

[7/15, 11:58] Chapter One

*Hurricanes don't run from the rain

Let me not bore you with details of my childhood and how I had to horribly learn to adopt to a culture and language I never knew existed until 11 years ago. I've been under the care of my grandparents ever since that dreadful day, failed my grade 4 twice because I understood nothing in Portuguese and I've learned so much from life, and starting from poverty. We live in a 4 roomed house with an iron roofing that licks when it rains and we also have vampire couches, well I call them that mainly because they swallow you when you sit on them. I always looked down on poor people when I was still young, dumb and heartless but now I realize that they are people too, well we are people too since my parents inheritance was frozen by the embassy and I will only receive it after completing college. I am currently doing my first year law at the Universidade

Agostinho Neto, I have a bursary that I'll have to pay back later on because someone's child is refusing with my parents money like they'll get a share from it. I can't even afford to buy sanitary pads instead I stay home for five days and try catching up online and I pray to God every time that my periods don't start during the exams or I'm doomed. My bra is a hand me down from my grandma and trust me it isn't pretty, It's a lace worn out silk bra with underwire that pokes on my boob's and gives me rash and let's not mention the other underwear. It's embarrassing, anyway I studied my way to success and I'm still striving to get out of this miserable lifestyle that my parents death imposed on me.

"Ofets, ¿Cómo estás" (Ofentse, how are you?) That's my friend Paloma, we've been friends since primary school when I defended her against some girl that was pulling on her hair saying that her hair was fake, I mean what 10 year old has fake hair? Oh and I gave up on correcting her when it comes to my name, I don't know why she leaves the n and e but I'm cool with it, "I'm fine thanks and you? " I responded to her

question, "And why are you responding in English?
We don't need it here"

"Well I won't be here for long, 3years from now I'll be the US living my best life, so Portuguese is useless to me" I responded with sass and confidence. I want to leave this country the moment I receive my inheritance and going to permanently live in the US with my folks, I can't stand this country anymore.

Paloma: "Hello, Ofets I'm talking to you"

Me: "šhe, I was in dream land, what were you saying?"

Paloma: "That boy is looking at you"

Me: "He's wasting his time, I heard him call me ugly at the lecture hall thinking I don't understand Portuguese"

Paloma: " Fig*lo depu*ta! (Son of a b*tch) As of he's attractive, out here looking like dried up frog, Eo! eo puta! (Hey! hey b*tch)"

Me: "No, Paloma leave him alone he doesn't deserve attention" Paloma is my ninja, if I am to get into a

fight she's joining without any need of an explanation, she's the type that will go to jail for you and not hate you for it. She's my ride or die until you mess with her sex life, this girl's a nymphomaniac I tell you. I on the other hand want nothing to do with guys, I'm asexual for now.

Paloma and I decided to spend the rest of the day studying in the library, I can already hear you right now saying poor girls study because they don't fit in the real world, well I for one am studying to get my money. I'm currently poor, it's a lifestyle and I'm not about to make poverty my reality I'll die twice before I let that happen honey.

We finished studying by 7pm and walked home, it was pretty dark outside but with God as my light, I shall not fear. We walked, talked, cracked jokes and played around like always, enjoying the last minutes we had with each other before we went to our respective homes. As we are walking down the street, there's this group of guys walking in our direction and my mind becomes uneasy as we walk closer to each other

Me: Loma let's turn around, I don't trust these people. They make me cringe from a distance "

Paloma: "Here you go again with paranoia, how many times have you said this?" I kept quiet "exactly, and how many times where you right about these feelings of yours? " I kept quiet again "That's right never, so let's go, we're safe and stop thinking the worst of situations"

Me: "But this time the feelings worse bra I feel the hair on my neck rising and my blood is rushing around in my veins, I swear we aren't safe here"

Paloma: "If you want to turn around go, I on the other hand am going to walk past those guys to prove you wrong" I was defeated, so I continued walking with her until we reached the group and we walked past a few of them then I felt someone grabbing me by the neck and I started fighting the hand on my neck kicking and screaming but I was muted because of the hand on my neck restraining my airway. "This one is mine, you can share that one" said the guy holding me, what does he mean this one is mine? I'm not his property, I continue struggling until he tells

me my home address then I stopped fussing, what this guy what's from me only the devil knows but I won't give up that easily.

[7/15, 11:58] Chapter Two

Jhene Aiko- Jukai "Hell is not a place, hell is not a certain evil, hell is other people"

As this thick, rough hand is holding my neck I start faking dizziness and faint "Hey, puta wake up" the guy slapped my cheeks then carried me " I'm taking her to the backdoors if she thinks I'll leave her alone she's playing, I'll get what I've been waiting for" Now this is when my heart was threatening to leave my body and everything starts happening in slow motion, It's like it's coming right out of a movie script yet it feels so real. In the background Loma was crying and begging them to let her go but all they do is laugh. My poor friend, all I ever did was fake faint thinking about my own well-being forgetting that she's with me as well. "Ouch" says the guy that was

holding me as I sucker punch his face so hard and it hurts me instead, man throws me on the ground and kicks me in the stomach so hard I feel the air in my lungs begging for mercy and I spit out my blood, I quickly roll away and stand up to run towards him and kick his children harder than he kicked me, he doubles over and I kick his face before he falls then I feel myself being tossed in the air just before something crushes me into the ground "You whore, you think you can hit our boss and we'll let you go? Now we'll keep you for ourselves, stupid puta" they say as they keep punching me and kicking me until I pass out

I wake up lying flat on my stomach with my arms spread out and there's something not right, im feeling my body ache between my legs and something thrusting painfully in and out of me. "waah? Wh-" I lift my head and see Loma on the ground with me but she has blood coming out of her mouth and her eyes are closed "l- l- " I'm cut off by pain and I scream out and finally hear a voice behind

me "nice virgin kona (cunt) you thought I would leave you after trying to kill my babies? Now I'm going to put one in you" Wait he's raping me? How is this happening? Right then and there everything becomes real all at once, the extremely painful thrust, every groan coming from him and now my surroundings become more clear. Oh God please help me, "Leave me alone please stop, you're hurting me" things were much better when I was still delirious now I can't even stand the pain and cruelty happening to me "please stop" I say crying "not until I'm done 10 more minutes, I'm close" is this monstrosity of a person bargaining with me for my own body? Hell no! I try standing up and he pushes me back down then puts something hot on my neck "I'll shoot you like I shot your dead friend over there. My gun is still hot waiting for a fool to try and act smart with me" Huh? He shot Paloma? My bestie is dead and I couldn't even save her. What kind of a friend am I, why did I have to pass out when she needed me the most, what do I tell her family? That I was too weak? That's not an answer I'd want if my child was brutally murdered by monsters. I might as

well just die with her and avoid the shame that I'll bring to my family after this. Numbed by the situation I decide to provoke the guy to quicken my death so i start fighting to stand up, he'll kill me either way so what's the point. I start pushing myself up and kicking and trying to roll us over to I can be free, he is now laughing and thrusting faster while chanting something in a language I've never heard before and he chunts louder and louder then I feel warm liquid filling me up. At this point I'm still trying to figure out what just happened then he moves away from me and stands up "Thank you, I needed that" he says laughing. One things for sure, I'll never forget his smell, rough hands and deep voice not forgetting his laugh

A lifetime later I crawl towards Loma and check if she's really no more and she's as cold as ice, I crawl towards her jeans and search for her phone and I find it dead as well. "I guess I'll be walking home then" I say to myself. I know what you're thinking, why don't I walk to the police station right? Well

that's an hours walk and home is only 15min away. Gathering all the strength I need, I eventually stand up and limp outside only to find it darker than before, I'm not scared anymore, I've just been molested and nothing worse can happen at this point. I limp all the way home feeling exhausted and dizzy or whatever this is but I feel funny. The last thing I remember is knocking on the door, my grandma opening for me and screaming right before everything went black

[7/15, 11:58] Chapter Three

Billie Eilish - Everything I wanted "I tried to scream but my head was under water. They called me weak, like I'm not just somebody's daughter"

Five months later...

Have you ever tried living your life but your soul was no longer with you? Like you're dead but your body refuses to give up, that's exactly what I'm feeling

right now. I'm friendless, and mourning her death painfully so because her family blames me for it, apparently if I wasn't such a book worm their child would still be alive. At this point I wish we could trade places cause being dead is way better than this, I've gained weight from binge eating - my new coping mechanism and I've been feeling quite sick lately so I'm going to the clinic today to get checked up on. Ever since the incident my grandpa has been walking with me to campus and fetching me afterwards to ensure that I'm safe, he even calls during lunch and makes me text every two hours to make sure that I'm not having a melt down, I know... I'm being treated like an egg and it's annoying. I need to be alone and find myself but nope everyone thinks I'm a suicide risk so they make sure and they're extra careful at that by the way, that I'm not dead instead of saving my soul

"Ofentse Domingos, sister is ready to see you" says the young nurse smiling at me. I've already been through this way too many times these past few

months, so I know the drill all I need is the results so that I can go home and rest, it's not like me feeling sick is a first time experience lately. Coming here is a waste of time but granny's orders are to be followed so here I am. I walk into the room and the sister is busy writing something in my file then she looks up "Miss Domingos please sit down" Okay, I take a seat and look at her fidgeting around because they only make you sit down when you've got bad news coming. "Well your vitals are great, tests came out negative for any STD or HIV/AIDS so you're in the clear, but we're going to ask you to come to the clinic twice a month from now on for prenatal classes and-" "Prenatal classes? I'm not pregnant what do I need those for? " This woman is out of her mind, they better get her checked out cause seems like I'm not the one that needs a check up "Well miss, you are 5 months pregnant, didn't you know? " Mama! "No, I can't be pregnant, I don't want this child, can I get an abortion? Why does things like this only happen to me" I start hyperventilating and clutching my chest and crying "Miss please calm down, that's not good for the child, Miss, Miss,

Gracia! Call the ambulance she's having a heart attack hurry up!"

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"Bambi, Bambi are you awake?" "Mmh" I respond and try opening my eyes but the room is too bright but I manage to open my eyes and see my grandmother hovering over me trying to see if I'm awake "Hi G-ma where am I? " I ask while looking around to get clues from my surroundings "you're in hospital Bambi, they told about the baby" I'm pregnant? This must be a joke "No! " I scream "Bambi calm down, we will love and care for this child no matter what circumstances brought him to life-" it's a he? What if he looks like his dad, what if I don't love him because he reminds me of the pain I'm going through. "Bambi are you listening? A child is a blessing, no matter how this blessing was conceived, it will and always be a blessing, it's too late for an abortion but you're not giving my great-grandchild away for adoption, if you

don't want him I'll raise him alone, okay?" At this point I don't care, this is just the cherry on top of a messed up caked called my life "Fine, we'll keep it, but don't expect me to love it" I say folding my arms "He's a boy, not it, we don't call human beings 'it' that's just rude" Oh spare me, I'm the one that's supposed to mother this thing, not her. Later on we had a chat with the doctor who gave me vitamins, iron tablets and a diet plan sheet to help me eat healthy. I just nodded and smiled at the doctor when he was talking to me but in actual fact I was miles away thinking about how my life turned out. It's true when they say if you want to make God laugh, tell him your plans cause in this case he's having a blast turning my life into a comedy central episode. What I know is that I'll finish Law degree come hell or high waters.

[7/15, 11:58] Chapter Four

"She wears strength and darkness equally well, the girl has always been half goddess, half hell" - Nikita Gill

It's been a month since I was told about my surprising pregnancy, I mean I don't have the pregnant belly or anything that indicates that I'm actually pregnant making everything so hard to believe, but I should've known when food became my number one priority, or eating yam's, I hate whoever thought that that thing is edible but recently I've been eating it like It's a gift from heaven. When it comes to education matters, my grandparents went to plead with the Dean to let me work online up until I give birth to avoid having to drop out and she agreed, so I've been studying online and doing my assignments from home that way I just go to campus only to write my exams. All this is a result of my current dilemma, I've been put in solitaire confinement because my grandma strongly believes in her superstitions and right now they're telling her that the rapist planted the baby in me on purpose in order to fulfill something, that's why the doctor's saw

nothing until now when the baby is so close to birth, that my baby daddy is from powerful family and this child is his salvation. I refuse to listen to her theories because that will just push me over the edge, just the thought of having a rapist for a baby daddy is torment enough. What will I tell my child when he asks who his father is? Should I tell him that he was a rape consequence or should I tell him that God is his father? This is a mess waiting to happen

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2 Months later...

I'm sitting on the vampire couch watching Nigerian movies when I accidentally pee on myself. "šhe, how can I even pee on myself when I'm awake? Damn! " I stand up and walk to the kitchen to get the mop and

a cloth to wipe the couch with "Ooh" I'm stopped dead in my tracks by a pain on my lower back and one on my cervix "G-ma! Somethings wrong with the baby" I yell on the passage still standing on one spot, well more like hunched over trying to alleviate the pain. "Granny! Granny please! Help I continue screaming. Oh God, please let this woman be home or at least grandpapa then, I can't do this alone. I hear a knock on the door "come in" the person walks in quietly which is quite creepy then I hear that voice again "Are you ok" I'll never forget this voice, It's been in my nightmares ever since he took my soul with him. I start panicking and hyperventilating then he stands infront of me "Hey don't panic, I'm really sorry for what happened. My name is Mario Bondo, you can get me arrested after this I don't care but I need to take you to hospital okay? "

Me: "No, go away, leave me alone please don't come near me"

Mario: " I'm sorry but I have to help you." He walks towards me picks me up and carries me to his car, at this point the pains are too much for me to handle

that I can't even fight him so I give in. "Hurry up damn it! You're the reason I'm in this position to begin with, and if you think about taking me elsewhere but the hospital I'll kill you. And trust me, my anger against you is so strong that killing you will be therapeutic so you better get to the hospital before I lose my mind" This idiot just looks at me like he saw a zombie in broad daylight. "Hurry up, idiot. Did you think raping me and impregnating me will be fun? You think this is a joyride? I feel like strangling you right now. Figilo di putana! (son of a b)" He just silently drove all the way to the hospital listening to me insult him left, right and center. When we arrived at the hospital, he just opened the door for me and carried me inside looking like a cat poured with ice cold water, serves him right. And this is just the beginning. "Help, she's having a baby" he yelled in there then the nurses came rushing my way and put me on a wheelchair then wheeled me to a room with him following behind "Take my phone and call my grandparents, also tell them that you're the one that put me in this position." I told him in my calmest tone ever "I -I can't do that" he responded "I didn't

ask you, I'm telling you. And you better do as I say before I open a case against you." That statement made the nurses stop fiddling with me and the machines and looked at him. Bingo! I have him right where he belongs, in a corner. "Okay, okay fine, I'll call them" he said and went to stand outside " "Is everything okay ma'am?" One of the nurses asked. "Yes, everything is peachy. " I know what you're thinking, what's wrong with this girl right? Well I don't want to get him arrested, rape has death penalty here and I don't want my child to hate me for having his father killed. Plus he doesn't look like he is proud of what he did, a rapist wouldn't come back and endanger himself like this if he really was a rapist. Something brought him to my house and I want to know what did, and I also want to know why he raped me.

Chapter Five

Jonathan Nelson - Anything can happen "This moment here's designed for God to change your life."

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Mario did actually call my grandparents, even though I had my doubts he proved my theory right, he's not a rapist. So now why did he do it? My grandma came into the delivery room and supported me throughout the whole birthing process. It's true when they say labour is a near death experience. Even though grandpa refused to come in, he's waiting to be called in so that he can see the baby clean and clothed. Lol, I don't understand why he refused to come in though. By the way, I'm happy to announce that I have a handsome, healthy baby boy that doesn't have a name yet so right now I'm waiting for devine intervention from the heavens to... wait, Devine."G-ma, his name is Devine. Devine Keamogetswe Domingos" I say with a smile. "What does this Keagegetse mean" I laugh so hard I think I tore my stitches, Kea-what? She better not repeat that name or I'm peeing on myself, Jesus! "Keamogetswe or Kea in short. It means, 'I have

been accepted.' I accept that he might have been a result of pain but he is my pride and joy, thank you for making me keep him. He's so precious, an innocent soul that had no part in his father's doings, so I can't hold it against him. I never knew I could love someone so quickly after what had happened to me." I say silently crying. "I'm so happy for you my baby, God has granted you with such immense strength, to overcome what you went through I hope you know that we love you and we'll do everything in our power to protect you." My granny says tearing up and holding Divine in her arm rocking him "Can I hold him" Mario says standing by the door with tears in his eyes. "No! You have no right to this child, in fact let me call the cops. You rape my grandchild and leave her to die now you wanti to act like a boyfriend asking for the child? Why are you here who sent you? Why am I even talking to you. Secu-" grandma yells. "G-ma let him hold him, and can you give us a moment" My grandma clap's once after handing the baby over to Mario and walks out.

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After staring at each other in silence I finally ask, "Why did you do it? Why did you rape me?" He looks up from the baby and down again. "Sit down and explain yourself." He takes a seat next to my bed and looks down at the baby "My father made me do it. He said you're very wealthy and me having a child with you will secure my future." WHAT? I thought securing the bag was a thing for girls, but I guess boys do it as well "But I'm not wealthy" I respond. "You are, my dad works for the embassy and he said that your parents left 6.8 million in SA rand's for you and he froze it so that I have time to grow up and ask you out then impregnate you but you've never paid me any attention. " he stops and looks at me then back to baby Devine "Your grandfather hired lawyers to find out about your inheritance so it needs to be released and soon before the authorities catch him. So he hired 10 guys to kidnap you so that when he unfreezes your money he asks for ransom but you were walking with your friend that day. I

called him to tell him that you weren't alone, he then instructed the guys to scare your friend away and for me to rape you and make sure that you're pregnant. In that way you'll hate the child and give him up for adoption, he'll adopt the child and later on lay charges for not paying child support" Wow, this boy's father is a psycho. So I was poor on purpose?? He kept my money to enrich himself. Wow just wow! "If the guys were told to scare Paloma then why is she dead? You killed her right? " This boy's lies get on my nerves. He told me he shot her so he better not lie thinking I forgot "Yes, she hurt the guys and came to fight me off of you so I pulled out my gun and shot. I didn't know I'd kill her, I swear. I've never even used a gun till that day" He is now crying like a baby, ugh cry me a river, I'm the one with the right to cry here, not him. He hands the child over to me stands up. "I came over today to warn you about my father, but you were in pain so I had to help you. He is plotting to kidnap you, take the child and then ask for ransom. But I guess it's too late. I need you to go home and pack your bags, I'm helping you flee the county because he'll do anything and everything to

get his hands on that money." woah, I guess this is deep. But I don't know if I should trust him or not. I call my grandparents in and tell them everything that he told me and they agree with him and tell me to go back to SA alone so that he doesn't find me. "Make sure you drive, he'll know where you went if you take the plane or the bus. Let me go home and get your things" My grandpa says before rushing out. But what if he's lying? "What if he's lying and sending me right into a trap? G-ma I don't trust him" I say looking at him. I might be running into my own grave and this boy is helping me to my early death.

[7/15, 11:58] : Chapter Six

Jhene Aiko - Born Tired

"Rest your weary heart, dry your teary eyes. I know you are scarred and torn apart inside, darlin', so am I"

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Its been 5 days with little Devine being in this world

and I couldn't have it any other way. I was discharged this morning because they needed the bed and as I speak we're somewhere in Botswana in my grandpa's Colt van looking for a nearby B&B to rest. We've been on the road for 16hours and Devine is not having it, It's already 22h00 and mama needs to rest before I pass out on the wheel. I had to make quick stops on our way to eat, breastfeed Devine and change his dippers and can I say that I'm in pain? Whoever stitched me up is going to hell, but I'd move mountains to make sure that my baby doesn't grow up knowing what poverty is so this pain is bearable. "When I'm ready to give Lord you won't let me, for you keep holding me" I sing Travis Greene's won't let go as we drive into what looks like a motel.

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I pull up in the parking lot near the door to make carrying my luggage easier. "Hi, welcome to Thuso Hotels how can I help you? " this gorgeous specimen

of the lord asks. She's dark skinned with a very rich afro and natural baby hair. I swear this girl can make Beyonce sweat with the way she is so hot. "Um, I'm looking for a room that I can stay in for the night, preferably the smallest room you have" "Well unfortunately we work with bookings here and we can't help you with accommodation if you didn't make any reservations regarding your stay for the night." Father God, help me. "Please I just need a place to crash with my baby then tomorrow we'll be out of your hair." "I'm sorry ma, I wish I could help, I really do but my boss ke satane ka sebele (satan in flesh) he'll fire me. " "Okay I understand, thanks for your help" I understand, a job is a job. I walk back to the van and the lady comes out rushing and stopping me "mme wait! I think I can put you in my boss's room, he's never here but you'll have to leave before staff comes in at 8am tomorrow cause I don't want to get in trouble and I knock off in an hour so I won't be able to monitor you " "Oh no, It's fine I'll just crash in the car, I can't put your job at risk" I respond acting modest "Please, that's the most I could do plus I wouldn't be able to sleep at

night knowing that I left a lady and her newborn sleep in the dangerous streets of Gaborone with only the stars as their source of Security." "No. I can't do that to you" "Please stay, I could take you to my home but my husband might kick you out so at least my bosses room is free, safe, it has food and he won't be in it. And I'm not taking no for an answer" She says as she grabs my bags and walks to the entrance "Come on girl, I don't have all night" I let out a long sigh and hold the car seat tighter as I walk behind her. She leads us to this corridor and by the end of it she pulls out her keys and opens the door to this beautiful black and grey room with silver touches in and we walk in and the more I see this mini apartment the more I fall in love with it and take notes of how I want my future house to look like. "This is beautiful, wow" I say admiring the place, if only yall could see this. "I know girl, pity the owner doesn't even bother to come and actually live in his creation. Rich people don't appreciate the beauty" We continue our tour of the apartment and can I confess and say that I want this room.

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"So what brings you to Botswana? " Realeboga asks. We are now on first name basis and she's actually really nice for someone that looks so beautiful, most gorgeous girl's are cruel. "Well I'm just passing by, I'm going to SA for some business that needs to be taken care of " "Yoh girl, if I didn't know better I'd say you're a drug dealer the way you answered me heeh. But anyway let me love and leave you before my husband calls the police and don't forget to wake up early and leave before you get caught. Sweet dreams Devinyana" she says pinching Devine's cheeks right before walking out.

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I'm woken up by someone shaking me in my sleep and I stir a little trying to ignore the grandma... wait

I'm not at home. I jump up from the bed and land on my butt on the floor and look up. God, take me now there is this buff looking scary guy looking down at me with a frown and I'm ready to surrender and die in peace. They've found me "Please don't kill me, don't take my son either I'll go back with you no questions asked just don't hurt us. I didn't mean to run away I just wanted to protect my child. Please, I'm beginning you we'll go with you in peace, no violence okay? " I say crying with my hands in the air showing a sign of surrender. Damn I thought running away without informing anyone was the wise thing to do but now I know that that's a dumb move, now they'll take me and leave no trace since I practically ran away... God, if this is you warning me then I hear you. Just don't let them hurt my baby.

[7/15, 11:58] Chapter Seven

Sia - saved my life "I've been waiting for you. And someone must have send you here to save my life."

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As I'm crying and panicking this guy is just looking at me with pure confusion then he finally speaks and my intestines dance. "Please get up." that's the only thing he says and I'm already pregnant, his voice dear God. I've never been sexually attracted to anyone's voice until today. It's deep with a touch of husky and he's not loud making it more appealing to the eardrums than normal voices. I get up with tears streaming down my cheeks and wait for his next move. "Sit down, I didn't mean to scare you. I'm just surprised to find a woman in my apartment sleeping with a wide awake baby next to her eating his hands." He smiles and the horror, his voice doesn't match him at all. He has colourful braces on his teeth and they look fresh but his teeth don't look flawed at all... "Hello? It's rude to stare you know." He says smiling even wider. Brother has dimples, ok now he looks cute I think his different coloured eyes are the scary part of him, he has one blue eye and the other is brown. "Sorry, I was thinking." I reply.

Thank God team melanin can't blush or my face would be 50 shades of pink right now. "Here you do it again, you sure think a lot for a 20 year old" And then? "How do you know how old I am? Oh why do I even ask, your boss knows everything. You're sure a kind gangster if you ask me, the rest would have just taken me in my sleep or beat the crap out of me or worse they'd take-" "Woah woah woah, what are you talking about? I went through your things to find clues on who you are and found your ID. Did you not just hear me say that you're in my house? And who's chasing after you? " Ooooooh snap! What time is it? How can I be so careless? Poor Rea is getting fired because of me "Please don't fire her, she was only helping me, in fact I'll leave right away and I'll pretend that I never saw you sir bye bye" I say standing up and hurriedly packing my things back into the bag "Ka mma, you talk too much. That's not happening, you answer my question or I'm calling the cops" Damn! Now I'm cornered. I'll just lie, he will believe the lies and let me go."Okay, just don't call the cops" I respond "As long as you give me accurate answers then I won't. Now let's start over,

my name is Richardo Thuso I already know that you're Ofentse now, who are you running from and why? "

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I told Richardo everything, well after lying to him 3 times and this time he actually called the cops and told them to wait outside so I just confessed everything excluding the money part cause I know money can make people do crazy things so I omitted the truth just a little and now he looks spooked and angry? "Yoh,mosetsanyana (little girl) you've been through alot o strong shem" I might not speak tswana but I know the basics from childhood memories and right now he just called me a little girl which I'm not "I'm not a small girl, I'm old and you don't look old enough to call me little. Thanks for listening but I need to hit the road, I've got lots to do." He laughs shaking his head and folds his arms looking at me. "You're not leaving, you're staying

here and I'm going to help you get your inheritance back" This guy thinks I'm stupid "What's in it for you?" I ask looking at Devine gripping my finger in his tiny hand then back up to him. "Poor girl, you've been ripped off at such a young age that you can't even see when someone genuinely wants to help you." What's that supposed to mean? I know men never do something from the goodness for their hearts... "Are you gay?" I ask "No, why do you ask? "

Me: "Well I was just thinking that if you don't want anything in return then you must be gay and really trying to help. "

Richardo: " Well that's sexist. I don't have to be gay to help you."

Me: "Ah typical man, pulling the sexism card only when it's convenient for them"

He laughs and says "If trying to help you is gay then I'll be gay until this is over. Right now you relax and enjoy your stay here in return you give me a description of this Mario character and I'll see what I can do to help you with your small problem. " If you

need anything call room serves and I'll be back in a few hours. " He leaves. This is too good to be true but I'm too tired and hungry to think straight so I just stay and take care of my baby. "we need to call granny soon, she doesn't know that we left and she might be stressed out." I say playing with Devine

...

Richardo

"Eh Tshiamo, re ba kreile monn'(Tshiamo we've found them man)"...

"The lord answers I'm mysterious ways mfana, we'll finally get our revenge" ...

"sure boy. Sharp sharp"

[7/15, 11:58] Chapter Eight

"Soft people become dangerous when you destroy

the things they hold dearest"

...

Richardo

Never in my life did I think I'd actually stand a chance to catch my evil uncles Fabio and Constantino Bondo. Those bastard's stole mine and my twin brother Tshiamo's inheritance when we were 15. They drove my mother clinically insane and committed her into a psychiatric hospital till she died a few years after we ran off and came here for a hiding place and we couldn't even go and say our final goodbyes because of our fear. Word had it that those fools enjoyed my father's hard earned money and turned it into a business and they've been successfully stealing money from widows and orphan's with a huge cash inheritance until now and it's all thanks Ofentse's mother who ensured that her daughter will have to provide a fingerprint

identification in order for her to receive the money or this opportunity would not have presented itself any time soon. Like I say, the Lord works in mysterious ways and right now, he's showing me that he heard my prayers.

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I went to my house in unit 10 and found Tshiamo doing his thing on the computers I've installed for him. Tshiamo is a name that he gave himself when we had to change our identities. Same applies to our surname Thuso. We also made it up and paid alot in order to make it official and legalized. "Did you find anything monna? " I ask him sitting next to him "Not yet, we need to send our men to Angola and kidnap our dear cousin Mario for leverage"

Me: "That won't be such a great idea, Constantino is just the face to this whole scheme, the real criminal is enjoying millions of dollars in the US letting this fool and his son Mario do the dirty work. The only

way to kill a snake is by chopping its head off"

Tshiamo: "True, so what happens to the baby mama and her child? "

Me: "I'll have to keep her close to us for protection and also she's way too innocent to be caught in the crossfire " It's a pity Ofentse is the biggest victim from this whole ordeal but there's something about her that makes me wanna save her from what she's going through. She seems pure and loving, not forgetting her smart mouth and hint of sass. "Why do I get the feeling that my dear little brother is falling for a kid? " Psh, that's utter nonsense. "No, I feel the need to protect her, you know. Like an older brother would"

Tshiamo: "Haah... And you'll be piping her like a brother too. I can already see it 27 year old business man Richardo Thuso caught during a sexual activity at Giuseppe Zanotti store changing rooms" At this point we're just laughing at his stupidity "Man I thank God everyday that we're not identical or else I'd be embarrassed to walk outside. And Ofentse isn't that kind of girl, she's the kind that you make love to not

ravage. We destroy hoes and build up our wives."
Tshiamo looks at me like I've lost my mind and said
"And I'm guessing she's wifey. If you're gonna love
this girl take it slow, seems like she's been through a
lot in such a short period of time." If I didn't know
better I'd say he's wise, but boy has a PhD in
Information Technology so I guess he is kind of wise.
I on the other never liked school from the get go. "I
gotta leave you and go to the mall fast fast ko reka
di pamper le mashi (milk) for the baby" I say taking
my things "Sure mfana" This boy thinks 5 minutes
into the world before me makes him a man, nxala.

...

I went to the apartment and found my receptionist
and Ofentse talking about something but they were
laughing. Man this girls laugh is angelic and not to
mention that smile, it's like she's not the person that
just came out of crazy drama, well she's now in the
eye of the storm and I fear what the future withholds

but all I know is that she'll be well protected. I'll do everything in my power to make sure that she isn't harmed even if it means I'd have to go back to my old ways I will... and that's a story for another day

[7/15, 11:58] Chapter Nine

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Two months later

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"God is able to do, just what he said he would do. And he's gonna fulfill every promise to you, don't give up on God cause he won't give up on you. He's able" Deitrick Haddon's song plays softly in the van as we're on our way back from church. I believe that there's a God, I just don't know how to communicate

with him without blaming him for the things that have happened in the past. It's like I need to forgive him when in fact it has to be the other way around, and the more I go to church the more I learn that I need to forgive myself before anything else.

Richardo has been scarce lately and that's just what I need, some alone time with my feelings and do some self introspection because things have been moving way too fast for my liking. I haven't been schooling, I keep myself cooped up in that apartment room and all in all girl got no life and I need to start making one for myself ASAP. It's gotten to the point where that room is my only safe haven and only company I have is Devine when he's not sleeping and a bunch of Richardo's boring sci-fi books.

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I am busy on my laptop trying to apply for an LLB degree at the University of Pretoria since that's

where I'm headed next month and where I start a new year in a new environment and begin my new life. I am destructed by a phone call and I answer without checking the caller ID "Hello?"

"Bambi do we now have to beg you to call us? We're on our way there to come see our grandchild and I'm going to slap you when I get there." Grandma? She! Dear lord I've been so focused on myself I forgot that I'm not alone in this world please forgive me "I'm so sorry g-ma, I was about to call-"

G-ma: "Don't lie to me, you forgot about us, I can feel it in my bones"

Me: "G-ma the only feeling in your bones is the arthritis crying for help" She laughs so hard I just have to smile and appreciate this little moment I'm having with her. "So when are you getting here? " I ask when the laughter dies down "We'll be there by 5pm make sure you cook nice yam's and livers for your grandpa" Eew, yam's. Wait they mean to tell me that they'll be here in two hours time? "G-ma that's in two hours, where are you? " I ask " Quatro de Fevereiro (Luanda international airport) We're flying

there"

Me: "Oh wow, well enjoy your flight mi amor and don't bring chocolate, babies don't eat that"

G-ma: "I know that I'm old for a reason"

Me: "Tell that to the neighbours kid, remember what happened when you gave her chocolate? Hmm? Exactly so chocolate, unless you're bringing it for me" She's laughing at that memory at this point.

G-ma: "Ok no chocolate, I have to go our plane is here, ciao!" After she hung up I just got energized and looked through the kitchen cabinets for something Angolan and there was nothing. Okay FeFe Plan B. I picked Dee up from the bed and my poor baby woke up and started to crying. "Sorry nana, sorry neh. "I kept saying as I put him in his little car seat and put a blanket over him then rocked his car seat for a few minutes until he fall asleep again. I grabbed my side bag along with the car keys and Dee and headed out. Walking to the reception desk and lobby I found Richardo talking to someone that looks like him, they look like siblings. "Hey, Fentse

where are you doing? " Richardo asks "To the shopping center to get a few things to cook for my grandparents. They're on their way here" The guy that looks like him laughs and says "Monna ke o motho wagago o tliša batho okare ke motse wagage (Man here goes your girl bringing people like it's her house)" I bet he thinks I don't understand a thing he's saying but anyway, I've overstayed my welcome so I might as well look for an apartment while I'm at it. My grandparents won't stay where they're not wanted "Tshiamo monn! Oh by the way this is my twin brother Tshiamo, Tshiamo this is Ofentse " Ah, that explains the resemblance. "Nice to meet you, I don't mean to be rude but I need to get going. Bye"

Richardo : "Wait let me go with you "

Me: "No It's fine, I won't take long."

Tshiamo : "Ditebogo tsa mosotho, janong ga asago batla. Kego retse monna kare mmago poo ganyadiwe (A black person's gratitude, now she doesn't want you anymore. I told you that a bull's mother isn't to be married)

Me: "Bye" I had to go, I need to move out before I see more of that man, he doesn't like me and he's not even hiding it so I won't be his way because right now anyone toxic in my life just takes me 10 steps back when I'm taking it one step at a time. My mental health comes first.

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I got to the shopping center and looked for something to buy and found plantines, some chicken and veggies. Left after buying some McDonalds for myself and now it's time for apartment hunting. I found this apartments in the CBD, they're a little dodgy with faulty security but it will do, plus It's super cheap and I can move in right away. I go to Richardo's apartment and find him and his twin there and I just walk past them and start packing. Later on I call Richardo to talk to him in private and he finally comes in after his twin has been making smart remarks about me wearing the pants in the

relationship. "I brought you here to come and thank you for your hospitality and care. You helped me when I thought I had lost all hope in humanity and I'll forever be grateful for that."

Richardo: "Why does this sound like a break up when we aren't even dating? "

Me: "I'm moving out, you need your space and I've overstayed my welcome. Thank you for everything and I owe you one"

Richardo: "Is there anything I can do to make you stay? "

Me: "No, there isn't. You just have to let me do this, I can't always depend on you I need to stand on my own you know"

Richardo: "I understand, all the best" He comes and hugs me for a moment then helps me carry my luggage to the living room.

Tshiamo: "Hao makoti, you're living? " He says smiling "Re kase gohopole (We won't miss you)

Me: "Kalaboke. (Shut up) Who says I'll miss you?

Thanks for everything man, love you lots and goodbye grouchy. Next time make sure the person you're gossiping about can't hear you " I say and walk out with my bags all in my other hand and Dee in the other and shit is heavy. "Let me help you" Rea says "Thanks girl" She helps me carry my bags and loads them in the back before we exchange numbers, I gave her my address and we just hugged and I left ready for anything.

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To new apartments and independence.

[7/15, 11:58] Chapter Ten

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"I'm all good already, so moved on it's scary. I'm not where you left me at all" Dua Lipa

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It's been exactly a day since I moved into my new apartment and Lord, independence is a gift and I receive it. The grandparents have been raving and praising someone who apparently is responsible for their flight, buying groceries and Ubering them here so it was only decent to invite this angel for lunch so that I can thank that person in person. So right now my grandma and I are killing it in the kitchen. She we even made desert for this visitor of ours

G-ma: "How are you? "

Me: "Uhm, I'm fine thanks"

G-ma: "No, I mean it. I'm not asking like those people that ask for the sake of being polite, I'm asking as your grandmother."

Me: "Foreal I'm fine I'm actually happy about moving here. A taste of independence is all I needed as motivation "

G-ma: "I don't care about you clamming to be independent right now. I'm asking about your mental and emotional well-being"

Me: "G-ma have you been watching those

psychologist shows again? I'm perfectly fine, I'm fabulous "

G-ma: "I find it hard to believe. You haven't healed and you're trying way too hard to move on when you actually haven't even confronted your demons"

Me: "Where is this going? "

G-ma: "How did you get Dee? "

Me: "I don't have to answer that, you already know"

G-ma: "You won't say it because you're blocking the truth out. You haven't healed and you need psychological help before you become a danger to yourself and Dee. You're so close to having a break down and I'm afraid I won't be able to help you get out of it if you don't help yourself and accept this situation"

Me: "Can we change the subject? Please"

G-ma: "Fine, but this isn't over" Geez G-ma makes it seem like I'm some mental case that needs help. I know what I'm doing and I'm capable of taking care of Dee. It's not like I'll throw him away or anything

like that. He's my son, I love him I'd actually do anything for him. So G-ma sis just tripping on air. We continued cooking in silence with grandpa 'playing' with Dee, well more like tormenting him. He puts a spoon on Dee's cheek and waits for him to follow it with his mouth wide open expecting food. My poor baby, time grandpa finds it funny. Anyway we're all done and ready for our guest and boy is he running late.

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Moments later there's a knock on the door and grandpa goes and opens the door greeting the angel, he moves away and I almost fainted and slipped into a coma "Mario? " what is he doing here? So these two brought him here knowing fully well who he is. Now this explains grandma's talk earlier on, she was trying to prepare me for this one here. "Hello ma'am" he responds like he's respectful, tsk. "Cut the respectful nonsense, we both know that's something

you don't have. So what brought you here? " I ask

Mario: I asked to tag along and see the child

Me: Who's child?

Mario: Ours" I've never laughed like this in my life.

Did he just say ours? As in mine and his, I'm being tested,

Me: You don't have a child, all you'll ever do for him is be there the day he asks who his father is and you'll explain to him why you aren't in his life. You're a sperm donor. Be lucky I don't brand you with what you really are which is a rapist, so any thoughts about you having a child must quickly be erased cause Dee is mine and mine alone.

G-ma: Please Bambi, we just want Dee to have a stable family.

Me: Am I not enough stability for him?

G-ma: He needs a father figure

Me: Grandpa is there

G-ma: What if he dies, then what?

Me: Then he died G-ma simple as that. And what kind of lessons will this one teach my son? That it's okay to rape women as long as your father approves, not having a backbone, being a coward, scamming people from their hard earned money? What?

Mario: Now that's not fair, you kids that grew up having it all don't understand what it's like to be poor

Me: It's not my fault that your parents didn't work hard for you. And I wouldn't have understood what it's like if your selfish, lazy and scheming father didn't freeze my parents money. I went to school with a shoe with cracks underneath. I had to walk in a certain way to avoid having rock particles, glass and even water enter into my shoes cause that was disaster waiting to happen. So don't tell me about poverty your father made me poor without thinking twice so expect me to feel sorry for you.

Mario: You're such a brat

Me: And I'm starting to believe that you enjoy the things your daddy makes you do. Do me a favor and let it be the last time I see you near my family

because I won't hesitate to kill you. I've warned you once and I'll warn you again. Stay away Mario, I'm warning you

He just laughed and walked out. Well that went well.

Grandpa: All that tension made me hungry, let's eat.

We ate our food in silence with the blurred sounds of the TV in the background and everything was still tense especially with grandma, It's like I just kicked Jesus out my house with the way she's giving me mean eyes. She'll be fine, I had to be honest, whatever that was wasn't healthy and I need to do shit for me.

[7/15, 12:01] Chapter Eleven

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Yesterday was a disaster and it's aftermath is still roaming around in the house like ashy remains of a volcano. Grandma is still in her feelings but she'll get over it soon and grandpa is as invisible as always, he doesn't really talk that much so that's not so much

of an issue. The issue is grandma's stares and smug remarks. I'm leaving for PTA today for a meeting I'll be having with the lawyers tomorrow regarding my inheritance and after that I'll be looking for an apartment near campus and also near a daycare for Dee, right now things are going great and I need to squash my beef with grandma before I leave because I can't deal with this tension anymore.

Me: G-ma, grandpa can we talk.

Grandpa: Sure, you know we can, you didn't need to ask.

G-ma: Hmm...

Me: well I'm sorry about how I behaved yesterday, I know that's not how you raised me and there's no excuse for my behaviour but seeing Mario here just made me so angry. I didn't mean to be disrespectful.

Grandpa: Well it's partly our fault too, we didn't think about how you'd feel before we brought him here and for that we're sorry.

G-ma: I grew up without a father, I know the pain of not knowing where you come from and who you are,

Dee will feel that void if you don't make Mario a part of his life

Me: He has us, my parents died too grandma and I can also say that I grew up without parents but I had you two, he'll also have you two as both a mother figure and father figure. You raised me and did you ever go wrong? No, so I know what's best for Dee and It's definitely not Mario

G-ma: Well if you know what you're doing then that's fine, we accept your decision.

Me: Thank you. So it's squashed right?

G-ma: Just be sure that after squashing it there's no residue left on the surface

Here she goes again saying things I don't understand. But I'm glad she accepts defeat, she might not be agreeing with me but she's willing to let it slide for the sake of peace.

Me: I'm going to Pretoria today to meet up with mom's lawyer, she says there's a will and it has never been read so I'm going there to see it and also look for an apartment there before we move next

month

Grandpa: I'm tired of this up and down, it's like we're gypsies now. Naõ (no)

Me: No as in I'm not going or as in you don't like this?

Grandpa: As in I don't like this and you're not taking Dee, it's not healthy for a baby to be travelling like this, take your grandma I'm staying with Dee

Okay? Where is this coming from

G-ma: Let me go bath, maybe I'll find a South African husband and leave this moody one alone

Grandpa: You wouldn't find one if you were the only woman on earth, I'm the only one that can make you feel as good and proud as you are now.

Father God take me now, I don't even what to understand what's going on here, just take me. "Ok you guys are Too old for this, I'm going to bond with my baby and I'm out in an hour " I say feeling quite disgusted and take Dee to my room to play

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I actually left alone because Dee was crying alot when I left and it broke my heart. Who knew a 3month old baby could tell that their parent is leaving them behind. I'm now in North West I think because I saw a sign saying welcome to north west, the South African boarder is the easiest boarder I've ever come across and now I know why other Africans come here alot, it's the easy access. This country is beautiful, there's so much space and nature in it that I just want to stop and admire the beauty but there's no time, I'll be in PTA in an hours time and I'm also in need of food and a power nap. I'm speeding on the highway trying to kill time and reach my destination so that I can sleep if I want to be wide awake for tomorrow's meeting, well more like today's meeting it's already 01:00 am and the meeting starts at 09:00. I should've left earlier then I wouldn't be in this predicament.

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I arrived at Burgers Park hotels at exactly 3am after getting lost for a very very long time because of these stupid one way streets, who's evil child came up with this? Damn them to the nearest hell. I checked myself in and went straight to bed, set my alarm for 7am then dozed off with a hungry stomach, I'll eat when I wake up. I was woken up by a my phone ringing and I picked it up "You better have a very good reason for waking me up" I answer feeling very angry and annoyed. "Ma'am a Mrs Van Wyk is on her way to your room right now " a woman's voice says through the phone. I look at the phone and realize that it's actually the hotel phone and not mine. "Okay, thanks for the heads up. Bye" I hung up and looked at the time. 11am! Jesus Christ son of Mary and Joseph, I need prayers. Did the alarm not ring? I jump off the bed and run to brush my teeth and remove my eye boogers then there's a knock on the door. I quickly rinse my mouth and rush to open the door "Hi, please come in. I'm so sorry I missed our meeting " I say feeling really embarrassed. How can I

oversleep like this? "It's okay, you must have been really tired " Mrs Van Wyk responds with a very funny accent. If I didn't know what's good for me I'd actually laugh, but now is not the time. We walk to the sitting area of the room and we both take a seat opposite each other. "Anything to drink?" I ask. "Vodka, no ice" she answers, she alcohol. Grandpa stuff even, she has a strong throat. I call for room service and order that vodka with no ice and a smoothie for myself. "I came here after I finished my rounds and thought we'd get down to business and have everything finalized before end of day. Shall we?" says Mrs Van Wyk

Me: We shall...

[7/15, 12:01] Chapter Twelve

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After Mrs Van Wyk is done reading the will I'm just looking at her with tears in my eyes and I don't think I'm even breathing

Mrs Van Wyk: Are you ok sweetie?

I still don't respond but I take a deep breath and start laughing with tears streaming down my cheeks, wow my parents. I need to do something to thank them, I'll even wear those animal skin charms and start praying to them.

Mrs Van Wyk: I'd also have mixed emotions if I were you. Right now I need you to come with me to the police station to verify your fingerprints then you'll have to sign off the deeds and letter of execution. After that you're free to do as you please.

I can hear her but I'm still waaaaay too busy trying to digest this that I'm just zombie-fied by this.

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We went to the police station and had my fingerprinted scanned then my name, surname and ID number popped out but there's no picture. "Ausi onale passa? " the police man asks "I have an Angolan ID not a south African one. " I respond

Policeman: "Khante o lendofa? Eh, nna ke bona Ofentse mo kere somara ke te kreyetse my size

kante dho. Kogeno bare apeya ka pitsa e nyane o le jampa trata wena. (You're a foreigner? I saw your name and thought that I've finally found my wife but no your family is lying to us. You're a boarder skipper)

I won't lie, I didn't hear anything so I just kept a straight face and pretended like I'm day dreaming.

Mrs Van Wyk: We need to get you a temporary ID and make an official one before month end or else the banks will freeze your accounts. So we'll go to the home affairs now then speed up the process.

Me: Okay, and how much does this whole thing cost?

Mrs Van Wyk: Don't worry, your parents paid me enough to last you a lifetime. They always paid me in advance so you're good.

Wow, my parents were one of a kind. Just wow. We finished the fingerprint scanning certified my execution letter that I'll be taking to the bank tomorrow.

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I'm sure you're wondering why I'm just not telling you anything. Well for one I'm still in shock and secondly I don't know how to say it. My parents left me everything. Their house in Pretoria East, all 4 cars, my dad's surgery, a beach house in Cape Town and shares to a SAB, I don't even know what that is. I'll google it when I get back to the hotel and they also had a policy worth 1.5million that is given to my grandpa as he is the beneficiary and to add on top of that my maternal grandparents left my parents an insurance policy worth 80k and since they also passed on that money is passed on to me. Basically I'm rich, I inherited everything including the employees. Well my mother made a clause that stated that staff members are paid should they die and businesses must go on and I'd take over when I'm legally of age and with a university qualification. It's like she knew something would happen to them, but I'll start investigating on that later, right now I'm still trying to accept this information and digest it properly. I feel like fainting, shutting on myself, laughing, screaming and crying all at the same time. God has a sense of humor...

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I went back to my hotel room and extended my days in order for me to finish what I came here for and move effective immediately. I called my Grandparents and told them to start packing and I'll book their flight in three days time.

As I was sitting on the bed thinking about the possibility of my parents being murdered I decided to call Richardo, he might know someone that knows someone who can help me dig.

His phone rang unanswered and I tried calling again and this time he answered "Yes"

Me: Hi Richardo, It's FeFe.

Richardo: Oh, hi Fentse. Why are you calling with a South African code?

Me: Because I'm in SA. I wanted to know something, uhm do you know someone who's good with technology?

Richardo: Yes, why do you ask

Me: Can you give me their numbers, I need someone who can hack into the system no questions asked

Richardo: Those people don't come cheap, why do you need this anyway

Me: Just send me the numbers, I'll explain later

Richardo: I'm coming there right now, I don't want you starting things you can't finish.

Me: Dude there's no need

Richardo: I'm not asking you Ofentse, send me your location.

After that he hung up. What did I bring upon myself? But he has good intentions though so I'll just have to work with him. I send my location, order room service while watching TV then eat and go to sleep. Tomorrow is going be a long day.

[7/15, 12:01] Chapter Twelve

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I'm in the bathroom dancing to an Amapiano slot on

TV and im feeling like the baddest puta in existence, yall this genre is the bomb. I don't know this person that is singing about lotto but he's going to be my husband, his voice just gives me that extra energy and I think I'll need it till death do I part with such a sexy voice. There's just something about this genre, It's like they added a special set of demons, angels and spice, that good spice that they use to marinate nando's chicken to the beats and lyrics that just makes your body move in ways you never thought existed, It's a musical gift.

I just came back from making my ID and bank card, and right now I'm going to the airport in Joburg to fetch Richardo. He called when I was busy with my lawyer and I had to reschedule the house viewing to Saturday, that way I can make sure that I bring my fam down here tomorrow, spend the entire Friday together, well just me and my baby munchkin then getting down to business on Saturday. I finish my business and head out, this Joburg isn't that far so I'll be just in time to fetch Richardo and come back without having to drive too late at night.

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Ladies and gentlemen, Richardo brought his twin, yes the pest is here and girl has no bug spray. I'm watching them walk towards me and I feel like running off and driving away at very high speed's just to get away from this one. "Mosadi wa mshaname (My boy's wife)" Here we go. Father God give me strength to deal with this boy, you said you'd never give us obstacles that we cannot defeat and right now I need strength to ignore this one because ignorance is bliss.

Me: Hi guys, how was your trip

Richardo: Fine, if you ignore the parts where this fool was flirting the air hostess

Tshiamo: I appreciate beauty, Okae mma wena(how are you lady)

Me: I'm fine thanks

Tshiamo: So you're not gonna ask how I am?

Me: I don't want to know, who's driving?

Them: You

Me: Alright.

We drove to the hotel, I booked an early flight for the family and went to sleep.

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TWO DAYS LATER

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We're driving with Mrs Van Wyk and grandpa is following behind in the van with Richardo and Tshiamo. I'm sitting at the back with Dee and I can't seem to stop fiddling with his tiny hands, It's only been a few days but I can see the difference in growth.

G-ma "Stop it, he's sleeping ". She, can I not bond with my baby. Anyway I stopped and just looked outside for the rest of the trip.

Mrs Van Wyk: We're here! Oh God, what's happening here?

I look forward as the gate opens and there's a party going on. Maybe the staff is celebrating our arrival. We drive in and Mrs Van Wyk is the first to exit the car and rushed to confront someone. Grandpa walks to my door opens and says, "Go and see what's going on, I'll stay with Dee" How typical of grandpa to avoid crowds. I get out and so does G-ma and we walk to where Mrs Van Wyk is with Richardo and Tshiamo behind us.

G-ma: Oh God, have mercy on my old soul

"What's wrong?" I ask but she doesn't respond she just looks forward. That makes me look into the direction she's staring at and there's this beautiful lady running towards screaming, okay my parents had a crazy employee from Angola "Yoh ngwana Sesi! " the lady says and hugs me. Her sister's child? So my mom wasn't the only child? "Yoh bona o godile byang wena. Le meriri ya papao yago zama nyana shem. Hape okare o permile wena. Lebogang tlaobone cousin ya gao" she says. Guys I'm sorry I can't translate such, I only heard Lebogang come see your cousin, the rest is just rocket science. To

make matters worse Tshiamo the spawn of Satan is laughing his butt off behind me enjoying the situation.

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In the words of Game Of Thrones... "Winter is coming" and it's coming with the speed of a Bugatti.

[7/15, 12:01] Chapter Thirteen

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If confusion was a person that would be me

Me: Uhm, I don't mean to be rude but what are you doing here?

Lebogang: Areng o, this is our house. Wena o nyakang mo? (what's this one saying, this is our house. What are you doing here?)

Me: Well legally it's my house

Lebogang: Hebanna, o no vomboga mo spacing nou o nyaka ntlw ya mmaka? Wagafa wena (Wow, you

pop out of nowhere and now you want my mother's house? You're crazy)

Mrs Van Wyk: Should I call the cops?

Woman: No! No it's fine, we will stop the party

Mrs Van Wyk: and also leave my clients premises.

Woman: Hao, byanong o re rena ronna kae? (And where must we stay)

Lebogang: We'll fight this in court. This is my mother's house.

Mrs Van Wyk: Sir, your mother doesn't have a house. This house belonged to Dikeledi and Alejandro Domingos and it's now my client, miss Ofentse Domingos' house

Lebogang: How is it her house when my mother inherited it?

Me: Uhm, Ma can you please tell your son what's happening here. He doesn't seem to understand

Woman: Ke mmane Mmantwa to you young lady. And there's nothing to say, this is my house

Mrs Van Wyk: Can I see your title deed?

Lebogang: Title deed yang wena? (What for) We're showing you nothing without our lawyer present.

G-ma: Mmantwa, haven't you grown out of your scheming ways? You're too old to be doing this and you young man, you have a future to think about before you start joining your mother's evil doings

Me: You know her?

G-ma: Yes, that's your mother's little sister. She's been like this ever since I met her it got to a point where he pinned this snot filled boy on your father after drugging him and clamming to have had an affair.

Mmantwa: Just like you bewitched my sister, that's why your son left you nothing.

Me: I think it's time we call the police, obviously this lady is delusional

Mmantwa: Ba tlogo loya lwena (they'll bewitch you as well), you'll see who's delusional then. Come Lebo, we're leaving .

Me: You guys can stay with us, the house is big enough anyway.

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Mrs party stopped the party and we've been having some awkward silent treatment going on and G-ma is busy eyeing aunt Mmantwa. Whatever beef they have is strong, I can feel the hatred cutting through my skin like a dagger. I went to the kitchen to get Dee's milk and Richardo follows after

Richardo: Why are you letting them stay?

Me: She was going to leave without a fight, something is definitely fishy and keep your enemies closer

Richardo: If I didn't know better I'd say Tshiamo is rubbing off on you, but that's a good point. I'll ask Tshiamo to investigate on them asap

Me: Tshiamo? What does that one know about investigating, he's always eating and playing games

Richardo: Tshiamo has a PhD in IT so basically he is a technology doctor.

Wow, I would never imagine that one as an IT guru, he's just so annoying to even think positive about. But that explains why Richardo brought him along, he is the contact that I asked for. Out of nowhere noise erupts from the living room and we rush there to find grandma and auntie Mmantwa fighting and grandma is holding a knife. Ok now I need to know how they know each other . Richardo, Tshiamo and Lebogang stop the fight and I catch a glimpse of grandpa disappearing with Dee. I'd actually laugh if this wasn't a serious matter.

Me: Okay I need to know why you two are fighting

G-ma: Stay out of it

Me: No I can't, and I won't let two people fight because of something I know nothing about. Something tells me that this fight is more than just about today's events so spill.

Auntie: Your grandmother is evil.

G-ma: Shut up puta!

Me: G-ma please let auntie speak. My grandma just looked at me and folded her arms after scoffing

Auntie: I used to date your father...

G-ma : Stop dreaming. He married your sister

Auntie: You made them marry.

G-ma : You whom - "G-ma! " I interrupt "Let her finish, you'll tell your side of the story later"

Auntie: Thank you, as I dated your father I got pregnant. And he took me to Angola to introduce me to his parents, that's when I met this one here." she points at G-ma "She gave me herbs told me that it's Angolan custom of a pregnant woman to take them and I drank thinking that she was telling the truth but I miscarried the following week and she told me that it only happens when the child doesn't belong to the family. Later on my sister came to visit me in Angola and this one and my sister got along like a finger and It's nail, they become inseparable.

