

SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA BY SR Mamba

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A LITTLE NOTE TO MY READERS:

LEARN TO WRITE YOUR HURT ON THE SAND, WHERE
THE WATER OF FORGIVENESS CAN EASILY WASH IT
AWAY.

CARVE YOUR BLESSINGS ON THE ROCKS SO THAT
NO ONE CAN EVER BE ABLE TO ERASE NOR WIPE IT
AWAY.

ANCHOR YOUR TRUST IN GOD AND HE WILL BLESS
YOU EACH TIME.~ have a BLESSED life.

Ey ey, I almost forgot, never forget to start your
day with a smile, DANKO.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

PROLOGUE

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

He stands right at the window of his house as he sees black men and women running around like headless chickens, they run from one place to the other, it's like it is the first time they are hearing gunshots in their lives, everyone here is used to these kind of things, guns took thousands of people's lives around here, Orlando. Many black men, women, children, unborn children– you name it– died in the hands of a white man, by unborn children he means that they in their mothers wombs because when they were shot by a man with no melanin. Oh how he hates people that have no Melanin in their selves.

People are screaming outside being chased by white men that are shouting "Kaffer" which is an Afrikaans word for 'African' but for them, black people, it means a lot of discrimination, it means that they are monkeys, that is why when a white man calls a black man a Kaffer he loses it.

He sips on his coffee when he sees a woman carrying a baby on her back being aimed by a white man, she falls down and dust arises, she was aimed on her neck there was no way that she could have survived, she's the fourth one that he is recording today with his eyes.

Again, he hates white people, with his whole life, they took the life of his mother and father in the very same night, he had to grow up as an orphan, and figure out life for himself because there was no other way to him surviving. As they say 'SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST'.

On that day, it was his 15th birthday, just when they were celebrating with his family, they bought him cake and all, there were gunshots they heard.

"Baba, did you hear that?" his mother asked.

"I heard it Mkami, Orlando is not safe really", he said, but this is his hood, although they had enough money to money, he just couldn't. Because his heart belonged in Orlando.

"But we are okay, we are not part of these strikes" the Orlando defense came right in.

"Okay, we are not fighting baba" said the mother of the house wondering what triggered him. A rough knock disturbed them.

"Open this door" it was an English accent.

The old ones shared a contact, forgetting that they have 15 year old that they treated like a

three year old, Phesheya. He was an analyser, he found everything worthy of a deeper analysis, deeper meaning. That's why, his favorite thing to do was reading historical fiction, historical data, and he looked into the parliament.

"Fana, go hide in the bedroom" his mother said, he didn't question, he left, but didn't hide he just peeped from the bedroom door. The boer-white- man came in and spoke in a language that he wasn't interested in, he couldn't understand but by the frowns his father was making, he knew it wasn't a good thing, all of a sudden a gun was taken out, his father tried to plead, he did but it fell on deaf ears.

"TILL DEATH DO US APART" but to his mom and dad, death took them together, they were holding hand as they took their last breaths.

"IT'S GOD'S WILL" It wasn't, at all. Their lives were

taken by a man, and he swore to God that he shall, by whatever means AVENGE THE DEATH OF HIS PARENTS.

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The dust hasn't died out, more people are dead, only now he walks out, the White Police Cars are gone, he is safe to leave his house.

"Phesheya, help" a girl cries out for help, he turns back, it's the first daughter of the woman that was shot. He quickly turns and goes back to her. "She's gone, and I'm left with a young baby, please help" she says, he knows asking for help, the difference between him and her is that he did not have any child to look after and that he had a place to his his head, under.

"Ngiyaxolisa, I'm sorry, I can only offer you a place to stay" she nods.

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LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

Once again, I become a burden to someone.

Bhuti Phesheya, the most Evil person helps me in my time of need. He was classified as someone who will cause death upon us, I would also put jabs on his name, stand on my streets corner and discuss him as he passed wearing his usual black clothes. No matter what Bhuti Phesheya is always wearing black clothes, it's like he is mourning.

Anyways I'm 22 and all I have ever cared to do was to carry Nhlanhla— my little brother— on my back and taint his name with people that

passed by without looking when I was holding my mother's cold hand begging her to wake up, they didn't even bother to pat my back, they just looked front not even side eyeing me. The first person to check up on me was the person who I hated most, God I feel so bad!

I'm seated like a tamed dog in his dull four roomed house, his black couches are still fluffy as fuck, his house is not thee modern beautiful houses, nope hie has a room divider, imagine, who still keeps a room divider? He didn't bother to put tiles regardless of the money he has, he just went old school again and bought himself a brown carpet, his walls are dull, they are painted black also but it seems to be washing off, his table, Yohh God's child I tell you it's really not on, it's also nje a see-through black, with a set of chairs, then the cupboard is the only thing that's

out of this world, seems like it was bought by a woman because his taste doesn't allow me to think it was him, all.

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My head is spinning, I want some sleep, but this child is not doing any justice to me, he keeps crying, I don't know what the hell is wrong with him!

"Shhh nana kamama, thula" I hush him, he is crying so painfully, like he knows that his mother died.

"Mlethe, bring him here" a deep voice makes me jump, it's him, the ever so brown eyed but dark Phesheya, instead of giving him my crying brother, I stare at him. "Give me the child Lethukuthula" he says, I silently take a breath in,

and then give him, but while giving him his hands touch my skin, I immediately close my eyes, they are soft against my skin. No, Phesheya is still an evil man, no matter how good he looks, no matter the help he has offered me, he is still an evil man.

Nhlanhla is Quiet now, how could he not be when he is placed on a very broad chest?

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 1

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

They have lived with him for one week and already he has fallen in love with Nhlanhla, he is

a sweet child truly, he doesn't really cry when with him. He soothes his heart, he soothes his mind and makes him feel alive, but his sister? Not that much, there's something about her that really intimidates the shit out of him, he hates that, of course he would, no black man would ever be comfortable around a woman that intimidates them!

"Bhuti" What's funny is that she respects him, although there are some moments whereby she just stops and stares at him, it makes him uncomfortable too.

"Yebo" he answers, not paying attention to her, his attention is solely turned to Nhlanhla who is put in a basin to help support him with sitting.

"Ukudla kulungile" she tells him that the food is ready, only then he ups his head and looks at her, she's fair and beautiful, he nods.

"Thank you" he says, she hurries off to the other room, what a weird relationship they have. He takes Nhlanhla into his arms and leads off to the kitchen.

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He is dressed in black now and has a cain in his hand, that's what he always has in his hands, there's no one that disrespects him when he had this in his hands.

He just bid his goodbye to Nhlanhla, and well HER, yeah that's what he will call her. He is running his errands, walking around the streets. He's a graduate of law but because he has everything taken care for him financially he doesn't see the need to go work, but when he sees the need of going to work he will.

He is not walking on the sidewalk, he realizes when a loud hoot gets him running off the tar to the side walk, he turns and checks the car, it's a tazz that is silver, he rolls his eyes, great just great.

"Sidewalks are for pedestrians mfana" he says, it's his half brother, Ngiphiwe, they are 7 years apart. Phesheya is 23 years old.

"Yeah now go" Phesheya, they used to get along just fine– they found each other when Phesheya was 18, this one here forced him to go to varsity and would keep up with his academics, he used to work as a guard– until Ngiphiwe pursued his dream career and went to the army, Phesheya didn't like that so he told him straight up that he was a dead man to him.

"I don't take orders from you" Ngiphiwe says.

"Yeah, very well, because you take them from a white man, you sure know how to mess a person's day you" he says and turns back walking the opposite direction, he is going back home.

Ngiphiwe releases a long and loud sigh holding on to his waist with one hand and the other hand holds on to his head.

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LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

My brother is on it again, crying like he doesn't know me. It's really frustrating me that he can be on his best behaviour with Phesheya like he is the one that has his blood, but with me? It's always "nywe nywe" I hush him with tears burning my eyes, I can't with him, he is the only

one I'm left with and now he is betraying me. His father left immediately when my mom announced that she was pregnant, my father? Well I, too, don't know him, but if I were to choose between my father and Bab' Thwala, it would be Bab' Thwala all day everyday. I love that man, and sometimes think that he wasn't running away from Nhlanhla, it's my mom that he was running from.

A hero to me, he stood up for me all the time, whether it were parents' meeting or whatever, bab'Thwala was always there for me. He came as an uncle when I was ten, but when I turned 12 the name uncle was not the it anymore, so I came up with Baba, it suited him so well, but I asked him first and smiled so widely and kissed my temple

"It's perfect ngane kababa" he said.

He is still crying, I sigh before putting him on my back and strapping him with my towel, he will eventually sleep, I've got chores to do while bhuti is still out.

I'll start off by washing the few dishes that are neatly put on the table.

I fill the sink with water, but I'm disturbed by stomping footsteps coming through from the door, he gets in, he looks really pissed, but I don't dare ask what is wrong, we are not friends and we will never be.

"Sawubona" he says and sits himself on the chair.

"Yebo bhuti" I say.

"Do you need help?" Yohh never I wouldn't want to suffer a whole thirty minutes.

"Yes" why? why did I say that?

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Washing the dishes with him wasn't all bad like I had imagined, nope we actually conversed and he told me that he followed up my mother's case and that she will be given a dignified funerals, but my mother did not have any funeral plans not any life covers, sigh. I thanked him and told him that having a during the week funeral would be better because it's more cheaper than the weekend funerals, he agreed because he had no choice, he just had to agree. We are now sitting like proper housemates on one couch, watching TV. Nhlanhla is in Phesheya's arms, sleeping so peaceful, oh how I wish those hands that runs over his scalp were running over mine instead, I would just like to know how it feels to just lay on

his arms, one day. A very far fetched dream. I look at him, God really outdone himself when he created this creature, he is not perfect, yes, but his features makes it so impossible to see his imperfections. He catches me staring at him, he smirks showing his teeth that are doubled, they make him more handsome, he winks at me, God can I be swallowed by the earth? Yohh!

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 2

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

He stares at her as she moves around the kitchen, she looks damn good while moving like a wife to the Zwides, he is sitting on the couch watching her, she's filled her skirt with her curves, his hands yearn to touch her and squeeze it, it's all lust he, thinks. He has a person that he has already eyed as a lover, it's someone of a different race, a disappointment to himself and his parents, because he had sworn that he would never ever betray them, however the heart wants what it wants 'umjingi udliwa yinhlitiyo' he's seen her multiple times at Burger King, that's where she works, He is in love with burgers so whenever he'd go there after a long day, he'd find her as the customer server, but he wouldn't want to be served by her, he'd tell her straight that "I will not be served by a boer" she took that, she allowed him to walk over her for sometime, until this other day, it was a random day for him,

but a bad day for her because she had just lost her mother, he went there with his usual attitude, but she put her knee up that day, she did not have any of his nonsense. "listen to me, carefully. I'm not your walkover, this company that you are always supporting is a white owned company, so please do not come here with your fucking nonsense" cuss? Who was she cussing at, he looked at the sides, so it was him that was being cussed? seemed like that.

"Ngicela ungipha ama bhega lapho sisi" she raised her brows at him, he cleared his throat

"Please give me a burger sister"

"Which burger do you want?" that's how it started, they started warming up to each other, they are now friends and he is seeing her to being more than a friend to him, but now there's

Lethukuthula that makes him really weak, she just needs to look at him with her big lazy eyes and it's all it takes for him to feel like a small boy in a presence of a police dog. The other day he winked at her, and she just blankly watched him, God knows how much he regretted that, he never really planned it, he had just caught her staring at him and he smiled at her and winked, and when she did not smile back he just stared at her with a smile still plastered on his face, he felt like a fool, she cleared her throat and moved away.

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He is waiting outside Burger King, he is leaning on the pole on the parking lot, he is puffing and pulling on his cigarette, something he thought he loved from when he was 16, but now it's just a

matter of 'I'm addicted And I can't help it'. He chokes on his cigarette, when he sees his brother, he is not in the mood to speak to him, really, he sighs when his brother stands right in front of him. A yellow version of him, they are one person, their posture is the same, they have the same height too.

"Are you stalking me, ufunani la, what do you want here?" Phesheya asks.

"Akusikhona kayihlo la, This is not your father's property" Ngiphiwe says. Caitlin, the girl Phesheya, was waiting for appears, Phesheya holds his breath.

"Uhm hi" she says to Phesheya with a smile, Ngiphiwe looks at Phesheya, raising his brow, really?

"Hello" It's an awkward answer, she has a paper bag with her, it's a Burger. Ngiphiwe looks at the paper bag and then at Phesheya.

"So this is you now? Wangi duba ngoba nakhu sengisebenzela umlungu, and now this, kula uqonywe khona?" (You don't want anything to do with me because I work for a white man but now this? You are dating a white girl) he asks. Phesheya sighs.

"Akusiyiko lokho bhuti" (it's not that) oh so now he is being respectful?

"Mxm it's fine, my son needs food anyway" Ngiphiwe says and heads inside, leaving a sighing Phesheya with Caitlin.

"What was that about?" she asks

"Nothing, don't worry" he says, she hands him his burger and they start walking, as they walk on the sidewalk, speaking about nothing in particular, a car passing by slows down, the window of is being opened, and guess what appears? A sharp nose, yep it's a white man, Phesheya feels like rolling his eyes.

"Babe, wat doen jy hier met 'n Kaffer?" (What are you doing here with a black) the monkey asks.

"Yewena msunu, don't you dare try me, ngizokugxoba ubemnyama mina, don't fucking call me that shit" (I'll beat you up, you'll even turn black) he says.

"Kom in, come inside babe" oh so they are dating, Phesheya looks at Caitlin with disappointment filled in his face, she could have

told him that she has a boyfriend, why give him
hopeless hope?

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 3

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

He left, he left her with her boyfriend, he went
straight home, the long strides he took were not
strides he usually takes, they were longer, he
wanted to get home as soon as possible. She
stood there and shut her pie hole when that little
boyfriend insulted him, but when he decided to
jab back, that's when she opened her stinking

mouth and spoke defending her boyfriend. He is done, honestly, he is done with Whites!

He just arrived home and there's no one, he sighs and sits down before outing his phone from his pocket, he calls her.

"Hello?" she says, her voice is ever so soothing, he does not know how to respond after hearing her voice. "Hello?" she repeats "who's this?" she asks.

