

Chapter 1>>>

Marriage, I took my vows looking into the bright big eyes of the man who I pledged my love and life to, Kgabo. It was true love that I never doubted, I knew I was doing the right thing for my future. Being married to Kgabo gave me light to life, opened my eyes as I watched and learned the trials of life. I was once told that a marriage brings families together, well, ours did... in a sort of complicated way but aren't all families complicated? Well this is how we brought our families together: I remember the first time I saw him, I was 15 in grade 9. He couldn't tear his eyes away from mine, we were at our cousin's wedding. Well Kgabo and I are not really related but trust me black families are good at family trees that dates back to before Nelson Mandela was born and if we all start going back there we will realise how related we all are.

There he was with his friends, his eyes fixed on me like I was the only girl at the wedding. I hated him for that that I even told my mom about him.

"You know I hate Kgabo Mothiba mama, he thinks just because he drives a skorokoro BMW he made in life." I had said once to my mom and all she did was laugh but she was proud of me for fighting to keep myself away from boys. I used to tell her everything about the boys who were after me and one day she even went to another boy's house to report him to his parents, Lucky Mabotja. That just made things worse because the next day I was the joke at school, I was laughed at for being a mommy's girl and teased for being afraid of boys. I didn't have anything to prove to anyone so I continued telling my mom everything until I received a Valentines card from Kgabo, I loved it so much I knew that if I tell my mom she would make me give it back. It meant a lot to me that someone would do something like that for me. I stashed it in my school books and opened it every night I went to sleep and every morning before going to school. Then one day it winded up in my maths teacher's hands, I forgot to take it out when I submitted my homework and mind you by that time I hadn't spoken to Kgabo about anything. I just had his card and I knew he loved me but every time I saw him I would run home or change streets.

My maths teacher who was a woman sat me down with the card in her hand and advised me about family planning and condoms. I listened attentively taking note of every word she was saying, I was a good child and I respected my elders and took orders very well.

Too bad I got pregnant at 18 and had to repeat my matric because I had failed, that was the hardest time of my life but Kgabo was there to support me and the baby. Despite the horrible stories I have heard about him he was a great father, when I was pregnant I cried day and night because I listened to people telling me that they seen him kae kae with another girl, he impregnated 2 other girls from 2 other villages. Despite all that he was there for me when I needed him and when I asked him about the stories I heard about him he would dismiss them as nothing but he did agree to fathering one of the children. I managed to survive though until he married me, truth is I have never seen Kgabo with another woman or suspected anything from his behavior even today I have learned to stop worrying about him cheating on me. I love my husband and I don't want to stress myself with unnecessary things.

I am a grown up woman now and a mother of one, happily married to the man of my dreams. A lot of woman envy me, Kgabo is a good looking man, good features, good physic, skin tone, the right height as I am also tall, oh yes I could go on and on if I had to talk about the beauty of my husband. I have everything I need in him...

Except one thing...

A home, our own house.

Why we are still leaving with his parents, I wouldn't know!

But let me tell you something, we are in the process of building our own house and if I didn't have a meddling mother in law and her jealous daughters I would be planting roses in my own garden other than staying in a backroom and sharing a supper table with them every night. I am so fed up with them I can't even breath at times.

Kgabo has a construction company, he builds from mansions to sky scrappers but since he started with our house's foundation and left it at that. I sing one song every single night about the house that he even makes excuses of working late so he would come home late at night and sneak into bed.

Heeee bathong I am married into a family of heartless people ebile ke nagana gore some time ba nloya. Kere they know everything that happens in my backroom they are not even afraid to ask,

"Ao Mogadibo, why did buti Kgabo sleep on the couch last night?"

At times I feel like packing my bags and going back home, but that will just make them happy. They are not afraid to show me that I am not wanted in here and when I tell Kgabo he thinks I am trying to come between him and his sisters. Mara wait a minute I have a sister shem, my sister is not one to be messed with. 3 kids and not married, drinks Amstel and talks shit. No job and not even looking, every time they mess with me in here I will call her and she would come. She doesn't confront them, she sits with them and talks to them about them like she is talking about other people.

"Sfebe, telling my sister gore she can't cook. Do you know how annoying that is?" she would be talking to them like that. Her only problem is money, I have to give her something every time she is around.

Here I am now, watching TV in my backroom. My son is at creche, I am a stay at home mom that does admin every now and then for my husband. Of course I get an allowance from him, I am a university graduate waiting for her turn in the fashion industry. Trust me David Tlale didn't sit at home and wait, my excuse, I am disadvantaged. I am from Limpopo gape!

I love designing with all my heart, I even made my own matric dance dress. My husband promised me my own room at "our still to be build house" were I can work, well I guess I have another excuse.

I am actually waiting for him he said he has a surprise for me, I love surprises and Kgabo is so bad at them. Even when he proposed he said he had a surprise for me and I thought he was going to propose down one knee and diamond ring in hand. That day ne ke di jele wena, outfit on point, make up on point, hairstyle? Let me not say and then... We spend the whole day checking out his construction sites from letlema to letlema, he was actually showing me off until he booked us into a B&B. I got so excited thinking there he is going to do it, ao we had sex, we drank the horrible champagne but still, proposal dololo. I eventually asked for my surprise and the answer was:

"Ei son! Baby, I am sending my uncles to your home next week."

Like really!!!

He drove me home at half past 2 in the morning, yes half past 2. He didn't even know or understand why I was angry.

So let's wait for today's surprise.

I heard his bakkie pulling in and I jumped off the bed. I ran outside to meet him before his precious sisters took him inside the house.

"I am so tired." he said as I gave him a hug.

"You didn't forget akere?" I asked him and he excitedly said he just needed to swap cars then we are off. But first we need to get Kamogelo from creche.

We passed by his creche and we drove out of the village. I didn't know where we were going but I tell you I had an idea. He was driving to our house, "still to be build house".

I was getting anxious, I haven't been to it in 2 month and maybe he has done something to it. I have a feeling it's almost finished!

We were nearing the house...

"Kgabo, should I close my eyes?" I asked unable to contain my excitement.

"Mhhhh?" he shot me a quick glance as he put his focus back into the dusty road. It's like he didn't have a clue what I was talking about.

"The surprise?"

"Oh, ai don't worry." that's all he said.

Mxm, there is no surprise here.

We got to the house and guess what? There was nothing new, except the growing grass that had covered the foundation, in fact all I saw was nothing but a fence that surrounded the tall grass. We had neighbors that had beautifully built houses and ours is never getting there. I wanted to cry as he made us get out of the car.

Kamo and I stood next to the car as his father went,

"Surprise!"

I looked at Kamo who was also looking at me questioning if his father was okay then we both looked at Kgabo.

"Surprise?" I asked him.

"Yes, come let's go in and you'll see." he said opening the gate.

And as we walked in I finally saw the so called surprise. A 2 room shiny shack that was hidden by the grass.

"Kgabo, what is this?"

"Progress baby." he excitedly said even jumping up and down. Kamo also did the same, following in daddy's crazy shoes, not footsteps.

"Kgabo, take me home right now."

"Come on Pitsi!"

He said behind me as I walked away...

Told you he sucks at surprises...

Chapter 2>>>

I love my husband! I love him, I love him, I love him. Those are the words I have to say over and over in my mind in order to remind myself not to kill Kgabo. He makes me so mad sometimes I just want to attack him, wa tena! What the hell is the surprise in what he just showed me? Does he expect us to stay in there? Ka gare ga mokhokhwana? His mother would be so delighted, that woman wants to see me suffer forgetting that whatever I go through her son will endure too.

I was on my way to walking out the gate as I realised people were watching, neighbors were looking on as Kgabo and Kamo ran behind me. Kgabo was screaming for me to stop. I immediately stopped and turned around,

"What is wrong with you?" he asked me.

"I said take me home Kgabo and stop drawing this unnecessary attention to us." I said hissing to him.

"But Pitsi... You know what let's just go then." he said then picked up Kamo and carried him to the car. I followed and got into the car too.

I was feeling a bit bad though, maybe I should have given him an opportunity to explain before I exploded into my own conclusion. I had made him angry now and I am not used to being the one to say sorry or break the silence. I hate not talking to Kgabo because I have to ask him for everything that I have to do and when we are

not talking to each other he tends to do as he pleases to get me to talk. I always keep quiet but bring up the whole thing when we are done playing the silent game.

We didn't talk on our way back home, I stared out the window and watched the dust behind us on the side mirror. That's Kgabo when he's mad, he gets angry at things that don't concern the fight ,he once broke my phone but replaced it the following day and that is not the only thing, you'll get to know my husband better as we go on.

I was so excited at first when I saw him driving to our house, I could see myself in my own kitchen baking scones and cooking supper for us but that dream was knocked straight in the tooth by a shack. I am not saying a shack is a bad thing, why stay in a shack if you can afford to build your own house? I had suggested buying before but his mother knew that buying meant we are going to be far from her meddling self then she filled Kgabo with ideas of building right here in a village just a walk away from where she is. I remember that day so well, I watched her praising Kgabo's brilliant architectural work and decor designing. You could see she was trying too hard to convince him that by staying closer he was doing the right thing, and back then I was still her new daughter-in-law still filled with respect and words from my elders back home. But once I realised that in her household respect wasn't a 2 way street... ah shem her straat maid tendencies rubbed off me like glycerine. When she shouts at me, I bark at her, it's always war whenever the 2 of disagree.

Right now all I could think about is her, my mother-in-law is a witch shem. Her mouth - her pot of concoctions, her wand her evil daughters, her broom - my husband's money. I can see her flashing her dentures at Kgabo for pissing me off. I don't know why Kgabo always find ways to satisfy that mother of his, when I am sad that's when she rejoice the most and goes all out with her baking, don't be fooled it's terrible then she invites the neighbors so they can gossip about me. When I tell Kgabo he tells me to stop being paranoid and not assume his mom ke a gossip.

When we got home I went straight to my back room and took a bath. We have a bath outside the room. Kgabo and Kamo went to eat inside the house, I was hungry but I wouldn't go inside the house and give the tension between Kgabo and me away. After taking a bath I went straight to bed and switched off the lights and TV.

My mother in law doesn't want Kamo sleeping with us, she sleeps with him. Maybe o loya ka ngwanaka hle! She can't love my boy but hate me, ke ya gana.

Kgabo didn't come to bed until 11pm, I never even slept wondering what he is doing inside the house. Our room is big enough for him to work in here and that's when I help him. Before he came to the bedroom I heard him opening the bathroom door outside. He was going to bath. He finally came to the bedroom and got into bed. I could feel his body brushing against mine, I got into bed naked. That's what I do when I am mad at him, it drives him nuts. When I am mad at him he normally just sleeps on the couch. The thing is we haven't had sex in a week, he has been busy with new work and I knew tonight it's suppose to happen but now I am mad at him and I also want him.

I could hear that he wasn't asleep as his breathing was normal. His body was getting warm against mine, I couldn't move away. He was too close and I was almost at the edge.

He turned to my side and placed a hand on my my waist and moved it to my stomach, he was giving me this sensations that were making it hard for me to resist. If it was any other night I would have kicked him to the couch and told him never to touch me again but tonight ke ya swa ke ya tuka! I slowly turned to face him.

"The shack, it's for our building material. Only if you'd stopped and went to look inside." he said as he pulled me to him making me feel his hard-on on my belly. I wanted to say I am sorry but my pride bathong and besides I am not used to apologising to Kgabo, he's the one that does that and the grovelling.

The next day Kgabo wanted us to go back to the shack, I also wanted to go and see the materials. Kgabo might know about buildings but I chose our house plan. He went to drop Kamo off at creche while I cleaned the yard then went to bath. If I don't clean the yard, I clean the house, ja the one that I don't even stay in!

After my bath I found Kgabo in the bedroom looking at some papers. My husband is a yellowbone by the way and I am the darkest and thank God Kamo looks just like him. He was wearing a white shirt that made him look even brighter.

Oh by the way we didn't have sex last night he said he was tired. Even after he had shown that he wanted it, somehow he was punishing me even though he has asked me never to punish him with sex. I didn't want to show him that I was angry, I just continued like everything was fine.

Just seeing Kgabo in anything white drives me mad. I got on the bed and crawled behind him, I gave him a massage trying to work him up but he shrugged me off and got off the bed.

"I'll wait outside." he said then walked out not even looking at me. I felt a bit hurt, Kgabo has never said no to me. We used to have sex like it was running out, twice in one night and during the day on his lunch break too or anytime he felt like coming home. Now I miss my husband, the one that is now sharing a bed with me every night.

I finished getting ready then went outside to find Kgabo still going through his papers.

"What's so interesting about those papers that you can't even look at me?" I asked him and he just shoved them at me. I looked and they looked like a building plan that I don't understand. Kgabo always has to explain this kind of things to me. We got into the car as I looked at the plan.

"New project?" I asked him.

"That's the new plan for our house." he said getting the car into the road.

"What? What happened to our plan that I chose?"

"Mma thinks it's too small and it makes sense."

"Mma? Mmago Kgabo? Why are you making changes to our house without consulting me?" I was angry. His mother doesn't have to say anything about our plans. "Mma!" imagine that coming from a big boy like Kgabo.

"I am the expert here! I know what I am doing trust me."

"So is your mother!" I murmured loud enough for him to hear me. He put the car to a sudden halt in the middle of the road.

"What did you say?"

"I don't care Kgabo, you don't care about what I want mos. It's all about your mother, you promised me a house Kgabo, a home. A house of my dreams, our dreams." I said my tears streaming down my cheeks, I was too sad to realise if I was making sense or not. I know the house is small but we agreed that we are only building it for his mother then we would move to a suburb somewhere but now it seems like we are putting her needs above ours.

"Why are you crying now?" he asked me. I know he can't stand tears.

"Because I am hurting and you don't see that."

"I'm sorry mogatsaka, I didn't mean to hurt you. Bona, the guys have already started with the new foundation, accept this one mistake of mine then I promise you I will never discuss anything with my mom ever again." he said helping me wipe the tears off my face.

"Promise?"

"Promise for what? I am keeping my words from now on. I even think tonight you should get those nice smelling candles of yours."

I don't believe him! Except the last part and I am so ready for it.

He drove us to the house and I was happy to see the men hard at work, it was impressive. I even had the opportunity to take a peek inside the shack and indeed there were building materials in there, not that I didn't believe him. I took pictures of the foundation and the busy man around me. I was too excited and ignored Kgabo who was busy talking to a neighbor, I'll have friendly chat with them once my house is fully build and I am staying here.

We went back home around lunchtime, Kgabo dropped me off and went to see another site he'll be working on in a couple of weeks. I had bought myself lunch to avoid bumping elbows with my mother-in-law in the kitchen. I ate in my room and then slept. By the time I woke up it was 4pm and I woke up because Kamo was jumping up and down on the bed, I almost slapped him but I can't. He kind of helped me wake up. I can't believe I slept for such a long time. I got up and went to the house to prepare supper, Kgabo was sitting with his mom and the priest in the sitting room. I wasn't listening in but I could hear bits of their conversation, his mother wanted to Kgabo to renovate the church from scratch, meaning he had to take down the whole building and rebuild for free. She has been bugging him about it telling him that the church will buy their own material and all he has to do is get a plan and put it into motion. I never mentioned anything to Kgabo but on his own he was against the idea the minute his mother proposed it to him and even now he was still refusing to get that involved.

This woman, you'd swear she is God fearing, the way she is pushing for this thing.

I finished cooking and even served them their food while they were still at it.

Removed the dishes, washed them and went to bed, still.

I waited and waited for Kgabo, again, he came to bed late, with an excuse.

"No hle Kgabo." I said after he'd told me he has to go to Mpumalanga to sort out some issues with his workers there.

"Come on, it's not like you are going anywhere. I'll find you here when I get back."

"This is not fair." I said punching on a pillow.

He left around 1am and he called me when he got there. He said he'll be back after 3 to 4 days and that just sounded like a lifetime. Without Kgabo his mother becomes the she devil and my room a haunted cold room. I won't survive, I swear!

I dragged myself out of bed and forced myself to get Kamo ready for creche and drop him, this is Kgabo's job, not mine.

I came back to clean the house, Kgabo's sisters seems not to be around. I don't ask about them, who would I ask anyway.

"MmaKamo," I heard my mother-in-law calling me while I was busy cleaning. I stopped and went to her. She was sitting outside with one of her daughter's 4 year olds who didn't go to creche because of a runny tummy, lies. I saw sourness all over my mother-in-law's face, Kgabo is gone and now we are back to fighting mode and I am not in the mood. Besides I was going to be out of her way the whole day by watching TV in my room.

"Mma!" I answered her with my fake sweetest voice.

"Ke letse ke bolela le Kgabo," she said then stopped as if to wait for me to say something. I didn't then she went on, "He told me about the house."

Batho ba Modimo, Kgabo promised, just yesterday he promised never to discuss us with his mom.

"What did he say?" I asked knowing too well that that mommy's boy #husband of mine told his mother everything. I am not happy with her but what I discuss about her behind her back with my husband is none of her concern.

Aowa man I have to have a cleansing ceremony for Kgabo, ai shem my husband o jele!

"Pitsi weee, you are a daughter-in-law kamo, do you hear me? I will tell my son what to until I am 6 feet underground."

"He's also my husband and there are things mma that my husband and I have to do and you don't have to know about."

She laughed, clapping her hands... once... twice...

"Did your mother teach you this bad manners?"

"With all due respect mma, why can't you let Kgabo and me do what we want?"

"Pitsi, Kgabo shares nothing with you except a son. My blood is running through his veins, 9 months of pregnancy and 16 hours of labour and then you come here to claim him. Being married to my son doesn't make you special you hear me?"

Heee banna!

"Maybe I should go back to my cleaning."

"Don't you dare leave while I am still talking to you. My son could have chosen to marry any girl but chose you and that gives you a big head." she was talking while pointing a finger at me.

Clearly this woman has issues with me and it's nothing to do with the house.

"Mma, what's the problem?"

"Finally she asks. You are my problem."

"What did I do?"

"You are wrong for my son." she said then spat on the floor.

That's it, I have heard enough. Modimo ntshwarele!

"I am so tired of you man, get used to the fact that I am here to stay, even your witchcraft activities won't make me leave."

"You are calling me a witch?" she asked me standing up and before I knew it she had slapped me across my face. I was left holding to my cheek as though it would fall off. She had surprised me with that one... I couldn't even talk... "Get out, etswa! Go to your mother's house and tell her to teach you some manners." she was pushing me.

"Mma, I'm sorry!" I said begging her and refusing to leave. She grabbed me and pulled me to my room. She tossed my clothes out throwing them on the floor.

She was swearing at me,

"I knew it, I knew it you had it in you. Leave and don't even take my grandson with you!"

I got my clothes and stashed them in my suitcase. I wasn't begging her anymore, I was also fed up with her. I am going back home where I won't be made to walk on eggshells, I still have a comfortable bed and parents who love me. My flesh and blood too...

The way the woman is so evil she even took my car keys, okay the car bought for me by her son that she carried for 9 months, like that is something to hold someone with for the rest of their lives but still I have every right to Kgabo's things.

I took my huge suitcase as it tripped maotwana aka a masesane outside. I was crying hoping she would be as terrible as her son and go "surprise, I'm joking." but hell will freeze. She watched me leave, I guess she finally got what she's been waiting for.

My parents' house is just a few streets away and I had to walk there 11am while everybody just had their breakfast and other than watching celebrity gossip on their TVs they are staring out their windows looking for more things to gossip about. I had wiped my tears off my face and tried to put up a brave face but still people looked at me, some even laughed at me. I couldn't wait to get home and cry in my mother's lap.

After 20 minutes of humiliation I finally got home...

I opened the gate as my tears started to gather again...

"Hey wena MmaMothiba, go back to your in-laws. I don't have their R30 000 anymore."

That was my mom shouting at me...

Seems I forgot to mention that my mom and sister took after each other...

Chapter 3>>>

When I left home to be a daughter-in-law as Kgabo's new wife my mom told me never to set foot in her house ever again, she was adamant about it and it didn't bother me as I thought I would never come back. Excitement of new beginnings had overshadowed the reality and cruelty of marriage, I thought happily ever after didn't have an expiry date. Maybe I was a naive young bride who thought everything arrived in style and continued to be nourished as such, dump-ass-me. Now here I am looking at my parents' old house, I have good memories here mara I never thought I would be creating new ones, sad ones at that. The last time I slept at home was on the eve of our wedding as directed by my mom. And the following day I had a mouthful from her. She told me to respect my mother-in-law and always please her, I tried, God knows I did(until breaking point). Maybe that's the reason why I am here, I should have done everything as she wanted.

I can't go back though, I never want to see myself back in that house again. Kgabo better speed up the building process or else I am staying here for good. I never thought my own mother would send me back to a place I was kicked out off though, she doesn't even know what it was like there. When she got married to Dad she didn't stay long with her in-laws as Dad had already built his own house so she doesn't understand what it's like to be married to a man who is probably the apple of his mother's eye. But my dad said I can come home whenever I wanted to.

My sister, Rebabedi came rushing out of the house.

She told mom to stop shouting as she came to me. She took my suitcase and carried it inside the house. Mom had stopped shouting but she gave me a look that I knew she wished she could shove me back.

"Pitsi, why are you making me the laughing stock of the village? Huh?" she asked me as we sat down on the old chairs of her old kitchen unit, her first piece of furniture that has been fixed and painted a lot of times you can peel off the paint layers one by one. I had promised myself to rebuild my parents' house one day but that's before I got married and started dreaming about a house of my own. I never

thought I would be married at the age of 20 and be back home after 3 years. Okay, that's another story for another day.

Did you hear what my mother asked me? Trust her to make my misery about herself. I am the one that had married into that rich family that she and the rest of the community respect. The family that shits diamond and gold, not my opinion! Outside, yes, their house is big and beautiful, my mother-in-law dresses to the nines even when she goes to open the gate, her daughter are princesses of the village but inside it's burning like hell even the devil would refuse to go in.

Trust me, a day with them would be enough for you to think twice about respecting them the next time you meet them in the streets. Tell all that to my mother wena, the woman thinks she has made it in life since her daughter who she thought was just going to brood kids in her house is married to that family, only for things to go the other way. It's true that I was never my mom's favorite, the time I got pregnant I got a mouthful about my ruined future from her until she realised who my baby daddy was then things changed. Now here am I about to ruin all the happiness and status she acquired through me.

"Mma, I have been kicked out." I said through tears hoping for some compassion from my mother.

"O dirile eng? What did you do?" she asked me poking a finger in my head. An "Askies Pitsi" would have been better.

"Aowa Mma, why don't you let her explain." Reba said trying to be a good sister.

"Explain what? The fact that she is a terrible daughter-in-law and possibly the worst wife? I knew it, I was even surprised that you lasted this long." Mom threw those horrible words at me like she didn't care about me. I cried even harder as Reba helped me to my old bedroom. We left my mom still shouting and complaining about the kind of disgrace I was to her family.

"Don't mind her sis." Reba said trying to comfort me.

"Maybe she is right, I should have stayed. Now the neighbors are going to have a field day with this."

"What really happened?" she asked me and I told her everything. She listened attentively as I put out the story in tears, when I was done she wanted to go deal with my mother-in-law but I begged her not to. She gave me a mouthful as she told me to stop fighting with my mother-in-law and deal with Kgabo, she said if I want Kgabo to do what I want then I have to mean what I say. I didn't know what she meant and anyway I never listen to half the things she ever says.

We stayed in the bedroom as we waited for Dad to come back home, I was told he had visited a relative somewhere.

My dad is actually old, he is 15 years older than my mom but he has learned to live with her even though at times I think he wishes she could just shut up. I have never seen my dad argue with my mom unless he is very angry and tired of her bickering then he says one sentence to her and she shuts up.

Reba went to get food ready for her kids as I tried to sleep while I ignored Kgabo's endless calls and texts messages, I know he's already been fed lies by his Mom and he believes her. I don't want to end my marriage with Kgabo, I love that man with everything in me but if his mother has her ways that's where we are heading. I have tried to fight by keeping her away from our marriage but she is there, always there.

I can't wait for my Dad to get here, hope he doesn't send me back too. I am glad I am home even though it's not where my heart wants to be. I miss Kamogelo already and Kgabo too.

Dad came back around 3pm, my sister's children were back from school. They were excited to see me and couldn't stop asking about Kamo, they haven't seen each other in a while, I just made some lame excuse about me just visiting even though in the back of my mind I had this vision of seeing myself back for good.

I took a bath and got ready to meet with my Dad and already fuming mother. If it was up to her she would send me back with my tail between my legs, accompany me and even make ask my mother-in-law for forgiveness. I don't know why Mom respects that woman so much.

We sat in the sitting room with me sharing a couch with Reba as our parents sat separately. Mom looked ready to throw in a punch full of accusations even though she never even listened to my side of the story. In fact she never listened to any side, she just decided that I am wrong.

Dad started...

"Pitsi ngwanaka, I am not happy to see you here but if you are not happy where you come from I have to listen to you."

My mom was listening to Dad and shaking her head, she wasn't pleased that Dad was being "too soft" as she always puts it. I told them what happened and my mom was the first one to comment.

"Pitsi, you are lying ngwanaka, for once in your life just admit that you disrespected that poor woman."

"Mma, it's true hle." I said knowing too well she won't take anything coming from me.

"That woman doesn't look like someone who would talk to anyone like that. I told you Pitsi, I told you to drop your nonsense when you left here. Maybe if Reba was the one married nkabe ke sa bone tsona tse." Mom said, I know Reba is her favorite. Even after 3 kids with different fathers she's still better than me. I am suppose to get support and sympathy from my mom but nooooo.

"Aowa Mma, this is about Pitsi and besides she is your daughter. You are suppose to be taking her side." my sister said defending me with a very weak point, she hates it when Mom compares us because she knows she has let our parents down.

"Rebabedi, shut up! I don't care who says what tomorrow morning Pitsi is going back." Mom said then got up leaving us to deal with what she said.

"Papa, I can't go back. Please..." I begged Dad.

"Pitsi, I know you don't want that but you have to ngwanaka. If you are here we are not solving anything, at least be with your mother-in-law and solve this." my dad said trying to be reasonable while in fact he was trying to avoid a confrontation with my mom. He doesn't want to argue with her by taking my side, this is hard on him too.

I just sat on the couch and wiped the endless tears running down my cheeks. I might as well say I have no one in my corner, of course I have Reba but her opinion doesn't really matter. Mom and dad are the ones with the final say, especially Albertina.

Dad tried to comfort me but if they are sending back then all that is for nothing.

I went to bed earlier than everyone and even refused to eat, how can I eat if no one wants to listen to me? I couldn't fall asleep though, I have a lot that is bothering me, life seems to be so unfair to me. I have thee perfect husband and a beautiful son, all we need to complete our little family is a house not a lousy bickering mother-in-law who can't leave us alone. Why can't I have all that?

Thinking about my crappy life makes me cry even more, I want to fix things and be normal but that woman won't let me.

I had switched off my phone and finally when I was about to fall asleep my bedroom door opened, I thought it was my nieces but it was Reba.

"Hey sis, are you sleeping?" she asked me standing at the door.

"I was about to." I said trying to sound sleepy as I pulled a blanket over my head. I know she wants to talk and reassure me some more but I just want to be left alone.

"Well, there is someone who wants to talk to you." she said.

"Baby?"

Kgabo!

I pulled the covers off me and sat up on the bed, the tears just came back again. I should have known that he would come back for me even though I have been avoiding his calls thinking he wanted to yell at me for what happened. When it comes to a fight between me and his mom Kgabo has never taken my side, it doesn't matter who is in the wrong, even when it's about food. I am a better cook than her and Kgabo would only admit that alone with me.

"What do you want?" I asked him trying to sound annoyed. I was happy he was here and I just wanted to tell him what a horrible person his mother is and let him hold me the whole night, wishful thinking ke ya go botsa.

"I don't want to fight okay, let's go home." he said coming in alone. I know Reba is behind that half closed door.

"I am not going anywhere."

"I know about your fight with my Mom and I know your parents are sending you back tomorrow."

"So what Kgabo?"

"Let's go home now."

"I don't want to go back there, why did you stop building our house? I would be home right now waiting for you to come back from Mpumalanga, things wouldn't be like this."

"Please don't cry and listen to me Baby, if you come back home with me now you will avoid being humiliated tomorrow. You won't be forced to apologise to my mother because you'll wake up ka gae and your parents won't be there." he said making sense.

My mom is heartless she is going to make sure that I never come back home again after tomorrow, she's all about teaching me a lesson. And his mother is also waiting for the same, she is trusting my mother to do just that.

"Kgabo, you have to promise me that we will be out of your mother's house by the end of this month." I said to him and he didn't respond, instead he asked for my things. This time I am not playing, I have made up my mind. It's my way or the highway from now on.

My parents were already sleeping and I didn't want to bother them but the truth is I know my mom won't let me go with Kgabo if I wake her up, she wants to see me at my mother-in-law's mercy tomorrow. Well, Kgabo is right I can't let that happen. I only told Reba that I am leaving and like always she wanted money from Kgabo for doing him a favor by letting him inside the house, my sister's behavior doesn't embarrass me anymore, even Kgabo is used to her ways. I walked away as he went

to his wallet, I could hear that she wasn't satisfied with what she being offered and threatening to wake up Mom and Dad but Kgabo just walked away.

We got back at our backroom, the lights in the house were off meaning everyone was sleeping. Can't wait to see the look on my Mother-in-law's face when she wakes up to my face in the morning. Kgabo went to take a bath, I took off my clothes and laid naked on the bed waiting for my husband. We have to have sex tonight, it's been a while and I am sure he's also thinking about it.

When he came back he walked in and I laid on my back and looked at him.

"Thought I will find you sleeping." he pointed out, there was nothing in his voice.

"Thought I should wait for you."

"I'm tired Pitsi, the drive from Mpumalanga to here was long." he said opening the bed covers.

"You don't have to do anything hle Kgabo, I'll do all the hard work you just have to make it stand up strong."

"Do you think the way I am so tired it will even work? I am tired and stressed and lately that seems to be the only thing you think about, we have problems man!" he said then went to switch off the light. He got into bed and looked the other way. I shamelessly got into bed too and made sure I sleep as far away from Kgabo so I wouldn't touch him.

I don't know what is wrong with my husband lately, the man that I am married to would have jumped at me the minute he opened the door and saw me naked. This is not his first trip and he travels to a lot of destination and every time he comes back he makes sure that we catch up on the time we missed.

I don't know what to do anymore, I have ran out of ideas on how to seduce my man...

Chapter 4>>>

I didn't marry because of money or because of Kgabo's good looks, I married my husband because I love him and I saw a good and happy life with him. Of course my husband is not romantic but there are things he does or used to do that made me love him more. He use to be my comedian, my clown, my pillow and blanket at night but now I feel this unbearable distance between us, the coldness that has affected us. I used to be the one that said "no honey, not tonight" and he wouldn't take no for an answer but now the tables have turned, I am the one begging for it and not even getting it. I sleep like I am alone on my bed, unable to stretch my legs in fear of landing on a cold spot. I cry myself to sleep mourning the loss of my marriage, those happy times, those promised times now turned into misery. How I miss being touched, how I miss being poked by Kgabo's hard on, how I miss those happy times really ...

Maybe the stress has killed all that but I know he loves me and I am not making excuses for him, he might not have sex with me but at least he came to me when I needed him.

I woke up early in the morning and left Kgabo sleeping, I had listened to him sleeping peacefully the whole night and wondered if he was bothered by what's happening to us. I can be strong and take anything that comes my way but celibacy bathong, I did not sign up for that. I want sex and I want it everyday of my life. Kgabo is the only man I have been with and the sex has always been good, 2 to 3 times a night. It was never reduced to one, the whole thing just disappeared without a warning. Maybe I am not as attractive as he used to find me, on that part I really wouldn't blame him, this days I don't care what I put on, as long as my body is covered I am good to go. I sometimes wear his over size T-shirt and caps as I do chores around. I haven't even done my hair in ages, it's a shameless growth covered in head wraps or a wig that has lost it's glory days when I am going out. I am just too lazy and busy being a family woman to take notice. Well, my husband never complained.

I swept the yard with a heavy heart forgetting that I also have to deal with my mother-in-law, issues around my marriage are endless but my mother-in-law doesn't bother me much because she is not the person I have to spend the rest of my life with, I picked her son not her. I know right now she is probably wondering who is sweeping the yard as none of her girls would do that and by now they should be getting the kids ready for school and creche. I was now done with front part of the house and was at the back when my mother-in-law stood at the direction I was going, she had her hands on her hips and looking at me.

"Good morning Mma." I said as I stopped sweeping. She stood just staring at me, I know she wanted an explanation. I was a bit nervous and shaking, of course I didn't expect a warm welcome from her.

"You've got the nerve!" she finally said fuming.

"Mma?" I softly said. The woman hate me with passion shem.

"My house has turned into a playground for you, you come and go as you please?" she pointed out, I looked at the ground unable to make eye contact with her. I was only trying to be the daughter-in-law my Mother wants me to be, I was holding words inside and biting my tongue not to respond to her because the one thing that will come out of my mouth won't be nice.

"Tlisa, tlogela lefeelo la ka o tla ba wa ntoya." she said as she tackled me for the broom. I held on to it as the grass on it got scattered everywhere on the ground.

I have to finish sweeping, I can't leave a half done job. She realised that I wasn't going to let go so she decided to beat me up that I started screaming. She knows I wouldn't fight her on that, she grabbed me by my oversize T-shirt and tossed me around like I was nothing while she threw in punches in my face. Someone came between us and pulled my mother-in-law away, it was Kgabo

"Let go off me Kgabo man!" his mother angrily said.

"Mma o betha Mosadi waka?" the disbelief in his voice, the disappointment, the hurt... I have never heard Kgabo's voice sounding like that.

"Kgabo she is disrespectful, you didn't hear how she spoke to me." the lying woman said.

Kgabo raised a hand to stop his mother to say more. He grabbed me by my arm and pulled me to our room. He locked the door and sat on the bed, he covered his face with his hands and went quiet. I sat far away from him, I don't know if he's crying or angry.

His mother came knocking on the door,

"Papa, open this door so we can talk ngwanaka. I can explain." I heard my mother-in-law begging outside. I have never had her beg Kgabo, whatever she says goes and she never repeats herself.

One thing, I don't want to come between them, I know if Kgabo doesn't open that door or never speaks to his mother again that woman will blame for the rest of her life.

"Kgabo just open the door hle." I said to him, he didn't move, he just stayed in the same position as his mother begged outside. I think she was even crying.

I got up and went to the door,

"Don't open that door Pitsi!" he instructed. I turned to look at him, at least he wasn't crying.

"You need to talk to her." I turned around and opened the door. The woman just pushed me to the side and went to kneel down in front of her son.

"Ngwanaka, ntshwarele hle."

Kgabo got up,

"I am not the one you should be saying that to."

Kgabo you don't know the full story ngwanaka."

"Tell me Mma." he said taking her by surprise, she gave me a quick glance as she got up. I was still standing at the door. "I heard everything Mma, Pitsi never said a word to you."

"You are taking her side? Kgabo you are going to let her come between us?" she said pointing at me. I didn't want to interfere, I want Kgabo to see his mother for who she is.

"I have a lot of things to do maybe the two of you should talk this between yourselves." Kgabo said.

Oh hell no he won't leave me alone with her, not when she is on this crazy war path because this time if she touches me again I won't back off, I will fight back. And we will never be okay again, never again. I should have refused to come back last night and stayed home. By now I would be getting ready to be dragged her, what is the difference between that and what's happening now? There is none...

Kgabo walked out leaving us alone, my mother-in-law was now on her feet and looking at me like I just told Kgabo to hate her.

"Ke gore wa thaba, huh? Seeing my son talking to me like that?" she said acting like the woman I know. There won't be any use for us to ever get along or for me to try and talk to her, the woman hates me, period!

I sat on the bed and looked at her, I'm just going to watch her drive her son further away from herself. She hates me so much she won't even pretend a bit to act like she likes me.

The look she had on her face proved my point even more. "I'm talking to you Pitsi!" she shouted at me as she hit me on my shoulder. This woman had a tendency of hitting me and one day she'll scratch my itchy hand I tell you.

"Can't you see that I don't want to fight? This is hurting Kgabo more and more, I am tired Mma. I know you hate me but at least, for Kgabo's sake can we..." I didn't finish my sentence as she finished it for me...

"Can we what? Get along? In your dreams, you see I will never love you or accept you as my daughter-in-law. If it was according to me Kgabo would divorced you and marry Mary, the woman he was suppose to marry before you Makhwapheni won him over. I hate you so much for ruining my son's life." with that she left me crying.

I didn't know she hated me to that extend. It's painful because I have to compete for her affection with a woman her son denying fathering a child with. I had asked Kgabo about Mary and he told me that Mary's child is not his and I didn't know he was in a relationship with her when I got involved with him. He told me he was single.

I went to take a bath and went out to buy food, I wanted to avoid seeing my mother-in-law. So I spent almost the entire day in the backroom alone. I haven't seen my son since yesterday and I miss him so much, I went to get him from creche and spend the entire evening with him. Kgabo came back the same time I went to get Kamo from creche and since he has been inside the house with his mom and the Pastor. I played with Kamo until we both got tired, he even got bored and every time he wanted to go outside I would refuse and give him sweets. I'm not suppose to but I don't want to be alone.

Around 8pm my mother-in-law send in one of her nephews to come get Kamo and my baby didn't even wait to hear what I had to say he jumped into his cousin's arms and off they went.

I was alone again, my mom called to yell at me and tell me how terrible I am for disobeying her. I apologised but still that didn't stop her, she went on and on until her phone cut us off. I think her airtime ran out, Thank God!

I tried to sleep and my phone rang again, I was annoyed thinking my mom had bought airtime to yell at me again but it wasn't her,

"Hello Pitsi?" a thin male voice said over the phone.

"Speaking."

"Hi Pitsi, you are speaking to Pule Legodi." the voice said and I could not believe my ears. I know Pule Legodi, he is a good friend of mine and a very good designer, I once helped him when he was stuck with a wedding dress that he had messed up the design as the bride kept changing her mind. He is actually not good with putting a design together and how he made it out of varsity it's still a mystery to me, he was that bad.

"My friend, how are you doing?" I excitedly asked.

"Not so good friend."

"What's wrong?"

"As always I have taken more than I can chew and I need help."

"What now?"

"I have agreed to merge with a top designer and he's invited me to his fashion show in a month's time."

"A merger? Congratulations!"

"Thanks but I am doomed already?"

"Why?"

"I need help, I am a sinking ship."

"Oh come on Pule, you know I can't."

"You don't even know who I will be working with."

"Who then?"

"Thabiso Mabena!" he said and for a minute I just lost my breath. I have met the guy once and I must say I envy his work, he is brilliant in designing for both males and females, especially for weddings. He's also known for taking young designers under his wings and I doubt he'll remember me if we meet again.

"Oh my God Pule! Why are you doing this to me?" I am really tempted to say yes right away but I have a few things that I need to consider. First I need to talk about this with my husband. Kgabo and I never really discussed what I should do, we got married before I could even graduate and to be honest he never took my career as a

designer seriously that's why he suggested that I work part-time making me forget about my dreams.

"Think about it girl, please." he said before we hang up. Oh yes that's the only thing I will be thinking about the whole night. I don't even know how I am going to start up the conversation with Kgabo. I just hope he understands.

I was about to fall asleep when Kgabo came to bed. I pretended to be asleep to avoid getting turned on by him as he takes off his clothes as if he's putting up a strip show for me. I don't think I will ever stop being turned on by my husband.

I could hear and feel his every move as he went around the room, it felt like I was watching him. It's torture every night in my marriage.

He got into bed and came very close to, he placed a hand on waist making me turn to look at him. I did.

As soon as I did we kissed, he touched my breasts and bang, bang. 5 minutes later he was snoring next to me and I was so mad at him.

It felt so halfway for me...

Chapter 5>>>>

The frustration is killing me, so much that I can't do this anymore ebile sometimes I just feel like switching on the light and masturbating right in front of him just to show him that our sex life sucks. I need my man hle and besides we are too young to be starving each other like this. I love Kgabo and I our sexual life used to be lit, yes there was not much romance but at least it was satisfying, not this less than 5 minutes thing. It felt as though he was doing me a favour of making me taste what sex used to be like for us.

I tossed and turned even kicking him the whole night hoping to get his attention again, I wanted to touch him or give him a sign that I wanted more of him but the way he was sleeping it was like he just climbed Kilimanjaro, he sounded tired. I

don't really understand how Kgabo sleeps at night, I toss and turn while he only sleeps peacefully.

He woke up later than usual, I left him sleeping and went to the house and made him breakfast. My mother-in-law found me busy in the kitchen, she did what she wanted to do and left me without greeting me, well I like her like that because that way she'll stay out of my way.

"Breakfast in bed." I said as I got back to the backroom. Kgabo was still in bed but he got up as I announced breakfast and sat up on the bed.

"Bribing me so early in the morning? What do you want?" he asked me with a smile taking the breakfast tray from me.

"Ao, so I can't do something nice for my husband now?"

"Well, if you want something from me you don't have to bribe me baby."

"Oh, really?"

"Oh, so you do want something."

"Not really, I'm just wondering."

"About?"

"What you think of me getting a job?" I asked him looking at him for a crazy reaction, he took a sip of his coffee before he went,

"I have been thinking about that too, it will give you some time away from my mom."

"But you stopped working with me on your projects."

"Eish true, the thing is I found someone who works full time."

"Oh?" I breathed out, I thought I'd be the first person he'd consider for the job. I have been doing admin for him for almost 2 years.

"We are not going to fight about this."

"Fine, I was considering doing what I studied anyway."

"Designing?" he asked me as though I just said something he's never heard of.

"Yes."

"How are you planning to go about it? You need capital?"

"I am partnering with a friend." I said and he thought about it for a second before he asked a whole lot of questions. I answered him because I knew he was helping me, I don't know much about partnerships and other important things surrounding business deals. He even helped me draw up a business plan, he was really and surprisingly supportive. His inputs were very helpful and useful, we spend the whole day discussing my new venture. We haven't had this moments in a while, it felt nice to finally have his fully undivided attention. We even went out to a local Shisanyama for supper since I didn't want to go inside the house. We walked there and came back holding hands and joking around. I had my husband back and I tell

you that night we even had better sex than the previous night, but that's because I took charge and got on top and we had more rounds after that. It felt like we were celebrating something and it felt so good that the burning fire of love got more heated than ever before.

The next day after Kgabo left for work I called Pule and told him the good news. He wanted to meet right away and see my business plan, I know he didn't think of any and that makes me wonder what his approach to Thabiso will be, yes Thabiso wants to work with him but come on a merger means money has to be involved and money without a plan would be a waste. As I was getting ready to meet Pule I got a call from my mom, after the last call I had with her I thought hard before answering this one and when I did she sounded so calm and not in her fighting moods.

"MaPitsi ngwanaka, ke nale bothata." she said after exchanging greetings.

"What's wrong Mma?" I asked her knowing too well what she wanted, especially when she calls me MaPitsi.

"You know I have spent the last cent I have at the stokvel and I still have to pay MaMasenya money she borrowed me last month and we are running out of grocery, your father doesn't have a cent on him and Rebabedi is looking at me for everything. If I could go to Mashonisa I would, I don't know which side to turn to..." she said still wanting to go on.

"How much do you want Mma?"

"I will surely give it back ngwanaka."

"Mma, how much?"

"How much do you have my girl?"

"Mma weeeee?"

"Even if it's R500 it's fine, it won't be enough but we will survive."

She means R1000!!!

"Okay Mma, will come later to see you."

That's one of the reasons why my mother doesn't want me to ever leave Kgabo or his family, she's always asking things from me, especially money and when I tell her I can't help her she will complain. Telling me all the things she has ever done for me or what will people say when they realise I am not taking care of my parents who raised me through the hard times because they had to sacrifice for me. She always borrow money from me and I have stopped asking it back because she always blackmails me whenever I do. It's a good thing Kgabo doesn't keep tabs on what I do with the allowance I get from him.

Damn I am nervous about meeting Pule and I'm running late. I took a quick bath, threw on a top and a skirt, a head wrap and I was ready to go. Oh, shoes! I put those on as I headed out the door to the car. I drive an orange Toyota Auris, a simple car that Kgabo bought for me to get around. I didn't really need a car as most times he drives me wherever I want to go. Okay, now I do need the car.

I drove to town to where Pule and I were suppose to meet and I was the first one there, I waited for about 30 minutes for him to come as the Pule that I have always known, he hasn't changed one bit. Right makeup, hair on point and clothes - black and white, his favourite colours. He saw me as soon he walked through the door. I stood up to give him a hug.

"Oh no girl, sit down and tell me about this Tsunami that's hit you." he said as my smile faded, I was too excited to see him, it's been like a year.

"Ao, Pule what now?" I asked him.

"You don't look like the girl who was passionate about clothes a year ago, you look so old, I bet you are even hiding gray hair under that doek of yours." he said pointing a finger at my head. I know I don't look too good but if my husband doesn't complain why should anyone?

"I am a married woman Pule?"

"So? Mrs Mothiba, married woman take proper baths and put on makeup or otherwise hubby will go hunting for the opposite of what he gets from home." he said just saying words I have been told a hundred times by my Mom. I haven't had time to go to a salon or for shopping for clothes in a while. I don't think I need new clothes anyway, I have a few good tops and skirts and maybe a dress or 3. Oh dear Lord, I do need shopping!

"Okay fine, we are not here to talk about me. Here, my business plan." I said pushing a file to him.

"We don't really need this." Pule said pushing it back.

"Why not, you sounded eager to see it?"

"Okay, I might as well tell you. Thabiso has agreed to work with me because I mentioned you in one of our conversations."

"Thabiso doesn't know me."

"He does actually. He told me you 2 met once and you made quite an impression."

"Really?"

I thought he'd never remember me. He was quite taken aback by my designs but he didn't dwell much on them and 5 minutes later he looked like he had forgotten about me. Pule told me how excited Thabiso was when he mentioned me and it looks like I am the person Thabiso wants to work with but my friend here wants a piece of Mr Mabena, plus I heard that Thabiso has an eye for both sides despite being married to the beautiful socialite Lindiwe Mabena. The woman is famous for doing nothing or maybe for wearing Thabiso's designer clothes? I am not sure about this anymore though but since I have spoken to Kgabo I couldn't really back away, I want to prove to him that I can make money out of this career, I know he doesn't believe in it just like my mom even though she is a seamstress herself. I agreed to meet with Thabiso, and that meant I really needed my proposal and a few designs just to reassure him that I knew what designing is about. He is a professional and I also want to act the part. Pule seemed to agree with me on all that except one thing,

"You do need a makeover friend." he hinted.

"Pule call me when Thabiso Mabena is ready to meet." I said packing up my stuff and blowing him a kiss.

"Wait, were to from here?" he asked me and I told him I needed a few things at Pick 'n Pay and he said he is coming with.

I wanted to pick a few things for my mom, I know money alone won't be enough for her.

Pule pushed my trolley as I picked things that I think they will need at home. Lastly I went to the clothing section, I have 3 clothing accounts that I never use but that's because I prefer shopping in one shop, Pick 'n Pay. I even buy clothes from them, see I don't have to go running around. I don't hate shopping, I just hate going in and out of shops unless I am with Kgabo or Kamo.

So as I was doing grocery shopping I picked a few things that I liked, slippers, a long skirt and a scarf. Since Pule said I needed a makeover maybe I should start now and show him I still have some fashion sense.

"Trying to give your mother a makeover, that's very fashionable for a woman her age." he pointed out as I told him that I am grocery shopping for her and by the way he does know my parents and my dad doesn't like him, says he looks confused and mixed up. I never asked what he meant by that.

"No, those are for me." I proudly said.

"Haibo Pitsi, why the heck would you buy this?"

"You just said they are fashionable."

"For your mother of course." he spoke as he put them back.

"What are you doing?"

"Rescuing you, Pitsi I will give you a makeover from top to bottom girlfriend."

I watched him pushing my trolley to join a queue. I followed him and didn't talk to him as he tried to talk to me.

I don't know what happened to me, I love clothes and not just designing them, I could put an outfit together to make them suit any body shape. I used to be good with this from an early age, I was a better dresser than Reba but now I look like a gogo on her SASSA pay day. I don't get that excitement of dressing up anymore, maybe going back to designing will bring that fire back.

Pule helped me to my car and loaded all my groceries in the boot. He was acting all manly on me, that's because he was sucking up to me. He wanted to make sure I don't leave him out of the merger with Thabiso. And I am not about to leave him out in the cold, he's got skills that I will need when dealing with clients or even Thabiso himself. After our goodbyes I headed to my parent's house, they were not there it was only Reba so I asked her where mom was and she said to a stokvel meeting just a few houses from ours. I quickly drove there after giving her the groceries to give my mom the money. Her smile...

By the time I got home it was around 5pm, and my mother-in-law was waiting for me. She wanted to know if I was going to cook or not, she loves home cooked meals but she and her girls are too lazy to cook and I thought after our fight she wouldn't want anything from me, especially my food. I told her I will come and cook, she wasn't asking nicely but I don't have the energy to argue with her about her manners. I went to my room to drop my handbag then to the house to cook.

She seemed too excited that she even helped peeling the vegetables, my gut feeling warned me that she was up to something. She asked about the progress of the house and I was too happy to share details of how things were coming. That just lit up her mood even more, which is unusual. Kgabo and I even joined them at the supper table, her joyous self was even surprising her own children. Except for Kgabo who thought his mother was really trying to accommodate me. I played along not trusting her one bit. With this woman you need to leave some room for unwanted surprises.

The following week things started to get busy and serious for me, I went out shopping for fabrics and designed a few things for Thabiso. We haven't met yet, we only spoke over the phone and exchanged ideas on whatsapp. I did email him

my business plan and he totally agrees with my ideas. He's based in Pretoria and he's been busy launching another brand with his new partner Neo Zuma. But on this new brand is just me and him, of course my sidekick too, Pule.

My mother-in-law has also been on my case keeping me busy designing last minutes outfits for her nephew's wedding saying their designer dropped them at the last minutes and yes she had a daughter-in-law who's perfect for the takeover and I really did a good job. I had to design 16 outfits for the groom and bride including their entire crew and also had to squeeze in my mother-in-law and her daughters, if I didn't get help from the 4 ladies I hired I don't know how I would have done it. I did all this while Kgabo was away on business.

3 days before the wedding I gave myself a well deserved rest since I had to get ready to finally meet Thabiso Mabena next week. I even went to visit my parents for a few hours as my mother had made sure that I wasn't welcome for a sleepover.

Later on I left with Reba to go check out the progress of my mansion as we were no longer building the house we agreed on. On our way I gave Reba the perfect idea of a mansion that can only appear on Top Billing, ke gore I was so bragging.

To the shock of my life and embarrassment of bringing Reba with me after bragging so much about my mansion...

There was no mansion, nor the builders!!!

The wall was up a bit but still it was nothing.

I had thought I'll probably move in in a month's time. Reba laughed her head off as she realise that she wasn't looking at what I was bragging about.

How could Kgabo do this to me? That's why his mother has been acting so warmly towards me, she knew what was going on. That evil woman!

Reba realised the shock on my face,

"Don't tell me you didn't know about this?" she asked me pointing at a quarter done house. I was so mad I told her she can walk back home, she made me look stupid by laughing at me.

I went to my car and drove home. I'm hurt and disappointed, I got so busy that I didn't get a chance to go check out the house or even ask Kgabo about it. I got home and cried, there was no one at the house it was just me and Kgabo is suppose to be joining me on a drive to his cousin's house tomorrow morning. He's coming back tonight then we'll drive together but I don't see that happening anymore. I am tired of being his "yes wife", I want answers.

I waited the whole night for Kgabo and ignored his calls when he called, I know he'll probably be here in the morning. And trust me I will be ready for him...

My mom called to talk to me, I guess Reba told her everything. She didn't want to hear what I had to say or how angry I was, she was telling me to suck it up and humble myself. I listened to her trying to make me stay...

I didn't promise her anything, I just listened because I have my own plan.

In the morning Kgabo came to the room fuming wanting to know why I wasn't picking up his calls. He found me ready and waiting for him. As soon as he unlocked the door he started telling me off and demanding answers.

"Some times you just act so selfish Pitsi, do you know how worried I was?"

"Me selfish? You come in here acting all angry Kgabo because of some stupid phone calls."

"Stupid? People wanted to talk to you about your designs and the wedding."

"I don't care about the wedding, I care about my house, the one that is suppose to be finished by now or at least halfway there." I angrily said to him looking at him as he realised that I know what's going on. He was willing to hide this from me, for how long though?

"I'm sorry I should have told you." he calmly said after how he stormed in here.

"Sorry about what Kgabo?"

"I'm sorry I never told you that I stopped the builders because I needed them to work at church."

"There we go again, your mother is in the middle of this again!"

"What was I suppose to do?"

"At least talk to me, that would have been better."

"I said I am sorry."

"Not as sorry as I am because this time I am leaving, for good."

"If you think I will support this nonsense of yours again, think twice. If you leave this time around I won't be coming for you."

I am surely going to teach this Mama's boy a lesson...

Chapter 6>>>>

Ever since I married Kgabo I have never heard him tell me he said no to his mother or even saying it in front of me, it has always been about her and what she wants , he runs and dances to her every tune like she is his everything. Ke Mmage but I am his wife... Even if I suggest something it has to pass by Mma pele and if she disapproves then we bow down to her, she is always getting her way where Kgabo is concerned and this is where I draw a line, the woman has interfered to a point where I can't take it anymore. She is running my life as well as my marriage like a puppet master, she is pulling and ruining it the way she wants to. If it was up to me we would have rented a place somewhere until our house is done other than staying in a backroom where his mother can hear us breathing. Before Kgabo married me we had agreed to stay far away from family and we couldn't wait to start our lives together but Monster-in-law happened.

I used to think it was cute for Kgabo to be so attached and do as his mother wanted but now I am so fed up with that I can puke, I bet she has Mary on speed dial just waiting for me to turn my back on Kgabo. I will not throw away my marriage because of her, I am going to make sure my house is finished and my son and husband are with me by the end of this year! That is a promise I intend to keep and fulfill to the end.

"Trust me, I will never set foot in your mother's house ever again. And I won't even be waiting for you to come for me." I said to him not even blinking. I am terrified as hell, Kgabo and I never had this type of a heated argument before.

"Why are you doing this mara Pitsi?" he asked me as he realised that I am dead serious. He is also scared but still he'll put his mother first.

"Here is your suit, you can invite Mary as your date to the wedding because I am not going." I said handing him the suit that Pule had picked for him, it matched my dress. We had both agreed to wear matching outfits but what's the use of going to a wedding and putting up a united front while things are falling apart? I won't go there and let my mother-in-law show me off as her perfect designing daughter-in-

law while we would still come back to fighting like dog and cat. I won't shine for her...

"Pitsi, do you realise what you are doing?" I know he thinks I want him to beg but he is so wrong.

"Yes, wearing the pants in this relationship." I said and his expression changed. I said something that would knock his ego a bit even though to him it sounded like disrespect. I don't care how he takes it, the fact still remains I am taking a stand as a married woman and fighting for my family.

"You know what, do as you please Pitsi. Go ahead!" he grabbed the suit and left. Now, I am really scared.

I sat down on the bed and thought things through, the more I thought about this the more I started to doubt my plans. I have never stood up to Kgabo, as much as his behavior rattles me I stood by him and did everything as he wanted. Not even once has Kgabo ever support a decision I made.

An hour later I took my car and drove to church, the pastor's house is just next door to the church and I saw everything coming together, the way things were suppose to go for my house. I'm sorry God but this is a challenge beyond me. My marriage is going crazy while my husband is building bigger building around us. Looking at the Pastor's house, the house was a big beautiful one built by my husband. I have to give it to Kgabo shem, he loves his work and does it amicably. Everything he touches always turns to gold just like the Pastor's house, it's huge and beautiful. The Pastor is married and lives with his wife as his 2 children are married, one of them was Reba's friend turned my friend, she is a bit older than both of us. And they both live with their husbands.

I parked the car outside and went in admiring the beauty of my husband's handy work which doesn't make me happy one bit, I have been inside the house a lot of

times I even know my way around it. The Pastor is actually very fond of me and so is his wife.

They were both home even though they were busy they told me to wait in the kitchen. I waited for about 30 minutes then they were ready for me, they had a group's couple counseling session and since the church was being renovated they had to come to their house. Maybe Kgabo and I need counseling but seriously we don't have marital problems, his mom is our problem.

The Pastor's wife walked their guests out and I went in the sitting room to talk to the Pastor. He had a bright smile when I walked in,

"My child, God bless you for the good work you and your husband are doing." he said making me regret why I came here because I am about to stop that good work he's praising.

"Moruti, I came here because of that." I said.

"What is wrong dear child? You seem troubled."

"I am not against the development of the church but it's affecting my marriage so badly."

"How?"

"Moruti, my husband and I are also in the process of building our own house but because of the church that couldn't happen and I only found out yesterday." I said and looked at the old man.

"I didn't know about that."

"I'm sorry, I am not trying to stand in anybody's way."

"I understand and I didn't know things were like this. I would never come in the way of your happiness because I know your marriage relies on that, the church it's my responsibility. I promise you I will fix this ngwanaka." he said but I felt guilty, it was like I was being selfish but he reassured me and told me that he'll find a way to solve this and both buildings will go on. His wife came back and we filled her in and she seemed to agree with her husband. They are both very good people and hope they will help me. The Pastor also knew who was behind this and why, he might be best friends with her but surely he knows her like I do.

I left their house after having tea with them and went to my shack. I opened it and realised that a few things were missing, not just a few really, the cement, windows and door frames as well as tiles. Well, I don't know what else but the shack was practically emptier than it was the last day I was her with Kgabo and Kamo. I moved everything in one room, I cleaned the other then went back home.

When I got there I found one of the foreman working for Kgabo waiting for me,

"MmaMothiba, I am here to talk to you about building your house." he said as we sat in my mother-in-law's kitchen.

"What about it? And please call me Pitsi."

"Okay. Kgabo already had people who were going to work on the church building when his mother said we were suppose to stop with your house and go work at church. I didn't want to go because your husband has already paid us for the house a year ago when he got the stand and that was before we started working permanently for him. I don't mean to cause trouble but I am telling you what I told Moruti, he called me as we were busy and spoke to me. MmaMothiba, I am ready to come back and work for you anytime if you want me." Jonas said with a smile that missed a front tooth. I smiled back at him and told him I will contact him as soon as I have the building materials. I am not going to discuss anything with

anyone, a lot has been happening behind my back orchestrated by my mother-in-law and I don't think I am going to owe anyone an explanation. I am not even surprised by anything that Jonas has said, I knew that that scheming mother-in-law of mine was behind this all along. She would go to any extent to keep Kgabo here, she even goes as far as saying he's the one that's going to inherit her house so there is no point for him to move. It's about time he stopped hiding behind her skirt.

I told Jonas that I will call him tomorrow morning as I am going to need him for a small job before we start building again and he should get a truck ready for me.

He promised me he'll help me with anything I wanted, even if it's finding new necessary building equipments. I'm going to do this on my own if that's what it takes.

Later on when Jonas left I cooked a light meal then went to take a bath, after bathing I went to bed. I called Pule and told him what happened, he is such a good listener but bad when coming to advise. I just needed someone I can talk to, I usually talk to Reba but the problem is that she will run to Mom and tell her everything. I do have friends but they are married and moved away from this terrible place, I think I can say we sort of lost contact. I couldn't fall asleep thinking about what is going to happen from now on, I am scared things won't work out the way I want them to, on the other hand I really want to go on with my plans.

My phone beeped, it was Kgabo.

'Pitsi I am sorry for not telling you about the house, can you please come to the wedding, we will talk about this after the wedding.'

Talk? That will involve his mother who never shuts her mouth and I am done with her. I don't care about the wedding anymore, I have done everything I could for them and didn't even get a cent for my hard labour, fixing someone's mess isn't easy. I couldn't even redo the wedding dress meaning I had to get new fabrics and start over. And guess what? My mother-in-law suggested that Kgabo buy the

fabrics and pay the ladies that I hired without even discussing it with me. Since I was excited about designing again I didn't say anything but that doesn't mean I am just letting it pass and if anyone has a problem with their outfits at the wedding they will deal with it amongst themselves.

I ignored Kgabo's message and finally fell asleep, that's because I know my husband still cares.

In the morning Jonas didn't disappoint, a few minutes after calling him he was already in with one of Kgabo's trucks. I had also woken up early to pack my clothes and put anything that needed to be packed in plastic bags and boxes neatly in. A few hours later Jonas and his men were loading the bed and every piece of furniture that was in the backroom on to the truck. I stayed behind packing Kgabo's clothes nicely on the floor as Jonas went to deliver the furniture. That's the only thing I left him Kgabo, his clothes.

Finally I drove to the shack to start life away from my mother-in-law...

Whether Kgabo follows me or not I am never coming back to his mother's house...

Chapter 7>>>

I hate fighting with Kgabo or going against him, I respect my husband and I really want to be the perfect obeying wife but I have been quite for too long and things are not changing. I decided to take a stand not to disrespect him but did something that we should have done a long time ago, even though I am only trying to prove a point to his mother. Let's wait till she finds out shem. This is going to cause an uproar in both our families, I will be called names and I would probably end up regretting my decision but maybe one day I will look back and be proud of myself just like Marumo's wife did. Kgabo has an older brother and yes he is Marumo, he's in Gauteng with his wife and he comes home alone all the time, during holidays she goes to her maternal home along with her kids. She doesn't take shit shem, she makes my mother-in-law cry like crazy. I should also toughen up like her and do things my way.

I looked around the shack, the room I had chosen is actually smaller than the backroom I shared with Kgabo. Most of the stuff I brought don't even fit and I still need to get a fridge and maybe a stove. I don't see this working out and failing isn't something I am about to admit, not even to myself, I'll get another shack if I must.

I tried to set up the shack the possible way I could and made sure it looked homely and welcoming.

Jonas left as soon as I gave him a list of building materials that he drew up, we will meet in town on Monday after my meeting with Thabiso. I will only be paying with my allowance money that I get from Kgabo, it's not much but I hope it covers everything because if it doesn't I will be forced to talk to Kgabo.

And this husband of mine he called and send messages begging me to come to the wedding, even my own mother called to yell at me. I didn't pick up Kgabo's calls or respond to his messages and I let my mom yell until she hang up. I so badly wanted to go to the wedding though, they won't have trouble with their outfits but it would be nice to see my handy work being shown to the guests.

Pule called, he was at the wedding. I had told him I was going and never mentioned my change of plan. He sounded angry when I told him where I was, I don't think I owe him any explanation, he can be such a nuisance when he wants to. He decided to come get me even after I told him I don't want to come. I was forced to send him direction to my place, that sounds awkward. My main concern is that Pule likes to judge and he never holds his mouth and me living in a shack it just gives him more bad stuff to say to me. The thing he said to me about my look was terrible and it did hurt me, I know I have let myself go but I don't have that thing that would force me to pick myself up and be the lady that I once was. I just don't have the motivation and it's not like I look any better now, still I am too tired to clean up. Well I laid on the bed and fell asleep, the next thing I was woken up by Pule shaking the entire shack. I got up and opened for him.

"You are actually staying here?" he asked me looking around my small shack.

"I am tired, I just had a long day." I said to him going back to the bed.

"Is that your way of telling me to mind my own business?"

"Yes, please."

"Fine, I will because I don't want to waste anymore time here. Can you do something to yourself so we can go."

"Like I told you Pule, I am not going to that wedding."

"Pitsi, what is going on with you?"

"Nothing!"

"Okay, I won't push."

"Thank you."

"I was at the wedding and saw the Bride's dress, it's beautiful, your own creation?"

Right there I almost asked him if he saw Kgabo but that would be arousing some sets of questions I am not ready for. So I just shut my mouth.

"Nope, the bride saw it at another wedding."

"Mxm, too bad some people don't want to be original. It would have been a good piece to show Thabiso." Pule said pouting his pink lips. He looked really good in his black and white tailor made suit, he had done a mohawk that made him look like he would approach a girl and take her straight to his bedroom after that, except he doesn't like women one bit. He used to hate me too and called us "bitches that spoils men" until he realised I was married and not after his "men".

We ended up working on a few design sketches, I forced him and anyway I did most of the drawing as he directed my hand with his manly manicured hand but he really didn't do much. He had to go out and buy us lunch, late lunch.

I see now Kgabo has given up on trying to get me to come to the wedding, I kept on checking my phone to see if he'd called or not. I do feel bad though, a couple of days back we were both looking forward to going together and I was excited too since we don't go out that much lately.

Being with Pule doesn't help much, I wish I could talk to him about my problems but he's not the right person. His friends were busy sending him pictures of the wedding, and he showed them to me and all I wanted to see was a glimpse of Kgabo passing by or maybe standing somewhere but all I saw were pictures of people that didn't matter to me.

Pule left after 5pm and from there I started to feel the loneliness of being alone, the place is too quiet, the only thing you'll hear is music playing in the distance or cars passing by and there was nothing to entertain myself with. Pule was irritating me earlier with his too much talking and I so badly wanted him to go, now I miss him and wish he never left.

There is electricity but the main switch is in the other part of the shack and I don't even think I have a cable to extend to where I am, my battery is about to die. Soon enough I will feel the impact of my decision.

I went to plug my phone in the other room and tried to sleep, it was getting darker and I was starting to get scared. I could hear everything that was happening outside as if I was outside. At least back at our backroom I used to switch on the TV all night when Kgabo wasn't home. Now, I am even scared of going to the other room

to get my phone. I sat up on the bed for hours until I gathered up the guts to go get my phone. When I checked the time it was around 9pm and I thought it was late than this. Kgabo and his parents are probably still at the wedding and he might find out about this tomorrow.

I called Reba and her phone just rang and rang, she is probably drunk wherever she is. I kept on calling her without any luck.

I never fell asleep until Reba called me around 2am, I answered and she was drunk as hell, I couldn't even hear most of the things she was saying. I kept on asking her to repeat herself and I think I finally heard her say she was at some tarven having fun.

I didn't care where she was, I jumped off the bed and put on a gown on top of my pjs. I rushed to my car and went to that tarven. It's a very well known local tarven, I once went there after I received a call from a drunk Kgabo begging me to come get him. When I got there he had lost his wallet and even his car keys and the following day when he went back to get it it was broken into and it was on top of bricks. My husband was a party animal who would go at it every single day of the week, fortunately since that day he had vowed to change and he did.

When I got there it was so full I had to squeeze myself through people who were standing and dancing. I looked for Reba for about 30 minutes without finding her, luckily I saw a friend of hers that took me to where she was. She was sleeping inside the tarven on a corner, sitting on a crate of beer. I don't think she even felt anything as we carried her to the car, I had to take her friend along to help me get her to bed. It was a task ka mmao! We were actually carrying her dead weight to bed, I even had to park in front the door just so we could get her quicker inside. We threw her on the bed and she peacefully rolled herself comfortably. And of course I paid her friend who is probably going back to the tarven.

I wonder what would have happened to Reba if I didn't come, is this what she does every time she is out? Get drunk until she passes out. She needs to change, she is a mother but I blame my Mom. She let's Reba do as she pleases while she babysits for her, her love for her precious daughter has over clouded her judgement, that doesn't apply to me though.

At least now I managed to catch some sleep, she was useless but I didn't feel all alone like before. Reba never woke up, she snored like crazy and threw her hands every where.

The next day I woke up early with nothing to do, I walked around the yard looking at my half build house. I wish we could just finished it and move in, I don't know how long I can take staying in that shack, I promise you it's worse than my mother-in-law's house. If this doesn't work out I will have to rent a place somewhere, I meant it when I said I am not going back ga bo Kgabo.

As I was looking around I heard screaming coming from the shack, I remembered I left a probably hangovered Reba in there. I ran there and as soon as I opened the door she shouted,

"Who are you and please tell me you didn't rape me?"

"What?" I asked her.

"Pitsi? Where are we? I didn't answer her, I went to help her get up as she had fell off the bed and squeezed herself between the bed and wardrobe. "Pitsi?" she softly said my name.

I just sat on the bed and cried, I felt like I have made the biggest mistake of my life and having to admit that to Reba just makes it look I have done the worst thing ever because now I have just involved her. I told her why I was there and how she came her. She listened to me reeking of alcohol,

"I think that's the best decision you've ever made Pitsi." she said encouraging me.

"Then why do I feel bad?"

"Because you've always been naive and this is the first and biggest step you've ever taken in your life."

"What am I going to do when Kgabo finds out?"

"I don't know, all I know is I am with you all the way, I'll even move in if I have to."

"Thanks but I think you need to sort out your life, you can't continue like this Reba."

"I know, maybe staying with you will change me."

I don't think it would though, Reba is beyond repair, she has never listened to anyone, not even Dad. The thing is I want her to stay with me in case Kgabo doesn't want to, I know this is not an ideal setup but I am hoping he stays here with me.

"Do you have a toilet here, I need to pee." she asked and I said yes, it's a pit toilet at the corner of the yard. She got up holding her head, she went to the door. She opened it and quickly shut it back.

"What are you doing, are you trying to bring down my last resort?"

"Kgabo is coming." she said trying to push the door even though it was closed already.

I also went to help her locking it. I don't know what to do now that I have to face him.

He knocked hard on the door,

"Pitsi, open the door I know you are in there!"

"How did he know you'd be here?" Reba asked me and I wondered the same.

"I am going to kick this door if you don't open."

He gave the door a kick that shook the entire shack and scaring me and Reba that we both ran to the bed...

Chapter 8>>>

"Pitsi, bula." Reba urged me as she pushed me almost knocking me off the bed. She can also open the door if she wants to, she is the one that made me panic in the first place.

Kgabo was being too persistent and if I don't open he'll brake the door. I got up and went to the door,

"Stop kicking the door I will open." I said, I could hear his heavy breathing outside the door. I slowly turned the key and ran back to the bed.

"I should have known she's in this with you," Kgabo said talking to Reba as he stormed in making the shack look even smaller as he stood with his tall self almost shadowing the sunlight through the door. "Get out! Go!" he said to her. They way Kgabo was so angry we were both so scared we didn't argue with him, Reba took her shoes and walked out. Then he turned to me, "What the hell do you think you are doing wena? Pitsi do you think this is a joke?"

I have never seen my husband this angry, especially at me. I got up from the bed and stood from the other side. There wasn't much space for me to stand though, I

was glad there was space between us and it's not that I think Kgabo would hit me, I was scared, just scared.

"Pitsi, answer me."

"I'm tired, okay? I am tired of constantly fighting with your mom and I just want a place of our own." I said to him.

"Then you decided to take this big decision on your own?"

"I was angry at you Kgabo and I told you that I am never coming back to your mother's house again."

He laughed at me before he went,

"Unfortunately I make decisions here."

"I won't go back, I promise you I won't."

"Fine, I am taking back my furniture, you can stay here alone in an empty shack." he said heading for the door.

"Why are you taking your mother's side? I am your wife, you never do things I want."

"Where does my mother fit in all this? This is your own doing!" he said walking back.

"She is the reason our house was never finished and you've stuck to her like you are glued together, you do everything that she wants."

"What exactly are you trying to say? I am a man and can stand up for myself."

"Oh please Kgabo, you are such a mama's boy."

As soon as I said that he got on top of the bed and grabbed me,

"I am going to make you regret ever saying that to me, we are going home."

He started tackling me trying to pull me out of the shack as I tried to fight him off me. He was overpowering me, I screamed at him to let me go but he was determined to get me out...

"Hey man! Hey, hey!" someone shouted behind us. It was our Pastor, Kgabo tried to compose himself and act all respectful. Oh no, my husband can humble himself if he has to. He has so much respect for his elders. "What is going on in here? Do you know I heard your fighting as soon as I got out of my car."

"My apologies, we were having a small argument." Kgabo said.

"Small argument?" Pastor asked looking from Kgabo to me. "Both of you, follow me to my house." he said then turned around. I reached for my car keys that were on the floor before the pastor turned around and said, "Use one car, his." he said pointing at Kgabo.

He left and Kgabo went to sit in his car and waited for me as I changed clothes and brushed my teeth, tried to tidy up a bit. I was actually dreading driving to the pastor's with Kgabo, I know we are not on speaking terms and probably won't be

for a very longtime since I don't think I am the wrong one. He kicked my sister out of here like a dog and he still has to answer for that. I did nothing wrong except try and man up since he can't.

He hooted several times for me and I just dragged my feet doing nothing, finally I decided to go.

He was fuming inside the car, he didn't say anything to me, we are not talking don't forget that. He put on his seatbelt and put the car into gear while I sat there and folded my arms.

His driving was so reckless I wished there were traffic officers in the dusty roads to give him a ticket. He was angry but he was making me more angrier. He almost hit a donkey that was sleeping in the middle of the road, there was a curve and before he knew it was there. He hit the breaks so hard I almost hit the windscreen since I wasn't wearing my seatbelt. I think he was laughing at me as he looked outside the window. I angrily put on my seatbelt and stared out the window too. He started driving and this time he was better.

When we got to the Pastor's house the pastor was already waiting for us outside with his wife. I guess we are here for counseling sessions, the once we missed before we got married because Kgabo had business to attend to.

We all went inside the house and sat in the same room that they were doing their couple's counselling sessions the other day. I had no choice but to sit next to my husband even though there was space between us, a bit of space to avoid touching. We were both asked to say our side of the story and Kgabo went first, everything he had to say was Pitsi this and Pitsi that and nothing about Mommy dearest. He spoke his side of the story starting from the event of yesterday forgetting that his mother beat me up a week ago. And when it was my turn I did the same too and highlighted the fact that finding out about the house did hurt me, I also didn't hide the fact that his mother is always involved.

"Pitsi, what do you think of what your husband just said?" MmaMoruti asked me. I hate going first when it comes to our fights.

"It's as if he is accusing me of being selfish and I am only trying to build our family, we need the house." I answered.

"I know that my love and I am sorry." Kgabo said to me. I didn't actually expect him to speak directly to me as I wasn't talking to him.

"I don't want to go back Kgabo."

"But baby we can't stay in that shack."

"And the backroom is not ideal for me too Kgabo."

"Okay, you two. We might have a solution for you." Moruti said and his wife added,

"Yes we do, Kgabo your happiness should come first and for that to happen Pitsi has to be happy too."

"Yes, a happy wife makes a happy home." Moruti said and winked at Kgabo who smiled in agreement as he nodded his head.

"So, how are you going to help us?" Kgabo asked.

"As you know that our daughter just build her house gona mo gae and she is married, we spoke to her after Pitsi left yesterday and she says you can stay there for as long as you want." MmaMoruti said.

"We can move in anytime?" I asked with excitement. This was good news, I am happy I decided to do what I did.

"Kgabo are you okay?" Moruti asked Kgabo. I looked at him and he wasn't as happy as I was.

"This is a big decision and I just can't jump at. I just don't think I need handouts. No, I am sorry." he said then stood up and left. Moruti ran after him as MmaMoruti and me sat there surprised.

I swear Kgabo doesn't want to move out of her mother's house, this is a good opportunity for us to start on our family and concentrate on us.

We decided to go check on them outside and Kgabo had gone and even left me. Moruti said Kgabo didn't want to talk to him, he just got into his car and drove off.

I know he is thinking about his stupid pride but the house is way better than staying in that backroom behind his mother's house. He is a business man who can afford any house but chose to stay there, he needs a house of his own.

I had no choice but to walk back to the shack but luckily I got a lift from my neighbor. A lady who's in her thirties and recently lost her husband. She was still in mourning wearing all black, she was beautiful and elegant, even when she spoke she oozed beauty. She asked me if everything was fine and she offered to help me with anything I wanted if I need any help. She was so nice, she introduced herself as Lerato. I have seen her busy in her garden a few times I was here, even the day Kgabo brought me and Kamo to surprise us with the shack I saw her. Just like me and Kgabo they had just moved into their newly build house, ja ours is still a long way there and then her husband passed away. I did go to the funeral, she is my neighbor mos.

She dropped me off at my gate and she went to her house. I was hungry and needed a bath. I called Reba, she sounded sleepy when she answered the phone and she wasn't mad at me for what Kgabo did, actually she found the whole thing funny. I called her to ask if Mom and Dad were home and when she said they were

not there I rushed there as soon as we hang up and took a nice but short bath. I forced Reba to wake up and cook for us, she swore at me before she did. I was just glad she agreed to cook. After eating and telling her what happened after she left I wanted to go back my shack with her, I wasn't going to sleep alone in that shack.

She made me buy bunny chow for her and some snacks. Her reason for buying all that was that my shack is boring since we can't watch TV or play music.

Around 5pm there was a soft knock at there, I went to open, it was Kgabo. When Reba saw him she jumped off the bed spilling her Simba chips on the bed.

"Relax, I won't kick you out again." Kgabo said to her as he laughed. "Pitsi, can we take a walk?" he asked me offering me his hand. I took his hand and we walked out into the street. We saw my neighbor that gave me a lift earlier, she waved at us and we waved back as we passed.

"Mogatsaka." Kgabo started, I looked at him. "I thought hard about the house offer."

"Can I say something first?"

"Okay."

"I didn't mean to go behind your back and from now on I will do as you want even if it means going back to your mother's house."

"Really?" he asked me sounding shocked. I said yes even though I was kicking myself inside, I will never go back there. "Okay we don't have to go back, I have decided to accept the offer."

"Oh thank you Kgabo." I said jumping to hug him. I will never stop thanking him for this. "Wait, did you talk to your mom?"

"No, she is still at the wedding.

I spoke to my dad and Moruti, they both agree. And Jonas is on his way with his guys to move our things."

Eish we might have a problem right there but we will cross that bridge when we get to it, for now I am just going to love my husband for taking this big brave step.

We went back to the shack and I started packing again. I hate moving but today I am liking it. Reba helped and when we got to the house MmaMoruti was waiting for me with her old curtains. We hang them as the bits of furniture that we had was moved in, at the shack it looked like I had too many but now in this 2 bedroom house we surely need more.

Around 7pm we were done and everyone had left. The kitchen was fully furnished with a fridge and a built-in stove. I am so ready to cook and bake, too bad we don't have groceries yet. I took a quick bath as Kgabo had gone out to buy us takeaways and when he came back we ate sharing our only couch. He said that I could pick the furniture in the house, he'll pay. He seemed excited now about the house, he was never excited like this about our own house but maybe this will encourage him.

We finished eating and when he was about to go take a bath someone knocked hard on the door, he went to open...

"Mma?" I heard him say. I got up and there she was...

"Ngwana wa moloi! You think you've won?" she spat out and Kgabo just stood there not defending me. "Kgabo, are you going to let her control you like this?"

She asked Kgabo who is so scared of his mother that instead of telling her where to get off he dragged his eyes on the ground.

Stupid man!!!

Chapter 9>>>

If I could I would slap Kgabo out of the spell his mother has him under, he was acting like a schoolboy who was being naughty and was send to the principal's office. He really looked terrified of his own mother, I even wanted to stand up for him and tell his mother to leave us alone but that would upset Kgabo and push him further into his mother's arms, it's not like I want them to hate it other, I just want Kgabo to be a grown man, if his mother would let him. The only thing she ever let her son do was marry me, surprise, but that happened after months and months of begging and me trying to prove myself over and over again, at the end she agreed but that was because of Kamogelo. The love she has for my son it's the same as the one she had for her own son that some times it even scares me because it's as if she's turning him too against me. Kamogelo doesn't want to spend time with me unless I promise him something and every time I am with him he mentions his grandmother more than anyone else.

There she was, my famous mother-in-law standing in the middle of my kitchen in tears demanding to know why her 30 year old married son moved out of the backroom she stashed him with his wife. Just imagine that...

"Mma, it's late, we will come home tomorrow and talk about this." I said since Kgabo wasn't prepared to open his mouth. It's really been a long day.

"I'd prefer for you to shut your mouth and let me talk to my son." she said as she beats her chest to prove that Kgabo is hers.

I raised my hands in surrender mode and went to the bedroom. I don't want to fight or be caught in the middle. When I got to the bedroom I wanted to eaves drop but decided to sit on the bed and wait to see what Kgabo will do next, I just hope he walks through that door and tells me we are keeping the house. I want him to stand up to his mother and be a man, a husband that fights for his wife for that matter. I know his mother probably thinks I am the mastermind behind this whole thing, okay, I am but I won't admit that even if she asks me. I am the one that started by moving to the shack and now Kgabo is fighting with his mother because of that .

I could hear her shouting at him as she was loud, it sounded like she was the only one talking, the only time I think Kgabo was talking was when it was quiet. I sat on the bed for hours and even fell asleep while they were still at it.

When I woke up I was alone in bed and it was now quiet, I kicked off the bed sheets and ran to look for Kgabo. I was so sure he had left with his mom but he was sitting on the couch and holding a beer can. He looked like he was miles away, I went to sit next to him.