G-ma: Stop lying to yourself, this girl needs mental attention

Auntie: I remember seeing her one night pour something into Alejandro and Dikeledi's drinks and then when I came in to stop them she pulled me to my room and told me that I didn't belong to their family and she'd do whatever it takes to make sure I never because a part of it. And whatever she poured into their drinks resulted in your conception. She forced them to get married and then I just got so depressed I ended up making mistakes like these in life" she points at her son

Lebo: Mama ke mistake?

Auntie: I didn't plan you, do you think I wanted a gay weak child in my life plans? You ruined my life and for that I'll never forgive you.

She walks off leaving Lebo crying on the floor and grandma comforting him.

[7/15, 12:01] Chapter Fourteen

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After what I heard I don't think trust will ever be an option in my life. I was born from deceit and manipulation. I'm sitting on my bed with Dee in my arms and I'm looking at him. We're the same, our birth's were an aftermath of lies and pure evil and the cause of someone's pain, except Dee cured the pain that was caused by someone else and I caused pain. Maybe that's why I was raped, karma skipped a generation and came guns blazing at me. The only sad part is that I didn't ask to be born, someone chose it for me and that someone is grandma. The old woman didn't even give her side of the story, she just looked at us and told us that what was done was done and can't be undone then walked away. There's a knock on my door and I ignore it, seconds later a red eyed Lebogang walks in and sits on my bed horizontal and I just look at his tears streaming down his face, he isn't acting. No one can act this good.

Lebo: Life's unfair.

Me: It's fair, It's just that adults don't think about their actions. They don't think that what they do now

affects four generations to come, now we have lives that we didn't choose for ourselves and situations we can't run away from because they'll always follow us.

Lebo: You're right. You're clever

Me: I try. And I'm sorry about what your mother said about you. I feel sorry for her, she's lucky enough to have a son that defends her honour but still doesn't see what's right in front of her face. Instead she sees past your perfection and goes right for the flaws

Lebo: Tupac didn't lie when he said that The Hate U Give Little Infants Fucks Everyone (THUG LIFE).

Me: What do you mean?

Lebo: Children are like seeds, whatever you give them show's in future so if you hate the infant, it will grow to be an angry and disruptive youth the same way that the plant will die or not bare any fruits if not natured. My mother was the black sheep, now she can't even love her own child because she was never taught how to from an early age, then grandma also

added salt to the wound if what she's saying is true.

Me: That's deep." He now makes me think about the kind of youth Devine will turn out to be. I better start instilling values and principles in his little brain before it's too late

Lebo: Can I hold him?

Me: Sure, just make sure you balance his neck.

I hand Dee over and he holds him and start talking to him in baby language

Lebo: Hello wena, Hello ngwana Malome Lebo, yes wena simane

I grab my phone and take a video of this cute exchange and Dee is just smiling showing his gums enjoying being played with.

Lebogang isn't a bad person, he just has a troubled mother who can't get over a ghost.

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Lebogang

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I wish I was as calm as FeFe about this whole situation. My own mother just called me a mistake in front of people and then packed her bags and left. I don't know what's worse, the insult or her leaving me behind. I'd take it like a champ if she took me with but she left me. She basically just opened my closet, dragged me out and then left me to deal with judgement.

Me: Are you ok with me being gay?

FeFe: I'm cool, as long as you aren't a criminal and won't bring your bae's here we won't have a problem. And who am I to judge you?

Me: Thank you. So where's his father?

Fefe: That story is for another day, we've had enough drama today to add on to that one. I actually think you'll faint from sensory overload.

Me: That bad huh?

Fefe: You have no idea. Anyway what are you doing now?

Me: I'm still in Grade 12, afterwards I'm going to tukkies to study mathematical statistics.

Fefe: Jesus, Lord all mighty. You're a genius.

Me: No, I just study hard

Fefe: Puta, studying can only get you so far that's pure genius. Mathematical statistics is meant for Albert Einstein and those other crazy over intelligent people. Us average people stick to law, teaching and BA's.

I've discovered that FeFe is a drama queen, quiet but dramatic and not afraid to say what's on her mind no matter how crazy it sounds when you say it out loud. I think she and I will get along, I just feel sad that my own mother abandoned me. I always had a feeling that she didn't love me but she made it very clear today. I take my phone and Call her

"What? " she answered

Me: Mama please come get me, we can fix this

Mama: No, you belong to them now. You fit in just right with the lies and dead dreams

Me: What about the house?

Mama: It's that girls house, we stayed there because I never thought she'd come back so do yourself a favor and find yourself a place to stay.

Me: Mara mama you can't leave me here, that's not was a mother does!

Mama: Do you think I asked for this? I shouldn't have gone to Angola, then I would now be in my beautiful house with my child and husband living my best life

Me: Then I wouldn't exist mama

Mama: Exactly, you're the root of all evil

Me: Mama wang hurta (mom you're hurting me)

Mama: Akena taba Lebo, tiya obe monna then maybe ota bana le mosola (I don't care, man up and maybe you'll be of use)

Me: So I'm useless?

Mama: Bye bye Lebogang, stop calling me. This better be the last time

Me: Kogo tshwarisa mama. (I'll get you arrested)

Mama: Tsamaya, o lebetse gore o fitile 18? Di social worker di kaseo thusi shem (Go, did you forget that you're over 18? Social workers won't help you shame)

With that she hung up and I just cried all over again, something tells me she knew this day would come and milked this situation to her advantage. If that's how she wants to play then I can also legally disown her, I can also play harder in the game she's playing. She's dead to me

[7/15, 12:01] Chapter Fifteen

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Lebogang

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It's only been a week since the incident and I've been calling my mother ever since and I think she blocked

my numbers because nothing goes through. I won't lie, it hurts because she was the only family I ever had and she abandons me when I need her the most. At least I have FeFe though, she's been an angel and comes to my room every night with snacks and we chill until we fall asleep, she is the most supportive person I've ever met. I've struggled making friends my entire life because I'm gay, and no one needs a Liberace in their lives and FeFe is the first person to call me friend and not because they want to extort something from me.

I'm busy applying my coco butter on my legs enjoying the soft feeling it leaves on my skin "You look sexy." someone says and I jump and turn to see who's saying such. "A little privacy please" I say to Tshiamo. I completely forgot that he and his brother are still here, they've been invisible lately. He comes in and locks the door behind him. Okay, what does this one want? "Can I help you?" I ask holding my towel tight around my waist so that it doesn't fall. "I think you will" He reply's smiling the walks to me "I know you will" and with that he just kisses me out of

the blue. Oh my goodness! He's gay, how didn't I see this? And I thought I was the master of gay-dar. I just melt into the kiss and enjoy the moment.

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Have you ever had such good sex that you laugh after having an orgasm? Tshiamo does wonders and I want it to continue day in and day out. We're getting dressed and we haven't said a word to each other.

"So are you... "

Tshiamo: No I'm not gay nor will I ever be, I just like experimenting things

Me: So you were just using me nje?

Tshiamo: No, when you use something you dump it afterwards, you and I aren't done and nor will we ever be

Yoh, uMr nor nor, what does he mean nje? Are we dating, are we fuck buddies do we just do it when we want it WHAT?!?!

Me: What does that make us?

Tshiamo: Friends with benefits

Me: Huh?

Tshiamo : If you need a friend I'm here and if you need someone to keep you warm at night I'm also here.

This one is lowkey gay, he's just still in his denial stages. If he wasn't gay he wouldn't care about my feelings. Ugh vokoff, let me just enjoy this vibe and not let my feelings come knocking on my heart's door.

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Ofentse

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I waited for Lebo for a whole hour and I'm tired of this.

Richardo: Where's your friend

Me: Lord knows. But im killing him when he gets

downstairs. We were supposed to go to the mall and buy clothes and food but nope, that bitch is taking his precious time.

Richardo: Let's go

Me: Nah, I don't want to be rude and leave him behind. Besides it's our little date

Richardo: Why do you always do that?

Me: What?

Richardo: Whenever I offer to accompany you you refuse. Why?

Me: I didn't realize that, I'm sorry.

What a lie, I avoid being alone with him, he's just so, arrrrrgh I don't even know how to put in in words. He's so cute and having him around just makes me all nervous and butterfly-yee. It's like RiRi's song, when I'm with him all I get is wild thoughts.

Richardo: Yeah, It's pretty clear you don't want me around but I jump high when you need me

Me: I said I was sorry, and you can't blame me for not being aware that you wanna be around me 24/7.

I need some time alone too you know.

Richardo: Bullshit, you're never alone you just don't want me around. I'll leave in the morning

Šhe! This boy catches feelings

Me: Ai ai ai papi. Você está possessão (No man, you are possessed) You need to tell me what you want and If I didn't wanna be around you I wouldn't have lived with you to begin with. So get that thought out of your head.

Richardo: I'm going upstairs, we'll finish this later.

And I thought G-ma was moody. Wow

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I went to the mall alone, bought groceries and clothes for Dee then took the things to the car and came back to buy some underwear. I need to get rid of those evil things. I walked into some shop I don't know, I was attracted by the underwear advertised on the window.

"Hi, uhm do you know where you just entered? I don't think you can afford this shop"

Chai! This girl is insulting me. She's working here but she sees poor on my forehead. I ignore her and continue looking for underwear. Then the security guard walks up to me "Sisi, ufunani la?" uhm??? "I don't understand" I tell him. "What do you want here" he says. "I came to buy, can't a person buy in peace? Geez" I'm now causing a scene and a guy comes to me "Hi, I'm Lunga, I'm the owner. Is there a problem "

Me: Yes, your employees can't mind their own business and please teach them not to class people. It's rude. I was going to buy but now I'm not. Have a nice day

Lunga: Yah neh, these thieves come up with new ideas to steal everyday.

Me: So I guess they learn this nonsense from you. Wow just wow.

I walk out of there feeling crashed and look at the store name Spelete. Never entering this store again. I walked to Mr Price since that shop looks like it's for "people like me" I bought some underwear and left. Today was an eyeopener, people judge you for how

you look before you even say anything and I want to teach everyone a lesson, starting from that rude owner. He will regret the day he looked down on me, and I'm doing it for all of us who really wanted to buy something nice for a change but workers didn't see us worthy enough to buy from that silly shop because we look poor.

[7/15, 12:01] 5 years later.

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I never thought I'd be in America living in the projects, I've always envisioned myself living it up in Hollywood or something. Not going back to square one but in a different continent, I should've just minded my own business and played stupid.

Lebo: Girl the landlord wants his money and I have nothing.

When life gets tough, dangerous plans are made...

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Sneak peek nyana

[7/15, 12:01] +27 74 372 1621: Chapter Sixteen

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"Remember not to put your heart where your backbone should be"

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2 years later

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Lebogang

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Today's FeFe's graduation day, my girl finally got her degree in LLB but she wants to further her qualification so that she can be a judge. I won't lie, girls got goals for days and I admire her for it. I been planing her graduation party for 3 months and things are just on point well excluding the part that she has a naughty son and ate a side of the cake with his hands and now we had to go for the store bought cake and we're all crossing fingers that it's not stale. I invited Tshiamo, against all weirdness and him

being married to a girl and everything. It hurt me for the first 6 months after he told me that he can't see me anymore and he thinks he's found the one, lol the side chick became the wife and I was demoted to nothing. Well i hope he brings Richardo with, now that one is seriously needed. He and FeFe need to swallow their pride and just accept that they have feelings for each other. I just need to play cupid and make things that need to be done happen.

"Lebo, mamata okae? (Lebo where's my mother)
Dee asks with cream all over his face and hands.
Somebody needs to give him a bath

Me: Lebo ke mang? (Who's lebo) I'm uncle L

Dee: Noooo o gay wena, asewena malome (No, you're gay, you're not uncle)

Me: Who told you that?

Dee: Malom' France (Uncle France)

So this garden boy is teaching Dee such nonsense, I'll ask FeFe to fire him later, I won't allow him teaching my Godbaby his sexist and homophobic ways.

I ask ausi to give Dee a bath and I continue monitoring the deco and catering.

G-ma : You've outdone yourself. This is beautiful boy

Me: Thanks G-ma

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We went to the ceremony and man UP graduations are boring, there's no sign of joy, It's like we're at a funeral and no one loved the dead bastard. I'm bored to my core then we all heard it "Ofentse Domingos. Not only is she receiving a cum laude but this young lady has set a record of being the only student to ever receive a consistency of 96% through out her under grad" Everyone just stood up and cheered for her as she walked on stage wearing her gown and her worn out and torn all star converse shoes peeping out for everyone to see. I didn't agree with her choice of shoes until she told me that she wore those shoes everyday in Angola because those were the only good shoes she had and someone had

donated them to her. I never knew how hard she had it and I still don't, I find out new things about her as we go because she says she hates pity and sympathy because they make her feel like she didn't fight enough in her life and she doesn't need that. This girl's strength and zeal motivates me to make something and someone out of myself

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We drove home feeling happy and excited that she's made it although she doesn't look so happy, but I know just the trick. When we got home there were cars parked, people walking around in the yard and songs blasting in the yard like we're teenagers feeling wild and spontaneous. Dee on the other. Hand is bouncing on Fefe's poor lap saying he's going to eat ribs, this boy and food. The car stops, we get out and go and enjoy ourselves. There's no sign of Tshiamo or Richardo so I'm guessing they aren't coming but that's not the problem, FeFe still doesn't seem happy. I'm missing something here

Me: What's wrong?

Fefe: Do you believe that ancestors talk to you?

Me: No, I believe in God and only God. Why?

Fefe: I had this dream where I see my dad screaming run then I woke up all of a sudden, and right now the same thing happened but this time a woman told me to take Dee and run

Me: I don't believe in such but you should listen to it. Let me stop the party and we'll go to the beach house asap. I think it's the holy ghost talking to you. It's warning you about something

Fefe: No don't stop the party, It's fine. I'll just take Dee out for a while and see if this feeling dies down.

Me: Are you sure? I can always shut this party down, you know I enjoy ruining vibes

She laughs and says it's fine then walks off. I hope whatever it is isn't true, I've heard horror stories about ancestral callings and I don't wish to witness it.

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Ofentse

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Something's wrong, something's very wrong. The last time I felt like this Paloma ended up dead, I didn't wanna make everyone panic but I just have to leave. "Dee, come" I call him upstairs and then find a change of clothes for him, as we're about to leave the bedroom and head out to the park just near by I'm stopped dead in my tracks by a vile and deadly sound. Gunshots coming from outside, people screaming and crying, Oh God, not this, not now. Dee is crying holding me for dear life as the shooting goes on and on, cars screeching and slowly the screams die down to complete silence. What the hell is going on? As I grab my phone to call the police someone talks behind me "I dare you to call them, I'll shoot you dead in the face and take my son with"

God... Why me?

[7/15, 12:01] Chapter Seventeen

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Every hurricane has a starting point. Mine is this one.

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"Mario please, I'll do anything just don't hurt Dee" I begged Mario as he closed the door behind him with his leg.

Mario: You're going to sign over this house, the surgery and all the money that your parents left you.

Me: What did I ever do to you, why are you doing this to me?

Mario: It's not personal. Here take this paper and sign it.

I take the paper and it states that I'm handing all my assets over to him and it also has the list of assets. This is everything but the SAB shares, thank you Jesus. I sign the papers and hand them over to him crying. This person has the life of a leech, once he has a taste of your blood he keeps coming back, I pray he doesn't return after this.

Mario: Why are you giving me ownership so easily, what are you hiding?

Me: Bitch you wanted my money isn't it? Now you have it, don't make this more difficult than it already is. I gave up my assets in exchange for my son's life, now go die with my money

Mario: You think you're slick, I'm coming back tomorrow and I want you gone. My business partner needs to move in asap

Me: Do I look like I care? You know money that you didn't earn doesn't last, I'm giving you two years and you'll be broke again. Don't say I didn't warn you

Mario: Hello son.

Me: Leave my son out of this, now if you'll let me pack my things

Mario: You sure are disrespectful, I'm the one with the gun here, I'm the one that has your fate in my hands. You better shut up and listen to me clearly. I will shoot you if you say another word understood?

Me: ...

Mario: I said understood!

He yelled scaring Dee and he held on to me tighter, I need to take him to extensive psychology after this, this is trauma to him.

Me: Didn't you tell me to shut up? And keep it down, you're traumatizing my child.

Mario: You mean our child

There are police siren sounds outside and Mario jumps out the window and like we aren't on the upper story and that was the last time I saw him.

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I carry Dee downstairs and there are police officers talking to a crying Lebo and there's someone sitting next to him with his head in his hands facing down.

"Is everyone okay? " I ask, they all look at me then Lebo comes running towards me and hugs me "I thought you were gone already" he says "I was about to when this all happened is anyone hurt? " I ask, . He doesn't respond and he's looking down "Lebogang? "

He needs to look at me. "Fentse I think you need to sit down" I look at the person that was sitting next to Lebo, Richardo. What's he doing here? "Why do I need to sit down? What happened!?" I ask getting agitated. "Sit down Ofentse." His voice carries so much power and I oblige without arguing further. "Thank you." He say. "Now talk, what's wrong, who's hurt?"

Richardo: Uhm, I don't know how to say this... oh Lord, uhm Grandma and Grandma Domingos are no more, I'm so sorry for you loss, the paramedics tried everything they could to save them but grandma had died on the spot from a bullet to the chest and grandpa died from a heart attack, he wasn't shot...

He became blurry after that. Do I alwehave to lose my loved ones all at once? What kind of sorcery is this? Why am I not crying? Mario just started a war with me that he won't be able to end. I've had enough of this rubbish

Lebo: ... That's not the worse part, the shooter is my mother and trust me I had nothing to do with this nor did I know that my mother could be so evil, I'm sorry

I really am. FeFe are you listening?

Me: Your mother? Auntie Mmantwa? How...

That's the partner that will be moving in tomorrow, she and Mario will pay for this. I've warned him before and he doesn't seem to listen. But like the great mother nature said, those who don't listen to verbal warnings will feel the painful consequences on their flesh. I'm going to make sure that he regrets the day his father's condom broke.

Me: Detective's thank you for you time, but I'd like to be alone now.

The detective's left then it was just the 3 of us and Dee is asleep on the couch. My poor baby was so scared that he put himself to sleep to escape such horror.

Lebo: Are you okay

Me: I'm peachy

Lebo: Are you sure

Me: Dead sure.

Richardo: I think she's still in shock

Me: I'm not. Lebo, you will either forgive me or forget me but I'm going to kill your mother.

Lebo: You have my blessings

Richardo: Woah woah woah, is anyone thinking here?

Me: Yes, and right now I'm tired of people thinking that they can get away with hurting me. As from now on I'm retaliating

[7/15, 12:01] Chapter Eighteen

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Don't give those who hurt you the opportunity to tear a wound that healed

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I really can't believe this is happening. Thankfully I still have my dividends money in my private account and I can at least rent an apartment until I find a house. I'm on my laptop googling for available

apartments and I only found one in Karenpark, It's far enough to be away from Mario and Mmantwa and also close enough to travel to campus everyday. I also need to buy a cheaper car, well patrol wise like a KIA.

Richardo: For someone who just lost it all you sure are calm and collected.

Me: One thing I learned from my grandparents is that you remain calm when everything around you is getting destroyed. The pain is less and it gives you time to think about how you will rebuild what was ruined without the enemy knowing.

Richardo: Smart folks, they raised pure gold.

Me: Thank you. I'm thinking of having them cremated and then taking their ashes to Angola.

Richardo: Why not just burry them?

Me: Grandma didn't want that, she doesn't want people going to disturb her in her resting place telling her their problems so she wanted to be cremated and grandpa would like to be in Angola his birthplace so cremation is the safest and cheapest

way of transporting the dead plus money will be tight since I'm practically broke

Richardo: I can help

Me: No, I can't let you

Richardo: Let me do this, let me help. I feel useless and that kills my ego as a man you know.

Me: Thank you, but I can't let you do it

Richardo: Why do you keep doing this to me?

Not this again...

Me: I can't burden you. I need to do this alone. I don't need a knight in shining armor, the hero complex does not exist in my system.

Richardo: It's only a burden if I had no intention of helping, right now I want to help, I can't keep seeing you like this so please let me help. And if you don't want a hero then you'll be my PA, you'll work for the help I provide.

Me: Fine but just this once.

He was so happy like he won something. If I didn't

know that he's older I'd say he's childish

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Richardo

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This girl is so stubborn and filled with pride from the core, her 5% share won't maintain them like she thinks it will. And what irritates me more is the fact that she he won't let me help, I mean at this point she needs to allow me to help, I'd do anything for her but she just won't let me. I take my phone and call the only person I trust.

Me: Tshiamo, tell the men we're back.

Tshiamo: Don't tell me you're doing this for that girl, she doesn't love you man.

Richardo: I said, tell the man we're back. I said nothing about my feelings for Ofentse. Now do it. We'll meet up at the hide out in North West.

With that I hung up. Tshiamo thinks I'm not aware that Ofentse doesn't love me, quite frankly I don't think she's capable of love. She's just so robotic and emotionless you wouldn't go near her if you knew nothing about her actual personality.

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I have a confession to make, I'm a gang leader, not necessarily the strongest in the world but I try. I was recruited by my former gang leader Zibane when I was only 16 become he found me selling drugs on his territory, he took me and Tshiamo in and made us work for him in order for us to have a place to stay. In exactly three years time Tshiamo and I had worked our way to the top but he still didn't recognise us or show any appreciation for our hard work, instead he told us to leave because we we're being too big for our shoes so we stole half of his goods and took off. We came to Mozambique and started our own gang. Ever since then we've been gathering up and disappearing so that he and the police don't find us, and to add onto our wanted list, that mental case of an uncle Constantino has been

looking for us for years making business very hard, so I started opening small tuck shops to clean money knowing that auditors don't target sole traders then later on opened the hotel to divert attention from the tuck shops. Right now I'm ready to risk it all for Ofentse, she needs my help whether she realizes it or not and I need to trap my uncle and Ofentse is the best bait ever. She will see I love her and I need to understand that I'm not going anywhere any time soon. Plus I'm killing two birds with one stone

[7/15, 12:01] Chapter Nineteen

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Richardo

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I've gathered up the guys and told them everything that has been happening so far. We're on our way to Ofentse's house to deal with this mess, and whoever's living in there better be prepared and be on good terms with God because we're not going

there for a social visit. It's 3am the right time to enter someone's house and torture the truth out of them then discard of them after we're done.

Me: Okay guys were 8 houses away, 4 go through the back yard and back door and Tshiamo, Ortho and I will enter through the front door. Make sure there aren't any casualties and leave no evidence. One fingerprint and you're eliminated. Permanently eliminated

Tshiamo: Ai marn monn' we know that

Me: Tshiamo.

Tshiamo: Sorry

Tshiamo likes undermining my authority because he's older, he fails to understand that this is business and if beating him up a little to send a message across is needed then I'll do it. I can't have men that don't fear me, fear is key in this line of business.

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To say I'm in pure disgust wouldn't even explain what's happening to me right now. Some young skinny boy was making out with Lebo's mother, a woman old enough to be his mother. I know some of you will have an issue with the age ain't nothing but a number nonsense but at this point age matters. This is disgusting, an abomination and she had a problem with having a homosexual son when she sleeps with children her son's age or even younger, this boy looks 17 years old. "Wow, I was curious about your anger towards your sons sexuality but now I get it. You wanted him all to yourself you sick witch" Tshiamo says while slapping the lady. If I didn't know better I'd say he's defending himself.

Mmantwa: Auweeee! You're hurting me.

Me: Calm down. Ortho take this young man here home, tell his parents this one was raping him.

Boy: It's not rape, I like MILFs.

Me: Stop watching porn, it will mess with your head. This isn't a movie, go home son

Boy: Fine. I'll be back baby

Mmantwa: No, I'll come get you when I need some.

Boy: Uh, okay.

The boy left. I have to give it to him, having the balls to fuck an old woman straight up.

Me: So are you talking or do we have to take you with us?

Mmantwa: What do you want to know?

Tshiamo: Easy so? What are you up to? Let's take her joh

Ortho: Good idea, I don't think we're alone.

GP, Gift and Percy walked in holding guns to Mario and His father's head. A family reunion I see.

Tshiamo: Hello Fabio, missed us? Fabio: How are you two alive?

Me: Your men were sleeping on the job, we owe them a thank you card actually

Mario: You know them dad?

Fabio: They are your cousins.

Mario: But uncle Constantino doesn't have kids

Me: So you didn't tell your son about your twin brother that you killed to take his money.

Fabio: Shut up, you know nothing

Tshiamo: And we're not going anywhere until you tell us. Percy.

Percy: Sure case.

See what I mean? He's even giving orders to my man, I'll deal with him later. Right now I need to milk the truth out of these ones here. "Ok let's start from the begging shall we?" I say screwing on the silencer on the gun.

Mario: Kiss my ass.

Wrong move. I shot him in the groin then on the shoulder. That was for raping my girl, and there's still more where that came from. "Still acting tough? " I ask walking closer to him

Mario: Não consigo respirar. (I can't breathe)

Tshiamo: You can, that's why you're talking. And you're shot in the groin, not your lungs now man up.

Fabio: Enough! I'll tell you what you want to know.

Me: Not yet. I want to torture the rapist out of your son first before coming to you.

Mmantwa: And then nna? Why am I here?

Me: Shut up! We save the best for last.

Mario: I didn't mean to rape all those girls, father made me. He said girls don't have sex with boys like me so we have to take it by force.

"And you listen? How many have your made pregnant? " GP asks

Mario: All of them

GP: And how many are there?

Mario: I lost count, but all of them aborted but one. She is raising my son out there and I wouldn't be more proud.

GP lost it and started beating him up and kicking him in the groin "My sister committed suicide after

someone raped her. Something tells me it's you" he says while still kicking him and there's blood all over the floor and the granny cougar here is crying praying that God helps her. GP is a loose cannon and I'm stepping back until he's satisfied.

Fabio: Stop it! You'll kill him

Tshiamo: Stop acting all sensitive, you're a murderer after all. Now why are you targeting a Ofentse Domingos?

Fabio: Non of our business

I shot his ancle, "For every question you don't answer I shoot your joints. Now lets start again, why her? "

Fabio: She has money.

Me: We already know that.

Fabio: She's Constantino's child

Me: And you expect me to believe that you let your son rape his cousin?

I shot his other ancle

Mmantwa: Ugh, shut up. The witch grandma did all

this, I just killed her because she wanted to come clean. She wanted Ofentse's mother dead so she hired someone to drug the pilot, what the witch didn't know is that her son was also going to be on the plain that day. That's where we come in, we just wanted a payout to keep our mouths shut that's how we got ahold of her inheritance but it wouldn't budge so we waited...

Mario: I feel cold.

Mmantwa: Then they got here the grandma created a scene so that it doesn't seem like she knew us but she did, oh she did alright. She gave us all the info we have about the will including the policy money that his son left her husband. We came back to take the money but she was starting to refuse so the shooting started. I shot her and then she confessed everything to her husband, that's how they both died, old man strangled her to death then I pricked him with a thelium and lethal drug, that's how he died, it wasn't a heart attack and she didn't die on the spot. Need I say more?

[7/15, 12:01] Chapter Twenty

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Tshiamo: Now tell me. Why kill the grandpa if he had nothing to do with it? This doesn't make sense.

Fabio: That's because the puta is lying. Ofentse is really Constantino's child. That's why the grandma wanted to kill her mother because she betrayed them, she succeed in it too but the problem began when her breadwinner died along with her enemy and they started becoming poor. She took the girl by force thinking that her inheritance will get to her but it didn't because I froze it. I wanted to be the one getting the money first before she did.

Me: If she's Constantino's child then why did he rape her?

Fabio: He didn't know.

"Bullshit. Someone better give me real answers and fast." Ortho said and shot Mario in the head. He's dead now.

Fabio: Noooooo! WHY!?

Ortho: Tick tock, you're next now start talking.

Fabio: Okay Constantino is not my biological brother. That's how he could rape her, and everything else is true.

Me: Then why kill the grandpa?

Mmantwa: Because he would tell Ofentse that she's not his grandchild and Ofentse would forfeit the inheritance, we still wanted the money.

Tshiamo: So you did all this for money?

Fabio: Yes and we also know that that girl inherits everything from Constantino should he die, so we had to milk this inheritance before the truth came out

Me: Okay, if that's all then we have nothing more to say.

I shot them both execution style and then started cleaning up. We can't let Ofentse move back into a house that's filled with blood.

Tshiamo: Percy look for the documents that they

made Ofentse sign and destroy them, GP, braai(a) die mense (Burn these people) then wena Ortho will help cleaning up we need to finish on time.

See what I mean? He's starting to give orders, who's in charge here? He needs a beating and fast.

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We got back to the apartment at 8am. After cleaning and disposing the corpses we ate and then waited for the stuff to inform them about the changes.

Tshiamo changed the security codes and also added more cameras that aren't correspondent to the house's Security system. When we left everything was in order and there was no blood trace no finger prints, nothing, that's how good we are.

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"Yicky! " Dee came running naked towards us, I burst out in laughter. Only Dee has the courage to run naked, how I wish to be as carefree as he is.

Tshiamo: Ooh Dee, so you can't see me.

Dee: Ah, mama bona. Bo yicky ba bai choo. (Mama look, two Ricky's)

By the time this boy's speech is fluent we will hear things. He already talks too much and he's just 2years old.

Ofentse: Dee marn, go bath.

"Atenyake! (I don't want)" After saying that he ran off.

"Hai man Dee!" we hear Lebo yelling in his room. I love this little boy.

Fentse: I think you need a bath as well.

Tshiamo: It's called the macho man smell, it's the smell of realness

Fentse: Real shitty you mean. You stink.

Tshiamo: If I cared about you I'd be hurt, let me leave you two to quarrel like dating amateurs.

This boy needs help, we don't quarrel.

Fentse: Sooooo?

Me: You're free to move back to your house whenever you're ready.

Fentse: Really?

Me: Yes, even today is fine.

"Thank you so much" she said and jumped on me.

"Oh I love you so much" she said in our embrace. I don't think she's aware that she said it out loud. I just enjoy the few seconds I have her in my arms before she comes to her senses. She slightly pulls away then give me a peck on my lips and looks down. "I'm sorry. I'm just so happy was befitting to do it. Thank you anyway." Okay Richardo it's now or never. I grab her by her neck then kiss her, she isn't kissing back. Why isn't she kissing back?? SHIT I blew it! I pull back and she runs away. Ah, now I made her panic, smart move monna, very smart. I continue scolding myself for the rest of the day and do everything in my power to avoid any form of contact with her. She needs to digest everything that has happened and I'll give her space.

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Ofentse

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He kissed me. My first kiss, I. Uhm damn. I just sat in my room listening to Jhene Aiko's magic hour. She's right, it ain't perfect but everything's beautiful. I need to learn how to kiss. I googled kissing tutorials and they still weren't helping "Why are you looking at people kiss? " Shit! What's he doing here?

Me: Uhm, uh

Richardo: Ofentse?

Me: Uhm... I don't know how to

Richardo: What do mean you don't know how to?

Me: I've never kissed anyone before, that's why I ran away. I was embarrassed.

Richardo: Oh.

He moved towards me and kissed me again.

Richardo: Thank you.

Me: What for?

Richardo: For waiting for me. I know you weren't necessarily waiting for me but still. Thank you.

I just took a leap of faith and kissed him trying to mimic what I saw on the internet and he seems to notice because he laughs and tells me to follow his lead. It feels nice so far, weird but nice.

What kind of spell has this man put me under?

[7/15, 12:14] Chapter Twenty One

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What now? I kissed him yes, I like him alot but then what? Are we now dating? Do I become possesseive? What?? Ugh, I hate this feeling! I'm so frustrated and nervous and happy and giddy and and and... "Chom, can I come in" Lebo says knocking

Me: Come in, I need you even.

Lebo: Okay? What's up?

Me: I kissed him

Lebo: So?

Me: Dont so me, you know very well that I haven't kissed a guy before

Lebo: You mean to tell me that you kissed a guy

Me: Richardo

Lebo: Richardo to be specific. When?

Me: Yesterday when they came back and at night when he came to my room and caught me watching kissing tutorials

This guy just laughs like I just told him the funniest thing to ever exist.

Lebo: Kissing tutorials? I could have taught you mos, why waist your data?

Me: I wasn't thinking and I'll kiss you the day I'm drunk, delusional and blind.

Lebo: Uh, bitch have you seen me? Do you not see my lip's? I would make you wish you were a man so you could date me and get to kiss these diamond

mines on my face. Richardo wishes for lip's like mine.

Me: Eww. Anyway I don't know what to do next. Do I ignore him, do I ask him out, do I kiss him again when I see him what????

Lebo: Yoh, o amateur mos wena (You're an amateur) you flirt with your eyes. Look at him like he's ice cream in the Kalahari desert. Make him know that he's wanted that he's a snack but don't give him the satisfaction of knowing it

Me: What?

Lebo: Seduce him, make him have wet dreams about you... as old as he is make it happen. Ebile let me start with your outfit. You're wearing bum shorts today. Let me play this song as motivation.

He connected his phone to my speaker then played this sexy song, the man has pipes shem, no lie.

Me: Who's this?

Lebo: Tank, Trey Songz and Ty dollar sign. The masters of sex songs.

Me: This is a sex song? Why are you making me

listen to it??

Lebo: To call upon the Jezebel hiding behind this innocent girl act.

I just listened to the song as Lebo went through my clothes looking for a bum short and a crop top, I don't understand why because I don't have any.

Lebo: I'll borrow you mine.

He walked out and I was alone with the song, and yep, it really is a sex song. The lyrics are too big for me. "Face down ass up??" How do you even do that? You know what, google is my new friend. I google face down ass up and it shows me yoga poses. Okay, easy enough, but that man makes it sound so nasty with his voice.

Lebo: I'm back, wear this.

He hands me this super torn shorty and a bra.

Me: Ñao! Ta brincando né?? (No! You're kidding right?)

Lebo: No, I mean business and right now my job is to make you delicious enough. Wear it and come have

breakfast.

With that he left me with the outfit and sex songs, I didn't know people had sex song playlist. Now I'm listening to Chris Brown. The song motivates me to wear the stripper outfit then I go to the dining room for breakfast. The first to see me is Tshiamo and he whistles and laughs. Oh I look hideous, and I blame Chris Brown and his privacy song. Nonsense motivation. Richardo looks up and chokes on his juice, he even has bloodshot eyes. Oh God it's so bad he just wants to die. I walk to the table encouraging myself that I look hot and no one can tell me otherwise. I'm doing this for myself and me alone.

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We ate breakfast with an awkward vibe, I wouldn't say silence because Dee was talking most of the time. I'm now busy washing the dishes and tidying up in the kitchen when Richardo walked in.

Richardo: You win

Me: Huh?

Richardo: You're trying to make my day difficult...
you win

Me: But I'm not trying anything and the day hasn't
started yet

Richardo: For someone so innocent you know how
to push buttons, I know respect is key but if you
continue wearing like this my self restrictions will
lose this war it's having with my natural instincts.

Me: Okaaaay, I'll act like I understood

I say as I walk back to the zinc and wipe off the
clean plates. I feel him take my right hand then press
it on his pants. "This is what that little outfit of yours
is doing to me." He says while rubbing my hand on
his crotch. Oh dear heavens, why does first times
have to be so embarrassing? But his crotch had an
interesting feel to it, so I squeeze a little then he
groans. Damn, too hard, I hurt him. I say sorry and
attempt to run away.

Richardo: Never apologize for doing what you want
to do. Anyway it felt nice.

Nice? He's even smiling, não aprendermo (I don't understand) Why does he seem pleased? I'll ask Lebo later, now I have to avoid this whole madness.

Me: Well, if you'll excuse me I have to finish up in here.

Richardo: It's like that huh, I'll get my revenge.

He walked away and let me finish cleaning up in the kitchen, after that I spent the whole day with Dee to avoid Richardo.

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It's night time! I've succeeded in avoiding Richardo like the plague, I'm chilling with Lebo telling him about the kitchen incident and he is just filled with joy and laughter. I still fail to understand what the joke is about this. "Hi." Oh oh, Richardo walked into my room in his Pj's "Can I take over your chillas? " he asks

Lebo: Good night chom, ke nyaka mogozi frugu (I want news in the morning)

Uggggggh! Why would he leave me? Richardo locks the door after Lebo walks out and walks over to me. "I'm here to take my revenge " he climbs on the bed then comes within inches of my face then stops and looks at me like I was as supposed to... like ice cream in the desert. He starts kissing me and grabs me then flips us over so that I'm on top of his and we continue kissing our bodies pressed together and I feel his hands travelling down my body to my Pj shots. I'm not wearing underwear! Please don't notice, please don't notice. He puts his hands on my bum and then gently rubs it until he feels my bare skin and smiles into the kiss. At this point I can't stop myself, I don't know what's happening but I like it.

[7/15, 12:14] Chapter Twenty Two

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Love is a hiding place for secrets. It's a place where you find yourself and lose yourself continuously.

Only those who make love know gift of finding themselves and getting lost in someone else.

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I couldn't do it. I couldn't look at him, I couldn't stop crying I just couldn't. Mario is haunting my sexual life and I've had it with him. I booked an appointment with a psychologist for tomorrow and in the mean time I'm too busy blaming myself for being so weak, how dare Mario disturb my time, time that should've been memorable and filled with love and affection, he just bulldozed his way into my mind and took over. Ugh. I'm in Lebo's room waiting for him to come out of the shower, I need to talk to someone about this before I black out.

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Lebo: FeFe, you need to tell yourself that Mario isn't in control over your life. Do you think he's thinking

about you wherever he is? NO! He's too busy enjoying his life to even think about you, he's out there probably having sex with his girlfriend and you don't come to mind, nope, he's enjoying every second of it. Yes he raped you, but you're also to blame because you didn't press charges against him, you let him run free so it's either you forgot about him, block him out of your memories and move on with your life or open a case against him to find closure.

He's right, I did let him go scar free. I won't open a case against him so I'm guessing moving on with my life is the only option.

Me: I can't open a case against him

Lebo: If you're about to give me that stupid reason that he's Dee's father I will slap you silly. He's not his father, he doesn't even deserve that title, he's a monster and a rapist. I'm Dee's father, I'll be all the father figure he needs

Me: Yeah right

Lebo: I'm a man before I'm gay, I like men, that

doesn't make me any less of a man than a man like Mario. I'm man enough to admit and accept who I am. So don't bullshit me, I can be a very good father figure. Unlike an "actual" man that you're looking for that will leave you and Dee high and dry before you say father figure. Is that the kind of example you wanna show Dee?

Me: No, of course not.

Lebo: That doesn't seem like it. You want Dee to know Mario his actual father that is a rapist. Or a man that will dump you right after he finds something new? Bitch I'm gay, girls don't faze me and I know exactly what it's like to grow up without a father so I won't let Dee go through the same thing. You and I Dee are my ride or die, I'd do anything to protect you.

Me: Thank you so much. I love you

I hug him so tight with tears streaming down my face. I didn't know he loved me this much, I'm just out of words as we just chill in the same position.

Lebo: Come on, Dee must be hungry.

Me: He probably took a chair and took food out of the fridge, you know how he is.

We went the kitchen and found Dee sitting on the floor with Tshiamo eating billtong.

Dee: Mama segwapa.

Tshiamo and Lebo as usual just burst in laughter.

Me: Mo. Mogwapa (billtong)

Dee: Mogwapa? lyoh.

Me: Are you hungry?

Tshiamo: Yes ma'am

Ugh, who asked him. But I just make breakfast anyway. I make oats, Dee has already had enough meat from the billtong for the morning.

Tshiamo: Haoa oats? You could've just said that you didn't want to make breakfast and let us order something nice.

I really don't have the energy for this. I dish up for Dee and Lebo then give them their I plate up for myself and go sit down to eat.

Tshiamo: What about me.

Me: Didn't you say that you didn't want oats?

Tshiamo: No, I said Haa oats not I don't want oats

Me: Oh well, there's oats in the pot.

Tshiamo: Yoh, Richardo o rata dilo banna, ga antholele le mosetsana wa teng mara tlabe a nyaka mahadi (Richardo likes things man. The girl doesn't even dish up for me then she'll want to receive dowry)

I just lost it and pushed him to a corner and grabbed the nearest object "You know what I'm tired of you! You're in my house, you ungrateful son of a bitch, you always complain about me and how I do things around here. If you don't like what's happening here then get the fuck out! I don't need you and as for thinking that I'll agree to marrying your brother, forget it. I'd rather live my whole life single than be anywhere near you. And disrespect me again and I'll kill you, that's a promise." I have a knife in my hand pointing it at him and he looks proud, he's actually smiling at me.

Tshiamo: I see balls are growing. If I push enough I could make a warrior out of you.

I just left him there and went to Richardo's room. I need a distraction, I need to relief some toxins and he'll help. I hear the shower the running and I walk into the bathroom, he's facing the other direction, good. I take my clothes off and slowly open the door then enter and close it again.

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"What the... what are you doing in here" He says after he turned around, more like jumped around because he looks frightened. I don't think, I just kiss him with every emotion running through my core and he pulls back. "No, we shouldn't " he says, but I pull him in again with my hands behind his neck and kiss him again this time he responds with the same hunger and passion. A hunger and need to control. I move my hands from his neck all the way to his crotch and start playing with it. He seems to enjoy it

with his groans again, the cause of my fears. He's not Mario, he's not Mario I keep chanting it in my head and I hear him groan and touch my breasts and flower. it feels nice, he inserts his finger into my flower and slowly pumps it in and out and lord, it's better than scratching an itchy ear with an earbud... I stop playing with his crotch enjoying the sensation my body is creating and I Reaching around him, I caressed his firm arm muscles as he positioned himself and

guided his thick cock in my pussy. He pushed and inched it in. I writhed

in slight pain as I felt him inching deeper inside me.

With another push, his thick cock fully plunged into my wet snatch. I moaned as I

grabbed his muscular arms. I felt him straining deeper inside, then he held still for

a moment "You okay" he asked looking worried "Yes, please go on" He began thrusting slowly "Oh, your pussy is so tight," he murmured. I was breathing heavily and moaned with every

thrust. Keep chanting I remind myself each time my mind slips to Mario. I'm finally doing it. There's no Mario to invade my moment and he'll never return after this. This is exactly what I needed, I needed a new drug to get rid of an old habit. Richardo is my new drug, and I'm proud to say that I'm loving every minute of my intoxication.

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Twenty Three

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"Pussy so good, I saw my own name during sex"
Cardi B

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I don't regret what I did, but I'm not proud of it either. I won't lie, it felt good, I needed it and I'm sure he did to it's not like he'll admit it but he did. I'm going to the psychologist today i'm really not feeling it but I gotta do what I gotta do to make things work right?

But before I need to get some. I walk to Richardo's room and find him sleeping, I sneak under his covers and start stroking his manhood through his Pj's and he's still not waking up so I take it a step further, I've been googling sex styles and what men enjoy and came across giving head or it's original name blow job so that I'll be doing now. Like I once said, google is my friend.

Anyway, I lower myself in his blankets just enough to be in facial contact with his morning wood, damn this boy has a thick rod. I inhaled to smell his musky manliness then pulled his pants down a little to free my lollipop. There it is, my big gift from god. As we say in Portuguese, pau grande. I trail my tongue teasingly up and down his shaft and I can hear his breathing pattern change, "Yesssssss girl you're that good." I say to myself. I sucked lightly on his head and plunged my mouth down on him

while stroking his long shaft. He groans. Ah, he's awake. I continue sucking him crazy and he removes the covers only to find me busy. "You need to stop doing... Aaah modimo. That" I ignore him and suck

on him as hard as I can to make him weak to the core and have him beg for mercy. He is grunting and groaning with his hand now on my head pushing father down his shaft until I lose air. Be in control I scold myself. I stop with the teasing and go straight for my mission. I climb on top of him and lowered myself on his shaft, I stopped half way and put my hands on his chest to steady myself. Today I need it slow to savor the moment, anyway it's my turn to moan.

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"Dr I'm not nor will I ever be a nymphomaniac. " I say bored to my core. How dare he call me a nympho.

Dr: That's the psychological diagnosis. You have nymphomania, I'm going to ask you questions and you need to answer me truthfully. Okay?

Me: Sure.

Dr: Have you ever been sexually assaulted?

Me: Why does me loving sex have to do with rape?
Can't I just love it no questions asked??

Dr: Please answer the question

Me: Yes.

Dr: How did you deal with it?

Me: How people deal with trauma, pretend like it never happened

Dr: How do you feel when you have sex?

Me: Good, duh. It gives you a new type of high, you don't even need drugs for it.

Dr: Are you thinking about sex right now?

Me: Hebanna, khante do we now enter thoughts as well?

Dr: Ma'am.

Me: Ok fine, I can't stop thinking about him. I love him you know.

Dr: Did you love him before you had sex with him?

Me: Kind of.

Dr: How so?

Me: I had a crush on him

Dr: Ok.

Me: So what now? You do realize that I'm not a nympho right?

Dr: You definitely have mild nymphomania and compulsive hypersexual behaviour. Do you know what that means?

Me: Yes, it means that just like every red blooded creature on earth. I love sex.

Dr: No, You have a mental and emotional imbalance. It's probably caused by past sexual trauma's but we don't really know the specific cause yet and that in turn makes you use sex to escape from loneliness, hurt, vulnerability etc. This is also called problematic sex, you won't be able to stop until you get professional help and it's good that you're only in the begging stages and we can prevent it before it escalates. I'll be sending you an email later on of a sex addiction group and I advise that you go there and just listen to the people and learn from them.

Your disorder is dangerous and I will also advice for you to stay away from pornography. It also trigger's such behaviour.

Me: Well thanks for nothing.

I left feeling so angry. I'm not a sex addict, I've only had it twice.

I drove to the mall to buy a few things for the house, more billtong and fruity snacks for Dee, my baby loves those dried fruit chunks and then passed by the clinic to get morning after pills and also a 3month prevention injection. No doctor formed against me shall prosper.

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I got home cooked Pap and wors. I'm really not feeling the kitchen today so I just had to nje, anyway I live with men they don't care about what they eat. They just want to eat.

Tshiamo: Eh danger, o sharp? (Danger, are you okay?

)

Me: And who are you calling danger?

Tshiamo: You, who else. Aker you found it in you to try and kill me, so you're danger from now on.

Me: Makoti was better.

Tshiamo: Shame man, how people miss you only when you're gone. Say bye bye to makoti cause o danger nou.

Me: You bore me. Dee, come take this uncle

Dee: Hai, ke lebeletse shine dagon ball gee (No, I'm watching Dragon Ball Z)

Me: Yoh, o sell out!

Dee: L'wena(you too)

This boy. He doesn't even know what a sell out is.

I finish up with the cooking and go to Lebo's room to call him in for dinner/lunch I don't even know what to call it since it's only 5pm.

Me: Chom, come eat.

Lebo: I was waiting for you to come. You've been scares lately.

Me: It's only been two days. Skaba dramatic (Don't be dramatic)

Lebo: Yeah well. How did it go?

Me: The dumb doctor says I'm a nympho. Me, a nympho?

Lebo: How when you've never had?

Me: Uhm...

Lebo: Right?

Me: Not really...

Lebo: Not really how? Have you??? No way! when??

Me: For the past two days, in this very house.

Lebo: I heard noises coming from Richardo's room and thought he was watching porn so I ignored it where you... No!!! Ofentse! taba e kana(such news?) How dare you keep them from me?

Me: Sorry, we'll talk after dinner. Let's go

Tshiamo: What took you guys so long, hape I'm hungry

Lebo: Ask the sex addict.

This bitch just had to make me cough my lungs out before even eating, thanks a lot Lebo...

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Twenty Four

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Well after my embarrassing dinner and very awkward morning I dressed up in a beautiful short summer dress and sandals and went to see my psychologist again to give him a piece of my mind, I'm not a sex addict and he can shove his discoveries up his a-hole.

Dr: I thought you'd be joining the group.

Me: You thought wrong. I'm not like them, I'm not addicted to sex. In fact I'm perfectly fine.

Dr: Ofentse I know what I'm saying, I'm a psychologist for a reason.

Me: No, you're trying to brush me off by claiming the "obvious" in your selfish little head. Yes I was raped and yes I've recently had sex for the first time ever that doesn't make me an addict. It makes me human, I have needs, needs to satisfy my growing sexual edges and I need to explore that sexuality before I become like you.

Dr: And what do you mean by that.

Me: You're a sexually deprived what? 35 year old man and you don't want to listen to me because you fear that my story might turn you on. You're just a bitter man that gets none, hell you're probably a virgin that's why you're so tensed up. And by the way, a real psychologist shouldn't show emotion.

With that I walked out feeling new. Damn being unapologetic is refreshing, I should do it more often. I walked to the parking lot feeling myself haha yesssssss girl! "Hello" some guy said exiting his Mercedes G63. Heavenly father, thank you for

creating such a beautiful creature. "Hi" I responded. "How are you " he said in Zulu. Ai papi você é um homem bonito. (you are one handsome man). He's so hot he makes me panic. Yoh! Lebo needs to see this gorgeous specimen "Do you understand Zulu? " he asked again in Zulu, Oh I didn't respond.

Me: A little bit

"My name is Mzwandile." he said

Me: Ofentse. Nice to meet you

Mzwandile: Nice to meet you too. I couldn't help but notice your beauty radiating through the packing lot and I just had to meet you.

Me: Flattery will get you nowhere sir.

Mzwandile: Sir?

Me: I'm giving respect where it's due, unless the term boy is more fitting for you.

Mzwandile: Hai hai sir is fine.

I just giggled like a typical girl. Ugh, just ask for my numbers already. This is getting awkward.

Me: Sooo, Uhm I need to go.

Mzwandile: Wait, how can I find you?

Me: Look for the radiant beauty prancing around in parking lots, you'll find me.

He laughed and shook his head "I'm serious Nkosazana. I need to see you again" he said smiling at me.

Me: All you need to do is ask, and then we'll see how it goes.

Mzwandile: Ask, for what?

Me: A clueless one. Well if my radiance caught your eye it will catch it again.

I turned around and started walking off.

Mzwandile: Woah, wait, I'm serious yaz, I need to see you again.

Me: Keep needing.

Mzwandile: Can I get your numbers.

I just look at him with my eyebrow raised. It's either this guy has no game or he's testing me. He doesn't

know that I wouldn't flirt with him even if I could.

Me: You'll find me.

I walk away with him boring holes into my back. I can feel it. I got into my car and drove home.

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I get home and it was so quiet. Maybe they went out, anyway more alone time for me. I went to my room. Ran some bath water for myself and added some bath salts and rose petals. After the water filled up 3 quarters of the tub I undressed and got in. I don't know how I fell asleep but I did and I was woken up by someone picking me up. I opened my eyes and saw Richardo carrying me, such a sweetheart

Richardo: Who falls asleep in a bathtub though? Luckily Dee isn't here because he'd drown you thinking you're playing. If only I could capture this moment and show you when you're up.

He's talking to himself, cute. I keep quiet and enjoy the ride until he puts me on the bed. Somebody's

happy to see my naked bod, I say in my head spotting his erection. I won't give into temptation, I need to prove that stupid Dr Wrong. He must get a girl.

Me: Thank you.

Richardo: So you're up?

Me: You woke me up.

Richardo: Sorry

Me: It's fine, I enjoyed the ride and now I'm enjoying my view.

He laughed "Pervert "

Me: Hey, you're the one with a boner not me, so you're the pervert here

Richardo: I bet you're as wet as I'm horny, don't act like a saint.

Me: You can't prove that

I felt his hand slide between my legs and his fingers slide on my slit. Damn, that feels good. Don't give into temptations girl don't I should myself as I feel

my body slowly betray me. Judas Iscariot of a body nxa. I slip further and further into ecstasy as he continues tormenting me.

Me: Please

Richardo: Please what?

Me: Stop... Uhh, stop teasing me.

Richardo: This is exactly how I was feeling when I found you naked. You're taking advantage of my desire for you and I have to punish you.

He dipped his finger into my pussy and started pumping slowly then curling it up looking for my g-spot. He continued his devilish process until he found it.

"Jesus Cristo que se sente bem! (Jesus Christ that feels good)

Richardo: Who knew that your g-spot could unleash your native language. quite sexy I might add.

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It's been roughly an hour and I'm five to crying. He upped his game and I'm now tied up on the floor with my hands above my head and firmly secured on the foot of the bed and I'm quelling around on the floor trying to run away from his fingers. Guy has been repeating the same slow torment until I'm on edge then he'll stop and start over again until I'm in edge and then stop. If he continues any longer I'll die.

Me: I'm sorry, please. I need to release.

Richardo: Who's stopping you

Me: Then stop stopping. I won't tempt you anymore please.

Richardo: The only way you'll learn is if you suffer the consequences.

He stood up and left me lying on the floor then a minute later he walked back in with a safe gagball and a big vibrator in his hand. He then lifted my head from the floor and tied the gagball around my head forcing my mouth open before it hurts me then it was firmly placed in my mouth stretching it a little, he moved on to insert the vibrator into my pussy

pumping it in and out a few times to help me adjust then put my panties and skinny jeans on after turning the vibrator on.

Richardo: I'm gonna leave you in here until dinner time. you would have learned your lesson by then and with that he left me helpless and voice less with a vibrator buzzing and pulsing in my vagina and my body humming in ecstasy.

Chapter Twenty Five

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It's been hours. The sun is even down and I'm still sprawled on the floor and crying, well from sensitivity. I've had multiple orgasms and even squirted, I've been praying that he comes and frees me from my misery but he isn't here and all I can do is fall asleep from exhaustion.

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I woke up feeling clicking noises and a sound of something running like a motor. Then it stopped, suddenly I was brought to reality by something jerking in my ass so fast. I screamed through the gagball but all it did was to make my scream sound like a high pitched moan. What? What's happening, where am I.

Richardo: I knew that would wake you up.

Jesus, it's like I'm on the crossroads of pleasure and death. I'm on the thin line watching the heavens and also burning like I'm in hell, burning with need. I'm so turned on even a blow at my clit will send me over the edge. I'm trying to calm myself and the more I try the more movement I feel I try pulling my arms to at least put myself out of my misery and extinguish the fire between my legs but the chains won't let me they become stuck just as my hands reach my hips, I try pulling harder but the chains won't budge. The safeword gagball has holes that help me breath and also not choke from my own saliva. He walks near me holding a paddle then he swooshes it to my pussy and that brings me over the edge. My thighs

and knees lock up as my upper body twitches in a jerky motion and I scream into the gagball sounding like a dying wolf. It would have been sexy if I wasn't so exhausted and slowly seeping into unconsciousness, this boy will have me comatose if he continues with this.

Richardo: Had enough?

I just nod my head and he removed the gagball. I swallowed my spit and took deep breaths before talking

Me: Where are we.

Richardo: My house. You fell asleep on the floor and I got ideas. I had to bring you here where you can scream without waking people up.

Me: In Botswana? How long was I sleeping

Richardo: We're still in SA so chill ill explain everything when we're done

Me: I thought-

Richardo: You thought wrong. I haven't filled you up yet

Me: No, please

He then untied me then carried me to a bed and laced me on it. I look at where I was chained and lord have mercy. This boy has a simulator I better not get on his Wrong side, he might put me on it and let it fuck me for the whole day.

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Richardo: I love you.

Me: I love you too.

Richardo: But tonight I'm destroying that pussy.