"Hmmm, hi it's Phesheya" he says lowly after clearing his throat.

"Ohh, bhuti, hi" she says, her tone changes to formal immediately after she hears that it's him, does she hate him that much?

"Yeah, it's me." awkward silence falls upon them "I was just wondering where you were, are you okay?" he asks genuinely.

"Uhm yeah, I'm fine. I'm at home affairs, I'm applying for Nhlanhla's orphan grant" he nods, but remembers that she is not seeing him as he nods

"Alright, nginilande? Should I come and fetch you" he is already up, it was not a question, he was just letting her know that he is on his way to fetch them.

"Uh, it's fine bhuti you don't have to" she says.

"No, I want to, you are at Maponya right?" he asks.

"Yes" she responds

"Okay, stay there, don't move, I'm on my way" he says and hangs up after saying his goodbyes, he puts on his black cap, it's his signature colour– black, if only his eyes were also black!

He takes a taxi to the mall, he wanted to get there fast. He needs to buy himself a car, this taxi life is not the it life he imagined for himself.

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LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

He is coming, I don't know how I feel about that, I saw him with his white girl, they were all cosy. I don't want any problems with anyone. People, especially girls, assume the most when they see you walking with their boyfriends.

I figured that I needed to apply for Nhlanhla's grant because I need to help out at home, what am I saying? "Home" like it's mine to call, anyways I don't see the need to depend on Phešheya all the time, I should be able to pop up

with relish sometimes, he has helped us a lot, that's the least I could do.

I'm still on the queue though, I came late thinking that maybe people would have at least been halved, but there seems to be more people than I had hoped to be.

There they go with their staff, they are already counting people way before their knock off time. They want to cut the line, I check the time and it's only half past twelve, and their knock off time is Five o'clock, sigh! They have already cut it, and I'm way too far, I'm not even near the last person that they gave the tag and took pictures of, Yeah neh.

I remove myself from the queue and wait on the other side of the pavement, I'm waiting for Phesheya. I sit down and place Nhlanhla on my thighs.

"I miss mama Bafana, do you?" I say, tomorrow we are putting her to her last place of rest, I miss my mom sometimes, although she was not the best of parents, I would never have traded her for another one. She looked so young that when we walked together people assumes that I was her sister, imagine! The fact that I have a kind of big body does not help me at all, the only difference between us was that I had a flat ass and she had a big one, yohhh, I may have hips, but my ass? I don't want to lie it's an embarrassment.

"Lethukuthula" It's him, his cologne has filled my nose already.

"Yebo" I say, he takes Nhlanhla from me and waits for me to finally stand, standing up is not hard because I'm on a loose long dress, so I just freestyle and get on my feet. He starts walking

before I do, he's not here for me, he is here for Nhlanhla, I walk behind them.

"Why didn't you tell me that you were applying for grant?" he asks.

"I didn't know that I had to report to you" I say, it's annoying actually, I don't know what's annoying more, the fact that he wants me to report to him before doing things, or the fact that he is not here for me. He doesn't respond.

"Are we walking, or are we taking taxis?" he asks.

"Let's walk" it's not my money that will be used to pay taxis anyway.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 4

LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

We are still walking, we are very far from home, He is in front and I'm walking at the back, u have even stopped trying to catch up with his long strides, I don't know how he does it, really, walking so fast while carrying a baby.

He stops walking and turns back to look at me, he smiles, one of the few days that I see them, the rarely shown teeth of his. I can't help but smile back at him.

"Shesha phela nawe, hurry up" he says. I pick up my walking pace, he is slower now and I'm a bit faster than I was. It's uncomfortable silence that we are walking in, it feels like there's a lot we

would like to say to each other but we just don't know how to say it, or how to even start it.

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We finally reach home, he says he is tired, I'm proud that I am not. It serves him right, he has been walking so fast, but at least he decreased his pace, as we continued walking. He gives me the key and then I unlock the door.

He lays Nhlanhla on the couch, he slept on the way home. "What should I cook bhuti?" I ask going to the the kitchen.

"Let's eat out" he says, I stop and turn to him, he must be kidding me.

"Yohh, bhuti, I don't have anything to wear" I say, it's true. Even if I were to agree to go out with him,

I don't have anything nice to wear, I only have hideous clothes.

"What's wrong with what you are wearing? Futhi awufune kuyobona muntu right? Right now let's go" sigh times hundred billion dollars cash!

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"Are you okay?" of course I'm not, he forced me to come here, I'm wearing a green hideous oversized dress with push-ins, so of fucking course I'm not okay, but...

"I'm okay bhuti, are you?" I say with the most fakest smile. He took me to his girlfriend's workplace, I don't know why but ke...

"I'd be okay if you stopped calling me bhuti, alright?"

"Okay bhuti" I realize that I said bhuti and then laugh lightly "Okay Phesheya"

"Nazoke, there you go" aiii. Nhlanhla is ever so quiet today, he is not making any baby sounds he is just quiet, it's probably because of Phesheya's presence, it makes one feel comfortable? We have been waiting for our order for so long, gosh I need to buy a phone and call the managers of Burger King to complain about their customer service, because I'm a shy girl so I do not prefer doing things in my comfort zone. Yohh I can imagine already going there to complain "You want to complain about our workers with an ugly dress like this, phola sisi, cool down even our uniform is better than your clothes" gosh, I can imagine!

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"I actually have a burger at home" we are already munching on our food I was so hungry, gosh.

"Yeah, I saw" He is feeding Nhlanhla first, eyy I don't have time to feed others I'm hungry. I catch him staring. "What?" I ask after swallowing my food, he is making me shy right now, and I hate it.

"Nothing, it's just that you are so beautiful, I can't help but stare" He is not joking? Well I thought he was that's why I'm giggling, or is it because... yazin, you know what I'm just day dreaming.

"Ngiyabonga, thank you" he nods, he is the master of making situations weird, I tell you!

"Come on eat, bring him to me" I say. I go to the other side and take Nhlanhla, he starts eating,

God I'm staring, the way he chews his food, when he swallows his Adam's apple moves, I swallow
He is very sexy!

"Take a picture my sister" he says with a slight chuckle, embarrassment flushes all over my face, God I can't! even look at him. I smile and look away! He takes my hand, I feel like I have been electrified, the tingles that run through my skin makes me sigh.

"Hey, it was just a joke" he says, I know it was a joke, but I just wish to stare at him, I just wish he doesn't catch me when I do!"Look, whatever I've done to you, I'm sorry, I know we've never really had a relationship but, please at least speak to me" he says, I nod. "I said please SPEAK to me" he emphasizes.

"Alright I will" I say, we stare at each other for a moment, I'm the first one to drop my eyes, God is this Normal? Is it normal to have a person making you weak just by looking at you? I need to know this!

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 5

LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

I retrench my hand from his, he leaves his on the table and continues to stare at me, I wish I could scream, but yohh! He could just out his gun and swear at me.

"Come let's go" he says, already getting, he asked for the bill and put the money inside that wallet-like thing, I don't know what it's called.

"Woza, come boy" he takes Nhlanhla and he starts walking, sigh this is what he does, always walking ahead, now I have to be alone when people see my hideous oversized dress, sigh!

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He is watching TV, isidingo, I don't know what fascinates him when it comes to isidingo. It's probably the fact that it has so much to do with labour issues, I don't know what I'm gonna do besides joining Nhlanhla who is sleeping.

"Goodnight bhuti" I say he gives me an eye, eish "I'm sorry, I meant Goodnight Phesheya" I rephrase, and take Nhlanhla with me, I head to

'my' bedroom, and sleep.

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I'm woken up by a feeling of something, scratch that, someone that is hovering over me, I rub my eyes and scan my surroundings, I'm still home, and safe, I check on my right and there stands Phesheya, although he is in dark clothes I know it's him because, I know his perfume. I don't like this, at all, I don't the idea of him seeing me when I wake up, gosh I'm so ugly, I stir and turn to the other side. So he's not here for something, I assume because he isn't saying anything, just standing wherever he is.

"Good morning" my voice is husky.

"Morning, Lethu" he says, it's my first time hearing him shortening my name.

"What are you doing in my room Phesheya?" It's annoying really.

"I just wanted to be first person you see when you woke up" he says, his voice is just something I can't get over.

"What if you are not someone I had wanted when I wake up?" not that that's the case but I'm asking for the sake of asking.

"I won't come back if that's the case then" he says.

"Okay" I say and push the blankets off of me, I take my toothbrush that he brought for me not so long ago, tomorrow my mother is being out to her last place of rest, I don't know how I feel about that, I don't know if I'm emotionally ready to let her go or not, after all this I need to find my and Nhlanhla's father. I brush my teeth in the

bathroom, and when I come back my bed is already made up.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't help myself" I can never mind, doing that would have taken much of my time.

"It's alright" wait, when I woke up Nhlanhla wasn't with me "Ukuphi uNhlanhla? Where is Nhlanhla?" I ask.

"He is with Ngiphiwe" like it's someone I know, I give him a 'explain' look. "My boring brother" must be the man he was with, aii I'm probably jumping into conclusions.

"Okay, are they here here?" I ask, he is not into detail, I want him to tell me where exactly they are.

"Yeah he came with my son too" hold up, I need air conditioners and everything that contains oxygen in the world, even carbon dioxide is fine, my stomach is full of dirt already, it will get cleansed on the way.

"You have a son?" I ask, my breath is getting shorter and shorter, I can't breathe well but I am coping.

"Yes, my brother's son is my son so" he shrugs, I breathe out, I hadn't realized that I was holding my breath, a smile creeps up his face.

"Yindaba?" I'm on my feet as he asks this, he nears me, my breath hitches, God I'm holding my breath. He grabs my wrist softly and lowers his heads, but it doesn't reach my height because damn, he is too tall.

"Please, leave my hand" I'm begging, I don't like being under something like a spell, been there done that, I'm not going back to that dungeon of love.

"Ngicela nje ukukuqabula kancane" he asks, I take a deep breath in to stabilize my breath, it's too shaky for my liking, I need to do this to know where I stand with him, but I don't want to at the same time because I feel like he is taking advantage of me, he has just given me shelter.

"Phesheya!!!" Someone calls out, He leaves my hand and rolls his brown eyes, he heads out mumbling things to himself, if this was any random day, I would be laughing my ass out, but no it's not a random day, it's a day whereby I feel my panties wet just by being touched by a man! Am I that weak though?

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I took a ten minute bath, I was just refreshing, and now I'm heading to the kitchen, I don't know what to expect, his brother is here, and it's very quiet. I don't know why my hands are sweaty and all, Phesheya is of no significance in my life, he is not my boyfriend or anything. I'm now standing right in front of them, they are the definition of looking "again" this one is just lighter in complexion, his eyes are brown, the Phesheya—light brown they sometimes look blind, he does too.

"Sawubona bhuti" I greet. they both look up into my direction, thank God I'm wearing a black skirt.

"Hello" he says with a small smile, I smile at him too, I look at Phesheya, he is looking at me with a

dirty eye, What?

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 6

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

He doesn't understand why his brother slept over, he hardly ever understands anything Ngiphiwe does, he works for a white man, whatever he does there definitely is an agenda behind it.

He hardly ever sleeps in his room these days, he occupies Her seat every night, he stares at her all the time, he doesn't know what it is, but it's present, it keeps drawing him in.

Yesterday was her mother's funeral, they finally

put her to sleep, she didn't cry, nor portray any feelings on her face, she just blankly looked at the coffin when it went down.

They didn't expect a lot of people attend the funeral because they didn't follow all the traditions of an African funeral, they did not have a night vigil, they just woke up and went to the grave site, they were shocked to see people coming, Phesheya had to organize a taxi, because people were present in numbers.

It's all done, He is with Nhlanhla and Phiwokuhle, that's his brother's son, Phesheya doesn't really like his brother– for obvious reasons– but Phiwokuhle? Nothing could ever come between them, he won't let his and his brother's feud get in-between him and his son, nope.

Lethukuthula is in her bedroom, she is tired,

people just left, and Ngiphiwe? He doesn't really care where he is.

"Bafo" Phiwokuhle says, he calls his uncle brother, that's what Phesheya and his brother used to call each other, so obviously because Phiwokuhle is 4 years old now, he inherited the name too.

"Ya bafo" Phesheya responds.

"A gun" He says, He always says the strangest things, he sometimes doesn't make sense. "A white man" he says and giggles, what the hell is he on about.

"Yeah, yabona wena ufuze minak mfana wam, you took from me my boy, we'll kill all those white men alright" Phiwo shakes his head.

"No baba, Nhlanhla" he points at Nhlanhla.

"Hayike we don't kill each other alright" he says and kisses Phiwo's cheek. Phiwo giggles and gets off from him, he runs to play with Nhlanhla.

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"Koko" he knock verbally also using his knuckles, he hears a sniff before she gives him permission to come in, he gets in and closes the door, Ngiphiwe came back with food, burger for him, if it were up to him and not to his stomach he would have told Ngiphiwe bro fuck off with his burger, but because his stomach grumbled before he could speak do he listened, it told him to take the food and thank him, he took the food but didn't thank him.

"Hey" he says after closing the door, he leans on the door "Bhuti bought us food" yes, he continues

to respect him, people from outside Don't need to know that they don't get along.

She burries her face on the pillow.

"I'm not hungry" she says, it's muffled. He roughly scratches his head and sighs.

"Please, you'll have two bites" he doesn't want to sleep on an empty stomachz she hasn't eaten all day "Please maThwala" he asks, she looks up, she looks really beautiful, she has a smooth copper brown skin, her eyes are black and up turned, she has perfectly proportioned lips, his eyes runs over her face, his hands itches to touch, once, just once may he be given the chance to touch her, otherwise he'll go mad, but today is not the right given time. "Please, kungenjalo, if not by your own will, I will carry you and then feed you forcefully" he warns, she sighs.

"Alright, I'm coming" she says. she's cumming, he clears his throat.

"Oh" he blows out a breath, his mind seems to be running a marathon race "I'll wait for you" she nods and gets up fixing her dress, she curvy and full on her lower body, but her behind yerr!!! It's like God forgot to put her on the son after putting yeast in the mixture of her ass, she's flat assed. He scans her feet, she probably wears size 5, such a big foot for a short girl, but it comes with the package of her beauty, he isn't complaining.

