

# SOUND OF A BULLET

## SOUNDS OF A BULLET

### CHAPTER 1

#### NKAMBABEYIBUZA

“Nkamba,” he extends his hand to mine, and even though I don’t want to shake it, I do. I hate being touched. I’ve always hated it, well, not always, but after moving away from home, I started hating it. I grew up with people that had always been in my space, they never let me breathe, well my aunt to be precise; it has always her, me, and her son. I left, and that’s when I found my freedom, but now? Now being touched makes me miss home. I

hate it, I don't want to go back home. It was never my place to call home. On top of that, I don't really have great memories at home. They treated me as if I were their own, but I fucked it up and caused the death of my mother, so I don't want to go back there. I've been okay away from all of them, I don't need a reminder that I killed my mother.

"Molefe," I say. We take our seats. I'm not taking my eyes off of him. Every blink of his matters to me. He's here to give me a task, whatever task it is that he might be giving me, I know it will make me richer, but I always put my guards up, he might also be here to finish me. I'm not liked by many, so I can't trust anyone. Not that I would allow myself to be killed

by an old man, but being careful won't hurt me.

"I hear you are the best in the game." Just as he says this, a young boy brings us glasses and whiskey. If I wasn't a regular here, I wouldn't drink, but they know better than to cross me. The boy leaves.

I take the small glass that these men drink their most expensive drinks in, I place it on my lips and gulp the content in it, it burns my throat, but I suppress my groan. I don't like alcohol, but I drink it to forget about a lot of things.

"You know I'm the best," I correct his statement. If I wasn't the best, I wouldn't have been called Nkambabeyibuza. My name speaks for itself. Ngonyama wasn't crazy

when he named me  
Nkambabeyibuza.

“It’s a friend of mine that I need you to kill,” he says, giving me more reasons not to trust him. Why the fuck would this old man want to kill his friend? I would die if my friends were to do this shit to me, I wouldn’t even think of killing one of them. They do annoy me, yes, but I would never kill them.

“You mean an enemy that’s kept closer,” I say, that’s the only way to describe his ‘friendship’ with the guy. You can’t possibly want to kill someone who’s close to your heart, Never! I know how to love, I’ve loved before, so I know you don’t kill someone you love... Who’s talking? A person who killed their own mother,

ironic!

“You can say that,” he says. “This is the guy,” he gives me a C4 envelope, I think it has the information about the guy. I’m thankful to him, but I will also do my research on the guy. Whatever I get, I will still kill him, because killing him I will get me money. I’ll open the envelope later.

“How big is the guy?” I can’t kill omasaka, they don’t bring us money. I need money, and a lot of it, and that happens if we kill loaded people, big fishes bring big money. If you want big money uzingela izinja ey’nkulu, imagine waking up and killing someone ozamayo, someone who is just a hustler just like you, it’s just gonna cause bad

lucks on me; I can't risk having greater bad lucks than I have already.

"He's greater than me," now, that's really interesting. He is probably killing the guy because he wants power to himself only. I'm not complaining. What I say most of the time is, if their greediness brings riches, then you should respect it, always. I respect his greediness because it brings me bread on the table. The world without greedy people means poverty for people in my line of work.

"You know how I work, deposit a million in my bank, that's half the price, you'll deposit the other as soon as you hear the news about the man," I say and get up. I believe

that he called me because he knows how I operate, he did his background check on me.

Whatever it is that we discussed here is over, until I get the deposit of 7 figures in my bank account. I walk out.

I get to my car, and lock it. It's nothing big, just a black 325i, I fell in love with this car from the sixth grade. The choice of my car has nothing to do with the kind of work I do, it's just love. This car is my sweetheart, I love it just like I love pussy, if not more.

I open the file that he gave to me. The first two pages, I don't go through because I know it's basic information. It tells me about who the man is, his family, and where he

lives; I can look for that myself. I get to his pictures.

Wait, wait, wait! This man... This man is Lihle Bhengu! I hit the steering wheel thrice! Shit, how the hell am I supposed to kill my father, well, my sperm donor?

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## CHAPTER 2

### SAMKELWE 'SAMMY' KHOZA

26 years, and I have nothing concrete to my name. Well, besides my father's name, Sanele Khoza. My father is a business man, he has made a good name for himself, he has a marketing business; he works with people who have a huge



number of followers in the social platforms, they help promote other people's businesses, and they get a fee, he also has restaurants that he thinks we are totally unaware about. He surely interacts with people who have cars, but he never mentions me to them. He said he's giving me ten years, only 6 years to get my business up and running, I'm already on the second year, and there's nothing blooming.

People think that when you have parents that have made a name for themselves, everything you do goes smoothly, or rather, you get more opportunities than others, I wish it was like that. I wish I had those opportunities.

I'm a mechanic, I have my own

panel beater– I got the capital from my father, it was a loan, I'm paying him off– but I have no customers, its name is Mkhathini beatings.

As soon as I got my degeee, I worked at another company for two years, just to gain experience, and then after those two years, I asked my father to help me start my own company. He said that It would be a loan and I would have to pay him back, and even though I'm struggling, I make sure to give him his money.

I have two brothers that I have almost no relationship with, Simphiwe is 5 years older than me, and Ncophelo is 4 years younger than me. Out of all is, I don't know who'll take care of his businesses

after he's retired because none of us are interested in his field of work.

Simphiwe finished his internship 3 years ago, he also did his community service, now he's a full medical doctor, 31 and and a doctor, no wife, not even a child; he doesn't seem interested getting them. Ncophelo's life is at the rank. He left school in grade 11 and went to the rank, he's just living his life carelessly; my father tries keeping him in line, but of course he has MaVilakazi as his mother.

Well, she's also my mother who never really pays attention to me, I don't have a relationship with her, at all. We just coexist. Even at school, my father would be the one to show up in meetings, she was never

interested, it's funny because I'm her only daughter, but she puts her energy more in her son's than me. I used to cry about it, but now I'm okay.

It's only my father that's presently present in my life, the other are just there because they don't have a choice.

Anyway, back to my business, I only have 2 employees, Senzo and mam' Mariam. Senzo is a mechanic too, and mam' Mariam helps do the cleaning.

I have only them because I can't afford having other employees, I only get four to six clients in a month, all that money goes to them, my employees. My life is depressing, my father doesn't even try to help

market my business, he has clients and rich friends, but he doesn't tell them about me, sigh.

"Suister, it's late now, I'm heading home." Senzo says, peeping from the door.

"Uhambe kahle," I tell him to go well.

"Thank you, are you not leaving?" I shake my head no. I'll leave in a few minutes.

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I just parked my car in the garage. I had to force myself to drive home, because amongst all the other stresses I have in my life, my mother is always on my neck, I hate sharing a room with her, even though I live in her house.

My luck is bad, she's in the Kitchen, cooking. My mother loves being in the kitchen, she just enjoys cooking. We have helpers, but they don't cook, cooking I'd only for her.

"You should take your father's offer and work under him," she says when I get in. I just got in, she's not greeting or asking how my day was.

"Hey, ma," I say and sigh before I take a seat on the high chair. I'm tired, tired of doing nothing.

"Are you fine?" I nod my head.

Anything I say will be used against me. "Your shoulders were slumped when you got here," she says.

"No, they were not, you are just exaggerating." She shrugs and continues cooking.

"If you say so,"

I hear a car pulling out, it's definitely my father. Ncophelo doesn't have a car, and he spends most of his nights at Simphiwe's.

"Daddy Sah," I say. He smiles at me, and kisses my cheek.

"Mehlo," I roll my eyes. My eyes are big, but not that much, My eyes and theirs are the same size. He goes to his wife, they share a kiss. Honestly, despite my relationship with my mother, they are my role models, the way they love each other even after more than 31 years is so fascinating to me. They met when my mom was 15, my father was 16, after 3 years, she got pregnant of Simphiwe, and here they are still standing, they are perfect.

"Mkami," He says. She blushes.

“Baba, how are you?” She asks him.

“I’m good thank you, it smells so divine in here,” she says.

“I’m cooking your favorite meal, uphuthu nosu.” She’s cooking tripe and pap.

“I’m going to take bath, I’ll be back,” I say. They don’t pay attention to me. Mom is telling my dad about her day, he’s attentively listening. I want a husband like my father.

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#Unedited

CHAPTER 3

LUNELUTHANDO 'NKAMBABEYIBUZA'  
BHENGU



24 hours, 240 minutes, and 40 seconds have passed, and I'm still undecided; this guy has given me 4 days, and I'm on to the second day. Kiillong him should be easy because him and I don't have a relationship, heck he doesn't even know that I exist, even though I use his surname, uBhengu. Growing up, I had so many questions as to why I used a different surname to my family, my fathercwas not even present, but I didn't vocalize those questions until I turned 17. I was a quiet child, I still am quiet, so I didn't question a lot of things; I didn't believe that things couldbe fixed by talking, a fist is what worked for, and that got me expelled at school, part of the reason why mom ended up dying.

Now, I don't get into fights, if something pisses me off, then I choose to walk away, unless it's pure disrespect.

MaVusana, my friend van toeka tot nou, was a stoner back in the days, I stayed away from weed but on my 17th birthday, I took a puff, and a puff led to me smoking the whole thing which made me high as fuck, I took sips of Vodka and went home. That day, I felt like a man, that I would get anything I wanted, I would ask anything and nobody would tell me shit. I got home to my mother and aunt eating supper, Sthabile—my cousin, who's 15 years younger than me— was already asleep, I leaned on the door and watched them.

"Your eyes are so small, what were you doing?" My mother, with a soft tone, asked. I looked at her and burst into laughter.

"I don't question anything you do, why do you question me?" I asked. You know, that year, things were not going well for me, it was yhe year that I got expelled at school, and despite that I always respected my elders, but that day, that day... I was influenced by weed and alcohol.

"Thando!" My aunt's tone was very cold and stern, I didn't care.

"Aii, leave me alone and go look for your babydaddy." Honestly, I still wonder who my cousin's father was. My aunt is only 4 years older than me, i regarded her as my sister so I kept on wondering and wondering.

"I'm done with your son, sisi!" she said and left.

"Lunele." That name she was using! She was trying to soften and brush me off, I had none of it.

"Thando is my name, who is my father? Were you a prostitute?" I asked, till this day, I regret asking her that question! It killed her.

I've just freshened up, I'm going to MaVusana's Corner, just to unwind. If this was 6 years ago, when I was still under Ngonyama, I'd be at the hostel asking for strategies or some remedies that would make me forget that I'm human just so I can end my father's life. But unfortunately for me, I had a fallout with Ngonyama, so I had to move out, and make a name for myself.

I've managed to buy myself a house in a quiet area in Randburg i love the quietness of this area, I hate disorganized places, that's why I chose being here.

I have most material things that would make a man proud of himself, a car, a house and but I lack a lot of things that make a man complete and content: family, warmth, and peace.

MaVusana's Corner is in Soweto, it's an eatery and a carwash. I leave my car with the boys while I get inside. God loves me, Thubelihle is the one who serves me. I'm leaving with her. "Thando," she greets and takes a seat, hawu, where is my food? "Hey Thuba, are you good?" "I'm good," she says. I nod and hit

the tip of my fingers on the table.

"What?" She asks sweetly, raising her drawn brow.

"You are beautiful." She giggles and looks away. I don't know whether I should say she's my girlfriend or what, but we have a thing going on, it started off as a no-strings-attached, but right now, I can tell that she's starting to attach her feelings. I, on the other hand, have started to care a lot about her.

"You are making me blush, I'm at work." I laugh, she's full of jokes. "I should go back to work, Thabo will serve you," she says.

"MaVusana is my friend, he'll understand." she rolls her eyes.

"I work for money, even if Jr understands, he'll minus today," she

says. What the hell? I thought he and I were friends.

"He does that?" I'm shocked, really.

"Yes, but i understand, it's business, you can't mix I with pleasure."

"How much do you make per hour?" I ask. "Hhay yeka, I'll ask u-Vusi, he'll tell me," she laughs, great!

My car is spotless, my stomach is full, what more can a guy ever ask for? I'm outside waiting for Thube to get her handbag and her uniform, she's going home with me, there's some snagging needed.

"Nangu Mina, here I am,"she says and we walk to my car, on the way to my car, I see a police car entering, I quickly her by her waist and kiss her, I'm avoiding these policemen, they could be looking for

me for all I know. The Corner of my eye catches them climbing off their, it's u-Magubane and his colleague, he's on our payroll, so it can't be that he's looking for me.

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## CHAPTER 4

### NARRATED

They are driving home, Luneluthando and Thubelihle. She's quietly looking outside the window, he wants to ask what it is that's wrong, but he doesn't want to overstep boundaries. She never bothers him when he's going through a lot.



He's looking forward to having sex, but if she's not okay, he'll let it pass, he doesn't want to be classified as a rapist. His dick can wait until she gets her emotions right.

He parks on the driveway because he might have to drive her back home. They both climb off and head inside.

"Do you want me to cook?" She asks. "No, if you are not hungry don't cook," he tells her. She nods and tells him that she's going to bed, yho no sex for him, being him is really hard.

He is watching the view of this hood and the neighbouring hoods from the balcony. It's dark, and the streetlights are lit, the view is beautiful, this view is more beautiful than that of the sunset, even sunrise

doesn't match up to this one, although he loves it more.

As he's still enjoying watching cars move, lighting up the streets, and the air breeze hitting his face, he feels soft hands wrapping around his torso.

"Come to bed, Thando," she says. She's one of the few people who use his name. People call him Nkambabeyibuza, even his bestfriend uMaVusana doesn't call him Thando.

"Are you okay?" he asks, turning to face her. Well, he's overstepped the boudary he was trying so hard not to overstep. She nods her head.

"I need you to touch me," she says. Well, for that, he's always ready. He cups her chin just so he can make

her short self face him. Her eyes are shimmering, she's falling in love; that's what he doesn't want. He doesn't love her like that, he just cares. He can never be able to be the man that she wants, a perfect man that has marriage in his plans. "I told you not to fall in love, Thuba," he says. She wraps her arms around his neck and pulls his face closer to hers, his lips and hers make contact, she sucks on his lower lip like her life depends on it. Her hand travels to underneath his pants, they find his cock, it's growing hard. It twitches, he groans. She's never shy to get what she wants.

His hand travels to her butt and squeezes it, portable. He breaks the kiss and leaves traulmto her neck

and starts ducking on it. She's moaning softly.

He wants to take her here on the balcony, no one will see them. She's not that much of a freak, but she agrees to have sex on the balcony, while the air breeze hit them.

He rushes to the bedroom and takes a pillow for her comfort. He places it on the floor before he pulls her back to his arms and kiss her. His hand gets in-between her panties, she's wet and ready to take him in.

Slowly and carefully he makes her lay on the floor, he adjusts the pillow underneath her. Her legs are spread widely, she's dark skinned so her lips and the insides are pink. He doesn't think he can do foreplay, also he never attaches his feelings into his

sexual intercourses.

He slides his cock inside her. He pushes right in up to her core.

“Shhh,” he says. She purses her lips into a thin line, to avoid making noise. He grabs her waist and starts thrusting in and out of her. She wraps her legs around his trunk as he start pounding in her. “Right there, babe!” Babe? He doesn’t mind it, and continues slamming hard on her. Her walls are getting swollen, they start twitching and grabbing his dick hard, he stops and pulls out, she’ll make him cum quicker than he wants to.

“Don’t do that, Thuba,” he says. His voice husky and lowered. He pushes in again and resumes, he moves in a circular motions. Her eyes roll to

the back and her legs leave his torso, as they start trembling, he doesn't stop pounding on her. He turns her and makes her bend over, her ass is up on the air, he wants her from behind. Her low moans become cries of pleasure.

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They went to bed very late, without taking a bath, they just wiped the cum off them and went to bed.

He wakes up and looks around, Thuba is not in bed. He goes to the bathroom and takes a bath.

Thubelihle has long woken up, she's taken a bath. She's in the Kitchen, and making breakfast, he assumes. He takes a quick shower and takes

his already-ironed formal clothes, he takes them to the dry clean so they are always ready to be worn. Today, he's going to Suncity prison, to see one of his friends in there. He believes that a person is not a true law-breaker if they don't have connection inside prison.

"Hey," she's already set the table for breakfast, the who'll marry her is lucky.

"Good morning," she gives him the best smile. He takes a seat. He should be at Suncity by 10am, he just wants advice from Martinez. He suspects that, no scratch that, he knows that Molefe knows that Bhengu is his father. He is basically the younger version of uBhengu, he has every feature his father has. He

stalks everything about his father, he knows that uBhengu is still married, and has four daughters and no son. The two older girls are already married and living with their husbands, and the younger ones are still at school. So he's a middle child and also the only boy from his father. Molefe definitely is up to something, maybe he's working with someone, they are trying to test his loyalty in the association. So he wants Martinez to confirm, and give him advice, but he doesn't want to kill his father, it will put a lot of things at stake. But, not killing him will mean that there will be war.

"Thank you for breakfast, bekumnandi," he compliments the food. She made him an English



breakfast, it's not something he likes, but he appreciates every food.

"Thank you," she says and smiles.

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## CHAPTER 5

### SAMKELWE 'SAMMY' KHOZA

Love.

I didn't really know what it was, I stayed away from boys, until two years ago, when I saw uSipho. And I thought I should give it a try, and explore what it was. I was attracted to him because was so much similar to me, we had the same likes and dislikes, basically him and I had a lot of things in common; but when

I finally got into a relationship with him, I discovered a whole lot of new things. I got to know about people who claim to love and care you but would never say that they love you in your eyes. I always expected him to say it, I had hope that he would say it, one day, all be needed was time. But up to this day he's never said it.

Sipho is an emotionally unavailable person to people, he just doesn't care about whatever happens to him or people around him. The only thing that I've seen him openly love is his profession. And that's the only thing I know about him, that he's a 30 year old Engineer, and electrical one though; I don't know about his family, whatsoever. To me he's just

Sipho Khumalo the electrician.

I don't know if I'm allowed to call him my boyfriend, because what kind of boyfriending is this thing he's doing? I thought that people who had the same interest in common things were compatible, clearly what I thought were lies.

Man, I don't even think that he knows anything about me; what my favorite color is; what I love with all my heart, he doesn't know anything about that. We speak once a week, or never in a week. Today I'm with him, we are both watching TV in silence.

"Sipho Khumalo, do you think that you and I are still in a relationship?" I ask, turning to face him.

"Yes, we are," he says. I've fallen out

of love, I just haven't had the strength to tell him, but today? Today I have strength greater than the Fantastic Five altogether. I'll tell him.

"When last did you even touch me, Sipho?" I ask him.

"Where is this coming from? I thought you and I were okay," he says.

"Well, maybe you are okay, but I'm not Sipho. We've been dating for 1 year, but we've only had sex 6 times. You never kiss me when we have sex, you take a bath immediately after we have sex, like I don't have a nice smell, you make me cum and feel like shit right after, Don't you think I also want to lie on your chest after having sex?" he blinks, no his

eyes won't work on me, they just won't.

"I thought you were okay Sthandwa sami," he says. It's the first time he's calling me his love. I'm over it, I'm over him. I can't yearn for some of my family members to love me and also yearn for my boyfriend to love me, it just doesn't make sense. I get up, I'm leaving. My heart sinks when I turn to look at him. His eyes are bloodshot red.

"Please don't leave me," he begs. I wouldn't leave if the love I had for him had still existed, but, right now, the love is gone. "I love you," his voice is shaky. I don't turn to look at him. My heart is getting heavier though.

I take a deep breath in when I get to my car, what the hell just happened? Tears are burning my eyes. I need a friend, or somebody to talk to. So I out my phone and call Zinhle, my only friend.

“Babe?” I sniff back my tears. “Are you crying?” She asks.

“No, can I come over?”

“Yeah, sure, you can come. But will you be able to drive?”

“Yes, I think I can,” my hands are shaky.

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LUNELUTHANDO ‘NKAMBABEYIBUZA’  
BHENGU

Walking in these corridors is something that still scares me, I

know that there's a possibility of me spending my whole life here, and that scares the shit out of me. I've been here multiple times. I was arrested three times, the first time was when I was still doing arm robberies, I was still 21 at that time, that's when I learned that if you are arrested and don't have protection from the inside, you don't sleep for three days, because if you do, you'll die; I stayed for three months and I was let go. The second and the third time, I didn't even spend two days. I have three packets of cigarettes in my arms, I'll hand it over to Fernández Martínez, he'll make a living for himself here inside.

I sit on the visitor's chair and wait for Martínez. After 2 minutes or so, he

comes in, chained, and sits opposite me.

“Lunel,” he doesn’t want to stop calling me Lunel, he thinks it’s a good thing to butcher my name.

“Fernández,” I say. It’s not fair that I perfectly call his name.

“I see, you haven’t gotten a wife,” he says. He believes that when you don’t have a wife, you become bitter. I chuckle and shrug. Life doesn’t revolve around women, it revolves around what’s beneath their panties.

“I’m not here for that, man, I am here for something serious, a friend of my father has ordered a hit on my father, and he wants me to specifically do it,” I tell him.

“Your father is rubbish, I think I’ve



heard you say that quite a few times.” Just because he has a great English accent, he thinks he can say shit to me about my father.

“Of course he is, to me though, not to old men who can’t even construct a sentence.” When my mother told me that she indeed was a prostitute, she was on her death bed. She started having health issues when I confronted her about the issue of my father and about her being a prostitute. She told me that my father wasn’t he regular customer, infact she was recommended to him by his friend. Apparently, he was having problems in his marriage, so he wanted to unwind, and the perfect place to unwind was between my mother’s thighs.

She got pregnant, and when she told him about it, he denied paternity because she slept with a lot of men, why him? This is probably why I look so much like him. The small gap between my teeth, our bracketed legs, the dark skin, it's all from him. And this is why I call him rubbish, he denied me. But, to be honest, I don't blame him, if I were him, I would have probably done the same.

"You love your old man?" Me and love in the same sentence? Never! All my love went with my mother.

"No, I just care about his daughter's," I say. He laughs, throwing his head back. I really don't know why I am here.

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## CHAPTER 6

### LUNELUTHANDO 'NKAMBABEYIBUZA' BHENGU

Fernández and I had a conversation, and he confirmed that I'm being trapped, or, rather, tested. I mean, what are the odds? There's no way that a person can look at me and Bhengu wut the same eyes and not think that we are somehow related, it's just impossible. So, I believe that Molefe is crossing me and trying to test my capabilities, but why would he do that? I mean he's not even part of umthe association, so it can't be that he's working alone.

But now, I'm not sure what would be the best decision between having my father kept alive for my sisters not to be heartbroken and killing him for money. I still need to think everything through. Not killing him would mean that I will have to go back home, a place I last stepped when I was 18, after my mom's funeral. I take care of them, but I don't visit, aunt always asks when I'm coming home, and I've managed to come up with an excuse, every time, for the past 15 years. It seems like I can't do anymore running because well, I have to protect them from my enemies that I don't even know.

Tomorrow is the last day I have, I need to make everything work

otherwise I'm fucked, fucked for life. I'm driving, but I'm not driving home, I'm driving to Bhengu's house, it's only 5pm, I hope he'll be home when I get there.

The security guards don't give me much of a problem because I am Bhengu's son who last came home he was 20. His house is big and beautiful, I clap for every black man who's done well for himself and his family. I will clap for Bhengu too, what he's done for himself is impressive, I wonder why he's got only one car when he has so much money. I knock once I reach the door, and I am let in by Zinhle, she's the one that comes after me.

"Hhaybo!" She exclaims.

"Sawubona," I greet, politely.

“Who are you?” She’s forward this one.

“I’m here for your father, is he home?” I ask. She nods and lets me in, she doesn’t let me breathe though, she’s questioning me. She’s asking if I’m their cousin, because I look so much like them, she’s funny.

“Yeah I’m your cousin, but I’m here for a different reason,” I half lie.

“Please let him know that Luneluthando is here,” I say. She walks off after nodding. I hear a knock on the door.

“It’s my friend, please get it!” She yells. I’m also a guest here, she shouldn’t take advantage of the fact that I look like her. This doesn’t mean I’m family. I sigh and do what she asked me to do, opening the door

for her friend.

Woahhh... What am I seeing? u-  
Shorty? My heart is rolling drums, as  
to why, I don't know the fuck why.  
Why does she have to look at me  
dead in the eyes. Her eyes are teary  
and bloodshot. I hold the stare she's  
challenging me into, until she drops  
her eyes. It was hard, but I made it.  
"Sawubona," I greet her. She fiddles  
with her fingers. She's probably shy  
because she's been crying.

"Yebo bhuti," she says. Her voice is  
sweet. "Can I come in?" Oh fucking  
God! I quickly shift and let her in.  
She's so short, it's funny. I watch as  
she walks inside.

"Are you here to look at my  
daughter or for me?" He asks,  
leaning on the wall. I'm shocked!

“What? What do you mean she's your daughter?!” I know everything about him. Why the fuck didn't I know about her?

“She's my daughter's friend, also my friend's daughter; so she's basically my own daughter.” Thank God, she doesn't have my DNA. “And then wena, who are you? And why do you look like me?” Well, because you had unprotected sex with my mother, that's why.

“Because there are things that I need to discuss with you,” I say and retrieve my gun and cock it. “Let's go somewhere private.” He doesn't look shaken, it's like he knows that I'm not capable of killing him, and that annoys me. What if he's in on this too? I can only hope he's not. He



tells me to follow him.