He climbed on the bed naked with his anaconda bouncing and swaying around as he positioned himself missionary style on top of me. He starts kissing me so hungrily and I just feel the love oozing out of the kiss and going straight to my heart. I've never been kissed by anyone other than him and I choose to keep it that way. That's my vow, I don't think there's anyone who can ever make me feel like

he does. We continue kissing and touching for a while and then he starts rubbing his manhood on my pussy teasing and preparing me for entry. He then inserts himself slowly and then takes something on the headboard that looks like a remote and turns it on. Gosh the butt plug is still in there! It jerks up and down in my anus the same way a normal dick would and the pleasure is extra because I'm now double penetrated.

Me: Mmmh cristo Richardo estou ejacular (Christ Richardo I'm cumming)

With that shuddered and withered under him holding onto his neck and my legs wrapped around his back folding on for dear life. This is the most powerful orgasm I've had, and trust me I've been having those for quite a few hours now. I close my eyes calming down from my high and Richardo takes this as an opportunity to start thrusting.

Richardo: You're so tight, I don't think I'm getting out of your pussy anytime soon. I'm keeping it buried in here until my dick grows a mouth and complains.

He continues thrusting so fast you'd think he doesn't have bones in his hips

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Have you ever had butterflies while having sex? I tell you that shit is amazing and terrifying at the same time. Like heaven and hell are having a meeting in your womb. Richardo kept true to his word and he slept with his dick inside me. I lot count of the amount of times he came then left his dick in me to regain it's hardness then started all over again, he even fucked me right when I was about to fall asleep and I had sleep through the thrusting and kissing and groaning and prases and anything else you could imagine him doing. Right now I'm on stop of his sleeping body and we are still joined together. I don't know what time it is but I know it's morning time and his morning wood isn't making things easier for me. I've been up for a while now and every time I try getting off he pulls me back down as if I'm

a little baby's teddy bear and the baby can't sleep if he isn't holding it. I'm just staring at him and waiting for him to wake up

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Ai man, he's not waking up. I need to do something that will wake him up. But what?

"Rich (Rick)." I say shaking him

Richardo: Hu-aah man.

Me: Wake up, I need to get off

Richardo: Let me be

Me: Please, I need to pee

Richardo: Lies

Me: Ok I'm uncomfortable

"I can make it better" he says and starts pumping his dick deeper into my pussy and I moan in enjoyment. I can never tire of this dick, he can dump me for all I care but I will always go to him for his dick. it's too good to separate from

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Twenty Six

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3 years later.

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I don't believe in God. I used to but now I don't, if God existed he should have been a woman because right now God is protecting his fellow brother's that continuously do us girls wrong. If he existed I wouldn't be going through half the things I'm going through. If he existed- okay you get the point. I have every right to be blasphemous right now. I'm in Los Angeles living in the projects and trying to get a job and pay for rent.

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Let me recap before I get carried away.

Two years ago Richardo and I got married and he adopted Dee as his son, later on in the marriage I cheated him with someone at the club that I burly remember- not proud of it but I can't turn back the time. He got so angry I was surprised that he didn't kill me. We then went through the toughest divorce to ever exist because Dee's custody was involved with the divorce. It was like it's a WWE tables, ladders and chairs match with Hitler and Bin Laden as the contestants. And Hitler won round 1, he won everything and then moved back to Botswana with my son. I want revenge, I need revenge, revenge is the reason why i came to America to look for my biological father, yep, Tshiamo was sweet enough to tell me that biological father was better off not knowing his whoreish daughter existed. So I'm here looking for him, he's the only one I know that I know that wants Richardo dead and also someone I can sponge money from. See nice, sweet, sensible and loving Ofentse is dead. She died the day Richardo stooped so low as to take my son, not ours, MY son.

MINE and use him as a pawn in an unfair chess game so now I'm gonna get even, I'll show the bitch not to mess with me, he'll regret taking my child from me. You can do whatever you want with me but when you mess with my son you're asking for war.

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Well that's what I thought. It's been a year with me and Lebo living this small flat like apartment in Avalon Gardens, Los Angeles and trying to find my father is like looking for a needle in a haystack. We live with this crazy girl called Jazzy, we ran into her one day and she and Lebo just clicked so much that she gave us a place to crash as long as we paid rent. must admit I was very jealous at first, but then I realised that I am the reason why he's here in the first place so I need to let him be comfortable in his surroundings. Lebo got a job at a beauty salon as a nail artist and I had a job at a bar as a waitress until the manager thought I'd become his wife and started being inappropriate so now Lebo is the only one with a job and all I do is try to locate my father with just

an old picture.

Lebo: FeFe, the landlord wants the rent money, I haven't been paid yet so I don't have money and he's not negotiating.

Me: Oh God, what are we gonna do?

Lebo: I don't know but we better have money today or we'll be homeless by end of day.

Me: Okay, there's only one place I haven't been to to look for my father and that's the shed.

The shed is a trap house and Jazzy said that the man came out of nowhere and started a gang that now runs this place.

Lebo: NO! I won't put you in danger, I'll figure something out okay, stay here

And he left rushing out. I quickly got dressed and walked a few blocks to an alleyway then turned into the alley and walked to where the bulky man was.

"What you doing here little girl, you'll get hurt" the man said

Me: I'm looking for Constantino.

" No Constantino here shawty" I can see him divert concentration. I found him.

Me: Well it's either you send me to him or I cause a scene and scream, I saw the police by the corner when I turn in and they'll hear me.

"You're bluffing " he said looking at me. No man, this is a kid, a real man would have killed me already. So I do something that he didn't think I'd dare do, I scream. So loud the door opens and I'm thrown into the building backdoors like a piece of paper being thrown around in class.

"Nigga, how many times do we gotta tell yo dumb ass not to bring yo thots here? " some bulkier and older looking man says

"She ain't my thot, she boss man thot, she here for him not me man. Why you gotta out me like this" the child said. I bet he's 15 years old, his speech just screams baby.

"Alight, lemme take her to him, maybe he wants her there"

The guy grabbed my arm and took me up some steel

stairs and then stopped in front of some door and knocked

"Yeah! " a deep voice boomed with authority. The guy opened the door and walked in with me following behind. "What do you want" the man asked writing. "Boss, this girl here for you." the guys holding me says. This boss is looking down but I can already tell that it's him, it has to be.

"And you're stupid enough to bring her in here, what the fucks Wrong with you!!" he looked up from his papers and his eyes grew wider like he's looking at a ghost of someone he knows, he then leaned back into his chair readjusting his tie and swallow a lump of spit.

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Me: Hello, father

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Twenty Six (continuation)

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"You look just like your mother " he says still sitting down.

Me: You'd know.

I wanted to say a lot more than that but I need to get him on my side before I start behaving like a teenager with daddy issues. I look at the guy that's grabbing at me and he looks shocked but he's still not letting go of my arm

Me: You can let go now, you're blocking my blood circulation.

He quickly loosened his grip on my hand and let go of my hand.

Constantino: What brings you here, Uhm?

Me: Ofentse.

Constantino: I'm sorry, Ofentse.

Me: Well I wouldn't expect you know my name. And to answer your question, I came to make a deal with the devil and selling my soul is the price I'm willing to pay.

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Lebogang.

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I'm sitting in the park looking at kids play and just get lost in their Joy. Something I'm lacking right now because I'm stuck in between a rock and a hard

place. I don't know how to tell Ofentse this but I have a boyfriend and he wants me to move in with him but I can't seem to gain enough courage to tell her that I'm moving out, especially when rent is due and she's still trying to find her father. I'm willing to pay for the rent because I can't leave her homeless but I also don't want to go live with my friend so vulnerable. I need a pillow that I can fall on if things don't work out and Ofentse is all I have. I can't have our relationship broken because she feels betrayed by my actions. But I also can't let my friendship with her affect my relationships and how my life should be. I love her and I love myself. Choosing my own happiness might affect out friendship and I'll loose a sister but her happiness and security will tamper with my happiness and love life. I'm just so not ready for what's about unfold.

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Richardo

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I have nothing to say.

Dee: Papa, when is mom coming back home?

Me: She's not, mommy is not coming back Dee

Dee: NO! I want my mommy!

Me: Well Dee I can't help you with that.

Dee: Putjek your shit!

He ran off crying. Tshiamo needs to stop swearing in front of Dee, now Dee has adopted his foul language. I know I said that I have nothing to say but I can't hold it in anymore. You probably hate me right now, I do too, I hate hurting Dee like this but right now my hands are tied. When I found out that fentse was cheating I felt so hurt and betrayed that vengeance was the only way to heal. But it only made things worse, I regret divorcing her, I regret taking Dee from her, I just regret how I handled things. I've been trying to locate her all over Africa but she seems to have disappeared in thin air, her and Lebo. Tshiamo has tried hacking systems to

look for them but there's nothing, what scares me is that it's been a year since the divorce and she hasn't tried fighting the custody ruling and she hasn't contacted me. Not even once. It's like she's patiently waiting in the sideline waiting to pounce like a demented jaguar. I've beefed up security to the point where Tshiamo laughs at me saying it's like I'm expecting the mafia. He doesn't know that I am. My ex-wife is the mafia, a woman scorned is far more dangerous than men with guns. I can feel her plotting, I can sense her anger like I'm in the eye of the hurricane. The wind whistles from a distance but I can hear it destroying wherever it is and it's coming towards me. Going forward will be just as bad as waiting for the final stages of a hurricane so I'm trapped on one spot waiting for the moment to finally arrive. Someone once told me that when a woman goes silent you should be very afraid because when she finally reacts you'll regret ever messing with her. I'm starting to get the picture. I need to find her and apologise before she attacks but I don't know where to start. I'm finished, she's going to pounce and I'll be blind to the attack.

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Twenty Seven

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Don't know what I'm capable of

Might fuck around and go crazy on cuz

Might fuck around, have to pay me in blood.

This ain't the way that you want it

Might catch a case in this bitch

Don't let me catch you face-to-face in this bitch.

Tryin' my hardest not to disrespect you

After what you did, man, what you expected?

You muhfucker, uh ~Jhene Aiko

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Meeting this man doesn't seem to help me in any

way possible.

Constantino: I hear you, but that boy the least of my worries. I'll give you some money but other than that I can't help you.

Me: Parents are supposed to protect their children you know?

Constantino: I'm a parent by default.

Me: wow, so you're not gonna help me get my son back?

Constantino: Son?

Me: Yes dear daddy, my son, I have a child.

Constantino: That's nice. If you'll excuse me.

Me: Wow! You're not gonna help me?

Constantino: How old are you?

Me: I'm 26.

Constantino: You're an adult. Old enough to do things on your own, the day you opened your legs for a man to impregnate you was the day you lost every right to come and cry on your father's shoulder or

through tantrums because things aren't going your way. Make -

Me: Don't make it seem like I'm some whore that couldn't keep her legs shut, I was raped you son of a bitch. I didn't choose to get raped.

Constantino: But you're chose to keep the child. You're no longer a victim of circumstance, the day you chose to keep this child you chose the life you're living right now. To be someone's mother, so instead of being a bitch about it and expecting me pity you become you are my child start acting like one.

Toughen up, grow some balls, demand respect if it means killing to have your way, I don't make weak children, and I sure as hell won't help you remain as you are right now.

He took his phone and called someone in. Minutes later a edible looking guy walked in. "Boss" the handsome guy said.

Constantino: I want you to take her to a shooting range and don't come back until she knows how to use an aK. From tomorrow she'll start training.

Me: What for?

Constantino: If you're in need my help then I better make you work for my assistance. I don't just help people, child or not I won't allow you to be a weak bitch that can get raped. Speaking of which, did you kill the bastard.

Me: No, Richardo did. He killed him and his crazy father.

Constantino: Did you know his name?

Me: Mario, Mario Bondo.

Constantino: What?!?!?

Me: Why are you shocked?

Constantino: Was his father Fabio Bondo?

Me: Yes, you know them?

Constantino: Please excuse me. I have a call to make. Plug, take her to the range.

I walked out with Plug. Who calls himself Plug? Anyway, Plug is a tall, slightly muscular guy. He has greyish blue eyes like Michael Ealy's, then on top of

that he has tattos on his neck. Whoever created African Americans is going to hell for not adding the same ingredients on some African men, hai they need this spice man. We walked to an underground parking lot and he walked towards his car, BIIIIITCH!! Plug drives a Bentley Continental GT.

Me: Damn!

Plug: Like my whip?

Me: Like? I worship it. Wide and low body, 6.0 litre, twin-turbocharged W12 engine , automatic interior lighting, 207miles per hour, four driving modes accessible in the engine itself, 8-Speed dual clutch transmission, Man I could go on.

Plug: A girl that knows her cars, impressive.

Me: The day I saw this car with my ex-husband I just fell in love to the point that when I got home and had to look for its info. I wanted to buy one until shit happened.

Plug: Can you afford one?

Me: Now no, back then? I could buy both continental

and convertible coupè and still have change for a Porsche.

Plug: Damn! You were loaded. What happened?

Me: My ex happened

After some awkward silence we just drove somewhere in the car while I enjoyed the feel of being in my favourite car. This car was made for me and I refuse to die until I have one.

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"Okay, that's good, now try shooting at the head this time and not the neck" Plug says as I shoot at the dummy with a glock 17. I've been shooting with different guns for the past 4 hours and my arms are tired. I've used a Desert Eagle, CZ-75, and M1911. I haven't used the big guns yet but I'm already exhausted. Shooting gives me so much adrenaline rush that I don't really feel my hunger. The quicker I master this, the quicker I learn how to fight.

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Lebogang

I got home thinking I can talk to Ofentse about the situation but when I got back she wasn't here. That was 7 hours ago, I'm now tired of waiting for her. Where is she? And she's not even answering her phone. I'm sure she went to the shed and they took her. They took my baby.

Jazzy: You think she gone to the shed?

Me: I know she did, pity we can't prove it

Jazzy: She aiight wherever she is child, I'm beat. Tell me when she gets back, I just sit on the couch and watch TV to kill time, she better be safe or else I'll kill her myself.

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Twenty Eight

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"All the good girls go to hell, cause even God himself

has enemies" Billie Eilish

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Plug: Aiight shawty, that's all for the day, or midnight

Me: It's midnight? Snap.

Let me call Lebo, he must be devastated. I check my phone and I find it dead. Damn!

Me: Can you please borrow me your phone. I need make a call and mine is dead

Plug: Here.

I took his phone and dialed Lebo's numbers.

Lebo: Hello?

Me: Babe.

Lebo: FeFe?

Me: Yes, can you wait for me? I'm on my way.

Lebo: WAIT FOR YOU?!? I'VE BEEN UP ALL ALONG
THINKING THEY DID SOMETHING TO YOU NXA
WAIT FOR ME

He hung up. Yoh, okay. I gave him his phone back and looked out the car window. Why is he angry? I know I'm wrong but there's something more to the anger than me disappearing. Just like my father reacting badly about what I told him.

Me: How well do you know my dad?

Plug: I'm his first employee, so pretty well. He's practically my family

Me: What does he have against Fabio and Mario Bondo?

Plug: Nothing, thats his brother and nephew.

Me: WHAT!!?

Now it all makes sense. He's Constantino Bondo one of the crazy family members that was helping from the outside. He had them rape me... He was behind it all... He, He my own father. He didn't know but me then but he still had me raped, that's why he wanted to make a Call. He's going to kill Richardo for killing his family. I need to do something.

Plug: You okay ma?

Me: Yeah.

Plug: Where you leave, I'll take you.

Me: The projects

Plug: Word?

Me: Yeah

I think he's talking to me but I zoned out to think about how I can protect Richardo from this madness. Richardo is mine to harm, not my dad's and I'll deal with daddy dearest after I learn all I need to from Plug. He'll come in handy in future

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I got home to find Lebo waiting for me in the living room watching TV. He started yelling at me telling me how inconsiderate I am and he's fed up with my nonsense but eventually calmed down when I told him that I was with Plug and that I had found my

father. I also informed him about the relations my father has with Mario and his dad.

Lebo: If that's the case then Richardo is in trouble. Your father will kill him

Me: Nah, he wouldn't. He said he's too busy.

Lebo: That was before you told him who the people Richardo killed were. If someone kills your brother wouldn't you want revenge?

Me: "Ooooooh Snap! He really is in trouble. I have to warn him." I took my phone and dialed Richardo's number. Hopefully he didn't change them. At first they ring unanswered then he picks up on the third attempt

Richardo: Yes?

I can't talk. I just frozen listening to him asking who it was. All the anger I had stored inside just faded away and they were replaced with love and remorse.

Richardo: Fentse? Is that you?

I still couldn't answer him so Lebo grabbed my phone and talked to him. I couldn't make out what he

was saying and I didn't care. I was so focused on my thoughts running wild. Thinking about all the good times we had, killing him will just make me incomplete. My son and I need him in life... my son, Dee! I grab my phone back and only manage to say one good sentence. "Give Dee the phone" I can hear him talking to me but right now my main focus is hearing Dee's voice. "Richardo, let me talk to my son"

Richardo: Fine, Dee! Mamago o mo phone(ung)
(your mother is on the phone)

Dee: Hello mama.

That's all it took for me to break down. I need to get my son back.

Me: Hello nana. How are you?

Dee: I'm fine, when are you coming back?

Me: Soon.

Dee: Yesssssss! Where are you?

Me: America

Dee: America? So far, please come back. Please

please please.

Me: I'm coming back soon nana. Bye bye

Dee: Bye bye mama.

I hung up and wiped the tears off my face. I need to man up, I need to for my son, he's all I have and I can't take it for granted.

Lebo: we need to talk.

Me: Okay, go ahead

Lebo: I'm moving out

Me: Why?? Is it me? I'm sorry

Lebo: No, it's not you. My boyfriend asked me to move in with him.

Me: You have a boyfriend? And how don't I know about this?

Lebo: You've been preoccupied with your own issues that I didn't wanna bother you with it

Me: "Bother me with good news?? Come on Lebo, I couldn't have been that preoccupied. But I'm happy for you. Congrats chom." I hug him and he let's out a

deep sigh

Lebo: I thought you'd get mad at me.

Me: Nonsense you're my best friend. I'd only get mad if you for married without me.

We laughed, discussed the cute bae he got himself and after hours of talking we finally went to sleep.

The following morning we were discussing how we're going to help Richardo and we have nothing. But Lebo says he'll go to Botswana with the bae and take Dee away from the drama. I can't afford to lose my son in this battle, I refuse to.

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Constantino

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Me: Plug.

Plug: Yes boss.

Me: We're going to Africa.

Plug: When sir.

Me: Two months from now

Plug: Okay boss, I'll give the boys a head's up

Me: Good.

I'm going to kill that boy. How dare he kill my brother. I will make an example out of him. I'm killing his soldiers, most importantly his twin brother. I want him to feel powerless then I'll leave him to suffer alone and take my grandson with me. That boy will be of good use in future. Unlike his useless mother that just came here to waste my time, I'mma train him at an early age so he can be my best soldier.

Chapter twenty nine.

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I've been in training for weeks now and I've finally got a handle it. I'm slowly but surely becoming as

good as Plug and also trying to get as much info from him about my dad as I can without trying to look suspicious. Lebo and Jamal the bae are flying down to Botswana today to take my baby then go to SA where my dear father has a warrant for murder, I don't know who he killed but whoever it is must have influence because the case is still on. I gave Lebo \$10000 (+-R150000) to help him afford everything he needs that side. I'll keep sending money so that they can put down deposits for a house and a car because I can't let my child live a life where he has to be a burden and impose on other people's lives. Before leaving I warned Jamal that if he tries to lay a finger on Lebo or my son i'll chop his fingers off and make him eat them, judging by how spooked he looked, we will be just fine. He's a good guy but we all need to protect what's ours, and Lebo and Dee are all I have and I'd kill for them.

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For the past two weeks I've been monitoring the movements of the trap house and I'm now certain that every Wednesday the staff is less than 15 meaning most of them are doing pick up's or they're doing something on the side that I know nothing about. Whatever my dad's planning won't work because by Wednesday ill already have enough information to give Richardo so that we can defeat this bastard. I hate him so much it hurts me instead, I can't seem to understand why he'd let his own nephew rape me. I'd easily forgive him if he asked for forgiveness but no, he just brushed it off like I'm a child that just lost a tooth. I need to know why and that's why I'm on my way to confront him

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"I want that girl dead before we leave for Africa in a few weeks time. That girl likes digging and she won't give up until she finds what she's looking for " Constantino says. He, He wants me dead?? "Nah, boss that girl is curious, but not that smart. She won't bug us so I see no use in killing a curious little girl." That's Plug. "That girl has my blood, we don't

give up even if it kills us. She will dig and find what she needs if she's kept alive. Plus I can't risk dying. Remember whoever kills me takes over, so imagine if she discovers that I'm behind everything. She'll want revenge and kill me because she'd have nothing to lose."

Plug: "light boss, we'll sort her out right before we leave"

Wow, this man thinks ahead. I think she should've been my mantor. This man plays chess moves on his own before attempting anything further. But he made one blander... Letting me in his life. I'll teach him how to live with people, I don't praise my Jaguar totem for fun

[7/15, 12:32]Chapter Thirty

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In order to succeed in life you need to take a stand and do things on your own. I can't always rely on a

man to get me out of situations that I put myself in and then get into deeper shit than what I was experiencing previously because I thought. I don't have time or money to think right now, I need to act and fast.

I ran down to the basement where they keep their guns and took a glock with me and stashed it in the back of my jeans, I need to protect myself from not on. Then I walked to my father's office and he was alone.

Me: Hello daddy, where's Plug?

Constantino: He left with some men on business, why, did you guys have training?

Me: Nope, I Uhm... never mind

Constantino: I hope you aren't having feelings for him now dear, he isn't the type to date.

Me: No, not at all. I actually came to you.

Constantino: Well make it quick. I have to go.

This man.

Me: You're the worst father ever. You don't even

deserve the title father because you aren't one, you're a monstrosity of a human being. I thank God that I'm your only child and that your wife left you before it was too late

Constantino: What do you know about my life. YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ME!

Me: I know enough

Constantino: Just get out of my office bitch. You're one thing I never wished for in life, a weak excuse for a human being. I feel sorry for myself. Out for all the sperm's that came out, you were the first. You're a disgrace to me and your mother, she was a brave woman, I don't think she meant giving birth to you.

I don't know what possessed me but pulled out the gun and shot him in his left shoulder. "Don't you dare say my mother's name after you killed her"

Constantino: I didn't kill her, your grandma did, I had nothing to do with your mother's death. But I had you raped, I'd do it again if it means I'll get to see you in future. It brought you here didn't it.

Me: You're so cruel

Constantino: Like father like daughter, you just shot your own father, who would've thought.

Me: I hate you. I hope you rot in hell

Constantino: "I'll rule hell when I get there. But one thing for sure, I'll have no regrets. I knew one day you'd come looking for salvation since you can't do things on your own you're so weak you let Mario rape you. Mario?" he laughs so hard " I never knew how sexy my daughter was until Mario sent me a video of him riding you out like professional." He continues laughing then takes his right hand and runs it over his groin area. This man is sick "I enjoyed watching your pussy so much that I couldn't help but jerk off"

I shot his right hand that's right on his crotch and judging by his scream, I hit his crotch too.

Me: "You're sick! Why would you say something like that to me? Why would you have me raped then enjoy watching me miserable?" I shot both his knees then finally had the gun aimed at his head. " Any last words?

Constantino: Last wish, let me lick that pussy before you pull the trigger.

I just lost it and shot him dead in the head and watched his brain splatter all over the room and on the remaining bits of his head and blood oozing out like a broken water fountain. I picked up my phone and called Plug but he didn't answer so I took my dad's phone and unlocked it with his dead finger then called Plug again. Thank God he didn't use facial recognition because I'd be in trouble right now.

Plug: Boss

Me: "He's dead. I'm in charge now, and you're not going to Africa anymore." I hung up, took a pic of my dead father then sent it to him. I put my daddy dearest on his chair and rolled him out of the office with a weight lifted off of my shoulders and walked pulling his dead heavy head. To his employees.

Me: "Everybody listen up!" They all looked at me but turned back and continued with their work as if I didn't just call for their attention. I took my gun and shot two guys legs. "I won't repeat myself." they all

stopped what they were doing and looked at me.
"From now onwards you report to me, everything that happens in here runs through me first are we clear?"

"Nah, bitch. We got bossman to report to, not you."
Some guy said making the rest agree with him, I shot his arm and he just screamed cuss words at me " If you want your boss then follow him, I'm in charge here whether you like it or not"

"Yeah, where he at? I won't work for a little girl." the guy I just shot asked "He's dead. Here take him" I said then pushed the chair down the stairs and his boss came tumbling down. They all just looked so shocked while some ran to see if it's really him.

"Now that that's sorted. If you're not willing to work for me say it now and I'll let you go, but the rest of you. Please continue working, nothing has changed much." I walked away and went to my office and sat on the bloody couch while waiting for Plug to show up. Some guys walked in with cleaning equipment and started cleaning in the office removing the blood and splattered brains.

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I was pushed into a corner, and like all wild animals I pounced. And now I'm king of the jungle

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Thirty One

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Narration

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While Ofentse and Plug are busy trying to deal with how they are going to run the business, a man is pointing a sniper at someone through Richardo's kitchen window fulfilling orders that were given to him by Constantino. He pulls the trigger and that might be the last we'll ever hear of that poor soul because he drops to the ground and the hitman disappears into thin air. On the other hand, Dee is being abducted by two men two hit Lebo on his head with a gun causing him to have a concussion and

slip into a coma and Jamal just hands Dee over to them to save his own skin. Who can blame him though? He isn't anyway related to the people he's with right now and only Jesus was brave enough to save people he isn't related to without getting anything in return.

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The men took a crying Dee and drove with him to the airport. Two days later the men brought Dee to the trap house where Ofentse is and now starting to regret her decision for killing her only bloodline left. She had forgotten about the people in Africa who are now devastated and lost while in Botswana someone is being mourned and in SA her only friend is comatose in hospital. That all changed when a skinny man walked into the office holding a sleeping Dee in his arms. She rushed to grab Dee from his arms and shook him to wake up but he wouldn't wake up. "We gave him a little sleeping pill to make him sleep so that he doesn't cause a scene at the airport" he said. Ofentse gently put Dee on the couch

and walked closer to the man. "You did what to my child?" She was livid, this man just confessed to drugging her child "Where boss man at? I don't answer to you" He had the nerve to give a rude response while he's in her office and now he will pay dearly. She ordered some guys to take him down to the basement and toy with him a little while she made phone calls.

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Ofentse

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SOMEONE KIDNAPPED MY CHILD, MY CHILD!! I thought I was done killing people since it isn't me but they are pushing me. My father died too soon and way too easy making me regret killing him that day. He needed something more sinister, like I'm going to do to that idiot that kidnapped my baby. I grabbed a dagger and some whiskey then headed to the basement, this boy better answer me before I lose

my mind. I got there and found Plug punching him in the gut and the guy was just groaning and coughing out blood. "Tie him to a chair." they did just that and I pulled a chair and sat in front of him and looked at him. They didn't touch his face, I guess that's one of my father's rules, smart move.

Me: What's your name?

"Zacky" the guy said.

Me: Well Zacky, I'm FeFe and that child my father made you take is mine.

Zacky: He said it's his grandson, I didn't know I'm ssorry.

Me: It's okay. I just want to know one thing. What happened to the two men that were taking care of him?

Zacky: I smashed one in the head with my gun and he fainted, I think and the other one handed the baby over without a fight.

I already know who handed my child over. And he's going to regret the day he met me.

Me: Find that boy. Do a background check and find him. I want him alive and unharmed, I'll harm him myself. You, what else did you do for my father that day?

Zacky: Nothing else. I just went to Africa with my clique and we separated when I went to SA with Skatch and the other two went to Batswana to assassinate someone there.

Me: Where are the men that were supposed to kill in Botswana?

Zacky: I can't tell you that

Me: You better tell me. Or else my four four will make sure that all your kids are orphan's. I'll kill you, all your baby mama's and then finish off with your parents and grandparents. Don't mess with me.

Zacky: Man, you just a kid.

Me: I stabbed his thigh with the dagger then poured the whiskey on the open wound. "I have good genes, I'm not a kid. Now answer me"

Zacky: They still in Africa. Boss man said we should

eliminate every gang member in Botswana and leave one guy alone

Me: Shit!! I quickly told up and and then pulled the dagger out of his thigh then stabbed his neck. "Let him bleed to death" I walked out and tried calling Richardo again. He answered. Finally

Me: Wherever you are leave. My father hired people to wipe your gang out and I can't afford you being there

Richardo: Too late. Tshiamo was shot and most of my members as well, and some are dead. So thanks for the heads up.

He took a deep breath and hung up. Shit shit shit!! "Plug!!" I yelled from the corridor.

Plug: Yes ma'am.

Me: Did my father have a private jet?

Plug: Yes

Me: Call the pilot and bring some men as well, we're going on war with my father's hitmen.

Nobody messes with my family. I hated Tshiamo but

I wouldn't wish death upon him on any given day. I will avengers Tshiamo and Lebo even if it's the last thing I do. My father left me his inheritance. A mess that I now have to clean up.

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I'm a hurricane, I start small and weak and no one gives a damn about me. When I start gaining momentum, people are filled with dread and fear because I become hungry and violent and feed on their lives ploughing through what they used to call a life. I take everything away from them and leave them silent, blaming themselves for not paying attention to me in time. But by then I'm gone, I've left my mark and a warning to other people. Do not anticipate a woman's moves. We are Hurricane, Wild Wolves that cannot be tamed, we are dangerous. We choose to keep calm because we're well aware of our strength's.

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I refuse to apologize for being wild, I was pushed into a corner and retaliated

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Thirty Two

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I've been trapped since birth, born with a curse. I don't really show it but I think I store anger for so long that now that it's finally ready to explode it becomes a shock. I've been angry all my life and my father unleashed my need to kill and avenge myself by putting me in this situation, he woke up a demon that was never meant to be woken in the first place and not Satan is just standing in the sidelines watching me do my thing.

We're in Richardo's house in Botswana and I'm currently implanting a tracking chip into Jamal's ass.

I'm not going to kill him just yet, I want Lebo to tell me what to do with his waste of oxygen because acting on impulse might cost me a friend and until then, Jamal is add free add a bird. I've called the doctor that's currently monitoring Lebo and asked that he gets transference to Medi clinic, I refuse to have my friend suffer from lack of proper health care in a bloody public hospital, how dare they send a person with a concussion to Steve Biko? They'll die there.

When we first got here five days ago we found Richardo hanging from the ceiling but luckily we got here on time and he still had a faint pulse, so we rushed to Life Gaborone Private Hospital (GPH) where he was put on suicide watch. I don't know what would have happened to me if he had died but the thought alone drove me insane. I've hunted both the hit team and Jamal down and I've finally found them after 3 days

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"You better thank your lucky stars that I'm not gonna kill you. You can go" I tell him when he comes to.

Jamal: I'm really sorry Fee I didn't know what to do

Me: No need rip explain, I fully understand

Jamal : "Thank you, and again I'm sorry. " He rushes out of here in fear that I'll change my mind and he is not entirely wrong. I will kill him, just not now. I move on to the men in the bathroom and they're still tied up and gagged with their own underwear while waiting for their inevitable deaths. They don't know what they did, they provoked me to a point of no return.

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I pull one of them by his shirt and his body follows then the chair tips over and he falls on top of the bath tub rims stomach first and then there's a thud sound as his head hits the inside of the bath tub, pull

his legs and throw them into the bath tub and now I'm ready for action. I close drain hole with the plug then take the acid drain cleaner and pour it inside the bath tub. Poor guy starts screaming and fidgeting trying to get away as the acid eats at his clothes and skin and I continued pouring the drain cleaner until all 5 liters were emptied into the bath tub. I move right along and grab baking soda and vinegar to create from sizzle nyana in his nice bath water and pour the contents into the tub and they react accordingly, they rise and combine with the acid creating more acid and chemical reaction, I don't know which one, I'm not a scientist I'm a lawyer, this isn't my thing and boy he is now singing. His muffled screams of agony are music to my ears. My experiment is working, I better go tell Chemistry majors that I've found a new compound, hatred, acid and carbonic acid. His screams die down and he finally stops fidgeting in the bath and enjoys himself. Pity he gave up so easily I wanted to talk to him a little. "Coward, you didn't let me finish" I say slapping his dead face

I move on to the next one. "Find me a potato peeler." Skatch goes out for a bit then comes back with one and also an old tin opener, you know those old ones with a small knife that you had to use to stab the tin then pry it open?? Those ones "Thanks" I thank him then continue with my thoughts. I unbuckle his pants then pull them down, after that I start my masterpiece. From his knees I start peeling his skin off trying to get as much skin as I can get and thanks to his soft skin, it's the easiest thing I could ever do.

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I've been skinning this guy for the past 4hrs and I'm tired. I even made my job worse by using an actual peeler. This thing is for potatoes not skin, trying to dig into the skin is the toughest job ever.

Plug: Why don't you just give up and shoot him or something?

Me: Never, I'm still going to carve my initials with this can opener then I'll kill him.

After finally peeling his skin off I began carving my

initials on his raw flesh. Blood is oozing out everywhere but that doesn't stop me from doing my art work. I wipe the blood off with an alcohol based wet wipe and he wakes up screaming from his comatose state and his eyes bulge out as I begin carving my name. "This is a message to anyone that tries messing with me.. I kept your face good so that they can identify you but the rest of your body looks worse than Frankenstein's monsters. But you look pretty really" I talk to the guy and he just groans into the gag. I finished carving my initials on his broad chest and all I can say is that I'm exhausted, it's time for him to join the spirits. "Do you want some water? " I ask and he only groans in response. I take that as a yes.

I remove his underwear from his mouth and then took the toilet brush container and scooped up some acid from the bath tub and told him to open wide. "Say aaaaaah!" I told him but he wouldn't open his mouth so I poured some into his chest and he screamed. I took it as an opportunity and poured the acid right into his mouth and it started eating

him up, and he choked coughing up foam and then started struggling to breath. "Take one deep breath and close your eyes. Let it take you" I told him and he listened to my instructions. seconds later he was dead.

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Narration

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Somewhere in California a family of 8 received a little present lying on their front porch and a young boy went to it and tried carrying it to the house but it was too heavy. "Ma! it's too damn heavy I'm opening it." The boy then opened the box and he screamed so loud even his neighbours came out to see what was going on. His family rushed to him and the boy's mother fainted on arrival. "Who would do something like this?? " a young girl said crying. "Who would kill our brother like this??" "There's a note" The other child said. their oldest sibling took the note and

started reading out loud "Your dog flew all the way to Africa to come trespass and bite my cattle. I am kind enough to bring it back but I hope that this is a lesson learned. Put your dogs on a leash or I'll do it for you"

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Thirty Three

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5 years later.

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Dee: "Happy Birthday mommy!" he wakes me up from my beauty sleep. I even forgot that I have birthday's. I barely celebrate it because of this December vibes. I'm turning 31 today. I'm getting old, but thank the lord I've achieved my ultimate dream of becoming a lawyer but now that I think of it, i'm not done yet and I won't stop until I become a judge. I'm back in SA, Pretoria and I don't think I'm leaving this country or town any time soon. There's

something about this place that makes me feel at home, I feel like I belong here and I want to exploit this feeling for as long as I can.

Me: Thanks Nana. Where's Roza?

Dee: She's with auntie Pat making more food

Me: "Oh, okay. Well thank you my baby" I hug him for the longest. Roza is my 5 year old daughter, I had her as a surprise really. Those I didn't know I was pregnant shows aren't lies, I really didn't know until my water broke. Richardo and I made her when we were still in the moment after those horrible things happened back then. We never got back together but we co-parents the kids very well. They visit him during school holidays and I have them most of the time and we share Christmas together as a blended family. He got married four years ago and he has a son together with his wife Kim. I was angry at first because I still loved him but right now I'm good, he deserves to be happy and I pray God blesses his family. I am moving on with my life as a single mother of two and I'm living. it's just us against the world, well Lebo included but he's living his own life

now as a part time events company owner and Mathematical guru as a profession. I'm really proud of his accomplishments and I couldn't be happier for him. He's made it in life and I'll let him humbly brag on his own.

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I'm sitting in my dining room eating the breakfast that Dee brought me because if I dare try and consider it as breakfast in bed, I'll end up regretting it because Roza has a gift of destroying things with food. She can paint the curtains with tomato sauce so imagine what she'll do with my Egyptian cotton. Roza: Mama phone.

I grab my phone and see that Lebo is calling. "Chom" I answer.

Lebo: Happy Birthday my kind! (My child) I have planned something for your day neh, so take a well desered bath, dress up in a summer dress preferably because we can't have you looking up tight and dress comfy neh, you're not being wined and dined

here ke party. Bye.

How little informed can Lebo give mara, I don't even know where I'm going. As if he heard me, he sent me a location and a text followed after telling me that he organised something else for the kids and Dee will take care of it. I don't know what Lebo is thinking but I can never trust Dee to take charge, he's just a baby. Anyway I go upstairs to change into my African print brown jumpsuit and black block heels. This is comfy enough and also screams somebody's mother. Just to keep abafana the boyzens away.

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"Lebo where are you?? This place is empty" I say into the phone. "No it's not, you're on a private blind date, toodles" and he hung up. How dare this idiot do this to me? I'm in the botanical gardens and it's empty, I keep walking around enjoying the peacefulness of this place until a guy comes to me "We meet again Nkosazana" okay, do I know this guy?

Me: Uhm?

"You forgot about me already? I'm Mzwandile we once met at a parking lot years back and you refused to give me your number" he says. Okay, this is a creep ka higher grade. Who remembers such details like this??

Me: Oh hi Mzwandile, pleased to meet you again.

What a lie, I'm going to murder Lebo when I get home. Out of all the yummy men in Pretoria I have to meet this one again?

Mzwandile: I believe we got off on the wrong foot that day. Please allow me to rectify my mistakes.

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And lord did he rectify. He is just so charming and sweet, I think those years definitely changed him. He's more matured now like he learnt his lesson or something. Okay go make tea, I have news for you.

He had a picnick set up, a small speaker with the most romantic playlist. I'm talking Luther van Dross, Anthony Hamilton, Marvin Gaye, the works. He kept

the convocation flowing and throwing complements here and there out of the blue, the food was nice and not too heavy for a picnic and not too romantically suffocating. It's like Lebo gave him a memorandum filled with my likes and dislikes. Right now we're taking a walk around the place and just cracking jokes and laughing and he also pluck a flower out which he was fined R200 for because it's not allowed but he did it anyway. He told me that he's a taxi owner and runs a little butcher slash BBQ bar in Sosha and that he lives there because he feels like people in suburbs are witches and they'll swallow him whole if he moves here. I just laughed at the last part. I told him about my babies and that I'm a lawyer. He doesn't need to know that I run a gang, the less he knows the better and anyway, you can't tell a man everything. They'll use it against you in future. I really had a nice time and not once was he inappropriate. I hope we do this some time again, I needed this

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Thirty Four.

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"When can I see you again? " he says.

Me: Well, I'll check my diary and see when I'll be free.

Mzwandile: Ka December, don't you take a break?

Me: Well my diary isn't for work only you know, even events are recorded.

Mzwandile: Please fit me in somewhere daar. I need to see you again.

Me: How about new years?

Mzwandile: Fine by me, as long as you agree to coming to Sosha I know you townies are afraid of ikasi yam.

Me: I'm no townie, Kasi doesn't scare me one bit.

Mzwandile: We'll see. I gotta go, call you later neh?

Me: Okay, bye

He just kept breathing into the phone so I hung up, ai such men still exist, bo 'you hang up' so cute.

Lebo: 'Awkhay, byeeeeeee' Yoh mogirl I did well mos

mo. So how was the date?

Me: Just fine, I've met him before.

Lebo: Ncaawh, love at first sight turned romantic reunion. I can already see myself starting my own TV show.

Me: Yoh, you need help. He's fine though, not like the first time I met him.

Lebo: I'm seeing relationship goals, abo love lives here

Me: Leave me alone and go stalk Jamal like you always do.

Lebo: Low blow chomi, you know I can't stop.

Me: You can, just call Tshiamo... he'll make you forget.

Lebo: Yoh, this Mzwandile guy is making you kick my balls today mos, low blow after low blow. Hai ngeke.

Me: I still can't believe you used to smash Tshiamo, Tshiamo out of all of them?

Lebo: if I hadn't met Jamal, Tshiamo would be my

number one. Kere sex with that boy will hypnotise you, he made me do things I never knew existed, have you ever cum from just the memories. That boy is the master of sex, he needs recognition and an award for best dick game in Southern Africa.

Me: "Hei, enough. Thank you for the extra info" I walk away from him and he's laughing his butt off. I go upstairs to help ausi Pat pack the kids bags for Christmas in Botswana. I begged Lebo to come with but he refused, he and Kim don't get along.

Ausi Pat: Dee refused to pack his bags, he said he's not going.

Me: Did he say why?

Ausi Pat: he said that your ex-husband's wife told him that he isn't his son. So he doesn't want to go

Me: "Oh, I'll go talk to him"

Ausi Pat: Ngwanaka di naka tsa go rrwesiwa ga dinne. (My child, fake horns don't stick forever) Don't let him go where he's not wanted, it only hurts him more.

Me: "It's not like that mma, Richardo knew very well that Dee isn't his and accepted it, a ka mo tshwarisa hands ball (I didn't pin the baby on him) what makes me angry is his wife, how dare she tell my child these things. Nxa, she'll know me." I walked out of Roza's room and went to check on Dee and hear what he had to say and he repeat's the same statement that Ausi Pat mentioned. Richardo's wife is becoming too comfortable. I dial Richardo's number and he answers right when I'm about to hang up.

Richardo: Yes.

Me: Ore nywess! You better put your wife on a leash Richardo or I swear to god ke mmontsha mae (I'll show her her mother) How dare she tell my son that he doesn't belong in your family? How dare she tell him that you're not his father??

Richardo: But I'm not vele, why make a fuss out of it

Me: Make a fuss. My son is depressed and feels out of place wena ore make a fuss. Aintlek, fokoff Richardo, wena le mmpya eo oe bitsang mosadi.

(You know what, fuck off, you and that dog you call a wife) I hung up feeling so pissed. Nxa, Richardo and his nonsense wife.

I went to my room and took a warm shower to calm my nerves then prepared for bed. As I was busy going through my emails Dee walked into my room and sit on the bed Indian style facing me.

Dee: Mama who's my dad?

Eish, it has come. The day I've been dreading since his birth has finally come.

Me: Uhm, you don't have one. He died a long time ago.

Dee: But who was he?

Me: Mario.

Dee: Was he your boyfriend then?

Me: No,

Dee: Then how is he my daddy?

Me: Well, Nana, Uhm Mario, did something bad to me back then. That's how you were born.

Dee: He hurt you?

Me: Yes

Dee: Am I also a bad thing? Is that why aunty Kim calls me filth?

Me: SHE WHAT?! "No nana, you're not bad and you're not filth, you're my son and I love you. I don't care how you came about living and I'll explain this to you in detail once you're old enough to understand but I'll tell you one thing. Never let anyone make you feel like you don't belong. This world is yours and mommy works very hard to make sure that it remains so, You deserve love and respect just as much as anybody with both parents and I'm sorry auntie Kim called you all those mean things, you'll never have to see her mean self if you don't want to."

Dee: I don't want to, I don't want to see Richardo either.

Me: And where's your respect?

Dee: He's not my dad I don't have to respect him.

Me: He might not be your dad but he's an adult and

you respect adults if I hear you calling any adult by name again ill smack you so hard you'll forget your own name. Understood?

Dee: Yes ma'am

Me: Goodnight nana

Dee: Goodnight mama

So this dog called my child filth?? Filth?

Lord, Kim has yet to feel my wrath.

Chapter Thirty Five

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"Voetsek wena Richardo. How do you expect me to spend Christmas with you le myana ya gao (and your little dog) when you treat my son like a diseased animal. Why am I even entertaining you?" I hung up. "Chomi the s'bindi (liver) in this boy is extra. If Kim wasn't white ne kore wa moloya straight! (I'd say she's bewitched him)" I tell Lebo

Lebo: Mxm, let's enjoy our holidays without having drama ya Kim. When I told you that there's something wrong with that girl you said I like exaggerating, now look. You're breathing fire ka Christmas Eve. No chom take a breather.

Me: Yoh, he just pisses me off. The very same man that took my child from me years ago after we got divorced is now telling me this nonsense. Hai Kim wadi baka shem (Kim knows her stuff shame)

We stopped talking about this situation when Roza came down stairs asking if we were still going to Botswana. My poor baby cried when I said no, I can't keep her away from her father but I also can't let her go there where that witch will poison her against Dee.

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We came to a conclusion that we are going to spend our Christmas at the zoo then go watch movies and come home for a home cooked meal if we're still starving. Lebo also changed his plans even when I

told him not to but he decided to bring his potential along with us, so tomorrow will be quite interesting I tell you.

My phone rings and my mood just goes from 0-100 so fast you'd think I'm bipolar

Me: Ek sê

Mzwandile: laughs for so long "Hola hola nja yami" he says then whistles. I can already tell that he's pointing fingers in the sky imitating those pantsula guys.

Me: I can't help but giggle at his stupidity. This man can brighten a mood shem. "I seem to have pulled the demon out into the surface here."

Mzwandile: "Bona! I'm so happy you answered the Call that way. You just made the rest of my life. A whole snob saying ek sê." he laughs again. He's really amused by this, wow. "Hai man wena. Ke bolela le mama se khaya (I'm talking to wifey here)

Me: Ao, I'm mama se khaya now? Since when?

Mzwandile: Eish, my skat. It's a respectful term we

Zulu's use to call special women king our lives.

Me: Heeee, and I'm one of those special women?
What number am I? 20? 65?

Mzwandile: Haibo I'm not a whore. It's only you
Nkosazana, and that's if you'll let me.

Me: Mmhmmh.

Mzwandile: Is that a yes?

Me: It's an I'll see if you deserve a chance.

Mzwandile: I'll make sure you see me worthy of your
love. Anyway, I was wondering if you could come
with the kids to the new years eve party. I'd love to
meet them too, if it's okay with mommy.

Me: Trying to score brownie points I see. I'm
impressed, I'll ask them and see how they feel about
it then I'll get back to you.

Mzwandile: Thank you madam.

Me: Okay bye..

Mzwandile: I'm not done yet, why do you want to
hang up so fast.

Me: Shê!

Mzwandile: What's that.

Me: it's like heh, or Yoh. In Portuguese.

Mzwandile: Mxm, what do you know about Portuguese.

Me: I'm Portuguese, what are you trying to say khante.

Mzwandile: Heh!?

Me: Story for another day.

Mzwandile: I called because I wanted to talk, so talk. We have time. Ebile you can go lie down on the couch and relax, because I'm not hanging up until my airtime finishes.

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2hrs later...

Me: Laughing "You lie, why steal meat when you'll get it anyway?"

Mzwandile: We were very poor at home so meat was a twice a month thing and that day we hadn't had

any for two months so I stole it.

Me: Mara, I hope they gave you what you deserved.

A big hiding

Mzwandile: For a snob, you sure get me.

Me: That's because I'm not a snob. I grew just as bad, or maybe worse. The difference is that in Angola poor people don't mix with the rich so we have nothing to compare ourselves with until we get to vascity, that's when it clicks.

Mzwandile: I still find it hard to believe that you aren't South African

Me: Technically I am. I have two citizenships.

Mzwandile: I don't care who you are and what you are. All I care about is that I have been graced with the opportunity of meeting such a wonderful and beautiful woman...

Roza: "Mama I'm hungry. Who are you talking to" she quickly grabs my phone "Hello? " she walks away

Me: "Roza! Come back here and bring my phone." I quickly get up from the couch and rush after her.

"Dankie" I say with my hand reaching out so that she gives me the phone. She hands it over after saying hold on "I'm so sorry, she has super speed powers"

Mzwandile: Chuckles "Go make her some food and I'll keep her entertained, she's actually very informative and a curious one too. I like her"

Lord, whatever I said about you in the past I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. But thank you for this one, and please make sure he's the right guy. I only have one last relationship left in me. I'm not emotionally capable of doing this again

I go make some food for Roza and Dee just in case, because I know that if she's hungry then he is definitely starving. My baby has been in his room playing games this entire time. I think I need to do something for him just to make him realise that he's loved and no one cares about what Kim says, I need to bring my bubbly energetic son back and I know just what will do. I take the food to Roza who is now refusing to hand over my phone just because uncle Mjandile is cool. Roza doesn't even get this excited about calls even when her own father calls. This guy

better not play me because I swear if he does I'll kill him. My baby is already falling in love him and I know she'll want to know where he is every day from now on.

I'm taking a risk, and this risk better pay off because I'm not ready for failure at this moment

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Thirty Six

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"I will never try to change you. I will always want the same you. Swear on everything I pray to, that I won't break your heart." John Legend

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We ended up having to add Mzwandile to our mini Christmas outing because Roza invited him. I really don't mind but I wanted some alone time with Dee to talk to him, but I guess I'll have to do that now before he goes to bed. "Nana, are you asleep? " I peak into his room and he lifts his head then gets up

Dee: No.

Me: Are you okay? You've been quiet lately.

Dee: I googled it.

Me: "Googled what, nana?" I sit next to him trying to brace myself for what's yet to come.

Dee: I googled how kids come to life if their mommy's were hurt. Google says it's rape. Is it true?

Yoh, masepa google straight. It doesn't have a filter shem.

Me: I move around uncomfortably on the bed. You'd expect a woman my age to know how to explain such to a child but there's no easy way. "Yes, it's true. Your father raped me" He starts crying.

Dee: "I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to be a result of pain. Now I understand why auntie Kim calls me filth, my father is a monster." He just cries so hard it hurts me so much to see him in such a state. "Listen nana, you're not a result of pain. Trust me baby if I didn't want you here you wouldn't be so I chose you okay? I love you, you're my child.

Dee: But my father is a monster.

Me: He did something bad, that doesn't make him a monster. Did I ever tell you that he actually helped me when I was about to give birth to you?

Dee: "Really?" He wipes his tears and looks at me with so much hope in his eyes. I don't understand how a fully grown woman could want to destroy such innocence by tainting his paradigm.

Me: Yep, I was in labour and I couldn't walk. Your dad somehow knew I was in trouble and he came and took me to hospital. If it weren't for him, I would have given birth at home. And that wouldn't have been healthy so thanks to him you're a healthy strong boy.

Dee: That doesn't change the fact that he raped you.

Me: Don't look at the negative. Do you think that if he hadn't raped me you'd be alive?

Dee: No, but your life would be better

Me: Says who?

He doesn't answer, he only looks down and plays

with the hem of his pajama shirt.

Me: I'd let him rape me again if it meant having you as a son.

Dee: Why.

Me: Because I don't know a life without you. The day I held you in my arms in hospital I promised to love and protect you even if it kills me. I don't dwell on what your father did, and I'll never punish you for his wrong doings, you're not him and you'll never be.

You're Devine Keamogetswe Domingos. You are my son, and I'm proud to be your mother, I'll walk down these streets screaming I love my son if I have to. Just to make you see how much I do love you nana.

Dee: laughs "You wouldn't "

Me: Wanna bet?

Dee: No thank you.

Me: "Goodnight nana " I stand up and head for the door when Dee stops me right before I exit.

Dee: Ma, thank you

Me: What for?

Dee: For not hating me. Google says most mother's hate their children when they were raped.

Me: Well google is for losers, I for one would never hate such a cool son. You a whole vibe son.

Dee: Laughs. "Nobody says that anymore mom"

Me: I'm stuck in my era. Chat later, I need to get to bed before I sleep standing.

He laughs calling me an old lady then I finally get some rest. If it's not Kim, it's google. I don't understand how rape issues aren't part of child lock. If I wasn't so tired I'd be planning on how to sue google for Dee's emotional trauma. Nxa, you can't even tell your child something in moderate terms without it bombarding the child's mind by leaving everything out in the open for him to read.

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It's Christmas day guys. I don't know what to wear between a dress and a crop tee and high waisted

jeans, hape I must look good. I opted for a white crop tee and a high waist floral maxi summer skirt with a slit so long I can already feel men staring at my sexy leg when I'm still in my room and white airforce one's. Simple, comfy but pretty. I went to Roza's room to pick out a shot pants jumpsuit for her then took our white all stars. I gave her a bath then dressed her up and took her downstairs for some cereal. Then went back upstairs to check on Dee. He can bath himself and everything, but his clothing style always leaves a question mark so I have to help him. "Morning Dee" I walk into his room to find him in underwear looking at the clothes he picked out for himself. And people wonder why I still pick his clothes. This boy has a long sleeved military vest and pink shorts on the bed with black and blue Jordan's on the floor. Yoh, disaster shem. I took his clothes back to where they belong because he said he wants to wear his Jordan's so I picked out those sweatpants like jeans and a black long sleeved vest with a little gold chain Lebo bought for his 8th Birthday.

We're all set and ready for Lebo to come with bae so that we can get going.

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We ended up leaving without Lebo because he decided he was going to wake up late and Mzwandile had already informed me that he was on the highway and that was 45 minutes ago, so we had to go. When we arrived at the zoo we found Lebo, brother bae and Mzwandile waiting for us by the gate and Mzwandile and Lebo look so annoyed and brother bae is just being extra for no reason....

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to be continued...

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Thirty Six. Two

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"Hi guys" I say them and Roza has already ran to Lebo and hugging his legs for dear life.

"Hi, I'm Koketso, but you can call me K." he reaches out for a hand shake. I oblige and shake his hand then proceed to hug Mzwandile and he says thank god we're here. I wanna know why but he looks at K and I think I can add some things up.

Me: "Dee, Roza this is uncle Mzwandile, Mzwandile this is Dee and Roza. My ninjas" I see Dee smile at the fact that I called him a ninja. He waves at Mzwandile and Roza is all over the poor guy talking about dolls and cars. I reach my hand out for Dee to take and we walk to the window to buy tickets then enter. I swear we look like a mini happy family if Lebo wasn't looking so sour. "Nana, can you go to uncle Mzwandile for a bit I need to talk to unc Lebb." Dee reluctantly walks off to where Roza and

Mzwandile are.

Me: And then wena?

Lebo: It's this idiot I came with. He openly flirted with your man with me standing right there with him. If Mzwandile hadn't put him in order I'd be in jail for assault. Yoh, I even feel like leaving him behind. Today is the first and last time you see him.

All I did was to laugh and joined my babies who are looking at birds. I can sense Roza wanting a bird from a mile away.

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"Can I talk to you. " Dee says to Mzwandile.

Mzwandile: Sure, shoot.

Dee: In private please.

Okay. What's happening now? I watched them walk away and Lebo and i remained gossiping about Koketso who is plaiting Roza's hair.

Lebo: He makes me miss Tshiamo.

Me: Why don't you call first

Lebo: Nope, I don't make calls, I receive calls babe.

Me: I laugh at this statement " Oh wow, secretary of the year "

Lebo: Shut up. Soooo, have you kissed him yet?

Me: Nope.

Lebo: Hai wena. O slow man. Just grab him and kiss him.

Me: Just like you want people to call you first. I also want to be kissed first

Lebo: Girl if you don't kiss him someone else will, look.

He is pointing at where Dee and Mzwandile are and theres a slay queen looking like girl talking to Mzwandile. I won't lie, I'm touched, I feel threatened and territorial all of a sudden, but I won't give Lebo the satisfaction.

Me: Mzwandile can handle himself, I'm not fazed.

Lebo: Your face says I want to kill that bitch though. Don't lie to yourself, or me in fact, I know you more than I know myself.

Me: That's because you change like the weather. I think it's time we head for the cinema. It's almost 5pm.

