so that they don't make any noise cause my ears would be hurting from all the screaming, When I'm satisfied, I'd stay quiet, listening to them as they try to make out what I will do next. Then I'd plant a bullet on their skull.” well damn.

I see Mesuli smiling in satisfaction. The excitement on Kumkani's eyes isn't matched to any.

“I could just kiss you right now” he says with a groan, making Stephanie's strong woman mask slip,her cheeks become bright red like when he threatened to fuck her on her man's knee.

“Putting the sexual tension between the two of you aside and going back to business. Your man fucked with a wrong kid, Stephanie, he fucked with my son, our only heir. He's just five. Knows shit about this fucked up world. I can tolerate any shit thrown at me but no fucker who messes with my family. Specially my son. Now tell me what must I do with this fucker?” I say pointing my gun at Mpilo. She look at him with pleading eyes, she knows we want something from him, and he isn't even bulging. Even when we threatened him about his daughter, he didn't give in. We just wanted his confirmation cause we already know who did this. Even if he gave us,we were still going to kill him. If not Kumkani and I. Mesuli was.

Stephanie turned to Kumkani placing her hands on his chest. He looks puzzled just like the rest of us.

“Just promise me you won't hurt my daughter,my daughter stays out of it. she must never get hurt,promise me that.” she said with her voice cracking. Kumkani nodded “My word is bond” that what we always say, a promise is just a single word. A promise cannot be always kept. So our word is bond.

“Kill him.” she whispered and buried her face on Kumkani's chest. We do not need to be told twice. Kumkani's hand shielded Stephanie while the other raised his gun. Three shots at the same time, each from me, Mesuli and Kumkani. All in his head. Mine was on his temple, Mesuli's was on the back of the head, Kumkani's was between his eyes. Perfect trio.

“Thumelani lenja koMapholoba. Nibazise ukuthi isukile. [Send this dog to the Mapholoba's. Let them know it is on].” I tell Sbopho as I tuck my gun and head to the door. Turning my head back ,Kumkani has his hands wrapped around Stephanie's frame, we shall see where this one ends.

Mesuli smiling he follows me. My brothers have proven to me on so many occasions that they have my back, and I have done exactly like that. We made it clear growing up that, the world can turn their backs on us but we would never turn our backs on each other. My son is their son, and when God bless them with their biological children, they will be mine as well. My wife is their sister, their wives are my sisters. My family is their family, we are one. They are mine to protect and I am theirs to protect.

“Uyilungele impi ezayo [are you ready for the upcoming war].” Mesuli ask as we get to the parking lot.

“Ngamehlo abovu. [Born ready].” He nods patting my shoulder. Opening his car I open mine beside him.

“Ungikhonzele kuKoti [send my regards to sister-in-law].” He says shutting his door before I could even take my second breath. Driving out of the lot he hoot at me. Idiot.

I should be driving to Fourways but I'm heading Mildrad ,looking for the one person who's going to calm this raging storm inside my head. Eager to listen to her calming voice I call her number.

CHAPTER FIVE

Nomanzi

“So a whole week dude!! A whole week? Bruh that too much. I can't go a week without bathing,that just too much bruh I'd die.” my roommate whined following me around as I pack my clothes.

“Zenande I've told you to since the beginning of the year that it is a tradition. It must be done.” I said for the millionth time and this girl doesn't understand.

“Yunno if you didn't bhubhudla it, we would be going home together celebrating ubuntombi bethu.” she gave me those lazy China eyes.

“Noma once you get the taste of shagging you'd never want to go back, mtase that thing is like a drug,you repeat a good song so you keep going back for more, bamnandi abafana mtase. But like the big sister i am, I'm telling you to be proud of yourself because i am, not everyone get this chance because some were misled by friends and peers, no matter what don't ever let me pressure you, but the shagging, it too good mtase.” and she has been saying that since day one.

“Mhh no I'll pass. Besides Saturday morning we'll go bathe in the river, then the ceremony will continue till Saturday night. So it not a whole week, stop being a dramatic girl.” she sighed slumping on the bed. Am going to miss this nuthead,we basically became sisters. I love her dearly and she knows.