He allows her to walk in front, he stares at her eyes mmm it's Jhene's surname 'Aiko' or 'Ayikho', it's not there. He chuckles lowly, and focuses his eyes on her head, at least he won't be laughing at her not-there ass.

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NGIPHIWE ZWIDE

He is watching TV with his son and Nhlanhla, Phiwo keeps on point his two little fingers at Nhlanhla, which makes him worried, he has learnt to never take this one here lightly, before the death of his baby mama— early this year— he kept on yapping about death, and one month later she died, till today nobody knows how the mother of his child and his love died.

"Phiwo mfanawam, my boy, what is wrong" he asks.

"Mlungu babah, mlungu" what does a white have to do with this, he sighs.

"What did they do?" he points at Nhlanhla again, it's a gun gesture. Sigh, he is probably playing around. Lethu enters, followed by Phesheya, they

seem to have a connection nje, they look good together, they complement each other.

"Phesheya, can you please babysit for me?" he's left Phiwo with Phesheya multiple times without saying 'please' but today, it's different, they have to act cool because there's an outsider.

"Uyaphi, where are you going?" Phesheya asks, already taking seat, he takes one huge bite, he closes his eyes and moans to the pleasure of his Burger, sigh!

"It's work" it's true, but he is not going to explain further because they might end up fighting.

"What kind of work?" Phesheya asks, he is enjoying this, but he'll be the first one to be angry because they are on an 'operation destroy black businesses' Phesheya sucks in a deep breath.

"I'll take care of him, bhuti" She says, what a life saver she is. Phesheya frowns but doesn't dwell on it that much.

"Thank you so much, sisi" he says, and then fist-bumps Phiwo, and then brushes Nhlanhla's head.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 7

LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

He called his brother and told him that Phiwo will be with us for this week, I told him to do so because I enjoy Phiwo's presence.

It's refreshing to have a child love you, Nhlanhla

is my blood but he doesn't love me, he prefers being in Phesheya's presence more than mine, so having Phiwo here, I feel at least sense of love. This week went by quite fast, I'm already helping Phiwo pack his bags, it's really sad, I feel like we connected to another extent, or is jealousy? Either way, I love the little champ.

"Mancane, aunt" he says, I laugh at his failed attempt to trying to pronounce 'mamncane'

"Yes boy?" I say, zipping his bag.

"Nhlanhla, nebhamu" Gosh what's this about him saying Nhlanhla and guns in one sentence? I hope Phesheya doesn't let them play with toy guns, or else!!!

"Zomshaya nana ne, I'll whip him baby" I say, he seems to have forgotten about that because now he is running out of the room, sigh, kids!

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Bhuti just fetched him, my heart is aching, I'm back to being a loner, it's sad.

I'm washing the dishes that we used earlier, as I'm busy washing the dishes singing along to the song that is playing on the radio— Vuka Sula by Ringo Madlingozi— a very emotional song that is.

"Hayi, we have glasses here, please keep it low" I don't know where he is coming from, mavunduka nje, I laugh, such a shade.

"I sing better than you" I haven't even heard the guy sing but already I'm judging him, there's no way that a scary guy like him can sing, I refuse to believe that it's possible.

"Hehe, shame" he laughs, "Do you need help with the dishes?"

"Yes please" we are comfortable around each other now so there's no point in me saying no. His perfume is filling my nostrils, he is very close behind me, my feet are failing me but I try as hard as I can to stand steady. His body is touching mine, he is too close and I've stopped doing whatever I was doing, my hands are on the sink for balance.

"Can I help with this" he is touching my dress, I don't know what is wrong with it "It seems too tight for my liking, is it not hurting you" God help my breaths, they are hitched, for what, I don't know.

"No it's fine" I say, he runs his fingers on my clothed back, I've been a virgin for one year now,

God is resting me, I see, he turns me, we are now facing each other, he has his head bowed just to look at me. His round- Shaped eyes with that light brown color makes him really handsome, his dark skin makes it worser because he looks like he is blind, he looks attractive. His visible jaw line is to die for, running my hands on it is my dream, His hand go to my waist. He gives it a tight but not hurting squeeze, and he wets his lips with his tongue, he tucks one lip under his upper and below his lower teeth, May God please come down and take this human being? He stares into my eyes, his eyes are boring into mine, there's something he seems to be searching, but I'm the one finding my answers from his eyes, an angry boy lives in him. "Can I kiss you? It's okay if you don't want, I'm not taking advantage..." I shut him up with a kiss, I take charge of his bottom lip while he takes charge of

mine, my hands are all over his body, I'm exploring his hands now, they are hard and muscled.

He is squeezing me in a hug, my eyes are opened, his are closed, I'm also enjoying, but I just wanted to see him when he kisses me, his hands travel to my almost-not-there butt and he squeezes it, and then I stop kissing, we share an eye contact and then we burst out laughing.

"Uhlekan wena, what are you laughing at?" it's funny to me, not to him, he clears his throat.

"I'm laughing nje, engani nawe ubuhleka, you were also laughing" he shrugs, mxm.

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We are watching TV, there's no much going on,

just that my hand is in his, something I've always wondered how it felt, it feels exceptionally good, it's like my hand belongs in àhis.

There's a bang, it's someone roughly knocking on the door, I look at him with a questioning eye.

"Ekameleni, manje" (In the bedroom, now!) he commands, shuu, I stand up and take Nhlanhla who is asleep. "Nicashe, khona okshaya amanzi Lana" (Hide, something is not right) he says before we even reach the door the passage, I hear the sound of the door breaking.

"Shit" he says, I stand frozen, I don't know whether to continue walking to the bedroom, or to continue standing, because really they saw me there wouldn't be any point in hiding, they are already inside meaning they've already seen me.

"Motherfucker!" the accent gives it away, it's a white man! There's no black man that would be

able to say 'Motherfucker' so smooth.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 8

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

He didn't expect that this motherfucker would come for him, he thought it ended there, he has never went to check on Caitlin ever since that day. This guy is in Red clothes, he is here to attack, yet he is in red clothes. He doesn't understand why this o e with a flat ass is still standing, he thought he made it clear that she should go and hide, but clearly he wasn't firm enough, and now they've already seen them,

and today one of them is gonna die because it's the only way to hurt him, it's all her fault!

"Ja, hoe is it?" (how is it) he is puzzled, a white man speaking informal Afrikaans? No he must be dreaming.

"What do you want S'hlama" One thing about being a black African man is that you do not let anyone get into your Zone and then let them disrespect you, yes you can disrespect them when they are in your Zone, but when you're in their territory, you dance for the guitar, udansela esabo isginci.

"Do you even know me, you are full of disrespect boy" Did he just? No he didn't, oh no he did! He just called him a boy in front of his crush, is it his crush though? Ahh he's gonna deal with that later.

"What do you want wena mfana? I don't give a damn who you are" He asks putting his head on the table.

"I see" the guy nods "I'm Jonathan" he introduces himself, Phesheya laughs, it's a mocking laugh, Jonathan finds himself scratching the top of his nose, he needs a fix "Gee my my ding, give me my thing" Phesheya shakes his head amused, he can actually speak Afrikaans better than this guy here, his Afrikaans is a true definition of Poor.

Jonathan is here with two man, so the one on the left side takes out a small this wrapped by a brown plastic, he also smokes crystal meth? Yoh it's bad.

He has sniffed his thing, in front of Lethu, he doesn't give a damn about drugs, but the fact that he couldn't do anything when they made her uncomfortable is what pisses him off. He

perseveres when his butt feels hot due to him sitting on it for a whole hour.

The atmosphere is getting serious now, this Jonathan guy seems high, too high, he is even trying to flirt with Lethu.

"Eyy eyy your time is over go away" He could have said more harsher, but the fact that they are carrying guns is taming him. Jonathan whispers something to the very thin guy next to him, the guy nods and heads to Lethu's direction. Lethu sees that it's that he is heading to, she cringes, she's scared.

"Jonathan, please we can talk about this don't touch her" he says.

"I'm not touching anyways" he is now confuse, until he realizes that they are taking Nhlanhla,

"Nooooooooo!!!!!" he roars, it's late the bullet has gone through Nhlanhla's head, She's also screaming, how did everything happen so fast, when did the guy get to Jonathan? They've ripped his manhood off of him, they took away the biggest part of him, he had already fallen in love with Nhlanhla, so why is this happening now, had she had listened to him and hid , this wouldn't have happened, "Please call the ambulance" he has already stood from his chair.

"No ambulance boy" he is not interested in any of this guys anymore, all he knows is they will have a piece of his wrath soon, all he cares about now is saving this little one "Lethu call my brother please" he is crying, there's a little faith and hope that Nhlanhla will live. "Nhlanhla Lalela mina ntwana ungalinge uvale amehlakho yangizwan" (Listen to me, do not dare close your eyes do

you hear me) he is telling an eight months old child, will he even listen.

"Let's go guys" the white men leave, after saving Nhlanhla, he is surely going for them, they will not get away with harassing them like this 'bayoyikhotha imbenge yomile' he is gonna show them!

"It's not going through Phesheya" she's shaking, she can't lose this child.

"Calm down, he will be okay he has a faint pulse, it's better than nothing, right?" he is looking for validation, she nods.

"Yes" she says

"Now come, tell him not to close his eyes, I'll call my brother so long" he says,

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NGIPHIWE ZWIDE

He is sitting looking at his son that is eating, he is hoping and praying that he is a good father to him, he doesn't want his son to grow up like him. It was pointless having to carry the surname 'Zwide' while he had deadbeat father. Phesheya's mother did not like him, she had him rather living in the streets than taking him in and at least offering him shelter.

He was 15 years when he went in search for his father, apparently his father and mother were married but his father went away, to Johannesburg and found better people Phesheya and his mother and then divorced his mother, at first he didn't care about his father until his mother died, when his mother died he

thought he would be able to survive, but life always wants you to have someone by your side, so he went looking for his father, and when he found him, he made sure to rehearse 'Baba, I'm Ngiphiwe your other son, I don't need anything other than shelter from you, shelter is all I ask' but he found Phesheya's mother, she didn't need any tests done to know that he is his son "Please, go your father died a long time ago" she said after they exchanged greetings, he believed it he left and lived on the streets for two years, His babymama's father was him, and offered him a job, and that's how finding his feet started, he... He is disturbed by his vibrating phone, who could it be? He checks the called ID, it's Phesheya, something is wrong Phesheya doesn't call him.

"Bafo" he answers.

"Bhuti, I need your help, they shot him, and nod his breath..."

"Sheya, breathe in and out slowly and talk to me".

"Some white guys that had feud with me got her and Nhlanhla, they were joking around all along, so I joined in, but they changed bhuti and they shot him" he is now sobbing.

"I'm coming alright" they hang up "Phiwokuhle!" he yells,if only he listened to Phiwo, this probably wouldn't have happened.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 9

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

Ngiphiwe came, but it was too late, he had already closed his eyes, Nhlanhla has left.

Phesheya is sitting flatly on the floor, Nhlanhla is on his hands, tears are flowing like different tributaries on his face, his face is a mess, it's been an hour now and he is not letting him go.

"Mfanakithi" Ngiphiwe says, Phesheya shakes his head.

"No, please do something, he'll probably wake up" he asks, his voice breaking, Nhlanhla was too young to die, he had a lot to life, it's the first time that he is crying publicly.

"No, we are waiting for the damn police, I'm sorry Bafo but he is gone" Ngiphiwe says, this will forever be a video on repeat in his head, he feels really useless now, besides everything they have

been doing, they are blood, and behind the hate that they pretend to have is love, tough love.

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The insensitive white men wanted to take statements from them, but thanks to God Ngiphiwe stopped them, otherwise all the burning sensation in Phesheya's chest would be extinguished by him beating the hell out of them!

He is quietly seating, he stopped crying, he is not a crier, he bottles everything inside and waits for one person to step on his toe so that he can release it in them, he's never been troublesome, but when people trouble him he knows how to deal with them

He is quietly staring at her, her eyes are puffy, the tears on her face are her fault, she did this, she

should have just ran and his herself.

"Why?" he asks, "Why didn't you listen to, this is your fault" he says, softly. She gasps at those words, she didn't expect anything like this.

"How can you say that? I'm not at fault, Yes I couldn't be snappy enough but it's not my fault" She blames himself too, but it would be nice if someone would tell her that it's not her fault.

"But it is though" he says, still staring at her, he wants to say it as harsh as possible but his heart is not allowing it to happen.

"It's not my fault Phesheya, the truth is this is all your fault, anyone who associates themselves with you is bound to die because you go around stepping on white people's toes" she says, his breathing changes.

"If that's the case then kungani ungahambi, huh?
Why don't you leave" he asks.

"I will gladly do that, I'm glad he died because I'll
suffer alone" she says and gets off of her chair,
she's so angry. He doesn't move from his chair, if
there's any place she thinks is better for her to
live then she should leave.

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LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

Phesheya is probably bipolar or something, He
knows very well that the main cause of
Nhlanhla's death is him, had he not fought with
those guys I wouldn't have had to hide, I think
also his IQ level is low, that's why he has the guts
to blame me, I didn't even try to blame him, I

didn't even think about it that way because I think everything happens as per God's will.

Not having a phone is a triple decker stress, I want to call ubaba, but I don't have a phone, I hope he still lives in Rockville, Otherwise I will die. I loved Nhlanhla, heck I still do, but I think he is better off in heaven than in this world full of hypocritical people, they just piss me off! And also I think it will be best that I'm alone on my most rainy days, there's still a lot to fix when it comes to my life, I don't think I would be able to watch him suffer, no!

I'm packing my little clothes with tears streaming down my cheeks, It's really hard being Lethukuthula, I lost a lot of things that I have gotten, God has decided to take more than he has given, I'm left with nothing I'm bare. There's a knock, I ignore it, I know it's him, he is

probably here to tell me to make it snappy. He lets himself in, see? What if I was bathing?

"Lethu" he says.

"Phesheya" we are calling each other's names.

"Where will you go" he asks, I don't even turn to look at him, I put my focus on the bag that I am zipping.

"I don't know" I say.

"Will you be okay?" he asks.