"Hey," I softly said to him. He smiled at me, "How did it go?"

"Pitsi, I love my Mom." he said and I swallowed hard hoping to take the jealousy down with my saliva. "And I love you too."

"I love you too Kgabo but if you want to go back home you can go, you can love us both but you can't serve us at the same time."

"I don't want to go home, I don't want to hurt my mom either. I just don't know what to do."

I pulled him to me and gave him a hug.

"I like the idea of staying here with you, I can't wait to come home to you everyday."

"I think you are forgetting that I am starting work soon." I reminded him.

"Pitsi it has to be office hours, no overtime, you are a married woman." he said with a straight face.

He wasn't being fair though, his business keeps him on the road and away from me all the time. Kgabo can be out of the province 3 to 4 times a month and I never complain, I am also going to run a business and I am going to need to interact with people from different places and go places too for inspiration and research. I know Limpopo is very colorful but I do need to learn more about fashion out of the province and country to reach out and broaden my brand. I will let things slide for now and when the time comes I will bring it up.

Well the thing is I do love this side of my husband when he's trying to be the commander and in charge, I like a tough man and I don't think I would mind if he took that further to the bedroom. Kgabo is a softie who handles me like I am about to break every time we make love, it has become too boring for me.

I got up from the couch and tried to pull him up.

"Where are we going now?" he asked me pulling me back.

"To bed."

"Nah, I like the couch." he said burying his lips on my neck making me scream with excitement.

Kgabo loves having sex on the bed more than anything, for him sex outside the bedroom doesn't seem real. Even when we were still dating he'd sneak me inside

his mother's house to his bedroom. Tonight I let him make love to me on the couch because it seems like that's something he wanted and I had longed for that to happen, as always it was the same, the couch didn't make any difference, except he carried me to bed after. And that was the last round we had, he didn't touch me again.

Tomorrow morning before my meeting with Thabiso, I had to use Kgabo's bakkie to go get petrol for my car. I left him sleeping but I did wake him up to ask for his car keys. I always forget to fill up my car until it's empty that Kgabo some times even buys me 5 liters of petrol, he knows but not this time, hence why I am driving his bakkie early in the morning. His bakkie is always a mess inside, papers everywhere, equipments I don't even know also everywhere, its a mess shem.

I bought bread and a some other things on my way back. I only bought 5 liters of petrol, will fill up again on my way to town. Pule kept on calling me, he was more nervous than I was, I wasn't even bothered. I have plan B if Thabiso decides not to work with me anymore.

I got off the car and as my legs hit the ground something followed me and landed on the ground.

An open pocket of Maxi strawberry flavored condoms. I laughed as I picked them up but then realised that Kgabo and I don't use condoms since I have been on the pill. Is he cheating on me? Was the first thing that came into my mind but he wouldn't cheat on me, he loves me and we have a beautiful son together. He wouldn't throw that away and he hasn't shown any signs of cheating, he goes away on business trips and when he's home he doesn't go out much. He doesn't take secret calls for heaven's sake...

But that thing in the back of my mind was bugging me, that "what if"...

I ran inside the house to look for him, he was in the kitchen waiting for the water to boil as he leaned on the kitchen counter,

"Kgabo, are you cheating on me?" I asked him and for a moment he looked a bit puzzled, "I found this in your car." I said throwing him with the pack of condoms. He caught them and examined them.

"You found this in my car?"

"Answer me, don't even think of playing games with me I know they are yours."

He laughed as he walked around the small kitchen,

"Of course they are mine." he said still laughing.

"How dare you Kgabo, how dare you?" I said crying and attacking him with my fists.

"Stop it!" he commanded holding both my hands. "Baby, I go on business trips all the time and I miss you when you are not there with me."

"So, the best thing to do is cheat?" I asked crying.

"I would never do that to you."

"What are you doing with condoms then?"

"I masturbate with them!"

Ka nnete???

Chapter 10>>>

"How?" I asked him finding it hard to imagine Kgabo busy with himself with his pants on his ankles. I once suggested it to him while he was away on business and had called to tell me how much he missed. He refused and told me he would never do that, he sounded serious and disappointed that I would even suggest something like that to him. I am not one to come up with crazy things even though sometimes I wish Kgabo and I experimented a bit, none the less my crazy sister suggested I send him a naked picture of myself via whatsapp that same night. I did, he never replied, even after 2 blue ticks and a recent last seen. Even when he came home he never brought it up and I did the same too.

"I'm joking." he said laughing. "The condoms probably belongs to one of my guys, you know I am not the only one who uses the bakkie."

He laughed at me. He is right but if the condoms are not his I expect him to be angry with the people he works with, Kgabo wouldn't want people disrespecting him like that. He went around the kitchen making coffee for himself as if nothing just happened.

He is trying to confuse me by playing games with me, I don't know what to think but I trust my husband, I really, really do. I should stop putting this ideas into my head and put my focus on today. I have a big day ahead of myself and it's still too early to be ruining it with nonsense. I looked at him to see any sign that might tell me otherwise but he gave nothing away. I left him with his coffee and went to the bathroom and took a quick bath. I threw on a loose dress and sandals. I had planned on doing my hair today, just a quick fix but I am running late, maybe a wig but I felt too lazy to even stare at myself in the mirror. Though I had to because of the wig, I won't even bother with makeup but a bit of perfume won't hurt.

When I left Kgabo was clearing things out of the bakkie, hell yeah it does need a bit of cleaning. I wanted to forget about the condom thing and believe that Kgabo is an honest man. I gave him a kiss before I left, I want to be the only woman my husband thinks about but I never do anything to wow him. I want that one special thing that will make him think about me even when I am not there with him. We

love each other but we are losing that spark in our relationship, intimacy. I don't want to be that woman that doesn't have sex with her husband even though we sleep in the same bedroom and share a bed. I can't...

I thought a lot about this as I drove to my meeting with Thabiso, he said he's renting a house in Seshego where we can work and he is also staying there. He gave me the address and since I am already late they kept on calling me to ask how far I was, not good for my first meeting.

Eventually, I arrived. Pule was there to help me with my stuff for my presentation, everything was so messed up that I wish I could just go home and hide. I don't want to mess up in front of someone like Thabiso, he's good at what he does. Pule tried to calm me down and warn me not to even think about quitting. I won't, I am just a mess.

We found Thabiso alone in the house. Damn the guy is good looking, he was sitting on a couch drinking from a cup wearing Blue Jeans and a white shirt. Between him and Pule I was the worst dressed among them. Pule is always a fashion hit.

When he saw us he put his cup on the floor and stood up with a smile flashing us his white teeth.

"They say good things are worth waiting for. Thabiso Mabena." he said extending his hand at me. He's quite nice, I thought as I shook his warm hand.

We didn't waste anymore time as we got straight into business, I showed him my designs and he already knew my style and could also tell that I used a lot of red and red is probably my favorite color. The way he spoke about my work it was like he has known me for years, he pointed every little detail about my work and the way I put everything together at some point I even thought Pule had hinted something to him but my dear friend here doesn't know that much about me.

He showed me what he expected of me, he was hoping to get someone to be on the traditional side of designing, especially for weddings since he didn't have anyone who took care of that part. I was glad to be part of the team and happy he thought

of me. I had a few sketches of traditional outfits, I might have been late but I came prepared. I showed them to him and we immediately started comparing fabrics and sharing more ideas. We were deep into our work but I couldn't help noticing that he kept fondling with his wedding ring, it was as if it was itchy or something. Pule took in everything Thabiso said, it was clear he was lusting after him, too bad Thabiso saw him as just a business partner even though I could see Pule was determined to get Thabiso's attention. I think Thabiso could also see that but chose to brush him off.

We worked till lunch, Pule decided to get us lunch after we made an order at a local restaurant that sells African food. Thabiso and I continued working but I think at some point he stopped and I caught him staring at me.

"What's wrong?" I asked him feeling uneasy, I had caught him eyeing me several times and I have to admit it made me feel uncomfortable.

"I'm looking at your dress." he said.

"What about it?"

"It's too loose, I feel like you are hiding something inside it." he said. I felt like he was trying to undress me but something snapped in me and told me he is a designer he probably sees me as someone he could dress in one of his designer clothes.

"I like it like this and besides I don't have a problem with my style."

He smiled at me.

"I love plain Janes too. A woman who is not aware of her beauty and doesn't take much effort to look sexy is such a turn on for me.

No one has ever referred to me as sexy and it made me want to smile at the way he was complimenting me, not even my husband has given me that kind of compliment. He does say I am beautiful once in a while but that's when he wants something from me. I shouldn't let this go to my head, I am a married woman and respects my husband. I also know the kind of man Thabiso is, he might be a smooth talker, a handsome one but he is just a business partner and not anything else.

"I don't get why people can put together designs like you do but mess up their own wardrobe." he spoke looking at my dress, already I feel naked and I don't want to continue with this conversation anymore.

"In case you missed it I said I love my look." I harshly said biting back sharp words that were only on the tip of my tongue.

"I love to dress woman like you, create new style for them. Make you fall in love with yourself all over again. Why don't you let me fix that dress for you?" he asked me bringing his brown eyes to my face meeting my gaze. He's confusing me, one minute it feels like he's flirting with me and the next he's talking to me like an image consultant. Maybe I miss the flirty talk from my husband to a point where I mistake other people's husband opinions about clothes for that, Thabiso is too hot to be flirting with someone like me. He called me a plain Jane!

I decided to shut my mouth and not say a thing, I might say something that would make him think otherwise of me since I don't understand what he is on about.

Pule send me an SMS, it took my focus away from Thabiso. I read the message,

'Friend, I want you to leave early today. Make an excuse about hubby or something, I want to deal with Thabiso alone.'

That would be my pleasure except I can't let Pule embarrass himself, Thabiso doesn't want him! Maybe I am jealous, how do I know what's in his mind. I replied to his message,

'Sure friend.'

Thabiso looked busy with his pencil. I took some time to stare at him, he really had good features that could put most men to shame and make women wet their panties. As his hand went back and forth I could see the muscles going up his arms stretching and tightening, he was really worth watching...

"You are staring." he said making me shamelessly look away as I stupidly tried to find something to look at.

Where the heck is Pule? He has to come back before I put myself deeper into things I don't know. I have never had this problem before, Kgabo is the only man I know and it should stay like that because he's my husband. Why am I even justifying myself to myself as if I am guilty of something, I was just looking at a man. Is that a crime?

Oh shoot me!

Finally Pule came back before I could even answer Thabiso. I was going to deny looking at him, there was no other way.

"Yoh, can you believe the woman forgot about our order? I had to wait on a queue and make another order." he spoke handing us our food. The food smelled good but I had lost my appetite.

"Well, you didn't miss much here and thanks for the food." Thabiso said to Pule with a smile. Pule took that as a hint and went to sit with Thabiso.

Suddenly Thabiso seemed interested in Pule as they shamelessly started flirting right in front of me.

"I'll eat this at home, I should leave." I said packing my things. Pule excitedly looked at me while Thabiso just stared at me, part of me wanted him to stop me but it looked like he didn't care.

I exchanged hugs with Pule and before I left Thabiso gave me something,

"Take a look at this and tell me what you think of it tomorrow." he had said, I didn't look at. I just stashed it under my arm and went for the door. I walked out of there as fast as I could.

I got into my car and placed a hand on my forehead, I didn't have a fever or a headache. And my heart rate seemed normal, then what is wrong with me? I don't feel so good. Maybe I just have to get home and make love to my husband, I just want to be reminded what it's like to be loved by Kgabo. Let me call him but first I drove to the petrol station to fill up my car then went through my handbag to search for my phone. I had a message,

Thabiso...

'I love your shyness.'

I quickly locked my phone, another one...

'Did you see my sketches?'

I looked at them, the ones he gave me before I left. It was of 2 tight fitting dresses, both red but different designs. He did this the time I was staring at him, there is no doubt.

A third message from him...

"They would look good on you and even show out those curves you are hiding."

Gosh is he flirting with me or what?

Maybe he is only suggesting that I change my wardrobe.

I changed directions.

I am going to town for some shopping...

But why am I letting another man make me want to change my image? Kgabo loves me just the way I am mos...

Chapter 11>>>

I know I have a boring fashion sense where I can't even put together a single outfit for myself and probably don't even have one either. I used to take care of myself, this whole thing started changing as soon as I started getting comfortable in my marriage and the fact that Kgabo never complained or made any suggestions just made it worse. I stopped going out and didn't think it was necessary for me to do my nails or my hair then followed my clothes, I started liking bulgy things as they seemed more comfortable. I got so comfortable in them that I stopped shopping as I also found comfort in my husband's clothes, I can even go to town in one of his shirts if I am in a hurry and going through my wardrobe is a hustle. I found it sexy

to stroll around the room in his shirts and thought he loved it too, he's never said so though.

Now I have met this designer/image consultant hot guy suddenly I want to change. He called me Plain Jane, I can't really get over that. I don't even know how to fix myself, I am a designer, I can spot a good outfit and design anything I can come up with but unfortunately I can't do anything for myself, nothing. As for makeup, I don't even own a lipstick, even if I have one stashed somewhere it has probably expired if it has an expiry date. My old clothes don't fit anymore, not all of them though, I can still squeeze myself in a few skinny jeans but eish tight things are not doing it for me anymore. I could let Thabiso change my wardrobe but that seems like getting him invade my comfort zone. I don't even think I have the confidence to pull up that kind of a look, my floppy sandals and oversize dresses are doing it for me. I am comfortable just the way I am.

You know what, let me just go home and go cook for my husband or we will share my take away. Going home means I also have to be reminded about that pack of condoms, I meant it when I said I trust my husband even though now he has planted a new seed of doubt in my mind. As much as I have become comfortable in my marriage I feel like Kgabo has the same thing, he has become this lazy man when it comes to sex I don't think there is a woman who would want to be with that kind of a man. He is too preoccupied with his job that the only thing arousing to him is money, such a person wouldn't get time to cheat. He has never given me a reason to doubt his loyalty to me and so why should I be thinking about Thabiso Mabena? The guy is an arrogant bastard who thinks he can get away with anything, I heard a lot about him and I won't fall for him if that's what he thinks. Poor guy, he hasn't even made a move on me but anyway I am just being cautious and avoiding trouble.

So yes I drove straight home.

When I got home Kgabo's bakkie looked spotless as it was parked next to his Q7 close to the house. I see he'd gone home and got it but where is the other car? The one that I pretend not to see that it was actually bought for his sister who is married but always home with her mother? Yes, some times I act blind and act like I don't see what's going on around me. Kgabo bought me my small car and the whole

thing just send my mother-in-law in a fit of jealousy, she made Kgabo buy the sedan, we drove it on some kind of timetable until we eventually lost it to my sister-in-law.

I expected Kgabo to be home but the house was empty when I went in, I instantly got bored. I was hoping for a bit of fun with my husband, I need his loving more than anything right now. I want him to erase everything that reminds me of Thabiso, I don't even want to imagine him when I close my eyes. All I want is for Kgabo's everything in me.

He had left me catalogues of furniture for the house on the kitchen counter, I should have taken them with me this morning since yesterday I agreed to go shopping for a few things for the house. No wonder I had a mind of shopping, Kgabo is going to kill me!

I took the catalogues and went to sit on the couch, I tried so hard battling not to think about what Thabiso has said. Well, it was more about him than the things he said. I was fine viewing him from a distance as a colleague or a business partner until he started calling me Plain Jane, that hurts so bad that I want to prove him wrong. I might look that innocent but I can be a badass too, ask my mother-in-law if you don't believe me.

Kgabo came home, he said he came to get the bakkie. He didn't look like he was in a hurry to go so I took the opportunity and tried to playfully get his attention, he is the boss and there is nothing stopping him from taking as much time as he needs away from his job plus his workers are capable of looking after things.

"Eish, Pitsi I am tired and sweaty."

"So what? Just a quickie tuu." I begged the man I have been married to for 3 years. I don't think we are at a stage where I have to beg my husband for sex, one touch should be enough to send those waves through his body. And at this moment I was ready, I had my hands on his neck ready to rip his shirt off.

"What is wrong with you?" he said pushing me away. I know my behavior was a bit odd for Kgabo but there was nothing wrong in what I was doing. I'm just tired of the old boring sex we always have, it last 3 minutes and no foreplay. I should be able to talk to him and tell him my fantasies but instead we always have sex like we are running a marathon, it always feels a quickie to me.

"Kgabo, I want you. Can't you see that?" I pointed out the obvious.

"You are acting weird." he said looking at me like he was trying to figure something out about me. If he was good with that he would notice the thirst in my eyes.

"I just want my husband, that's all."

"Not now, maybe later."

That's final.

I gave up and went to sit down.

"Pitsi?" he said sitting next to me. "Did something happen today? How did it go?"

"Everything is fine Kgabo." I said and went through the catalogues. Sometimes, I just don't know why I bother.

"Okay, I have to get back to work. I will see you later." he said with a worried look on his face, if he was really that worried he would give me what I want, sex. I am

not horny, I just want Kgabo. I am yearning for my husband's love, attention and everything a husband has to offer.

He left me sitting on my own on the couch, I feel like Kgabo is going through something that disconnect him from me. Maybe he's suffering from some medical problem, he's just 30 and has a very strong erection that has never failed him. Maybe I should contact google or does Sis Dolly still give advice? I need some expertise on sex.

Thinking too much let me to falling asleep on the couch, I might had a short day at work but it was busy as hell and Kgabo is really frustrating me.

It was a very hot day, while sleeping I felt a bit cool as if someone was sprinkling me with cold water. I slowly opened my eyes and that was true...

There was someone in my house looking like a tradition healer with skins and everything holding something that look like an animal's tail. He was dipping it into a bucket and throwing the smelling liquid everywhere in the house.

He wasn't alone...

He was with my mother-in-law!!!

Now she is a witch???

She enters my house without knocking and brings witch doctors with her to do what, destroy my marriage?

It was unbelievable how they carried on as if I wasn't there, I was standing and looking at them with shock. The woman has gone too far now.

"Make sure you don't clean this house for an entire week." the traditional healer said to me.

I could not believe what was happening, my mother-in-law is a Christian, now what the heck is she doing with this man?

"I don't think I have to introduce you, I am sure you are familiar with his type, he is here to find out what you have done to my son." she said moving my couch and spreading a blanket on the floor. "Take off your shoes and sit." she ordered me as she sat down.

I just stood looking at the traditional healer who was preparing himself in front of my mother-in-law. To say I wasn't shocked would be a lie, in all my life I have never seen this. This woman reads the Bible every single day, spend hours at church and now...

"Batho ke lena get the heck out of my house!" I shouted at them pointing at the door. I had to say something, I don't even care who I am talking to, I am being disrespected here.

"Sit down and stop behaving like the little witch that you are."

I could boil water right now and pour them to get them out of my house, I won't be bullied in my own house. This is not the little room she had stashed me and Kgabo in.

"What the hell...??? Mma???" Kgabo said coming in behind me.

"Kgabo ngwanaka, we are here for the truth. I want to know what she has given you to walk out on us at home." my mother-in-law said with tears running down her cheeks. Is she acting?

"What makes you think I did anything to Kgabo?" I asked.

"I don't know but let's find out." she said motioning at us to sit down with her. I don't trust this woman and I shouldn't even trust the scary man with her, she could have bought him to lie about me. She looked very confident and so sure that her ngaka is going to point something out.

"Kgabo, tell them to leave." I said to my husband knowing too well he would never take my side where his mother is concerned.

"Let's just do this Pitsi." he said taking his shoes off and joining his mother.

"Why Kgabo?" I asked. You should have seen the excitement through those fake tears on my mother-in-law's face.

"What do you mean why, do you have something to hide?" my husband stared back at me.

Really? Me? I would never go to such an extent of trying to bewitch Kgabo into loving me or anything like that. What we have is pure love and he knows it. If this woman knew who convinced her son to come to this house then she wouldn't be here. I was prepared to stay here on my own.

But still nothing hurts more than knowing that my husband doesn't trust me, if he did he would send his mother packing. I know he doesn't believe in these things, otherwise we would have consulted a long time ago with our problems. If I don't do this I will look guilty and even if I do this this fake ngaka will point out things that are not there.

I had no choice but to join them, I took my sandals off and sat next to Kgabo. The traditional healer asked my mother-in-law to say exactly what she wanted to know about me.

"I want to know if she is hiding any secrets from us, anything." she answered.

Me, secrets? I don't remember hiding anything from Kgabo. I have been nothing but honest in my marriage.

I was told to blow into a sack, I did. Kgabo and his mom followed.

The bones were thrown out, the ngaka stared for a very long time at the bones.

"And what do you see? I can see the expression on your face. Tell us what this witch has done." my mother-in-law said so adamant that I had really had secrets.

"I don't see anything with your daughter-in-law." the man who could read bones finally said.

"Bathong, throw them again." my mother-in-law pushed.

"I doubt they will show anything, in fact everything points at you. You are the one with a big secret that would destroy your relationship with your son if it comes out." he said pointing at one particular bone.

My mother-in-law sprung up and went back down again gathering the bones and throwing them at the man she invited into my house. The poor man tried to tell her not to touch his stuff but she was so mad to even listen. I did not expect that kind of bone reading and I have to wonder what she is hiding.

"Get out, get out." she yelled at the top of her voice. She even pushed him out the door.

Kgabo and I stood watching her, my ancestors and God proved that I had nothing to hide. I was so scared that she'd bought the man to come lie about me, kganthe he was here to point out the real truth.

As soon as the man had left she closed the door behind him and went,

"The nerve of that man."

"What are you hiding Mma?" Kgabo asked his mother.

"Don't tell me you believe that dirty old man."

"You brought him here."

"Kgabo I am your mother, what do you think I would hide from you?"

"Tell me the secret or leave my house and never come back."

"Kgabo there is no secret ngwanaka."

"Get out!" Kgabo said pointing at the door for his mother.

This is a miracle, Kgabo standing up to his mother...

The anger in his voice and the way his muscles were tightening, I have never seen my husband like this...

His mother didn't even argue, she went straight to the door and walked out.

"I don't believe this." Kgabo said with his hands on his head.

"Me too." I said back.

He looked at me with shame in his eyes, he had thought I was hiding something from him...after 3 years of marriage...???

"Baby, I am sorry."

"It doesn't matter Kgabo, now I know what you think of me and please go get my son." I said and went to lock myself in the bedroom...

Chapter 12>>>>

I sat on the bed and cried as my husband begged me to open the door for him. He is not sharing a bed with me tonight and it's not like I am punishing him since there isn't much action in the bedroom between us. The side of him makes me sick, I want him to learn never to take his mother's side again. He had disappointed me before by doing that, several times but this was the last straw. What kind of marriage do we have if he thinks I would ever use muti on him, I have cooked for his entire family for years, almost every day and if I had a hold of that muti wouldn't I have used it on his mother? I don't like her either but muti was the last thing I would ever think of to protect my marriage. I saw the doubt in Kgabo's eyes when he looked at me, that hurts more than his mother thinking I am a witch, I don't care what that woman thinks of me, she had thought the worst of me the minute I walked into her house. I remember her telling Kgabo that he will regret marrying me and I was even the wrong choice for him, she had an idea of the kind

of woman his son should bring home. Yes, Mary. I will tell you a bit about her, a yellow bone from a respectable family around here, I didn't go into too much details about her looks because she is just that, a yellow bone, she is tall just like me, Kgabo likes them tall of course. She is a school teacher and "apparently" has a daughter with Kgabo. She and I had thrown each other with a few warm claps over Kgabo several times, she had thought that she was Kgabo's main chick because she was friends with his sisters and buddies with his mom until Kgabo decided I was the one he wanted to be with. My husband had always denied fathering a child with Mary or ever dating her. He's refusing because of Mary's reputation of being a slut that had slept with more men my fingers and toes can count and my mother-in-law doesn't know that because Mary is a not just a primary school teacher but a Sunday school teacher too and the choir conductor, I tell you whores like her can sing at churches and present themselves as good people to those they want to impress. She was Kgabo's girlfriend before me until Kgabo saw me, fell in love with me and spat her like over chewed gum. Even though Kgabo denies dating her I know the truth.

During the day I had worked while drinking too much coffee to help me keep up with Thabiso, I am used to sleeping during the day and now I have to rely on energy drinks and coffee not to fall asleep. Now my bladder wants to be emptied and I wanted Kgabo to sleep on the couch without any blanket. If I open the door he'll come running to me. Wish this bedroom had it's own bathroom. I couldn't hold myself anymore, I was so pressed. Kgabo was now tired of knocking, he was quite.

I unlocked the door to open it to find him lying on the floor on the passage.

"Pitsi mogatsaka." he said trying to get up but quickly dodged my leg as I walk over him. He followed me to the toilet, I shut the door in his face and did my business. After I went to the bedroom and found him sitting on the bed...

"Kgabo, get out!" I said to him.

"I'm sorry Pitsi, can we talk?"

"About what? You want to tell me how sorry you are about doubting me? Kgabo you hurt me."

"I feel terrible right now, I don't even know what to do. Please tell me what to do to make this go away love, please!" Kgabo said on his knees.

"There's nothing you can do just get up."

"Pitsi please." he begged me with his eyes watering. He feels bad, I can see that and I really want to forgive him but the pain is too much.

I went to get into bed and left him on his knees. Whether I forgive him or not he will go back to his mother and there will be a repeat of this, she will always find a way to cause a drift between us. I don't want Kgabo to hate his mother or write her off, she annoys me and she hates me but that will make things worse. Plus I don't want Kamo to stay with us now, things are going to get hectic unless we hire a nanny.

"Pitsi?"

"Just get into bed Kgabo." I snapped at him.

He jumped up from the floor and took his clothes off.

"Can I hold you?" he asked me.

That's never happened before, we share a bed but we sleep separately like we are afraid of touching each other. I said yes and he wrapped his arms around me, it felt nice to have him so close to me for a change.

"Why did you do it Kgabo?" I asked him.

I won't be able to sleep until I get to the bottom of this...

He went quite for a while before he answered me.

"My mom has always had my back, she has always taken my side and she made me promise never to let her down. I have lived all my life trying to impress her and, I promise you I will learn to shift all that to you." he said squeezing me. I don't know what happened when Kgabo was growing up but I know for sure he was very naughty, when Reba found out about us she tried to warn me about him.

In the morning I woke up to the fresh smell of coffee, my husband had woken up early in the morning to make me the only thing he can do, as far as I know. He even ran me a bath. He looked happy, normally when he was not on good terms with his mom he would be grumpy as hell. The way he was so happy you'd swear he got it all this morning, kante niks!

He had to go somewhere for some contract and I had to finish up and get ready too. Thabiso wanted some of my old designs that I have stashed in boxes somewhere so I had to look for them. There was a knock at the door while I was busy, I had wrapped myself in a towel as I ran to the door. I opened and it was Reba, she cheerfully looked at me wearing blue jeggins and a floral jacket, she looked good so early in the morning. I quickly pulled her inside the house and closed the door behind her.

"And then?" she asked as she tried to balance herself in her red high heels.

"Sesi, please give me your clothes." I begged her.

"What?" she laughed. You see my sister might be a party animal with 3 kids but she can put anything on her body and it will be a hit. She wears anything she wants, from mini skirts to African prints outfit, she always says it's about how you rock it. I am not a rock star like her and cannot do anything for myself. We both love designing even though she didn't study like I did, she can still do it like I do it but she is lazy. I did mention that our mother is a seamstress, neh?

"I need to impress my boss at work and I don't have anything to wear."

Did I just admit to impressing Thabiso Mabena? I can't do that, suddenly I felt stupid for trying to do that. I know I want to prove to him that I am not just a plain Jane but I really don't have the confidence to pull what Reba is wearing. I am used to my own clothes and style, however boring it may be.

"I'm sure we can find something in your closet if we look carefully." she said running to my bedroom. There is really nothing there better than what she was wearing but I don't want her clothes anymore.

I followed her and sat on the bed, I watched her going through my jeans. She picked a few and asked me to pick one as she looked for a top.

I tossed them to the side and pulled a black tight fit skirt.

"Okay, I like that. What are you going to pair it with?"

"I think I am late and need to get ready for work, get out, I know my own wardrobe thank you."

"Fine, I will be outside in my fashion police uniform." she said as she walked out.

The skirt is not that tight so I am going to need something loose to go with it and the only thing I could think of it's one of Kgabo's shirt, I have worn it before with

the skirt but I can't do that today. I have a few loose tops of my own, I pulled one of my oversize denim shirts and threw it on, brown sandals and a head wrap. I think Reba was talking to someone in the kitchen, I know she is in the kitchen because that's my sister favorite room in any house she walks in.

I went to the kitchen and the first thing my sister said when she saw me was,

"Pitsi, you can't be serious!"

I pretended not to have heard her as I shifted my focus to the girl she was with. Salome, the Pastor's second daughter, not the owner of the house.

"What are you doing here?" I excitedly asked Salome as we hugged.

"I decided to come visit, my husband is out of the country on some business trip and the kids are at boarding school." she answered me with a smile. I remember the old days when she used to sneak out of her house to go partying with Reba and the next day she would lie to her parents and say she was sleeping with me at home. Unlike my mother the Pastor and his wife believed in me and trusted every story their daughter span them as long as it involved me.

I have to admit even after 2 children just like my sister Salome looked beautiful and she hasn't lost her sense of fashion either. Both girls made me look like I just woke up even though I was the one who just came out of the bathroom and smelled of expensive perfume, perfume that didn't go together with my look.

Reba didn't give up on trying to change me, I was getting late for work and here I am worried about my look, something that has never bothered me before. I brushed her off and left her and Salome to lock up when they were done gossiping about me, I know that's what they will be doing as soon as I am out of side.

I got into my car and before I started the car I took my phone to send Thabiso a message. I had a message from Pule, I am sure he wants to know where I am. I read his message,

'I am sorry to drop you friend, I won't be working with you and Thabiso anymore. Wish you the best.'

Just like that Pule is dropping me, how does he expect me to carry on with Thabiso from here? And why would he even drop me?

I called him,

"Pule?" I said as he answered.

"Friend, I am so sorry."

"But why? What happened?"

"Thabiso is a pig friend, just like all men out there. He slept with me."

"Was it that bad?"

"Just go to work Pitsi, we will talk." he said then hang up and probably switched off his phone as it went to voicemail when I tried calling him back.

Why would Pule drop me even after getting what he wanted? That's the reason why he wanted to join forces with me in the first place. Ai, I wonder what really happened.

I decided not to call Thabiso anymore, o tla ipona. I drove to work and when I got there he was already busy. He looked at my clothes as though he was rearranging my outfit and when I looked at his I immediately felt worse and wished I had led Reba fix me. He was wearing black jeans and white shirt, I have loved a man who wears white even before I have met Kgabo and Thabiso just takes that to the next level. I don't know how I am going to work with just him today, there wasn't much to do though. All I had to do was finish what I had worked on yesterday and present it to him. I made 4 traditional outfits that I had made sketches of with him and today he wanted me design them and show it to him to see if my work is worth being showcased by him. I tried to avoid him as I worked but his stares where too much. His eyes moved with me the whole time and it was like he wanted me to see that he was staring. Surprisingly I wasn't bothered by the fact that he was staring, I kind of like it, he wouldn't stare if there was nothing amusing, right?

He was also busy with something and when he took a moment to concentrate on his work I also found myself staring at him. I had to remind myself several times that I shouldn't, I was building up something inside of me that scared me, I am a happily married woman to a good looking man! Clearly he should be enough for me not to stare at other man, especially a married bisexual man like Thabiso Mabena.

Around lunch time I showed him my work and he was impressed even though I wasn't. I needed a second opinion, maybe Pule's eyes, I trust his judgement but he is not here.

"Thabiso what did you do to Pule?" I asked him as he was still admiring my work.

"I gave him what he wanted." he simply answered me.

"What do you mean?"

"He was throwing himself at me so I gave him." he said shrugging his shoulders. It was as if he did it to get him off him, it's not as if he seriously wanted him, that is

who Thabiso is. He humiliated my friend, nothing ever let's Pule down but I guess no one wants to be dumped after sex.

"That's horrible."

"You'll have to admit, he was in the way." he said that in my ear making me jump up a bit at the shock that his vibrating voice send through me. I even trembled a bit. I moved away from him.

"I think we are done for the day, I would like to go to town and do some shopping." I said getting my handbag and cellphone.

"Wait." he said walking towards me licking his lips. I kind of froze a moment. He got to me and stood in front of me, I watched him unbuttoning a few buttons on my shirt at the bottom. I breathed in deeply as I watched his hands working on me... I mean my shirt...

He made a knot on my stomach, his flesh touched my bare tummy. He was warm and soft,

"There, now you look sexy." he said then stood back to look at me. I felt like I was on display for him, I didn't move, I let him hungrily watch me. I looked at his eyes and...

"I have to go." I said and turned around. My lips were dry as I met my image in the big mirror, the knot he made on my stomach had made my skirt look like a high waist that revealed my curves so nicely. I haven't felt the way I felt looking at my body in the mirror, I caught Thabiso looking at me with a smile. He had turned my boring outfit into something so sexy. I wanted to say thank you but that felt like I would be encouraging him or inviting him to my body.

"You should be on your way." he said to me. I felt like something was about to happen between us. He didn't move but I could feel the energy forcing him to come grab me and...

I hang on to my bag and breathed in heavily before dragging myself out of there.

I got to my car, this is going to be the worst job I ever took in my life. I am busy falling for a man that admitted straight to my face the shameful truth as to why he slept with my friend. I know I am not in love with him, I am only lusting after him. I can imagine those strong hands touching me, I had watched him tying the knot on my shirt, he was purposely working his hands to turn me on. Why can't my husband be like that?

I drove to town with the window wide open, the heat was too much for me I needed lots and lots of air to cool me down. I can't even tell Pule about this, he's expecting me to keep a safe distance from a man who played him. But I have to get details of what happened between him and Thabiso, I want to know how they ended up in his bed. Maybe the full details of their night will make me hate Thabiso and I would stop looking at him like he's a naked portrait of a sexy model. He is sexy though, those beautiful eyes and always wet lips down to his muscular body. If only I could see him naked and put my fingers on every curve and hump on his body...

Oh, dear Lord please forgive me for thinking about Thabiso.

Maybe I should open all the windows and let the air cool me off.

I really tried to get that man out of my mind while looking at furniture to buy, everything I saw in the store reminded me of him. I could see him sprawled out on the couches naked, on the beds, the arm chairs, I mean anything. At least I found the things I was looking for after hours of day dreaming about Thabiso.

I left town late and headed straight home. I hadn't realise how hungry I was until I got home, I was met by the aroma of my husband's favourite dish, chicken stew. I

was surprised because Kgabo can't cook or let me just say he never cooks except making coffee. He's really trying...

I opened the kitchen door which was slightly closed and as I was taking in the nice smell of the spices I was met by Salome standing in my kitchen in front of my stove, cooking my husband's favourite dish that I can't cook.

Kgabo was behind her holding a cup and laughing his head off...

"Hey Pitsi, right on time girl." Salome said with a smile.

1+1=???

Chapter 13>>>

Kgabo and Salome have been friends for years, even before I started dating Kgabo but with every friendship I guess there is a point where we draw a line. You should respect your friends marriage and their partner, you have to understand that there are things that you have to stop doing that you shamelessly did together in the past no matter how innocent. I have male friends too and I doubt it will make Kgabo happy to find me chilling and entertaining them in our own home. This might be a second home to Salome since it's her sister's house but that doesn't mean she can come and do as she pleases. I am not about to allow Kgabo to cheat right under my nose with a so called friend, I am not saying I will come between them and let them continue their friendship behind my back but again draw a line, that surely can't be hard.

You won't believe that she had even sat the table, 3 chairs. I looked at the new added pieces of furniture that wasn't there when I left for work this morning. She has made herself at home and even decide to take my role as the woman of the house.

"Oh, that's Mama's old furniture, I asked her if I could borrow it for you guys and she agreed." she said stirring into a pot. She saw me looking.

"I have already went furniture shopping and I am sure everything will be delivered tomorrow morning." I said to her hinting she takes her rubbish of wood back.

"Kgabo told me you are shopping for furniture and by the way askies I raided your kitchen, got bored at home and you know my mom loves cooking, she's already made supper." she said and she and Kgabo laughed as he agreed with her.

"I remember the meals we had in that house, she can cook better than my mom." he said.

"Don't let your mom hear you say that." she added and they laughed again.

My house, my husband but I felt so out of place like I was on a first time date with Kgabo and didn't know how to act in front of him and his ex. I'm trying to paint that kind of picture because that's how I felt.

"You know Salome I was thinking of cooking beef tonight." I said lying through my teeth. I don't think I would even thought of cooking because first of all we don't have grocery and cooking wasn't on my to do list.

"Well after you left I went to church to find Kgabo working and I asked him for the house keys, I did a little shopping for you guys. So Mrs Mothiba that's less worry for you." she said pointing at me with a spoon. Coming to my house and doing as you please is not a favour, it's total disrespect!

She is not even ashamed to tell me that she spent the day with my husband and even came to my house. The way I was so mad I even had thoughts of throwing the chicken stew at her, on her face, how dare she! I am the one who is suppose to cook for my husband and take care of my house, if all this was done by Reba I would understand, not some church mouse who is suppose to live by the black book. She has no shame, especially after the way she was brought. Well anyway, the good Pastor and his wife couldn't have brought their kind into this world. Something was bound to go wrong somewhere with their kids.

"Baby why don't you go freshen up so we can all eat." Kgabo said putting his hands on my waist. I was so mad I almost bit him. "And I don't like what you have done to your outfit, the look doesn't fit you." he said as I walked to the bathroom. I don't know what Salome was saying but she was also making a comment about my outfit. I didn't want to listen because I was going to shit in her face.

I walked to the bathroom and closed the door behind me, I wanted to be strong but how can I be strong if the only person who is suppose to be in my corner keeps on killing my self esteem bit by bit. If he is not taking someone's else's side he's making fun of me. In his life Kgabo has never said such thing to me, a bad comment about my look? I don't care where I am in my husband's eyes I could wear anything and I would look appealing, today in all days he says that to me. I felt sexy earlier, Thabiso's eyes said so. But anyway what does that Jackass Thabiso have to do with what's going on right now. I did not look in the mirror that's on the wall, I took my clothes off and let the water run in the bath. I got in and let my tears mix with the water as I pushed myself to the surface of the bathtub for a few seconds. I could hear them laughing and talking louder. The only thing that made me realise that I was crying was my sniffs, the more they laughed I got jealous and jealous. I have a crappy marriage and a crappy husband! I cried some more until Kgabo came knocking on the bathroom door to remind me that the food was getting cold. He opened the door and peeked in,

"Mosadi, the food is getting cold and Salome and I are waiting for you." he said.

"You can eat, I think I will just turn in. I don't feel so good." I said looking at him with my wet face. He wanted to argue with me but I bet he didn't want to do it in front of his mistress. He shut the door behind him with a loud bang.

I stayed in the water until it went cold and by that time they had finished eating. Salome came to say goodbye to me in the bedroom and Kgabo decided to drive her home.

Unbelievable he didn't take more than 10 minutes, he was already back, I expected him to spend a few minutes with her before coming back to me.

"Pitsi, I know you are not sleeping, get up." he angrily said to me. "I know there is nothing wrong with you, do you have a problem with Salome? She is our guest and you act like you don't like her. That was very childish!" he went on yapping about Salome this, Salome that. Yoh, Modimo nthuse, I am tired ka Nyalome, Nyalome. Who died and made her queen of skhebereshes? I won't bow down to her even if she cooks meals in my house or sucks my husband's dick, I won't be that "shem she doesn't know the woman she is friends with is sleeping with her man" woman. I won't let them make a joke of me in my house. As Kgabo went on and on about my rudeness I was cursing the woman and hoping her husband cheats on her with 10 ugly women. Ja ugly women will make her think she is one of them, ke gore ke tenegile.

Kgabo doesn't see the pain he's causing me, the last straw was the statement he made about my clothes in front of Salome. I know I am repeating this but I am really hurting.

I felt him getting in bed and touching me, no not like that, his bare skin was rubbing against my oversize 2015 20km Spar Marathon T-shirt. I moved to the far edge of the bed where I am used to sleeping but this time I pulled the covers with me.

"Pitsi?" he said.

I sat up on the bed,

"Kgabo do you know that I am hurting right now?" I asked unable to hold the tears, I guess my head had more water than I realised because it's flooding every time I think of my husband's treatment towards me.

"Why? You are the one who ill treated Salome."

"I don't care about Salome, don't even talk about her!" I shouted at him.

"Then what is the problem?" he asked me opening his hands.

"You Kgabo!"

"What did I do?"

"I want you to love me Kgabo."

"But..." I put a finger on his lips.

"Don't but me Kgabo, I don't like the way you spoke to me in front of Salome. I deserve respect Kgabo."

"I'm sorry."

"What was wrong with my outfit anyway?"

"Nothing, bona baby I just don't want you to be sad or feel like I am undermining you in front of our friends. I didn't think you'd mind because Salome has been our friends for a long time."

He said that before I could bring up the fact that I didn't like Salome being in my space and acting like she is owning. The way he said it stops me from bringing up issues that I have about that woman. If this continues I will have to take it up with her, if she is truly a friend she will back off. I know that bringing this up with my husband will only make him spin me the friendship story over and over again and we might probably end up not talking to each other.

"You know baby I don't want to see you hurt or angry, I love the happy Pitsi." he said finally touching me as he hugged me from the back.

"So tell me, would you ever cheat on me?" I asked him and he went,

"I'll be a fool to cheat on a good woman like you, baby I love you, believe that." He said to me as he kissed my neck. I smiled as I turned to face my husband.

In the morning Kgabo received a call from his sister telling him that Kamo is refusing to go to creche. Since Kgabo wasn't going anywhere today he decided to go and check on him as I got ready for work. I told him to call me as soon as he got there, I don't think Kamo would refuse to go to creche or anywhere, he's not stubborn. In fact he is as sweet as his father, he never wants to see anyone hurt or sad. I wonder what is really going on with him.

Kgabo did call when he got there to say there is nothing wrong with Kamo, all he wanted was pocket money. Imagine pocket money for creche!

I laughed as I finished getting ready and taking my bags to the car.

I was about to get into my car when I saw a car parking in front of the gate. It was Lerato and she was driving a different car today, not the one I know.

"Neighbor, le kae?" she said getting out of her car looking good in her mourning clothes. She knew how to rock black, even in mourning.

"Looking good so early in the morning?" I said not wanting to think about what I was wearing.

"Well, I am looking for your husband. Is he home?"

"No, what is this about?"

"Oh, I know he's not working today but I decided to come bring this to him to sign." she said waving a stack of papers at me. I still don't get why she would bring anything to my husband to sign. She saw my confusion, "I'm sorry, it's work, I am working for his office now."

"Oh, you are my replacement?"

"Kind of, maybe I should take them back with me. Anyway they are not urgent." she said and turned away. She got into her car and drove off. Just like that!

So I get replaced and my husband forgets to mention that my replacement is our neighbor! I have mentioned Lerato several times to him and so it never crossed his mind. I have just met the woman, I know, but she is not a total stranger. I called my husband immediately,

"Kgabo, why didn't you tell me that you hired Lerato as my replacement?" I said not even giving him the chance to answer his phone properly.

"Pitsi mara! Are you saying I should report everything I do at work to you now? She applied and got the job, nothing wrong with that, is there?" he sounded a bit annoyed.

"She's our neighbor Kgabo and my replacement!"

"Look, today I want to take things easy and I don't want to fight, especially over meaningless things. Just go to work and come straight home after that, I have something planned for us."

I felt stupid for confronting him about Lerato, I think I am slowly starting to see things that are not there. I should probably apologise to Salome for my behavior last night, I am starting to act all jealous and possessive over Kgabo. When did I start thinking like this? Matching my husband with every woman he knows, he had a life before me and a job that forces him to mix with different people, women included. Maybe it's my way of fighting what is building up between Thabiso and me, I feel guilty for even looking at another man and lusting after him.

I drove to work dreading seeing Thabiso, he's turning my world upside down and I have to admit a bit part of me was excited that I am going to see someone who is not afraid of complimenting me and correcting my wardrobe malfunction without hurting my feelings. Thabiso hasn't said much to me but I can tell he's slowly working himself towards me and I don't know what I will do the day he decides to tell me how he feels about me or if he starts by kissing me. Would I be able to resist his kisses?

I got to work and walked in, I found 4 young girls sitting and chatting on a couch next to where I work. Thabiso walked in holding a cup of tea, he likes his tea man.

Like always he was wearing on of his white shirt that compliments his yellowbone skin, he looks brighter every time I see him.

"Morning ladies." he said with a very bright smile. The girls just drooled over him as they greeted him back, he loved the attention, he went on sharing a few jokes with them. Stupid jokes but they laughed so hard as though he was Mashabela feeding them his rock the mother tongue jokes. I was so jealous I was ready to throw them out, since I signed a contract, Thabiso and I are partners and that means I am also contributing to the rent in this house.

"Can I introduce to you ladies, your boss, Mrs Mothiba." he said.

"You hired them without my consent?"

"This is what the project is about, recruiting youth and introducing them to the fashion world. Your business plan, remember? And I didn't hire them, your friend, Pule? He's still very much a part of this establishment."

I was angry and the painful truth is that my anger was accompanied by fear, I seriously don't know how I will be able to work with this girls knowing that I will have to share Thabiso's attention with them. Thabiso is a natural flirt, he flirts with everyone. Maybe he was only being nice to me all along and I mistook his kindness for that...

"One other thing, I have to go back to Pretoria. So I am going to leave everything in your capable hands." he said and turned around, I followed him. What does he mean he's going back to Pretoria? He can't leave me here alone to oversee things, I have just started and there is so much that needs resolving between us.

"Thabiso?" I said following him to the kitchen.

"Pitsi, I know you can do this."

"Thabiso please don't go." I softly said to him. He stood in silence just looking at me, the distance between us seems long and I wanted him closer to me. He stood holding his cup and his eyes fixed on me, they looked at me like they were made to look at me and only me.

"I am a married man, I have to be with my wife and I have a business to run."

For a moment I was drowning in lusting over someone else's husband that I forgot I have my own, I should let Thabiso go and use this opportunity to work on getting over him. I shouldn't be losing focus, I have plans that I need to fulfill, even though he is a part of them I need to work harder.

"Thanks for believing in me, I won't let you down." I said and turned around...

"Pitsi, wait."

I looked at him, he took something on the table that was wrapped in a brown paper, he handed it to me. I took it without talking to him and went back to the girls.

The girls...

They were a bunch of clueless young ladies that were eager to learn, I sat down with them the whole day discussing fashion with them. They listened, asked questions and came up with ideas as I put them on paper for them. I should have trusted Pule to get me the best, even though I had reserved a space for Reba. I have to get her to come work with me, she is good and could teach these girls a thing or two.

Thabiso joined us to see how far we were going, he didn't seem happy with the girls and gave them a few harsh words about the fashion industry. In a few hours he had gone from being the happy-flirty-guy to someone grumpy.

Around 3pm my husband called to tell me that our furniture has been delivered, the excitement was beyond words. I couldn't wait to go home and see it.

I left work around 5pm after saying goodbye to Thabiso. I made sure I did that with the girls around so I wouldn't lose myself again. He was still cold but I ignored him.

I drove to town and did a bit of grocery shopping for me and my husband, I shouldn't let the likes of Salome do that for us. Time wasn't on my side so I did everything in a hurry but the queues didn't agree with me. All the queues were long but I braved them and joined in. As I waited I thought I heard someone calling my name, I looked around but didn't see anyone I know but as I pushed my trolley forward there stood Lucky Mabotja looking dapper than ever.

"Pitsi, the girl that ran to mommy to rat on me." he said with a smile. He hasn't changed much, still tall and skinny, except now he looked a bit grown up.

I laughed as I remember how my mom grabbed me by my skinny little hand and marched me to his house after I went crying to her about a boy at school. I didn't see anything wrong with that, even though I was the joke at school the next day.

We laughed as we quickly talked about the past, Lucky has always been funny. He was 2 grades away from me at school but we all knew him as the class clown, but still it looks he didn't turn out to be Salesman. He helped me with my groceries to the car and before we parted ways he gave me his business card,

"Call me for a cup of tea sometimes." he said as he walked away. It was nice seeing him.

I drove home.

I got home around 8pm, the lights in the house were on and all Kgabo's cars were parked outside, meaning he was home. Gosh, he's going to kill me! He said he had plans for us and I came back home late.

I opened the door expecting the house to be full of furniture but it was as I left it this morning, except the table was set for 3 again just like last night. As I walked in Kgabo appeared from the passage.

"Hey, I am sorry I'm late."

"It's fine, you are here now."

He seemed calmer and excited, I wonder why.

"Where is the furniture?"

"At home, in our backroom. I think we should get it after we are done with our own house."

"Why there? You are not on good terms with your mom mos."

"She and I resolved things today and I was wondering if you don't mind her joining us for supper tonight."

He was asking me but wasn't really giving me a choice and I see now that the Kamo trick was to get him to come talk to his mother. And I bet it didn't take much convincing for him to forgive her.

"Oh, that's good news, as long as you both are good she can come over anytime." I said lying just to make my husband happy.

He kissed me on the lips and went to get her immediately. I will never understand my husband though, we bought furniture for this house not for our new house and now instead of it being delivered here it goes to his mother's house. I know this house is too small but we would have taken what we needed and took the others to the shack, plus I didn't really buy a lot of things, it's a bed for the other bedroom, dining room chairs and a table, 3 couches and a coffee table. Tell me how none of that wouldn't fit in here.

I took a quick bath and changed clothes, I didn't have to impress anyone so I didn't go to much trouble. I was just myself, I went to warm the food and put it on Salome's table.

When they came in I was sitting on the couch and watching TV. I stood up and looked at them, my mother-in-law walked in after Kgabo, she looked elegant as always.

"Pitsi ngwanaka," she said as she walked in to give me a hug. She has never been this warm towards me but I didn't ask any questions other than giving her a hug too. "I just want to say how sorry I am about everything, I want us to start over."

I do not trust her.

But I agreed with her as I led us to the table...

We all sat down and started serving ourselves, there were no awkward moments because my mother-in-law made jokes and we all laughed as though whatever happened between us before was nothing but a small hiccup. I had my eyes opened and continued acting like I was enjoying the moment, I know I cannot trust this woman and I shouldn't let my guard down.

"Kgabo, you said Pitsi was at work today so who cooked this delicious meal?"

"Salome helped me."

If you I thought I was wrong to think Salome cooking in my house was bad idea then you should have seen my mother-in-law's reaction as her fork dropped.

And her face changed...

Chapter 14>>>

Both Kgabo and I looked at the anger on his mother's face, she was boiling right in front of us as she looked at Salome's food as though she was staring into a plate of terror. I had also lost my appetite the minute I heard she was in my house again and so did my mother-in-law, by the looks of things. There is no doubt she won't touch the food anymore, I know this woman when she is angry, I have been at the receiving end several times. As for Salome she clearly doesn't know how to play her game, I have been on to her the minute she pressed the start button and her game better finish soon. Anyone can see that she is after my husband, and she is slowly warming her way into my husband's heart. I can't cook the kind of meals she cooks, in fact I can't be like her and burn for hours in the kitchen in front of the stove, worst part she is better than me with almost everything and that includes taking care of herself too. She is doing all the things I can't do including keeping my husband happy. I was hoping and praying that my mother-in-law sees what I see and fight with me if not for me but anyway I know she would never take my side, will only hope she hates Salome as much as I do.

"Mma, what's going on?" Kgabo asked his mother, thought he would realise that Salome was the problem.

"What do you think Kgabo? I have told you several times to stay away from that girl but you don't listen, now she is cooking in your house you don't even ask yourself how your wife feels about another woman cooking for her husband in her own house."

Well said mother-in-law!

That shook my husband a bit, well it had to because everything seemed fine to him, the fact that Salome did everything that was expected. He looked at me holding his fork as if waiting for me to tell him that his mother has completely lost her marbles. Just like his mother I didn't beat about the bushes, I didn't hide the pain that was there since I found Salome in my kitchen last night. I am not even going to pretend for his sake. He knew that his mother was right, she is never wrong in her son's eyes anyway. I am so glad she brought it up.

"Salome is just a friend, I didn't think Pitsi would mind." he said with a cool voice.

"I do mind Kgabo, your friendship should have boundaries."

"You see?" Kgabo's mother pointed out. Clearly this woman doesn't like Salome, she is not just doing this for our marriage but her own issues too. She is hiding whatever she has with Salome by acting like she cares about our marriage, I don't like snooping but I feel like with a little investigation I could dig up some dirt on that. But still I couldn't be careless what their issues are as long as she could help me get rid of Salome. I don't like competition, I never had even though I am in a very competitive industry myself but well I am good at what I do anyway.

Kgabo, my husband, he did what he knew best when he was cornered, he apologised and promised to speak to Salome, I know she will stop coming here but whatever they have been doing won't stop, they will continue with it behind my back. If his mother has warned him about her before but he still goes back to her,

what are the chances of him doing this for us if he couldn't do it for his mother?
Gape his mother is above all!

"Kgabo, I think you should invite her for breakfast tomorrow so we could both talk to her." I suggested and my mother-in-law was the first one to agree with me. I am loving this moment akere. Kgabo wanted to object but his mother's word is final. She even made him call her right in front of us and he did. I listened as they spoke to each other trying to pick something that will give me an idea of what is really going on but he made sure the phone call was brief and never gave away anything.

We all didn't continue eating, I guess Salome's food does lose its taste after all. I cleared the plates and washed them as Kgabo drove his mom back home. I made sure to get rid of all the food, even the ones that were not spoiled, I am finally getting rid of all traces of Salome tonight, wish that was possible with Kgabo's heart too. You know, wipe out all that Salome has planted.

When he came back, this poor baby of mine came in looking like someone who's just lost something very important to him, he came to me and gave me a hug. I didn't resist, I am here for him and will always be, but I won't tolerate being cheated on.

"I love you Pitsi and I am sorry if I ever made you feel uncomfortable."

"I love you too Kgabo."

He took me by my arm and led me to the couch, we sat down like a lovey-dovey couple with me putting my head on his lap facing upward.

"So, was this why you asked me last night if I would ever cheat on you." he asked me looking down at me. He knows that I think he's sleeping with Salome.

"No, I just had a thought you know." I said lying even though what he was saying was the truth. A lot has changed between us and when I saw Salome I just thought the worst and I don't think I will be in peace until she goes back to her husband.

"Don't ever think like that, you hear me."

"Okay, let's drop that now. Tell me how you and your mom fixed things."

"Just ask me what the secret is." he said laughing. He couldn't have said it better, that's exactly what I wanted to know. "I am going to trust you with this secret Pitsi." he said and I sat up next to him to listen carefully to him. "Well before I started my business I didn't have money, so my mom helped me. She got me into my dad's small company and helped me steal money from him."

"And you agreed?" I asked him not even surprised. He'll do anything good or wrong if it's suggested by his mom. But anyway that explains why Kgabo could quickly build up his business, he went from nothing to a hot shot construction company owner. I remember bosehla ba gage, he used to drive around in an old BMW and when I was in the front seat I felt like everyone walking was poor and below me. That car's sound system cracked windows and shook walls, those were the days.

"I needed the money."

"So what was the secret?"

"She found out that I wasn't in my dad's will so she wanted me to build my own legacy."

Ao? I do not believe that one bit and Kgabo would be stupid to believe that, if the secret was as big as the traditional healer has said then Kgabo's mother wouldn't have been here tonight. She lied, she is probably hiding something bigger than finding about a will. Still this shows that Kgabo's mother is very dangerous woman, so dangerous that she even gets to her husband's will.

Before we went to bed I checked my phone and I had a message and a few missed calls from Thabiso, I went to the bathroom with my phone like I was hiding something that I didn't want my husband to see. I opened the message,

'Hey was trying to call you, wanted let you know that I had arranged an entry for the girls at a 2 day workshop in Polokwane. So you can work from home for the rest of the week. I am sorry for any inconvenience, it was a last minute thing.'

I read the SMS and was so disappointed, there was nothing sweet about it like I had expected. I was hoping for anything that would make me sleep peacefully and give me courage to face the dry night with my husband but it was all business. I didn't even see the need to reply or call him back.

I went to the bedroom to find Kgabo already inside the covers but wasn't asleep. I told him about Thabiso's disappointing message even though I didn't admit that to him, I spoke to him as I changed clothes. I got into bed next to my unromantic husband. We slept in each others arms but did nothing, since we've moved in this house we've never had sex. I don't see anything of that sort happening even though everything is fine between us, now and then I do feel Kgabo's erection but he doesn't come close to me and act like he wants me. I have also given up trying to pursue him, it's pointless because he turns me down most of the times and even when he agrees it doesn't last long enough to satisfy me. I have realised that we can talk about anything in this world and even gossip about other people's business but sex, we have never sat down and discussed our sexual problems. I am scared of even bringing the subject up, even after we have sex we never talk. Sometimes I don't even moan or move when he is on top of me until he's done and he has never

complained. I don't remember him asking me if I came after sex, let alone ask if I am okay. He rolls to the other side as soon as he's done or ask for the towel.

In the morning we both woke up to get ready for Salome, I made us breakfast and burnt the eggs. Since Kgabo was still in the bathroom I threw them away and made fresh ones, to be honest I was a bit nervous and hoped Salome doesn't take this the wrong way. I don't know what is really going on between her and Kgabo but I'd rather be safe than sorry. I had thought I could trust my husband but that was just me trying to convince myself that my husband would never cheat.

He finished and came out looking like he's on a rush to go somewhere,

"And then?" I asked him.

"There is an emergency at work and I need to be there."

"What about Salome?"

"I am sure you can handle her." he said sounding annoyed. Kgabo is running away from this and he knows alone I won't be able to talk to Salome, this makes him guiltier than I thought he was. What am I going to say to Salome now, make an excuse for my husband?

I watched him as he walked out the door, unbelievable! Once upon a time I thought this man was not a coward, I thought he was going to protect me from anything and stand by me no matter what. Now, I think I married the wrong man. How can he run away from his responsibilities? If I could I would call his mother and tell her what happened but I know last night was just for show shem, I am a long shot from being accepted by her.

I ate my tasteless breakfast, since I wasn't going to work I felt like I had a lot of time on my hands. I don't know if Salome was running late or had cancelled, I even cleaned the house while looking out the kitchen window every now and then. Finally I saw her coming through the gate, she came around 10am smelling of perfume and looking good. Oh well Kgabo's message wasn't clear last night, he didn't mention that I was going to be here too. I opened for and she was all smiles like always,

"Is Kgabo home?" she asked me looking like she wasn't expecting me, of course.

"He's not home and we both invited you just that he had to rush to work."

"Okay, what's this about then?"

"Can we sit." I showed her to the couch.

She went to sit and I made us some snack and drinks. I am going to talk to her alone, and if she takes the whole thing the wrong way that's her problem not mine. I can't have her in my face all the time.

I carried the tray to her and offered her the food, she took a glass and sipped.

"Salome, I have a problem." I started not looking at her.

"Okay, I'm listening."

"I know you and Kgabo are good friends but my husband and I just moved into this house, we are trying to find ourselves and to be honest I am not good with the fact that I found you cooking for my him in my house."

"You know Pitsi, you are the most nicest person I have ever met. Your mother-in-law has already had a word with me, she was not as nice as you."

"When did that happen?"

"Today, this morning, that's why I am late. She was accusing me of all sorts of things. Kgabo and I have always had this bond, I could come to him for anything but if that's what you want then I will step away."

"The 2 of you just makes me uncomfortable, if you want a friend I am here Salome." I said taking her hand in mine. I'd rather be closer to her than let her build something with my husband behind my back. Being friends with her doesn't mean I trust her, I am only keeping a close eye on her.

"Thank you Pitsi, I'll appreciate that and to put your mind at ease Kgabo and I are just friends."

I won't say I believe her on that especially since she looks like she is trying to hard to convince me. I didn't say anything, I don't want her to think I approve.

As we were settling in there was a knock at the door, I went to open and there was Lerato.

"Before you shut the door in my face I am here to apologise." she said with a smile.

"Oh no, please I am the one that owes you an apology. Come in." I said opening the door for her, she came in and I ushered her to the couch too to share with Salome. I went to get a chair. I introduced the 2 ladies and I could tell Salome wasn't that interested in knowing Lerato. Within a few minutes she excuse herself and said she promised her mother to help with tea for the church ladies, I wished

she didn't have to as I wanted to talk some more with but with Lerato here I don't think we will be able to anyway. I walked her to the door and gave her a hug.

"How do you know her?" Lerato asked me as I closed the door.

"She is friends with Kgabo." I answered her as I came back to join her on the couch.

"Oh, that explains why I have seen her with Kgabo."

"You have?"

"Yep, several times." she said sure of what she was saying. I went quite for a while thinking about what is really going on between them. I am trying to give whatever is going on the benefit of the doubts but something always arouses my suspicions. "Look I am not trying to scare you or anything but I am a widow and my husband died in the hands of his mistress, a woman I have known for years and considered a friend."

The more she spoke the more she made me question myself about Kgabo, he said he would never cheat on me.

"Lerato tell me, all this years you've been with your husband have you ever suspect him of cheating?"

"The signs were there but I was too blind to see, I trusted my husband and my childhood friend. She would come to my house and I would find her sitting comfortably with my husband using the I was waiting for you excuse. I hate that woman with everything, she ruined my life and probably killed my husband." she said and stared into space, thinking hard and probably missing her husband.

"I'm sorry Lerato." I said giving her a brief hug.

"It's okay, I don't know you and you are my boss's wife and here I am pouring my everything out on you."

"I understand, it's always easy to talk to a stranger and it looks like you need a shoulder to cry on, I am here."

"Thanks, maybe next time, now I have to go to work." she said getting up. I also walked her out to the door.

I closed the door behind her and tried to shut out the things she said to me. I had a few things that I needed to do regarding work but I wasn't up for it and I don't want to sleep since that meant I have to use my brain before getting there and the only thing my mind can come up with is the word cheater so I took my car keys and drove to my parent's house. I haven't seen my parents in a while especially my dad, he does call now and then to ask how things are but that's not enough.

I got there and found my mom alone, busy with orders.

"Where is papa?" I asked my mom as I helped her cut some fabrics.

"Don't know, he's never home lately. Maybe he is cheating on me, who knows."

Yoh my mom though! My dad doesn't even seem like the type of guy, he's always been a family man, always taking crap from my mom.

"Aowa mma, papa is too old to cheat on you hle." I said laughing at her. She just looked at me and went,

"Mxm!"

I couldn't stop myself from laughing at her...

"Ke gore you even come here with nothing, you don't buy anything for your mother, I need grocery and money for my stokvel." she started again. She always does this to me, make me feel guilty of living a cushy life while she and everyone are suffering. Why did I ever come home?

"But mma I gave you money for stokvel."

"I said I want money."

I took out my purse and as I was about to count a few hundred notes she grabbed them from me and stashed them in her bra. She didn't have to do that, I was going to give it all to her and probably more since she is never satisfied, but I should be glad she took it like that.

"And that reminds me Pitsi, you see we have sacrificed a lot for you. I shouldn't be begging you for money. We took you to school to further your studies even when you got married we continued to suffer."

"Ao mma, Akere papa said it was his responsibility to do so. Kgabo wanted to take me to varsity but papa refused."

"And now you are living in luxury."

"Maybe I should leave mma."

"Pitsi, it's pay back time ngwanaka."

"What do you mean by that mma?"

"You have a job now, so that means you can afford to build us a house."

Build a house?

I haven't even had my first salary yet...

Chapter 15>>>>

Just because my dad worked so hard for me to go to school so that I could live a better life that automatically makes my mother worthy of everything I own, in her mind she owns all my blessings from my marriage to my bank account. It's like I am her ticket to money she never had, just like her daughter they milk me every opportunity they get and I never say no to them. I know how hard it was for us when growing up and I never want to see them going through that again even though my mom uses my kindness to her advantage. She never misses an opportunity to remind me what they went through when I was leaving it up in varsity, her words not mine. Yes she worked hard and orders came in like crazy but still she never contributed towards my education and whenever I tell her that she reminds me that my dad's money is the same as coming from her. I doubt she ever shows him the money she gets from me, I wonder what type of stories she spins him every time he finds the grocery cupboard and fridge full. I don't think my father would allow me to bring things in the house, he has never asked me for money and sometimes he refuses to take money from me. He is a man with pride even though he doesn't have anything, with one tractor and a bakkie my father vowed to take me to school working in people's farms, delivering sand and doing anything for people, as long as they paid. He paid for my fees, rent and groceries,

the money was never enough but I didn't struggle because I was already married and Kgabo provided for me on the side, though my dad never found out. The good thing was that he send me money once a month and always on time to pay rent. I thank him everyday because if he hadn't my mother-in-law would have reminded me everyday, I would prefer my own mother to do that than that woman anyway.

I sometimes wish there was more I could do for my dad but building a house is too much. I want to do something for them that wouldn't involve me talking to Kgabo, I don't want him knowing that I am doing something for my parents with his money. The allowance he gives me is enough to do anything I want and he never asks what I do with the money.

I will have to think about this, my parents house is too old and small, it does embarrass me too. I could extend it, repaint and buy a few furniture here and there not take down the whole house, as that is what my mother wants me to do. I believe I owe my father for the sacrifices he has done for me, if it wasn't for him I would definitely be a bored housewife for the rest of my life and would have never met Thabiso. I don't know why I mentioned him but I think I appreciate him being a part of my life.

I love being home with my mom but when she gets like this I want to be as far away as possible, she was going to drive me crazy and I might end up saying things I will regret later.

"Before you leave Pitsi I want to tell you something." she said after I told her I am leaving. I rolled my eyes as I stopped.

"What mma?" I asked not wanting to be with her anymore.

"Ngwanaka, do you ever look at yourself in the mirror mara? Do you want your husband to admire what he doesn't see at home outside?"

I knew it was about time she said that, the minute she laid her eyes on me when I came in she shook her head. I didn't take her seriously as I thought she was being herself as always, except now she voiced her thoughts. I didn't answer her I just

took my handbag and walked out, she shouted for me to come back but I just went on walking, my mother wa lapisa man! I don't know why people are so concerned about my look, it doesn't bother me mos. One day I am going to give one of them what they deserve... A piece of my mind!

As I walked out I bumped into my sister as she came through the gate,

"Aren't you suppose to be at work?" she asked pointing at me with her well manicured nails.

"I'm working from home."

"Who's in the house?"

"Mma."

She quickly turned back,

"Iyoh, I don't know where you are going but can I please go with you? That woman drives me crazy." she said walking to my car.

"Maybe you need a job." I suggested and hoping she would agree to come work with me when I ask her.

"Where? I am not destined to work sis, I just want a man to work for me while I go shopping and drinking all day."

"Sies Reba, shame on you!"

I don't know why that surprises me, Reba has never bothered herself with finding a job or doing something better with her life, she always has someone to take care of her and her children. She has a good wardrobe and her kids also, with what money, I wouldn't know.

"There is nothing wrong with being a housewife."

"Ja except you are going to be depending on someone, trust me I know all about that. Reba, you can come work for me."

"Work for you?" she asked me laughing and clapping hands. "You've made it in life neh? Nxa, forget about going anywhere with you."

Hee banna!

"Reba! You don't have to if you don't want to." I said behind her, she was walking away from me but she stopped and came back,

"You know Pitsi, I am tired of being compared to you. Do you know what people would say about me if they find out that I am working for you? I have 3 kids, not married, still staying with my parents, marriage is my only salvation." she said wiping a tear off the corner of her eye.

I always look at my sister as the crazy one with a spontaneous life and the apple of my mother's eye, I thought she had everything easy. She never seemed bothered.

"I'm sorry, Reba." I said and I meant it. I'd rather have the entire world against me than my sister, Reba is my best friend and she will always have my back. I love her and I thought I was helping her by offering her a job.

She looked at me and then smiled. She was forcing the smile, she was mad at me.

I wanted her to come with me but her phone rang and she said it's her boyfriend. I left her talking on the phone and went home, when I got there I tried to do some work but I didn't have the energy. I remembered Thabiso's parcel, the one he gave me before he left. I went to look for it in the bedroom, I found it still in my bag, I unwrapped it shaking in anticipation. I don't know what to expect but I felt like it was something that would excite me. And oh boy, I finally opened the parcel and it was the 2 dresses that he had given me their sketches when he "suggested" that I changed my wardrobe. On paper they were beautiful and now holding them in my hands, feeling the fabric I immediately got this urge to put them on, I took one and did so as I stared at myself in the mirror. It was a perfect fit revealing my body making me stare at myself like I was looking at a woman I didn't know. A new me! I loved how it hugged my body, I didn't want to take it off even though I don't think I have the courage to walk out of here wearing it. I don't even know how Thabiso got it right, he never took my measurements or done anything, he made with just me in his mind. I loved it so much I wanted to cry. I know that feeling when I look at my work and be proud of myself and brag that I have outdone myself. I felt more than that looking at myself, it's been a while. I can't remember the last time I felt this good about a simple outfit, I had completely forgotten how admiring myself felt...

I turned around and looked at the other dress which was as equally as beautiful, I laid it out on the bed and pictured the man who made it, those fine muscles working on this dresses as my body is all he is thinking of. Gosh, I was being stupid again and thinking of Thabiso in a way a married woman should never think, maybe I should get rid of the dresses because if I keep them I am going to think of Thabiso every time I look at them and if I wear them my imagination will go wild.

The bedroom door opened and my husband walked in, his eyes fell on the dress, I don't know what he was thinking but the look in his eyes spoke volumes. I turned around and looked at him to give him great access to my curves, he is probably

seeing what I was seeing in the mirror when I looked at myself. I could tell he loved what he was seeing,

"You bought new clothes?" he asked me taking his eyes off me, he took his shirt off trying hard to keep his eyes from me.

"No, I got... I made it at work." I answered him almost telling him that another man made them for me. I know no man wants to hear something like that.

"I see." he responded as he went through the closet for another shirt.

"You don't like it?"

"It's not your style." he answered me. I was disappointed, the look in his eyes when he walked in said something different to what he was saying now. He loved it, I know. He turned to the door, before he touched the door nob I asked,

"Why are you changing shirts?"

"The one I was wearing is dirty."

VHe's lying, there is nothing wrong with his shirt. I took it from the bed and smelled it and looked at it, it smelled of his perfume and didn't even have a single stain. He stood at the door looking at me, my husband likes to be clean and smells good all the time but he never changes clothes in the middle of the day, he does change into overalls at work but he's never come home to change. I threw the shirt at him,

"You are lying!"

He grabbed it and laughed...

I was kind of angry at him.

My imagination is creating things that are not there, like really what is so worrying about Kgabo changing his shirts now? I don't like the person I am becoming, lately all I do is concentrate on being jealous and trying to investigate Kgabo's every move. I want things to be back to normal, I used to stay home while Kgabo would go as he pleases and I never questioned that or doubted him, he did as he wanted and it never bothered me. As long as he was home by the time he said he would be home then everything was fine. But seriously I can't help it, a lot has been going on ever since Salome came back. It's like she has taken something away from us, my marriage has become nothing but a disaster and I am wondering if I am the only one that sees that. All we do is leave together, other than that there is no intimacy or anything keeping us together. I do love my husband but that alone is not enough...

My phone rang, and I pretended not to hear it fearing it might be Thabiso. Answering Thabiso's call in front of my husband suddenly doesn't seem right, I don't know why. Without any warning Kgabo grabbed my phone on the bed and answered it. I just stood there motionless and scared to death as he answered.

"Hello?... Fine thanks and you?... When?... Okay... Okay." he finally hang up the phone and threw it on the bed. I tried to act cool.

"Who was that?" I asked him.

"My sister-in-law, she says they are coming to visit and she wants to stay with us."

Eh mother-in-law will kill me mos!!!

Chapter 16>>>

You see, Kgabo's brother is married to one heck of a woman that I sometimes wish I was more like her. Not afraid to express herself and stand up for herself where mother-in-law is concerned. She hates our mother-in-law so much that she makes sure the woman knows and sees that for herself, she knows how controlling and manipulative that woman can be. She has fought tooth and nail to keep her away from her husband and children, but anyway when it comes to her marriage she wears the pants and Koena never argues with his wife about his mother. He is more like Kgabo but Pinky has made sure he knows which side his bread is buttered. Maybe I should get a few tips from her. They have been planning on coming to visit for a while since the family has been nagging them and she has been postponing saying she wants a place away from her husband's family, well now that Kgabo and me are sharing this small house she has decided it's time, it's still close though but I know all she wanted was to not be in the same house as his husband's many sisters and their mother. I have nothing to do with this but you should hear my mother-in-law once she hears about this, my name will be the first thing she mentions!

"When are they coming?" I asked Kgabo as he sat my phone on the dressing table and the relieve on my face, I wonder what would have happened if it was Thabiso. I should stop acting like something is going on between us, the guy only made me 2 dresses for heaven's sake! That's his job, he does that for a whole lot of women I am sure he has even lost count.

"Tomorrow." he answered. That's too short notice, especially since I never had time to get my house in order. The other bedroom is still empty, besides that Pinky is very competitive. She won't be scared to tell me if she disapproves of anything

in my house and she will be too proud to tell me about their mansion that they will pay off until they die. From far she lives a cushy life with expensive clothes and perfumes but get closer you will see the scars of her debts, they even owe Kgabo thousands of rands that he'll never ever get back. I better go get some of my furniture and start redecorating my house. I don't even know where to start, the house is too small and full already.

I just told Kgabo that we needed to do grocery shopping and buy a few things for our guests, if they are coming with their children ba tla ipona.

I took off the dress and neatly folded them both into the wardrobe, Kgabo was leaning against the wall and watching me as if to make sure I was taking it off. He is probably the only one against me changing my wardrobe, people are complaining and making hurtful comments while he sits by and hates the idea of me changing. That's why my wardrobe is so full of mistakes, it's because of him, if I can't impress him then why the heck should I change?

"Why don't you give those dresses to Reba?" he asked me and I had to swallow hard just to push back words that would have shaken the entire house. Since when does he get to choose what I wear? These dresses don't make much difference in my wardrobe anyway and they were made with love for me and for that I can't just give them away. Thabiso knew what he was doing. I love them and they are staying so I am just going to ignore him!

I didn't answer him, I closed the wardrobe and cleared the room in my underwear. I wasn't trying to turn Kgabo on since nothing about me is appealing to him anymore but I guess today he had something in mind as he came to me and wrapped his arms around me from behind. I could feel his hard on but anyway isn't that what I sleep next to every night? He wanted me to see that he wanted me, after so long I have even forgotten how my husband looks when he is horny, plus we are used to doing it in the dark. Lights off - curtains closed style!

"Kgabo stop it." I slowly said. I don't want him to stop, that was just the only thing that came into mind. I want him like I want him every night and so I won't miss an opportunity that present itself once in a lifetime.

"Are you mad at me?" he softly asked me pressing himself against me and releasing his warm breath again my neck.

"Admit it Kgabo, seeing me in that dress turned you on." I said teasing him with my hand rubbing the front of his jeans. Bloody yellowbone, he kind of paled a bit but quickly regained his colour back. I did say my husband is not one to go into details of sex, to him ra ja, ra phomola, done!

He didn't answer me, instead he turned me around and pushed me to the bed. I laid on my back with my legs wide open, yes my fashion sense sucks but that doesn't include my underwear, that's one thing I have learned not to change, I love wearing matching underwear even though it's not to anyone's satisfaction. I watched my husband getting on top of the bed between my legs and lifting my butt up to pull my panties off me. This whole time my eyes were fixed on his but he wasn't making eye contact with me, for the first time in like a hundred million years Kgabo looked at my body in a way I never thought he would. He looked hungry for sex, the lust in his eyes made me instantly wet and when his lips met mine I couldn't help but release a moan of a sound only horses make, he kissed my neck so tenderly. There was something different about the way Kgabo touched me today, he was taking his time caressing me and his kisses were slow but yet left an effect so high on me. And when he entered me he did it with so much love and with an effort to please. When I screamed for more, he offered. When I dug my nails in his back he responded with an urge I couldn't believe. I came before him, harder than I ever did. I laid on the bed feeling his energy as he brought himself to my level. He stayed on top of me breathing heavily as I felt him slowly slipping out. It was intense, I am not sure if he was turned on by me in the dress or he was giving me sex because he felt guilty for what he said but anyway I am hoping I still have that effect on my husband. He kissed me before he got off me, he put his arms around me and for a moment I think we both fell asleep. I think I even slept with a smile on my face, the excitement was unbelievable.

He was the first one to get up and go take a bath, I wanted to follow him but I will probably be pushing it. Baby steps, he's getting there and warming his way back to me.

His cellphone rang, it was in his jeans that were on the floor. I picked them up and searched for it, it went quite before I could answer but fortunately the person called again. It was Jonas, I answered and as soon as I said hello the phone went dead in my ear.

I took my phone and called him back, he answered,

"Hey, did you just call Kgabo because I answered and you hang up?" I asked him and for a moment he went quite sounding a bit confused when he answered...

"No, I didn't."

"Oh, okay." I said then hang up. Probably there is another Jonas I don't know about.

Luckily Kgabo's phone doesn't have a password, I took his phone and dialled the number on my phone. As it rang I realised it doesn't match any number in my phone.

It rang and a female voice went,

"Hello?"

At that moment I think I had a mini heart attack and I just lost it,

"Who the hell are you and why are you calling my husband?"

"Who the hell are you who can't put a leash on her doggy husband?" the bitch said to me. She is not even sorry for what she is doing, sleeping with my husband or having an affair.

I knew this wasn't going to get me anywhere, I hang up and put my phone down. I wanted to cry and then go kill Kgabo in the bathroom, this is obvious that he is cheating on me and his mistress is disrespecting me. Ka Modimo ke tla ithuta boloi!!!

I had no tears to shed as I impatiently waited for Kgabo to finish, and when he was done he came back to the bedroom wrapped in towel from the waist down. I couldn't hold myself, I wanted answers.

"Jonas called." I said to him.

"Problems at work?"

"I don't know if Jonas being a woman is a problem or not." I answered him and he stood looking at me, a bit confused.

"What are you talking about?"

"You tell me why a woman's cellphone number is stored as Jonas in your phone." I angrily said to him. He took his phone and went through it, I looked at him, waiting...

He dialled the number and threw the phone on the bed, it rang through a loud speaker and the same female voice answered again.

"Hello, this is Kgabo. Who is this?" my husband said to the person on the phone.

"I don't know anyone by the name Kgabo, this is probably a wrong number." the female voice said before hanging up.

Kgabo looked at me,

"I seriously don't know who that is, I don't even have Jonas's number stored in my phone. You know I write cellphone numbers in a diary." he said and I just sat on the bed with tears running down my cheeks. "Pitsi, I am telling you the truth."

"I don't believe you." I said with a shaky voice.

"Please, I would never do that to you. I love you too much to hurt you like that."

"Then who is she? Why was she calling you?"

"I don't know! Here take my phone and go through it right now." he said handing me his cellphone. I pushed it back at him,

"If you are cheating on me Kgabo it will come out and trust me I will divorce you and take my son with me. I won't even think of forgiving you, trust me on that." I said getting off the bed. He quietly looked at me like he wanted to beg. I am dead serious about what I said, I won't let him humiliate me like that. I married him for life, through thick and thin not shit and cheating. "Now, go get my bed from your mother's house for the spare bedroom." I said then went to the bathroom.

I took a long bath letting the warm water soak my body, I heard Kgabo driving out. I pieced together what just happened, I want to believe him but the confrontation of

the phone call I had with that woman shakes up things for me. I am not sure if she spoke to me the way she did because of how I spoke to her or she wanted me to see that something is going on between her and my husband. How could something like this happen just when I thought we were reconnecting? I don't want to live with the fear of thinking that Kgabo is cheating on me, since Salome has been I haven't been at ease and I don't like that feeling. No matter the bad sex and lack of intimacy I love my husband. Kgabo is my world and I believe I am his.

He came back while I was still in the bath, he came to ask if he should bring it inside. I said yes.

I got out of the bath and went to the bedroom, my husband wasn't alone, he was with Jonas. For a moment I was tempted to ask Jonas if he knew about the woman named Jonas in my husband's phone but wouldn't that be stupid? I got dressed and went to set up the spare bedroom. I don't know if it was out of guilt or what but Kgabo wanted to help me with the spare bedroom but Reba came over. She was busy flirting with Jonas it was disgusting that I had to send Jonas and Kgabo to go buy us food. Still Kgabo had to drag Jonas away from Reba.

As soon as they left I told Reba everything, my sister knows everything about my marriage including our sex life. She listened to me telling her about the phone call and the sex.

I waited for her opinion after I was done...

"Well he could be right about the phone call but the sex raises some questions." she said tapping a finger on her jaws.

"What do you mean?" I asked not sure if I want to hear the answer.

"Pitsi a man like Kgabo doesn't change his sexual preferences just like that."

"People do change Rebabedi!"