“Your phone's ringing.” she said nodding towards my phone, it an unknown number, and that just pisses me off, because how do you know my number when I don't know yours.

“Nomanzi Zungu hello.” that just how I answer calls from an unknown number.

“MaZungu.” I frowned at that. Dad calls me MaZungu but that not dad's voice. “Yebo?” He remains quiet but I can hear him breathing, nxa who the fuck is this fucker.

“If you're not going to speak, how about you go fuck yourself” I heard him chuckle. Nxa

“Uluhlaza MaGwabini [you're rude].” Okay he knows my clan names,I rolled my eyes.

“Who's this?” I asked slumping next to Zenande and she looked at me with alarmed eyes, I shrugged

“Phumela phandle [come outside].” heee bashimani

“Listen here you—

“If you're going to call me a little fucker please save it you've done it yesterday and I can guarantee you I'm no little fucker. Let me know when you want to witness that yourself. Now phumela phandle anginaso iskhathi.” my mouth is left hanging like what the actual fuck.

“Hey Zee I'm coming okay?” She rolled her eyes, i feel you babe. She was ready to give whoever it was an earful, ohh trust me I'm going to giveit to him.

When I got out there's no Mercedes-Benz ,well fuck it and him. Just when I was to go back a car hooted at me,maybe not me. My phone rang again, it the same number, my eyes automatically roll cause this guy is getting on my last nerve.

“I really don't have time for games—

“Right in front there's a black Range Rover. Just come and stop rolling your eyes on me.” A car hooted again and I see the range rover. Lazily dragging my feet to it. I opened the front door and slumped on the passenger seat. Without looking at him I greeted. “Sawubona.”

“Sawubona MaZungu.” it infuriates me that he knows me and I don't. “Ungibizile?[you called me?]” One thing I've come to realize is that this one likes to sigh.

“Yeah ngikubizile. Khona engikuphathele kona,kodwa kuse bhuthini kwamanje. [Yeah I called you. I got something for you but for now it in the boot].” cause I don't know how to answer to that I nod.

“Ngiyaqonda ukuthi izolo angikhulumanga kahle nawe. Ngalokho ngiyaxolisa ,ngyathemba ukuthi uzokwazi ukungixolela [I understand that yesterday I spoke rudely to you. For that I'm sorry, I hope that you'll find it in you to forgive me].” a Zulu man who knows how to apologize, now that just a turn-on for me. But not wanting to dwell much on his soothing apology I simply nod.

“Unjani umfana.[how's the boy].” I ask changing the topic, he settled back on his seat,looking ahead, as people passing by, commented about his car. It wasn't on daily basis that you see a Rover parked on our street.

“Yena usathukile kodwa ngokuhamba kwesikhathi uzoba right. [He's still shaken up a bit but as time goes on he'll be alright.]” That got me looking at him.

“Into enjengalento eyenzekile akusiyo into nje omedane uyidlulise, especially umtwana omncane njengo MJ, maybe ukumusa kumuntu angakhuluma naye kungasiza ,sengisho umuntu onjenge therapist yezingane. [Something like what happened isn't something that you just forget, especially a kid,like MJ. Maybe taking him to someone who he'd be willing to talk to will help. I mean someone like a children's therapist].” that got him turning and looking at me.

“Angizange ngayi cabanga kanjalo, bathe uthe uright name ngakholwa lokho. [I didn't think of it like that, they told me he said he was fine and I believed that].” He looks hurt.

“Yeah phela ubatshele njalo, but wena as umzali wakhe you should know ukuthi into enjangaleya iyahlukumezana.[Yeah that what he told them but you as his parent, you should know that something like that is traumatic]” He seems to be understanding. Good.

“Wena? Unjani? After yonke lento eyenzekile. [You? How are you? After what happened]” it got me thinking, lie, so this conversation could end cause it isn't what I planned it. Tell the truth so you could have answers to your hundred questions.

“I was scared. For me. For the life that depended on me. For some weird reasons having him rely on me to protect him gave me this sort of surge of protective effect, the need to prove to him that he wasn't wrong to rely on me. Weird I never stopped to think of me if it happened that I don't make it out alive, all i was thinking of was the little boy who was trembling against me,it got me thinking that how mothers feel when protecting their children,but through it all I was scared,for the both of us.” I took a break from my rambling, I thought he wasn't listening but he had his full attention on me,I decided to push a little further, I got this far anyway.