"As long as I am far from you, I will be okay!" I says, then put my bag on my back and start walking, he grabs my wrist, I turn so fast, I hate it, I hate the thought of him holding me!

"I'm sorry, please don't leave" he asks.

"Leave me" my voice is kept low, but also firm

"I didn't mean it, I was angry" his voice is cracking, well I don't care, for all I know this might be also be pretence.

"I don't care" I don't but my heart does "I'm not even angry, you hold no signifance in my life" I say and shrug my wrist off his.

"Lethu" he is behind me as he says this, I don't look back "Lethu please come back" I don't, I'm outside the gate now "Well fuck you, I also don't care about you, I've never cared" he yells and goes back inside, I stand frozen, people are staring at me.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 10

LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

I kept on walking, people stared but I didn't care, what Phesheya said really stung than it should have, my heart is not settled, I'm hurt. His words actually keep on replaying in my head, fuck it, I'm going back. I do a u-turn, and stomp my feet back to his house.

It's taking too long for me to reach his house, my chest is burning, tears are picking my eyes.

I've finally arrived, I'm just a few steps to enter the house, there are plates breaking inside, I leave my bag and run in.

"Phesheya!" I scream.

"Yini, what?" he says "You said you were leaving, so what do you want now?" His eyes are

bloodshot, he is angry, super angry.

"I came back to tell you where to get off" I say, he is not the only one to be angry.

"I asked you not to leave, you left" he say, still with a harsh tone.

"You said I should leave, stop victimising yourself in this situation Phesheya" it takes a lot for me to say this.

"I'm not victimising myself Lethukuthula!" he says this as he throws glasses against the wall, I'm even scared to move closer to him. "Leave, you said you were leaving" and I said I came back to tell him off.

"No" I say. "Stop doing what you are doing, throwing glasses against the wall" I say dramatically lifting my hands, I'm still right at the

door, my hand is on the handle, just Incase he throws a glass my way, I'm able to duck and run, he stops and paces up and down, it's safe to fully walk in now. "What are you doing?" he shrugs his shoulders, this house is a mess, filled with broken utensils. He needs help, if this is how he helps himself calm down.

"What made you come back?" he asks, starting pace up and down yet again.

"You" my heart says before my mind thinks, and the betrayal of the mouth? It's always the mouth betraying the mind.

"You said you didn't care" he says "You said I didn't matter!" he says it like it hurt him.

"You said you didn't care too" I say.

"But I said it after you told me that I didn't matter, I didn't mean it" he says.

"So you say things just to hurt people" he needs help, he really does, he shrugs.

"Yeah kind of, I learnt to do that a long time ago" I sigh, What did I come back to do? Whatever it was, scratch it "I hate it when people I love hurt me" woah, love?

"You love me" He blankly stares at me, I raise my brow, no I need to know, I feel something for him too, I don't know if it's love yet.

"Shhh" he sucks in a breath and then nods "Yeah, I do" Shrugging he says this.

"Ohh" I don't even know why I asked, I probably thought he'd say no.

"Yeah, it hurt me when you said you didn't care"

"I'm sorry" I say, he chuckles.

"That's all?" I shake my head no. "So?"

"I do care" he smiles, if this smile would be permanent on his face I would be happy, he looks really looks handsome. "You look blind" he laughs.

"You love me like that" he inhales deeply, he didn't mean to say it out loud "Right? you do?" I nod, there's no point in lying, I do love him, and he might have noticed "Please say it" his eyes are burning me.

"I love you" I can't look at him, I've never had to say this to a guy, yes I've dated but saying the L word has never been on my to-do list.

"Thank, I love you" he wets his lips with his tongue

"Sondele ke" he tells me to come closer and like

a stupid girl that I am, I do. "I'm sorry for cussing at you, I just... I miss him" he says, wrapping his strong arms around me, I nod my head.

"I understand, I miss him too" It's hard for me to believe that Nhlanhla is gone, we spent a little time together, but he claimed my heart and love, I loved him, too much, and then boom God decided to reunite him with mom.

"I haven't forgotten them, they'll pay" I know who he is talking about, and I don't know if it's a good or bad thing that I want them to pay too.

"They should, I want them to" I say, I'm getting very emotional, He kisses the top of my head and places his chin on my head, I'm hoping he doesn't turn back on his words.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 11

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

He is in his usual dark clothes, Black Tracksuits, black Sneakers, and a black cap. It's dark outside, of course it would be, there are no streetlights although there is electricity, if you were to ask where the get electricity, aiii aiii cut.

It's nine pm, a good time for him to execute everything he planned to do, she was asleep when he left, they slept in one room, he quietly sneaked out, he made sure that he locked every single door, but there's no threat, everyone in the hood doesn't dare to mess with him.

It's times like these where he wishes that he had a car, had he had one he wouldn't have to walk, okay walking sometimes is therapeutic but today he wishes to get to the east side fast.

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He is not here for a clean job although he does not have a gun, has anyone ever heard of the movie 'Million Ways To Die?' yeah he is changing that to Million ways to kill. He's arrived at the Williams, and they are not expecting him, that's the nicest thing about this whole situation, he's attacking when they least expect it, and also he is attacking the main man, Jonathan.

He quietly uses his screwdriver to remove the handle from the door, once he is done, he quietly opens the door. Making sure that he doesn't

make any sounds, he walks inside. He stands for about a minute, leaning on the wall, taking in his surroundings. Caitlin is here, upon his realization his heart starts beating fast, he likes her doesn't he?

"Qo la ekhaya" Who knocks when they are already inside the house, It can only be Phesheya, and his behaviour should be excused. "I'm sorry for barging in, it's just that I don't have any manners, I had manners but your kind took away my parents, and guess what they died with my manners" he laughs at his own joke, really it was not s joke, he is just laughing at how sour life can be, ivili liyajika, wheels turn, not so long ago he was the one seated praying that Jonathan doesn't kill Lethu, and today the tables are turns, it's now Jonathan begging with his eye, there are threesome differences between them: Jonathan

was carrying guns, He Is Not; Jonathan had men with him, He Does Not; Jonathan portrays fear in his eyes; And He Fucking DIDN'T, that's probably the reason why Nhlanhla died. His eyes darkens, they are full of tears, he is thinking maybe if he cared to beg him, Nhlanhla wouldn't have died, he is the cause of the death of Nhlanhla.

"Caitlin" his eyes are solely focused on her, she blinks twice before she answers.

"Phesheya" her accent, as she says this, changes to Isizulu, she says his name correctly, she's not dragging. This takes him back to 'their days,' the days where she smiled and he'd stare with a lopsided smile, because he couldn't get over her beauty.

"We meet again, it's unfortunate that we are meeting under not good circumstances" he says,

his eyes are still teary, but they can't see that, he has his hood on.

"What do you mean?" she asks, he doesn't waste his breath by answering her, instead he turn his and coldly stares at Jonathan.

"Ya wena msunu" he is livid, if it were up to him right now, he'd be back at home with Lethu, holding her all night. "So you are not responding? Fine, uh do you perhaps want to give me your key?" he says, totally changing his tone from mocking to innocent. Jonathan is moved, he could even shit on his pants right now.

"Caitlin" Jonathan says rubbing the top of his nose, she quickly gives him the keys, they were put in her bag. "There you go, my man" his man? Phesheya clicks his tongue.

"Thank you, now say goodbye to your girlfriend or whatever it is that she is to you, tell her you'll with her soon" he commands.

"But..." Jonathan starts to say but is stopped by death stare Phesheya gives him. "Baby I'll be back, I love you" he says.

"I love you too" she says, his heart breaks, maybe he never got over her.

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They walked, it was a very long walk, but was it to freedom, nope. A long walk just for a mere. bath, they are in a dark room, it's a shack, and Jonathan can't see everything clearly.

"I want you to strip off your clothes, I'll look the other way, I don't want to see your not appealing

body" Phesheya says, he is totally changed, his energy is changed, his aura too is too heavy! Jonathan strips off his clothes and is left in his briefs. Phesheya switches on the lights. "Ngena, Mgodoyi"

"Fuck no, it's acid" Jonathan says. Oh so he understands Isizulu, cheesy.

"It's just acid, ngena" Jonathan starts begging him not to do what he is doing but Phesheya does not take it. "I'll lock you in, mhlampe tomorrow you will change your mind, goodnight, dream of your death" He says and takes the clothes in the floor, he walks out and locks the door.

Jonathan is left sobbing softly, there's no way in hell he is getting out, Phesheya might just be

outside, waiting for a silly move from him, God what was he doing?

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 12

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

He is sneaking into his bedroom, he has taken off his sneakers, it's three am, he is cold, he quickly but quietly gets off his clothes, he gets into the bed, he shifts closer but he is careful to not be too close.

"Go back to where you were" She says, hhayboh?

"Hhaybo I've been here nje" he lies.

"It's your bed vele, let me go" he doesn't want that, he pulls her closer to him, her body brings warmth to him, he breathes out a sharp breath.

"maThwala silwelani? Why are we fighting" he asks, just above her shoulder.

"Engani ungenza islima, you are making me a fool" she whispers, her voice is betraying her, he has an effect on her, and it's huge.

"Ngiyaxolisa" he whispers in her ears, his hands are wondering on her body, she is in her sleeping shorts and a skipper.

His turns, they are now facing each other. "Thana uyanngithanda, say you love me" he begs, it sounds creepy sometimes, but he loves it when she says it. She's said it once, and already he feels like hearing her say it.

"I love you" she says, closing her eyes.

"He.ena shono ngesizulu phela, no say it in isiZulu" he is begging, he is on top of her, staring into her eyes.

"Ngiyak'thanda" she obeys, he kissed her lips, she thought it would be just a peck, but he is devouring her lips, he is lip smooching her, He moves to her jaw line and traces kisses until he reaches her neck, he sucks her neck, he puts his knee just over her mound. She is dry humping him, his hand goes under night t-shirt, they go over to her breast, he circulates his finger around her nipples, she lets out a moan. He grins, he seems to have forgotten about the man he left in that shack, or not.

He helps her out of her t-shirt, he smiles, he is falling inlove with her twins, "Waze wamahle amawele" he compliments her breasts, he takes one nipples to his mouth, but first he circulates

his warm tongue around her nipples. She likes what he is doing, he is making this not about him only, she is also feeling pleasure.

His hands covers both her cups, and his mouth sucks the nipples, she is dry humping herself against his knee, and his front is doubling, his briefs will probably tear.

after sucking his nipple, he helps her out of her shorts and undies, he is glad that she does not shy away, he stares at her naked self "You look beautiful" he says wetting his lips, she blushes and thanks him. His hand goes to her mound, she's wet "Ubung'lindele? You were waiting for me" he is grinning. She does not answer, actually it didn't sound like a question, he was making more of a statement than a question. "Are you ready" She's not a virgin, so what does he mean "Like, with me? Are you comfortable" he

clears his question, helping her out of her misery. She nods her head "Are you sure?" he asks.

"Yes please" the time to be shy is no more, she wants to fuck, and she can't wait, he seems like a whole snack. He nods and gets off his briefs "Haaa" she says before she could stop herself, he is huge, really huge. He chuckles, he is nervous.

"Uh, what? You don't want to carry on?" he asks, holding his breath. She shakes her head.

"No" she says, she's scared but she's up for the challenge, he sighs, when he tries to move, but she locks him in-between her legs "I mean, no I want to carry on" he nods, she smiles at him, it's funny how he is still in the mood, he is still rock hard. "Condom" she reminds, fuck, it almost slipped out of his mind. He leans over and takes

it from the drawer on the side of his bed. He unwraps the it, and unrolls it on his sex.

He pecks her lips before position himself, he slowly enters her, her being makes it bearable to her, it's painful but bearable, this takes her back to the day she broke her virginity. To him, it's special, having sex with a person you love is really special.

He starts moving, she digs her nails into his his back. He hugs her, wanting her to feel him inside, he also wants to feel her.

"Fuck, mommy" he cries out, she's moaning lowly, not screaming. She is feeling this, initially wanted to fuck, but now that he is making love to her, she is not complaining.

"Look at me in the eyes mama" he says, she does, he is sweaty, he looks really different, his eyes are squinted, the brown in them is not really

visible. "Fuck, wuuu mama" He has been abstaining for a long time now.

He moves in circular motion, he hits one spot, this forces her to stretch her legs, she also wants to wrap them around him, but the tingles that are on her legs are not letting her.

"Harder" She begs, he hits it slow but really hard, just the way she asked "Yeah, like that mmmm" her moans are filling the room, she clenches her walls around his dick and he almost loses his sanity, he starts pounding on her faster. "Fuck, yeah" she says.

"Cum for me" he groans burying his face in her shoulder, he sucks her neck, she holds on to his shoulders, her wave is merciless, it's taking all her energy from him. He continues pounding.

"Maaammmyyy!!!" he roars, she feels something filling her in but she doesn't pay attention, why would she? he has a condom on. He collapses on top of her. He doesn't pull out, until he gains his consciousness, when he pulls out the first thing he frees himself off is the condom.

"Yohhh!" it was supposed to be internal, the exclamation.

"What's wrong" she is watching him, he looks really sexy, she wishes to take pictures of him naked.

"The condom, it bursted" he says.

"What? How could you be so careless?!" she asks, getting off the bed, she is jumping up and down, maybe his sperms will fall of. He can't help it he bursts out laughing, she should chill, he will

buy morning after pills. "Uhlekan slima, what are you laughing at you fool?" she asks, it has him throwing his head back, who is the real fool between them? Him that is laughing, or her that is jumping up and down, hoping for sperms to fall off?

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 13

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

He has managed to threaten Jonathan, he used his girlfriend as a bait 'Your girlfriend is here, and if you don't bath in this, then she will' Phesheya said, this got to Jonathan, he got into the bath,

he cried, the acid burnt him but that was the least of his problems, Phesheya boiled the acid, no one knows how but he connected something into the bath and while Jonathan was crying because the acid was burning him, the acid was boiling, and that's how he died, Jonathan died and no one knows about his death, Phesheya is carrying on with life like nothing happened, and nothing will come back and lead to him.

It's been a week since he burnt Jonathan, and life is going on for him as normal, he doesn't give a damn about that white dude, but Caitlin, she knows that he was the last person Jonathan, and that will be a problem, but he'll see a way out. For now, he is focusing on his lover, yes, they are now an item, they made it official they say after their sex, speaking about sex, he forgot about the morning after pills, but again would it hurt if they

were to have a baby? Nope, so he's going to shut it.