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SIPHO KHUMALO

He feels like a failure. He failed to keep the last thing that kept him sane, Samkelwe. At first, it wasn't love, it was just something that kept his mind occupied, a person that made him forget abouts who he really was, a son of a murderer and rapist. When time went by, he started catching feelings, by the time he realized he had fallen in too deep.

She's gone and she's probably not coming back to him, and like a coward that he is, he has to accept

it. He never sees himself begging someone to stay anymore. He's done that a lot in the past. Whether he's in the right or not, he's not begging.

He begged his mother to leave his father because he would beat her to a pulp, and rape her every night in his presence; but she didn't, and now she's gone. Gone and never coming back. That monster he called a father killed her, he looked into her eyes, with his manhood buried deep inside her, his hands were wrapped around her neck, he was choking her. Blood oozing from her mouth, she begged him to stop until she took her last breath. He was watching them killing each other, that eventful night stained his

innocent brain. He could have done something, but his father would have overpowered him.

After killing his mother, his father buried her in their backyard, and then after 2 weeks, he killed himself too, he couldn't live with the guilt. They left him at 8, lonely with no one to look after him.

He still went to school, sometimes he would sleep with nothing in his stomach, and when he felt too hungry, he'd go to a dumping site, he always knew that he'd find something there. He then promised himself that he would study and work hard to get money, he did, but it was not enough to make him forget.

He knows that he has faults, there are so many, but she also didn't

want to hear his side, she just wanted to leave, and so she did and he let her even though it hurt him. He had started to love her, he'd fallen deeply in love with her.

He took a nap after she left, now he's getting up and driving to the nearest eatery, he's damn hungry... and hurt. Also, he just wants to drink his pain away.

He's driven for over 2 hours, and he still hasn't found a place that suits his character, quiet but busy. He searches on Google, and finds that MaVusana's Corner is the nearest eatery to him, he puts it on his GPS and drives there. It doesn't take him less than 20 minutes for him to get to the place. It's too Kasified, but he thinks he'll manage. He gets

ushered to his table by a girl called Thubelihle.

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#Unedited

## CHAPTER 7

SAMKELWE KHOZA

I didn't know that Zinhle had a brother that is scarred, by just one look, you can tell that their father's son. His face is full of scars, no it's not scars, izingcabo. Izingcabo are facial incision that is made in order to protect a person. He looks scary, his aura is heavy. It might be because he is a traditional man, I'm assuming he is because of his incisions.

But he looks glddamn fine. His not as dark as his aura, I'm still scared of him though, I don't wish for a one on one encounter with him.

"I have ice-cream for you," ahh, she knows me this one. She gets in bed with two spoons, the ice-cream is still in its container. "So tell me, what happened?" She asks. I sigh, I'm done crying, but if I continue to talk about this, I might cry again. I narrate to her that I finally broke up with Sipho.

"At least now he knows that you don't love him now, you've set him free," she says, trying to console me. "He looked so hurt." I can't erase his sorry face from my mind, he wanted to cry, but I left, I tried yo turn a blind eye.

“He’ll be fine, and he’ll understand one day,” I nod my head, and take spoonful of ice-cream. We eat and chat the night away.

“You don’t say, you have a brother?” She laughs.

“I just found out, imagine, he said he is my cousin, but I know sure that he’s lying because we don’t have any extended family.”

“How do you feel about that?” I ask her.

“It would be nice having you another male figure at home, anyway, how’s Sims?” She has a crush on that serious brother of mine, sometimes I think the real reason for our friendship was because of her crush on my brother.

“I don’t know how he is, you know my

situation with my brothers.” We are not obsessed with each other, everyone is freely living their lives. “You should give me his numbers, my husband to be,” she says. I laugh, this girl!

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THUBELIHLE

This man here is super drunk, I don't even know why he'd drink Johnny Walker from the bottle; he might die because of heavy drinking. People drink for all the wrong reasons, they don't drink because they want to have fun, they drink because they want to forget about their problems, and that's totally wrong. He's too



formal for such, he doesn't even look like someone who likes alcohol.

"Can I have another bottle!" he unnecessary shouts, I'm right in front of him, I don't get why he's shouting.

"No, sir, it's too late, you need to get a transport or someone to take you home," I say, politely.

"Me? I have no one! No one loves me, I'm just a thing that people use to get over their loneliness, and then they discard me like a uses tissue!" He's drunk, his voice tells me that he is.

"You need to go home," I say and leave him mumbling things to himself. He's the only customer left here, I don't know what will happen to him if I decide to leave him here, alone.

“Hey yellow girl!” He yells, sigh.

“What do you want, bhuti?” I’m annoyed, honestly.

“Please serve me food,” he ate before he drank, he should be full, but guess what, he’s not.

“There’s no food left here, sir,” I say. I also need to go home and call my grandmother toremund her to take her pills, but he is not intending to go home.

“What do you mean there’s no food? I’m a paying customer here, I want food,” he says. They say alcohol brings out the real you, is this the real him? When he came in here, he was polite. I ignore him and try to call MaVusana, the owner, but he’s not picking up. He’s scarce these days, if he’s here, he’s holding

creepy meetings with old Zulu men,  
aii!

I call an Uber, I don't have a choice,  
I'll ne taking this man home, I can't  
leave him here because they'll put  
him out, God knows what the Pharas  
will do to him!

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LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

Bhengu is so unbothered by what I  
told him. He's sipping his whiskey,  
quietly, and staring at me like he's  
trying to read me.

"Why do you have multiple  
incisions?" If he were to see my  
back, he'd faint.

"It's protection, it's crucial for me to

do rituals before and after I take a life,” I say. He clears his throat and nods.

“Are you sure you don’t want a drink?”

“No, I don’t like alcohol,” I drink it here and there, but I don’t like it because it has had a bad impact and influence on me.

“I see. How old are you?”

“Eyy man, Bhengu, I’m not here for that, I’m here to you about your friend who’s out for your blood,” I say. He’s frustrating me because he seems like someone who doesn’t care, at all, about his life. I care about his life more than him.

“If I’m meant to die, then I’ll die,” he says. Okay, I’m done.

“Goodbye bab’ Bhengu.” I’m not here

as his son that he denied, I'm just here to give him a friendly warning. I'm leaving now. "Bhengu please protect your wife and children, there's war coming, bullets will be flying and we don't know who they might land to," I say and turn to leave. He doesn't say anything. I've never seen such an unbothered person like this in my whole life. I mean I just told him that a person he considers his friend ie not his true friend, he just stared at me z And changed the subject, I'm shocked!

I'm on my way to Molefe, he'll tell me who it is that he's working with.

Kevin, my guy, has given me all the information I need about him, om just hoping that he'll be willing to

cooperate. Otherwise, kuzoqhuma  
inhlamvu.

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## CHAPTER 8

### LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA BHENGU

I'm in Molefe's home. I need answers to my questions, I want to know if Bhengu is working with him or not. Had I connected the dots before yesterday, I would have gotten Kevin to investigate it, but I was too slow. His wife and daughter are said to be in Cape Town, I don't have connections that side, but Kevin does, so there's someone who's

watching them. Also, I've already duplicated Molefe's number, so if he tries to act smart, I already know that I can call whoever is precious to him with his number; and that is, his daughter, Naledi.

I'm glad there are no guards here, it lessens the work for me. His house is beautiful too, I don't see the reason why he'd want to kill Bhengu, because his name is big too.

I knock and wait for him to let me in. The door opens. He frowns upon seeing me.

"Ya, sawubona Molefe," I greet him. "Dumela moshemane," he greets back in seSotho, he lets me in. I am looking around as I walk in, this is a home, it's warm; it's just proof that he has a loving wife.

“Are you done with the work?” He knows I’m not, if I was, I wouldn’t have came face to face, I would have called him and let him know.

“Cha, I’m not doing it,” I say and take off my jacket. “I’m here to talk to you,” I tell him.

“Oh? Alright we can go to my study,” he says and leads me to his big study. I’m wondering hoe much money he spent for this house.

“Can I get you something to drink?”  
Oh hell no!

“No, thank you.” I say after taking a seat. He sits opposite me ams stares at me.

“I’ve paid you half the money, an you haven’t done the job, how incompetent are you?” I laugh, a full content laugh, my stomach even



hurts from laughing. I don't remember the last time I laughed like this.

"The problem here, wena baba uMolefe is that I am the one who came to you, so I'm the only one allowed to ask any questions here," I tell him.

"Oh, so what are you here to ask?" He's so unbothered, like my father was when he saw me, and it pisses me off.

"Who paid you, Molefe?" He fakes confusion. I may respectful to my elders, but all that flies out the window when a person makes me a fool, I am not a fool.

"Cha, I'm asking because you are setting me up, even a blind man would be able to tel that the man

you want me to kill is my father. So, I don't have enough time, I need to know who you are working with." He laughs.

"You figured it out? That was too slow," he gets up and heads to the mini bar in his office. Damn, I'm really inspired by him, I don't even have a study in my house. He pours himself a whiskey and comes back to me, he takes a little sip.

"I need you to tell me who you are working with," I say.

"And what make you think I would do that?" I could be home, sleeping right now, but I'm here and answering this old man's questions when I told him that it is only me that's allowed to ask questions. I look at this man who is quarter to

death.

“I have your daughter and your wife with me, so please don’t you dare try to cross me, I’ll kill them,” I tell him. He doesn’t say anything, yho I’ve never been disrespected like this, my whole assassinating life! He keeps on possing me off, even though I’m not in the mood of being pissed today, I have a lot of things to do in a short space of time, so I’m reallynot in the mood. I retrieve my gun and cock it, without any warning, I shoot his arm. He groans, I’m not done. I shoot the next one. I love the sounds of bullets leaving a gun, once I start shooting, I don’t want to stop, it fuels my adrenaline.

“What the fuck?” He says.

“I asked you politely, again and

again, but you didn't want to cooperate," I say this, with my phone pressed up to my ear, I'm calling his daughter.

"Why the fuck did you shoot me?"

"You are using vulgar language khehla!" He's groaning in pain.

'Ntate?' Her voice comes to the speaker, it's trembling. I wonder why.

"Hello nana, I'm with your father, here, he's just been shot, there's a man in a black car waiting for you, he'll drive you home," I say.

"I'm already in the car with him," hawu? That's great. I work with people who are competent, unlike me.

"Don't get in that car, Naledi!" It's a pity I've already hung up when he finishes his sentence.

“Now, it’s time for you to sing baba, I have your wife and daughter, I am pretty sure that I don’t need to call her up,” I say.

“Please let my daughter live, it was Ngonyama.” He says in pain. I should have known!

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THUBELIHLE MADONSELA

He’s been telling me that he has no one in this world. There’s just a lot he’s been saying that didn’t make sense, I just looked at him and nodded because that’s what he wanted to hear; assurance from Mr. that I understood him.

I took a risk. I called an Uber and took him home with me, I took a

stranger home.

I checked his wallet, his name is Sipho Khumalo, and he's 30 years old, he looks younger than 30 though; I thought he was my age, 25, but I guess some people age well.

He's been asleep since we got here, it's been over 3 hours since we got home and I can't even fall asleep. My mind is filled with Luneluthando, I miss him; tomorrow I'm going to see him.

"Yho!" I hear him say, and then he groans. I thought he'd be out of it till tomorrow morning, if not midday.

"Where am I sisi? Am I in the hospital?" I shake my head no. Is my room that dull that it looks like a hospital ward?

“No, you are in my bedroom, in my bed.” I’m really offended.

“Oh, sorry. And you are?”

“Thubelihle. You were too drunk, I couldn’t let you drive, so I thought that I should take you home with me.

“Oh, thank you,” he says. “Am I allowed to sleep over?” His hand is on his head, he must be having a headache.

“Yes, can I get you painkillers?”

“Yes please, and thank you.”

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## CHAPTER 9

LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

"So, who approached who first, was it you, or Ngonyama?" I ask him. His answer will determine if he lives or dies, I'm trying to be a good samaritan by asking this question, if I was a heartless person, I'd be killing him right away.

"I approached him, and he referred me to you because he wanted to prove that you are not trustworthy to the association, so we helped each other," he says, he's still groaning in pain.

This one is not stupid, stupid is him. If I were him, I would have lied about my intentions of killing uBhengu, but unfortunately I am me, and he is him. He thinks honesty will save him; I love honest people, but his honesty pisses me off right now.



"Well, that's also okay, but I'm sorry, Molefe, you have to go and meet your forefathers, I can't let you live and kill my father," I say and smile at him. I lift his face and make him face me. I want the last person he sees before he dies to be me. I want him to know that I'm the one who killed him. I place the gun directly at his head. I'll shoot, and once I shoot, every piece of his head will become mince. I'm willing to see that, I've seen the worst scenarios. His eyes are pleading, I don't care.

"From me, Nkambabeyibuza, to you, Molefe, Goodnight," I say and pull the trigger. Just like I had said, part of his head is now minced on the floor. I have to clean up.

I call MaVusana and tell him to get me men that will clean up here, there are other things I need to do, he should get his trusted men.

"Send the location, bafo," he says.

"Yeah, I'll send it, please make sure they are here by 10pm, there are other things I should be attending," I tell him.

"Alright, sharp bafo," he says and hangs up.

I need to go to that old man that is Molefe's shadow, Ngonyama. He was my mentor, someone I trusted with my whole life.

I was still doing armed robberies when I met him, he introduced me to ukunquma abantu. I was still young at that time, so it was easy for me to be manipulated. R10k a

gig was enough for me, I didn't even care that he would take some of my money, as long as he didn't give me gigs that would require me to kill women. What broke us apart was fact that I refused to kill his friend's wife. He just stopped giving me gigs so I figured that he was angry, I made my own name, and now he's coming at me with bullshit. How dare he question my loyalty to the assassin association? How dare he makes me choose between my blood and my job? What he did is not different from making me choose between a heart and oxygen, to be alive, you need them both.

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I've just gotten to his home, there were guards but I used my name to get in. I'll also give the guards some money if I come out alive.

I knock.

A woman who's probably in her early 50s opens and greets me. The last time I checked, Ngonyama had no wife. Who is she?

"Sawubona ma," I greet back. She lets me in after I tell her that I am here for Ngonyama.

"I'll call him for you, mkhulu," she says, I nod and thank her. My mom was 21 when she had me, she'd probably be her age if I didn't kill her with my words. I try so much to be respectful to women, especially, women her age, because I want to

at least make her proud, but who am I fooling? I know very well that she's disappointed in me, she surely doesn't even watch over me right now, because all I ever do is, kill and kill, ut brings me bread on the table.

"Hhaybo, Luneluthando, what are you doing here?" I didn't hear him coming in.

"It's Nkambabeyibuza to you, you don't have a right to call me Luneluthando." He laughs, showing me his full not-so-white teeth.

"I gave you the name you are bragging about," he says. I didn't have any intentions of boasting, I wish I could say that I'm sad he took it that way, but, you know what, I don't give a fuck!

"Because you knew my capabilities,

but you still went behind my back and tried to test my 'loyalty' to the association," he feigns confusion. "What are you talking about?" He raises his brow.

"Tell your wife that you and I are going on a very dangerous job, kiss her cheek goodbye, otherwise I'll kill her in your presence; I'll explain every other thing on our way home," I tell him.

"You don't kill women Nkambabeyibuza," he says.

"Well, I killed my own mother, she's nothing to me, I wouldn't hesitate ending her life." What I just said leaves a bad taste in my mouth, it's all lies, I wouldn't even cuss at his wife, I fear and respect women, unlike him. While I was still working

under him, he fucked his friend's wife— the one he wanted me to kill— and got her pregnant, when she told him, he told her to fuck off and asked me to kill her. I refused, I wonder if they are okay wherever they are.

"Okay, give me time, I'll be back," he says.

"Don't you dare try to cross me, don't hint anything to her, because you know that I'll do what I said I'd do, even if I'm behind bars," I say. He clears his throat and nods. He's so soft, Ngonyama was the scariest man ever, I've never seen this side of him. It must be because he's gotten a wife now.

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I'm about to kill my mentor, he betrayed me, so he needs to go. We are in the middle of nowhere, I've been in this place a couple of times before. I think I'm 13 minutes away from Park Town. I'll walk my way to my traditional healer.

"I didn't do anything Nkambabeyibuza, why would I wait a decade to do something stupid?" I don't get why he would ask me about his stupidity.

"Bullshit!" I say and get off my car, I lock it. The petrol is in the boot so I take it and splash it on the car.

"I love you Mthobi wenhliziyo yam eyintandane. Themba lehumusha eliyim," I say to my car, and put it on fire. Fucking God, my heart is



sinking.

"I didn't fucking do anything, I've left the association! Ask around and take care of my family!" It's already on fire, there's no water around me, I can't get him out to ask him about what he's saying. If he's really innocent, then who the fuck is it that betrayed me? I watch my car burning, with the man that nurtured me into who I am right now, my heart sinks.

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## CHAPTER 10

LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

I just need to breathe. I need to pause everything and just breathe, with my mind clear. I've been under pressure for 3 days, I'm tired now, I've never had to work like this. I've just killed Ngonyama, a man who let me live after refusing to take a gig he offered; I should have thought of that, I should have connected the dots, but its now I have to take care of his family, to make sure that his spirit rests in peace. At least killing me gave me some information, that I have an unknown enemy, and that enemy is someone that knows both Ngonyama and I, they also know about our beef. I'm just wondering who it is. I will not rest until I find that person.

Gadla, my healer, was waiting for me when I got here, I guess his people told him that I would come, he was expecting me.

We are in our usual spot, it's sort of like a bush, it's only him that knows about this place, I don't know the exact location, I suspect that he hypnotises me before we come here, because I always forget what happens in-between the time he takes over the steering wheel and when we finally get here. He's already dug up a grave. The first time we did my cleansing, I was shit scared, I was young and had just taken a life— intentionally, anyone I had killed before that, it was unintentional— it haunted me, and on top of that I had to call that

person's clan names, it scared me. But now I'm over it, I'm a pro in these now.

"Mina, you know what to do," he says giving me the mixture of umuthi that he just put in a bucket. It has a jug inside. I lie down inside the grave facing up like I'm being buried.

"Molefe, Nkgauditse, Tsotetsi; if you ever want to avenge yourself, this is where you'll find me, I'll be here waiting for you." Learning these clan names was fucking hard, I don't even want to start talking about how hard it was to say them correctly, Gadla was annoyed at me when he was teaching me. "Sala lana, nam." I say before getting up to splash the contents in the bucket on me, I keep on washing my body

to be relieved off of the bad lucks that are coming from Molefe. I do the same for Ngonyama, I call out his clan names and tell him that this is where he'll find me if he ever wants revenge. When we leave, we name sure that I don't look back.

I called Kevin, he came to fetch me. I'm home now, I'm not able to eat, nor sleep, but I'm tired and hungry. If I go to bed now, I know I'll have nightmares, so I think it's better if I watch TV and relax, I'm going to KZN tonight, to check up on my aunt and her son and appoint guards there. I'm hoping they are still fine, I send them money every month, yes, but I don't call nor visit them anymore, so

I don't know how they are doing, I'm not even sure what I'll say to them.

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THUBELIHLE MADONSELA

It's morning now. I've already taken a bath and dressed for work, I've prepared breakfast too, but Sipho, here, is still snoring softly. He thinks that this is a hotel, I see. He's sleeping on my bed while I slept on the couch, it must be nice being him.

I need to wake him up, I can't leave him here, God knows what he would take... Okay, he does look rich, but people who are well off are known to be greedy, take our presidents for

instance, they have businesses but they still steal the money for our country's development, so I can't trust this one either, he might take my things just so he can be the only rich person in the hood... I wonder where he is from.

I slightly shake him, and watch him stretch before he even opens his eyes. His weird.

"Oh ikhanda lami, my head is painful!" he says, groaning.

Ozenziwe akakhalelwa. He drank like a fish yesterday, so this headache is justified. I can't pity him, but I have to get him out of my flat.

"Good morning, I made you something to help with hangover," I say. He snaps his eyes, and then he looks around, in panic, I guess. His

eyes meet mine and then he says,  
“Hey, where am I?”

I swear want to laugh, but I can't, I have something in my head. He's panicking, probably thinking that I took advantage of him or something. I clear my throat and stand like those A-class women, forgetting that I'm in a uniform that has MaVusana's Corner written on it.

“Relax, you willingly came here tonight, thank you for the wonderful night, I'll give you taxi fare,” I say. He blinks, and blinks, and blinks; I can't hold it in anymore, I burst out laughing. “I'm joking bhuti, you were too drunk to drive, so I figured that I should take you home with me.”

Relief washes over his face.

“Thank you for your kindness,” he



says, I nod.

“I made breakfast, you can refresh and come down to eat, then you can have that concoction,” I say. He nods his head. I go to my mini kitchen and eat. He comes in after 20 minutes.

“I smell like a woman, I used your products to bath,” he says. I laugh.

“Those products smell nice, I bought them R60 cash from Avon,” I tell him.

“Well, thank you then,” he says and gives me a small smile. I hand him the bowl that has amabele in it.

“Oh, you made sift porridge? I don’t remember the last time I had this,” he says. He dare not diss my breakfast!

“Well ke, born appetite,” I say. He laughs out loud, I raise my brow. He

clears his throat.

“Uh, it’s actually bon appetit, but thank you, I’ll definitely enjoy it,” he says, taking a spoonful.

“As long as you heard what I meant to say,” I say with a laugh. He gives me a small smile, again.

I’ve gotten to work when I get a call from Thando, he says he wants to see me. He’s already spoken to MaVusana. I don’t like what he’s doing, he should know that there’s time for pleasure, and there’s time to work. I get off my uniform, and head out with my bag. I bump to MaVusana by the entrance.

“Nina niyazenzela la ekhaya, you do what you like here,” he says.

“Hawu?”

“Aiii,” he says and shakes his head

before he walks inside. Okay, what the hell was that about?

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## CHAPTER 11

### NARRATED

Luneluthando is present in the room, but his mind is evidently somewhere else. Thubelihle had hoped for sex. He has to compensate for making her skip work, but he looks too distracted for that.

"Sometimes, people should know that you are not okay to invite someone over, what am I even doing here?" she asks. He snaps out of his thoughts and looks at her.

"Mmh?"

"Ngithi, you should know and acknowledge that you are not okay to be in someone else's presence, why did you invite me over if you knew that you would be this cold? Do you know that energies transfer from one person to the other?" She asks.

"I am not cold, I'm just tired; but I called you over because we need to talk," he says and heaves a sigh before burying his face in his hands, there's no way he's going to do this and not feel like shit, she's been there for him almost every time, he believes that no one knows him like her, but he's failing to do one thing, reciprocating the energy he's getting. "Thank you for being in my life, Thuba, I appreciate you, but I

don't love you like that, you know that too," he says. She freezes, what? So, he's breaking up with her? After everything they've been through together?

"You are breaking up with me?"

Tears are already blinding her vision. Why is it this hard? She knew that something like this would happen, some day.

"Yes, I am, please forgive me," he says. She gets up and paces around, is it possible for one to feel so much hurt at once? She feels suffocated.

"That's bullshit!" She says and hold her waist. "After all this time?"

"But I told you that we are having a no-strings-attached relationship, I don't know why you are making this

thing difficult for the both of us, you are causing unnecessary drama," he says.

"Unnecessary drama?" He's invalidating her feelings, which is absurd!

"Yes, it's unnecessary, you knew the rules of this relationship, I told you before we even began this friendship thing that we'd be fucking, strictly fucking." She laughs bitterly.

"Don't tell me shit, Thando, don't tell me shit! You know that I love you, and you didn't treat me like a friend, you treated me like your girlfriend," she's turning pink. He watches her yelling over her voice and pacing around. She's too short for this drama, he sighs and gets up to

leave, but he's stopped by a glass thrown at him.

"Eyyy, ungalingeke mina ungishaya, do not dare hit me!" he says pointing a finger at her.

"Or what? You'll kill me?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I'll do, I do not mind," he lies, he'd never even try to touch inappropriately, but he doesn't appreciate her hitting him. She swallows, he was supposed to say no. "That vase that you have in your hands, try to throw it at me, then I'll prove to you that I am capable. Ngeke ngishawe umuntu wesfazane mina, I will not be hit by a woman!" he says and clicks his tongue before leaving, he's never been beaten up by a man, he will not be beaten by a woman, he

refuses. She's swallowed her insults, she's trembling, he just threatened to kill her.

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They had a civil conversation like the adults that they are; she tried to understand that she's not what he wants, although she feels used; he wasted her time, she had hoped that he'd fall for her, but, unfortunately, he didn't, and it is what it is.

He is walking her to the taxi rank, since he has no car for now, their walk is filled with nothing but silence; Luneluthando has her bag in his hand. Randburg is quiet, it's always quiet, except for today. It



seems like someone has a chillers party going. There are Polos parked outside a yard, and there are men sitting in camp chairs and drinking alcohol.

As they pass the guys seated around a hookah pipe, one of them whistles at Thubelihle.

"Dudlu ntombi! Madolo kanyoko, angithuk wena ngithuka uthando!" One of them says. The guy is asking Thubelihle out while she's walking with him? He chuckles and turns to look at the guy, he's also stopped walking.

"Usho ngoba ungangi boni mfethu?" (You are doing this Because you don't see me?) he asks politely, shaking his head. He's not jealous, in fact it's good that there are men

who want her, but this that this guy is doing is pure disrespect! It's rubbish he won't tolerate!

"You are so beautiful, ntomb' emhlophe!" the guy says.

"Eyy, you don't see me? Or you just don't know me?" Luneluthando asks, he's annoyed now.