We gathered up and Dee asked if he could ride with Mzwandile to the movies, Roza fell asleep while K was plaiting her hair so she's coming with me and Lebo is taking K home, he didn't tell him about the cinema so K already made plans. Thank God because he was starting to annoy me. If it's not him asking why we have curly hair when we're black it's him trying to make me speak Portuguese to prove my point. I get that he's young but I don't remember being that dumb in the 20's. We got to the cinema, picked a silly family movie because Roza is under 10 and I know she'll have nightmares if she watches anything with violence. I remember she once cried because snow white ate the poisoned apple, so imagine what an actual movie would do to her fragile mind. I sat next to Mzwandile and Roza while Dee

sat on the other side next to Mzwandile. He has grown quite fond of him, but I don't want him too attached. I can't let the Richardo saga happen again.

Me: He's grown quite fond of you.

Mzwandile: He just needed a man to man talk. He's not so bad.

Me: What was it about anyway?

Mzwandile: I'll tell you when we're alone. Right now lets try enjoy this boring movie, or in my case fall asleep until it ends.

I just giggled trying to keep it down before these nosy people shush me.

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We got back home with Mzwandile following behind with Dee and he helped me put Roza to bed and also Dee who by the way wants Mzwandile to sleep over. Apparently they are friends now, hai I'm now speechless.

The kids are finally in bed and Mzwandile and I are just having a light convo in the kitchen when he finally hits me with the bomb Dee dropped on him.

Mzwandile: Dee told me about how he was conceive. I'm sorry about what happened to you.

Eish, I need to have a talk with that boy, he can't tell people such things, especially people he just met.

Mzwandile: He holds both my hands and looks deeply into my eyes and says "Don't get angry at him for it. He was actually trying to protect you. He told me that if I hurt you in any way he'll shoot me and that's how the topic ended up with him telling me about what happened to you. I told him that I would never hurt you and that he and I could be friends because we both have the same goal, to love and protect you and Roza. Me knowing that you we're once raped changes everything. I used to like you but now I love you, you are strong, you are a survivor, a victor, a real African woman who held it down even when the odds where against you. You're a queen. You inspire me to be a better man, to be a good example to young men like Dee who only have bad

experiences with bitch boys that claim to be men. I grew up with both parents, so I don't know what it's like to be feeling out of place or feeling rejected by a step father but I'd like to change that, I'd marry you today to prove to you where my loyalties lie If it were up to me but that would be moving too fast. So I'm going to start slow. Will you be my girlfriend." I am in tears and all I can do is just nod. God if this is a prank please stop it, I've fallen hard for this man and I'm not afraid anymore. This feels right, it feels like the missing part of the puzzle has finally been added on to the rest of the puzzle and we can now see the final piece. Yin and Yang combined as one

Chapter Thirty Seven

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Never felt so good before

Never dreamed I would explore

Making love in the positions that you got me doing

I never thought I'd beg for more

Never thought I'd find a man

Who can do it again and again

And then even do it like once again ~ Karyn White

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For the first time in my life I made love, not sex or fucking. Love, and I couldn't help but cry tears Joy and relief. Mzwandile made me feel like a woman, a woman who deserves to be caressed, kissed on every centimeters of her body, pleased to a point where I feel grateful for the existence of such feelings and emotions. He completes me and fills me up literally and figuratively, he speaks to my body and it listens. He has shown me that love is not just a word or a feeling. Love is action, affection and attention, it shows, it's what we no longer need to say because last night he expressed it all. This is what I've been missing, real raw emotions that were deprived from past experiences, I thought fast, aggressive sex was all the love I needed but what Mzwandile did broke all the barrier's I've had and the

walls have given up giving way for our souls to merge.

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Me: Good morning.

Mzwandile: Morning, how did you sleep.

Me: Like a baby.

Mzwandile: I know and you're a very deep sleeper.

Me: Really?

Mzwandile: I went home and came back didn't I? I also made breakfast for the kids.

Me: Really? What time is it?

Mzwandile: 11:00

Me: Eh, mos I really slept.

Mzwandile: I don't blame you. You needed to sleep.

I just blushed. Did you see it? He didn't rub his good sex in my face. Most men would confidently say 'I

wore you out' when in fact they did nothing but bore you to sleep. But this one isn't even mentioning it, he gets me. We let the emotional connection communicate while we just have small talk and change the sheets, yes lady's and gentlemen. He's helping me make the bed.

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Mzwandile

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This is too good to be true. A beautiful woman with loving kids but no husband or side boo, nothing. I did a background search on her and she's clean, she's pretty much perfect. Yes she might have flaws but who doesn't? Right now I have something most men only dream about having. A chilled beautiful woman who not only has the looks, but has the brain to back it up. I was very serious about marrying her, I don't think I can even wait for 3months, you know once you've found the one there's no point in wasting time,

why delay the inevitable? I've always dreamed of having a wife and children but unfortunately I can't have children because of my low sperm count but thank goodness my ancestors came through for me and provided what I've been longing for all my life. Dee's situation though has been getting to me. I've been so pissed ever since he told me about his little predicament and I need to sort this ex-step father out real quick. While there are men like me who wish to have children, there are men like Dee's biological and step-father who abuse their right of being father's. They tarnish our names by destroying little kids hopes and dreams and make them exactly as they are, bitter broken men who hurt people that care about them. This in turn becomes a 'hurt people hurt people' cycle and the entire world is fucked.

My intentions are to change Dee's perspective of men, teach him how to be a good man that values family and also teach Roza how she should be treated by a man. If you don't do that then the streets will teach your children and the out come won't be a slap on the wrist, it will be much worse.

I'm talking prison, teenage pregnancy, abusive relationships, HIV and AIDS, and the worst that could happen, death. I want to be the father they never had because they'll also make me a father I can never be. If Ofentse allows me to love her and her kids then I'll be set for life. Complete. Because a man isn't complete without a family.

I'll pull my weight here and there and hope for the best.

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TWO MONTHS LATER...

"Babe, I need your family's address." Mzwandile says. I wanted to laugh thinking that he's joking until I saw the look on his face.

Me: There is none. I don't have a family.

Mzwandile: What do you mean?

Me: I mean they're all dead. The only family I have left is Lebo and the kids. The rest died one by one.

Mzwandile: Eish, don't you have like adults that can represent you or something?

Me: Why? What's this all about?

Mzwandile: Nothing. Just find some long distance family members or someone willing to represent you then email me the person's address.

Me: Uhm. Okay, sure

Mzwandile: Sharp, I love you.

Me: Yah me too" he chuckles. He knows very well how uncomfortable the world love makes me. But I'm making progress, two months ago I would just remain silent but now I say something. It might not be the love thing but it's something.

Mzwandile: "Ok, bye" He hung up.

Why would Mzwandile ask for an adult representation? Am I not old enough to represent myself? Anyway I head downstairs to find Dee and Roza in their school uniform. My little Roza is in first grade and she just can't get used to going to school so early. she's looking so sleepy while eating her

breakfast she might just fall into the bowl. "Morning babies, morning Ausi." I say sitting down. They chorus their good morning and continue eating. "Ausi, can I ask you something. " I say.

Ausi: Sure. what is it.

Me: Do you know any of my mother's family members?

Ausi: Yes why?

Me: I wanted to know some of them and I also need adult representatives.

Ausi: Well I for one am your mother's aunt. Then there are those in Attridgeville... "Wait. Wait, wait Ausi did you just say you're my mother's aunt? why didn't you tell me?? I've been living with family for so long and you say nothing? "

Ausi: It's not easy telling someone rich that they're family. They automatically think that you're after their money.

Me: But Ausi I'm not rich.. well Koko, right?

Ausi: Yoh no thank you, Ausi is much better. Imagine

calling someone as young as I am koko. And would you have believed me when you were still living at the old house?

Me: Maybe not.

Ausi: See. And who are getting married to.

Me: I'm not getting married.

Ausi: Child, I'm not stupid. The only time a child asks for adults to represent him/her is when they plan to get married. It's for the Lobola negotiations to be specific.

WHAT?! Mzwandile wants to marry me? Oh God. I can't help but feel anxious now that I know. Does he really love me that much that he doesn't even want to waste time? This is such a dream, and I don't even want to wake up.

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Me getting married, traditionally so if I do say so myself. Wow

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Thirty Eight

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Ausi Pat has arranged a meeting with my mother's family and they all agreed that we should meet in Attridgeville on Saturday. Right now I'm in my office trying to find some loopholes or evidence to present in court for my pending trial. Divorce is pretty fucked up I tell you. Some of these demands will have you feeling so damn ashamed of being a lawyer. I chose family law to be the voice of the voiceless, but right now the voiceless are just as cruel as those with the voice. Who takes a house and sells it to split the money with his wife knowing fully well that he has another house on the side and his wife and kids would be homeless just because the woman is the one who filed for divorce? That's exactly what this man is doing, I mean yes your wife is divorcing you, but why be so petty and split everything in half when you're already set for life on the other side. If I wasn't

his lawyer I'd make him lose the case, but my career depends on his case so a girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do. My boss recommended me to this guy promising him that I'll win this case so I have to do just that. And I'm feeling a promotion coming up if I win the case... Well I'm not feeling anything. I asked Plug to look into it and I'm shortlisted for Director of this company, yeah baby, so I need to do my best to make this cruel excuse of a man win this case.

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Mzwandile

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I'm on my way to my parents house to tell them about Ofentse. I want then to know that I've finally found someone that I want to spend the rest of my life with.

Me: Knock knock.

"Come in" My mother says. I walk into the house and

head to the living room where I know they are and I find them watching some low budget movie.

Me: Hello mama, baba.

Dad: Ndodana (Son)

Mom: Ngwanaka (My child) what brings you here

Me: I came to see you guys.

Dad: I don't believe you. You drove all the way from e pitoli (Pretoria) to come and see us? What did you do.

Me: Nix (Nothing) I really came to see you.

Mom: I also agree with your father. The drive from Pretoria to here is like what 5,6 hours? You came all the way to KZN to see us? Ufunani? (what do you want)

Me: Yoh, you guys don't love me. I really came to visit.

Dad: Did you kill someone again and you're running from the police? I told you to leave that gang.

Mom: Baba. Let's see if he's really here to see us. I

don't think he did something wrong, remember the last time he came crying. Today he looks happy.

My parents like making a mountain out of a molehill. How can they think for far ahead? Ai.

Me: I'm here to tell you that I've found the one.

Dad: The one? What's that?

Me: I've found my wife. I'm going to marry her.

Mom: "What's her name? Let me see her pictures" I told them that her name is Ofentse and showed them her pictures.

Dad: Nawe, did you have to go for a Tswana girl. Lama tswana have no respect.

Me: This one does and she isn't tswana well she is but she's also Angolan.

Mom: Really? That's nice.

Dad: Worse, you're bringing a foreigner into the family. What do you guys call them in Pretoria? AmaKwele kwele

Mom: Baba! That's xenophobic.

Dad: Ca i phobia is fear. Ang sabi mina (I'm not scared)

Yoh, what my father is saying is shocking. Mind you his best friend is Zimbabwean but he refuses to acknowledge him as a Zimbabwean because of his fluent Zulu.

Me: Baba, what's wrong with being Angolan?

Dad: "Nothing, the problem is these mixed breed's. Baya hlanya la bantu. Their ancestors are confused so the children have loose screws. Look at Tavonga's children, all of them are insane. You know why? Because he made children with a South African when he's Zimbabwean." Yoh. Now he's throwing his own best friend under the bus to prove a point.

Mom: Does she know you can't have kids?

Me: No, I don't think she'll want kids. She already has two.

Mom: Oh, I have grand children already.

Dad: Are the kids South African?

Me: No, their father's are Angolan

Dad: Different father's. Uya feba mos, Mzwandile wenzani ne sfebe ndodana? (So she's a harlot. Son, what are you doing with a harlot?)

Me: Haibo! Baba I'm old enough to make my own decisions and don't insult my future wife. I love her and I'm going to marry her whether you like it or not. You've ruined by past relationships by spilling that I can't bare kids. No, you said "ubudodabakhe ab'sezenzi" (His manhood doesn't work) and I'm sure this entire KZN already knows that. That's why I left and went to Pretoria where no one knows me and I found myself a woman that will love me no matter what. So please don't ruin this for me, if you do I'll never come back home ever again.

Mom: Say sorry Makhatini.

Dad: For telling the truth?

Me: Leave him, he's stubborn.

Mom: When are you sending the letter?

Me: Next week.

Dad: What's the rush?

Mom: Baba!! When are we going to see her?

Me: The day she's officially my wife. I don't want ubaba and the rest of the family to scare her away.

Dad: Ao, si bo ticoloshi (are we goblins) that scare people away?

Me: I didn't say that.

Yoh, the drama that is yet to come. I really hope that Ofentse has the stomach and perseverance of a cow. Because right now she's about to join a donkeys family. My family is so stubborn you just give up from looking at them nje . So imagine when they open their mouths.

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This is going to be a very long year...

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Thirty Nine

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Mzwandile's homestead.

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"Ini!? He's getting married? To who? " Mzwandile's little sister Nqobile asks. She's excited and happy for her older brother like the rest of his siblings and mother but his father is on another level

Dad: Hei, to iKwele kele my child. He left every woman in south Africa for ikwele kwele yom tswana.

Mom: Hebanna, ga ke mopedi kgane? (Am I not Pedi?)

Dad: That's different

"How? " Mqedisi, Mzwandile's older brother asked.

Dad: Hei, stay out of it wena. She's from Angara and she claims to be Tswana as well

"What if she's both? " Siyabonga the last born said.

Dad: She's both vele iDemoni roaming around our country.

Siyabonga: Haibo baba. It's also her country she's not a demon. No wonder why the poor girl won't come until she gets married. Hai o worse baba

Dad: Shut up wena. It gets worse. She has a whole creche of kids from different father's.

Nqobile: Still don't see why he can't marry her.

Mqedisi: Now I'm starting to understand ubaba. She's there for our brothers money.

Nqobile: We can say the same thing about that stick you call a wife.

Mqedisi: I'll kill you. Don't disrespect me.

Mom: You know Mqedisi, for a first born you sure behave like Siya.

Mqedisi: Hau ma? How can you say something like that to me?

Mom: You're the older brother. Instead of supporting your brother and helping him on his journey you want to stop him from achieving. I didn't raise you like this.

Mqedisi: Sorry ma

Mom: And wena Makhatini, you better send that letter today and if Mzwandile never comes back here because of your madness. I'm leaving you.

With that she walks to their bedroom and shuts the door.

Siya: see what you've done? Hai man, you guys aren't fair.

Dad: "You seem to be forgetting that Mzwandile pays for your fees. Once he's married he'll stop and you'll do your matric at a government school. " This statement alone made Siya change his mind about the idea of his brother getting married.

Siya: So what are we going to do now?

Nqobile: Nothing. Mzwandile isn't your father, he doesn't have to pay for your fees, your father is right here, plotting against his other son. I'm telling you if I fall pregnant, father will make you take care of my kids, Is that what you want?

Siya: No.

Nqobile: Then let Mzwandile get married because

you don't want to be burdened with someone else's problems, so don't be a burden wena self. I'm going to visit him this weekend so that I can meet my sister in law. Wanna come?

Siya: Sure.

Mqedisi: Nami I'm coming with.

Nqobile: "Then you'll pay for patrol" Nqobile knows how stingy his older brother is, he'll never agree to it making it easier to leave him behind.

Mqedisi: Never mind.

Though as much.

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A week later..

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Ofentse

It's lunchtime at work and I'm sitting with my colleagues slash friend's. Nompilo and Didintle, eating and talking about our lives until the spotlight is shining on me.

Didi: How's bae?

Me: Which bae?

Nompilo: Don't try lying to us. Were lawyers after all. So what's his name.

Me: Mzwandile

Didi: Letsulu?? A na banna ba baTswana bafedile?
(A Zulu? Are the tswana men finished?)

Me: Ha Didi I didn't peg you for a tribalist.

Didi: I'm not, I just don't get along with Zulu's, they're stubborn man

Nompilo: Like terms repel aker

Didi: Hai, leave me alone. Tell us about Mzwi Mzwi. When are we going to KZN for your traditional wedding and rituals?

Me: Rituals?

Nompilo: You're dating a Zulu man and you know nothing about his culture? Let me school you.

We spent the entire 1hr lunch break talking about Zulu custom's and I don't think I'm ready to smell like dead animal skin and gall. I've never heard of such and I don't think I can escape it since the letter was already sent and we're waiting for them to arrive on the 12th of March. Which is two weeks from now.

This isn't fair because Alambamento (Angolan wedding custom's) isn't as insane as this dead animal skin and gall custom. Thank God Friday's are half days and I got to go home and google these Zulu custom's. And it's scary. The crash the gall on your body. I'll be smelling like Gall. And they also have to make rituals to take my kids into their family. Hai this is too much.

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Later on I was on video call with Mzwandile talking about how unfair his Zulu custom's are and he's just laughing because I'm mortified by this. There's a

knock on his door and he goes to open without hanging up.

"Hello big brother. We came to visit you" says a girl. I can't see her but her voice sounds like a 20 something year old.

Mzwandile: He puts his face back on the phone and he looks annoyed "Babe, I'll call you back later" "Is that Ofentse, we want to see her" They know me? I didn't even know he had siblings. There's a scuffle going on and I hear a boy say invite her and her kids for dinner and well leave you alone. I guess I'm going to have dinner with the Ngoma siblings.

Me: "Don't ask, I'll be there at 8." I say out loud so that they can hear me then hang up. I want to see what's in store for me and analyze their behavior so that I know how to behave around his family. The disadvantage of not having a proper family to learn from

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Forty

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I got to Sosha at 20:15 and I was already feeling terrible. Who comes late for dinner with potential family? I just hope this doesn't make me look bad. Roza stayed behind because she came home feeling sick from school so I asked Lebo to babysit her while I'm gone. I'm finally at Mzwandile's house and I'm sweating like I've just run the marathon. I say inside the car for a few minutes to cool myself with the AC then hop out with Dee following behind and I go knock on the door. A young boy opens then whistles checking me out "Yoh, hai now I know why my brother is going crazy about you. Come in" I don't think that's how you welcome guests, mara who am I to judge? I get in and then this guy is just holding the door staring at me, nxa, how rude. "I'm Ofentse " I say to him giving him a hand shake offer. "Oh, Siyabonga, Mzwandile's youngest sibling" we shake hands then he switches to greet Dee.

Siya: Where are the others?

Me: "Oh Roza isn't feeling well so we left her at home. It's just the two of us today." I say politely

Siya: And the others?

Me: Which others?

Siya: Yoh, never mind. Follow me.

I ignore his 'Yoh' and follow him to the living room where Mzwandile is sitting with a girl, probably his little sister and he looks so uncomfortable.

Me: "Hi, I'm Ofentse, nice to meet you. " I say offering her a hand shake and she stands up to hug me. "I'm Nqobile and I'm a hugger. " she says squeezing the life out of me. I hug her back then she finally lets go and hugs Dee who won't hug back. We're not at affectionate family, so this is just odd. We settle down and take out seats then the awkwardness starts.

Nqobile: Where are your other kids?

Siya: Forget it. I asked and she denys them

Me: I didn't deny my kid. I told you that she isn't feeling well.

Siya: "Don't pretend like you only have two kids, we know there are more." This boy is getting on my

nerves.

Me: Nope, I only gave birth to two kids. Right Dee?

Siya: Don't bring the kid into this, he'll obviously lie for you.

Me: Okay, let's get one thing straight. Just because I'm dating your brother doesn't make us friend's and quite frankly you're way too young to be this disrespectful, what are you 16? And you think you're grown and smart enough to question my intelligence. I told you that I only have two kids, if you didn't help me make the rest that you claim I have, I suggest you shut up and wena, why are you letting your sibling talk to me like this??

Siya: Yoh! She's worse than ubaba

Nqobile: laughs "I like her. She'll fit in perfectly. And sorry about the kids thing. We were misinformed."
She then glares at Mzwandile who now looks constipated.

Dee: Uncle M are you okay?

Nqobile: He's just tongue tied because my parents

are listening in on our conversation.

WHAT?!?! Why wasn't I informed? I just bit the poor boys head off, now his parents must think I'm rude and senseless. I look at him and see betrayal all over his face. I mouth Judas Iscariot to him then stand up.

Mzwandile: Don't go!

Me: Why? So that you can embarrass me more? You didn't even defend me when your brother practically hinted that I'm a bitch by asking for other kids that only God knows off.

Mzwandile: Okay, I'm sorry. But please don't go, I really wanna have dinner with you. We all do.

Nqobile: Yoh, she gives up so easy. Hai

Siya: "Why is she even ofended, we already know she's after our brother's money." he says in Zulu. Yoh, I've arrived shem. Now I get what Didi meant when she said their stubbornness and arrogance exceeds the words. Yoh!

Me: I'm not after his money

Dee: Mommy, can we go.

Me: "Sure." I look at Mzwandile and he knows very well what my look means, defeat and hurt. "I hope you're happy" I walk out and then stop when I hear the brother laughing saying gold digger can act. I give Dee the car keys and tell him to lock the doors once he's inside then walk back to the living room. "I don't think you understand the term I don't want his money. I don't need it, I've survived just fine without it and I'll continue surviving. You see these clothes, your brother found me like this, he didn't add anything else into my life but love and meaning and those two right now are proving to have been bogus because he's just sitting there frozen while ngwana ai taola ka polelo (a child is flexing with words) I'm sorry I came here, I'm sorry I wasted my time thinking that I'd be actually enjoying my meal with my potential family and I'm very sorry I fell in love with you" I point at Mzwandile with tears stinging my eyes and one drops right before I turn around and walk out. He'll never see me again. I get in the car, switch my phone off and drive. Listening to Brandy and she's not helping with her almost doesn't count.

Nxa

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I got home and went straight to bed, thank God Roza fell sick she didn't witness that nonsense. I feel weak and defeated nje, how dare he sit there like a zombie and let me take a verbal beat down from his younger siblings. If it were adults I'd understand and say he was quiet out of respect but children? And I'm not buying this our parents are listening bullshit, why not just hang up and scold his siblings if he can't disappoint his parents. I'd never do that to anyone I claim to love and I don't think that I'd let anyone disrespect anyone I'm close with just because I'm related to them. What happened to respect your elders? You know what, I cant solve people's problems at work then try to psycho analyse disrespectful children. I put Almost doesn't count on my speaker and listen to it until I finally know the lyrics and sing along then fall asleep.

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"Can't keep on loving you with one foot outside the door. I hear a funny hesitation of a heart that's never really sure. Can't keep on trying if you're looking for more, more than I could give you than what you came here for...

[7/15, 12:32] +27 74 372 1621: Chapter Forty Two.

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After the little confession, things started getting better and were now having a proper convocation without fighting. I found out that Mqedisi the silent one is the first born, then comes Mzwandile.

Followed by Nqobile who is in UKZN doing medicine and Siyabonga who's in grade 11. I told them a little about me omitting the fact that I was raped and Dee is the product of it. As judgemental as they are I really can't afford Dee having another incident where he's made feel dirty.

We're currently in the kitchen cooking lunch and by we I mean Nqobile and Mama Maria, their mother,

she refused being called ma Ngoma saying that she's not outdated. We cooked in peace and I really like these two women, they're so strong and peaceful. I mean they don't even have stress lines on their faces even when they live with someone like Siyabonga.

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Everything was going great until the father started again. Eish, what does this man want mara?

Dad: Yoh, this beef stew tastes like cardboard and cow dung. Who made it

I wanted to laugh so hard because I see what he's trying to do, but he won't win.

Nqobile: Baba! I'm hurt, how can you insult my cooking like this?

Dad: Yoh, it was you. I'm sorry my child, it tastes nice.

Mzwandile is chuckling next to me and stuffing food into his mouth to restrain himself from laughing. I on the other hand am looking at mama Maria who's

glaring at her husband and he's just eating like he doesn't feel her eyes digging holes into his skull. How I wish I could laugh. We finish eating and they head to the living room while Nqobile and I put the dishes in the dishwasher and head back with dessert. If this man says he doesn't like it I'll know that he's evil for sure. He takes the first bite and then dives right on, so does the rest of the family. I'm pleased

Siya: Sis' Fentse where did you buy this dessert? I've never had it before.

God come and see, he's respectful now. I clap once in my imagination then finally answer him "I made it myself, it's an Angolan dessert that my grandma used to make on my birthday" immediately after saying that Bab' Makhatini starts coughing and puts the pudding dish on the coffee table.

Dad: You're feeding us demon food, Hai ndodana I know you're impotent but you're taking this too far. Now we're eating poison because of you.

I laugh, I laugh so hard they all stop eating and look at me. "Baba, Mzwandile isn't impotent"

Dad: "Hei, he's impotent. I know my son." Hebanna, I don't think he knows what impotence means. "He isn't baba, impotence is when a man can't get aroused, or if he does it isn't strong enough to last for sexual activity."

Dad: And how do you know he isn't impotent, are you pregnant and trying to pin the baby on him? Shem you've reached park station. His thing doesn't work my dear, let's see if you'll still love him now that you know that he's useless.

Ha! This man, now I see who Siyabonga takes after.

Me: I don't care if he's impotent, has a low sperm count, he's a killer, a thug, lowlife, however you see him. He's my thug, my lowlife, my killer, and that won't change. I love him however he is. I don't care if he can't have children... well maybe I do, and that's because I feel sorry for the children he can't have. They won't have the opportunity of having a loving and caring father because that's what he'd make.

Mqedisi: I see it now. You want your kids to have a good father, that's why you're with him. You need a

father for your little bastards.

I just lost it and jumped on him then held on to his neck squeezing it very tight. "NEVER, AND I MEAN NEVER CALL MY KIDS BASTARDS AGAIN OR I'LL END YOU. UNDERSTOOD!?! " He just nodded and I felt someone pulling me away from him then I heard it. Roza was screaming my name crying so I looked up to see a very scared Dee looking at me and Roza next Lebo crying because Lebo is holding her back. Nxa, this one just turned me into a monster in front of my own children.

Dad: Let's leave before they choke us all to death.

He stood up and left followed by Mqedisi who was holding his neck and still coughing. Then Nqobile walked after looking at me once with remorse then looked back down then Mama Maria just hugged me and I broke down.

Siya: You two belong together. Murderers, nxa

He walked out as well then Bab makhatini yelled for mama Maria and she left as well.

Lebo: What happened?

Me: "Ask this fool." I walked over to Roza, picked her up and carried her to my room with Dee following behind.

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Once we're in my room I take Roza's shoes off and put her on the bed and Dee is still standing by the door and still looking scared. This people make my life a living hell

Me: I'm sorry you guys had to see that, it wasn't my intention to scare you guys. Please forgive me.

Roza who still doesn't understand what's going on just hugs me says it's okay while Dee hasn't moved and all from the door.

Dee: Why did you give him a choke slam?

Me: He was saying bad things.

Roza: Like bastard?

Me: Yes, and don't ever say that again.

Dee: If uncle Mzwandile didn't pull off would you have killed him?

Me: No, absolutely not. What happened back there was wrong and don't want you two getting into fights at school trying to look tough okay. Violence is wrong and I'm sorry for my actions, I acted out of character and that's not the best example to learn from.

Uuuugh, this family not only drives me crazy but they are slowly making me seem like the bad guy here.

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Roza went back downstairs to chill with Mzwandile who is still here and I don't know why and Dee is still in my room.

Dee: I would've choked him Too if I had the strength. Roza might not know what bastard means but I do and I'm just as angry as you are. When I met Mzwandile I thought that things will be different but they seem worse than aunty Kim. I don't want to see them ever again mommy, please don't make me see them again.

And with that said begins the end of my relationship

with Mzwandile, I love him yes, but I love my son more and I won't sacrifice his happiness to keep mine going. I know it'll hurt but I'd take the pain any day just so that my son doesn't have to experience pain.

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Forty One

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I was woken up by Dee the following morning and I knew exactly why he was, he also felt betrayed.

Dee: Mama! Someone's here to see you.

Me: Who?

Dee: "Uhm..." he's hesitant to answer making me think that it's Mzwandile. I don't want to see him. I don't take kindly to betrayal.

Me: "Dee..." I warn him and he looks up then quickly loses eye contact.

Dee: "It's Mzwandile and his family, the whole family

this time. Even old people." Ugh, what do they want now? To finish me off. I take a quick shower and dress up in a long sleeved bodysuit and a maxi skirt, I don't bother with shoes and I just slip on some morning slippers and head downstairs to find the house filled with people I don't know and Roza is sitting on Mzwandile's lap talking to him and the whole family is watching them on TV. Lebo is leaning by the kitchen door looking very angry and I know why, they probably insulted him too. "Good Morning" they all turn around and look at me. Only the older woman who I'm guessing is the mother and Nqobile responded. Fine by me. I remain standing and look at all of them.

"Sit down girl" the older man sitting next to Mzwandile says. I take my seat next to Nqobile who gives me a smile and side hug before they scold her. Yoh, so she's not allowed to touch me now?

Lebo: "Roza, let's go to the movies. We'll watch my little pony" My child jumped off of Mzwandile like his thighs were on fire and rushed outside telling him to hurry up. He called Dee as well and they left.

Siya: Finally some privacy, I was begging to become uncomfortable around that one.

I contain myself, and God it's taking an arm and a leg and maybe extra livers not to pounce on this boy right now.

Dad: Why are you allowing that gay near your children?

Me: "That gay? " I say and laugh. "Wow, well sir that gay that you're referring to is my family. So I'd appreciate it if you weren't so homophobic in my presence "

Siya: See, I told you she's disrespectful

Nqobile: Siyabonga shut up man!

He immediately keeps quiet and looks down. I guess she's older than him.

Mom: We came to apologize for what the kids did to you yesterday and also on behalf of Mzwandile who didn't man up and defend your honour when he should have. But that part I'm leaving to him since he has a mouth. The kids didn't mean to disrespect you.

They were badly influenced by an adult.

I'd believe her if Siyabonga wasn't laughing. She seems like a good person so I'll accept her apology.

Me: I accept your apology ma, but these kids are old enough to know what's right or wrong. Don't blame yourself or whoever that influenced them because at the end of the day it was their decision to act on the misguidance and disrespect me the way they did.

Siya: So us saying that you want my brother's money and you have many kids is disrespectful? Yoh!

Me: "The fact that you're in my house right now and still insulting me is proof enough that you're disrespectful. Did you see where you are? Are you not in my house? Did you not see my cars outside? And you still believe I'm after your brother's money? And the fact that you caught us off guard should also alert you that I only have two kids, unless you saw the rest that you so want to see also running around in the house. Did you?" He keeps quiet. "DID YOU OR DID YOU NOT SEE CHILDREN RUNNING AROUND IN HERE!?"

Mzwandile: Babe, you're not in the courtroom.

Me: Sure, then why does it feel like I am? Why are you still letting him disrespect me? I wouldn't do this to you or anyone else for that matter, but here you are doing it again.

Mzwandile: Doing what?

Me: You don't even know what you're doing wrong? Wow.

I stand up and go make coffee. "Coffee anyone? " I ask from the kitchen. Nqobile comes to help me and I also add some finger foods on a platter and warm them up before heading back to the living room.

Nqobile: They're holding an ace card against him. The type that will make you dump him after finding out.

She walks back to the living room with the tray off coffee and I follow behind with the finger foods. What ace card? Ugh man, what has he done that's so bad that he can't even defend me? Whatever it is still doesn't give him the right to sit back while I'm trying to defend myself.

Dad: I don't want you with my son.

Me: That's easy, if he carries on being like this then I don't see the use of being with him.

"If you're not after his money then what are you after? Status?" the quiet one finally talks.

Me: I have my own status. I was after love, I don't remember myself being as happy as your brother made me for the past few months, that's what I was after completion.

Nqobile: That's so sweet.

Siya: She's acting.

Mzwandile: Siyabonga, learn to shut up. I've been holding myself from beating you up but right now, I'm going to kill you say one more word.

Dad: Kill him like you've killed all those people. This time I'll get you arrested

Me: What!? You've killed?

"She won't want you anymore now, look how scared she is" Silento says.

Mom: "Mqedisi" she says then shows him the shut your mouth sign with her pointer finger. So that's his name, Mqedisi.

Mzwandile: Babe, I'm so sorry I didn't tell you this earlier but please don't leave me because of things that happened in my past, please.

Me: I don't care about your past, I care about your present because that's where I am. What you did in the past has nothing to do with me, but what you're doing now does. You're sitting here doing nothing when I'm accused and insulted repeatedly hoping that you'll step in and stop your family from ridiculing me but no, you do nothing. Is it why you were quiet? Because you're afraid that they'll tell me that you've killed before? Well they told me now didn't they? And what did you do to deserve having your dirty laundry aired out like that? Nothing! To show that secrets are bound to get out whether you like it or not, you just have to tell the people that you love about them before they find out from other people or get blackmailed like you were just now.

Mom: She has sense, I like her. You need her in your

life son.

Mqedisi: So you're not afraid that one day he'll lose it and kill you?

Me: No, he won't kill me

Siya: The level of bravery has turned into stupidity. Run my sister! Nna if he kills you I won't cry because we warned you.

This boy has no fullstop. And anyway, I come highly protected, he wouldn't even scratch my forehead without being assassinated first. But I don't tell them that, that's my little secret and I'm taking it to my grave.

Chapter Forty Two.

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Dee: If uncle Mzwandile didn't pull off would you have killed him?

Me: No, absolutely not. What happened back there was wrong and don't want you two getting into fights at school trying to look tough okay. Violence is wrong and I'm sorry for my actions, I acted out of character and that's not the best example to learn from.

Uuuugh, this family not only drives me crazy but they are slowly making me seem like the bad guy here.

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Roza went back downstairs to chill with Mzwandile who is still here and I don't know why and Dee is still in my room.

Dee: I would've choked him Too if I had the strength. Roza might not know what bastard means but I do and I'm just as angry as you are. When I met Mzwandile I thought that things will be different but they seem worse than aunty Kim. I don't want to see them ever again mommy, please don't make me see them again.

And with that said begins the end of my relationship with Mzwandile, I love him yes, but I love my son more and I won't sacrifice his happiness to keep mine going. I know it'll hurt but I'd take the pain any day just so that my son doesn't have to experience pain.

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Forty Three

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Two months later

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I got a call from Plug summoning me saying that

some idiot wants to leave the gang, I don't understand how, when you already know that you only leave the gang in a casket. This person is suicidal and wants to use me as a scape goat, but I'll gladly help them just to blow off some steam. I'm currently in my office finishing up on my latest case before heading out and going home to get my luggage before Lebo takes me to the airport.

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Mzwandile

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I know you're disappointed in me, I am too. I let Ofentse go and couldn't defend her because my family really had me by the balls and I had no choice but to shut up. I'm not just a gangster that killed someone, it's specifically someone very close to me and that alone can scare someone away no matter how much they love you. I killed my wife, the bitch told the police where I had stashed my money after I

did a cash heist gig and I just lost it and beat her to death. Yeah yeah gender based violence is wrong but she betrayed me. I would be a billionaire by now if it wasn't for her. I wouldn't be hiding in Soshanguve treading carefully to make sure I don't even get a speeding ticket because it will show that I escaped prison and then I'll be sent back into that hell hole. I know I was wrong, I'm still wrong and I'm paying for my wrong doings that's why I'm on my way to a meeting with my gang leader. I want out and if I die then so be it, I die. I'll at least know that I went out with one good deed in my life. I tried calling Ofentse to tell her that I love her and I'm sorry but it keeps going to voicemail so I sent a text instead. I'm really sorry, and me leaving the gang is my way of proving how sorry I am.

I walked into the trap house and boy the new gang leader is boss. He's seemed to turn the trap house into a legit looking business. I mean boardrooms and all, I bet he has a PA. I find Skatch waiting for me by the stairs, I catch up to him then we have a small polite talk then head to the boardroom where

my fate will be decided.

Skatch: Man boss lady gone have your ass on a platter.

Me: Boss lady? You mean this gang is now run by a woman?

Skatch: Boss man's daughter to be specific

Me: What happened to boss man?

Skatch: She killed him and took over. Man I like her though, she don't exploit us like boss man did

Me: I saw that my pay was quite on the heavy side.

"Afternoon, lets get down to business. Where's the bitch that wants out? I have things to do and children go home to" I know that voice. In fact I've spent the past two months worshipping that voice. But it can't be. No, not her, please not her.

Skatch: "Rest in peace my brother. Or in pieces. " he says chuckling

Me: Ofentse?

She turns around then looks like she saw a ghost.

Ofentse: Mzwandile? O nyakang mo? (What are you doing here)

Plug: You know this guy?

Skatch: Man, you're getting killed by someone you know? I hate your life.

Ofentse: Everyone out!

They all scurried out of the office and the last one closed the door. They're all outside looking through the window and Ofentse pulls out a gun and shoots at the window making them all duck. It's bulletproof glass thank the lord or that poor boy would be dead.

Me: You're a gang leader, and you didn't see the need to tell me this information?

Ofentse: And then what? You'll run and tell your daddy so that he has more to insult about?

Me: Why are you so sour, I said I was sorry, and you dumped me for Christ sake.

Ofentse: I wanted you to fight, to fight for us and stand up to your family and defend me. I won't stay in a relationship with someone who isn't man

enough to fight for me.

She walked out of the boardroom leaving me behind as angry as ever. I follow her until she gets into her car and drives off and I follow her. She'll regret calling me half a man.

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Ofentse.

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I'm in my hotel room taking a shower to make myself sleepy. It's 2am and I can't seem to sleep so I'm tiring myself out when suddenly the lights go off, luckily I had candles on for the relaxation and now not only are they helping relax but they're also helping me see. I hope out the shower and grabbed a towel to dry myself up. Load shedding in America? Hai mehlolo gae fele (wonders shall never end). I walk to the bedroom and just when I'm about to call reception desk someone talks behind me "I'm not

half a man"

Me: Well you have a very funny way of proving that don't you.

Mzwandile: IM A MAN!

He doesn't even scare me. Shame, he's trying so hard. "You have a funny way of showing it Mzwandile, a man protects what he loves, a man can stand on his own to prove his loyalty, a man...

Mzwandile: I killed my wife okay, I killed her that's why my family won't let me marry you, that's why they're pushing you away.

Me: So just because you killed your wife I should suddenly feel scared and run away? As you can see I'm a gang leader and I murdered my father to get that positions and even if you didn't know that you know very well that I'm lawyer. It's my job to protect and defend the accused. Do you seriously think that I'd leave you because you killed your wife for informing the police about the whereabouts of the money you stole?

Mzwandile: How did you know that?

Me: I know everything. But I still didn't run now did I?
Now please switch on my light and leave. Talking to
you has made me sleepy.

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to be continued...we'd

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Forty Three.Two

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"I'm not going anywhere until you accept my
apology." Mzwandile said I just continued getting
ready for bed until I realised that Mzwandile was
also undressing.

Me: And then? What are you doing?

Mzwandile: I'm getting ready for bed. You won't
forgive me and I won't leave, so I might as well sleep
here tonight.

Me: "Suit yourself. " Truth be told, I could kick him

out if I wanted to, but I've missed him so much so that having him sleep on the couch will be enough. As long as I can smell his scent then I'm good. I get into bed and close my eyes begging sleep to take over, until I feel the bed dip next to me and a warm body cuddles with me. "Who told you to get into my bed? "

Mzwandile: I don't hear you disagreeing with it though.

God, he has his head on my neck and his hot breath just creates goosebumps all over my arms and legs. "Do you forgive me? "he says running his fingers across my bare arms. Our Father Who art in heaven. Please take your son. I let out a shaky no when I feel his groin pressed on my butt

Mzwandile: "O sure?" he continues his torment and I'm out of breath.

Me: Leave me alone.

Mzwandile: That's not what you want is it?

He's fondling with my nipples and the last defense barrier finally shutters. He's now rubbing my silk

pajamas pants onto my moistening pussy lip's and I let out a soft moan and press myself onto his body and start grinding on him. I feel like a bitch on heat, I forgive him but if forgiveness means I have to stop what we're doing then I'm sorry, I refuse to admit it. I've been too dry for too long and he will help break my dry spell.

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I miss the feel of a cock in me, I turn around so that I'm facing him and kiss him, he kisses back and I can feel the passion in

him. This man might be calm and cool on the exterior, but there's a fire in him and I

can't deny that I want to be burned by it. I work my hands inside his boxers and play with him as he grunt's in response. "take your clothes off" he command's and I feel so aroused by the sound of his voice and the power that oozes out of it. I swear if this goes on ill end up dizzy from lack of blood to the brain. I strip my clothes off and watch him strip too. "Romantic people strip and get stripped. " I say in a

voice that doesn't sound like mine, damn you hormones.

Mzwandile: I'm a Zulu man, we do things accordingly, abo strip and be stripped is shit from the movies. Now come here

Because I feel like a hypnotized bimbo I slide off to the end of the bed and sit there looking at him then start stroking his cock giving him little licks and kisses he pulled me up then roughly flipped me over so that I'm lying stomach flat on the bed. He came behind me and pulled my hips up, aligned his cock with my entrance and pushed in so fast and hard it hurt. "Ow" I say trying to make him realise that it hurts. But he continues thrusting like a mad man

Mzwandile: I should warn you, I planned this all along. I knew you'd be so predictable that you wouldn't forgive me and that we'd end up fucking, so I took some pills to make sure that by the time I stop you've forgiven me and that Lobola (Dowry) negotiations will continue as planned.

It's official, he's insane, he's practically using sex to

get what he wants, my own slay king. But this feels so good, well discuss it later. He brings his arm forward and wraps it around my waist only to bring his hand down to play with my clit. I go rigid and scream into the mattress as I come and he's still thrusting prolonging my climax. "Mzwandile please, I'm too sensitive." I say trying to pull away but he still won't stop.

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"Do you forgive me? " he asks as he slowly thrusts into me then rolling his hips to hit my g-spot as he thrusts in. Soon I have cum again and I'm a bit dizzy. "Answer me Ofentse " he says nibbling on my earlobe and still thrusting making me go wild "N-aah, no. Ah, yes, yes, yessssss" My

hips start to work back and forth as I try to meet his thrust and also intensify them and soon working towards a pace that might give me my third orgasm of the night.

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After a long time in a state of pleasure, I am drawn off. All I can do is lie flat on

my belly on the bed as there's no energy left in me after cumming for such a long time.

Mzwandile: Do you forgive me?

Me: As long as you defend me. This is your last chance, blow it and I'm gone. And let's not forget that I can also kill you for trying to leave the gang. His big cock drives back into my pussy once more and I moan as he fucks me over the finishing line to a

large and wet orgasm that stains the sheets. I lie dazed and relieved at finally having reached the highlight of my enjoyment. I hear him groan and then a great wetness fills my cunt. My dark skinned giver of pleasure lies down on his side and pushes his hand down

my stomach and further past my lightly haired pussy to work on my clit. I tense a little

when the wave of pleasure that his fingers bring hits me. In my lifetime I can count

the times I have come more than three times in a session and it is a shock that I might be on my way to a fourth. Those magic fingers bring me close and I just manage to bring myself to a comfortably small orgasm before I pass out.

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Life is good when you have a Mzwandile in it...

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Forty Four.

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~ Had to go catch my flight back home. You'll be hearing from my family soon about the negotiations.

I love you

P.S: Will you marry me

I opened the envelope next to the note and 5 rings dropped onto the bed and there's letter inside.

"Each ring has a different story, but they all have one

meaning. That I'm sorry and that I love you. 1. I'm sorry for betraying you, sorry for throwing you under the bus

2. Sorry for not defending you

3. Sorry for breaking your trust

4. Sorry for playing with you children's emotions, sorry for leading them on, I know what I did is just as bad as what your former partner did so I'm sorry and I will try and correct my wrongs. I've let you down and broke promises but I will make things right this time.

5. I love you, I don't think I've ever loved someone as much as I love you, you've changed my whole life with the littlest things you do and to add onto that your children have also been as warm and welcoming as you are. I fell in love with you on our first date, I was so excited that I've finally met someone who knows nothing about me and she's not with me for money, you love me for me and that alone is enough to make me happy for the rest of my life. You came into my life and added value to it.

Ofentse, I want to be with you, I need to have you in my life, with you by my side I feel like I can conquer the world, no I will conquer the world. Your unconditional love is all the motivation I need. You make my life complete and I want to make you my wife.

Ofentse Domingo's, will you make me the happiest man alive and marry me?"

I'm in tears, I don't think I've ever received such a heartfelt letter in my life. Hell, this is the first letter I've ever received in my life. I don't know what to say, do, I'm just stuck reading the letter over and over again like a broken record, he loves me, me.

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I finally got ahold of myself and went to the trap house to clear Mzwandile's issue out before heading back home.

Plug: So he hit that?

Me: Shut it. I didn't know he worked for me.

Plug: Well, as long as he isn't leaving the gang no more then we cool, but be careful. He has a temper problem

Me: He'd be dead by the time he lays his hands on me. I have men around me 24/7 I know what his moves are before he makes them. I just don't boast about it out of respect.

Plug: You got respect, man I need to get myself an African woman. Bitches here be trippin AF.

Me: They'll always trip cause you refer to them as bitches. Respect her and she'll definitely respect you

Plug: Aiight ma, see you next time. Maybe I'll get an invite to your wedding. And I'll beef up security around you. I don't trust that fellow.

Me: Why?

Plug: I don't think he's right for you

Me: Because he killed his wife?

Plug: laughs "is that what he told you?"

Me: Yeah, and also the information I dug up on him.

Plug: I forged that info. He didn't only kill his wife but her entire family. Poor girl wanted to divorce him after he got physical on her then he killed her, the family opened a case against him and he killed every last one of them. No help, no ammunition, just him and his bare hands.

Me: Shit.

Plug: I suggest you carry on with the relationship until we find a way to get you out of it.

Me: I need to go. I'll keep you posted, and secure my kids Too while you're at it.

Plug: You're the boss.

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He? He killed an entire family? An entire existence, I don't know what to do anymore. I love him, but this new information is just way too much for me to handle. How can he be so cruel and insensitive and,

and monstrous. He is a monster, a murderer I don't think my love can sustain such info but I also have a soul tie with him. I don't feel whole without him, but won't he kill me and the rest of my family too if I anger him? I took my phone and called Plug. "Get me everything on Mzwandile. I want everything from his birth certificate until his latest shopping receipt. I mean everything. I want to know what I'm getting myself into here. "

Plug: Sure thing boss. You'll have it by end of day or tomorrow morning the latest.

Me: Good.

I need to who I fell in love with right now, I'll deal with everything else later. Better the demon I know than me going out to look for the devil himself. I hope that what I'm looking for doesn't haunt me as much as this new information is. I hate being blindsided, but I hate not knowing too.

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Yoh hai this guy making my whole world a contradiction. How do I compare last night and this

morning to now? When I said Yin and Yang, I didn't mean to jinx myself like this. I'm literally in the midst of darkness and light. A perfect combination, but a deadly risk.

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But is it worth it?

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Forty Five.

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I had to vomit twice as I'm reading about this guy. The more I read the more I fear him, he's an animal, a wild one. He is officially mentally unstable, gang member or not this guy isn't right upstairs. He punched his wife to death. He punched her so hard

that she broke 6 ribs, and one punctured her lungs then still continued beating her until she eventually drowned in her own blood. Then he goes on to kill all 35 family members one by one, each day. I don't even want to talk about how he killed them because at some point he killed a man with a meat pounder, he crushed his Adam's apple, his esophagus and the beginning of his spine while pounding on his neck. The only soul survivor of his monstrous behaviour is his youngest sibling Siyabonga. He is Mzwandile's nephew in-law and he was only a year old when this happened, I guess the family took him in after he confessed or lied, I really don't know, but at least he doesn't kill children. This means that Mzwandile was only nineteen years old when he did all this, I don't even know what to call it, it's too evil to be called evil deed. A murderer at such a young age? He was also accused of rape when he was 25 and he had an illegal vasectomy and took erectile suppressants on the court day proving that he isn't capable of raping because of his 'disability', proving that he actually did rape, the only good thing that came out of this is that his illegal vasectomy messed up with his actual

sperm produce, meaning he can't have children and I thank God for that, imagine if he made children? Lord please protect my kids and please please please take him, just throw some lightning nyana and take him. I vow that I'll never date a man again in my life, it's like I was bewitched or born with bad luck, yoh. Such taste in men? Where the hell does it come from. I'm done. The only problem is that girls that dump him go missing. So I'll have to tread carefully for the safety of my kids. I have children to think about now, while he has nothing to lose. I text Plug that he better have beefed up my security and make sure that he sends Amazon's to come and pose as workers. But he needs to get those that Mzwandile knows nothing of. I take the earliest plain home and get there the bloody next day and I couldn't cope anymore. I need to make sure that my babies are fine.

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I ubered my way home having to pay +-R1200 I never knew uber was so expensive for long distance travelling. I got home at exactly 6am just in time to catch them before they leave for school.

Roza: "Mama!" She says and comes rushing to me, at least she's still fine. I hug her and kiss her all over her face and check for any wounds or bruises on her arms and legs then let go. Where's Dee?

Me: "Dee!" he doesn't answer "Divine! " still nothing "Keamogetswe weh! Roza, where's Dee? " she is too busy opening my bags to see what I've brought home to even care. So I rush upstairs and once I'm finally on the last step I see Siyabonga coming out of the guestroom. "What are you doing in my house? "

Siya: It's my brother's house too now.

What the fuck? "Get out of my house. NOW!! "

Mzwandile comes out of my bedroom smiling and then quickly comes to kiss me which I don't return

Mzwandile: Hao baby, you don't return my kisses?

Me: Mzwandile, what is this one doing in my house? And what does he mean it's your house too?

Siya: Hebanna, what's yours is his and what's his is ours.

Me: "That will happen once I'm dead. What's his is his, what's mine is mine. Were here for love not assets, so kindly get out of my house. You'll come to a house that your brother and I both buy together splitting the bill in half, so until then, uit. (out)" I point down the stairs. I leave them standing there and go open Dee's door but it's locked. "Dee, baby, it's me, open up nana."

Mzwandile: He has locked himself in there ever since I arrived.

Me: What do you expect? The last time he saw you, you broke his trust then made him experience the very same inhumane behaviour that he had experienced in the past. You don't expect him to run to you and smile with you like Roza does. He's 10. He understands everything. Now please leave me to talk to my son

Mzwandile: Yoh, jetleg makes people moody I see.

Me: Mxm. Dee, nana open up.

He eventually opened the door after me begging and pleading and the first thing I did was to apologise. I hugged him and apologised. "Nana I'm so sorry, I didn't know they'd come here when i was gone, I'm so sorry "

Dee: "You promised that I'll never see them again. YOU PROMISED AND YOU LIED LIKE EVERYONE ELSE YOU LIED TO ME MAMA, YOU LIED!!" he is now screaming with tears rolling down his eyes. My baby thinks I let this happen

Me: Dee I'm sorry, I didn't know that Mzwandile would come and bring Siyabonga here, I'm really sorry.

Dee: NO, ITS NOT JUST SIYABONGA MOM, HE BROUGHT HIS WHOLE FAMILY HERE, THEY ALL LEAVE AT NIGHT AND COME IN THE MORNING. THEY KICKED UNCLE LEBO OUT BECAUSE HE MAKES THEM UNCOMFORTABLE, THEY MAKE US EAT THINGS WE DON'T EAT BECAUSE THEY SAY THAT WE'RE SPOILED BRATS THAT KNOW NOTHING ABOUT LIFE.

Me: "They what." I say very calmly "What else did they do?"

Dee: They refused to let Lebo take us saying that he'll rape me and turn me into filth like he is.

Me: Go get Roza, go to my bedroom, get inside the closet and lock it from the inside. take your phone and laptop with you and watch cartoons with Roza. Don't come out until I call you and tell you to open up okay? I'll come back for you baby, I swear on my life okay?

Dee: Okay mommy

Me: Good boy, now go.

Dee: Mommy, please don't kill them. I don't want you to go to jail forever

Me: I won't baby, I'm just gonna talk. Now go, I'm counting to hundred and you better be in that closet cause last one is a rat. One, Two, Three...

He dashed off and I went to my room to take out my favorite weapon, my loyal wife glock 17. by 50 Dee had already passed me holding Roza and a school

bag

Me: School bag?

Dee: Yah, it has snacks and stuff. but what if we need the bathroom?

Me: There's a toilet in there, the door next to the sneakers.

Dee: Wow, how cool.

Me: There's a charger by the watches and a socket to make sure that the battery doesn't run out. your gonna be set in there. Enjoy your movies babies.

Dee & Roza: "Bye mom" I heard the bolt shut as he locked the door. Let the games begin. They will regret kicking my best friend out of my house

Chapter Forty Six.

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"You and your family are very disrespectful. First you invade my home, then you kick out my only best

friend not to mention insulting him first before kicking him out, then you make me kids eat shit. You're really all full of shit, and where are the women in this family? They don't know about this do they?"

Siya: Hai shut up wena... "Mzwandile I dare you to let him finish his statement, I dare you"

Bab' Makhatini: Or what?

Me: Old man, don't mess with me. See when you mess with my children you pull out a personality that I keep at bay. If you think me choking Mqedisi is the worst thing I can do you'll have to think again.

Siya: "Yaz.." I pull my gun out and remove the safety and load is up. "continue talking" I say pointing the gun at him, "talk, aker you can talk, talk" he keeps quiet and leans back into the couch. " If I were any of you two I'd make him shut up " I say looking at Mzwandile.

Mzwandile: I'm guessing you know the whole story now. I'm intrigued that you haven't run away by now.

Me: I stopped running a long time ago. Running doesn't solve anything.

Mzwandile: You mean you stopped running after you killed your own father

Me: Just like you did when you killed your wife.

Bab' Makhatini: WHAT! Yoh, Siyabonga, this is no longer our fight. Let's leave my son.

Me: You two aren't going anywhere until I set the rules.

Mzwandile: We're not in preschool. We don't need rules.

Me: That's exactly why we need them. You taught this family of yours to control you because they have leverage on you. Well I have information that will make them shut up

Bab' Makhatini: Like what?

I go and whisper in his ear about Siyabonga's true identity and his Sotho illegitimate child and I hear him gasp.

Bab' Makhatini: What are the rules?

Me: Never set foot in my house again, you apologise to Lebo for insulting him and kicking him out,

apologise to Dee for making him feel inferior in his own home, and let me Mzwandile go, whatever it is you have against him isn't as big as what I what I have against you. Let him live his life without having to look over his shoulder now and then thinking of what you're planning next. He is how he is because of your upbringing, so don't impose on our lives because you didn't teach him right.

Bab' Makhatini: I could just kill you you know. Heart attack is very cheap.

Me: "Mzwandile you're familiar with my rules. Tell daddy here what happens if I die" I say pointing the gun at him now

Mzwandile: If she dies all information about her enemies goes straight to the FBI, it is incrypted so and protect with the highest coding to ever exist. If you try hacking into the system it sends the info immediate whether she's alive or not and when she's dead it automatically sends within two days.

Bab' Makhatini: This is witchcraft what you're doing.

Me: "And you're so angelic. Heh, Angelica" I laugh at

my joke "I'm calling Dee down here. You're going to apologise to him then leave and never come back. And you, I'll deal with you later. " I say to Mzwandile.

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His family finally apologised to Dee and I called Lebo over and they apologised to him too, but he refused to forgive them so I guess banning them from my house was a good idea. They left and Lebo took the kids with and left me Mzwandile so that I can deal with this one. Ugh

Me: Let's agree to coexist. You go your way and I go mine

Mzwandile: I'm not going anywhere. You and I are getting married and that's that.

Me: Nope, we're not.

Mzwandile: You know what happens to people that say no to me.