"And porn movies doesn't teach how to have sex but someone new might do just that. Maybe the Jonas female caller just unleashed the inner Kgabo." she said then laughed.

She is not funny...

Chapter 17>>>

Reba has a way of trying to make jokes out of the things she says no matter the circumstances, especially when she is really making sense about serious issues like right now. She is giving me a lot to think about here, she knows Kgabo as well as I do, they were drinking buddies way before I even started dating Kgabo. I tell her everything and that is why I have to take everything she says serious. I have to admit too it's impossible for someone to just one day change the way they have sex, people don't just change, something was different about the way Kgabo made love to me and I don't want to think it's because of another woman. I look at him and I don't think I can handle him cheating, it will tear me apart. I love this man and had promised my entire life to him. My dad didn't want me to get married, he said I was too young but my mom wouldn't hear any of that nonsense, her words. Maybe I should have waited, maybe... Love is a stupid little word with a hundred meanings and headaches behind it...

"Pitsi, I know you love Kgabo but don't put your everything on him and idolise him as the perfect husband or guy. Just be a vigilant woman who has room for disappointment. Everyone has their faults." Reba said, she makes sense again but this time it's a little too late, not after what she said to me earlier. Giving Kgabo the benefit of the doubt seems far fetched now, it's like I am hoping for father Christmas even though I know he doesn't really exist.

"Reba, I don't want him to cheat on me." I said sitting on the bed. My head was spinning a bit, I needed to balance myself. Associating my husband with the word "cheat" makes me sick. I am scared!

"That's something no one can guarantee you but le wena! You are my sister but sometimes wa bora. Don't look so surprised," she said when I quickly raised my head to look at her. From where I am standing I am the perfect wife. She went on, "Where is your husband right now? Instead of you cooking for him, he's out there buying junk food."

For a moment I was just lost for words, I don't really bother myself with things that Kgabo never complains about. In fact my husband never complains about anything, I don't cook for him, he comes home to a dirty house and a messy wife then I expect him to be happy with that. I know I am not suppose to blame myself if my husband is cheating on me but I would feel like I contributed to that if he does. I remember that night I found Salome cooking in my house, I blew a casket but still I didn't pick myself up. I used to cook almost every day at my in-laws house, I am not that good and I just decided to stop being that domesticated once we moved.

"Thanks for the pep talk sis, I'll consider it." I said thinking of how much work I have to do to get there. It really helps to have a straight talk sister neh...

We finished preparing the room, well I did since Reba left me as soon as she heard that Kgabo and Jonas were back. I made sure the room looked fresh with white linen and bed covers, even the curtains were white. I am trying to impress my guest.

After I was done I went to join Reba and the guys but Reba and Jonas were ready to leave. I know Reba is going to sleep with Jonas tonight. I don't know how my sister does it, I really don't know. She just met the guy for heaven's sake!

I sat down with Kgabo at the table and pulled my takeaway meal. Upon opening it I just lost my appetite, it's really junk and I am sure I can do way better than this. I can take care of my husband and be a better wife. I closed it and pushed it away from me.

"Are you okay?" Kgabo asked me.

"Yes." I briefly answered him.

"Okay."

"Kgabo do you think our house is messy?" I asked him thinking about Reba. I did clean some couple of days ago but the house is too small and things just gets untidy in a space of time.

"Why would you ask me that?"

"Just answer me."

"I think it's fine."

"Okay."

"Pitsi, what's going on? Is this about earlier?"

"I think we need to do a bit of shopping tomorrow before your brother and his wife gets here." I said ignoring him and my husband knows better than to interrogate me when I don't want to talk.

"You can take Reba with you, I will give you my credit card and call her in the morning." he said and that was it for the night.

He went to bed and I couldn't follow him, I was too concerned about the state my house was in. I know Pinky is not the tidiest person but because she can get a house keeper on credit she would look at my house and compare it to a pigsty. I cleaned up the entire house except the bedroom Kgabo was sleeping in. I moved furniture around until I was satisfied with how the new setting was. Hope he wakes up in the morning and realise my efforts, I don't know how to try but I guess this is a start.

I had so much energy that I even made a grocery list after checking out some easy recipes on the internet that by the time I went to bed it was 3am. Kgabo was fast asleep when I snuggled up to him and fell asleep right away.

I was woken up by my husband around 9am...

"No, Kgabo one more minute please." I begged pulling the covers over my head.

"Come on, Reba is already here."

"I'll call her when I am ready."

"I'll tell her to come in."

"What? No, Kgabo!" I shouted at him as he walked out the bedroom. I sat up on the bed, I am so tired already and today is probably going to be a long day.

"Get up, get up!" Reba said matching in straight to my wardrobe. I watched her going through my clothes like they were hers. I ignored her, I know she wants me to talk.

I got up after greeting her, made up the bed and went to take a bath. Coming back I found out that Reba had rearrange my clothes in pairs on the bed.

"I can dress myself thank you very much." I said flipping the clothes off the bed.

"Fine, wear whatever you want to wear. I'll wait for you in the kitchen." she said and walked out. She is not one to just give up that easily. but hey I am not in the mood for a fight either.

I went to the clothes on the floor and picked them up, I put them back in the wardrobe and picked a red long skirt and a white plane shirt. For my hair? Once more I decided to cover it!

Reba didn't say anything when she looked at me, I know she disapproves.

I drove us to town yawning and wishing we were back already, I have to rest before cooking for my guests. I won't cook anything hectic, just some simple meals and dessert. I know Koena is a very simple guy who eats anything cooked well unlike his wife who thinks eating any type of food with your hand is bad manners. I hate people like her, if you like your fork and knife then good for you but please don't look down on us, anyway food tastes better when you eat with your hands.

While driving I noticed that my sister was way too busy with her phone, if it didn't ring it was beeping like crazy. I could bet you a million rand she wasn't talking to Jonas, speaking of Jonas I wonder what happened last night.

"By the way after breakfast can we go shopping for clothes, I want to pick a few things for myself." she said then quickly went back to tapping her manicured nails on her phone. I don't remember me mentioning breakfast, when I go to town I do what I went there for and come back. I even hate shopping unless it's fabric

shopping. She laughed as she chatted to her Bae, I thought we were going to have some sister time but guess I was wrong.

When we got to town we ate breakfast at Wimpy before she dragged me to Truworths, I let her go around the shop picking outfits after outfits, talking to the sales ladies while I walked around stealing designs. That's the only way I can tolerate shopping, especially with Reba, she can go from shop to shop trying clothes and even go back to where she started. And normally when she starts with that I walk out and let her take a taxi.

I saw a few dresses similar to what Thabiso made for me, I was tempted to fit them but felt a bit ashamed. The shop wasn't full but somehow it felt weird for me to think of clothes, I haven't done shopping in like forever.

"Pitsi," I heard Reba calling out to me. I turned around to look at her.

"What?"

"I need your help. I have been invited to go out for drinks with this hot guy that I have met but I can't seem to find anything to wear. I know you still have an eye for clothes." she said. I looked at my wrist watch and it was almost lunch time, we have been in here for about an hour and I had to find out that Reba hasn't picked a single thing.

I angrily stormed around the shop looking for clothes, there was this simple but elegant floral dress that had caught my eyes earlier. I picked it and handed it to Reba,

"Shoes?" she said with a smile.

I picked up black high heels and shoved them to her. She looked at the dress then the shoes as if weighing them.

"Why, don't you fit them for me, I don't really like dresses but if it looks good on me, it will probably look good on me too." she quickly asked biting her lower lip.

I was getting tired of being in here and all I wanted to do was do the stupid grocery shopping and go home. And the more minutes I wasted on refusing to do a simple fit the more time I'll be wasting fighting with Reba. I took the dress and shoes from her and headed to the fitting room while she stood outside shouting for me to come out, goodness I haven't been in here for more than 2 hours but motho wa nrasetisa. Finally I walked out,

"Wow!" she screamed out. She came to me and turned me around to face my reflection in the mirror. "Look at you, I have missed my beautiful and stylish sister." she said.

This was a trick!

She made me put on the clothes to remind me of how I was before and that I haven't lost my style. A small part of me was mad at her but a bigger part was excited, I was shocked too to look at the transformation the simple dress and shoes made. I loved myself even more now, I was scared of wearing tight clothed forgetting that I can look stylish in loose but yet elegant clothes. I had picked the dress thinking of Reba, it's not even her style but I had wanted to get her off my back by picking a dress I know she would never be seen dead in.

"Tell me how you feel looking at yourself in the mirror right now?" she asked me and all I did was laugh. What does she think? I love it. "Okay try this on." she handed me another outfit, this time a pair of black skinny jeans with red loose top.

I don't know but the idea of changing into different outfits was suddenly exciting to me.

Damn you Rebabedi!

I had a blast changing from outfit to outfit, I loved how new clothes feel and how much happiness it brings that I forgot a bit about my problems, I mean the phone call on Kgabo's phone. The truth is I want to completely forget that, it scares me to think my husband would cheat on me. I know it's possible but I want to believe that he loves me too much to even think about him hurting me like that. I am not even buying this clothes to impress Kgabo, they make me happy and that's all that should count.

When I said I am taking everything Reba didn't argue with me, she knew I needed a wardrobe change and this was her plan all along. I felt like changing right there and then but I had to hide my excitement from Reba. Suddenly I couldn't wait to get home and change for tonight.

We did grocery shopping according to the list I had after all the clothes excitement but bought a few things that I might need if I should change the menu, I was already tired and plus I still have a lot to do when I get home. We left town around 5pm, I am going to need at least 2 hours to prepare the entire meal and dessert. I begged and bribed my sister to help, yena she does cost me shem.

When we got to the house I found Kgabo and my mother-in-law busy in the kitchen. My mother-in-law was cooking and Kgabo was helping her, I got so mad that I suddenly had a bit of a headache for the second time. I put the plastic bags that I was carrying on the kitchen counter,

"Hey, baby I like what you did to the house." Kgabo said with a smile.

"My son's money is nice neh, the whole day spending it?" my mother-in-law said.

"Mma, what are you doing here?" I asked with tears filling my eyes. I spent the whole day preparing for my guests and I get home to find her cooking in my kitchen, meals that were not in my menu. I have moved out of her house to get away from her but here she is still as controlling as ever.

"I am cooking for my children, I won't let my children eat your bad food." she answered me.

"Wait a minute, you are in my sister's house and you are talking rubbish. You are a guest here so behave like one." Reba answered her. She was standing besides me.

"Rebamedi, don't talk to my mother like that." Kgabo said.

"Tell her not to disrespect your wife in her house." Reba said pointing from my mother-in-law to Kgabo.

"And what are you doing in here? You are not part of this family!" my mother-in-law shouted that at my sister, Reba was ready to jump at her but Kgabo stopped her.

"Okay batho ba Modimo! I'm sorry Pitsi that my mom took over the kitchen, she was only trying to help since we realised you might not make it back in time. This is your house I should have called to ask you first. Mma, I didn't like the way you spoke to Pitsi so please apologise." Kgabo said looking at his surprised mom.

"O jeleng eng naa wena Kgabo?"

"Mma, it's either you apologise or don't join us at all." Kgabo sharply said making it clear to his mom. But clearly Kgabo was still sucking up to me about the "Jonas phone call", I am not complaining though since he never stands up to his mother. I

was as surprised as her even though I had waited for this kind of moment for a very long time, Kgabo taking my side. My mother-in-law has no choice but to do as his son wanted, she swallowed hard before saying,

"Pitsi, I am sorry."

It wasn't a hard felt apology, she was obliged to say it because she knows Koena and Pinky won't come to her house so this is her chance at seeing them. I so wanted her to mean every word because she knows she has done me wrong but this horrible woman would never go that far.

"Good, the food has been cooked and it will be very nice if Mamogolo Rebabedi joined us. So the 2 of you should go freshen up our guest will be here in 10 minutes."

I kind of like this side of Kgabo, a man that takes charge and even knows how to put his own mother in place, especially a Monster-in-law, is such a turn on.

But trust me I will never forgive my mother-in-law for this...

Her day will come...

Chapter 18>>>

Life would be so much better if my so called mother-in-law behaved, for once in her life to just know her place and exactly when to shut up. This woman will destroy you with her bad manners and change you. I was once upon a time the sweet little Ngwetsi that obeyed her and did as I was told but that faded because of her, just when I thought I was forgetting about her she comes back with a bang! I had plans of my own, even though I came back late from town I wanted to cook for my guests. This is worse than finding Salome cooking in my house. I won't lie, this

hurts like crazy and I won't be letting it go that easily. I don't care about her apology, I know she didn't mean it anyway.

I let Reba use the guest bedroom to get ready, it would be awkward if she went with me to my bedroom, don't ask me but my culture says so. I threw things around in my bedroom trying to cool myself down, it didn't help. I was really mad. I went to the bathroom to find Reba already in there,

"Okay good, thought you were never coming." she said as she washed makeup off her face.

"I'm so mad Reba."

"I know, me too. But you are still going to pay me right?" my sister asked. I dragged her here to come and help me cook by the way!

"Sure."

"Good, now bring that here." she said pulling my doek off to reveal my hair. "Yoh, aowa Pitsi, we need to make a plan for that hair."

My hair shocked me too, the state it was in. It needed a full salon treatment, nothing quick.

"Reba, I don't want to cut my hair. I am going to need a good head wrap that matches my outfit for tonight." I said seeing I have to cover it.

"I am going to take a bath while you wash that hair in that basin." Reba ordered me as she got into the bath.

I did what she said, she even came out of the bathtub to come and help me. I have a 6 inch tangled afro that hasn't seen the sun in like forever. I wasn't growing this hair, I was breeding it along with the nasty things that could come out of it. We had to re-wash 3 times with Reba trying to untangle it with her fingers while I begged her not to, it was painful and really hard to go through. After what seemed like thirty minutes on my hair Kgabo knocked on the bathroom door,

"Ladies, we are going to go get our guests, they seem to be having car trouble."

As soon as Kgabo and his mom left we went to the bedroom where Reba went through my hair with a comb and a dryer, the more I begged her to go easy on me the more she went crazy as she went on and on about how my hair is unkept and all that. She was really making me feel bad, it was like I let myself go.

She used hair food and moisturiser to soften it and make it shine. I looked at it in the mirror, I looked good and brand new but my head hurts.

After the big World War 4 for with my hair we went back to the bathroom and took our bath together. Reba had to bath again...□□□□

By the time we were getting ready separately in the bedrooms Kgabo came back with the guest and his mom. He came to knock on our doors shouting for us to finish as they were hungry.

Reba was the first one to finish, she came to pick through my door to check if I was still on track. I had chosen to wear the black and white dress that I had earlier picked for Reba with flat sandals, Reba gave me a thumbs up before closing the door. Oh by the way I did pay for a few outfits for my sister and she won't even consider that as payment.

At first I was too scared to walk out, I am not used to wearing new things and looking all lady like. All this felt... not so good...and not so me... it would be easy for me to walk out of here in my usual clothes. One more knock on the door by Kgabo got me springing out of my shy corner. I took a few minutes to breath before I walked out. I made sure to walk out as if nothing was new on me even

though my heart was pumping so hard you'd swear I would faint. I wasn't expecting compliments or anything, I just want to enjoy the evening and get my husband's approval, at least.

As I walked in my mother-in-law and Reba were in the kitchen and my husband was talking to his brother and sister-in-law on the couches. Kgabo looked at me and quickly stood up alarming his brother and wife, they also stood up to greet me. Koena was excited to see me and as for Pinky... Well, she looked at me like I am something disgusting.

"You look different from the last time I saw you, are you too planning..." Koena said then laughed, I laughed with him.

Kgabo didn't look pleased at all. Okay, this is not good, I had wished for him to see my effort and appreciate. I am not changing for him but a compliment would have been, nicer?

The thing is he couldn't move his eyes away from me, I wasn't sure about the look in his eyes.

The food was already set on the table, we all went to take our seats and passed the bowls of food as we served our selves. The food wasn't bad and it would have probably been better than mine. I sat next to my husband, he didn't say much but I could see he looked bothered.

"I see Pitsi, the shopping was worth it." my mother-in-law started with a smile that looked real. I guess that's a compliment from her but in her own way she was mocking me.

"She does look beautiful tonight." finally my husband said with a smile, I smiled back at him. I now know he loves my new look just my husband is not that good at expressing himself.

The topic shifted from me to how Pinky and Koena were doing, and Pinky couldn't hold back. She told us about her shopping sprees, her trips all over South Africa and around the world. Oh yes, we all know how rich she and her husband are even though she doesn't have the education to back her beauty and fashion forward senses. Koena is a University lecture who studied political science, he ran for Mayor once but lost out to a member of the ruling party. His wife wanted him to get deeper into politics but Koena decided he doesn't have what it takes to get into politics and took the opportunity of being at the University once it presented itself. He is doing a great job as far as we are concerned but his wife never seems satisfied.

Mother-in-law tried to get closer to Pinky but it was clear Pinky wanted nothing to do with her. After eating we ate dessert as we were joined by Kgabo and Koena's sisters who couldn't stop fussing over Pinky. She was all over them with her grand life and all, that I felt like I was nothing while sitting with my husband and his brother, Reba was busy answering her none endless calls outside. Kgabo and Koena tried to engage us all in one conversation and I think they just messed the evening for me, especially when Koena suggested this to his wife,

"Maybe you should let Pitsi design a few dresses for you, I heard she is a hit lately."

I could already see the kind of clothes that I could make for her, she doesn't even have to brief me about what she wants.

And then Pinky's response was,

"I don't wear anything by aspiring designers, sorry."

Everyone excluding Kgabo, me and Koena laughed.

"Aspiring designer is better than being a nobody hiding behind your BEE Bae." that was Reba coming through the door.

"And what are you? Her PR manager? With you she is clearly not even aspiring or upcoming, she is doomed already." Pinky responded.

"Miss know it all wee, let me tell you something. You don't mess with my sister while I'm around, look at her and look at yourself. She doesn't need you to be aspiring or upcoming, she has talent and what do you have? A working husband who can divorce you and throw you in the streets with nothing."

"How dare you..." an angry Pinky said trying to hit Reba. My already tipsy sister grabbed Pinky by her arm and went,

"Don't even try."

Pinky released her hands and rubbed it.

"Show me to our room." she said to me.

"I think you had enough Reba and I'll probably take you home." Kgabo said taking Reba with him, Koena followed them.

I went to the guestroom with Pinky,

"How dare she disrespects me like that? She doesn't even know me." she was furious as she threw herself on the bed. "Please tell my husband to bring our bags in."

"Okay." I said knowing Koena has left with Kgabo to drop my sister. I didn't want to get into anything with Pinky, even though I felt disrespected by her.

"Pitsi, I didn't mean to hurt you. Don't get me wrong I just don't wear any clothes."

"I get where you are coming from, no need to explain." I said to her and walk out the room. I don't think she owes me any explanation, she doesn't see anything wrong in what she's said and I don't want to be the one to point anything out to her. It's clear as daylight, she doesn't like me and the feeling just became mutual. I won't even ask her if the bedroom is comfortable enough for her or not, I kind of figured her answer already.

She is the first one to marry into this family, I remember when I came she was so friendly to me she even gave me pointers on how to handle our mother-in-law. When she moved, we spoke almost everyday up until she found new rich friends then I was beneath her class. She didn't change immediately but now I see for myself what she thinks of me.

I walked back to find my mother-in-law gossiping about my sister and me with her daughters. I couldn't hear what they were saying but as soon as I walked in they went quite, you know the drill. I decided to clean up while they giggled and whispered to each other. Wish there was another spare bedroom for Reba to sleep, I know she is a drunk who is an embarrassment sometimes but she would know how to handle this lot.

My husband and his brother came back, the night was already ruined so there was no need for anyone to sit and chat further. Again Kgabo and Koena drove them home, Kgabo drove his car and Koena drove mine.

I went to my bedroom and took off my dress and threw it in the laundry basket, I don't think I will ever wear it again. This new look thing is not for me!

When the brothers came back Kgabo went to take a quick bath. It has been a long day all I wanted was to hit the pillow and fall asleep, unfortunately my husband had other plans, he couldn't stop talking. He spoke about how Reba handled Pinky, somehow he thought she did the right thing by standing up for me. He couldn't stop commenting her.

"Can we stop talking about Reba and sleep already?" I asked pulling the bed covers over my head.

Kgabo got into bed and wrapped his arm around me, he kissed me on the neck.

"No, Kgabo."

"Please baby."

What the hell?

My husband, begging for sex? Never thought I would see this coming.

I wasn't really in the mood but I turned to face him,

"What was wrong with your brother's car?" I asked him trying to distract him.

"They ran out of petrol."

"But..."

"Shhhhh...." Kgabo said interrupting me. I went quite to listen to shoutings coming from the guestroom.

It was more of Pinky's voice that was loud.

Kgabo quickly got out of bed and switched on the lights to get into jeans and a shirt. I got out of bed too and went for my dress, when he walked out the door I was right behind him. He went to knock on the guestroom door while I stood next to him. We could still hear Pinky shouting.

It didn't take long for her to open the door. She came out with,

"I can't do this anymore, I can't." she walked to the sitting room, Kgabo followed her.

I pushed the door in and saw Koena, still fully clothed, sitting on the bed with his head buried in his hands. I didn't know if I should walk in or follow Kgabo and Pinky. I don't know what was going on between the two of them but I felt sorry for Koena.

Kgabo came back to call his brother to the sitting room. I could see how the poor guy dragged himself out of the bedroom. We went to sit down, me next to Koena and Kgabo with Pinky.

"Buti, what is going on? I tried talking to Pinky but she said I should ask you." Kgabo started.

"Can we not do this in front of her?" Pinky asked pointing at me.

"She is my wife and this is her home so please respect her." Kgabo harshly said to Pinky.

"Kgabo, I am struggling." Koena said as if he was unaware of the tension going on.

"What's wrong bro?"

"He's broke, that's what's wrong! We couldn't even afford petrol to come here."

Kgabo gave Pinky a deadly look but that didn't stop her from belittling her husband.

"If you'd stopped shopping when I told you to Pinky."

"Don't put this on me Koena, I have a life to live and maintain."

"What is really going on here?" Kgabo pressed.

"We owe the house, the cars, the children's school fees and all the other things." Pinky said crying.

"How much are we talking about, maybe Pitsi and I will help."

Pinky went quite and stared at her husband,

"I need 200k to settle all our debts."

Kgabo and I looked at each other and went,

"Tjo!"

Chapter 19>>>

"How the hell did you get to that? 200k is not child's play bro!" Kgabo said surely disappointed in his brother. He has always thought highly of Koena, he respects him more than their father. I don't blame him, Koena is the type of guy who does everything by the book, growing up, I grew up knowing him as the quite guy that played soccer but never chased after girls even when they threw themselves at him. That's why he refused to join politics, he is not corrupt. And I know Pinky saw this "broke" thing coming from a mile and thought of a get rich quick scheme through politics. I have to tell you that at that time Koena refused to have anything to do with politics after his epic fail from trying Pinky packed her bags and headed home and when she decided to go back to her husband, Koena was hospitalized for almost a week. The diagnose was food poisoning. I don't trust food poisoning where funeral policies are concerned but I will let that rest since I am the only one noticing faults there. I, myself was shocked beyond words. Their cushy life would have given you the impression that they are this close to owning ABSA and about to fund NASFAS until fees fell. They both drive X5's, his and hers, red and white. Pinky has even moved her parents from Hamanskraal to some high security estate somewhere in a suburb I can't mention, for their security purposes I guess.

Apparently she paid cash for the house, almost sending Koena to the ER with a heart attack. She used their savings, that's why they are broke now, that's why they are in my 2 bedroom house. And now all that doesn't explain why Pinky called me an aspiring designer if she can't afford her Victoria Secret underwear anymore. I don't mean to be mean or anything but seriously people who have badly fallen from their grace do not act like her, she should be showing signs of regret and mercy.

"I don't know what happened. I don't even qualify for a loan because I owe the bank already." he said with eyes filling up with tears.

I do feel for Koena, I know he blames his wife but this is also his fault, if only he had sat his wife down and spoke to her about her spending or cut off her credit cards.

"I think it's time you considered coming back home..." Kgabo said but I couldn't hear what came after that since Pinky jumped in,

"That's not even an option, I'd rather stay with my parents than move to this... under developed village! From a 6 bedroom mansion to this...???"

"What's your plan then Pinky?" Kgabo asked folding his arms across his chest in a gesture of listening to anything great that she may come up with.

She quickly opened and shut her mouth, she looked at Kgabo who was looking dead straight at her then at the blank TV screen.

"If I had any ideas I wouldn't be here." she said.

"I have one... Sell your parents house." Kgabo said releasing his arms.

"Are you out of your mind? How could you suggest such a thing?" she asked with anger looming through her. "I am going to bed and Koena come to bed with good news or sleep on that small couch."

The house went quiet for a while after Pinky loudly banged the bedroom door as she shut it. The three of us sat there not talking. I don't know much about my husband's financial status but I know he has the money since he was awarded a tender to build a mall in Tzaneen and he has just finished another project in Mpumalanga. But 200k is just too much to give it away just like that and I don't think he can borrow his own brother that kind of money, I mean the guy is unable to buy petrol from Pretoria to Polokwane, this is not good.

"Pitsi, can I be left alone with my brother please?" Kgabo asked me and I left them.

I wanted to check on Pinky but truly speaking I don't feel sorry for her, she is the one that has brought all this to their family, that I know for sure. Everything does don't come cheap, the trips everywhere, the personal trainer, the expensive clothes and perfumes, the list is endless as she lives the life she can't afford. On top of that she treats her husband like he is nothing just because he can't afford to pay for her lavish lifestyle anymore. Poor Koena!

I couldn't fall asleep, not because I was drilling my mind over other people's matter but because everything is a mess. I don't think Kgabo would let his brother suffer even though that kind of money is a big thing. I just hope he includes me in any decision he makes, this is going to be a big test in our marriage. I don't know how I would react if he doesn't tell me anything...

When Kgabo came to the bedroom he came to ask for my car keys again, I don't even know where they are, him and his brother were the last one to use my car. He said Koena doesn't want to share a bedroom with Pinky so he's going to their parents' house. He looked for the keys and found them on the floor, they must have fell when he took off his jeans. He went out the bedroom to his brother, I heard them talking and then the door opening, then the car. This entire time I just sat up on the bed and listened to everything that was going on until Kgabo came to bed.

"Oh Pitsi, what am I going to do?" he asked me leaning against the door after closing it.

"What is Koena saying? What happened?" I asked him cautioning him to come to bed. He did, he got on top of the bed with his clothes still on.

"An investment gone wrong, he invested 2 million in a company that was already bankrupt. All his money gone down the drain just like that."

That doesn't sound like Kgabo, he sure seems like someone who has a good head on his shoulders. He would probably do his homework before making such a stupid decision. Something doesn't add up.

"I know what you are thinking, I am thinking the same too but it looks like my brother was taken for a ride." Kgabo added. "It sounds like he made a desperate attempt to get money without thinking."

"So, this has nothing to do with Pinky's shopping sprees and trips?"

"You can ask that again." my husband said kicking his sandals off and turning the other way.

I also did the same. I wish I knew more about Pinky. Maybe I should have gotten closer to her, like tried harder. I don't really trust her, it's like she is hiding something but anyway I wouldn't put anything passed her.

The next day I was the first one to wake up and prepare a meal for all of us, full English breakfast served with either coffee or tea or even juice as with Miss Pinky you never know. Before making breakfast I took a bath and got into my new clothes, denim knee length skirt and a white tight body suit and for my hair I held it up in a bun and then wrapped around a head wrap leaving the bun out. I changed in the bathroom so Kgabo didn't see me. I called my sister and asked her how she was doing, she didn't pick up but she send an SMS saying her hangover doesn't allow her to pick up calls. I left her at that and continued with the good smelling breakfast.

"Ahhhhh, a good smelling breakfast." Koena said walking in through the door. He looked fresh like he had a good night sleep that washed away all his problems. I smile at him and told him to go sit down. He did as he passed by the TV and switched it on.

"So, how are you today?" I asked him as I went to offer him a cup of tea.

"I don't know, I don't think I will ever recover from this."

"Please don't say that, I have faith in you."

"I don't, I don't even have faith in God, I feel like he has abandoned me."

"How about you pay the Pastor a little visit."

"I'll think about it but I just feel like I am missing something in my life."

"I believe you'll find it." I said to him and got up to serve us breakfast. I didn't want to wake Kgabo and Pinky, I felt like somehow Koena would open up to me and tell me what really happened. I still believe Pinky is behind what they are going through right now but he is protecting her and taking the blame. Sitting with him didn't help much even though we did connect, I never really sat down with Koena and had a proper chat, this was something new and it felt good to talk to him even though he was good at avoiding the real issue.

My food tasted good, I am not blowing my own horn, Koena never complained.

"Good morning." Pinky said wrapping her gown around her body and fastening it. She stood next to me looking at my plate.

There is nothing I hate more than a person strolling around food with clothes meant for the bedroom, no offence, that's just my opinion.

"Let me get you a plate." I said getting up.

"No, please. I won't eat this junk, fruit salad and a glass of juice would do. Please bring it to the bedroom." she said then turned to go back to the bedroom.

There we go again! Last night I was an aspiring designer and today I am her maid, shem I won't tolerate this in my own house. If she wants the bloody salad she'll make it herself, I will sit her and enjoy my junk.

"I am going to take a walk, thanks for the delicious breakfast." Koena said then walked out.

I got up and cleaned up. I know Pinky is probably waiting for whatever she thinks she ordered me to do, I have news for her then, she's in for a long wait. She really makes me mad, how dare she orders me around in my own house?

"New clothes, again?" Kgabo said making me jump as he startled me. "We are heading to Koena and Pinky's route if you don't stop."

"I haven't done shopping in a while?"

"So, why now? Were you trying to compete with Pinky?"

"Really Kgabo? So I can't do anything for myself anymore?"

Well, I do admit that a part of me wanted to impress him all along even though I have tried to lie to myself several times that I am doing it for myself. I wanted to work on our relationship by working on myself first, make sure I look good for him but now if he doesn't notice but complain then what is all this for?

"You know what Kgabo, there is still more that I bought and if it will make you happy I can return them." I angrily said to him.

"Come on, don't get angry now. You can keep the clothes and even buy more if you want." he said coming to me and giving me a hug from behind. "Now, serve me some of that good smelling breakfast of yours."

He went to sit down at the table and looked at me. What would he say if I tell him all this was for him? Would he think it's stupid? I want my husband to show me how much I mean to him when I am not tidy and when I am dressed to the nines, a compliment even when I am at my worst would be the perfect pick me up especially coming from him.

I warmed up his breakfast and gave it to him. I sat across him and watched him eat his breakfast with a smile while eyeing me.

"What?" I asked him.

"This is nice."

"Oh, you saying I cook well lately?"

"No, I mean yes the food is nice but you serving me breakfast and walking around the kitchen it's something else." he said still smiling. See? That's how my husband compliments.

"Are you saying that now that I cook I am finally the perfect wife?"

His expression changed a bit as he put his fork down with his eyes still on me.

"Pitsi, you are more than perfect for me." he said as he paused looking at me for a few seconds. I wanted to talk but I couldn't say anything as my mind just turned blank.

Koena came through the door distracting this perfect moment between my husband and me. They both started talking as Kgabo invited Koena to join him today at the sites that he is working at.

So, I will be all alone with the madam today!

Yippee!!! Lord help me.

They left shortly after they both took baths. After that I cleaned the house and took over the little dinner table and started working, catching up on work that I have been missing. I had 2 brief calls with Thabiso and Pule and just when I was about to finish off my first sketch the madam came out of the bedroom. I made sure to look busy and very concentrated on my work.

"Pitsi, still waiting for my fruit salad and juice." she said standing next to me.

After all this time? Heeee banna, I have a lot on my mind and fruit salad is the last thing on my mind right.

Still pretending on being very busy, pointing at the kitchen with my pencil I went,

"There are fruits and juice in the fridge and..." I was about to tell her where to find the bowls and utensils but she grabbed my pencil and threw it on the floor as she went,

"Where is your hospitality? I am a guest here."

"And a woman with 2 working hands" I said quoting my mother.

"I knew it that coming here was a bad idea from the start, especially now that you know my problems you disrespect me."

"I am not judging you Pinky."

"Then why are you treating me like I am some hobo, I deserve to spend the day in my pjs and get breakfast in bed."

"Well, that's what happens at the expensive hotels you go to, not in my house."

"Oh, now you are taking it there. I could close that mouth of yours with a slap right now."

"Really?" I asked her getting up on my chair.

"You wouldn't hit back if you know what's good for you."

"Try me." I said going to stand next to her.

She is skinnier than me but taller than me, a bit.

Truth be told she intimidates me!

If she attacks me now I will scream for my sister...

Chapter 20>>>>

You just know it when your opponent is bigger and stronger than you but that doesn't mean you can't hold your ground and stand tall. I will stand in front of Pinky and pretend like I am ready to fight back if she tries me. I don't know what is going on in her mind but she sure as hell looked way too confident to scare me off. We stood facing each other as if daring one another to go first. I have never tested my strength in a fight, I have never been that type of girl who found herself in those type of situation but anyway I always had my sister to fight for me.

I watched the anger on her face wear off as she backed away a bit.

"I am a classy respectable woman who doesn't need this kinds of things in her life." She said turning to walk to my fridge. I watched her with hate looming through me, I hate Pinky with every blood cell in my body. I can't believe that this is the same girl that I once upon a time regarded as a best friend. I could have bet my life that today she and I will be sitting down over a cup of tea, acting all lady like while gossiping about our mother-in-law. I didn't expect her to be so bossy and controlling.

"You know what, I think from now on it's better if you stay out of my way and I will do the same, it's clear we don't like each other." she said pointing at me with a fork. Well on that part I have to agree with her, not talking to her suits me just fine.

I watched her making a mess in the kitchen, she was doing everything on purpose, getting me to talk, I know.

I ignored her and picked up my pencil. She went with her food to the bedroom and I decided to clean up after her, that went on for the rest of the morning. For someone who didn't want anything to do with junk food she was sure eating too much, her journey to the fridge was sure to make trails on the tiled floor. We kept

each other's distances avoiding each other like none existed. I didn't have a problem with that.

I tried calling Reba but her phone sent me straight to voice mail, I know she is probably okay only sleeping.

Around 11pm I started with lunch only for Kgabo to call and say him and Koena will eat out, after that he told me to get ready around 3pm, they will come pick us up and that I should also tell Pinky. I got so loud on him telling him to call her himself. He didn't argue or ask, he hang up and in a minute I heard Pinky talking in the bedroom.

Since Pinky is on a diet and I didn't feel like anything heavy I made us baked hake and green salad. I didn't serve her, I left all the food on the kitchen counter and ate my lunch sitting on the couch. Thabiso called to check if I was ready to send him some of my designs, I told him I'll get Kgabo to scan and email then to him as soon as possible. At least I had a few finished.

Pinky came out of the bedroom to serve herself lunch. If I was her I wouldn't eat my food, I am not saying I poured anything in there but she and I shouldn't be trusting each other. You never known when your enemy will strike. She came to sit on the other couch switching the tv on. I got up and went to wash my plate and cleared the mess she made. I went back to my work and continued working while Pinky ate her lunch like it was her first meal of the day. After that she took a 2 hour bath and came out still looking the same, like that would have cleaned her attitude.

I cleared my work and neatly packed away everything. I also went to take a bath, not as long as Pinky did though. And as soon as I came out of the bathroom she was also coming out of the bedroom wearing a long red summer dress, with gold and black flat sandals, her hair and make-up on point. I found myself staring at her beauty that would attracts anyone passing by. She knows she is beautiful and doesn't mind being starred at.

She went to the kitchen and I took a moment to push myself into the bedroom.

Looking at myself in the mirror I just found my look boring and dull, it was like comparing myself yo her made me feel invincible and not even a match. I am not

as brave as her to walk out of here with make-up and a wig that probably costs more than my most expensive shoes, well I love Mr Price shoes and sometime Woolworths too but hey that's nothing.

I checked my overflowing wardrobe and decided to go with my old Orange maxi skirt and a white vest, I let my skirt hang to my curves as I showed them off by tucking in my vest.

I think I looked okay but not sure if I should walk out of here looking like this. I had a mind of changing into something that I am used to, something more comfortable but before that mind could kick in the door opened and there was Kgabo. He walked in and stood for a few minutes looking at me before he went,

"I really don't know if Pinky being here is a good thing or not."

I knew what he meant by that.

"You don't like my clothes."

"I am not saying anything to get me into trouble." He said throwing his hands in the air.

I wish he would one day just say something nice to me, just to give me courage. I need that from him.

Before I knew it he was rushing me out the bedroom even though he was also coming in to change.

"It's not like we are going anywhere nice."

"Where are we going?"

"I am just going to show you all the progress of our house." He said hugging me from behind. He held me running his hands down my curves, I looked at him through the mirror. His eyes were closed as if he was picturing something... beautiful?

"Mommy!!!" Kamo shouted rushing in. I haven't seen my baby in ages. I picked him up and gave him a hug, he was so excited and giggling up a storm. He started talking right away reminding me of things that I once upon a time promised him while I made excuses after excuses, lying some more to him.

I went out of the bedroom holding my over active son, his cousins were talking to Koena while Pinky sat by herself as if she wasn't a mother herself. She looked like the children disgusted her or something.

I went to sit Kamo down next to his uncle and joined them as he told them stories and asked them questions. He was good with the kids and I was so impressed with the way he communicated with them. Kgabo finally came out of the bedroom, he ordered the oldest kid who was 12 to look after all the kids. Thought they were all coming with us.

The four of us drove in my car with Pinky and me at the back sitting like we didn't know each other. I don't think the men noticed because they were busy talking and everytime they involved us we replied to them only and never included anything that involved us talking but still I was the only one talking with them. Pinky wasn't that interested.

Thank Goodness our new house is not that far, otherwise Pinky and me were going to give ourselves away. When we got there I was the first one to get out of the car. I could not believe my eyes, my house was almost done. I could just move in already.

Kgabo opened the gate for us I could not hold my excitement that I gave him a hug and a kiss just to say thank you. I went in and checked it out, the only thing missing was the floor tile and ceiling that Kgabo wanted me to pick. I was so

happy I didn't even care what Pinky thought of the house. I went inside as Kgabo showed me the master bedroom, it had nothing in it but I loved it already. The space, the bathroom, I could picture everything done already.

I took pictures of everything inside and went outside, I took pictures outside too looking around for Lerato. I haven't seen her in a while, there was a car parked outside her gate that showed she was home and probably had visitors. Kgabo and Koena walked around with me, Koena sounded happy for us while his wife sat on top of the car looking bored while going through her phone. She is jealous! Simple as that!

While taking pictures and talking Lerato came out of her house followed by a man, they walked to the car and exchanged hugs and kisses in full view of the neighbours. Lerato is still wearing her mourning clothes and already she is inviting men into her house and children's lives, her children came out of the house and ran around as the man got into his car, clearly they have met him. Koena doesn't know what is going on but clearly the black clothes says it all. I heard him saying something disapproving to Kgabo, I didn't hear what my husband's response was but I could tell he disapproves too.

We left after I was done taking pictures, when we got to the house Kgabo offered to take the kids home after I made them their snacks. Koena wanted to go with him but Kgabo told his brother to rest and Koena did just that. Pinky went to watch t.v. while I slaved away in the kitchen. I don't mind since she and I are sworn enemies. She came to the fridge several times grabbing a fruit then yoghurt and I stopped watching her since she was doing that a lot.

Later on I received a call from my mom, I didn't want to answer it but she kept on calling until I picked up,

"Ma?"

"Pitsi, where is Rebabedi? Since she left in the morning no one knows where she is?" My mom asked me sounding worried. I don't know why she always worry

herself with my sister, Reba always does this. Sometimes she even disappears for weeks without telling anyone anything and my mom will be a wreck worrying herself sick about her.

"I haven't seen her since last night and I am sure wherever she is she's fine."

"You are not helping even one bit, my child could be missing right now. It's fine, I'll find her myself." She said with a cracking voice before she hang up.

Even after everything she is still the favourite child. I had no choice but to also join in the search but I don't have the energy to be out there looking for old enough Reba. I tried her cellophone and this time it was off, then I tried calling my husband to get him to help in the search but his phone just rang. Oh well, he'll get back to me when he checks his phone.

I went back to my cooking. I was done impressing Pinky so for tonight I made pap and beef stew, if she doesn't want to eat this food she can make herself anything she wants.

I finished cooking around 6:30pm and tried to call Kgabo again, his phone was ringing but he never picked up. I waited for 30 minutes before trying him again but nothing changed. I couldn't wait any longer as Koena and his wife looked hungry, I can't starve them because of my husband. Not knowing where he is is really driving me nuts, he should be home by now joining us for supper not leaving me alone with our guests. I don't even know how to entertain them since Pinky and I are not on speaking terms and it looks like she and her husband aren't either. They sat on separate couches and each minded their business.

I eventually set the table and started serving the food, I announced that supper was ready and the both came to sit at the table. We ate in silence as my plate stayed full as everyone ate peacefully.

"I everything okay" Koena asked me.

"Yes, it's just that I can't get hold of Kgabo."

"Uhhmm, let me try him." Koena said wiping his hands with a kitchen cloth. He got his phone out of his pocket then called. He listened for a few seconds then went, "No, answer."

I had to pretend like it didn't bother me as I forced myself to eat. Koena could see that I wasn't fine. He took his phone and called his mother who told him that Kgabo dropped the kids ages ago and that just made matters worse for me. Where is my husband?

We finished eating and I cleared the table then did the dishes while trying to call Kgabo until his phone send me to voicemail. Pinky went to bed leaving me and Koena trying to figure out what the heck is going on.

I looked at the clock on the wall and it said 00:45, that's how long Koena and I have been waiting and trying Kgabo's phone. It got so frustrating that I couldn't take it anymore, I cried so hard...

And when Koena asked me why I was crying I said,

"I have a feeling something is wrong..."

The look on his face didn't say much but he didn't seem as worried as I was...

Chapter 21>>>

There is absolutely nothing we can do now rather than wait, we don't even know what we are waiting for. Good or bad news? Or my husband is just trying to prove something? Anyway, no one knows. Our only link to him was his dead cellphone, that's if he didn't decide to switch it off. If only he'd answered and told us that he was fine we would be peacefully sleeping and not worrying about someone who is probably doing God knows what. I can't stop worrying though. They say no news

is good news but not in this case, just a simple SMS would make a huge difference, if not then anything would be better than sitting here and hoping someone or something would happen. I could think of all the places where he could be, I just hope he is not with Salome. No, he wouldn't, end of that.

I remember when he decided to get a tracker for my car, all that because I failed to let him know in time that I would be helping my mom with a last minute order and my cellphone was accidentally on silent mode. Since then I have never given him a reason to go tracking for my car and that shows he should be the one with a tracker not me. He can't even answer his phone or keep it on.

I looked at the clock over and over again, at 2:26am I tried his phone again, voicemail.

Koena sat on the other couch staring at his hands, he didn't know how to help me. He had ran out of options just like me. He was busy twisting his fingers then suddenly I realised that there was something different with his hands. I looked until I realised that he wasn't wearing his custom made expensive wedding ring. Koena has always been happy with his wife and their life seemed perfect, nothing prepared us for this headache they are going through. That makes me wonder if Kgabo and I will ever get to that point, anyway I guess we have our own different problems to deal with.

I wonder again, if Kgabo has been going through what I have, I can't be the only one seeing the cracks and experiencing the lack of intimacy in our relationship. Yes, my husband is not that sharing when it comes to the "sex subject" but we could still do things differently even if we don't talk. We never had issues before and things were okay, maybe if we'd worked on that before we got this far.

"Maybe, you should go sleep." Koena suggested, he looked like then one who could do with a proper good night sleep. I was tired too but I don't think sleep will help my situation right now, either is sitting here. Whatever I do is pointless.

"What about you?" I asked him seeing he wasn't planning on moving. The look he gave me answered me, going to bed with his wife wasn't an option, they are still at it. "I'll get you a blanket and a pillow." I said to him as I stood up. He nod his head yes at me.

I went to the bedroom and tried Kgabo's phone again and still voicemail, where the hell is he? I am scared and frustrated, how could he just let his phone go off without talking to me first?

I got the blanket and pillow for Koena. I went to give them to him and let him settle in the 3 sitter couch.

I checked my phone and there was nothing. I know I won't be able to sleep even if I try. Kgabo used to go out and party all night and it never bothered me but that's because I always knew where he was, with my sister, drinking up a storm.

I decided to call Salome,

"Pitsi?" She answered in a sleepy voice.

"Where are you?" I asked her my heart beating fast.

"Home, why?"

"Where is my husband?" I asked again this time tears ran down my cheeks. I don't want to seem weak but this is hard.

"I don't know, what's going on?"

"I want my husband and you are the only one he could sneak to."

"I don't know where Kgabo is, I haven't seen him ever since you told me to stay away from him."

"Don't lie to me Salome, he is there with you. I know that."

"Pitsi, it's 3am and I'm sleepy. I will come to your house later in the morning." She said then hang up. I tried calling her back but her phone was off. I swear the bitch has my husband!

I tried to call Reba and her phone just rang. Why can't I get answers from anyone?

I cried as I tried to sleep while listening to every single sound from outside, hoping it was Kgabo pulling in with his car. At the end I fell asleep and when I woke up the sun was up and there was still no Kgabo. I covered my mouth with my hand and cried again, for not knowing where my husband was.

I got out of bed and tried his phone again, voicemail! As I went to the bathroom I saw Salome and Koena sitting on the couches talking. Seeing her in my house again I just lost it...

"What do you want in my house? Get out!" I shouted at her.

"Pitsi, calm down!" Koena said calmly to me.

"It's fine, I will leave." She said and took her cellphone that was on the coffee table. "I really don't know where your husband is and all I wanted to do was help."

I just pointed at the door for her and off she went.

"Pitsi?" Koena said.

"She knows something, I swear she does." I said and he just looked at me pitying me, I don't want that.

I went back to my bedroom and changed clothes and went to the bathroom to fix myself. After I took my car keys and left as Koena tried to stop me by calling me. I couldn't listen to him, not now.

I drove to my parents house and soon as I parked my car Reba's kids came running out. I love those kids but not today, I passed them and went straight inside the house. I found Reba in the kitchen, when she saw me walking in she went,

"Wena, don't you know people sleep at night?"

"Where were you?" I asked her avoiding her question.

"Do you really want to know?" She asked me with a smile.

"Answer me!" I shouted at her. Her children got in and quickly left the kitchen, they could tell auntie is not in a good mood.

"What's with you?"

"I want to know where you were?"

"Why? It's none of your business by the way."

"Kgabo, didn't come home so I want to know if you know anything."

"Kgabo didn't come home?" That came from my mom who appeared out from nowhere.

"I don't know where he is, did you call him?" Reba asked me looking worried.

"Pitsi, go home and wait for your husband and stop going around and looking for someone who knows he has a family." My mom harshly said to me.

"Ma, there could be something wrong with Kgabo." Reba said.

"So what? He is a man, he can sleep anywhere he wants and not owe anyone an explanation. And now my dear daughter do you see how it feels when you are badly looking for someone? What did you say to me yesterday?"

Trust my mom to bring that up. This could be serious unlike her daughter who never goes missing but disappear for fun. I bet she didn't ask Reba anything when she came back.

I angrily walked out of the house to the car while mom shouted this at me,

"Don't forget what we spoke about, you haven't told me when you'll start."

Mxm! They can stay in that rotting house for all I care. I am in a dilemma but yet she still puts herself first.

Reba came running after me,

"Pitsi, wait!"

"I have to go look for my husband Reba, what do you want?"

"Look for him where? Just go home Pitsi and if he comes back talk about this with him."

"And if he doesn't?"

"I'm sure he will, don't think like that."

"Fine, I have to go."

"Okay, call me if you need anything."

I got into my car and checked my phone, hoping for something from Kgabo but still my phone's screen just lit up at me with nothing to show. Maybe he is home! I drove there with the hope of finding my husband with a good explanation. When I got home things were as they were when I left except Koena was busy making breakfast in the kitchen. In less than 2 hours we have to get ready for church and my husband is not even here. I offered to help Koena but he said he'll be fine, his wife was sitting down going through her phone. I went to the bedroom and called my father-in-law, my mother-in-law would throw a party to celebrate my crumbling marriage.

Kgabo's father answered and I told him what happened. I know he gets busy on Sundays at church helping the Pastor to prepare for his sermon but he promised to come over. If I can't find my own husband that I am suppose to know everything about how can I expect anyone to?

I never stopped listening to his voicemails hoping his phone will ring and I would hear his voice.

Koena came to knock on my bedroom door to tell me that breakfast was ready. I didn't feel like eating but I didn't want to say that to a man who just went to so much trouble. I went to join him and his wife and it seemed like Pinky's diet just went out the window as she ate all the fatty foods Koena had prepared. I forced myself to chew and swallow bit by bit.

"So, what's going to happen to us if Kgabo doesn't come back?" Pinky asked.

Really now? I don't even understand how she could ask something like that? How did she even know that Kgabo is missing since she is not talking to any of us? I wanted to tell her to shut up but I decided not to. Koena continued eating like Pinky didn't say anything and I did the same too.

While eating my father-in-law knocked, Koena opened for him and he was surprised to see his father. I had to explain that I am the one that had called him and say everything in front of them, well I didn't really want Pinky to know my problems just like she didn't want me to know here but I had to talk. Koena didn't like what I did but I had no other choice, if something happened to Kgabo they will know so what's the use of hiding things now from them.

Surprisingly Pinky got up to serve our father-in-law breakfast. I could tell she respects the man more than our mother-in-law, well is the same with me but I am not as transparent as her.

My phone beeped,

I looked at it and...

"It's Kgabo." I said with a bit of excitement and anger as the message opened.

"What is he saying?" Koena asked as everyone looked at me.

It reads,

'Please get my white shirt ready for church, I am running late.'

After the sleepless night, the worrying, me going around and confronting people and the endless calls this is all I get...

I will stamp the bloody white shirt with a hot iron I tell you...

Chapter 22>>>

I wish I was told how to deal with an absent husband, Kgabo is not that absent but no one prepared me for this. Being well prepared would have eased things for me but wait my mom told me to suck it up and always stand by my husband, she told me that when I left home. In a way she was warning me that something like this would happen and I shouldn't actually be surprised when it does, her approach to the whole situation is terrible and so old school. I can't let this go and carry on as if it's nothing, it will tear me apart inside if I don't get answers. I don't know though how to approach it because clearly Kgabo doesn't understand what he had done, to him nothing is wrong. I am angry and tired from lack of sleep, all I get is a simple SMS making demands. Before I could do anything for him and that's if he'd get anything from me. I want the truth, no explanation just plain truth as to where he was while I was worried sick about him. I know I might not get the truth but at least knowing where he was would help me in understanding what is really going on. Sometimes he takes things that I regard as serious for nothing.

I don't want to think my husband is cheating, I know there is a possibility but I don't even want to picture that. I know my husband and I see he is behaving out of character, I can't say he has never cheated on me but this is a first. Something like this has never happened with him, not answering my calls was never his habit. No matter where he was or how drunk he was he would still answer. This is scary...

I swallowed hard...

I showed his brother and father the message, they both read it and laughed it off like it was nothing. It is a relief that he is fine but what about what he had put us through? Me especially! Anyway Koena was only trying to make me feel better, I could see the doubt on his face. He might not know where his brother is but surely he had the same ideas as me.

"See, all this for nothing, he is fine." Koena said with a smile. I forced a smile back at him.

They expected me to do what he wanted and act like a happy wife because finally hubby is fine and coming home. I cleared the table and washed the dishes. My father-in-law decided to leave while Koena and Pinky went to get ready for church, I can't go feeling so down, hope God forgives me for missing church. I feel like my whole face is written stress and everyone would see that. Church might be a holy place but I tell you gossipers do not sleep.

I gave Koena and Pinky my car keys so they go to church and told them I will come with Kgabo once he gets here.

When they left I had started cleaning and preparing lunch, only a few minutes left before church started and I had to keep myself busy until Kgabo gets here. Maybe I should have also gone to church and avoided a confrontation that might get ugly with my husband, it has to happen though. Finally I heard Kgabo's car pulling in. I was now in the kitchen busy with lunch, I tried my damn hardest to keep a steady hand while stirring my chicken stew. I was trembling and my heart beating fast. He came through the door and went,

"Hey baby, thought you've all left for church."

I am so ready to throw all sorts of insults at him and him acting so cool just boils my blood even over. I turned around to look at him,

"Where were you?" I asked him trying my most cool voice that came out harshly because of the anger that I was fighting.

"Can we talk about this after church?"

He knows that I am not happy and he wants to let me calm down so he could get away with what he did.

"You can go, I am not."

"Are you trying to start up a fight so early in the morning?"

Early in the morning? It's almost 11am. But how would he know since he uses his phone for SMSs only.

"If you'd answered me there wouldn't be a possibility of a fight."

"Heee banna, were do you think I was?" He asked me smiling, almost laughing at me.

I am angry and all he had to do is think this is a joke. He won't even answer a simple question that even Kamo can answer unless he's been naughty. I wanted to scream at him but my emotions betrayed me, I cried, he's making a fool of me.

"Pitsi?" He said coming to me.

"Don't touch me! You don't understand how worried I was, I couldn't sleep the whole night and wena you are just going to march in here like you did nothing. I tried calling you the whole night! The entire night, why didn't you get back to me?"

"I'm sorry, I had to rush to the site where we are recently working at and I left my phone in the car. I only got it today and the battery was dead." He said sounding like he understood now but still I don't get him.

"Even if that's the truth I am finding it hard to believe you." I answered him wiping tears off my face.

"It's the truth and don't you ever think that of me, I told you I would never do that to us." He spoke as he placed his hands on my shoulders. He wanted to pull me to him but I pushed him away.

"Please, don't touch me."

"Come on now! Can't we just move on, we are going to be late."

"I told you I am not going to church."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want to and I don't believe you. You could've at least called, you get that? I don't think you understand what you have done."

"I am trying to explain myself here, it's not even a big deal like you are making it out to be."

I just lost my cool and threw the whole pot of boiling chicken at him but lucky for him I missed. Only a small portion of it's water landed on his shirt and the rest just went wasted on the floor. He looked at me with shock in his eyes and I had a

moment of regret, I could have burnt him... I breathed in deeply as I watched him standing there and looking at me like he was scared of me.

"Just go to church! Go! Go! Go!" I shouted at him pushing him.

He didn't say anything, he just went to the bathroom and took a quick bath. He didn't even ask if I had ironed his shirt, he knows me. I went to sit on the couch and cried my eyes out.

He is lying!

I sat on the couch until he left then I went to clean up the kitchen and the mess I made. I quickly made another chicken stew then wrapped up with the cooking.

I went to take a bath, I even blow dried my hair and wore one of Thabiso's dresses. They are not something I would wear but they were the only thing that I know would annoy Kgabo. This is not revenge it's a plan in motion!

I even wore black high heels just to give my figure a boost in the dress. I neatly sat the table, making sure that everything looked beautiful and spotless.

I went to sit on the couch and waited for everyone to come back from church. I heard one of the cars pulling in.

Kgabo walked in alone. He came to sit next to me on the couch,

"I came straight home before anyone could get here. Can we talk?" He asked.

"There is nothing to talk about, I overreacted. You should go get ready for lunch."

He went quite and looked at me for a long time. I was too calm and easily forgiving that he didn't understand what was going on with me. I know he expected me to be the way I was before he left for church.

His eyes went up and down my body, I was wearing the dress he hated and I wasn't fishing for his opinion. He wouldn't dare try me shem...

"I wanted to ask you for something." He said.

"What?"

"I have the money, is it okay if I help Koena?"

"Sure, why not, he is your brother." I answered him and got up. I went to the kitchen just as Koena and Pinky came in.

I told everyone to sit at the table as I brought the food, I had cooked the best Sunday meal I have ever made, 7 colours!

My husband couldn't stop complementing my cooking. Sucking up, is his number one thing. He was right in complementing me though as Koena couldn't stop himself either.

After the meal I brought out dessert, malva pudding and home made curstod, just the way my mom taught me.

"Well," I started, "Kgabo and I have some good news for you guys."

Kgabo looked at me as everyone looked at me too.

"Go ahead, tell them." I urged him. He forced a smile as he went,

"Pitsi and I have decided to give you guys the money, but you going to have to pay it back." He said his eyes still on me.

Pinky jumped up in celebration!

"Finally, I can have my life back!" She roared out in excitement.

"Thank you so much to the both of you." Koena said shaking both our hands, the relief on his face spoke volume. I could see the stress wearing off him already.

Pinky started talking to me and Koena right away, telling us about the expensive life she had missed as if we didn't know that already. None of us had the energy to tell her that things are not going to be the same anymore. She is old enough to figure that out, it might take her years to go shopping in Paris again if she wants that cushy life of hers again.

That same day Pinky cooked a meal for all of us inviting our in-laws and even my sister who came late.

She didn't look happy as we had a braai outside, she looked like someone who wanted to confront Kgabo. She wasn't drinking but I made sure to guard her at all times, just to make sure. At the end she pulled me aside,

"So, where was he?" She asked me pointing at Kgabo, making sure he knows we are talking about him.

"Reba, it's fine, we sorted it out." I told my most loyal sister who is always ready to fight my battles. She didn't argue with me or pursue the topic even though she wasn't satisfied.

Pinky joined us, she said she wanted to apologise to my sister. I had to calm Reba down not cause a scene again as she called Pinky fake and conniving. Pinky just laughed it off, the money has somehow changed her. I guess not having it makes

her bitter. Reba shifted away from us to answer her phone, Pinky didn't waste any moment in saying what I think it's been bothering her,

"Pitsi, your husband didn't come home last night, you do know what that means right?" I went quite and just stared at her. She added, "He is cheating!"

The last 3 of her words echoed through my ears straight to my heart like a knife so painful I almost slapped her. I moved away from her before my BP rose above normal. I went straight to my husband, just when I got there Kgabo's sisters who are forever mean to me complimented my dress and hair. Kgabo was now relaxed seeing that I was happy and had meant what I had said earlier. He couldn't stop touching me and giving me little hugs now and then.

The forgiving perfect wife, aren't I?

My sister had to leave, saying her boyfriend is taking her out for the night. I wonder who this boyfriend is and I would like to meet him if she allows me. I walked her out the gate and since it was a Sunday our little celebration didn't last long but Pinky and Koena decided to go spend a few hours at our in-law's house. Kgabo had to go with them to help drop some of them, one car isn't enough.

I tried to tidy up but my mind wasn't into it. I went to the bedroom and started packing my clothes into my suit case, I don't know what is going to happen from here but I am sure as hell leaving. Kgabo might be telling the truth or not but I won't let him think what he did is acceptable.

I heard him coming back and wished I had been quicker in packing. Anyway he had my car.

"Pitsi? Pitsi?" I heard him calling me as he got into the house.

I continued packing all my clothes until he found me in the bedroom...

"Baby, I have been calling yo... What are you doing? Pitsi?" He said looking at my suit case and clothes on the bed.

"What does it look like?"

"No, no, you said everything is fine between us. Mapitsi don't do this to me, please." He begged me going down on his knees walking towards me.

"I can't Kgabo, you hurt me."

"I realise that now and baby I would do anything to prove myself to you. Stay and I will show you. I need you, Kamo and I need you."

"Don't use my son's name."

"Whatever you want baby, just don't leave me."

This time he begged with tears running down his cheeks.

I am hurt and angry but still...

I love him...

Coming up...

"You can't divorce me now, we can get back to who we used to be. We have the money now." Pinky said not sounding moved, I will tell you that all along she thought Koena would be nothing without her. She had told herself that she held all the cards, I have seen how she treats him.

"This is not about that, I know what you have done." Koena said and both my husband and I looked at each other. I knew it was her fault.

"I think we need some space to talk."

"You think I am that stupid to not see when I am being played? I know about...

Good night...

Still to be edited...

Chapter 23>>>

"Pitsi, if you leave me I will be nothing baby, a nobody. Please..." He begged me trying to hold my hands, he should have thought about that when he decided not to answer my calls and this is not just about that. He should know that I am his wife and I should be the first person he thinks about whatever the situation. He should know that calling me should not just be a priority but the right thing to do. I was ready to report him missing, that's how scared I was. Look at him now, it wasn't a pretty side to see him on his knees, begging and crying but really it was satisfying. I want him to know and understand that when I say he's hurt me I mean just that. I might not know what is going on or if he is cheating or not but I sure know he regrets what he had done and I hope this would teach him a lesson to never ever disrespect me again. I am not yet ready to forgive and forget but I don't want to hold anything against him, we have a marriage to work on and a child to take care of. But if things gets tough I won't be the woman that holds on to that, I mean I

won't stay for the sake of Kamo, in fact I would just be doing my son a huge favour by leaving.

"Get up Kgabo!" I said to him trying to pull him up. He did with his eyes fixed on me like I would run away.

"Are we okay?" He asked.

I wish I knew where to from here...

"I don't know." I answered him as I sat on the bed. "I just wish you'd answered my calls then we wouldn't be here. I don't ever want to find myself doubting you."

"I promise you something like this would never happen again."

"Don't use the word promise."

"Okay, why don't you get into bed while I put this back into the wardrobe." He said offering to pack my clothes even though he's only going to toss everything back in. He's afraid I would pack them to leave.

I was too tired so I just agreed, he helped me out of Thabiso's dress. He made sure his hands touched and massaged me at every opportunity he got. He was trying to seduce me and I wasn't in the mood for boring quick sex. He went to kiss me on my neck doing nothing to me, slow kisses as if asking for my permission.

"Stop or otherwise we are going to sleep on top of this clothes." I said to him. He did with disappointment on his face and started packing back the clothes, he was doing it neatly, not the way I had expected. I took off my bra and put on my oversize shirt, I got into bed. After he was done he also got into bed and tried to

snuggle up to me, "No Kgabo." I said and moved forward, away from him. He can't be thinking I am going to have sex with him after everything, I need time to forgive him properly and it's not like I am punishing him or something I just can't stand him right now.

The next day I woke up early to prepare breakfast, I want to know if Pinky and Koena were leaving because I have to get back to work. When they woke up they didn't say anything about leaving, Pinky started asking once Kgabo had joined us for breakfast,

"So, Kgabo when are you going to give us the money? We have to go back."

"I'll do it today when I get to the office." He answered her.

"We really have to go back, I can't stay here any longer."

"I said I will do it today!" Kgabo said kind of snapping at Pinky.

"I'm not trying to be difficult it's just that there is a lot that needs to be done."

"I want a divorce." Koena said out of the blue. Plates dropped and things just went loud then silent. "I can't go back to that life."

"You can't divorce me now, we can get back to who we used to be. We have the money now." Pinky said sounding unmoved, I will tell you that all along she thought Koena would be nothing without her. She had told herself that she held all the cards, I have seen how she treats him. Koena is not a bad looking guy though, come on he is Kgabo's brother, they don't have the same features but they are both good looking in their own ways. Pinky should be happy she is married to such a guy.

"This is not about that, I know what you have done." Koena said and both my husband and I looked at each other. I knew it was her fault!

"I think we need some space to talk."

"You think I am that stupid to not see when I am being played? I know about you and James Mbomba, the guy you sold me a business deal to. You made me invest in a non-existing company knowing to well that you and Mbomba are going to make a run with my money, except he beat you to it." Koena spoke without breathing, he was showing anger I have never seen before. I know he doesn't want to go back to Pretoria anymore, he is happy here. Pinky was too shocked to say anything.

I know who James Mbomba is, he is a business man or so everybody thinks who is known for dating rich women and I believed this time Pinky was his victim. No one knows where he's from, he speaks all South African 11 languages and a whole lot of other African languages. He is bloody hot with an appetite filling body, a chocolate brown skin and eyes made only to stare and instantly drop your panties. I understand why Pinky would fall for the guy but not the fact of wanting to crook her husband of 10 years together. I am not surprised that she would do something like that, I might not have evidence that she once or twice cheated on Koena before but I know she has. Her expensive lifestyle is beyond Koena's credit cards and bank balance. All she ever wanted in this marriage is money and a life closer to South Africa's richest.

For a moment I thought she was going to say something to Koena but she stood up and went to the bedroom. To her this isn't the right time to walk out of this marriage, she has nothing to walk out with. She knows if Koena dumps her she and her parents will have to sell the house she bought them and go back to Hamanskraal. I wonder if she ever loved the poor man!

We all didn't know what to say, I for one didn't want to oppose what Koena said but divorce is huge.

I cleared the table and washed the dishes. Now, I am not sure if I should go to work or not.

I called Kgabo to the kitchen,

"What now?" I asked him whispering to him.

"You can go to work, I'll call my parents." He answered me.

There was nothing more to say. I decided to check on Pinky after cleaning up the kitchen.

I found her on the bed inside the bed covers crying, I know she has empty pride and acts like she own the world but she looked bad. I felt sorry for her.

"Can I come in?" I asked her standing at the door.

"You came to sympathize with poor Pinky or you are here to laugh at me?" She said wiping tears off her face.

"I just came to see if you are fine then I am going to get ready for work." I said attempting to close the door.

"Please don't go," she begged, I opened the door and went to sit next to her on the bed. "What am I going to do? I know I deserve all this but he can't leave me."

"He's probably angry, just give him time."

"I have never seen him that angry, I didn't think he knew about James. I was a fool to trust that man, I promise you I would do anything to keep my husband. He is not

going to divorce me." She said promising herself. Hope she doesn't do anything stupid to push him further away, at this moment she needs to be careful around him, he is fragile.

We didn't talk much as we don't have that kind of connection anymore, she does look a bit distraught but she is a big girl with a plan.

I left her and went to get ready for work, Kgabo sat with his brother talking. I could tell the topic wasn't Pinky anymore, they were trying to distract themselves from that. In less than an hour I was out of the house and on my way to work, I have so much work to do I don't think I will come back early today and I don't think that's the right thing to do considering what's going on. This whole thing is a big mess, it's affecting all of us now.

When I got to work I found the girls ready and eager to start, I emailed Thabiso my new designs and had to listen to the girls as they spoke about the work shop. They sounded inspired and full of ideas that I had to bring to life. By lunchtime I had tons of sketches from each one of them, there is not much that they can do so I have to do everything by myself. They went out for lunch leaving me to walk on my own work now, they had also inspired me with their energy but I didn't get far as there was a knock on the door. I went to open and there stood my husband with a smile on his face holding flowers and a plastic bag. He's never bought me flowers before and how did he get here? Oh he has the address!

I looked at him looking all handsome and yummy, last night I was mad at him but today it's a total different story.

"Can I come in?" He asked me with a wider smile.

"Yes." I said opening the door and making way for him.

He put the plastic bag on the kitchen counter,

"These are for you, hope you have room for them somewhere in here." He handed me the flowers, I was charmed! I took them and found a vase for them. I was so speechless I didn't even know what to do, he has never been this romantic before. I quickly glanced at him, he stood leaning against the kitchen counter looking at me. He came behind me and turned me around, he slowly kissed my lips, the usual kisses but this time arousing.

"I love you so much and I never ever want to lose you, what's going on between Koena and Pinky scared me. If that had to happen to us I won't survive." He spoke as he looked deep into my eyes.

He kissed me again his hands going places on my body pulling my shirt up. I heard the girls talking out loud outside and I pushed him away from me. He laughed as he came back to me, I tried to push him away again as I laughed with him. The door opened and the girls came in, I tried to compose myself but Kgabo didn't stop teasing me. The girls giggled.

"Stop it!" I warned him.

"See you later at home." He said then stole another quick kiss before he left.

I couldn't stop smiling as the girls wanted to know who that was, I told them it's my husband and they did not believe me. I don't know if it's because Kgabo is too handsome for me or we were acting like two people who just met but anyway I don't know what is going on with my husband or maybe he's trying to prove himself. I do like the new him though.

I gave the girls a few tasks to do after I ate my lunch so I could get back to finishing my work. I received a call from Koena,

"Hey, is everything okay at home?" I asked him, he sounded a bit down.

"What can I say, life has dealt me a low blow."

"Are you sure you don't want to fix things?"

"I don't know what to do anymore, that's why I called you. I just want to make sense of my life and you seem to be the only person who isn't taking sides."

Only if you knew brother-in-law! As much as he thinks I am neutral in this situation, I am not but we spoke and I gave him reasons as to why he should stay. I was merely giving myself advice too regarding my current situation in my marriage. Even though he had proof of what his wife has been doing he doesn't have to divorce her if that's something he doesn't want, I know she cheated and not only with another man but also with their money which left them with nothing. If they want to rebuild their marriage this is the time, starting over from scratch. I know I might not make sense or I could be giving him the worst advice ever but sometimes when making a decision after being wronged it's best to weigh out all the options first, the good and the bad. Koena and were connecting, each time we spoke I felt like I could trust him with everything. He listened when I spoke and he took everything I said to heart, I could tell. We spend almost an hour on the phone. After the phone call I got back to work, I worked till 6pm. I didn't check the time, I got carried away.

I packed up everything, locked up and went home. I don't know what the atmosphere is like back at home, I am too tired to get into anything, especially putting off fires between Koena and Pinky. I just hope Kgabo is home, I can't face those 2 alone.

I drove in and Kgabo's car was parked next to his brother's, thank God! I went inside the house and found Pinky cooking in the kitchen. I greeted her and she greeted back with so much energy. I guess things are fine between her and her husband. At least now I don't have to stress myself about cooking. Koena and Kgabo were watching t.v. and chatting, I greeted them too and went to take a bath.

After my bath supper was ready, I joined everyone. We ate after a short prayer, which was unusual. Pinky suggested it!

Supper didn't taste so good but no one complained even though it was a bit awkward at the table, Koena looked uncomfortable while his wife tried to make jokes. Kgabo and I had to act hard to keep everyone happy.

I offered to do the dishes since Pinky made supper, I made tea for them and went to do the dishes. I was tired and wanted to go to bed immediately. I think no one was in the mood to stay any longer. Koena went to bed and Pinky followed him, hope we all sleep well tonight.

My husband and I went to bed after I had cleaned up the kitchen.

I changed into my oversize shirt and got into bed in the bedroom.

"You came home late today." Kgabo said as he also got into bed naked.

"I had a lot to do and catch up on."

"So, how was your day after I left?"

"Fishing for compliments?"

He laughed as he came closer to me.

"Admit it, it was nice." He said kissing my neck and running his hands on my tummy.

"Kgabo, I'm tired." I said turning my back against him.

"Please... I thought we were okay." He persisted as he pressed himself against me.

"Just don't please."

"I won't take no for an answer, I feel like I have been neglecting you." He said this time pressing his hard on against me.

"Would you stop it!" I shouted at him trying to push him only to hit him with my elbow in the nose.

He started bleeding...

Chapter 24>>>

"Oh my God! I am so sorry." I said trying to help him as he held on to his bloodied nose. Goodness Kgabo, sometimes one just forgets how sensitive he is. I didn't mean to hurt him or anything like that. I just didn't want to have the stupid sex!

He moved back as I got closer to him.

"What is wrong with you?" He shouted at me putting a towel on his nose.

"I said I am sorry!"

"I know you want to punish me for whatever you think I did but this Pitsi, this..." He said pointing to his bloody nose. He pulled his pants out of the laundry basket and put them on with one hand while the other balanced the towel on his nose.

He went out of the bedroom to the bathroom. I grabbed my robe and followed him, on the passage I met Pinky and Koena. I guess they are out to investigate the noise they just heard.

"What is going on?" Pinky asked me with her huge eyes wide open. Koena's look also asked the same, I didn't know what to say to them.

I opened the bathroom door and went in. Kgabo was washing his bleeding nose in the basin. He raised his head and looked at us through the mirror standing at the door. He wiped his nose with the towel.

"Can somebody tell us what is going on?" Pinky said pressing on.

"It was just a nosebleed." Kgabo answered her.

My husband has had a few incidents of nosebleeding ever since I have known him but it hasn't happened in a while. It was always triggered by anything, the hot weather or a frequent touch to the nose but I can't help but think I must have hurt him pretty bad for him to bleed. I felt terrible, I could have just let him have sex with me but I don't want to. It feels like I am just giving it away easily, I want him to work for it and prove to me that nothing sinister happened that night. Lately he's been wanting sex from me at every opportunity, he's changed in a way making me uneasy.

"A nosebleed due to a fight?" Pinky again. She heard the noise and then she thinks I would deliberately hit my husband? I don't have that much power to attack Kgabo to that point even though he is bleeding because of me right now.

"It was a mistake, okay? I didn't mean to." I said with tears running down my cheeks. I know how it looks and I wanted Koena more than his wife to believe me, he should know that I would never do something like that.

"I know that Pitsi, you don't have to prove anything to anyone." Kgabo said walking towards us. We all moved so he would pass, he went to the bedroom. Pinky also went to their bedroom after going clap once leaving me with Koena.

"What happened?" He asked me.

"I... I poked him on the nose with my elbow, he was behind me and..." I cried again as I sat on the toilet seat.

"Why are you crying?"

"I didn't mean to hurt him."

"Come on, go talk to him." He said as he pulled me up by my hand. I don't know if he believes me but I hope he does, anyway Kgabo will tell him what really happened.

He went to their bedroom and I went to my bedroom to face my husband. I slowly opened the door to find Kgabo throwing blankets on the floor.

"What are you doing?" I shockingly asked him.

"I'll sleep on the floor."

"Why?"

"Because I know you can't stand me, no matter how hard I try. What else do you want me to do to prove to you that I have done nothing wrong?"

"But that doesn't mean you have to sleep on the floor."

"You'd rather I take the couch?"

I don't see all this being fair, he knows I didn't mean to hurt him but he still acts like I did it deliberately. I know what he is trying to do, he's only trying to shift the spot light to me since he is the one in the dock.

"Fine, have it your way." I said and got into bed.

I won't give him the satisfaction, if he wants to act like I did something wrong I will let that be on him. Even though I feel bad I won't beg him. He knows I never beg!

It didn't take him long to realise I was serious, before I could fall asleep I felt him getting into bed next to me, he turned to the other side pulling all the blanket and bed cover with him. I didn't say anything to him, I got up and went to get me a blanket. It wasn't that cold but I just needed to cover myself up.

The next day Kgabo woke up early and left without a word to me. I think this is getting more serious and the more we avoid it the more it grows. I am stubborn and usually Kgabo is the one that grovels up to me but when things are like this I don't know what to do. I can't even say I will leave it up to him.

I woke up to make breakfast, Pinky and Koena announced that they were leaving today as Koena's leave days are over. They joined me for breakfast before they went to get ready, I used the bathroom first and left them to finish up. They said they wanted to go past my mother-in-law's house before they left and I asked them to leave my house keys under the mat on the doorstep.

As I went to my car Kgabo came in with a 5 litre of petrol for his brother's car. I was hoping he would say something to me but he didn't, he went on as if I wasn't there. I felt disappointed and stupid, I don't understand why he is acting like this. I am the one who has been wronged but somehow he's managing to turn the whole thing around because of a stupid little thing I did. He can't even mention that his brother and Pinky are leaving today or the fact that he had deposited them the money. He's doing things to spite me. I got into my car and drove to work, I checked my phone several times hoping to get a message or a call from him. I even typed a message apologising to him but my pride wouldn't allow me to press the send button.

When I got to work I found the flowers he gave me already drying out, in a few days I am going to have to throw them away but I don't think I can. They are the last thing that reminds me of the last time I saw my husband smiling at me.

I didnt do much work as my mind was occupied, I have always been the one to be mad at Kgabo not the other way around. This is drving me crazy.

I tried to distract myself by joining the girls, one of them was trying to make a few designs. I gave her points and tips as the others followed suit, in a month's time they will be pros. We worked until lunch time, they went out again leaving me by myself as I hoped my husband would pop in again. I checked my phone again and again only to hurt myself. And when my phone finally rang I jumped up to answer it but it wasn't him,

"Thabiso?" I said.

"Disappointed?"

"No, I'm just tired."

"Okay, I have news that will cheer you up."

"Okay?"

"You see the last designs you send me, me and my team here thinks you should come to Pretoria."

"Why? I don't think I can though." I said thinking about my marriage. I can't leave while things are like this, I wouldn't know how to come back.

"Come on, you haven't heard the best part yet."

"Which is?"

"We think you are ready for your first huge fashion show."

"What? So soon?"

"You really don't want this?"

"It's not that, I just have personal issues that needs to be dealt with immediately."

"Fine, just prepare a good garment for your show stopper while you are dealing with your personal issues and remember we are ready this side." With that he hang up.

I should be happy right now and looking forward to celebrating with my husband but things are not as simple. Though I could do with some time away from him, it might do us good. I can't stand what is going on right now, and if I leave while things are like this I might ruin us even further. As if staying would fix us. I really

want to go, this is my big break, the one that I have been waiting for since I graduated. And I want my husband to be a part of it. The problem is I wouldn't know how to bring this up and I can't just up and go.

I went to my other designs to see if I could find anything I can send to Thabiso for a show stopper but nothing pleased me. I decided to make something and unbelievably I did, I made 2 dresses that fitted my mood at the moment. One looked like an outfit fit for a woman ready to take over the world and the other just a simple femme fatal. The girls came back and didn't bother disturbing me as they could see I was busy. I fished after 2 hours of adding something and changing here and there. I showed it to the girls and they loved them and when they send them to Thabiso he couldn't stop praising my work, he suggested that I should be the one to work on them.

This shows how excited I am about going to Pretoria, about my first fashion show. Or else I wouldn't have had the courage to do what I did in just 2 hours.

Ahhhhh Kgabo!!!! Just darkens my mood!

Koena called to tell me that they had arrived safely, he thanked me for the money and the warm welcome to my house. He made me promise to visit them soon. He sounded happy and hope things are fine between him and Pinky but that's if she behaves.

I told the girls about the possibility of a fashion show, they got so excited and they wanted me to include the designs that I worked on with them in the fashion show. I couldn't, I am not being selfish but I want this to be about me, all my work. I don't want someone coming out to say I stole their work once I am a famous designer. I tried to gently explain that to them, anyway they were too excited to think otherwise of what I was saying.

After work since I am the last one to leave I locked up and drove home. When I got there I went straight to the door to get my key under the mat since Kgabo wasn't

home but the door was open. If I remember well I spoke to Koena who told me that were already in Pretoria so it can't be them inside and whoever opened the door used a key, probably my key. I slowly walked in to find my mother-in-law sitting down on the couch arms crossed against her chest.

"Mma?" I said surprised to see her.

"Don't you dare call me Mma. Not after what you have done to my son. Hitting him till he bleeds, what kind of a woman are you?"

How the hell did she find that out? Koena wouldn't say anything to his mom, it must be Pinky and it's clear what she is trying to do, she is trying to be the perfect daughter-in-law by tarnishing my name. She couldn't wait to tell my mother-in-law everything in her own vision of how the whole thing unfolded. After everything she still goes behind my back to blab about me. Hope she never ask me for anything!

"It was a mistake, I didn't mean to." I said trying to defend myself knowing already that this woman won't believe anything I say.

"Ke gore it wasn't enough that you married a rich man, you had to take it that far. I will let your parents know about this so they take you back home and teach you manners."

"That's not necessary..."

"Shut up because until then I don't want you anywhere near my son."

At that same time my husband walked in, I forgot that we were not on speaking and hoped he would save me from his mother's clutches.

"Kgabo could you tell your mother what happened?"

He stood between us and went,

"Whatever it is I don't want to get involved."

He then walked to the bedroom.

"Good, you'll hear from your parents." She excitedly said as she went out the door.

I furiously went to the bedroom, I pushed in the door and walked in. Kgabo was lying on his back on the bed.

"What the hell is going on with you? Your mother is accusing me of hitting you?"
I shouted all that at him.

"What do you want me to do? Fight with my mother?"

"You know I can't take this anymore, I have been invited to come to Pretoria and right now I have a mind of going there and leaving you with your lousy mother."

"You might as well go, there is nothing stopping you."

Oh my God!!!

Chapter 25>>>>

So I am going to Pretoria without my husband's support and consent, this is my moment to shine and make a name for myself. I am about to grow my brand, I need him by my side. I can't imagine a future without him, it's never been like this. Our plans included each other! Me, there with him and the same with him. How did things get here? How are they spiralling out of control in such a fast pace? Things were fine a couple of days ago, he did this to us but I guess the blame is on me now because I refused to have sex with him. I couldn't bring myself to have sex with someone I don't trust, I love my husband but what he did is unforgivable to me. All I wanted was for him to be the husband that I want, the man that I married. I don't care about his mother and her trying to involve my parents, if I had Kgabo in my corner I won't have to worry about that.

I looked at him resting nicely on the bed without a care in the world. He's hurting me and it doesn't bother him. I went out of the room and closed the door. I went to my bags that were still in the kitchen, took my car keys and went outside to my car. I got in, locked myself in and cried...