"Ngikwazi ngani? What are you popular for?" The guy seems annoyed. He laughs, he's being tested right now.

"Thando, ignore him, let's go," Thuba says when she sees him reaching out for his gun.

"Cha, iyangeyisa lenja! This dog is disrespectful!" He says and cocks his gun and points it to him. "You don't know me, you'll die getting a piece of what I am, your friends will

tell people about me; I'll be popular for killing you, Motherfucker!" he says and pulls the trigger, thrice. Blood oozes from the guy's head as he falls down and breathes for the last time. His friends have gone down, for cover. He clicks his tongue, he won't be disrespected like this, he tried dealing with conversation without including a gun, but the guy pushed him.

Thubelihle is shaking with fear as they walk away, couldn't he take her to the rank first before doing what he did? It's traumatising what he did and he is not even sorry about it. "I don't ever want to see you again, Luneluthando Bhengu; what you did in front of me just proved that, really you don't like nor love me!" She says

before snatching her bag from him. "Ngiyaxolisa," he apologizes. She says nothing, she continues to walk the little distance to the rank alone. He buries his face in his hands and releases a sigh! He'll have to organize something to help her forget, he'll make a research.

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#Unedited

## CHAPTER 12

LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

I just got home, and all I am thinking of now is, going to sleep. I'm tired, I haven't slept, for two nights, and I

can't sleep until I'm sure that everyone around me will be fine and safe. There are guards I appointed to look after my 2 unmarried sisters and my father's wife; I got ahold of my married sisters' husbands and let them know that there's danger that's befalling, they need to be on the look out, and take care of their wives, I let them know anonymously. uBhengu knows of the situation, so he'll get himself protection if he feels like there's a need, he's not taking Mr seriously, so if he dies it will be his fault, and his fault alone. And then for Thuba, I also got her guards, I need to get here umlungu, a white old woman who has mid life crisis and tries to occupy herself with a cat and people's issues because

she's lonely; I hear that they are the best listeners and they will help you get jver whatever shit is there in your mind. I hope she won't be that angry even I propose this if idea to her.

I am going to take a taxi to Naturena, where my father is, he needs to give me a car, just so I can quickly arrive at KZN. He'll have to give me the car, whether he likes ot or not.

I've arrived, again the guards don't give me problems because I'm Bhengu's child. If I was going through with him, it would have been easy. I ring the bell and wait outside. When the door opens, my eyes meet my father's wife's eyes. "Hawe Mah! Hhaweh!" She starts

ululating, I'm lost, does she know me? "Thandoh!" Okay, she freaking hell does know me.

"Ma, how are you?"

"I'm very happy, you are here," she says and clasps her hands together; I can't help but crack a smile, she's adorable. "Come in," she says.

They are all gathered in the room I assume is dining room, they are feasting.

"San'bona," this here takes me to the day my voice changed because of puberty. It had deepened, and heck I was scared to even speak to my mom because I thought that she'd shout at me; I thought that it was flu that was starting to attack me; it used to vrack me up when I thought about it.

I'm so nervous, I'm almost shaking. Zinhle and Gugu are staring at me, they probably have questions.

"Sit down, mfanawam, and join us," Mrs Bhengu says, already preparing to dish up for me.

"Cha, ma, I'm okay, I'm heading to KZN, I'm here to borrow a car," I say and cast my eyes to Bhengu before taking a seat, he's occupied by his food, he is not paying attention to me.

"Is everything okay?" She asks. I nod.

"There are just small things that need to be taken off by me, my car was taken from me," I lie. The things I need to take care of are not small, heck my car was burnt by me!

"You can take mine," she says. She's too kind, she doesn't know me



personally, wat if I was a hijacker?

"Oh, I promise to bring it back, as soon as next week Monday," I say.

She nods.

"Zinhle, drive your brother to Mkhathini beatings, my car is there," Zinhle nos her head. Bhengu is still eating and pretending that I'm not here.

"Ngiyabonga, ma," I say.

"You need to come back, so we can have conversations, there's a lot that I need to know about you," I nod my head and follow behind Zinhle who is yapping about how I'm lucky to drive her mother's car.

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SAMKELWE KHOZA

I'm having a bad day. I can't focus. The past week, things seemed to be looking up, in the Panel beater. I got 5 customers, I was so happy, but it seems like I have taken ten steps back, no one brought their car in today, it's disheartening, really. Today there's nothing much I did, I released my coworkers early, just to give myself some time to think; and I did, I came to a conclusion of giving up. I will tell my father that I couldn't do what I promised to do, I'll fix cars under his name.

"Sammy my friend!" Zinhle's loud voice snaps me from my thoughts. I raise my head only have my eyes land on the scary and not too dark man, it's her brother. The one and only, the one that has a lot facial

incisions. I wonder what they were meant for.

"Sammy, are you crying?" Shit, I forgot, I totally forgot!

"No, I'm not crying, I was watching Skhumba's videos, you know how funny he is, so I was laughing my ass out," I tell her. She nods her head before dragging her brother that's burning my skin with his stare inside.

"Sawubona bhuti," I say, and get a nod as acknowledgement, yerrr I will never greet him ever again.

"We are here to get my mother's car, he needs it," she says.

"Oh, okay, I'll get the cars for you, so that you check if it's okay," I say.

"Is it always this empty here?"

Hoarse, like he just woke up, his voice is.

"Yeah," I say and clear my throat. He nods. I quickly get his keys and hand him the cars, his heart touches mine, my heart almost falls, this man is scary as hell! His dark eyes are not helping either.

"You do your work well, I'm impressed, there's fresh water and oil," he says.

"Are you machenic now?" Zinhle asks and rolls her eyes. He cracks a small smile, and only then I realise that he's not ugly, he just needs to smile more; his teeth are perfectly gapped. The gap is between the two front teeth, it's not too big, it's not small either, it's just... perrfect, his father has it too.

"Are you staying behind?" He asks Zinhle she nods. "Goodbye ke," he

says. His stare is making me dizzy.

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## CHAPTER 13

LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

I need to focus!

She's stuck in my head.

My heart beats abnormally when I think of her. Bloody heart! If it was possible, I would be removing it from my body. I know I've never felt this shit before, feeling like this is weird, I don't know what to do with myself because I always feel like my heart is full. I've betrayed myself, I had sworn that I'd never fall in love, it's not worth it, but it seems like my

heart and mind have betrayed me;  
it's failed me, dismally. I've already  
told Kevin to get her number for me.

I'm driving in, at home. It's been over  
a decade since I've been here,  
seeing that my aunt has renovated  
and made the house look good  
brings me peace. I climb off my car  
and step on the ground. The smell  
of the soil and fresh grass fills my  
nose; I didn't know that I missed  
home, my heart is full, tears are  
almost burning my eyes. What this  
this wet thing on my cheek? Is it  
rain?

"Sawubona, bhuti?" a teenage boy  
says. He is in torn shorts and boots,  
he has sticks in his hands.

"Yeah, sure boy, are you fine?" He  
nods, putting his sticks at the back

of his neck and shoulders, his  
hanggs his arms around it, like  
insizwa.

“I’m good, we have a picture of you  
here at home, but you were young,”  
he says. He knows me?

“Are you Sthabile?” He nods. “What  
the fuck? You are so grown,” I say.

“I’m 18,” he says. “Come on inside, I’m  
sure mom will be happy to see you,  
I’ve heard so much about you,” he  
says.

“Really?”

“Yeah, they say you were a great  
child, with flaws here and there,” he  
says leading me inside.

I laugh.

My aunt probably said that because  
they wanted him to have someone  
to look up to.

“I’ve always wanted to see you, you have really done great for yourself, you have a nice car, we are proud of you” he says. What he says finds a place in my heart. I know how I make my money, but it doesn’t change the fact that my heart is full because of what he just told me; he’s proud of me, words I’ve never heard from anyone.

“Where’s my aunt?” I ask him.

“She’s in her bedroom, her situation is not good at all, she recently got shot.” What?!! It was a message sent to me.

“Shot by who?” I ask.

“I don’t know,” he says and shrugs.

“They were wearing balaclavas,” he says. Fuck!!! I need to pull my socks, I need to know who the fuck it is that



had the guts to come to my aunt and shoot her? It's me that he wants, why the fuck is he coming for my family.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I'm fucking livid, all that would calm me down right now would be gunshots! I'm shaking.

"We can't reach you, you don't want anything to do with us nje, it's only financial help that you offer; so I thought that I shouldn't burden you," he says.

"Burden me? You should fucking burden me, Sthabile! It's only you that I am left with, the only link to my mother..." I can't talk, I'm stuttering and shaking. I left my gun in my car?

"I'm sorry," he says as I walk out of the door.

Village houses are far away from each other, they are not nucleated. I get my gun and rush to the back room and shoot the air, it would have been better if there was someone that I was shooting, at least seeing them take their last breath would give me peace because it would mean that I have completed a mission. But, right now, I feel a little better.

"Do you do this all the time?" I'm startled. Why the hell is Sthabile sneaking on me when I have a gun on my hand?

"No," I say.

"Mom says she wants to see you," he says. I'm not ready to see her, she

looks like my mom.

“Tell her I’ll be there in a few,” I say.

He nods and leaves.

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BAB’ BHENGU

One day he’ll have to sum up the courage of finally telling him that he denied him being his son; he feels bad and guilty.

“Baba, your body is here with me but your mind is miles away,” his wife says.

“I’m thinking about this issue of this boy, uLunele,” he says and releases a sigh. They are both in bed, lying in bed.

“I know it’s hard myeni wam, but you know that you have to open up to

him, you've already lost 33 years of his life," she says and puts her hand over him.

"I'm scared, he might hate me," he says and sighs.

"No he doesn't, he's desperate for you to make a move, I've seen his eyes when he looks at you, he needs a father, be that to him before he even becomes a father," she says.

33 years ago, he came back home and confessed to her that he slept with a prostitute once and she told him that she was pregnant; he took her hand in his and told her that the child was not his. It was hard, accepting all that was hard. She questioned herself and her wiping skills for almost a decade. Thoughts of leaving came to her mind, but

she couldn't because she had already had two kids with him, and she was not working; so she stayed, for her kids, years went by and trust started to rebuild. And now, 33 years later they are here. The wound is not as fresh, so accepting him is not hard, she even wishes that he had come earlier, so that she'd have a chance to mother a boy, it's not too early, right?

"I'll try mama wengane zami, I love you," he says to her before pecking his lips. It's time he steps up and helps his son solve this case.

"Thank you," She says and deepens the kiss.

"How's your back today?" He asks. She giggles.

"It's okay, today, singayenza inkonzo

baba,” she says. She still becomes shy when he looks at her with hungry and horny eyes. He chuckles. “I love you mama wakwam,” he says before capturing her lips into his.

“I love you too,” she says against his lips. He cups her breast into his hand and kisses them.

“These are very precious to me, zafunza ingane zami,” (it fed my children) he says.

“And now they are all yours,” she says.

They are both naked, her thick thighs are spread widely, ready for him to enter, she’s wet. He pushes in at once, and hisses, she’s hot.

“My back, Ngcolosi,” she cries. He quickly pulls out and puts a pillow beneath her back, and then re-

enters her.

“Babah!” She moans.

“Thambo lami lekentucky, simnandi isibumbu,” (your coochie is nice) he cries.

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## CHAPTER 14

### THUBELIHLE MADONSELA

I’ve been living in my head. I’m always thinking about the night where Lunele shot a man and left him lying in a pool of blood. It’s the only thing that had been on my mind for the past week. I can’t eat or even go to work because I feel like I can still hear the gunshots, and I can still see the man falling to the

ground. I haven't had sleep for the whole week, even though I had been home for the entire week.

Lunele and I last spoke the day he gunned that man down I'm not even sure that I ever want to see him again.

My heart skips a beat when I see his name flashing on the screen, he's calling. I answer and keep quiet.

"Hey, I can hear you breathe, how are you?" He asks.

"I thought you made it clear that you wanted nothing to do with me, what do you want?" I'm tired of emotional roller-coasters, I want to know what it is that he wants from me.

"I want to tell you that I've booked you a therapist, I need you to go and see her, and talk to her, it will



help with what happened,” he says. Is he insinuating that I’m crazy? Why else would he think I need a therapist? I hang up and throw my phone against the wall before I scream and sink down on the floor. This weekend, I will go home, just rewind and be with the only person that gives me peace in the world, my grandmother.

After all the mess I’ve done, smashing and breaking my appliances, I get up and clean; my heart is heavy, I’m so angry at Luneluthando, but I’m mostly angry with myself, why did I ever choose to trust a hitman? Those people have no hearts, I don’t know why I thought I had the power to instill a heart in him. It was very dumb of me, I hate

myself for that.

30 minutes into my cleaning, I hear a knock on the door. I sigh and take in a breath, an energy filling breath, before I go to open the door, and guess what I have here, the drinking Siphon. I let him in after greeting him. "It's a mess in here," I say and chuckle lowly.

"It really is, I can help," he offers looking around, I don't think he can, he's just being nice.

"No, it's okay, I'll manage. What are you doing here?" I ask him, balancing my palms on my waist and raising my brow.

"I'm here to ask you to have dinner with me. I just want to thank you for all that you did for me," he says. Oh? I could do with dinner, I'd be happy

even. I haven't been eating, maybe I'll be able to digest fast food from outside.

"Really? Oh thank you, I'll finish up here and then I'll go and freshen up," I say.

"You can go, I'll finish up here," he says. I thank him and go to the bathroom.

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BAB' BHENGU

"Vula, mama," he says, begging her to spread her legs even wider, he wants to be buried deep inside her.

"Oh, Bhengu, kumnandi!" She says. He keeps on thrusting in slow, and

deep inside her, he never gets enough of her. They've been together for 40 years, but he never gets enough of her warm dick-wrapper.

"Kushisa okwelanga," he says. It's hot like the sun.

"Wemba kamnandi! Uyafenda myen' wam" (You are digging well) she cries, wrapping her arms over his head, and brushing it. He buries his head on her neck and starts moving at a quicker pace.

"Tshokoza mama, sengise duze nami!" (cum mama, I'm also near) he says and groans deeply as she straightens her legs and releases her fluid, they are both cumming. Hers is accompanied by a loud 'bradaap' sound, she's farting as she

cums.

He collapses over her and releases a deep breath, and then chuckles.

“Waze wakushiphisa uBhengu mama,” (Bhengu made you fart)

Bhengu says.

“Aii cha, you can ruin a mood, Lihle,” she says. She’s embarrassed. She was focused on her release more than she was on farting, she didn’t think she’d fart, it’s really a disgrace. It’s embarrassing!

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Lunele’s phone is ringing, but he’s not picking up, much to baba uBhengu’s annoyance, he gates people who don’t answer their phones, someone could be dying for

all they know, but they don't pick up their phones.

"Nkambabeyibuza speaking," what the hell is that? Is it a name? It's too early for him to answer bursting out in laughter, heck he's just prepared to work, he'll have to beg God wife to iron for him again because by the time he finishes laughing, his shirt will be wrinkled.

"Waqanjwa uba lelo Gama?" (who gave you that name?)

"Who are you to ask?"

"It's Bhengu."

"Oh, my father— well, someone who gave me a father's love— gave me that name, why are you asking?"

"I'm asking because it's not nice," Bhengu says.

"Okay, why are you calling?"

“I want to help with your investigation, and by also providing security, tight security from the best,” he says.

“And what do you want in return?”

“I just want to make you my son, legally?” Lunele takes in a breath, he’d always wanted to have a father, he wanted a relationship with, but he had hoped for a pure and genuine one.

“Okay,” he says. He has no choice but to agree.

“Thank you, I’ll start making arrangements, for both my promises and making you my legal son,” Bhengu says.

“Okay thank you. Is that all? My aunt was shot so I need to take care of her,” he says.

“Okay, there’s no problem,” Bhengu says and hangs up. He releases a sigh of relief and then heads downstairs to eat breakfast before going to work.

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## SOUNDS OF A BULLET CHAPTER 15

LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

“I am not sure of my next move; I have done everything in my power to make sure that everyone that’s close to my heart is safe. I called in a stay-in nurse back home; she’ll be the one that will take care of my aunt. I stayed home for a week to



make sure that she settles in well; she's fine now and I'm back, in Johannesburg. I haven't gone back to the Bhengus to check up on them; I know that Bhengu has everything under control, so I'll only go back there tomorrow morning. I still want to go and see uThubelihle, there's a lot that we need to talk about, we need to talk about what she saw the last time we saw each other; I feel bad, she wasn't supposed to see what she saw but there's nothing I can do to undo what I did.

Right now, I have my phone pressed to my ear, I'm calling the person I've been thinking about since I went home.

"Hello?" Her voice comes to the

speaker, soft and sweet it is.

"Hello, Samkelwe" I say.

"Hey, yes, it's me, who is this?" She asks. I would have loved to remain anonymous, but I am not a child.

"It's Luneluthando, I don't know if you remember the name," I say.

"Yeah, I do, how can I help you?" I take in a breath.

"I'd like to see you, some time this week, so I can talk to you," I say.

"I don't know if I have a clear schedule, I'll check and let you know later," she says.

"Okay, no problem, I'll hear from you," I lie, I won't hear from her, I'll call her and let her know that I'm outside she must come out.

"Okay, let me get back to work," she says.

“Yeah, sure, it’s okay,” I say. She hangs up. I place my cellphone on my chest. My heart is beating abnormally, it has been beating abnormally ever since I saw her.

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SAMKELWE KHOZA

I have just spoken to Lunele, I still hear his voice in my head, I think I’m going crazy! I didn’t expect to get a call from him, heck I thought about his smile and voice the whole week but I didn’t think of asking his sister about him, life went on as soon as he got into his mother’s car and drove off. I’m still shocked that he called, it was very unexpected.

“Sammy!” My father yells from the

kitchen.

“Baba!” I say and get up from my bed. This is what I have been doing everyday of this week; wake up, take a bath, eat, and go back to bed; I decided to let go of my baby, Mkhathini Beatings.

I see that there’s no emergency even I get to the kitchen. Yho! uBaba, he’s calling me simply because he can. My brothers are here, I greet them and then take a seat. Mom is not here yet; she’s probably still in the kitchen and making breakfast.

“So this is how you’ll live your life? Always in bed?” Dad asks, evidently not pleased. I sigh and shrug.

“Allow me to grieve my baby, baba, I had fallen in love with the idea of having my own panel beater, but

you know that when you don't have anyone that trusts your capabilities, it's always going to flop," I say. I'm not sad anymore, I'm just... tired of faking that I'm okay with them, all of them, when I'm actually not!

"What do you mean, 'no one'?" Mr. Doctor, Simphiwe, asks.

"Just that, I have never touched any of your cars, but you've seen how good I am, none of you believe in me, Ncophelo works at the rank, but he's never told any of his taxi driver friends that I'm a mechanic; mom and dad have cars also but I've only touched them once, when their cars break down, they have their own mechanics to fix their cars for them; I don't get support from you guys!" I get up. I'm angry at myself because

I'm crying, why the fuck am I crying?  
"But, I'm asking you to come and  
work under my company nje, that  
means I believe in you," my father  
says.

If I don't laugh, then I'll sob.

"That's it, that's it there, you want me  
to work under you only because it  
will benefit you, baba, I'm okay, I  
really am; I'm moving out here," I say  
and wall away. I'm taking hasty  
decisions, but I think that this will be  
good for me. My father was a  
perfect father to me, he still is, but  
he doesn't want to let me grow, he  
wants me to always be under his  
shadows, I'm moving out just to  
prove to him that I'm capable of a  
lot of things, I can do almost  
anything, maybe then he will take

me serious.

I can't say the same about my other family members, they just don't like me, they are coexisting with me only because they have no choice.

I'm done packing up, it took me 2 hours to take half of my stuff, I have no plan whatsoever, I think my savings will last me for 2 months; I don't know what I'll do if they finish before I get a job, sigh! I'll make a plan.

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#Unedited

CHAPTER 16

## THUBELIHLE MADONSELA

It's a fancy restaurant that he took me out to, it's fancy in an African way I love the African themes. The chairs are wooden, the roofs are made up of grass, the food also has a youth of African food, I'm just happy that my African brothers are making it, out there.

I, honestly, ordered tripe and dumplings; he ordered his plate of prawns and all those animals that live in the sea. Desert was out of this world, it was a mixture of sweet things. I loved it.

"Thank you for allowing me to take you out on a date," he says, it sure did feel like a date. I smile and nod my head.

"No problem," I say.



He's paid, we are now heading to his car, he drives an Audi, I'm not sure what model it is, but it's flames. It's silver grey on the outside, and black inside. I'm now a certified car lover.

"You are beautiful, Thuba," he says, staring at me. Firstly, today I'm crusty as hell, why is he saying that? Or, he's just being sarcastic? I don't like people who joke about my crustiness.

"Thank you," I say and smile at him.

"I mean it," he says. I turn my head to look at him; he's genuine.

"Thank you, you are handsome too," he laughs and ignites the car's engine.

"Do you believe in love?" He asks me. I am staring outside the window, at nothing to be precise

because it's dark. But I prefer this than having to look at this guy here.

"Yeah, I do; I'd like to experience it, one day, I'd love to experience pure and innocent love," I overshare. This is what I kind of expected from Thando, I expected love from him, pure love; but I guess I should have reduced my expectations to Zero.

"What about you? Do you believe in love?" I ask him. He shrugs.

"I know how it feels like, but I don't know how to reciprocate it," he says and love.

"You'll learn, don't worry," I say. I believe that men will love you right if they really love you, if they fail you do that, then they simply don't love you; Sipho hasn't found someone who he truly loves, when he finally

does, he'll learn to reciprocate the energy.

"I hear you, I'm getting old now; I have to go home and rebuild my home with someone who'll be able to hold me down," he says.

"I hope you find that significant other," I say. He laughs, I join him.

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SAMKELWE KHOZA

I left home and drive around for 3 hours before I went and checked in at Maponya guest house, ill be here for a week or so, while I try to find something to with myself. I need to find a job, without my father's help, or any of them; they've never really helped me anyway. I need to get

over this thing of acting like the world owes me something. I'm 26, I need to grow up!

I can't deny the fact that I keep on checking my phone with the hope of incoming calls, I keep on hoping that my father— or anyone from home— will call to check up on me, sigh! I put my phone away before I close my eyes and think of what I will do next.

I haven't eaten, my stomach is growling, but I am in no mood to cook so I will eat tomorrow; I'm afraid the growling and I will be in a competition of finding out who is the boss between the two of us.

My phone tings, it's a message from Luneluthando, it reads: \*\*\*I'll call you in 30 secs.\*\*\* He's not asking

whatsoever, he's telling me. If I were with my parents, I'd have to use those 30 seconds to get away from them.

When my phone rings, my heart starts beating fast. I'm wondering what it is that he wants.

"Hello?"

"Hey, I'm outside, please come and fetch me," he says.

"I'm not home," I say.

"Yes, I know that; if you were home, I wouldn't have asked you to fetch me, please come, ngiyagodola," he says and hangs up. He's getting cold? Whose fault is it? My stubborn side tells me to sit down and catch up on my series on Netflix, but I don't want that, I want see him.

He's looking around, and then he looks at me, he has a frown on his face. It looks like he doesn't like this house that much. I laugh.

"What's wrong?"

"This house is too colorful, it looks like a house of fairies," he says.

"You know fairies?" I ask him, I'm stocked! This guy seems like those people who go around slitting people's heads off, he's scary, well that only happens until he smiles.

"Yeah, I read about them," he says and chuckles.

"You read?" If I don't die if shock tonight, then I might never die, ever, in my life.

"Yes, I read, a lot." He says. "But, I'm not here for that, I'm here to ask if you are okay," he says.

“How did you know that I was here?  
Are you stalking Mr?” He nods his  
head. Wow! Just, wow!

“Hhay-bo?!”

“Yep, that’s what it is, I am stalking  
you because I want something that  
you stole from me “ He says.

“Hhaybo, I’m not a thief!”

“You are, a big one at that, but I  
won’t let you get arrested, only if you  
give me one thing!” Is this the new  
way of wanting people to sleep with  
you?

“I won’t sleep with you, Lunele,  
please leave,” I say. He laughs and  
shakes his head, I don’t think I said  
anything funny. I food my hands  
and watch him.

“I want my heart, please give it back  
to me, otherwise, I’m not leaving, “ he

says. Amen! I'm being tested. I swear!

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## CHAPTER 17

### SAMKELWE KHOZA

He's not leaving. I've tried every possible way to ask him to leave, but he's not leaving. He said that he'll only leave when I give him a heart-replacement, he's dramatic. I've never met someone like him, he's so damn stubborn, I think his facial incisions play a part on that. I have never taken his heart, I'm not sure why he's convinced that I am capable of replacing it.



“You need to leave, Luneluthando, it’s 23:00pm; this is harassment,” I say.

“I want to be here, with you, I’m not harassing you either,” he says and folds his arms.

“I’m tired, I had a long day, I want to sleep,” I say.

“But you were home all day, it’s okay though, I’ll watch TV while you sleep, please dream of me,” he says. I sigh and get off the couch before I head to the bedroom, I make sure to lock the door; I don’t know this guy, so I can’t trust him; no man is to be trusted. I don’t want anything happening to me, so I had better stay safe than having to be sorry at a later stage.

I get in bed and try to sleep, I can’t; I want to speak to my father before

sleeping. Am I still allowed to call him? Well, the only way to find out is by calling him. I dial his number and put it on loud speaker, it rings. I'm holding my breath.

"Nkosazana yako Mlilo," he says when he answers. I smile, tears already forming in my eyes.