"Baby" he says, he's grown so fond of pet names, yet they don't use them to address him.

"Phesheya" she says, focusing on nothing but the TV.

"How is it going with your father?" they spoke and she's come to the conclusion that she's going to look for her baba, which is Nhlanhla's biological father. She says that it doesn't matter what the blood says, but your father is who raised you.

"It's going well, I managed to contact maSikhakhane and she told me about his whereabouts" she says, he nods and lies back on the couch, he is too clingy and is a baby, he doesn't get that he is old, he is twenty three years old for goodness sake, but she's not

complaining, she lets him do as he pleases, she brushes his head, it's kind of therapeutic. He closes his eyes, welcoming the sleep that's coming his way.

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He is awake, watching his sleepy head, Lethukuthula, she looks beautiful when asleep, her lashes seem to be a lot, and her round mouth enhances her beauty.

Everyone thinks that he is evil, they hate him for all the wrong reasons, he did things, a lot of things that he managed to hide some but others he did not see the need to.

People know him as the monster that fights white man every chance he gets, because of colonization, but it's deeper than that, everybody

knows what white people did to Phesheya, but still everyone– including Ngiphiwe and Lethu– make him the bad guy, even though he is not. All he is, is: a fifteen year old black child wanting to avenge his father and mother's death to everyone that has no melanin in their skin.

His hatred has nothing to do with colonization, no that's actually useless to him, if white people only dominated Azania and changed it to Africa without hitting his kind, it wouldn't probably bug him that much, but the fact that they could put guns on infants' heads frustrates him, it makes him want to wake up and scream sometimes.

It makes him more angry that because of the anger all this instilled in him, he ended up hitting and killing someone really close to his heart, and that is what he hopes Lethukuthula never finds out, because it would break them and she would

never forgive him for that, probably will never want to see his face, sigh.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 14

LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

"Phesheya what are you busy with?" she asks him, he is busy on his laptop, she wants to cuddle it's cold.

"I'm applying for a job Sthandwa Sami" he says not even lifting his head when he says this.

"Oh" she says, Phesheya is a great boyfriend, but he doesn't say anything about himself to her,

she's even starting to doubt him.

"I'll be with you now now" he says, after a few minutes he closes his laptop and gets into bed with her "uTetenyiswa yini ma, what's making you pout?" he asks turning her to face him.

"I don't know" she shrugs "Maybe it's the fact that you don't talk about yourself" she says.

"Hawu? I do nje Sthandwa Sami" he pecks her nose, this is him, he gets affectionate when he is being questioned, he gets away with a lot, not this time though.

"Hhay Phesheya, you know almost every detail about me yet I know nothing about you" she says. He sighs.

"All you need to know is that I'm Phesheya Zwide" he says.

"Are you being for real right now?" she asks, leaning her face onto her palm, her elbow is placed on the bed for support.

"Yeah that's the only thing I have to me, my name and surname, my age and that I have a brother, and a nephew" he says, his eyes light up when he speaks about his brother.

"Are you serious about us?" she asks.

"What do you mean?" he asks, yohh he's a fool, she's never ever met anyone who is more stupid than him shame.

"I mean do you love me?" she's getting pissed, Pshesheya is not emotionally present in this yet she's giving him her all.

"Hhay ke, if that's the bullshit you want to ask ke then I won't answer, don't you know that I love

you?" he asks, she chuckles.

"Do not cuss at me" she says, because really he is getting pissed at nonsense, honestly.

"Or what?" really? He is still holding her, she removes herself from his embrace.

"Awungi hloniphi wena, really you don't respect nor see me" she's on her feet as she says this.

"Manje uyaphi, uyangiduba? Where are you going are you leaving me, we are still talking" he says. He is getting worked up, good for him.

"Are we talking? Or I'm just annoying you? I'm doing the talking nje" she says, it's too early for this nonsense, Phesheya is tired job hunting is not pap and fleis, whether you have a degree or not.

"Who said anything about annoying?" he says with a raised voice.

"Don't raise your voice, all I asked was to know you Phesheya, but there better people out that deserve that, who am I vele, no what am I?"

"Hhay Lethu you are being a baby right now" he says sitting up, he is bored, what's all this about, knowing him.

"Pshhh, I'm being a baby? wow" she says shaking her head, she attempts to walk out but he jumps and grabs her wrist.

"Kusebsuku Lethu, it's night stay inside." he roars.

"Why?" she asks, he is not pissed now, he is angry, why does she have to walk out everytime they have a small misunderstanding.

"Because I said so" he says, trying so hard to calm himself, it's hard God knows it is, he has to pocket his hands to stop him from doing something that he will regret later on.

"Who are you? Who are you to tell me what I should do, listen, you will move away from that door and let me leave." she says.

"Buka buka, look at me and listen, if you don't want to be here, you'll leave tomorrow, bit today suck it like big girl you are and sleep" he says, he locks the door and puts the keys in his pocket "I don't understand why we have to fight like this, uyahlupha nje wena" he mumbles, but she heard

"Oh, so I'm handfull? Then let me leave, the load you are carrying will be halved" she says. He rolls his eyes.

"What's up with you wena? You are making an issue out of nothing, really, hhay ngixege mina please" he says and gets into bed, he covers his whole weight with the comforter in the bed, what a night!

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 15

LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

I woke up in the early hours of the morning, I knew that there was no possible way that he was gonna hear me, he is a heavy sleeper during early hours, I took everything of mine Early in the morning. I'm heading to my father's home,

I've found everything about him, I'm hoping to find him, I'm I'm a taxi, looking outside, it hasn't driven off, it's still parked in the rank.

I hate every even that happened yesterday, I felt so small, all I ever wanted was to know him, the real him, he decided to respond shit and I couldn't just sit there and listen, I shot back at him, to be honest Phesheya is one guy I'd die for but if he doesn't feel the same I can't make a big deal out of it, he's said a lot of words that can never be erased in my heart, he doesn't care about the next person's feelings, he just says whatever he feels like saying and doesn't care how it makes the other person feel.

"Awungixege" when he said this I figured I should just close my mouth and sleep because there was no way I was gonna argue with him and him, no ways, I couldn't really sleep, I sat up all

night thinking about my life that I have to get in order. I got to even think about my brother whose body is not being given to us, they say that they can't really find his body which is bullshit, how can you lose a corpse, you can easily lose a coin or something, but a corpse come on! They need to come up with a solid excuse. I can't believe I had actually forgotten about my brother, Jesus he's dead he should have been my first priority, I hadn't even called my father and let him know about his son's death, yohh the award for the worst sister goes to me without any doubt.

We are still waiting for people to fill the taxi, my eyes are getting heavy on me, I close them and let guilt cover me, not only did I forget my brother, I also forgot about my mother, I have never even visited her, when last did I visit

church too? I also forgot about God, he must be writing in his book 'Lethukuthula, the most ungrateful person on earth, no cap.' sigh.

"Lethukuthula please, I want to talk to you" I'm hearing the voice from afar. I open my eyes to see that there are only two other people in the taxi, this is a fifteen seater for goodness sake, I've been here for more than twenty minutes I even slept and dreamt of Phesheya, but still we are not moving. "Lethukuthula please" he calls again, wait am I hallucinating? Or am I still dreaming? I look out the window, oh it's really him, with his bow black uniform, straight legs, I can't afford to check him out, because I'll end up not leaving. I climb off the taxi.

"Uyangishiya, are you leaving me?" the hurt in his voice is really killing me right now.

"Yes, you said I should leave you" I say. He sighs and holds on to his waist.

"But I didn't mean you should leave home" heee I'm laughing in Spain, or is it Spanish?

"Home, that's home to me when it suits you" I'm lying, he has never made me feel like a stranger, he gave me space

"Have I ever made you feel unwelcomed" he ask, hurt is taking over his face, I look the other side.

"Yeah, I don't feel comfortable with you" I say, he nods, when I look at him I see tears filling his eyes, God no.

"Please don't leave" he begs, I don't want to hurt him, but I have to. "I need you, if there's something wrong I've done let's fix it, if I'm wrong I'll fix me please give me time" I release a breath.

"No, I'm leaving, fix yourself in your own accord, I wish you well and I hope you find the person you will be able to tell about yourself." I see him swallow, I turn around and leave.

"Well, voetsek and fuck yourself sfebe, I don't love you anyway!" he yells, this is him, he hurts people with his words and even though I know that he probably don't mean it, it still hurts. I don't even look back, I get inside the taxi and sigh. At least my belongings are still intact.

I look up, tears are burning my eyes, Phesheya is emotionally abusive, he needs to fix that or we will never be okay.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 16

LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

He was happy like I had imagined, he smiled and engulfed me in his arms, love is me and him, this man took a lot upon himself, he is indeed my first love, I love him to death. I hugged him long enough, I hugged him and shed some tears, he noticed that I was crying, his T-shirt was wet. He cupped my face and asked, "What's wrong"

"Mom passed on" I answered, with lack of sadness, that's not what made me sad, my mom was just a mother to me, nothing more nothing less, we just had a relationship and it was very strict.

"I'm really sorry ngane yam" he said, he sounded really sad, my heart bled for him because he didn't deserve that at all.

"But what pains me is that Nhlanhla, too, died" he kept mum for a moment of two, his breathing changed, I could see it with his chest, it went up and down in an unseemly way. He took a deep breath and nodded. "You can cry baba, it's fine to cry" I say, his eyes became very bloodshot red, but he shed no tears.

"But I hadn't seen him, if I was there he wouldn't have died, neither his mother would have, I failed them, I really did" his hands went to his head and rubbed it in frustration, I couldn't say anything because he had to let it out, if not by crying then he at least should say something. "Maybe I should have died in the first place, which old man runs away from his responsibilities"

"Cha baba, no dad that's not true, you couldn't foresee the future, and mostly I know that umama wayekhlukumeza" (mom abused you) his facial expression changed, men and their egos, he needs to talk about the abuse mom made him go through, it's not a shame that he was abused. He nodded his head and left me there, he took my bags with though, sigh.

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PHESHEYA ZWIDE

He got home and took a nap, but dreams of Zamaswazi— his dead girlfriend— kept haunting him, the strokes of the knife he was carrying were harder on her this time.

He just woke up and he is wet, who else would be his saviour, it's Ngiphiwe, he is here with Phiwo,

when he got here he found Phesheya mumbling things in his dream, so he splashed on him, what else would he do? that's how black people wake each other, but this is Phesheya, he fights even though he has been helped.

"Yewena msunu" he calls his brother a pussy, he has never been this disrespectful, that's why his eyes are squinted "I'm sorry, really sorry bhuti" he says, Ngiphiwe nods his head.

"It's fine, I had come to ask for a favour, but it's fine, I'll see you around Phesheya" he's never addressed him by his name, he is angry... or maybe hurt, Phesheya is left sighing. "Phiwo come let's go" Ngiphiwe says to Phiwo, he thought Phiwo would follow right behind him, he noticed that his son was not following him when he got outside.

"No bhuti please, you can leave him with me"
Phesheya says.

"No it's fine, I'll make a plan, I'll try my other brother" Phesheya clenches his jaws, he doesn't like the fact that he has to share him, even though the other brother is a cousin.

"Kodwa bhuti I didn't mean to say it" Phesheya is now begging, he is following Ngiphiwe barefooted.

"Aii that's the problem Phesheyaz you say things without thinking, you do things without thinking, yingakho uyofa uwedwa, you will die alone, if not hurting people with you words you literally choke them, which is wrong"

"Did you have to bring that up? You can't take Phiwo from me, he is my son too, Phiwo eoza kumina, come" he says, Phiwo does.

"You can't run away from it, you need therapy!"

Ngiphiwe says and gets into his car, "Now take care of my son, if I ever hear you cussing at me, I swear you'll never see him again"

"That's not fair, he's my son too, you can't do that" Phesheya mumbles taking Phiwo and heading inside.

"Try me, I'll show you, Goodnight" Ngiphiwe yells and drives off.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 17

NGIPHIWE ZWIDE

He loves Phesheya, his twin, their only difference is him being lighter than Phesheya, he just had to say what he said today to him, Phesheya uses his words to attack people he loves, he doesn't understand the power of the tongue, the tongue has a healing power, you can literally say words that build a person, it also has the power to break someone. He needs to stop this thing of hurting people using his words. Some people say that physical pain is better than emotional pain, and he attests to that, Physical pain hurts but can easily heal, it takes time for emotional pain to heal, it's almost impossible to heal if you've been emotionally pained.

Obviously he was not really hurt that Phesheya cussed at him, he was actually not hurt at all, he threw that tantrum to make it easier for him to leave Phesheya with Phiwo, He knows the kind of

person Phesheya is so why would he take things he says personal? It worked, so now he will get time to sleep, yes he lied, he doesn't have work– not really lied because he didn't mention anything about work– he just needs a deep sleep.

About his “Cousin” nope, he doesn't really like that cousin of his, although they get along, it's just that he wanted to get Phesheya jealous, he knows Phesheya's insecurities.

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He got home and slept, he didn't even eat, he just slept, it's not even thirty minutes but he has to be up, it's unfair. He slept yesterday at 8 pm and now it's 4 am but he slept for less than thirty minutes, because it was a short space of time.

He's just taken a bath and now he's lotioning himself. He puts on his full military green uniform, he puts on his black boots, he is not used to putting on his uniform when there are no rounds, but he is seeing his superiors today, so there is a need for a full combat uniform.

He has had his time to kind of enjoy his experience in his dream job– being in the military– but this has brought him more sorrows than it did joy. He has his hat in the car, the only time he will wear it is when he stands in front of his CO, which is his commanding officer, and tell him that he is having an early retirement.

To be honest, he didn't plan on working and getting an early retirement, but this is costing him his and his brother's relationship, they hardly ever talk because of this stupid soldier thing, relationships are all about sacrifices, and he is

willing to sacrifice the profession he has ever wanted as a kid for a relationship he has ever wished for as a kid.

He gets in his car and drives off, this is heavy on him, but it definitely is worth it, he'll surely find another thing to do, obviously he will he 30 years, he is still young.