“And I wanted to tell you that what happened yesterday didn't seem like a random kidnapping, your son was targeted. Because after i pretended to be his mother taking mhim to the café, he should have ran,but no,he follows us inside. Which got me thinking ,should I be worried that I might have ruined someone's plans? Cause since yesterday I haven't stepped foot outside this building till now. Should I continue to fear for my safety?” I catch his jaws clench and unclench.

“Ukuphepha kwakho akumele kukukhathaze MaZungu, akekho umuntu ozokuthinta. SingoKhumalo angeke sikuvumele lokho. Ukuphepha kwakho kulijoka lethu,ngiyakuthembisa.[you shouldn't worry about your safety MaZungu, no one will touch you, as the Khumalos ,we won't let that happen. Your safety is our responsibility, i promise you]” strangely I believed that. I sighed looking outside the window.

“I've only seen that shit in the movies, witnessing it firsthand had to be a hard kick on the stomach.” I blurted my thoughts. A warm but yet rough hand coated mine, that drew my attention back to my hand on the armrest, his is to big,it had swallowed mine. Bringing my eyes to him,I saw something, I couldn't put my finger into it but it disappeared ad quick as it came. Maybe I'm losing it, I could swore I saw it yesterday.

“Ubani igama lakho.” that got me laughing a bit,cause when I answered my phone, I clearly mentioned it,but maybe he missed it. Being his bossy ass.

“Nomanzi.”There,it was there again, that little glint his eyes give out but it disappears again.

“Nomanzi Yandisa Zungu, my mom is a Xhosa woman and well my dad is a Zulu as they come.” I don't why I explained myself, cause most of the time u actually don't give a zero fuck, that people tend to stare a lot at my light brown eyes or my not so black hair and the length of it,wanting to touch every now and then, honestly I just hate it.

“Ingakho nje unekhanda elinje. [That why your head is like this].” I wasn't following, it not a question but a statement, is he referring to my hair?.

“Uluhlaza MaGwabini.” that statement again, it held some sort of warning. I couldn't help but smile that he thought my rudeness comes from being I'm a mix, oh no,that all comes from mom. That woman shem. This time he said it as if he had come to terms with it, as he throws his head on the headrest. ”I'm not rude i was taught to speak up for myself.“

He hums in understanding and my eyes follow his movement, he seems tired, his seat is adjusted backwards. His Adam's apple blob as he swallows nothing.

“You don't look like someone who had an eight hours sleep.” there's a little smile,but again it gone as he speaks in a husky voice . “Indoda ayilali, iyacambalala MaZungu [a man doesn't sleep MaZungu he naps].”

I shook my head at his stupid mentality, i looked at their interlocked hands. A warm fuzzy feeling hit me just below my bellybutton.

“Awungitshenanga elakho igama [you didn't tell me your name].” I say watching his small smile that disappeared just as quick, honestly it infuriating now.

“Yazi ungangibiza noma ingani obona ingifanele,ngaphandle kwalenhlamba yakho yesingisi. [You can call me with whatever name you see fit, except that English cuss word of yours].” i laugh at that, remembering that he gloated that he is no little fucker. This is cool, he smiles in a little long maybe 6 seconds.

“I don't think that fair, I even told you my second name,few people know about it, you should be honored. Now tell me your name,maybe I'll even give you a nickname, who knows.” he let out a deep throaty chuckle, this should be illegal, over analyzing someone like this.

“Mpatho Liam Khumalo.” I snorted at that,of course I didn't mean,it just that I didn't expect him to have an English name, he seems to be too Zulu. Even I don't have an English name.

“Uhlekani?” I quickly tried to stop myself from giggling any more, when I didn't answer ,he unhooked his arm that was on his eyes. Opening one eye, he looked at me, and lord knows that,this moment is forever locked in my memory, I quickly shook my head, he chuckled again.

“You have nice names.” I said trying to draw my hand out of his drip, he let me,suddenly I wanted his hand on mine again. That obviously crazy.