I don't know what is going on but I can't take it anymore, I can't stand the constant fighting and silent treatment. I think we are at a point where none of us cares, except I still care. I care so much it's breaking my heart to think a part of me hated him for treating me this way. But the hate has no power over the love I have for him.

"Pitsi?" Kgabo knocked on my window making me jump up. He had scared me, I didn't expect him to come outside or bother looking for me. I couldn't open the door for him... I just cried. "Baby please open, I want to talk."

I couldn't, I came in here so I could cry in peace and away from him because I don't want his sympathy or consoling. I started my car and put it in reverse, I don't know where I am going but I should be far away from him right now. He realised that, he ran to the gate and locked it. He knows I have to get out of the car to open the gate. He waited for me to get out of the car but I want to go, I want to clear my head somewhere else. I put my seatbelt on and breathed in and out before deciding to reverse into the gate, it wasn't merely a decision. I didn't think of anything other than driving out of here. I crashed into the hard steel of the gate putting my car to a

sudden halt sending me almost to the dashboard, thank God for the seatbelt as I didn't hit anything. Everything happened so quick then one minute I felt like I was out of breath and everything went blank.

The next thing I opened my eyes to find myself on a hospital bed, I stretched my body to see if there was anything broken or painful. Kgabo stood beside me. Looking at him everything just came back to me, he looked at me unable to say one single word to me,

"You did this to me!" I said to him, I couldn't hold the tears that rushed out of my eyes wetting the pillow.

"Yes, I take full responsibility of everything." He agreed as he sat down on a chair.

"Get out!" I ordered him.

"Baby..."

"Get out!" This time I said shouting at him.

He got up and left. A few minutes later my mom and sister walked in. They gave me hugs. And I bet my husband told them everything not leaving one single detail out.

"We were with Kgabo and we just spoke to your doctor too, he says no harm done and you can go home today." Reba said smiling at me. She looked scared when she walked in and for the first time I saw my mom worried about me.

"Mma, can I come home please." I begged fighting back tears that wanted to make me look weak again.

"Reba go check on Kgabo please." My mom said to Reba trying to get rid of her.

"What for? He'll be fine, I want to be with Pitsi too."

"Nke o tswe ka mo wena man!" Mom said even pushing her out. She left while murmuring words no one could hear.

My mom sat down on the chair that Kgabo was sitting on earlier.

"Pitsi, I know you always think I don't care about you ngwanaka but I do. He told us everything and I understand where you are coming from. You are married, graduated and I want to think you are happy too but I know marriage is hard and probably weighing on you. I don't want you to walk away from your marriage just like that, work things through with Kgabo, talk to him, set boundaries if you have to."

"I have tried but it's hard Mma."

"I know but please talk things first with him. Your father is outside, we will take you home if things don't work out with Kgabo, promise." She talked as she got up. She headed for the door.

I did not expect that from my mom, I thought she was going to walk in here throwing all sorts of accusation at me but she said a mouthful to confuse me even though she had shown me support. I had a moment to call the girls on my phone to let them know that I won't be coming in, I didn't tell them what happened just that I was fine and they shouldn't come in since I am the only one with the key.

Kgabo walked in and stood at the door for a minute like he was waiting for my permission. I just stared at him until he decided to come sit.

"Pitsi, I messed up big time." He started and waited for me to speak. I continued with the stares. He went on, "I was mad that I messed up and you were not willing to forgive me, I expected you to just think that me not calling you or answering your calls was nothing like I thought it wasn't. I hurt you, I get that and I am willing to do anything for you to forgive." He spoke as he held my hand in his.

"Does getting me a new car count?" I said teasing him.

"Consider it done."

"No, I don't want another car Kgabo. It's sad how things got out of hand so quick, maybe we should just spend some time apart for a couple of days."

"So, you want to go to Pretoria?"

"Yes."

"What is it about anyway?"

"There could be a possibility of my own fashion show."

He smiled at me, despite everything he still loves me and he looked proud of me. His smile made me smile too, it means a lot to me that he is happy for me. I was scared of going through my first break without him, if things backfires I am going to need a shoulder to cry on.

"I guess we needed some good news and that couldn't have come at a better time, congratulations baby." He spoke as he took my hand to his lips and kissed it. "I love you Pitsi and please let me drive you to Pretoria."

"I don't think that's necessary."

"Please, I'll bring Kamo too. Just the 3 of us on the road. When are you planning on going?"

"As soon as I finalised everything with Thabiso."

"Okay, I don't have anything planned for at least 2 weeks."

So we are doing this.

Ja, it might be nice and help us reconnect as a family. I can't wait already, we haven't done this kind of things in a while and since we moved I have seen less of my boy who loves and adored his grandmother. We might be bringing Kamo with but Kgabo and I just need some time on our own, to figure things out. We should start talking more to deal with issues than give each other the silent treatment which is childish by the way.

"So where are you going to stay?" He asked with a teasing smile and I just knew what he meant.

"No."

We both laughed,

"In case you are wondering my mom didn't hear anything from me."

"I figured that one out already."

A few hours later I was on my way home with my husband, my parents left by taxi and my sister disappeared and I suspect a certain Doctor for that. My sister is such and embarrassment sometimes. At times I think she is shelaring all this man, almost every man you meet can't be following you around, nah that's impossible. And they never stick around!

On our way Kgabo received a call from Jonas telling him that they have a problem at the site that they are working on, he told Jonas to deal with it but it sounded like Jonas wasn't that confident as Kgabo tried to pursue him. I could see the whole thing was stressing him but he didn't say anything to me. We just continued talking like nothing was wrong.

When we got home I realised the damage that I have to a home that wasn't even mine. I could see it must have been a struggle to open the gate, I felt bad and terrible for what I have done over a stupid fight. I know Kgabo is a mommy's boy but he can't surely be blamed for everything his mother does, the fight was between me and her and we should have sorted it out ourself. But the woman is on a mission to get rid of me.

We went inside the house as Kgabo promised to get the gate fixed, I looked ashamed than interested in what he was saying. If I didn't do such a stupid thing things wouldn't be like this. I didn't even have the energy to ask where my car was.

I called Thabiso and he said I should come tomorrow to start preparing as he thinks the coming weekend will be perfect to attract the right people, there are any interesting events to attract celebrities. Don't even know what that meant and I wasn't sure I was up for it, but he reassured me that we can pull this through, he had been in the industry for 15 years and that I should trust him. I did. With his contacts and a few call and invites to the right people, we are set.

Kgabo and I went to bed straight after I told him about what Thabiso said, he had looked unsettled but soon after got excited about going to Pretoria. It was around 10am and we needed the rest.

I think we slept for an hour and we were woken up by Kgabo's phone that couldn't stop ringing, he tried to ignore it several times but ended up picking up. It was Jonas again, complaining about some problems that involved title deeds, if I understood correctly. It seemed like they were building on land that belonged to someone else, the person that gave him the contract doesn't own the land. He sounded angry.

After his phonecall I sat up on the bed,

"I think you should go there." I said to him.

"We are going to Pretoria tomorrow, I can't drop you, not now."

"Kgabo, the company needs you. I am going there to build a part of our legacy and you should take care of things here."

He thought about that for a few minutes before going,

"Are you going to need a car?"

"No, I don't think I will be driving anytime soon. Will take a taxi."

"Are you going to miss me?"

"Very much and I think you should leave now." I said as he came to me for a kiss.

"Could you pack a few things for me while I go take a quick bath?" He said rushing to the bathroom.

I went to the wardrobe and chose a few outfits for him and picked out things I think he might need, don't know how long he'll be going for but I made sure to make them last a couple of days. I have to pack my clothes too but will do that later, I'm kind of lazy right now. Besides I will only be packing all my recently bought clothes that are all on one side of the wardrobe.

Kgabo came back to the bedroom to get dressed, I went to quickly make us something to eat. He finished and came to join me.

"I don't really have to go you know, just say the word." He said then took a bite of his lettuce.

"I don't want you to go either but it's important."

"Not as important as you and me, we need to work on us. There's a lot that needs to be fixed."

"I know but we've got plenty of time for that." I said and he stood up and took my hands in his then gave me a long hug. "I will call you everyday and everytime I get the chance."

He kissed me before I went to the bedroom to get his bag. I handed it to him,

"Take care of yourself."

"You too baby."

He walked to the door and I sat down. I could have walked him to his car but it would have been the hardest goodbye ever. I sat down until I heard his car and him trying to close the gate, when I was sure that he's probably a kilometre away I got up to lock the door. Reba came rushing to the door,

"My favourite sis!" She said pushing her way in.

"What do you want?" I asked her.

"A favour. See, I have to go away with my boyfriend, new boyfriend and I need my clothes from home but I can't go there ."

"I am not going to get them for you, I am tired Reba."

"Please sis, you know your mother will make noise if I go there myself."

"No, bye. You know your way out." I said going to lock myself in the bathroom.

She didn't bother me as I took my long bath. It was so relaxing after the night I just had. After I was done she was gone, thank God. I packed a few things I might need to use when I get to Pretoria. I was too refreshed to do anything so I went to pack my clothes.

I opened my wardrobe and,

"Damn Rebabedi!"

Chapter 26>>>

She took all the new clothes that I had bought when I was with her in town, even my underwear, shoes and Thabiso's dresses. Doesn't her many boyfriend buy her anything and if it's the doctor she is going away with mos he can take her anywhere to buy anything she wants. Now I have nothing to pack other than the old clothes that don't suit my taste anymore, I was used to the new change of wardrobe and she made me buy those clothes. When I used to steal her stuff she would flip and made sure I paid, the hard way.

I tried her phone and it went to voicemail, if I find her I don't know what I would do to her ka Modimo! She has crossed a line and I will make her pay like she used to make me, she can't do this to me. I expect her to understand what I am going through, it was hard for me to change, she knows that. Now she is out there shining with my clothes.

I found something to wear and took a bag with me. I went home to my mother's house, I walked which is something I am not used to. I miss my car but I should stop thinking about it because the issue is stressing me. What happened with my car shouldn't have happened.

When I got there I found my mom and dad drinking tea with Reba's children. This thing has to stop, my parents have to talk to their daughter, she has to be a mom and get a job and stop chasing after men. My mom is the one that had spoiled her and when Reba is not home she worries like crazy, calling everyone to ask if they have seen her.

"And then what's with the bag?" Dad asked after I had greeted them. I told them about my trip to Pretoria, the excitement and proudness on my parents faces made me realise how lucky I am to be this far in life. My mom asked if I had spoken to Kgabo, I reassured her that we were fine and I have his full support. All that didn't explain why I came here with the bag so I had to explain,

"Reba came to my house and cleaned my wardrobe, she took my clothes and now I have nothing to wear to Pretoria."

My dad laughed so hard as my mom tried to make excuses for her daughter even after I told her Reba's reasons for not wanting to come get her own clothes here at home.

"Hee ngwanaka you know your sister was probably scared her kids will cry for her... She is only trying to find herself a husband."

Really mom???

My dad gave me the go ahead to go raid my sister's wardrobe while my mom thought it was a bad idea. I don't have to listen to her, she knows Reba is wrong and I have no other choice.

I tell you going through Reba's clothes was like shopping in some expensive boutique, she had packed them nicely according to colors and styles. For someone who has never lifted a finger for even a minute's job she sure had an expensive taste. There were lots of beautiful clothes and ones I have never seen her wearing, still with their price tags and the prices were heart stopping too. I had a blast picking. My sister doesn't own skirts like I do so I picked mostly jeans and tops, some jackets too since her dresses revealed more legs than anything I ever owned. I went galore on her high heels and flat shoes that I had to take another bag from her many collections.

When I walked out her bedroom my mom was shocked to see what I have done, she tried to talk me out of taking the clothes but my mind was made up and I was already excited about wearing them. I know I will match them up so I wouldn't look like Reba or like I am copying her style. I kissed my sister's kids goodbye and said goodbye to my dad too as my mom looked bitter looking out for her fav daughter.

The bags were heavy but I managed to carry them back to my house. And when I got there I got a call from Thabiso telling me to bring the girls along as we might

need extra hands for things to speed, they can't do much but I guess they will be learning too.

After that call I called my husband who was still on the road to tell him what Reba had done and about my revenge too. We both laughed as he threw in a few jokes, I had missed this. Talking and acting like nothing bothered us. We spoke for more than 30 minutes before hanging up.

I just hope Reba won't kill me for taking her clothes, anyway I am only giving her a taste of her own medicine.

I packed up everything nicely and made sure everything around the house was in order. Tomorrow morning it's a start of new things for me and I can't wait.

Pule was so excited when I spoke to him he even offered to drive me and the girls down there. That will save me the trip of changing taxis and walking around with my huge bags.

I went to bed excited and woke up feeling the same, the first call I got was from my husband wishing me luck and telling me how much he missed me. My day couldn't be brighter!!! Though the issue with Kgabo and the construction site bothered me but he said either way the whole thing sums up in his favour so I should focus on my legacy.

Pule said he'll come pick me up in an hour, I rushed around the house trying to get ready.

By the time he got here I was wearing blue skinny jeans, a yellow top and flat sandals, askies I didn't have time for my hair so a headwrap did the trick.

I went to Pule's car struggling with my bags as he pretended he was on the phone, just avoiding helping me. Mxm, he's such a woman!!!

I loaded my bags and as soon as I was done his phone call ended I got into the car, exchanged hugs and kisses then we hit the road. Pule had so many ideas that involved the fashion show, well I trust him, he's good with organising things just

not sure if Thabiso would agree with him though. It seems as though Thabiso knows exactly what's needed and what needs to be done, I don't want to find myself having to choose sides. Hope the whole thing doesn't ruin my chances.

We got the girls to Polokwane and after our breakfast we drove to Pretoria.

I received several calls from my mother-in-law, I ignored them, I can't give her the satisfaction of ruining this for me. I know she has nothing good to say but what if it's about Kamo?

I called Kgabo, if anything happened he'll know and he told me he just spoke to him, he's fine just angry that we both left without him. I was relieved and decided it's a good thing not to speak to that woman.

Just after talking to Kgabo a message came through.

'Congratulations on your fashion show, hope to wear your designs one day.'

The bitch!

I bet she is still talking to my husband, that's the only way she would find out about this. I put my phone on silent and engaged in a conversation with everyone and enjoyed the road to my success, I should stop worrying myself about Salome. She means nothing to me and hope it's the same with my husband.

We arrived in Pretoria and met Thabiso in one of his boutiques that he wants my work to be showcased at, his idea of "a start". His approach to me was that he needs someone that he can work with to design for brides but it looked more like he wanted me to give his small boutique a "pick me up". I have done a bit of research and Thabiso has a successful boutique that I thought was going to be my pick me up. He showed us around. He looked charming as always, unlike my husband Thabiso loves to shave clean from his head to his beard, he was more interesting than the small shop he was selling me to. I wasn't happy with the boutique. I know I am just starting but I'd rather design from my own house for

orders than the boutique he chose for me. It was low class with no name brands and in some dodgy corner of town. He could see I wasn't satisfied, this is not what we agreed on. I seriously don't want to launch behind some boutique, I want my own label and my own shop if this is his plan. Like I said I wouldn't mind working by orders, I can make money from that, I know. Pule seemed to agree with almost everything Thabiso was saying, all the ideas he had out the window.

As soon as we sat down I let out the law with my own vision of everything that was according to my business plan. All models of all sizes and heights, different hairstyles but natural hair. I know I am designing bridal clothes with African prints, for now but nonetheless I want the whole thing to have a touch and feel of African sense from top to bottom, start to finish. And last but not list,

"I am here to launch my brand under Thabiso M, it's that or I am walking away because I didn't come this far to be whipped by a boutique I have never heard of." I said meaning every word. Thabiso might be a big shot and know the ins and outs of fashion but I know he is as corrupt as a certain politician intertwining with the Guptas. He would lie and steal from you with your eyes open and watching, I know what he has done to people he pretended to be helping. I don't trust him either but both my eyes are watching him.

Pule gasped as he went all drag on me, he even said who am I to make demands when Thabiso Mabena was helping me out. I don't agree with that, I am a designer, a talented one that knows when to say no to bullshit.

Well, I never act out but I won't take nonsense. I'm from Limpopo, ke kgole kudu kudu gape!

Thabiso smiled at me,

"Consider it done." He said and Pule smiled too. He's never seen me this cheeky.

"Good, you want to add something?" I asked them both.

"Well, I want to propose that you use a few models who are well known to attract a similar crowd." Thabiso suggested, I agree with him except I don't know any celebrities. I have seen a few but never engaged with them and none ever approached me.

"Anyone in mind?"

"Ja, for the show stopper I suggest my wife, Lindiwe Mabena. She has modelled for me and had done a great job."

I have seen a few pictures of her on the internet and she is quite a looker, she would do a great job indeed but the fact that she is Thabiso's wife doesn't sit well with me. I am bloody jealous of the woman for being married to a man that I want to see naked and...

I am a married woman by the way, that thought should cross my mind more often.

"That sound like a plan." Pule agreed with a huge smile. I bet he is trying to get laid again by Thabiso. He is so obvious it's not even funny.

"Good, you should all go to your hotel rooms, rest and freshen up then we will meet later for dinner at the hotel's dinning hall. I will introduce you to my wife and the rest of the Pretoria gang."

He had booked us all rooms at a very good hotel. The rooms were beautiful and big decorated with mostly black but the sheets where white. I took my clothes off and got into the shower, when I came back I had a message from Thabiso,

'It's nice to see you in those tight skinny jeans and would be even nicer to see you in one of those red numbers I made for you□.'

I didn't respond, all I could think of was...

Damn Reba, again, again and again!

But thanks for the jeans sis!!!

I put on another pair of my sister's jeans and top. Grabbed my purse and headed downstairs to the reception. I asked to be taken to the nearest shopping mall, in a minute there was a driver waiting for me outside. He drove me to the nearest mall and gave me a card to call him as soon as I was done.

I went straight to a salon and blow dried my afro, the lady doing my hair suggested that she style my hair. I didn't want a hairstyle that would make a statement or show that I am trying too hard, I want to be simple but yet elegant. So I ended up with my afro tied into a huge bun in the middle. It looked different but nice...

I left the salon and went shopping for a red dress, maybe something similar to what a Thabiso M creation would look like. But I walked up and down the mall trying to find something like that but lololo. So I settled for a dark green figure hugging dress that fits as perfect as the 2 red dresses.

I called my driver.

I gave him a huge tip as he dropped me off at the hotel.

I was excited already!!!

I walked straight to my hotel room and straight to bed to rest. I was exhausted.

We were told that they start serving dinner at 7pm till 8 but I accidentally overslept and by the time I woke up it was almost 7:30. I had tons of missed calls and messages from Thabiso, Pule, the girls and my husband. First I called Kgabo who sounded a bit angry but calmed down as I told him about my day, we didn't speak for long though.

It took me 10 minutes to get ready and rush down the stairs in Reba's stilettos, I was still surprised I can still walk in them.

When I got downstairs people were already eating dessert.

I didn't even know where to go but before I could make a fool of myself I heard,

"Finally, there she is here everyone. The new addition to Thabiso M."

People clapped hands as I waved at them, not even sure that was the right thing to do. Thabiso was introducing me as he stood next to his beautiful tall wife, who wore a gorgeous marmaid pink dress that hung nicely to her body down to the floor. I felt underdressed with my dress and stolen stilettos but anyway we all know that almost all designers in the world cannot dress themselves, I am not making excuses.

Everyone in the dinning hall was excited to meet me as they threw in compliments for my hair, shoes and dress but one person in particular showed disgust and hate that she never even got closer to me.

And I am suppose to be working with her...

Lindiwe Mabena...

It didn't even have to take her long to tell me straight out that she won't be involved in my little fashion show...

There goes my dream...

Chapter 27>>>

I have heard all sorts of good things about Lindiwe Mabena, everything matches up to her name and who she is in the industry. She is a good model who has a good relationship with everyone she works with, a philanthropist and all those good things celebrities are linked with. I never expected this kind of behaviour from her but we'll aren't most celebrities like that? Her smile always looks perfect on pics

and everything about her screams confidence but tonight she was not that woman. She made sure that everyone in the huge dinning hall could hear her when she said,

"I will not do anything for a wannabe unless it's for charity so forget about me being involved in your little project."

The shock on everybody's eyes as they pitied me made me feel like I should have stayed in Limpopo and never bothered to set foot here, I felt defeated already. I really need this woman as my connections here are limited, I have been in Pretoria before to attend a few fashions shows and to buy fabrics, I have only been here several times only because of fashion. Highly respected models and personnel grasing my presence and I never felt the need to connect with them. Now I feel pathetic to rely on a model who knows she is nothing without her husband, Thanks made her. I know she knows that her husband is bisexual, only a fool wouldn't see that. And please I am the last person she should worry about, the room is filled with women dressed in designer clothes and looking all dolled up but she had to pick on the weakest link with probably the cheapest dress in the room.

I've never been the centre of attention, well the last time that happened was on my wedding day and tonight the spotlight is on me for all the wrong reasons. I am here to make a statement not fight with models.

Thabiso looked at his wife who turned around and went to grab herself a glass of Champaign and downed it like she would swallow her own words but she was showing no regrets at all. I just got here and already signs of all of this not working out are showing. I shouldn't have said yes so quickly.

I didn't know if I should join anyone or also grab a glass of Champaign. Luckily I was rescued from embarrassing myself further. Someone pulled me outside by my hand, I didn't resist since I wanted to be out of here. The fresh air outside hit my face drying in the tears that almost betrayed me, the only way I could defend myself, crying.

I didn't know the guy, he was shorter than me but looked handsome in his black pants and white linen jacket and a bit gayish but just like Thabiso he knew how to hide himself. He introduced himself,

"Neo Zuma, Thabiso's business partner." He said as he shook my hand. "Don't worry about Lindiwe, you still have a lot to do than worry about one person."

"But I need her."

"Yes but she is not the only model in the whole of South Africa and I like the ideas you presented to Thabiso today because they let you think out the box so put your mind back to them and you will see what you'll come up with." He said with a charming smile. I like this guy already but I didn't know which way to turn to from here, all I see are red robots cautioning me to stop. Wish I was home, Limpopo sounds so ideal than this hell hole I am into.

We spend a few minutes outside talking about the fashion show and Neo easing my mind. He was indeed a cool guy. When he suggested that we go back in he dampened my mood even further but hiding won't help anyway.

We walked back in and all eyes were on us, but I told myself to treat tonight like any other bad day turned good. I am here already so sulking won't help, plus being behind Neo gave me a bit of courage, he's got my back. There is lot to come, press conferences and proper introductions to the right people, I should learn now how to deal with such pressure and bullies like Lindiwe.

She watched me the entire time as I spoke to people in the room and I avoided her like the plague. I couldn't avoid her evil gaze even if I wanted to, the woman was bitter.

I only had one glass of Champaign for the toast to wishing me a success with my first fashion show. Everyone drank and happily enjoyed the night except Thabiso, his eyes followed my every move even though he tried hard to hide that from his wife who looked bored sitting next to him as she drank her expensive wines.

Just after midnight, the party had moved to the bar just after dinner. I decided it's time for me to go to bed, my feet were killing me in the stilletos.

I said goodnight to those who mattered not bothering Thabiso and Lindiwe.

As soon as I was out of sight I took off the torture of shoes that I was wearing and walked barefoot feeling my feet relax and get massaged by the cold tiles.

I got to my room and immediately dropped the dress down my body to my feet, I stepped out of it and went to the bathroom to remove the bit of make-up that I had on my face then let my hair loose. I walked back to the bedroom and...

Flip...

Thabiso was standing in the middle of my room with his hands in his pocket, the jacket he was wearing earlier was gone. For a moment I froze and forgot that I was standing in front of him in my unmatching panties and bra. My senses came back but for some reason I just loved the way his eyes travel all over my body as if he didn't know which part to stare at, even my husband never stares at me like that. I am a woman and I also want to know that I am appealing when I am naked. He was seducing me, it was like I could feel his hands all over me...

I shivered at the thought of his hands all over my body.

He quickly snapped out of whatever he was under and handed me a towel that was on the bed.

"Here."

I felt a bit disappointed that he wanted me covered. I took it from him but he hesitated for a bit before letting it go.

"Thanks." I said wrapping it around my body only to expose my long legs. I went to sit on the edge left side of the bed and had my back against Thabiso. I didn't want to look at him but was curious as to what he would do next. I felt like he was about to do something and I couldn't wait, I wanted him to.

"I came to check on you, are you okay?"

"Shouldn't you be with your wife, she looked a bit wasted."

"She has been taken home."

"And what are you still doing here?"

"I don't know." He said walking towards me, he sat next to me, very close to me that I could feel his body heat on my bare arms. If only he knew what all this was doing to me...

He placed his hand on my thigh, he didn't move it just sat it there. Through that I could feel the sexual tension building between us, my heart was racing. I have imagined what it would be like to be in his arms and let him have his way with me. Dirty, dirty mind!!!

"I asked you if you are fine." He asked me as if asking if it was okay for him to touch me. He moved his hands on my thigh moving with the towel revealing more of my skin and making me well aware of where this was going.

"I am fine Thabiso." I said getting up but unfortunately my towel dropped as he was sitting on part of it. I tried to cover myself with my hands which didn't help much but anyway why should I cover up? He's seen me half naked already.

Thabiso got up and held my hands apart,

"You looked so beautiful tonight but now you look even better." He said making me blink my eyes.

"Thabiso..." I said but he stopped me with,

"Kiss me."

That took me by surprise but it's been a while since I have been having this thoughts about Thabiso and his body. I didnt think twice or need a second invitation. I moved closer to him and shakenly tip-toed up to his lips and slowly moved my lips over his. He didn't move or open his mouth. I pulled back and looked at him wondering if he had loved it or not. I have only kissed and been intimate with one man in my life, that being my husband. I know slow kisses from beginning to end, everything has always been like that with Kgabo, slow.

He stood with his eyes closed. I was done...didn't know if I should kiss him again...

He slowly opened his eyes and looked at me with a smile...

"My turn." He said as he grabbed a handful of my afro and took my lips in his. He did not go slow or gentle. He went straight at it, the kiss was hard, rough, tormenting but yet pleasuring. I could feel the strength of his tongue invading my unexperienced lips and tongue in ways that made my body relax but wanted more. I took in the pleasure and enjoyed as his other hand roamed my body searching for more to give me. I forgot who I was and just let this man give me what I expected from him and more.

When he let my lips go he looked at me as I was drowning in a world of horniness and lust. My breathing was fast and heavy, he aroused feelings that I never thought existed in my body.

He didn't let go of my hair, he went through it with his fingers. He kissed my forehead before he pushed me to the bed to lie on my back. He took his shirt off and got on top of me, the bulge in the front of his pants was very much noticeable.

He got between my legs and started the hard-core kisses from my stomach coming up to my face and finally going harder and harder on my lips I could swear my lips would be swollen by tomorrow. His whole body weight was on top of mine and I

could feel him trying to position his hard on between my damp self through the fabrics of my panties and his pants. I welcomed everything that he provided. I just wanted to take my panties off and let him give it to me, I was yearning for him, my whole body was. I pushed my butt up to get more of him, he was also moving with me, thrusting as he held on tight to me. We were in a far away place enjoying this whole erotic vibe going on between us then out of the blue my husband crossed my mind and I tried to push Thabiso off me... My senses came back and I remembered who I am.

I was filled with guilt, a little freedom away from my husband made me think I could do anything I want, including having sex with a man I know has a double sex life. This is wrong, Thabiso broke Pule's heart, my friend. What are the chances of him doing the same with me? I need to think with my head not with my body that is yearning to cheat.

"What's going on?" Thabiso asked me still on top of me.

"We have to stop." I said still trying to get him off me.

"Come on we are both doing something that we want, and we will be protected. I promise you."

"Get off me Thabiso." I said with tears rushing out my eyes.

He did but stood looking at me like I was a fool to say no to sex, especially with him.

"Please leave."

"Why are you crying? You are making me feel like I was forcing you."

"Thabiso, leave!"

"Fine, call me if you change your mind." He said and picked up his shirt. He went to the door and left.

I sat on the bed and cried, what is wrong with me?

My phone rang, I looked at it and it was...

Kgabo...

Chapter 28>>>

Thabiso has all that I need from my husband, he gave me things I never had and showed me what I have been yearning for from Kgabo. He provides when I want him to, he is the kind of man that most women want, even if it's just for a night. I did not want him to stop, I really wanted to get more of him but sense had to kick in. I have been married to Kgabo for 3 years and been together for more than 5, our sexual problem didn't started now, it's just that I didn't see the problem back then and ever since I have met Thabiso things just went too far that I found myself fantasizing about him even in the presence of my husband. Thabiso is not even the first guy to persue me and I have never looked at a any other guy the way I looked at him. I am not in love with him or attracted to him, I am just lusting after him. I don't know how many times I have compared him to my husband and now I know for sure he is way better than my husband in everything...

I was an emotional wreck as I looked at Kgabo's call, I felt so much guilt knowing that I almost betrayed him. He's not perfect but he is my husband and I chose him. I picked up,

"Kgabo?"

"Hey baby, how was the meet and greet?"

"Terrible Kgabo, I feel like packing up and coming back home." I said as I started to cry.

"What happened?"

"I need a model for my show stopper and someone I was counting on bailed out on me and she is a well known model."

"Pitsi, you are a designer. This is about your clothes and the extend of what you can do with fashion. Not everybody needs a celebrity or high connections to the top, my baby creat your own models and let them say thanks to Pitsi for giving us a chance. Think out the box."

Wow, such wonderful words from a husband whose wife almost went astray, do I really need a Thabiso in my life to show me that my husband has good qualities? Or is it my conscious eating away at me, even speaking with Kgabo on the phone is making feel like my voice is giving me away. This will eat me up for ever, maybe I should tell Kgabo then maybe the guilt might go away. But truth be told I would just be digging myself a bigger and deeper hole.

He tried as much as he could to reassure me and give me faith in believing that everything will come out all right. He was being supportive and I appreciated him for doing that for me.

The following day was all about work, I had to pick designs for the show, go fabric shopping, meet and measure some of the models, pick their hairstyles and make-up, shoes and everything in one day. Pule, Thabiso and Neo took care of the PR side of things. I had 3 interviews lined up with 3 community radio stations and a

magazine photo shoot with new designs that I had to create and finish that same day. By the end of the day I was a walking zombie, tired and stressed out. How I am going to get through this week, only God knows.

If you want to know if I had seen Thabiso the answer is no, I had contact with Pule and Neo. I wasn't even sure if we were on speaking terms or not, I never called him and he didn't bother either. The whole thing was a bit stressful, he is my mentor and partner in this and without him all is for nothing. I can't get him and last night out of my mind, he took my body to a level I never thought I could reach, falling asleep was hard. I was horny and thinking about Kgabo didn't help much. I need to clear my head before I do something I will regret.

The next day again Kgabo called to say his brother and wife wanted to have breakfast with me, I didn't have time but I didn't want to seem rude. I asked them to come to the hotel since it's a place where anyone would find me if I am needed. Fortunate enough Koena was alone, he said his wife was meeting friends. Lame excuse and anyway I also don't want to see her.

Koena looked better and happier than the last time I saw him, he had asked the receptionist to call my room and let me know that he was waiting for me in the breakfast area. We exchanged hugs and sat down, I didn't feel like eating today, my stomach is in knots.

"So, I got a call from your husband." He started.

"I see, he told you about my meltdown?"

"He is only concerned about you and he's quite stressed about his work too."

"Ja, I shouldn't have just dumped everything on him like that."

"Come on you both should be there for each other, nothing wrong with that. So how are things going?"

I took a deep breath in before I told him everything about the fashion show. He listened and nod his head as I spoke, it was so easy to offload on Koena. He was easy to talk to and had very good listening skills, way better than Kgabo who would interrupt with a joke even when you are serious. He had no answers for me but I felt so much better talking to him, it was like he knew what it meant to be me. He spoke back like someone trying to help me get to a solution, it was like he was opening my eyes to new ideas that I never thought my mind would reach.

His understanding and patience made me feel like I was talking to my...

Never mind he is just a brother-in-law worried about his brother's wife but still there was something about him that wanted me to be closer to him and trust him with my life, my secret with Thabiso. The look he gave me showed me that yearning after a man other than my husband was stupid and meaningless, thoughts of seeing Thabiso other than a business partner vanished. He gave me courage to face my work and demons. It's like we had this deep connection...

I flushed all those thoughts out my mind, I had to. Koena was here to help me and yes he did a good job.

Just like Kgabo had told me to make a name for myself by working with girls who are struggling to get into the modelling industry. He even have me a list of agencies I can approach and maybe they could even offer me someone already well known in the industry.

I do have a few models for the line up but I want big names that will stand out, carry the clothes with their status.

"I have to go now and please don't hesitate to ask for help, I am here for you." He said and again gave me that look that made think the things that I was thinking earlier. His reassurance gave me hope. I thanked him and walked him out to his car, this time we didn't give each other hugs just waved each other goodbye.

I so sometimes wish Reba was my brother!

I went back to my room to find Thabiso waiting at my door. He had seen me and there was no way I could turn and make a run for it so I walked straight to him,

"What do you want?" I coldly asked him.

"Isn't it obvious?" He asked me licking his lower lip.

"Leave now!" I ordered him.

"Stop behaving like an 8 year old with tantrums, we need to talk."

"About what? You want to know if I got pregnant after kissing you? Thabiso nothing more happened, we should leave it at that."

"Open the door."

"I am not going in there with you." I said standing my ground even though my body wanted me to give in and I know he knows that I can't resist him especially after last night. I behaved like a loose woman and just let him easily take advantage of me.

"You want to be with me in private but you'd rather meet strangers in the open. You just shared a breakfast table with another man."

I laughed at him.

"What are you trying to say Thabiso?"

"You are not perfect and I bet your husband doesn't know that."

"You want to sleep with me by blackmailing me? Go ahead!" I said and turned around. I walked back to where I came from.

I know a few people saw me with Koena and they assumed whatever they wanted to assume, I hadn't realised that Thabiso saw me but anyway it doesn't matter.

I has to start work again just like yesterday, by the way we work in another one of Thabiso's house. And today I had to mix up with everyone including Neo and Pule, the girls have been with me all along. Thabiso was nowhere to be seen but I received a whatsapp text from him.

A picture of his huge erect manhood with the caption,

'You don't know what you are missing'

It was no doubt it was his, he just unzipped his jeans and took it out to shoot the picture. The jeans and wedding ring on the picture where his. I emailed the picture to my personal email address then deleted the chat. If I was alone I would have burst out laughing, it's not an attractive thing to do incase he thought I was going to wet my panties. My husband might not know how to rock and roll with the rest but he is gifted too.

I replied with a,

'□'

And left it at that even though he kept on trying to persuade me into thinking it could be the best thing I could ever taste. I didn't want to respond further in case this whole thing turns into some flirting that would end up in regrets and tears the next day.

I called my husband to check up on him and ask him how things were going on his side. He didn't sound hopeful but promised he'll fix everything no matter what. I felt bad for him and tried hard to calm him. Wish there was more I could do though.

Later on I left with Pule and Neo to go check out the venue, it was the only available place at such short notice. It was at a hall that had hosted a lot of events for VIP. I was surprised as how Thabiso managed to get a booking. And I am glad he is not letting "other things" come in the way of our working relationship, he was willing to see this through no matter what.

I loved the place as soon as we got there, it was in town and it was beautiful even without decorations. We gave ourselves a bit of a tour of the place and I could imagine the setting and my models gelling up with the place, I was so excited.

The manager of the place came to meet us, we introduced ourselves and he did the same too...

"I am afraid I have some bad news." He said.

What now? I thought to myself, what could go wrong now?

"The venue has been booked for a bigger event."

I cannot deal with this, I can't!

"How is that possible, everything has been finalised. Invitations and posters are out by tomorrow." Neo asked.

"I'm sorry, it's been sold to the highest bidder." The man said and turned around to face a woman wearing blue skinny jeans, a black cardigan with red stilettos...

Lindiwe Mabena!

"What the...???" Neo said in surprise as he walked to her. Pule and I followed him. "Why are you doing this?" He asked her.

She laughed as she went,

"For after tears of her downfall."

To control myself I had to walk away from her. Unfortunately I could not hold the tears, I don't know what to do from now. This place was our last hope, Thabiso had said so!

Neo and Pule found me crying my eyes out, Lindiwe Mabena is doing everything in her power to destroy me and I haven't done anything to her husband other than secretly kiss him. That's all! If she knew that I have turned him down she wouldn't be this vindictive.

Pule and Neo tried to help me stop crying but I couldn't. No matter what Lindiwe was winning! She is always ahead of me! I swear I am this close to giving up, she is wearing me off. All my energy and excitement gone!

The guys had no choice but to get me into the car, Pule sat at the back with me as Neo drove us to a pub called The Big Boys and Ladies Corner. We got there and they ordered drinks as we were given seats at the top roof of the place. The air up

there was nice but I wanted nothing to do with the place anymore. Pretoria hasn't been friendly to me so far.

There was no way Neo and Pule could cheer me up, the battle was lost already and all we had to do was wash our hands and throw in the towel.

My husband had said think out the box but how?

We were being served drinks by the owners of this place. 2 gentlemen who were a happy bunch that tried to entertain us with their silly jokes. The place wasn't full so I guess they were just passing time with us.

I stood up and once again the fresh air hit my face and my husband's voice was in my head again,

"Think out the box."

I looked at the 2 owners and went,

"Can I have a fashion show up here in the roof of your pub?"

Everyone looked at me and one of the owners went,

"That's an unusual one but if you think you can pull it off why not."

I can, I think!

Just hope Lindiwe can't make it rain...

Chapter 29>>>

I have never been good with organising and I thought I could leave everything in Thabiso, Pule and Neo's hands but it seems like I am going to have to step in. I need everything in me to even think I could pull this off, I don't like working under pressure or having to pull strings. Thabiso should have at least given me 3 months to get everything together, it would have been a struggle but at least I would have had the opportunity of knowing how to deal with stumbling blocks like Lindiwe. And I always wanted my first fashion show to be in Limpopo, not a place where everything is limited to me and I have to rely on people. I am too excited though to let something like a venue stop me from continuing with this, and I have to find a way to stop Lindiwe from getting her paws into everything. Because if I don't somehow she would find a way to ruin this for me.

The idea of hosting a fashion show on the roof of a club just jumped into my head without me thinking things through but immediately after saying it Neo and Pule were into it, involving the 2 men that we just met. By the way their names are Mpho and KG, they have never hosted anything like a fashion show but they were up for the challenge. We spend hours discussing and making plans, everything was coming together and they promise to make this the best fashion show ever.

When we left the club I was a bit hopeful, Neo had called the printers to hold on with the invites and posters and fortunately they hadn't printed anything out yet. I received a call from one of the modelling agencies I got from Koena and they said they couldn't find someone well known who is willing to work for me but they have 2 plus size models. I was disappointed but asked to see the models tomorrow, I need someone who is well known.

I am running out of time and I can't redo my show stopper outfits without a model, I have to have one so I could get her measurements. Goodness this is a nightmare.

Thabiso wanted to see us ASAP, he spoke to Neo and he told us that Thabiso sounded a bit angry. If he wants to vent, the right person for that is his wife who won't stop at nothing to see me gone and defeated.

We got another girl that works for Thabiso on our way. I have seen her the night Thabiso and I almost...

Her name is Rochel and she is a colored lady with curves to die for.

She was kind of friendly to the boys but a bit cold towards me...

Neo drove while looking at me through the review mirror,

"Hey, cheer up. Lindiwe has always been like that even when I came here, you can ask Rochel." He said.

"You mean she does this to everyone who works with her husband." I asked Neo trying to avoid the "ask the Rochel" part.

"Well not really but mainly to the ones she feels threatened by."

"Well, she is a fool for thinking that about me." I said and we all laughed except Rochel. I know I am not a competition to her, I might want Thabiso to sleep with me for my reasons but I just think to him all he wants is to satisfy his ego.

We got to the house where we work as Thabiso was waiting for us there and indeed he was in a foul mood. He waited for us to sit down before he went,

"What the hell happened? I just spoke to someone from the venue and I was told our gig with them was cancelled."

"Your wife happened." I answered him. He looked at me then at the others who confirmed what I just said, Neo and Pule told him everything.

"Could you all give me a moment with Mrs Mothiba." Thabiso said and everyone left leaving me and him.

"What is this about now?"

"I want to apologise for my wife." He said walking behind me, he put his hands on my shoulders and started massaging me.

I jumped up and warned him not to ever do that again. "You know we will never get peace of mind until we finish what we started."

"Thanks for trying to stick up for your wife, if we are done here I would like to leave."

"Well," he said walking back to where he was sitting, "I like your idea of a fashion show under the stars and I guess I underestimated you."

"I hope we can pull this off, I don't have the energy for any more of Lindiwe's road blocks."

Thabiso gave me one of his long looks slowly studying everything about me, how his face changes to that of a straight look to wanting me. I enjoy the way his eyes look at me, they make me feel in a certain way I never felt before, wanted and special...

I got up and headed for the door, I could still feel his eyes on me. I turned to be met by his huge eyes on me. I pushed myself to walk out of there...

Outside I found Rochel alone leaning on Neo's car.

"Where are the boys?" I asked her and she pointed to them. They were showing each other something on the phone, I think they have been taking pictures.

"I know you were with Thabiso the night." Rochel said to me in an accusing sort of way.

"Nothing happened." I quickly said to her acting all tjatjarag. I hope she is the only one that knows and I have to hope again she doesn't tell anyone, I am new and I can't have such scandals on my name. I also have a husband to think of...

"I know, I just want to give you a word of advice. If you don't give him what he wants he will ruin you." As soon as she said that she walked to join the party of taking pics leaving me with question.

I think I misunderstood her...

I wanted to call her back and ask her what she meant but my phone rang. I answered...

And I was met with this craziness...

"Mapitsi Audrey Mothiba you are dead!"

I laughed...

"Oh you are back!"

"I am not bloody joking. Bring back my clothes, those are not your Truworths clothes, they are from serious boutiques. I want them back!"

"What was I suppose to do? I had to go!"

"I want them back. I would even come there if I have to!"

"You don't even know where I am."

"Your stupid gay friend is all over facebook posting everything, I will find you and I will kick your butt!" She hang up and I just laughed. She won't dare come here. Still she is the one who started the whole thing but it had to hurt when I do the same. I know her clothes are more expensive than mine but revenge is revenge and I had no choice.

We left Thabiso's house and went back to the hotel. I was tired, I took a bath and went straight to bed. Kgabo called to check up on me, we didnt talk much since I was too tired. He sounded fine from his side of things. I just wish he was here with me then I would have never kissed Thabiso because now he's all I think of and if I am not careful I will sleep with him. That's the honest truth, I don't feel like I can hold myself if a repeat of the other night happens. Working with Thabiso was a bad idea from the start, he is the key to my success and could even be a career killer, my career killer. I even hope I misheard Rochel, what she said doesn't make sense. If sleeping with Thabiso is the way to the top then I'd rather go back home and help my mom with her small business. I won't do something that will put me in an awkward position, I might not be a hustler but I believe in paving my own way to the top, sweat and tears.

I got lost in thoughts and fell asleep but was later woken up by a knock on the door, I was about to go and open but stopped as soon as I heard Thabiso's voice. I sat still on the bed as my heart beat up so fast and loud that I feared he could hear it from outside.

"Pitsi, open up. I know you are in there, you didn't come down for dinner and I thought I should bring you something." He said as he knocked on the door. This is the reason why I didn't even go down for dinner, him!

I quickly switched off my phone incase he decides to call me. I know I shouldn't be feeling like this but I so badly wanted to open for him, there was this excitement building up inside of me. I don't even feel guilty at how Thabiso makes me feel, I just want him. I don't know if it's curiosity of wanting to know the difference between him and my husband.

I got back into bed and covered myself with the bed covers, just go away already Thabiso. I begged, wishing he would stop being so persuasive.

"Fine, see you tomorrow then." He said even though I don't think he left immediately. I could tell he stood for a moment at the door hoping I would come peek at him but I stayed put.

Finally I went back to sleep.

The next morning I also skipped breakfast and took an uber to the modelling agency. I didn't want to bother anyone or see Thabiso, I feel like I should avoid him at all times.

When I got there I found my models ready, I loved them. They were 2 girls who were bubbly and comfortable in their bodies. I took their measurements while chatting to them, they were very excited to be working for me. Well, for Thabiso. They couldn't stop talking and raving about him that I even became jealous, he seems like the type of guy that all women wants and he gives them the kind of attention they want from him. Why I still want that I wouldn't know. I mean Thabiso is thee bad boy of note and he doesn't even hide anything about himself but still I daydream about him like he is some movie star. Goodness...

After that I went to work, at least there was no one there. My phone kept on beeping as Reba promised to kick my butt and teach me a lesson of never stealing from her. She was really angry and trust me it's never nice to be Reba's enemy, my sister is not a bad person but when she hates she won't spare you. I have had fights with her before and she made my life a living hell everytime we fought.

Thabiso also kept on sending me SMSs since I wasn't picking up his calls, at some point I felt like inviting him to his own house and let him have his way with me on this huge table. The more I fantasized about him the more I kept away from my phone. Pule called, I decided not to answer and put my phone far away from me.

"Well, well..." I heard as I cut fabric. It was the one and only Lindiwe, "I should have known that the first person you'll run to would be my husband." She was walking towards me.

I am all alone with her in this house that I don't think anyone would come, everyone has their hands full trying to help me out and I also decided to come here so I can be alone. I am not scared of Lindiwe, I just don't want to be all alone with her. She has done crazy things already and I don't trust myself either.

"Lindiwe I don't want trouble."

"You had trouble the moment you decided to work with my husband."

She stood right next to me, even if I wanted to ignore her, I couldn't. Her presence was too visible.

"What do you want from me?"

"I want you to leave."

"Why?"

"Don't ask me that, I know you are sleeping with him just like everyone he is working with."

"That's not true."

"Please don't be like them, it hurts to see my husband doing this to me. I hate fighting for my position everytime he is working with someone new." She said crying. If that is the truth then I can't help her, if I leave there will be another one and she is crazy to expect me to just leave everything and go. As much as everything is draining and tiring I don't see myself walking away even though at times it feels like I should.

"So that's why you are busy sabotaging me? Let me do what I came here to do and I will leave."

"No!" She screamed out like someone who is in pain. "I can't stand you, okay? You are not even made for this industry."

I was starting to feel sorry for her but now...

"Who the hell do you think you are Lindiwe? I won't be ordered around by you or stand to watch you judge me. I know my worth and it's not made by some bleached skin that get botox every now and then..."

I don't know if she bleached her skin or not but she caught feelings...

"You bitch!" She shouted at me throwing papers and fabrics at me.

"What the hell?" That came from the door.

It was Reba, the one and only sister that had promised to come kick my butt. She was with Pule.

Lindiwe ignored them and went on insulting me,

"You even thought I would model for you, the cheek you have!"

"Stop talking like that to my sister, if you don't want to model for her I will do it. Surely it can't be that hard.

Lindiwe gave Reba a proper look and I have to admit and agree with my sister. She might be a drunk and behave like a straatmate sometimes but she had style and she is hot, she can definitely do this.

I jumped in front of her and went,

"You'd do that for me?"

"Tsek! I will deal with you, wena." She hissed that at me between her teeth.

Ao bathong...

Defending me and at the same time still going to kick my butt...□□□□□□□□

Chapter 30>>>

With Reba is that thing of her being the only one who can beat me up and no one else, you know the sibling thing? You fight but when someone from outside joins in you turn on them. She is not selfish though, whenever I need her she is always there even in times I do not expect her, like now. I know Pule gave her details of how she could get to me and even brought her here, just like me Pretoria is foreign to her. She is probably still mad at me but she is putting me first now. My sister and I used to fight like crazy, lately it's been better because we are grown ups and before we used to fight about everything and I never stole Reba's clothes because I know she values them more than her life. Another thing I didn't think Reba was serious about coming here, the clothes must really be that expensive. I didn't think she would notice, I still don't think she did though, mom told her, she has more clothes to dress up the entire female casts of the Bold and Beautiful. Right now as she stood between me and Lindiwe she was wearing new ones and smelled of new perfume that I didn't know. She seriously made Lindiwe look like nothing and the more Lindiwe looked at my sister she just knew that I was yesterday's news and so was she.

"Who is this?" Lindiwe asked looking at Reba.

"She is my sister." I proudly answered her.

"She can't model for you." Lindiwe said and Reba just looked at her waiting to hear what was about to come next.

"Why not, you don't make decisions around here." Pule said behind Lindiwe.

"Look call me crazy but if I let her work with you I would only giving my husband another woman. This would mean Christmas for him! I'll do it, I'll do anything to help you even if it means giving you the venue back."

The desperation on her face just made me feel sorry for her, she is doing everything to get him to notice her, I mean the poor woman is trying everything in her power to stop anyone coming closer to her husband. That's probably how her marriage has been like, it's like she is trying to fight off flies from getting into her food. Yes Thabiso Mabena is hot but Lindiwe is too beautiful to be caught up in this mess. He is making her life a living hell and she just puts up with the whole thing as if without him she won't breath. There must be something going on within their marriage, something big.

We all went still looking at her, it was as if she was pleading and begging us not to sleep with her man. The things men put us through as women.

"Okay, what is going on here?" Reba asked looking from me to Pule. I don't know, none of us knew but I am going to have a fashion show after all! I know that is selfish of me to think of my happiness when others like Lindiwe are going through hell. It's even going to be hard for me to trust her ever again but I can tell she meant everything she said.

"Pule, why don't you take Lindiwe home." I suggested to Pule. I know he doesn't like her but now it's not the time.

"Rather take me to Neo, please."

I am sure Pule knows where Neo is, they have become close lately. I feel so sorry for her that I want Reba to go back home immediately, gape I know my sister when it comes to men. She will sleep with whoever she wants if it means he'll cough up for her expensive fashion taste. I think I don't want her to meet Thabiso either...

Pule and Lindiwe left.

"Pitori!" Reba said clapping both her hands together.

"So are you going to model for me?" I excitedly asked her.

"How could you do such a stupid thing Pitsi? Steal my clothes?"

"You started it."

"Yours are just local, they don't come to SA in shipments. So please do not compare. And don't forget I am the older one here."

"So?"

"So? Don't give me that stinking attitude or else I will kick your butt for real."

Isn't that the reason why she came here for in the first place? To kick my butt? Anyway I am just glad she is not as angry as I thought she was when she told me to "Tsek" earlier. I don't want to fight with her.

She wanted to know what the deal was with Lindiwe. Since I was in the mood to gossip, I haven't done that with anyone since I got here so I told her everything leaving my part with Thabiso, of course, making myself the perfect little victim and my sister believed me.

"Pitsi, you are too loyal to Kgabo, neh?" She asked me as I acted the part so well.

She refused to be a part of my fashion show talking about how the new man in her life won't like her working since he wants to provide for her from now on. I have heard that a million times already and things never end well, I just want Reba to be independent. This thing of her wanting men to work for her should stop.

I couldn't pursue her to model at the fashion show but at least she offered to help me as I worked on the clothes. We worked until 5pm, Neo and Pule came to pick

us up to go see someone for the decor. It was a middle aged woman who knew what to do, I believe. I didn't want anything dramatic or hectic that might upstage my clothes. This is all about my clothes, I want them to stand out. Reba was a lot of help with her simple but good ideas. Neo and Pule loved her so much. Neo had a contract for Lindiwe, the contract was tight just to make sure she doesn't pull any of her stunts. I loved it!

We left the club around 8pm, Reba and I went back to the hotel to quickly freshen up so we could go eat dinner. Reba had a new phone and her bags were new too, she had like 3 Brazilian wigs. One day she is going to come home with a brand new car, it's just a matter of time.

She wore a figure hugging dress that made the clothes I stole from her look worn out and old. I also wanted to wear a dress but could not repeat the one I had worn the night I met everyone and it was the only one I had.

I watched her as she sat in front of the mirror getting ready.

"So what are you going to wear on your big night?" She asked me as I just sat on the bed.

"I have created something will show it to you tomorrow."

"Okay and now, what are you waiting for?"

"Can you give me something to wear, please? I want to wear a dress too and I don't have it."

She laughed.

"So we are going to go there again, the clothes issue?"

"But I am asking now, please sis."

"Fine."

She stood up and went through her bags and threw me 2 beautiful dresses. I didn't know which one to pick so I had to fit them both just to make sure. They were both black, figure hugging but different designs. She made me wear matching red underwear. I put on her red high heels that I stole from her, she gave me one look and then smiled, I laughed. We both used different perfumes which were all hers, she combed and styled my afro and even gave me earrings with a touch of makeup. I looked different and I loved it.

I gave her a hug!

"Thanks sis, you are the best."

"I know but don't take advantage, next time I will beat you up Pitsi."

She will never let me forget that I stole from her even though she did too.

She kept on answering her phone, going outside to talk and come back. I didn't ask, I am used to this. Besides I'd rather not know anything about her many boyfriends.

We took more than an hour to get ready, meaning the dinning hall will be closed soon and I was surprised Neo and Pule were not calling to tell us to hurry. We might as well just take everything off and get into bed, all this was for nothing. A part of me wanted to go out there and let Thabiso see me like this, just his eyes on me will be enough.

I followed Reba out the door and she didn't go to the direction of the dinning hall. And I didn't ask, she was going to the pool side. Maybe Neo and Pule are there or maybe we are going somewhere. I didn't care as long as I get to show off this dress.

I was walking behind Reba looking at my feet inside the heels on the floor, I liked at how they looked.

We passed the pool and went round the hotel to find...

My husband, son and Koena waiting next to a beautiful table set with food and flowers. I was speechless for a moment.

Kamo came running to me, I picked him up and gave him a hug with tears running down my eyes. I have missed my baby so much, I hardly see him lately. Reba took him from me and told me to go to my husband.

This is not something I am used to from my husband and I bet Koena had a hand in it. I didn't even know what to do when I got to the table, I just stood next to my husband and smiled. PDA is not our biggest point and besides when you are not used to something you just never know how to react when it's presented to you.

"Come on Kgabo give your wife a kiss." Koena said slapping Kgabo on the shoulder.

"In front of you?" Kgabo asked. Koena and Reba laughed as I blushed. Till now Kgabo still respects his brother, but it's kind of cute.

"Kiss your wife." Koena said even pushing Kgabo to me.

He grabbed me and quickly placed a kiss missing my lips and went for my nose. He was laughing. Kamo just looked at us smiling as though he understood what was going on. This kids...

Reba said she'll sleep with him tonight in my room while Kgabo and I will be in a separate room. I was told the honeymoon suit was booked for us. Someone did put

some good thoughts into this. They left and we sat down to eat. Kgabo poured us a glass of wine and handed me mine.

"I had nothing to do with this so I don't know what we are suppose to do." Kgabo said laughing at himself. So I wasn't the only one?

"Well, why don't we just eat and see where this leads to." I suggested and he agreed.

We ate as my husband made jokes trying to get us both comfortable. We were both nervous as if this was our first date (in a way it is) avoiding each other's gaze and avoiding touching each other. We've been married for years and our date meant taking Kamo to McDonald and watch him stuff his face with anything he wanted. We didn't even think that was being on a date, we were just making our son happy. I wanted to talk about his business problems but he said that wasn't for tonight.

There were a few moments that we finally touched and told each other how our marriage meant to us, the whole thing was brand new but felt good to open up to my husband.

After eating he got me up by my hand and pressed his lips against mine. He tenderly kissed me pressing his warm clothed body against mine. He went down to help me out of the heels that I have been dying to get out of. He then carried me holding my shoes to the honeymoon suit, I somehow felt like a princess with her Prince. It was so romantic.

When we got to the room he put me down so we could both view the huge beautiful room that had almost everything that you could need in a bedroom. A beautiful big bed with white linen, rose petals spread all over it. Almost everything was white, even the curtains and towels.

Kgabo hugged me from behind and I felt him ready for me, he turned me around and kissed me. He carried me again this time to the bed and gently placed me on it with his big eyes on me. We continued kissing, then I lost my dress and then my matching underwear that Reba made me wear earlier, now I know why.

Everything that we were doing felt new and so heart warming, I felt so much of a connection with him than I ever did.

We were both enjoying this and couldn't wait to get to the best part.

My phone rang.

Kgabo stopped and told me to get it.

"No, they will have to call me in the morning."

"It might be important."

I had no choice but to answer and when I looked at the screen it flashed...

Thabiso Mabena!

Damn him for calling me at this time of the night!

I answered.

"I need to see you now, I know you are with your husband and I don't care. I am in room 445." He said then hang up.

"Who is it?" Kgabo asked me.

"It's Thabiso."

"Is there something wrong?"

"It seems like it but I think it can wait until tomorrow."

"Come on, we have our whole life ahead of us and I will be right here when you come back."

"Are you sure?"

"Yep." He said and got into bed without any worries. He surely trusted that I would be back and that the phone call is all about work. I know what awaits me out there.

To be honest I knew that going out there is wrong but this was a bit exciting. I don't know why but...

I put my underwear and dress back on, the shoes also.

When I walked out Kgabo was inside the bed covers.

As soon as I closed the door I hurried along the passage to Thabiso's room.

I knocked and there was no answer. Something told me to go back but hey I was here already. I pushed in the door and walked in to find a naked Thabiso on the bed. I closed the door and stood behind it looking at him, my heart pounded as the excitement was building up inside me. He looked good and inviting, this is what he wants, me drooling all over him. Kgabo had made me so horny that I wanted to jump on the bed and join him Thabiso.

"What's going on? What do you want?" I asked him.

He got off the bed and walked to me, he pulled the thin strap of the dress on my shoulder and tore it.

"I want you so bad." He said then quickly kissed me, hard on my lips.

"No, no, no!" I said pushing him away after I had enjoyed the kiss for a moment. My husband is a few rooms away and I am here making out with another man. What does that make me? It's nice to be with Thabiso but all this has its consequences and I don't want to be that woman who doesn't have regrets for cheating. It's wrong and I should believe that.

"You are here, we might as well do it." He said trying to come back for more.

At least with my husband there is love, with Thabiso he just wants to hit it and we are done! What if I want more after this? I will only be hurting myself and breaking my marriage for nothing.

"I can't do this Thabiso, I'm sorry."

"You want to, unless you wouldn't be here."

He was not being nice about this, no wonder Pule hated him so much. The guy is inconsiderate and so full of himself, if I do this with him I will hate myself for the rest of my life.

I turned around to open the door, he didn't stop me and I didn't mind. I closed it and walked to my old room where Reba is sleeping. I can't go to the honeymoon suit with a torn dress and a guilty conscious.

I knocked on Reba's door and when she opened I just cried.

My son was sleeping comfortably in bed.

"What the hell did he do now? Look at my dress, he's going to pay for this." Reba angrily said heading for the door.

"No Reba, it's not Kgabo." I said stopping her.

"Then what happened to you? We left the 2 of you together mos."

This was the most embarrassing thing to ever happened to me, everyone knows that Kgabo is my world and I would never do something so stupid to hurt him but I did. I let another man kiss me... Gosh, I am disgusted with myself. I used to judge people who cheat and I called them names, yet today I am one of them.

I told Reba the truth, she is the only one in my corner and she has a solution for everything. Luckily she didn't judge me, she listened and didn't show any signs of discomfort.

"Can I sleep here with you, please I can't let my husband see me like this, not tonight."

"No, you can't Pitsi. What will you say to him tomorrow? Face him now and deal with this."

"How will I explain the state I am in and the dress."

"If he asks tell him you didn't find Thabiso and you came to my room, spin him a story of me doing something to your dress." She said trying to get rid of me with a half baked story that is not even solid.

I am going to have to think hard and fast.

She walked me to the door and locked it as I stood outside.

What am I going to tell Kgabo, I have never lied to him or cheated before. What if he sees right through me?

I went to my husband and found him sleeping, I quickly took off the dress and my bra. I got into bed next to him, he turned to face me...

"You are back?"

"Yes. Good night."

Chapter 31>>>

Finally my big day arrived, I cant say I have been waiting for it but I was ready and excited, a bit nervous of course but who wouldn't be. After all the stumbling blocks and hiccups I still can't believe I finally made it to Saturday, from where I have started felt like a lifetime to get here. I have been stressed out ever since that night with Thabiso and everyone thought it was because of the workload and pressure that I was under. I know better and at least my sister was there to help calm my nerves and remind me that what happened is a thing of the past and there won't be a repeat, that is what I am trying to promise myself. I had to hope it does nothing to all my hard work, I would hate for something like a night of a few kisses to ruin my marriage and career. Thabiso continued and went on as if nothing happened between us, just like me he wanted to see the whole thing done and dusted with. I want to be honest, the more I see of Thabiso the happier I am and when I don't see him I get a bit frustrated. And now since things are so hectic seeing him is not happening. I had to perform miracles as Thabiso demanded that I double outfits 1 day before the fashion show for all my 10 models, if he was punishing me sorry for him as designing is in my blood. Reba was there to do her bit even my poor mom came to help, their support meant the world to me. In fact everyone did their bit, Neo and Pule took care of the decor and catering, well it was more booze than food. My husband and his brother took care of the entertainment while Rochel was busy with rehearsals. We had a make-up artist and hairdresser for the dramatic natural looks that I wanted. My poor husband had to cough up a few cents to pay a

few celebrities to come, I had 2 sponsors who supplied a few thing for VIP's gift bags.

The whole thing came together on Saturday night under the stars, people started arriving around 8pm and things had to speed up before all the alcohol went down before the show even started.

The roof of the club was big as it was coupled with other buildings that belonged to the club owners. So we had more room for the catwalk, seats for fashion bloggers, magazine editors and journalists, not forgetting VIP's, celebrities and other important guest. And yet we had space for a change room(tent) and to store the outfits, still the space was also turned into a make-up space and salon where artificial afro hair was everywhere. Not everybody has an afro and I wanted everyone to have one exact style and make-up.

I couldn't go out and meet the guests who were given a theme of anything brown and beige, this were the 2 colors that went with the decor and everything, that sounds African enough to me. I just knew that my mother-in-law was here, including her daughters and Pinky, even Salome who never knows when to back off when it comes to my husband, not forgetting my father. It's been a hectic week but I have managed to take my parents out for dinner where my mom complained how expensive the food were and how little they served us. My father was just proud to find anything faulty, he enjoyed himself.

In case you were wondering what happened to Lindiwe, well, she signed the contract without thinking twice and she never pulled a single stunt after that. She was even great help with the rehearsals too. Everything was coming together just like it was meant to be. 😊 😊 😊 😊

The fashion show started late because of all the demands I was making, around 10:30pm people took their seats to watch my first model to walk the catwalk wearing a simple Seshweshwe printed dress. I like to play with all South African culture and their fabrics, it works for me as that broadens my talents.

The rest of the models followed with their outfits while others had to prepare for their second rounds. I toom a peek to see how the crowd was responding but in most cases I think I was met with only poker faces except faces of people that

knew me, they looked happy but I believe none of them know much about fashion. To them the fact that I made the clothes was enough for them. I was glad my make-up artist has worked under pressure several times as she and her team made sure that everyone was ready by the second round. The music played as my first model for the second round went in.

I had to go fix Lindiwe for the final touches of her dress, it was a long brown and beige dress that had a long tail. It was a figure hugging dress with a bit of drama in the front. It fitted and hugged her body like magic, she loved it too and when it was her turn she went out there to rock it like she never hated me before. I had to quickly change into my simple 2 piece of an African print top and pants, followed the themes colors but made sure not to upstage my designs.

I walked out as I was introduced to everyone, my models walking behind me and Lindiwe holding my hand by my side. That is where I got to see everyone very well as I was on the catwalk shaking in my pants. I waved at everyone and bowed to the beginning of me, Pitsi Audrey Mothiba.

Since that was out of the way now I had to go out and mingle with everyone and shake hands with all who could attend, we've all been moved inside the club where people couldn't stop raving about my fashion show. I walked around with Thabiso and Lindiwe as I spoke to people. My mother-in-law couldn't have been proud, you'd swear she and I were best of buddies but anyway tonight was all about happiness.

To be honest I have been looking around for my husband and he was nowhere, I even had to ask around for him and Koena said the last time he saw him was when they both went to get ready.

Oh he can't start with his disappearing act now, I want him by my side.

Everyone was here including Salome that I thought would probably be with him. I didn't even ask her about him, don't want her to think otherwise of me.

I tried his phone and all it did was go straight to voicemail, I wonder what is going on with him but I am not going to let his bad manners ruin my big night. It bothers me but I won't let it stress me as people might start seeing that. After all the smiles that had left my cheeks burning and shaking hands with strangers I went to have a seat with my parents and sister who acted like a nun that's never touched alcohol

before. That's how she fools mom with her innocent act, let them leave this club o tla bona.

Thabiso and his wife walked towards us, they were with an old white short man.

"Excuse me." Thabiso said holding his wife's hand as though he loved her. "I don't mean to interrupt but this gentleman here has some good news for you." He added with a huge smile on his face. I looked at him then at the man with so much anticipation and unable to hold myself. Thabiso finally spoke after what seemed like forever, "This is Grant from the U.K. and he works for a museum there and he wants to buy your showstopper dress for their traditional wedding gowns collection."

What?

I got up in excitement and hugged Lindiwe. This is big for both of us, our names will be next to the dress at the museum, the designer and the model.

To even think I considered what Rochel had said about Thabiso ruining me. Come on the guy is doing everything he can to help me out. Things are just too good.

There is no way things could go wrong at this moment. Everything is perfect.

We shot pictures and posed for the media, I was so tired from the preparation during the day that all I wanted to do was sleep but there was no chance of leaving, people were still energetic. My parents had to leave before everyone since Kamo was with them and he was asleep. I walked them out and rejoined the party as my sister started to show her true colors. I found her with bottles around herself joined by Salome. I wanted to drink but now the thing with Kgabo had started to bother me. I tried his phone and went around looking for him but he was MIA. His mother left without him seeing him either.

Thabiso has lots of opportunities to get me out of here since his wife was starting to be tipsy but it was like he was not interested in me anymore. Hope my sister is

not his new target, I felt a bit jealous that he stopped looking at me the way he used to. I realised that things have been like this since the last time we were alone, I had thought it was because we were busy but now I can see it's serious.

Around 3am I received a call from Kgabo, finally. I was so pissed off at him, I wonder what his explanation is this time around.

I answered and like always he sounded like nothing was wrong,

"Can you come to our room?"

I wanted to scream at him but I didn't want to draw unnecessary attention after such a successful night. I said goodbye to a few people then dashed out. At least we had drivers to drive everyone to their destination and I was also taken to the hotel. I had my shoes in my hand as I walked to the honeymoon suite. When I opened the door I found Kgabo sitting in the bed with his face in his hands. He was wearing his suit looking like someone who had prepared to go out, to my fashion show maybe?

Looking at him like that I just lost it,

"Where the hell have you been Kgabo? I needed you out there and here you are at your old tricks again." I said going around the room and throwing my hands everywhere.

He slowly raised his head at me making me stop and stare at him. His eyes were so red, filled with tears...

He walked towards me,

"Tell me he is lying, tell me you didn't leave me here the other night to go and have sex with him?"

Rochel was right...

Chapter 32>>>

I got shocked from the lies Thabiso might have spun my husband, I wonder what exactly is it that he told him but it's clear he had his own vision of the truth. I never slept with Thabiso, that is the honest truth and Kgabo should know better. I might have been tempted but I held myself together and pulled myself away, it was hard but I did.

I don't even know how to explain the truth to him, he's already made up his mind. I am scared, I am terrified as I didn't see this coming. I stood in front of Kgabo with tears running down my cheeks.

"I didn't sleep with him, I swear."

He looked at me as he fought hard to keep his red eyes dry, he's been crying for a while. He'll never forgive me, he believes Thabiso over me.

"Were you with him alone in a hotel room that night?"

"Let me explain."

"Answer the bloody question!"

"Yes but..."

He interrupted me as I was about to tell him what exactly happened.

"I'll get my son and drive back home tonight."

"No please Kgabo, we have to talk about this. I have to explain." I said trying to beg him. If he goes out there and leave me behind I won't be able to face people, what would I say to our families?

"Don't you dare act like a victim Pitsi, you left me right here on this bed and went to him. That's the worst thing and it doesn't help you with anything. I thought I could trust you, I love you and this broke me, us."

"But you have to hear my side."

"What side? You have been working with this guy for a while now, I don't even know when this started."

"Nothing was going on between us."

He had enough of this. He had already packed his things, he took his bag from the couch and went to the door, he didn't even look back as he left me crying my eyes out.

My life is done with and my career might just go down with it. I have never seen my husband that angry before, crying even. I have never given him reasons to doubt me and I have always suspected him of cheating but all that is on me now. I am the one that broke the trust between us, he said that I broke us. Nothing serious happened between Thabiso and me but being with him all alone and doing all that I did doesn't make me innocent either. Truth or no truth I am doomed! All I have to do is kneel down and ask Kgabo to forgive me...

I locked myself in the room and switched off my phone, I need to come up with a plan to get my husband back before he goes running to his mother. I don't have the energy to be talking or seeing anyone at the moment.

All I could do was cry and use the hotel's phone to call Kgabo, his phone was off.

Now I understand why Thabiso wasn't showing interest in me anymore, he knew what he'd done. He's ruining my life behind the scenes while he's acting like a good guy in front of everyone. Just like his wife they can scheme like crazy.

I don't know what time I fell asleep but when I woke up it was morning, around 6 am. I must have slept for just a few hours, I looked at the pillow that my husband has been sleeping on and wished he was here. I want to hear his stupid jokes and I seriously don't mind the boring sex either. It's not even boring, I am the one that wanted it to be like that because I have met someone who I thought was better than him. I got off the bed and went to the bathroom, I took a long bath and changed clothes. I got my clothes from the other room the day after I moved in here. I packed everything that was mine and hurried out of the hotel, I know everyone that knows me is still sleeping, tired from last night.

I got out making sure no one sees me though, I don't want to explain anything to anyone I bump into.

The cars that were hired were to be used for the entire weekend so I had a driver take me to Thabiso's house, I want to hear what he has to say for himself. What he has done is huge and I can't just leave it like that, he's breaking my marriage and he doesn't seem to care. I am glad I didn't sleep with him, I am so angry I just want to hurt him as much as he has hurt me and even more. His joke of a marriage would be a huge scoop to the media that thinks he's a straight guy with eyes for his wife only but I am sure he'll recover from that. I am not evil and I cannot think beyond that.

I went straight to his home that he shared with his wife. I asked the driver to wait for me outside, I haven't really been to his house but I had the address and damn the house is huge and beautiful. Too big for just the 2 of them, no wonder Lindiwe puts up with her husband's dirty lifestyle.

I had to buzz my way into their mansion as I waited outside the gate, Thabiso didn't even mind when I told him it was me. Hope he realises what he has done.

I went in and walked on the stones decorated walkway to their door, he opened before I could knock.

I went in and was met with a strong aroma of filtered coffee. I don't want to dwell on the decor of his house or how good he looked, I was pissed at him.

"Where is your wife?" I asked him not wanting to do anything in her presence. I was fuming and hurting Lindiwe was the last thing I wanted to do, not after the way she came through for me, besides she won't walk out on him like my own husband did to me.

"Upstairs sleeping." He answered going around the kitchen.

I couldn't hold myself any longer, I don't care anymore if Lindiwe hears or not, she knows mos that her husband is a dog.

"Why did you lie to my husband?"

"I didn't lie, I twisted the truth a bit. We kissed, we've seen each other naked, we might as well say we did it, I mean fucked."

"Do you know what you have done? My husband walked out on me."

"So what do you want me to do?"

"Tell him the truth, you didn't have to lie to him."

"What do you want me to say to him? Oh your wife and I just kissed, really?"

"I hate you so much, I wish I never met you."

"Good that means our working relationship ends here too. Your contract will be terminated by the end of the day. You are free to go out there and shine in my name, remember Thabiso Mabena will always be known as the guy who gave you your big break."

I wanted to cry and throw things at him. Why would he destroy my marriage if seeing me miserable doesn't change anything, it's as if he doesn't care, well he never cared that I know. I don't care about the stupid working relationship anymore, I want my life back to where it was. I was fine before I started working and I will be fine if I still don't work with him.

There was no point of me being here anymore if he won't help me, I don't even see the point to why I came here in the first place.

I walked out of Thabiso's house and told the driver to take me to where I can get taxis to Polokwane but first I need to withdraw some money. But life is so unfair, how come Thabiso had everything but yet he is as heartless. People think he is a good guy to ever grace earth but I know him and I cannot believe I ever considered sleeping with, even the attraction I had to him just feels so stupid right now.

After withdrawing money I decided to call Reba on a payphone.

"Hey sis, it's me."

"What's up? You went home without telling us anything?"

"I didn't go home Reba, something happened. I need to see you."

"Okay, you don't sound good where are you?"

I told her where I was and she said she'll come as soon as she hang up. I don't think she knows where I am but hope she finds me, I also didn't know that so I had to ask the lady who owns the payphone. After talking to my sister I told the driver he can go, I took my bags from the car and waited for Reba.

I think 20 minutes later Neo's car parked in front of me, I wanted Reba alone not with people who are going to judge me. I know Pule still has a thing for Thabiso eve after he's hurt him and I don't think he'll understand even if I explain.

"Pitsi, what is going on?" Reba asked me getting out of the back seat of the car. I guess Kgabo didn't say anything yet and I suppose everyone thought I had gone back home with him and Kamo.

"Can we talk, just the 2 of us?"

"We know?" Pule said with a bit of attitude.

"What do you know?" Reba and I asked at the same time.

"About you and Thabiso. Lindiwe told us, she was at the house when you and Thabiso were speaking. We know you didn't sleep with him but we want to know what happened." Pule said, I could see he was mad that something happened between me and Thabiso and if he knew that he was the one chasing after me he'd stop acting like I did what he did, throwing himself at Thabiso.

"Pitsi, what is going on?" Reba asked me.

I decided to tell them everything, how Thabiso has been after me since day one. Pule wasn't impressed and Reba was just too shocked. The only person that remained neutral was Neo, I guess he knows the kind of person that Thabiso is and I didn't expect Pule to judge me. He knows me and I expect him to believe me.

"Were you at any point interested in Thabiso, Pitsi?" Reba asked me, I couldn't answer her. I am ashamed to even think about it.

"Wow! Neo, we are leaving." Pule said dragging Neo away with him. Neo didn't even resist. They drove away leaving me with my sister.

Reba sat down on the sidewalk and looked at the cars passing by. I have just lost a friend, my career, my husband, what's there to follow? I don't want to lose her too and besides she is the last person to judge me. God knows how many men she has slept with her entire life.

"Pitsi, you are suppose to be the good one, we can't all be the same. We have to fix your marriage."

"How, I am scared. I don't even want to go home."

Dear Lord I am scared of talking to Kgabo now. My poor husband, I just have to wonder what he is going through right now.

I carried my bags and sat next to her. She looked at me, she was really disappointed in me and now I understand why. She knows I am not like her and she doesn't even want me to be. If she is like this what about my parents and in-laws? I will never be able get anybody's trust, worst part I have just given my mother-in-law more to use against me.

Reba's phone rang, it was mom...

She showed it to me,

"You don't know what Kgabo is thinking but I think you should talk to mom and dad."

I am so scared...

Chapter 33>>>

I have to face reality, from now on my life is on edge. I have messed up and my husband might divorce me. I will lose everything and things will get complicated, I'll be known as the woman who cheated on her husband. Pitsi, the girl that broke Kgabo's heart. Gosh I will be the talk of town. Reba is right I don't know what is going on with Kgabo right now and I am sure he is already gathered his family to tell them about my infidelity. I have no choice but to talk to my parents and see what they will do, I have no plans forward as I am afraid to even see Kgabo. If my parents don't want me at their house I will find my own place to stay until Kgabo decided what it is that he wants from me. He's holding all the cards now.

I took the phone from Reba and answered it,

"Mma?"

"Pitsi, why are you answering your sister's phone? Aren't you home?"

"No, Kgabo left with Kamo and left me behind." I said getting ready for all the questions.

"When are you going back? We are on our way now."

"Mma?"

"Pitsi, what is going on?"

"I'll come home, we have to talk."

"Talk now!" She pressed as she got angry. I tried to open my mouth but I got scared, Reba took the phone from me and told mom everything. I listened as she went on... I am glad she did that on my behalf. I know my mom.

Reba gave me the phone, I bet mom wants to skin me alive.

"Mma?"

"Come home my child." She calmly said then hang up. I looked at Reba who said we should leave. We did.

We passed by the hotel where people went on congratulating me about Saturday. That's why I left early in the morning, to avoid this. It's over for me and there is no way I could fix all this mess. Reba got her things and off we went.

She didn't talk much the whole time I was with her. I just wish she could say something to me, I know she is disappointed in me but she doesn't have to show it. She is the only person I have now, well my parents too. I tried making small talk with her, she just answered with small sentences and left it at that. She would never judge me, she was way too shocked to react anyway. This shows to prove that in a way I am just like my sister.

Even in the taxi that we took back home she opted not to sit next to me, she sat at the back seat and got busy on her phone. I couldn't stop staring at her and she avoided making any eye contact with me.

I paid for us all the way from Pretoria to home. She refused to eat anything I offered her, I tried to buy her things just to let her get back to the sister that I know but she was still too quite.

We got home around 3pm, everyone who likes to poke their noses into other people's business were already giving us questioning looks as we walked home after getting off the taxi. The walk home seemed longer than it usually is. We got home and I walked in behind Reba, my parents were already home and Reba's kids that were baby sat by my aunt(Mom's older sister) were running around the yard and when they saw us that came running to us. I gave them some of the plastics bags of the things that I had bought to bribe their mom with.

We got inside the house and Reba took our bags to the bedrooms, her kids and I unpacked the plastic bags in the kitchen.

"Pitsi?" I heard my mom calling me, she was behind me and when I turned around I was met with a warm clap across my face from her.

I held on to me cheek and cried but first I screamed. Everyone in the house came running into the kitchen including my aunt. "How dare you? Cheating Pitsi?" My mom asked with her most furious voice.

No one tried to intervene or help, they all stood and looked at me like I deserved it.

I had disappointment them all, no one expected this from me, I know but please a bit of sympathy. I ran passed them and went to lock myself in my old room, I cried some more. Thought my mom wanted me back home because she understood not because she wanted to punish me.

I sat in my room alone for 2 hours, the first person to knock on the door was my dad. I am scared of him but unlike my mom I know he would never raise a hand at me. I opened for him.

I sat on the bed and he pulled a chair and sat in front of me. I couldn't raise my head to look at him, it's a sign of respect but that of embarrassment for me too.

"Pitsi?" He softly said my name. I slowly raised my head to look at him, his eyes were soft and filled with pain. "I am not going to say I am disappointed or judge you, you are a grown woman but your choices will always bother me as a parent. Look at yourself right now, you are too young to be somebody's wife and deal with

the pressure but yet you are married. I don't know if I should say you made a mistake or not but there has to be a solution. What are you going to do now?"

I breathed in and out taking my time before I could answer,

"I don't know papa, everything is ruined."

"It's okay, you'll get there as time goes on. You are welcome to stay here for as long as you want." He said standing up. My dad is not big on hugs and giving advice, he is used to my mom tossing every idea he has to the side, at this point I needed his hug and a few words of what to do next. I watched him as he slowly walked out of my room, he was too old for the stress I was giving him. I should be making him proud and doing things for him so he would enjoy his old age.

Later on Reba brought me a plate of food, she sat with me and watched me as I ate, she was forcing me to eat.

"Pitsi, I feel sorry for you. I don't even know what to do, I want to help you." She said. That's why she has been quite, she thinks I am expecting her to fix my mess. Not this time around, I can also see there is nothing she can do.

"Reba, I messed up and no one can help me. I don't even expect you to do anything."

She looked at me as though she would burst out crying. I am glad she is here with me.

We shared a bed that night and she kept me awake with her endless calls.

Early morning I woke up and helped her with house chores, I cleaned the house while she went outside, I didn't have time for the nosy neighbours.

I came home on Sunday, my mom never spoke to me since but on Thursday she called me to her kitchen. She was sitting down and when I was about to join her she got up and opened all the doors to her kitchen unit and went,

"Bona, since I have an extra mouth to feed there is nothing in here. You've polished all the grocery that was suppose to last us the whole month, now etswa plane mosadi." She said leaving me sitting there. She expects grocery from me even though I wasn't eating much.

I don't have enough money to buy a whole grocery, not the kind she wants anyway. I am expecting my allowance from Kgabo in 2 weeks time, I might not even get it and I don't know what is going on with the sales of my fashion show clothes since I turned my phone off. I can try my credit cards but that's if Kgabo didn't close them, it won't hurt trying them but if he did then I am not coming back home. My mom would kill me if I walk in here empty handed.

My dad didn't want me to go but if I don't my mom would make noise until I do. He offered me his old bakkie.

Reba didn't sleep at home so I had to go with my aunt and drop her off at her house, which was 3 villages away from ours and on my way. Unlike my mom she does listen and was willing to listen to me tell her about my problems even though just like everyone else she doesn't have a solution for me but still it was nice to share with someone who doesn't judge or slaps you.