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"I'm good sir, but I'm not here for a visit, I'm here to tell you that I quit" he says to Van De Rooyens. If There's anything they have in common with his brother besides their looks, it's their hate for white men. He also doesn't understand them, he doesn't understand anything they are.

They come in-between black men, and they all stay United as one, he's never ever seen white

men fighting against each other in front of melanin-kind men, but this black? It's normal.

"Ohh?" he can't even fake hurt, they've never seen eye to eye, he nods and leaves his hat on the table. It's the only thing that he's gotten from them, he bought his uniform himself.

Once he gets outside, he clicks his tongue and spits on the floor, Van De Rooyens will pay. He surely will, not because he loved his father, but he will pay because his brother loved his father, and he just found out now that Van De Rooyens is the cause of his father's death!

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 18

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

Self introspection, what the fuckery is that? He's not doing that shit, imagine standing at mirror like he is gay and introspecting himself, no his father would shout his name From the graveyard.

"Phesheyaaaaa no don't do that, it's gay-ish" he laughs at his thoughts and looks at his handsome nephew, it's his son, no matter what him and Ngiphiwe go through, Phiwokuhle will always remain a son to him.

"Baba, kuphi Lethu" Phiwo asks out of the blues, Phesheya just made him amaqanda (eggs) because no son of his will ever eat Purity, nope. It's a pity that he didn't have enough time to cook pap for them both.

"She's gone" he answers dryly, he still doesn't understand why she left him, well he does but he doesn't see any need to tell her about himself, where would he even start, 'I'm Phesheya, a man, that killed his girlfriend who was 3 years younger than me at 19, I believed she didn't have manners and I hit her to death, and actually I killed her because I was scared to face my fears, and even worse till today nobody knows where she is, I made sure I hid the evidence, with the help of Ngiphiwe' no come-on he will never do that, because she'd leave him for real this time.

"Okay" he knows that his father is not about this conversation, They sit in complete silence, Phiwo is 4 and knows almost everything but speaking, he is not able to speak well for himself, he is not audible, you need to know him very well to be able to make sense of what he says, which puzzles

Phesheya, he draws very well but can't speak well, there are many witchcrafts in this world.

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"Hello" her sweet voice says, he's smiling, she's what he'd like to listen to before he goes to bed and when he wakes up. "What do you want?" his smile disappears, what did he thin? That she'd forget and forgive him for everything because she's now far. He's a fool.

"Themba lam, kunjani?"

"Themba lakho, uyaphupha yaz, you must be dreaming" he smiles, she's feisty, and everything that he's been yearning for.

"I must be yaz, but let me be, if this is a dream, it's a dream I never wish to wake up from" he

says.

"Shame" he knows she's probably smiling wherever she is.

"I'm sorry I said what I said, it was out of anger, you know I love you to death and beyond" he Says.

"Is there anything beyond death?" she asks.

"Yeah there is" he says. "It's me fucking you" he's always been dirty minded, he loves talking dirty, it's his nature.

"Goodnight Phesheya" she says and hangs up the phone, Phesheya sighs, he could have just apologized without making any dirty remarks.

"Let's sleep my boy, seems like mamncane is not coming back anytime soon" he says and sighs,

Phiwo gets inside the sheets and sleeps very close to his uncle.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 19

NGIPHIWE ZWIDE

In her black pencil skirt, white t-shirt and black blazer, she looks really pretty, she's in her pencil stiletto high heels, and a she's able to walk on them, something girls from his hood aren't able to do.

She's a yellow bone, she looks incredibly gorgeous in her short natural hair, she's got lots

of make-up on, but her natural beauty, too, is evident. She is stepping on the tiled floor of Corner Chilla– a mini restaurant in Orlando– her footsteps are loud enough to make people take a break from their food and stare at her.

He suddenly feels hot, he unbuttons two buttons on his shirt, thank God his chest is not showing, he leans back on the chair and raises his hand for her to see him. She sees him and gives him a smile before making her way to him

He stands and gives her a formal hug, they take their seats.

"Mr Zwide" she greets.

"Hello Ms Kubheka" he says, he had already ordered a drink for her, a Virgin cocktail. She sips on it with a small smile, her smile disappears as soon as she tastes no alcohol in this.

"It's Mrs Bhengu to you Mr Zwide, there's no alcohol in this?" she says, calmly, this correction does not sit well with him. He gives her a nervous smile and says,

"I think there was a mistake" she nods and ups her hand for a waiter, it's funny how he is the nervous one, while she is the one who is here to pitch to him, she's opening an NGO so she needs sponsors, shec was referred to him by 'her source' that she is not willing to reveal, he is not reach, his money from his retirement hasn't been cleared but he is though willing to help out.

"Please give me a Johnny Walker, on the rock, please" She says to the waitress that just arrived. "So, Mr Zwide, you are monied, I hear" this is a formal meeting, but she is talking like a golddigger.

"No, I am not monied" he says and relaxes his back on the chair, he takes his orange juice and sips eyeing her.

"Alright then, I'm opening a NGO, Yakhanani, almost like a centre, it will be an organization that will help children, and adults that are not able to feed themselves, mostly children living with HIV" she goes on telling him about how this will benefit the community, she also tells him how giving in and sponsoring them will be helpful to them. He keeps on nodding his head to show interest, he is interested and looking forward to working with her.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 20

ZENOMUSA BHENGU

Tired is no word to describe what I feel, I'm Tireeed, yes like that. I just got home, I drove hours from Sandton to Orlando, that dirty place, and from Orlando to Sandton.

It was a long drive although I didn't record the exact hours, I didn't even stop for refreshments, nope, I just couldn't wait to see my husband. I'm 27 and happily married with no children, I got married two years ago, It was love at first sight immediately when Nqoba and I saw each other, it was 3 years ago, strangely we saw each other at a club, he was there with his friends and I was there with my twin sister.

He courted me, and I didn't believe in this hard-to-get game, so I gave him my numbers and

kissed him, like how white men sealed a relationship, his lips were ever so sweet, I lingered more than I should have but, like I did, he too seemed to not be able to get enough of me, so we kissed for 5 minutes.

From there we started chatting the very same night, we talked for a week before meeting up and one year after that we got married, it's weird but again it's love.

I kiss his lips before greeting him, he is my height– I'm tall. His skin is flawless, his complexion is of coffee-like, coffee mixed with milk.

"Hello baby" he says, gulping a Heineken– I don't like him drinking.

"Sthandwa Sami" I smile at him, he is a darling of a husband, but his insecurities? God!

"How was your meeting?" he asks, it was really hard for him to allow me to meet up with Ngiphiwe, I had to convince him, that's what it is to get married to a man ten years older than you. I tell him how 'alright' my meeting was, he nods his head.

We go to the dining room and chill, me in his arms, when we do this it means that we will order in. I was, though, longing for a home cooked meal, I haven't had it in a while, but I don't say because time like these are very close to my heart, feeling his heart beat against my chest is the best thing ever.

"I love you Musa" only he knows how to make me feel tingles just by the name 'Musa'

"I love you too Nqoba" I say, he kisses my temple and moves a little, I feel his hard on, I smile, I

don't have to say nor do much, my presence only makes him horny and I love that I have that power.

Because we are laying on the couch my back against his chest, I turn to face him, I kiss his lips and get on top of him, in no time we are both naked and horny, he usually doesn't like woman-ontop but today I'm doing it- perfect or not. I slowly slide his cock into my coockie, there is pain but it's bearable, he is hissing.

I sit on him, until I feel comfortable, I start moving up and down with his hands on my waist, he is guiding me, he is enjoying as much as I am, his eyes are closed and he keeps moaning.

"Like that" he says, it's funny because those words are words said by woman but I'm glad he is enjoying, I increase my bouncing pace.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 21

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

His brother is coming back, after one week of disappearing, he left him here with Phiwo, but honestly he enjoyed their time together because Phiwokuhle managed to entertain him, and he actually forgot about his problems–

Lethukuthula. They had so much fun together, he got to know a lot about his son, things that he didn't know he shared with him. Like the small black dot on their left eye, he didn't actually pay much attention to the fact that Phiwo– too– had brown eyes.

His brother called, a call he wished he never answered, and told him that he'd be here midday. All he said was 'okay,' because really Phiwo distracted him from a lot of things, he got through this week because of Phiwo.

"Vuka ntwana, itaima lakho l'yeza" he says, his heart sinking. If he had a good relationship with his brother he probably would have asked for Phiwo to live with him and have him visit Ngiphiwe on weekends, but those days are over because he has found himself, he thought about his future and he has come to the decision of becoming a private criminal representative but again he at least needs two or one case to prove himself, so working under a firm would work out for him, really.

"I know" Phiwo responds, he doesn't seem excited either, or is he overthinking?

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There's a knock, it's Ngiphiwe and he came earlier that midday, the time reads, 11:43 am but already he is here, doesn't he have a life? Phesheya and his son were still trying to say their goodbyes for goodness sake!

"Abekho abantu" he shouts that there aren't people in here, forgetting that the door is unlocked, so Ngiphiwe opens the door and stands tall there, he is polite as he greets, Phesheya has to take breath exercises before he gives out the same energy.

Ngiphiwe releases a breath, is he here to take his son? Yes, but is that the only reason he came here? No. So he sits down on a long bench that Phesheya likes very much. It was left to him by

his father, his father loved it too so that's why he loves it too.

"I quitted" He says, he attaches no emotions to that statement because although it hurts it was worth it and Van De Rooyens fucked up a chance for him to actually KNOW his father, and that he can never forgive, he's taken lives— unintentionally— but Can De Rooyens' life has to be felt when it's taken.

"What did you quit?" it's actually one of the few simple yet calm conversations they have had in years.

"My job, I'm ready to be a brother I should have been to you" that's all he says.

"Thank you" it feels like an insult to Ngiphiwe but he doesn't point it out they will have a conversation about it soon.

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They sat for a few hours and spoke about everything and anything they could think of before Ngiphiwe took his son and left, it was just after the clock had hit 5pm. Phesheya brushed Phiwe's head before leaving, that's them they don't hug each other, they are MEN.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 22

NGIPHIWE ZWIDE

He had planned on spending the rest of the night with his son, he means he lost one week of his life so they have to catch. But SHE called, his heart changed its usual rate of beat as he stared at home name on his phone's screen, he answered after a few seconds, she asked to meet up with him— more like told him, or demanded that they meet.

That's why he is driving around in Johannesburg, yes HE had to drive although she was the one with a crisis. He is waiting on her, they are not meeting in any sophisticated place, they meeting just before Home affairs, so he is driving around to kill time because she's still not answering her phone. He has things to do, not that's seeing her is not important, but he didn't think that their next meeting would be this soon. They had sealed everything and said they would

start working on a contract next month because that is when she will be done with everything.

His son is sleeping peacefully on the back seat, this is not good because he robbing his son a bed for this woman, although he looks like he is sleeping peacefully, if he sleeps there any longer he'll wake up with a painful body– he knows better he's slept in bus seats.

He sees her car, he knows all of her cars, this one is that GTI of hers, she likes, no actually she loves it so much, it's the car she uses for casualty, and this means that her husband doesn't know that she's here.

She hoots at him, and signals for him to follow her, that's what he's become– a follower.

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It's a big open space where she stops gets off her car, he can only pray that this is not a kidnapping or some sort.

He kills his engine before stepping out of his car, and for the second time, her presence consumes his being. They stand next to each other standing behind Ngiphiwe's car leaning on it's trunk, she folds her arms to her chest, she's getting cold, but he doesn't pay attention.

"Hey" he says, deciding to break the silence, they have been quiet for too long, she needs to get to the point of this meeting so that he can go and tuck his son in his bed, she greets back and stays mute for about a minute, Ngiphiwe is anxious. He wants to be here though.

"I just wanted to see you, I'm sorry but I missed you" she says, wow is the only thing he can say,

because really WOW!

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 23

LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

Two months have passed without any contact with Phesheya, have I moved on from him?

Definitely not. I still feel strongly about him, just like how I felt the first time he held my shoulder, I was in denial but I felt it, I felt overwhelmed, like I couldn't breathe, it was love.

I don't know how I'd react– or how I'd feel, even– if I were to see him, maybe I would jump on him

and kiss his cheek, I miss him, I can't deny that, it undeniable.

I went job hunting and today I've been called to an interview, I don't how to answer random questions asked by people on Facebook, heck I don't even know who the hell I am, but guess what? I am going there, to that interview, today and I'm hoping they go easy on me otherwise I'll lose it.

Baba works too, I don't really know much about his job, all I know is that he works at some panel beater and he helps people who fix cars, he doesn't fix cars. So he gave me R600 yesterday and told me to go find something formal, for my interview, at a mall, but I'm mam'Thwala's daughter, a stepchild to a Thwala so I did not go to a mall for clothes nope, I headed straight to town, and went to small street– ka Dunusa, that's

what we call it as Orlandians– I got a pencil black skirt for R40, I know it's costly but I find peace in the fact that I could have gotten it at R150 at Foschini.

"Thwala" that's what I call him now, he smiles at me and wishes me good luck before I kiss his cheek and leave, I'm walking to the taxi rank, I'm anxious and nervous, but I'm stopped by a car that's following me, if I cared to follow up with cars is know about this one, but I know it's a BMW and it's charcoal black. I stand at the bus stop, it stops too, the driver comes out, he's in black, It's him, my chest seems to be closing up on me, his hoody covers his head and his forehead, it's hot, he's lost weight too. He stands right before me.

"Phesheya" I say, I can't help the tears that fall. I don't know if they are of joy of sadness, but I

know that I'm glad and happy to see him, not like this though. He's even bought a car for himself?

"Lethu" it comes out as a whisper "Can I drive you to your interview?" he asks, I nod. I'd like to hug him, but I can't. It feels like I've lost him, lost him to... darkness maybe?

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"Good luck, I'll be waiting for you, I need to talk to you" he says and kisses my cheek, it was unexpected so I'm startled. My heart is heavy, it's like all that love that I tried to push at the back of my head came flooding every other feelings I've had in my heart, there's loving and then there's loving Phesheya!

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PHESHEYA ZWIDE

He tried until he couldn't anymore.

Keeping a distance while he had to watch her every move was so fucking difficult, heck he had to even watch men trying to get close to her, his forehead vein popped up everytime he saw that.