“I should probably head back, so should you, indoda sometimes iyakudinga ukulala Mntungwa, ayi ukucambalala. [A man sometimes needs to sleep not nap]” his eyes flew open at the mention of his clan name, he smiled goofly this time and definitely, i wanted to laught at him. Hhayi Nomanzi mntanami! he's Mntungwa ngoku. I imagine my mother say.

“Ingan'yami kade ikubuza namhlan.[my baby asked about you].” He says staring ahead ,at the passbys who don't stop admiring his car. “Wathini wena? [What did you tell him]”

He unlocked the doors I didn't know were locked, eh he's no gentleman, did not open the door for me,We'll have to fix that next time. Next time? Will there be a next time? Of what? Whatever that we were doing in there. Will I ever see him again? My mouth certainly doesn't connect with the operators cause it just spoke.

“Am I going to see you again?” He opened the booth and Holly Molly. That a full booth, full of plastic, plastics that are full of... I'm not even sure what they are full of but I know it will last us these upcoming months.

“Angazanga ukuthi amantombazane athandani engubeni ngoba ngabe ngthenge zona, but ne grocery isa right, izingubo ezolunye usuku. Wena ufuna ukuphinda ungibone?[I didn't know what clothes girls like because i would have bought them, but the groceries are fine, clothes are for another day. Do you want to see me again?]” Do I? Yes. *Yes i do*.

“I was just asking hawu,no need to get all emotional, I know you like me, i mean who wouldn't, I'm practically a people's person,so meet me again” I say trying to joke but it seems as Mr Khumalo here,is far from joking. He nods. Well that went well Nomanzi, so well.

A trolley boy was passing by, he called him over with a whistle,and he did come over,then they go and try this same method with girls thinking it'd be the same,ayi bandla bashimani...

“Lalela-ke nkabi yami, into intokazi le ngifuna uyambisele lezimpahla layihlala khona. Ungabulali lutho khona okufayo, ayiwi nje lemoto yakho? [Now listen my guy, I want you to take these for the lady here,to where she's staying. Don't break anything, there are breakable items there. This doesn't fall apart right?].”

He didn't undermine him, he spoke to him with kindness, he didn't show that he's bigger than him. I like that...I love that.

“Awu khululeka bhoza yami,ngiphethe I quality mina,my sister,zonke izinto zakho zizofika in one piece. [Don't worry my boss. I have the best of the best. My sister all of your things will arrive in one piece]” I laughed nodding at that.

“Kobakuhle lokho. Kuzoba malini-ke nkabi. [It better be like that. How much will it be then]” the boy, he's no boy cause he's older than me of course, but since he's a trolley boy,I tend to call them boys. No man pushes trollies for people. He took off his hat folding and twisting it.

“For wena bhoza yami kungaba iruji nje ngoba ngizomuthululela uMy sister iruji kuphela. [For you it'll be R50.00 since I will offload for my sister. R50.00 only].” He nodded taking his wallet. I caught a picture of his baby. He looked younger than he is. Taking out R80.00 he gave the guy, who thanked him lime he just saved his life.

They both took out the plastics out from the booth into the trolley. He was singing happily.

“Hambisake Vikani ngyakulandela manje. Ngyayazi yonke Into elayo. [Go ahead Vikani I'm right behind you. I know each an every item there].” He knows him. Vikani turned laughing, he pushed the trolley singing, of course security stopped him. He continued talking to him.

Mntungwa turned to me, his eyes studying me thoroughly it made me feel a little shy. “Izobonana ke MaZungu [I'll see you].” I nodded rocking on my feet. He seemed unsure of what he wanted to do next so I initiated it. Stepping forward and on my toes he bent down meeting me halfway. I gave him a hug. It warm, I hadn't intended for it to be so intimate, but his hold on my back. I could feel his belt just below my ribcage. He snuggled his face into my neck, his beard brushing against my skin, surprisingly it was soft.

“Ngyabonga.” he murmured against my neck and a chill ran past my spine and warmed in the pit of my stomach. The hug lasted a minute maybe. Disengaging from him left me feeling cold. Suddenly missing his warm body and his warm breath down my neck. Get a grip Nomanzi, jeez.