"Baba, how are you?" I hear him heave a sigh.

"You left like a stranger that was being chased away at home, do you expect me to be okay?" He asks. His question is tricky, he didn't show any reaction when I was leaving, so why is he asking?

"But you didn't stop me either," I say.

"I didn't stop you because I didn't chase you away, no one did," he says; I don't say anything. There are

a lot of things I want to say to him. I have complaints about everyone of them, but where do I even start?

“How are you?” He asks, after a minute or so.

“I don’t know baba, my heart is paining; I lost one thing that felt close to me, and none of you said anything, at all,” I say and shake my head; I’m really not okay. Maybe I should go home, to bhut’ Ntabezinhle, he’s my father’s late brother’s son, the only brother who’s available for me at anytime I need him.

“I am sorry, can I come see you tomorrow?” He asks.

“No, I don’t want you to do anything you feel forced into doing; I’ll be okay.” I do want to see him, but I

don't think I'm ready, I still want to think about my decisions, what I want to do next.

I have closed Mkhathini beatings, secured jobs for my colleagues in my father's company, but I haven't sold the building; it's just closed. I have to go there, and start selling the materials I was using, that money will come in handy.

"Please tell me when you are okay, I'll keep on calling to check," he says.

"Alright, goodnight baba, please pass my greetings to uMa," I say. I love my mother, regardless of not receiving the same energy from her. No one will ever replace her in my heart, and I believe that I also have a place in her heart whether it's small or big, well, I hope so.

“I’ll do so.”

“Ulale kahle ke baba,” I say.

“Sleep well too,” he says, and takes in a breath. I’m about to hang up when he says, “Samkelwe.”

“Ba?”

“I love you, okay, my baby?” he says.

I feel a sharp pain on my chest, tears make their way out of my eyes. This just warms my heart.

“I love you too, baba,” I say.

“Take care of yourself, I’ll see you tomorrow,” he says and hangs up.

He’s coming, and I can’t say anything to stop him because he’s hung up.

I wipe my tears after taking a deep breath.

I close my eyes; slowly, sleep overtakes.

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I'm woken up by a heavy presence hovering over me, there's someone here. I'm awake now, but my eyes are still closed, I'm shaking under this comforter, am I safe? I peep through my blankets; it's the man I left in the living room, how did he get in, because I locked?

"Lunele?" I say. He's asleep on the chair He's sitting on. Isn't he cold?

"Lunele," I call him again. He must be a light sleeper because he opens his eyes and looks at me, and then rubs his eyes.

"I'm sleeping," he says, I nod even though he's not looking at me, "I'm sleeping," he says, again. I think he

didn't know that he was sleeping.

"Yes you are, but how did you get in here because I had looked," he removes his hands from his eyes and looks at me.

"I broke in, but nothing broke, I was careful," I cringe. What is he saying? He broke in without breaking anything? It doesn't make sense

"You are scaring me, Luneluthando, the things you do are strange."

"Because what I feel is a strange feeling, I've never felt my heart so full, I tried so fucking hard to hide my heart from the world, and then you came, you came and broke down every wall I built around my heart in just a few minutes, you ruined everything Samkelwe; tell me, how is that not weird or strange?"

He's now pacing around. "And do you know what frustrates me the most? The fact that you don't look at me like I look at you, you don't love me like I love you, everything I feared is exactly what's happening," He says and sighs. Who told him that? I don't love him, but I do like him; he does make my heart skip beats. "I'll leave you alone, but please tell me what I should do to make my heart stop loving you, tell me how do I forget that I managed to be comfortable and sleep without getting nightmares when I was in your presence? Tell me, I'll leave you," he says. I heave a sigh and cover myself with these blankets, he's not leaving, it's clear; I can't



answer him, I don't have any possible solutions to his problems.

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## CHAPTER 18

### SAMKELWE KHOZA

He asked to sleep on the floor, I gave him 2 pillows and 1 of my blankets; I only gave him because he asked that I give him, I liked that. He slept peacefully throughout the morning, I watched him sleep, I couldn't sleep; it was already 3am, so I was not sleepy anymore.

He looks peaceful when asleep, I thought he only looked nice when he is smiling or laughing, but I was

wrong, he looks good even when he's asleep. His eyes don't fully close when he's asleep, his mouth too slightly parts.

"You can't look at me when I have my eyes open, but you stare at me when I'm asleep, that's scary," he says, startling me. He opens his eyes and rubs them. I don't say anything, I just continue to stare at him. I can hold eye contact, I just didn't want to look at him because it would sell me out, but now he's challenged me.

"You are doing too much," he says and chuckles before he gets up and folds the blankets he used, he puts them on the bed and says,

"Usuzoqoqa kahle when you wake up," he says.

"Okay," I say. He leaves, I watch his

bow legs taking him to the door.

"Please stop staring!" Maybe I'll stop in another life time. He gets out and closes the door, I laugh lowly, I think I enjoy it when he's shy; he's been torturing me all along, so it's only fair that I do the same.

I get up and make my bed before I clear up the bedroom. I need to get an estate agent, I need to at least buy myself a house, or rent a 'rent to buy' apartment; I need a place to stay, I can't be paying for being here daily, whilst I can afford buying myself a house, that would be just misusing my money.

I go to the kitchen– I'm avoiding going to the bathroom, Lunele might be there, but he's not, he's in the kitchen. He's standing in the middle

of the kitchen, looking out of place.

"You are here, kanti?"

"Yeah, I thought I should make you breakfast," he says.

"And what stopped you?" There is no food prepared here, even the stoves, they are not on.

"I can't cook," he says. I laugh and shake my head, he's unbelievable.

He smiles, not even showing a tooth, and looks at me, I hold his stare until his eye twitches and he looks away.

I can't believe he's shy, he can't even hold eye contact for a minute.

"Can we talk, before you eat?" He says, getting up, and coming to me.

"I haven't even cooked, what do you want to talk about?"

"About us," he says.

"There is no us," I say. He sighs and

takes my hand, intertwines it with his warm hand, and then kisses it.

"I know there is no us, kodwa I would like for us to be; I know what I feel, I know what it is, please give me a chance to show you that I can be able to love you, ngiyacela." He's already breathing on my face.

"What if I don't love you?" My bloody voice comes out as a whisper, I'm disappointed in it.

"It's okay, I just want inhlonipho from you, please don't take away the only chance of having to openly..." a knock comes through, before he even completes his sentence.

"It's my father," I say, in panic. I had forgotten about him, it's only coming back now that he said that he'd come.

"Why didn't you tell me?" He asks.

"Sorry, I forgot," I say.

"I'll hide in the bedroom, do not let him come there. If I had known, I'd have left." he says before he jogs to the bedroom. I giggle a little before I get up to open for my father.

"Baba," I say. He smiles and pulls me to his arms.

"I'll beat you up, you had me scared for a moment," he says, hugging me tightly. The tears I have been holding in make their way out of my eyes, I'm crying heavily on my father's chest. He's wearing a white shirt; I'm sure by the time I remove my face from him, he'll be dirty. I missed him, damn, I missed my father.

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## LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA BHENGU

I have been hiding here for more than an hour. I locked the bedroom, just in case she forgets and brings her father here. If I had known that he was coming, I would have left, I respect uKhoza. He's the father of the woman I love, he's also Bhengu's close friend, they almost lime brothers.

I have been a lot of things in life; I changed my character into things I would have never thought I would. I've mostly been a killer and a nonbegger. I had always been able

to control my emotions, but now, all of a sudden, I am in love with this short big eyed girl.

I'm lying on my back, my eyes never leaving the ceiling, I have to teach myself how to beg; I love her and want to make her a big part of my life, so I need to learn how to beg. I have a lot in my mind, I'm just hoping that she gives me a chance, because if she does, then at least there'll be something senseful in my life. I still have to find out who's behind these traps that are set for me; God should help him, because if I find him, kuzonyiwa.

"Lunele, come, he's gone," Sammy says, knocking. I open the door. I heard her crying, even her face has traces of dry tears. When I heard her



sobbing, I wanted to rush to her, just to hug her, I hate hearing women crying; even though I've made more than 10 women cry, by killing their husbands and sons. It's worse

"Are you okay," I ask her. She nods and stares at me; I don't like it.

"I'm okay, are you leaving?"

"Do you want me to leave?"

"No," she says, and breaks the staring game.

"Okay, I'm not leaving, ke." I pull her into my arms. My heart starts beating normally when she's finally in my arms. I am still shocked that I slept yesterday. I think it's how comfortable I am around her.

Yesterday was the first day I slept peacefully after so many years.

"You haven't given me my answer," I

say. I hear her release a sigh. "You don't have to say anything, take your time," I say.

"No, it's okay. We can try," she says. Am I hearing her well?!

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#Unedited

## CHAPTER 19

SAMKELWE KHOZA

I told him that we can try thing's out, I meant it; I want to love him even though his facial features scare me a lot.

"I love you, Sammy," he says and kisses the top of my head. I don't say anything, I just continue to lay my head on his chest.

“You have a really nice scent,” I say.  
He chuckles.

“Is that your way of telling me that I don’t smell nice?” He asks. I laugh.

“Hhaybo, why are you saying that?”

“I didn’t take a morning bath,” he says and breaks the hug.

“You still smell nice, though,” I say. It’s true, he smells nice.

“I want to go home, to take a bath; please come with me.”

Well, I’m not really comfortable with him, he might have slept here and didn’t touch me inappropriately, but that doesn’t mean that I should trust him.

“Okay, I’ll come with.” My mouth has its own brain, I see.

“Thank you,” he says.

I would have never thought that he has such a decent home; well, I wouldn't have thought that he had a beautiful home if I didn't know that he is his father's son.

"It seems like you lived with a woman here," I say, looking around. This house is really warm and beautiful, the interior design is out of this world.

"I bought this house fully furnished," he says chuckling and shaking his head.

"I'm not jealous, I was just saying," I say, defending myself.

"I didn't say you were jealous, you said that yourself," he says. I roll my eyes. I haven't eaten, I'm hungry, but if I cook, I'll have to cook for the both of us; am I prepared to cook at a

man's house? Definitely not. Do I have a choice? Again, definitely not. "Make yourself home, I'll go take a bath," he says and climbs up the stairs, I sigh and go to the fridge, just to invade its privacy.

There's no food here, no onion is in the fridge, there's literally nothing here. I sigh and check for the food that you order online, I order after checking my live location.

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THUBELIHLE MADONSELA

"How are you today?" She's white, her surname is Van Wyk, I don't how asking me how I am will help me forget what Thando did, but it's her job, I can't question it. This is my

second session, my first session was last week; we talked about my childhood. I told her that I have a really good relationship with my grandmother and father, my mother passed away two weeks back. We had a great relationship too. Her passing was really hard on me, on all of us. My father had a heart attack, so he had to stop working; I was still job hunting then, for the job I professionally qualify for, but I had to step up; step up to take care of them, I had to work just so I could afford buying my father and granny's medication.

"I'm okay, Ms. Van Wyk," I say and look around. She's old, but has no ring. White people often have their lives in order before they reach 35.

I'm wondering what went wrong with her; why isn't she married? She probably has a black ancestor.

"Do you guys also kidnap people's ancestors?" I really don't know of a correct English way to ask her if bathwebula amadloz' abantu.

English is bit for the weak, not even people who have degrees.

"No, we don't. Why are you asking?"

She asks, her eyes are twinkling, she probably thinks that I'm mentally unwell.

"I'm just asking," I say and shrug.

"You know, some of us suffer out here; we go to school to learn and find no jobs, even though we are told education is the key to success; that shit's depressing," I say and shake my head with a light laughter.

“You know, if most things are going South in your life, you’d think at least one thing should go North, but nothing goes well in my life; I’m probably cursed,” I say. Thando dumped me and killed a man in my presence in the same day, if that’s not being cursed, then what is it? I narrate everything Thando did to me.

“How did you guys meet?” She asks me, still writing something in her book.

“We met at my place of work, it was probably my second week at work; my boss had hosted a party and he was there ‘to have fun’ even though he didn’t even touch any glass of alcohol. He came up to me seeing that I wasn’t drinking either, and we



had a conversation; one thing led to the other and we ended up being in his house,” I say. He told me in the morning that we could continue having sex, but only if we don’t attach anything to it, I agreed because I really didn’t need any relationship stress at that time, I just needed to cum only.

I tell my therapist how well he treated me, sometimes I’d even forget that I was in a no-strings-attached relationship; he respected me, a lot.

“So, what changed?” She asks.

“Falling in love with him changed everything,” I tell her how he ended our relationship and killed a man in my presence; I knew that he’s a hit man, but I didn’t know that he would

be that heartless, killing a man who was just asking me out? He had broken up with me, so why was he even jealous?

“Some people are not in your life to stay, some people are there to teach you a lesson; maybe he was just there to teach you not to settle for less, try and set standards of how a man who loves you should treat you; if he’s really yours, then he’ll come back to you, but for now, try focusing on yourself,” she says. I nod, it will be hard but I’ll try.

Once my session is over, I call Sipho, he said I should call him; he’ll fetch me. Ahh, he’s a friend u ever I’ve never had, he understands me so much, I had never thought I would bag myself a rich friend, well he’s

not rich, 'he just affords' those are his words. He tells me that he'll be here in a few minutes.

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#Unedited

CHAPTER 20

\*\*Sponsored by Anonymous \*\*

LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

Bhengu hasn't gotten back to, although he said he is doing his investigations; I'm tired of waiting, I need to slit someone's throat. The only thing keeping me sane is Samkelwe; I've never thought I'd ever be in love with someone like I'm in love with her. Our relationship is

two weeks old, and I haven't had a change of heart, I swear I fall in love with her everyday. We haven't had sex, we are still getting to know each other; we are doing things her way, she's the one that knows a lot about relationships anyway.

I'm on my way to the Bhengus, I'm returning Mrs Bhengus car to her, I bought my own 325i two days ago, Kevin is driving it, I'll use it to go back home. I need to get it revamped; I will give it to Samkelwe, I trust that she'll do a great job making it beautiful.

The new car will never replace the old one, it could never. That car held me down a lot of times, it had been with me through all the downs and ups I had, but I didn't think twice

before burning it, I'll forever hate myself for that. But that doesn't mean that I won't buy a new car.

I've just driven in, Bhengu's car is he even though I had upped it wasn't, he wants to pay for my damages, I'm not sure if I want him to. My mother was a prostitute, she had probably slept with multiple men before him; she probably slept with more men in the same day she slept with him, but she didn't hide the fact that she was pregnant. She told him, he could have at least asked for DNA tests after I was born, but he didn't; it's 33 years later now, and I'm the one who found him, not the other way around, so excuse me if I don't trust that he genuinely wants to make me one of his own.

I get off the car and walk inside, I'm playing with the car keys just to calm my nerves.

"You are here," Mam' Bhengu says after opening the door.

"I'm here to bring your car, sawubona ma," I say to her. She opens her arms, I have to dive in for a hug, I hate this. I mentally prepare myself for this hug, she's not my mother, no one will ever be! Those thoughts go away as soon as she embraces me; her hug is warm, my heart starts feeling heavy, a lump is forming in my throat, I've yearned for a hug like this my whole life; I don't want to break this hug, but if I don't, I'll cry.

She leads me inside and tells me to wait with Bhengu in his study, she'll

dish up for me, I can't say no to food, it's just not me. I climb up the stairs and go to Bhengu's office, I knock and get inside when he shouts a come-in. I greet him with a brief handshake and sit down, we fall into silence.

"Whoever is trying to sabotage you is a mastermind, we were close to finding him, but the were soon led to a dead person's location. He knows we are looking for him, I asked Sanele for a helping hand," he says. "Sanele? Sanele Khoza?" That's Samkelwe's father.

"Yeah, he is baba, or Khoza to you," he says. I'm 33 and only I'm taught manners, it must be nice. I nod my head.

"Yes, bab' Khoza? I'm dating his

daughter, if he looks into me he'll find that out, cha please don't include him into this," I say.

"Ey, you are dating Samkelwe?!" Shit, I shouldn't have told him. I nod.

"Hheee, uzokubhonya uKhoza ngendodakazi yakhe, he'll beat you up," I shrug.

"Even if he kills me, I won't stop dating her, I love her," he laughs and nods.

"I hear you mfamakithi," he says.

"I think I should call uKevin and tell him to take my car to the panel beater, because it seems like I'll not be leaving now," I say, Mam' Bhengu is taking her time.

"You should, she's just started cooking; your sisters are both in the TV room, you can go and chill with



them,” he says. Weee, aii I prefer chilling with him; if I go to them, I’ll be subjected into watching boring TV series, I’ll go and greet them though.

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NARRATED

Someone came to her doorstep and asked her to revamp a 325i car, she tried telling him that she’s closed her panel beater, but he heard none of it. Someone told that Kevin that she is good at what she does, he wonders who it is that told him that she’s good. After going back and forth with Kevin, she agreed to take the car and give it a ‘beat’; thank God she didn’t sell her tools yet, and

also she hasn't bought a house, if she had, she wouldn't have had money to buy BMW materials. She's just called Tebogo, a BMW dealer of her, she ordered rims, and wheels; she'll take it from there, other things won't need to be fully changed.

She's in her panel beater; she came here 2 hours ago, she just took a shower in the bathroom that's in her office; she has a sexy lacy set of undergarments in her bag, she's planning on surprising Lunele with it. A call comes through as she's checking the car out, there are still people who drive ama Gusheshe out here?

"Hey, Lunele," she says. A smile is already plastered in her face.

"I heard by a certain bird that you are in your beater, I'm here to see you," he says.

"Are you alone?" She asks.

"Yeah, yin'ndaba?"

"Lutho, you'll find me in my office," she says and rushes to her office, there are no cameras inside. She was planning on taking the party to Lunele's house, but Lunele decided to come to the party.

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## CHAPTER 21

### NARRATED

She's sitting on the table, in her undies only, waiting for Luneluthando to come.

“Hawu!” Lunele exclaims and turns as quick as the speed of his bullets when he sees a half naked Samkelwe seated on her table, her legs crossed. He quickly locks the door; why the hell is she naked.

“Lunele, turn around,” she commands and chuckles lowly. He turns slowly, his hands covering his eyes.

She gets off the table and walks to him; she wraps her hands around his waist. He’s tall, so she looks up to him.

“Please open your eyes,” she says. He removes his hands from his eyes and opens one of his eyes.

“Is this you?” He asks.

“Yeah, it’s me,” she says. “Don’t you like what you see?” She’s concerned.

What went wrong? Doesn't she entice him?

"I do like it, I just feel like all this is happening in a wrong place," he says and clears his throat. He's nervous.

"This place is not inappropriate," she says running her hands on his chest, his breath is held up. "You are tensed," she says.

"I am." He's never been this stressed over sex like he is today. He knows how to give pleasure to a woman, it's not a problem; it has never been, out of all the 6 girls he's ever slept with in his life, no one has ever complained about his performance. What he's worried about though is, soul ties. He's done horrible things, he still will, he's not sure if he wants

to pass on those energies to Sammy, at least the other people he slept with knew what exactly they were getting themselves into, they knew about his line of work, but this one knows nothing about what he does, absolutely nothing.

He takes in a deep breath before wrapping his arms over her shoulders, he pecks her lips.

“You are beautiful, and trust me, I want to devour you, but isn’t it too early to be having sex?” He’s heard that there are other girls who do a 90 day rule; isn’t she part of those?

“I’m not a virgin anymore,” she says and slowly helps him out of his t-shirt; she’s holding eye contact.

Thank God, he’s not inked. She kisses his chest.

“Broad and hard,” she mutters. And then she unbuckles his belt; her eyes are still on his. He removes her hands on his waist and kisses her lips. He deepens the kiss, and wraps his hands tightly around her.

By the time he breaks the kiss, his eyes are smaller and bloodshot red; they are both breathing heavily.

“I love you,” he says.

“I love you too.”

He scoops her and puts her on the edge of the wood table. He pushes down his pants; her eyes land on his front. His dick is thick and black! The only turn off is that it's uncircumcised, are there people who don't circumcise in this world of today? Jesus!

She's turned off; her vagina is dry

now! She takes in a breath, she has to push these thoughts to the back of her mind, otherwise she won't enjoy any of this.

"Are you okay?" He asks, she nods and brings his face close to her and then kisses him, this time she's trying so hard to get in the moment, she's trying to forget that his manhood is not circumcised, but she's not succeeding.

"Do you have condoms here?" He asks. She clears her throat and shakes her head no; she should have thought about safety! How did she not think about it?

"I've always been safe, but we can go to the doctor tomorrow, just to be sure," he says. She nods her head.



“I’m sorry, too,” she says. He nods and makes her arch her back a little, his fingers go to her honeypot. She’s not as wet as he wants her to be; he directs his thumb to her clit and he rubs over it as he kisses her neck.

“Oh. My. Godddd!” She cries, trying to shut her thighs close, but she’s unable to close them; he’s in-between her legs.

“Relax, please,” he pleads. His penis is so hard, it’s painful. She needs to relax so they can get to make love.

“Lunele!” She says. She wants this, but she’s just unable to relax; he sighs and stops rubbing her clit.

“You don’t want this,” he says and sighs. He looks for his clothes and gets dressed. She closes her eyes, she tried, and she failed.

He's fully clothed, his penis is still throbbing against his pants.

"What's wrong?" He asks taking a seat far from her. "You initiated sex; is it something I did wrong?" He asks.

"No, I just have a lot in my mind," she lies. She's still naked. He nods.

"Is it something you want to share?" She shakes her head no, he nods and sighs; today he'll get blue balls.

She said she wanted to go home with him; he drove home, in silence. He has no idea what it is that turned her off, but he's sure that it has something to do with him. He wonders what it could have been. As soon as he shuts the door, she pulls his face to her and kisses his lips.

“Are you sure you want to do this?”

He wants to be sure; he’s sinned a lot in God’s planet, the last sin he wants to is rape.

“Yeah, I’m sure,” she says and gets herself naked, so does he.

“We can go to the bedroom,” Lunele says.

“No! The couch is fine,” she says. He nods and lifts her up, she wraps her legs around his waist. He lays her carefully on her back, and puts her thumb on her clit; she’s wet and ready, thank God.

He slowly enters her, keeping his eyes on hers. He releases a hiss as she moans, she’s hot.

“Don’t close your eyes, look at me,” he says. She tries to keep her eyes open.

“Oh, Lunele!” She cries.

“I love you.” He’s moving in a slow pace, his hands are on his waist, trying to keep trying in one place. Lord her walls are so warm.

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## CHAPTER 22

SAMKELWE SAMMY KHOZA

I have managed to push everything about his uncircumcised member to the back of my mind; I’m enjoying every moment. His dick is buried deep inside my core; his face in my neck. I feel his breath on my neck.

“I love you,” he whispers; his waist moves in a circular motion. My legs are widely opened.

“I love you even more, Lunele!” He

picks up his pace and thrusts in deep. My walls start clenching; my orgasm is on its way.

He pulls out and rubs on my clit, my toes curls, my eyes roll to the back before I scream his name. He doesn't let me catch my breath before he re-enters me.

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I didn't sleep throughout the night; Lunele has energy for days. At some point, I just lied like a lifeless chicken, because I was tired, but I wanted more of him. I need to get morning after pills because we had unprotected sex throughout the night.

A kiss lands on my cheek, I open my eyes.

"Good morning, Sammy," he says. I

smile.

“Hey, Lunele,” I say.

“You slept well?” I nod my head;  
when he finally let me sleep, I slept  
well.

“What time is it?”

“It’s 10:30,” he says. I get off bed.

“I can’t even walk properly Lunele,  
but there’s a car that I need to  
revamp,” I say.

“It’s not my fault unekhekhe  
elimnandi.” He says it’s not his fault I  
have a nice cookie; I roll my eyes  
before I go to the bathroom to take  
a quick bath.

I need something to wear, I go  
through his wardrobe, a Crawl t-  
shirt and Nike sweat shorts are the  
only things that I can wear. His  
wardrobe is full of Brentwood and

Leopard printed t-shirts. He is a true Zulu man!

“Ahh, you look so sexy!” He says, smiling. One thing I hate about his smile, it never shows his teeth.

“This t-shirt is really big, yho.” He nods.

“Big in a sexy way,” he says. I laugh and shake my head.

“Well, thank you, then, Mr Bhengu,” I say before taking a seat next to her. He winks.

“I hope you are hungry, I prepared breakfast for the both of us,” he says. I thought he said that he can't cook.

“Follow me, ma'am,” he says.

He set the table like a pro; I can give him that, but the food is definitely

from Wimpy. I can tell that it's from Wimpy because of how it smells.

"It smells nice," I say, mockingly. He doesn't catch on the mockery; he grins.

"Thank you, I try," he says. His eyes are shimmering; I can't believe that he is believing his own lies. If I hadn't seen his happiness, I have told him that I know that the food is from Wimpy, but now I won't because I have seen how proud he is of himself. I look at him and smile. And then a thought crosses my mind, how do I even start to tell him that he has to go and circumcise, at his age?

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## LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA BHENGU

I enjoy spending time with my girlfriend, she just completes me, I love her even. I love how she makes me feel even though it scared me at times. She makes me forget my reality.

It's been two months, I'm happy that she gave me a chance. But I'm afraid I have to kind of disappear on her, I need to go to the hostel, I haven't had any gigs lately, I'm running out of money. Bhengu offered to give me a job in his company after he paid all that was due to my mother's family, but I turned it down; the only job I know is a gun that requires a person to shoot the other; I asked him to take

Sthabile and give him an internship; that boy doesn't want to go to school, he loves farming, so I asked Bhengu to talk to his friends, just so we can get a farming internship. I told him that I'd pay I'd needed, but he covered everything and told me that he just needed Sthabile to come through. I complained, but I just let him be because what else could I say?