It's been over thirty minutes and he is still anxiously waiting for her, waiting for them to finalise and ironing everything.

Today elamanqamu.

It's today where they'll, or rather she will decide whether or not they are continuing with this relationship of theirs.

Over the two months he's had five cases he had to handle, he's won them over but he's decided that no, that's not what he likes. He's looked into

human rights and now that's what he's thinking if pursuing, but he might get bored, he'll cross that bridge when he gets there.

The money he made was enough for him to buy himself a car, he wanted to buy a house too, but not until he knows where his and Lethu's destiny. If they are continuing with their relationship then he'll ask her to help him choose a house—whereby they'll both be comfortable in living.

Ngiphiwe and him are in a good place, they are not close but they are cool, Phiwo lives wherever there's food, and that puts Phesheya at peace, knowing that him and his son will have a healthy relationship.

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There she appears, she looks beautiful just like she was when she came in here, Interviews can be nerve wrecking.

"Hey" she has a wife smile, this means that things are not bad.

"Hey" he says, she tells him that it was not bad, infact it was good, she met with a Mrs Bhengu she was looking for an assistant, and she thinks that she nailed the interview, he tells her that he is proud of her.

He drives, slow, no music playing it's silent, he is listening to his heart beating at a fast rate. It's funny how a person is able to hear their own heart rate.

"I tried working on myself, I really did but I don't know where to start" he says focusing on the road, it's still morning and he is not driving home,

she knows this because he joins the free way.
She buckles up, something she's not used to doing, they've never had a car at her home, so...
"Ukube ngangikwazi I promise I would have, but how does one work on themselves when they do not even know who they are?

"All my life, all I've ever known was seeking vengeance, I didn't know how to love until Zamaswazi, she was a very beautiful, I met her when I was 18 three years after my parents' death and just after I was done with highschool.

"To be honest, I don't know anything about myself before my parents' death besides the fact that I was just a happy child, I had no problems"
he takes break and chuckles the tears away, she can never ever see him cry again. That's what he swore to do. His heart was heavy when she decided to cut him off, she fucking buried

Nhlanhla without him, what did he do to deserve that?

"After their death I became an angry person I think" he shrugs, he doesn't seem to want to continue with the story of Zamaswazi, and she wants to know about her but... She's not gonna push it.

"You were meant to be angry, they killed them in your presence, you were bound to be an angry child" he chuckles.

"Yeah" he nods "A lot of things happened and after Zama I had decided that I will never ever love again, but you came, and I couldn't hold back, uyikho konke futhi nje Mina ngiyak'thanda" he says and puts his hand on her covered-by-a-black-skirt thigh, she smiles.

"Ngiyak'thanda nami Zwide" she says and puts her hand over his, she just hopes that this time things go well and at least she's got at least a piece of him; she hopes of doesn't end there.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 24

NGIPHIWE ZIKODE

He is here, his heart is not.

Sitting here with his brother right now, while he could somewhere out there with her—

Zenomusa. She's all he thinks about before going to sleep and after waking up, she seems to cloud his mind even in his dreams.

The last day they met, it was on that day where she confessed that she missed him and he knew right there and then that the ball was in his court so he had to play carefully.

"You miss me, how? I don't even know you, neither do you" he said to her, yes it was a stupid thing to say because he, also, missed her; but she didn't have to know Now did she? She moved from where she was standing– beside him– and stood really close to him, she held his hand.

"I don't know why, your brown eyes seemed to have seen and captured my heart" she said, he wanted to blush, but he kept his straight face, she's fucking married Ngiphiwe, he wanted to shout aloud, but he did it in his head.

"Is this what you do all the time? When you get people that will sponsor you, you pretend to love them?" He asked, it fueled her up, yes she made the first move but that doesn't mean that she is a hoe. As she was about to respond she heard a cry, a painful sob, it was that of a child, she looked at him panicked.

"You didn't bother to tell me that you came with your son?" She asked in disbelief. She asked him to open the door for her, she took him and held him to her chest, she was shocked that he had no weight at all, a thin child, but also he looked handsome like his father.

She knew, the minute she felt her heart beating really differently she knew that she had to look deeper into him, she had to ask her sister, Luyanda, to dig him up, she did and all she came with was that He is a brother to a

Phesheya, a very troubled young man who's known to be dangerous because he's went to a lot of killing sprees after his parents' death, and that he is a father to a four year old special boy. She felt it when she held him, he really was special, her soul connected to his, his heartbeat matched his.

"Shhh" she said trying to calm him, if he wasn't this tall, she'd probably put him in a bag in the trunk and would live with him and her husband.

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She didn't want to leave because Phiwo and her connected in a deeper level, She felt like she knew him from long ago.

"I have to go, I'll text you" she said but before leaving, she leaned over, she cupped his face

and brought it to her, their lips touched, she licked his and left, and until now they haven't spoken.

"Baba ukuphi uma?" He's becoming better, he now hears him well without having to Crack his big head to actually get to understand what he meant. He's been asking this a lot, about Zenomusa, he calls her ma, and he doesn't understand why. He sighs and shrugs.

"She's home" he says.

"Home baba no, we are home" Phesheya laughs, he didn't mean, Ngiphiwe shoots him a look.

"Sorry bafo, but you know, you need to listen to Mfanyana, you remember what happened the last time we ignored him? Yerrrr!

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 25

LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

"Please ngane yam, I don't want to go back there" I don't know what all this is about, baba knows very well that we, one day, need to talk about Nhlanhla's death, we buried him two months ago, it was only the two of us. Mama and him signed over at home affairs although he did not pay Lobola because apparently mama 'had no family' so this means that whenever one of us dies we have to be buried by baba, but because of unforeseen circumstances we are being scattered and not being buried at his home. I sigh, this is tiring honestly, I had to

stand there and hold back my testers because wheeping was not an option, baba was sobbing though, but that was not enough what he needed was to talk, talk about hle he felt, it can't be easy losing a child you never knew but knew existed!

Also he needs to tell his family, that their blood is gone, but we need to do everything according to his pace, I'm just hoping he picks his pace up because I'll literally pick it up myself. "Oh and baba, I have to move back to Orlando, since I got the job" I'm crossing my fingers, yes I did get the Job, but it's not that intense that it would need me to move, the main reason for my moving is... Phesheya.

"Uziphathe ngani yam, also don't become a stranger la ekhaya" he says, I nod.

"I'll try to come home every weekend, I love you Mnyamande" I say and kiss his cheeks.

"I love you too, maMotha" he says, my bags were packed yesterday night, that's why I woke up very early and decided to make him his favorite meal, and now everything went smooth. He thinks I'll move back home which doesn't even exist for me, but it's fine really, he can think that—what he doesn't know won't kill him.

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The first this I do, when I see him leaning on his his car parked by the bus stop, is hugging him, his perfume fills my nostrils, it smells like an old spice which is perfect, I like his scent, infact, I love it.

He cups my face and smooches my lips, I hold

on to his waist, he covers my shoulder with his arms– this is it, under his arms, I'm safe.

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ZENOMUSA BHENGU

"Good morning baby" he kisses my cheek, I smile, I have to smile. I don't feel the way I used to feel about him; I don't know why because two months ago– before meeting Ngiphiwe– my heart used to beat for him, him only. That changed so quick, my heart is weak, and what Ngiphiwe said to me the last time we met is still stuck I'm my head. Like I keep asking myself these questions too, but at the end of the day my heart convinces me that he is the last one I will ever fall in love with you.

"Am I losing you?" he asks, fear clouds his eyes, what? Where is this even coming from? Like he read my mind, he adds "You are so distant lately, I don't know if it's me, but I feel I'm losing you" he chuckles, he is hurt, and unfortunately there's nothing I can do.

"I'm sorry, but I don't feel the way I used to" I blurt, I had planned to say it on a dinner table, not like this, it's like I'm disrespecting him,. I said it too casual.

"Is it Ngiphiwe?" he asks, I look away "Baby please don't leave me, you can be in his life while in mine, you can date him, maybe it's things I'm not able to do, maybe that's why you feel like being in his life, and I don't mind please just don't leave me, I'd die" it hurts, hearing him say these words, but...

"I don't want to be in a love triangle, I'm really sorry Nqobani, that I don't feel the I did, it's not me but my heart" I say this with my eyes closed, I can't.

"So after all, after everything we've been through uyangishiya?" his voice breaks, he gets off the bed "I don't know if I'll be able to move on from this, kodwa if you are happy, my heart will be at peace, I thought you would never leave me though" he says and gets in the bathroom, he closes the door softly, sigh!

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NQOBANI BHENGU

'She's gonna leave you, she's too young for, when years go by she will see her mates and she will

leave you mfanam' his mother had said, and it's like she was prophesying, it's coming to life right now and his heart cannot accept it, although he has to.

She was his sanity for some time, and now it's over, he'll have to love her from afar, he'll have to see her loving another person. But it puzzles him how she moved on so fast, were her feelings for him that weak that they vanished so fast?

He sinks down on the floor, this is not how he'd imagined they would turn out, somewhere in his head, he thought death would part them, he thought they'd have kids together but none of that seem to be happening.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 26

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

They just arrived, and there's a way for them to celebrate her getting employed. He locks the door and, nears her, she's walking towards the bed, but he grabs her wrist, he pulls her to his chest. His hands cups her face and then he kisses her lips, his hands moves down to her butt and then he slides them under her skirt, in-between her thighs.

"Kuyashisa Lana mama" he says, hissing. He kisses her neck, he helps her take her t-shirt off, she's not wearing a bra, he goes to her boobs and he rolls his tongue over her nipple and sucks her boob like a hungry child... or horny man. His

other hand pinches her other nipple, she's moaning.

"I want you in me" morals go out of the window whenever she's being sexed by him.

He wastes no time, he helps her out of her skirt and he undresses himself too, he lays her on the bed by on the edge, he's hitting it raw, there's no way he's putting on a condom after being celibate for 2months+ "We'll buy morning after pills, I want to feel you" he says, she's in her own world, so she's not paying attention.

He slowly enters her, he quickly pulls out, it's too hot, he'll cum faster than he should. He enters her again.

"Please give me this one, I'll make it up to you, ngiyacela" he asks, she nods, obviously he'll compensate, Phesheya knows how to sex a

person's brains out. He starts moving slowly but when he closes his eyes, he grabs her boob and moves faster. "Mmmm" he is muffling his cries, his body is tingling, it's too early for him to release so he tries holding on.

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"Phesheya!" she's settling to pinching him, her voice is not audible, he opens his eyes, he realizes that his hands are on her throat, they were tightly grabbing it, he removes them, fast!, How did he get carried away, she's coughing non stop, and he's no more aroused, "Water!" she pleads, as naked as he is, he runs to the kitchen and takes a glass of water, this is not how things should have been.

"I'm sorry" he mutters, he is ashamed. She's gulping her water. She nods.

"You were calling out Zama's names, who's that? I want no lies Phesheya" she's scared? it hurts him that she fears him, but again he did hurt her now didn't he?

"My ex girlfriend, she died" oh yeah, he did mention her! She frees her tears, she can't believe this.

"While sexing me, you are thinking about your dead exes?" she asks teary, he tries touching her hand but she tells him to not touch her, and that she wants to be alone.

"I'm sorry" he says before leaving, he fucked up, really bad.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 27

LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

He strangled me, I was close to death, but to be honest I went hard on him, the Zamaswazi name-calling was not in pleasure, he was asking for apology, but it hurt me obviously.

I cried soon after he left, I've always known Phesheya to be a mean man, but never have I, ever in my life, stop to think that he has his own demons, and that when they fight him I'd be there. I need to speak, I need to say something so that he at least gets done peace of mind, he is literally here but his mind is not, so I need to

bring him back, and I need to help him face them.

"How did she die?" I start by asking, he doesn't answer, all he says is that he is sorry, I need to know her story, otherwise I won't be able to help him. "Phesheya, how did she die, that's what I asked" I say, firmer this time.

"I killed her" it's not what I expected, but I'm not surprised that he has killed someone, I can't pretend to not have known Phesheya. "I stabbed her until her last breath" he says, I nod, I'm scared yes, but I'm not shocked.

"What triggered it?" I ask, he shrugs his shoulders.

"She was a fan of whites, and everytime she said black people deserved to die because they are 'Useless' I would think of my parents." he says, I

nod, I'd probably have killed her too, she was a sensitive bitch.

"I'm sorry, but you need to grieve her" I say, as hard as it is for me to utter, it's the truth, he has to mourn her. He shakes his head.

There are idiots, then there's Phesheya.

"No, I have you" he says, typical Zulu man he is, I'm hurt yes, but he needs this to have a healthy relationship with me, we both need this.

"Yes, and I love you, I'll hold your hand yezwa" she says, he gives me his doubled-white-teeth smile. It's priceless.

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Today is the day, it's the first day of my journey to being independent, today is my first day at

work, and I work up early and now I'm heading to the CBD in Johannesburg, she said she'd fetch me there, she has her own office for now, the construction builders are still building the home. I can't wait for her to let me in on it.

Phesheya wanted to drive me, but I straight up declined the offer, yohh he is so clingy!

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"Mrs Bhengu" I say, she smiles, this lady looks really beautiful, she's light in complexion, her body is to die for, and well I just remembered that I have Isishwapha, she looks so perfect it looks like she's just come from a magazine.

"It's Ms Kubheka, I'm divorcing" she says, her eyes should not be glowing, she should be gloomy as

fuck, but hey, we aren't at all the same, we deal with pain differently.

"I'm sorry" I say. She nods and stands to hug me, I see blood on her chair, she's menstruating, fuck when last did I do that? Yerrrr!!!! I'm hugging her but my heart is literally beating fast, and two nights back we had raw sex, and we did not buy pills! Fuck Phesheya and everyone related to him, well except Phiwo of course.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 28

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

He's looked into it– human rights law, to be that it requires one to have an LLM degree, so he'll just study one year, because he's already got an LLB degree. He's passionate but it probably won't last long, he gets over things very fast, but what he won't ever get over is: him strangling Lethu, what the hell was he thinking?