When I dropped her off I gave her the last money I had on me, R300. When you are married and everyone thinks your husband is rich or you have a job trust me on this, especially when you are black everyone in your family and those far away distant relatives wants money from you. They don't care if you are broke or not!

After dropping her off I drove straight to town and got all the 58 things my mom wrote on the long list, I swear the were things I knew she wasn't going to use. For instance, what is my mom going to do with a bottle of No Hair and low fat plain yorghut? Believe me, this woman has an agenda!

I pushed my trolley in the long queue anticipating the worst, maybe I should have bought one item just to test my credit cards. Would Kgabo really be that awful?

My turn came, I put all items on the counter and listened as they all beeped as they were tilled to be packed. The amout was close to R3000.

I gave the cashier my card with shaky hands and typed in my pin.

I couldn't believe it when the machine went approved. I thought I was dreaming.

As soon as I was done I walked out of there as fast as I can in fear of being called back and told there was a mistake. I didn't even want help, I pushed my own trolley to the parking lot.

I unloaded the grocery in the car, I don't have any money on me and I know my mom. She thinks people dig money in town. I have another card on me, a joint account with my husband. He deposits money into the account every month, we don't usually use it as we have reserved it for emergencies. I went to the ATM to try my luck and voila I withdrew R2000.

I was a bit excited that Kgabo didn't stop my cards from working to hurt me.

I decided to have lunch at McDonald, just to spoil myself but that was just a waste of money as I couldn't eat. Thinking about Kgabo and our future just gets my stomach in knots. I just poked at the poor burger with the chips and thought about my little family that I might lose, my husband and son.

I WISH I NEVER MET THABISO MABENA!!!

"Can I join you?" A voice said shaking me out of my thoughts. I looked up and there was Lucky Mabotja holding a tray of food.

"Sure." I said.

"Please tell me you can't use a phone." He said after sitting down. I got a bit confused...

"What do you mean?"

He laughed...

"I gave you my business card to call me and you never called."

"Oh the thing is I never needed an IT guy."

"You mean IT and fashion are worlds apart?" He asked as we both laughed. "I heard the good news, congratulations."

"Thanks."

"You don't sound happy."

"I just have a lot to deal with, you know, life?"

"Talk to but' Lucky, come on."

With that I just offloaded, I told him everything. How it all started and got to where I am today. He listened till I was done.

"So you want to fix things with him?" That's the first thing he asked me.

"Yes, I would do anything to have my life back with my husband."

"I see." He said that and immediately changed the subject. He spoke the exciting part about his work, he really loves what he is doing as he speaks with passion.

Later on he walked me to my dad's bakkie. He gave me a hug,

"Hope everything works out well for you." He said before he said goodbye and walked away.

I drove home and when I got home I took the grocery in and unpacked them alone. My mom said she was rushing to a stokvel meeting and needed R500. I gave it to her and off she went. See what I meant about my mom's greediness.

I was alone at home, the kids were at school and dad went out to help someone with something. I decided to bake scones just to pass time and stop thinking too much.

After I was done I cleaned up the kitchen and made myself tea. I went to watch tv. I sat down and drank my tea.

My tea almost burnt me but I couldn't hold the cup with my shaky hand as I stared straight into my husband's eyes...

He is here because of the money I swear...

Chapter 34>>>

"You are back?" He asked looking at me unable to move myself. I did not expect Kgabo to come anywhere near me anytime soon, I have never disappointed him so being angry was something I only saw directed to other people not me. "Why

didn't you come home? Our home?" This time he came in and sat on the couch opposite me.

It took me a few minutes to gather myself and realised the mess on the floor. He just sat there looking at me waiting for answers.

I got up and went to get things to clean up the tea mess, I just broke my mom's table charm cup and she is going to want me to replace it. I cleaned up while Kgabo still watched me and when I was done I sat down. I went silent.

"I asked you a question." He said softly.

"I didnt know if I was still welcome at the house."

"Why would you say that?"

"Please Kgabo, don't act like you forgot what you said back in Pretoria."

"I know what I said and I don't remember telling you not to come home."

"But I couldn't, not especially after the things you said to me. You didn't even want to listen to what I had to say, you don't know the full story."

"I was angry, I knew you were going to him and I thought it was innocent but you knew why he wanted to see you." He asked me shifting in his seat.

"But I did not sleep with him."

"That's not the point!"

"What's the point then? Why did you even come here?" I asked as I raised my voice, I don't like being accused of things I have nothing to do with.

"Maybe I made a mistake coming here." He said standing up. He walked to the door and I quickly got up. I ran to block him.

"No." I said with tears running down my cheeks.

"Pitsi as soon as you started working with the guy you changed your wardrobe, you went from your usual self to being worried about your image in a heartbeat. What was I suppose to think? You have never done something like that. Add your recent behaviour to what Thabiso told me and tell me how would you feel if you were in my shoes." He spoke like he would cry. I get him but I just want him to know that I never slept with Thabiso. I need him to believe me on that.

"Let's talk, please. Don't leave me like you did at the hotel, please."

"Why did you switch off your phone?" He asked me.

"I got scared and thought you'll tell your mom. Did you tell her?"

He looked at me and shook his head no, I was standing in front of him and had my hands on his chest.

"I don't think I will ever forget this, you might not have had sex with him but something happened between the two of you. I am your husband and I know you, there are things I saw on you that told me that." He said sounding so sure of himself.

"Please Kgabo, we can pass this, we can get through this."

"I don't think so." He said to me with a straight face.

"You want a divorce?"

He was taken aback by my question. If he can't forgive me then that's the only place where we are heading.

His face changed...

"I... I... don't know." He took my hands off his chest and slowly placed them on my sides.

He went for the door and left. I didn't want to go after him, I think I have just given him something to think about. What if he goes ahead and divorce me? Dad is right I am too young to be married and dealing with all the stress.

I sat back on the couch and just went through my question and his response to it. I saw shock on his face, even my question had shocked me too. I don't want to think further about this, it terrifies me.

I wanted to go sleep but I know that's just going to make me stress more. I went into the kitchen and made supper, this will teach me to be more domesticated with my husband in the future, that's if he takes me back. Gosh, nothing will get my mind off Kgabo.

But on a serious note I need to start being the proper wife, I mean do right by my husband. I am a traditionalist, I believe in the way that I was raised and I saw my parents marriage and I never doubted that I want the same. Kgabo doesn't mind my ways but I have to please him in ways he's never seen me.

Reba come back from God knows where, she didn't look too good. Complained of a headache and went straight to bed thereafter. Her kids followed after her, I

looked at the time and they were 2 hours late from school. They looked a mess and I guess I had to take care of them, I told them to change and that took about an hour.

Later on during supper while everyone was at the table eating I mentioned the kids behaviour but no one saw anything wrong in that. Soon after Reba excused herself again and went to bed.

I cleared the table, washed the dishes and bathed Reba's kids. I even had to put them to bed which was a struggle, they jumped up and down on the bed laughing and making fun of me. By the time they fell asleep I was exhausted.

I took a bath and went to bed.

Reba had spread herself out on the bed and when I woke her up to move for me she harshly went,

"What the hell do you want?"

"I want to sleep, move." I said trying to push her to the other side.

"Sleep in the other room, I don't want to share a bed tonight."

"Your kids are in the other bedroom, I have to sleep here with you."

"No, Pitsi I want to be alone. Can't you see that?" She shouted at me.

Ai nna I don't know what is going on in this household anymore, Reba and her children are doing as they please. It's like they own the entire house and no one is allowed to say anything to them. Someone needs to teach those kids a lesson, my mother was never that lenient with us and those kids spend most of their time with her. Their mother is just a mother because she gave birth to them.

I took a blanket and went to the tv room to take the couch, the t.v. was on and my dad was sleeping on the one seater couch.

"Papa?" I said and he slowly opened his eyes as he stretched his body. "Why aren't you in bed?"

"Your mother says I snore, so she has to sleep first."

I shook my head as I got on the couch, my mom will never change. She always has something to complain about my dad and when I was still home my dad and I were always on the receiving end. I feel so bad for him because he never argued with her.

Why didn't I get husband like my father?

"And what's your excuse?"

"Well, Reba doesn't want me sharing a bed with her."

"Like mother like daughter." Dad said as we laughed. He was right but Reba isn't selfish though, unlike mom she does put others first even though she is a terrible mom when it comes to her own children. That's with no doubt! "So ngwanaka, what's going on with you? You've been here for a couple of days already."

"Kgabo was here today."

"And?"

"Just here to throw accusations, it was meaningless for him to come here." I said avoiding telling my dad what really happened. I have disappointed him enough already.

"You should do something to fix this Pitsi, being here and doing nothing won't help you with anything."

"I don't know what to do papa."

"Go see Moruti tomorrow, talk to him maybe he will give you light as what you should do next."

Dad might be right, Kgabo respects our Pastor and maybe he can come up with something to solve our problems as I don't have a way forward, as always I am relying on Kgabo to fix things. If he hadn't walked out on me that night we wouldn't be here, I know it's not his fault that we are here. He always knew how to fix things.

I slept on the couch for the whole night as dad went to bed. For the first time since I came back home I slept so comfortably and peacefully. The talk with dad helped, a bit. It made me believe that there could be a way to pass all this.

The next day I woke up and got the kids ready for school while their mother refused to wake up and even had the nerve to tell me not to disturb her. My mom got busy with her work and after I was done with the house chores I took a bath and went to get ready in the bedroom that Reba was sleeping in. I tried to be quite even though she wasn't sleeping, she was looking the other way and I thought I heard her sobbing. I went around the bed to the side that she was facing and she was indeed crying.

"Sis?" I said kneeling down next to her.

"I'll be fine don't worry." She simply said and sat up on the bed. She looked like she has been crying all night.

"Come on Reba, talk to me."

"No you have your own problems to deal with."

"And you've been there for me, it's time to return the favour."

"Fine, I met this amazing guy who loves and adored me, he does everything for me..." She said then went quite.

"What's wrong then?"

"We had a little disagreement and now he has stopped taking my calls and he won't even return them."

I didn't know what to say, I think my sister has finally found her Mr Right and she is so in love with him. I have never seen her crying over a guy, men beg her to take them back, she has a way with them. I should meet this guy!

I begged her to tell me what the disagreement was about but she told me she'll deal with it I shouldn't bother myself. As I kept on pushing for answers she changed the subject,

"And why are you looking all MmaMoruti like with head wraps and long skirt? My skirt even?"

"Sorry, hope you don't mind. I know it's new but it's the only decent thing I could find in your wardrobe."

"Thought you ditched that look acients ago?"

"I am going to see our Pastor."

"Oh, about you and Kgabo? That's a good thing. Hope he comes through for you guys."

"Thanks, you could come with me and tell him your problems too."

She laughed...

"My problems needs a bottle of Castle lite little sis, not the bible. Off you go now." She said and pulled the covers over her head.

I decided to leave without telling mom that I was going to see the Pastor, I don't want to know anything about her reaction, I just want to do things my way without her interference. It's not like I don't trust her, she never takes my side, to her I am always wrong.

Dad had already left, he doesn't work anymore but he's never home and I don't blame him. If I was him I wouldn't be anywhere near my mom either, especially during the day.

I walked to the Pastor's house, when I got there the door was opened by Salome. I greeted her as she was all smiles when she saw me. I bet she knows all my problems already.

I told her immediately that I was here to see her dad, she took me to him and asked me if I would like anything to drink to which I replied with a big NO!

I don't trust her!

Moruti was sitting watching tv but he switched it off as his daughter left the room.

"I have been expecting you." He said as he sat to face me.

"Kgabo was here?" I asked pointing out my only guess.

"Yes."

"So he has told you what happened?"

"Yes."

"So can I tell you my side?"

He breathed in heavily,

"I know every story has it's side but I am not the one you should be story telling to."

"But he won't listen to me."

"He will, you and him are meeting here tomorrow same time."

This is the second time I am saying this, I don't know what to say. I expected him to tell me to go crawl back to my husband and ask him for forgiveness. I don't even know if I want to meet Kgabo yet, especially after what happened yesterday. We both need some time to cool off before facing each other.

"Are you okay with this, Pitsi?" He asked after I took time thinking.

"Yes."

"I know this is difficult but just come and see what happens."

I agree with him even though I am not looking forward to the appointment. I have been trying to avoid Kgabo ever since I came back, deep down I hoped things would just get back to normal without having to talk about Thabiso. I can't keep on saying I shouldn't have went out to meet him that night, or wish I never lusted after him. I encouraged him by accepting his dresses, in a way I gave him the idea that he can put clothes on my body and take them off. But there is no taking any of that back or trying to analyse it, what's done it's done.

I went straight home after my visit to the Pastor, if I had money I wouldn't be going there right now. My mom is trying to make my stay there as uncomfortable as possible, she is doing it on purpose. She is punishing me for what I have done to Kgabo or she probably wants me to run back to him. I will not give her the satisfaction, that's my dad's house and I will listen to him.

When I got home Pule's car was parked outside the gate, I wonder what it is that he wants now. I saw his true colors, what more does he wants to show me. I went inside and found him drinking tea with Reba who looked better than this morning. I greeted him as I sat with them,

"Hey friend."

I looked at him not hiding the surprise in my face, so we are still friends? When it suits him?

"Pitsi, please, I came to apologise. I was just jealous okay?" He said sounding like he would cry, whatever the case he is faking it. I know him, he's a brilliant actor.

"Apology for?"

"Pitsi?" Reba said.

"What? He hurt me."

"I know friend, that's why I am giving you my sincere apology tuu."

"Fine, I forgive you."

"Thank God because I've got news for you." He said moving his head to the sides and pointing a finger at me. I see now, Pule came here because he has no one to gossip with. Clap once. Reba and I looked at him waiting for him to talk.

"Thabiso wanted to get back at you by sleeping with your husband but Kgabo almost killed him then that's when he blabbed about you and him, still your husband wanted to kick his gorgeous firm ass but I think he did hey although Thabiso isn't bruised up..."

Pule and his theories... I do not believe him though, finish and klaar...

Chapter 35>>>

Thabiso has proven to be a fool so far and a baby who reacts like a spoiled brat for being refused what he wants but I don't see him stooping so low, he's too classy for that even for what he did to me but hey he did it anyway. I can't even imagine him being straight out with my husband telling him he wants him, yoh Pule has a very nasty and creative imagination at times you'd think he's crazy... My husband doesn't even have it in him to beat up someone. Kgabo is sweet, sometimes with a smooth tongue.

He has been approached before by gay men but he's never reacted that way, maybe Thabiso's approach was different, glad if he really did beat him up though. Thabiso deserves that and more. Anyway will find out about this tomorrow at our meeting, hope Kgabo talks about everything that bothers him.

Pule never knows when to shut up, he started talking about the way the fight might have gone, as if he was there. Talking like he knew how my husband would act, Reba laughed with him and even said a few things to add to what Pule was saying, things that my husband would never do. I wanted to leave them both so they can go on but that meant going to sit by myself and think more about Kgabo. I don't know what to expect at the meeting, a part of me is a bit scared. Things could go either way, it might be the end of us or we might start over, I am not even sure of what I want now. I have wronged my husband and he has done the same too. I know that Kgabo is not as perfect as I want to believe.

When Pule left Reba asked me how it went with the Pastor and I told her everything, she didn't say anything after that. She just looked like she lost interest just I was done and hoping for a comment or 2 from her, she then got up and went to the bedroom. I watched TV till I got bored from going from channel to channel, I miss my house, my husband and son. I could go see Kamo but my mother-in-law will make sure I don't go anywhere near him.

Thabiso Mabena has made a mess of my life!

Reba's kids came back from school earlier today and looking much better, not that they were not dirty just looking better than yesterday. I made them something to

eat, scones and juice. After they changed and ate they went outside to play. My parents came back and it was time to cook, I went to the kitchen to start with the dishes. Reba came in to make herself something to eat. Mom came to the kitchen and went,

"Pitsi, come help me with a dress."

"But Mma, I am cooking."

"Leave it, Rebabedi will take over."

"Aowa, I am tired." Reba said walking out the kitchen.

"Hey, hey wena, you get back in here and cook for those brats of yours now." My mom shouted, she has never spoken to Reba like that. Reba was also surprised as she came back, she wanted to talk back like she always does but mom looked angrier than ever before. She went straight to get the vegetables and I had to follow my mom as she hurried out the door to her work room.

I don't know what is going on between her and Reba but it must be bad for her to talk to her like that. I wonder what happened because as far as I am concerned I the terrible never appreciated daughter.

My mom showed me the dress that she wanted me to help her with, it was a bit of a mess and needed some serious fixing. It was a wedding dress and the skirt or lower part of it somehow didn't go together with the corset. I sat down and got down to it, my mom went around the room like someone who had a lot on her mind. She looked stressed out and I was afraid to even ask. Then out of the blue, she sat down and cried. I stopped and looked at her...

"Mma?"

"She is pregnant. Your sister is pregnant." My mom said as she balanced her head on her hand on the table.

Reba wouldn't fall pregnant, this would be her fourth child! She doesn't have a job or anything to fall back on, I am not even going to mention her male companions. They never stick around and marriage with 4 children from different fathers is not something she should be counting on. With all her 3 pregnancies she shared everything with me, I was the first person she confided in and mom never had problems when she found out but I think now she realised that things are just getting out of control, Reba is doing too much. On a serious note she wouldn't though! Seriously she wouldn't fall pregnant.

Mom left me to do all the work by myself and when supper was ready she wasn't at the table and Reba didn't look like she was enjoying her food either, the food was nice though!

After supper I went back to fixing the dress and I finished around 4 am, I was even surprised it was morning already.

When I got inside the house the TV was still on and I thought dad was still watching but there was no one there. I went on to switch it off to find a blanket on the couch, for me, again. I was too tired to go argue, though the couch wasn't bad but this was just a reminder that I am not welcome in my parents house anymore. I can't wait to fix things with Kgabo today.

I fell asleep and when I woke up it was 9 am and by 10 I should be at the Pastor's house. I kicked the blanket off me and rushed to take a quick cold bath that took 15 minutes, got ready by just throwing on one of Reba's dresses.

She was curled up on the bed and I looked at her hoping mom is wrong, for Reba's sake. She needs to pick herself up and be responsible for her own children. And stop having more...

Mom came to the bedroom to talk to me,

"Pitsi ngwanaka, thank you. The dress looks beautiful." She said with eyes my mom she never looked at me with. She was proud that I helped her but there was

pain as she looked at a sleeping Reba. I do feel for mom more because she has to bare the burden of taking care of Reba's children even though I do blame her. If she had treated Reba the way she had treated me she wouldn't be as stressed out as she is right now.

After she left, Reba pulled the covers off her and sat up.

"What's going on between you and mom?" I asked her.

"How would I know? She always like this mos? Are you ready?" She asked me changing the subject.

"Ja, just hope you are fine though."

"Just go and don't ruin my dress please."

I wanted to ask her about the possibility of her pregnancy but I could see she wasn't in the mood for talking. Mom might be right as lately she hasn't been herself, she locks herself up in the bedroom and doesn't talk much with me. Please Lord let that be just my mom talking.

I left just after talking to my parents, my mom wasn't that worried but my dad was as worried as I was. What if things don't work out or even if we get back together, will we be the same? What if's questions are running in my mind and I am scared but hopefull, Kgabo believes and trusts God as much as I do. I believe he will let us be guided and find a solution for us, we both need that.

When I got there Kgabo saw me as he was about to go through the gate, he waited for me. I was so scared and embarrassed, I just wish he didn't. I got to him and just dragged my eyes on the ground. I didn't know if I should greet him or keep quite. I still have that guilty conscious as though I slept with Thabiso.

"Hello MmaKamo." He said leaning against the gate.

"Hi." I said as I pushed the gate in avoiding saying more to him. I went in and he followed me.

Our Pastor was the one to welcome us and show us in, we sat in his sitting room. I went for a 2 seater couch, Kgabo sat next to me making me feel uncomfortable, worse than I felt. He took my hand in his and held it like he was reassuring me.

The Pastor said a little prayer before he started with,

"Okay, I think we all know why we are here. So I am just here to observe your conversation while the 2 of you talk and I will step in if needed. Who wants to go first?"

"I think I should explain myself first... Regarding that night." I said feeling Kgabo's hand getting tighter around mine.

"Can I say something before you start?" Kgabo asked. I just wanted to say what exactly happened that night so we could talk knowing my side. Besides I just want to get that out of the way but since I was supposedly the "guilty party" I let him go first.

"I realised that I was wrong to have acted the way I did that night, I know and believe that you didn't sleep with him." He paused.

I sensed a but, I looked at him waiting for it. He took his hands off mine and went quite.

"Is that all?" I asked him.

"I believe you Pitsi and I admit that I was wrong, can we move along."

"Just like that Kgabo, after the grief you gave me?"

"Grief? Pitsi, if you remember very well I didn't tell you not to come home or to switch off your phone. I even tried reaching out to you."

Here we go!

"Wow!" I said hoping the Pastor will intervene but he just sat there like someone who knew that while thing would work itself out, which I doubt.

"That night, I acted like any other man would. I was angry, shocked and felt betrayed. I saw my wife changing the way she used to wear her clothes, you changed everything Pitsi just after you started working with the man. Your hair, wardrobe! Why did you do that?"

"I felt I needed change."

"Now? After you've met Thabiso Mabena?"

Lord help me, I wanted to bite Kgabo right there and then!

"I did all that because I wanted to impress you."

"Me?"

"Yes. Thought it would give our relationship a boost."

"A boost? Was there something wrong with us?"

"There was a time in our relationship where I had to beg you for sex Kgabo."

"As if that never happened with you, I ended up with a bloody nose for that and I guess that's when you were trying to impress him."

"Why do you keep on mentioning Thabiso?"

"Because I know you were attracted to him."

He's damn right but am I suppose to admit that to him? I went quite as I battled to find words to defend myself.

"Speechless baby?"

"You know what Kgabo it's true I was attract to him but I never acted on any of those feelings despite the terrible sex you and I had."

Yoo mmaweee, I take that back!

I covered my mouth with my hand and wished I could really wash my mouth to wipe away what I just said.

Kgabo looked at me then laughed...

"We've been together for more than 5 years. We've never changed out style of sex and today you say this. Are you trying to say you have been faking it all this time?" He asked me with a smile on his face as if what I was saying was hard to believe.

Kgabo is my first love and the only man I have ever had sex with and most of the time it has been him on top, I do get on top but that's when I really want to come. Well, there has been times when I have faked coming while he was on top, it's not that easy to come with him in the lead because I think he's been hitting that same spot for years that now it has lost its taste and just need a different angle. As bathong I have heard kinky and beautiful stories and I have watched 50 shades of Gray, a little turning over and spanking on the butt never hurt anybody. I have fantasies too!

He can't tell me he's had confidence in himself all along thinking he was the man! Please missionary is so out dated only to be used in quickies and by baby making couples.

I don't even know how we got here.

Pastor was still sitting and watching us like he was eagerly waiting for that last part of the movie where something crucial was about to happen. He wanted us to talk, that's just the deal about counselling, say whatever you want to say until you find a solution.

"Tell me if you've never thought of changing the way we have sex."

He looked at me again with that smile of his. In my opinion I have just belittled him so he shouldn't be smiling like that.

"What the hell?" He asked embarrassed to look at the Pastor who still remained neutral.

I went silent trying to understand what exactly the atmosphere in the room was like.

There is a 60 something year old man sitting down with us and listening to us talking about sex, well it was more about a married couple who have been having sex the wrong. Him on top waya-way! That's why our bed sank in the middle.

This whole scenario was just wrong but this was the platform for our problems.

"Kgabo, don't act like you've never cheated on me." I said. I might want my husband to be an angel but the truth is I know he is a cheat!

"I am still in shock baby, I don't satisfy you sexually." He said with disbelief in his voice.

"Kgabo have you ever cheated on me?"

"When did this become about me?"

"Answer me."

"Look, I forgive you for that night, can we just move on and go home."

"If you want me to come home answer this one question," I asked him and he looked at me as he rubbed his lips. "What happened to us Kgabo? Don't tell me you don't know what I am talking about, for almost 2 weeks, you didn't want to have sex with me. Why?"

"Can you handle the truth?" He asked me with a serious face. I got scared.

"I'll excuse myself." The Pastor said, we both didn't say anything. I was waiting for Kgabo to speak as he waited for the Pastor to leave.

"I don't know what happened and to this day I still don't."

"Say it!"

"I got drunk and when I woke up we were both naked, I asked her and she said she doesn't know if we... I went to the clinic, got tested and I was given PEP(post exposure prophylaxis). I was told not to have unprotected sex for 3 months, I couldn't just suggest condoms out of the blue..." he stopped and looked at me as I cried silently.

"Who is she?" I finally asked him.

"Salome!" He said without hesitation.

I knew it, I always did!

My gut feeling has been right all along!!!

Chapter 36>>>

I feel stupid for once upon a time trying to befriend Salome, I always knew there was something between him and Kgabo and I was never afraid to voice it. I could see them both laughing at me in each other's arms, cosying up to my stupidity. I bet my sister also knew about this, she is friends with Salome mos!

I want nothing to do with Kgabo anymore, he made a fool out of me by cheating on me right under my nose.

"Baby it only happened once and we are both not sure if it happened or not." Kgabo said as if anything that comes out of his mouth will change the fact that he betrayed me. What I did with Thabiso is nothing compared to him sleeping with Salome, that is betrayal at it's peak. It hurts because at some point I thought I was crazy for thinking there was something between them.

"You did sleep with me while taking the ARVs didn't you? And you never thought of telling me or suggest a condom."

"She agreed to go and get tested with me, her results came back and I didn't see the point of continuing with them."

"Is she the only woman you slept with since we got married?"

"Baby..."

"Answer me!"

"I don't want to hurt you?"

"And you think what you did with Salome doesn't hurt me? Just say it now before I make my decision about us." I said not even sure what my decision is. Right now it's not the right time for me to decide on anything, I am too angry but nonetheless I cannot stand Kgabo!

He knew I wasn't joking, I wanted nothing but the truth and lies weren't going to solve anything.

"The answer to your question is yes. Yes, I have cheated but that's a thing of the past. For a year I have stayed loyal too you and I regret..." he did not finish his sentence. I slapped him so hard across his face the bones in my fingers dislocated for a moment. I know I asked for his answer but how dare he says that he cheated on me, how dare he?

He held on to where I just slapped him then he started bleeding through his nose. I walked to the door and he tried to pull me back...

"If you ever touch me again I will get a restraining order against your ass." I said meaning every word!

"Please don't leave, you can't leave like this. Pitsi!" He shouted out my name as I hurried out the door. My mind was made up, the far away I am from him the better.

I rushed home and made sure that I got there before he is done stopping his bleeding. I don't even feel bad about what I did, he deserves it. Like always when I am angry I switched off my phone and threw it in my bag. I started packing my clothes, well the few that I have. My parents were not home and when I came in the door was not locked. Reba is probably somewhere in the house, I quickly finished packing and headed for the main door to find Reba in the kitchen pouring milk in a bowl full of Simba chips. Cravings!

"Fixed things with Hubby I see." She said as if I couldn't see what was happening in front of her.

I didn't say anything to her, I didn't have the time and besides if I tell her anything she might try and stop me. She tried finding out about the meeting but I just brushed her off. When I left she shouted that she will come for her dress. I didn't respond since I had packed some of her clothes inside my bag.

I didn't have to wait long for a taxi, in less than 10 minutes of walking in the street I got one that went straight to town. Like always I don't usually think when I am angry, as long as I am far away from my problems I am fine. I don't want to face anything right now, I feel tired and drained to even think about the possibility of reuniting with Kgabo. I love him but he hurt me so much.

I got to town as everything was starting to sink in, I don't even know where I am going. No money and no car just a bank card that I share with Kgabo, as for a plan my mind is blank. If I use the card anywhere Kgabo will know my whereabouts, it doesn't matter if it's a withdrawal or a purchase. I haven't had anything to eat today and I don't feel hungry but I decided to go to McDonald and get myself a burger that I stared at for a very long time. My stomach was in knots, I asked for a doggie bag and when I walked out I bumped into Lucky Mabotja.

"Well, this is officially our meeting spot." He said smiling at me. His smile just brightened my day after what happened this morning. I smiled back at him.

"Nice seeing you Lucky."

"Please join me for lunch, I am so hungry and you have to eat that too." He said pointing at my doggie bag. It's not like I have anything to look forward to, I am practically homeless!

I went back with him and tried to force the burger down my throat as he ate his with no worries. I envied him, single and happy. I am 23 but already facing tons of problems, I'll wrinkle faster than my peers I tell you!

"Pitsi, are you okay?" He asked me.

"No." I honestly answered him.

"Kgabo?" He pointed out looking at my bags.

"We had a disagreement and now I am homeless."

"He kicked you out?"

"No, I just need some time away."

"Okay, so where to from here?"

"I don't even know." I answered him shrugging my shoulders.

"Come stay with me." He said looking at me.

Like seriously, I don't know him that well. I know I was his crush in high school and didn't even like him, I had my mom on his ass and now he wants to help me.

"Are you serious?"

"As a heart attack, I am renting a house with a couple of my colleagues, 3 bedroom house. We share the kitchen, bathroom and lounge. It's not ideal but just trying to help out."

"So what will our arrangements be like?"

"It's all up to you, just say yes."

Eish, I do need a place to stay until I sort everything out but moving in with Lucky can't be a good idea. I do trust myself, just I don't want to cause anymore havoc where my marriage is concerned. Giving Kgabo more ammunition against me shouldn't be something I have to entertain. I want a clean slate whether we divorce or not.

"Come on Pitsi, I will help you find your own place in the meantime."

"Fine." I said after giving it some thought.

"Good, we can go now if you don't have anywhere else to go."

I agreed and we left.

The house wasn't as big as I thought but at least the bedrooms were bigger as Lucky had a couch and bed even a t.v. stand not mentioning the closets. The place is quiet clean but would most definitely do with a woman's touch. I actually don't know if he's single, I just assumed and I won't even ask as that might give him the wrong idea. I don't want to look interested in his love life or anything like that. I want him to know where we stand, I don't want to make the same mistakes I did with Thabiso.

His housemates were not home, so no awkward encounters. I watched the tv sitting on the couch while he went through his laptop sitting on the bed. It was a bit awkward as I asked myself how we are going to sleep tonight, the bed is big and I trust Lucky but I don't want to take chances.

"Hey, don't look so bored, I'm almost done here." He said glancing at me.

"Don't worry, I have a lot on my mind to keep me busy." I said to him. He closed his laptop and came to sit next to me.

"You sure you are okay?"

"Yes." I briefly answered him trying to shift my focus to the t.v.

He slowly put a hand on my jaw and turned me to face him. I was fine all along, had held myself together but having someone ask me how I really felt just made me want to cry everything out.

"Pitsi, this is me, Lucky, you can talk to me."

Yes, I can talk to him. I am his crush and he is a good guy who would probably listen and even tell me what he thinks about my marriage. He won't judge me for my mistakes and mince Kgabo for being a cheating husband that almost got himself and me infected. Things could have been bad.

I found it easy telling Lucky my side of the story making Kgabo look like the terrible husband and victimising myself. I could see the pain in his eyes as he felt pity for me. I spoke, he listened to a point where I hadn't realised what was going on, he was so close to my face that when I raised my head to look at him somehow our lips met and he kissed me. For a moment I froze but immediately gathered the courage to push him away from me.

"What did you do that for?" I asked him livid, blazing fire.

"Come on, you know about the connection between us and it's not like you are going to get back with him, the guy is a pig."

"I see, you taking advantage of me."

"That's not how I operate."

"Then why did you kiss me? I thought you wanted to help me, not get under my dress."

"Or so it's okay for you to use me?"

"Fine, if that's how you think I will leave then." I said and went to grab my bags on the floor.

"Pitsi, come on, let's start over. I am sorry."

"I don't want anything from you if you think we should expect things from each other. I thought we could be friends."

"I saw you more than a friend but that's not what you want I will understand, trust me."

"I better leave, things are already awkward."

"So, you'll go back to him?"

I walked to the door without answering him.

"Pitsi, at least let me book you into a room somewhere, a guesthouse maybe? I feel bad. I was just excited to be with you."

Book me into a guesthouse? Why didn't I think of that before? I could have avoided another Thabiso in the making. I trusted him and he thinks I am using him, why am I always this stupid when it comes to men and their tactics towards me? I am in a tight spot as it is and he just wants to add more. I was never even attracted to him or saw him the way he did with me. I know this might sound rude but Lucky Mabotja was never my type, picture this, the guy is tall and skinny, a techno nerd, whatever that is, the total opposite of Thabiso Mabena and Kgabo Mothiba. I shouldn't even go there...

"Lucky, let me just go. You've done enough already."

"Pitsi, I am really sorry." He spoke coming to me, he took my bags and opened the door for me. I needed his help though...

We went outside to his car, he drove while talking like nothing happened, like everything was forgiven. I cannot just let it slide or he'll do it again, that was a stupid move and he better not repeat it if he wants to be my friend.

He booked me into a guesthouse not far from where he was staying, I didn't even mind him as he offered to pay for my stay.

He took my things to my room and left me there. Things were not good between us so he didn't have to stay.

After he left I got my phone and looked at it several times, thinking if I should open it or not but I decided not to. I put it back in my bags and laid on the bed. Later on I realised that I lost an earring in the midst of Lucky's kiss that I didn't even enjoy. It did absolutely nothing to me, it was like kissing a friend and it meant nothing.

2 days at the guesthouse was enough for me, I felt like I had nowhere else to go and nothing to do. Lucky did visit but I made sure to make him feel uncomfortable

and unwelcome, he bought me a few magazines and books to read, he even bought me toiletries. In one of the magazines was some yoga instructions, I tried them and they did help. Everytime I did it I felt lighter and a bit relieved. The decorations at the guesthouse were changing to a Christmas mood, after coming back from a walk I found my room changed too. Since I got married I have spend all my Christmas days with Kgabo at his mother's house eating 7 colors and custard and jelly for dessert. Facing the festive season withouth my son and husband doesn't sound ideal, I miss them.

I wanted to take the decorations down in my room but I decided to leave them and just let the Christmas spirit linger.

A couple of days later I was told I had a visitor, I told the boy that they send to tell my visitor to come through. I thought it was Lucky since he was the only one who knows I am here even though he's never asked for permission but when the door opened I could not believe my eyes when Salome walked in,

"Seriously Salome?" I asked looking at her.

"Pitsi, I want to explain." She said standing at the door.

"How did you even find me?"

"Lucky, he told me."

"Why would he tell you anything?"

"I found something that belongs to you in his room." She said taking out an earring in the pocket of her jeans.

I get that she has my earring but I don't understand, she and Lucky? She is still married and Lucky wants me and when he invited me to his place he gave me the impression that he was single and I don't think she would date someone like Lucky. I am not jealous!

I took my earring from her and and threw it on the sideboard next to the bed.

"I get it, you are a married woman with a side guy. Don't worry nothing going on between him and me."

"I am here to talk about you and Kgabo." She said ignoring my comment.

"Oh you want to also say nothing happened?" I asked her done playing this game of "Nothing happened".

"Of course nothing happened, I wouldn't allow it." She said trying to sound like a saint, as if she was automatically born with the blood of a saint just because she is a pastor's daughter.

"I don't care what you or Kgabo says because I know something happened between the 2 of you."

"Nothing happened Pitsi trust me, you should see your husband right now. He is a mess without you."

"You can take him if you want to."

"I don't want him!"

"Then why does your name always comes up everytime there is trouble in my marriage."

"Please believe me Pitsi."

"Why should I?"

"I always wanted to be close to Kgabo, just to have him in my life because..." she said and stopped, tears ran down her cheeks.

She had a crush on him?

"He's my brother, okay. Kgabo is my brother and he doesn't know it."

Itsa lie...

Mara I will applaud her for the nerve...

Chapter 37>>>

"You are a big fat liar and it's pathetic. Get out!" I said to her pointing at the door for her. I have heard how tricky she can get, she is friends with my sister who gossips like crazy and I won't let her use her stupid tricks on me. Still I didn't want to believe her because it doesn't make sense. If that's an excuse to get herself out of the wriggle she got herself into then she better review her lies. She is suppose to be a Christian who knows her bible and stand by it. I won't quote verses from the bible for her but I will remind her of the woman she is suppose to be if she won't reverse her lies and take back what she said.

"I know it's hard to believe me because of the person you think I am."

Did she just say that now? I know the kind of woman she is.

"You ended up in bed with Kgabo, he doesn't know what happened and then you tell me this. Just go please."

"No, Pitsi. Let me explain."

I looked at her and hoped this whole thing wasn't true, I don't want to believe her but I am tired of fighting and always stressing myself about her. I sat down on the bed as a gesture of giving up, she can say whatever it is that she wants to explain. She took the couch and faced me,

"I'm in the process of a divorce and the day I received the divorce papers I had no one to talk to but him. He was drunk when he came, I packed my things and we left. We went to a one bedroom apartment that belongs to one of his friends, Kgabo continued drinking while I told him my sob stories. He had tried to kiss me, I fought hard to push him away. He remembers that, that's why he thinks we had sex." She said as I listened to her. She had missed a few details that Kgabo had mentioned.

"He woke up naked in bed with you." I pointed out.

"He took his clothes off in the middle of the night, he even walked himself to bed and he doesn't remember any of that because he was drunk."

Somebody must be lying here or I am too stupid to understand. To prove all this I just have to listen to her talk and explain the not so possible as I can't say let's go do a DNA test. It will raise questions and suspicions,

"How did you find out that Kgabo is your brother?"

"I have always known, it was never a secret at home just outside. Kgabo's mother is a very influential woman, she threatened us but when her husband found out she tried by all means that he doesn't wash his hands off him but she couldn't stop him from keeping Kgabo out of his will. Pitsi, my father didn't just give you and Kgabo the keys to my sister's house. He knew what he was doing."

I don't know what to think but somehow the whole thing is starting to add up and make sense.

"So your dad, the pastor had an affair with Kgabo's mother?"

"It's a shame I know but yes it's true."

"This is too much to take in."

"Your mother-in-law has secrets to last a lifetime and I think they are about to crash down on her now."

"You told me so I could confront her?"

"I don't care what you do with this information, I'm just tired of being on the backseat of my brother's life."

"I wish you never told me."

"I don't want you to drop your life with him because of this. The more time you spend away from him the more his mother cooks up some plan to sneak another Mary into your house. Do you even know that he has moved to the new house, he even took Kamogelo with him."

I think I believe Salome even though this whole thing hasn't sanked in well, it makes sense now that she has explained. The Pastor has always shown favor towards Kgabo, he'd do anything for him. And his mother always made sure that they were always close, I remember the time she forced Kgabo to rebuild the church even Pastor's house at no cost.

Is this the secret that the healer spoke about???

Goodness, what am I going to do with this information now?

Salome wanted to know my next move, I also didn't know but I can't keep quite. Although I made her promise not to tell anyone about my whereabouts until I figure something out. I feel bad and sorry for Kgabo, despite him being a problem child he always wanted his father's approval even though his father always gave him a hard time. My father-in-law is a fair man but I saw him, I saw how he separated his 2 sons. Just like my mother he was never afraid to take Koena's side even when Kgabo was right and it frustrated my husband so much.

I had to tell Salome to leave, I need to think. What she just told me is really a lot to take in. I respect her dad, my Pastor but this just put him in a different spot light to what I used to see him as. I know he's only human and had feelings too but to cheat and betray his wife is something else.

I sat the whole day thinking and trying to figure what I would do with my mother-in-law's secret. The woman hates me and I could use this to my advantage, blackmail her but that will come back and bite me or I could tell Kgabo the truth but I seriously don't want him to hear this from me.

Around 5pm Lucky came over, he sat down and acted all awkward and shy around me, he has it bad for me and he better stay away from me. He comes here almost everyday and always act the same, sometimes I find it cute though...

I made him coffee and gave it to him.

"So you and Salome?" I asked him and he almost burned his lips.

"I'm sorry I had to explain the earring, I don't really like lying to her."

"So, you do love her?"

"She's a nice girl."

"Do you know that she is married with 2 kids?"

"In the process of a divorce with 2 kids." He corrected me, he thought. No difference to me.

"Okay but yet you still love her?"

"Pitsi, I don't want to talk about her please."

"Why not? Because you know that what you are doing with her is wrong. What if she goes back to her husband? Remember, nothing is final yet." I said planting that seed of doubt in his head. He seemed to be taking everything I was saying to heart.

I don't care who Salome is, the plain truth is I still don't like her and she doesn't deserve someone like Lucky. She is older than him and had baggage. Nope, I am not jealous, only trying to look out for Lucky, my friend.

"You know what, you are right I have to dump her."

I smiled at him and he smiled back at me.

After he left I took a bath and went straight to bed, skipping dinner. It wasn't shock anymore that I was feeling just don't know what to do. I feel so so sorry for Kgabo and I don't want that to be the reason I get back with him, he has admitted to cheating and that can't be an easy thing to just forgive and forget. I want us to reconcile and be happy again but I don't want to make things that easy for him. Salome had hinted that Kgabo had moved into the new house, wonder if he had tried calling me to tell me the news. I wanted us to do that together, with me picking everything for the house.

I tossed and turned the whole night, I almost switched on my phone and called Kgabo. I know better...

The next day I woke up to another boring day, had a visit from Lucky to tell me he had broken up with Salome. He looked so happy, excited like a weight has been lifted off his shoulders. I wasn't happy for him, just had to force myself to look happy even though I have done him a huge favour. Above all that he looked like someone who was hoping for a reward from me, I gave him a short quick hug but still.

I had to make sure he doesn't stay longer than expected, I made some excuse of wanting to urgently do something. He left looking disappointed.

On Christmas eve I packed my things and waited till it was dark. Lucky is the one responsible for the payment of my stay so I don't have to bother myself that much.

I'm tired of being here hiding and waiting for God knows what. I have been here for almost a week and I haven't even achieved anything, not even a solution to my problems. It's time I packed and faced whatever awaits me out there.

Around 7pm I checked out and headed to the taxi rank. In the taxi I still couldn't decide what to do and where to go, I am just terrified of being alone on Christmas. I don't want to go home to my parent's house either, I can't face my mom.

I got off the taxi at the Pastor's house and went in as if God will immediately wipe off my problems.

I knocked on the door. Moruti opened the door,

"Pitsi? Thank God, we've been worried about you, come in." He said making way for me. I went in and found his wife busy with the dishes. She also looked happy to see me like I was their long lost daughter who finally came back home. She gave me a hug then took my bags from me and put them on the kitchen counter as she asked me how I was doing.

"I'm okay, I just wanted to have a word with you MaMoruti." I asked.

"Okay, I will excuse myself and go prepare for tomorrow."

"Thank you." I said sitting down after MaMoruti showed me the kitchen chair. I waited for her to sit too. "I spoke to Salome and..."

"She told me." She said interrupting me.

Mxm, so much for her loyalty!

"I don't want to come off as disrespectful or anything like that but how did you do it? How did you get your marriage back to where you are now? I mean I can't find it in me to forgive Kgabo."

She smiled at me.

"You know the first thing that came to mind was to protect my children and my husband's job as a respectable Pastor. I didn't want to be the topic of the village and I was hurt but there are things that needs to come first in life, I love my husband but that doesn't mean he can do as he please. I stayed after I spoke to him, we prayed together and found healing, it didn't come easy but here we are now."

"I want to forgive Kgabo but I am scared."

"I know what you mean, you should teach yourself on how to communicate with your husband. Walking or staying away is never the answer. It pains to find out that you've been betrayed by someone you love and respect."

"Do you think I should forgive him."

"I cannot answer that my dear child as the answer should come from you, you are the one that knows what they want. All I can do is support you and your decision. Did staying away help?"

"No." I answered shaking my head.

"Pitsi, if you decide to forgive Kgabo just know that you need to work hard on fixing your marriage. And forgiveness should come from deep within because if you are not doing it whole heartedly then you'll always doubt him."

I understand what she is saying and I think I am ready to face Kgabo. I want to forgive him so we could work on our marriage like MaMoruti suggested, it won't be easy I know but we must try. I don't see myself spending my life with someone other than Kgabo. Maybe that's the problem, revolving everything around him and thinking without him I won't survive. I love him to a point where I have build and dedicated my whole life to him, it's scary and I need to learn to put myself first. If things continues like this I will have to walk away as I can't always forgive and forget.

I had a long chat with the Pastor's wife as she explained how marriage and forgiveness goes together. We drank tea with her delicious biscuit. I decided to leave and go home, to my house around 11pm but before I left I ask about Salome and the response I got was,

"My daughter hasn't been herself lately, I don't know if it's the divorce or something else. She won't even talk to me."

"I'll come talk to her tomorrow." I promised knowing too well that I will only be doing that to snoop. It's evident that Lucky did as I asked, well he told me, this is just proof.

We said our goodnights then the Pastor drove me to my house.

I still have my keys, that's if the locks haven't been changed. The pastor waited as I unlocked the heavy gate that I am so not used to. I went as he drove away.

I slowly walked to the door and knocked, the door opened.

My shirtless husband stood there looking at me,

"Hi." I said.

"Are you back?"

"Yes." I said unable to hold my tears.

"Thank you."

My husband said as he pulled me in his strong arms where I belong.

I am back!

Chapter 38>>>

My husband is such a softie and he never knows how to hide it, he cried making me cry even more as he held me tighter in his arms. Forgot how good he is with his strength around me. I had missed him so much and he better make up for lost time even though I am the one that almost dried up our marriage. With good reasons though, no one in this world can stand being cheated on, not even Kgabo himself. I know they say the past should stay in the past but there are somethings that one will never forget even if you try hard to, I am not saying I will bring up my husband's infidelity but that's something that's part of our relationship now. It broke the love we have for each other and shattered the little that was left for repair. I did not learn on how to love my husband, there love was always there. He didn't even have to chase me, I did play hard to get but not for long. Now, we are dealing with real adult issues.

"Come in." He said wiping his tears off his face showing a smile. Those were happy tears.

I went in and the house was a mess, dirty dishes and clothes everywhere in my kitchen. Kgabo is not this untidy, I know.

"Oh God, you did miss me." I said looking at the mess and the house that smelled of wet paint. Kgabo laughed behind me and gave me another hug.

"You have no idea."

I have missed them too, so much and before I get down to anything we need to talk. I want to make sure that we are clear on what needs to be cleared.

"Kgabo, I know it's late but can we talk?" I asked him, he seemed a little unsettled but agreed. I know how he feels, I wish we could avoid this but if we want our relationship to work out we need to do this. Start talking more and listen to each other.

I followed him to the sitting room which I believed would be much relaxing with a little bit of my touch with some of my furniture, new ones if he wants to be in my good books and remain there. We sat next to each other on one couch, it wasn't as awkward as the day we were at the Pastor's house. Thinking about that just made me realise that I can't keep this secret from him, it's not mine to tell but this feels like starting over on a new leaf of no secrets and lies. Keeping this away from him feels like betraying him all over again "Thabiso-style". Looking at him though I don't think I can do it, I can't bring myself to break his heart. Maybe after we fixed us.

He just looked at me waiting for me to start. I started.

"I am not going to lie to you, you hurt me Kgabo. For the past few days I wanted nothing to do with you but I couldn't stay away because I love you and I want to forgive and forget... it's hard."

He went quite for a few seconds I even thought he was never going to answer. But he did,

"I understand how you feel, I can't take anything back but I do acknowledge that that was stupid and reckless of me. I took you for granted and never showed you any appreciation. All I can do is say I am sorry, I love you and from now on I will protect you and show you more love." After he said this heartfelt words he went down on his knees in front of me and held my hands together in his. Eyes watery, I couldn't hold mine.

"What about what I did with Thabiso?" I asked him and Thabiso's name just sparked something in him. I watched him fighting to stay calm. He hates Thabiso and I hate him too, because of him I am without a job, a career and I almost lost my husband too.

"I know nothing happened between the 2 of you, although the man's name sickens me and I have had sleepless nights regarding that. I almost killed him that night. I will forget about it. Besides it's nothing compared to what I did to you."

"It's not going to be that easy for me."

"I promise I will..." He proceeded to speak but I placed a finger on his lips.

"Don't make promises, I don't want you to promise me anything."

"But I mean it."

"Just keep it to yourself."

"Okay, I get your point."

He made promises to me before, he said his vows in front of hundreds of witnesses on our wedding day but that didn't stop him from getting into bed with other women. Now he wants to make another one, another promise? I take a promise as a commitment and I trust it shouldn't be broken. And yet I do live in an ideal world where such does not exist.

Forgiveness? I don't think I am there yet. I need to heal before I can say I am ready to forgive Kgabo. For now I just want to know and see where this goes. If he ask me I will most definitely lie and tell him all is forgiven. I can't find it in me but yet I can stand him and admit that I love him. Don't let my problems confuse you like they do to me.

"So we are starting over now." I said.

"Yep!"

"And I want you to know that I don't have a problem with your friendship with Salome." I said and he frowned. "I know nothing happened that night and I trust her."

He looked confused...

"Can we go to bed before you tell me you want my mother to move in with us."

"Oh hell no!" I screamed out. I know he's joking but he must never joke like that. "Where is Kamo?"

"Sleeping in his bedroom on a pile of his clothes."

"You know what, you go to bed and I'll tidy up. I want this house to be ready for Christmas."

It's Christmas already, it was 2am and maybe I'll be lucky to witness the famous Christmas dancing Sun. Kgabo went to bed, he wanted me to come with him but whatever that is going to happen in there is going to be awkward. Remember I told him that sex with him sucks? So how do we do that? I'd rather clean my house than subjects myself to that. I'm sorry□□□□

First of all I went to peek into Kamo's room, the lights were on and indeed my boy was sleeping on top of his clothes. I went in and gave him a kiss on the forehead. He turned to change sides, I stood still fearing that I have woken him up but he looked very much asleep. I went to clean and left him sleeping peacefully, starting with the kitchen, picking up the clothes and throwing them in my automatic washing machine. I washed the dishes, cleaned the floor. Okay, I did everything that needed to be done to this huge house. By the time I was done I fell on the couch and fell asleep, I don't even know what time it was but when Kgabo woke me up it felt like I had only slept for 5 minutes.

"What time is it?" I asked him yawning and stretching.

"Time to get ready for church."

"Mommy!!!" A screaming Kamo came rushing behind his father. He jumped up on me as I fell back on the couch. Damn, he is strong and thank God I was sitting down or else he would have knocked me to the ground. He was so happy to see me, I have never seen him this excited and so was I.

I was too tired to go to church and that angered Kgabo but he had to calm down since I was calling the shots, for now! Anyway I had disappeared for days, I know

almost everybody knows that and I cant just rock up at church where they all can see that I am back.

I helped them get ready for church and cleaned the bedrooms while they had breakfast made by Kgabo, messing up the kitchen again.

I joined them...

"While you are at church, I will cook a good Christmas lunch. So please do invite your parents, my parent's and everyone that you see at church. And please buy drinks after church." I said as I fixed his shirt's collar. Kamo also stood next to me so I can fix his too, that didn't need fixing. I pretended I was and to show that he was messing with me he couldn't stop laughing.

"I like that idea." Kgabo said. A dog barked outside and Kamo went outside running.

We have a dog? I need to lay some serious ground rules here.

"Baby?"Kgabo said and I looked at him. "Can I at least get a kiss?"

I giggled like a little school girl. I know why he is asking but he's just making things like they are worse than they are. I hesitated to say yes, I want him to but I don't want to say yes or no. He got the hint, he came closer to me and I stood still as he slowly tasted the outside of my lips by just rolling his tongue on them then finally parted my lips with his tongue pushing it in. I gave him access and in a minute it felt like we could take things further. He is a flippin good kisser but that awkwardness was there.

"Maybe we should watch porn, together?" He suggested while his lips vibrated over mine as he spoke.

But what he said didn't go together with the mood that he just ruined. I have only watched porn a few times on cellphone clips not the tv and I am not about to watch it with my husband. The idea is just out of the question. Imagine, we watch and do what? Copy the act?

"No ways, that's gross."

"So what, do you have any suggestions? Because I am hungry."

Oh goodness is that a new term for I want to have sex? This is just uncomfortable, we are not used to talking about sex at all. I don't think I am even ready for that.

"Kgabo, what do you want from me?"

"We are fixing things, aren't we?"

"Please Kgabo!"

Will he stop already!!!

"Fine but at some point we going to have to talk about it." He said and kissed me again.

I think I am horny too but no not that sex again!

A few minutes later he left with Kamo but that's after he changed Kamo's clothes because he smelled like the dog he was playing with. I started with the food and as everything was cooking and boiling I went to switch on my phone and put it on charger. I deleted all the messages from my parent's, Kgabo, Reba and Koena after reading them. They were all pleading with me to come back home.

I called Koena, I felt like I owed him an explanation and I don't know why. Kgabo will tell my parent's at church that I am back and Mom won't get a chance to scream at me because they will be people over for Christmas lunch.

Oh by the way Koena, I called him and he picked up.

"Hey Pitsi, heard the good news. Welcome back." He said sounding excited.

"Thanks, I guess."

"Look Pitsi, make it work this time. Don't end up like me." He said that as a joke because he laughed.

"We are trying."

"Good because you are the best thing that's ever happened to my brother."

Such pressure Koena! But somehow I appreciated the words coming from him. He managed to make me see things in a different light, making me think that maybe I should just forgive Kgabo and stop hurting myself even more by refusing myself to forgive him. We had to cut our call short as he said he was driving.

I was in the master bedroom when I think I heard something in the kitchen, I rushed there thinking something had exploded on the stove only to find Lerato busy there...

"Lerato?" I shouted in surprise.

"Yo...you are back."

"What are you doing in my house?"

"I brought this," she said pointing at her Tupperware containers. "I brought Kamo and Kgabo lunch."

"Oh, as you can see I am busy cooking and we are having guests over."

"Does your mother-in-law know that you are back?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because she asked me to look after Kgabo and Kamo, I have been cooking for them and I must say the woman is quiet find of me."

I see, another Mary in the making. My mothe-in-law never gives up.

Chapter 39>>>

I will not lie to you, I never saw Lerato as a threat to my marriage, especially after the talk she gave me about the death of her husband. I thought she understood what

marriage and commitment was about and she wouldn't do that to another woman, I guess I was wrong and stupid to fall for her stories. I was even considering the woman as a friend, she is my neighbour and her friendship would have meant a lot to me. I don't care what my mother-in-law made her do or how involved she is siding with her, she is a grown woman and could have said no the moment the plan was brought to her. It simply means she wanted this. I don't want to bother myself with my mother-in-law since I know her secret, the woman is not as clean as she presents herself and I have lost all respect I ever had for her, not that I had a bucket full. Both this woman knows the pain of betrayal or should I say my mother-in-law knows how to inflict it!

My God, I separate for a few days with my husband and upon my arrival I get this...

She had no shame as she just stood there looking proud of herself, how she do this to another woman amazes me.

"Thanks, but I am back now. I see you have been a good neighbour." I said acting like I did not understand her intentions of being here.

"You are so naive Pitsi." She said, I see that she is not going to hide the fact that she is after my husband.

"I am not, I see right through you. I don't want a fight Lerato, so take your food and leave."

"Why did you come back? Kgabo and Kamo were doing fine without you."

God knows I am trying to be obedient and act like I am scared of her but He knows I can only take so much. Bathong, there is a woman in my kitchen trying to scare me out of my marriage. A window, still in her moaning clothes! I am not scared of Lerato, she is just a beauty with lots of make-up hiding her puffed up face. A fake that has no respect!

I went to the door and opened it wider for her,

"Please leave."

She slowly walked towards me clicking her high heels on the tile, trying to intimidate me.

"Tell Kgabo I was here and watch his reaction." She said and walked out laughing. I watched her walk out.

She left her food on the kitchen counter. I took them and went outside, walked to the fence and opened the containers. I emptied them over the fence into her yard. She was already out the gate now but she saw me and then she came back running.

"Are you out of your mind bitch?"

I went inside the house and got the biggest knife from the new set of knives that Kgabo bought and held it while steering a spoon into the boiling beetroot. She came through and stopped at the door, breathing fire.

"Good thing that you stopped right there because if you dare come closer it will be the boiling beetroot or knife."

"Your mother-in-law won't be happy about this." She said sounding like a little school girl ready to run to the principal's office and throw tantrums.

"Never ever come to my house with your food again, take them to the woman who is very fond of you." I spoke pointing the knife at her. I put the knife down and held the beetroot pot. I got it off the stove and took one step towards her.

"This is not over!" She said and turned around.

Yoh!

After she left I locked the kitchen door and made sure all the other doors were locked too. I am not scared of Lerato but with people like her you never know. I remember how nice she was with me the first time when we met, I thought she was a classy widow who respects the death of her husband and the love they shared. I should have erased that thought and respect I had for her the minute I saw her with another man in her yard in front of her children. Now this does raise the question, how deep is my husband's involvement in his mother's plan?

As much as I want to think he doesn't know much about what is going on he might have enjoyed the benefits that the plan came with. I don't want to dwell on this but I know I don't trust my husband anymore.

I wished I didn't tell him to invite people over, I just feel like confronting him with this. I stayed away thinking he wouldn't look at another woman nor entertain the thought. What is wrong with men? Except my dad, he's a gentleman.

I continued cooking and playing gospel music to occupy my thoughts or else I am going to ruin today.

There was a knock at the door, I am not expecting anyone. 2 hours left before church comes out, on Christmas it takes longer. I waited and looked at the door, what if it's Lerato again.

"Pitsi, come on I know you are in there." That was the voice of my crazy sister. I had missed her so much that I forgot how mean she has been to me when I was home.

I jumped at the door and opened it, she stood there with a huge smile. She looked...

Brighter than she has ever been, beautiful still and fat if I must add. She wore a long loose maxi dress that touched nothing or showed any curves like she always does.

"And then why aren't you at church?" I asked her.

"Me and God have an understanding, 1 hour is enough for our bonding sessions."

I laughed as I told her to come in.

She stepped in and quickly went back outside,

"What's that smell?" She yelled covering her mouth with her hand.

"Oh my God, Mma was right! You are pregnant Reba!" I shouted forgetting she was outside.

"She knows?" She asked me with eyes huge with shock.

"How could you? Baby number 4? And yes Mma knows."

"Don't act like I did this on purpose, you don't know how bad my life is!" She shouted sounding angrier.

I saw a curtain moving next door, Lerato was taking a peek at us. Moloi!

I grabbed Reba by her arm and pulled her inside.

"Get inside." I hissed at her. She covered her nose with her hand as I pulled her in.

"It doesn't matter, I'll get rid of it." She said as if speaking about a stolen gun that can be thrown into the river other than a human being that she enjoyed making. Yes, a few seconds of pata-pata and a lifetime of nywe-nywe! Sometimes it's a good blessing but not when you can't offer any sacrifices for those blessings. My sister is a lazy butt and that makes me so mad. She always wants the easy way out and it never works for her. Look at her, at her age and already a mother of 4 from different fathers.

"Wow, you already have this figured out. Reba abortion isn't going to help you or solve your other problems." I said trying to push a bit of sense into her thick head.

"What do you want me to do? Keep it and suffer more? You don't know what life is like for me Pitsi and I have given up on the kind of life you have, a husband and a beautiful house." She spoke with tears running down her cheeks. I feel for her but this isn't the time for excuses. She got herself into this.

"I don't know but I'm sure there is something you can do other than that, I guess I'm probably scared for you."

"You don't have to be, it's not a serious procedure, I have done it before." She confessed calmly. I looked at her in shock unable to take the news in. Abortion to

me sounds huge, I was scared when I got pregnant with Kamo but I never even for once thought of aborting.

"You mean you you've..." She cut me short.

"Yes 3 times already."

I was beyond shocked! My sister is a drunk and a pathetic one at that but I respect her and always looked up to her. Even though she is all that she manages to make thing easier for herself all the time, she doesn't look like a mother of 3 or should I say 7?

She tried to explain and reason with me, I cried. The baby she is carrying is a part of me too, I love her and her kids and I will love the one she is carrying too. She doesn't have to kill the innocent soul.

I refused to listen to her stupid reasons that were more of excuses. One more won't make much difference to the 3 she already has.

My parents were the first to arrive with Kgabo, my mom wanted to yell at me but she didn't get the chance as Kgabo's parents arrived. My mother-in-law didn't seem pleased to see me and I made sure she felt my presence and the fact that I am the owner of this house. I am not going anywhere and her evil plans won't work on me.

I had to stare at her trying to get a conversation going on between her husband and Kgabo, she's acting like someone who doesn't know why my father-in-law hates Kgabo and it makes me mad watching my husband trying to prove himself.

The tension in this house was not hard to miss, my parent's sat quietly together and my sister couldn't make eye contact with Mom now that I told her that our mother knows.

I was told that our Pastor couldn't make it as they already had other commitments.

2 of Kgabo's sisters joined us and I tried to accomodate everyone and make the occasion as joyous as I can but the 2 famalies will never gel. My mother-in-law

made sure that my parents felt like a class of people that do not belong in her social circle. She spoke about things my parent's don't have and will never have, she made them feel small and poor. My dad wanted to leave before we even started eating but Kgabo begged him and tried to bribe him with a bottle Hennessey. He sat down and at least Kgabo and his dad started getting along as they tried to entertain my parents.

I did everything by myself, prepared the food inside the bowls and set them on the coffee table, still have to go get some of my furniture from my in-laws house. I went to quickly freshen up leaving everyone to carry on talking.

I took a quick shower, fixed my afro that was longer and starting to be unmanageable, I had it in a bun. Put on my green dress that I had worn the time of the greet and meet before my fashion show, memories...

I put on black high heels and was ready to go, no make up, a bit of perfume and lip gloss. Everyone in the house was all dressed up but when I walked in all eyes were on me but my eyes fell on a woman I loathe with all my heart.

Lerato!

I don't know why she is in my house or yet who invited her but I could tell that my mother-in-law had a hand in this. They sat comfortably together sipping red wine. She had placed a bowl of salad on the coffee table next to my food. I have prepared the usual 7 colour meal that we all know with cooked and fried chicken drumsticks.

"Hope you don't mind that I came uninvited, you know since my husband's death it's kinda lonely and hope you don't mind that I brought my famous salad." She said acting the perfect part of a widow in pain. I didn't buy that as everyone soaked in her stories.

I went straight to her bowl like I was going to taste, I took a spoon but before I could dip it in I put my fingers in as if to pick something that wasn't suppose to be in there.

"Oh no, that was a fly, is there anyone who wants it because I think I should throw it away now." I said wiping my hands with a dish cloth.

The look on Lerato and my mother-in-law's face, priceless I tell you, priceless!!! They saw right through me and I didn't give an ish what they thought. Of course I did that on purpose just to teach them a lesson. My house, my rules or else butt out! Simple as that!

I went to the bin and threw it in after I had invited everyone to serve themselves, I called the children in and served them. My house is big but because of not having a dinning table I didn't feel like a good hostess but it looked like everyone was enjoying the food except my 2 enemies. They complained about the salt, spices and anything they could come up with. I didn't mind their bitterness!

After the 7 color meal there was dessert, triffel, the usual things that we are used to, a layer of custard, tennis biscuit, jelly and canned fruits.

We ate and there after had a great time catching up, Kgabo's sisters wanted to know more about my fashion show and I was happy to tell them all the good things much to you-know-who's annoyance.

Later on everyone left and Lerato wanted to stay behind saying she wanted to help with the cleaning, I told her I would manage on my own. She was acting like someone who knew her way around my house. I was this close to pushing her out my house, she annoyed the hell out of me but as soon as she realised that Kgabo wasn't staying as he had to drive my parent's home she decided to go to my in-laws house. She can go there, it doesn't bother me.

Everyone left and I started cleaning the house and doing the dishes, Kgabo came back he said Kamo wanted to play with the other children at his mother's house. I didn't mind since it's Christmas. Kgabo tried to help me. I love my husband, truly but at this moment he irritates me, I can't stand him. Even earlier I had to make

sure that he never got close to me. I hadn't realise how this whole thing of him cheating on me had affected me. I can't...

After cleaning I went to take a quick shower. I wore a skirt and a top after I heard Kgabo talking to someone in the kitchen. I went there and found him having tea with the Pastor. I felt a bit odd walking in wearing a top without a bra, especially now that I know he is my father-in-law. Anyway he didn't notice, he was just happy to see me.

"Pitsi, I heard the good news that you are back and I am sorry I couldn't make it to your Christmas lunch." He said excitedly.

"No problem Moruti."

"Okay, I won't waste anymore of your time, I just came to give you this." He said pushing a card on the kitchen counter. I went and picked it up, it reads,

'Dr Susan Moodley, SEX THERAPIST'

it was written her office number, address and other information about her.

I gave it to Kgabo. Just like me he didn't know what to say.

"Please go, the 2 of you needs this." The man of God said then walked out.

Kgabo turned to me,

"I think we need this."

I didn't respond.

There was a knock at the door, Kgabo went to open.

My sister walked in holding bags and in tears,

"She kicked me out, I have nowhere else to go."

I ran to my sister and gave her a hug, I know how my mom gets. I have been at her mercy before...

Chapter 40>>>

If there is one person who has always been there for me it's my sister, she understands the struggle I have been through and she has never taken anyone's side over mine. Besides If I can't help her no one else would, she has no place to go and I want her closer to me, maybe I will convince her to keep the baby. I might be angry at her with the pregnancy but she is still my sister and she needs me now.

I helped her with her bags and took them to the spare room without discussing anything with Kgabo, she looked tired and drained. I will let her rest and we will talk in the morning, I gave her a hug and a few words of assurance as she drifted away into sleep.

I also don't know what I would do if I was in her situation, and I also understand where our mother is coming from. She is tired, fed up with Reba's carelessness. She is the one that has to deal with all this, look after the kids while their mother is out galavanting. They have both let the situation out of control, with every guy that gave Reba a baby Mom thought he was marriage material. They sat down together and spoke about her boyfriends, mom giving her advice about men. She never brought them home, Dad would have a fit. Now see where they are.

I should have been the one mom gave advice to and spoke to about marriage as she pushed me to get married at a young age. I wanted to be a wife, see myself in a wedding dress and being the centre of attention. But I needed that word of advice,

if my mother had told me not to get married I don't think I would have done it anyway.

I sat on Reba's bed and tried to fight back what has been done to us, our mother pushed us both in the name of a secured future, which was just a security for money and for herself.

I did not want to go to bed, a part of me wants to use Reba as a shield, I am really dreading going to bed with my husband. I know Reba is going to force me to go to bed and join Kgabo once she asked up and find me here.

I went to bed after all.

Kgabo was already in bed but not asleep. I changed into my usual oversize t-shirt and got next to him in bed. I had my back against him and closed my eyes, already I wished it was morning. I felt him coming closer to me, he wrapped his hand around my waist and breathed on my neck. God I cannot stand this, I jumped out of bed and switched on the light.

"Baby, what's wrong?" He asked me looking at the disgust on my face.

I cannot do this and the only excuse is to start up a fight...

"What's the deal with Lerato and don't tell me it's nothing." I started leaning against the wall with my arms crossed against my chest.

He went quiet and moved his eyes away from me. That is a guilty face right there.

"I'm sorry Pitsi." He finally said. I breathed heavily as my eyes got sore , I haven't slept much last night. Mix that with my tears and my eyes gets this kind of irritation.

"What did you do with her?"

"I slept with her?"

"When?" I asked questions feeling like I am interviewing someone other than my husband. He has never admitted to doing anything with all the woman he was linked with before.

"The time Koena and Pinky were here, that night that I disappeared."

I had expected a recent answer, like now when I was away. I am not saying that makes things better but it doesn't matter to me since he had admitted that he had cheated before. It doesn't even affect me as badly as I thought it would, maybe my love for Kgabo has ran out. Because it doesn't matter what he does my issue is with him, he is the person that I cannot stand.

"What about now?"

"I don't know what she wants, I told her we are done and she said we can be friends."

"I don't know how I feel about this." I admitted.

"I love you Pitsi and I don't want to hurt you anymore. I will tell you the truth if you ask me questions. I am done being a cheat." He said this time looking at me.

I went to switch off the light and got into bed. I slept on the far end of the bed. He came closer again, bringing those terrible feelings back. I thought maybe I should give him the benefits of the doubts and see where this leads. I let him be close to

me for a few minutes, I could feel him getting turned on, his hard on was pushing against my back, on my butt. I can't, I can't go on as if nothing happened. He cheated, with our neighbour, a woman I almost befriended.

I kicked the bed covers off me and went to the light again.

"Get out!" I shouted at him, I pulled a blanket and a pillow for him. "Out!" I said again handing them to him.

Without a word he took the blanket and pillow and left the bedroom. I sat on the bed and cried. At first I felt numb to the whole thing but as he got closer to me I realised how much disrespect he had shown me. I want things to be back to normal, and be happy again but he took that from me, us! All I have in me is this hate towards him.

In the morning he was gone, I found the pillow and blanket neatly folded on the couch. I took them to the bedroom and came back to make Reba breakfast. My mind was all over the place, Kgabo and Lerato work together and I don't think I can trust them, especially now that I know Lerato's intentions. She is a wicked woman and with my mother-in-law in her corner she will win. I don't want to fight, I am tired of trying to keep my marriage going.

I cannot stop wondering how their sex was like if Kgabo can't seem to satisfy me...

I took Reba's breakfast to her room, she was awake and better than last night.

"Morning sis." I said to her offering her her toasted sandwich and rooibos tea.

"Thanks." She murmured taking them from me.

"How are you today?"

"Good, much better."

"Reba, what is going on?"

She took a bite from the sandwich and slowly chewed as I waited for her to finish, "I had thought this time was it, I could see myself married and happy but he was just like the others. I know you all look at me and think I am stupid but I just want what's best for my kids. I went about it the wrong way..."

She put the tray on the floor and put a hand on her tummy. She looked like someone with a full tummy, not pregnant. She doesn't show...

I can imagine what she is going through, I only have one child and married but trust me I am not having number 2 anytime soon.

Still my sister was still hell bent on abortion, nothing will change her mind. "You don't look so okay yourself, is everything okay." She said changing the subject.

"I don't know, I can't seem to forget what Kgabo had done to me. He had admitted to cheating you know?" I said to my sister as her eyes widened. I told her everything, she didn't say anything. She just listened and showed how sympathetic she was. Finally she spoke,

"I know you love Kgabo, you need time to heal and you should at least talk to him. Running away and avoiding issues isn't going to help, you need to deal with issues head on. Tell him how you feel." She concluded.

I don't know how someone with such good advice can be stupid when it comes to her own life. I just looked at her and went quite.

Reba said she had somewhere to go and after cleaning the house I was left with nothing to do. I wondered where Kgabo is and I couldn't stop peeking through the window over to Lerato's house just to see if she is home or not then I would have

an idea thinking she went out with my husband. I was just driving myself crazy. I don't know how I will ever get over this, this fear of not trusting my husband and thinking the worst of him. I should have came back when I was ready. I sat the whole day waiting and not sure of what was it that I was waiting for.

Just after 5pm Kgabo came back home. He was with Kamo, my son ran in screaming,

"Mama surprise!"

I got up and looked at them, Kgabo looked excited like nothing happened last night. I didn't forget the things he said. I acted the part because of Kamo, he had to see us happy.

"Are you ready?" Kgabo asked me.

"So there is a surprise?" I asked with a smile.

"Yep!" Kgabo said as he picked up Kamo and held him in his arms. He put his hand into his pocket and brought out a beautiful jewellery box. I was too excited and anxious to ask questions or think about anything else, I grabbed the box from him and opened it. I had expected some expensive necklace or something along that line but it was a key, a car key. The keys to a Hyundai. Before I could react Kgabo took me by my hand, he led me outside where a brand new white Hyundai Sonata was parked. I was astonished, he had outdid himself this time and shown me that he's a bit of a romantic. I mean I have always wanted him to be this romantic.

Kamo lost interest in my surprise and went to play with his dog. While inspecting my new car and loving it I saw Lerato walking around her yard staring at us, she was snooping trying to see what was going on. Right there and then something in me just snapped, the whole thing of her and Kgabo just came back to me.

"You like it?" Kgabo asked me impatiently waiting for an answer.

"Let's go back inside." I harshly ordered him. I turned and walked to the house with Kgabo followed behind me.

"Pitsi, did I do something wrong?" He asked me as I stood in the kitchen. He looked confused...

"What do you think? Kgabo with that car, you can't buy my trust! Nothing will take away the pain, not even this house!" I said shaking...

"I know, I just want to bring the happiness back in your eyes. I don't know what to do anymore, please tell me then. How do I fix my mistakes."

"I can't do it, I can't forgive you." I admitted and saw defeat on his face. It was like the words crushed him to pieces.

"Just know that I am sorry and I love you." He said and slowly turned around.

I sat down on the tiled floor, I could hear Kgabo calling Kamo then from there everything went quite.

He left me by myself but anyway what did I expect? My words were not so sweet, honest, yes but sometimes that is just so unnecessary. Look at what I have done now, what would have happened if I had just accepted the car? We would be taking it for a test drive. Why is it so hard to just forget and love my husband again?

I breathed in heavily through the tears.

Kgabo didn't come back home, I forced myself to drive the car in and park it inside the garage. It was a beautiful car and I fell in love with it but I am not sure if I am ready for another car yet. I enjoy being driven around and yet the feeling I had when I drove it for that few minutes gave me a sense of freedom that I haven't had in a while.

That night I waited and waited and no one came back, not even Reba. I had my phone with me the entire time and kept on hoping for a phone call or a message but nothing came through. I went to bed wondering where everyone was. There was a storm outside, everything was shaking and keeping me awake. Making me feel alone, like I drove my husband away. Am I being too much now?

The following day Kgabo didn't come home again, actually 2 days passed without anything from him or my sister. I called Reba and when she answered she said she and her baby daddy are trying to fix things and she'll probably come get her things. She sounded hopeful over the phone. I was happy for her even though I thought this was just going to crumble down on her like all her other relationships. Anyway I didn't want to hurt her or make her feel or think I am jealous because that's what she says everytime I try to point something out for her. I needed her now more than ever though, I wanted to hear the painful truth from her, she is always right and knows what to say to me. We spoke for almost 30 minutes until she said she had to go.

The third day there was a knock at the door, I excitedly ran to the door hoping it was Kgabo. I know he wouldn't knock but I could only hope.

My heart sank when I found Lucky standing at the door, I let him in and gave him a chair in the kitchen. He stood and just looked at me,

"Hey, is everything okay?" I asked him.

"I thought you liked me." He finally spoke.

"I do like you." I replied not sure what is it exactly that I am agreeing to.

"Then why did you come back here? I thought when you told me to break things off with Salome it meant you wanted us to be together."

I did not expect that.

"What gave you that idea? I never promised you anything Lucky." I said sounding mean like I didn't care and it wasn't meant to come out that way.

"You are the most selfish human being ever and don't ever come crying to me, you and I are finished."

With that he went out the door...

I did it for him though...

Chapter 41>>>

Forgive me but sometimes there are things that are just not meant to be, such things like Lucky and Salome, this 2 people are very different. Salome is the type of girl that drinks and then dances on top of pool tables at taverns, a party animal that wakes up the following day with a beer bottle to heal a hangover, her list of bad behaviour goes on and on despite her being the daughter of a good Pastor. She is a bad girl, the serious and real best thing to compare to a bad boy whereas Lucky is this smart guy who should date a girl with no reputation at all, if only Salome feared God and did as her parents had taught her maybe I would let them be.

But still I am a human being with a heart too. There more I think about this I kind of feel bad for what I am doing to them, I have no right to interfere in their love lives while I can't seem to fix mine. I'm trying to find things to occupy my mind with and ruining people's life in the process. Maybe I am jealous that the person that gave me sleepless night is happy while I am not, I am used to blaming my

problems on Salome and I am still caring the same hatred I had for her before I knew about him and Kgabo.

To be honest I really have no reason to hate Salome now, but I really can't help it. I am carrying so much anger with me that every thing just boils my blood.

I spend the whole day doing nothing other than feel sorry for myself and blame myself for this loneliness, it's really bad. Things should be okay by now between me and my husband.

Around lunch time there was a knock at the door, I didn't feel like seeing anyone anymore. I just sat down until whoever was knocking decided to open the door. It was Lerato, can my day get any worse? I do wish I could throw up in her face the way I hate her so much. She doesn't know when to ever give up.

"I knew you were home." She came in holding papers and looking sexy in her black high heels and all black pencil skirt and a top with a scarf over her shoulders and doek around her head. She acted the part of a real grieving African widow whereas she is evil as a witch in black.

"What do you want? You know you are not welcome here." I hissed at her. Seeing her in my house again just adds more stress for me.

"Trust me I don't want to be here either."

"So?"

"I am looking for your husband, I know it's the festive season but this can't wait. His signature is needed and he was suppose to be at the office preparing for this new contract but no one knows where he is. This is quite urgent. Is he home?"

"No." I said sharply.

"Okay, can I leave this here?" She said placing some papers on the kitchen counter.

If it's urgent then I am in big trouble, I don't know where he is or when he'll ever come back. Lerato looked at me smiling, she figured it out, "You don't know where your husband is, neh?"

"Just leave."

"I remember the last time I saw you with him, were you 2 fighting because he left in such a hurry."

"Lerato, I said get out!" I pointed at the door for her.

"I'm leaving but if I were you I wouldn't look far. Your sister and Kgabo they are too cosy for my liking, surely your young hot blooded husband can see the striking figure of your yellow bone sister." She said and I did not like what she was implying. She is crazy to even think like that, my sister would never do that to me. No, no and no.

I was boiling and raging with anger,

"By the way, where is your sister?" She asked me and I just wanted her to leave me alone, she had said enough to give me a heart attack. I couldn't even speak as I stood shaking.

Her phone rang, she answered,

"Hello... Yes... Oh thank you... On my way." She said then hang up, she smiled at me as she went, "Found your husband, bet you wanna know where he is?" She said and turned around. She took her papers and walked out laughing.

What she implies about Kgabo and Reba just makes sense, come to think of it this has happened a couple of times, their disappearing acts at the same time can't be a coincidence. I might not trust my husband but Reba would never do this to me, I trust my sister and she has always been nothing but my best friend who has my best interest at heart. Yes, my sister has a string of men willing to support her shopping addiction and love for money but she has never dated a married man, anyway I have never met any of her boyfriends. I am scared and terrified to think she and Kgabo...

No!!!

Did Lerato just say she knows where my husband is? But still I couldn't satisfy her by giving her proof that Kgabo and I are in a bad space or the fact that I don't know where he is. Surely she said what she said because she knows something, she once warned me about Salome and it turned out she was wrong. She could be wrong again!

She is making me think all this kind of stuff. I remember there were nights where I would make Kgabo take Reba home after she had one too many drinks.

I swear if this is true I will hit Kgabo with the truth about his identity to hurt him like he hurts me. I don't care if he goes around showing off his huge penis that he can't use out there but my sister is off limits. They should both know that and spare me, I have been through enough already and they know that.

I got my phone and called Reba, it rang and she didn't pick up. I called several times until she finally picked up,

"Where are you?" I asked her as she picked up. She wanted to say something, she could tell I wasn't playing or being nice, she knew that something was up.

"I am on my way back."

"Good, make it quick." I said then hang up.

My God what if the baby she is carrying is Kgabo's? If I leave my husband will I be making way for my sister? This is all so wrong, Lerato I hate you!

I can't stomach this. I could forgive Kgabo for anything but not this! God please help me.

I couldn't do anything, I wanted Reba to get here now. Waiting for her was driving me nuts!

She took 2 hours to get here and by that time I had cooled off but still petrified. The moment she walked through the door the emotions came back, I sat on the couch and looked at the blank tv screen.

"Are you okay?" She asked me placing a brand new brown leather handbag on the couch, she wore matching shoes and a white maxi loose dress. New look, my money! Her entire look just brightened her skin colour but there was something dark within her, she looked troubled. Her conscious eating away at her? One could only wonder. Despite all that I could see what most men including my husband see in her, nothing about her is unrecognizable. She is hard to miss with her beauty or is she glowing because of the pregnancy.

"Where have you been?" I asked her avoiding her question. If I wasn't this anxious to know the truth or the story behind her disappearance with Kgabo I would have asked her how she was doing.

"I wanted to spend some time with my unborn baby's father, to see if we can fix things but the jerk..." She said biting her lip.

"Who is he, do I know him?"

"Probably, but can we talk about something else. How are you doing?"

"Why can't we talk about you, you never tell me anything about yourself. Why do you hide things from me?" I ask her fishing for clues or a slip up.

"You've never been interested in my life Pitsi, why now?"

"Because I want to be involved now, I want to help you."

"No, I'm not telling you anything."

"Why the hell not?"

"Because I don't want you to judge me, okay. Things are fine as they are between us, why mess it up."