I've just taken a bath, I feel fresh, it's a new morning. Every morning, I'm reminded that I have an enemy that I don't know; Bhengu hasn't gotten back to me about whoever is trying to sabotage me, but I hope he is close to finding whoever the person is, I have given up on trying, the person is too smart for me, I don't

know how he managed to cover his tracks like he does, I guess he went to school for it.

“We Sthabile!” I yell, I need to get him to work. Oh, and I got the replacement of isthandwa sami revamped, I have to admit, Sammy did mire than I expected she’d do, and well, I kind of told MaVusana, he told his customers that there’s a new mechanic, and then my car was proof that she’s good. She did a great job even when she didn’t know that the car belonged to me, aren’t I a proud boyfriend right now?!

“Bhuti!” he yells back.

“We need to get you to work, come down!” I say descending the stairs; he’s already dressed, he’s watching TV. Sometimes I forget that he’s a

herder, he's always on time.

"I was waiting on you," he says, and shrugs.

"I see; let's go ke," I say and head to the door, as I'm about to open, a knock comes through. I open, and it's police. What the fuck did I do?

"Morning, sir, we are looking for Mr Luneluthando," he says. He does not know who I am?

"Eh, you are looking that ass, he's probably somewhere out there, drunk and snoring in a woman's house." I lie through my teeth. I'm glad Sthabile is quiet. "Why do you need him?" I ask.

"There are so many things he did, he killed..." I quickly force a cough out, Sthabile doesn't need to hear this. I give my car keys to Sthabile and tell

him to drive himself to work. They probably have a strong case, I need to tell them that I am Luneluthando, otherwise I'll live my life on the run. Eyy, but I'm fucking fucked!

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## CHAPTER 23

I'm arrested, arrested for the murder of Tshepo Molefe, I swear he's haunting me. I had MaVusana clean up for me; he's the best person to make anything that would make a person clash with the law vanish, so it can't be that they have found evidence; well, they've found evidence, and I'm sure I'm going away for a long time, there are other things I've done that they have on

me; my only question is, HOW?! It's funny because I know, but it feels like I'm in denial or something, all the things that they are 'questioning' me about are things that MaVusana 'cleaned up', so all this can only mean one thing, he's behind all this, unless it's a coincidence.

MaVusana is behind all this, and the only reason why I didn't catch on it is, I love and respect my friendship with him; I'd never betray my friend, especially the only best friend I have, but he did, and I feel like shit now. I feel like an idiot because I thought our friendship was genuine, I mean we come from the same village, we grew up together what changed his heart about me? I've been in here for a week now, I'm

shit scared, I'm not scared of being, but I'm scared of what being inside might mean. Samkelwe, I hope she loves me through this.

I'm sitting on a chair, opposite Bhengu, a table is between us.

"MaVusana, I didn't even think of him," I say and shake my head.

When Molefe said that he wanted his friend dead, I thought to myself that I'd kill any 'friend' that crosses me, I think it's time.

"It's him, I got an email 2 days before coming here, it was a document that had all that MaVusana did to gather all the evidence that these people are charging you for," he says. I'm just staring at him; I don't know what to say. Now, I've always known that s day like this would

come, I've always known that someday I'd be handcuffed for one thing and every crime I've ever committed would be dug up; the timing though, the timing is wrong. I've just found a person I love. And in all that I'm finding out that the person whom I trusted the most is the one that's behind me being bars.

"He hates me," I say. I don't think I can hold back these tears.

"He does hate you," Bhengu says. It feels like he's rubbing salt against my wounds.

"I can't believe that they've also charged me for rape, I respect women; it seems like I'm not getting out of here, God is punishing me," I can't believe I'm crying; when last



did I cry? Like cry openly? It was on my mother's funeral.

"I'll call a lawyer, Clive, he's good, he'll get you out on bail, while we wait for trial," he says.

"I'd say I need the docket to disappear; but I know we'd be the number one suspects; please just make sure that she's okay, uSammy, and please tell her that I love her," I say. I need one hug from her and I'll be okay.

"I'll get you out of here, I promise you," he says.

"Don't touch MaVusana, I need him alive. Thank you baba, please pass my greetings to uMa, and osisi, tell Sthabile to take care of my car," I say. He nods, I get up and yell the policeman to take me back to the

holding cells.

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SAMKELWE SAMMY KHOZA

He's out on bail. I don't know if I want to see him or not; especially after the text I sent him yesterday after he sent me a 'I love you text'. I cussed at him and told him that he has the nerve to rape people with his uncircumcised dick; I wrote a lot of things and then deleted the texts after that. Man, I can't believe I had sex with a rapist, unprotected sex at that! I feel dirty.

I won't lie, I was shocked when I heard that he was charged for rape; I don't know why, but I wasn't shocked when I heard that he might

have killed people. He's scary, so it might be true, but the rape story shook me up; I couldn't even sleep well after hearing it. I don't think I want to associate myself with him.

"But you heard that dad said that he didn't commit any of those crimes," Zinhle says. She's his sister, she'd obviously advocate for him. I'll not blindly believe that Luneluthando is innocent just because I love him; any man poses danger to women, he's also a man, so he's capable.

"But the police have evidence against him, also they said they have two eye witnesses," I say after rolling my eyes.

"I think you need to see him, just once, and have a conversation with him; just so you know that you are

done with him,” she says. I’m tempted to go and see him, I miss him. But I feel guilty for missing him, how do I miss a rapist? And if he’s innocent, how will I take back the words I texted to him?

I’m a disgrace to women.

“I don’t know Zee, but I’ll see what I can do,” I say and shrug.

“I can’t believe you wanted to close this panel beater, look at how good it’s doing now,” she says. I had already closed it, and thanks to Lunele, it’s opened again. I had to go and ask for my employees from dad, he released them easily because I’m his daughter, otherwise I wouldn’t have gotten them back.

“It’s really doing great, now,” I say and look around, we get 5 cars

weekly. My phone beeps as we are talking.

\*\*\*Can we meet?\*\*\* It's Sipho, my blood runs cold what does he want?!

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## CHAPTER 24

### SAMKELWE SAMMY KHOZA

I'm home now, sipping on a glass of wine. I finally bought myself a house; it's in Zakariya Park, I finalized everything two weeks back, and I moved in a week ago. I called home and let them know, both my brothers and father showed up and congratulated me, I felt love from my brothers for the first time- I

received warm hugs, forehead kisses, and money. It kind of cheered me up, I was going through a lot, Lunele had just disappeared on me, I didn't know that he was arrested. It's boy fully furnished, there's a lot that still needs to be done, I'm taking baby steps, I'll get where I want to be.

I'm currently waiting for Sipho, he said he wanted to see me, so I gave him my address and told him to come. Umfundisi ulindwa ngengoma, I'm drinking wine while I wait for him.

A knock comes through before I even get tipsy. I gulp it down and take a deep breath before I go to open.

"Lunele?" I'm shocked that it's him

that's here; how did he find out that I live here? I didn't tell him nje.

"Hey, please don't shut the door, I'll be quick, I just need to talk," he says.

I take a deep breath before I move to let him in. He takes off his hoody once he's inside. He looks stressed, I guess he wasn't taking care of himself when he was still in the holding cells. His facial hair has grown, he looks like a mess.

"I tried calling, it took me to voicemail, did you change your number?" He asks, I shake my head. I need to sum up my strength, being in his presence is hard, I said a lot of fucked up shit when I texted him.

"I blocked your number," I say. He swallows and nods.

"You must hate me, ke," he says, I

shrug, I can't say anything to dispute it. "I didn't rape anyone Sammy, I don't even know the woman they say I raped," he tells me. This is the only thing he'll deny? "There's no rapist that's ever said they committed a crime," I tell him. "Please do not call me a rapist." It's probably what every policeman calls him. If he really raped a woman, then it's who he.

"Sorry," I say. He blows out a sigh. "It's okay, can I touch you?" I quickly shake my head, no. "Please, I just need to hug you," he pleads.

"No, Lunele," I say. He doesn't pay much attention to what I just said, he nears me, and I keep on moving back. His eyes are darkening with every step we take, I'm shit scared.



My back hits the wall, I can't move back now, Lord, I'm shaking. "Lunele," I whisper when he puts his two fingers on my chin. Again, he doesn't pay attention to my words, he runs his fingers on my neck down to my arm.

"I love you," he says and takes my wrist and places it before his nose, he sniffs, hhay-bo! This is not a normal human behavior, what is he doing?

"Lunele, no!" I almost yell.

"Kungani ungisaba? Why do you fear me, suddenly?" He asks me.

"Because I heard that you are a murderer and a rapist, suddenly." Something flashes in his eyes, is it hurt?

"I love you Sammy, I will never hurt

you,” he says.

“This is not about me, it’s about the...”  
a knock disturbs me. We share an  
eye contact. Who could it be? He  
removes his hand from my wrist  
and frees me, I rush to open the  
door. It’s Sipho! Lord, take me, now.

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NARRATED

He’s ready to get into another  
relationship, well at least that’s what  
he thinks. The woman he’s found  
liking in is his friend, a close friend—  
Thubelihle. He loves how supportive  
and emotionally available she is to  
him even though she has her own  
demons to deal with. He thinks he’s  
ready to ask her out, that’s why he

came to Sammy, he just wants closure, he wants to know what it is that he did wrong, he doesn't want to repeat the same mistakes.

"Hey, Sammy," he says when she opens the door.

"Hey," she says and smiles awkwardly before she moves to let him in. He gets in. There's a man sitting on the couch, his head is bowed so he can't really see him.

"Can we talk, Sammy?" he says. She nods.

"Lunele, please give us space?" Sammy says. Lunele lifts his head and sees Sipho, he thought that it was one of her brothers. He chuckles lowly.

"Sammy, ubani lo, who is this?"

"It's Sipho, my ex boyfriend," she

answers and clears her throat.

“What is Sipho, your ex boyfriend, doing here?” He asks.

“He said that he wanted to talk to me about something,” she says.

“When did he tell you that, I’ve been here all along but I didn’t hear him saying that,” he says. Samke is starting to get annoyed.

“He called me,” she says.

“Oh, so wamphendula? You answered?” He asks. What’s with these questions? Sammy nods.

“Ngoba esomile? Because he’s circumcised?” She freezes, why does he have to bring that up, here.

Luneluthando was hurt by the ‘you have the nerve to rape people with your uncircumcised dick’ text, he didn’t know that being

uncircumcised would be an issue; he didn't have to circumcise when he was going up, even in his late teens, there was no time to do that because he was hustling; he's made an appointment in the men's clinic though, he's scared but his woman has to be happy sexually, so he has to conquer his fears.

“Ngiyabuza, while I'm still calm, Sammy, you answered because he's circumcised?” Siphos is just lost, who the fuck is this?

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## CHAPTER 25

SAMKELWE SAMMY KHOZA

“Sammy Sthandwa sami, I’m asking you a question, you answered ngoba naku yena usokile?” He keeps on asking the same question. The more his words sounds sweet is the more his voice sounds firmer. I haven’t answered him.

“Ngiyaxolisa mfowethu, I didn’t know that she had moved on, I just wanted closure; but it’s okay, I’ll leave. Again, I’m sorry, I meant no disrespect,” Sipho says before he turns to leave.

“Ngiyabonga, bafo,” Lunele thanks him. I follow behind him and close the door.

“What are you trying to do? Are you trying to make me seem like a crazy person?” I’m boiling with anger, what is he trying to do?

"I've never heard of any girl that answers her ex's calls but ignores her boyfriend's," he says and shakes his head. I don't see what the problem is, why is he making a fuss out of this?

"You are not my boyfriend. He didn't call me, he texted me, and besides he didn't do anything to me, so I don't see why I should not answer his calls," I say.

"Can we stop fighting and talk like the adults that we are?"

"I'm not fighting," I say.

00Why are saying hurtful things ke?  
I'm not your man?" I sigh. At this point, I think it would be better for me to keep quiet because whatever I say to him will be used against me.

He buries his face in his hands  
before he releases a sigh.

We fall into silence, uncomfortable  
silence; my eyes are on him, his are  
cast to the ground. He's not okay,  
and my heart is sinking.

"Did you kill them? The people they  
say you killed, did you kill them?" I  
break the silence. He lifts his eyes  
and looks at me.

"Yes, I did," he says. Somehow, I feel  
like I knew that he did sinister things,  
but I still expected him to say no.

"How many people did you kill?" I  
ask him.

"I don't know how many people I've  
killed, all I know is that they are a lot,  
I started killing at an early age, in  
my early 20s," he says. I swallow.

"Okay, I hear you." I really do hear



him, but I don't understand him. "But I don't get you, if they tell you to kill your family members, what do you do? Do you kill them?"

"That's what put me in this situation, I refused to kill my father," he says. My eyes bulge out.

"Someone wanted you to kill your father?"

"Yes, but I killed them, but I didn't know that it was my 'friend' that was behind all this shit," he says and sighs. He buries his head in his hands. He starts breathing heavily, okay what happening? He rest his back on the couch, his hands still on his face. I see his chest rising and falling, he's crying. I can't help but go to him, I put my hand on his chest and brush.

“Lunele, please look at me,” I say. He shakes his head. I’ll forcefully remove his hands from his face. At first, he fights, but he eventually lets me remove his hands from his face. His face is wet and his eyes are bloodshot.

“What’s wrong?” I know what it may be, but I want him to say it out loud.

“I’ve never pretended to be someone’s friend and later betrayed them, it hurts that it has been done to me, ngenzeni?” I have no idea, but I wipe his tears and sit on his lap; what the hell am I doing? I don’t know. All I know is that my heart loves him.

“You did nothing,” I say and cup his face and bring it closer to mine. “I love you,” I tell him.

“Thank you, I love you too,” he says. I kiss his lips.

“Now that we’ve talked about the crime you did. Please tell me honestly, did you rape her?” He shakes his head.

“I’d never do such a thing,” he says. I nod, I believe him.

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LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

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Today is the D day, the day that I have been stalking so much. I’m getting to be given a verdict; my lawyer tried his best, but these people just had a lot against me. The eye witnesses are Thubelihle

and Vusumuzi. Thubelihle was probably forced to do this, because every time she'd make a statement, she'd apologetically look at me.

I had 3 months to decide whether I wanted to be on the run for the whole of my life, or I want to be here in my country, close to people I love and be locked inside. I chose to go and get circumcised and stayed in my country, it's probably the worst decision because I might be given a life sentence and never get to see Sammy ever again, but I chose it anyway. I'll probably die, the thought of Samkelwe with another man makes me sick.

During the trial, so many criminal offenses I've done were brought up, but the judge says that I'm only

guilty of 3 murders, I'm grateful that Bhengu dealt with the woman that accused of rape.

The judge reads the seriousness of committing murder, he then goes on to say that I'm given two life sentences, my hands start sweating. I feel her eyes on me, she's probably crying in my sister's arms, but her eyes are on me. If I turn to look at her, then I'll break down and cry.

I can deal with life sentences, my life inside won't be hard, but can I deal with losing her? I'm not sure. I don't want to turn, but I want to see her. I take in a breath before I turn to look at her. She's crying, I feel my heart pounding against my chest.

"I love you," I mouth. She nods and wipes her tears, I look at my father.

“He says you won’t spend more than 5 years, please hold on mfanawami,” he says. The lawyer is the one that said I won’t spend more than five years? That would be great, but do I have 5 years, will she wait for me? Will Sammy wait for me? I doubt.

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## CHAPTER 26

### LUNELUTHANDO

It’s hard accepting that my ill probably spend the rest of my life in here, wondering what could have been if I had never gotten into the field of work that I got into.

“Nkambabeyibuza?” It’s probably

one of Fernandez people, I look up. "Get up, we need to talk." I have a lot in my mind, talking is not something I want to do. "You have been in this bed for the whole week, do you like it? Is it comfortable?" He asks, I shake my head and click my tongue. He's annoying me. This bed is not comfortable, but it's nothing new. I have had to sleep in beds worse than this one.

"The only way to survive for you, without stepping on someone's toe is by selling cigarettes.

"Eyy mfana, I don't need any of that, my father takes care of everyone close to me outside," I say and realize how weak what I just said makes me seem. Hawu, am I a father's baby now?

“Eh, okay, ngane yetaima, my name is Skuva,” he says and sits next to me. I almost laugh. Does Duncan even know that there are people who are claiming his name in prison?

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SAMKELWE SAMMY KHOZA

I have finally made peace with the fact that Lunele, or should I say, Nkambabeyibuza, is not coming back anytime soon. It's really hard to accept it, but I guess it gets better with each day. It has been 5 years, but I was still holding on to him, I haven't had any other man touch me because I was holding on to him. I went to visit him 4 times in the first month of his conviction, and



when I went for the 5th time, he told the guards to tell me to stay away, and that he doesn't want to ever see me again. I guess it was his way of dealing with the whole life sentence thing. I tried going back again, but he stood his ground, he never wanted to see me again. It didn't stop me from loving him though. I still love him even now, but I think it's time for me to move on. I have a date tonight, I'll be going there after work. Work has been going well, I've improved my company, and I'm still grateful to my hit, uLunele, he helped to advertise my work, and also I'm grateful that the people coming here are not thugs, but civil citizens.

It's almost 4pm, I have to knock off

and go to prepare for my date, I get off my chair and pack up. There's a knock on the door, who could it be? I go to open, oh it's both my brothers, they are probably here for an advice or something. We have spoken about our relationship, I know have 3 present brothers, but the only one that knows about Lunele is bhut' Ntabezinhle, because he's very soft when it comes to me. He might be from the village, but he's always understanding, these 2 treat me like their younger sibling. They don't want me to date but they want me to give them relationship advice, it doesn't make sense.

"Ya, bafo," Ncophelo says.

"Sure, how are you?" I ask them.

"I'm okay, but your brother is not

okay, he met a girl while driving a taxi and she slept in the taxi, when she woke up, she fainted. He called me, the girl as just having a panic attack, imagine. ” I laugh. Simphiwe can be very funny when narrating a story.

“Okay, when was that?” I ask.

“Two weeks ago, and now, he’s stalking the poor girl,” he says. I laugh again.

“Well, at least I’m not 35 and single, “ Ncophelo says. He’s throwing a shade, directly.

“Uzonya wena, sphukuphuku.”

Simphiwe threatens to beat Ncophelo up, I’m laughing my ass out. I can’t believe I once thought Simphiwe was uptight.

By the time Ncophelo offers to drive me home because he had a fight with Simphiwe and he doesn't want to be in a car with him, it's already 7pm, and I've totally forgotten about my date. Lord, what will I tell Sizwe? Oh well, I'll just forget and block him. We go to his car and he drops himself at Simphiwe's even though he has his own house, he probably doesn't have food. He kisses my cheek before he climbs off. I go to the driver's seat and wave them goodbye.

I've just parked outside my house; I don't climb out, I check my phone, I have tons of missed calls from Sizwe. I text him and apologize for not making it, I then delete and block his number before I climb off

my car and lock it and then head inside my house.

The door is not locked, I must have left the door unlocked. I throw myself on the couch and heave a sigh.

“Sammy, sthandwa sami esifuna indoda esokile.” I almost jump and scream, what the hell?!

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## CHAPTER 27

LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

I spent three full years inside. I'm really thankful to my father for that; he got the case to be reopened after my second year in prison, he

had already paid money to whoever he needed to pay. The case dragged out for a year.

Bhengu could have bribed the people he bribed before I went to trial, I wouldn't have even spent a day in prison. I have a feeling he let things be because he wanted me to 'learn' a lesson; he wanted me to stop thinking like inkabi; unfortunately, I can't, it's a part of me. But I truly learnt a lesson. When I got out, I had to lay down for two years, if I did anything out of the ordinary, I would have went back inside— something I couldn't risk; so I spent the two years stalking HER. God knows how many times I stopped myself from asking to meet her.

I couldn't even execute my revenge to Vusumuzi. I fucking hate that son of a father-of-a-moron! He proved to be a moron when he crossed me. He crossed me for Thuba? Thuba that's married to Sammy's ex? He should have been a man about this, he should have came up to me and told me that he loved her, I would have backed off because I didn't love her like that.

"Oh my God, I can't believe you are here," she says. She's still shocked that I'm here.

She's where she belongs, in my arms. I loved her reaction when she realized that it was me here. She put on the lights after I spoke, when she saw me, she jumped to her feet and threw herself on me, she hugged me

tightly– more like hugged my heart tightly. I'm in love with Sammy, I can't deny it, she's the only thing that I think when I wake up. I don't care if I'm breathing or not, I care about her more than I care about my next breath. So when I see her smile, my heart becomes full.

We are on her bed, I'm sitting up, my back is rested against the headboard, she's sitting in-between my legs, her head on my chest.

"I'm back, and I'm with you baby," I say and give her arm a light squeeze.

"I missed you," she says. I missed her too, God knows how hard it was living without her for the past 5 years.

"I missed you, Ngcolosi missed you



more," I say. My voice is lowering and getting hoarse, shit I'm horny. She giggles and says nothing.

"I'm sorry for leaving you," I say, changing the topic. I really didn't mean to go to prison just when we started dating.

"It was never your fault; aii I'm lying it was your fault," she says. My heart skips a beat, she's judging me, and fuck, it hurts. "You killed people, and you deserved to go to jail, even though it hurt me," she says. I've never had anyone brutally honest with me, so I swallow the distasteful saliva in my mouth. I'm fucking hurt, but I need to push all thes thoughts to the back of my head. "Please promise me you'll never kill anyone again." Her tone softens. Well, I

haven't killed MaVusana, I don't want to kill him now, because it's what he is expecting. He's probably heard that I'm out and he's surely waiting for my attack, he should rest, I won't attack now. And, instead of killing him, I'll— "Hey, I'm talking to you, do you promise?" She disturbs my thoughts. I nod my head, I'm lying, I'll still kill, and it won't be just one person, I'll kill his whole family, he'll beg me to kill him, fucking MaVusana!

"Yes, I won't kill anyone, Sammy," I promise. "I miss you, I really miss you," I say and squeeze her arm again, I then run my fingers on her smooth skin, my cock twitches. I'm hard.

"I missed you too," she says.

"Really?" I choke.

"Yes, 5 years was too long for us not to see each other; you even forbade me from coming to visit you, remember?" Okay, I get it, maybe I acted like a dick. But it was unintentional, and also selfish. I couldn't stand seeing her everyday and being unable to touch her, it was torture. So I put myself first, and forbade her from coming to see me. "I'm sorry," I say and drop my head to her neck and kiss it.

"Apology accepted," she whispers.

"Thank you," I say and ask her to turn to look at me, she does.

"Are you fine?" I ask. She nods.

"Yeah I'm okay," I say.

"I want to be buried inside you, is it okay?" I ask. I was almost arrested

for rape I didn't commit, so I have to be careful now.

"Yes, I missed you," she says and nods her head to confirm. That's awesome.

I help her off her t-shirt and her pants, together with her panties. My hand goes down to her pussy, damn she's ready for me, the temperature there is really high, it's felt by my finger.

"Do you have condoms?" I ask, my voice is strained. If I don't get inside her right in this moment, then I'll die. I'm sweating.

"No," she says.

"Fuck!" I cuss.

"I'm clean, I tested not so long ago," she says. Why was she testing? I don't vocalize my question though.

"I'm clean too," I say and direct my head on her pussy, oh shit she's too hot, I'll explode as soon as I enter her; I tap my cock on her click several times before I enter her, slowly. My eyes roll back. "Oh, fuck you are so tight Sammy," I cry. My voice is shaky. "I'll fucking cum in this moment," I say.

"Don't you dare," she warns. I fully enter her, and when I've filled her with my cock, I place my forefinger on her clit and play with it; this is the only way I can make her cum with me; if I move now, I'll just explode in a few seconds.

"Yes, oh my God," she moans and moves her waist.

"Don't move, I need you close," I tell her. She obeys and moans as I keep

on pinching rubbing her clit. When I feel her walls clenching against my cock, I start moving.

"I missed this, I missed you," I confess again.

"Uuuuhhh, right there, right there, Thando!" She moans. Ahh, 'Thando'? My ego is boosted right now. I keep the constant speed of thrusts for a minute, and then I start pounding on her. I'm sweating; I need this fucking release and she's already trembling under me. I'm there— I'm... oh fuck!

"Sammy!" I groan like a wounded animal. I bury my head on her neck and catch my breath.

"Thank you," I say once I've recovered.

"That was nice," she says.

"It should have been, engani

isokiwe," I say and pull out. She flushes. I get a towel and wipe us both, and I then get in bed, she snuggles close to me.

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## CHAPTER 28

### THUBELIHLE

He was my friend, a shoulder that I cried on for one full year. He supported me, he still does. And I started falling for him, and hell I wanted to distance myself from him because I thought that he would never fall for me, Thando didn't, what would make him? But, he didn't let me get away from him, heck when I wanted a 'friendship

breakup', he pulled me to his arms and kissed my lips, so beautifully, I wanted to be under him in that moment. We have chemistry, and it's undeniably strong. We dated and got married; he told me that he would like to be a man in our marriage, he's the type that wants a housewife; I had no problem with that, but– and that's a huge but– I do sell clothes, something that keeps my mind off things; he knows about it, and he's okay. He had to be okay with it because I wasn't going to let him control me.