Me: Sies, you don't even feel any shame. Saying

such nonsense ka pride. I'm not marrying you okay.

Mzwandile: I will kill you ge

Me: And you'll go to jail

Mzwandile: Says who? I'll commit suicide just after killing you. Your children will be orphan's like you. What? You thought you're the only one that can dig out information?

Me: Then I'll kill you.

Mzwandile: I die, you go to jail for premeditated murder. Your children still become orphan's. This is a chess game sweaty. I have checkmate and there's no where you can go but right into my arms.

Me: You're so focused on me neh? Shem, I'm starting to feel sorry for you now.

Mzwandile: What do you mean.

One of the girls throws a poisoned dart at his neck and he falls to the ground seconds later.

Me: That was fast, thanks girls. I'll take it from here.

I drag his limp body to the garage and put in at the

back of the car and tie him up with a wire. If he moves it cuts him. I drive out to Mabopane highway then enter on this dirt road by the mountains. He thinks he's clever. I finally get behind the mountains and there's no one here. This place only operates at night so I have all the time in the world. I park the car, hop out then open the back seat to pull him out but bitch kicks me right in the chest and I fall backwards. Ouch, falling on rock particles is so painful, it's like you're getting hit my mini cars. But how the fuck did he wake up. He was supposed to wake up after two hours.

Mzwandile: So you're trying to kill me first huh?
Smart move

Me: I wasn't going to kill you. I'm not as evil as you are. I was going leave you here and let you think.

Mzwandile: Wow, so it's a threat?

Me: No, it's a warning Mzwandile.

Mzwandile: Listen here, you and I will get married, you have no other choice but to. If I die, I'm sure as hell baba and Siya will come and avenge me, and

they won't kill you. And refuse both options, I'll kill you, I know you don't want Devine and Roza to live without a mother so think smart. Oh and if you think they'll remain with Lebo, think again. I'll kill him too.

Shit! This thing is clever. I guess I'll have to marry this fool to keep my shit secured. I'll have to replan and strategies

Me: What do you want from me?

Mzwandile: For now? Untie me

This fool is smart. He's not a fool, he's clever, too clever in fact. I've gotten myself into the depths of hell and I'll just have to adapt.

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Forty Seven

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Months later...

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I'm getting married. Most people are happy and

anxious but me, I'm bored to death and praying that this is over. It's just a business transaction, so why make a fuss? I'm in KZN with Lebo, the kids, Didi and Nompilo. We were here for a week now and tomorrow is the wedding day. I hate this, this isn't what I wanted. Ok maybe my actual dream wedding yes, but this?? Ugh man, this is too much. We're in a room just girls and I'm sure Dee is with Lebo somewhere sulking with him. They both didn't wanna come but I begged them to and also promised to buy Lebo an Audi Q3. That's the price I have to pay to get my own besties support. I didn't and won't tell him about Mzwandile's capabilities because my dear friend can't pretend. He will fear him and probably end up telling the cops getting us all in trouble. Anyway. We're sitting in the room talking about dirty things when Dee walks in very angry.

Dee: Mommy, why are you doing this to me? Isn't being here enough? Now you had to bring aunty Kim?

Didi: Kim is here?? Ai chomi, we're going to beat someone today, let's go Dee.

Me: Didintle, isn't this supposed to be my fight?
Where are you doing?

Nompilo: Nami I'm going, I'll take a video and show you, don't come out of here wena. It's bad luck

Me: Fine.

Moments later I hear screaming and scuffling and then Roza and Dee come running into the room with Roza in tears and Dee with the biggest smile on his face. LORD, my child is sinister.

Me: I hug Roza and let her cry on my breast because that's the only place she aimed for when she jumped on me "Wena, what's happening? "

Dee: Auntie Didi slapped aunty Kim then uncle Richardo slapped auntie Didi so the men in the yard are beating him up now. That's why she's crying.

Lebo bust into the room grinding so hard. "Chomi! Hai, I change my mind, I love your in-laws. Ebile I've found a man in the midst of all sadness and chaos" he says throwing himself on the bed. Mxm, this one and men.

Me: Mara friend, this isn't normal.

Lebo: Normal? Chomi, there's no normal on earth. The fact that the earth isn't up straight should show you that.

Dee: Ha! Uncle Lebo you're lying. It's straight, we have north.

Lebo: They're lying to you at school. That's the magnetic north, true north is at north of north east

Me: You're confusing the child, and also making him rebellious.

Lebo: Hei, life is good man. LG

Roza: Mommy, my daddy.

Lebo laughs even more rolling off the bed and right into the ground. This insensitive fool, I think he's drunk.

Me: Lebo man! Hao. Sorry neh.

Lebo: You should've seen how they all rushed to him like flies rushing for shit chomi, your man's family is filled with real men. I'm in love

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Later on Nompilo came to make her noise as well, apparently I'm the only one that hates this family, she also found a man in the fight and now what's left is for Didi to come back with her blue eye.

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She never came back that day, or night even, but I know she's here cause every time I ask about her Nompilo snickers. These girls are up to no good.

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Finally, the wedding day.

It's raining, if it was a real wedding I'd be crying but right now, this rain is a blessing. I'm getting dressed in Zulu attire and everyone is fussing on how I should be respectful of my in-laws, although they

divert attention and start talking about yesterday. Didi came back at midnight saying she didn't want me to see her blue eye, but there's none, so she's lying to me. But I'll ignore it, she'll tell me when she's ready. We're done with my dress and now I'm accessorizing with beads then I slip on my tommy's.

Mama Maria: Ladies it's time.

I haven't seen Nqobile since the week started. I've texted her and she doesn't reply so I gave up on the idea of trying to connect with her.

Me: Dankie mama, oh mama, can I talk to you in private.

The girls leave the room and I'm left with her.

Me: Mama I haven't seen Nqobile since I came here, is she at school?

Mama: No, she's here. She didn't come here because baba told us that you don't want to see us

Me: What! Mama I would never

Mama: Kannete? (Really)

Me: Struu. I was actually sad thinking that she

doesn't want me here. Yoh, bab' makhatini.

Mama: This man, I'll go Call her so that we can rectify this.

She came back with Nqobile and I told them that I only told baba to never set foot in my house and not them. They were angry at first but then realized that we're at a wedding so they calmed down.

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The ceremony proceeded and i was just there nje. I had to dance around offering a smiling Mzwandile drinks and food and and and. All I was thinking about was the end of this nonsense. I forgot that my bosses were here as well until I heard "You don't look so happy "

Me: Hi, it's raining. I wanted something bright.

Mr Glover: The white wedding will be perfect, chin up and smile.

Me: I laughed "I'm not supposed to lift my head"

Mr Glover: "Oh, my bad." he laughed. "I still have a lot to learn then see you at the office next month then.

Me: You mean on Monday.

Mr Glover: No honeymoon?

Me: Only during the white wedding sir.

He just laughed and shook his head walking away.

That ladies and gents is my wedding day, a day I refuse to remember...

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Two months later.

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"You have to sleep with me, Ofentse "

Me: You have lost your mind.

Mzwandile: You're my wife, I'll sleep with you whenever I want to

Me: No you're not. You are my husband because I have no choice man Mzwandile eish

Mzwandile: Yoh, you don't want sex, you don't want money, what do you want??

Me: I want the old Mzwandile back, the one I fell in love with, not this empty shell of a human being. Maybe, just maybe if he comes back ill consider having sex with you
to be continued...

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Forty Seven. Two

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Mzwandile: That can't happen, you know too much, I can't let my guard down.

Me: For someone that likes claiming to have nothing to lose you sure are careful. I have the most to lose here, not you. So YOU have to make things easy for us. You can't expect me to love you back when you're like this. What happened to 'I will change' , change for the worst?? Is this the kind of example

you want to set to Dee? That your father raped, your previous step father was a liar and now I'm going to abuse your mother. I love you, I would've done anything to protect you had you been honest, but no. You lie and when I find out you start making threats. But you know what? I sleep at night. I probably even drool on my pillow that's how good I sleep and with you next to me, but do you? You keep thinking and thinking like a bad person. Chill bra, I've realised that you aren't going to kill me and I won't bother killing you, your brain is doing a terrific job at that.

Mzwandile: You love me.

Me: That's all you heard?? Goodnight Mzwandile.

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Narration

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Something clicked in Mzwandile that night, he has been a monster to someone who loves him no

matter what. He needed to change. He got up from the bed and went to the study with his laptop. He emailed his therapist that he wants to resume his sessions and then went to bed.

The following morning he woke up bright and early to make breakfast for the family. He took a tray upstairs to his wife and woke her up.

Mzwandile: Babe, I made breakfast.

Ofentse: Eh, so you're trying to kill me now?

Mzwandile: No babe, I'm not, I'm going to eat with you.

Ofentse: Okay, then what's this for?

Mzwandile: I listened to what you were saying last night. And I'm really trying to change.

Ofentse: I'll believe it when I see it.

Mzwandile: I'm going to my therapist from today onwards.

Ofentse: Mzwandile, I'll believe it when I see it. You've been giving me empty promises and now I don't know what to believe anymore. I'll judge for

from your actions

Mzwandile: Fine by me.

Me: Good, now eat.

He eats the food and she eats from the bits that he puts down. She doesn't trust him that much knowing that he might poison the food and act like they're eating together. He didn't mind so he ate and left some for as she ate after him like a child. Any one watching would think that they're in love and call it romantic but for us who know what's happening here. This is sad and toxic, they both need help. One must die and the other must do it, but they can't do it. They both lose if they do. See Mzwandile might act like he has nothing to lose but he actually does, he has nightmares at night when he sleeps alone and Ofentse's presence somehow eases the nightmares, but he's too stubborn to say. But who knows? Maybe it might work out.

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Ofentse

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Enquanto o outro se importa, questiona e luta pelo relacionamento ainda existe um casal. (While the other cares, questions and fights for the relationship there is still a couple) That's one of the things I remember my grandfather telling me. This makes me wanna work this out, he is evil yes, but he's my Satan. I meant it when I said that this is the last relationship I'm ever having, so I'm gonna try my best to make it work and if it doesn't then I hand in my gloves, I'm done with relationships. Mzwandile is evil, I need his kind of evil to dilute my conscience and he is the best partner for me. Cruel enough to understand my line of work without feeling threatened by me. He is perfect, and I just need to train him for me, make him my man and I'll be set for life. I mean what's the use of breaking up with people that do wrong when you might find someone worse than they are? I'm going to turn him into his old loving self and a hint of his brutal side. Call me crazy but Mzwandile is perfect for my image. He will

help me blaze through life with him by my side.
Come to think of it, we need each other, I'm the face
and legal representative and he is the muscle and
psycho arm candy needed in life. Who says a woman
can't have a trophy husband?

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I can already see us going far in life. Bonny and
Clyde, sitting on the dinner table with a 22 caliber at
hand playing Russian roulette... Heeh! Our lives will
be awesome.

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Forty Eight.

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So lock the door

And throw out the key

Can't fight this no more

It's just you and me

And there's nothing I, nothing I, I can do

I'm stuck with you, stuck with you, stuck with you

So go ahead and drive me insane - Ariana Grande
& Justin Bieber

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It's only been two weeks since I've discovered my use for Mzwandile. He doesn't know yet but I think it's time he does. Why keep him in the dark when you can just spice things up a little? He has been trying to be the nice guy again, I'll give him credit for that. He even made Dee like him again, now that's major brownie points but I want to twist his arm and see how he'll handle it. He just finished showering and man he looks scrumptious. It's like he came out of a catalogue, hai man let me go deeper, he looks like he could act on the movie Chocolate City, hai this man

is sexy shem, he worked very hard for his body plus he's not a Johnny Bravo making him more attractive and tempting and edible and currently messing with my thinking abilities.

Me: We need to discuss a way forward.

Mzwandile: And what does this way forward mean?

Me: It means we remain in a relationship

Mzwandile: Really?

Me: Yes, but the relationship is strictly business. You protect me and I protect you

Mzwandile: Why do I feel like I've been demoted from husband to bodyguard?

Me: And I'm now wife turned lawyer. You win some you lose some.

Mzwandile: "I can never win with you." then he says annoyed and gets in bed naked. Don't tell me he forgot to get dressed because he's angry. But I leave him, I don't wanna seem like the pervert that points out that he just got into bed in only a towel.

He is now facing the opposite direction in bed and

his body heat is radiating onto mine sending my senses over the edge, first I'm fully aware that he's naked, then he has to heat up the entire bed with his large size and now I feel super horny and I don't know what to do.

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I'm busy pleasuring myself in bed since I couldn't sleep at all, so I had to do something before I go insane, I'm rubbing my slit all the way up to brush my clit with my finger tips then a small sigh escaped my lips as I dipped first one finger, then two, then three as I try to relive my time with Mzwandile in America. I think I started moaning out loud when because I heard Mzwandile talk "If you're that horny you ask and you receive. Instead of waking me up from my sleep by moaning my name out loud. It was sexy though, but you still disturbed my sleep, goodnight. " if I wasn't so embarrassed I'd continue because I can feel my pussy pulse in anticipation. It needs relief,

you know what? If it was a man in my position he'd continue until he's finished, this is human nature man.

I wait a few minutes until I'm finally sure that he's asleep then start again. But this time I vigorously rubbed my clit to bring me to the edge quicker before I wake him up again. Moments later my pussy explodes as an orgasm hits me and rocks my body, I finally feel exhausted enough to fall asleep and I let it take me.

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I woke up feeling like I was sleeping in the stars. I can finally concentrate on the big prize now, convincing Mzwandile that my plan is solid. I turn around and the bed smiling to find him staring at me. "Hello" I say jolly.

Mzwandile: if I knew that masturbating would make you this happy I would have suggested it a long time ago.

Me: "I needed inspiration" I say blushing.

Mzwandile: And I'm guessing my dick inspires you?

Me: Oh no sir. Nothing of yours inspires me.

Mzwandile: Then why did you you moan my name not only once but twice? And the second time was more specific, you said 'Mzwandile you dick feels so good in me' do you not hear yourself when you moan. You were praising my dick.

Again he isn't boastful about his sexual abilities. I have the right one here.

Me: "How do you expect me to sleep peacefully when you had gotten into bed naked?" I get out of bed to go shower and I hear Mzwandile saying 'ah' I guess he just realized that he's naked .I get get naked as well and turn on the shower so that it becomes warm as I brush my teeth. Afterwards I get into the shower and do my thing until I feel a hand on my thigh and waist. " What do you want?" I ask him

Mzwandile: I'm here on business. I'll agree to your plan on one condition. We regard it as husband

duties and I get to fuck you as well. You are as horny as I am so why help each other.

Me: Before I forget, I've been meaning to tell you to stop using sex to get what you want. It's unfair and cowardly

Mzwandile: "As stubborn as you are sex is only thing that makes you say yes." Before I could argue he lifted my right leg and entered me from behind "You were saying? " he says slowly thrusting in me

Me: Oh god, stop using sex to manipulate me.... yes, Andile

Mzwandile: like the nickname, keep it. You love sex don't you

Me: "Yeeeeeeahh" I say moaning

Mzwandile: "Are you gonna come for me?" he says pounding faster

Me: "Mhmmmmmmh" is the only thing I manage to moan out since my face is squeezed between the shower tiles and my hands pressed against the sides of my head to support my upper body. My ass

is bent out to Mzwandile who is destroying my pussy right now and it feels so good. I feel myself getting close and I guess the moans that I don't hear when I'm close encourage Mzwandile to pray with my clit and bring me to my climax. I go rigid, and my lower body grinds harder into Mzwandile out of reflex and I shudder and scream out whatever it is, I can barely hear anything as I'm in my high, then I feel something warm and wet splash into my vagina. He came, that's good.

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We showered the sweat and stickiness and got out, happier than ever.

Mzwandile: Do you agree with the terms and conditions of our newly formed situationship?

Me: Situationship?

Mzwandile: Well that's what this is. Besides I think you'll fall in love with me again, because I'm already in love with you.

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And there you have it, the beginning of my victory. I have Mzwandile right where I want him and he agrees with me 100%

Chapter Forty Nine

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Narration (1 year later)

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The problem starts when you ignore the warning signs. Right now Mzwandile and Ofentse's relationship is at it's finally straw. They tried making it work but it didnt, In stead they were both pushed into a corner. Right now Mzwandile has Ofentse between a wall and his hands on her neck choking the life out of her, all I see is regret in her eyes, she regrets the day that she ever thought of her brilliant plan. Because right now it backfired and she's about to lose her life. She can feel her throat burn up and

her lungs clenching fighting to bring some air into her body but she's failing dismally. She only has two options:

1: To use the last of her strength to kick his balls and run to the gun across the shoot him

2: Give up and let her children grow up without parents like she did.

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Ofentse

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Never in my life did I think I'd be a victim of domestic violence but here I am getting beat up like a punching bag by a man on steroids. I'll tell you what happened. We were at a gala dinner for my work and this associate was kind of flirting with me, I tried brushing him off but his flirt game wouldn't seem to stop so I walked away from the situation, didn't even

entertain the guy for crying out loud but here I am. Mzwandile just killed the guy and made me watch now I'm one about to die. He kicked me so hard I felt my bones break as I flew across the room and hit the kitchen counter with my back. I tried standing up but he moved so fast and he was on me punching my guts until I poked his eyes with my fingers and he moved away. I stood up and kicked him twice in the head and ran upstairs to my room to look for my gun. I took it out and I felt it fly across the room and Mzwandile spun me around and bashed my head on the wall behind me while tightening his arm around my neck blocking my airway. When he pulled me back again I hit him on the face with my forehead and he staggered back I ran to dial 911 as he was recovering and then grabbed the gun again.

Mzwandile: Put the gun down. I swear to god I'm going to kill you kill you. How dare you cheat on me

Me: I didn't cheat, I have never cheated on you. You're delusional just lets talk about this.

Mzwandile: Talk? About what you harlot? COME HERE!!

Me: No, get back.

He ran towards me and I shot him 3 times and he still kept coming and he grabbed onto my neck and kissed me.

Mzwandile: I love you, but you make me do crazy things.

Me: I hate you.

I dropped my gun when he fell on the ground and I tried keeping his breathing steady. There are police sirens outside and I hear the police breaking down my door and later they walked into my bedroom and cuffed me up as they put Mzwandile on a stretcher and took him away. I don't know what to do. I feel like laughing because he's alive, but I also feel like crying because of me a man is dead downstairs.

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I was taken in for questioning and I answered everything they wanted to know, but they still wanted

to keep me in for no good reason so I asked to make a call and they granted it thankfully. I called Plug and he said he'll sort everything out.. I went back to my holding cell and later on I was released after I demanded my release. They wanted to keep me in until I found myself a lawyer, that's when I told them that I'll be representing myself. I went home and found it taped out as a crime scene and there is still a forensic team fidgeting around in my house. I walked in and one stopped me "Ma'am this this is a crime scene. You're not allowed in here" the man said

Me: Well this is my house. I can enter and exit whenever I want to, and I came to get a few things before I head out. You can accompany me if you want so that you can record what I took.

The man followed me and I went upstairs to take a suitcase and fill it with work clothes, shoes and tracksuits then took one handbag and my wallet.

Me: Thank you sir.

"You're welcome ma'am"

I walked out to my garage and got inside my range rover. I received a call from Nqobile and I answered

Me: Hi Nqob's.

Nqobile: Is it true.

Me: Is what true?

Nqobile: That uMzwandile is dead?

Me: No, he's alive. I think it's better that you guys come here. I'll book a flight for the whole family right after I get to the hotel.

Nqobile: Hotel?

Me: Yoh, girl. The house is a crime scene. So I'm going to be living in a hotel.

Nqobile: And the kids?

Me: They're better off with Lebo right now. I don't think I'm fit to be with them

Nqobile: I understand. I'll gather up the family right now and you text me once you've bought the plain tickets.

Me: Okay bye.

Nqobile: SisFentse, I'm glad you're alive

Me: So am i

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Fifty

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Soshanguve.

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Mama: I'm so sorry my child. I thought his violent behaviour would end after I saw how much he loved you, but I guess I was wrong.

Nqobile: Mzwandile has had obsessiveness in him remember how he once killed a rabbit when we were kids because he couldn't have it? I'm just happy he's alive and so are you Sis'Fentse

Bab'Makhatini: If my son dies, you'll know me.

Siya: Yah!

Bab'Makhatini: Yah what wena? If he dies you're going to live with her. She'll take care of you.

Mqedisi: In fact, from today onwards. She'll find you a school by weekend, she has the resources.

Siya: Why are you making it look like Mzwandile is my father??

Bab'Mkhatini: Because he is. Now. Go pack your bags and leave with your stepmother.

Nqobile: Baba, you can't do that.

Bab'makhatini: You'll join them.

Nqobile kept quiet while mama Maria was just looking down, I think she's crying poor mama Maria has a monster for a husband, I think Mzwandile takes after him but he knew how to control his edges, unlike Mzwandile.

Mama Maria: I think it's time you know the truth Siya.

Me: It's fine, I'll take him

Siya: I'm not living with you

Me: Well it's either you live with me or you live in an

orphanage and you'll kiss your iPhone X goodbye.

Siya: Mxm.

Mama Maria: Why do that? He isn't your child

Me: Well, I'm the only one that gets his predicament. I think it's best he stays with me than Bab'Makhatini who will remind him every day from now on that he isn't his child.

Siya: What do you mean I'm not his child? So Mzwandile is really my father?

Me: I think it's best you don't know.

Bab'Makhatini: "You're just a pet he pick up" he said in Zulu

Me: Sir! Please, I'll talk to Siya, you have no filter

Bab'Makhatini: Go

I took Siya into a bedroom then locked the door

Siya: Why are you locking the door. You want to kill me too?

Me: If I wanted you dead you would have been a very long time ago, but I'm locking the door because I

need you to stay in here until you've calmed down

He takes a seat then faces me

Me: You're not a Ngoma, in fact you have no relations to them. You're Mzwandile's nephew in-law.

Siya: That's a lie.

Me: You're the only coloured looking child in a family of dark skinned people, where did they get you from?

Siya: Genetics skip a generation

Me: If you say so, but think this through. Why would your own 'father' kick you out the moment your older brother is hospitalized?

Siya: You put him in a coma, he won't be able to pay my school fees that's why!

Me: Then why are you crying?

Siya: Shut up!!

Me: I'm sorry, but that's the truth.

Siya: I'll never believe you. I'll live with you, but I'll never believe you. You just ruined my life.

I kept quiet and opened the door then walked to the living room.

Mama Maria: How did he take it.

Me: I didn't tell him everything, he's still in denial.

Nqobile: Well I'll tell him

Me: Let me, it's easier when you tell someone bit by bit than overloading them with information.

Mqedisi: You seem experienced in this family law thing.

Me: It's not just that, I'm Siyabonga.

Mama Maria: What do you mean?

Me: I was once in a similar situation and I would've preferred if sometimes people kept information limited instead of bombarding with new information every 3 seconds.

Bab'Makhatini: Hei, you want people to nurse your feelings. Siyabonga is a man, he needs someone who will tell him the whole truth, he must toughen up and be a man.

Me: You toughened Mzwandile up, and look at where he is now, in a coma. He's a murderer, that's what toughening him up did.

Siya: My brother isn't a murderer

Bab'Makhatini: Then why did he kill your parents and leave you with us, I'm tired of you boy. Bloody spoiled bart.

Siya: This isn't true, mama?

Mama Maria keeps quiet, what's wrong with this woman? Is she really afraid of her husband that she becomes tongue tied when he's around? Hai shem, this man bewitch his wife. She's his tokoloshi struu, no offense though. Mara no.

Siya: Wow, sis'Fentse can we leave?

Mqedisi: How quick he betrays us, like Moses betrayed his family.

Siya: You betrayed me first by not telling me who I really am, then you betray me again when you let ubaba kick me out and make me live with a stranger, you betrayed me. Don't come here and make it all

about you, you're all selfish and cruel. I hope you all die and burn in hell.

He left and I walked out after saying goodbye to find him standing by my car. I unlocked it and he got into the front seat. And I got in and drove.

Siya: Don't expect me to like you now that you took me in

Me: Don't expect me to like you either.

Siya: Good

I just laughed and drove to a McDonalds drive thru before heading to the hotel.

Siya: Why aren't you going home?

Me: My house is a crime scene.

Siya: Oh, and the kids.

Me: At Lebo's house, they're better off there than being in a hotel with a dysfunctional mother.

Siya: No kid is better off without a mother. Stop using it as an excuse to avoid your children. You're selfish. Go get your kids, I'm sure you have more

than one house and go live with them. They need you more now more than ever.

Me: You're smart. Thank you, but it's best they stay with Lebo, I don't trust myself around children after what happened last night

Siya: What happened anyway?

I told him everything that happened then we decided to go to Lebo's house instead of staying in a hotel.

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Fifty One

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Last week I had, without exaggeration, the worst disappointment of my life. And over the week I've reflected a lot on what I deserved and who I want in my life. Sometimes we are so fragile by past relationships that any affection, sign of attention wins us over completely. We need to be very mindful of the kindness we receive. Not that we always have to step on eggshells, but we always need to be

aware. If someone told me, ages ago, that I would be disappointed in this way I would have listened, well probably not but right now I'd be regretting not listening and not regretting meeting Mzwandile. I thought I was powerful, I thought I had all the protection in the world because I'm a gang leader, I thought it was impossible to do such harmful things to someone you claim to love, to have such a wicked heart. My biggest problem was believing that Mzwandile wouldn't hurt me and that everything he told me was true. With this episode I've learned that people don't change, and people behave in the way you allowed them to in the first place. I allowed Mzwandile to believe that he was invincible and he showed me a movie.

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He was transferred to prison hospital after I oh so lovingly gave the police men enough evidence to believe that he isn't fit to be around people, the case

will start next week Monday and I'm not ready. I'm just not ready to see him again, I'm not afraid of him, I'm angry at him, I'm angry at myself and seeing him will just make it worse. I'm in my old house in Pretoria East with the kids and Siya, Lebo has been avoiding me and I think it's because he blames himself for hooking me up with Mzwandile. I need to talk to him about that though because I don't blame him, he didn't know he was crazy, but I on the other hand knew and I let him stay, I let him feel free, I let him take advantage of the situation, I, I and I. It's all my fault and I accept whatever consequence comes my way.

Dee: Mama! Roza is eating ice cream in the morning

Siya: Laughs "this child is clever, she is even sitting under the table"

She took it from that custard advert. These people must know that they advertise showing impressionable children, now my little angel is eating ice cream under the table. Hai. I went downstairs to find Roza looking as guilty as ever with melted chocolate all over her face and clothes. I thank God

for washing machines, imagine if it was back in those days when you had to wash by hand.

Me: Ha.a Sesi, what's this now?

Roza: Sorry neh

Me: I thought you wanted to be an adult, but look at what you've done

Roza: Estou com tanta fome! (I'm so hungry)

Siya: Huh???

Me: You have me, Dee and Siya in the house. Why not ask one of us to make you food?

She kept quiet and stared at me with those big shiny eyes of hers.

Me: Don't do it again neh?

She nod's. Then I pull out some pan's and start making breakfast.

Dee: What are we eating today?

Me: Roti and last nights mince meet

Roza: Why not pancakes

Me: Because you ate a lot of sugar for the day

Siya: They get a choice in food? Wow, I never choice anything in my life.

Dee: You can choose tomorrow if you like. Right mom?

Me: Sure nana. Better yet, he'll decide lunch.

Dee: "So what are we having? " he asks Siya.

Siya: Bread?

Roza: Ew, we don't eat bread. Pick again

Siya: I don't know what to pick.

Dee: Try take aways. We always order on uber eats for lunch.

Siya: McDonalds?

Roza: He likes icky food.

Siya: I really don't know now, I'm not a picky eater.

Dee: We'll google for food later on when we're playing video games, until then, keep thinking of ideas. If it was my turn, I'd pick Rocco Mama's.

Siya: Oh.

For someone bab'Makhatini called spoiled he doesn't know what he wants. I think the only person that cared about him in that house was Mzwandile and only out of guilt, if I didn't know what it's like to know nothing about the fast food industry then I'd feel sorry for him. But I didn't need pity then so he doesn't need it now.

Dee: Do you chat with your friends?

Siya: No, I was never allowed to

Dee: So you have an iPhone X for decoration? You can use the Wi-Fi to chat, it's unlimited.

Siya: You give me way too many things wena and without your mother's permission.

Roza: Mommy says feel free at home and only ask permission when you can't do something and when you're outside the house, right mommy?

Me: I'm tired of saying sure now, Siya feel free to do anything that doesn't involve any criminal activity.

Siya: Okay, thank you

Me: He said thank you. It's going to rain cool times.

The kids laughed and Siya was just so confused, he'll get used to PTA senses of humor. I dished up the left over mince in bowls and then just put a tray filled with roti in the middle for everyone to take for themselves.

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During the day Siya ordered steers for all of us we just ate watching movies. It's night time now and I'm getting ready to sleep when someone knocks on my door and then doesn't come in right away like the kids. "Come in" I say and Siya walks in then stands by the door.

Siya: Before I thank you for taking me in I want to know why you're doing it.

Me: "Because I know what it's like to not belong. My parents died when I was ten and my grandparents took care of me until they died when I was in my

early 20's"... I told him my story and he was just sitting there like I've insulted him

Siya: That's not the same, I was lied to.

Me: So was I. My biological father was behind the death of my family just like you thought your brother who's actually your uncle killed your parents.

Siya: So you're taking care of me because you don't want me to feel lack?

Me: Yes.

Siya: So you don't want to sleep with me?

Me: No why would I do that?

Siya: Well Bab'Makhatini always made mama and Nqobile do it. He said he was teaching me how to be a man

Me: Well Baba was wrong he was wrong for doing that and I'm sorry that happened to you.

Siya: How is it wrong? Mzwandile and Mqedisi did it as well mos

What!! They are an incestuous family?? I just feel

like vomiting all over again. How can Bab'Makhatini be this sick and twisted? No wonder Mzwandile is the way he is. No child will come out right from such a background. Sies man

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Fifty Two

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Right now the Ngoma household is the least of my worries. What they do behind close doors is none of my business, but Siya needs thorough therapy to get over his past.

Me: Siya, I've booked you an appointment for a therapist in the afternoon make sure you're ready by 2pm and I'll come take you after the court session.

Siya: Therapist? I'm not crazy

Me: A therapist isn't for crazy people, it's a place where you talk about anything you want without being judged by anyone.

Siya: What's the use?

Me: It lifts your burden's, and after talking to a psychologist you also get solutions of your way forward.

Siya: Okay. I'll go.

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Therapist session.

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"So Siya, what brings you here today" Dr. Thonzen asks

Me: Well my, Uhm, guardian made me come.

Dr.: And why's that?

Me: She believes that I have issues.

Dr: Okay let's start this way. Tell me about yourself and how you came about to live with this guardian of yours.

I told her everything and she was writing them down

like I'm telling her a story. This is useless.

Dr: So, you mentioned that your father made you guys preform incestuous acts. How did that make you feel.

Me: Normal, good. I thought it was normal until my guardian looked like she saw a ghost when I told her, she even apologised for what had happened to me. That was when I realized that it was wrong

Dr: Would you do it again?

Me: Well I don't have a family anymore.

Dr: If your guardian initiates it?

Me: No, absolutely not.

Dr: And why is that?

Me: Because I have no interest in her. I liked my mother and sister and the dog more.

Dr: The dog?

Me: Yes, father made me start off with the dog first before upgrading to my mother then later I had to take my older sisters virginity because my dad

believed that me taking her virginity was better than her giving it to a stranger.

She wrote something down then closed her book.

Dr: Siya, I'm going to transfer you to a psychiatrist so that they can evaluate you. He'll take your case from now on.

Me: Why? Why don't you want to talk to me?

Dr: I do, but your case is far more advanced than what I'm qualified for, zoophilia is a more complex case than just incest. So another doctor will be able to help you.

Me: When do I go?

Dr: Now after I finish writing the closing of my report. Follow me.

We walked out of her office and we went to the elevator then went to the 8th floor then she knocked on a door and I almost fainted. He looked at me with such anger and I was even afraid to tell the psychologist that this is my uncle.

Dr: Dr Ngoma, this is Siyabonga Ngoma, I know right,

biggest coincidence ever. Anyway I think he belongs to you more than me. Siyabonga, this will be your new psychiatrist from now on.

"Get inside and take a seat. I'll be right with you" my Uncle said.

I'm scared to my core. But telling Sis'Fentse will make matters worse. I just sit down and pray that nothing happens to me. If they think baba was bad, they have no idea how evil uncle Mbongeni is. I changed my mind and sent Nqobile a text that I'm in uncle Mbongeni's office at work. Then I put my phone down. Minutes later my phone rang. It's Nqobile

Me: Hello?

Nqobile: Get out of there!

Uncle Mbongeni walked in and locked the door.

Malume: Who's that?

I kept quiet and couldn't respond and Nqobile is busy screaming my name through the phone. See the last time I saw Mbongeni I was 10 years old and Nqobile

was 12. He made us do things, things I'd only repeat when I'm heavily sedated and given a truth syrum. I will never repeat what we did that day and I don't think I'll ever repeat what's about to happen here.

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Ofentse.

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I'm walking out of the court room because the trial has been held until Mzwandile is conscious, he was supposed to have woken up yesterday from his medically induced coma and he hasn't woken up which is weird. Someone is trying to keep him out of jail and I want to know who. I walk to my car and I receive a phone call from Nqobile, I ignore it then get into the car and connect my phone with the cars Bluetooth and this time it automatically answers because I set it on auto answer. "Sis'Fentse please help Siyabonga, he's in danger"

Me: He's at the psychologist, he's fine

Nqobile: No, you don't understand. He's with our uncle, he will rape him again.

Me: What! I'm going there right now. I called the police to the place and then rushed there. When I got there I found Dr. Thonzen alone in her office.

"Where's Siya? "

Dr: With a psycho... "I said where, I didn't ask for a paragraph marn!!

Dr: Calm down. He's upstairs

Yesis this woman, I pulled my gun out and pointed it at her. "Where?? I won't ask again"

Dr: 8th floor room 25

I rushed out and found the police, "please follow me" I say as I ran to the elevator and pressed 8. This lift is slow man! It finally gets to the eighth floor and I frantically run around looking for room 25

Me: Siya!! Siyabonga!!

I finally find the door and try to open it but it won't budge.

"Open wena! OPEN UP" the door still doesn't open.
"Break this door."

Policeman: We can't do that, we are not authorized to.

Me: If that man rapes Siyabonga ill make sure you all lose your jobs. And I mean it.

I shot the door handle and hinge twice then kicked the door open to find an old man. Maybe in his Fifties pulling his pants up with Siya crumbled up on the floor naked from the waist down. Instead of these bastards arresting this man they cuff me up for using a gun in public.. is that even a law? And where is it written because I haven't read it. Bloody SA officials and fucked up reasoning, can they not see a child on the floor in need of help? The world we live in mara

Chapter Fifty Three.

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I wish I was still poor. Never in my life have I experienced as much drama as I am when I'm rich. It's like wealth comes with a t's & c's of attracting bullshit nje. I wanna be poor again, well maybe not poor poor but average. Not rich like I am now and not poor like I was back then. I'm back in the courtroom for a different reason this time. The judge has fined me R5000 just because I shot my legal firearm in a public space. I'm on my way to lay charges against the two police officers for misconduct and another one for that bloody psychologist for negligence. I won't let this go lightly, those stupid policemen will regret the day they refused to kick that door down. And nope, I'm sorry but I don't care about their families, they should've thought about that when they refused to listen to my orders and on top of that arrest me and let that rapist creep go because he said he was Siya's boyfriend and they like role play. Role play with a child?? That's just unconscious discrimination, just because I'm a woman I'm wrong for shooting in public but a man can't possibly rape in his office, mxm. They'll know me. And then that Thonzen came

all the way to Africa from Germany to let a minor out of her care and into the lions den. Call me xenophobic I don't care, she will wish she was back in Germany when I'm done with her. She won't have a license anymore, struu. I'm so angry at the justice system. The Department of Justice and Constitutional Development in specific, law states that I'm right and I'll chew their heads off in court. This situation dug up old skeletons and now it's either I make the most of it and protect Siya or he'll be like me. A lost soul trying to grab at anything that makes me feel alive, if he was a girl I'd say he'd find a Mzwandile but being a guy can turn him into a serial killer or a serial rapist.

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On a lighter, sensitive and less angrier note, Siya has been quiet for the whole day. He's been in his room but thank God he didn't lock it so I can get in and put some food on the table then leave quietly with him

just lying in his bed cooped up in the same position we found him in yesterday. I went to his room to find him seated on the bed I just next to him and he scoots away.

Me: You're going to be fine

Siya: You don't know that.

Me: I do, I spoke to a lawyer friend of mine that's going to be representing you in court

Siya: I don't want to press charges

Me: Why?

Siya: Because he's family

Me: Family doesn't do that people, he's not family, he's a rapist

Siya: You'll never understand

Me: I understand more than you think I do actually.

Siya: Let me guess, just like me you were raped just like you were abandoned right.

Dee: Right.

Siya: What are you doing in here. Did you tell him?

Me: No

Dee: I heard you.

Siya: And how do you know that she was raped?

Dee: Because I exist.

Me: Dee, privacy please?

Dee: Why? I'm not a child anymore

Me: You are you're 10 not 18

Dee: You're so unfair. How will I learn if you shut me out?

Siya: He can stay, he seems to know a lot for a kid

Me: But keep quiet

He zipped his lips and sat down.

Me: Where were we.

Siya: Dee just admitted to a rape baby.

Me: Don't call him that, he's a child no matter how he came into the world.

Siya: Sorry

Me: Anyway if don't press charges against him it will haunt you for the rest of your life. Seeing him in that courtroom being sentenced will ease the anxiety and fear in you.

Siya: No. He'll come back for me

Me: He won't, I promise

Dee: Mom, you can't control people's actions, remember

Me: This is a legal matter Dee, if I get a restraining order against him he won't go anywhere near him or he'll go back to jail

Dee: Really? Why didn't you do that with my father.

Me: He was long dead by then

Siya: How did he die?

Me: An accident.

Dee: She means she killed him.

Me: What no!

Dee: Auntie Kim told me.

Me: This Kim of yours talks nonsense.

Dee: Uncle R coughed after she said it and she laughed meaning it's true, and your eyes grew when you heard what I said.

I need to be careful around this one, he's too analytical for a kid. When I was his age all I'd do was eat and sleep. I guess the Bondo genetics took captive of my baby's brain, not a good sign. A normal child would be traumatized by the thought of their parent being capable of murder and mine is just chilled. I pray that he's sane, I pray even harder that he doesn't take after his paternal grandfather's

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After talking to Siya and making him see reason he agreed and we went to file a restraining order against that Mbongeni, why do senseless people have good names mara? I still fail to understand

how that happens. We ordered in for tonight and just ate in silence. I think Siya knowing that his uncle won't come near him was all he needed to ease up because he's sitting next to Roza eating pizza and she's just feeding her doll real food like it can chew. Hai she's better playing with dolls like this than analysing like Dee does.

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Fifty Four

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The last few months were hell. It was court case after court case and I'm exhausted. But thankfully Mbongeni was sentenced for 15 years for raping a minor, another 5 years for using power for manipulating of a case and his psychiatric license was banned. This crazy man tried bribing his way out of jail but sadly for him he offered the wrong policeman a bribe, he reported him on the spot. A 58 year old man going to jail for 20 years, he might die in there, but if he does come out alive he'd be too old

to fight a fully grown Siya.

Now what's left for me is Mzwandile's trial. He's awake now so we can proceed, but I don't have the strength to fight anymore since I used it all on the two policemen and that psychologist. And keeping to my promise I made her lose her license with one statement. 'A negligent psychologist that doesn't respect the confidentiality clause, a danger to society and an insult to the ones in need of help' The jury voted on taking her license away and the judge did just that then sentenced her to a R10 000 fine or community service but she could afford the fine so that was a open shut case. On the other hand the policemen only got suspended without pay for 5months. Not much, but still punishment so I'm happy.

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I'm on my way home with Siya from court and he's just in his feelings.

Siya: What if he gets parole?

Me: He'll get it after 10 years, and that's if his plea is approved. Anyway, parole means you've changed your ways, so he won't bother you anymore

Siya: What if he escape's.

Me: He's too old to jump those high fence's and walls.

He laughs and shakes his head then looks outside. He connects his phone to the car's bluetooth and plays songs

Me: You listen to Tupac? You and Lebo will be good friends.

Siya: He likes Tupac?

Me: Yep, I remember he listened to this song so much after his mother left. It was sort of our anthem.

"I ain't mad at ya. I ain't mad at ya" I sing along then when he raps I keep quiet. The aim was to prove that we weren't mad at our parents then. Not talk about the penitentiary and violence.

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We got home I cooked up for our celebratory dinner. This is victory and it must be celebrated. How many people get raped and Speak up? And how many children get raped by someone they know and the family hides the information because the rapist is 'family', how many of these rape victims succeed in court? Very few. So because Siya won this case I'm happy for him, he was strong enough to go through with the trial even when that bloody defendant was grilling him. But thank God for his grill because that made Siya cry and confess that that wasn't the first time he did that, he made Siya tell the judge that he started molesting him when he was just 10 year's old. The judge ruled for the plaintive and here we are, preparing for a celebration.

Siya: Can you get me a psychologist?

Me: Okay, when do you wanna go?

Siya: Everyday?

Me: Sure, but remember that on Monday you're

starting school.

Siya: I forgot. Just 4 days left. I'll go after school, but still every day.

Me: That's cool. I'll tell the driver that he must take you there before bringing the kids home and I'll come get you after work.

Siya: Why are you so nice?

Me: Because you don't deserve what's happening to you and I don't have a problem with kids because they don't teach themselves the things they know. Parents do.

Siya: Oh.

He went to watch TV and I continued cooking and baking for the family. I finished up later into the evening and Lebo joined us later on with a hot guy, like Cedric Fourie typa hot. And he refused to tell me his name because apparently he already told me. They look happy together, I really hope they last. We ate and enjoyed some entertainment from Roza and Lebo to talk nonstop.

This is what I've always wanted. A big family and a happy one. I know we all just had our fair share of hardships and we might not all be related but who says family is only the people that you share DNA with? Those people can also betray you and fuck you over, and yet we still want to call them family. I believe that family are the people you're the happiest with and this feels right, it feels like family so it is.

Chapter Fifty Five

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It's Monday morning and everyone is ready and eating breakfast, I on the other hand am still in pajamas. I'm not in the mood to go to work today. Plus the Mzwandile trial starts tomorrow and I need all the sleep I can get for one last time before he gives me sleepless nights of strategic planning and nightmares.

Siya: Aren't you going to work?

Me: No, I'm working from home today.

Siya: Oh, okay.

The kids all ate and went to school and I was left behind to my own thoughts. I call Nompilo

Nompilo: Friend.

Me: Friendship, I need a favor.

Nompilo: Shoot.

Me: I need you to represent me on tomorrows trial, I can't do it on my own, I don't think I'll be able to defend myself as much as being defended by someone else.

Nompilo: You've come to the right place. I'll be at your house in an hour and we'll start with a plaintive strategy. That lawyer of his is a beast, but David killed Goliath at the end the day. So we'll win this, stay positive. And Didi says Hi, she's too busy arguing with Leroy. Ugh. Anyway bye.

She hung up. Okay that's done now I need to write a detailed account on what happened that day. I start scribbling that days events on a notepad

*I woke up at 5am I took a bath then made breakfast for everyone. By 7am we had all eaten and Lebo was here to take Roza and Dee out and also keep them for the weekend, they left at probably 11am leaving me and Mzwandile behind and we had sex that day, then I fell asleep. Woke up later on and to discover that I was home alone and took a shower preparing for the gala. I waited for him to return but he didn't. I tried calling him but he wouldn't answer then I left on my own that's when the whole incident started. The deceased was making advance's at me and I rejected them. I left the gala at maybe 9pm and got home 45minutes later to find Mzwandile sitting in the dark with the deceased on his knees. Facing the door. We got into an argument and he broke his neck and then started fighting with me. We wrestled around and then I ran upstairs to my room to "hide" then he came with my gun to try and shoot me and we wrestled for the gun that's when I kicked him in the groin area and ran off with the gun. He kept coming at me and I had to shoot to protect myself.

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An hour later I was with Nompilo discussing strategy.

Nompilo: Why are you making it look like he had your gun?

Me: Because if I had the gun then the defense will twist it and make it look like It was attempted murder.

Nompilo: But it's best to tell the truth.

Me: Nompilo, I ran upstairs to get a gun, then shot him. That isn't self defense because he didn't have any weapon on him.

Nompilo: Ooh yah. But what do we do about fingerprint's?

Me: His fingerprints are already on the gun, he has held it a couple of times before and the blood shatters on the gun will also make my fingerprints vague so they'll look like they've been there recently.

Nompilo: You planned it didn't you?

Me: Never, I just can't afford to go to jail. I have people to take Care of you know.

Nompilo: Makes sense, I'll help you.

Me: Thank you friendship, I owe you one.

We are now ready.

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The next day.

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"In the trial against Mzwandile Ngoma for first degree murder and domestic violence, how does the the defense plead?"

"Guilty your honor"

What!! Why would he plead guilty? This is too good to be true, but Mzwandile is so calculative he probably has something up his sleeve. This isn't fair, I wanted him to fight so that I can finally know that

all my sleepless nights and nightmares weren't in vain. How dare he back down like this. I want to scream and yell telling him how cowardly he is but that will just put me on a bad spotlight.

"I sentence the defended to 25 years imprisonment for the first degree murder of Daniel Maponya and an addiction of 10 years for assault, domestic violence and possession of illegal firearm.. The defended will be held in Kgosi Mampuru maximum prison for the duration of his sentence and is allowed to parole after 15years in prison. Court is adjourned " Bam!!

"All rise"

I still can't believe it, how dare he take the easy way out? Why didn't he fight? Should he have fought he would be in there for life. But now in fifteen years time hell be out on good behaviour and come for me, I know he will. The smile on his face right now tells me so as I watch him be escorted to the stairs and he stops to look at me. "See you later bambi" he says out loud stopping everyone dead in their tracks. I on the other had feel the blood rush through my

body and it all drain's from my face making my face feel so cold and the hair on the back of my neck rises. How... how does he know my nickname??

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It all came back to me, he has been following me for years. He worked for my father meaning he was tasked to stalk me... The last thing I remember is hyperventilating then blacking out

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Fifty Six.

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I woke up in hospital with balloons and sweets all over the place. I guess they come from friends because they know I hate flowers. Flowers are for those who are about to die. Not me.

I hear Lebo making noise outside then he walks in

Lebo: Hallelujah, Jesus!! He died and on the 3rd day

he rose again. Hai o matla morena jeso! (A mighty God) Chomi kere I was so sure that you'd officially kicked the bucket.

Me: Hebanna, such a bad wish.

Lebo: Ne ke tlareng motho a shapa di idibala ko court. Kamo, Mzwandile wa teng asa tshege asa tshege ele tla o bone (What was I supposed to think when you were busy fainting in court? On the other hand Mzwandile was laughing like no one's business)

Me: I'm fine now chomi, and he's in jail.

Lebo: Mara why did you faint? Now people think you're a damsel in distress.

Me: He called me bambi

Lebo: As in Magogo Bambi? How does he know that name?

Me: He's been following me all my life.

Lebo: Hai man that boy ke satan. Mara he's gone now, I'm going to get discharge forms then we're out. Reya monateng wena, e yona we celebrate freedom.

Sarafina didn't know what freedom is shem e yona
ke freedom (We are going to party. We're going to
celebrate to freedom. Sarafina didn't know what
freedom is but this, this is freedom)

Sarafinaaaaaaaaa Sarafina Sarafina, ti tidi ti ti ti ti
ti....

He's now singing that Sarafina song pacing around
in my room. Hai, he's too happy shem. But I get his
relief. When he's happy I'm happy and vice versa. So
now he can fully be happy knowing that I'm safe.

Lebo: Chomi, rogo kreyela Motho nyana so (we're
getting you a man)

The Doctor walks in to ask us to keep it down. Hape
Lebo is so loud.

Lebo: Doc hao nyake mosadi?

Me: I'm sorry doctor, we'll keep it down

Lebo: Wena, that doctor is hot. Have fun nyana man.

Me: I don't want a man, I've vowed that I'll never ever
date again for as long as live.

Lebo: iyoh, the salt will teach you how to live with

people. Unless adult world becomes your new boyfriend.

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I'm at home trying to have some alone time with the TV but no, if it's not Roza asking me if they gave me an injection it's Dee trying to understand why I fainted and Siya is busy offering me food left right and center. If I wasn't trying to figure Mzwandile's stunt out I'd be happy.

Siya: You told me that when they get parole it means that they've changed. He'll also be a changed man.

Me: Uhm?

Siya: Your look. I know what you're thinking.

Me: Oh. No I'm fine, he won't get parole.

Siya: He will. He's a very patient person. But anyway, Lebo said to tell you to get ready and dress provocative. He's talking you to Pitori. I don't know how because we're already in Pretoria but anyway.

Me: I laughed "Pitori is a chillas" I tell him then I go upstairs to change into nude block heels, ripped highwaist jeans and a sleeveless bodysuit. I know, I love bodysuits but they keep everything in place you know. I comb my Afro out and put on my make me nice glasses and a matching polo watch then wait for Lebo

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After Lebo got here we went to Pitori and we partied like no ones business with Didi, Nompilo and Xhanti. That's the boyfriend's name, it's the first time I've heard of it and I still back my claim and say that he never told me. We partied and enjoyed out time together. Ever since birth I've never been to a club or taken alcohol but here I am. A whole 31 year old partying like there's no tomorrow. I'm paying for all those years I've been good and had bad things happen to me. From now on I'll be bad, low down, mean, evil, harsh, rude, you name it and I'll be it.

Because clearly there's no reward for being a good girl, the only thing that comes with it is having people play on your head. Well not anymore, I will eat, drink, be happy and do things that make me happy. No I won't forget that I have children, but I'll also have some time for myself. Ty Dollar Sign's Zaddy comes on and I can't help it. The demons in my body wake up like that lady says "Bese liyavuka iDemon lami bo!!!" I start winding hips to the song and as the song goes I'm in full blast twerk mode. I thank God Lebo thought about Pitori, it has a no cellphones policy so I don't have to worry about having a twerk video online. "She keep on calling me Zaddy she keep on calling me Zaddy, I give her the D I give her the D she calling me Zaddy! " I sing tweaking. Someone comes behind me and starts grinding on me. I don't feel a hump so it's definitely not a guy, maybe Nompilo because Didi is busy flirting with the bartender. We continue dancing together until the song ends and I finally turn around and see this beautiful, gorgeous, coloured stud. If I was into girls and yellow bones she'd be the one. I really don't like em yellow because they dim my light but this girl is

pretty AF. Shame, if she only gets the right girl.

Me: Hi, I'm Ofentse

"Michael" Hebanna, Michael, maybe she's trans. She has this Eersterust coloured accent that just goes well with her looks

Me: Nice to meet you Michael.

Michael: Likewise

We joined her and her friends for some drinks, had fun and also helped her score a pretty lady. Turns out she's just a nice girl Tho was intrigued by my demonic dancing abilities. I think of should come here more and make more friends.

Chapter Fifty Seven

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Sometimes all you need is a Hug when you're not fine. But all you get is advices and ways on how to

overcome it.

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I'm sitting in bed trying to understand and digest how Mzwandile has always been around without me noticing him. How could he have been there all along? Why didn't i see him then if he was there all along? You know what let me leave it at that, a mystery. This is becoming a problem, he is in jail, and he won't come out. I should just move on with my life and let him live his. The problem is that we weren't taught to say goodbye, to give up what we believed to be ours forever. So we revisit memories and submerge in the why, live for the past because we're afraid to let go of what we were most comfortable with no matter how toxic it is. Right now Mzwandile is in jail chilling with his newly found friend's and right now I'm sitting on my bed thinking about him. My life is stagnant because I fail to let go of Mzwandile and if this continues ill end up

imprisoning myself for his wrong doings. In fact I'm filing for divorce, I need him out of my life once and for all.

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I'm at work working on my own divorce paper when my other boss walks in. He and his twin brother are co-owners of the company

Mr. Glover: Have a minute?

Me: Sure sir, please take a seat. How can I be of service.

Mr Glover: I'm selling my shares and I want to sell them to you.

Me: Oh, oh wow, why me in particular?

Mr Glover: Well you're driven, you're ambitions plus I want to make sure that this company is in good, competent hands and who better but you? You deserve to be part of this company, you're a great asset to us and I want you to remain an asset, a

permanent asset with shares.

Me: I'm sold. Please email me your bank account number and contract and I'll get back to you once I've read the contract to avoid loopholes.

Mr Glover: Do I make it as Ofentse Ngoma or Ofentse Domingos?

Me: Domingos, I never changed my last name when I got married.

Mr Glover: That's settled then, I'll be hearing from you soon.

Me: Thank you very much sir, good day.

He walked out and I felt like dancing. Shares?? Last time I checked he was a 49% owner. That means more than 2meter dividends p.a I can leave the gang, eish, I can't but I can officially just hand everything over to Plug and be a silent boss, it will work for all of us. I call Plug right as I'm still fresh with the idea before I change my mind.

Plug: Boss lady

Me: How would you feel about taking over?

Plug: taking over what?

Me: The gang.

Plug: You wanna leave?

Me: No, I'm just giving you full control, excluding legal terms and my access codes.

Plug: You serious?

Me: 100 boy.

Plug: Sure.

Me: Good, I'll email you the contract soon and sign it then send it back. Congratulations Mr Pluggy.

Plug: See you got games. Aiight ma, see you around.

We hung up and I just enjoyed the rest of my day at work. I finalized my divorce papers and informed a judge about my intentions then mailed the papers off to prison.

I went home to my tiny family and ordered in, cooking is for weekends, I'm too tired to be standing in front of a hot stove.

I ordered some uber eats meal's and went upstairs

to freshen up then went downstairs to pay the delivery guy then take the food. I payed him then he was off. Moments later we were all gathered on the table eating with Siya talking about a hot white girl at school, he says he'll pay Lobola for that girl, the way he's raving about her tells me that she's nice to him. Dee's phone rang then I saw him remove it from his face and press a number. Collect call... Mzwandile!

Me: Dee hang up

Dee: Hello?

Me: Dee!

He handed the phone over to me and then I only heard breathing

Me: Mzwandile what do you want?

Mzwandile: "I'm not signing them, I won't make your life that easy." he then hung up. Bloody fool.

Siya: He didn't escape did he?

Me: No, he's calling from prison. Dee next time your phone rings and you answer and it tells you that it's a collect call hang up okay? Only prison's and public

phones do that, and we don't have public phones anymore.

Dee: Okay.

Siya: What did he want?

Me: He refuses to sign the divorce papers.

Siya: You're divorcing, what happens to me?

Me: Nothing, I'll officially adopt you after I'm done with him.

Siya: Oh, I thought I was going to stay in Sosha.

Me: No, no one will go to sosha especially if they live here. The last thing I need is to bump into Makhathini because I know for a fact that he's still here.

Dee: I'm tired of these people. Can't we run away somewhere and just start over.

Me: Coward's run away. We are strong, we will face them all one by one until they're all in jail.

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The next day.

Therapy session

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Dr: you need to tell me what happened when you were six, Siya. I can't help you if I don't know what's wrong.

Me: Will you take me to a psychiatrist?

Dr: No, you're safe here.