“Uphephe [be safe]” I say and watch that little glint again,it disappears as he nods, clearing my throat suddenly aware at the change of my voice, I turned on my heels and began to walk. When I have walked maybe 17 feet from him,just outside the doors,I turned to see if his car has left,but no,he was standing near it with the door opened, looking at me. Zulu men.

CHAPTER SIX

Nomanzi

Zenande went crazy when I got back with the groceries. She basically begged me to woo Mntungwa when I told her that we are not an item. Said this is the love story of her dreams, Zenande is crazy and I fear that sometimes her craziness will rub off on me. She's the only one I told about what happened the other day. She's my confidant.

“How come you guys have groceries that are not even opened, in the middle of the month?” Mxolisi, my math study buddy says from the kitchen.

He's here to finish his assignment, no start his assignment that was given to us three weeks ago. It due tomorrow, well today, since it midnight already.

“Perks of having four older brothers and being a daddy's girl.” I say tying my weave in a slack bun. I'm not about to spill the beans on Mxolisi. He's too judgmental shem.

“Your phone's ringing, an unsaved number.” of course he'll know that it an unsaved number, he's so snoopy

“Wo, why don't you go ahead and answer it.” I say jokingly and this idiot actually answers it.

“Haibo khuluma phela wathula manje. Mhlampe umubulali nje. Hawema Lulu œ mhlampe baykuthakatha nje. Phela uthule lomuntu. [Haibo speak up why are you quiet now. Maybe it a killer. Oh my word Lulu maybe they're bewitching you. This guy is quiet].” trust Mxolisi to be extra like that.

“Awukahle Ihaba Mxo. Lishiye lapho lolocingo mase ekulungele ukukhuluma lowo uzofona akhulume. Lucille, ngaze bathakathe wena. [Stop exaggerating Mxolisi. Leave the phone there when they're ready to talk they'll call back and talk. Hang up, they might as well bewitch you].” He snorts placing my phone on the kitchen counter. Yeah we have an apartment not a room.

“Please start writing you still haveto study for tomorrow's physical science test.” I tell him as he munchies on my chocolates. I don't complain cause I know that Zenande will do it for me. They just don't get along.

After the microwave dinged indicating that the noodles were ready, a knock came through the wooden door. A hard knock.

“Haibo awusikhokheli lososcabha sikhokhelwa uNSFAS. [You don't pay for that door. NFSAS does].” I say going to it. The peephole shows it a man. He's facing the other way.
Jerk. Maybe it some student who's hear to study.

Opening the door I already have thousand cuss words at the tip of my tongue, but they are forced down my throat when I'm pushed inside and up the nearby wall with my back.

“What the fu—
I don't get the chance to spit the words when he crash his lips on mine,causing my breaths to hitch. My nostrils register his cologne, making me melt against his chest as if it is the most normal thing to do.

“What are you doing here” I murmur against his lips and he doesn't stop. He kiss me with determination, with direction. My hands get pinned above my head, my waist tangled with his arm. And a very...very hard thing pressing on my stomach.

"Mntungwa...

He hums against my lips, his tongue dividing in my mouth, I swear I'm being tongue fucked, and a moan accidentally slipped as he groans against my neck. Desire floods my body setting a fresh foreign feeling between my legs, making me clung towards him. It hot and bubbly it makes me want something I know I shouldn't want.

“Mntungwa...ima ...angeke skwazi...Mpatho...” I hate the way my voice is so low failing to convince him to stop, my eyes fly open when he cups my treasured gem, unfortunately they land on our audience.

“Mxolisi— I gasp and he stops immediately. The look he is giving me. I swear if looks could kill, I'd be dead meat.

“Angzwanga [excuse me]” oh please for fuckin fuck's sake shut the fuck off.
“A..a...umm..I'll...I sh..I should go— Mxolisi says picking up his books.

“Yeah fuseka la” haibo bakwethu, poor Mxolisi. Scrambling around, it is then I realized that he has a gun in his belt. The fuck.

“Take my assignment as well Mxo.” I say as he shoves all the books in his back. On a normal day I'd laugh at his clumsiness, but nothing is normal with this man around.