"Hey," Sipho says and hugs me from behind and kisses my cheek. I smile and close the pot before I turn to him, I give him a proper hug and kiss.



“Good evening baby,” I say. He pecks my lips again, I’m still in his arms.

“How was your day?” He asks.

“It was okay, how was yours at work?” He sighs in frustration.

“It was okay, I’m just tired,” he says. I peck his lips. He smiles. I love his smile, it’s very contagious.

“Okay, go and take a quick shower, I’ll finish off with my pots, by the time you finish taking a bath, I’ll be done cooking,” I say.

“Thank you, mkami,” he says. I nod my head, he walks away.

Who would have thought that him and I would end up being a couple? A married one at that? I mean, he was just a drunk rich man that I let spend a night in my flat because he had passed out. We became friends

because of my generosity and then we fell for each other and dated.

We got married and two years back; I'm still happily married, and I hope it stays that way.

I've already dished up when he appears in his tracksuits, hawu, where is he going?

"It's just for warmth purposes, I'm not going anywhere," he says; it feels like he just read my mind.

"I didn't say anything nje," I say, laughing.

"The way you looked at me sold you out sthandwa sami," he says, chuckling. I roll my eyes.

"Come let's go and eat."

We've eaten. Now we are sitting in the TV room and watching TV. Well, the TV is only watched by him,

because I'm lying in-between his legs, my head placed on his chest. My eyes are on the ceiling.

"Did you hear that Bhengu is out?"

What? When was he even released?

Now being outside will really make me uncomfortable, I stood and testified against him. Vusumuzi made me do it. Had it be my life that he threatened, I would have told him to go ahead and kill me, but he threatened to kill my grandmother, so I had to give in. He had the nerve to ask me out after Thando was released. "Babe." Siphos startles me. Jesus, I almost scream. "He's out?" I hate that my voice is breaking, I'm scared. I know what Thando does to his enemies, and I am probably considered his enemy

because

“Yes he is, and don’t worry, he won’t do anything to you. He knows you were blackmailed, and besides, I would have protected you,” he says and kisses the top of my head. I know he would have, but Luneluthando is too ruthless! Sipho is just... good-hearted.

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SAMKELWE SAMMY KHOZA

Apparently Ncophelo is in a really serious relationship; he’s met a Swati girl, she’s from Swaziland; I love it for him. He already introduced her to mom and dad, I would have loved to be there, but it

would weird, mom and I still don't get along, we tolerate each other because what else can we do except coexisting and tolerating each other? So I had to ask for my own meet up with her, and he's letting me meet her after 3 whole months, Jesus! I'll be meeting her today, during the day.

Anyway, Lunele has been back for 3 months and I've been at my happiest. We made sure to make up for the time lost. We've been fucking like rabbits.

"What time is it?" He just took a bath, he's putting on his suit; today's his first day at work. His father offered him a Job, and I'm happy for him. "It's 6 o'clock," I say. I'm impressed he managed to wake up early, he's

super excited too.

“Okay, it’s still early,” he says.

“Aren’t you putting on a tie?” He quickly shakes his head.

“No, that things looks deadly, imagine if my enemy comes behind me and pulls it, aii I’m still young to be choked to death,” he says.

“37 and young? You are soon to turn 38,” I say. He laughs.

“Damn, umuntu is soon to turn 40? Hhaybo!” He exclaims. I’m laughing. Shame.

“Breakfast is ready, let’s go and eat.” I don’t usually make breakfast, I just made an effort because it’s his first day at work. He takes my hand as we walk down the stairs.

We take our seats and dish up before we eat. It does even take me

10 minutes of eating before everything I've eaten comes right up, I get up and rush to the bathroom.

"What's wrong?" He asks. He's brushing my back as every food I consumed today comes out. I feel sick and a but dizzy.

"I don't know," I say and get up before I was my mouth, rebrush my teeth.

"Fuck this job, I'm not going," he says.

"Ahh, you are going," I tell him.

"But you are not okay."

"You are not a doctor; I'm okay, this is probably because I have inyongo I'll be okay," I tell him. He sigh and brushes his head in frustration, this is his habit. He's dramatic.

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## CHAPTER 29

### SAMKELWE SAMMY KHOZA

She said she loves wings, specifically from Steers, and I actually eat anything that's edible. I'm not choosy, so I told her that we will order in and eat in Ncophelo's house while having the conversation.

Yep he now owns a house and is a taxi owner, he just owns one taxi, and I believe that they will multiply; I mean, he managed to buy himself a taxi, he raised money and saved, so, now I believe he'll be able to buy other taxis.

Anyway, Lunele is driving me to



Norwood— a place where Ncophelo lives. He hasn't said a word to me, I think he's angry or something. I don't recall doing anything to him, so I also keep quiet.

I'm not— at all— surprised when he doesn't ask for any directions to Ncophelo's house, he seems to know everything about me, and everything that's linked to me.

He parks and doesn't unlock the car. "Are you sure that you are okay?" He asks. I nod.

"Yeah, I'm fine, are you?" He shrugs and releases a sigh.

"I'm stressed about your health."

Hhaybo, is he this freaked out because of me vomiting? Hhaybo Lunele!

"I'm okay," I assure him.

“If anything happens, sthandwa sami, please call me.” I smile, involuntarily, he’s cute and hot when he’s panicking, or whatever it is that he’s going through...

“I’ll be okay,” I say. He gives me a look, so I continue, “But if anything happens, I’ll make sure to call you.” He grins. Ahh, I love this, I love him. “Thank you,” I quickly steal a kiss and climb off the car.

It’s still morning and too early for wings, so I let myself in the yard and knock when I get to the door, this is for my own safety. I don’t want to find myself standing in the middle of the room and seeing Ncophelo and his girlfriend on top of each other.

“Ey isdina so Samke, go home I don’t have breakfast!” Ncophelo says

opening the door, I'm not here for food— well I kind of am. But still he needs to be a bit kinder, I'm meeting his girlfriend— a girlfriend I've been cooking for by the way— so he needs to be in my good because if he's not, then I'll tell her all his childhood stories that he's always wished to be in the closet.

“Hhaybo, you always eat in my house, I even cook for your girlfriend, heck I even make sure that I boil your eggs whenever you come!” I say and roll my eyes before I push him aside and make my way inside. Whenever I come here, I'm always overwhelmed with pride, he's done well for himself, really well.

“Your house is really beautiful, it's cosy and warm,” I say.

“Thank you,” he says.

“Where is she?”

“Who?” I roll my eyes, by the time I leave, I’ll have abs on my eyes due to this rolling of eyes, I swear.

“Tandzile,” I say.

“Oh, she’ll be coming later.” I thought she’d already be here.

“Okay, I’m soooo Hungary!” I complain. My stomach is grumbling  
“I don’t have food in here, we can drive to get it,” he offers.

“Thank you, you’re the best,” I say. He nods.

We are on our way to Wimpy, he’s put Maskandi on the radio. This is not a genre I listen to, but I have no choice but to because I’m with Ncophelo; Simphiwe is the one that has better taste when it comes to

music.

“Sisi, you are turning 31, right? You are getting old.”

“Are you age-shaming me?” He laughs.

“No, I’m just stating the obvious, you are surely getting old, do you have anyone in your life? I don’t want you window shopping for a cat, you need someone to keep you company.” He doesn’t know about Lunele, no one does.

“Yeah, but please promise to keep it between us, I’ll tell everyone when I’m ready,” I say. He raises his brow.

“You do? That’s nice. And yes, I’ll keep it in my big chest.” He says and grins. “Who is the guy?” He asks.

“It’s Luneluthando,” I tell him. He frowns.

“Who the fuck is that?!”

“Lunele Bhengu, Lihle Bhengu’s son,” I say.

“Alright,” he says and nods.

“Why are you asking that?” I feel like there’s more to this.

“Ntaba and Simphiwe said I should ask you, so now I know who exactly to attack, where does he get the nerve to date our sister?” Oh wow!

“How do I bribe you against telling them?”

“By boiling eggs for me, every day,” he says. Great, just great!

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Tandzile got here at 1pm, she’s a beautiful brown skinned girl. Also, I kind of love her. She’s not a shy girl,

not at all. We got Ncophelo to leave and now we are both curled up in the couch and watching a sad movie. We are quarter to tears.

“Did you get to meet my mom?” I ask what I already know.

“Yes, I did,” she says.

“How was she?”

“She doesn’t like me, but she’s really nice,” she says. I laugh because I know she’s just saying that Ma is nice because I’m her daughter.

“Yeah, ma doesn’t like anyone, not even me.” I hate that my voice is breaking.

“Hey, you are crying?” I am? Jesus, what’s up with me?

One thing I’m okay, and the next... my emotions are all over the place. The food I ate comes right up, it

wants to leave my body... Great.  
Now I have to get up and run to the  
bathroom.

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## CHAPTER 30

LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

I've never been spiteful, not because  
I fear the consequences, but  
because I hate drama; I'm a fucking  
man, so if there's beef between  
myself and another man, we either  
sort it out— fist it out— or a gun and  
a bullet does it. But today? I'm  
fucking trying this spiting thing— on  
lunch, I'm taking Sthabile to  
MaVusana's Corner.



Anyway, I thought dad would give me a job in his office— I know nothing about it, but I'd learn, wouldn't I? But, he totally laughed me when I asked him, he said that I'll be managing his farm workers. To be honest, I wasn't excited; I also know nothing about farming. Heck, the only thing I know is how to aim with a gun.

I can't say that it's my day is not productive; Sthabile grew up in the villages— so did I, but I didn't herd any cows for anyone, my goal was to pass with great grades, to make my mom proud. I failed her. I failed her dismally. I'm sure she'd be ashamed to call me her son. I suck in a breath, to steady my breath that had started to hitch, what the

fuck's happened to me? I never used to be this weak!

"It's lunch, bhuti," my cousin Sthabile says. I nod my head and remove my gloves. I was applying the fertilizers to the Crops, luckily I was on the last one when he came.

"Let me wash my hands, I'm taking you to MaVusana's," I say. He nods.

MaVusana is not here, I am hoping that he shows up, just so he could see how much of a great job he did 'destroying' me.

"When last did you speak to Ncane?" I ask Sthabile as we go through our menus; I don't know why the hell I'm going through the menu, probably to seem fancy, because I know what I'll be ordering— usu nophuthu! I hope there's someone that has

mastered making it like Thuba.  
Speak of the devil, there she comes.  
I want to greet her, but am I safe?  
“I spoke to her last Sunday.” I nod  
my head and make a mental note  
to go and see her, I miss her. “And  
then?” Sthabile says, disturbing my  
thoughts.

“I’m just thinking, I owe her an  
apology,” I tell Sthabile. I making a  
pointing to Thuba gesture.

“What for? This woman stood  
against you in court, if she wasn’t  
there, you’d have not been  
sentenced,” he says.

“She was forced to do that,” I say. I  
know Thuba or, rather, I knew Thuba;  
I saw her discomfort every time  
she’d say anything against me, she  
looked at me apologetically– or was

I imagining all that? There's only one way to find out.

"She could have given you a heads up or something," Sthabile says. I release a sharp breath before I move my chair back and get up. Sthabile's eyes widen, I don't mind them.

"Thuba?" She's lost in the words on the menu, but she freezes immediately when she hears my voice. "Hey, can I sit?" I touch her shoulder slightly, but she stiffens; I quickly remove my hand from her. It takes a minute for her to recover from her \_I don't even know what\_. She looks up at me and offers an awkward smile.

"Hey, Thando," she says. "You can sit." Her voice is shaky.

“Are you okay? I’m sorry for startling you,” I say.

“I’m okay, I’m just scared. Please don’t hurt me.” My eyes widen, I’m really offended that she thinks that I’d hurt her.

“I’d never hurt YOU,” I say. So what if our relationship didn’t end well? I still care about her. “I know you didn’t do any if that shit intentionally; I’m just here to apologize for that incident,” I say. I wasn’t thinking straight. She gives me a quivery smile and nods. “It’s okay; therapy helped,” she says; I nod my head and we catch up.

Our conversation is going smoothly, she’s telling me what’s up in her life, I know everything but I pretend to get shocked when she tells me the most shocking details of her life.

“I’m glad you are happy,” I say.

“I’m glad too,” she says. I smile and go back to my table after bidding goodbye to her. Sthabile shakes his head in disappointment when I sit down, mxm I don’t care what he says.

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The rest if the week flies by so quick. I think I’m enjoying being employed. Today is Saturday, and I’m so sad that Samke has to leave early; her parents called her. I also have plans for today, but I’m still sad that she’s leaving early.

“Apparently, my parents are forcing a young girl in my brother’s life; they claim to have done all the

traditional ceremonies to make her his wife, can you believe that?!"

She's angry.

"Which brother?" I ask, calmly.

"Simpfiwe, they say he's too old to be single," she says and snorts loudly. I laugh, the boy is fucking 35! He's younger than me; I'm glad Bhengu and I are not that close otherwise he would also fo that shit to me. "But the problem is, he's not single, there's Precious," she says.

"I'm sorry." This is the only thing I can say. I really don't know how to make someone feel better— unless it's sexually— I could buy her something, but she's rushing somewhere. She takes in a breath before she puts on her red lipstick and kisses my cheek before she says that she'll see me

later. As soon as she leaves, I head to the bathroom and shower.

There's some unfinished business I need to take care. After showering, I head to my safe, and then take my handgun and then fill my little bag with bullets. My adrenaline rush is on its peak right now.

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## CHAPTER 31

### SAMKELWE SAMMY KHOZA

I'm defeated. When will my father ever stand his grounds? When will he ever tell her that he's the man of this relationship? I'm not a person that wants women to be pressured in relationships, I don't want them to



not have their voices; but, my mother is not having an equal voice like my father. She takes decisions, and my father has to support her, because he's a great husband. She's the one who took the decision of getting my brother married, forcefully, and my father agreed, aii. I've seen the girl, she's really, really young and beautiful. I like her, and I feel guilty for that, I've met Precious, and I also like her; liking Sinikiwe feels like betrayal to Precious.

It's 8am when she appears with pots; she sets them on the table. It's only mom, dad, and I on the table. I don't know where Simphiwe headed off to. Phelo and Tandezile were said to have left last night, or early in the morning. My sources were not sure.

Sinikiwe sits down; awkward silence in the room. Oh and the husband of the year appears with a bowl too, he doesn't want his wife's food? His bowl has fruit salad, I'm salivating. "Good morning," he mumbles before sitting down. We greet back. Sinikiwe opens the pot, and I groan, are we eating porridge? The porridge has peanut butter, it's my brother's favorite, Sinikiwe seems to have gotten the memo. But, I am not in the mood for porridge; I mean, I used to love it, but today I don't think I love it that much. I look at my mother, she's smiling broadly. And a ping of jealousy hits me, my mother has never, ever smiled at me like that. I used to come home, from school, with great grades, but I've

never even gotten a  
'congratulations' from her; I know I  
may sound pathetic, but I don't like  
Sinikiwe because she's loved by the  
person I yearn to be loved by.

"Hawu Phiwe, it's your favourite,"  
mom says looking at Phiwo who  
takes a spoonful of fruits. He chews  
taking his own time, after  
swallowing he wipes his mouth with  
a saviette.

"No ma, I'm allergic to peanuts," he  
says calmly. I almost laugh. I can  
see his eyes stuck on the porridge,  
what the hell?

"Ohh really?" Mom asks, he nods his  
head still starring at the pot; Dad is  
just quietly waiting to eat his  
porridge.

"Yes, really? Ma clearly told her to

cook this for you but suddenly you are allergic, we could have had a full English breakfast,” I say.

Simphiwe sighs heavily.

“Ungangijwayeli Mina, ngizokugxoba”  
(Don’t

Be forward, I’ll beat you up)

Simphiwe says and leaves the table.

Oh wow, what did I do? I didn’t stare any lies here. I look at my father, he seems defeated.

Sinikiwe leaves the dining room after she dishes up for everyone; she’s also not eating? My mood drops from a 50 to a 0. I pity them, this is surely going to be a hard life for the both of them. I eat my food, I’m surprisingly enjoying it.

After breakfast, I look for Sni; she’s in her room, balled up in her bed. My

heart sinks.

“Hey, can I come in?” I knock, ignoring the voice that keeps on reminding me that I’m betraying Precious.

I hear her sniff before she tells me that u can come in. She sits up, I sit next to her and hug her, it’s the only thing I can offer right now. I feel like crying too, but we can’t cry at the same time.

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LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

Maybe using various tools to torture him is what he thought I’d do after bringing him here, that’s why he couldn’t even pretend that he cared.

But I have his family here with me. His mother, his daughter and his sister. They are all females, which makes things harder for me.

“Please don’t do anything to them, please,” he begs. It’s still early for Vusumuzi to fucking beg me, it’s too early. I cock my gun. I don’t know who to kill first, his mother or daughter? I know he loves them all but there’s one he loves the most, it’s between his mother and daughter.

I decide that I’ll kill his sister first. I want him to die begging.

It kills my soul to kill her; I make a short, silent prayer to my mom, begging for forgiveness before I slowly pull the trigger; the sound the gun makes as soon as the bullets

leaves increases my adrenaline rush. This is my high, the bullet erases my guilt for the time being, and thanks to God, I don't see her face as her breath leaves her body. I made them face the other side.

"No!" He screams, like a bitch. I can't stop the laugh that leaves my mouth. His mother and daughter are crying, silently. I'm trying to not let their cries get to me, I'm trying to block them.

"For a fuckin chick? She's a wife to someone else, and he probably fucks every day, different styles, she probably screams his name too." He groans, I didn't touch him; I'm also not planning on beating him up, because I know if I do, I'll not kill him. "I'm sorry, I get it, I fucked up," he

says.

“Damn right, you fucking did! You delayed me, I could have gotten married... and holy fuck, I killed a man so dear to me, because you told Molefe to say it was him, I fucking killed Ngonyama!” I’m surprised that I’m not yelling. I don’t like people’s voices to be raised at me, and I don’t like raising mine to other people, but this fucking situation calls for a voice that’s raised. “Now I’ve got to tell you why he gave me the name that he gave me, Nkambabeyibuza, you can never predict me shlama, you knew that before you threw me under the train!” I swear I didn’t want to pull the trigger, but once again, I’ve shot a woman, that’s my mother’s age,



and I feel like shit, I'll probably vomit.  
"I'm sorry," he's crying softly now. I  
need to sum up some strength.  
"That was for making me kill an  
innocent man," I say. My voice is not  
shaking, thank God. Now, I have to  
sum up my courage, she's a four  
year old and I need to shoot her.  
"She's innocent, please don't kill her,"  
he cries...

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## CHAPTER 32

LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

"Please, let her live," he begs. He's  
crying, I'm already having a hard

time killing her, he doesn't have to make things harder for me. "You've won, I'm begging you, please stop and kill me," he's crying real tears. My gun is pointed at her head, my hand is on the trigger, I'm trying to pull it, but u can't it's fucking hard. I suck in a breath, I'm heartless, it's not even funny. I killed women— a thing I had sworn I'd never ever do; I thought I'd never deer have to kill a woman, but I just killed two, in one day.

Vusi is crying and begging me to kill him. It's what I wanted him to do; but it doesn't give me the satisfaction I thought it would.

"What the fuck did you make me do, Vusi?" My voice is trembling. I fucking hate feeling like this.

“I’m sorry man,” he says. Sorry? He’s fucking sorry?

“I trusted you,” I hiss. I feel like having a hot and burning drink or something. I don’t like alcohol, neither do I like weed– it brings a lot of bad memories, I was drunk and high when I caused my mother’s sickness– but now, I feel like getting drunk, I need something that will make me forget about what I’ve just done.

“I know, I know you did, but please, please spare my child,” he says. I look over to Simengaye– his child– her head is bowed, I’m not sure if she’s looking at the blood on the floor or she’s fainted... or asleep? I’m not fucking sure.

“Any last words man?” These words

are famously said by a man who won't have the balls to finish their business.

"Whoever you take her to, tell them to tell her that her uncle loves her," he says. I raise my brow, what the fuck is he talking about? He's now her uncle?

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"She's not my daughter; that's her mother lying in the pool of blood." He nods to his sister.

"What the fuck?!" I'm stunned, why is this world full of secrets?

"Yeah, and you're the father," he says.

"Bullshit," I almost roar. I can't help but turn to look at her, her back is the only thing I see. I sigh and look at Vusi, again.

“I don’t have any reason to lie now,” he says.

“You do, you know I’d never fucking kill someone whose blood is mine; but I never fucked your sister, come on Vusi, if you want to lie then at least be creative,” I say.

“You did, or she did, I’m not sure what to believe. She was 17 when she came home and told us that she was pregnant, but she wouldn’t reveal the man’s name, so we took her to my uncle at home, she gave birth; and I saw it, her resemblance to your mother, so I asked her why the child looked like your mot..”

“She doesn’t look like my mother,” I interject.

“Okay, so she said you raped her and threatened her, she said you

were drunk,” he says and sighs. I’m trembling now. Rape, again?

“You are shitting me, she was a minor, I’d never sleep with her, I’d never even rape her,” I say and drop my face to my hands. I’m being punished for the sins I committed when I was still growing up.

“She begged me not to tell you, I didn’t, but I swore you’d pay; she fucking let me get you arrested and told me she...” he trails off.

“She what?” I demand.

I’m already questioning myself, Did I rape her?

“She told me that she rap...” I know where he’s heading, and because I don’t want to hear any of this bullshit, I shoot him. Not once, not twice, but four times in the head,

aiming the same place. My blood is hot, I feel like shooting again, but I have to hold back, there's a child in here, she's heard enough.

I take in a breath, I need a moment of silence and shed a tear, or two... or three. Fuck it, I'm crying. I'm so disappointed in myself and I feel so dirty.

I call Kevin, I know I shouldn't be trusting anyone, but I

Call him because he's Kevin, and I fucking trust him. I inform him that I need him to clean up here, I hang up and text him my location. I sigh and go to Simengaye.

With my shaky thumb, I lift her face. Her eyes are open, she was silently staring at the blood.

A wave of Guilt hits me, what the

fuck have I become? A monster. I remove the cuffs from her and take her in my hands, she's trembling. My heart sinks to my stomach, she didn't need to be here, at all, I might have ruined a child's life.

She's still quiet, her head is placed on my chest as I walk towards my car, I place her on the backseat and then walk to the driver's seat. I ring Sammy.

"Hey babe," she says.

"Sthandwa sami, I won't be able to come home tonight, I'm working," I lie. I don't think I'll be able to face her anytime soon.

"It's okay, I'm also staying here until Sunday," she says. If it was any other day, I'd be complaining. I miss her, yes, but I can't face her.



"I'll miss you," I say.

"I'll miss you too, and I love you," she says. I sigh and nod my head, forgetting that she can't see me.

"I love you," I say.

I drove the both of us to my house.

As soon as we get inside, I put on the lights. I'm surprised that Simengaye is awake.

I've just ordered a meal from MacDonald's; she's probably hungry.

"Hey, I'm Lunele." \_Your father\_ I want to say; but I'm not sure if she's mine. The more I stare at her, the more I see some of my mother's features; my mind is playing games with me.

"I know you Malume—" I fucking forgot that she's my 'niece' "I want my father," she says. I sigh. "You

killed my father.” I freeze, what does a 5 year old know about killings?

“I’m sorry,” I say because I don’t fucking know how to defend myself; lying seems pointless because she seems to know about these things.

She keeps quiet and stares at me

“Malume,” she says after some time.

“Yes?”

“Please don’t kill me.” What the fuck have I become?

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## CHAPTER 33

LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

I’m exhausted. My brain and heart are exhausted– a thing that I did

thinking it would make me feel better actually made me feel like the worst person in the world. I actually am the worst person in the world, I shot a gun and killed people in the presence of a child, who the fuck does that?! Oh, I can actually tell you, it's me.

"Malume, I'm hungry." Finally! She's been saying that she was not hungry; I'm relieved now. I get up and rush to the kitchen to warm up the food I ordered from McDonald's. It's a happy meal, I'm pretty sure that I wouldn't be full if I had to eat this food; I mean the mock meat they call nuggets are enough to know that I wouldn't be full, I'm glad that I'm not hungry.

"There you go," I say and give her

the food, she thank me and starts eating. I'm stare at her, making sure that I don't go any closer to her. She winces like she's physically hurt whenever I'm close to her. The more I look at her, the more she looks like my mother. And the more she looks like my mom, the more Mt heart sinks. I close my eyes and rest my head back on the chair. A lot of questions bombard my brain.

\_What do I do now? \_

\_Where to from here? \_

\_Do I tell Samm? \_

"Thank you for the food, Malume," she says. I snap my eyes open, she's done eating.

"Good girl," I say and try to flash a smile at her.

"I have to bath and sleep," she says.

Lord, where do I start? I don't even have clothes that would fit her. I have to make calls, I'm sure Kevin might be able to make a plan for me.

"Can we wait for uncle Kevin to bring clothes for you?" I wish God had given me a better voice than the one I have now. She nods and keeps quiet.

Kevin came with the clothes, I can count on him at any time. I gave her a bath, at least she didn't flinch even I touched her, she's stronger than she should be, which makes me think about a lot of things. Was she forced to be strong when she was under MaVusana's care.

I'm standing outside, breathing in and out, but it's not helping, the only

thing I need right now, is to hear my gun going off. It calms me. But I ignore the urge of looking for my gun.

I take my phone and call Slindile, my sister who is in Eastern Cape, it's late, but hey...

"Zalo," she says.

"Ya, Dadewethu, how are you?"