Siya: Okay. It was a Saturday morning. I remember mama waking me up saying that my father was calling me, I remember following her to their bedroom then when I got in they locked the door. I thought I was in trouble and I was going to get a hiding but they...

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To be continued...

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Fifty Seven. Two

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***WARNING :** This entire continuation contains bestiality, homophobia and statutory rape. If you are a sensitive reader please skip this chapter and wait for chapter 58. I don't want to traumatise anyone and will take no blame for it either because I'm taking responsibility and warning you beforehand*

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"they told me to undress and lie down on the bed. I did, then they also took their clothes off. I can't do this. I'm sorry " I say feeling scared all over again.

Dr: it's okay. You can go lie down on that couch or do something that will distract you from seeing me. I can also turn around if you like.

Me: Please turn. Lying down will just make me feel like I'm there again.

The Dr. turned and I took a deep breath in and told my story.

I remember it like it was yesterday. They took their clothes off and mama joined me on the bed then she started playing with my private parts and something weird was happening to my body. I was afraid to look and see what she was going so I just froze on the bed with my eyes shut trying to get this feeling to stop. And it did, but uBaba had returned and he was holding our Dog whitey and then he told me that I was becoming a man today, that a man does what

he's about to to show me and little boys wear their older sister's dresses and behave like a gay. He told me that he'll make sure that I'm not gay. He climbed on the bed then told me to move and I did, he put whitey on the bed and opened her hind legs then told me to put my private into a hole in between her legs. I refused and started crying. I didn't know what it meant but it felt wrong, they spanked me until i agreed to do it then mama did whatever she was doing to my privates and the feeling came back. My dad pulled me into his back then held my privates and put it into the dog, it cried and I was so scared. I thought they were making me kill the dog with the way it was crying. I remember telling him to stop but he wouldn't he said I must keep going until I'm satisfied and the dress wearing stops before I become a gay idiot. He said that in the family they kill men that wear dresses so he was doing this to protect me. I didn't know what that meant so I stopped and said I was fine. He then took the dog away and told mama to climb on me. She did and she started dancing on my body. It felt weird again, she was just looking at me smiling saying that I

won't be gay anymore after this then I closed my eyes and something hurt in my hips, I just cried until she stopped.

Dr: Do you want to press charges against them?
Rape charges don't die out. As long as you tell the judge that you were little they'll go to jail.

Me: No, I will never see them again. So I'm fine

He wrote something down. What if telling him will get them into trouble? I might be angry now but they are the only family I know.

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Fifty Eight

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Why me?

If you walked a mile using my feet

You would go a little easy on me

You'd know where I'm coming from

How come when I'm looking at everyone
They get away with having little fun
I'm paying these dues when they don't mean nothing

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Ofentse.

I was asked by Siya's psychologist to take him to hospital and take blood tests. He wouldn't tell me why but the way he insisted that I go just raised flags. Siya on the other hand looks like he was struck by lightning during the day. He looks so traumatized I wonder what he learned today. I won't ask, he'll tell me when he's ready and I don't want to trigger whatever was happening to him when he was in that therapy session.

Adding my own issues to the table, Mzwandile keeps calling but I don't answer. He even took the liberty to call my workplace then ask front desk to transfer the call to me. His trick didn't work because he refused

to tell the secretary who he was and Andrew hung up. I don't know what he wants but I won't talk to him until he signs the divorce papers I don't want to be lawfully tied to that bastard and I'll pull every trick in the book to make sure we get divorced.

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Siya.

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I don't know what to do anymore. The psychologist said that pressing charges won't only help me get closure but it will help other children that were raped also have the courage to speak up. And that's the problem, I don't want people knowing about this. Imagine walking around with people pointing fingers at you and saying there's that boy that was raped as a kid or there's that boy that rapes animals. I can't have my life being known by everyone. That isn't a life, that's torture. I'm in my room right now chatting with Nqobile and then I bring up the rape saga and

how she'd feel if I pressed charges against the family for rape. She said she's been thinking about pressing charges as well and she would be happy if I did. That's settled so I guess I'll go tell Sis'Fentse. I walk to Sis'Fentse's room and I hear her yelling at someone through the phone. "Sign the fucken divorce papers man." I'm guessing that's Mzwandile. I really feel sorry for her. I don't know how to tell her the truth but I know for a fact that Mzwandile will be out of jail by year end. This isn't the first time he's arrested for murder. He always does this. He goes to jail, dies and come back to life in a year's time. I really feel sorry for her, but then again she didn't kill him when she had the chance. You kill a snake by chopping it's head off, that's the biggest problem here, people are afraid to kill Mzwandile and they all end up dead.

Me: Sis'Fentse. Can I talk to you?

Sis'F: Sure. What's up

Me: I want file rape charges against my parents.

Sis'F: O sure?

Me: Yah, they must pay for what they did to me.

Sis'F : And then uNqobile yena?

Me: She agrees with me.

Sis'F : We'll go to a police station tomorrow after going to the hospital for blood tests.

I don't like this blood test thing. The doctor would have found something when they were doing a rape kit. I'm fine man, ugh vokoff. I went to my room and my phone rang.

"Hello"

Nangu mlungu nge collect call yakhe.

"Boy."

Me: Mzwandile

Mzwandile: Where's your respect? Ofentse turning you against me I see.

Me: What do you want?

Mzwandile: Tell Ofentse that she's pregnant.

Me: But she's not.

Mzwandile: She is, I made sure of it.

Me: If I don't then what?

Mzwandile: I'll punish you. I'll make your life a living hell mfana don't test me

Me: You killed my parents, why should I help you.

Mzwandile: I killed your mother, your father is still alive.

Me: Why are you lying?

Mzwandile: Come see me on Saturday. I'll tell you everything you need to know.

Me: I won't. I want nothing to do with you. Don't call me again.

Mzwandile: That's not how you talk to your father now is it?

Me: You're sick.

I hung up. What the hell is wrong, with this man, no he's not a man, he's an animal. He prays on the innocent and weak then when he's done he discards of them like a tasteless gum. Right now he's

desperate for something and he can't get it... he's desperate for sis Fentse. And now just because he can't get through to Sis'F he now wants to use me? He kills my parents, makes me an orphan that got abused because I didn't belong, causing so much pain and suffering in my life and now I'm at his wife's house and I'm an inconvenience to other people because of him, now he claims to be my father? Hai man.

I power walk to sis fentse's room and bust into her room to find her legs open with her hands holding a purple thing into her legs...

Sis'F : "Learn to knock marn Siyabonga!!! Get out." she yells pulling the blanket over her to cover her body.

I ran out and went straight to my room. Hai Lord, I beg of you. Make sure I never see that again, in fact take my eyes away from me right now. llliih. My blood shushes like I just saw a snake. My wife better be like that. Yoh Yoh, Nkosi yam mmmh.

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Fifty Nine.

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I don't know what to do anymore. I swear this is God's way of telling me that masturbation is a sin. But if it's a sin, why didn't he make it clear on the 10 commandments and say 'Thou Shall Not Masturbate' so that I know that I shouldn't do it. Hape now I almost blinded someone's son. Speaking of son's. What did he want anyway? I got dressed scolding myself to lock the bedroom door from now on and went downstairs for breakfast. I found Lebo, Xhanti and the kids eating and there's no Siya. Mxm, he must be in his room sleeping because he behaves like a vampire busy up at ungodly hours and barging into people's rooms.

Me: Morning

Them: Morning

Lebo: And wena?

Me: Long story. I'll text you

Lebo: Babe, it must be juicy, I'll text you?

Sies, they gossip about me in front of me right in front of me. Siya came downstairs later on and went to the kitchen and never came back.

Me: Excuse me.

I went to the kitchen to find him sitting on the floor eating cereal.

Me: And wena? Why are you sitting here alone?

Siya: Sorry. I needed some time alone.

Me: And what was so urgent that you bust into my room at night?

Siya: oh, uhm, uh, Mzwandile called. He said he's my father, and that you're pregnant.

Me: Why do I believe him. Okay get ready and we will do DNA tests plus those blood tests you need.

Siya: No pregnancy test?

Me: No, I'm not pregnant.

Siya: How sure are you?

Me: Ha.a, get ready.

Yoh this child. I walked to my bedroom to grab Mzwandile's toothbrush and hairbrush then headed back downstairs to say goodbye to my baby sitters. Ausi Pat is on leave and I really can't cope without, cooking, cleaning and working at the same time is a drag. Anyway, I believe that Mzwandile might be Siya's father. It would explain why he's still alive. A cold blooded murderer like Mzwandile would have killed the child as well to avoid loose ends, but here is Siya, alive and kicking. Raises flags. As for me being pregnant, what a joke.

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We drove to the hospital and had some blood tests done then afterwards drove to the police station to open a case against the Ngoma parents, there's something deeply Wrong with policeman. They keep asking Siya questions like he's the one that asked to be raped. No wonder why people fear opening cases against their perpetrators, the cops flip the script on them.

Me: Ha. a detective, did you not hear him saying that he was still young? Should we also help you do your job?

Cop: The case must be opened where the crime was held.

Me: Says who?

Cop: Yessis lo sisi. Says me. Your little brother must go to KZN to open a case

Me: According to which Act?

Cop: Mxm, you think that just because you went to school you're suddenly a lawyer. Weh sisi, go open a case in KZN.

Me: Do your job and we won't have problems

Cop: Mxm, kwala daar, re tla e fisa ge ba tsamaya
(Write there, we'll burn it after they leave.

Me: Burn it and you'll lose your job. See I have every right to report this unethical behaviour but I'll be a good Samaritan and warn you. If you burn the docket I will raise hell and you don't want that happening. And I did go to school, and guess what. It did make

me a lawyer, a fully qualified and capable of doing my job. Now would you so kindly do yours. Thank you. Let's go Siya.

I walked out feeling very brave and powerful. Don't mess with me. I get into the car and drive. I find myself entering ko mokgalabe (Kgosi Mampuru maximum Prison) and requesting to speak to Mzwandile.

Siya: I don't think this is a good idea.

Me: Don't think, just do. That's what I did right now, I'll regret later but right now I need to see this one.

He walks in and looks around then he spots us and smiles so bright, you'd think I was lying when I said he tried to kill me.

Mzwandile: My wife and son visiting me.

Me: Wagafa shem.

Mzwandile: Ndodana (Son)

Siya: I'm not your son.

Me: I came to ask you two things. Why are you doing this. And why do you think I'm pregnant?

Mzwandile: I had no say I this

Me: Cut the bullshit. You don't have multiple personality disorder. Just talk.

Mzwandile: You think you're smart aren't you?

Me: I am smart, so smart that I had my tubes tied after Roza, so your pregnancy scare isn't going to work. I had Siya take DNA tests and you're not this father.

Mzwandile: laughs "Wow, but you weren't smart enough to know that I've been around you for 10 years. I was there the day you got raped, in fact I killed that friend of yours, not Mario, he just took the fall. I called Mario when you were in labour because I couldn't just walk in and show face, I was there when you're grandparents were killed, I was there in the US when you were as broke as a drug addict, I was there when you killed your father, I was there every single day. This, what you're doing right now, was all planned. This one. He's my son. I made him, more like he wasn't planned. I had sex with my former wife's sister that's how he came to life. My wife

discovered the truth and told the entire family. I didn't kill them all because of some silly reason, I killed them all because they refused to give me my child. Then I ran off to the US where I met your father, he promised me a stake in the business as long as I kept tabs on you. I've been following you ever since, right to the day you killed your father and I had to think fast, so I introduced myself to Lebo and made myself look like a single loser with no life, and true to the code, my little new gay friend hooked me up with you. I was in, I finally had a chance to get a stake in the business until you started being difficult. I had to marry you and that still didn't work because of your damn prenuptial agreement. I staged the whole murder scene up and told my father to dump Siya with you so that everything goes according to plan. And in deed mother Theresa came to the rescue and helped poor little Siya and now have you by the horns. I'll be out of here in no time and when I do, I'll make sure to kill you and every last one of you.

Me: "Not if I kill you first." I grabbed the prison guards gun as he walked past and shot Mzwandile

twice in the head. Right now I'm sure he's dead because there's blood everywhere... I got tackled into the ground and cuffed up and lifted up. I don't fight, my fight is over, I watch Siya look at me with pure shock and fear as tears roll down his face

Me: Call Lebo, he'll know what to do

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Sixty

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I'm at the prison mortuary looking at Mzwandile before I allow them to take him. I let them bury him like the dog he is. But before I do so I say my last words to him

" I swear I tried to take the relationship forward, but slowly I realized that you put me in a glass shelter. Not because you wanted to protect me or because you thought I was fragile, but because you believed I was your property and that shelter turned out to be a glass globe with me inside for everyone to see your

prised possession . Slowly but surely I extracted from your words your real intention and it hurt me to understand that you weren't who I used to draw from the beginning. You were just a figment of my imagination and I'm not sorry I shot you dead, that was long overdue. You tortured and tormented me then manipulated me into believing that you meant no harm. You are a crude animal, a scavenger and I've saved a lot of women's lives by ending yours. I shouldn't speak ill of the dead but you were one cold hearted predator and you deserve to burn in hell. I hope you get reincarnated into a woman and get a man that will make you suffer as much as you did me and your late wife. How many times did I want to convince myself that you were a good man only for you to spit it back in my face? I always fought with the voice that screamed in my head for me to leave, to jump into the ocean and abandon ship. Loving you was light at first, but it became heavy as I went on to measure words, calculating from the side I looked at. And in my point of view you had to go, So long bitch.

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I walked off cuffed like an animal, arms and legs in chains and I was escorted back to my cell. I am free. No more threats, no more madness, no more crazy men, I'm free. Alone with my peaceful thoughts and memories of my family keeping me positive and at peace with what I've done, I've protected them from evil. Right now all that needs to happen is a plea bargain, then I'll be set for life. I close my eyes and let sleep take me to my happy place. This place is so boring you just fall asleep during the day.

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I am woken up from my dreams by someone shaking me.

Me: What?

"You're in my bed"

Me: I get up to have a better look at this idiot. She's tall, skinny with lots and lots of tattoos. "I've been in here for two days, and I found this cell empty so

please, don't test me"

Her: Don't make me hurt you

Me: "If you wanted me hurt you would've done that long before waking me up. Who ever was teaching you ways of jail domination forgot to tell you one thing, stop sounding desperate, you'll die before you even reach actual prison. This is a holding cell s'botho (idiot)." I turned over and went back to sleep. I woke up at lunch and ate my food then went back to sleep. Then woke up again for dinner.

"Shalom " she says

Me: What?

Her: My name, my name is Shalom.

Me: Well Shalom, I'm Satan's wife.

She chuckles but stops when I don't laugh.

Shalom: O serious?

Me: Dead serious.

She just hums a mh and eats in silence. She went to sleep and I was up all night preparing for my bail

hearing tomorrow. That judge better bail me out. Or we'll have problems.

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"Your honour, the defended poses flight risk and a danger to society. She murdered her own father in cold blood...

Nompilo: Objection your honour , speculation.

Judge: Refrain from speculation plaintive.

This is why I love Nompilo, she is a beast when it comes to defence. Man this girl.

"No further motives your honour." he means Nompilo shut him up.

Judge : Will the defense come up and raise their motives for bail.

Nompilo: Yes your honour. My client had no intention of shooting her husband your honour, she is not flight risk because she has children she needs to

take care of and this is her first crime your honour

"Objection. Speculation "

Judge: Overruled

Nompilo continued showing the judge that I'm a danger to no one and I think the judge bought it.

Judge: The verdict will be heard at 13:30. Will the prosecution and defense come forward.

They walked forward, Lord, thank you. I don't think this judge knows that I'm a lawyer because if he did he would've just walked away. That ladies and gents is the judge offering to settle the case out of court. The judge walks away and Nompilo comes to me looking oh so serious.

Me: What?

Nompilo: The judge wants to settle this whole case out of court. That's bad

Me: How is that bad?

Nompilo: You'll be sent to prison thats what's up

Me: Nompilo I was going to jail anyway. It's better

out of court because that's what 3 in a psychiatric hospital, 5 in maximum prison and the last two under house arrest. That's better than first or second degree murder charges. Out of court is much more flexible

Nompilo: Never thought of it like that. That's smart, I even wonder why you're making me defend you. You're smart on your own.

Me: You underestimate yourself, that's the problem.

I couldn't tell her that I need her innocence to win my case, she's a lucky charm. This girl is my get out of jail card and her charms work like I'm getting wishes from a Jinny in a bottle. At this rate my predicted sentence might lessen because of her.

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Sixty One

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Siya.

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There's no funeral, no pastor to send him off, nothing. People just came, dug a hole and put his coffin in.

Me: I want to see the body.

Guy: Hai wena son.

Me: Please, this man likes pulling these tricks, I want to make sure that it's really him or another looker like like the last two times.

Guy: Eish, la lapisa lena man (You guys annoy me) go check fast or we'll bury you with him.

I hurriedly opened his coffin and looked for his birthmark on his neck.

Guy: Ah joh, wamo hlobola? (Guy, you're undressing him?)

Me: I need to be sure, I'll give you something for cold drink

Guy: Sure, undress him. But don't perform your witchcraft here.

Me: Sure

Guy: Shesha ke (hurry up)

I found it, the birthmark on his neck is there to ensure that it is in fact him. Thank you Jesus. I get off the casket and walk away from the hole. They put it in and cover it up then a cement truck comes. I actually laugh out loud after seeing this, Sis'F is making sure that he's gone and never comes back. Hai poor lady had enough of him, I'd also do this if I was her. The cement truck covers his grave then they mold the cement into a perfect flat rectangle.

Guy: That woman is crazy joh she said she'll pay us after the cement is dry. Khante who is guy anyway? Hai ba mmoloka sthlogo man, okare ba boloka ledimone (They are burying him like a demon)

Me: That's because he is. I wouldn't be surprised if he came back from the dead.

Guy: Eh, Mathata.

I left 3 hours later after I took a video of myself jumping on the cement to prove that it's dry and secured then went home to show Sis'F the video. She couldn't attend the funeral because she's being

monitored. But judging from her anger, she'd probably stab the dead to make sure that he's really dead.

To be honest, I feel so lost right now, my supposed father is dead and the other one that I'm currently depending on has a high chance of going to jail for a very long time. I read the statistics. It's either she gets 25- life in prison for murder. Imagine what my life will be like without parents, Lebo will obviously take care of Dee and Roza but I on the other hand, Mxm, I'll just go to sosha and live there until I finish school. Lebo won't allow me in his house, I feel it.

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The Ngoma household.

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Makhathini: Mqedisi, your wife and that kwele kwele are the only two left for me to fuck. I know that kwele kwele won't agree but you can make your wife

agree.

Mqedisi: Hai baba, my wife is mine and mine alone.
Go sleep with mama.

Makhathini: I should've killed you with your mother.

Mqedisi: What? You killed mama?

Makhathini: Your mother, not my wife, that one does everything I say. But your mother? That bitch was stubborn so I killed her.

Mqedisi: That's a lie!

Makhathini: Then you're as dumb as they come. I'm a Zulu man, Mncedisi is spelt Mncedisi not Mqedisi like yours. You don't belong here wena, so you better bring your wife before I cut you off.

Mqedisi thought about the wealth, the money and how poor he'll be without his father and went home to his wife to beg her to sleep with Makhathini.

Gladys : No Mqedisi, I won't do that.

Mqedisi: If not for me then for the money, we'll be poor if you don't do it.

Gladys : I have a plan.

The couple went through their plan twice before heading to their home stand in the outskirts of Nkandla. There's only one problem with this couple, their both pushing their own agenda. While Mqedisi is thinking for himself, Gladys is also doing the same thing. They drive to Makhathini's home stand and find him sitting outside waiting for them.

Gladys: "Let me go make your concoction for now." she goes into the house to mix baba's herbs and then adds two crushed blue pills to make her plan work. She goes outside and hands bab'Makhathini his herbal concoction and he drinks it up like a baby feeding on it's mother's breast milk. He goes into the house followed by Gladys and then Mqedisi goes to the car to take his contract

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Mqedisi

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If baba really killed my mother then he'll pay. I took a contract out and headed into the house and found

Gladys heading out.

Me: And now?

Gladys : I forgot something. Be right back.

I saw this as an opportunity and went to my father's room.

Me: "Sign this. It shows that you are fully aware that this is the first and last time you have sex with my wife." I lie, it's an ownership contract. He's handing everything over to me.

Makhathini: You and your wife are beginning to annoy me. She just made me sign this

What!? That bitch!

Mqedisi: That one protects her, this one protects me.

He just signed and I grabbed the paper and rushed out to the car. Luckily I find Gladys still holding the paper and grab it from her.

Me: What's this?

Gladys: Baby I can explain.

I read the contract and it states that she now owns

everything that baba has, even the time frame is written. I crumble the paper up and shove it into my mouth then chew it and throw it out.

Me: You're trying double cross me? Me Gladys?

Gladys: Baby, I'm securing my future.

Me: Securing your future with money you didn't work for? Well if you want it then you'll have to work for it.

I put my contact in the car and locked the doors then carried this skinny thing I call a wife into my father's bedroom.

Me: "Destroy her." And I walk out. The only thing I hear is one short yet loud scream before I walk out of the house. What's the point in fighting for a dead marriage. I'm rich either way.

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Sixty Two

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Gladys.

I wasn't going down alone. Never in a million years.

Me: Baba, Mqedisi made you sign an ownership contract. He took your assets for his own.

See I wanted to do the exact same thing until I was caught. This old man was way too horny to think straight and my plan worked well until you know. Now I'm in a locked bedroom with Makhathini trying to divert attention but it doesn't seem to work.

Makhathini: I have no assets.

Me: What do you mean?

Makhathini: Exactly that, the only thing under my name is my children, what a waste of sperm cells. Now come, come satisfy me.

I was so distracted by my disappointment that I didn't feel Makhathini trip me until I felt pain. Ouch!!

Me: Baba wait.

Makhathini: No, I need you. I need you now.

Bab'Makhathini pushed my legs open with his knees and I closed them again he then turned me sideways and then he spoons me and positions himself into me and trusts. I won't lie and say I'm disgusted. It feels so good. Hell, he's bigger than Mqedisi and he's an old man.

"Mmmh" I moan and I think he takes that as an invitation because he rolls over ontop of me with my stomach flat on the mat and I feel his large penis digging deeper into the unused section I just scream and stop as I go rigid and spasm. God, I'm cumming and he hasn't even moved yet. Yoh, this old man is my hero. I don't think I'll stop having sex with him ever again. The starts trusting in and out of me

"Yes Yes, this is soooo good ah, yes" I moan with every trust. No wonder why mama Maria behaves like a zombie. I'd also be dickmatised if I got fucked like this everyday. We switched positions so many times and then finally we were on the bed with me riding him out and he came in me. I lowered my body onto his and felt his cock slipping out.

Me: Can we do this again?

Makhathini: Of course.

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Ofentse.

I'm in the boardroom with Siya, Nompilo, the prosecutor add the judge, not forgetting the lady who's taking the minuets.

Prosecutor : Why don't I believe you boy?

Siya: You have to, that man might be my father, I wouldn't betray him for her.

Prosecutor : Fair enough

The prosecutor has been trying to paint me like I'm the bad person here, as if I deliberately killed Mzwandile. I swear if it wasn't for our prenuptial marriage he'd be spinning the plot making it look like I killed him for money. Shame man, he's trying so hard to land me prison. It's a pity I won't be there for as long as he hopes I'd go.

Judge : With all the evidence that I've received I sentence Ofentse Domingos to 5 years in prison and 5 in community service making that a total 10 years of incarceration. She will be held in Kgosi Mampuru maximum prison for the duration of her sentence. Adjourned.

Nompilo: I was hoping he sends you to Odi Prison, it's much better than New Lock.

Siya: "Youre still hoping that she went to jail?? Ugh " he stormed off. He's been quite angry lately. I wonder why.

Me: Odi is for petty crimes, I didn't steal money or commit fraud. I killed a man, New Lock is just fine.

Nompilo: I feel so terrible.

Me: Don't, please get my kids and Lebo for me.

She left and came back wish them.

Me: Guys, I'll be going away for a while, I'll be back though and please listen to Lebo, he'll be in charge from now on.

Siya: I'll go live in Sosha.

Lebo: What for?

Me: He thinks you hate him

Lebo: Nonsense, you're living with me. And that's final.

Siya: Thank you.

We say our final goodbyes and I'm taken to a police van and we drive to prison. I'm alone in the back so I don't necessarily have to make awkward convocations with anyone.

Oh, how I thank the Lord for this out for court bargain, it made my life a lot easier and convenient. Phela, I was able to bribe the judge all thanks to this out for court case, he was able to be flexible enough to accept bribes because we weren't cyber monitored. All I had to do was to EFT him half a million for introduction and he melted like butter. He had to give me 5 years just to make it look realistic. But five years is nothing right?

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Sixty Three

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Prison isn't bad, well maybe it's because I just got here and I already have employees. A prison guard have me a sachet of power the moment I walked it. And no, it's not drugs. It's a drug, but not the kind that makes you high if you know what I mean. I walked to the dining hall and followed the line to get food. The moment I got my tray I sprinkled some powder in my beans and also my milk carton and went to take a seat. I took the bread and just as I was about to put other in my mouth someone grabbed it as well as my tray, smart move sucker

Me: Hey!

"Hai shut up wena newbie, this is initiation. You eat when we say you eat." the big girl ate my food and I started counting. 10; 9; 8; 7; 6; 5; 4; 3; 2; 1... she started choking and foam coming out of her mouth. They tried giving her my milk making it worse and I was there looking at everything. If I could, I'd smile. Plug taught me everything I need to know and I'll

probably be out of here by month end. That was step one, poison your own food. Someone stupid will take it and eat, they'll be the first death experiment. For the final explosion.

"Whoever was trying to kill you is kak lethal. But that girl just saved your life" some coloured girl just said next to me smiling. I just looked at her then back at the dying girl. The prison guards took exactly 20minutes to get there. Okay, if I do this tomorrow again ill be able to see if always waste time or not. We were taken to our rooms for lights out and that coloured girl is my roommate.

" I know you drugged your food "

I kept quiet

" Smart move, but if you don't work with me, I'll sing.
"

Me: Okay

"Okay as in you'll work with me neh? "

Me: No, okay as in sing. You sing I go on suicide watch, I mean I poisoned my own food, that's

suicidal and that girl just took my food and ate it. Now that's her business. Aren't suicide watch cells the best there is in here? I'll be alone, on a comfy bed and eating nca food. (nca= nice, good, beautiful, etc)

"Jy's slim jy (You're clever). I'm Raven" she said smiling at me.

Me: Ofentse.

Raven: Ek en jy gaan lekkie chommies wees. (You and I will be good friends)

Me: Sure case.

We went to our bed's and two other girls got to our cell and tried making a fuss about a black girl in their cell, Nxa. And you'd think they can't be racist. Mixed race se foot. I ignored them as Raven tried to calm them down add they finally did. I'm guessing Raven is their superior. Lucky shot.

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I woke up super early in the morning to find Raven's little rascals looking at me. LOL get it? The cartoon Raven and the little rascals, LMAO.

Me: La loya na? (Are you guys witches)

"Wat soek jy hier? (What do you want here)

Me: To serve my sentence and go home.

" Hai vok man. We mean here, in our cell. "

Me: They guard brought me here, what else.

"So the guard brings a swaart meisie in our cell?

Hard to believe. (black girl)

Me: The last time I checked you weren't white, so lay off on the racist remarks tuu. You're black, white people don't recognize you nxa, why do think you're in here instead of with the whites that other side? You're black wena. How dare you be so racist when you're black as well?

"Yeee ek is nie swaart nie" (Hey, I'm not black)

Me: What are you mixed masala? Wagafa wena sies (You're crazy)

Raven: Hei, Hei, stop it man. And you two better leave her alone if you want to live. I have the rest of my life in here, I literally have nothing to lose. Don't test me.

"Sorry groot." they apologize and walk out the cell

Me: What do you mean you have your entire life in here?

Raven: I killed, I'm a serial killer and currently I enjoy raping girls in the shower.

Me: I laugh so hard. "You rape? How?"

Raven: I can show you

Me: "No thank you. " I still continue laughing until I see her getting angry. "Okay I'm done laughing"

Raven: Whats so funny about me raping, I'll rape you right now.

Me: It wouldn't be rape if I let you. Hell I have more chances of raping you than the other way around. I'd have to high or drunk to let a girl rape me.

Raven: You're not afraid of me. What are you in here for?

Me: Murder.

Raven: Why are you being so chilled about it?

Me: Because I'm free.

I don't tell her that I'm escaping soon, she'll probably ruin my plans.

Raven: You're a real suicide risk. How can you be so calm? Jys nie reg nie jy. (You're not okay)

Me: "Thank you" I say smiling. That's step 2. Make someone believe that you're insane. Hai guys I'll be out of here sooner than you think.

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2 weeks later.

It's visiting hours and today I have a surprise visit from Siya. He's looking real funny. He's wearing a binnie and dark glasses, I'm sure he can't see in them. He's also looking around like someone's watching.

Me: Siya, what's wrong.

Siya: "Everything" he starts crying "Everything is wrong"

Me: What happened??

He cries hysterically and I get up and go hug him.

"Hei no contact " the guard says

Me: Vokoff, can't you see he's crying.

I hug him and then remove his glasses and spot a blue eye. I remove his binnie as well and he has a scar on the head. more like a burnt mark written sell out in bold.

Me: Who did this to you!?

I start panicking, if he's hurt what happened to the rest of the family?

Me: Siya!!!

Siya: "Mqedisi, he says he wants money. He, he, he even killed" He cries again this time he falls on the ground clutching his chest. This boy is drawing unnecessary attention.

Me: Siya man!!

Siya: He killed Roza. He raped her then set her on fire. Now he has Lebo and Dee and he says he'll kill them too if you don't give him money.

He shows me a video where the bastard has his way with my screaming child and then he throws her into the fire place...

I walk away, more like run to my cell. I grab Raven's phone and call Plug

Me: "Send people to Lebo's house, NOW!! And bring me that bastard that just killed my baby. And I want skatch here as well. He'll pay. I swear he'll pay" I'm in tears now, I feel so defeated.

Plug: What's going on.

Me: A dog is in my yard.

Plug: On it.

I've been away for two weeks and already people think they're entitled to my wealth. I could have given him if he just asked but now he's gone too far

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Sixty Four

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" What's beef?

Beef is when you make your enemies start your Jeep

Beef is when you roll no less than 30 deep

Beef is when I see you, guaranteed to be in ICU "

Biggie Smalls

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It's like my soul was meant to be tortured. Every time something goes wrong and I'm not the one getting hurt. People around me are, but this Ngoma family is the last straw. It's like me meeting Mzwandile opened a can of mentally unstable worms. Even in his death his spirit lives on, I get that he wants money but he did he have to do that? Did he have to rape and kill my baby just because he wants money?

Why didn't he just come here and ask. Or threaten me then, don't kill my child.

I'm in solitary confinement because I beat up one of the rascals, she just had to provoke me. I'm in the dark with nothing but a toilet seat and no bed, so I guess the floor will be my bed today. I can't stop crying, I feel so numb and empty inside. My sunshine is gone, my only daughter. I suffered giving birth to her only for someone to take her life like they owned it from the get go. I'm so angry, I'm in pain, feeling defeated but mostly I'm blood thirsty.

Plug managed to get Dee and Lebo out of that house and moved them to a safe place but Mqedisi ran off with Siya. He can keep him, it's his brother or nephew anyway I don't care. I'm done with the Ngoma's I'm just done. I'm going to kill them all, burn them alive like their evil son burnt mine. I heard Roza scream until she couldn't anymore, I heard the sound of burning flesh and bursting eyes. I heard it all. Imagine what Dee and Lebo are going through. They saw and smelt the whole thing.

I can't sleep, every time I close my eyes I see Roza

screaming I hear her scream for me and I wasn't there to protect her, I'm a useless mother. I failed my child, I'm a failure, I don't deserve to live, but I also don't deserve to go out like coward either. I need to avenge my child. And only the entire clan will avenge her death...

I've lost my mind, I've been in here for hours but it feels like days, or maybe it is days, I haven't been sleeping and I feel my body giving out. But I can't sleep, won't

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I was woken up by a guard and I got up and walked out like a zombie back to the grounds. When I got there the rascals were there with Raven. And a whole bunch of people minding their own business. I take a seat on a empty bench and just sit alone minding my own business until Raven comes to provoke me.

Raven: You used my phone without permission, then beat up my guzzy (Blood) leaving her like this?

Me: Shut up Raven

I look into a distance and tears just streamed down my face.

"Crying won't help you this time girly"

Me: "Don't make me kill you. I'm warning you" I say looking at the girl.

Raven: What's wrong man?

Me: I think I'm going to be with you for the rest of my life as well.

Raven: Wat?

Me: I'm going to kill, I'm really going to kill and after that I'll dance on top of their dead bodies

I laugh and laugh

"Die mang drove her crazy" (Solitary confinement) she laughs

I keep laughing until I've finally had enough.

"It's time to teach her a lesson"

Raven: "Loss haar (leave her) she doesn't look okay."

Raven and the other one I beat walked away and this racist one stayed behind.

"Nie man (no man)" she comes and drag's me out of my seat with my legs. I hold onto the back of the bench and kick her in the face and get up then step on her neck and exert all my weight on her neck until I hear a crushing sound and she stops moving. I start laughing.

Me: "I warned you" I say laughing "I warned you" I keep repeating as I kick her in the face until it's finally cracked open. I'm tackled into the ground and cuffed, but I don't stop laughing as I'm dragged to solitary confinement again. They throw me in and I'm still laughing and screaming

Me: "I'm going to kill every last one of them. I'm not God, I won't let my child die in vain. I will avenge her, they'll all suffer and beg for God's grace." I stop yelling and look right at the camera.

Me: "Pray for their souls, pray that God comes out of hiding and saves them, because if I get my hands on them" I laugh again. "They've gone too far" I say and

stop smiling. "If I were them, I'd be really scared right now" I take the little rock that I picked up when I was dragged away and threw it at the camera breaking the lens

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Sixty Five

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Narration

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"On the top stories female prisoners in Kgosi Mampuru escaped prison. The escapees have not yet been identified but there's one prison guard who claims to know the mastermind behind this escape. Sir, please tell us what happened " the news reporter asked.

Security : Hei, that girl is demon straight. She was laugh and laugh then look at the camera and tell to pray.

Reporter: You can speak in your native tongue.

Security : English is fine. As I was talk. She tell me to pray for them, she say will kill them one by one until Jesus comes again

Reporter: Kill who?

Security : Hebanna, go ask her. I'm here on busy. Mara I think they kill her baby nyana shem. Hai so many people are black hearted, they have a stone for a heart, killing a baby nyana. She even kill twice since she come here last week.

Reporter : Can you tell us more about these crimes she committed?

Security : "Eish, I'm dry here you see" he says rubbing his neck indicating thrust "Cold drink nyana or Back label nyana will make me remember "

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As he's busy talking to the reporter's, Ofentse is in solitary confinement thinking of ways she can escape prison to go avange her child's death. The

door opened and she looked at the prison guard that first gave her the killer sachet when she first came.

"let's go"

Me: Where.

"Plug sent me"

Thats all Ofentse needs to get up and follow her.

They got to the bathroom where she found Mqedisi and a really battered Siya on the floor

"What happened to this one." Ofentse asks Plug.

Plug: Man this boy has seen it all. I found him getting gang banged by old men. He passed out on his own and this one we drugged.

Ofentse: Get me petrol and switch off the smoke and fire detectors.

All Ofentse said about not caring about Siya died the moment she saw him battered and bruised and with what looks like dried up sperm on his exposed skin.

"So yall didn't even see it fit that he looks clean before taking him? How incompetent can yall get

mara? You, tie this one up, Call me when he's awake and you come help me clean this one up."

The other men left to get petrol while Plug went to disarm security cameras and fire and smoker detectors. Ofentse picked Siya up with the aid of a big man obviously and tried taking his clothes off to bath him. Poor boy has these "Sell out" branded scars all over his body making it very hard to undress him because his bloody scars have clung onto his clothes. They eventually undressed him then switched the shower on to wash him. He wakes up startled then sees one person he'd been praying to see

Siya: "Sis fentse." he then faints again.

Ofentse and the big guy finished cleaning him off then dressed his wounds with a first aid kit that the guard brought for him.

Ofentse : Thank you Sesi

"No problem. He doesn't deserve this shem"

Ofentse : I know. It's such a shame vele.

After dressing his wounds they sent him home with a nurse on stand by. If he goes to hospital the police will be notified and then problems increase.

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After Siya was taken home, there was only one thing left for Ofentse to do. To rape and burn Mqedisi just like he raped and murdered Roza.

"Get me every cylinder shaped object, vegetable whatever, I'm making a roast. "

Mqedisi was awake looking at Ofentse with shock in his eyes.

Ofentse: You kill my baby and think I'll let you live?

Mqedisi: I'm so sorry, I wasn't thinking straight.

Ofentse: I'll make you think straight.

Ofentse turned him around so that he's lying on the floor then took a pocket knife to cut his clothes off.

Mqedisi: Ofentse please. I'm sorry.

Plug: Should I gag him?

Ofentse : no, I want to hear him scream and I want

him to hear himself scream just like he made my baby scream to death.

She shoved a banana up his ass and it just smooched up and became paste on his butt. She then took a baby carrot and shoved it up his ass. It stopped halfway and she stood up and stomped on it until it was fully in. Now Mqedisi is really screaming. "Scream! Scream like you made my child scream. I want you to scream until your voice dies out then I'll make you scream again until you die" Ofentse says crying. She then takes a cucumber and forces it into his ass. He's squeezing his ass shut but Ofentse is very patient

"Block his airway, he will take this cucumber. " she says. Then Skatch chokes Mqedisi and his body relaxes then Ofentse quickly and roughly shoves the cucumber into his ass and he stops breathing. "Let go." Skatch lets go of his throat and he takes a deep breath in and cries. "Ofentse please" Ofentse is pushing the cucumber into him, mind you he still has the baby carrot in him and now it's pushing forward when she's also pushing the cucumber deeper. "Did

you think about my child when you were doing your things, did you ever consider that she was just a baby with a barely developed vagina when you tore her open? Did you not hear her scream? Did you not hear her cry? Why do you want my forgiveness when you've caused me so much pain. I carried her for nine months, I gave birth to her, I raised her. Only for you to come and destroy her life then kill her while making the other sibling watch. Not only did you kill my baby, but you killed another one as well, you broke then literally and spiritually. If you want forgiveness, go ask God. Let's see if he'll forgive you. Because I won't " She finally stomped the cucumber into his bleeding ass hole and shoved more objects until it wouldn't go down anymore. She then poured petrol all over his body and said farewell to him "Say hi to Mzwandile in hell" she set him on fire and he jumped and started running around screaming making everyone back up away from him as he burned and screamed for help, then he eventually fell on the floor and stopped scream. He was still burning but it was dying out so Ofentse used the last of the petrol to relight his body again until he was

ashes.

"Yesis Ofentse man, j's vokon maal (Jesus, Ofentse man, you're fucken crazy) Raven says.

No one knew that she was watching all along. But Raven saw it all, and the more she watched the more terrified of Ofentse she became. Ofentse wasn't normal in her eyes, she was a psycho and messing with her would be your death wish.

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"Ahaaah. See, she escape. She ghedess (ran) this one" the prison security guard says.

Reporter : What's her name?

Security : Madlabantu. That one can kill jealous down. She's the megamind. She can kill big men this one. Very powerful, demon possessed powerful not gyming powerful. Madlabantu, my leader san

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Sixty Seven.

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I was having breakfast in the morning with Raven and Cat (the racist rascal) more like the living rascal when a man came to me yelling something I didn't seem to understand

"Madlabantu my leader" what's this guy on about? Raven automatically started laughing as he came closer.

Me: Who's that?

Raven: Peter. He's a surveillance guard.

Me: What does he want now, I'm pretty sure Plug switch off the cameras last night.

Peter: Hela Madlabantu, I'm look for you two days straight. You even nyamalla (disappear) in prison san chu

Me: Who me?

Peter: No other.

Me: Hebanna. Wa Khuluma or Wa Bolela?

Peter: I'm speak

Raven and Cat were on the floor laughing

Peter: He.e lena man, this is not a funny. You're adult act like them.

Me: Re ka go thusa abuti? (can we help you brother)

Perer: I want an autobiography

Me: Autobiography?

Is this man fine upstairs?

Peter: Bona zodwa e banna. Autobiography, sign le page

Me: Oh autograph

Peter: Don't test me, I'm not the exam. Say autobiography

Me: Autobiography

Peter: Don't teach yourself English with me. Say

Otho - bayo - graffy

He's lost it. Raven has been laughing ever since he arrived and I don't understand why, even other inmates have now been captured by what's happening here. I quickly sign the damn paper to this Peter then hand it over to him

Me: There you go, you can leave now.

Peter: Never I'm still learning you. I will go when you speak nice.

Me: How am I not speaking nice?

Peter: Say Othobayograty wena slow learner

Me: Did he just call me a slow learner?

Peter: After this you must go to zodwa special school. Hai you're slow man. Madlabantu! Maybe that's why you kill this best. O number one in meda but come school books you're fail. You're fail to even say a simple as othobayograty.

Raven: Just say othobiograty man.

Peter: "

You see. Even pussmanjie is palaring you. Shem slow leaner, I come tomorrow and learn you more big words neh? Are you okay?

Me: I'm perfectly fine

Peter: "Don't stress, I'll put on the right train road. You will come right" he walks away then turns around when he finally reaches the door. "Hai man Madlabantu, you can't even spelet Peter properly. Ke P-E-E-T-A. Peter, not Piterrr! Hai man, nosonso. "

Okayyyyyyyyy. Why do I feel embarrassed when I did nothing wrong? Everyone is just laughing and here I am in an awkward position. If I laugh I encouraged madness, if I don't, I look stupid.

Raven: You need to losing up man. Who put a stick up your ass, not everything in life has to be so serious man.

Me: If I wanted jokes I would've just watched stand up comedy. That isn't funny.

Cat: "Hai voetsek man jy, jy bore my. (voetsek man, you bore me)" She walked off. Hebanna.

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Siya.

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"Aah Siya, yes ,uuuh uuuh"

"Siya! Siya! Wetsang?? (what are you doing)"

I jolted awake to find myself in Vero's bed holding her. I quickly remove my hands from her and get off. How did I get in here? Whats going on? Did I? No, my pants are still on.

Me: "I'm sorry sis Vero. I was dreaming" I even look down in shame. How can this happen mara? I feel like such a pervert

Vero: Was your dream about me?

I nod lying. I was dreaming about sis Fentse and her purple friend. But I won't tell her that. She'll think I'm a freak. But that doesn't explain WTF I'm doing in here.

Vero: What was I doing?

I rushed out of the room and ran to mine. Was she trying to seduce me?? Eish, this new life might be good but sexual wise I'm starving and my last image of sis fentse isn't helping the situation. Yoh that pussy is beautiful shem, what am I doing, stop it wena. She deserves respect. I blame this all on my upbringing. Everyone around me basically had sex with each other and now my brain can't differentiate between a respected elder and someone who you can think such about freely, fuck my life, I need intense psychology before I freak everyone out. I hear a knock on the door and I open then Lebo just barges in.

Lebo: What were you doing in your nurse's room?

Me: Nothing.

Lebo: Yeah right

Me: Serious, we did nothing, I think I sleepwalked to her room and then I woke up in her bed.

Lebo: You sleepwalk?

Me: I don't think so. It's the first time this has happened to me.

Lebo: Then let it be the last, don't mess around with staff members wena

Me: Sir yes sir.

Lebo: Voetsek, I'm going to work and Dee already left for school. You better behave monna. A real man doesn't fake sleepwalk

He walked out. If he only knew that I'm not faking it, I really don't know how i got there. I quickly go take a shower and then once I'm done I find food in my bedroom. I eat and go downstairs to put my plate in the sink.

Ausi Pat: Ha.ana Siyabonga, why didn't you bring this plate last night? You'll create cockroaches

Me: No, it's what I just ate.

Ausi Pat: "Eat ko kae because here's your food" she pointed at a plate on the kitchen counter. Okay what's happening now? I swear to God I just saw myself eating. I pinch myself awake thinking that I'm

still dreaming but once I feel the pain then I know for a fact that I'm awake. But who brought food into my room while I was in the shower? I quickly run to the fridge and take the 2l milk bottle and start drinking.

Ausi Pat: Siya!! Use a glass.

Me: Gogo, if you didn't put food in my room then someone is trying to kill me.

Ausi Pat: Drink then, finish the milk I'll call the driver to take you to hospital.

But who would want me dead? Mzwandile and Mqedisi are dead and baba would never try to kill me because I'm no longer his burden. Then who is it??

Chapter Sixty Eight

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Siya.

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"Siyaaaaah... Siyaaaaah... Siya!! " The whispering

voice jolted me awake, thank God this time I'm in my room. But who's busy calling me. I get up and go shower then come back, my bed is made. Ugh, Gog' Pat doesn't listen I told her i'll do it myself . I head downstairs to the dining room for breakfast and I find Dee eating cereal.

Me: Where's Gogo?

Dee: She's not here, it's Friday remember. She doesn't come on Friday's.

Me: I swear someone just made my bed.

Dee: "Tokoloshi " he says laughing. For some reason I believe him, first food now my bed. Plus the doctor saw nothing wrong with me. There's a tikoloshi in my room, I need cleansing. I go tell Lebo and he just laughs saying I'm delusional. I ignore the feeling and continue with my day.

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Narration

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It's 10 pm and someone in Mabopane, morula sun dam to be specific is chanting Siya's name while going under water to talk with Mmamogashwa the mermaid.

"Greetings respected one, I came to plead for your help" a girl said holding a whistle in between her lips.

"What can I do for you and what will do for me? " the voices asked.

"Anything " the girl replied "I'll do anything, I just need a spell to use to lure a guy. I tried potions but that didn't work, he's too strong so I need something stronger " the girl responded, her eagerness tickled the mermaid's fancy so she automatically agreed but didn't want to show. The girl could be a nice vessel unlike the other girls that have come here and died before.

"Why are you doing this? " the voices asked

"Because that boy will be my way out of poverty. He is from a rich family and he is naive, he'll do anything for me." a girl responded

"What's your name? " they asked

"Veronica, Veronica Seema " the girl said.

"Veronica go back home and and at exactly 3am not even one second past 3. 3 on the dot apply your vaginal juice's behind your ears and call his name 3 times then go to sleep. When you wake up don't bath, go to his house and sleep with him. He'll be yours forever after that." the chorus of voices instructed her.

"That's all?" she asked confused.

"Get out! Before we drown you" the voices said out of anger.

She quickly swam out and went home. When she got home she found her grandmother and her 7 siblings sleeping on the bed and she just slept on the floor and set an alarm for 02:59am and went to sleep. 'I'm doing this for the family. We need a better life than this' she thought. She let her thoughts consume her until she finally fell asleep.

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Ofentse

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"I need to get out of here and soon" she hissed into the phone.

Plug: "Relax, you'll be out by next week. We just need to..." Raven grabbed the phone and held it out of my reach

Raven: I'm coming with you, and if you dare try and leave me behind ill sing

Me: And I'll kill you then escape. Don't test me, give me the phone.

Raven: It's my phone

Me: Making it easier for me to pin the crime on you.

Raven: "Fine, but I'm coming with." she handed the phone over

Plug: Is that Raven?

Me: Yes, she's becoming a problem.

Plug: Not really. I could help the two of you escape. You get early release or sympathetic parole and then she escape's a month later. I'll bring her to thwack US and everything will be sorted

Me: You're just helping her because you want her.

Plug : That bitch is fine though

Me: Dump her and she'll kill you. I'm not getting involved in this.

I hung up before he tried justifying his actions. I look at Raven and she has this glossy eyes look like she's crying

Me: And wena?

Raven: You turn me on, jy maak my piel dance (You make my dick dance)

Me: Sies, if only Plug knew how sexually creepy you are he wouldn't even bother.

Raven: Men like Plug like chicks like me, we excite them honey.

Me: What are you nje?

Raven: I'm human

Me: I mean your sexuality.

Raven: I'm trisexual

Me: Tri!?!?

Raven: What do those Zulu's say? Uhm, yoki ntsipho iyawasha. Right?

Me: I really wouldn't know.

Raven: How did you cope with your marriage to a Zulu and not be able to be Zulu.

Me: We spoke English combined with pitori. He wasn't really like your typical Zulu. He was flexible

Raven: Too flexible.

Me: You can say that again.

We continued talking up until we fell asleep talking, I think Raven was the last one to talk because I think I fell asleep first. I haven't slept like this in weeks and I'm glad that Raven exhausts me with her madness making it easier for me to sleep.

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Siya

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"Siya, Siyaaah, Siyaah" the whispering has started again, but this time I'm wide awake and fully aware that I'm not dreaming. I light a blue and yellow candle and start to pray. As I'm praying I start feeling cold so I get inside my blankets and continue praying. I don't know what happened but I woke up in the morning. I got out of bed and removed my blankets off the bed and I saw a big dark grey snake in my bed. And I screamed and ran out.

Me: Inyoga. Yoooooh mama yoooh inyoga boh

I stopped by the stairs and I won't lie, I peed myself

Chapter Sixty Nine

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Siya

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"Where's the snake Siya? " Lebo asked?

Me: It's there. Look

Lebo: I see no snake in here

Dee: Someone is bewitching him, yesterday he said someone made his bed

Lebo: We must take you to a traditional healer.

Me: Why not just pray?

Lebo: And then what? That God of yours will come and take the tokoloshis out of your room? Be serious man

He walked away.

Me: What just happened?

Dee: Lebo is an atheist.

Me: Atheist?

Dee: He doesn't believe in God.

Me: Yoh, and sis fentse?

Dee: My mom is confused. She's agnostic but with a touch of deep Africanism

Me: How do they expect you to cope?

Dee: I believe in being African before anything else.

Me: So God?

Dee: I'll see him when I'm ready. After what I've been through I really don't think he's there.

Me: But he's there watching over us.

Dee: "Then why didn't he stop your brother from killing my sister? Why didn't he kill him before he acted on his plan, aker your Bible claims that he knows your thoughts? He let it happen even when he knew his plans, so please understand when I'm not in a position to even care about beliefs. God didn't help, ancestors didn't help no one did, not even my own mother. So nje I'm just a person because my mom didn't do an abortion." He walked off.

I strongly believe that this boy was reincarnated. A 10 year old with so much info to back his

statements? Not even that, how can a 10 year old think so negatively about life. This isn't the first time he's shocked me with negativity, he's been like this ever since Roza passed on, but now it's starting to get worse and I fear that he'll get to a point of no return. I mean I've been his age before and I don't remember being this negative or pro suicide ever in my life. When I was ten I was outside playing house and stealing eggs to make food in the bushes. Hai, he's scary shem. I think I'll start praying for this family from now on. Hai.

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Narration

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In Mabopane again Veronica was vomiting non stop.

"Are you pregnant " her grandma asked.

"No, I'm a virgin " she responded.

"Then what's wrong? " the grandmother asked

concerned.

"I don't know" Vero answered. She was scared, frightened. She did exactly what the mermaid told her to do. But early morning she started vomiting salt water all of a sudden and couldn't go finish her task to sleep with him. She'll now remain indebted to a mermaid when she didn't even finish her journey to wealth. How unfair life was for her at that moment. She waited for night to fall and rushed to the damn and went into the water.

"You're back" the voices said.

"Uhm, yes. I couldn't finish what you instructed me to do because I've been vomiting all day." Vero explained

"Already? " The voices boomed scaring her.

"What do you mean already? " Vero asked.

" You're pregnant, you were supposed to sleep with Siya as a decoy and fall pregnant with his child, well our child. But now that you're pregnant. You're set for life. Anything you want you'll receive. " the voices said in a happy tone.

" There's a but isn't there? " Vero said.

"Everything comes with a sacrifice. You need a dead male vessel for the baby to reside in. Preferably a very strong dead male, one that was capable of creating havoc when he was still alive. Find that man and wake him from the dead, he'll be your husband and everything will work out for you" The voices said.

'Where will I find a dead dangerous man mara? I don't even know who my own father is' Veronica thought as she went out the water. The mermaid tricked me, and now I'm in too deep to get out, I'm pregnant. But with what? She went home to find her grandma sitting on the camping chair by the corner of the dining room.

"Don't provoke spirits my dear. You'll regret the day you were born" the grandma said to Vero.

"What do you mean? " Vero asked.

" I mean exactly what I'm saying. Don't provoke spirits. I was once your age, I also went to that dam before and fell pregnant. That was the beginning of my misery. They told me to wake the dead and I did.

Now the dead is living his life in KZN and I'm 100% sure that people around him are suffering just like we are now. If you're pregnant please go have an abortion at a sangoma or just commit suicide. That life is too heavy for you to have it. You're pregnant with a spirit that has no body, there's no human being in there so do yourself a favor and end it now before it's too late" the grandmother then went to bed leaving Veronica stuck on the same spot. If what her grandma says is true then she's forever destined for failure. 'I'll make this work. I'll correct my grandma's wrongs, I can do better than her, I'll give birth to a nice strong spirit that will be my salvation. She rubbed her tummy "My little savior " she then smiled at the thought of being rich. She began searching for most wanted criminals and the extent of their crimes and if they're still alive or not. This is going to be very hard but we all have to work in order to get what we want in life. "Just a little more dogging and I'll find you a perfect home baby" Vero says to her tummy. she doesn't see her grandma spying on her. 'She needs to die before she turns out like her mother leaving me with countless

kids while she's lord knows where trying to find wealth the wrong way. Veronica's grandma took her phone and went outside to make a call. "Makhathini, it's time" She then ended the call. 'Your grandfather will deal with you ' she thought and went back into the house to sleep.

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Seventy

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Siya

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I don't think peace is something I'll have in my life. I've been receiving calls and texts from Makhathini asking me where Mzwandile is locked up, I don't want to tell him that he's dead because he'll want to know where he's buried and take him. Again, this wouldn't be the first time.

I'm on my way to prison to tell Sis'F that she needs to burn Mzwandile to ashes before baba gets to him

first. Baba has this friend here in Pretoria that is a witch, so good that she can bring people back from the dead. I don't want Mzwandile back to kill us all so I'm going to inform Sis'F before things get out of hand.

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Ofentse

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Me: So if Makhathini gets a hold of Mzwandile he'll bring him back?

Siya: Yes, and let's hope Mqedisi doesn't help him as well.

Oh I forgot to tell him.

Me: About Mqedisi, he's no more.

Siya: What do you mean he's no more? As in dead?

Me: Yes.

Siya: Where did you bury him?

Me: Down the drain. I flushed his remains.

Siya: Haibo! You burnt him?

Me: Yes, we found you with him and other men then took you and him. We took you home and got a nurse to take care of you then burnt Mqedisi alive like he burnt my child.

Siya: How can you do all this in jail??

Me: I have my ways. Go home and pack, tell Dee to pack as well, you're going to Botswana .

Siya: Why?

Me: I want you away from the drama that's coming and if Kim starts trouble, I give you permission to slap her and tell Richardo that if he wants to fight he must come for me.

Siya: Yoh

Me: Now go. You have to leave in 3hours time.

I watched him walk away then ran to my cell to have a little chat with Raven.

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"So you want me to come with you to help kill his entire family? " Raven asks.

Me: Yes, you want out of here and nothing is for free, you scratch my back I return the favor.

Raven: So what's the plan?

Me: All I know is that I need to get out of here.

Raven: Peter.

Me: What about him?

Raven: He's out ticket out. He has feelings for you so use those feelings to our advantage. Seduce him.