“You dropped the calculator Mxolisi, calm down.” and that falls on deaf ears. I go to him and sit his trembling ass down on the sofa. His eyes fly to Mntungwa and he trembles even more.

“Can you make yourself disappear for a little while, you're scaring him!” I shout at him and he shrugged taking out his gun making Mxo jump crying, he literally shrieked like a little girl.

“Indoda enjani esaba enye indoda? Ibhobhodlwane. [What kind of man are you fearing another man? You are a ittle boy].” He says walking past us to the hallway.

“Jerk.” I mutter under my breath as I go get a glass of water for Mxolisi who is still trembling as fuck. When his eyes connect with mine, I give him a weak smile and he let out a sob.

“What. The. Fuck. Noma. What the fuck was that!!” I sigh sitting on the coffee table giving him the glass of water which he gulped down in one go.

“You should take the assignment, you'll give to me in class before the hand-ins.” I say brushing his knees. Anchoring him as his mind seems to be jumping from one dimension to another.

“Is he....he ha..he has a gun Noma...a fucken gun!!” He tries to whisper but dismally failing.

“I know. Look Mxo, you're probably here at a wrong time. You should go. Try not to think about it too much okay?” He looks at me as if I have grew 6 extra heads.

“Not thi..not think too much...is your cerebrum and cerebellum working...a gun Nomanzi. He has a gun. Are you even safe with him. Oh my God i should call the police. He's an intruder.” I sigh as he looks around for his phone.

“Mxo awukahle. Mxolisi awume man.” I shout shaking him, he shows me his accusing finger and thumb as a symbol of a gun. Jesus christ.

“Yes he has a gun I know that. I'm used to it,but clearly you aren't. And yes I'm safe with him, more than safe. Now for your own sanity, please go Mxolisi, I'll see you tomorrow, you'll see I'll be in one piece.” What a fucked up promise, the fucking hell is wrong with me...

He stands up on shaking feet almost fall but I got him in time, way to go Mntungwa, you are such an ass.

“Take the chocolates.” I say and he takes them without being told twice, walking to the door, he kept looking down the hall,as if a ghost might just pop out of there. Well there goes my study buddy.

After locking the door when Mxolisi literally ran down the stairs to his floor, I matched back to this bully.

He is on my bed, on his back. Mind you ,a bare back. His golf t-shirt and vest are neatly hanged on the outside of my wardrobe. Freak. And he has.... He...my...

“Taking people's things without their permission is a crime Mr Khumalo .” I say snatching my thongs from his hands. I had them on my bed when I took pictures of them and sent them to my boyfriend. He sits up straight.

“Ugqoke loluhlobo? [Are you wearing this type].” guys this man is crazy. And crazily fit. God have mercy. His shoulders are wide and bulk. His chest wide and definitely hard. His abs, Jesus me.

“Ufunani la?” he simply ignores me,standing up he take two strides and he is in front of me. Inches from me, if my chest rises just a little more, my breast would touch him just above his lower ribcage.

“Liphi isoka lakho?[where's your boyfriend]” his breath hit me on my face. I hold mine so I don't inhale his. Cause I might just jump on him to repeat what happened minutes ago.

“Nalo ufuna ukulithusa ngesibhamu njenguthuse umnganam. [Why? You want to threaten him with a gun just like you did to my friend]” I'm not going to deny that I have a boyfriend, or the fact that Mxolisi is my friend not who this dickhead thought he was.

“Angisabisanga muntu mina [I threatened nobody].” He says stepping more into my personal space.
“I'm pretty sure Mxolisi thinks otherwise.” I say taking a step back from him.

“Angnandaba nokuthi ucabangani, nginendaba ngawe.[I don't care about what he thinks, I care about you].” He says stepping closer again. Backing away comes to a stop when my feet hit the ankle of the bed. I don't even know how we changed positions.

“Ngine ndaba ngawe.” he repeats tugging me close with the waistband of my pajama short. Gasping at the way it snapped back at my stomach, I look up at him to hurl every insult I know but they get stuck in my throat when he dips his head kiss me with the same fire as before. But now it...it soft...breathtaking in a nice way. It not bruising like the first one. This one makes me hang my hands on his shoulders for support. This one makes me press myself on him.