"I'm okay, what's wrong?" I'm a disgrace, why does she think something is wrong? Well, something \_is\_ wrong, but it's just not nice hearing that your family thinks that you are calling for favors only. I met her five years ago; they were all present on the day I was sentenced, and they kept coming to see me inside. Even Bongiwe who is in the UK with her husband came to

see me. I thought they'd be brats, it turns out they are not.

"I just found out that I might have ruined daughter, she's a five year old," I say.

"What?!" I don't need exclamations, I exclaimed enough.

"Yeah, Simengaye— the child I thought was MaVusana's daughter— might be my child."

"Oh my God, how are you feeling? Is Sammy angry at you?"

"I don't know how I feel, I gave Kevin DNA samples, he promised to get the doctors— or whoever— to speed up the process, I might get the results tomorrow or the day after. Sammy, she doesn't know anything about this."

"You should let her know, it would be

bad for her to find out on her own.”

“I know, but what do I tell her? That I might have a child with a 23 year old that I’ve never slept with?”

“What do you mean ‘a woman I’ve never slept with’, why are you even doing DNA tests?”

“Because MaVusana said that his sister told him that I raped her when I was drunk, and he got me into prison, and when I was finally in—” I don’t want to take about it, but I continue “—she then told him that \_she\_ raped \_me\_.” It leaves a bitter taste in my mouth.

“Oh my God, how does that make you feel? I’ll fly there...”

“No, there’s no need for that, it doesn’t affect me,” I interject. She says quiet, so I continue, “I killed



them.”

“Lunele, who did you kill?”

“Vusi, his mother and his sister, I killed them; I wanted to kill Simengaye too, but I couldn’t,” I say. Tears are burning my eyes, but I won’t cry, I’m a man.

“What more do you have to tell me? If there are other things Lunele, I swear I’ll die of heart attack,” she says. She’s dramatic, but she’s easy to talk to. I guess that’s what first burns are.

“That’s all,” I lie.

“Please stay away from trouble, I’ll be there tomorrow mid-day, I want to have a face-to-face conversation with you,” she says. I sigh, there’s no way she’s changing her mind, it’s made up. “I love you.”

“I love you too, Goodnight.” As soon as I push my phone in my pocket, I hear a scream. It’s Simengaye, I sprint to the bedroom she’s sleeping in. What could be the problem?

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## CHAPTER 34

LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

It has been long since I’ve felt this vulnerable and weak. Yeah, throughout the years, I did have days where I’d feel like a piece of shit, sometimes I’d not even leave my house. But bow? I’m at my lowest, and I can’t even deal with that shit because I have a child

that's traumatized in my house. She was crying because she had a nightmare, she said there was someone that was trying to shoot her, my heart sank to my stomach, and they both sank to my feet. I held her in my arms, she finally slept peaceful. And even though she slept peacefully in my arms, the guilt wouldn't leave my being. I shouldn't have done what I did, I shouldn't have killed her mother, grandmother and uncle. If what MaVusana said was true, that he thought I had raped his sister, then I understand him because I'd do the same too. If any of my sisters told me that a friend that I trusted raped her, I'd fucking lose my brain. He could have handled the situation

better, he could have asked me, and I would have honestly told him; I guess it's the difference between him and I; I am confrontational and he's not. But, in all honesty, I don't regret killing him. If he was really sorry, he could have gotten me out of prison. His sister came clean just after I was sentenced. Maybe getting me out of prison would have been impossible, but he could have came to me and told me the truth, and maybe I would have forgiven him, because I had not started hating him like I do now.

Simengaye is awake, and hungry, I've ordered a meal from one of the fast food shops, I need it to get here, as soon as possible. I need the DNA tests sent here too. I have to

prepare myself, what do I tell Sammy?

“Lil bro!!!” She’s here already? Now I have to vent face to face? Can I do it.

“Ya, sisi,” I say. My voice or actions can’t be as enthusiastic as hers because I’m simply a laid back person, I can’t show happiness or sadness, I’ve never been taught how to express myself through my body language, I’ve never taught myself either. She hugs me, I hug her back.

“How did you get in,” I ask her.

“Your gate code was easy to figure out,” she says and rolls her eyes.

“Hey Sime ka Babekazi,” she says and takes Simengaye in her arms. Sime is smiling shyly. I don’t know if I want her to be my daughter

because I do want a child, or I don't want her to be mine because it would mean that I was really raped by a 17 year old 6 or 5 years ago.

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SAMKELWE SAMMY KHOZA

Home is not home, it doesn't have warmth neither does it have love. Well, the only love that is in the air, my mother and father's; Simphiwe has a hard time accepting his wife. I'm glad the week is finally over and I can finally go back to my place. I called Lunele, and he said he'd be waiting for me in his house. I'm hardly at my place, whenever I am, Lunele is always there with me. I guess siyakipita. Anyway, this

vomiting and being nauseous thing hasn't gone away, so I decided to buy a test, and it turns out that I'm pregnant. I'm not freaked out, I'm just happy about it, it couldn't have come at a better time; I'm financially stable; even if Lunele decides to leave me in the long run, it won't be that much of a problem because I'll know that I'll be able to take care of the child.

I can't wait to tell him though; I'd like to see his expression, because I know that he also wants a baby. He mentioned wanting a baby a few times, so I think he'll be happy as I am.

"Sooooo," my mother says, coming inside my room without knocking whatsoever, it's her house anyway.

She has a cup of hot chocolate in her hand, she takes a sip and eyes me, her eyes are suspicious. I'm almost shaking, does she see through me? Does she see that there's something growing in my stomach?

"Hey ma," I say.

"You look happy these days." Aren't I always happy? And why is she bothered by my happiness? Don't I deserve to be happy?

"I am ma, things are finally looking up for me," I say.

"Mhhhm, I hope you are not messing around with men." \_ So that you can arrange a marriage for me? \_ I want to say, but I hold back.

"I'm not, ma," I lie. This woman, she had already had two children at my



age, I'm 30 years old, not 13.

"That's good to hear; you don't consider joining your father's team?"

She asks. That's it, I'm leaving.

"No, ma." I get up and take my bags.

"Tine is not by my side, I need to leave," I say.

"Hawu? Are you leaving because I mentioned that you should work under your father? You are a woman, you can't possibly think that you'd succeed in a field dominated by men; you should consider working under your father, so that when you fall or stumble you have support from a man," she says and walks out. I follow her with my bags, is it okay to wish to never see your mother again? It's what I'm currently wishing on. I don't understand the

type of woman she is. She doesn't need to be a feminist to understand the importance of women, she's still stuck in a generation where women couldn't even preach at church simply because it was \_'emasculating' \_.

I swallow the lump forming in my throat and release a sigh once I'm outside. I'm 1 month pregnant, which means I'm in the critical stage of pregnancy; one mistake, and I might lose my baby. I breathe and out, and continue with the routine until I feel better; I get inside my car and drive off. I'd already told dad that I'm leaving today, he thought I'd wait for him to come back, but I just couldn't, not around his wife. I'll call and tell him that I've left. Oh shit, I

didn't inform Sinikiwe, I guess I'll just text her.

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## CHAPTER 35

Looking at her in the eye is hard. I don't want to lose her. I know not telling her that I have a child will would make make me lose her, but where do I start narrating all this? Firstly, how do I tell her that Thulile raped me? Will she believe that it's possible for a woman to rape a man? No fucking way! Especially a 17 year old that rapes a 32 year old? Jesus, thinking about it makes me cringe.

The DNA tests came back positive, I swear I froze for like 5 minutes after

reading them, I'm glad I had Slindile with me. There's a lot of accepting I need to be doing. I have so many questions, I have to accept that she can't answer them because I'm a dumbass that kills and asks questions later, I'll have to accept that I was raped and I didn't know it until 5 years after the incident and I can't get closure for it. And now I have a daughter, I might have a lot of explaining to do when she grows up. I'm scared, yeah it's really bitter accepting that I am scared; I mean I'm Nkambabeyibuza, who knew a day like this would come?

Slindile took Sime with her, I don't know when she'll come back, it will all depend on when I tell Samkelwe. Let's say, maybe, she believes me,

where will I say Thulile is? I promised her that I'd never kill anyone again, but I did, and I didn't kill only one person, I killed two. I'm a fuck up. I'm at work, and unfocused. Dad is here, watching me watering his Crops. I love doing this, but today I'm not focused, and I hate that he's here when I am not focused. It's really unfair because I've been working my ass off before I found out that I was raped, and he didn't even come, why does he have to come now?

"What's on your mind, Lunele?" He asks.

"Nothing much," I say handing him the watering can and taking off the gloves.

"It's way past your lunch time, and

wena you are still working,” he says. I shrug.

“If I don’t work, then I might die of heart attack,” I say.

“You want to talk?” He asks. I stare at him, I’m trying to read his face, he knows, he fucking knows! This has Sthabile’s name written all over it. I called him, and explained to him what had happened, and he didn’t handle it well. He lives in the Bhengu house now, so he probably got home and told Bhengu.

“You already know,” I say. His eyes are not still, that’s how I know that he knows, he’s feeling sorry for me. It’s the last thing I need.

“What do I know?” He asks.

“Don’t fuck with me, Bhengu,” I say.

“I have a wife to fuck, and I love

fucking her alone, why would I want to fuck her with you?" I chuckle, this man is really ridiculous. Why would I want to fuck my father's wife? It's gross, but I chuckle anyway.

"I'm 37, Bhengu, you are too old to be fucking," I say.

"A cock doesn't age," he says. I laugh, like really laugh. He looks at me laughing, a smile plastered on his face.

"What?" I ask, brushing my head after laughing.

"You don't laugh, at all, it's really nice hearing you laugh," he says.

"I have a daughter," I blurt out.

"How do you feel about that?" I feel like I betrayed Samkelwe, I sleep next to her every night, feeling like I cheated or something, I feel guilty of

having a child that's not hers.

"I don't know how I feel about the way she was conceived, but I know that I love her and I want her to never find out about how she was conceived," I tell him. He nods.

"It makes sense, but are you sure you've dealt with every shit you have been through?" He asks.

"Yeah, I'm okay, really." I'm not okay, but I'll be okay.

"Alright, I love you mfanawam," he says and puts his hand on my shoulder, he's hugging me? This is a first, and I'm not about to fucking cry.

"Yeah sure taima, gang love," I say, weirdly.

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## SAMKELWE SAMMY KHOZA

Three weeks have passed since I found out that I am pregnant, and I still haven't told him anything.

There's a lot that has been happening in these past few days, Sinikiwe was forced down Simphiwe's life, he told my parents that his relationship with Sinikiwe will never be that of a husband and a wife. But they still forcefully took her to his place. The worst happened, he raped her in a drunk state. I don't think I will ever understand why he couldn't leave the poor girl alone if he hated her this much; this will forever remain a scar to her, her husband raped her. It's been a week since he raped her, and she's forced

to live with him, I swear life is not kind.

I'm knocking at their doorstep, I'm nervous, I don't want to see Simphiwe, but at the same time, I'm in hid house I'll see him either way.

"Hey." \_Aaaannnd\_ he's the one opening the door, Jesus. I've never seen him like this, he is going through the worst. My sisterly instinct tells me to throw my hands around his shoulders and tell him that everything will be okay, but I'm a woman, I can't that when he just violated another woman.

"Hey," I say, dryly. He blows out a sigh and comes put before he closes the door, am I not allowed to go in?

"I fucked up!" He says and buries his

face in his hands.

“Yeah, right, you did.”

“I’m sorry,” he says. I don’t get why he’s apologizing to me. “I don’t know what got into me, if I was myself that day, I wouldn’t have stooped that low; I’ve done it and I feel so bad, and I know that this makes me a monster, I’m sorry for fucking up,” he explains. He probably felt the need to explain after seeing my blank stare.

“You don’t have to apologize to me,” I tell him.

“I need to because I broke your trust, and you’ll never feel safe when with me,” he says and tries to clear his throat but it turns to a sob, my heart is falling.

“Is she inside?” I’m trying to hold my

tears back.

“Yeah, she’s with uNtaba,” he says. I nod and make my way in after patting his shoulder.

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## CHAPTER 36

### SAMKELWE SAMMY KHOZA

I thought she’d be balled up in bed, but she’s not, she’s playing uMlabalaba with bhut’ Ntaba. I’m watching bhut’ Ntaba cheating, and heck she’s not even noticing.

Simphiwe is making food for us in the kitchen, these two are playing Mlabalaba, and me? I’m actually having a conversation with myself in my head. I’m wondering how they

are living in the same house; are they putting on masks? Pretending to be okay when they are not?

“Sinikiwe!” Simphiwe calls her from the kitchen, I tense up. My insides turn, she gets up with no care in the world and heads to the kitchen. I get up, wanting to follow her but Bhut’ Ntaba grabs my wrist.

“Let them be,” he says.

“What if he hurts her?”

“Let them be Sammy, your brother is not a monster.” I can’t believe this, a person that is a rapist is a monster.

“He raped her,” I whisper.

“He was wrong for that, that’s why he keeps on apologizing to her, every night and day; if it were up to me, she’d leave him, but she loves him and it’s not something we can

change,” he says. I swallow the lump on my throat.

“She does?”

“Yeah, she told me that she loves him.” I sigh and nod before I sit back down.

“I’m just scared, love can’t hurt one this much; Simphiwe loves Precious, and now oMa are forcing Sinikiwe into his life, he will hate Sinikiwe and will abuse her.”

“Relax, he understands that what he did was wrong, and we’ll probably never look at him the way we did before, but let’s please not make it obvious? This is \_their\_ marriage, they don’t need us meddling,” he says. I take in a breath and nod.

“I hear you,” I say.

“Anyway, how are you? Usukhulile

Ngiyabona,” he says. I laugh and shake my head, our age difference is only 2 years, so what does he mean I’m ‘grown?’

I head home when it’s 5pm. Lunele said he wouldn’t be able to come today, that’s why I’m surprised that he’s outside, with a joint in his hand. He’s a smoker? I’ve never seen him smoking, he’s never mentioned it to me either.

“Hey babe,” I say outting my keys from my purse before I unlock the door. If this was any other day, Lunele would have used his tricks to open the door, I’m wondering why he is not inside, waiting for me.

“Sthandwa sami,” he says, sighing. He’s following behind me.

“Are you okay?” I ask.

“No,” he says. He abruptly turn. His eyes are bloodshot red, I didn’t notice that.

“What’s happening?” He shrugs, pulling from his joint and puffing.

“I need you to relax, sthandwa sami, please try to understand me,” he says. I have— not once— lashed out on him, whatever he wants to tell me must be something big if he thinks I won’t be able to keep an open mind.

“I will tell me, already,” I say. He sighs and nods.

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LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU



I stopped smoking weed because it brings back bad memories, but I have it in my hand today, I smoked half of it hoping that it would help me calm down, but it isn't. It's making me more nervous, instead. I'm shaking. She's looking at me, waiting for whatever it is that's making me not okay.

"I love you," I say. She smiles, it doesn't reach her eyes. Fucking God, am I a coward?

"I love you too," she says. Somehow, it manages to make my heart smile.

"I recently broke my promise sthandwa sami, it was the only way to make me feel better; it's something that I planned to do even before I came out of prison," I say. She nods her head for me to

continue.

“Yeah, so I killed MaVusana’s mom and sister,” I say. She nods, seeming unfazed.

“I knew you’d do something stupid, not \_that\_ stupid though; I thought you’d kill MaVusana only though,” he says.

“I’m sorry, sthandwa sami,” I say.

“It’s okay, as long as it gave you peace, I won’t say I’m not disappointed though,” she says.

“I’m sorry,” I say again. She nods and gets up before coming up to me, she wraps her arms around my arms and kisses the top of my head.

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I’m sitting on his lap. Rocking his

back. I knew that he'd probably kill MaVusana, when I asked him to promise me to never kill again, MaVusana was an exception. I just didn't think he would kill MaVusana's family.

"I love you," I say, on repeat. I don't know what else to say to make him feel better, he's trembling which confirms that he didn't say all he wants to say— there's more.

"Before I killed him, he told me why he betrayed me," he says. I suck in a breath and tell him to continue. He tells me that MaVusana's sister claimed that he raped her. By the time he finishes narrating it to me, I'm crying with him; my arms are tightly wrapped around him.

"I'm sorry Lunele." This is the only

thing I can say? I have to try harder. “You don’t deserve this, maybe she had a huge crush on you– it doesn’t make it right though. I’m just trying to come up with reasons for the dumb shit she did, and well, she deserved death, and I hope she rots in hell,” he chuckles.

“I’m okay, I was just worried about telling you,” he says. I laugh lightly, tears drying on my face.

“When is Sime coming back? I’d like to see her.” Finding out that he already has a child does disappoint me a little because my first child won’t be his first, but it’s okay, I’d like to see her anyway.

“Ali said that she’ll bring her next week.” I nod my head.

“That’s okay; we’ll get through this,

together, right?" He nods his head.  
"Good."

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## CHAPTER 37

SAMKELWE SAMMY KHOZA

I don't know if he's really okay, or he's just faking it because he wants to convince me that he's okay. The first two days after he told me about Sime were kind of hard; he barely ate anything, we both had to skip work to nurse each other's feelings, he was hurting and I had to be there for him. And after those two days, he woke up in a really good mood and went prepared to go to work. I'm really hurt on his behalf though,

rape is traumatic to both male and female. I'm really surprised that he's holding it together like this. Sinikiwe, too, I've been calling to check up on her, and she says that she's okay, which makes me wonder, \_she'll be okay till when? \_

It's 2 weeks after he told me that he was sexually violated, and he's actually 'okay'. He's been trying to initiate sex, I refused, because I feel otherwise. Right now, we are lying in bed, our hands intertwined, and he keeps on kissing my face.

"Thando, stop!" I swear it was supposed to come out firmly, but I'm giggling because he's tickling me.

"Angiyona indoda yasesgangeni, ngingebongo." (I'm not a lost man, I have a surname) He's doing this on

purpose, he wants me to beg him to stop.

“Ngcolosi, please stop,” I say. I see a smile creep up, he’s melting.

“I love you, bambo lwam.” Just as he says that, I feel a pain on my lower abdomen, I groan in pain. “Yindaba sthandwa sami?” He asks, I place my hands on my abdominal area, God I feel like there’s someone stabbing me there.

He doesn’t waste time, he doesn’t even want to negotiate with me, he tells me that he is taking me to a doctor, it’s nothing serious though, they say abdominal pains during pregnancy are normal, but he doesn’t even know that I’m pregnant. I guess the doctor will break the news to him.

“But, baby, I’m not really sick, it’s just light pains,” I say.

I’m feeling very hot, I’m sweating, Thando’s hand is wrapped around mine which makes me feel more heat.

“Please open the windows” I’m not one to get sick, I don’t know and I don’t even understand what’s wrong with me.

“Hold on Sthandwa Sami, we are getting there, soon.” He says, it’s dark outside, I can’t keep my eyes open, I don’t even know whether I am or not strong enough to hold on for the both of us. The only reason I’m not panicking is because I’m not bleeding.

“I would take you to the doctor even if you were tripped by a match stick



Sthandwa Sami. Right now, you are not okay, and it's visible." I don't have shoes on, he is carrying me to his car, yeah this man is crazy. The pains keep on getting worse as he drives. I'm starting to be stressed. It's really hot in here, and I'm sweating, Thando's hand is wrapped around mine which makes the heat increase, but I don't comment on it. "Please open the windows." I'm not one to get sick, I don't know and I don't even understand what's wrong with me.

"Hold on Sthandwa Sami, we are getting there, soon," he says, it's dark outside, I can't keep my eyes open, I don't even know whether I am strong enough to hold on for the both of us. I'm just praying for the

well-being of my child and I.

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LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

Anxiety? I don't really know what the definition of that word is, but right now, it's amidst what I'm feeling. I don't know who to call, I know I have to call one of her family members, but I'm not sure how they'll react to me being here with her. They don't know my involvement with her; I've only had less than 5 interactions with uKhoza, if he ever finds out, he'll probably make me shit my pants. I'll have to call uBhengu and ask him to tell his friend that Samke has been admitted at Netcare Olivedale

Hospital.

His phone rings unanswered, I have to call his wife, my stepmother.

“My boy,” she answers on the second ring, then they wonder why I’d choose her over Bhengu and my siblings.

“Mamami,” I say. I hear her low giggle, and my heart smiles. Lord, I love this woman, and her food.

“How are you? Are you on your way home?”

“Cha ma, I’m not coming home, yet, I’m at Netcare Olivedale Hospital, Samke has been admitted,” I tell her.

“What? Why? What happened?”

“I’m not sure what it is that’s wrong, but she’s not okay, she said she had abdominal pains, I’m still waiting for the doctors to come with a

feedback,” I say.

“You want me to come?” I so wish she would. We really have a close relationship, she can’t take my mother’s spot in my life yes, but she’s closer to me than any other woman— except Sammy— has ever been. Not even my aunt.

“Yes ma, but you can’t, I don’t want Khoza to think we are taking advantage of Sammy, please tell ubaba to tell Khoza that his daughter is here,” I tell her.

“Alright, I’ll tell him, please keep me posted” she says. I thank her and tell her that I’ll keep her posted before we hang up. I can’t be sitting still like this. I need to move around, maybe I’ll finally calm down.

Bab' Khoza arrives an hour later, I'm sweating as he makes his way to me, frowning.

"Why are you here? What were you doing to my daughter? Trying to kill her?" Jesus! I'm not an assassinator now!

"Cha, baba," I say, making sure to not make eye contact.

"I swear if I ever hear that you touched my daughter— even if it's only her hair—uzonya mfana!" He says and clicks his tongue. If he found out that his daughter and I are dating, what will happen, ewu!

"What happened, how is she?" He asks, sitting down. I guess he's finally made peace with the fact that I'm here.

"She said she has abdominal pains,"

I say. He raises a questioning eyebrow, but because God loves me, a doctor comes and tells us that Sammy is okay now, and she wants to see me, Bhengu insists on coming too. I follow him to his ward— nervously.

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## CHAPTER 38

### NARRATED

As a man you have to hold your shit together, and not cry in the presence of people no matter how hard God tries to test you. It's hard to stop himself from crying when he sees her like this, her face is puffy, she just woke up and she's already

crying, he hopes it's not devastating news. Their eyes lock as he walks inside her ward, she breaks the eye contact when her father hugs her. He wishes to be the one to hug her. "I lost my child," she says. A child? What child?

"What do you mean you lost your child? You were pregnant?" The question comes from Khoza. She nods her head. His heart sinks, she was pregnant and she didn't think to tell him?

"I found out a month ago." She says, Khoza is shocked. Luneluthando blankly stares at her. She wonders what is going on in his head.

"You were pregnant and you didn't even think to tell me?" The bitterness in his tone is not missed.

“I wanted it to be a surprise.” Khoza moves his eyes from his daughter to the Bhengu junior hat is standing next to him. Lunele shifts, uncomfortably and clears his throat. Khoza clicks his tongue, if it wasn’t for this sensitive matter, this boy would have earned a punch... or a bullet, a taste of what he uses for a living.

“You made my child pregnant wena s’hlama sengulube? Where do you get the right to do that? You know I can fine you for making my child cry?” Bhengus says. Lunele casts his eyes to his feet, his heart is beating fast. This is not his fault, but whatever Khoza says is the key to living, if he ever dares to disagree, it will be his last day on this planet. “If



it wasn't for you, she wouldn't have gotten pregnant and if it was so, then there wouldn't be any child to lose!" Bhengu adds. Lunele swallows the bile forming in his throat, if this man was not his soon to be father in law, he would have shot him already, because has no heart, his hands are itching, he needs his hands on a gun, otherwise he'll lose his sanity. He leaves, not saying anything to Samke or Khoza. Maybe he really caused this, he probably shouldn't have said anything about the things he did, maybe he should have waited a little longer to tell her about Simengaye, fuck this is hard. "He hates me," she says once he disappears.

"He doesn't, he's also going through

a loss, just like you, let him mourn,” Khoza says sitting next to his daughter, brushing her back. He knows who fucking did this, and he can’t wait to get home, and get her to leave!

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Khoza had to beg Simphiwe to beg his Co-worker to discharge Sammy. After a lot of begging, her doctor agreed, she’s discharged, she’ll be taken to his traditional healer first thing in the morning because this is more of a traditional matter than it is of medical one.

Lunele came back a few minutes after he walked out on them, his eyes were bloodshot. They are Joe

driving to the Khoza home, Khoza told her a few things that he learned about his wife, he told Samke that this is all her mother's fault.

Luckily, everyone is home when they arrive. MaVilakazi seems shocked to see Sammy. Her eyes are widen.

"You are alive?" She asks, Ncophelo and Ntaba turn their eyes, both their expression seem to be just like MaVilakazi's— shocked.

"Bufuna ngife yini ma, you wanted me to die?" She asks her mother.

Lunele forces himself to kiss her cheek, Khoza will kill him, and says goodbye. He feels out of place, this is not his place to be.

"Hawu ma, who's your source? You said she was dead," Ncophelo asks and says, mam'Khoza wants to cuss

at him, but she has to keep her cool. She has to be calm, at all times.

“Baby, I heard you died,” she says eyeing her child. “But, you are hundred percent fine,” she adds, Simphiwe and Khoza see the disappointment in her eyes .

“Hey mfazi, I want you to pack everything of yours m and leave my house, now!” Khoza says.

“What?! What do you mean?” He tears are doing push ups. Simphiwe sighs and says, “you are a witch wena, pack your bags and leave.”