She is hiding something. Something that she doesn't want me to know and I am involved in it, if she wasn't she wouldn't have a problem telling me things about herself. I hate her and hate the baby she is already carrying, if it's Kgabo's baby she will get rid of it. I won't have her ruin my life just like that! An affair with my husband while she pretends to be supportive and happy when things go right for me.

"Reba, what are you hiding?" I asked her.

"I had a long day, I will go rest now." She said and got up.

"When was the last time you saw my husband." I asked her, she stopped and turned to look at me,

"On Christmas, why?"

"Just asking."

"Pitsi, what is going on?" She came back and sat down. Acting like the concerned sister, if this wasn't about my husband I would be spilling everything out on her because I had once trusted her.

"You should go rest." I said to her and got up. I left her sitting there and wondering what was going on.

I also don't know what is going on but I should get to the bottom of this before I do something that I will regret later.

I went to the kitchen and fumbled around opening the fridge. I should just confront her and demand answers, it's clear she is hiding something and it's got to do with me and my marriage, that I saw through her eyes.

I went back to the t.v. room, she had left her handbag there. I checked the passage to see that she wasn't coming back for it. When I was so sure that she isn't I went through it, there was a bottle of perfume, a hand lotion, cosmetic bag and toiletry bag. Lucky me, there was her cellphone. I quickly took it out and pressed the unlock button and the screen popped with... swipe to unlock. I did and the first thing I did was to go straight to her messages... Nothing... Phone log... Nothing Contacts... Nothing... Gallery... Nothing...

And guess what...

In order to open her social media accounts there was a pin needed. How is it possible that a mother doesn't even have a single picture of her children and not even of herself in her phone, she loves herself, that much I know.

This doesn't make sense but I clearly think this is a phone of someone hiding something. Who wipes everything on their phone? Just like that?

I don't know for how many times in one day but again there was a knock at the door. I threw the phone back into the bag and placed the bag neatly on the couch. I went to the door and opened. It was a lady I didn't know, short and gogo looking like.

I let her in and curiously offered her a chair in the kitchen.

She didn't sit down,

"I am looking for a woman named Rebabedi, I was told I would find her here." She said looking angry as she looked around my house.

"She is my sister, what do you want from her?"

"Is she home?"

I was about to go call Reba but she appeared through the passage. She stood behind the woman and for a second I thought she was going to run back but she stood still looking like she just witnessed a ghost. The woman turned around, she saw me looking behind her and realised there was something. Standing a few steps away from Reba she went closer and I did too.

"Leave my husband alone!" The woman said. Reba swallowed looking at me, I think she wanted me to leave the room. I won't!

"I am not the one running after him, why don't you..." Reba didn't get to finish her sentence. Like lightening the woman threw Reba with a warm clap.

"You stay away from my man or I swear I will teach you a lesson meant for whores like you. You know he is married but you went ahead and opened your whorified legs at him, have you no shame?" She was about to attack Reba again but I had to jump in and rescue my sister.

"Stop it and please leave my house." I said standing between them, shielding Reba.

"Sesinyana, get your skinny body away from her. She has been sleeping with my husband and feeding off my money. I have had enough." Without warning she tossed me to the side and attacked Reba. I fell on my butt but I had to quickly get up and pull her away from a defenceless Reba. My sister is no coward but why she was letting this woman beat her up was beyond her, she wasn't fighting back or even attempting to.

The woman wasn't even strong because I managed to pull her away from Reba and even pushed her out the door as she hailed all sorts of insults at Reba.

Her last words to Reba were,

"If you don't stay away ke tlo go loya!"

I closed the door and locked it. At least the woman was quite outside.

Reba sat on a chair crying, I went to her breathing heavily,

"A married man Reba?" I asked her. I know she had expected me to sympathize with her but hell no.

"I messed up okay. And I don't need judgement from you." She said wiping tears from her red bruised face with her dress.

"Judgement? Don't even go there because after that I don't trust you either."

"What the hell does that suppose to mean?"

"I am also a married woman, what's stopping you from sleeping with Kgabo? He has money too."

The horror on her face as she looked at me. I don't know if she was surprised or angry. She stood trying to speak but unable to...

She got up looking like she would do something to me...

"Get out of my house." I said to her...

Chapter 42>>>

My marriage, my whole life, everything that I have worked so bloody hard for came crushing down right in front of me. My sister betrayed me, the biggest betrayal of all. Is she jealous of me, has she been jealous of me all along? Who is she? She stood there with tears running down her cheeks, I trusted her and she is the last person I thought would ever do something like this to me.

"How could you think something like that of me Pitsi? I am many things but I would never do that to you, I know how things might look for you right now but sleeping with your husband is the last thing on my mind." She said looking at me with eyes full of tears. Crocodile tears, or she is hiding the truth.

"I want to believe you, so bad but all the signs are there and I know you'll say anything to get yourself out of this situation right now." I said to her feeling defeated and tired.

"I can't deal with this now, I have a lot on my plate but I am so disappointed in you and don't worry I will leave you and Kgabo in peace." She said and went out the kitchen to the passage. I shouldn't have allowed her to stay in my house in the first place.

I sat where she has been sitting and thought things through, I don't know what to think. All I have to do is follow my instinct and my instinct says Reba is guilty, the look on her face when I told her the reason I don't trust her said it all. She looked shocked to find out what I know and she is not confirming nor denying anything. How do I trust her when she is not even going to convince me otherwise.

She came out pulling her bags, I didn't look at her because as much as I was angry I still do care and I don't want to see her leave. I can't bring myself to be that angry at her, I am hurting and confused but the thought of her and Kgabo just takes my emotions to the next level.

I could feel her looking at me as she stood at the door. I closed my eyes and heard her walking out and closing the door.

She is gone, out of my life and probably for good. I never thought I would see this day coming, a day where I see my sister walking away from me and not even talking to me. Our relationship will never be the same, I might as well say I don't have a sister anymore. I cried, for the betrayal and pain that's caused by the 2 most important people in my life.

I went to fill the bathtub with warm water and sat in it until it went cold. As much as I am hurting something in me says I shouldn't believe it, Reba and Kgabo. It's not possible. And if it's not I have lost my sister and best friend for good. I have a lot of minds telling me different things. I could have been blind to their affair but they really don't get along that well. I try to remember their behaviour and body language when we were all together but I can't seem to get that hint I am looking for.

I got out of the water and called my mom, she answered and I just couldn't hold myself. I cried as I told her I needed her, she didn't ask questions she just said she is on her way.

After talking to her on the phone I boiled the kettle and waited for her.

15 minutes later she was here.

"My baby, you look a mess. What happened?" She asked me after I had opened the door for her. She even refused the tea I offered her as she was too concerned about me.

We went to sit in the t.v. room.

"Mma, I don't know what is going on. I'm all alone in this house, I am fighting with Kgabo, I don't even know where he is?" I said hoping my mother will come through for me, for once in her life. Lately I feel like we have come close since she found out about Reba's pregnancy.

"What happened?"

"I don't know Mma, but I think Kgabo is having an affair."

"With who?" My mother was asking questions as though I was making everything up. She seemed unmoved.

"Reba Mma, him and my sister." I said looking at her. She looked at me and frowned, she went quite like she was trying to digest my words. For a while I couldn't read her face.

"No," She finally said, "she would never do that to you."

My heart sank! My mom is angry at Reba why can't she see what her daughter is capable of, see things from my point of view since she doesn't give a dime about her "once upon a time apple of her eye". I expect her to take my side, to believe me. I cried looking at her for answers, comfort, clarity.

She knows Reba is no saint.

"I know right now Reba is the last person I will say anything good about but I know she loves you so much, more than her children even. You are important to her, she is older than you but she admires you."

"Sounds like you are describing someone who would hurt me out of jealousy." I pointed.

"On Christmas day, she wasn't drinking but if she was she would have told your mother-in-law and that Lerato woman where to get off. Those 2 are up to no good."

"Now you are just confusing me."

"Reba is not a threat to you ngwanaka, if anyone is it will be those 2." My mom said creating a whole set of doubt in my mind. When she mentions "those 2" she is making me see things in a different angle, Lerato has a way of putting things in my mind and without thinking I always take them to heart. I act on every thing she says, believe her and make hasty decisions. Now, I drove my sister away because of her. What is she playing at? On the other hand she does work closely with Kgabo, meaning she might know what she is talking about.

In an instant I found myself opening up to my mom, telling her things about my marriage not scared of how she would react. In the past she would blame everything that goes wrong on me but today I watched her listening to me and sympathizing with me. She spoke to me in a manner I have always wanted her to, I had yearned for my mother's attention and when I finally get it it's a bliss. She

wasn't always a terrible mom but when she had it for me it was bad. She wanted me to give my marriage another chance, she told me to stop listening to what people think or say and do what I feel is right.

We spoke for a few hours then she had to leave. I walked her out and came back.

That night, alone in bed I couldn't help feeling like I owed Reba an apology. She came through for me so many times, I remember during their drinking sprees she promised to beat Kgabo up everytime he misbehaved. They were never friends but they used to hang out together with Salome... Eish...

Early morning I got a call from Koena,

"Hey," I answered with a sleepy voice. "how are you?"

"I'm doing okay and you."

"I'm good." I was curious as he sounded calm.

"Pitsi, I'm calling you because Sima wants to speak to you, she is home." He said getting me more curious. Sima is their sister, the second born after Koena, the one that has my car, my mother-in-law's favourite child. Her full name is Mosima and the last time I checked she was married and living with her husband but anyway she is always with her mom. She and I never got along, I even have to wonder what is it that she wants from me. I couldn't even ask Koena, the call was brief as he said he's rushing to a meeting.

I got up and went to get ready still wondering what the woman wants from me, if she and her mom wants to piss me off I am ready for them. I will show them flames.

I even made sure that I dress better than the last time she saw me, she is very judgemental that I know. So I had sandals on, a black pencil skirt and a white body suit. I looked better as I even straightened my afro.

It was a hot day after a rainy night. I didn't want to drive my new car so I decided to walk there, it's a bit of a walking distance but I don't mind since I needed the exercise after being so long in the house.

When I got there I went straight and knocked at the main door not to sure what to expect.

Sima was the one to open for me.

"Pitsi, come in." She said with a smile. I hesitated a bit. "I'm alone." She added seeing my hesitation. I went in.

"Don't worry I know you don't like me and the feeling is mutual." She couldn't have been right.

"So what's this about then Sima."

"Sit." She gave me a chair. I sat. "I guess you are surprised as to why I called you here, well it's about Kgabo."

"What about him?"

"He's here."

She said and I surprisingly looked at her. So instead of coming home he comes here and even gets his sister to do his dirty job. I swear I won't forgive him no matter how many excuses she makes for him. I didn't say anything to her.

"Pitsi the day after Christmas Kamo knocked at the door crying, apparently he wanted his father's attention but Kgabo wasn't listening to him. I let him inside the house and went to check on Kgabo. He was a total mess, he asked me not to tell anyone that he was here. I didn't but yesterday my mom found him and the first thing she did was call a woman named Lerato, I don't like her, that's why I called you here."

"Here's been here for 3 days?"

"Yep, refusing to eat or take a bath. You should have heard him yesterday when he told Lerato to get lost. Pitsi, I don't like that woman at all. She is a mourning widow with no manners."

I should have been there to see that. I hear what Sima is saying, Kgabo came here after our fight. Where does my sister fit in here? Because all I hear is Lerato this, Lerato that.

So the call she received yesterday was from my mother-in-law. Kgabo's mother is the she devil shem, the woman really wants to get rid of me and will use every trick in the book to get her way. She hates me so much it doesn't matter who she uses to get me out, as long as the person can get the job done.

"Where is he now?"

"Your old backroom."

I got up and walked to the door,

"Sima, thank you." I said to her, she smiled at me and nod her head. Maybe we can be friends one day.

I walked out to the backroom. Now this is more confusing than before, if Kgabo has been here all along it means he was never with Reba. And there was that woman who attacked Reba, she gave me proof that doesn't support Lerato's statement. Lerato made it look like wherever Kgabo was he was with Reba. Maybe Lerato just wanted me to doubt my sister and my husband and I fell for that, she knows exactly what she is doing. She is trying to get me to fight with people that are close to me. The bitch!!!

Will deal with her.

I got to the backroom and opened the door. Kgabo was sleeping on a blanket laid out on the floor with his back against me. It broke my heart to see my husband like this.

"Kgabo." I called out to him. I thought he was asleep but he quickly sat up and looked at me.

He looked a mess, his face looked different with the beard almost covering his face. Still wearing the same clothes he wore that day he left. My husband is always clean and never let his beard grow like that unless he's stressed or busy with work. I walked to him and he went,

"Don't come close, I stink."

"I don't care." I said and went to him. I gave him a hug and yes he did smell terrible but I didn't care.

I sat down next to him.

"I know I have hurt you and I am so mad at myself but to hear you say you can't forgive me just broke me Pitsi. Tell me what to do to make it feel better or divorce me because I can't take this anymore." He started without giving me a chance. He didn't even ask how I found him.

What the hell??? Why is he putting so much pressure on me, if he wants the divorce he can also go ahead with it.

"So you want me to feel guilty now? I did not cheat, I did not bring Lerato into our lives."

"I am sorry." He slowly said.

"I told you, sorry isn't going to solve anything."

"Then what do you want me to do MmaKamo?"

"I don't know just stop buying things for me to forgive you."

"Pitsi, I am trying to keep the peace here but you just keep on making me lose hope."

"I didn't come here to fight Kgabo. I just want you to come back home with me."

He went quite for a while... Not even looking at me. When he spoke he went,

"Do you think we can make our marriage work?"

"I don't know but I want to believe we could."

"Can we go see the therapist and not just the sex therapist but someone who can help us with our relationship too?"

"Okay but you are coming home with me today, right?"

"Yes."

"Kgabo, I will try to forgive you but I just wish I knew the whole truth about you."

Again, he went quite. I so wish he would say something about Reba.

"I don't know what is it that you want to know Pitsi, I have hurt you already, so much and I don't want to hear those hurtful words you told me." He said then pulled me to his chest, we stayed like that for a long time until he decided to speak. "I have cheated on you and I have never loved any of those women, it was just for sex. I didn't know how to approach the issue about our sex life with you but out there I met women who taught me things but still I was afraid to come home and do them with you.

Yes, I had an affair with Mary and I am a father of 2. Had an affair with Lerato but I ended things that night after sleeping with her, the night that I disappeared. It felt wrong that I slept with a widow, I have been with her many times before but never touched her. We went to Mpumalanga together and to most places that I had to work at."

I listened to him as he spoke, tears wetting his shirt on his chest. He said a lot of things and mentioned a few names, he wasn't blaming anyone for what he did. He knew that I was crying, he held me tighter and had his fingers in my afro. It hurts to listen to all that but I asked for it. I wanted closer and I wanted to know if he had slept with Reba or not but what if I drive him away like I did with my sister?

How do I get to the truth...???

Chapter 43>>>

I decided to forgive Kgabo because I love him and I want to work on our marriage. I know what he did to me is unforgivable and most people wouldn't agree with my decision. I had 2 choices, to forgive or divorce him and I took the one that felt right for me. I might regret it later but at least I would have tried, we both would have. Not everything in life is easy and we both had to learn the hard way, this is a lesson that will surely make us think before we act in the future. Hopefully I won't look back and wish I had walked away when I had the chance.

So, to fix things we started here: we have been to a relationship counsellor where we were told a whole lot of things that Kgabo and I never knew about relationship but most importantly we were told to listen carefully when a partner wants to express themselves and ask if something doesn't feel right.

I have learnt so much on how to be a wife and a mother. I realised that I don't even have a relationship with my son and it's even hard for him to leave with us. Adjusting to new routines and a different method of discipline it's not easy for all of us. He's not allowed to watch t.v. while eating, if you let him he focus on the t.v. and stop eating, at times I feel like a bad mother when I discipline him, especially when he gives me the sad face. At least Kgabo and I agree on a few things when it comes to raising our son even though he let's Kamo get away with a lot.

We spend new years eve together, just the three of us at a country lodge in Pretoria, it was fun and beautiful. I came back knowing that I made the best decision for the 3 of us.

On the 3rd of January Kgabo and I went to see Susan Moodley, the sex therapist. There was something about this woman, old but sexy and fierce at the same time. Even when she walked she carried herself like a real woman who showed confidence.

She got us comfortable with tea and biscuits.

Kgabo and I sat next to each other on a couch and she sat in front of us. From what I have learnt from our relationship counsellor touching is another form of expression of feelings which my husband and I were not practicing right now. Well, Rome wasn't build in one day, a few things are starting to shape up bit by bit.

"So, Mr and Mrs Mothiba can you both describe your sex life." She said sipping on her cup of tea as she hang to it showing off her well manicured nails. She was smiling at us, a naughty one.

I dragged my eyes on the ground and uncomfortably shifted in the couch. "Come on you 2, we are here to fix that, aren't we?" Susan hinted, reminding us why we were with her.

I looked at Kgabo, he was looking at the floor, not wanting to look at me. I decided to speak,

"I don't know how to rate our sex life, but everytime we do it, it's the same old thing and I feel like he is more about himself because sometimes I... I... I'm not..." I said hoping she will finish my sentence but she looked at me urging me to go on with her huge round blue eyes. Why did I even go first? I dragged my eyes away from her.

"Okay," she finally said, "what about you Kgabo, if I may call you by your name."

"She is right, it's been like this for a while and it's bad." That's all he said without hesitating.

"The problem with married couple is that they treat sex like it's that thing that pushes time and has to be quick. You know what there is nothing clean about sex, the dirtier, the louder, the better. Why get scared? Okay, do you have fantansies?" She asked that question directing all her attention at Kgabo.

"Well, yeah."

"Good, please do share."

He laughed for a few seconds, then cleared his throat.

"I want to have sex with her in different ways and positions , she has a sexy body that I want to see naked from the back and just enjoy her bending." He said then faced me. I tried to shy away and look the other way but I couldn't, it felt kinda sexy to hear him say that and I wanted that too.

"Okay, Pitsi, how about you darling?" She asked me. Still looking at Kgabo I answered her,

"I just want different ways of how I can satisfy my husband. I really see myself up for anything." I said and turned to look at Susan who looked at us smiling happily like a proud mom.

In an instant she was happily sharing ideas with us on how sex doesn't only have to involve a vagina and a penis, she was not afraid to speak about sex and point out the wrong things couples do. She told us that communication during sex is important, either by action or words. She gave us examples and we listened and watched in amazement, she was saying so much that I felt like taking out my diary and writing notes. The things she was saying were interesting and I didn't want to miss a thing, I wanted to know everything and remember all. She seemed to know more about sex than anyone I have ever met. I see myself coming back here for notes. Kgabo also showed interest and even had the courage to ask questions.

I heard everything and learned a lot just not sure how to put any of that into practice. We both want this but how do we approach this whole thing. We haven't

had sex since I came back home, really, there wasn't much touching either even though we shared a bed. Okay with Kamo in the middle.

The session took longer than we had anticipated, 3 hours.

And our payment for that was covered. The man of the Lord came through for us, my father-in-law.

When we left Kgabo got a call from Jonas saying he's needed at Tzaneen, at a side they are working at. He told me and said he'll take me home after our lunch but I told him to go but be back before supper, I didn't want to be home alone since Kamo is at my parents house. Kgabo drove me to the taxi rank, before I got out of the car he pulled me to him and kissed me so hard on my lips. I didn't even get the chance to breath or react then he let me go, I put my fingers on my lips and got out of the car.

I got into a taxi still surprised.

I LOVE THAT KISS!!!

So powerfull and romantic!!!

When I got home I took out the mince meat in the fridge to defrost then went to lock myself in the bedroom. Got my phone, bought airtime through cellphone banking and then data. The first thing I did was type the word "sex" on Google, it showed pictures of couples in bed, some outside, naked and doing it. I then pressed on videos. I watched a whole lot of videos that repeated one thing over and over again but I got a few point and saw a few things that Susan had mentioned. I then googled the word foreplay and read stories of how people get to seduce their partners.

I am looking forward for tonight, I don't know what to expect but I'm planning on trying something.

Dear Lord, please help me pull this off tonight. I know I shouldn't involve you in dirty matters but please my marriage depends on this.

That was my little prayer.

And thank you for low battery I had to put my phone on charger and go cook.

I made the quickest meal around 4pm, mince and spaghetti, by 5pm I was done. I know Susan spoke about romantic food but I don't own strawberries and cream. Besides I just want Kgabo to have a full tummy for the night ahead.

I wanted to set the table but who does that with this kind of meal.

I took a warm bath hoping to cool down since I was as nervous as hell but still that didn't help.

I remember my sister once told me about wine and what it can do. I don't drink but please hle, anything to just calm this nerves.

And thank God there were a few bottles of wine from the Christmas lunch. I don't even know anything about wines and the bottle I opened tasted...sweet...then somehow alcohol like but at least I could drink more than 4 glasses.

I went through my lingerie collections and found red matching underwear, pulled on my black tight fitting dress that hanged on to every curve on my body or rather Reba's dress. I looked at myself in the mirror and I could feel the effect of the alcohol on me. I turned around dancing a bit almost falling off the six inch red heels I had on.

I haven't spoken to Kgabo the whole day and he knows I like to serve dinner at 6:30pm and now it's almost six. I am drunk but I don't have the courage to call my husband and ask him where he is. Maybe I should just drink the whole bottle...

I went to the kitchen and dished up for him. Covered his plate and put it on the kitchen counter with a note...

'Eat, shower and join me in the bedroom.'

To keep myself from falling asleep I went through Google again searching for anything about sex and getting hornier than ever before. I drank the wine while browsing through my phone.

By 7pm I heard Kgabo's car pulling in. I got excited and scared at the same time, I know that if he follows my instruction on the note he'll be in the bedroom after some time. He can be slow at times.

I was over the alcohol limit by that time but stayed ready for him. I heard him using the other bathroom and wondered if I should join him or not. I stayed in the bedroom until he was done.

Finally he opened the bedroom door and came in wrapped in just a towel around his waist.

"Oh thought it was a fully naked party." He said looking at the empty bottle of wine on the floor. I don't think getting drunk was a good idea now. I got off the bed and tried to balance myself, still had the heels on. I slowly walked to him trying not to fall, he just watched and looked at me smiling.

"Kiss me like you did during the day." I said looking at him straight in his eyes.

I said and he didn't waste anymore time he placed his hands around my body and pulled me to him, pressing my body against his. He hungrily fed off my lips, driving me deeper into wanting him more, I have been horny since I got here. In a minute my dress was a mess of a "has been" on the floor. I enjoyed it when he ripped it off me.

I thought I was going to be in control but I will just give it to him just this one time. I'll have my turn once I am sober. He carried me to the bed and placed me nicely on it. His towel was off, don't know when and how.

He took his time just looking at my body, I was still in my panties and bra. For some reason I enjoyed him watching me, I found myself making funny moves on

the bed, spreading out my legs and arms for him and laughing. I could see the hunger in his eyes, I loved it and his hard on was proof enough that he wanted me as it stood out in front of him. Well, I'm glad he's leading.

He got on the bed between my legs and spread them apart.

"Wait," I quickly said. "let me take my shoes off."

"No, leave them on." He said looking at the wet spot between my thighs.

He wanted to take my panties off but decided to leave them on and just watched me. I would have never let Kgabo do that, watch me like that. I felt exposed, like I was a freak but I loved it. Alcohol is making me sound like a dirty girl but anyway Susan did say sex isn't clean.

My husband came for my lips again, kissing me. I kissed him back moving my body up to him, feeling his hard on on the fabrics of my panty as I made him aware that I wanted him.

I wanted my panty off me, it's just a distraction and standing between us and the feeling of him inside of me was something I could not wait for.

I pushed him off me and he watched me as I took them off, I threw them to the side of the bed. I laid back on the bed, he went to my breast and got them out of the cups of my bra. He sucked on them one by one as their sensitiveness brought this wildness out of me.

It felt so good to let him feed on them. I wanted to have sex, I was ready, I have been ready the whole day.

"Kgabo, please I can't wait any longer, please." I pleaded.

He stopped and then came up to my lips and kissed me...

"Easy baby..." he said.

He went on his knees in front of me and spread my legs wider, I closed my eyes expecting him to be inside of me but I was shocked to feel his warm lips on the outside part of my wet self. I screamed as the excitement ran through my whole body.

The next thing his tongue was making circles and moving inside as he pushed his wet tongue in. I held on to his head and shouted his name begging him to give me more and more he gave, satisfying me and taking me to a planet I have never been to.

I screamed louder as I came while he continued...

He didn't stop until I came again...

My legs shaking uncontrollably

Butterflies in my stomach

Dripping wet down there

I wanted to return the favour and do him but he had other plans...

He turned me over and made me get on my knees. I knew what he wanted, something we've never done before and I tried to get myself ready and comfortable for him.

He positioned himself and pushed in...

Those few more push ins, quick pushes were the most painful thing I did not expect...

The last one send me screaming in pain, begging him to stop!!!

No more positions...

Chapter 44>>>

"Failed sex position? Let's see, you think he did something wrong and he thinks the same with you too. This things happen but who said you have to take them seriously? Human beings, we make the rules as we go." Susan said looking bored and charming. This woman is in a league of her own, she knows too much about sex and that makes me wonder how her sex life is. Having to deal with couples who have problems with their sex life everyday should give more power than I have, some things don't need education hle... I will never laugh at any self help book ever again... People like Susan would never get jobs anywhere if there weren't any people like us. I am sure she had dealt with stupid couples like us a millions of times already and has told them the same thing she was about to tell us. I don't understand how sex can be so difficult for us, I have never heard such a thing as a sex therapist before in my life and here we are again for the second time. We couldn't even get a new position right even after having sex for so many years. We are not as bad amateurs you know, at least we have a clue.

It's been 2 days since the incident and Kgabo apologises everyday and even bought me flowers, red roses. He feels bad and blames himself while I am enjoy this romantic side of his. I don't even know how to act when he showers me with gifts. That's why I started a fight with him when he bought me the Hyundai. We haven't had sex again, it's hard for my husband to sleep next to me and not be able to touch me but he had no choice. He is obliged to share a bed with me and at the same time respect my wishes. I feel him every night just holding himself together and fighting to fall asleep while horny and hard. I think we should figure our sex life out before jumping into it again.

"I really don't know what we did wrong?" Kgabo said. We've already laid out the details of the entire sex routine from how we started and to the pain for Susan.

"Guys, no one is perfect. Even perfectionist are never satisfied with their perfect, I once heard that the first cut is the deepest but it will get better. And you don't have

to feel bad every time a sex position fails, laugh about it, make jokes about it. You don't have to be angry at him and refuse him sex."

"It didn't just go wrong, the thing was painful." I said trying to get her to sympathize since she thought we wanted "perfect".

"Pitsi darling, the man made sure you were wet, he gave you the best foreplay you ever had. I bet you've never came twice in a row in your life. The only problem was you were not comfortable and relaxed." She pointed out. Kgabo didn't know that I came twice that night and his face showed that he prided himself everytime that statement was brought up. He is the man now, I will give that to him.

But I thought I was comfortable when we had sex.

She got up and went to a drawer and came back with pictures, she showed us pictures of sex positions and how to perfect them. According to what I was looking at I was doing the dog style wrong, I didn't like the name of the style but I got to see my mistakes.

Susan told us to use lubricant if the sex gets painful or I should go see a gynaecologist.

I don't think the problem goes that far though.

We spoke to her for a while again laughing as we told her what happened again, at least that got us relaxed too. She turned the whole thing into a joke as she showed us not to take all our mistakes seriously.

When we left Kgabo was awfully quite on the road, I tried to make small talk but he didn't seem really interested. That is so not like him and it bothered me, usually he is the one that tries to cheer me up but today he was really frustrating me. I let him be and bought R100 airtime with cellphone banking. I wanted to buy data again and Google a few things but felt like I couldn't do that in front of him, don't want him to see me doing my research. I put my phone away and watched the road with him.

The drive back home felt like the longest one ever, we stay a distance of kilometres from town and Kgabo's driving usually makes it shorter but today something was up with him.

When we got home he parked the car in the garage while I closed the gate. I went inside the house and started to make us something to eat, today he didn't suggest lunch in town. When I am home I love eating green salad for lunch so I got the vegetables out and started chopping them.

"I'm making green salad for lunch would you like some?" I asked him as he came in. I had my back against him while I chopped.

He didn't answer me, he tossed the keys on the kitchen counter and quickly turned me around, I dropped the knife and the cucumber. His huge eyes looked lazy like someone who was high or taken over by the excitement of sex, I know the look but today it was worse. He wanted me, I just don't think I want him too. I am not trying to avoid the issue of sex, it's just that I don't have the kind of energy or the courage for it. The other night I did what I did because I had 2 cent of courage from the whole bottle of wine. Now I am as sober as I have ever been I can't even make eye contact with him.

Today I wore a beige tight feet skirt and white loose top, yes my dress sense is improving. Without a word he got me out of the top and then my skirt followed landing on the floor.

"Kgabo, let's go to the bedroom." I said hoping things would be comfortable there. We eat and keep food in here bathong ba Modimo.

Still he didn't answer me, instead he lifted me by my waist and sat me on the kitchen counter. I don't know what was going on in his head but I was scared. Kgabo was never like this, we were both shy when it came to sex, okay Kgabo was better than me but you he's now showing me flames.

I tried to relax and trust that he knew what he was doing, I just couldn't shake the idea of feeling pain again. I trusted him last night...

He held my legs up stretching me wide open, he let them go but I couldn't close them as he was standing between my thighs fumbling with my panties with his fingers. He made me look at him deep in his eyes, every time I tried to look away he brought my face back to his.

I felt his fingers going up and down outside my panties, then he tossed them to the side and let his fingers roam up and down from my opening to my clit. The feeling he was giving me got my body into some kinds of exciting fits. I could not control anything, not even the moans that escaped my throat.

He went up and down with his finger then quickly slipped one in, sending me screaming in shock and excitement. I grasped for air trying to find something to balance on, grabbing on handles of the kitchen cabinets and anything I could hold on tight. Things fell to the floor, breaking and making noise. He drove his finger deeper and out, deeper and out. Then he added another finger. His eyes were always glued to mine. Did I mention that he hasn't kissed me yet? I licked my lips keeping them moist, I just couldn't hold the excitement. Kgabo was really working me that I had to bite my lower lip. I screamed some more as he finally made me come. I even had to hold on to him, it felt like an explosion has just happened in my body.

I breathed heavily still holding on to him, sweating and shaking uncontrollably.

"I love you Audrey." He said and made me look at him.

"I love you too Jackson." I responded and he laughed as he wiped the sweat on my forehead.

He pulled me off the kitchen counter and let me stand in front of him. He placed his hands on my butt and pressed them against his hard on, he wants me.

He turned me around and held me from behind, we slowly walked backward and stopped in the middle of the kitchen. He bent me and made me get on my knees.

No not this again...

"Kgabo?" I called out his name trying to remind him of the last time.

He didn't say anything except responding with his hands by rubbing my butt and my whole body with his strong hands, making me feel the strength until I gave in and let him take me from behind. I could hear him fumbling with the zip of his pants before freeing himself.

He went in slowly as if trying to listen to the terror screams again but it felt somehow good. He pulled all the way out and went in again. Slowly and carefully each time increasing the speed with each thrust. Before I knew it he was trying to go in deeper and going faster than yesterday. I couldn't hold myself, it finally felt good and he increased with the speed. I moaned, screamed. The floor was getting slippery with my sweat and I ended up balancing with my cheek on the, yes my face was in the floor as I let loose of my hands and let them sprawl out. He held on to my butt like he would never let me go. I heard him moan and say things I didn't understand.

He screamed or should I say he roared loudly as he thrust one last time and holding me as I felt him twitching inside of me.

He buried himself deeper for a while. I felt him slowly pulling out breathing heavily.

He got up and helped me up too, he finally kissed...

"Now, I have an appetite." He said after releasing my lips. "I am going to take a quick shower, wanna join me."

He slowly walked to the passage that led to the bathroom. He was smiling at me and I just stood there going over what happened.

Kgabo had sex with me, he didn't kiss me while doing all that, he kissed me after. I still have my underwear on even though my panties are soaking wet, he didn't bother taking them off me and he had his clothes on too and last night he didn't want me to take my high heels off.

No.....

I think Susan Moodley is turning my husband into a sex monster.

Chapter 45>>>

I know, I know I sound like kid who doesn't know what they want. I am happy about the sex - the new sex, it's incredible. Who would have thought, multiple orgasms in just one round of sex. Kgabo is just taking things to a higher standard, leading and delivering. I don't complain, I'm not complaining, really I have passed that stage since I think things are much better and improved. My point is we have gone from 10% fun to a hundred in just a couple of days. 2 sessions from Susan and our sex life is a hit and one in a million, wouldn't that raises questions?

I shudder to think of the next new position we will be trying, I bet he is about to tie me to our bed with robes and handcuffs. I'm enjoying all this but can't help wonder. The sudden energy and the way he pays attention to satisfying me...

I am just a bit confused and maybe I will get used to all this...

I picked up my clothes and realised that I also need a shower, I was sticky from sweating and dripping. I wanted to continue making lunch and cleaning up the mess we made in the kitchen. I don't know but I found myself smiling just thinking about the activity that took place in here a few minutes ago, it was freaky and hot. Sometimes the things we do during sex are just too embarrassing to think about.

I knew that Kgabo wasn't using the bathroom in our bedroom, so I went to it and took a quick shower. I wanted to be done before he comes in here, unfortunately he walked in while I was getting dressed.

I felt uncomfortable being naked in front of him, he has seen me naked before and even just now but I felt he could see deeper than just my naked butt and bare breast. I don't know how to explain this but I am the kind of woman who has had issues with her body the moment I realised I was harier before my peers in primary school, taller than the tallest boy in class , darker than everyone and a huge butt that stuck out. In short I hate my appearance!!!

Kgabo didn't help the little confidence I had in me, he couldn't stop looking at me and wasn't even hiding it. He has always liked looking at my body and I always made sure to cover up whenever he is around. Hence I decided right there and then to grab the first thing I set my eyes on in the walk-in closet. I picked a dress, a floral loose dress that I knew wouldn't leave much to the imagination.

I walked back to find Kgabo fully dressed and the whole bedroom smiling of his cologne. I got my feet into black slippers and headed for the door.

"Pitsi," he called out to me. I turned to look at him. "Are you okay? Are we okay?" He asked me not sounding sure of his questions.

"I'm fine, we are fine." I answered hoping to make sense too.

"You wouldn't hide anything from me if there was something wrong, right?"

"Relax Kgabo, everything is fine. I just need to go make some lunch for us."

"Not for me, I have to rush to work."

"Okay." I said disappointed.

Sue me, screw me I just want to spend some real quality time with my husband, especially after sex. I want to feel appreciated, Susan did mention that cuddling after sex is important. It keeps the bond stronger and steady.

I went to the kitchen and started cleaning up. I had lost my appetite too, who would eat in here anyway?

Just as I was about to finish Kgabo walked into the kitchen, at least some part of the floor was dry. He came to where I was standing, he held me by my cheeks and made me look at him,

"I have a feeling something is bothering you, I just hope you'd talk to me." He said with sadness in his voice.

"I am fine." I whispered.

He breathed in and out heavily,

"See you later then."

"Okay."

I watched him use the door that led to the garage, I wish I could tell him that the sex is too much and scary for me. But how do I do that after I had complained about the sex we used to have before? I don't want to see myself there again.

Later during the day Kgabo send me SMSs that I didn't know how to reply to. They were not bad, it's just that I am not used to this side of Kgabo. The SMSs read,

'I can't wait to come back home to you.'

'Did I tell you that I love you today? Well, I do baby.'

'You were so hot today.'

'Making my fantasies come true.'

I held on to my phone smiling, just looking at the messages. I wish Reba was here, she would tell me what to say.

I too feel this new found connection between us and somehow I love it. Don't get me wrong, I complain a lot but this is new territory for me. I am not Kgabo's first but he is mine and the only romantic thing he ever did for me was buy me a Valentine's card before I was even his girlfriend. I remember it because the feeling it gave me is the ones I am getting now through this SMSs. Hope he won't be mad that I am not replying.

That night Kgabo came back home late, he had called to say he had to rush somewhere and when he came back he took a shower then got into bed. I slept the whole night in his arms, I could tell he was tired as he didn't talk much and didn't even mention the SMSs.

The following morning he woke me up by stroking my neck, he was by my side smiling at me. Again we had the magical sex then he went back to sleep.

I got up, took a quick shower and made him breakfast.

He loves cinnamon pancakes, and I hope I got them right, the way his mother makes them. I stole her recipe book by the way, she cooks from recipes and act like she is top chef while she knows my cooking is way better than hers. She will never find this book. Never!

When I got to the bedroom Kgabo was on the phone but still in bed. I placed the tray on the bedside drawer and sat on the bed waiting for him as he spoke about bidding for some tender. I don't usually bother myself with his job, I don't really understand much of the things he says anyway.

He finished and then went for a pancake, he ate it and went,

"You do know I did not wash my hands, right?"

Putting back a picture of what we've been doing in the morning. But he ate anyway...

"Yuck Kgabo." I said in disgust but he just ate as he laughed.

"I have been meaning to ask you." He said drinking his tea.

"What?"

"What's your plan with your career? Don't get me wrong I don't mind you being a housewife."

"I don't have any plans, I had plans when I had my fashion show but now I don't know which way to go. I think all I can do now is find a job."

"Or while you are still job hunting we can have another baby." He said drinking his tea to hide his smile. He better be joking because after we got married we spoke about this and we agreed that having children is something that will we see again after 5 years and it's been 3 now and fast approaching 5. I had hoped that in 5 years time I would be a well established designer but look at me now.

"We spoke about that Kgabo." I replied with annoyance in my voice.

"I know, was just trying my luck, but you have to decide on what you want to do and tell me."

I had decided to stop thinking about my career altogether and haven't even worked on anything since I helped my mom. I don't really miss working that much but Kgabo is right to bring it up, I need to do something with my life.

"Why don't you hire me?" I asked him trying my luck too.

"Do what? Design overalls for my employees?"

Mxm!!! I know he doesn't want me to work for him and fighting over it is pointless.

He went to take a bath and I went to check out the room I am suppose to do my designing at, the excitement to work it's still there just I lack inspiration. I love to stand out with my designs and my inspiration has always been my sister, of course she doesn't know that. I love the way she mixes and matches her outfits, she is always a fashion hit in my eyes. She shops differently from the rest of us and always comes out with outfits you'll overlook until you see her wearing them. I miss her and I am sorry for accusing her of sleeping with Kgabo.

Before Kgabo left for work I told him I need to go to town and he excitedly suggested that I use my new car. All he wants is to see me driving it and appreciating it, I do but I don't want to drive. I told him I'll use a taxi and the happiness on his face died a quick death, I felt bad. I don't know how to make him understand but surely he should have spoken to me first when he went to buy me a new car.

He left for work and I went to get myself ready.

I don't have much to do in town but to speak to Susan, I need clarity of a few things. I need to know if Kgabo and I are on the right track or not.

Susan wasn't expecting anyone and she was happy that I walked in without an appointment.

She looked so good, like always but normally she loves light make-up, almost natural. Today she had red lipstick and make-up that made her beautiful eyes look like they would pop out. The power of make-up does wonders.

We sat down in her office at her desk as though we were on a business meeting.

"What can I do for you Pitsi?" She asked me smiling while I noticed a bit of lipstick on her teeth.

"Susan, I don't know if I am imagining things or just being silly but things have changed so much they even scare me."

"To good or bad?"

"I don't know, we are having too much sex and it's always incredible and feels new."

"And you are wondering where all this is coming from?"

"You read my mind." I answered and didn't waste time in going into details about how things are going. She listened as she sheepishly smiled at me. She has heard this before.

"Welcome to the party and I think it's time you also did your part, surprise him too and make him ask himself the same questions as you do." She pointed out.

"But I am not as experienced."

"Experiment to get experience darling. Be a whore, a tramp or a slut for your husband, even a bitch. Men like that, so bring that to the house on a silver platter."

God damn it! I am a Christian for heaven's sake and dear Lord forgive this woman. Sex is a bliss and be glad if you get an orgasm, somebody once said that and I do not intend on playing any other roles other than being myself. Clearly that means I am not going to degrade myself like that.

"Come on now, everything changes when you are having sex. You loose yourself and do things you never thought you are capable of, so go with the flow and the flow will lead you to great paths. Don't be scared to explore, find the inner you and unleash."

I will surely pray for her.

I thanked her for the nonsense that I would not admit to her face and walked out.

But still all that stuck to my mind, in a way she is right. I have to also show my husband that I have been taking notes from Susan and ready to explore. Kgabo has already showed so much initiative and the least I could do is meet him halfway.

Oh where do I start? I am so clueless when it comes to sex, to even think I ever complained. You'd swear I knew what I wanted.

I did a bit of grocery shopping and went back home after my mom called to say she is bringing Kamo back. She had promised to bring him back on the week when schools opens, my baby boy is starting Grade R. Exciting!

I wanted to ask her why but I think I understand, she must be tired from dealing with 4 energetic kids.

When I got home I found them waiting at the gate and here I was planing on going to get them with my new car.

Kamo looked bored, he didn't even want to play with his dog that was so happy to see him. I opened the door and once we were inside the house he went,

"Mama, does your phone have games?"

"No." I answered him.

"Can I see?"

Like seriously? I put my phone on music and gave it to him. He happily took it and went to his room.

I turned my focus to my mom who looked like she would burst into tears anytime. Something was bothering her.

"Mma what's wrong?" I asked her offering her a glass of juice.

"I'm sorry I had to bring Kamo now, he's been crying and he doesn't have anyone to play with."

"But Ma Reba's kids are home mos."

"She took them yesterday," she said and she lost control of the tears she has been fighting. "My daughter hates me Pitsi, I shouldn't have thrown her out."

I tried to comfort her and couldn't help thinking that my sister hates me too.

Mom told me that Reba took her kids and she said she'll never ever come back and yes she hates me as she told mom that she will never forgive me.

Together we cried.

Reba doesn't loose her temper or gets angry very often, yes she will tell you where to get off and still talk to you like nothing happened.

I don't know what to do, she has been my everything, my best friend and we shared lot.

Where would she go without a job and place to stay?

"Please call her and talk to her." My mom begged me as we wiped each other's tears.

"I will, hope she picks up."

I really hope so.

"I have to go now your dad is probably hungry."

"Let me drive you home." I offered but my mom refused and said she needs the walk back.

I gave her money and walked her to the gate.

This thing of Reba is really hurting mom, I know she loves Reba and her kids more than Kamo and me. Okay no need for my jealousy right now, this is serious. She must really be angry to even take her children with her this time.

I should have never listened to Lerato and her big mouth, now she has ruined the one perfect relationship I had with my sister.

I went back into the house to find Kamo who was still busy on my phone.

I had to ask him several times for my phone before he gave it to me with tears in his eyes.

What does he know about phones anyway?

I dialled Reba's Number and prayed that she will answer as I waited for it to ring...

...then...

"You have insufficient airtime to make a call."

What the???

I have loaded airtime in here and I have never used it.

"Kamogelo, what did you do with my airtime?" I shouted at him, hope he didn't call anyone with it.

"I downloaded a game, Mama can I play now?" He innocently asked bringing his hand up to reach my phone.

With R100 airtime...???"Not so fast." He said bringing me to him so he could kiss me.

Worst thing I would never forget about that night was when we had sex. When Kgabo entered me he murmured,

"Oh baby you are so wet."

Chapter 46>>>

All the courage in me to call my sister gone just like that, I didn't plan anything. I just wanted to call her, hear her voice and let everything work itself out but not

with Kamogelo around. I didn't even know he could use a smart phone and even download a game, there is much I don't know about my son. And I promised my mom that I would call Reba.

I am angry at Kamo right now, if I had known he would do this I would have bought data and helped him download. Anyway I didn't have time to look at what he was doing, I was worried about my mom and still are. She loves Reba even though her precious daughter always disappoints her, look at her now, she is not about to give up on Reba anytime soon. Reba knows that and she will play Mom until the poor woman gives in to whatever demands Reba has. I wish Mom would let her be until school reopens, I know she won't handle the pressure that comes with being a full hands on mom. That way she will learn and crawl back to Mom but this is more like punishing my poor mom as she is the one taking strain. She won't give up until she knows for sure that her daughter is safe, even though I think she is more worried about the kids, she knows her daughter is a useless mother. Reba wouldn't bath her own kids of left alone with them.

I stuck my phone into my bra, Kamo realised that he wasn't getting it and started throwing tantrums. My mother-in-law had really spoiled my baby, she gave him everything he wanted and let him have his way like he was the adult. I avoided him and went to the kitchen, I decided to bake scones while Kamo made a song out of his crying, attention seeking type of crying and trying to show me he won't stop until I gave him what he wants. Well I have news for him, I am not his grandmother and I will see who gives in between us.

I haven't had anything home baked for a while and I know Kamo loves scones, my scones.

When he realised that he wasn't going to get his way, he came to the kitchen and peeked at me. I acted like I couldn't see him since he was trying to hide.

He finally decided to show himself.

"Mama." He said and I just continued with my baking as I softly sang a gospel song. "Mama, I'm sorry."

I stopped singing and looked at him. Just like his Dad, the words I am sorry are on the tip of their tongue. Quick to say and no meaning behind them.

"For what Kamogelo?" I asked wanting to make sure he knows and understands what he did. R100 airtime is not child's play and I know he didn't just download one game.

"I don't know Mama, you didn't tell me what I did wrong."

Well he is right and it seems like he doesn't even know that he has done something wrong. I sat him on the kitchen chair and told him what he had done wrong, he listened and then apologised but after that he wanted to play with my phone again. He was playing me. I can see I have lost this one, I gave him the phone and the next time I saw him was when he asked for a charger. I gave him food before I put my phone on charger and after eating he went for my phone again.

In the evening Kgabo joined us for supper and Kamo excitedly shared news of his games on my phones with his Dad. My husband couldn't stop laughing when I told him about my airtime.

I didn't go into too much details, as I am hiding the fact that I accused my sister of sleeping with him, I don't want him to know that and mentioning Reba would raise question. Come to think of it he never asked me where Reba is since I kicked her out. Anyway he would be so disappointed in me if he ever finds out. This is the 2nd secret I am keeping from him after he told me everything. I know his true identity and now this, I want to tell him about the Pastor being his father but I don't know how to, better yet it's not my place and news to tell. I have to talk to his mom as this is eating me inside, I know she doesn't want the truth to come out but she has to fix this, I can't do this anymore. I don't want to find myself telling Kgabo things I don't have proof of. He will hate me for knowing and keeping it from him...

Kgabo went to take a bath with Kamo while I did the dishes and cleaned up the kitchen. I also took a bath after them and when it was time to sleep Kamo asked to sleep with us, I was the one to okay it even though it didn't make Kgabo happy. He

doesn't understand, as much as the 2 of us need some time alone we also need to bond with our son. We've never had a relationship with him and now we have that opportunity and besides we have our whole life to spend together.

The next day Kamo was the first to get out of bed and go play with my phone. It was a lazy Saturday.

I got up to make us breakfast and get my phone from Kamo. He cried and begged but I have to draw a line, he needs to know that he cannot always cry for things and he has to ask if he wants to use things in the house, not just my phone but everything. He ran to the master bedroom to his dad and instead of my husband disciplining his son he gives him his phone. I see what he is doing.

I finished with breakfast and served everyone, Kamo went outside to play with his dog after eating. He didn't have a problem when his father told him to go play outside but if it was me he would have thrown tantrums, I am starting to realise Kamo doesn't listen to me and it's because of Kgabo. I decided to raise the issue with him.

"I don't like the way we do things with Kamo, we agreed to be united when disciplining him."

"I thought so too." He said sounding like he now wanted to blame me.

"What do you mean, you are the one doing the opposite of what I am doing."

He laughed...

"And I thought our bedroom was off limits for him." He said and I bit my lower lip. But Kamo asked us both and I had to be the one to say yes.

"That's not the same with what you are doing."

"Fine Pitsi, I am wrong and you are right. I will fix my wrong then." He said and got up.

I don't like it when Kgabo makes me the vilan. I am a mother who is trying to raise a son who I don't know nothing about and build my marriage at the same time, 2 people are depending on me to make them happy and it looks like things are not going to be that easy for me. I have too much on my plate not forgetting that I also have to stress about my career too.

I started cleaning the house, Kgabo was in his study. When I was done I took a quick bath, and then went to the kitchen.

I found Kgabo getting juice from the fridge and the same time I walked in Kamo was trying to get his dog inside the house.

"Don't you dare get that dog of yours in here Kamogelo!" I shouted at him.

"But Mommy I want to be inside the house and I want Spin to come in too." He replied ignoring me as he went on with his dog, the dog knows it's not suppose to be in the house that's why Kamo was battling to push it in.

I looked at my husband who was now drinking juice and going through his newspaper like nothing was going on. He could see that I am struggling and needed his help, this is not the time for him to get his point across. I stared at him until he looked at me and then at a disobeying Kamo.

"Kamogelo, what is Mommy saying to you?" He said deciding to step in. Kamo let the dog go instantly. The poor dog ran off. "Kamogelo?"

"She said not to get the dog in the house." Kamo replied looking at the floor.

"So?"

"I'm sorry Papa."

"Say that to Mommy."

"Mommy, I'm sorry." Kamo said to me. My child won't listen to me but does everything his father wants, this makes me feel like I am the bad parent.

I didn't say anything to Kamo, I left the kitchen and went to watch t.v.

I felt like crying, I can't control anything in this house. Kamo is 5 going 6 but I can't even tell him to do anything, especially when Kgabo is around.

I heard them talking in the kitchen and after a few minutes Kamo came to me, he sat next to me smeling like his dog.

"Mama?" He said.

"What Kamogelo?"

"I'm sorry neh, mommy I will listen to you neh?"

It was cute but I know Kgabo put him up to this. Why won't he listen to me? I want to be the one Kamo listenes to, I am his mother after all.

I told him it's fine but he should start behaving from now on. He promised then quickly asked for my phone again.

I gave him a proper bath first then gave him my phone to play with.

I got bored and didn't know what to do with myself since Kgabo was occupied with his work and probably angry at me. He doesn't have to get angry everytime I want to talk to him.

I went to him, I knocked. The door was open and he ushered me in with a nod. I went in and sat down.

"I think I want to get back to work." I started, straight to the point.

"Okay, what do you want to do?"

"Not sure yet but will start working from home and see where that goes."

"Okay, so will you be able to work while taking care of Kamogelo, he is a handfull."

"I probably have to find help, I'll start looking."

"Okay, when do you want to start?"

"Monday, I can't stand this boredom anymore."

He looked at me, yes this was directed at him. It's a Saturday and instead of him spending time with us he in here busy working.

He closed his laptop and got up.

"I see where this is going." He said. Glad he understands. "Pitsi you are never satisfied with what I do. What do you want me to do?"

I got up.

"Nothing."

I left him in his study and went to check on Kamo who was still cooped up on my phone. I sat next to him and watched him play his game.

There was a knock at the door and I think Kgabo opened. I got up to go check, it was Kgabo's little sister Maphuti.

I realised that Kgabo was busy with lunch.

I greeted Maphuti and offered her a seat, she sat and got to why she was here.

"I'm sorry to just pop in but I need to talk to you guys."

Kgabo and I sat down, next to each other. We looked at Maphuti as we thought she had big news to share.

"I wanted to ask you guys if I could move in with you, please."

Just like that, she said.

She was in matric last year and apparently taking a gap year now. I don't see why she has to move in with us, it's not like we are far from her parents' house. What's the difference really? And by the way this is not her get away hotel or whatever place she regards as being away from home, I know that is what she wants.

"I don't have a problem with that, plus Pitsi wants a babysitter for Kamo since she wants to start working again." Kgabo said looking pleased with himself like he just solved a puzzle.

I don't like this, him just taking decisions without discussing anything with me. And he knows I don't like or support anything or anyone that comes from his side of the family, everyone there has an agenda and something against me. He knows this but he'll pretend like everything is fine, I won't accept being overlooked.

"Sesi Pitsi, I can do that. Kamo loves me, so you agree?" She asked me excitement dancing in her eyes.

Do I have a choice?

"Did you speak to your mom?" I asked.

"Buti Kgabo can convince her for me. She does everything you want." She happily said at her brother. I can easily use that as a reason to say no but I don't want Maphuti knowing that I don't want her here.

"Okay, you can move in." I gave in not whole heartedly.

"Yes! Thank you, thank you!" She screamed in excitement getting up from her chair and hugged us together at the same time standing between us.

I listened to them strategizing on how they will convince their mom. Their excitement was boring me.

"Go home and pack, I'll come get you after I speak to Mom."

She left.

Kgabo went on with making lunch.

"I don't like the fact that you just decided to let Maphuti stay with us without talking to me." I pointed out.

"But it solves our problem."

"I said: I will find someone. I didn't ask you to help me."

"I'll call her then."

"And say what, tell her I don't want her here?"

"Then what do you want me to do?" He asked and I just walked out the kitchen.

Kamo was sleeping on the couch with my phone still in his hands, I took him to bed and put my phone on charger. Went back to the kitchen and let Kgabo served me his lunch. We didn't talk, we just ate in silence.

His phone rang, he answered.

"Ma... Oh she spoke to you... And?... Okay... I am coming..."

"That's my mother, she said I can come get Maphuti." He told me after his phone call.

It's finalised.

I took my food went to eat in the sitting room...

He followed me.

"Pitsi?" He said my name as he sat next to me.

I went quite and went on eating.

"Pitsi, I am sorry. I honestly thought you wouldn't mind." He said making me feel bad. "I don't want to fight my love."

"Me too Kgabo."

"Please let me go get her, will give it a week and if you don't like her I will tell her to leave. I have already said yes, It won't look good if I change my mind."

"It would have helped if we talked about it before you jumped in." I shot at him.

We both went quite.

I finished eating and we sat quietly for almost an hour.

Maybe I am being unfair, I invited my sister to stay with us without talking to him and my family comes and goes as they please. I will give her a week, only a week then she is out. I know she can misbehave, she is a very spoilt bratt. At least she is not my mother-in-law. Besides I don't trust anyone from outside to look after Kamo, I mean trust based on my husband's roving eye. I don't want to bring him a Jezebel into my house and let them play house while I am away.

"Go get her." I said.

He turned to look at me.

"Are you sure?"

"She might come in handy."

He kissed me on my lips and said thank you. He knew I was just giving in for the same of peace between us and he didn't want to take it further anymore, talking further about it might change my mind, he knows me.

He left and I went to clean up the kitchen and wash the dishes.

After I was done I took the trash out, we have a hole at the back of the house to burn trash, we don't pay or have anyone to collect them so I threw it in there. On my way to the house Lerato's children asked me where Kamo was, I don't want them to play with my son. I hate their mother and the feeling is mutual, they are children and this doesn't concern them but I won't let them get closer to my son. Their mother might use that to her advantage.

"Kamo is sleeping." I said to the children.

Their mother came out of nowhere, I didn't even see her. I wouldn't have if she didn't have something to say to me.

"I know you don't want my kids to play with Kamo."

I looked her way,

"Oh hi Lerato." I said ignoring her comment. She was right but I wasn't going to agree with her.

"I raise my kids to love and respect everyone you know."

"Good for you Lerato." I said walking away.

She wasn't done.

"And that's why I chose to raise them here, a quiet place where people respect each other. But since you've moved here I have my doubts."

I stopped walking away and got closer to the fence.

"I am a bad influence, is that what you are saying?"

"I know you are trying to get back at me but please when you are having sex keep it down, I am not the only one who can hear you. You might even be faking it, I know he is not that good."

Oh my God!!!

Chapter 47>>>

I know I give my husband a hard time almost everyday but who wouldn't when he works with his mistress and even better she stays right next door to us. The woman is a nuisance and ready to break my marriage in all the ways she can. She provokes me and say things she knows won't make me sleep during the night. I wonder if she can sleep with that terrible heart of hers. How could she be happy at destroying my

life and marriage, I should actually applaud the woman who slept with her husband. And maybe she even killed her own husband, people can temper with car parts, I have heard that somewhere.

She is even getting on my nerve that I am starting to hate staying here. I should have never let Kgabo listen to his mom for making us build a house here. Otherwise I would have never met this horrible woman and maybe my husband would have never slept with her. I don't owe her an explanation or anything, if anyone heard my erotic screams, I don't care, least of all I don't care what she thinks. I wasn't putting up a show for anyone, I have no one in mind when I have sex but the pleasure I receive from my husband. At least I am not having sex with other people's husbands and boasting about it. I wish I could teach this woman a lesson but I am not as vindictive, her day will come.

"From my experience sesi, it's not about how you are having sex, it's about you are having it with. So I guess you were not a compatible partner." I said to her, I needed to say something to her before I turn my back against her and I thought I was responding to her snazzy comment but I saw the shock on her face, she thought she was throwing a punch of words my way hoping to hurt me again only to realise that I know that she slept with my husband. I took the opportunity to enlighten her further while she was still shocked, I told her about their "special" get aways to Mpumalanga and other places that Kgabo had mentioned. I wanted her to know that if I wanted to get back at her the erotic screams would be nothing, I would actually do it here, outside just to show off and scream louder. I am not like her and the thought never even occurred...

I didn't even care if her children could hear or not, they have seen what their mother gets up to anyway. I'm sure they have seen my husband waking up in their mother's bedroom, once or twice. She didn't know what to say so I turned around and went inside the house leaving her with her mouth wide open.

Kamo was awake and trying to get something from the fridge. This child!

"Kamogelo!" I shouted out his name. He dropped a container of yogurt as he slammed the fridge closing it. "I told you not to take things without asking."

"Mama, I called you you were not here." He said his lips shaping in a sad mode, showing signs of I'm about to cry. It's all my fault for being out there and entertaining that witch.

"Okay, stand right there. I will get you something to clean that up."

I got him a cloth and a bucket with water. I know he's too small to hold a mop, he's cleaning all that yorgut mess himself, I am teaching him to be responsible for his mistakes. Even if I totally blame myself on this one. And shem he was still standing where I told him to stand. I gave him the cloth and put the water by his side, I watched him trying to wipe the yorgut off the floor and rinse the cloth, he unbelievably did a good job. I smiled, proud but at the same time feeling like a terrible Mother. He didn't do this on purpose and I guess he is hungry.

I made him food, leaving him cleaning a clean spot.

"Mama, I'm done?" He asked.

"Yes, my boy."

He carried the water outside and poured it down the drain along with the cloth. At least the cloth stayed.

While he ate I went to prepare a room for Maphuti. There wasn't much to prepare, I just changed the sheets and cleaned out the closet making space for her clothes.

I went back to check on Kamo, he was almost done.

Maphuti and Kgabo came back with a whole lot of bags, I showed them her room, it looks like she is here for good, hope not. After helping Maphuti with her bags Kgabo left her to pack her things.

"Sorry we took so long." Kgabo apologised as he came back to the kitchen.

"With those bags, I don't blame you."

"Well, dad's car broke down while on his way home and we had to go get it. I want to take a long bath." He said winking at me. He was hinting that I join him. I am never going to get used to this new unleashed side of Kgabo, it unsettles me.

"I'll go help Maphuti." I said trying to dodge him.

"I'm dropping hints here babe."

"What about Kamo and Maphuti?"

"We'll lock the bedroom and bathroom doors."

"Did you know that neighbours are complaining?" I asked him. He came to me and pulled me in his arms. He had a hard on,

"About?"

"My screams."

"So? They are jealous." He said quickly carrying me in his arms and kissing me.

"Ah papa!" Kamo shouted.

Oooooops! We forgot that he was in the room. And he looked a bit embarrassed.

"Put me down." I hissed at Kgabo.

He did.

I didn't even know what to say to Kamogelo, he looked angry now. I know children don't want to think their parents do get naughty and up to no good sometimes because of all the respect and everything but parents do have sex. Hello? Not that my boy knows anything about sex, just that seeing his parents kiss in front of him is disgusting to him.

Kgabo still wanted me to join him, I brushed him off and took Kamo with me to the sitting room. We watched tv but he got bored and asked for my cellphone, I gave it to him.

Maphuti never got out of her room for the entire afternoon, I bathed and bathed Kamogelo. I was so mad because she promised to help with Kamogelo and I expect her to help around the house too. Kamogelo and Kgabo played with the PlayStation while I made supper. Around 5pm Maphuti got out of her bedroom and went to take a bath, for an hour. By the time I was done with supper she was joining us, as we ate she went,

"Can I please go eat in my room, I am working on a proposal for a business plan and I am bursting with ideas right now."

"Oh can I help you with anything?" Kgabo asked as Maphuti was ready to leave with her plate.

"I will show you everything once I am done." She said and walked away.

Kgabo stopped eating and just looked at his food for a while. He never even finished eating, I know my cooking is not that bad. He helped me clear the table

and wash the dishes, still he looked like his mind was occupied with something. He took Kamo to bed and came back to join me for a cup of tea before bed.

"Are you okay?" I asked him.

"I am but I just feel like something is up with Maphuti, she is not acting like her usual self."

All I notice is her being a spoilt brat who doesn't want to help around the house.

"I don't see anything wrong with her."

He ignored that and drank his tea in silence.

When we went to bed I was hoping for some action from him but he didn't look interested and even faced the other way. I knew that Maphuti moving in with us was a bad idea, now look, he is so stressed out about her the whole thing is even affecting our sex life. The whole night I could tell that this was getting serious, he tossed and turned. At some point he even sat up on the bed, I had asked if everything was fine and he responded by,

"Go back to sleep, I am just feeling hot."

In the morning he woke up early, it was his turn to spend time with the male teenagers for the church's youth programme. After he left I started cleaning and prepared breakfast, Kamo was already awake and watching t.v., I called him to the kitchen and went to call Maphuti. I knocked on her door and she said she wasn't hungry.

I let her be and ate with Kamo.

She got out of her room and went to take a bath. I asked her if she could bath Kamo and she agreed.

Maybe Kgabo is right, I don't know my sister-in-law that well, she has been in boarding school ever since I married into her family and only came home during school holidays and sometimes she didn't. She refused to come home last year after school closed until this year, she went to Sima to spend the festive season there. And a few times that I have spend with her she was a bubbly person, even though just like all her sisters her mother had influence her to give me attitude sometimes.

I went into her room to clean it, her bed wasn't made and it was a bit dark in the room. I opened the curtains and the windows, only to make light into the room and see something that I clearly wasn't suppose to see: 3 positive pregnancy test kits on top of the bedside drawer.

Oh my God, Maphuti!

I realised that she wouldn't want me in her room, I took my cleaning things and rushed to the door. She was there, coming in and probably asking herself why her door was open.

She looked at me and knew that I saw her pregnancy kits.

She started crying...

I didn't know what to do...

"I am sorry, I just came to clean and... I'll leave." I said making excuses, I tried to pass by her.

"I'm scared, sesi Pitsi please help me." She said and grabbed me by arm so quickly that the bucket I was holding slipped off my fingers and splashed water on the floor. "I am sick and buti Kgabo will notice soon. I can't hide hide it."

Too bad he's already suspecting.

"What do you want me to do Maphuti?"

"I don't know, you are a mother and older than me."

"And your brother's wife plus your mother hates me, I can't keep this from them and you can't hide a baby bump either. I tried that too and it never worked out."

"You've been through this, see, you can help me." She said looking more and more childish and sounding like it. She doesn't get it. That's why she is here, she is here to hide!

"I had your brother back then. Okay, where is your baby daddy then?" I asked her and she cried some more and went to sit on the bed. I sympathise with her, I know what she is going through. My parents gave me a hard time too and she is lucky she is done with school because I had to repeat matric. Things only became better once my mom found out who my baby daddy was, the fact that Kgabo came from a well off family eased things for me but I don't know if that would help her. In my mother-in-law's eyes no one is good enough for her oh so perfect children. Now wait until she hears about this...

"He can't help me." She said burying her face into her hands. He's probably a boy she met at school and wasn't even in a relationship with him. Kids of today, one night stand is more fun than a shame to them. Maphuti is smart, she should have insisted on protection.

Kamo came out of the bathroom while I stood at the door, he was naked and wondering what happened to his aunt. We have to go to church but first I need to calm Maphuti down and I don't want Kamo hearing anything, I know he shares a lot, he can tell you almost everything that happened from the moment he woke up to bed time. I gave him my phone and told him to play with in the sitting room, the joy on my boy's face when he took the phone was priceless.

I went to sit with Maphuti on the bed.

"You can tell me anything Maphuti." I urged her. She wiped her tears, she trust me.

"He's old and married. I love him but he doesn't want anything to do with me." She said almost like snapping at me.

What the hell!!!

She is only 18!!!

Chapter 48>>>

I totally understand how Maphuti will fall prey to sugar daddies, she's young and that alone makes her eye candy to a lot of men. What I don't get is how did she get herself into all that, it will make sense if she came from my background. Maphuti has everything girls her age could dream off, at her age she has a driver's license and a fat bank balance. Her parents spoil her rotten and her brothers and sister too, Kgabo used to send her money every week it made me jealous and on top of that she would demand more. She went to far away trips, including overseas, always managed to tag with a friend or 2.

Not forgetting her looks, that horrible mother-in-law of mine makes beautiful children and my husband and Maphuti are top on the list. This girl has a waist I swear I could hold together with both my hands and a butt you'd think it's heavy for her legs. I wonder what the pregnancy would do to her body, she is going to show sooner. She is gorgeous and has a baby face, you can't miss the fact that she is still a child, her attitude shows too. I'm sure boys her age are throwing themselves at her feet, begging to be used by her. You cannot expect a girl that gorgeous to come cheap.

If Kgabo wasn't her brother, I'm sorry to say this but I wouldn't want her in my house. I have seen how my husband is around her little sister, he protects her like a mother hen protecting her chicks. This pregnancy thing will break her entire family.

Everyone there acts like Maphuti will stay a little girl forever and never have sex. I wouldn't be surprised if they think she is still a virgin.

Maphuti to me looked like those girls who will make sure they don't get pregnant until they are 30, after she has bought a house in a secured complex with a German car and a rich husband who has less money than her. No one saw this coming, no one thought this of her.

Now, what do I say to her?

Do I tell her she is stupid or everything will be okay? As much as I have to weigh the whole thing at the end of it all I don't want to be involved, especially when it comes to helping her with her decision but I can't turn my back against her, she has no one and she is looking at me for answers now.

"Are you judging me?" She asked me.

Yes I am, how could you be so stupid? Do you know you just ruined your bright future and probably never ever going to have a life like your mother's. I know she wants that for all her girls, married to respectable rich men.

My head rang with that answer but I couldn't say it.

"No, I'm just trying to think of the future. Maphuti what are you going to do?" I asked her. I know she doesn't know and probably haven't thought things that far.

"If you are talking about abortion I am not doing it, I am keeping this baby." She said sounding like a "woman" with a plan. I don't want to interfere with what she wants and this whole thing is already stressing me.

"That's your choice. I think we should finish getting ready for church, I'll get Kamo ready too." I said standing up. I'm done.

"Sesi Pitsi, please promise me you'll be here for me."

"I will Maphuti."

And I promise you dear reader I don't know what I am getting myself into.

"And you won't tell anyone about this?"

Here we go again! This is the 3rd secret I have to keep from my husband. I am turning more and more like the old Kgabo.

I promised her I won't. And I told her to get rid of those pregnancy test, none of us would be able to explain anything if Kgabo finds them.

In the morning when Kgabo left he was picked up by our Pastor so I was using his car to church.

Since I had to bath Kamo now and also get ready Maphuti was done before me, she got the car out of the garage and came back to help me.

I was running late and to top things my mother-in-law called to say I should come pick her up since their car broke down. Danm her! She could walk to church you know.

Since I am trying to keep up my new style I wore a black dress and a white jacket, black high heels and Maphuti helped me with my hair.

She wore a peach figure hugging dress that made her body show no signs of pregnancy, she has changed her nail polish to match her dress and was wearing a long wig, Brazilian I think. She looked so beautiful and more innocent in a sexy way, only Maphuti can merge the 2.

I couldn't help it but ask,

"Maphuti, how far are you?"

She went quite as though she was counting but ended up saying.

"I don't know, was suppose to have my periods 2 weeks back. How far do you think I am?"

I don't know! I might be a mother but I am clueless when it comes to such dates and stuff.

I even thought I was 8 months pregnant when my water broke, I screamed and told my mom I was having a premature baby. Even today I still wait for my periods, I don't count days, when my breast are too sensitive and I am eating a lot then I know they will hit me anytime soon.

So I don't know how to answer Maphuti's answer and I don't want to seem clueless, so I ignored that question. The girl thinks highly of me!

"So when did you talk to the father, come on will talk in the car." I said rushing everyone out. Kamo was already tired of waiting, he doesn't like church that much he's just going for the 2 minute ride.

When we got into the car I gave Kamo my phone so Maphuti and I can talk, the world will shake and Kamo will not notice. That's how kids of today are. Back to Maphuti, she told me that she did the test early morning and send him an SMS, he didn't respond but called her after her brother had left. She paused and looked out the window then back at me,

"He said I should take care of it or he'll take me there himself. He sounded like he hated me. I don't understand, he said he loves me and now..." she said and never spoke again and I also didn't press on.

We got to her Mom and drove to church while she and her Mom spoke like BFFs.

I was surprised at the way her mood had changed, when we were alone she looked depressed as hell. Now, she was being a different person. She is very close with her Mom I can tell, I think if she tells her the truth she will be understanding and help her. The woman is not as bad as she is with me, her children are angels in her eyes but I know 2 of her daughters had abortion, helped by her. Maybe that's the reason why Maphuti won't tell her, she wants to keep the baby.

We got to church, they got off and I went to find parking. After that I couldn't find them and at least I saw my mom, I went to sit with her. Since my Mom gives her outmost attentive attention to every scripture in church I didn't have to worry about her asking me about Reba. She could be back home for all I know but anyway I won't bring that up.

After church my mom left with a friend and I went to wait for my mother-in-law, Maphuti and Kamo next to the car. After waiting for 10 minutes I realised that cars were going and I was looking like someone who has lost her car keys. I kept checking my phone, I know my mother-in-law is not that involved in church things even though when she wants to control she controls and normally after church she goes straight home. Or maybe she is trying to impress her friends in there. I decided to wait for about 30 minutes and then went to look for them. I could call her and Maphuti but since Kamo has been playing with my phone the battery was at 4%, about to die anytime.

A few people were still inside but it was not that hard to spot or look for someone. None of them were in there.

I turned around and thought of going around the church building to look for them. As I was about to walk out I saw Kgabo and he saw me too, he stopped for me.

"Have you seen your mom?" I asked him.

"She and Kamo left with Sima. Why?"

What a wow!

I am here waiting and freaking out while the woman goes home without a word to me. She even leaves with my son! I was really pissed off that I didn't even ask about Maphuti.

"Never mind. Are you going home?" I asked him.

"Yes, I'm done here."

I gave him the car keys and we walked to the car holding hands, talking about what I should make for lunch. I was tired already and hope we could pass some place for a Chisanyama. I didn't tell Kgabo though, I know I might feed him takeaways most times but he sure loves home cooked meals. I get lazy sometimes you know.

We got into the car and he drove us home. Nice, just the 2 of us.

When we got home the door was open, I kind of stopped and looked at Kgabo. Maphuti doesn't have a key yet, only Kgabo and I do.

"Sorry borrowed Mom my keys."

Mxm. I didn't say anything to him, I just walked inside the house with him following behind me. Kgabo can piss you off sometimes, it's after church and I am supposed to feel blessed and fulfilled but all I am is a mess of anger. Got angry before I even went to church.

I found his Mom sitting in my kitchen, she leaves me behind to sneak into to my. I should get my house cleansed, aka nloya gape. I could hear the tv playing. Since Kamo wasn't in the kitchen with her I figured he is the one watching the tv. It better be my son in there!!!

As soon as Kgabo walked in behind me my mother-in-law went,

"Kamo is in the sitting room, go check on him, I want to talk to my son."

She was in my house and ordering me around like that. I'm from church and don't have time for this, I am already angry but I don't want to get into anything with her in front of Kgabo. Anyway Kgabo will tell me what is it that she wants. I can only hope it's about the Pastor, I can't keep this from him any longer.

The high heels were killing me, I couldn't wait to get out of them. I was about to walk out when I heard Kgabo saying,

"You can say anything in front of my wife Mma, Pitsi come sit."

Forget the pain in my feet I rushed back and sat down next to my husband facing his mom, incase he changes his mind. But he won't, lately I have realised something with Kgabo. It's like he is on some power trip trying to reclaim his status as a businessman, husband and a father. He wouldn't do that with me though, I'm for 50/50 and he's still sliding on thin ice, he should keep that in mind.

"I wonder what muti you are giving to my son." She said. Moloi ke yena!

"Mma?" Kgabo screamed out.

"I am sorry." She said looking at me. She wasn't apologising for what she said, she was sorry because Kgabo heard her. She fumbled a bit with my fruit bowl that's on the kitchen counter between us, as if to check if my fruits are still fresh. She spoke with her eyes and hands still on my bowl.

"You know I understand Koena's situation and Sima is married but I don't know what is going on with you." She said, not making sense but I believe she was comparing Sima and Koena with something that's got to do with our marriage. I don't like where this is going.

"Mma, please can you say what you came here to say."

"What do you think I am doing?"

"Okay, go on."

"Fine, like I said you are the only one who can help your father."

"With?"

"He needs a new car, not a second hand but a brand new car."

I could have choke on my own saliva trying to swallow the words that I forced down my throat. This woman was testing me and playing with fire. Kgabo just gave his brother a loan of R200 000, bought me a car and we've just moved into a new house. Trying to find our feet and fix out marriage, plus I will need him to fund my new business as of tomorrow. Now here is his mother, demanding a brand new car.

"I am sorry, I can't." He said. The old Kgabo would have jumped.

"You do not say that to me, you stole from your father Kgabo, this will you get back into his good books."

I will not say a word! I might be present but it seems like finally Kgabo googled the word "no" and learned the meaning behind it and it's time his mother understood that she is talking to a man. And I am just too sick and tired of her trying to push Kgabo into his "father's" good books. The man is not even his father and he doesn't want or like my husband. She should just let them work it out or tell

Kgabo the truth, he has tried pleasing his mom by pushing himself to the man but he's always shut out by him. The will was suppose to be enough to prove something to her!

"You made me do it and he forgave you, I just want life from now on to be about my wife and son." He said melting my heart.

"I am not asking you to give us a million, you can afford a good SUV." She said as if she just asked for R5, even my mom wouldn't go that far.

"I am not buying the car Mma. You want an SUV ebile?"

"You know what I am trying to be nice and civil, I will tell you this: you know your father wants shares in your company, for free since you stole from him."

Kgabo smiled as he looked at his mother, he was seeing her for the woman she really is.

"Are you going to blackmail me now?"

"If that's what it takes to make you do the right thing, yes. You will buy the car or I am personally giving your father the proof of you stealing his money and you know what he'll do. Do let your little wife here help you decide, jail or share your construction company with us. I am only trying to look out for you." She said standing up and taking her leather bag.

She walked out.

Kgabo looked speechless, that's the last thing he expected from his Mom. A part of me was dancing up and down inside, the woman just blew it with her son who thought the sun sets and shines on her.

"Pitsi, I can't do any of the things my mom wants me too. Yesterday, I have been trying to work out our budget, it's not looking good." He spoke.

Thought he was working. But anyway I don't worry too much about that because it will be easy to pick up with my business, we will bounce back plus we don't live a fancy lifestyle. For now, we have everything we need.

"Baby, I am sorry but I have to give them your car." He said.

I know I said I don't want that car but I won't let him give it to his mother. No!

"That's a sedan, your mother wants an SUV. I can't let you do that, I am going to need the car for my business."

"You'll drive my car, I will use the company bakkie. Please Pitsi."

I know he is in a tight spot and I have to give up my car but that will mean the evil woman wins.

"Let me go talk to her."

"She won't listen to you."

"It's worth a shot."

"I'm hopeless, just don't fight with her."

I promised him I won't.

I don't know what I will say to her and I promise you this won't end well.

I drove Kgabo's car and when I got there the 2 cents courage I had was gone, dead. I had to push myself to go in, my husband tried to stand up to his Mom today, I have to do this.

She came out of the house when I got out of the car. She looked at me as I walked towards her, she looked pleased with herself, she knew Kgabo will give in.

I went passed her,

"Please let's talk inside the house." I said going in. She followed me. We stood in the middle of her kitchen.

"What do you want."

"Please don't do this to Kgabo."

"He's my son and you should know that you can't have more power over him when it comes to me."

"You are doing all this to prove a point?"

This woman!

"No, I am not competing with you. I just want them both to have a healthy relationship. And I don't need you to understand."

"Yes I don't, I don't get why you would force him to have a relationship with a man who is not even his father."

I didn't mean to blab that out, it just came out. She is going to kill me.

I stood still as I saw how everything on my mother-in-law's face started to tremble, her lips, cheeks and eyes popping out.

"You told her?" That came from behind me.

It was Maphuti.

Stupid girl.

"Mma, I'm sorry." She said crying and running to her mom. She gave her mom a hug and I think the woman needed something to hold on too. She held tight to her daughter while her horrified eyes looked at me.

Chapter 49>>>

"How could you do this to me? Trying to score points in my name?" Maphuti asked doing what she thought was good tactics to defend herself not knowing that her mother here has bigger problems to worry about. Me!

I felt like slapping her pretty face with my hand to wake her up. My life and future doesn't revolve around her pregnancy. I have bigger problems too that might change my life forever and gossiping about her pregnancy is not a part of my hobby.

I went to the tap and poured my mother-in-law a glass of water.

She found herself a chair and sat down, the shock was wearing off as Maphuti fussed over her, checking her mother's pulse like she knows how to calculate the rate of a heart beat. Her mother wasn't dying, that I know for sure. I know her deep dark secret, and if she won't do as I want I will use this to my advantage, she had to live to silence me.

I grabbed her little girl by her arm and pulled her outside...

"What the hell is wrong with you? This is not about you, it has nothing to do with you!" I harshly said to her and she just foolishly looked at me like I wasn't making sense. She didn't understand what I was on about.

"Then what's worse than me that could give her a heart attack?" She said once she realised that one plus one is two.

"She is not having an attack, she's just shocked. Maphuti go home, go check on your brother, he needs you." I said to her just so she could leave, I wasn't in the mood for her. I want her mother!

"Thank you sesi Pitsi." She said with a smile. Thank God I am not pretty, no offence to the pretties but sometimes you can be dummies. I faked a smile back at her and pushed her to go. She left relieved that I didnt spill on her. Selfish, she doesn't even ask or check on her mom.

I went back inside the house to find my mother-in-law drinking the last drop of water I gave her, she was now fully back to her old self but I will bet my broke ass that she wasn't aware of what Maphuti said. She put her glass down and went,

"Did she hear you when you said...?"

Told ya!!!

"I don't think so." I answered her not waiting for her to finish.

"Idiot! What do you mean? What were you talking to her about then?"

She just called me an idiot... Me? The woman that holds the master key to her secret, does she know what I could do to her?

I sat down, looked at her and made sure that she knew that I wasn't here to let her insult me... Knowing her secret gives me power, I don't want to ruin her, I just want her to beg off.

"I guess now I have to bow down to you? You'll use my secret to control me, fine I won't give my husband the proof and I won't force Kgabo to buy us a car either." She said giving up but that's not what I want. I looked at her and acted like she wasn't done talking. She added, "Fine, your marriage is safe, I will protect you and finally accept you. Happy?"

"You don't get it." I said and gave her a long look as she tried to study me. "I want Kgabo to know the truth, tell him about his father. I don't care what happens to you and me. I am actually happy with you hating me than having you to pretend."

"That's impossible, not now? Do you know what will happen to them if they have to know now?" She said and all I got from what she said was,

"Them? They? My husband is not the only one?" I asked in shock. This woman is terrible.

She went quite, she thought I knew, I didn't and now I want to know. She wanted to take what she said back but it's impossible, I know about Kgabo and I could use that to know more. There is no going back!

"It's just the 2 of them, Koena and Kgabo." She finally answered.

I will tell you one thing about this woman, she is fearless. Since the shock she hasn't shown any emotions, she spoke like the whole thing didn't affect her. She did her children wrong, they have been living a lie their whole lives and this has to stop.

I didn't ask who their real fathers were, I just assumed they are all the priests son. They are years apart but I'd rather not know more, I can't handle the fact that I am already hiding this from my husband and more secret are just going to make me go crazier.

"I will give you 24 hours only, if you don't tell Kgabo by the end of tomorrow I will." I said to her. I am not threatening her or anything, I am only pushing her to do what's right.

"Pitsi, I am your mother-in-law and I have wronged you many times but you can't do this to me and my children. I will do anything you want but that."

"You think I am trying to punish you? Think about your children, haven't they suffered enough?"

"I will tell them in my own time, I need time, more time."

"I am done discussing this." I said and quickly rushed out.