“Fuck.” he murmers against my neck and I just sigh in complete pleasure, I never liked neck kisses ,maybe the person who was giving them to me was giving them wrongly. Deciding to live in my moment. I let my hands slip to the defining V I ached to touch, running the pads of my fingers on his skin I can feel his stomach twitch at the contact. Before I know it, I'm on the bed.

Believe me when I say when I felt him against my temple I jumped pushing him off, he lays on his back and chuckle. “Ngyaku jaha? [I'm rushing you]?” for a moment I don't know how to answer to his question. When I took long to answer he turns and lie on his stomach watching me curled up against the corner made by the wall and headboard.

“Ngisayi ntombi [I'm still a virgin]” it comes as a whisper suddenly I don't feel proud about it. He sits up straight and I know it coming, the convincing of a nice time. The *I'll be gentle* conversation, you're old now, live up a little, if not now then when, I won't hurt you, I treat you well all that bullshit. The conversation where the man thinks for his aching cock not my pride he's about to shutter. But no, Mpatho doesn't say all that stuff he just look at me. *Studying me.*

“You're not looking at me like they do.” *like my boyfriend does.* “Ngikubuka kanjani? [How am i looking at you?] ” His voice is suddenly deeper than deep,he heard himself and tried to correct it by clearing his throat . I mean it. Even though it hurt to admit how good it makes me feel. How good *he* makes me feel. A man I barely know. It not even a week I've met him but I'm comfortable under his tight gaze.

“You don't seem to be judging me.” *I hope*
“Ngizokwahlulela ngobani? [Why would I judge you]” He asks shifting to where I curled myself.

“It just make you even more perfect.” well it should be illegal listening to this man praise in English.

“So perfect, it becomes extremely hard to pocket my hands and keep them to myself, knowing that under my t-shirt stand those beautiful round firm tits. Which I wouldn't mind sulking on till the ache on my cock becomes so unbearable, I'd fuck you senselessly after you have adjusted to my cock. Because—

He didn't finish when his phone rang from his pocket. I'm sure my cheeks are bright red now if not worse. As he listened to the person on the call, his eyes on my face. Noting small details has been my hobby since I could remember. Like now ,noticing how his chest rise and fall with no signs of calmness. To the point that my hands flew involuntary to his chest. A gesture of kindness. I think. I watch as his stomach twitch at the contact. He dropped the call ,in a second he's above between my legs and I'm beneath him. As we breathe, our chests brushing against each other.

“Akungithokozisi ukuthi kumele ngihambe [I'm not happy with the fact that I have to leave]” back to indoda yomzulu I see.

Pressing down as he kiss my cheeks i liked and hated that he didn't kiss me on the lips but when I felt his very,very hard thing poking me on my center i let a victorious smile, i didn't turn him down he's still hard as a rock. The shorts were very thin on the material so when he groaned at the contact, it had me edging closer. I'm really losing my mind

“Ngizokubona [I'll see you]” He said having no shame in adjusting his hard-on infact he had a smick when he did it, wearing his vest he tugs his gun on his belt, wearing his jacket ,zipped it to his stomach, white vest peeking. Gun tucked on his hip bone. Phone on the other hand. Well fuck me now.

As if he can read my mind he strode back to me a kiss the the living he'll out of me, with this man around, I don't think my virginity will last much longer because damn.

CHAPTER SEVEN

MPATHO

I'm so furious now I'm fuming, for starters it because of the Mapholobas ,those idiotic idiots always out for war, well if it war they want it war they will get. And this hard-on that bulging in my pants is not doing any justice to me, when I finally find a girl who I think what we'll have will be more than just shagging, she turns out to be a virgin.

The way she sighed when registering what had almost happened minutes ago. It would have been a disaster. Getting the privileges of being the first man to have her? Fuck not that. But putting her in so much shame. Imagine coming home to your proud family only to tell them some douche from Johannesburg has made you let them down.

“You're not looking at me like the rest of them do.”

There was uncertainty in the way she said that. Of course I should look at her like this. It doesn't even feel right to be the one who's prouder about her being a virgin. But I am. And I'm well aware that there's some douche in her life,but I'm also certain that I'll be the first and the nly one who will have her, no one else will.