MaKhoza looks around, Sammy has her hands folded. Ntaba and Ncophelo are the only ones who seem to be lost, she has to act fast. She wails. Ncophelo rushes to her, and brushes her back, what is Khoza

saying? He has to be mistaken, this is the sweetest hand kindest woman ever, she can't be associated with the word 'witchcraft'.

"I am not a witch!" She says, her voice breaking.

"You are a witch and you're fucking leaving!"—Simphiwe. He's annoyed.

"Bullshit!" Ncophelo yells, his eyes moving to everyone, it's only him and Ntaba that don't understand this shit. Samkelwe is also blankly staring, but at least she knows something. "No matter what it is that you think she's done, I think we can still sit down and fix this, we can talk about this." His father chuckles.

"This witch must leave my house, how dare she tries to bewitch me? She killed my daughter's child and

now my daughter's womb is fucking ruined because of her, I failed you all." Ncophelo looks at his mom who has suddenly stopped wailing. What the fuck is going on? This is not on! It's really puzzling.

"Ma, back me up here..." he starts, but MaVilakazi interjects.

"Awuthule wena, ngisacabanga la." (You shut up, I'm still thinking) she's annoyed mostly by Ncophelo and not at the failure of her plans to go accordingly.

"Uyabona? Do you see that she doesn't love you? Fokof MaVilakazi emzin wam. Leave my house, you are lucky I'm not killing you," Khoza says, he's angry.

Simphiwe is nowhere to be seen as they exchange harsh words, Ntaba

and Samkelwe are quietly watching. “Whatever you did will come back to you mfaz ndini, phuma emzin kababa.” (... Woman, Get out of my father’s house) Simphiwe appears with a small bag after a few minutes.

“Where are my clothes?” MaVilakazi asks Simphiwe, perplexed.

“You have never woken up a single day of your life to work for money, so whatever is baba’s will remain his, whatever is yours will be yours, and that is nothing,” Simphiwe says, shrugging.

“Are you sure you are my son? I’m not a witch.” Her tears again come to play, Simphiwe clicks his tongue, Ncophelo’s heart is with his mother; he can’t watch her suffer like this,

even if she is what they claim her to be.

“Avunenhlizwembi, you are so cold hearted Simphiwe,” Ncophelo says, taking the bag from him. “Ma will stay with me until you come back to your senses,” he announces and attempts to leave the room.

“Usazokuloya unye,” (She’ll bewitch you until you shit yourself) Khoza says and shakes his head.

“Ma, asambe, let’s go.” She continues to cry and follows Ncophelo, wait isn’t Ntaba coming with? “Hawu bafo? Aren’t you coming?” He asks Ntaba, who shakes his head vigorously as a response. He’s scared, these accusations are serious... and scary.

“Cha.” Ncophelo nods, he doesn’t



care really. If they think she'll suffer while he is alive then they are wrong,

This woman was there for him he can't just turn his back on her just because she is being accused of witchcraft.

"Thank you ndodana yam." (... My son) she says to him, Ncophelo nods. She looks back at her husband, and smirks. He'll hurt him with Ncophelo, he won't be hard to kill because he doesn't come from her womb. If they thought it would be over for her, then they thought wrong, the games are about to begin.

And what did they say about a child dying instead of Samkelwe? Huh it's still about to go down, Kusazonyiwa.

She's the one that helped Khoza get to where he is right now, they are probably high if they thought she'd back down without a fight.

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## CHAPTER 39

My father and brother – Simphiwe – briefed me about uMaVilakazi. They told me almost everything about my mother's witchcraft, it's really a bitter truth to swallow, I don't think any child would ever easily believe that their mothers are witches. But the more dad made references, the more I kind of started believing it. Everyone noticed that my father was submissive to my mother,

which is really not normal for an African man. I thought it was genuine love, I'm starting to question everything, was it even there from the beginning?

I'm locked in my room, trying to make sense out of this, my mother wanted to kill me, she didn't know that I was pregnant, it's me that she wanted, and it breaks my heart. She wasn't close to me, we kind of didn't understand each other, but it doesn't mean that she didn't love me, right? I'm failing to even love me. It's all saddening me because I can't bring myself to hating her.

My phone rings, disturbing me from my thoughts. "Hello?" I respond. "Hey, Sthandwa Sami, how are you?" He asks.

“Kub’hlungu, it but I’ll be okay,” I say,  
with a lump

Forming in my throat, again. I’m  
tired of crying, I just wish to wake up  
one with this pain gone. Losing a  
baby is hard— whether it was fully  
developed or not. I hear Lunele  
sighing.

“It really hurts, I want to be there for  
you Sthandwa

Sami, but there are barriers, I want  
to hold you, let you

Cry in my embrace, but talking  
through the phone is all I can do  
right now. You are in your father’s  
home, I can’t come there,” he says.

“Maybe you need to move on Lunele,  
I can’t give you

Kids,” I say, the doctors said that  
there is a possibility of me not being

able to be a mother again, my womb might have to be removed. "But the doctors said they were not sure," he says. He doesn't know how all this feels, he doesn't understand it. I think being a mother is the best gift to any woman, having that be taken away from you, it's a hard thing to imagine.

"Please don't leave me, I'll do anything to have you not leave me, we've come so far Sthandwa Sami, I want to be with you, my whole life sthandwa sami," he says, I sigh.

"I hear you, but I think there's a lot that's happening in our lives right now, mhlampe if we take a break we'd be okay," I say.

"What do you mean Sammy, awusangithandi yin you don't love

you anymore?" I take in a sigh, he is not getting me.

"Cha, can we talk tomorrow? I need to rest." I hang up before he could respond. I lie flatly on my stomach, my face pressed on a pillow, she sobs, the sounds of my sobs are muffled.

My mother took away what I loved, I knew I would hold my baby in my arms and give her what my own mother couldn't give me, a mother's love. Even though my child wasn't fully developed yet, I felt the connector, I felt my child. I'd lie in bed at night, with Lunele sleeping peacefully next to me, and wonder if it would be a girl or a boy, if just like us my child would have big eyes, or it would take it's father's

looks. I wondered how Lunele would react when I finally told him that I was pregnant. It's a pity he had to find out that he was going to be a father for the second time the baby was dead, sigh.

Maybe I should have also died, honestly, I already feel dead, my spirit and soul are dead.

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“Sammy” it's my father, knocking on the door. I don't say anything, I just pretend to be asleep which is a hard thing to do, with all the lumps on my throat I just feel like screaming.

“We need to talk, we need to do a cleansing.” He says, I let my tears

fall, it's too soon to let go of my baby, it's too damn soon. How will it feel? That I let go of it after a day of its passing?

“Please ntombiyami let us in, we want to be there for you, this affects us too.” It doesn't, it might, but it doesn't hurt as much as this hurts me. They don't understand how I feel, none of them do. I'm trying to suppress the pain but it's all a try for nothing. I feel like I failed my child, it was me that was supposed to die but instead a child that knew nothing, an innocent soul died in my place.

“Keep in mind that we love you and we'll get through this together.” I thought he had left. I sigh and get up to open the door for him, after



opening the door I fall in my father's warm arms.

“Everything will be alright, ngiyamfunga uma washona ngisamfuna.” (I swear on my mother who died when I still needed her.) I nod my head, even though I know that nothing will ever take away the pain of losing my child. There's a loss I just suffered, and great.

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LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

It has been 3 weeks since I heard the news of losing my child and I still feel like shit. I might have not known about the pregnancy, but that

doesn't mean that I won't feel the pain. I understand why she didn't tell me. Maybe it's true that I was going through the most, but it really doesn't mean that I didn't deserve to know. But we can't change things like these I have to move on. I haven't dropped any tears since the time I cried at the hospital. I don't believe in dwelling in pain, but this is just a different pain altogether.

"You know, keeping this strong façade will not help you heal," Mfundisi Sthabile is out to play today.

"Tell me you are Mrs Bhengu without telling me you're Mrs Bhengu," I say, chuckling.

"Mxm, kill me for trying to help you.

When last did you speak to her, uSis' Samke?" He asks. I haven't spoken to her in three weeks, she's been ignoring me. Which makes all this even harder. Ma said I should let her mourn her baby, she'll come around. But Sammy spoke about us breaking up the last time we spoke. I don't want that, she should just forget it.

"She's still avoiding me," I say with a sigh.

"Give her time." I want a time frame, something I can work with.

"I will give her time, but it's limited, she'll need to deal with me whether she likes it or not. Anyway, how is Sime?" I last saw her 5 days ago, she's still scared of me, so she lives with the Bhengus. I have to prove to

her that I'm not a monster before she can come back to live with. I was confused because we were okay when she left, but I guess she was just pretending to be okay because she didn't want me to do to her what I did to her child.

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After work, I go straight home, go to the back yard and put a bottle line up. This is what I do to avoid crying and being a baby, I listen to the sound of a bullet. I aim the bottles, I shoot even when every bottle has shattered. I almost scream when I feel someone touching my shoulder. “Holy fuck, you'll kill me!” I say. It's Bhengu.

“Hhay suka stop being dramatic, are you okay?” He asks.

“Yeah, I’m okay, wena?”

“I’ll be fine after we pay what’s due to the Khozas; that child needs to be acknowledged,” he says. It’s what we do, whether the child is a ‘foetus’— like Sammy says— or not, we acknowledge it as a child.

“Yeah, I do have money saved, but I think I have to talk to Sammy first,” I say.

“Imali is not a problem, but you really do need to talk to her, you look like shit,” he says. I laugh. “This that you are doing is not healthy,” he says.

“What?” I ask.

“Trying to heal yourself with gunshots, it’s not the way to deal with pain,” he says.

“It’s the only way I know, it helps.” He

doesn't need to psychoanalyze me. I'm okay, this is what helped me most times.

"It will be like that until one day, when you are married, someone pisses the shit out of you, and the only thing you can shoot is someone you love," he says. I need more bullets, I think it's him that I need to shoot, he's pissing me off!

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## CHAPTER 40

SAMKELWE SAMMY KHOZA

It's time to claim my life. I've lost my baby, it will be a scar that I'll forever live with. But, me hurting doesn't mean that everything will stop and

wait for me. Ngizopha  
ngiyaphambili, I'll bleed as I go. My  
business needs me, I haven't set my  
foot there in about a month or so.  
The first step into healing myself is  
probably meeting Lunele. He  
stopped calling and texting 3 weeks  
after losing our child. I've been lost  
in my pain that I almost forgot that  
he was also in pain, I kept on  
ignoring and avoiding going out  
because I thought I would bump  
into him. I wonder how he is doing,  
damn, I miss him. I have to go and  
see him.

After taking a bath, I inform my  
father that he shouldn't expect me, I  
lie and tell him that I'll spend the  
night in my house and that I'll be

back tomorrow. He's okay with that so I head out.

I went to kwa Mai Mai in Johannesburg, bought him his favorite meal– usu nophuthu– and now I'm driving to his house. I have my own keys, I don't need to knock. I let myself in, hoping not to find any girl, I'd scream. There's no one in here. As I'm climbing up the stairs, looking for him, I hear gunshots. For a minute, I freeze, not knowing what to do next. What if someone has him? What if it's him that got shot? Or what if he is shooting another person? I sprint to the backyard. It's him, he is shooting at bottles of beer. Jesus, Lunele! If it's not people, it's poor bottles, is he suffering from addiction? I don't even know if



there's gun or bullet addiction, sigh.  
"Lunele!" I half scream. He drops his gun, looks back, and stares at me, blankly. "Will you ever stop? Will this ever stop?" I ask. He buries his hand in his face and sinks to the ground. "You left me," He says, his voice shaky. I hate this, he's still going through the most. He doesn't deal with things; he thinks that pain goes away after shoots people, it doesn't work like that. It's the same as trying to escape pain, it goes away for some time, when it comes back it will feel like it doubled.

"I didn't leave you, I think we needed time apart," I say.

"I didn't. I needed you to hold my hand, but you didn't. I don't deserve being held by you," he says. I suck in

a breath. I feel like he's being unfair right now. I did what a thought was right, for the both of us.

"I'm sorry," I say.

"A month Sammy, do you know how hard it fucking is not seeing your face for a whole month? I've lost 5 years with you already," he says and looks at his gun. He bends to take it, I hold my breath, praying for him not to shoot me. He cocks, Jesus, Lunele. His eyes are locked with mine.

"I'm sorry, just don't... don't ki... kill me," I say, shakily. He raises his brow, turns, and shoots the wall. I shield my ears with my hands, it's too loud. When he turns and makes his way to me, my hands are still on my ears. He pulls me into his arms. His arms are tightly wrapped

around me. I don't feel safe, it has never happened. Everytime Lunele hugs me, I always feel safe. Except, today, I don't. I think I'm paranoid or something.

"Uyangesaba?" Of course I'm not scared of him, I'm just scared of what he has in his hand, I'm also scared of what he might do with it, and what he's capable of doing... Ey! I'm scared of him? This is a new revelation to me.

"You can't control yourself when you have a gun in your hand," I say.

"But I'd never hurt you."

"You said you'd never hurt women," I blurt out. Lord, did I just... oh no, it came out distastefully. He untangles his hands from me, he shifts and stares at me.

“I’d never hurt you,” he chokes out. It sounds like he’s begging me to believe him.

“I know you would never hurt me...”  
Do I though?

“Manje kungani ungesaba?” I feel like when he has a gun in his hand, he is a whole different person.

“I’m scared of the power a gun holds over you, this is not healthy,” I say.

“It doesn’t hold any power over me,” he says. Well, if a person is in denial, there’s not much one can do to convince them that they really have a problem.

“Okay,” I say. He sighs.

“Can we go inside?”

“Yeah.” I let him walk in front.

It feels like we are strangers, I’m not comfortable around him, or maybe

it's all because he has a gun in his hand.

"You need help," I say once we are sitting down, face to face. We've spent a few minutes in silence, we were just staring at each other.

"Are we okay?"

"No, we are not okay, we can never be okay if I'm this uncomfortable with you," I say.

"But none of this is my fault." He's referring to the miscarriage. "How is it that you start being uncomfortable after we lose a baby? Do you blame?"

"No, it's not your fault, but it made me realize some things about you, about us," I say.

"It sounds like you are breaking up with me," he says, chuckling, but

there's not even a smile in his face.

"I don't think there's any man that would be with a woman who can't give them kids," I say. He cusses under his break and gets up, pushes his hands deep in his pockets and stares at me.

"I don't know how many times I have to tell you that I love you," he says.

"But love is not enough," I say. He sighs and sits down.

"What are you doing here?"

"Maybe I'm here to finalize our break up," he chuckles and shakes his head.

"Bullshit! You are here because you love me," he says.

"You don't tell what I'm here for!" I say getting up, I'm leaving. To be honest, I don't know what is passing

me off, honestly... Oh, I do know what's passing me off, it's my mother. She killed my child and ruined my relationship with my baby daddy. What if he finds out that my mother is the one that killed my child?

"You are not leaving me, not without a valid reason!" He says and nears me. I step back, when I can't step back anymore I realize that he has me caged.

"I love you," he says, his links our foreheads. I'm staring at his glossy eyes, is he crying? "You can't leave me," he says.

"Will you hurt me if I leave you?"

"No, but I wouldn't live," he says. I can't help but traces the incisions in his face with my fingers. I think they

are a part of him, or a part of what  
he needs to let go,  
Nkambabeyibuza.

“I think you need therapy, we both  
need it, only then we might be okay  
for each other,” I say. He blinks, a  
single tears escapes his eye. He’s  
crying. I trace the tear with my  
forefinger.

“I love you too,” I whisper. He brushes  
his lips against mine.

“I’ll do anything, \_anything\_, for you  
to be with me,” he says.

“Give me your gun for a month, go  
to a therapist with me, and...” I  
whisper.

“And?”

“Bring Simengaye to me, I want to  
see her,” I say, a smile creeps up. I  
smile too, he looks really good when



he smiles.

“I love you,” he says and takes my lips in his. He tastes like mint, as always. I wrap my hands around his neck. And kiss him back, hungrily. I missed him.

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## CHAPTER 41 (finale)

LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA  
BHENGU

I don't know if I want to do this or not. Therapy. I'm weighing my options. I do it– I have a chance of really healing and letting go of all my problems; but the question is do I really want to let go? Will I be the same Lunele is I let go of all the

bullshit I've been through? I don't know.

If I don't do it– I stand to lose Sammy.

I've been parked here for over an hour, but I can't seem to find strength to get up and head inside. I'm not late, but if I don't get off this car in 5 minutes, then I'll be late.

I take in a breath, climb off the car, and head inside. It's not like I'll die or something, I'll talk about what I'm comfortable with, I won't mention other things.

I'm led by the clerk to the doctor's office.

The doctor is male... and black. But, why would I think ukuthi there's a white Nkabinde?

I feel glued to the ground, I can't

move or say anything. The atmosphere has changed, I feel heavy too. The man lifts his eyes, when they meet mine, I quickly drop mine.

I've never been intimidated like this; I respect elders, I don't fear them. But this one? I'm scared of him.

"You should have been here with your father," he says. "He's the one who will free you from all the burdens on you; you have so many shadows around you," he says, and burps. What the fuck is this? A set up? I didn't know I was here to see a seer; Jesus!

"Get your ass here, we need to talk," Nkabinde says. I nod and drag my heavy feet to the visitor's chair. He eyes me; there's something about

the way he stares, it's like he's seeing and reading every part of me... Of course he does, he is a fucking seer!

"Why are you here?" Really? He knows why I'm here. I suck in a breath and shrug.

"Samkelwe said I should come," I say.

"So you don't want to be here? It's okay, you can leave," he says, shrugging. He's not a psychologist this one. "You won't be okay unless you want to be here," he says.

"I'm okay," I say.

"You call going around shooting people okay? Last time you even bought chickens and shot the poor animals, do you call that being okay?" This is wrong, he's violating

my privacy.

"But you don't have a right to judge me," I say, lifting my brow.

"I'm not judging, it's the truth," he says. I sigh.

"I'm doing this for myself," I say. "I have a daughter, and uSamkelwe? I want to marry her, I think they both deserve an okay version of me; they deserve uLunele that I was before I turned 18," I say. He nods for me to continue. "Maybe I started fucking up before I turned 18, but it was not intentional. My mother died because I bombarded her with questions. Her heart couldn't take it, and she died; but I didn't do it intentionally," I say. "I'm a professional killer," I blurt out. He doesn't seem be shocked. I'm wondering why the hell I'm shocked.

"Sorry, out of curiosity how many people have you killed," he asks. I laugh and shrug.

"I've lost count, but the people I killed for money are 17," I tell him.

"Wait, what? So there are other people you killed nje," he asks.

"Yeah... some I killed because of betrayal, others were on my way of getting whatever it was that I wanted— like the first person I shot at, I was 18 and we were robbing a shop, I saw him reaching out for something, so I shot him— I killed a lot of people," I tell him. He's shocked, oh at least he can also be shocked sometimes.

"Did you get a cleansing for every murder you committed?" I shake my head no.

"I started getting cleansings when I became inkabi enqumayo," he nods. His eyes portray no judgement whatsoever, his expressions too. I feel like he understands me. Talking to him isn't hard, my only problem with him is that he has no filter! I swear he speaks to people like they don't have feelings.

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For the past 5 months, I had to stay away from my gun. When Nkabinde told me, I thought it would be a walk in the park, but it was freaking hard. Especially on the second month. A gun was like alcohol to me, the sound of it going off healed my soul for a certain time, it made my blood

rush and drove me to creating more problems for myself; when I'd notice that I had more problems, I'd shoot again.

There were many triggers for me during these five months; I found out about the person who killed my child, my first thought was to take a gun and do what I did best. But Sammy stood her ground. She told me that she wouldn't give me my gun; and also if she ever happens to hear that I had a gun in my hand– I assume that she thought I'd buy another one– then she would leave me. I don't want to lose her, I never want to lose her.

It was hard, but I made it through the five months without my gun. Also, I still attend my therapy



classes. Today, Sammy and I are going together; I'm nervous, but I think we'll do okay. I just don't want Nkabinde telling us that we are not meant for each other. I'd fucking kill him... oh shit, I'm not allowed to have those thoughts!

"Babe, are we using my car or yours?"

"We are using mine!" I say, too quick.

"Okay, we are dropping uSime home, she'll spend the day with my father," she say. I nod. Khoza doesn't like me, he tolerates me, no father would like a man that fucks their daughter. I remember the first time Sammy formally introduced me, it was a family dinner thing. I showed up; those three guys kept on rotating and polishing one gun. I

had to act like I was shit scared.  
He loves Simengaye though, I  
appreciate that.

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## EPILOGUE

### SIPHO KHUMALO

Some things you never heal from,  
you just make peace and learn to  
live with them... Or you let them  
haunt you and kill you little by little.  
He chose the former, he chose too  
look for something to live for, and he  
found it from Thubelihle. She made  
living worth it. He looks forward to  
each day because she's here with  
him. She makes living easy. Maybe  
one day, he'll go back home and try

to forgive both his parents for what they did to him, the trauma they caused him when all they were supposed to do was to protect him. "What are you thinking about?" She asks, kissing his cheek.

"I'm just thinking about how better my life is since you came into it, Ngiyabonga themba lami, thank you," he tells her.

"There's a way you can show your gratitude," she says grinning. He raises his brow.

"How do I do that?"

"By making me pregnant," she says. If this was a 5 years ago, he would have told her, no. He feared being a father because he thought that he'd be just like his father, but now? He's in a quite better place, thankfully.

"Okay," he says.

"Okay?" She's surprised.

"Yeah, we can try now," he says and pulls the duvet over his head, she's giggling.

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SAMKELWE KHOZA

I'd never thought we'd come this far; when I looked at him, the first thought that came into my mind was that he looked scary and I didn't want to anything that would associate me with him— it was a lie. His facial incisions made it worse, but right now they are a part of the things I love about his physical appearances.

We've had our ups and downs,

mostly ups, but the downs were extra low. There was a time where he'd say harsh things to me, it was when he found out that the reason why I had miscarried was my mother, I really didn't blame him though. But I drew the line when he wanted to go against his word, he wanted to kill her— I wanted my mother to be punished, but I didn't want her to be killed by the man I sleep with, it makes me cringe. Anyway, karma dealt with her, she suddenly became too sick to talk and walk, I really didn't care. My mom hurt me in the worst way possible, I might not have children any more. When I took a step into healing myself, I made peace with the fact that I don't have a mom, I

just had someone who transported me. I was really shocked to find out that she was not Ncophelo's mother, the way she loved him proved otherwise. Anyway, she died a month after she got sick, I didn't attend her funeral. It's been months since she died, people think it's sickness, but i believe Ncophelo is the one that killed her. but I don't think anyone really cares about it.

"You guys are going to be parents, how sweet!" Ntaba says to Ncophelo, we all laugh. We are all gathered in Ncophelo's house, wuth hearty eyes. Tandezile gave birth to a boy two days ago, she didn't know about her pregnancy, throughout, and then fainted after seeing her child; when Ncophelo learned about

it, he also fainted. So the baby has a nickname, it came from bhut' Ntaba, Qulekile is what the nickname is. His real name is Bonginkosi, but he will only use it at school because Qulekile is cooler.

"So you didn't want the baby?" I ask her, laughing.

"I didn't know what to do, or say, I mean I was just shocked by the revelation," she says and kisses her baby's forehead.

"Cngratulations mammy," I say. I would have also given birth, my child would be six months old.

"Thank you, Babekati," she says. I smile.

"I feel like I like the swati version of the word more; can I hold him?" She giggles and hands Bonginkosi to

me.

"Ya baby?" He's cute man. His eyes are closed but they are big like his father's.

"Yeyy! Uzoyiwisa ingane yam wena, you'll drop my child," Ncophela says, walking in.

"Hhay, don't make yourself cheesy, otherwise he'll grow up and I'll tell him that you fainted when they told you about him," he cracks up and goes to Tandzile, he kisses her cheek, and whispers something in her ear, she giggles and they continue to talk in low-hushed voices.

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## LUNELUTHANDO NKAMBABEYIBUZA BHENGU

I'll forever remain Nkambabeyibuza at heart, it's who I was but had to let go before I lost the tiny bit of goodness in myself. Now the thing about ukunquma alone, you don't report to anyone, but leaving the job is hard because everyone you know fears that you might be a snitch, it becomes worse if you are inside and with no protection, they come for you and plan to kill you, but luckily I had Fernández and my father. And when I came out, everyone had moved on, so it was easy for me to leave the association. I'd like to believe that I've changed for the better, especially after my cleansing— a

thorough one— and the visit I paid my mother. Noabinde says that she protects me, I'm grateful for that, but I think there's still a lot I should do for her to forgive me.

I'm on my way home from work, I still work at the farm, I love the job; I think if I grew up in better circumstances— or if I made the right life choices, I would have studied agricultural sciences and all that shit, but hey... I was too rebellious to do that.

I get home to my two favorite people curled up in the couch, the TV is now watching them. I guess they were watching TV before they slept. Simengaye and Sammy get along so well and I can't be more happier. My dad said he'd look for

MaVusana's extended family, he wants Sime to be ours— legally and culturally. Also I made arrangements for my aunt to see them, they liked each other, what more could I ask for?

There's something next on the couch, it's a pregnancy test, I take a look at it, and it clearly states that she's 4 months pregnant. I smile and shake the fear away, the doctor said if she gets pregnant, she \_might\_ not get through the first semester, she's through it and I hope this time she does not miscarry. I kiss their temples before I go to the bathroom, I need to take a quick bath, we are all going out for dinner.

She's pregnant? I can't believe it.

God loves me, he gave me fertile  
sperms!

... THE END...