I don't think I can do that to my own son, this is not something small like our everyday fights and there is no moving away from it either. Its something that will stick once it gets out, so I don't see any reason for her to lie anymore. We are black people, christians yes but we do believe and follow our traditions that at times such

things comes back to us. Something might happen and the real father might be the only one to help, or the other way round and that other way round suits her just fine because it doesn't force her to speak up.

I got home and found Kgabo still in a state I left him in, Maphuti had ran out of ideas of cheering him up and when he saw me he jumped up from the chair and came to hug me. Maphuti quickly left the kitchen.

"What did she say?" He asked me still holding me.

"She'll back off, at least that's what she said."

"Thanks baby." He said sounding relieved, he added, "I have news too."

We sat down as I waited for his news...

"About?"

"Our money problems. Our Pastor gave us R10 000, you can use it to start up your business."

"Why?" I asked suspiciously and almost made Kgabo question that. He was wanted to but didn't say anything.

"We had a chat this morning and he offered to help. A notification came through but I was still stressed out about my mom, the money wasn't going to be enough if my mom went ahead with her demands. He said I dont have to pay it back."

Just like that, the Pastor comes to the rescue of his son. He sure wants to be a part of his life and doesn't even mind helping him from the sidelines, but it can't be easy. The man will do anything for Kgabo and I have never heard Kgabo ask questions or anything, he respects the Pastor and thinks he's doing all this because of what he(Kgabo) has done for him.

If Kgabo knew the truth, he will hate his mother but he will be freed from trying to impress a man who hates him and will never accept him.

"Pitsi, how did you convince my mom to change her mind?" Kgabo asked me like question just came to him.

"You don't want to know." I said with a smile making it sound like nothing even though the was a bit of the truth in my answer.

He smiled too and agreed that it was best if he didn't know. Just seeing my husband like this makes me feel bad and guilty, I am married to this man, I pledged through thick and thin at the alter and vowed never to lie but here I am doing the opposite.

We had lunch late, around 2pm. We ate in the kitchen. I made mini burgers and chips, Kamo's favorite meal. I don't even know how long I have to put up with being this domesticated, Maphuti is no help, I need real help. She was busy with her phone but put it down next to my phone and Kgabo's as we started eating, I get angry at times but have to remind myself to put up with her just because she is my husband's little sister.

The food was good, Kgabo and Kamo complimented.

I watched Maphuti eat. She was forcing everything down and in a minute she was going to be sick. I could tell, she was doing a great job hiding her sicknesses but not from me. Maybe it's because I knew about her pregnancy.

A cellphone rang, and looking at the 3 phones on the kitchen counter none of them were ringing. First thing that came to my mind was that Kgabo has a secret cellphone, the one he has inserts 2 sim cards and I know both numbers. We all looked at each other as the cellphone wasn't coming out...

"Rakgadi the phone is ringing from you." Kamo said at Maphuti.

I couldn't even tell where the ringing was coming from.

"Excuse me." Maphuti said embarrassed. She took the small cheap phone out of her small bra and left the kitchen as she went,

"Hello?"

I know what that phone is for - her sugardaddy calls her on it.

And she didn't have to act like that, it's not surprising anymore for people to have more than one phone. I know she has a tablet too. She didn't have to act all suspicious.

Kgabo didn't understand even though he could tell there was something up with his sister. He wanted to ask me but I acted like I didn't notice anything.

We finished eating, Kamo went to watch t.v. and Kgabo helped me in the kitchen. Maphuti came back wearing jeans, a white t-shirt and sneakers.

"Maphuti, where are you going?" Kgabo asked her looking at her change of clothes.

"Out!" Maphuti answered with a bit of attitude.

"No, you are not."

Oh no! Kgabo don't do this.

Maphuti stopped and looked at me, I looked at Kgabo. I won't intervene, I think it's a bad idea for her to go out but sue me for not wanting to voice anything. She is a big girl.

"I am not going to argue about this with you, go back to your room or I am calling Mom and Dad."

Maphuti knew she has lost this one, she took her cellphone and went back to her room.

"Kgabo?" I said turning to him.

"What? She is up to something and I am not going to let anything happen to her while she is staying with us, she is under my watch now."

I don't like this, I don't want Kgabo to fight with Maphuti over this. And I just think he should let her do whatever she wants, girls her age don't listen to anyone. Who knows what she might do, especially in her state.

I stayed out of it and went to sit with Kamo. Later that day Kgabo wanted to discuss my business plan. I hate the way he does things, everything has to be on paper and all the business talk just sucks energy out of me.

I did everything to how he wanted and somehow realised that his ways are good and saves a lot of time. I knew what I wanted and how to do it, a few hours ago all I wanted was to make clothes.

For Dinner Kgabo went to get us takeaways, he knew that I was tired of the everyday cooking.

As he was away I went to check on Maphuti, I opened her bedroom door and went in...

She wasn't there...

I called out to her and ran the whole house searching all the rooms. I went back to her bedroom incase I missed something but...

How the hell did she sneak out? She couldn't have gone out the window and from where Kgabo and I were sitting ealier on we would have seen her when she sneaked out. Unless she used the back door. Damn her! What am I going to say to her brother now? I stood in the middle of her messy bedroom and looked around. There next to a pile of clothes was that small cellphone...

Should I?

Should I not?

I was unsure but I slowly walked to the bed, I heard a car outside and realised that Kgabo was back. I have to leave the phone! I ran out of the bedroom, closed the door and went to meet Kgabo outside. He was driving my new car, the one that I drove only once. I should start using it before the idea of giving it to his Mom kicks in again. I helped him with the plastic bags. He had bought beef stew, salads and pap, something that I could have made myself but too lazy.

"I'll dish up, you can call Maphuti and Kamo." Kgabo spoke as he went to get plates.

"Ummm, I think she is still mad at you. You can dish up for her, I'll ask her later if she wants to eat." I lied trying to cover up for someone I don't even know where they are. She better come back!

Kgabo dished up and I took the food to the sitting room, we ate watching t.v.

After supper Kgabo bathed Kamo, I washed the dishes and cleaned up. I put Maphuti's food in the oven. I tried calling her phone but it just rang, I send messages asking her to come home or call me.

Maybe she was angry and went to her mother, I can't call that woman either. If Maphuti didn't go there then I will be getting her into trouble.

Eish, this girl!

"I'm done with Kamo and I am ready for you." My husband said smiling as he stood at the door. He looked different, like he was very happy. Happier than he has been the whole day.

"You want to give me a bath too?" I asked him laughing.

"What do you say we wake up the neighbours?"

"And Kamo?"

"Sleeping."

I had nowhere to hide. I let him take me by my hand and led me to the bedroom where he took my clothes off, one by one. Then he took his off and again let me to the bathroom, we used the shower. We had sex standing up, him holding me and my legs wrapped around his waist. I really tried not to scream but the sex was so flippin good, I couldn't hold myself. It was like we were both releasing the tension and stress we have been going through.

By the time we went to bed we were so exhausted that we didn't take long to fall asleep. I didn't even worry about Maphuti until my phone rang in the middle of the night. I answered afraid to wake Kgabo.

"Hello?" I answered.

"Sesi Pitsi, ke Maphuti, please come get me."

She sounded like she was crying and...

Drunk!!!

Chapter 50>>>

I am trying by all means to help Maphuti, there is not much I can do if she does things that are within her control, all this is because of her stupidity. She needs to be taking care of herself right now and be responsible, I can't tell a woman how to behave. She is pregnant and wants to keep the baby, so she better start behaving the part. I so want to leave her there, she said she is at a tavern somewhere, I have heard of it just don't know it, Kgabo and Reba used to be regulars there. I am really scared for her, I can't help thinking something is wrong and or something might happen, I won't forgive myself if that's the case. And my husband will blame me for that, my mother-in-law will hate me forever.

Eish, eish, Maphuti!!!

I had hang up the phone when I thought Kgabo was waking up, he was only changing sides.

I kicked off the blanket and got out of bed, Kgabo is fast asleep. I can sneak out of here just like Maphuti did, I'll use my car since the keys are still in the kitchen. It was dark, I was afraid of switching on the lights and waking Kgabo.

I found my clothes and slippers on the floor among the pile of our clothes.

I slowly walked to the door and Boom... The light went on and the room got lit.

Kgabo stood naked with a hand still on the switch button next to the door.

"What the hell is going on? Wa loyana or are you sneaking out?" He asked me and I was still naked and holding my clothes and slippers in my hand.

But I didn't mind that, just the fact that Kgabo would place my act in the witchcraft category took my blood to boiling point in an instant. I am firm believer in God and witchcraft was the last thing I would ever think of, no matter the situation I'd rather turn to the bible and pray until my knees turn blue or whatever colour dark skinned people change to when they bruise.

And he is my husband for crying out loud, he knows me.

"How dare you suggest such ridiculous behaviour about me Kgabo? You know me, I will never do such a thing." I angrily said to him. I know how the whole thing looks mara you can't suggest such a thing to a woman who you sleep and wake up next to everyday.

"Then, what? Are you sneaking out to cheat on me?"

I threw him with all the things I had in my hands, that's his kind of behaviour, cheating. Cheating is the last thing on my mind right now. All I wanted to do was help his drunk reckless sister, now he think I am either cheating on him or a witch. What have I done to deserve this? From my husband nogal!!!

"If you must know I didn't want to wake you because I received a call from my parents."

He went quite...

"Things are not good between them and I just want to go be with them."

"Fine then I am coming with you?"

"Why? I don't want you getting involved and embarrass my parents."

"So I should just leave you driving alone at this time of the night? Let's just get back to bed, you will see them in the morning." He said and went back to bed and got on the bed the same time as my phone rang, he got it from bedside. He never answers my phone but I guess tonight he had to because it was...

"It's a private number. At this time of the night, let me answer."

Maphuti used her cellphone earlier on, hope its not her. He just put the phone on his ear and listened. I don't know who the person in the other line was or what they were saying but, after the call to which he didn't respond to the person on the other line he went through my phone. I don't know what he was doing but he then put the phone on the bed and came to me. I saw the anger on his face, he was coming towards me and I walked backward. I took a few steps then my back was against the wall.

"You were going out there to get my drunk 18 year old sister?" He said his warm breath hitting my face.

18 and pregnant! Trust me she knows what she is doing. I wish I could say that.

"I am only trying to help." It's all I could say. I know he won't raise a hand at me but I am just scared of him.

"Where is she?" He said and I had no choice but to tell him the truth. I told him where she was and I even told him that I didn't know she was out. I told him a whole lot of lies so he would think this was the only mistake I made. He wasn't

talking to me, he got dressed and stood looking down at me. "When I come back I want to know how this head of yours works." He said poking at my head with his finger. I just stood with my wet eyes blinking with each finger poke. He took my phone with him and left.

I couldn't sleep after Kgabo left I decided to tidy up Maphuti's room. I was scared, I did not want to make Kgabo angry and hope he forgives me. We were doing so well and we've ended the night on high note but stupid bloody Maphuti had to go get drunk and call me.

With no shame I went through her small phone. The first thing I saw was a bank notification of R20 000 being deposited anonymously into her account. I know her bank account by just looking at it, not by heart because I have deposited money into it several times and this was a different account from a different bank still.

I read messages from a contact she stored as BabyDaddy. Damn, the person who sends the messages wasn't being too nice to her, he wanted her to have an abortion and wasn't even afraid to say it straight out.

I checked her sent messages and she was doing nothing but beg...

There most painful message he send her was,

'You know I don't love her as much as I love you but we have to face the truth, keeping that baby will ruin both of us. I might not be happily married, you have a perfect little pussy, a good body and know how to get me hot and hard but I won't leave her for just that. Get rid of it and I promise you we will continue where we left of. My PA will wire the money, do it and spoil yourself with the rest.'

And she decided to go drink the money when a married man tells her he was in it just for her body. This is cruel and would send me too to Ga-Ramalapa to drink till I realised I had no ride home. Poor thing, but anyway I should be rooting for the married woman who is clearly working hard to fight for her marriage while her husband is unashamed to show off his mapuna-puna to an 18 year old girl who is not old enough to stand up for herself. Wonder how old he is?

I put the phone back on the bed after I made her bed, thank God she got rid of the pregnancy test kits. I went to wait in the kitchen. I heard Kgabo's car and then I embraced myself, I think I waited for about 15 minutes before the door opened. Kgabo walked in holding an alcoholi intoxicated Maphuti, he had his hand around her waist as he struggled to get her through the door. She was fumbling and murmured things no one understood, she was wasted.

I didn't know if I should help or not. As soon as they were inside the house he let her go and dropped her on the floor, she fell down like a dressed being dropped from a hanger. He went to lock the door then looked down at her then at me. Just like that I knew he meant,

"She is your problem now, continue with your witchcraft."

He passed me and went to bed, I know she can't be that heavy, all that ass and curves can't weigh more than 30kg. I got to prove my calculation wrong as I tried to get her up, she was asleep. I know I wasn't going to get this dead weight to bed.

I poured cold water on her and all she did was try to slap the water away with her hands. I was out of ideas, I got her by her legs and dragged her to her bedroom. I think I heard her laugh a few times. Hope she doesn't remeber this as she will wake up with a sore back and maybe a scratch or 2.

In the bedroom it was a mission to put her on the bed. I tried my level best, hands first but couldn't pull her up, head, legs until I got tired. It was hard, she decided to throw up on the floor. I wanted to run and leave her there with all the mess on the floor but I couldn't. I went to go get a mop and a bucket, when I came back she was on the bed, sleeping. I cleaned her mess and switched off her light.

Now I have to go to bed with my husband who probably doesn't want to see me. If I were in his shoes I would make me sleep on the couch and I am not prepared to do that. I don't even know how to say sorry to him.

I went to clean the bucket and mop in the bathroom. Then finally I went to the bedroom, he was not asleep I could tell but he was curled up as though he was.

"Kgabo?" Wishing I could say something better like baby or honey but that's not me, that's him.

He turned and looked at me,

"I didn't mean to lie to you..." I said and went quite. I wanted to say I am sorry but that's just too hard for me.

He turned to the other side and covered himself with the bed covers. I switched off the light and got into bed, I got so close to him and even put my arm over him. I was really sorry, I should have told him that Maphuti was gone the minute I realised that she wasn't here. I won't handle the silent treatment so well, I wish I could tell him about his father and Maphuti's pregnancy but I feel those are not my secrets to tell. Especially about Maphuti, it's a secret she trusted me with and I cannot just go around telling everyone. And I just hope his mother comes through for me.

In the morning when I woke up Kgabo was gone, I checked my phone which was still on his side of the bed for time and there was a bank notification. He had deposited the money into my bank account, it was even more than what the Pastor gave him. And there was a note too, I read the note. He wanted me to use some of the money to buy grocery and Kamo's school uniform and stationary. There was even a list from the school.

I called him and he didn't answer, I tried several times but it rang until voicemail.

I got out of bed, made the bed and went to wake up Kamo who was already awake and waiting to go shopping. He was excited about going to school, hope it stays like that until, until.

Maphuti came out of her bedroom as I was negotiating an outfit with Kamo, he wanted to wear trackpants and his sneakers, dirty sneakers just because he loves them. I couldn't let him though.

I heard Maphuti laughing behind me, trying to engage with us and I just gave her one sharp look and just continued searching clothes for Kamo.

"Sesi Pitsi, are you mad at me?" She asked me.

Did she think I was going to bring her coffee in bad for her hangover or ask her how she was doing? Hell no, I won't feel sorry for a pregnant woman who behaves like she is not pregnant. Look at her now, a mess of herself and I even had clean up after her.

"Maphuti, what do you think? Your brother isn't talking to me right now because he caught me trying to sneak out of the house to come and get you."

"Come on, my brother doesn't stay angry that long. He'll get over it soon enough." She said.

"This is my marriage we are talking about Maphuti, my husband isn't talking to me and you think it's nothing. I don't believe this!"

"Okay, I will talk to him and see if I would fix things for you." She said still taking things lightly.

I don't want to talk to her anymore, I carried Kamo and took him to the bathroom. I know he's going to tell his father about this, kids of today!

Maphuti followed us,

"Sesi Pitsi, I'm sorry. Please, forgive me."

I still want quite...

"Are you going somewhere?"

"Yes, we are going to town. We are going to buy my uniform and crayons." Kamo answered his aunt. He was excited and there was no stopping him.

"Can I join you guys?" She was asking me but Kamo was the one to answer her, he invited her and even told her we will go eat at McDonald after shopping.

I finished with Kamo and put him on the couch with my phone so he won't get himself dirty. He had forgotten about his sneakers now.

While I was getting ready Maphuti was doing the same too, she finished first and she looked better than she did when she woke up. I am surprised she doesn't have a hangover or complains about her back.

When we left Kamo was over excited with a whole lot of energy running through him. I had made him a sandwich but he refused to eat and said he'll eat at McDonald.

I drove to town not talking to Maphuti even when she tried talking to me. But when we started shopping for Kamo's things I had no choice but to talk to her. It was crazy in town so I wanted her to wait in the queues for the uniforms and stationary after the fittings while I went to get things for my business. I didn't need a lot of things, I still have a few things that I use to work with and I will also use old fabric since I don't have orders yet. I will also be using one of Kgabo's laptops, I didn't even use much money and finished quick too. So I had to go check on Maphuti and a very impatient Kamo. We moved with the queue for about an hour for the uniform and at least they were done with the stationary. We went to buy lunch at McDonald and then grocery shopping, another long queue. By the time we were done, I was tired.

I bought takeaway meals for supper before we went home.

When we got home we all went to sleep, we needed the rest. I shared a bed with Kamo and when I woke up it was 7pm. My phone had 5 missed calls, all from my mother-in-law. Oh she wanted to talk, tell Kgabo the truth. I didn't call her back and just after that she sent an SMS,

'Will make sure to be there tomorrow morning, please don't tell him. I promise I will be there.'

Ah whatever!!!

I didn't respond. All I want was to fix things with my husband then the rest will follow. I want to be the one that is there for him when his mother breaks the news to him. I got up and Kamo sprang from the bed and followed me to the kitchen, he couldn't wait to show his father his school uniform and he kept on asking how many sleeps before school opens, when is Papa coming back.

I was getting worried too, I tried to stall supper but it was getting late. Maphuti joined us, they ate, I waited for my husband.

Around 9pm I had to force Kamo to go to bed, he wanted his father and Kgabo wasn't picking my calls. Even Maphuti tried calling her and he wouldn't answer. Wish Kamo had a phone.

A part of me wanted to think he had gone back to his old ways, I even went outside to take a peak to see if Lerato was home and I heard her shouting at her children but it might not be her, he could have a new fling.

I called his office landline and guess what, he picked up. I hang up and told Maphuti to look after Kamo, he cried when I left but maybe that will put him to sleep.

I drove to Kgabo's office taking the supper with me, and outside the building it was just his car in the parking lot. The security guards there knows me so no questions asked as I walked straight to his office. His office door was open, I walked in, he looked up at me from his laptop and moved it to the side. I closed the door behind me and went closer to his desk.

"Hey." I said. He just went quite and stared at me. "Kgabo, please."

"I don't want to see you and Maphuti, that's why I wasn't coming home tonight so I suggest you go home because I really don't want to look at you or even smell your perfume."

That hurt!!!

I am not leaving until we are fixed. I went round his desk to him, I got on my knees. He turned in his chair to face me, anger looming in his face but unable to get himself to kick me out. I walked on my knees, I parted his legs and still on my knees went between his thighs. I let my hands slowly massage his thighs, going to his zip. I rolled my fingers over his pants. Circling as I felt him rise.

He loved this, he was still angry but he wanted me to. I went for his belt, that single button and then the zip. Everytime looking up at him to see if he approves or not, he was quite and still.

I finally released his hard on from his briefs and I touched it, feeling its warmth and strength. I slowly opened my mouth and tried to push the whole of him to the back of my throat tasting the salty liquid from his tip. He moaned and moved a bit, I just didn't know how to go about it but with every moan I knew I was doing something right. I kept on licking him and giving him a few pushes down my throat then when I tried to push him some more he help me by a handful of my afro and lifted his butt up to push further making me gag and stopped breathing for a second or 2. I took it the best way I could because I was trying to impress him. From there still holding me by my hair he made my head go up and down on him, he let go and I did that by myself. It felt like he was having sex with my mouth, it wasn't pleasant for me but for him it was and as long as it was like that it didn't matter much to me. I continued to a point where I heard him scream,

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh.... Shit...."

Then he came in my mouth...

Loads and loads of warm liquid hit the back of my throat and I swallowed all.

Hope I am forgiven...

Chapter 51>>>

He helped me get up on my feet, then fixed himself. My mouth felt dry and dirty but I will do it again if I have to. I have never done this and desperation made me do it. I want to hear him talking to me again...

"You didn't have to do that to get me to talk to you again."

"I felt like I had no other choice." I said making him see how sorry I am, not in words but action.

He held me in his arms and we locked eyes.

"Pitsi, I love you, I am your husband and I know that my family doesn't approve of us. What we have for each other should be enough, you don't have to prove yourself to the likes of Maphuti by doing favours for them. Next time I won't be this forgiving."

Well he forgave me and that's what I want!

He gave me a hug. I feel so guilty that I am hiding so much from him. What hurts the most is that I am not talking to my sister right now because I accused her if

sleeping with my husband, she slept with a married man and I knew that my sister had numerous affairs with married man before. I never thought differently of her until Lerato put that idea into my head. I kicked her out of my house and now I have another woman who is also sleeping with a married man and I never thought of telling her to leave, I am even helping her. I don't know what to think of myself but this secrets are too much, heavily weighing on me. I shouldn't have helped Maphuti or get involved. From now on, she is on her own.

I cried, how can I say we are starting afresh whereas I am taking us back to square one. I want to be honest with my husband.

"Hey, don't cry, we are going to be fine." Kgabo said hugging me tighter.

"I wish that was true." I murmured. I don't know if he heard me or not.

"Pitsi?" He softly said.

"Yes."

"When are you going to tell me?" He asked and I got out of his arms to looked at him. What is he talking about? Reba? Maphuti? His mother? There is so much that he needs to know.

"Te-tell you wh-what?" I asked fighting to stay calm. Glad I got out of his arms, my heartbeat was uncontrollably beating so hard and fast I thought he could see it through my top.

He went to his stationary bag that he carries around with him, took out a plastic bag and inside there was Maphuti's 3 pregnancy test kits.

Dom, Dom, Dom, Maphuti!!! I thought she threw them out and far away.

"We spoke about this and you said not now then you hide this from me? I was so excited when I found them but you were not saying anything."

I swallowed so hard my throat even hurt, because it was so dry. I can't lie and say they are mine, I won't fake pregnancy for Maphuti.

"Where did you get them?"

"In the other bathroom bin, bathing Kamo."

"Those are not mine." I said finally spilling Maphuti's secret without doing much.

He figured it out, there are only 2 people who could be pregnant in our house and if I am not then it leaves his precious lil sis. There was no way I was going to take the fall for her, not after what she did, going on a drinking spree and getting me into trouble. I want my husband back and if using her secret works for me so be it.

He looked at me with disappointment in his beautiful eyes, he loves and adores her. The whole family has dreams for her future and she doesn't have a care in the world, all she wants is her married BabyDaddy. I wouldn't be surprised if she fell pregnant to trap him.

"Pitsi?" He said as if asking me to tell him he's thinking wrong but I won't, there is no way I could.

"She is, I know." I said being honest with my husband.

"You...???"

"Yes, I found out yesterday too and I asked her."

"Where you ever going to tell me?"

"No." The truth again. "It wasn't my news to tell Kgabo."

He sat down back on his chair and rubbed his bold head. I knew he wouldn't take this well, but they should have expected this. That's what every parent or family member to a teenage girl should always prepare themselves for. I know you might think I am being shrudde but it's true, I also did that to my parents and it's a true but sad reality. I am that statistic and so is she, I was there when my name was entered into Department of health stats and next to my name was ticked under 10 to 19 years. I was disappointed and ashamed but here I am now, here we are loving our son.

"How could she do this? How stupid can she be? I want her out of my house tonight!" He said getting up.

"No, Kgabo. She has no one. You can't do this to her."

"She is 18 can't you get it?"

"I was 18 too and I even had to repeat matric." I reminded him. I know it's not easy for him but this is something he can't erase, it can be taken care off but that shouldn't be an option.

"Let's go home."

"Kgabo, what are you going to do?"

"Nothing, I just don't know how to approach this. We are close but not that close, how do I talk to my little sister about this things?"

I was glad he didn't ask about the baby's father, I would have told him the truth or lied some more.

We left his office around 12pm. I am really terrified, I just want to sleep and wake up. Maybe a brand new day will bring better things, I am a bit relieved that Kgabo knows about Maphuti. There is more than he needs to know but at least I'm one secret down and 2 to go.

When we got home Maphuti and Kamo were asleep, I brushed my teeth then went to bed while Kgabo took a bath.

I don't know what time he came to bed since I was already in lala land.

The next day I woke up early to make breakfast, Kamo came to the kitchen and tried to help, only to make a mess. At least he didn't ask for my phone, I think he is just too excited to be going to school. He couldn't stop talking and asking questions. I had to make him aware that this is not crech where they sleep more and play more, school is hard work. He was being smarty pants, telling me he is not afraid of hard work, even at crech they made him do a lot of things that most kids couldn't do. I loved his little confidence.

Kgabo walked in ready for work, Kamogelo excitedly told him about how ready he was for school. He was anxious that I was afraid he was going to come back from school disappointed tomorrow.

"Okay, Kamo, go call auntie Maphuti to come eat." I said already finished serving breakfast.

"No, Kamo back boy. I don't want to see her." Kgabo said bringing Kamo back.

I wanted to say something but he made Kamo talk about school again. And still I couldn't talk about this in front of Kamo.

After eating he left for work and Maphuti was still sleeping, I cleaned up and bathed Kamogelo. He wanted to do something that was school related so I gave him a colouring book and he went to his bedroom to sit on his little desk like he was studying, growing up.

I went to check on Maphuti.

I opened the door and she was still curled up in bed.

"Rakgadi?" I said to check if she was sleeping.

"Sesi Pitsi?" She said sitting up.

"How are you?"

"Fine. Just the morning sickness be killing me, where is my brother I don't want him to see me like this?"

"He knows?"

"What?"

"I said he..."

"I heard you, why did you tell him?"

"You think I told him, you did that by yourself. You threw your proof into the bin and he found it."

"The pregnancy test kits? But what was he doing in the bin? And you could have told him that they were yours."

"And fake a pregnancy?"

"What did he say?"

"He's angry and doesn't want to see you."

"I thought you'd look out for me. I have to leave, he's going to tell mom - I know."

"Where to? You can't just do that Maphuti. Talk to him."

"I don't have to listen to you, you betrayed me. There's a lot you could have said to him to protect me."

"There was nothing I could do."

"Yeah right, you polished your image with my name. I don't want to see you either, get out of my room!"

"Maphuti, don't talk to me like that."

She got out of bed and went to open the door for me,

"I know it's your house but I think I am entitled to some privacy."

This girl!!!

I walked out. I will never help her with anything ever again. I did so much for her and now I am enemy number one. She can do as she pleases from now on, I won't interfere.

I went to my little workplace and did a few sketches to forget about Maphuti, I heard her doing her up and down in the passage, closing doors, opening, slamming. If she wanted me to say something to her then she will have to talk to me first. I won't bother myself with her. She needs to grow up and take responsibility, every girl wants to hide this kind of news, especially if you are ashamed but a few have been successful. You know what let me not bother myself with Maphuti.

Back to my sketches, I love designing wedding gowns and that is something I was doing for Thabiso. He knew that that was my speciality but now I want to focus on something different. Women's fashion but nothing to do with weddings. I realised that my focus was still on wedding gowns after my 3rd sketch. I put the papers away and went through a few magazines to see the latest fashion trends. After paging through 2 magazines I had three perfect ideas that just oozed through me, I knew what I wanted. My focus was to do the next winter trends, I have done a few of those for Thabiso even though they were wedding related he wanted me to design for winter weddings, for guests, bridesmaids, brides and even challenged me to do men's wear. And I did, I was pleased with my work and we never used that work.

I made a few sketches that I was satisfied with then checked my emails. I had a few that were not important and others were invitations to attend fashion shows for up and coming designers, I don't have the energy for that but I realised I was once upon a time like them and I got my big break and there are people out there who think highly of me. I should attend to get myself out there.

Then there was this one particular email,

'Mrs Mothiba we are impressed with your colour schemes and unique designing style. We respect your work and admire your skills.

As an old bridal boutique we lack the passion you have and We will like to add you to our team. We have an opening for you at Clara's Bridal Boutique as head desingner.

Please get back to us as soon as possible.'

I think the email was send last year after my downfall from my first fashion show. Not a lot of people know what happened after that, the media never got hold of my sad story. To them and everyone I was just a one hit wonder, the girl that didn't know how to come back from her first biggest fashion show. I went up so quick now I don't know how to get higher.

I am a bit excited and hope I am not too late. Though I need to talk to Kgabo first. I bought airtime again via cellphone banking. Haven't bought airtime since Kamo messed me up.

I called the bridal boutique and asked to speak to the owner Clara de Bryn.

She was a nice lady, she told me that the position hasn't been filled yet. Well they were basically waiting for me, we didn't talk long. I promised to get back to her as soon as I discussed the whole thing with my husband.

I called Kgabo and he said he'll be home for lunch.

I went to prepare lunch and Maphuti came to the kitchen wearing one of her figure hugging dresses, she didn't look like someone who was leaving my house. Just going out with a handbag.

"I'll be back." She said and went to the door. She expected me to say something and I just ignored her and went ahead.

By lunchtime Kgabo was home and playing with Kamo in the kitchen. I finished with lunch then we ate, I showed him the email,

"Pitsi, is this what you want to do?"

"What do you mean?"

Thought he'd be excited for me, at least this is a step up from where I was and it's better than working here without knowing what I am working for. It could take months I not weeks to get orders for weddings and there is always a season for weddings, what will I be doing in between those gaps.

"I thought you wanted to grow your own brand, not work for somebody."

"Kgabo that might take years to establish."

"You have that little faith in yourself? Is this is how want to do your come back? Baby people are expecting bigger things from you."

Bigger things? This was the most reputable boutiques I know and the experience will be very helpful. He was seriously getting on my last nerve, I have tried being independent and so far it hasn't worked. All I did was hurt him and his pocket, my business will always rely on Kgabo. Working for someone will give me a salary, I can save up and probably have my own business in 10 years to come. I am not in a hurry.

"I want this and I have already spoken to the owner."

"Fine, do what feels right for yourself then."

We didn't continue anymore about the boutique. We finished eating and drank tea in silence.

The kitchen door was open so when my mom knocked already I could sense something was wrong. I told her to come in and gave her a chair. I asked her if she wanted a cup of tea,

"Pitsi, I can't do this anymore. Not knowing where my daughter is it's killing me. School is opening tomorrow and I have to get the kids ready for school." My mother said crying. I had promised her I will call Reba but I didn't, I was afraid to face her or talk to her over the phone. I have wronged my sister in a bad way and now I can't even say sorry.

"I tried calling her, her cellphone is always off. Maybe she blocked my number." I said lying. I have never even tried, just once but I didn't have airtime.

"You both don't know where Reba is?" Kgabo asked us surprised. The whole thing of him and Reba coming back to me. If he knows where she is then...

"Do you?" I asked him.

"Yes, she's moved in with Jonas, they are even having a baby."

Reba is witch! She's not having a baby with Jonas, she can't do this to poor guy. She's bringing 3 children already! Jonas has build himself a good life since working for Kgabo, he has build his mother a house and build himself a 2 bedroom house which is too small for Reba and her children.

My mom didn't waste time, she got up from her chair and asked me if I am coming with her.

"No, I will see her later. I have work to do."

I can't face her, that's the truth She didn't argue, she just left. I turned to Kgabo.

"So you knew all along where Reba is yet you didn't bother telling me?"

"I didn't know you were looking for her or you didn't know where she was."

"Still, you should have said something."

"Are you and your sister not on speaking terms?" He asked me and I took his cup that still had hot tea and went to wash it. "Pitsi, what's going on?"

"Nothing to bother yourself with."

Or should I come out with the truth?

Did you sleep with my sister or do you find her attractive? Because I accused her of something like that.

I couldn't! I can't!

"Okay, I have to get back to work. I feel like eating mogodu, do you mind making that dish baby?"

"Bathong, Kgabo I also have work to do. Do you always want to see me slaving away in the kitchen?"

"Fine, I'll get takeaways then. Where is Maphuti?"

"She left and I told her you know about her pregnancy."

"Good, see you later."

He left and I tried getting back to work but my mind wasn't into it anymore. I don't know what I am going to do, I want Reba back into my life. I just want this fued over and the misunderstanding cleared. I can't go on with life while things are like this, I don't think I want Kgabo to know what I have been accusing him and Reba of. It's embarrassing... I couldn't even call my mom to ask her how it went.

Rather, I called Clara and told her I will take the job. She was excited and told me I can come in anytime so we can discuss our working relationship and contract. I have a plan and I will see it through. Doesn't matter what Kgabo says, I've never told what to do when it comes to his business. He is a good businessman but sometimes he just gets on my nerves.

I went to check on Kamo, he was watching tv. I watched with him but not concentrating, I laughed when he did and stared at the tv with him.

Kgabo came back home with pap and mogodu, it smelled so nice. Kamo and I went to the kitchen. It was around 4pm and we usually have supper between 6 and 7pm but the food smelled so nice we all couldn't wait. I served the food and Kamo said his funny engrish prayer then we started eating.

The warm pap was going nicely with the soft mogodu and it's oily gravy, I haven't had this kind of food in a while. Even I don't cook this kind of a good meal.

There was a knock at the door, some people don't have timing. Not today when I am eating such delicious food. Kgabo got up and went to open...

"Mma?" He said.

I thought it was my mom and I turned to look at the door, it was my mother-in-law. I lost my appetite right there and then, this is it. I pushed my food away and waited for her to come in.

She did and when she was offered a chair she said,

"I would quickly like to have a word with Mmapitsi."

She is trying to talk me out of the truth, I know that and I can see right through her. She is doing this or I would, I swear! The Lord shall forgive me, this secrets are giving me sleepless nights. I need them told and out!

I didn't want to argue, I went outside with her.

"You are not pulling out of our deal are you?" I asked her.

"No, I can't sleep at night." She said and with those rings around her eyes I know she was telling the truth.

"Me too, so let's go in there and tell him." I wanted to go back inside the house but she went,

"Wait, I want to tell you something."

"More secrets? Or you want to buy more time?"

"Shut up, will you." She snapped at me. I did. "It's about Koena, he is not Moagi's (Pastor) son." She said.

"They both have different fathers?"

"Yes stupid."

"Okay, who is Koena's father then?" I asked and she went quite. "You know what, let's go in there and tell Kgabo the truth. Koena's real identity doesn't bother me much."

"Well it does!"

"How?" I asked her getting impatient. She is trying to get herself out of this and I won't let her.

"Pitsi, Salome is Kgabo's brother and I hated her so much I didn't want her and her sister close to my son. That's the same with you and Reba, and that is regard to Koena."

What is she saying?

She is not making sense...

Chapter 52>>>

I never saw life as anything different. I believed that we all grow up, get married, have kids and live happily ever after. I never knew that things could get complicated, I never thought relationships can end, love dies and all that. Today I stand here and say I don't know about tomorrow and I cannot base my yesterday on it...

I am saying this because I didn't realise how quick things can change and take a different direction. How did we get here?

Everyone who knows my mother-in-law knows that she is a woman of class, she is well known and very well respected. Not a single human being would suspect her of hiding so much. So many secrets from one woman

Back to...

I hate it when someone talks in riddles because I never understand anything, it takes time for me to make exactly what's been said. If you want to say something to me say it straight out and stop beating about the bushes. She speaks about hating me and my sister, I know that. She hates Salome and her sister, that's old news too. But wait a minute, is she...??? Did she just say...?

"What did you say?" I asked her. She is putting me, Reba and Koena in one sentence.

"Now you have to understand what the truth would do to everyone?" She said convincing herself more than me. That's probably the lies she has been telling herself all along, the lies that made her believe that lying was the right thing. I wonder is she listens at church...

I laughed at her, she was delusional and pathetic.

"You don't want my husband, your son to know the truth." I pointed out to her.

She is saying all this to make me think the truth is a bad idea, there is no way Koena could be my brother. My father would never cheat on my mom or hide something like this.

"Because the truth will destroy families." She said.

"I don't care what you say, I am going in there and tell him."

"No, no, no! Pitsi wait." She said painfully grabbing me. "You can't do this, I can't let you."

She was so determined, she was scaring me that I even thought she would plan on doing something to me. But what could she do, really?

"Let go of me. What are you going to do to me?"

"I'm begging you please, don't do it. I could lose my son and he means a lot to me."

I didn't want to listen to her, I didn't have to. At this point she would do and say anything to get herself out of this. This has been going on for too long. I fought so hard to get myself out of her grip, she really didn't want the truth to come out. As soon I slipped out I ran into the house and she ran after me. She jogs but wouldn't outrun me even if she tries. The door was open and I threw myself in alarming Kgabo and Kamo who were done eating. Kgabo probably planning on clearing the plates. His mother came in after me, face red and wet with tears.

"What's going on?" Kgabo asked looking from me to his mother.

"I am so sorry Kgabo, I'm sorry ngwanaka!" She said and at the same time begging me with her eyes.

I am not going to back out.

"Mma what's going on, Pitsi?" Kgabo asked looking confused.

My mother-in-law realised that this was it, she finally said the truth, she let it out

"Mothiba... Kgabo he is not your father!"

Just like me it took Kgabo some time to get what his mother was saying. He stood still and looked at her.

"You and Koena are not his sons. I am so sorry hle ngwanaka."

We waited for his reaction, his chest started rising up and down. In an instant, with one hand he cleared the kitchen counter by swooping everything off, plates crashed and broke into pieces, my fruit bowl too. I screamed, my mother-in-law screamed, Kamo cried. Tears went down Kgabo's cheeks!

"Who is my father?" He asked trying to stay calm.

"Moagi." She said.

Kgabo looked shocked but still was calm.

"And Koena?"

My mother-in-law looked at me.

"Mma?" Kgabo shouted.

She couldn't speak, she pointed a trembling finger at me. She tried to say it but her voice failed her.

I thought she was lying earlier, I covered my mouth with my hands and cried. It's true! Kgabo understood.

"Mma, what have you done?"

This looks bad, I know! Kgabo is my husband, yet my step brother. Koena is my brother yet my brother-in-law. Indeed what has she done? She has intertwined and created a very complicated family tree, she knew this ages ago. I shouldn't have married Kgabo, we are practically siblings. I know it's not like that, I'm black and in our culture even your cousin is your brother. We do not have distant families, we don't have such things as half brothers and step brothers, it doesn't matter one drop of DNA connects us all. She could have said something when Kgabo and I were dating, what if Reba or me had been in a relationship with Koena. Would she have acted like the evil mother-in-law and kept her secret? My dad too, I used to sit with him and listen to him telling me how he wished Reba was a boy. He said all those things while he knew he had a son out there that he had abandoned.

We have all been denied an opportunity to connect...

She was there with us crying, this is bad!

I couldn't stop thinking about my mom, my father betrayed my mom.

Kgabo sat down in disbelief, Kamo was still crying. My poor son, he did not understand what was going on but he knew that something was wrong. I can't stand here and do nothing, I wanted the truth to be out and the truth is more than I thought. Kgabo will have to deal with his Mom, I have my family to deal with. I walked over the mess on the floor and grabbed my car keys. I went to the door,

"Pitsi?" My mother-in-law said running after me.

I did not stop for her, I got into my car and drove out. She stood watching me, crying. I was also crying.

I drove straight to my parents house. I couldn't get myself to calm down and the drive home seemed longer. I got out of my car as soon as I parked in front of the gate. I ran in and started shouting for my mom,

"Mma? Mma?" I said going from room to room. There was no one but there must be someone since the door was not locked and the windows were also open.

I went outside and found my dad coming towards the house, he heard my shoutings and come to check. Looking at him I just lost it.

"How could you Papa, how could you?" I asked him not giving him a chance to even greet me.

"Pitsi, that is no way to talk to me? Get inside the house, now." He was angry and trembling. My behaviour had surprised him, I have never talked back and always spoke when asked.

Today, I didn't care about respect, as long as he tells me why he had a child and never said anything.

"No, I won't listen to you. I don't have to."

"What is wrong with you child?"

"You want to know papa? You do?"

"Let's go inside." He said pointing at the door.

"No! You cheated papa! You cheated on Mma and had a child with another woman!" I said shouting at him. He stopped, like everything just went tuuuu, "You

thought you could hide the truth? You had a child with my mother-in-law. What do you have to say about that now?"

The trembling got worse, he fell and held a hand to his chest. At first I just went on shouting more at him until I realised he was changing colour and couldn't breathe. I went down on my knees next to him,

"Papa? Papa what's going on?" I asked him scared of touching him.

"Heeeeelp, somebody heeeeelp! I screamed at the top of my voice.

He was going still and his eyes were shut. I ran around screaming for help.

Neighbours came running, in a minute people were surrounding my dad. I had someone saying there was no pulse. I stood crying and watched someone who identified himself as a paramedic saying my dad had a heart attack and he needs to get to the hospital. I was scared. My mom came rushing and told everybody to move, they did.

Someone grabbed my car keys from me and my dad was carried to the back seat of my car. I got in the car and my cousin, who is a paramedic and probably the one that's been fussing over my dad drove us to the hospital. I was in the front passenger's seat, while my mom sat at the back with my dad. My cousin, David, spoke to my mom as he drove. He told her to make sure everything my dad was wearing was loose. My mom stayed calm and did as she was told, she even spoke softly to me telling me to be strong and not cry. How can I not, I did this to him! Stupid me always doesn't think, I run to accuse and never admit to my mistakes.

After the 30 minutes drive we got to the hospital and my dad was wheeled into the hospital passage as we all ran behind. It was terrifying, I didn't know if my dad was going to wake up or not. And I don't want him to die, I don't even mind his mistakes, he is my dad and I love him more. He's old and fragile, I don't think he can survive something like this. He's never been sick before, I don't count common flues and colds or other things that old people complain about. He's a strong man, I know that!

We were made to wait at the waiting area, I had stopped crying but was anxious, I just wanted someone to tell us what was going on.

A doctor came to us and asked us what had happened, if we knew what led to his heart attack.

My mom and David didn't know, and my mom told the doctor that dad was fine when she left to come to my house and David was just coming over to visit. His mom and my dad are siblings, my mom hates my father's family with passion but that's a story for another day, well she's always liked David.

We didn't give the doctor enough info, I didn't even say my part.

The doctor walked away and I ran after him, he stopped when I asked him to.

"I just want to tell you something." I said looking behind me to see if my mom and David were looking at us. They were.

"Anything to help will be welcome."

I told him what happened and he asked me a few questions then he walked away. I went back to sit with my mom and David.

"What was that about?" My mom asked me.

"Just wanted to know if Papa will be fine."

"And?"

"He said it's still early."

We just sat there waiting, not talking, not even going to the toilet. We feared that someone might want to talk to us and we wouldn't be there. I know there are three of us but still none of us wanted to move. My mom kept on asking David to call Reba and check how far she was, I don't even know where my cellphone is. I have to call my husband... why does it suddenly sounds so weird to call Kgabo my husband? What's going to happen to us now?

And Reba? What am I going to say to her when she gets here? Gosh, I can be a diva and mess things yong!

We waited and waited until Reba got here. She gave Mom and David hugs, I just sat on the bench and looked away. I am embarrassed and ashamed to even look at her.

"Pitsi?" I heard her say.

I didn't wait for her to say more, I jumped at her and let her hold me as I cried. I love my sister and I had missed her so much.

"He'll be fine." She said.

We sat down and she held my hand. I am glad she is here.

Finally the doctor that was with us earlier walked to us, we all got up and waited for him.

He didn't look like he had good news.

Please God...

Chapter 53>>>

It doesn't matter how sick you are, even if it's just a small procedure at the hospitals, just the thought of someone you love being there will leave you unsettled. Besides hospitals are not the best place to be, once a family member is there everything comes to a stand still. The stress and anticipation would send you to a ward yourself. Being there and waiting for news is scary, you don't know what the outcome is, we just think people go there and come back in coffins.

We were all hoping for the best as the doctor walked to us like he was in slow motion. We have been waiting for hours and the waiting had been killing us.

I didn't move, I sat there and said a little prayer. I bargained with God to help my dad, I never really ask him for much but I am hoping for a miracle from God of miracles.

Everyone rushed to the doctor to hear what he has to say. He spoke to them, I saw Mom and Reba hugging. Then they all turned to look at me.

What's going on? Did dad wake up and tell the doctor to get rid of me? I got up slowly and walked to them. My mom had a huge smile on her face,

"Papa is fine and he wants to see you." She said with tears running down her cheeks.

I acted excited but terrified inside. Hope he doesn't remember what happened, then how will I break the news all over again? I walked with the doctor to where my dad was. I was scared, hope my father doesn't want me to finish him off. We got to his ward, he was alone in a room that had 2 beds. He looked so weak and old, he had changed in a short space of time. I almost killed him, the thought came back to me. The doctor told me not to stress him and be brief as he had to rest. I stood at the end of the bed looking at a fragile man that used to be strong.

"Come closer my child." He said trying to caution me with his hand. I moved to stand on his bedside.

"Papa, I'm so sorry." I said crying, not that tears will help me now.

"You will never disrespect me like that ever again, I might be old but I am still your father. No child of mine was raised to disrespect her elders."

I humbly apologised to my father again, I have never spoken to him like that and I am never ever going to again. I was wrong to just barge into his house and throw accusations like.

"Repeat what you said to me earlier." He said and I remember every sentence but how could he ask me to repeat myself after he just told me not to ever speak to him like that again?

"Papa?"

"Pitsi?" He said giving me a look my dad never gave me, the "don't you dare" stare. In this case he was simply saying don't you dare disrespect me again, which doesn't really make much sense.

"I said you had an affair with my mother-in-law." I said biting my tongue at the end.

"How old is your sister?" He asked me.

"She is turning 26." I answered not sure if I was following. Maybe the heart attack affect him somehow mentally.

"How long have I been married to your mother?" He asked again and I had to keep on.

"20 years."

"And how old is Koena?"

"38?"

Gosh I have been wrong! So wrong I almost killed my father because of my ignorance. I should have calculated, the whole thing would have made sense. My mom and dad were together for a year before Reba was born. My dad was working at a firm in Joburg and my mom was there for a wedding, my dad was just there for the free drinks. I don't want to go into details about that but that's a bit of what I know. And he was enlightening my ignorance, he never cheated on my mom!

"Who told you about him?"

"She told me." I said referring to my mother-in-law.

There was silence as I waited for my dad to say something, I am serious about never disrespecting him again. He spoke,

"She was the first woman I fell inlove with, we had a good relationship and I was so sure I was going to marry her. She left one December and came back by Easter holidays pregnant and told me she was getting married. I begged her not to leave me but I couldn't compete with a teacher when I earned a quarter of his salary, I asked her about her pregnancy and she told me I had nothing to do with it. I let her go and 11 years later I met your mother. I always had doubt about the pregnancy but I couldn't do much."

"Does mom know?"

"No, I have a son Pitsi. That's good news but you know your mom. This is going to cause problems for me."

That's another dilemma, my mother is not that easy to talk to. Just like me she always jumps to her own conclusions and always has someone to blame. I just hope she accepts this, it will make things easier for everyone, including herself.

My dad told me he needed to rest and I should tell my mom everything. I don't know how I am going to do this, it's not my mess but I can't let my ailing father to stress himself more. In a way I felt like doing this will be like repaying him for getting him here.

I found everyone on edge, still waiting. I know they will all relax until they have seen him, I told them that he said he wanted to sleep but my mom didn't want to hear any of that. She knows that if she can't see him tonight then she will have to come tomorrow during visiting hours at 3pm. Now they were only allowing us to say goodbye.

She ran in there, David and Reba followed. I sat down on the benches and waited for them.

20 minutes later they came back.

David drove us home but first we picked up Reba's kids from Jonas' house. Reba is quite the "wife" as I watched her making it look like everything was already hers. I am not jealous, I just think my sister is wrong for lying to Jonas about the pregnancy. The guy doesn't have a child of his own and doesn't deserve to be lied to like this. I just think if she told him the truth he will love her anyway.

When we got home I wanted to go to my house but my mom said she wanted to talk to us all. Reba put her children to bed and I made tea and sandwiches.

We drank the tea but never touched the sandwiches as we all sat down.

"Bana ba ka, I don't want to lose your father. Please pray for him." My mom said trying to stay strong. We agreed with her, no more negative thinking, my father is going to be fine. My mom added, "Pitsi, your father said you have something to tell us."

Everyone looked at me. My father just threw me into the deep end but at least he prepared me.

"I came home to talk you and Papa... Today my mother-in-law told me something." I went quiet and looked at my cup then went on, "She said her first born son is Papa's son."

"Yoh!!!" Reba and David shouted at the same time. Mom just sat there unmoved.

I went on to tell my dad's side of the story. Reba and David couldn't stop blaming my mother-in-law, I know this is all her fault but what's done is done. I tried to look at my mom but she said nothing and remained neutral. She stared at the coffee table for a long time. When she finally spoke, she got up and said,

"David you'll sleep in Mapitsi's old room, Reba you'll sleep with your children and Mapitsi you can sleep on the couch or with me. I am off to bed."

She left us all feeling sorry for her. I don't think she knew that my dad was once involved with my mother-in-law and I wish she could speak to us. Or maybe we should give her some time to digest all this. I just hope this thing doesn't affect their marriage, imagine my parents getting a divorce...

It was morning already and I don't think anyone of us will fall asleep, even my mom will just stay awake in her room. Not sure if she will be praying for dad's recovery or wishing for the worst. I know she is hurting.

"Pitsi?" Reba said bringing my focus back.

"Huh?"

"I know you didn't come here to tell Mma and Papa about Koena, you came here to confront Papa."

It's true and I couldn't deny it, they can all go on and blame me for the heart attack. I feel bad and think I should have handled things differently, I was angry and should never do that again.

"The news shocked me and I wasn't thinking straight, I didn't know, I didn't mean to."

"You never think straight Pitsi! That's what you always do and you never learn."
She said reminding me of what I have done to her.

"I feel bad as it is." I said. I do owe her an apology but she doesn't have to do this in front of David. He looked uncomfortable that he even had to get up and excuse himself.

"It's not enough." She said as we heard David closing the bedroom door.

"What do you mean?"

"You know lil sis, I have always had your back but you judge me so harshly because you have thee perfect life. You know what I am going to do to you?"

"What?"

"I won't forgive you and I will make sure your husband knows that you and I are not on speaking terms, I want to see you explain to him how you thought him and I were sleeping together." She spoke with a smile on her face. She went to bed leaving me stung and terrified.

I thought she loved me and would do anything for me. She's always been there for me no matter what, why is she going out of her way to hurt me now? It's not like I did something huge, okay maybe I just want her to forget I ever accused her of anything. Is that so hard.

I stayed awake on the couch until the sun came out, I couldn't sleep. I just don't get how Reba would want to toughen this like this for me.

I heard movements in the kitchen, I got up from the couch and went to check. I found my mom standing in the middle of the kitchen crying. I haven't seen my mom in this state in a long time, she has always been strong and spoke her mind. She hasn't said anything or reacted in anyway since I broke the news about Koena.

"Mma?" I softly said.

"Take me to the hospital."

"Mma, they won't let us in, you know that."

And besides I have to get my son ready for school, it's his first day today. I have to be there.

"Pitsi, I don't care. Bribe anyone or do anything but I want to see him. I want answers!"

"But I told you everything maabane."

"You told me nothing, this is between me and you father."

I know my mom can be pushy but this was impossible. I have been up all night and haven't heard a bath or even brushed my teeth. I have to go see my husband and son.

"Pitsi, Pitsi, Pitsi!" She said angrily.

I had no choice but to take my car keys and drive her to the hospital because of I don't I will be compared to her precious Reba. Even though I am better than her with so many things.

When we got there the security guard wouldn't let us in no matter how bad my mom begged, they told us to wait for 3pm, visiting hours. It was 7am now and I don't think my mom can wait that long. I don't have a phone or I even a bank card with me, we have nothing. I know they want a bribe, that's for sure.

I went back to the car and just searched and I came across R150 just under the driver's seat, not mine, probably Kgabo's. I never forget money!

I took the money to the security guards, they took it all and called the ward my dad was at. I listened as the female security guard tried to make up a story about why we should come see my dad. And at the end only my mom was allowed to go in. I waited in my car and tried to catch up on some sleep.

I wonder what is it that my mom wants to do or wants from my dad.

Marriage, I'm in one too but I will never understand it.

30 minutes later my mom came back. She looked better than she did this morning as she knocked on my window, I opened my eyes and unlocked the door for her. She got in.

"How is he?" I asked her rubbing my sore eyes.

"He's going to be fine."

"Mma, what are you going to do?"

"I love your father and I think I took him for granted, I will take care of him."

"I mean about the issue ya Koena."

"Nothing. There is nothing I can do." She answered me staring into space.

I wanted to ask her what happened in there, what she went in there to for. I decided not to, she is my mom and I believe I don't have to know everything about my parents even though I think I'm in too feel already. I drove us back home, I dropped her at the gate. She said I should go home and see my husband. I wanted that too, I want to know where to from here for us. There is not much to worry about except the Reba part, she is just being a pain in the ass for nothing. Punishing me!

I got to the house and Kgabo's car was parked outside the gate. I got mine behind his and went in.

I found him drinking tea in the kitchen. My cellphone was next to him.

"Hi." I said.

"Hey, Jonas told me about your dad. Is he okay?"

"He'll be fine. I got out of here in a rush and forgot my cellphone yesterday."

"Ja it rang and apparently Clara can't wait to work with you. So you accepted the job?"

"No, I never got back to them."

"I want to believe you but you have kept so much from me my wife. You knew things about Maphuti and you knew about my father, it's like you are on a mission to keep things from me."

I didn't know what to say. Today seems to be blame Pitsi day, I had a long night and Kgabo should cut me some slack.

I made sure that the truth comes out at the end but I am the one being blamed.

"I wonder what's more and if there is more Pitsi... God help us."

Chapter 54>>>

We all view things differently, your wrong could be my right, your imperfection might be my perfect and all of us wants to be right in what we do and say, to me it doesn't feel like I did something wrong, even if I did it's not much of a big deal. That's my overall view of this but I guess Kgabo also sees things differently to me. I did hide things from him but I have fought tooth and nail for the truth to come, but at the end I come out a bad person.

Anyway I knew that keeping things from him was wrong and I shouldn't be surprised when he acts like this. It's just that disappointing him hurts, seeing that look on his face kills me and breaks me into pieces.

I left him in the kitchen and went to take a bath and change clothes. I can't say I am sorry to him, I can't tell him why I didn't tell him the truth from the start. My reason was that I wanted his mother to be the one that breaks his heart and shatter his whole life, it was selfish but I don't regret it.

I also don't like keeping things from him even though it seems like I am always hiding something and I wish I could tell him about Reba too but how do I do it, how do I tell my husband that I suspected him of sleeping with my own sister, such dispicable accusations. Some things are not that simple.

After my bath I sat on the bed and cried, I came back happy that my dad was fine and I wanted to share the news with him. I also wanted to check how he was doing after the life changing news from yesterday and yes I was going to take the job at Clara's bridal boutique without talking to him. Sometimes I just can't get myself to agree with Kgabo.

"Baby?" He said standing at the door. I tried to quickly wipe the tears off my face. I know he knows that I have been crying and he is in here to make himself feel better.

"How was Kamo on his first day of school?" I asked trying to avoid another fight or confrontation. I have missed a very important day of my son's life, I wanted to be there with him but my dad's health scared me.

"He asked for you, we can go pick him up after school. I took pictures of him with your phone." He spoke as he handed me my phone.

I took it and went to my gallery, he had taken a lot of pictures and they were all cute. He had taken pictures of him in the house, outside, in the car, at school and while in class. Kgabo is worse than me, a few would have made a difference. I am just a proud mom hle. I couldn't help but smile, my little man had grown up.

"Baby, I'm sorry. It's just that I am so angry I just need someone to blame, I can't believe she lied to me for so many years."

I can't believe this too, the Pastor and his family knew but said nothing. He saw his son being raised by another man that hates him, he did help here and there but it's not easy to just sit back and watch. He should have put his foot down and

demanded that Kgabo be told, what is it that my mother-in-law held against him that he couldn't just tell his only son the truth? Salome did say she was tired of being at the back seat of his brother's life, and I am sure the Pastor wanted to be involved too.

"How do you feel about all this?"

"Unbelievably happy." He said with a smile. "I have tried so many times to be in good books of a man who knew that he wasn't my father, the man hates me Pitsi and my mother made me steal from him and force me to live my life for him."

"I'm sure Pastor will be happy too." I said and went quite. I can't tell him that the Pastor knew about him all along, I've done my part.

"Baby, can we talk about us?" Kgabo asked me.

"What about us?" I was scared. He sounded like he wanted to make changes, big changes.

"I just don't want this whole thing to affect us and I want you to stop keeping things from me. We have dealt with a lot, I'm sure we can tackle more."

I am the one that had felt with a lot coming from him and I forgave him. What did I do? Get the truth out and that made him harshly judge me.

"I shouldn't have kept secrets from you but I just thought you didn't have to hear the truth from me."

"True but what about Clara?"

"Like I told you, I am still considering it."

"But don't do it. Believe in yourself baby, you have potential and I am here to help you if you need anything, emotionally, financially. I am here."

"Kgabo, can I just once do things my way?" I wasn't snapping but Kgabo always wants to control and have things done his way. This is my career we are talking about, I want to be out there, see things and meet people. Working from home and depending on him is only going to take me back, he probably enjoys the idea of coming home to me. He can afford to support me and Kgabo, get us to live the best lifestyles but I have always been a career woman. I won't lie, it's nice to get money from my husband and get spoiled by him but earning your own salary makes life even better.

He didn't respond, he just looked at me like I was making the biggest mistake of my life. Well, it's my mistake to make.

"We have visitors today." He said changing topics since I wasn't going to listen to him.

"Who?"

"Koena is coming, mom, my uhmm...Mothiba, Pastor and his wife and daughters. You can call your mom and sister too."

I didn't question the meeting, it was short notice for all of us. And I guess everyone wants to say their part and get over and done with this. I wonder how Koena is feeling about being my brother, we've always been close and he's been so good to me.

"You told Koena the truth?"

"Yes, he's the one who suggested we have this meeting."

I was a little sceptic, I am not sure if I want to see Koena yet. I am a bit excited to have a big brother like him but he's not like Kgabo, he's unapproachable. I see him that way now that he is my brother.

Kgabo and I went for a little grocery shopping. When we came back we cooked together. He said Maphuti came back last night and he spoke to her. They had ironed things out, he did look happy like some heavy weight has been lifted of his shoulders.

We were connecting again and just having fun in the kitchen. I made him do most of the cooking while I was busy taking pictures of him. He was shirtless under his apron, he looked yummy.

Though, I had a bit of a problem, my phone couldn't stop ringing and everytime I checked it was Thabiso Mabena. I don't know what the guy wants from me but whatever it is I am not interested. I eventually blocked his number.

Kgabo didn't notice since my phone was on silent, not even vibrating.

Maphuti joined us, she didn't help, she just sat down and complained about her morning sickness. Since her brother knows she didn't mind sharing even though she was making him uncomfortable. I could see that Kgabo was not okay with this, he was disappointed in her and that hurts him too.

We left around 13:30 to go get Kamo from school, he was so excited and even refused to come home with us, he wanted to walk with the other kids. I was sad and felt rejected by my son, he's only 6 but already acting like he doesn't need me. Kgabo made him get in the car with all his friends and dropped them all at their homes. We also dropped Kamo at my mom's, my mother didn't want to come to the meeting so she offered to babysit for me and Reba.

When Kgabo and I got home we found Reba and Salome in the kitchen, apparently Maphuti felt tired and had to go lie down. Kgabo also wanted to go check things at the office, leaving me with my new found sister-in-law and my pregnant sis.

As soon Kgabo's car engine died with the distance Salome started,

"Mapitsi, I know what you did."

I know what she was talking about and this wasn't the time to be querriling about men. We are suppose to be a family, stand together. But anyway I am one to talk since I am not talking to my sister here.

"What are you talking about Salome?" Reba asked and Salome was too happy to feel her in. Reba looked at me in disgust, she just sat down and went on listening to Salome. The Reba I know would have told Salome to shut up a long time ago, not listen to her grilling me in my own house. I felt embarrassed and stupid.

Salome excused herself and went to the toilet, I was left alone with Reba,

"Pitsi, what is going on with you?"

"What do you mean?"

"What happened to my lil sis? The one that never looked down on others and respected other people's business?"

I wonder that too, I guess I got so bored and frustrated with my life that I took it out on other people. I was at a point where I couldn't trust anyone, I saw everybody as a threat to my marriage and went around accusing people. My insecurities made that kind of a person.

"Reba, I don't know what happened to me, I know I have been acting awful and mean but I can't have you as my enemy." I said crying. In a way I was apologising to my sister.

"Goodness Pitsi, all I wanted from you was to say I am sorry but I know you'll never say it and I guess I will have to take you as you are. Etle mo!" She said laughing and I literally ran to her and gave her a hug. She pulled away and asked,

"You really thought I would do what I said I would do to you?"

I don't know, I just know I have a crazy sis! But I couldn't tell her that.

Salome was now standing at the door way looking at us.

"I guess Pitsi and I are even too." She said coming back to her chair. I wiped off my tears.

"How so?" Reba asked.

"You did hurt me Pitsi by telling Lucky to break up with me but I also did something. I told you the truth about Kgabo knowing too well that you were not going to keep it to yourself."

But still I feel about what I did to Salome and Lucky, it's nothing compared to what she thinks she has done to me. I have to make things right and that's if Lucky still wants to talk to me or will let me explain myself, I don't even know how I am going to do that but I have to get them back together. A part of me still thinks they don't belong together but that's not my decision.

A few minutes later my mother-in-law and Sima walked in, then Pastor, his wife and older daughter. We then waited for Koena while we served tea and sandwiches. I checked with my mom to see if she has changed her mind about coming but she still didn't want to come, I do understand her. My mom has always idolized Kgabo's mother so much even though the woman belittled her every chance she got, now to look at her and see the woman that had betrayed my dad can't be easy. All in all my mom doesn't know how to approach this, just like Reba and me, we are terrified right now. What's going to happen? What are we going to say to him when he walks in?

The house was quite, no one spoke or did anything else than sip on their teas. There was no way to breaking the silence, the situation was tough enough as it was.

We were waiting for Koena as it got more and more awkward.

Kgabo went outside to call him, he should be here by now. It's been a while since he said he was on his way. He came back,

"I just spoke to him, he is no longer coming." Kgabo said.

My heart sank, he is rejecting us!

"I don't blame him, this is all a joke." My father-in-law said. I knew he was just trying to stay calm all along, he has been agitated and showed no interest of being here.

"We are all here to get to the bottom of this, to solve this like adults." Pastor said trying to calm the storm that was about to erupt in my sitting room.

"Says the man who had an affair with my wife, aren't you suppose to be a man of God? What does the bible say about adultery?" My father-in-law was angry and throwing shades like nobody's business. He's fed up!

The Pastor was fighting to stay calm for the sake of his responsibility as a man of God, I do believe he's entitled to get angry at times and throw shades too.

But this is hectic, he had an affair and at the time he was already a priest. The church was founded by him, it's been here for 35 years. If God had forgiven him for cheating on his wife back then I am pretty sure he will be forgiven again if he loses his cool.

"Gentleman please, this is about the children. We are not here to settle old scores." The Pastor's wife humbly said.

"You are defending him?" My father-in-law asked in disbelief, he laughed too.

"Dad please..." Kgabo said and just for that all he got from a man he has known as his father for all his life was an evil look that would turn water into ice and this word,

"I am not your father and never call me that again."

Kgabo went quite, looking ashamed and defeated. He still respected the man no matter the situation.

"Please this is not his fault, if you want to blame or hate anyone let it be me." My mother-in-law said, finally opening her mouth.

"She finally speaks. I don't have to sit here and share this family reunion nonsense, Mosima and Maphuti let's go home." He said getting up, Sima did as he was told and Maphuti hesitated.

"Maphuti, get your things!" He shouted. He turned to my mother-in-law who was still sitting. "And you, don't ever come to my house. Mosima and Maphuti will pack your things and bring them. In fact, I don't want anything to do with any of you here and your stupid church! God should burn that church!"

I hear the hatred and all that but...

Where the hell is his wife going to stay???

I don't want her!!!

Chapter 55>>>

Life without my mother-in-law would be the best thing that's ever happened to all of us, the woman is just a bad toxic to everyone around her. Call me heartless but I have had it with her. And here I was thinking this was the last time I would ever see her in my house and life. Wishful thinking! I bet Kgabo doesn't want anything to do with her but knowing my husband he'll not let his mother suffer, she deserves to suffer though. After everything she has done to her children, who knows maybe all their children are not his(my father-in-law or should I say stepfather-in-law). This woman is capable of more and we shouldn't put anything past her.

I just think her husband knew about Kgabo but not about Koena and that had hurt him, I have seen him with Koena. He was his pride and joy, he did everything for him, yes he raised Kgabo and got him the best education money can buy but he always made him feel like an outcast. I don't blame him for wanting nothing to do with his wife, being lied to for 38 years is not pap and vleis I tell you!

My mother-in-law knows that life without her husband means she is going to lose all her riches, her cushy lifestyle gone. She had never had a day's job in her life, all her expensive lifestyle was all thanks to her rich business minded husband of hers. I guess picturing herself begging somebody for a job or money was way better than humiliating herself.

In a minute she was in tears and on her knees in front of her husband.

"Please don't do this, we can solve all this papa, I know! I am so sorry hle." She was helpless as if all the power she used to parade around was taken from her, stripped of her actually. Oh well it was!

Her husband just looked down on her like she was dirt that he didn't want to be next to. I could see he hated her so much that he wanted to slap her but was unable to, I fought hard to hold himself. She was embarrassing herself and well there wasn't much she could do other than beg. She had to make up to a lot of people, her children included and her marriage will fall apart then she doesn't have back up.

Her husband of 38 years walked out on her, leaving her on the floor crying. I really felt bad for her. No one bothered to help her, Sima and Maphuti didn't leave with their dad but still didn't not have the courage to help her. I know they love her, they are staying behind with her. I guess this shows where their loyalties lie, even when their mother was wrong they still stood up for her.

Kgabo went to his mother and helped her up, I got up and helped him get her back to the couch. She was helpless and she didn't care any more. The dignified-self-respected woman was gone, all that was left was remorse for herself.

Sima got up and went to sit next to her mother,

"Mma, you can come stay with me until you fix things with with Papa." She suggested and I could have jumped up and down with excitement but anyway her staying here would have been awkward, Kgabo needs some time to think and figure things out. Besides I know my mother-in-law is too embarrassed to face me everyday after all this, her pride won't let hrr crawl up to me in front of her son.

"Maphuti will go and pack some of the things that you might need."

"You can also go, I am not going anywhere." Maphuti snapped at her older sister out of nowhere. That was for the first time I ever heard her talking to anyone like that, she has never, not even at me. But I have heard she can be difficult. This wasn't the time to show that she is still a child especially now that she thinks she is a woman. Hiding pregnancies and sleeping with married man.

"Maphuti?" Sima shouted, more like trying to warn her little sister.

"I don't take orders from you." The way she was been disrespectful no one bothered to put her back to her place. It's like everyone is used to her acting like that but Kgabo was a bit embarrassed.

"I am telling you, go then." Kgabo said to Maphuti who got up and left without any arguments.

The room got a bit awkward and quite, only the sobbing of my mother-in-law was heard.

"I think we should also leave, we can do this some other time?" Pastor said. He was getting up, his wife and daughters did too.

"Please, can I have a word with all of you before you leave." Kgabo said to them. He led them to his study.

I took the dishes and went to wash them, Reba followed me. We made arrangements to go see dad later, I have to get Mom then go get her. We didn't know what we were going to do with the kids, but Reba suggested that Jonas babysits for us. She even called him.

Reba doesn't love Jonas, she is only with him because she is desperate and doesn't see a way out with her 3 kids. I could see the way she speaks to him, she doesn't value him or respect him, he is just her scapegoat. None of her high profile boyfriends are here to support her like they used to, they are all gone and he is just the stupid one willing to be used! Woman should at times get it through their heads that you don't need men to get ahead or feel complete. All you need is a job! Having children shouldn't make you feel like a failure waiting for a Prince to the rescue you. You can do this on your own.

I wish I could sit my sister down and tell her all this but she will bite my head off, you never tell Reba about her mistakes, she can admit them but do not throw them at her even if you don't mean no harm. She is one of the strongest woman I have ever met in my life, I admire her because she doesn't let anything break her. She knows how to cheer herself up!

Maphuti came back with her mother's bags while Kgabo was still in the study with his new family, hope everything is going well in there. I wish I knew how everything was going though, it's hard to be on the sideline, I know I have my family problems to deal with but how do we do that if Koena won't come to the meeting or contact us, it hurts to know that he doesn't want anything to do with us. It would have been lovely to have a big brother who was willing to join our family and connect with us. I wish I knew what changed his mind since the meeting was his idea.

Maybe my family is not good enough for him...

Sima and her mother were ready to go, my mother-in-law was very quite and looked ashamed as Sima said goodbye to us. I kind of feel sorry for her, what she has done is unforgivable but for the sake of peace we should all forgive her and embark on moving on. We need the peace.

They headed to the door but my mother-in-law stopped and looked back at me,

"I hope you are happy Pitsi, but I will tell you this, this is far from over." I don't know what she meant but she scares me, Sima pulled her away. I was too stunned to speak, even Reba was. I know she will come back for me but I didnt expect her to. I did her and everyone a favour by pushing for the truth to come out. Sometimes doing the right things I never right. Now my mother-in-law is blaming me for her problems.

Reba left soon after they left to go get ready and I went to get ready too. When I was done still, Kgabo was not out of his study with his family, I even had to go

knock and tell them I am going to the hospital. At least he came out and gave me money for petrol and to buy things for my dad.

"How is it going on there?" I asked him.

"Pretty good, just a bit stressed." He said and I saw he was trying to be strong. He had found a father that will love and support him, that's good news but things are not as rosy on the other side. The whole thing has ruined what was left of the relationship he had with his stepfather, his mother is a wreck and he has to adjust to the new changes.

He wished me well with my father, I gave him a hug and he went back.

I picked up Reba and Jonas then drove to my parent's house. When we got there I went in to call my mom but she wasn't home. David was alone with the kids and when I asked him where mom was he said she left already. I had to go tell Reba so she could decide what to do with her boyfriend since David was babysitting. You won't believe that she told the poor guy to go home and prepare supper... And he got out of the car and walked. He really adores my sister, he was responding to her with love even when my sister was just being Reba, talking without a care. She was being like mom, taking granted of the man that loves her. I hope she learns that hard way, just like mom is right now.

I could have taken him back to their house but we were already running out of time.

I drove to the hospital and Reba was busy on her cellphone, I bet she is cheating on poor Jonas. My sister will never learn!

I bought some fruits and toiletries for dad.

We got to the hospital and went to dad's ward. Have you ever been to a hospital just to find the person you are visiting not where you left them? Your heart will stop I tell you! I got terrified too when I found my dad's bed empty. In a state we left him last night, you'll be terrified too. My mom saw him in the morning but

that's not the same. Apparently he was moved to another ward. Meaning he must be getting better. We were given the number of his new ward, we walked there. I was a bit excited and prayed that he will be released by weekend. I hate hospitals with all my heart, apart from seeing sick people, the place is depressing on it's own.

We found his bed in a row of beds. He had visitors by his bedside...

Mom and Koena!!!

Reba and I stopped and looked at them talking and laughing, dad looked so happy and much better. We walked slowly to them, dad's face lit up even more when he saw us.

The things I bought him looked like nothing compared to the huge fruit and other goodies basket that was on his bedside. I almost threw it under one of the beds as we walked closer to them.

"My girls." Dad said making Koena and Mom aware of our presence. They all looked at us with a smile.

"Thought you went back to Pretoria." I said to Koena.

"I couldn't, I decided to come to the hospital." He said.

"He came to get me, I like your brother girls." My mom said just accepting everything and putting things together.

This day was a very special one to my family, we didn't have to force things. Everything just fell into place and we found ourself connecting. I remember I once saw something in Koena and now I get it, he looks more like dad. He's like a younger vision of him.

I have spent so much time with him the last time he visited us, I swear I feel like a fool at not seeing the similarities between them.

Koena was more into knowing about how mom and dad raised us, he even called my mom "mom". And that made both my parents so happy. To be honest I didn't think things were going to be this easy, especially since Koena was so close to the man that raised him. They both loved each other, spoke almost everyday over the phone and would have done anything for each other.

I excused myself to go try and call my husband but he wasn't picking up. Still busy?

I wanted to tell him about his brother, I am sure he would love to know that he is with us.

I tried his phone several times but still.

We left the hospital and he still wasn't answering, I was getting worried and couldn't wait to get home. Kgabo knows just how to scare me, a lot could have happened during their meeting but not anything as bad as leading him to not answer his cellphone.

Koena drove Mom and Reba home, I went home alone. Koena said he is sleeping over at my house.

When I got home I ran into the house to find Maphuti all by herself eating in the kitchen, I asked her where Kgabo was and she said he left with his new family. She sounded a bit annoyed, I didn't know if it was because of earlier or she was about to blame this on her pregnancy hormones.

"Maphuti, what's going on between you and Sima?" I asked her. She paused for a while before she answered,

"It's none of your business but if you must know she is not as perfect as everybody thinks she is. Let me just put it this way, like mother like daughter."

That's all she said then cleared her plate, she put it in the sink and left the kitchen. She was suppose to wash that! I won't clean after her and she is staying here because she promised to help.

And what does she mean by what she said? Is she comparing Sima to their mother?

Sima had 2 children and...

No!

Sima wouldn't.

No, no, no! I can't take anymore of this family's secrets, things always creep up out of nowhere and always finds me in the middle. I won't ask her about this nor bring it up ever again, it's best if I just pretend I don't see what's going on.

Koena came to the house with Kamo who wanted to watch tv right away, I let him but made him a snack. I also made some for me and Koena.

"Thought you were bringing Pinky with you." I started our conversation.

"Was suppose to but she said she had already RSVPed for Thabiso Mabena's fashion show."

Fashion show? So soon? I mean I had my fashion show like a month ago and the man is already having his?

I am jealous but he is Thabiso Mabena and I am not, he can bounce back from anything and whatever happened to me doesn't affect him in anyway.

Life goes on for him while I am stuck.

I wonder if Pule knows about this. I haven't spoken to him in a while. Maybe I should call him and ask him if he does.

"That's nice."

"At the hospital you didn't look good, where you trying to get hold of Kgabo?"

I didn't think anyone had noticed but what does it matter, my husband always disappear mos. Except lately I had thought things have changed, I mean he has to grow up at some point.

"I wanted to tell him about you but his phone just keeps on ringing."

"Don't worry, he'll be back." He reassured me and he knows that he might not come back just like the last time.

The rest of the evening I did try to call him but still he wasn't picking up. I was getting worried and angry at the same time. He knows how worried I get when he doesn't answer his cellphone, and sometimes you might find that whenever he is he's probably having fun like always. I would go and look for him but I know Koena is going to want to come with me and I cannot leave my son with Maphuti, she cannot be trusted. So I have to stay home and play the dutiful-obedient wife.

I cooked supper and we even had to eat without him. By bed time I got Koena's room ready but he could see I wasn't going to bed so he stayed up with me. This feels like the night Kgabo went out cheating with Lerato, he was just bringing terrible memories back.

By 11pm Koena looked sleepy and I was also tired, I suggested we both go to bed even though when I got to my bedroom I sat up on the bed trying to call Kgabo. His phone just rang. I gave up and tried to fall asleep which was very hard.

He'd rather be in an accident somewhere other than cheat with another one of his whores, I can deal with that and nurse him. I am a wife praying that my husband isn't cheating on me hle!

By 3pm I heard his car pulling in, I sat up on the bed and waited for him. He is sleeping on the couch tonight I swear, I don't care what his excuse is. A call, one simple phone call wouldn't have killed him.

After 30 minutes his car engine died in the garage but he wasn't inside the house, he was still outside. I got out of bed and went to check on him.

He was unbelievably sleeping in his car with the door open and one foot out. I woke him up with a warm clap, he jumped up and rubbed his cheek. It took him a minute or 2 to realise where he was.

"Baby man, I was with Salome. Don't get angry because you know I wasn't cheating on you, just having fun my baby." He reeked of alcohol and couldn't even stand up straight, even when he tried to balance on the car as he got off.

"Do you know how worried I was about you?" I asked him.

"You can be stiff at times Pitsi, loosen up. Didn't you go celebrate with your brother by the way? Hai man!"

See I was worried for nothing!

I watched him walk away balancing himself on the car but he didn't go far. In a second he was on the floor with a bloody nose, Koena stood looking at him with his fingers still clenched in a fist.

"This is the last time you'll disrespect your wife."

Yes, he has punched his baby brother to protect his baby sister...

Chapter 56>>>

All my life I had Reba to protect and fight for me, I was a lonely child and got teased a lot but when I told Reba people started to respect me because of her. She feared nobody and cared less what people said about her, till this day I still depend on her and would call her if needed. A lot of people don't like my sister but they will talk to her because they fear her. Both my parents are not big on fights, I have never seen them fighting with anyone in my life. My mom had exchanged a few harsh words with the neighbours over the fence and a few people around our block, well a few are not on speaking terms with her, that's when I can say that's where Reba got her big mouth from. What I am trying to say is I don't know where Koena gets his violent side from, his mother is just a loud human being and dad, our dad... a calm man who makes peace a part of his everyday life. I have never thought of Koena as a violent person though, I do appreciate what he has done here but it wasn't necessary. Kgabo is my husband, his brother for heaven's sake!

Now he is laying on the floor with a bloodied nose and I have to be thankful? There are ways to resolve this and violence is not the right way.

I tried to get Kgabo up, we need to stop the bleeding and see if anything has been broken. He was heavy and just let himself loose. I think Koena could see that I wasn't pleased. He helped as he carried Kgabo inside the house, to the bathroom to wash off the blood that wasn't stopping. But finally it did and I think Kgabo had finally sobered up, he walked himself to the bedroom.

I went to the kitchen to get an ice pack for him incase he starts bleeding again.

Koena followed me,

"Pitsi?" He said my name as if testing to see if I would respond or not and I felt the urge not to talk to him. I was afraid I was going to snap at him, I respect him but I don't like what he did. "Please talk to me, I want to apologise."

"What do you want me to say?"

"Anything. Pitsi you are my little sister, I can't just watch my own brother hurt you. I know what he has been getting up to all this time and I can't let it go on anymore."

"So you are only protecting me now that I am your sister? You let him do all those things to me and you stood up for him!"

"I know I am a jerk for that and I deserve it. It makes my blood boil that I let him and I owe it to you to fix it and make sure it never happens again"

Kgabo is a lost cause that can't be changed, any effort with him is a total waste of time and energy. I am learning that everytime he disappears. Koena was sincere but he would have taken his side now if we weren't related and protected his brother's ass. I also don't want to fight, siblings fight but we are not that kind of siblings. We didn't grow up together or fought for toys, we are suppose to be building our new found relationship. I need him, he needs me too to make up for lost time.

"Fine, maybe I am being hasty but I needed to get that off my chest." I admitted to him. He didn't know what else to say so he gave me a hug. It felt somehow odd but I needed it.

I went to bed and left him in the kitchen feeling bad, I wanted him to. I know that he knew Kgabo had been cheating on me and he supported him, he did not hate me but he let him bring one of his floozes to his house. I know all this because Kgabo told me the night he confessed and said all his sins to me.

In the bedroom Kgabo was sleeping comfortably and snoring, he was breathing through his mouth. He was suppose to sleep on the couch tonight, he should Koena for punching him. I put the ice pack on his bedside, it will melt here. I got into bed and I slept next to him, my heart was hurting badly.

In the morning I was woken up by the fresh smell of strong coffee, I sat up on the bed. A cup was on my bedside and Kgabo was sitting on the bed looking at me. I

wanted to tell him how angry I was at him, how hurt I was because of him but the pain betrayed me and instead came down in a pool of tears.

"Baby?" Kgabo softly said touching me. I slowly removed his hands away.

I found my voice, my cracky voice.

"Why do you do this to me? When I start getting comfortable and starting to relax you get me worried again, get me into those feelings of doubt. You wanted to promise me that you will never again and I told you not to. Look at us now, just back to square one. I am tired of telling you one thing over and over again because no matter what happens you are always sorry."

He was dragging his eyes on the floor, he couldn't even look at me. He knows what he did was wrong and he just want to fix things with coffee, he'll drink it and fix himself with it. That's how little he thinks and value me.