Me : Raven you're mad, I won't do that.

Raven: Then you're not getting out. You will be alone by the time you get out of here if you are this slow. Here, take my phone and call whoever you need and make sure your family is as far away from this drama as possible.

I take Raven's phone and make a call.

"Sketch, I need you to dig Mzwandile up. That dog

has spiritual power on his side.

Sketch: I thought witchcraft was fantasy

Me: Not in Africa. Witchcraft is just as real as artificial intelligence. Not everyone can explain it but we've all somehow been exposed to it.

Sketch: Man, AI isn't fiction

Me: Tell that to Africans that still don't have TV's.

Sketch: Aiight, I get you. I'll get to it.

Me: Good, and whatever happens, don't run off

Sketch: Should I be scared?

Me: If you've never seen a zombie or a ghost in your life yes.

I hung up. Mzwandile might already be back so we best be prepared. I call Lebo

Lebo: Hello??

Me: Chomi, I need you to go to America for a while, I'll call you and tell you to come back.

Lebo: FeFe? Where are you, and who's phone is this??

Me: I'm still in jail and I'm using someone else's phone. Do as I say.

Lebo: Why?

Me: A storm is coming our way. And this kind is supernatural. So I need you far away from this war as possible.

Lebo: And Dee?

Me: He'll be in Botswana with Richardo, no one will think of him being there.

Lebo: Smart move. Anyway let me book a flight and bounce. Bye

I feel bad for doing this to Lebo but it's the only way. I call Plug.

"Lebo is coming to the US there are people who might be following him to find Dee, make sure he's well protected" I hang up. It's time for business and this time I need to make sure that there are no loose ends, I will start from Makhathini's illegitimate child in Lesotho and end with their little puppy. There's people need to be out of my life for good.

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I walked to the security camera room and when I was certain that no one had been following me I knock on the door. Peter opens

Peter: Hao, Madlabantu, who brings you here?

I walk past him and kick his friend out then I swallow my pride, morals and conscience. If Mzwandile can haunt me from his dead and has family members that will do just about anything for him, then I'll also be that family member for my child and best friend.

Me: I need a favor.

Peter: What?

Me: I need you to help me escape for a day then I'll come back, I promise.

Peter: No. No, no, no...

Me: I promise afterwards you'll bring me back. I need to do something.

Peter: The names of?

Me: I can't tell you, but I really need to or they'll kill my other baby.

Peter: "Yoh, if it's about a baby nyana then maybe. But what if you double cross me?" he asks in setswana.

Me: Then you can report me

Peter: What if you kill me?

Me: I had to think fast or else he wouldn't help me. So I stepped closer to him and put my hands in his jacket pockets and looked down "I wont"

Peter: I don't know that.

Me: I can't.

Peter: And how am I sure of that and what are you doing to my pockets?

Me: I can't kill you because I.... Uhm, I...

Peter: You what?

Me: I think I love you.

Peter: Kannete!? (Really!?)

I nod my head facing down. If I dare look up ill be in trouble. There's one thing I can't lie about with a straight face, my feelings. I can lie about anything in this world but feelings and here I am lying to the poor boy and he's buying it.

Peter: I love you too.

He then lifts my chin up and smashes his lip's onto mine. He has soft lip's, hmm. I kiss him back with just as much passion and start feeling on him. He has a very masculine body, he hides it well with these baggy clothes. I break the kiss and look at him.

Peter: Okay, I'll help you.

Me: I'm going out with Raven.

Peter: That will be hard, but okay. I'll make a plan.

Me: "Thank you so much." I hug him and kiss him again. After I pull back he's just looking at me with so much intensity.

Me: See you tomorrow, bye.

Peter: Sure.

I open the door and walk out and then right before I close the door I turn around "I love you" then close the door. If I knew men were this easy I would have never been incarcerated.

Chapter Seventy One

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Today's the day. I would get on my knees and pray if I wasn't so skeptical about the God concept. Were in our cell waiting for them to be opened for breakfast and get ready for tonight. A prison warder came to the cell to summon me.

Me: And where exactly are you taking me??

Warden: To your boyfriend.

Boyfriend? Eh. I only realised where he was taking me when we headed to the security room. See, Peter had his loud mouth. How dare he tell people that we're dating. I walked into the room to find McDonalds breakfast on the table and two chairs

decorated with a pink and white floral covers.
Hebanna, what's up with this one.

Me: Okay? And then what's going on??

Warden: Stay here and see for yourself. And don't fall pregnant, we don't want any drama here.

Me: Eh!

I sit and wait but it seems like I'm waiting for my own old age. I walk towards the TV and watch how these people monitor us. Every single corner is marked excluding one, where Raven and I always chill. I look at the gate, solitary, kitchen, bathrooms, and the only other place that also doesn't have cameras is in here.

I feel hands wrap around my waist and a kiss being planted on my neck, ugh, here we go again. Yoh, I salute actresses that have to kiss people they don't even love, this is hard.

Me: Hey you.

Peter: Go byang? (How are you?)

Me: I'm fine now that I'm in your arms.

Peter: Ach, ge nkebe keitsitse gore o tlong lava so

nkebe kego shetse khale weitsi (If I knew that you'd love me like this I would have asked you out a long time ago)

Me: "Really?" I turn around and wrap my hands around his neck. "If I knew that I wena o tlong lava so, I would have spoken sooner."

Peter: Chuckles "Stick to English, I'll also stick to seTswana" he says in very fluent English. Ah ah aaaaah, con artists.

Me: Hebanna? English??

Peter: When people realize that you're smart they tend to tread carefully around you. But when you're stupid everyone lets loose and does whatever they wanna do not thinking about the consequences. But you, you fell in love with me even when I was acting stupid and for that I love and appreciate you.

Me: I just hope you won't hurt me. My late husband was like that, he acted all dumb and innocent until I found out the truth about him, then he started being violent and aggressive and that's how I got here.

Peter: I'm not like that.

I laugh " That's what he said as well. Let your actions speak."

Peter: Well my love, I'm letting you out tonight and then we'll bring Raven back after all is done and well go have dinner. Then I'll bring you back afterwards neh?

Me: "Sure" I kissed him then let go. We ate talked and acted all lovey dovey until it was time I went back to the others. And thank God for that, Yoh Hai this boy really believes in God. Apparently God brought me to jail to meet him, if that's true then God is very cruel. Why make him meet me when I'm only there to use him? We'll never know.

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Raven: It's time.

Me: No, not yet. We have to wait for lights out then wait for at least 3hours so that the guards relax and forget about us. Then we strike.

Raven: Oh, smart.

We sat in bed and kept talking and just minding our own business until a guard decided to provoke us.

Guard: Hei, aren't you Peter's girlfriend?

Me: What does that have to do with you?

Guard: Sies, you have no shame cheating on him with this lesbian.

Raven: Thank your god's this gate is locked or you'd be in ICU right now.

Guard: Mxm, enjoy. Mara wena, I hope Peter dumps you. He needs people like us that will take care of him.

Me: Then why is he with me and not you? Babe, my man wants pussy, not a tunnel. He needs good quality, sweet, tight and juicy pussy not that thing between your legs that has given up on life, sagging like an 80year old grandma's worn out boobs, nah babe check yourself.

She just clicked her tongue and walked away. Raven as usual was laughing her lungs off and stomping on

the ground like a mad man.

Raven: Yoh you have a mouth girl.

Me: Ugh, women like her annoy me. You never wanted the man until he's now taken and you think you can take him so easily. Nxa.

Raven: Never fight for a man.

Me: I don't fight, I kill.

Raven: My ma sê stink poes. And she's proud.

Me: Very

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Narration

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"So Mzwandile is really dead? ... Where was he buried? ... Okay, okay thank you bye" that was Makhathini finding the whereabouts of his dead son.

Vero: Did you find him?

Makhathini: Yes let's go.

They drove to the cemetery and started looking for his grave site.

Vero: Let's go check by the new grave's that side.

They quickly walked there and found a big hole and a fire inside it.

Makhathini: Who would do this mara? This is someone's grave, some people don't respect the dead.

As if he had any respect for the dead. Vero on the other hand wiped off the dusty tombstone to see the unfortunate person who was disturbed in his resting place and burnt to ashes with what smells like charcoals and paraffin.

Vero: Gift Ngoma.

Makhathini: "Ini!! (What), move, move. " he shoved her away. then wiped the tombstone more.

"Nooooo!!! this is Mzwandile. Oh my son I've failed you" he says crying. Vero didn't understand, she thought that he was just crying because of the loss

of his son, she didn't know that it was much deeper.
Way deeper than she expects.

Vero: I'm sorry for your loss.

Makhathini: Loss sê foot. That Angolan bitch is
going to pay. I'll show her...

[7/15, 12:32] Chapter Seventy Two.

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"Within every woman there lives a powerful force,
filled with good instincts, passionate creativity and
ageless knowing. She is the Wild Woman, who
represents the instinctual nature of women. But she
is an endangered species. " ~Alice Walker

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"Raven this is only the begging. " I tell her.

Raven: Hai nee man Ofentse (No man Ofentse) how could you just burn a cow and throw it in the hole? You're not fine in the head jy.

Me: Knowing my father in-law, he'll reawaken those ashes, so I know very well that he will reawaken that cow, at least he'll have some meat for his cleansing ceremony. He needs to clean the darkness out of his system.

Raven: You're evil, what happens to Mzwandile's ashes? I know for a fact we aren't sleeping with the dead in here tonight.

Me: I flushed them. Where better to dispose of evil than prison sewage? That's where he belongs, with shit. He was a shitty human being and he doesn't deserve anything decent

Raven: You're entering hell. If I don't find you in hell I promise I'll debate with Satan until they bring you down with us, anyway here comes the guard. Bae is probably looking for you. I'll see you later.

Raven leaves just when the guard arrives and I walk to the listening room, you know, the other side of the

glass in the investigation room. The moment I walk in I see Peter balls deep in that hey ass guard. Eeww.

Me: And why are you showing me this?

Guard: She asked me to show you what a saggy pussy can do.

Me: laughs until tears roll down my face "So her howling like a dying wolf and looking like bag of rice on the table is the best she can do? Shem, tell her to come for extra lessons." I walk out and back to my chill spot. The nerve of that girl, yoh she cant even perform but she wants to spite me? A sexual superstar, shame man, that girl really needs yoga lessons, she's not even flexible enough to open her legs, shame man she must be traumatizing poor Peter with such lack of skills. I would also fall asleep if i were to get fucked by her, she lack's passion man, what does she think this is? She isn't in the Bible where a man does everything and all she does is look at him while he's laboring away. She must act man, perform for her man, no wonder why she's single. I'd also dump her if I was a man, sies...

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Me: I'm telling you, he was fucking her, like really really fucking her.

Raven: Does he have a big dick?

Me: Don't know, he was already balls deep when I saw and I stopped watching immediate. That hoe really thinks she's got all that and a bag of chips.

Raven: I thought you didn't like Peter

Me: It's no longer about Peter, she's trying to prove a point. She thinks by sleeping with him ill break and give up. She doesn't know me, she just asked for a challenge and she'll get it.

Raven: So this is all a game to you, to prove that you're the alpha?

Me: The alpha and omega. I need to teach her that she's got nothing on me. I will study her and when I finally have her where I want her I'll retaliate .

Raven: What about Peter's feelings?

Me: Fuck his feelings, if they were really there he wouldn't have fucked that big hole. Bitch has a hole the size of Kimberly hole and she thinks she'll compare herself to me?? Nxa, you know what. Give me your phone, I need my vag bomb's.

Raven: Vag bomb's?

Me: Yes, for vaginal hygiene and also extra goodness. They have taste so one bomb per week will make my vag taste like dessert.

Raven: You're crazy, all this for a game?

Me: What? I like to prove my point, plus it's not in me to let a measly village hoe disrespect me. After I'm done, Peter will be bowing down to me and clapping his hands like I'm an ancestor

Raven: Wow

Yes, wow. That girl better know that I'm boss here. Peter is mine to toy with. He isn't ours so she better back off before she gets hurt really bad.

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Narration.

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"I only have the ashes" Makhathini says in the dam

"That could work if we use the mother's blood" the voices say. T

Without wasting time Makhathini cuts Veronica's stomach and she bleeds into the water. The sun suddenly disappears and wind blows so hard that you'd think that a storm is coming.

"Traitor!" the voices boom. Makhathini is trying to swim out of the water as suction in the water takes Veronica. He finally manages to get out safely and looks into the water.

"You dare bring foreign remains into our home!?
Your child will be a part of us from now on, you must never set foot in Pretoria or we'll kill anyone you know, we have relatives in KZN who will gladly destroy your remaining family." the voices boom at

him, "now go! " the voices thunder and lighting strikes next to him. Makhathini runs to his car and drives off never looking back. While he's doing so,, his mistress and also Vero's grandmother is burping and grunting in her house, she falls into a trance with eyes rolled back and convulsing like she's having a seizure. " I told her not to provoke spirits, I told her" there's nothing the poor old woman can do but to let fate teach it's lesson. "Makhathini will get what's coming to him, a girl who's ancestry I cannot see will be the death of him. The girl is powerful." the grandmother says still in a trance. Makhathini has provoked the wrong spirits and his greed will lead to his death.

Chapter Seventy Three

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Narration

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When Makhathini got home he found the fire fighters and three silver bags by the gate, in those bags were Mama Maria, Gladys and Makhathini's estranged daughter from Lesotho. His house was in smoke, everything he had worked for was now in flames or ashes at this point. He lost everything. He slowed down and came to a stop. Nqobile came running to him and slapped him so hard. "How dare you!? Officers arrest this man, he's behind all this." Nqobile said with so much anger and hatred in her voice.

Makhathini: What did I do? I just came home.

Nqobile: Liar!! Mama sent me a text begging for help, she said that she was tired of you and she was leaving you. Few hours later I get a call the neighbours saying the house is on fire? Hai no, I know it's you

Makhathini was arrested on the spot and that would be the last Nogoma alive with evil in them. The world will now be a better place without the Ngoma family.

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Ofentse

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Me: Peter it's late and it'll be lights out soon, you're wasting my time.

Peter: I'm really sorry, I didn't mean hurt you.

Me: All talk, no action.

Peter: What should I do to prove that I'm sorry?

Me: I won't think for you. And until then, leave me alone.

I walked away and bumped into that guard, I don't even know her name but she annoys me.

Guard: Trouble in paradise?

Me: Like you'd know what that's like.

Guard: It's only a matter of time until he leaves you for me.

Me: Take him.

I walk away from her as well. Mxm, the shocked look

on her face when I told her to take him proves my point. She's trying to test me. I got into our cell and found Raven still grumpy because I delayed our escape because of a man. She doesn't understand that I hate feeling defeated, I hate feeling powerless so me doing this isn't just a game, I'm also testing my abilities.

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The next morning I still received silent treatment from Raven. I ended up talking to Cat even when we don't see eye to eye. It's way better than having to beg Raven for forgiveness and understanding. I'm sitting at a random table looking in on my surroundings until I spot Peter and that bitch guard by our special spot. Most people are inside eating breakfast so there's only me, Cat, Raven and those two. Mxm, I get up from my seat and stride to where they are. If I'm proving my point, it's now or never. Once I reach them I see the guard smiling and

hooking her arm around Peter's. Shame, bitch. I'd give her a little gold star on the forehead for effort.

Me: "Hey baby" I say pulling Peter in for a kiss. I kiss him so good he moans into my mouth. I open one eye to see the guard and she has this disgusted look on her face, or is it envy? I wink at her and continue kissing Peter. I start feeling on him and rubbing his dick with my palm and lord have mercy. Woroso!!! Champions Boere Wors ya R100 this thing is huge. I feel him trying to pull back and I finally add some spice that will drive him insane.

Me: There are no camera's here. I need you, please, please daddy. Please fill me up with your big cock.

Where's that man that created porn? He must come take notes. Hape I'm on fire here. I unzip Peter's pants and slide my hand in the opening and start massaging his dick and he pulls away from the kiss to look up with eyes partly closed and moans out a 'shit'. At this point I even forgot that we're outside where everyone can see us and I'm just taken by surprise when people start whistling and I stop and look at them. Jesus Christ, it's almost all of then

mos! I also see the guard pushing past the crowd and going away. Yesssssss bitch, run, I am your leader. I quickly help Peter get dressed and he walks back to his office quite embarrassed and still hard then I'm left alone with people giving me fist bumps and salute signs for the rest of the day. I wanted to prove a point, not become the celebrity of jail. Now everyone is busy calling a cock tease.

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I was summoned to the governors office and I think I know why, it's because of my little soft porn earlier this morning. I got in and found her smiling at me, eh.

Mam G: I just called you to clap hands for you. You're the first inmate that hasn't beat Mmpati up for sleeping with her boyfriend or girlfriend. I just want to applaud you for your job well done, and for giving the inmates a little show. Today went smoothly because those beasts were entertained this morning.

Me: Thank you?

Mam G: You're welcome, and go finish what you've started. Peter still has a hard on.

I just giggle and walk out, so that's her name.

Mmpati, well Mmpati needs some life lessons. I was walking to my cell when I saw Mmpati walk into the security room. I guess I'm going to finish what I've started. I quickly rush there and open the door without knocking.

Me: "Babe, Governor allowed me to come finish you off." I don't see her meaning she's behind the door. I close it then lock the door and take the key, she's not behind the door either, she must be under the tables, oh well, then I'll give her a show and sex tutorials in one session. Who told her to hide? My day keeps getting better and better

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to be continued... (18+)

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Seventy Three. Two

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"Babe wait, it's still to early for this" says Peter backing away, he's trying to get me to back down. He's crazy. I take his phone and play Janet Jackson's Would you mind. Thank god Didi only got me crotchless panties. I start stripping my shirt and trousers according to the rhythm of the song, by the time I've bent over with my pants down I hear him gasp at my already exposed wet pussy. I look under the tables quickly and see her looking right at me, she smiles thinking ill get angry but shame man, she has no idea that I already knew that she was in here. I smile back and wink take my pants off. At this point Peter is just staring at my nude lower body and I continue removing clothes. Damn prison and it's fucked up rules, this is where you need lingerie. I cat walk to Peter and he's just frozen with lust and I pull him to sit on the armless chair in the office and

continue teasing him.

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I walk around him then lick his earlobe and he shudders. How weak, he'll end up cumming. But that's the plan isn't it? To make him cum without even touching him. I get in front of him and unbuckle his belt and pants then I pull the zipper down. He lifts his hips to give me better access and then I pull both his trousers and underwear down.

Me: "I'm going to torture you today. For the rest of the day that is..." I say walking away backwards from him. "I'm going to tease you until you beg for release. I'm going to make you wish you never fucked that guard ever in your life"

Peter: I already regret it, please I'm sorry.

Me: "You have such a big cock you know" I say searching his wallet. "Peter Rudzani Gadisi. You're Venda, I like" I guess people weren't lying when they

said Venda men are loaded. They really are. I ignore the fact that I'm basically raping him right now because he's 29 years old and I get on the table in front of him. I'm guessing it's their eating table because it's clean and empty unlike the rest that are filled with buttons. I sit on the table with my legs wide open, almost in a split and look at him looking my pussy. Oh man, this is so nice.

Me: You wanna lick?

He doesn't respond he just looks at me then looks at my pussy again and licks his lip's. I take that as a yes. I lay on the table and start feeling on my body breathing heavily. I massage my boobs and pinch my nipples making me moan, I hear him grunt as well. I look up and catch him jerking off.

Me: Uh.uh, you're not allowed to touch yourself.

Peter: Hai this isn't 50 shades.

Me: "Then you'll jerk off for the whole day. I won't let you fuck me if you jerk off" I hop off the table and go kneel in front of him. I lick his head and he grunt's even louder. He's a moaner I like it. That will teach

little miss hide under the table that she didn't do shit because he never grunted with her. "You like that? " I ask in a seductive little girl voice. He grunt's again and says yeah in a deep voice. Sexy, grrrr. He likes that, this pervert. "You want me to suck your big fat yummy cock daddy? " I ask again licking his head and massaging his balls

Peter: Let me fuck you, please

Me: Will you ever fuck that girl again?

Peter: No. Never again

Me: "Tell her." I put his tip in my mouth and start sucking then pull off "Tell her Peter, tell her that you'll only fuck me, and me alone"

Peter : Uhm?

Me: "I know she's under the table, I saw her. Now tell her Peter " I squeeze his cock and he groans then finally talks.

Peter : Mmpati I never want to fuck you ever again, I never wanted to but you forced things, I'm only going to fuck Ofentse from now on and no one ever again

Me: Good boy, you deserve good head now.

I started sucking his cock and he just made my day by moaning my name out. Now that's what I call sexual encouragement. I started moaning on his cock adding more pleasure as I slid his cock in and out of me.

Mmpati : coughs " can I leave now?"

Me: No, you're gonna watch, just like you made me watch. Now sit down and watch how professionals do it.

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I straddle Peter and he lifts his hands to fondle with my ass and I moan on contact, the moan isn't necessary but I do it for the audience. "Auuuh! " I moan again as I try sliding his cock in, it's so big it's a struggle, but I'll take him no matter what. I hear Mmpati chuckle in the background but she was shut up by Peter's comment

Peter : You're so fucken tight, God this feels good.
Ugh!

He's cumming, he's really cumming and he's not all the way in yet, gosh this boy is weak. I wait until he's finished then I slide out and start jerking him off to keep him hard, he must be crazy if he thinks that I'll let him off that easy. Once he's hard again I aligned us and pushed down again. With the aid of his cum as a lubricant I manage to go all the way down and I moan out once I've reached the end of my journey. Man I feel every ridge filled up until tip

Me: Uuuuh, daddy, haaah so big daddy mmmmmmmh

I start moving and bouncing on his cock while rotating my hips to get pleasure as well. My breathing became quicker as I started bouncing frantically. I'm so close. I start moaning louder then scream as I cum. Peter is not rotating himself from under me and I cum twice before getting to sensitive.

Me: Peter stop, I'm sensitive.

Peter: I can't, it feels too good. I don't want to pull out.

I try getting off but he slams me back down making me shudder again in pure ecstasy. He lets me off then spins me around and puts me on Mmpati's lap. I think I love this one horny. I brace myself with Mmpati's thighs and look into her eyes and Peter enters me from behind. I scream and close my eyes as he violently thrusts in and out of me and I just open my mouth with nothing coming out because of the intensity. I look back up at Mmpati and she's crying. I smile, let her cry. I'm pretty sure she's crying because she never experienced such pleasure in her life. "I'm putting a baby in this tight prison pussy of yours Fentse. Uuuugh. urrrrgh, ugh, uh uh " Peter says sparking my last orgasm. My hands give out and I drop on Mmpati's thighs and moan so loud. But damn, her pussy stinks, and not like fish, like something else, something dead.... I'll donate my vag bomb's to her after this, man Peter's cum feels so good in me. I hum on Mmpati's thighs as I feel cum dripping out of my pussy. Now that's what I call exhibition sex, we even left the audience in tears with how good me fucked, I could do this again.

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Seventy Four

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"You want the whole prison to see? " Mam G asked.

Me: Why not, I'm trying to get a message out there and what else than to make people see that they can never satisfy my man the way I do.

Mam G: Whats in it for me.

Me: Peace, the prisoners will be too focused on what I'm doing to even think about fighting amongst each other.

Mam G: Then what can we do?

Me: I need a projector and cameras all over.

Mam G: Aren't you doing it live?

Me: We all know that they'll all want to join in on the action, it will be much better if they just watch.

Mam G: Let me surprise you.

Me: Alright, and bring blue pills.

Mam G: I think I'm going to miss you Rebel.

If I'm not Madlabantu I'm Rebel. But I like Rebel better.

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True to her surprise I found a glass tank in the middle of the dining hall with a bed and also speakers all around. This is really going to be an exhibition. I get goosebumps thinking about what I'm going to do in there.

Mam G: Beautiful isn't it?

Me: Very.

Mam G: We also got you some lingerie to wear. And here are your pills.

Me: Sure thanks.

I take the pills and lingerie and walk to Peter.

Peter: I heard what you're planning. I'm not getting involved.

Me: Then I'll just have to fuck other guards

Peter: You will do no such thing.

Me: Then you'll have to fuck me to keep them away.

Peter: You're trouble

Me: And you love it. Now take.

I shoved the one pill in his mouth and took another. Then swallowed, I like his weakness. He's easily manipulated and that's exactly what I need to get things my way. I quickly change into the lingerie and then take of his shirt and shoes and pull him to the tank. We enter and the guards lock the tank so that no one can enter and were left inside with no one in the dining hall. Perfect, when the drama starts we would have already blocked them out.

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We start by kissing and fondling around with each other. He's still feeling quite shy about being naked in public, but he didn't mind fucking me with Mmpati watching. Men and their BS double standards. I think the pill finally starts to kick in because he's becoming aggressive now.

He tore my lingerie off and throws me on the bed then comes walking towards me like a predator. He kneels on the edge of the bed and opens my legs and pulls me to him then starts eating me out. I think my loud moaning sound on the speakers attracted a crowd because soon I hear whistles and noise around and I think this encourages Peter to perform for the crowd as well because his slurping becomes more vigorous and I just moan louder pulling his deeper into my thighs and grinding against his face. The slurping and sucking bring me over the edge and I moan out his name "Peter.. uuuh... uhhhhm... Peter... Peter.... Peter... uuuuuuuuh" I hear someone shouting and clapping. I'd also clap if I wasn't in

cloud nine. I feel my body being lifted and placed perfectly on the bed before Peter comes to lie down and pulls me on top of him.

Peter: I wanted to make love to you. But you decided to have an audience

Me: Who's stopping you. I just wanted to mark my territory before leaving today.

Peter: Well then, let's show them that I don't want anyone else but you.

Me: That's the p... Aaaaaah

I moan as he enters me. I try getting up to bounce on him but he hugs my body down and he starts jack hammering into my pussy massaging my clitas well making my whole body hum with energy. I moan "Rudzaniiii" I moan louder. He quickens his thrusts slamming his cock into my wet pussy

Peter: I'm close. Ugh.

"Me too... don't stop, don't stop, don't stop... uuuuuuugh, aaaaaah." I freeze all movement except for the involuntary jerking of my muscles as my

pussy contracts against Peter's pulsing cock. I hear him groan and say something I never expected him to say "I love you so much" as he empties himself in my awaiting pussy. Shit shit shit! I didn't mean for feelings to be involved here, I was just having a nice time. I just ignore him and moan daddy one last time then he pulls out and and pulls me off the bed. He takes me to the end of the glass where Mmpati is and presses me against the glass.

Peter: "I know Mmpati is your motivation, she's mine too. I like making her watch as I fuck you to show her how real woman appreciate cock. Not hoes like her that only want cock to receive cum so that they can pin a baby on you. Now lift your leg and show her how full your pussy is" I don't lift my leg because I'm shocked by his statement then he spansks my ass so hard my eyes sting with tears "Lift your leg" I lift my leg slowly and he holds it up. "Now tell her how it feels. Tell her how it feels to get fucked" with that he slams himself into me and I scream because I'm still sensitive from my recent orgasm.

Peter: "Tell her how it feels. " he says thrusting into

me like a mad man. When I don't answer I feel that stinging feeling on my clit this time I think the tears roll down my face. I orgasm and shudder

Me: FFuckkkkkkkkkkk

Peter: You still haven't heard you tell her how it feels. I won't stop still you tell her.

I can't talk, the pleasure is too much I just moan and look at her. She tries going away but the prisoners stop her and make her watch. I'm guessing they're also taking revenge on her and her whorish ways. I scream at the top of my lungs as I feel Peter bringing me back to another orgasm and this time I squirted

Me: Please... No more.

Peter: "Tell... Her... Now... It... Feels... " He says with every deep thrust.

Me: "It.... aaaah" I stop as he now does shallow and fast thrusts focusing solely on my g-spot. I shudder again and my leg give up and I go limp in Peter's arms.

He carries me to the bed then we lie down side ways and then he now thrusts slowly and lovingly fondling with my breasts and kissing my neck and shoulder.

Peter: I won't stop you know

Me: "I don't want you to." I say breathless "I'm going to miss you "

Peter: We'll still be together after you leave.

If only he knew. After today, he'll never see me again. I'll be part of a distant memory or a fantasy that cannot be explained. I'll vanish into thin air and I'm so sorry if I hurt him but that's just how it's supposed to be. I vowed never to date again and I won't risk my life again this time around... Play or get played... and this time I'm the player.

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Seventy Five

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Instead of freaking out about these constraints, embrace them and let them guide you ~ 37 signals

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3 months later

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Dee: So you're going to be a taxi owner?

Me: Yes. Don't make it seem like it's a bad thing.
People survive with a taxi owner income

Dee: It won't be enough

Siya: It will be more than enough. I grew up in a one income household and Mzwandile was a taxi owner remember, we survived and I went to a private school on top of that

Dee: I think we both know that Mzwandile has a side hustle. Why can't you just open a restaurant or a hotel?

Me: Because I have a criminal record. The only thing I can open is a club or a church

Dee: Open a club then, I don't want you in the taxi

industry they kill

Siya: How would you know?

Dee: I watch the news duh

Me: You watch news?

Siya and I laugh at him then continue with our mini discussion until the food arrives. I've been eating like a pig lately, Siya believes that it's because I haven't been eating proper food in jail and now I'm binge eating. I have a doctor's appointment today and I'm going with Lebo to see what's wrong with me. I've been feeling funky for quite some time now. I need to find out what's going on because I know for a fact that I don't just get sick or overeat for no reason.

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I'm at the doctors and I'm just sitting here trying to understand what's really happening. It's true that everything we do is consequential, don't expect to do something and not get the result later on in life. My

issue started when I had unprotected sex with a stranger in prison. Now I can't even begin to explain what's happening to me because I myself don't even believe it. How do I fall pregnant when I had my tubes tied. The doctor says it's a spontaneous situation, in other words they also can't explain what's happening to me. So sperm sa leVenda did a breath in in my womb, tore my stitches and went straight to my eggs entered the egg and took it back to the womb where it can grow. Mxm, witchcraft is real and it's happening to me. Yoh. Were currently having a sonogram and I have no interest in what's happening, I'm trying to understand how I can get pregnant, after this I'm going to that OB gynec to get some answers.

Lebo: Babe you're pregnant with...

Me: Huh?

Lebo: I said you're pregnant with triplets.

Me: Oh that's nice.

I still don't believe it, I'm happy I'm pregnant don't get me wrong. But I'm also sad because I don't have a

Roza anymore, she would've been so happy to finally be an older sister. I didn't know I was crying until the doctor handed me a tissue and I felt Lebo cuddling with me.

Lebo: What are we gonna do?

Me: We're keeping them

Dr: That's settled them, I'll just ask daddy to come take your vitamins while you get ready.

I wanted to laugh at him calling Lebo daddy, but I wasn't in the mood so I just smiled and they left. I fixed myself and washed my face to cool down then went to the main desk.

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Lebo: Why are you so sad?

Me: This pregnancy just reminded me that I don't have Roza anymore. She should have been here, she should have been with me right now.

Lebo: Don't cry. And you can't turn back time because you wouldn't have been able to get pregnant. You wouldn't have gotten pregnant ever again. This is fate, it's the rainbow after the storm, it's a promise for a better life ahead. Don't cry, wipe those tears off and keep your head up. Yes we lost Roza, but the universe is giving us 2 extra babies for compensation. Yes we will never forget her but let's honour her memory by being happy. She was never sad, she was never shy or angry. She was loving, caring, forgiving and extremely energetic so let's take those good memories and keep them with us. We can't always cry for her loss but we can learn from her by how she lived her life.

Me: You won't understand the pain of losing a child. I'm childless...

Lebo: Don't you dare tell me that! You have no right to. The kids are just as much mine as they are yours. I helped raise those kids and what is Dee when you claim to be childless, don't just think about the one that's no more, she's dead! Move on and stop chasing a ghost, you have child that's alive and

needs your love but you've been too busy mourning Roza's at the expense of everyone else's happiness. You were in jail for heaven's sake, why didn't you mourn her then? Oh yah you were busy having the freaking time of your life having sex with surveillance guards and forgetting how the real world is, so don't play victim here. You made your bed, now enjoy it. Just don't drag us down with you. You know what Dee said after coming back? He told Siya that being in Botswana was way better than being home with a zombie. You are pushing that child away, and if you continue you'll find him in a very dark place and you won't be able to save him. And you know what? It will be all your fault, continue acting like a brat. I'm done.

He parked the car on the side of the road and got out leaving me in the car. I don't know how to take the info so I just lay on the dashboard and pour my eyes out. I know he's right, but this is a tough pill to swallow. It hurts more knowing that I've been hurting people around me. I really need to boss up

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Seventy Six

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It's been two weeks and I haven't spoken or heard from Lebo since our argument. He took Dee and Siya with as well and left a note saying fix your life. I've been getting psychological help and I feel better now. I text Lebo everyday updating him about my sessions and I've also found a real estate agent to help me find the perfect venue for my club. I listened to Dee's suggestion and realised that it's not so bad, the night life brings in just as much money, but not the same as the taxi industry, but for once in my life I'm doing something that will be best for everyone.

Dr: Have you told the father of the children about them?

Me: Not yet, I don't know what I'll say when I get there.

Dr: Just go and tell him. In fact that's your task for today, go tell him that you're pregnant. You can't keep him from knowing the truth you know, it's

better he knows the truth and decides for himself whether he wants to be in their lives or not.

Me: Fine, I'll go

Dr: I want an update tomorrow

Me: Okay man, see you tomorrow

Dr: I prefer Dr it's more fitting

Me: Sure Dr Man

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I drove to the prison and it's funny how this time I'm entering as a visitor and not an inmate. I get to the gate and the guards see me.

"Eh, Madlabantu wa Peter, sure san"

Me: Hi.

"Who did you come to see because Raven escaped a long time ago"

Me: She what!!?

"She escaped, you didn't know? "

Me: No I had no idea.

"Then why are you here? "

Me: I came to see Peter.

"Mmmh. Okay "

The way he said mmh okay just puts me on edge, something must be terribly wrong. I drive in and park my car then walk in past everyone and they're all looking at me like I'm a murderer. Well I am but this time it's like they saw me kill someone. I walk to the security office and knock.

Peter: Come in

I walk in to find him naked with Mmpati, ugh spare me.

Me: Well hello

Peter: What do you want?

Me: I came to talk to you.

Peter: Whatever it is you wanna say you can say it infront of Mmpati

Me: Alright, I'm pregnant.

Mmpati: So you wanna trap my man with kids?

Me: You wouldn't be able to know what a man is if he smacked to in the face and why would I trap him with kids, that's your style.

Peter: That isn't my kid.

Me: "They are, but if you don't want them it's fine, I'm recording this conversation for legal purposes so please repeat your statement" I take my phone out and start recording. "As you were"

Peter: I said those aren't my kids, you can't trap me with them and I sure as hell won't pay child support

Me: So in other words you won't be in the kids lives.

Peter: Never

Me: "Thank you." I stop the recording "First of, I wouldn't give two shits about your money, I came here to do the right thing and tell you that I'm pregnant with your triplets, what you do about that info is non of my business.

Mmpati: You don't give up do you. First you take my

man then use him and leave, now that I'm finally when things get back to normal you come and throw a bomb on us claiming to be pregnant with his kids. I want DNA tests.

Me: Go do DNA tests with the father of your children. I just came here to get verbal proof that this one doesn't want his kids, I wasn't planning on telling him until I was advised to. Now I have every proof that he doesn't want them and I'll live happily ever after

Peter: So you were using me all along?

Me: I'm sorry, but yes. I wanted to teach this one a lesson that she hasn't learned and now I'm pregnant. I didn't plan it

Mmpati: She just wants your money.

Me: I don't. I'm rich

Mmpati: Mxm, I'm also rich.

Me: I don't have time for you.

I walked out and went to my car with her running after me, I got to my car and he pulled me back.

Mmpati: I won't let you take him, I won't!!

Me: I don't want him, he's not my type

Mmpati: Aker you were just in it for the money.

Me: We're standing in front of my car do you see poverty written on it?

Mmpati: It's a rental

Me: You still wouldn't be able to afford it's rental, so shut up and leave me the fuck alone.

Mmpati: He will never be yours.

Me: I don't want him

Peter: Ouch

Me: I'm sorry, but you're too weak to handle me.

Anyway have a nice life with miss smelly pussy over here. I'll make sure to send a gift basket filled with vag bombs.

I hear Peter laugh and I hop into my car and drive off.

Man I'm gonna miss that dick. I went to the mall to get some groceries and mostly junk I need it.

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I got home and found Lebo's car parked in the garage. They're back. I went into the kitchen to put the groceries down and go back to get some more then when I return to the kitchen I find Siya packing the food into fridge and pantry

Me: Hello, thanks for the helping hand.

Dee: Hello Mother.

Mother? Since when did I become mother? What happened to mommy and mama?

Me: Mother?

Dee: You are my mother aren't you.

Me: "Okay, hello Son." I grab my McDs chips and Flurry and start eating.

Dee: Eew.

Me: I dip the chips into the flurry and eat "What? It's nice, wanna taste? "

Dee: No thank you

Lebo walked in and found me eating my snack. "Ugh

sies man, you weren't like this when you were pregnant with Roza, those kids are beasts."

Dee: You're pregnant?

Eish, Lebo man! Him and his big mouth

Chapter Seventy Seven

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Dee: That's the problem with you mother, you claim to love me, you claim to always and forever protect me you claim to change, you CLAIM. You really like claiming things mom and those things don't materialise. You claimed to protect us at all times, but where were you when Roza died? Not there as usual. I told you that I didn't like Mzwandile's family but noooooo you make me see them you actually make Mqedisi enter into your house and do those scary things to Roza. And on top of that you send me to Botswana to live with the very same Kim that insults me. What kind of a mother are you? I really

wish those kids die before they have a mother like you.

He stomps to his room and I hear the door bang shut. Okay. That went well.

Siya: He doesn't mean it

Me: He means every word.

Lebo: No he doesn't he's just upset.

Me: An angry soul spills all honesty, he's explosion was pure honesty and now at least I know what goes on in his mind

Lebo: This child is too smart for his own good.

Me: I think it comes from his other half

Lebo: I pray his outburst ends here, I warned you though

Me: Rub it in will you

Siya: But how are you pregnant?

Me: Venda warrior sperm. It came in guns blazing and conquered

He and Lebo just laugh at me and I continue eating.
I'll talk to Dee later.

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Me: Dee, open the door.

He keeps quiet. Nxa, I didn't have a door at his age and here he is locking the door, this child is too much now. I grab the extra key from my room and go open for myself.

Me: Why aren't you opening the door?

Dee: I didn't feel like it.

Me: Oh okay, I'll keep that in mind when I remove your door in the morning

Dee: You can't do that!

Me: I can if you don't open the door when I tell you to.

Dee: I have rights

Me: You're telling that to a law graduate dear.

Dee: Why are you doing this.

Me: Since you don't want to be sheltered then I'll stop sheltering you. I'll treat you like an adult and adults have rules, rules harder than your feel free and don't hurt yourself rule. If you don't listen to my rules I kick you out.

Dee: I'll go to uncle Lebo's

Me: He'll also kick you out because you're rude.

Dee: So expressing my feelings is rude.

Me: No, feel free to express them, just don't ignore me when I talk to you, that's rude.

Dee: I'm sorry. I was just so angry, you always bring in these crazy guys into our lives and they always leave when there's damage. Mom I think you should be gay. Women can't be as crazy as men are.

Me: Laughs "They are worse, I was in prison I saw them"

Dee: Did the father uhm, hurt you?

Me: No, I hurt him.

Dee: Gasps "Women rape Too!?"

Me: No, no, no... well yes women can rape but I didn't rape their father, I hurt his feelings.

Dee: Then we must go say sorry, plus I want to see him. I don't want him to come near my little sister

Me: About that.. I'm pregnant with 3 babies.

Dee: Laughs "You're lying It's impossible. Only animals do that"

Me: Well I'm an animal, a human animal.

Dee: laughs "Good one" he stops laughing when he sees me just smiling "You're serious? How will they fit in there, you have a small tummy" he says astonished. Thank God he still has an element of childishness in him. Imagine if he understood everything.

Me: So I'm gonna apologise for the past okay.

Dee: "Arrrrr Me let bygones be bygones" He says in a pirate voice.

He's easily forgiving. I love this boy.

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So Dee really meant it when he said he wants to see Peter, were currently in the garage arguing about which car to take.

Me: Dee the rover, it's comfy

Dee: The Bentley! I need enter with style.

Me: What do you know about style?

Dee: I listen to trap mom, I know what style is.

Me: Yoh, okay rra Trap lets take the Bentley

We got into the car and the moment I switched it on Dee hijacked the sound with his trap. Yoh, abo my rolley rolley wrist, rob the bank, I'm just confused nje. He says it's different artists mara I hear one voice.

Me: Who's this one now?

Dee: Travis Scott

Me: But he sounds like the last songs singer, what's

his name again Amigo

Dee: Laughs "It's Migos not Amigo"

Me: I give up, you must listen to real songs like mine

Dee: You listen to the music library, you just listen to history

Me: Ouch

Dee: The truth ain't pretty but coming from my handsome mouth the truth is fitting.

Me: Listen to you tweaking Jhene Aiko's lyrics. And you say I'm old fashioned.

Dee: Yeah yeah whatever.

We drove all the way to prison making fun of each other and talking.

When we got to the gate the security guards were friendly unlike yesterday and thenbi got in and went to park my car then we walked to Peter's office. I knocked.

Peter: Come in

Me: Are you decent?

Peter: What does it matter

Me: Just look at the camera then get dressed.

Dee: Why would he be naked?

Me: He's a nudist.

Dee laughs so hard and stops immediately when the door flies open. And Mmpati walks out looking at me with disgust.

Mmpati: Yah baby mama, you came for child support.

Dee: Mom, why would we want child support when we have the club and the taxi business?

Mmpati coughs so hard I actually laugh.

Dee: Is she dying?

Me: Dee this is Mmpati, she has money problems.

Dee: "Oh. Here take this R200 you need it more. I was just going to by sweets then give the change to the homeless."

Did I tell you how much I love my son??

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Seventy Eight

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The apology didn't quite go as expected because Mmpati keeps interrupting and insulting me like I don't know who my baby daddy's are. She thinks I'm like her.

Me: Mmpati, I come in peace so don't force me to retaliate.

Mmpati: Or what?

Dee: Mommy just choke her like you did uncle Mqedisi so we can go.

Mmpati keeps quiet and looks at me like I'm crazy, well thank Dee and his verbal diarrhea when he's bored cause that just helped me shut a bitch up

Me: Anyway, here are my numbers. You'll call me when you don't have a dog barking at your every move

Dee: P.S. Now I know why my mom used you. You have no balls.

I held my laughter until we were finally outside and I burst out in a fit of laughter did Dee just say that to a fully grown man. Jesus Christ this boy will kill me with his big mouth. As we drove back home Peter called and asked if we met tonight. I agreed and we drove home so that I can cook early so that when I leave them they're sorted. Because I know for a fact that these kids will order junk and play games all night long. After I finished cooking up a storm for these two I went to take a quick shower and got dressed in a funnel boob tube mini dress and block heels then grabbed my phone and my Porsche carrera keys and headed out.

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So Peter decides to inform me that I'm driving to Montana when I call him and ask where he is. I swear right now I'm just going to give him a piece of my mind. Who does that? I drove into the estate

after telling them that I'm here for Peter Gadisi nxa, that stupid boy. I drove around looking for his house number until I found it and I must say the house is really presentable for a prison officer. I got out and went to the front door and knocked. A lady opened for me and it looks stunning

Me: Good evening ma'am.

"Hello baby, you look cute" the lady says. "Come in, you must be Ofentse, I'm Gwen, Rudzani's sister"

Me: It's nice to meet you Gwen.

Gwen: Likewise. Rudzani tells me that you're pregnant with triplets, how does it feel?

Me: I still feel normal, excluding the overeating and always grumpy minutes. I'm fine

Gwen: The bravery. Mama gave birth to quadruplets, Rudzani and his other siblings. Yoh I remember asking to go live elsewhere because when one cried they joined in, when one pooped they all pooped, it was like a competition, it still is.

Me: Woah, I pray that doesn't happen to me.

Gwen: Pray, pray with your knees on the ground and hands held up high that they're not identical.

Me: Peter and the others are identical?

Gwen: Yes, luckily the other 3 are girls, but growing up even I couldn't tell the difference.

Peter :I see you've met my sister.

So brother is feeling himself, feeling real good in boxers a vest socks and pink too small for his feet morning sleepers. Sies, he wasn't even prepared to come meet up with me.

Me: She's nice, unlike someone I know. And why are you real comfy in that??

Gwen: Hebanna, tension in the air.

Me: Your brother only told me to come here when I was on my way to prison.

Gwen: laughs "welcome to the family. He does that to everyone "

Me: Yoh, here I was ready to yell at him. Hape, i don't use a broom, petrol is expensive.

Gwen: I like you.

I really like his sister, she's good people. We talked, ate, talked again and I ate again then Gwen told me to stay over because it was already late and she didn't want me driving with her nieces and nephews in the middle of the night, she's already being an overprotective aunt. I offered to wash the dishes and Peter decided to help me. As I'm busy washing the dishes I feel hands on my hips and a bulge pressing on me.

Me: Move

Peter: You look sexy

Me: I know, I wanted to good for my potential targets out there.

Peter: Targets?

Me: Yes, targets. Now move before your sister finds you here.

Peter : She's watching those BET reality nonsense, she's too busy to care.

Me: That doesn't make it right though, move before I

stab you.

He lifts my skirt and starts fingering me.

Me: "Mooove mann" I hiss at him.

Peter: No I want you.

Me: I push him away and face him this time "No, fuck that. You have no respect for your sister. How the fuck do you wanna have sex with me when she's in the other room?

Peter: Uhm, Ofentse

Me: Shut up, I'm still talking. You might disrespect her but I don't, and if you and your smelly little bitch girlfriend do that when she's around then that's on you. I want no part in such disrespect and I sure as hell am not having sex with you ever again. What the hell do you think this is? You're not at a brothel where you have sex anywhere in the house, fix your life man. And I mean it Rudzani.

Gwen: Wow, I thought I liked you but now I love you. Let me go call home right now, hai you belong shem.

Uhm... Yah.

Peter: I'm sorry

Me: Story of my life. I'm leaving

I didn't leave because Gwen snitched on me and I was stopped by the mother now. Ugh. I called Dee and Siya to tell them that I won't be home tonight and they were fine with that so I just had to sleep in Peter's shirt. By the way, Peter is a name he gave himself because his family only recognizes Rudzani which raises suspicion. Why have a first name that no one uses?

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Seventy Nine.

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I'm having a family meeting with the Gadisi family at nine today. They also asked to see my child. I feel kinda bad not taking Siya with but rules are rules. We're driving to Montana right now in my Rover, I look proper as hell, I mean they aren't meeting up with their makoti or anything like that so I'm in my

pants suit and pencil heels and Dee refused a business look so he's in what he calls flex clothes. Don't even ask, even watches and chains are involved. They'll forgive us shem. We drove to into the estate and I found a bunch of cars parked down the street. Hebanna, is there an event I know nothing of? I drive and park after the cars and we walk all the way to the house. I find bodyguards by the door, eh. Visit from the president? I fix myself and walk to the door, but I'm stopped

Me: Is this a bad time?

"Yes ma'am, the family is waiting on a special guest"

Me: I'll just come back some other time.

Gwen: Offy! Offy come, we were waiting for you.

Me: Oh, okay.

Special guest? And Offy? Hai we receive names on earth shem. I walked in with Dee and I find bodyguards inside the house as well, hebanna khante what's cooking? We walk into the living room and there's a man and woman sitting next to each other on the love seat and 3 identical girls on a seat

next to Gwen. I'm guessing I have to sit next to Peter or Rudzani whoever and Dee sits right next to me. There are old men also seating in dining chairs around and I stand still waiting for approval and greet them.

Me: Good morning Gadisi family

They caught and an old man claps his hands.
"Rudzani and city girls." what's that supposed to mean?

"Please take a seat" the man on the love seat says and beckons me to where Peter is, figures. I go take a seat and wait for them to talk since that old man will comment again, I'm sure.

"Do you know why you were summoned here? " the man in the love seat asks again. I'll just call him the patriarch

Me: I'm guessing it's to discuss a way forward regarding my pregnancy.

Patriarch: Something like that. We want you and Rudzani to get married.

Me: I laugh "You're serious? Oh no, no, no. I didn't plan on getting married.

Patriarch: Are the kids his?

Me: Yes.

Patriarch: Then you'll have to get married

Me: With all due respect sir, I don't think me getting married to him will solve anything. We live in the 21st century

"She's disrespectful too" the old man talks again. See, if I had made a bet with you I would have won. I keep quiet.

Partriarch: This is how it's done in the family.

Me: I'm really sorry if I'm going sound rude right now, but that's a family I will never be a part of.

"Well we are a royal family, you have no choice in this. Those babies belong to us and we'll do just about anything to keep them in the family." the woman next to patriarch said. I'm guessing that's his wife. And what!?!?!? Royal family?

Me: R-r-royal?

Patriarch: Yes, didn't Rudzani tell you.

Me: No, I guess he forgot.

Patriarch: So you understand that we're doing this for the babies.

Me: Yes

Patriarch: So you will agree to get married?

Me: No

"Hei this girl is difficult man" the old man said.

"Why not? " the patriarch's wife asked.

Me: I made a vow not to.

"But you have sex" the old man asked

Me: It was a moment of weakness, a mistake.

Patriarch: That mistake is blessing me with my first 3 grandchildren. I would do anything for them.

Me: I understand, but can that anything not involve marriage because I'm not doing it.

Peter: Why are you so against us being married?

Me: For one, you have a girlfriend and secondly I

don't see myself getting married anymore.

"Anymore? Where you married before? " Patriarch wife asks.

Me: Yes, and it didn't end well. I lost my daughter in the process and I'm not willing to lose anything else anymore

Patriarch: Sorry for your loss. But we really need to secure the kids future's.

Me: We can do that from afar.

"How? " old man asks.

Me: We can coparent. I have them on school days and he gets them during school holidays. It's easy

"What happens to their surname's, their culture"
Patriarch wife asks.

Me: They can have his surname. They'll learn about their Venda culture just as much as they'll learn about their Angolan culture.

Peter: You're Angolan?

Patriarch: No wonder why she said this was a

mistake, you don't even know where she's from. And what happens to him? " he pointed at Dee

Me: What about him?

Patriarch: The other kids will have one name and hell have a completely different one, won't he feel left out?

Me: You should be asking that about the kids, because Dee and I are both Domingos and they'll be Gadisi, they'll feel out of place.

"That's why you must get married " the one quad says.

Dee: My mom being married won't change my surname.

"Heeeeeeeh, the child interferes adult convocation " old man says

Dee: Well you shouldn't have asked me to come here in the first place.

"Yah, It's good that you don't want get married, this boy is disrespectful " the old man said. I'm getting tired of this.

Me: What's the point in me getting married when he'll

have to marry again for royal blood.

Patriarch: It's to ensure that the kids are safe. And that no one raises royal children but the royal family.

Me: "I hate you. Why didn't you warn me about this? I would have dodged the bullet" I say to Peter

Peter: And say what? Hey I'm a prince

Me: Yes, I don't like being ambushed. Right now they're talking about marriage and shit when I told you that I have no interest in relationships.

"That clearly didn't stop you from sleeping with him when he has a girlfriend. You're not innocent here." Old man says.

Me: Well you're precious little prince cheated on me, I was his girlfriend when he did all that nonsense. Why aren't you calling him out for his shit?

Patriarch: That's enough. You two are getting married and that's final.

Me: You can't force me.

"Watch us" old man said.

Me: There's only one thing I can do to get rid of you, and push me hard enough I'll do it.

Patriarch: What's that.

Me: Have an abortion.

With that said the family appointed bodyguards to follow me even when I enter the toilet. I just made my life difficult by threatening them. Yoh, why do I attract such mara? The universe is clearly trying to tell me something.

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Eighty

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Lebo: For some reason I feel like you're enjoying this.

Me: No, this time I'm playing smart. I want to see how far they're willing to take this nonsense because if I retaliate too quickly then get surprise attacks. Right now I'm letting them take the lead.

Lebo: You're one stupid gang leader.

Me: I'm a gang leader because I think before I act

Lebo: Yeah right, until he pulls his dick out and you melt faster than ice cream in a microwave

Me: That's not true man.

Lebo: Mmhmmh. Anyway it's your life and during this whole scandal, leave Dee out of it and if push comes to shove I'll fight you for his custody, he doesn't deserve this.

Me: Oh and I do?

Lebo: Yes, you deserve everything that's happening to you because you me dear gang leader don't think when it comes to dick. Man my mother was right when she said play when you're still young or else you'll do it when you're old and that's exactly what's happening, when people were having their adolescent stage fucking around you were a granny's girl and a book worm now people are settling down you run around fucking every man with a dick. What happens after this? You're going to climb up the dick ladder until you finally reach Egypt, ugh man FeFe. Grow up you're 31 not a horny

teenager.

Me: You're insulting me now

Lebo: You need an insult in order for you to get it through your thick skull that you're not alone in this world, there's a child depending on you, you already lost one don't lose this one too because this time I won't forgive you.

He walks away. Ugh. No comment

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The more I see the bodyguards following me around the more I hate Peter, Rudzani. It will take a while to adjust to his actual name. Nxa, Prince Rudzani the idiot. I'm meeting up with him to talk about this situation and I want his family to back off.

Me: "I'll see you in 10" then I hang up. Were going to meet in a public space to avoid drama. So we're going to botanical gardens I drove there and got in to find the place closed off. So much for no drama, that

bitch brought his family with. I walk to where they're seated and I don't even greet.

Me: So you decided to bring them, wow.

Patriarch: We're them now? You must respect us

Me: You're a Venda king not a Tswana king or an Angolan king, so I don't have to respect you, you're not my king, you can go bully the Venda's not me, não.

Peter: Calm down please

Me: No, you agreed to meeting up knowing very well that your parent's will be here. You didn't even warn me or give me a heads up, nix and you expect me to calm down? But anyway it's fine. I can tell you whatever in front of them, if you agree to marrying me I swear to God and the stars and ancestors and everything that's listening I'll kill you, don't push me into a corner Gadisi, you know what happens to people that do.

"Is that a threat? " old man asks

Me: It's a warning

Patriarch: What does she mean son.

Peter: I don't know dad.

Me: Stop lying to him. Peter and I met in prison.

"He told us, you work together right? "

Me: So this all you vele, you deny the children then tell your family on top of that you lie and Call me a colleague. You want us to get married, not them is that it? You want me?

Peter: Don't flatter yourself

Me: Oh then indulge me. Why are you doing this?

He doesn't respond.

Me: "Exactly, you have no interest in the kids, you just want me and you're using your family to get to me, well wait until they finally register that I'm an excon and that you were dating prisoners, why aren't you following your other children the way you're following me around? It's me that you want right, then come get me." I walk away and he comes running after me.

Peter: What was that?

Me: Me giving you a verbal warning. I don't want you

Peter: But you want my dick?

Me: Not anymore

Peter: Yeah right, then why are you becoming teary, you're horny aren't you?

Me: No, bye

Peter: Let's make a deal, we get married for their sake but we live our own lives.

Me: Did that before with my late husband, so been there done that, I'm not compromising here. You will if you know what's good for you. I'll find every inmate you've slept with and find your kids, then your family will be shamed off the throne, tell them to back off right now starting by taking these two idiots that follow me everywhere, I can't even bath properly without this one getting horny, he's not properly trained.