She was calm about it after she chased him out, she wanted him to talk about it though, but he doesn't want to relive it, he loved her even when she was dead, even after him and Ngiphiwe buried her in a ditch, yeah that's where they come from, as soon as he realized what he did he immediately called Ngiphiwe for help, and Ngiphiwe did hesitate to help. They never bring it up, because they both know how hard it was for Phesheya to deal with it, he'd have to bath four times, everyday, and every time he bathed he'd

want to wash off her blood, so it's not a topic they spoke about, Ever.

What he liked about Zama was the fact that she was fierce and beautiful, she stood for her truth, but looking back, does he think they would have made it? No they were not a perfect match.

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"Phesheya Mgodoyi" hhaybo? Uban lomsunu? He opens his eyes to his hippo, she's heavily breathing.

"Hhaybo baby, ngiwumgodoyi?" he asks, he knows that 'men are dogs' according to women, and he is not denying it, but can't he at least be a pitbull? Not a kasi dog, imagine, those dog there are to decorate your home with their faeces, like when there are buglers all they do is

barking, but once they are offered Iqatha, it's all over, the thieves can take whatever they want to, that's why he can never be umgodoyi.

"Yeah, is'hlama even, why the fuck am I three months pregnant?" she asks, oh so she is pregnant.

"What? I don't know baby" God help him not smirk! He might die!

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NGIPHIWE ZWIDE

They've just had one steamy car session, she rode him like horse, he's feeling guilty now, but he is never letting her go, yes she was married but she is what he needs and at least uBhengu

accepted that they– Bhengu and her– can never be.

She's still ontop of him, they are parked in his yard, the car seat is laid back, and he hasn't pulled out, this damn girl know how to rude w man, it hurts to know that Bhengu taught her this.

"I love you" he mutters. It's not really easy to find a woman that loves you and your child, Phiwo and her get along very well.

"I love you too baby" she says and kisses his lips. Now she is all that a man could ever ask for. He brushes her back.

There's a rough bang on the door if the car, shit they are not dressed, wait it's a man and it's not Phesheya.

He lowers her dress, but still not pulling out, he rolls down the window.

"So this is it? This is why you left me?" that's what he says, and it clicks, it's Bhengu.

"What are you doing here?" she asks, politely.

"You left me for a man, just like they said you would?" he says, the only reason Ngiphiwe is keeping calm is because he is inside a woman, a one he loves for that matter. He is taking breaths, yes the girl left him but come-on he must grow up, he's not the guy to be dumped or divorced by a woman.

"I'm sorry but I love him" she says, he knows that this is pain to another man, but it kind of makes his eyes smile, he likes the fact that she is not being high spirited, she's calm too. He doesn't say anything else he just leaves, she

immediately pulls herself up she puts on her panties and moves to the other char."This is fucked up!" she says, he gets decent and pulls her to his chest, it's sad because they are in a car and their moves are limited.

"I'm sorry Sthandwa Sam" they usually say, indlela eze ngayo, indlela azohamba ngayo! but honestly he doesn't care, he's investing his feelings in their relationship, if they hurt him then so be it, he is taking a leap of faith.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 29

PHESHEYA ZWIDE

"So vele you made me pregnant?" She asks he drops his head, he sure does want a child but if this is not how he wanted, an angry mother is the last thing that was in his mind "I'm not read Phesheya, I just started a life, a 'career' life Phesheya" she quotes using her hands, obviously he did expect her to be mad at him and all, but right now she's crying and that is why his eyes are cast on the floor, tears are on their verge.

"I'm sorry" he starts if, she is crying silently, he hates it, he hates that he's made this, he is the cause of her crying. "We could abort it if..." he is stopped by a pillow thrown to him.

"Voetsek, phuma" she's chasing him out, it's very late, where will he go? like it's after midnight "Phuma!!" she screams.

"Alright alright, I'm leaving, I'm sorry" he says and puts on his hoody and shoes, he contemplates whether to take his car or just walk, it's hot so he'll just walk.

He shouldn't have spoken about abortion, let alone think about it, the dictionary should be upgraded, the definition of Idiot should be Phesheya.

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LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

I'm calm now, and he's gonna take me back to an angry bird because he's been gone for twelve hours, sigh I'm stressed right now, I hope he is well wherever it is that he is.

This thing of me being pregnant stresses me out, really, I have to tell my father about this, and now I have to find my mother's side of the family because he cannot pay damages or lobola at the Thwala family, because my mother was not traditional married there, akathelwanga inyongo.

It's times like these where I wish I had his brother's numbers. I would have at least called him and maybe I'd know where he is. Sigh, I try his phone, answer answer..

'The subscriber you have dialed is not available please try again later' the white woman says, I sigh and almost throw my phone against the wall, but I remember that this is my last phone.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 30

ZENOMUSA BHENGU

There's being loved, and there's being loved by Ngiphiwe. He's such a sweetheart, I don't know whether what we have, him and I, is for forever, but I'm willing to have it with him till whenever. It's been a month short of nothing, I'm happy him, and I won't lie and say that I was not happy with Nqobani, I was but there were just those moments here and there, He was more of a father than he was of a husband. And I wish him nothing but greatness, he's been a good man to me, even when I asked for him to sign the divorce papers, he did that with tears running on his face, it was my first time ever seeing him cry, from there he wiped his eyes and looked at me

for a minute before telling me that he wishes me luck, that I enjoy whatever I have with Ngiphiwe, his exact words were:

"I wish you happiness yaz, I hope he is not as miserable or as controlling as I am, I don't know– till today– what I did for you to leave me, and I sit alone at night thinking where I went wrong, I loved you so much, no I still do, I gave you everything I had which is love, but you didn't appreciate it, you never loved me, did you?"

when I was about to respond, he just shook his head and let one tear drop hit the floor "It's okay, and I don't hate you, you just found someone that is better than me, although I had hoped that you fixed me, I love you Zenomusa Kubheka" he chuckled, he didn't understand that it wasn't him, it was me, I know that it sounds cliché but really I just fell out of love and loved another man.

"Goodbye Themba lam, it's time to let you go" he had said, my heart shattered and bled, I got home and cried to feel better, I still care, even though love is no more between us, but I care. When he hurts I hurt too, and unfortunately I hurt him. He even moved out from our house, I think the best way to get over it is that we sell it because really, Ngiphiwe doesn't set his foot there, he says that it's a house I was fucked by another man in so he doesn't want to be there.

I'm in a restaurant with my sister, Zenothando, she calls me Musa and I call her Thando, people don't know who's who, I was really impressed when Nqoba, just in two days, knew which one of us is who. With Ngiphiwe, he didn't know that I was a twin, so this other day we went to him wearing identical clothes, he just looked at us confused, we didn't say anything because our

voices would have sold it out, he went straight to my sister.

"Sawubona sbali, I didn't know that she had a twin, I chose a wrong twin" my jaw was dropped, he didn't even stare for a long time, he just knew which one was me, he came to me and kissed my cheek "Sawubona Sthandwa sami" he said, I smiled nje, you cannot not love Ngiphiwe. I met his little brother too when we only had two days of dating, he just smiled and told me I was beautiful before he asked for food, all of a sudden he went missing, it's been 3 and a half weeks now, my heart is aching for his girlfriend, she's just a young girl, she's my PA by the way, she's went into depression mode, I thought of telling her to say home, but again I thought she'd do something bad so I give her loads of work just to get her mind off of things.

Ngiphiwe too, says that Phesheya is not a person of tantrums he would never do a thing like this putting his pregnant girlfriend in risk of losing their baby.

Then there's Phiwo, he calls me 'Mama' and my heart melts everytime he says that, he is weird child but there's just something about him that keeps drawing me in, I just love that child.

"Don't look now, look who I am seeing" Thando says. She knows very well that I'll look immediately, it's Nqobani, he looks really worn out, again my heart bleeds, I know this man, he has had a lot to deal with and I did what I did to him, I smile at him, he just waves his hand and takes a seat, I take a sip of my Mojito. "But what you did to him was so painful sisi, but then again I'm glad you didn't cheat, you were honest with

him" I nod my head, I don't trust myself to speak,
I'll just cry.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 31

"Baba, I bow before your throne today ngicela
intethelelo, I ask for forgiveness, please protect
Phesheya wherever he is, please bless my child,
give bhuti Ngiphiwe the strength he requires, and
I thank you for everything that you've done for
me, I love you with my all, please bring him back
safely wherever he is baba" I pray before getting
into bed, Phesheya hasn't come home, he since
left on that day I was angry because he spoke
about aborting my baby till today he hasn't

come back, I'm three months pregnant and still there's nothing.

I was angry for only one week, after that I was worried, and his brother says this is so unlike him, it's probably he won a case that he had, I don't remember the name of the criminal, but I think it was Nqubeko or something in those Nqu names, so it might be that his rivals are out to get him. But again everyone knows who Phesheya is, it's probably his enemies that have him, this is all freaking me out.

I miss him, him and his crooked teeth, I miss his scent, sometimes I wear his hoody and his perfume just to smell like him, he's on my mind right now, Bhut' Ngiphiwe is out there looking for nothing but blood, I wish he finds him alive, I don't think I'd be able to survive with that talk

man, I still need him, I can never get enough of him, he needs to come back to me.

Whenever I close my eyes, I see him, whenever I inhales I smell him, when I sleep it's like he is laying next to me, my heart can't take this. He needs to come back, for me, For His child.

My pillow is wet, I didn't even realize that I was crying, I'm so lonely. I miss him so much, he'd be here right now saying dumb things, behind that hardy-handsome-man Phesheya there's a Soft-Hearted-Handsome-Boy Phesheya. I feel so useless right now, like I have nowhere to go, and right now I feel like my hands are tied. I wonder if he's eaten or getting sleep, I hope he's okay.

I told my father about my pregnancy, and he panicked, he thought I gave up and slept with a man for a plate of food, but I assured him that it

was not that, I truly love Phesheya. So now the only thing I have to worry about is getting my mother's side of the family.

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SOMEBODY CALL PHESHEYA

CHAPTER 32

NGIPHIWE ZWIDE

It's puzzling, really I don't have any time to think because I'm trying to put this puzzle of Phesheya being gone without any trace for fucking 4 months, obviously, someone took him, but I don't know who the fuck that person is.

What frustrates me the most is that Phiwo isn't coming through for me, at least hunting

anything about Phesheya, he's just quiet, I know this makes me a bad father, and my intentions are not to be that, but it would be at least better to know that Phesheya is somewhere alive, I know he probably knows something but again I can't put that type of weight on his shoulder, he's young and I can't be that selfish.

I'm still in my car, I haven't went home for a month, I haven't called or said anything, they are probably worried times two right now because they think that I also am lost, but they have to understand, its been hard for me to go back everyday looking at their faces light up and then say,

"I'm sorry but again we have no leads" and then again watch their faces drop, it's been really hard for me, I don't know what else to do now, all I know is that I need him alive dark or blue, I need

him.

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I'm woken up by a call, it's from Skroef, it's typical here in Orlando to get clean IT specialist with names of Hobos, I don't know whether I was stressed or what but all I know is that, I don't sleep in the noon, really.

"Sure" I say, he sighs, if he is sighing like this then I know that he has bad news for me.

"Sbale, I didn't want to say this but, we found a burnt body kwa Van De Rooyens what what" no this dies not make any sense.

"And what does that have to do with Phesheya?" I ask.

"He kidnapped him, your boss, ex boss' son I mean, kidnapped him" that fucker! I should have known! I scoff and ask him that if the burnt guy is dead or not, he says he is.

"But is that Phesheya Sbaale?" I ask, Silence
"Ntanga?" silence again, fuck I'm going there!
Right now.

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LETHUKUTHULA THWALA

I'm at the mall, Jabulani Mall, my dear boss also known as my sister wife has decided to take me out to help me 'rewind' and we are with her stepson which is both our favorite person. But I know that is also for her, we haven't heard anything from bhuti, we are stressed beings, sometimes it's too much for me because really

I'm pregnant, I find it really hard to breathe most times.

I've decided and come to the conclusion that I'm not really God's favorite person, really, I haven't hears anything from anyone about Phesheya, and honestly I've given up, so at least now I'm praying that God brings his body so that at least we know that he's dead and we can visit his grave anytime.

We've just gotten pampered but honestly I don't feel any relieved because I haven't had time to sleep.

"Boy eat your food" she says to him, I laugh because I know that this is one of his tantrums, he won't eat. I watch him shake his head and pulling his face, what the hell? This child is exactly like Phesheya, I laugh, it's been so long

since I've had a good laugh like this yoh.

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We are heading home, Phesheya's home. Bhuti's car is parked on the driveway. Phesheya's home is where we've been, damages were paid to to my father, we couldn't get a hold of my mother's family, and it doesn't help that Bhuti also is not okay, he is all over the place.

Things will be done accordingly when we find Phesheya, his body or him at least! But all I know is that either way I will not get over him as long as I live.

I'm kind of excited because I'm seeing his car. He's probably here with good knews, I mean he's also been gone for two months. I get inside the

house, and TV is playing, sis Musa just glares at him and goes to the bedroom.

He sighs and looks at me, Phiwo Jumped on him, he is holding him while sadly looking at me, My heart screams for Phesheya to come and unbreak my heart, to at least say that he loves me once again, but I'm praying that it is not what I'm thinking.

"I'm sorry sisi, we found a dead body last month, it was burnt, so those people did their thing and we found that his DNA matches mine, so it's Phesheya sisi" he's saying it, my heart shatters, I don't know why because I've been readying myself for it. "I'm sorry sisi but we also had to get him cremated" No no no! I can't hold my tears, Phiwo stands and get a smaller version of a vase, I don't even care to get it's name right, he does the unthinkable.

He crashes it on the floor, and the last thing I had to connect me to Phesheya mixes with dust.

"Baba is not dead" he says, repeating it. I don't care because now I'm feeling water I look down on my thighs, it's blood, no I can't lose my child too.

"Calm down Sisi" Ngiphiwe says, who the fuck would come down, I'm losing pieces of me at the same time, he's had one month to grieve and he has the guts to tell me this.

"ubaba akafanga" I don't know which is which, if Phesheya isn't dead, then who's ashes are these?

"Calm down Lethukuthula, do not lose my child I will never forgive you" Ngiphiwe says, the guts he has? Am I God? I also don't want to lose my child "Zenomusa!! Come", he says.

"No please, Can Somebody Call Phesheya?" I
scream, before falling, it's dark.

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THE END