He walked back to his family to talk then signaled me to come over.

"Is that what you want? " His mother asked.

Me: Want what?

Peter's mom: For us to leave you alone and you'll think about marrying him, he says if we leave you alone he'll make sure that the two of you get married.

Me: That will do, but if it doesn't work out let it be, and take your flies, I need my privacy.

"After these kids are born I want DNA tests, I don't trust this girl, until then we'll leave you alone." The old man said and they stood up to walk away. Nice one old man, this gives me time to really plan from A-Z without disturbance. I walk back to my car to find Peter standing there. I ignore him and get in then he also opens the passenger seat and gets in

Me: What do you want? I thought we agreed that I'll be left in peace until birth.

Peter: My parents promised you that, not me. I'm just here to prove that you love my dick way too much.

He reclines his seat then takes his pants off and starts rubbing himself. I start praying, Lord, protect me and help me from this demon. I think I've attracted incubus in flesh now, he feeds on my

sexual weakness and I really need to be strong to prove both him and Lebo wrong. I'm not controlled by dick... I pray as I drive with him groaning and pumping his cock all the way to his house.

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Eighty One

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Narration

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"So she's really a sex addict? " Peter asked Ofentse's former psychologist.

Dr: Yes, yes she's defiantly a sex addict.

Peter: So these sex addicts, what's their deal?

Dr: Sex addiction or sexual impulsive disorder can get to a point where the addict will do anything for sex, just as much as a drug addict would do anything for a quick fix. But this time sexual addiction is classified under mild mental illness.

Peter: So sex addicts are like drug addicts but for sex?

Dr: No, drug addicts need rehab in order to heal and they are mentally capable to stop themselves whereas sex addicts cannot stop themselves unless properly evaluated and helped.

Peter: So there's little to no chance of her healing since she refused help.

Dr: Yes, most likely yes.

Peter: "Thank you very much doctor" he walked out "Mxm, that girl won't change, in fact she'll get worse"

Peter walk out of that consultation room feeling well informed. Ofentse has a very lame weakness but a good one, this weakness will make things work out for me. He love her, I'm sorry to disappoint you but he really does. From the moment he felt her pussy squeeze my dick like a python he knew he had to keep her but she decides to frequently hurt his feelings using him like a chess piece. So now he was gonna use her weakness to get what he wanted this time around and he wanted her to fall into her

addiction so much so that she'll agree to marrying him out of fear. The fear of losing great cock, Peter in his deluded mind could already see her on her knees begging him to fuck her until she dies. "Oh my little sex addict wife to be. I get horny just by thinking about her." He said as he drove to his house.

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What Peter didn't know was that he wasn't the only one digging and planning. Like an eagle, Ofentse was watching as the Gadisi drove themselves half crazy because they needed something to blackmail her with and she was as clean as a baby. But them, Jesus Christ people can hide secrets. In fact if the royal house had a name it would be Kedibone (I've seen it all) because the scandal's in that house would keep a magazine company in business for years, the bold and the beautiful doesn't compare to this family. They are so scandalous even drama kings and queens stand down and applaud this

family's hard work. How the hell do they have so much drama and still act like the perfect royal family. But Granny said, united we stand and divided we fall. This family has a weakness, a living and breathing weakness and his name is Todani Abraham Gadisi. This man is a life saver in Ofentse's eyes. He's all she needs for them to back off

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Ofentse

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Plan A- Change the DNA results in progress. If this plan doesn't work then plan B-Z will surely make that family back down. I've got dirt, like dumping site kinda dirt and if this family continues harassing me after the DNA tests are done then I'll just have to air out their dirty laundry for the whole Limpopo to see. After I'm done with them, Venda will never be the same again. Hell I think the number of lesbians in Limpopo will increase, no homophobia. Right now

I'm waiting on them to attack, knowing how men operate they'll attack within a week then I'll let them think they have the upper hand then right when they think their victorious I'll throw a bomb, kere Hiroshima and right when they are still recovering kere Nagasaki I am going to destroy that family, they'll learn no means no. As for Peter, he'll regret digging about me, I might have been diagnosed with SID but he's a murderer. I'll bring up his disappeared hit and run case and he'll serve his sentence, imagine how many men are waiting to rape his bitch ass in there. He even works at a prison like he's better than the rest of us but no, he's a criminal hiding in plain sight. I'll get him back shem, I'll get him good.

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Narration

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True to his word Peter was now at Ofentse's house

knocking on the door. It was daytime so he knew for sure that she was home alone. She opened the door and to her surprise there Peter was, flashing his naked glory like the day he was born, minus the erect cock. Ofentse tried closing the door but Peter pushed past her and closed the door behind them where he began assaulting her.

Ofentse: Peter stop, this is a crime.

Peter: Not when you're wet my little sex addict

Ofentse: I'm not a sex addict.

Peter: Then why are you always horny, I bet if you could you'd fuck that gay best friend of yours.

Peter was now fully naked and chasing Ofentse around the house when Lebo walked in.

Lebo: Jesus Ofentse have some respect!

Ofentse: Help me dammit, he's trying to rape me.

Lebo only registered what was going on when he saw that Ofentse did indeed look scared. He instinctively rushed to Peter and tackled him onto the ground and started beating him

Lebo: I wasn't there to protect her from things like you when she was growing up but I sure as hell won't let history repeat itself.

He kept beating Peter up who was just shocked because he didn't expect to get a beat down from a gay person and that he almost raped a rape victim. He just let Lebo beat him up also punishing himself for being so cruel and insensitive. How couldn't he have seen it, the fear of commitment, sex addiction and this I don't give a fuck mentality were finally making sense. She was trying to repel men because of what they've done to her in her past and he almost just joined the man are trash statistics. Peter felt ashamed and emasculated, he felt like a piece of shit and wanted to make things right by Ofentse. He should have never judged the book by it's cover and he's learning that now, and the hard way because after today, he was pretty certain that Ofentse would never forgive him. He took the beating like a man and passed out right after looking at Ofentse and saying I'm sorry

Chapter Eighty Two

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We had to rush Peter to hospital and we called Gwen to avoid drama and she also came with the entire family. Ugh, this family doesn't understand what no drama means.

Gwen: What happened?

Me: I really don't know, I found him like this on my doorstep

"You tried to kill him" Old man aka Todani said.

Me: I wouldn't kill Peter, I'm not you.

Gwen: What's that supposed to mean?

Me: Nothing

We went back and forth talking civilly this time around and Peter woke up and they let his family in. Two minutes later they all walked out like they were splashed with a bucket of ice water

Gwen: He doesn't wanna see us. He says we should

call you.

I walked to his room and stood by the door.

Me: Heard you were looking for me.

Peter: I wanted to talk.

Me: Talk.

Peter: Please.

I walked to the chair near his bed and sat down and looked at him.

Peter: I'm sorry, I'm so sorry I tried to rape you, I didn't know that you were once raped.

Me: Me being raped doesn't mean that you now feel sorry for trying to rape me. Rape itself is wrong, the fact that you would've raped me if you didn't know or if Lebo didn't tell you means that you're already a rapist.

"That's true, I can't believe you'd stoop that low son, I'm very disappointed in you. We didn't raise you like that" I whipped my head around and found his mother and father standing by the door.

Mma Gadisi: I'm really sorry for what he did to you. Are you even pregnant because you had sex or he raped you.

Me: The first one.

Bab Gadisi: I find it hard to believe, a man capable of raping a pregnant woman has done it before.

Peter: Dad I didn't...

Bab Gadisi: Shut up wena, from now onwards you are no longer my son. Miss, keep your children as far away from him as possible. A rapist for a son, how I wish I had more sons so that the throne has a worthy leader, but now I'll just put Todani's son as chief. You disappoint me boy, my wife lets go, I only have 4 children now.

His parents walked out and I went rushing after them. Don't ask me why, I don't know.

Me: Mma, Sir, please don't disown him, I beg you.

Mma Gadisi: He's hurt you but you're here to defend him, stupid girl.

She walked away to the family, I heard Gwen scream

what and I rushed there as well. She gave me that pity stare that I got years ago after being raped by that creep and I felt tears roll down my face and my throat locking up. Please don't take me back to that day, I'd do anything, I prefer being in war than going back to that day.

I remember walking, it was dark but not this dark. My memories skipped to where I was choked, this time I didn't faint, I was just disoriented I felt myself being carried into a shed and then stripped naked. "No, no, please don't, no, no please" I said feeling weak, I blacked out after that.

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Narration.

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The Gadisi family watched as Ofentse cry then struggle breathing and later drop to the ground. Gwen was the first to run to her and scream for help.

The nurse came running with a wheelchair and they carried her to a room. The nurse started undressing her and heard her keep saying no. 'Shame man', the nurse thought. Ofentse became violent when the nurse started pulling her pants off that she actually had to call for help and sedate her so that she calm's down.

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Ofentse

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"Mommy? Mommy? Ma!" I heard a voice near me so I opened my eyes and found Dee on my bed looking at me like he used to when he was still a newborn. I smiled at him then realized that i wasn't at home, I wasn't in her bed

Me: What's going on, where am I?

"You're in hospital ma'am. I'm detective Paul and I came to get your statement."

Me: What for?

Paul: For what happened earlier on. The Gadisi family already gave me a statement and I need yours to finish up then I'll be able to open a case.

Me: Against who?

Paul: Against Mr Rudzani Gadisi.

Me: I'm not opening anything, thank you.

Paul: But ma'am.

Me: No, nothing happened so I'm not laying any charges

Paul: Okay, thank you for your time.

Siya: Why don't you do that??

Me: Because nothing happened, let me get dressed and I'm checking myself out of here.

Dee: Will you tell us?

Me: The walls have ears, we'll talk in the car.

I quickly got dressed and walked to the front desk. I signed myself out without the doctors approval and

left. We got into the car and before we could leave Siya told me to talk first.

Me: Me opening a case with incriminate Lebo.

Dee: How?

Me: Lebo beat Peter up, that's already an assault charge on his head even when he was defending me.

Siya: But like you're saying he was defending you.

Me: He should have called the police, he didn't he decided to take matters into his own hands.

Dee: I hate the law.

We drove home and I found Lebo pacing up and down and when he finally saw us he came rushing.

Lebo: Are you okay? I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to kill him

Me: "See what I meant" I say to Dee and Siya

Siya: Now I understand

Me: You didn't kill him, he's alive and he won't press charges

Lebo: You don't know that.

Me: He's too busy trying to get his family back. They disowned him

Lebo: Somehow I don't feel sorry for him

I do, he didn't rape me so I don't understand why they're being so harsh. Call me weak all you want but no one deserves to be abandoned by family, in fact the chances of him being a rapist have now increased. Disowning a brat is like cutting a dog's tale off. He'll be very violent from now on and I need to neutralize him before anything gets out of hand

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Eighty Three

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I went to hospital to check up on Peter and found him sitting there looking at the walls

Me: Hello

Peter: What do you want?

Me: I came to check up on you

Peter: To gloat you mean

Me: No, I don't kick people when they're down. I came to see how you're doing.

Peter: What do you want?

Me: Stop being a brat. Shut up and let someone care for once in your life

Peter: Why are you doing this? I've hurt you enough

Me: Hurt people hurt people. I just you, you hurt me so now we need to heal together.

Peter: I'm really sorry for hurting you. I really am.

Me: It's okay.

Peter: Why forgive me so easily?

Me: I don't know, I might be stupid.

Peter: chuckles "You might be, because I wouldn't forgive myself if I were you "

Me: Forgiveness is part of self healing. And anyway

you weren't thinking that a sex addict would be afraid of predatory sex"

Peter: You even named it?

Me: Yes, that's the only thing I don't do.

Peter: Okay??

I couldn't help it, I'm sorry. I really am. But I went to the door and locked it then walked to him.

Peter: No, ah.a Ofentse, no. Fight it Ofentse, I don't want to have sex with you, I've done enough damage

Me: "Please Peter" I say stalking towards him and looking him right in the eyes before rubbing my palm against his hospital gown. There's something about his docile character that just pushes me over the edge, it makes me wanna jump his bones and do things to him, things I'm unable to stop myself from doing.

Peter: Ofentse, no means no. As much as it's rape for women it's the same for men. I said no so leave me alone.

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Peter

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Out of the blue Ofentse started crying. "So you don't want me. " she asked crying. Hebanna what just happened? It went from us being normal, to being flirty and seductive now we're crying ? Is this how women behave? Or maybe pregnant women, maybe it's the impulsive sex drive crying. I'm not really sure anymore.

Me: Ofentse, I want you. But not like this, I respect you and value you too much to have sex with you in a hospital bed. I want to do things the right way, I want to date you, court you then wife you. I want us to start over and we can go to therapy together.

Ofentse: We can do that later, please just do this for me. Just this once, please.

Maybe sex addiction is much worse than people make it out to be, why would she be crying like this?

Maybe it hurts like nyaope hurts the addict's stomach when they're craving. Maybe I should just help her.

Me: Okay, okay just this once. Come

You should have seen her climb the bed faster than a vampire, this isn't normal, to think I wanted to use her weakness against her. This is just sad man, she needs help, serious help. Imagine if she doesn't get it from me, she'll end up being a prostitute to satisfy her sexual edges. Eish damn I said internally as I felt her lowering herself onto my dick. I didn't even see when she got naked, well from the waist down. I sat up and shuffled my butt on the bed to gain better access, I leaned in and kissed her, tentatively at first, then she returned the kisses with fervor, her arms encircling my shoulders and neck. I then pulled back and pushed her off.

Me: Let me take care of you

I flipped us on the bed and then slid down her body to her beautiful pussy and buried myself in it. Her hands moved down to hold my head as my tongue

darted into her quim, searching for the magic button. It didn't take long until she started bucking around and moaning my name. I had to stuff her mouth with her underwear to shut her up. Her hips rose as she bucked up against my mouth. She tasted like honey. As I continued my tongue-lashing my hands moved up her stomach, caressing and lightly tickling her flesh and went up to her breasts. She gasped loudly into the panty as I kneaded the flesh, then moved my fingers up to lightly pinch her nipples. Within a few seconds she had an orgasm. "UH! OH! UM! Oh, YH! UH UH UH!" Her hands pulled my head hard into her pelvis, making it hard to breathe, let alone continue using my hands on her. Finally she calmed down and I sat back up. I pulled her to a sitting position and started pulling her nightie off. Even in her post-orgasmic state she was able to raise her arms to help. I grabbed her hips and started to turn her over. She quickly picked up on what I was trying to do and swung herself around, flipping onto her hands and knees. Damn she has a nice ass! I pushed myself in carefully, not wanting to hurt her even so.

"Oh, oh..." she moaned, her head dropping forward as she concentrated on the pleasurable intrusion in her most sacred of places. I was concentrating on my own pleasure as her hot, moist pussy walls slowly surrounded my member... exquisite! My thrusts caused my prick to just come out of her pussy, then I rammed it back inside her until it bottomed out, sending vibrations throughout her pelvic region. She was groaning constantly. My hands went around to her stomach, kneading her stomach muscles, and then I moved up to her breasts, not quite large enough to dangle. I squeezed and manipulated her beautiful tits, swirling my fingers around the areolae and lightly pinching the nipples. Her pussy felt like it was on fire around my penetrating cock.

Me: If I pull the underwear out will you behave yourself?

She nod's and moans what I believe is a yes and I remove it only for her to moan my name out "Rudzani " if only she knew how she turns me on when she calls me that. I think I'm willing to work on

us, I love her and I'd do anything for her, even if it means I have to fuck her until I develop prostate cancer from too much blue pill intake. I love her. As we both get to the end of our love making or for her, her fix she says something I never thought I'd hear her say in my life time.

Ofentse: I love you, oh god I love you so much.

I don't take it serious, I think it's the buzzing orgasmic feelings in her body that make her say this. But somehow I pray that she means it, because I love too

Chapter Eighty Four

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Sex provides a "high" that many sex addict wish to have more of.

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Lebo: So you're telling me that you woke up in the middle of the night to go visit Peter, no to go get some leaving Dee behind.

Me: I left him with Siya.

Lebo: I don't wanna seem insensitive but Siya isn't my responsibility, Dee is and you being so careless annoys me to the core. You need help Ofentse, please don't force my hand here, this is the last verbal warning I'm giving you next time I'm taking him.

Me: I'm not a sex addict

Lebo: You're a mild sex addict. What happens when Peter doesn't satisfy you anymore? I've been thinking about this and I think this addiction was sparked by Mario. I'm sorry friend, I love you but I won't let you sacrifice Dee for sex. You are going to therapy right now and I'm going to be with you until the end, I won't let you kill yourself for dick. Let's go.

I just obliged and walked out with her, there's really nothing wrong with me.

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Lebogang

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I texted Peter to meet me at this place where psychological hypnosis takes place. I called Plug and asked for a background check on him and boy is clean, well not clean clean but compared to Mzwandile he's a saint. I need him to understand Ofentse's situation. I might hate it but she's still my friend and she has no control over it. As crazy as that sounds but it's true, her sexual edges cloud her judgement and I'm gonna help bring my friend back before this addiction swallows her whole like the people I've read about online. Can you believe that someone lost their farm because of sex? Not because they gambled it away or someone stole it nope, they fucked the farm out of her possession. So imagine if people knew that Ofentse was a sex addict, they'd take her throne by fucking her, the sex

addicts would do anything for sex, some sold their children, some raped them, one raped his grandmother in her sleep, it's just messed up nje...

Anyway we arrived at our destination to find Peter there already waiting

Ofentse: Wasn't this one in hospital?

Me: He was discharged this morning

Ofentse: And you brought him here, you're basically airing my dirty laundry

Me: It's better he's here because he'll understand why you're the way you are

Ofentse: You make it sound like I'm sick

Me: That's because you are babe.

We got out of the car and walked to the front desk.

Me: Appointment for Ofentse Domingos please.

Receptionist: Dr Patel will see you shortly.

We just sat there waiting to be called in not even talking because Ofentse is angry and Peter is just caught in between so it's best we all shut up for a

while.

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We were finally called in and we had to pull Ofentse in with us because she started throwing tantrums claiming to be fine, mxm even a dog could smell her arousal.

Dr: Good morning, my name is doctor Patel and I'll be helping you find the root of the problem through hypnosis. So who's here for an evaluation?

Me: "This one is" I say pointing at Ofentse "She denys having a problem though."

Dr: Okay, well ma'am do you consent to this session?

Me: Why ask?

Dr: Because if the patient does not consent then I have to cancel this session. No matter how bad the situation is if she doesn't consent then we can't force her to, it's within her rights.

Me: "Think about Dee before answering." I say warning her. And no, I'm not bluffing I will take Dee if she continues her nonsense.

Ofentse: I consent

Good girl. The doctor then carries on informing us about what's going to happen and that the whole session is recorded for legal purpose's blah blah blah I'm really not interested in this, I just want Ofentse to heal.

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Dr: Ofentse I'm going to wave this amulet before your eyes and start with the hypnotic process, do you consent?

Ofentse: Yes, I give my consent

The doctor started waving the amulet before Ofentse's eyes.

Dr: Ofentse you are falling into a deep peaceful sleep, you will fall into a dream, your past. I want you to listen to my voice and my voice only, you will remain calm and I will direct you where are I wish you to go.

I'm going to clap my hands three times and you will fall into the peaceful calm dream. One, Two, Three.

And Ofentse fell asleep.

Dr: Ofentse can you hear me

Ofentse: Yeth.

Dr: I need you to answer me this. Have you been raped before?

Ofentse: I don't know .

Dr: Has anyone touched your body in a wrong way?

Ofentse doesn't answer but cries. She's crying like a baby.

Dr: Ofentse how old are you?

Ofentse: I'm Five yesh owd

Jesus Christ. I couldn't help but start tearing up, it doesn't start with Mario, Mario opened the flood gates.

Dr: Have you been touched on your wee wee?

Ofentse: Mmhm.

Dr: Who touched your wee wee?

Ofentse: Grandpapa

But she wasn't in Angola when she was five..... Her maternal grandpa!!! Lord have mercy.

Dr: What did he do?

She giggles.

Dr: Ofentse what does grandpapa do to your wee wee?

Ofentse: "He plays with it when I bath, it tickles." She giggles again. I heard Peter draw his breath and looked at him, he was in tears which sparked my own. How could someone be so cruel to a little child? A five year old? I really resent being born male, creatures like this grandpa destroy the name of the rest of us good men out there...

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to be continued

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Eighty Four. Two

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Dr: Ofentse how many times has grandpa touched your wee wee?

Ofentse: Everyday during bath time.

Dr: Has grandpa done anything more than to tickle your wee wee?

Ofentse: Yeth

Dr: What has he done?

Ofentse: He, he kissed my wee wee on the bed and said it's beautiful. He said one day he was going to make me feel nice.

Dr: And?

Ofentse: He licked my wee wee he said it will help me grow beautiful and stwong like mommy.

Dr: Did you tell anyone about this?

Me: No, grandpapa said that people will stop us if they know, so we have to shush and have fun together, he said mommy won't give me ice cream anymore if I tell.

Dr: Did grandpapa put anything inside your wee wee?

Ofentse: Yeth

Dr: Please tell me what he put in.

Ofentse: No, it's a secwit

Dr: If you tell me I'll give you a sweet.

Ofentse: Pwomish?

Dr: Cross my heart

She giggles. "He put his finger and he wanted to put his wee wee.

Dr: Why didn't he put his wee wee?

Ofentse: Because mommy came home early from work.

Dr: Ofentse I need you shift to when grandpapa

touches you again after this.

Ofentse took a deep breath and started shaking.

Dr: Ofentse, you need to calm down. Please calm down.

She stopped shaking but tears where still rolling down her eyes.

Dr: Ofentse are you there?

Ofentse: Yes.

She sounded older than the last one, that means this grandpa stopped for a while, or maybe it's a different scenario.

Dr: Ofentse how old are you

Ofentse: Nine years old.

Dr: What's today's date?

Ofentse: June 9

Dr: What's happening today?

Ofentse: It's grandpa's birthday today and grandma just left to go buy cake.

Dr: Where are your parents

Ofentse: Business, as usual.

Dr: Who are you left with at home

Her voice becomes shaky and she trembles

"Grandpa "

Dr: Are you scared?

Ofentse: Yes

Dr: Why are you scared?

Ofentse: Grandpa. He, he...

She starts screaming and thrashing around scaring all of us. What's happening??

Dr: Ofentse I need you to shift to after it happens.

Ofentse takes a deep breath and starts whimpering. Like she just finished crying.

Dr: Ofentse can you tell us what happened?

Ofentse: No

Dr: Why?

Ofentse: Grandpa told me to never repeat it again

Dr: You're repeating it for grandpa.

Ofentse: He, he

Dr: Start from after grandma left. What happened then?

Ofentse: Grandpa waited for grandma to pull out and he dragged me into the house saying he wants his present

Dr: What was the present?

Ofentse: Me

Dr: What do you mean you?

Me: Grandpa wanted to touch me where it's wrong for a man to touch.

Dr: And where is that?

Ofentse: My private parts

Dr: Did he touch them?

Me: Yes

Dr: What did he do?

Me: He took my pants off and made me sit by the

kitchen sink window to look out for grandma

Dr: Then what?

Ofentse: Then he started kissing my private part and told me that I grew like he made me grow.

Dr: Carry on

Ofentse: He was kissing and licking until I felt something funny happening to me and I cried .

Dr: Did grandpa do anything more?

Ofentse: Yes

Dr: And what did he do?

Ofentse: He unzipped his pants and pulled his winky out then hit my private part with it.

Dr: Did he put it inside?

Ofentse: Yes

She's now crying.

Dr: Why are you crying?

Ofentse: Because it still hurts.

Dr: Why? What did grandpa do that still hurts?

Ofentse: He put his winky on my private parts and said that his winky is kissing me. He said the kiss will hurt a little and then it will feel good" She weeps louder "He lied, he was hurting me, he lied."

Dr: Did you tell anyone about it?

Ofentse: No, he said he'll kill grandma if I do.

Dr: Does he hurt you again after this?

Ofentse: Yes.

Dr: When did he hurt you?

Ofentse: Every night until mommy and daddy come back.

Dr: When did mommy and daddy come back?

Ofentse: 17 July.

Dr: Does grandpa do it again after this?

Ofentse: Yes.

Dr: When does he do it again?

Ofentse: A week before my 10th birthday. Before they left.

Dr: What did he do?

Ofentse: He made me sit on top of his winky he said he will make me feel good.

Dr: Where was everyone else?

Ofentse: Sitting in the kitchen with us.

Dr: They didn't see what you were doing?

Ofentse: No, grandpa was tickling me.

Dr: How?

Ofentse: With his fingers, like the tickle monster. When I laughed his winky kissed mine and he did make me feel good.

Dr: Did you tell?

Ofentse: No, I told you he said he would kill grandma

Dr: Did anything else happen after this?

Ofentse: No.

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So the doctor kept asking Ofentse more questions and realized that nothing ever happened to her

because her molester was now dead and she had moved to Angola, she kept speaking in Portuguese and the doctor for sure couldn't understand because he kept looking back at me to explain what was going on. This girl's life went from hell to the pits of fire. She was asked to skip to when she starts speaking English full time and she skipped to when she was sixteen and she explained that her grandmother, G-ma had banned her from watching TV because she only watched R-rated movies. When the doctor asked why she said the movies felt familiar and normal. I realized that she didn't remember her childhood or if she did her brain blocked out all traumatic experiences to help her cope. She began to explain that at some point she wanted to have sex so bad she asked her grandpa to, she says that G-ma beat her up so bad she kept her sexual cravings to herself. She goes on until she's finally 20 when she gets raped for what she believed was her first time, the scary part is that she's smiling through it all.

Dr: Ofentse can you tell us how you felt when you

were being raped

Ofentse: I felt scared, and good.

Dr: Why scared and good?

Ofentse: I was scared he was going to kill me, and good because it felt nice, like something I've felt before.

Dr: Ofentse I'm going to ask you to skip to the present. I need to ask the 31 year old you a question.

She shifts around on the bed-like table and then sits still like the way she does when she's at home.

Dr: Ofentse how old are you?

Ofentse: Never ask a woman's age.

Yoh! Poor doctor.

Dr: Ofentse I'm going to ask you again, how old are you?

Ofentse: I'm 31 years old.

Dr: Are you sexually active?

Ofentse: Yes.

Dr: Ofentse how did you feel after you were raped 10

years ago?

Ofentse: I was traumatized, scared and shocked

Dr: But you still had sex after that traumatic experience?

Ofentse: I couldn't help it.

Dr: How come?

Ofentse: I need sex, it keeps calm.

Dr: So you have sex to keep calm?

Ofentse: Plus it's too good to deprive myself of it.

Dr: Please elaborate.

Ofentse: What's there to explain, sex. Oh god sex feels so good I'm even getting horny thinking about Peter on me, thrusting....

Dr: Ofentse, calm down. Remove your hands away from your private part.

So this girl automatically fingers herself when she thinks about Peter? I look at him and he has his eyes wide open bulging out of his face. At least he's not crying anymore. I've never seen a man cry so much

in my life.

The doctor brought Ofentse up from hypnosis and then the doctor started explaining the terms sex addict in full to us. I've already learnt that sex addicts cannot control their edges because unlike a "normal person" who has control over their arousal, sex addicts don't, they are always horny and one thought can drive them over the edge. Dr Patel agreed to helping Ofentse on her journey and she also asked us to come with. I really hope that this is the end of her addiction.

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Eighty Five

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Peter

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This is so sad, I don't even know where to begin. I'm just overwhelmed by what I've just heard and I truly

believe that Ofentse was sent by God to me. This is a lesson from God and I think what it means is that I must be patient and understanding. All my life I grew up around docile and submissive women and when I got here I went for the "hoes". Ofentse was one of them, I thought that we would just fuck and enjoy ourselves until I find someone with a better pussy than hers. That was until we actually fucked and I realized that God brought her to me. I've never been so weak to the knees for any woman and she wasn't like any other woman that ran after me. She made me run after her and now I see why. She needs a pillar of strength and I will gladly provide it. She needs someone to prove to her that not all men are the same, she needs a change of scenery, a man, a provider, a lover, someone to teach her how to love and be loved. She has no knowledge of parental love and guidance and that's how she became into men that weren't right for her. She didn't know how to differentiate between a good guy and a bad guy and ended up with the big bad wolf hiding in sheep's clothing. I want to be someone that teaches her that it's okay to feel, it's okay to love, it's okay to feel

weak and vulnerable, it's okay to cry and scream. I want to help her be a human being and not an angry vessel that's always ready for war. I know you guys hate me, and quite frankly I don't give two shits, Ofentse told me to let my actions speak for themselves and I'll do just that. I'll prove to her that I love her.

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Ofentse

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Never in my life did I think that I'd be one of those, you know. I never thought I'd one day be told that I was victim of child rape and for that I'm pissed. I'm pissed off at my entire family and I'm glad that they're dead. I feel sorry for them wherever they are because I know that they aren't at peace and will never be at peace because such people don't deserve it. If someone would've told me that I'd be sitting here in Dr Patel's office listening to myself

talk about how I was raped as a child. Why couldn't they see? Why didn't they save me if they saw me acting strange or something? I need answers and no one is there to answer me because they're all dead. I wanted to confront them ask them what type of parents are they that didn't even notice something wrong with me? Did they neglect me that much that they didn't even know me enough to see drastic changes? As for that grandma I know she knew that I was raped, there is no way that she couldn't see her husband acting funny or me on that birthday? I'm pretty sure I was walking funny or limping even but she acted like it's fine. Such a hypocrite and waste of womanhood. What mother does that to her own grandchild. I won't even bother with that grandpa. I'm going to make Makhathini reincarnate him so that I can kill him myself.

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Dr Patel: How does this make you feel?

Me: Nothing

Dr Patel: You can't afford not to feel Ofentse.

Me: I really feel nothing. I'm happy that they're dead but sad I didn't kill them myself.

Dr Patel: That's a start.

Me: Can I come back tomorrow, I really need to go.

Dr Patel: Where to?

Me: Anywhere.

I stood up and left, leaving Lebo and Peter behind. I don't know where I'm going but I really need to drive somewhere and I really don't care where. I find myself in Mamelodi and parking in front of a house then getting in.

"What do you want here? "

Me: I want answers...

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To be continued...

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Eighty Five Two

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Lebogang

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It's only Ofentse that's crazy enough to leave someone behind, no she left me with Peter to be specific. I really thank mother nature and smart people for cellphone banking because right now I just sent myself an e-wallet but problem is that the mall is far from here and I don't know how I'll get there. I'm walking down the street when I hear a car hoot and I turn around to see it was and this fool.

Me: What?

Peter: Let me take you home.

Me: No.

Peter: Why? You'll never get home walking like this.

Me: I'll get there, don't worry.

Peter: Ugh man, get in the car. It's not like mommy said you shouldn't talk to strangers

I laughed, stupid boy. I walked to his car and got into the passenger seat.

Peter: Want a sweet?

I just burst in laughter, he has a good nerdy sense of humor. We drove and talked about almost everything and then I finally asked what I've been meaning to ask and I swear to God if he lies he's out.

Me: Why work at a prison?

Peter: It was a phase that got stuck with me for life.

Me: What do you mean?

Peter: I'm a qualified scientist and I only took the prison job to piss my family off because they like bragging about achievements. As time went on I got into an accident, more like I killed someone and in order to keep the witness quiet I transferred to Kgosi Mampuru so that I can keep an eye on her.

Me: Where is she now?

Peter: She escaped, I'm still trying to hunt her down though.

Me: Oh wow. That's scary, why not hand yourself in?

Peter: My family refused. They paid off the dead girl's family and promised to take them to the best schools in the country, buy them food and clothes. The parents don't even have to work because my parents pay them a monthly salary.

Me: Why are you being so honest?

Peter: Because I know you looked me up. There's no use in me lying and I know this is a test to prove myself to you that I love Ofentse.

Me: If you love her like you claim you do then hand yourself in, take the biggest risk there is and hand yourself in.

The car screeched around and he took a hard turn and sped to the police station. He got out and handed me the car keys telling me to drive home and went in but I rushed after him to stop him and he

was already in there screaming that he killed someone in a hit and run. I don't know if this is a prank or what but he was arrested on the spot. Too easy, waaaaay too easy. A man wouldn't do that unless he has a backup plan. I pulled my phone out of my pocket and called Sketch.

Me: I need you to abduct someone from a holding cell, I want him tortured until he confesses his agenda. And Sketch, no bruises, no scars. Just good old torture.

Sketch: Who and where?

Me: Rudzani Gadisi, Hatfield police station.

I hung up and left. This boy thinks I'm stupid, such easy shot. Even a seven years old could've seen that what he did was too good to be true. But anyway, sketch will fix him

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Ofentse

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Me: Grandpa raped me, and I know that you know

"What was I supposed to do? Stop him? He raped Lebo too and I had to leave before anything else happened. Now look, that boy is gay because of that old man. I bewitched you two...

Me: You what!!?

"Eish"

Me: Start talking if you know what's good for you.

"okay okay, I went to this traditional healer and she gave me "sentebatse" (make me forget) and told me to pour it into your food once a day for 30 days. The muti only makes you forget the negative and enhances the positive."

Me: So you made us forget? What for?

"You wouldn't have gotten this far in life if I hadn't bewitched you two. Imagine if Lebo were to find out that he was once molested."

Me: So he raped him, like he raped him raped him?

"No, he just kept playing with his thing and sucking it."

Me: Still rape. Why did you let it happen?

" Your grandfather was an evil convincing bastard. He'd rape in front of your family and they'd continue like nothing is happening. "

Me: What do you mean?

"Sit down girl, you'll get sick if you hear this."

I sat down and looked right into her eyes.

Me: Talk.

"Your grandfather was a wizard. He has done shocking things in life and there was no way I'd be able to stop him from doing things his way or else I'd be dead by now, you can already see that I'm on a wheelchair because he sent lightning on me one day when I was walking to the police station to press charges for raping my first born."

Me: So he went around raping children?

"A child's innocence keeps people like him young and strong that's why there was no end to his

madness. We even praised the lord the day he died."

Me: Can I see his pictures or something. I want to see what this monster looked like.

"Sure, let me go get the photo album"

She stood up and went to one of the rooms leaving me to my own thoughts. This man better thank God he's dead because... ugh what am I saying, I'm only in this position because he's dead, I'd probably be his sex doll if he was still alive.

"Here, I took it out of the album, maybe you might it."

She handed over the picture and I just dropped it on the ground and tears started streaming down my face and my body went into shock.

Me: Makhathini?!?!

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Eighty Six.

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Peter

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You don't know me so you have no right to judge me, you don't even have to love me either, I'll love myself for the both of us, just sit down on your sofa, drink lots of water and mind your own business, Oh and remember, people that like other people's business don't have hairlines and have lots and lots of pimples, so be very careful. Listen and listen carefully, I'm in a van being transferred to maximum prison and my plan is working just fine. See all this is a mission going accordingly. I have a gift, an ancestral gift. I can see the past, present and the future and that's the real reason why I worked in prison, I knew I'd find my wife in there somehow, I just didn't know who it was. Right now I plan to save Ofentse from her death because I've been seeing visions of her being eaten by a snake in prison and I need to make sure that when the time comes for that snake to appear I'm already there to protect her, and no, I'm not that snake I've been dreaming about, I can never be that evil. I don't know who the snake is or what it wants from her but I'll make sure that

whatever it is trying to achieve doesn't come to materialise and I plan on being there to protect her. And most importantly to protect my seeds.

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Ofentse

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How do I face the world after what I've just seen? How does one even begin to try and explain such an incident to someone that hasn't even a clue of what's going on? And why is the world so hateful towards me? What have I done that's so wrong? If Makhathini is my grandfather then Mzwandile is my uncle. I've slept and married my uncle and the that alone makes me wanna jump over a bridge and be done with myself. But I can't even afford to commit suicide, that would just be selfish. How do I tell someone that we were raped by the same person? How do I even walk around and keep my head up knowing very well that I'm filthy, that I'm impure,

used goods and an old man's sex kitten? I really need to confront Makhathini and find out what's going on and that's exactly what I'm doing now. I'm on my way to prison and I have nothing but confusion in my brain. Koko gave me this muti that I had to chew all the way and that was the only way I'd get Makhathini to speak the truth or remember his past if he was reincarnated. I driver past when security opens up for me and I walk to the visiting station and wait until he comes out. He walks over and sits down in front of me and I break down and cry.

Makhathini: Are your sins finally eating you up?

Me: Why would you do something like that to me? I was only 5.

Makhathini: What are you talking about, you were as old as you are when we first met.

I take the picture that was given to me of him and I smiling to the camera.

Makhathini: What is this?

Me: That is a picture proving that you know me. Why

did you do it, why did you rape me at such a tender age?

Makhathini started convulsing on the table and he was speaking in multiple voices all at once.

"Ofentse, FeFe nyana wa ntatemogolo. (Grandpa's little FeFe) Did you miss me? Do you want more? Because I can give it to right now, these people can't do shit to me, ask anyone here."

Me: You are one sick old man.

Makhathini: It wasn't sick when you were giggling and moaning on me was it.

Me: I would never!! You raped me.

All of a sudden the room became cold and it felt like everything else paused.

Makhathini: My sister didn't do a good job making you chew that muti, it's not strong enough. And I'll deal with her later, that idiot still messes with me even when I'm still stronger than her. Now let me remind you of how you moaned for my cock... And you call me sick, you naughty little vixen.

Is this man hearing himself mara? What child moans? He even has the audacity to call me a naughty little vixen when I didn't even understand what was going on. Ugh I stand up to walk away but I fall back down when my legs fail to move and I'm rooted on one position, I'm paralyzed. Panic washes over me and I feel myself fading into unconsciousness but I still see what's good on. I close my eyes and keep them shut. I hear a girl giggling saying it tickles and I open my eyes to see who it is and it looks like the younger version of myself taking a bath with grandpa beginning his first stages of pedophilia. He takes me out of the water and lays me on the bed and starts licking and sucking on my innocence and I'm busy fighting this vision trying to come out of it but the stupid vision won't stop, I keep seeing him doing things to my little body until I cry and as he's doing that I see his wrinkles fade and grey hair turn black, what sorcery is this? The more I try breaking free from this vision the more I even feel what he's doing on my actual body. I close my eyes shut when I see him trusting into that little girl and she screams so loud I swear the neighbours heard that. But why

didn't they come help? Why didn't someone come and save that little girl from her misery? I close my eyes and cry silently as I fail to block the visions and spend out of my brain and somewhere somehow I hear someone calling on God and praying and screaming fire and I feel myself drawing a deep breath and blacking out.

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Eighty Seven

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I am waken up by the sound of cattle and fighting chickens. Im in some dark mudlike room and my back hurts like never before. I turn around and look around and I'm around mayonnaise bottles with soil and things inside. Where am I? I get up and walk towards the door then an old woman enters just as I'm about to open the door.

"Ah you're awake." she says in Venda

Me: Where am I?

"You're in Venda. I'm Sandra, Rudzani's grandmother. He asked me to help you."

Me: Well then ma, where is he?

Sandra: he's in jail.

Me: What for?

Sandra: He turned himself in to save you.

Me: Save me from what?

Sandra: Death.

Me: I don't understand.

Sandra: Let me make tea. You need to be nice and warm for this. Come.

We walked outside the mud house only to realise that it's a hut and we walked into a house, it's beautiful, nice and spacious. We made tea and took out some biscuits from a tin then went to sit in the dining room. And drank our tea in silence until she broke it.

Sandra: Rudzani has a gift, a calling. He saw you in

danger and he had to save you and the kids. He turned himself in and got to prison just in time to save your life.

Me: How did he know where I'd be? Why don't I believe this?

Sandra: One of those kids you're carrying has a gift, so he connects with you through her.

Me: Her?

Sandra: You're pregnant with two boys and a girl, the girl is the gifted one.

Me: And how would you know that?

Sandra: I have the same gift.

Me: Next thing you'll be telling me that you saw me coming.

Sandra: I actually did. You meeting Rudzani wasn't a coincidence, it was fate. You and him belong together and nothing can separate that.

Me: Oh wow, you're campaigning for him. Thanks for the tea ma but I have to go, where did you put my car keys?

Sandra. On the counter in the living room.

I walked to the living room, take my car keys and purse then walk out. I find a kid playing outside and I walk past him and get into the car then I hear a knock on the window, it's the kid, maybe he wants sweets. I open the window and look out to find his eyes rolled back into his eyes and he's shaking. "If you don't accept fate you'll be punished dearly. The ancestors don't take well to disrespect. You will be punished... You will be punished" the kid says then walks away to play again, how weird is that. I start my car and drive off.

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Lebogang

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I've been pacing up and down for the past few days, Ofentse has just disappeared from the surface of the earth and that alone is scary as fuck. She's

nowhere to be found, even her car can't be tracked, it vanished. I'm in a warehouse with Sketch and his goons, Michael and Adrian. We have Peter with us and they're beating the answers out of him. He is busy telling us this made up fantasy story about him having an ancestral calling. I also have an alter ego called Sasha Fierce... Let it sink in, Beyonce fans will understand.

Peter: Stop! If you hurt me you Ofentse as well

Sketch: And how's that?

Peter: We're connected. I swear you're hurting her wherever she is. Lebo believe me, I'm telling the honest truth.

"So if I do this" he punches him in the gut " it will hurt Ofentse as well? " Michael asks laughing. Peter coughs and starts chanting asking the "elders" to protect Ofentse and his kids. He's even crying, well whaling like an injured animal and getting louder and louder and then screams no. Somehow Peter got the strength to rip the handcuffs off of himself and broke the legs of the chair then began to try and run

off. Well I'm just stuck and I'm starting to believe his story. Who gets this strong so quickly, unless he's a psycho that believes that he can turn into an animal. He's roaring and kicking the door demanding that we open. I look at Sketch and he's just as shocked as I am and Adrian has stepped back leaving us in the front lines, remind me to ask Plug to fire him. Peter is now on the floor crying and then I see blood coming out of him, is he peeing blood?

Peter: I warned you, I warned you!

Then he lowers his voice. "Ma, Ofentse needs your help, she's at the highway, she's hurt. Please go help her, save her before it's too late." he says in Venda. I don't understand what he's saying, but I heard highway and Ofentse.

Me: So you know where she is!?!?

He ignores me and continues talking to himself in Venda and I walk over to kick him. This time he blocks my attack and look me dead in the eyes. "If Ofentse or my daughter don't make it, their blood is on you." he lets go of my leg and I stumble back

looking at him like he has two heads, what's this one talking about?

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Narration

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A snake was rushing down the streets, rushing to where it smelt blood and it had to get there before anyone else did. It slithered so fast you'd think it had legs to run with. There it was, it's prize possession. It slithered closer to the car but came to a halt when it smelled muti, strong and powerful muti far more powerful than it's masters. It just stood there and watched as Ofentse came out of the car and dropped on the floor. "Master, I can't reach her, they fed her strong muti. She's untouchable." the snake said.

"Useless servant, you're useless!! Waste of powers and reincarnation!" the master set the snake on fire out of anger, he was feelings defeated and he hated

it. That boy will pay for this. He'll pay for taking my meal ticket away, but for so long, I'll just have to use Siya and Lebo for strength the master thought. He started creating a goblin to carry out his mission.

"Lebo and Siya are your only targets. Now go be useful "

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Eighty Eight

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Narration.

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The paramedics rushed a comatose woman into the ER and requested medical attention immediately.

The woman lost a lot of blood and she is pregnant endangering the child. The nurses rushed the woman on the stretcher into theater and began examining her immediately.

"She has a glass cut on her abdomen and also one on her neck." A nurse said.

"Check if the glass or any metal from the car has affected any vital organs and check for infections from the car paint or open wounds. Bring an sonogram so that we can get an ultrasound of the baby to see if it's still alive." the doctor said.

The machines started beeping faster and louder and more nurses rushed in.

"We're losing her..."

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Dee

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I feel weird, something's wrong. I need my mother. I grab my phone and try calling her but she isn't picking up. Most times she picks up after the second ring. I try calling uncle Leb and he also isn't answering. There's a knock on the door and then I go and open and there are two police men and a lady in a suit by the door.

Me: Hello

"Hello young man, is anyone home with you? "

Me: Yes, my grandma and my older brother.

"Can you please call your grandma, we need to talk to her"

Me: Come in, I'll go call her.

I let them in and then I walk to the laundry room to call koko Pat

Me: Koko, the police are looking for you.

Ausi Pat: What for?

Me: Eh, I don't know

Ausi Pat: Eish, those children have better not killed someone's cat again.

She walks out leaving me laughing my butt off at her thinking. Her grandkids kill cats?? I walk back to kitchen and I hear the police man saying that a woman identified as Ofentse Domingos was involved in a car accident and died in hospital. I run to the policeman and slap him. It stings me more

than it affects him and I start kicking and screaming.

Me: YOU'RE A LIAR!! MY MOTHER IS ALIVE AND SHE'LL BE HOME ANY MINUTE NOW, YOU JUST WAIT... DONT LIE ABOUT MY MOTHER LIKE THAT, ITS NOT FUNNY

The other policeman is holding me from attacking this liar and I just hate him. Siya comes downstairs ready for war as well and asks what's going on. Koko Pat is just crying like a fool and the other policeman tells Siya what's going on and he laughs.

Siya: She's alive.

Policeman: We need you guys to come ID the body.

Siya: I'll go.

Me: Me too and don't give me this you're too young nonsense. That's my mother you're lying about.

Ausi Pat: You can't go Dee. Siya will go.

Me: No!! I want to prove that he's lying.

Siya: I'll take pictures.

Policeman: You can't take pictures

Me: Then lets all go. I'll go grab mommy's card and we'll uber there and prove them wrong. I rush upstairs and go grab the card then we head out.

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Siya

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I've never seen a dead person before, but the look on sis fentse's face screams I'm dead. It's true that the body is just a container for the soul because right now, I see no life in her. I only see a pale bloodless body that's ready to rot. Dee is screaming his lungs out begging her to wake up and show them that they're wrong and that she's alive but nothing is happening angering him more. Ausi Pat is just there crying silently while watching Dee struggle to get out of the policeman's grip. I don't know about you but im numb. She might not have been my mother, or biological sister but I loved her, she took me in when my family kicked me out like a dog and all because

the man that murdered my parents went to jail. So much for family. Right now I'm suffering a loss, I lost my only hope for a normal life and a family that won't judge you or blame you when things go wrong. I lost a sister, a mother, a comforter, a listener, a shoulder to cry on and a pillar of strength. When sis Fentse told me her story I only saw a warrior and aspired to be as tough and emotionally strong as she was. I vow to live my life the way I know she'd want me to and I vow to always be my Dee's side no matter what. He's now my brother and my responsibility, I will look out for him the way a brother should and I'll protect him even if it means I'll have to die for him. His mother showed me nothing but kindness and love when I was stubborn and rude and I didn't even have a chance to apologise to her for that. As we are just watching Dee fall asleep on Ausi Pat's lap's like an infant that cried himself to sleep, an old lady walks in chanting in Venda and starts burning incense and applying some green herbs on sis Fentse.

Me: What are you doing?

"Allowing her to rest in peace. Returning ever curse back to its sender" the old woman says. She then puts sticks into Sis Fentse's eyes and mouth and keeps chanting waving the incense over her body.

Me: You can't be doing this to people you don't know.

"I know her, she was carrying my great grandchildren. She was a Gadisi, our future queen, but I guess fate took her and my grandkids from us."

Me: You're the prison guy's grandmother?

"Yes, call me Sandra."

Me: Gogo Sandra is more appropriate, sis fentse will kick me if she.... I mean would kick me if I disrespected you.

This is going to be hard, how does one accept that someone dear to them has passed on? And where's Lebogang when he's needed the most, he hasn't even bothered returning our calls. So much for being a best friend, unavailable in such a time of need

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Eighty Nine

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Three years later.

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Siya

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After sis Fentse passed on I had to man up and take lead. I dropped out of school to use my school fees money to finish up the club and open it to start creating an income. Sis fentse passed on too early for her new will to be active so I had no inheritance and I didn't expect any. Dee's inheritance only works to pay for his fees and buy food and clothes for him. He has to go to court every month to hand in purchasing slips as proof of what he has used the money for and then the bank pays the shop directly instead of giving him cash. Yep, Sis fentse made her will so air tight even the lawyer was sweating when he was reading it. No money goes out without paper trail and if Dee sells his assets they will automatically liquidate and become state owned

charitable assets. So one wrong move and we're out. I've been working my butt off making sure that the club stays afloat so that we can support ourselves far better than this paper trail nonsense and we've been just fine. The club is a hit, I have a drivers license and I'm now completing my matric via Abet correspondence. Dee on the other hand has been trying to drop out but I won't let him. He needs to finish school and make something out of himself. He needs to be better than me, he needs to fulfil sis Fentse's dream of success.

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Dee

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I didn't know if I would survive without my mother but I am, and I will survive. Siya takes good care of me and I also pull my weight around and sell my clothes to make extra cash. As for Lebogang, he can go to hell and the next time I see that punk ass I'll kill

him. That faggot didn't even show at my mother's funeral, so much for claiming to love her. He was just using her for her money and now that she's gone, he disappears too. What a punk. We had to fire koko pat because she started getting real comfortable, living here with her kids like this is her house. I kicked her out with the help of my mother's dear friend Nompilo. She's the only one that listens to me really. She even made the judge rule in Siya's favor when they wanted to take me to Foster care. Imagine being raised my blood sucking, money lovers who will abuse me for my money. Living with Siya is way better than that, and he's no different. He drops out then opens my mom's club, he says it's to help us but I know it's to help him because I'm sorted. But I wouldn't blame him. Imagine living in a gold mine then suddenly having to live in a dumpster. I'd also do the same if I was in his position. Anyway we're using each other. For me he's a ticket out of Foster care and orphanages and for him I'm a shelter and means to an end. Although the club is under my name, his financial contribution made us lawfully equal partners and I'm fine with that. I just

want to move on with my life and forget anything ever happened.

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Narration

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Somewhere deep in the villages walks Lebo and Sketch down the street to his new house.

Sketch: You have to go see them.

Lebo: No, and say what. Hey I'm the reason your mother died. I had Peter beaten up and that caused your mother's accident because I didn't believe him, now they're both dead and I blame myself for everything. Those kids won't forgive me. This is all my fault, I orphaned Dee at the exact same age her mother was orphaned. The only bad part is that I left him with nothing, he has no grandparents, no extra guardian nothing!

Sketch: You're the extra guardian, so stop beating

yourself up and go see them, it's been three years
Leb try going to them and talk to them so that you
can all heal.

Lebo: You know nothing.

Sketch: I know that you're unemployed, you ran
away from reality and you're hiding in a rural area,
hiding from people that probably don't even care
about where you are because they're still trying to
figure out where they're going. They're kids, kids only
understand and listen no matter how crappy the
information is.

Lebo: Not these ones. Let's just drop this. I'm never
going back there and I plan on dying here just to get
what I deserve.

Sketch: So you're punishing yourself? Well if I can't
stop you, I might as well leave you to it them.

Sketch left Lebo who had tears stinging his eyes in
pain. " I'm sorry FeFe, I didn't mean to. " he says
looking at the sky with squinted eyes to protect
himself from the sun's bright light. 'I have nothing, no
cat, no dog, no child, no cash, no job, no life...

nothing, all I have is guilty and regrets. I can't bring her back but I can't let go of her memory. I've been dreaming about her calling me and smiling. I don't know why, but I think she's haunting me. She's trying to make me pay for indirectly killing her.' Lebo thought as he got into the iron house and sat on the floor. He was miserable, he couldn't survive with the guilt eating at him and Peter's voice repeating in his head like a broken record. "If she or the babies die it's on your hands" right now he had five people's blood on his hands, an entire family on his hands and he left only one person behind, and that person is the only reason why he's still alive. Dee needed someone to look after him and he was doing just that but from afar. All he needed to do was to muster up the courage to go and see them after so many years.

[7/15, 12:33] Chapter Ninety

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When a hurricane dies, it leave nothing behind. Nothing but the evidence of permanent distraction. In this case Ofentse, the hurricane left Dee behind, the distraction, see Dee has become something we call an aggressive bulldozer. It's only been nine years since Ofentse's death and Dee has already caused enough havoc to last him a life time. He is an IT first year student at the University of Pretoria and he is already showing promise of graduating with a Magna Cumlaude. The nineteen years old boy has hacked everything including the South African Secret Service. He's so into trying to find out what her mother did to be this rich when she was just a mere lawyer and he was so close to reaching his target. Siya was now a qualified business man and expanded the Domingos Lounge into a franchise and a fashion label. They now have Domingos clothes and underwear with a D logo that has fire wood underneath. He has fulfilled his duty to be successful and he even changed his surname to Domingo's after his "sister" Nqobile tried reaching out to him on TV claiming to be his sister. He only had one sibling and that was Dee.

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"I'm going to see them today. I need to see them. It's been too long." Lebo says. He walks out of his shack and points his pointer to the sky indicating that he's going to town. A taxi stops and he hops on and sits patiently as the taxi drives around the neighbourhood to get more passengers. He gets lost in his thoughts as the taxi is driving around and anticipates how his encounter with the boys will go. He gets to town and gets off to climb a Pretoria east taxi and goes to the burbs. He gets off at valuemart and walks all the way to the house. "I never knew the house was this far away" he thought as he walks to it. He gets to the gate and enters the access code and the door opens, "Hmmm, they didn't change the codes" he thinks out loud. He walks to the door and knocks.

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Lebo: Dee, please, you dont understand.

Dee is holding Lebogang at gunpoint with tears streaming down his eyes. "You killed my mother. Indirectly or not you still killed her. It's your fault I'm a motherless child"

Siya: Dee, you shoot him you go to jail.

Dee: No, not really. My mother was a gang leader and I'm pretty sure her employees would help me if they knew what was good for them. Isn't it Lebogang??

Lebo: How did you know?

Dee: I study IT for a reason. I want to dig out everything about my mother I even found things I shouldn't have and I've called a Skype meeting with Zion Montgomery

Lebo: I don't know who that is.

Dee: You know him as Plug.

Siya: Okay then let Lebo go, he even looks like he's dying and you don't need to finish him off.

Dee put the gun down and walked away. Dee was big, like 1.7-1.8 meters tall and he was buff. He looked like his father more than Ofentse, he was a true Angolan man and that just scared Lebo more, Ofentse's fear of having a son that behaved like his father was manifesting. Dee was a handsome but intimidating young adult and he had no conscience.

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During Skype Plug and Dee where arguing back and forth and then to show that he meant business he shot Lebo in the head to prove his point.

Dee: If you're workers are not here ... no, if my men aren't here in 30 minutes to come clean this house then I'm going to get you all arrested.

Plug: You'll go down with us.

Dee: No, I've already booked a ticket to Cuba, the

only place in the world where the police have no power to arrest me, so don't test me. I fund my mother's information lock and I changed the password. One wrong move and you're all toast.

Plug: I don't know if I should be proud or scared because you're a serious combination of your parents.

Dee: My mother was weak and easily manipulated, I on the other hand am not weak, I was toughened up by life and I'm getting stronger every day. Now come take this bitch loose end and bury it at a dumping site. And tell Sketch that if he gives me problems I know just the man to solve him.

Dee hung up and Siya had backed away so fast and far away you'd think he's the kid in the situation.

Dee: And then? Don't be a wimp, let's start business.

Siya: I want no part in this. The club is fine for me.

Dee: Suit yourself, I'll deal with the underworld. If I knew my mother loved me so much to leave a fully operational gang for me I would have had my way in life a long time ago.

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The End