"And don't tell me you are sorry, because I have heard that so many times I am sick of it."

"I didn't think you'd mind since I was out with Salome, she is my sister."

"I didn't know that Kgabo! Maybe if you'd answered your phone and told me we wouldn't be doing this right now."

"Okay, I messed up. My phone was in the car and..." I interrupted him.

"I don't want excuses, God knows how many of those I have heard."

"Then what do you want me to do? You are just making a big deal out of nothing!"

I got on top of the bed and we had a screaming match as he also stood up.

"It would have been nothing if I didn't stay up worrying about you."

"What do you think I was doing out there? You think I was cheating on you?"

"I thought something happened to you!"

"Don't lie to me!" He said and went for the door. He was really making me sound insane, like I just wanted a fight with him for nothing.

I threw myself on the bed and cried.

Kgabo is just being a bloody asshole right now. Is it so wrong for me to want to know my husband's whereabouts? A married man shouldn't be out there drinking up a storm in the middle of a week, at night nogal. Who is keeping me warm and making sure I am safe? Even if he is not cheating anyone would think that of him. He could have bought those drinks and came home with his so called sister to have fun or he enjoys looking at those half naked girls at taverns?

"Mama?" I heard Kamo's sweet voice. He didn't even make a sound as he came in. I cleaned my face with the bed covers and looked at him. Then he asked, "Were you naughty?"

"What?" I asked confused.

"Because daddy was shouting at you."

"Oh we were talking, just happy." I said trying to force a smile. Just know that this kids of today they know the answer even before they ask the question. He knew that something was up.

He gave me a tight hug then I hurried him to the bathroom to get him ready for school. I quickly took a bath with him and got him in his uniform. I made him cereal and went to get myself ready for the day. By the time I was done, I got Kamo's school bag and found him done in the kitchen. Koena and Kamo were there as if waiting for me to come make them breakfast, askies to disappoint them, I won't. They sat there talking like nothing happened, punches were being thrown early morning, now they are buddies? Amazing!

"Come on boy, let's get you to school." I said to Kamo helping him off his chair and getting his school bag on.

"Pitsi, can we talk?" Kgabo asked.

"I am going to see Clara so I don't know what time I will be back. As for breakfast, I am sure you know your way around the kitchen." I said and started talking to Kamo, trying to not let Kgabo get a chance to speak to me.

I dropped Kamo off at school and went to see my mom, she was already awake and drinking tea. I greeted her as I sat down and she got up to pour me tea, she looked happy and was glowing. We chatted a bit about dad, the weather then Reba. She told me how happy she was for Reba and she prayed that Reba doesn't mess up this time. Though she wished Jonas and Reba didn't have to move in together before marriage, she was already taking them there. I want Reba to be happy but I don't think marriage Jonas solves anything.

After that there was a long silence as she drank her tea.

"Did you really come here to gossip?" She asked breaking the silence. She knows me better even though talking to her doesn't seem that ideal, she never takes my side and besides I was already feeling better.

"No,mma I am fine."

"Pitsi?"

She was on to me and I really wanted to get this off my chest, since she brought it up.

"Okay mma." I said taking in a few breath ins. I told her everything, making sure she realise how worried I was and wasn't making a big deal out of nothing. She listened taking sips from her cup of tea. I finished and waited for her to speak,

"Sometimes as a woman you also have to act like you don't care, caring too much and showing it gives away your weakness. Endless calls won't make him feel guilty or get back too you, one call Pitsi and give it a rest. Yes, he was wrong. You told him, what did he do?"

For the first in my life my mom gave me advice, the best but still I am not sure if I can just sit back and not know where my husband is in the middle of the night.

I promised her though that I will try to do as she told me. She knew I wasn't considering it and she went on talking, trying to make sure I took in every single word she was saying.

I left the house around 9am and David was still sleeping.

I drove straight to town to see Clara. I don't have a meeting with her and I hope I find her. She did say I can pop in anytime.

I have never been to her boutique but it wasn't hard to find, it was located amongs very familiar clothing stores and it stood out with it's white and pink logo. I went in and notice that she was a vintage lover, and it wasn't hard to spot her favourite colours, yes pink and white. I went around the store looking at the wedding dresses

that I would never be seen dead in, she does need my help. And the service in here sucks big time, there was a young black lady at what looked like a till and a desk, I will call it the reception, she looked bored and busy on her phone. I went to her, she had noticed me walking around but wasn't going to let me disturb her peace.

"Hi." I said and she said hi back staring at me with her heavily make up face. "Is Clara here?"

"No, you want to place an order. I'll give you the catalogues and you can page through them." She gave me old magazines and told me to have a look.

"I am actually here to see Clara, I am Pitsi Mothiba."

The girl looked at me like she didn't believe me and I couldn't care less, she will be answering to me soon and I am going to turn this place over. One would ask how they afford their rent, they can't be making much business, not with Miss-Eyebrows-on-flick's attitude.

She got up so quickly she almost fell as she rushed in/out a door that was written "Staff only". After a minute or 2 an old white pretty well kept lady came out.

I have never met the woman before but I just assumed this must be her and I was right. She introduced herself and shook my hands, she also introduced Missy here as her assistance, Malebo. She then asked me to join her in her little office and I followed her to discuss the beginning of our working relationship. We spoke for 2 hours and I agreed to the job and bagged my contract for my husband to read and clarify for me as soon as I am over being angry at him.

When we walked out of her office there were 2 young ladies walking around the boutique just like I did when I walked in. Malebo didn't even mind them, I went to them and spoke to them. They told me they were shopping for a wedding, one of them was getting married soon. I sat them down and had a chat with them, asked them questions about the theme then added how to collaborate that with the

wedding dress to bridesmaid dresses, groom and groomsmen attire. I paid attention while I made sketches and the fact that they had pictures helped a lot. At the end I showed them what I had in mind and they left the boutique happy and ready for a wedding.

Clara was very impressed.

I gave Malebo a list of what she should buy once the deposit has been paid.

I left and went to eat lunch, after lunch I did a bit of shopping just to spite Kgabo. I want him to know how angry I am by hurting his pocket, he never complains though when I misuse our money but this time I want him to feel it and know I am doing it on purpose. My little shopping spree turned to big spending.

I was running out of time to get Kamo from school, I called Maphuti to ask her and she agreed and even asked if it was fine for them to take Kamo with them to see her mother at Sima's house. It was fine since there was no one to babysit for me. Kgabo wasn't home and wasn't going with them either.

I couldn't even make time to go see my dad but I called the hospital. The phone call was directed to the ward he was in. I asked about him and I was told that he was doing okay and had even walked himself to the bathroom. That's good news!

I went home and passed by my mom to ask how dad was doing she told me the same thing the nurse said. After that I went straight to my house, there was no one there so I started cooking. I had a great day and I went around the kitchen singing. Kgabo came back from work, as soon as he got inside the house I could see he wasn't happy.

"Pitsi, I thought you understood me when I said we have money problems." He said as I was still singing, I stopped.

"After the night I had I deserved a little pampering, don't you think?"

"Baby please, I know you are angry but this is not how you should punish me. This affects us both!"

He is right, I have to be careful around money. We won't be the only ones suffering but Kamo too.

"Fine, I'll take everything back tomorrow."

"You don't have to."

He said and walked out the kitchen.

Ah Kgabo, I am trying to do what he wants and now he is just going to act like a brat. And I won't take them back because I love them already.

I was still angry at him and wanted to carry on like that but my mom's words kept crawling back into my mind.

When I was done cooking he was done bathing, he joined me in the kitchen as I served. I gave him his food.

"It smells good." He said with a smile.

I waited for him to take a bite out of the meat and when he was about to chew I went,

"Hope the food doesn't taste funny because you never know what I might pour for you in there."

He looked at me with eyes wide open not sure if he should swallow or spit out...

Chapter 57>>>

I have been disrespected for far too long and I think it's time I carried my weight around here, I have to make my mark and the sooner my husband gets that the better. First of all my husband should learn how to address issues with me, especially when I am angry at him and need answers. I wasn't playing in the morning, I was angry and he took it lightly. He accused me of thinking badly of him, I don't see anything wrong with me thinking he is out there cheating on me. He has done it before so what are the odds? And then I want him to understand that whatever he is doing out there at night, drinking and partying, I am also home waiting for him and thinking all kinds of things just like right now. If he thinks I will poison him then I am also looking at his nights out differently. I don't care if he thinks I am a bad person or a witch, all I want is for him to get the message. How would he feel if the table were turned?

I got my plate of food and started eating as he slowly chewed and swallowed. He was in a tight spot but he knew he had to swallow and eat the whole plate of food otherwise I will accuse him of thinking the worst of me even if I had put that idea into his head. I don't care how he looks at me after this, the fact is he knows I wouldn't kill him but you never know...

"Hmmm, tastes good, does yours taste any different?" I asked him pointing at his plate with my spoon as I chewed. He licked his lips and laughed, he knew I wasn't serious but for a moment he doubted me.

"You are good, I tell you you are." He laughed some more. Even though he knows it's a joke he will not enjoy his meal and tonight he will be waiting to die or see if something will happen.

"You know, I don't want to fight Kgabo. I want us to work through things together."

"I'm sorry love for what I did, it was selfish of me. Sometimes I just act like I don't care about you but I do and again I am sorry."

Here we go again with the "I am sorry" phrase, it comes out so damn easily but whether he means it or not remains a mystery. Still I agreed with him and said I will forgive him, I love it when it's peaceful in the house and these endless fights are just affecting us and pushing us away from the real issues that need to be dealt with. We have new family members that need us and we need them too. From now on I want us to raise our son in that kind of environment, where he knows where he comes from.

He asked me how it went with Clara and that reminded me about the contract. I got it and showed it to him, we went through it together as he explained things I didn't understand. Well everything was in place so at the end I signed. He wasn't trying to discourage me anymore, he knew that I had made up my mind.

Koena, Maphuti and Kamo came back from Sima's house. They already had supper there, I made tea and we drank watching tv but that's after putting Kamo to bed, actually I had to force him to sleep since he didn't understand why he had to be the only one to go to bed "so early". I hate negotiating with Kamo because it shows he doesn't respect me like he does with his father.

And here I was also trying to avoid Koena, we have to talk and iron things out. I feel bad about this morning and like always I won't apologise or admit to any wrong doing.

We heard a knock at the door around 8pm, Maphuti went to open since she was already on her way to the kitchen.

She came back followed by her father, Kgabo stood up and looked at him with hate written all over his face. He is the last person we expected to see here and the way he left the last time made us think he hated his former sons.

"I didn't come here to fight, I just want to speak to my son, Koena." The man said with no shame. The room went silent, he was back to hurt Kgabo. If he wants to claim Koena as his then what about Kgabo? There is no difference between the 2 and if he is looking for any he won't find anything. He should make peace with them both. They did nothing wrong to him.

"Please get out of my house and don't ever come back!" Kgabo ordered him. Anger was looming through him, the veins in his neck popped out as he started breathing heavily. I was scared he'll attack the man if he doesn't get the heck out of here.

The man just stood still and looked at Koena. I know Koena respect the him but he is not worth it, not if he is going to treat his brother like this. He shares nothing with the man and everything that happened in the past might mean something but thing have changed now. If he hates one of them he might as well hate them all.

"I came here in peace, I will leave in peace. So lets all be grown ups here." He spoke to Kgabo like my husband meant nothing to him. Well he does, that's the point he is trying to prove right now.

"So it's okay for you to just come in here and act like you just did? This is my house and if you don't respect that I don't see why I should show you any respect or peace."

"I sometimes feel sorry for you because you just want me to acknowledge you and let me tell you boy, it will never happen. I will never see you as a son, you are nothing and a nobody to me."

Those hurtful words broke my husband in pieces and will leave him distraught for life. His loss of words just made us see the pain right through him and the man inflicting the pain was enjoying himself. That's what he wants, he thinks by hurting Kgabo he is getting back at his wife or punishing her. Kgabo Sat back down and rubbed his eyes, he wanted to cry but being a man made him not to.

This man has no shame and is heartless. That is no way to speak to someone you raised, but what am I saying because he has never accepted Kgabo or liked him.

"Please just go with him, get him out my house." I said to Koena and he did, he left with him. He wanted to all along.

Maphuti went to her room and I didn't know what to do. I went to Kgabo and sat next to him, I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him to my chest. I think me comforting him just made him release the tears that he has been fighting back. I let him cry in my arms. This is sad because Kgabo has been trying to pay back for his sins ever since the man found out that Kgabo stole from him, I know Koena is struggling financially but Kgabo has supported them and assisted where they needed help. He had done more than Koena, build them a house even.

He cried silently for a few minutes then asked me if we could go to bed.

I walked behind him as he held me by my hand.

As soon as we got to the bedroom he was kissing me and ripping me out of my clothes. We haven't had sex since the whole mess but that's just been a few days but we still can't now...

"Kgabo stop!" I said pushing him away.

"Baby please I need this." He was already into thinking this was the only thing that would lift off all the tension in him.

"No, we'd rather talk."

"We'll talk after."

"Stop, okay?" Giving him a push away from me.

"Why do you always do this?"

"Do what?"

"Make me beg or negotiate for sex? I am suppose to get it everytime I want it." He spoke like someone who was loosing his mind, going around the bedroom.

"You are angry and hurt Kgabo, that's not the right time to have sex."

"Why do you make it sound like I am going to do something that I will regret later? You are my wife, so what if I want to blow some steam off?"

"That's not how we should deal with things."

"You know what, fine, you can go ahead and talk while I sleep." He took his clothes off and got into bed.

I felt bad, I am suppose to be there for him in anyway I can and if it means giving him sex then I will. I took off my last bit of clothing and got into bed. I snuggled up to him to make him see that I have changed my mind, he didn't move.

"Kgabo?" I said moving my leg on top of him.

"Let it go Pitsi, now you want to give it to me because you feel guilty? No thanks, I don't want to feel like I am forcing you."

I gave up and turned to the other side. We've just spoken about fighting and that talk doesn't mean much now. God, I can be a fool at times!

I heard Koena coming back. It must have been after 3 hours since he went out with his so called father. Things must be going good for them and that is going to feel like betrayal to Kgabo, I know he is expecting his brother to tell that man to go to hell and by the looks of things Koena took my dad's heart. A good heart that

forgives and hold no grudges, he is going to unintentionally hurt Kgabo. I am going to have to be there for him. When it comes to that I am just a whimp though, unsupportive and judgemental. Look at us now, sleeping in one bed, opposite directions and a space between us like strangers forced to sleep together.

The next day I woke up and got Kamo ready for school, I asked Maphuti to walk him to school. He had started complaining about being dropped off at school, he wanted to walk there like the other kids. And he wasn't happy about being walked to school either. He ran out the door by himself and poor Maphuti had to run after him. She'll see what to do out there, Kamo just gets to me!

I prepared breakfast, a full English breakfast.

Koena came to the kitchen as I was almost done.

"Morning, smells nice in here." He said pulling a chair and sitting down. I poured him a cup of coffee. "Pitsi, we have to talk."

"About Kgabo and the punch?"

"Yes, I am sorry I punched him. I am not going to make excuses for myself, I just want us to start over. And the way things are I think I should remain neutral when it comes to the 2 of you."

"Thanks, I will appreciate that. So what about you and..." I stopped and looked at him before I went on. "Your dad?"

I saw his chest rising up and down.

"I am not going to choose between the 2 men in my life, they are both my fathers."

"Even if it hurts your brother?"

"They will have to find a way to get along."

Before I could say anything to him Maphuti came in. Just like that the whole thing was left unfinished and I don't think we will ever continue with it again.

I served them breakfast as Maphuti told us how Kamo was when she walked him to school. They laughed it off but it was bothering me, Kamo was becoming more and more difficult by the day. I don't even know what to do with him anymore, Kgabo has to intervene.

I also served Kgabo breakfast and put it on a tray, I took it to the bedroom to him. He was still sleeping.

I put the tray on top of the bedside drawer and shook him to wake him up.

"Okay, I am awake, your poison didn't work!" He said sitting up on the bed. I got a bit offended.

"I'll take my breakfast then since you'll think everything I make you is poisoned."

"So you can say things to scare me but I can't joke about them?"

"You were not being funny."

"Okay, I'm sorry. It's too early to be fighting anyway and I am sorry about last night too. I don't know how I am going to cope, I have tried all my life to please that man and even now I feel like I should. I don't have to but I can't help it."

"Don't worry, we will get through this." I said to him as I couldn't find anything else to say. I touched his hand and squeezed it, he smiled at me.

Tonight we are going to have sex. He was right, he needs it.

I went to take a bath but that's after I made sure he ate his breakfast, just to make sure he doesn't doubt eating my food or thinking about my threat. It was stupid and could have caused a lot of damage if Kgabo wasn't the type of guy who sees humour in everything.

After my bath Kgabo was done eating, I finished getting ready for work then took the tray to the kitchen.

It was a mess in there, I blame Maphuti, it's time she did her part in the house. I am not going to always clean after her, I get tired too. I called her into the kitchen, she came.

"I am getting late for work, do you mind cleaning up in here?"

"I have to go somewhere today."

"Good, clean up before you go." I said and went to say bye to my husband in the bedroom then to Koena in the sitting room.

I took my contract and passed the kitchen, Maphuti was starting with the dishes. I would have loved it if she would clean the whole house but she wouldn't.

I drove to work and upon my arrival Clara wanted to see me in her little stuffed up office. I went in and found her looking a little wrinkled than yesterday, more tired and somehow offish.

I greeted her as she cautioned me to sit down. I did, she was worrying me and I thought it was about the contract. I took it out of my handbag and put it on the table.

"You signed it?" She asked taking it and paging through it.

"Yes." I excitedly answered her.

"You do know you are not bound to this contract, you can leave anytime you want to?"

"Yes, I know." Kgabo and I read everything in that contract and he explained it very well.

"I won't lie to you, yesterday after you left I met with my accountant. He's been looking into my finances lately and things don't look too good."

"That's bad, what now?" I knew there was something wrong the minute she called me in here.

"I am out of options, we haven't been making any profit and I was basically running this place with my dead son's policy money." She said as her face started shaking and her beautiful cheeks were turning pinkish. I felt for her, I didn't even know she has lost her son. She didn't cry though.

"I am so sorry Clara, what do you want me to do?"

"Invest, I am looking into investors and I wanted to give you first preference."

My husband and I don't have any money right now and I acted stupid yesterday and went shopping. I have to talk to him about this even though I know what the answer is going to be but maybe he will make a plan.

"Can I discuss this with my husband?"

"Yes, you have the rest of the week for that."

We had a brief discussion about my contract and the rest of the day we worked on orders that they already had. I had to fix a lot of Clara's mistakes with the designs, apart from the office there is another door that leads to a room where she does all the designing and everything but also has a team which works at her factory outside town to help if orders are more than she can handle on her own. The work was too much at the boutique too especially with the lazy Malebo, I had to call back the girls that worked with me for my fashion show. Only one of them was available and I think she is enough for now, if we get the money and things gets hectic I think Reba or Maphuti will do.

I got a chance to run to the hospital to see my dad, Mom, Reba, David and Koena where there. We had to say goodbye to David who had to go back to work.

My dad was good and looked healthy. He even walked us out to the gate when we left, he told us he couldn't wait to come back home and take walks in his own yard.

I went back to work and continued.

By the time I went home I was tired and all I wanted to do was take a bath and get into bed but being a married woman and a mom meant, cooking, bathing Kamo and do a whole lot of things before I can have time to rest. Oh still have to cater for my husband too, I promised myself I will have sex with him tonight. When I got home the kitchen smelled nice as Kgabo was doing his up and down, I greeted him.

"Go freshen up so I can have my revenge too." He said with a smile.

"Where's everyone?"

"Maphuti is out, Koena went to spend the evening with Mothiba and Kamo is with your mother."

"So it's just us?"

"Yep." He said with a wink.

I went straight to the bathroom and took a soothing bath to prepare for the night ahead.

When I got back Kgabo was done and had served his pap, gravy, cabbage and chicken feet nicely. He had placed the food on the dinning room table, I haven't had this kind of meal in ages and the food looked appetizing. The taste wasn't bad, I took a bite and he laughed at me. I am being reminded of last night, he will never get tired of reminding me of that.

After the meal there was desert, store bought red velvet cake with a rich and creamy cup of coffee. Just a perfect ending to a good meal.

"Your car has been fixed. What do you want to do with it?" He asked about the car that I reversed into the gate and almost killed myself with. A stupid way of getting attention and I don't want nothing to do with the car anymore, I have moved on to a better one. I love my new car and I am enjoying it. Yes, I have accepted it.

"Can I give it to my dad? I think he needs it now."

"It's yours you can do whatever you want."

"Thanks." I said and ate my cake.

"Baby?"

"Hmmm." I answered trying to swallow the piece of cake I had in my mouth.

"I have been thinking." He said as I urged him to go on. I was enjoying the cake.
"With everything that's going on I think it's time I made my daughter a part of our life."

I coughed almost spitting out the cake but crumbs flew out.

All this, the food and soft talk about my car it's because he wanted to tell me about the child of his mistress. He cheated on me with that whore and now he wants to remind me...

I will not accept that...

As if the maintenance money isn't enough...

Chapter 58>>>

I remember the day he decided to tell me the truth about him and Judy, that's after I had asked him several times about her and he kept on denying it. He had no choice but to tell the truth, he had cheated with 2 women and both got pregnant. Mary and Judy, they took him to court for maintenance, then he asked for DNA test to be done and Judy's baby came out as his. He was ordered to pay R1500 every month, he was also given visitation rights, I don't know what happened after that because at that time I was still a girlfriend and my mother wanted me to forget everything and just focus on a man that showed me no respect but the whole thing did hurt me. I thought I was his only one and main chick whereas he was fooling the three of us, the fact that he married me at the end doesn't mean much to me. Kgabo deflowered me without protection, got pregnant the same time. I did not even come that night in his mother's house, the white sheet he was trying to impress me with

got stained with blood. I told Reba and she said if I didn't come I won't fall pregnant, only to throw up and have terrible headaches a month from then, she told me I was pregnant and even took me to the clinic. My mom thought it was matric anxiety, she took me to a prophet who referred us to a clinic. We walked there early morning only to come back with my mom shouting at me all the way home, she was angry at me because she thought I had made a fool out of her because I knew I was pregnant and already had a file at the clinic. I was so scared and when I told Kgabo he took me to a doctor and he gave us the same results we got from the clinic. He was scared too but accepted that he was going to be a father. I had no one else to rely on but him. He provided for me and Kamo, made sure I had nothing to complain about. Rumours went flying around, he started seeing us less but still made sure we were well taken care of. He married me when Kamo was 2 and I was just 20 and he promised me the world in a lavish 2 days wedding. Once his wife I forgot about Judy, Mary and their babies.

Judy got married, anyway my mother-in-law hated her too then Mary stayed and became friends with my mother-in-law. I knew about the maintenance and always thought that was enough.

So tell me now, this new identity that Kgabo had acquired is giving him the guts to bring up all that pain that he had caused me, he even had the audacity to tell me he want that child in "our lives".

God, I prayed for you to give me strength to forgive Kgabo back then and I am going to pray again but this time can you remind this man that I am married to about what he had put me through and make him see what he is doing to me now?

There is a life of an innocent little girl in the balance, her future and a chance to happiness are at stake. I do not have a problem with that but when in my house I do not want her name mentioned or the fact that she is out there known. When I think of her or hear of her everything in me reminds me of that day, that day that Kgabo had no choice but to make me realise that I wasn't his one and only whereas I had made him a priority in my life. The moment I realised that he was having sex with 3 women, the moment I included was the moment I should have known.

You know, he told me that he used a condom with the 2 women and his and Judy broke. To me that shitty story sounded like this,

"After I had sex with you Pitsi, I tossed the condom and it fell into her hole."

Jokes aside, I am angry.

The red velvet cake suddenly tasted bitter in my mouth, the sex mood was gone. Everything came crumbling down on me, what did I ever do to deserve this?

I got up and went to the bedroom, he followed me. I closed the door before he could get in and locked it.

"Pitsi come one now, you are being unfair. It's not like you never knew about my daughter, the thing with Judy happened years ago and I never brought it up because I know how you felt about it but it's unavoidable now."

I do not want that child in my house and I will be very happy if he doesn't think about her too. The child has a new father and is probably happy with her new dad and now he just wants to ruffle things up. We will be disrupting the child's life.

This whole thing just feels like he is cheating on me all over again.

I got a blanket and a pillow, I opened the door,

"Take this and find a place to sleep somewhere else, I don't want to be with you." He took them and walked away silently.

I closed the door and sat on the bed.

I am hurt, angry and at the same time feel bad. I want to think positively about the child, but I can't. She is an innocent soul who didn't ask for this. Judy was one of the so called hottest girl around, she was older than me and Reba but younger than Kgabo. She was not home a lot, she was at varsity when she and Kgabo conceived their daughter and I was once told Kgabo was paying her rent somewhere in town and visited her over the weekend. She never completed her studies though, she

dropped out and came back home around the time Kgabo and I got married. Soon after she got married too, to a business man, I heard.

The entire night I tried to sleep, I couldn't and all I could see was that baby trying to ruin my marriage and steal my life. Like really, a 5 year old would do that. But like I said I can't make myself see anything good in this.

In the morning I got up and went to the sitting room to where Kgabo was sleeping. He was awake. I sat down opposite him and looked at him.

He sat up as he rubbed his eyes.

"Morning, how did you sleep?" He asked me. What does he think? That I slept like a baby and right now I am ready to play mommoy to his daughter?

"It all makes sense now." I said and he just looked at me. "You didn't have a problem when I said I don't want children now because you knew you wanted to do this to me. You have kids all over that you can bring into our house."

"I only have one child from outside, Pitsi."

"I don't care! You had sex out there with plenty of woman while you had me."

"Pitsi please, we've been here before baby."

"Don't you dare! Don't you! Why did you even marry me? Me, of all those women."

"I loved you and I still do, I was stupid. A fool to hurt you but I know better now and I want to fix my mistake."

The tears I cried, the tears I have cried all this years meant nothing because if it did he would have grown up by now and don't tell what he is doing now is part of that.

I couldn't stop crying, he just sat there looking at me like someone who didn't know what to do for me.

He got up and left, I don't know where he went to but I heard him driving his car out.

I decided to go back to bed, I met Maphuti on my and she asked if I needed breakfast. She knows something is up and she must have heard everything. I told her I don't want anything and I don't want to be disturbed, she didn't ask anything.

I called Clara and told her I can't come in today because of some personal matters, she didn't sound happy. There is a lot to do but she has come this far without me and I think she still can. I got back into bed and covered myself with the bed covers, there was nothing I could do other than cry myself to sleep. I fell asleep and the next thing I was woken up by Reba pulling the bed covers off me.

"No, please." I begged her trying to pull the covers back.

"Wake up! Let's talk."

"Talk about what?"

"I left your husband at my house, he's not looking good. He asked me to come check on you."

"Wow!" That's all I said. He can't fix this and he goes out to involve my sister.

"What is going on?"

"He wants to bring Judy's daughter here, in my house."

"That's it?" Reba asked me as if I just said something small, like it doesn't mean much. I am hurting because of this.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I don't understand. Pitsi you knew about Judy when you married Kgabo, they have a child together, a child that can talk."

"What is your point?"

"I have children too and I know you love them but picture them without their fathers in their lives. Pitsi it hurts, I know."

"It's not the same."

"Fine but if you don't want him to bring her here that doesn't mean he'll stop seeing her. He might do so behind your back."

"I don't care."

"Really? You can make this easier for yourself. You have 2 choices."

"And they are?" Let's hear what my clever sister had to say.

"Divorce him or accept the child. You can't stay with him if you are going to hate his child Pitsi and besides if you don't accept her your whole marriage will always be hurt by this and a divorce will free you of all this pain." She was right as always and I never thought things that far. The child is going nowhere no matter what.

I just kept the whole thing out of my mind and pretended it never happened. I hoped it was never going to come up, that was wishful thinking.

After our chat I wanted to be left alone again. I had to make her leave too.

I know my mom will take care of Kamo so I want to be home the whole day thinking about this. Sadly I got a call from her saying she and Koena are going to get dad from the hospital so I had to go get Kamo from school. Nothing interested me, even the good news about my dad. I should be celebrating that but no I have things to deal with. How is this so complicated? I forgave him for cheating but it's so hard to accept his daughter that I have known about all her life. What if accepting her means the beginning of problems for us?

Am I even ready for a divorce?

God what do I do? Please tell me, please show me the way Father. I am trying to do the right things but yet they feel wrong. I was wronged by the man I love and I don't know how to accept what came after the betrayal. A child Father, an innocent one at that is involved.

I looked up at the ceilings and thought about how things would have turned out if he had married Judy...

...but he didn't.

I took a long warm bath, thinking and trying to find a solution and all I got was more pain and headache.

After I took a walk to go get Kamo from school and as always he was being a pain. He wanted us to pass by the shop to buy him sweets, I didn't have money on me and there are sweets at home and he knows he'll get them. When I told him that he threw tantrums, throwing himself on the ground in his school uniform. I just kept on walking as he followed me screaming his lungs out. When we got home I'd had enough, I took off my shoe and gave him a hiding of his life. He screamed on the floor as I made sure to aim at his little butt. He had to get up and run to his room while I took a chance to breathe.

Koena and Maphuti came rushing to the kitchen, I didn't even know Koena was back from the hospital.

"What is going on? What are you doing to him?" Koena asked me looking like he was about to attack him as soon as I gave him an answer.

"This is my son, I can do whatever I want. This is my house too, no one can tell me anything in here." I spoke going to my bedroom. I got there and shut the door in a loud bang. I went to the bed and cried, that's all I have been doing.

I stayed in the bedroom until Kgabo came back from work. I think he came after he was told everything that had happened.

He found me sitting on the bed.

"Pitsi?" He said as he slowly walked in.

"I am a bad mother and a terrible wife. I don't know how to do anything right."

"That's not true baby." Kgabo said kneeling down in front of me.

"I want a divorce."

Chapter 59>>>

There wasn't much to discuss or fight for, it might have been a hasty decision but I wanted him out. He knew too that fighting or arguing wasn't worth it. He did not expect this though. A lot had happened between us and I have tried to remain strong and fight for us but we always go back to where we started. He always does the same things over and over again. I am tired of talking about them and him apologising at the end. How many sleepless night do I have to endure because of a man who is suppose to shower me with love, how much of my tears do I have to shed for the pain he puts me through? And then I have to deal with a child that reminds me of what he did to me. I can't, it's just too much to take in. Especially the child part, it's too much! I don't want to be caught up in baby mama dramas and me turning out as the evil stepmother. When we started it was just the 2 of us, what wad suppose to come should have only been between us only.

He tried though to make me see things his way but I have made up my mind and at the end he had to give up. I am tired of trying, one can only give up and admit defeat. It takes a fed up woman to say enough!

"What happens now then?" He asked me finally showing signs of giving up. The next coming thing won't be easy, that's for sure. More tears will be shed. For now, I don't know but we have to meet with our lawyers, that's what happens in a every divorce case.

"I want you to move out, tonight." I said. It's our house but I won't be that once upon a time couple that now shares a house, sleeps in different bedrooms and even brings in their new partners. No, I don't want to see him or even small him.

We were both still sitting down and quite. He quietly went to the closet and got a few of his things. I love Kgabo and I am heart broken at this moment but I think it's for the best. Watching him packing his things broke me even more. I used to cry for him when he was just going on a business trip. So imagine what I am going through right now.

He stood holding his bag after he was done and looked at me. I did too and there was nothing more to say. I fought back the urge to tell him to sit down so we can straighten things out. He went for the door and closed it behind him, I sat there and blankly stared at nothing. He is gone, for good.

No more husband to cook for, no more of him beside me on the bed.

After what seemed like 30 minutes the door opened, I stood up thinking it was Kgabo coming back only to find Kamo.

"Mama?" He said standing at the door. My poor boy, I had taken out my frustration on him and I know just like his father he was here for his 5 minutes of "I'm sorry". It never last longer, I know mos.

"Kamogelo."

"I am sorry Mommy." Told ya. I went to him and picked him up. I gave him a tight hug until he complained about me squeezing too tight but he was laughing, he knew I wasn't angry anymore. The truth is I needed that hug. I let him go and told him he was sharing a bed with me tonight. He asked if daddy was joining us too. I don't like lying to my son or making empty promises. I tell him the truth in a way I think he can handle it.

"No, daddy is not home tonight."

He didn't stop, he was suspicious as he went on asking questions that I snapped at him and at least that stopped him.

That night I never got out of my bedroom, didn't even go out to eat when Maphuti announced supper. I let Kamo go and I tried to sleep. I couldn't even close my eyes without thinking about Kgabo. We've had good times in our marriage and that's all I could think of, it made me think that I was doing the wrong thing. But who said divorce is easy, it can't be especially if Kgabo is the only man I have been with all

my life. I've never seen life without him and now I have to start over, meet someone new and fall in love again.

The following day I got up to get Kamo ready for school, I didn't feel like going to work again. I didn't even bother calling Clara and when she called me I ignored her calls. Today I let Kamo walk himself to school but that's after I made sure he was not alone, there are some kids who stay close by and goes to the same school with him.

I went back to the house and found Koena in the kitchen.

"Morning." I said to him.

"Hey."

"I'll get breakfast ready just now." I said taking things out the fridge to start with breakfast.

"Pitsi, I am going back today. I think I have overstayed my welcome."

"Please don't say that. I was angry yesterday, everything is just stressing me out."

"Anyway, I have to get back to work." He said and got up.

"Koena wait." I said and at that same time Maphuti walked in and went to the fridge. He didn't move, he just looked at me.

"Did Kgabo speak to any of you?"

"No." They both said. They don't know anything. You know I had expected him to go running for help, maybe tell Koena or my parents to come talk some sense into me.

"Uhm... We are getting a divorce." I said and they both looked at me expecting me to say ta-da it's a joke. It was the truth and the most painful one that I ever had to admit.

Koena sat back down and Maphuti joined him. They didn't know what to say to me and they felt sorry for me. They don't have to.

I ran out the kitchen and left them wanting answers. I couldn't stand their stares. I went to the bedroom and angrily cleared Kgabo's clothes out. I threw them on the floor, crying as I wanted to get rid of him permanently.

This hurts so badly. I love him and I cannot just forget him. It's going to be a long year.

I calmed myself down breathing in and out slowly. I took my phone and called Pule, I just wanted to talk to him, he's a very good listener. It's been a while since we spoke but I need him and hope he understands. He didn't pick up. In fact it sounded like he hang up. I send him and SMS hoping he would get back to me. It went like this,

'Hey friend, was hoping to talk to you. It's been a while, please call me Pule, I need you.'

I went to get boxes from the garage to pack Kgabo's things in. I did so looking at my phone now and then hoping for a call from Pule but dololo.

Days passed, Koena left. I didn't hear anything from Kgabo or anyone. Koena never even called to say he's arrived and I didn't even bother calling.

I realised that Kgabo was quite and isn't going to involve anyone in this. I have no choice but to let my family know.

After much anticipation I went to my parent's house, I found them sitting under the shade of the Marula tree. They were cosy, talking and laughing, they looked so in love. I greeted them as I joined my mom on the blanket that she has laid on top of a mat on the ground.

They started talking and trying to involve me in their happiness but I am not happy and I couldn't just sit there and pretend.

"Pitsi?" My dad said my name like he was shaking something inside of me. I looked up at him in his old wooden chair. If I tell them why I am here he might have another heart attack and this time he might not be as lucky. I couldn't hide the pain though and I found myself telling them the truth. They didn't say anything as I told them a whole lot of things that might have led to the divorce. I expected sympathy from both my parents but their face showed disappointment. I have failed as a wife.

I looked at the ground and cried with shame.

My father always thought I was too young to get married and my mom pushed for it. I can't blame them, I wanted to get married at that young age and I thought marriage was love and happiness and life taught me a lesson as love and happiness took a u-turn on me.

Dad wanted to know where Kgabo was and I told him I don't know. That question rang in my mind, what if he's out there celebrating the end of us with Mary or Lerato, even yet another new woman. He didn't fight for me, maybe he also wanted the divorce all along. You see what his lies and cheating had turned me into? A paranoia!

My parents had thrown in the towel, they knew that this was it for me. I know my mom would have never been so calm. I expected her to shout at me and call me names, she didn't. My dad did ask if this is what I wanted and I didn't answer him. What was I supposed to say? This doesn't make me happy or make me feel relieved. I can't sleep at night.

I went back to my house and found Maphuti eating in the kitchen. I haven't been eating much I need my strenght back and to take back my life. The divorce was taking it's toll on me, haven't even had the chance to meet with my lawyer yet but already it was difficult.

"Sesi Pitsi, I have been meaning to ask." Maphuti said to me.

"Okay?"

"Now that you and my brother are divorcing do you want me to move out?"

"Maphuti don't be silly, you can stay here for as long as you want. This is still your brother's house."

I can't let her leave even if I wanted to, this house is too big for Kamo and me. Beside I could do with someone that I can talk to every now and then. Although she didn't seem convinced or she just didn't want to be here anymore, she went quite and continued eating. Since I told them about the divorce it seems like there is nothing to talk about anymore, all we do is greet each other and that's it.

Later in the evening I tried to cook something small for me and Kamo, Maphuti went out. She has been going out a lot lately.

While Kamo complained about how hungry he was and how slow I was there was a knock at the door. I went to open and it was Reba, I let her in.

"Pitsi, what the hell have you done?" She said coming in.

"Did he come running to you again?" I asked closing the door.

"No, mom told me. Answer me!"

That's a bit disappointing, why is he quite and not making any moves. Maybe he is not even around.

I gave Kamo his food and told him to go eat while watching tv. I wanted to have a moment with Reba and there are somethings that we can't say in front of my son. I don't even know how I am going to approach this with him. How do you tell a 6 year old that kind of news anyway?

"You gave me that idea." I pointed that to her just as I made sure Kamo was out of earshot.

"How does that make you feel then?"

Terrible, I feel like it doesn't solve much. Didn't even think it was going to be easy for Kgabo to just give in.

"It's for the best Reba. I have been through so much and I cannot stand it anymore."

"I know this is not what you want but if you think so then there is nothing I can do." She said. I haven't come across one single person who had the guts to tell me that what I am doing is wrong, it's either people are speechless or don't want to get involved.

"Even though I say that Pitsi, I still think you are making the biggest mistake of your life. And I know you when you are angry, you don't think."

Now I feel bad. I should have known Reba won't make things easy for me. At this moment I also don't know what is wrong or right but I hope I am doing the right thing, for my sake.

I didn't respond, I just want to have a moment where I don't think about Kgabo. That's all I have been doing and I will go insane if I don't get a break. I am sure wherever he is all is good and well, I want him to hurt more than I do. He has to, after every thing he has put me through it's a must.

I am going to work tomorrow maybe that will help. I need to focus on something else.

I told Reba to change the subject and she didn't want to, instead she said she'd rather leave than sit here and join in the pity party. She left. I know Reba is always right and this just make me wish I knew what the best thing to do was. And even when I am wrong my sister had never walked out on me like she just did now.

I had lost my appetite. I put my food in the fridge and I went to watch Kamo while he ate his food. After that I helped him take a bath since he thinks he can bath himself. We went to bed together.

In the morning we both got ready, I walked him to school after he was done with his cereal. Things were a bit odd without Kgabo in the house, lately he was home for almost every meal, he even came home for lunch once or maybe twice last week. This is going to be hard.

I left for work, I didn't even want to check if Maphuti was back or not. She is not my child to keep tabs on.

I arranged with my mom to go get Kamo for me after school.

When I got to work I found the little boutique turned upside down, Clara's ugly dresses were taken down and they were everywhere on the floor. I had to walk over some of them. The new girl that I had called in was busy with Malebo. I greeted them and they just told me to go see Clara. Hope the place is not closing already, I rushed to her office and found her busy with loads of papers on her desk.

"Thank God, you finally decided to show up for work, the place has been crazy." She said putting a hand on her forehead to wipe off sweat.

"What is going on, I am only absent for a few days then already the place is crumbling down."

"I have been trying to call you and you ignored my calls."

"I am here now." As if not answering my calls was the cause of all this commotion.

"I had no choice Pitsi but to let the highest bidder invest with us."

"You got an investor?" I totally forgot about that. I wanted to mention it to Kgabo but how was I to do that?

I knew I wasn't going to get the money anyway and I wasn't really disappointed. At least there was a solution now!

"So, who's the investor then?" I asked her, she didn't answer but a voice answered behind me did.

"It's me. Hello Pitsi."

A very familiar voice that I never wanted to cross paths with its owner ever again was behind me.

I turned around to confirm my worst nightmare...

Thabiso Mabena...

Accompanied by none other than...

Pule...

Chapter 60>>>>

Thabiso Mabena is back!!!

Things are about to heat up and get more worse. I can feel it!

In my life it doesn't rain it pours, those words are how you sums up my life. How in the hell does one's life get so bloody complicated? I have so much problems and Thabiso was the last person I expected to see, especially now that I am trying to put the puzzles of my life back together. I had stopped thinking about him ages ago.

Kgabo was right, I just wanted a way out the house and I knew that working for someone was not the right thing for me but I pushed for it. I had my own fashion show that proved that I am an outstanding designer and going independent was the first step. Look at me now..

I hate Kgabo so much right now.

I looked at Pule he couldn't make eye contact with me. I know Thabiso being here means trouble, according to him we have unfinished business. I didn't even say anything to Pule, he was in on this, there was no doubt.

"Let's get down to business people, Clara I want this place up and running in no time." He said ignoring me. Clara looked like she was scared of him as she quickly took the papers off the desk.

I am not going to be a part of this, I will not work with Thabiso. The man is going to harrass me and I just can't bring myself to him. He almost destroyed my marriage the last time, not that now it matters but I can't let Thabiso take me back there again.

"I'd like to resign immediately and effectively." I said.

"Pitsi, we need you here. I do." Clara said and I wasn't about to listen to her. I do feel for her for going to work with a jerkass like Thabiso.

"Can you all leave me alone here with Mrs Mothiba." Thabiso spoke so nicely like he was such a nice guy. I almost laughed.

Pule and Clara left.

As soon as it was just the 2 of us he went,

"You owe me."

"How much?" I asked him as if I had money to pay him when though I know he wasn't talking about money.

"I know about your contract with Clara. You can leave anytime you want to but what about the one you signed with me?"

I thought after the way things ended he knew that us working together was never going to happen. Kgabo again, he did ask again in passing about it and I didn't think it mattered. According to the contract I can't work with or for anyone for 3 years and I have to design under no label other than the Thabiso M brand for 6 months until I can have my own brand. I don't have to go to all the details but I am basically a Thabiso brand myself. I didn't mind signing the contract back then because I thought I needed a boost, my fashion show was just to broaden his status as a designer who caters for upcoming designers.

I couldn't believe that I am back to square one, I have to work for someone, for a man I hate with all my heart.

"I'm glad we understand each other." He said after he realised I had finally remembered the terms of our contract.

"Why can't you just let the whole thing go Thabiso?" I asked him trying to test if he has a heart at least give a bit of a damn.

"I have a very sweet deal for you. Here, take this." He said handing me a piece of paper. I took it and it was hand written and as I read it I realised he wanted what I never gave him before, he wasn't going to give up. The piece of a paper was written a suit number to a certain hotel, he was actually saying the sweet deal was sex.

I am desperate, but is it to that extend?

I know sex won't make giveaway a 3 year contract that easily. It will come with a whole lot of other expectation. He didn't even give me a chance to question him about the so called deal.

He called Clara and Pule back in. He made them sit down and I stood balancing against the wall next to Clara. He was standing too as he took charge of the meeting as if I didn't mention resigning a few minutes ago.

"Back to business, I want new stock in, I'll be bring in some of Pitsi's designs from the fashion show as samples. We are also going to have to get new designs for the photo shoot, we need new catalogues."

I wasn't interested in what he had to say, how the hell does he expect me to work with him feling my mind with nonsense. I do not even want to see myself here anymore. Thabiso is a dog and he will never change, he doesn't have to make things hard like this if he wants us to work together. I don't even want his deal. He went talking about the kind of the things he expected from us, and it seemed like

all the work were to be done by me. He was trying to get me to consider his deal. No one questioned him about me.

After all the tiring things he mentioned this was the last straw,

"I want to make a few changes too, Pitsi will stay on as head designer but from now on she'll be walking under Pule. He'll be deciding what's good and what's not. Meeting adjourned."

Pule was terrified than thrilled, our friendship was done with. Although it seemed like he didn't want to be here, or liked what Thabiso was doing. Something is going on here...

I had no choice but to start work immediately, I left the three of them in Clara's office. Of course I was ordered to go start work.

My mind was still fresh and designing runs in my blood, besides I already had ideas of what to do. Or maybe it's because I work well under pressure. I flushed everything aside and did what was expected of me. I can't fight the stupid contract or Thabiso and sleeping with him is out of the question so I have to suck it in and make him richer and grow his brand.

I made 3 sketches that I was happy with within 2 hours, and the stress Thabiso was creating for me was overpowering the one I had at home. But at the end it started to gel, I want a divorce from Kgabo but working with Thabiso sounds like I am betraying him all over again. He'll think I am divorcing him because of Thabiso. I want a clean divorce.

Pule came to check on me interrupting my thoughts and work, he walked in and stood at the door as if afraid to get closer to me.

"I have 3 sketches already." I said placing them on the edge of the desk for him.

"Pitsi, we don't have to do things like this." He said walking closer. "We are friends."

"Friends don't betray each other, they don't do what you are doing to me Pule."

"So you think I am betraying you now?" The Pule that was hiding was finally coming out. He's was never good at pretending anyway.

"What do you call this then?"

"I am a designer too and this is a good opportunity for me. I supported you Pitsi when you had your fashion show, I was happy to work for you."

He calls that working for me? We were equal partners and I did most of the job that time, well he was there for Thabiso's dick anyway. I can see he's still in it now.

"Pule are going to look at this or not?" I asked him pointing at the papers on the edge of the desk. There is nothing I can do so I might as well let him do his job. He tossed his head like a woman trying to flip hair out of her face as he walked to the desk. He took them and looked at them, he took his time annoying the bloody he'll out of me but I tried to keep calm.

"They all lack something. I can't put my mind on it." He finally said.

"What exactly?"

"I don't know, you find it." He said letting the papers fly to the floor. He walk out doing a Naomi Campbell on me.

Shwaphana sa gage banna!!!

I picked the pages and looked at them, they looked fine to me. The only wrong thing was him, he was just being difficult on purpose. I could pride myself with this because I know I am good.

I got angry and stormed out to go find Thabiso who was busy checking Clara's files at Malebo's reception.

"What do you think is wrong with this sketches." I asked him putting them in front of him. He didn't even look at them.

"What is Pule saying?"

"Would you look at them?" I shouted at him. He looked up at me,

"Whatever he said I support it. Now get a move on."

I am never going to win here, my life just got turned upside down by 2 gay men. I am not homophobic but I hate this 2 and they deserve each other.

Pule looked at me from afar as he and the girls were packing away Clara's dresses. He was happy with himself. I wish I could do something to them, worse than what they are doing to me.

I also wish I still had Kgabo's back, he would know how to deal with Thabiso. He's good when it comes to business deals and contracts, he runs a big construction company and Thabiso is small fry compared to what he has to deal with on a daily basis.

I got to it again, redoing everything.

I even had to skip lunch.

Clara came to see how I was doing, I showed her what Pule thinks is not good enough and she loved it. She told me she was taking leave to go see her sister in Cape Town, she looked like she needed the leave. Ever since she told me about her son I feel sorry for her, this is her mess and she has to be here to help me but I can't expect her to carry that much load on her shoulders.

Beside burying myself in loads of work will help me with stress, I'll put my focus on satisfying Pule and forget about Kgabo.

Clara and I spoke for a bit,

"Pitsi, please promise me you'll look after things here for me."

I wish I could but I don't run the show. I am just Thabiso and Pule's puppet.

"Just go and have fun, don't worry about the boutique."

"I'll try." She reassured me with a smile. "Pitsi are you okay, you look like you haven't had much sleep. I saw you earlier too."

I went silent, how can I sleep when I have to leave everything that I have known for 6 years. That man meant everything to me.

"I am getting a divorce." I said to her trying to steady my voice.

I had to listen to her comforting me. She was trying to be nice but I felt like it was unnecessary, people divorce everyday and it's something that we all have to make peace with as most marriage don't last. She gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek before she left me to pleasing Pule.

The boutique closes at 4pm and by then I was still busy. Clara and the girls came to say goodbye and today I didn't even get the chance to speak to the new girl.

I think Pule also left because Thabiso came to see how far I was but he wasn't really in here for that.

He stood at the door after closing it and stared at me for what seems like forever. Then he walked around the table and came to stand behind me. He still uses the same fragrance he used last year, the smell is so good and doesn't get to you like most men's perfumes. I stood still and waited for his move. I could have continued working but my hands were sweating and shaking, I remember every thing about him. The kisses that I compared to Kgabo's, the way he touched me.

I got up and started packing up, he placed a hand on my waist and pulled me back at the same time pushing the chair that was between us to the side. I felt his breath on my neck as he planted little kisses there. I used force and all the energy in me to pull away, I grabbed my bag and ran to the door. I left the boutique in a hurry.

I don't want to see myself back to wanting Thabiso, he hasn't changed and everything about him was bringing back all those feelings that made me almost cheat on Kgabo.

Outside at the parking lot Pule was leaning against a car with a logo of Thabiso M brand, he saw me hurrying. He came to me, I was trying to avoid him but he got to me before I could touch my car door. He held my arm with a very tight grip.

"You sleep with him I will break you forever." He said with a real deep man's voice.

I am here confused and stressed out and this stupid guy here thinks I am thinking of sex. I am fighting against it! He's clearly sleeping with Thabiso and he shouldn't even worry about me because Thabiso sleep with everything and anything that can spread for him.

He let go off me and I got into my car and drove away.

Thank God I got home safe and sound because I don't know how my driving was. I think I drove home with closed eyes. Didn't even pass by my parents house to get Kamo and check on my dad. They are fine I am not.

After parking my car outside the garage I used the back door to get inside the lonely dark house. I switched on the lights and went straight to the tap to pour myself a glass of water, I drank it all and poured another one. I went to sit down with it in my hand to go through the events of today, I had a long day and I was tired. Thabiso was just adding more drama to my life...

I had a sound at the door like a key inside the door knob. I knew instantly that it was Kgabo, it might be Maphuti but she is never home around this time.

I was right, my soon to be ex husband walked in, he freely walked in like he welcome. I didn't waste time.

"What the hell do you want?" I asked him, making sure he knew he wasn't welcome.

"Hi." A very polite Kgabo said.

"I asked you a question!"

"I just wanted to ask you if I could have Kamo for the weekend."

"No." I said and sat back down. There are a lot of things we have to discuss and he wants my son. For what?

"Please, I just..."

I interrupted him.

"You are still here? Actually you have the nerve, where were you when I have to put him to sleep when he constantly asked for you?"

"I thought you might need some time to..."

Again, I interrupted him.

"To do what, change my mind about the divorce? Sorry but I am still going ahead with it. You might as well get your things that are nicely packed up in boxes in the garage and one more thing leave my house keys on the kitchen counter."

"What about Kamo?"

Didn't he hear what I just said.

"Leave my son alone!" I said loud and clear.

Chapter 61>>>

Frustration is taking its toll on me, things are spiralling out of control at a very fast pace. I am scared and it all feels like I am alone. My mom is helping with Kamo but at the same time keeping a distance, I lost my friend, my sister is busy with her new found life with Jonas and Koena isn't even talking to me. This shows that he will be by his brother's side from now on. I need support right now and I have no one. When I was happy with Kgabo my house was never short of a family member, I had people coming in anytime of the day. Maphuti stays here but I hardly see her, when she is here she is locked up in her room. She might as well just leave since she doesn't even help around with anything, if she was then Kamo wouldn't be at my parents house. But anyway I don't trust her with my son and I bet she is going to make a terrible mom.

I am glad Kamo is at my mom's though because right now I don't think I am in a good space to be chasing him around and dealing with his tantrums. At times I don't even know how to deal with him, since the beating I gave him it's like I made things worse. He's not even scared if I tell him I will punish him like that again.

What frustrates me the most is that Kgabo is doing nothing about us, he even comes to the house looking like a victim and acting like he had all the right to spend the weekend with my son. He will see him when I say so and he better not go behind my back. If he does he will never see him again, I promise you.

Earlier on I had left him in the kitchen standing like he wanted to be felt sorry for. I went to the bedroom and sat on the bed to cook down. I heard him walking to the study, I gathered he was taking his things.

I took a long bath and by the time I was done I think he was long gone. I went to the kitchen to warm up my last night's food and he had left the keys on the kitchen counter like I told him to. I took them and looked at them, I remember when he gave me the keys to this house. It wasn't even finished yet, he gave them to me to show me that one day the house will be done and we will have a place to call our own home. Those memories were one of the good things I will miss about him. He was so bad with surprises and he always made me so angry but still I loved him so much and I think I still do.

I put the food back into the fridge and tried to do some work, it wasn't helping much. Working from home made me remember Kgabo's words,

"But don't do it. Believe in yourself baby, you have potential and I am here to help you if you need anything, emotionally, financially. I am here."

And I was just so stubborn and went ahead with what I wanted. How I wish things were so different now.

I slept late that night, at least I did fall asleep and I think it's because I was very tired. The following day I went to work, on a Saturday, Sunday too. I worked alone but there were painters and some furniture delivering guys going in and out. On

Saturday I went home after 8pm and on Sunday I wanted to go home around 1pm but I decided to work for an hour or so. I wanted to pass by my parents house and see Kamo and dad.

"Hey stranger!" A voice said at the door of the little room I was working in. I looked up and it was Lindiwe Mabena in her always elegant self. She wore blue skinny jeans and a red but very tight body suit, she made me look horrible in my tight feet skirt and worn out blouse. No matter how hard I try I can never keep up with all this fashion trends. She looked at me with her green contact lenses as her long weave hang to her shoulders. She was beautiful.

She came in and gave me a hug, I don't know what is going on between the 2 of us but I think we are fine.

"Why are you working on a Sunday?" She asked me looking at my work that was all over the table. "Wow, this is beautiful."

She showed me all the things that she loved from my work which was pretty much everything. She did so as she spoke about why she was here, it was about the new catalogue. She was the model, wasn't that obvious? She follows her husband everywhere he goes and still he doesn't make much time for her.

"So how have you been Lindi(as everybody calls her)?" I asked her but I didn't really need an answer she looked good. I just wanted her to stop talking too much about Thabiso, no matter what she says or what she does I know they are not happy.

"I should be asking you that, I heard about the divorce." She said taking a seat.

From who? Because no one knows about that...

Except Clara...

I told her in confidence and I didn't think she would go out telling everybody. That's my business and she had no right. Now I have Lindi here who's probably thinking that I am after her husband.

I don't even want to talk about it.

"I am fine Lindi and I don't want to get into it right now."

"Okay, so you don't want me to cheer you up."

"No thanks, when I leave here. I am going straight home to my son."

"Come on girl, my friends and I are meeting later on for a spa treatment at my rented house. Join us."

After everything that's happened between us I don't think we should be engaging in anything, let alone a friendship. She only started to like me after she realised I wasn't into her husband. But anyway her offers it's quite tempting, I could do with a bit of a distraction and going home to that lonely house doesn't sound so ideal. Besides my body is tense and maybe I need all that but I am more worried about Kamo. I can't be neglecting my son now, he needs me. And Lindi was not going to give up just yet. She couldn't stop talking about what I will be missing, she spoke about everything that I could do with and it was all on her.

I took my phone, called my mom to ask how Kamo was doing. He was fine, meaning I was good to go.

I quickly packed up my things and headed out behind a very excited Lindi. I locked up since the painting crew were done and left about an hour ago.

I drove my car behind her's, we got to their rented house which is beautiful and big. I bet they will be moving to here very soon. Inside, the house beautiful too. I couldn't stop admiring it, even Lindi offered to give me a tour of the house. They have rented a fully furnished house in Seshego, a double garage, 4 bedrooms and 3 bathrooms. With a pool nogal, I really envied her.

Kgabo had promised me something like this until he decided to listen to his mother and build a house so close to her. My house is big too but this could have been our house, far away from everyone and so close to town.

We went back to the kitchen as her friend started to join us. They were four of them, she asked them what they wanted to drink and they all asked for sweet red wine. I didn't want to be left out, I went with red wine too.

In a minute the people she called as her glam squad were here with their equipments and everything. They were here to do everything, massages, manicures-pedis, hair and make up, even to give us some beauty tips. We all went from one professional to another, the girls opted for long weaves and long nails. I got my natural nails painted red and my afro curled with a tong. The girls tried to make me get a weave, I couldn't, I wouldn't know how to maintain it. I got one on my wedding day and it lasted for a week after the wedding.

Lindi's friends were high profile people, model's and some had small businesses that they had other people looking after for them. They were all married or dating a very rich boyfriend, I didn't have to ask I could tell as I listened to their conversations. I saw their cars and each one of them drove an SUV, making my car look small as it was parked next to them. We spoke about everything, men, clothes and even gossiped a lot. They gave me tips about men here and there. I looked up to them since I was the youngest, I even thought where were they before I got married.

We had a party in that huge house, cateres brought us food and drinks, there were people making sure each one of us had their glasses full, cleaning after us and taking orders from us. This was the life I could get used to, no Kgabo to worry about. Looking at myself right now I don't think he was ever my match, he held me back. I guess I am on the right track with the dirvoce.

We partied all night until the early hours of the morning. We all passed out on the couches. When I woke up the girls were all asleep, I looked at my phone and it was 6:30. I have to be at work in an hour and I feel wasted but anyway I have done too much work over the weekend. I took my things and walked out, got to my car and drove home.

As soon as I got home I took a quick shower and went straight to bed. I was tired and sleep will do. I slept the entire morning and when I woke up I was so hungry, I

warmed up the plate that I have been avoiding and ate the food. I had a bit of a headache, I took some aspirin and sat down to check on my phone. I had a message from Thabiso,

'You don't have to come to work today, Lindiwe told me about your late night.'

Mxm, as if I cared!

Where was he last night and the rest of the night anyway?

Arg, he's not mine to worry about.

I stayed home all day doing nothing. I was a bit excited about yesterday and the entire night, people have been having fun out there and I was here married and bored.

Lindi called to check if I was okay since I left without saying anything to them, her voice sounded okay but I was still tired. She asked if I wanted to join them later tonight. After last night I need a few more days to recover, I am not used to this lifestyle and I have never partied all night before. I love it though. I told her I will pass on this one.

After I spoke to her I went to the kitchen to see if I can make anything for supper. I should go get my son tonight but I don't think I will cope with him since things are busy at work.

There was a knock at the door, I went to open and it was Reba. She came in,

"Where were you the entire weekend? She asked me looking at me from head to toe like she was noticing something different about me. Well I felt different.

She sat down with her eyes still on me. Not even a hello or how are you Pitsi.

"I had to work on Saturday and yesterday after work I went out with the girls." I answered her.

"The girls? You mean new friends?"

"Yep."

"Wow, you went out and had fun."

"Is that a problem?"

She goes out all the time and nobody ever tells her anything and I was with a bunch of girls inside a house. Nothing wrong there.

"Not if you refused to let Kgabo see Kamo while you went out with your girls and didn't have time for your own son."

"Kgabo told you that?"

"No, he had booked a weekend away with his children and he only went with one because the other mother is mature and not selfish."

I am selfish? Kgabo didn't say anything about a weekend away, he just came here demanding my son. It's his fault, not mine.

"I think you should leave Reba." I said to her, she was trying to get on my nerves and a minute I will forget that she is pregnant.

"If I leave you won't have anyone Pitsi. Mom and Dad can't even look at you right now. You need me."

"To do what, I am fine."

"To tell you the truth, so you realise that you are throwing your life away and the same time hurting Kamo and Kgabo?"

"I am hurting too, I can't sleep at night and Kgabo is doing nothing about us. He pretends like he is the victim."

"And you are the victim? You asked for the divorce, why make it painful and hard? Let Kgabo see his son."

"He is my son and I can make all the rules."

"Rules that suits you? Sis, you are going to regret this, trust me."

No, I won't.

I've just found the real me...

A brand new me!!!

Chapter 62>>>

I just wish Reba would leave me alone, let me do what I think it's best for me and my son. I am tired of being told what to do and following rules, all my life it feels

like I have been caged in this cell that I couldn't move. I had to satisfy people and meet their needs while I had to attend to myself alone. I became Pitsi that was married to a rich husband, family members and relatives saw me as a coughing cash machine while I was forced to grow up and be a wife and a mother faster than a single parent has to adjust. I have never experienced what it's like to be young and carefree, I want that for myself because now I think I have found it. I have found something that is meaningful to me.

I want to be happy because I have been through so much, and I think I deserve a little bit of fun on the side.

Reba has done it all and seen in it all and now she doesn't want the same for me, she wants to settle down because she is done with that life. That's if that's true!

I haven't had that opportunity.

There is nothing holding me back, I am a mother of one and soon to be husbandless, so what the heck?

Reba was prepared to leave here knowing that I was doing the right thing, to her and everyone the right thing is me not divorcing Kgabo and to me it doesn't matter what everyone thinks, my marriage to Kgabo was long overdue. I don't even want to prove anything to anyone, I just want to be left alone. I told Reba exactly that and all she said was,

"I wish you didn't have to do this, you love Kgabo and he loves you too. Your marriage is worth fighting for. And lil sis, you are going from ex wife to psycho baby mama even before your divorce."

I didn't say anything to her, I was done. And I don't appreciate being called baby mama though, I am not even ex wife yet and she is already labelling me. She can call me whatever she wants and hurt me as much as she wants it won't change anything. One day I will be happy and I won't throw that in her face.

She left me after saying all that and I just sat in the kitchen thinking. I don't want to back out of what I have decided already. It's been a tough decision and I would like

to stick to it. And sitting here alone will make me miss being with a husband again, I have to get Kgabo out of my system.

I took my phone and called Lindi. I told her I would like to join her and she said she'll send someone to come and get me since none of the ladies were driving tonight.

I went to get ready and my cheap dresses didn't look so fashionable anymore. I had thought I had upgraded when it comes to my wardrobe but when I met the ladies I realised I had more to learn. I might be a designer and very good at what I do, still when it comes to me it's like I close my eyes and take whatever first thing I touch. I really didn't know what to wear, since it was a night out I opted for blue skinny jeans, white vest and a red jacket with black high heels. I realised that high heels were like an everyday accessory to the ladies and I can't be in them for hours but I guess I will get there if I force to wear them longer. I didn't put on makeup, I don't want to look like a clown.

Lindi called to say there was a car outside for me. I took a small clutch bag for my cellphone and keys.

I was picked up by a red BMW X5, the driver didn't talk too much, he just wanted to know if I was Pitsi and that was it.

I didn't know where we were going, that felt like fun. I didn't know what to expect and the anticipation was killing me.

They were at a house party in Turfloop, one of the married ladies had a Ben10 there who had offered her his house to host us and a couple of his friends. When I walked in one of Lindi's friends saw me. Her name is Gugu, all the way from Swaziland. She gave me a hug and took me to the others, we exchanged hugs and I got a chair. Drinks started coming to our table, I didn't feel like drinking tonight. There were a lot of people around and that made me uncomfortable. I noticed a lot of men checking me out and it boosted my confidence, some even offered to buy me drinks if I leave with them but Lindi was there to protect me and she told them where to get off. I did flirt with a few, wasn't interested just trying to see how good I was at this flirting game. I am going to be available soon.

The party was nice and the vibe was good too, we didn't party all night, it was during the week so we left around 1pm. The same guy that picked me up by my house drove us all around and I was the last one to be dropped off at my house.

I went straight to bed and woke up around 8am. I got ready for work and when I got there things were starting to make sense on how Thabiso wants to run things around here. Pule was his bitchy self again, trying to make things difficult for me and that was just his job, he really didn't have much to do around here anyway. At least Thabiso send me to work on my clothes at the little factory. It did hurt to see all my work being labeled Thabiso M creations, I am making him rich and more famous while he is making my life a living hell. But anyway I have a new way of releasing all this tensions and it's working. Partying is for me.

The entire week it was partying, working and shopping. Lindi was being very friendly, paying for my new wardrobe, well she was practically funding my new lifestyle. It felt weird but good, she knew what to pick for me and what kind of clothes would look good on me, she was like my fairy godmother. I am really bad at this.

I saw less of her husband and didn't even get to see the photo shoot for the new catalogue, he made sure I wasn't available just to make me see that my opinion wasn't valued.

At times I had to work long hours and party after and didn't get to go home which means I was seeing too little of my son. I made sure I spoke to him regularly on the phone but it wasn't enough. Even my mom complained and made mean comments about my work, she didn't know I was partying every single night.

The coming weekend Lindi had plans for us again, I was up for it. I had promised myself to spend some time with Kamo and my mom had made it clear that she didn't want him for the entire weekend. I have to go out with the girls but who is going to look after Kamo's forms? I could ask Reba but she will preach to me.

After work on Friday I picked up Kamo at my mom's and drove to the house. He was so excited and couldn't stop jumping up and down, he wanted to see his dog

when he got home. I haven't seen it in days and I think Kgabo took it. I ignored him and acted like I didn't hear anything.

I cooked for us, mince and spaghetti. After eating I gave him a bath and put him to bed in his bedroom.

I had a few things to do before going to bed myself.

My phone which was in my handbag rang, it was Kgabo.

"Hey." I answered.

"Where are you? Can I come over at the house, I would like to talk to you."

"Fine, be quick though. I want to go to bed early."

He thanked me then hang up. Wonder what is it that he wants to talk about. I wondered as I put the kettle on. I don't have the energy to fight anymore, it's tiring and he should just admit it too. And the sooner he finds something to do for himself the better for all of us, maybe a new woman will distract him.

15 minutes later he was at the gate, I went to open for him.

We walked together to the house and I offered him a chair in the kitchen while I made tea for us.

I felt him watching me as I went around the kitchen, I know he was noticing the changes on me. My hair was well kept and my skirt shorter than usual, I wasn't the woman he was married to anymore, I had changed. Everything he saw on me was brand new, even my attitude.

I gave him his cup of tea, I didn't even ask how he takes it. I know, warm milk and one teaspoon of sugar.

"So, how have you been?" He asked me taking the cup from me.

"Great and you?"

"Trying." He said and I knew where this was going. He was here to talk to me about my decision and surely about how it was affecting him.

"Kgabo, what do you want to talk about?"

He turned his cup to the sides as he looked like he was searching for words to speak. I waited for him to finally speak.

"I was hoping we could talk about us. Baby, if you want some time out, you can have that but let's not divorce."

"That's all you came here for? Kgabo I will not change my mind. We are done and soon you'll hear from my lawyer."

He looked shocked like I was saying this for the first time or he thought all along I was just being crazy and the madness will end. Sorry for him, this time it's for real. And probably this is the last time we'll ever be civil to each other, from now on it's war and he should be ready. He has been too comfortable doing as he pleases knowing I will forgive him, not anymore.

"I know I have hurt you Pitsi but can we try again?"

"The answer is no." I said sharply.

He knew I was dead serious, he knows me and how stubborn I can be. And I just felt like he wasn't trying hard enough to get me back, a few words and a sympathetic face won't make me change my mind just like that. He was making things easy, making me the only one who was up for a fight.

"Okay, can we talk about Kamogelo then?"

See what I mean? He's given up already. Moving to the next thing that is Kamo. I wanted to refuse him that too but I remembered Lindi's weekend plans and I realised I don't have anyone to look after Kamo.

"You know what, I am tired and want to go to bed so you can have him for the weekend."

His face lit up with a huge smile. He should show that kind of initiative if he wants to get me back.

I went to wake Kamo up and as soon as I told him his dad was here he jumped up and ran to him.

I packed him a few things in a bag and gave it to Kgabo.

"So, where are you staying." I asked him.

"The old house."

"Okay."

"Pitsi, thanks for this and good luck."

"You too."

"I love you Pitsi." He spoke walking to the door holding Kamo and his bag. He didn't wait for me to answer.

And my answer would have been...

This was goodbye, our final one.

After they left I locked the gate and went to bed. I had to admit that seeing Kgabo had aroused some doubt in me, I still see him as the only man for me. The man I fell in love with 6 years ago and been married to for 4 years, the only man that I sneaked out of the house for... I have to stop...

I want to stay strong and push on with the divorce but I still love him. Being close to him tonight showed me that...

Everytime I think about Kgabo I can't sleep, I get taken back to the happy times and that one reason I am divorcing him for. And I see how unreasonable I am being. I don't want to think like this and see things this way. Something is eating me inside and it's telling me to stop this but I won't. I have to think differently, like I need to.

In the morning I woke up early and went jogging, when I came back I had yoghurt and an Apple. Took a shower and sat down, I had nothing else to do other than wait for a call from Lindiwe.

I heard a knock at the door, I went to open and it was my mother-in-law. I smiled at her as she came in. She is here to gloat and tell me how happy she is about the divorce. I am sure she has a few girls lined up for Kgabo, probably Mary and Lerato are in line.

"I am sure you are happy." I said to her. She turned around and looked at me.

"I cannot imagine my son married to anyone else but you, I have been wrong about you all along."

The woman said standing in front of me with a scarf over her shoulders.

Was she for real?

As if the wasn't shocking enough.

"Get into something more womanly, we are going to see the traditional healer to fix this."

What the hell???

Chapter 63>>>

Every word she said I understood perfectly and don't even need her to repeat herself. But let me break it down for you if that is needed... This woman is actually telling me to go with her so she can let a witch doctor perform some ritual or give us muti for her son so he could come back to me. Got that?

Like really? That is taking desperation to another level and I do not want to be a part of that. We both are Christians who firmly believe in God and nothing else, devoted Christians if I must add. For a Christian woman I never thought I would hear my mother-in-law taking that route but well she did bring a traditional healer into our house once. She is not herself anymore, she might have been like this the whole time and she should be focusing on fixing her own marriage. The interfering is not needed anymore. And what happened to the hatred she always had for me?

All of a sudden she has a change of heart about me, that means she was just undermining me all along. I thought she would be happy that at the end she is getting what she wanted, me out in the cold. I won't be a problem to her anymore...

"I hope you are not saying what I think you are saying?" I said to her. I know what she means but this can't be happening.

"Don't act so holy Pitsi, you know your life will be stuck without my son's money."

I see now...

"Get out." I pointed at the door for her. I asked for the divorce and the last thing I want is people like her telling me about Kgabo's riches. I might not have contributed any money but I was there with my support and presence, that should count for something. And my marriage was never about money, I loved Kgabo even when he was struggling to get his businesses off the ground, I was there when he was forced to steal from his stepfather.

"You don't know what's coming next, do you? Today, I received a call from Pastor telling me that Kgabo has agreed to take over from him since he is retiring." She said and thank God I am not going to be a pastor's wife. Kgabo I doing exactly what is expected of him.

"Good for him maybe that will make him a better man." I said to her not seeing the point of being told about what happens to Kgabo. He can do as he pleases, run the church and fund it, whatever he likes.

"Stupid girl! This means Kgabo has to get married soon because the board members won't allow a divorced priest and unmarried one to lead their congregation."

For a moment I was lost for words and I think my heart stopped. He was here last night to make sure that I really wanted the divorce so he could make a decision. And surely it didn't take him time to decide, now he's going to marry someone else. Or maybe this woman who is supposed to be his mother was saying this because she doesn't want Kgabo to marry someone that won't take her nonsense and let her walk all over them? I was her doormat and now it's over, dealing with a new woman in Kgabo's life could be a bit of a challenge.

Either way I don't think I can handle seeing Kgabo with another woman, the thought make me sick in the stomach. And I know if Kgabo wants to take over at church he has to marry a woman from our church, that goes without any questions. It's too soon for us to be moving on though, we haven't even started with the divorce.

I need to think and I have to do so without my mother-in-law in here talking witchcraft, I don't even trust her anymore. How can she want to use muti on her own son?

"Mommy?" Maphuti said popping from nowhere. Her mother jumped a bit and looked at her. She was wondering if Maphuti was eavesdropping or just got her. "Is everything okay?"

"Yes, your sister-in-law and I were on our way out."

Liar!!!

She is making this up so I would leave with her and trust me I won't. I might not be going to church lately but I am still a Christian and muti won't be my last hope to fix my already dead marriage.

"No, I have changed my mind. I'm no longer going." I said. The anger on my mother-in-law's face told me that she really wanted to go to the healer.

"Maphuti excuse us." She ordered. Maphuti didn't hesitate, she put on her headset and left the kitchen.

"I will not do this, okay. I am the one who wants the divorce. I asked for it."

"Why?" She asked not believing me. I could hear it in her voice.

"Your son had hurt me, I can't do this anymore."

She had never seen me dead serious about anything and she realised that this is really what I wanted. We have had too many fights for her not to know me when I am serious. Still she knows how much I love Kgabo but now I was ready to give up on him, I don't even have to tell her how her son had hurt me or tell her about the cheating. She knows everything, she was in on it. The divorce was going ahead and that's my final decision. I am glad she realised that I am serious because I don't have time to be giving reasons as to why I can't stay and fix things anymore while she knew everything. She didn't know what to say too but she looked hurt. I thought she would be happy that I am finally out of their lives.

"I know you are hurting but think about what my son might be going through, losing 2 people that he loves at the same time. Maybe you were not the woman for him."

She was making me feel terrible, I know it looks like I am a bad person but there was never going to be the right time for a divorce. Stalling was just going to make things worse and hurt us even more. I guess Kgabo and I both had issues beyond our marriage. I just hope we both find peace at the end.

She left with her confusing sudden change of heart. But this shows she is not yet done controlling Kgabo's life and she was always a problem in our marriage. I don't think I can trust her, especially when she starts talking about muti's and traditional healers. Who knows how long she has been using that stuff for?

I don't know if I should tell Kgabo about this, the woman is showing too much desperation I am scared that's the only way she thinks she should get her husband back too. I know she is heartless and probably would go extra miles to get what she wants and she might go ahead with this.

You know what, the woman is not my problem and I should definitely forget she ever came to my house. But she left me with a lot to think about, Kgabo getting married to someone else, that feels so wrong.

I needed fresh air, I was suffocating inside the house but I didn't want to go far incase Lindi calls. I went outside to throw away the trash and like always when I do that I see Lerato and today it looks like she has been waiting for me and watching out for me through her window. She was next to the fence acting like she was looking for something and as I got closer she looked up at me with a huge smile,

"Congratulations, I heard the good news."

Bitch!!! Her so called good news was my divorce. I know that.

"Speaking like a woman who is ready to step into my shoes, hello Lerato." I said trying to sound unaffected by her comment. Her presence and her comment was just adding fuel to the fire my mother-in-law started...

I am just making way for the likes of Lerato, imagine my husband married to her...

"Well, I am a decent woman and Kgabo deserves one. I have seen you being picked up and dropped off by cars. Moved on already?"

"What I do is none of your business."

"But you are doing it in full view of everyone."

I walked away to avoid a scene because I was ready to throw stones at her but she had one more thing to say,

"Oh well I knew you had a bit of your sister inside in you. It was just a matter of time before it crept out."

I stopped walking and turned to look at her, she quickly rushed to her house and closed the door. I swear one day I am going to kill this woman with my own hands and I won't be held responsible, she provokes me and say things like she doesn't care.

I went inside the house to find my phone ringing, it was the church's landline. Now, somebody wants to tell me the good news about Kgabo or interfere in my divorce. I am sick of this, I answered,

"Pitsi?" It was the Pastor's wife. I was wondering when she and her husband were finally going to get involved.

"How are you Mma?"

"I am okay Pitsi, I just called to find out if you are available for one of the church programs."

"Church program?" I asked surprised. I thought she was calling to talk about me and Kgabo. I don't understand, I am so bad at reading people.

"Yes, we want a leader for the teenage program and I think you are perfect."

Please I have a life to live and things to do. I was never even involved in anything at church so why now?

"I don't think I can do that?"

"Come over, we can talk about it."

"I don't have time MmaMoruti, I have just started a new job and it's demanding."

"Oh okay, I am sorry. Have a wonderful day child." She kindly said then hang up . I know it sounded like I was snapping at her but I don't think I want anything to do with the church anymore. Maybe I should change churches too, I can't go to the same church as my ex. That's his family church and he'll soon be taking over.

I think I oee the Pastor's wife and apology though, I shouldn't have spoken to her like that.

After the call I realised I had an SMS from Lindiwe,

'Hey girl, drive to my house.'

Just like that I got into a different mood as I ran around the house trying not to forget anything, I couldn't wait to be there and stop thinking about Kgabo. I am the

one that wants the divorce so I should be strong. I knew something like this was going to happen but it's driving me crazy and scaring me.

I shouted bye to Maphuti as I ran out the house. I got into my car and drove to Lindi's so fast. When I got there, she didn't waste time. We got into her car and drove to Mpumalanga, where we are having our weekend getaway. Gugu had booked us into Mabula Country lodge for the entire weekend. She had invited a few of her friends and looked like this time almost everyone brought a friend or more. There was a braai and some finger foods to keep us busy as everyone got to know each other. I kept to myself until I was given a key to my room.

We were shown our rooms where Lindi and I took our bags. The place was beautiful, the rooms each had 2 double beds and a very big bathroom. If you opened the curtains you get a full view of the river that was filled with boats and people on it's bank.

It felt peaceful to be here but I couldn't stop wishing I was with Kamo and Kgabo, I remember our last trip. Kgabo had booked into a lodge too to celebrate the end of the year, almost as this one. We did a lot together and became closer. I shouldn't be remembering about them, I am here to have fun away from Kgabo.

I went to sit on the big couch and tried to distract myself with the tv but I just found myself crying. Maybe I should go home and apologise to Kgabo, it's not too late.

"Knock, knock." Lindi said standing at the door wearing one my designs. A mini floral dress with flat sandals, she looked pretty.

I tried to wipe off the tears but she had already seen that I was crying.

"What's wrong girl? I realised on our way here that you were not yourself today." She said coming in to sit next to me.

"I am just sad. What if what I am doing is wrong?"

"What are you talking about?"

"The divorce, why does it hurt?"

"It will get better in time and you are doing the right thing. I even admire you for it, I wish I could divorce Thabiso too. I am just stuck in that marriage."

"But why don't you? I mean look at you, you don't need a man."

I was right, Lindi is not just beautiful but she is smart too. I believe she could stand up for herself and do more without being held back by a man.

"I would if I could, but I have a lot to consider. You are young and already have a child, my biological clock is ticking. Thabiso doesn't have time for me and we don't even have sex. All I am to him is a model, our marriage is just for his convenience." She spoke shedding a tear.

I knew she wasn't happy but I didn't think things were this bad. She is trapped in this loveless marriage and I am here moaning while I had a chance to get out.

"Enough with the tears, I have just what you need. Let's get you ready now."

She pulled me up and led me to dressing table. She looked at me through the mirror as she stood behind me and smiled. How she looks so happy is a mystery, she switches from sadness in an instant to this brightness of happiness, she is hiding so much pain behind all that. She gets to go on this expensive outings with friends, that's not enough to make her marriage work especially for someone who thinks time is running out for them to have children. It's a sad reality that most married women have to face out there.

She got someone to do my make-up and fix my afro. She made me get into a mini dress too, I wasn't too sure about showing off my legs and too much thighs in front I do many people but I didn't complain since she was wearing one too.

We went to join the others next to the river, I got introduced to a lot of people that I didn't remember their names after that. We had braai meat and the girls drank wine while I drank my energy drink.

A few hours later Lindi pulled me to the side and said she had a surprise for me. I excitedly waited for her to go get my surprise behind a white Range Rover. I didn't know what to expect but the last thing I had in my mind was...

A tall handsome dark man wearing expensive items from head to toe. The kind of men that I saw on magazines and fantasized about, the ones that I knew I was definitely out of their league... She walked with him to me and introduced him as,

"Andile Khumalo, I think the two of you should get some privacy to know each other."

She spoke waving the key to my room in my face...

Chapter 64>>>

Yes, I am getting a divorce and I should probably move on. Start making sure men realise that I am available. That's the next step, I won't get over Kgabo by chilling and feeling sorry for myself. I have already taken my ring off and trying to get rid of the mark it left around my finger. I have even realised that men are starting to check me out and that is such a good feeling it even boost my self confidence. I love the attention and just playing hard to get and flirting here and there a bit but that doesn't mean I should be disrespecting the little that's left of my marriage. I am here because I want freedom and peace away from the prying eyes of the likes of Lerato and none stop talking Reba. If I am going to have a man in my life it will be someone I chose in that time that I will be ready. I am still nursing a broken heart

by the way. And I don't want things to look like I asked for the divorce knowing that already I had someone, it will look like I was unfaithful all along. I fought so hard for Kgabo to trust me after the Thabiso saga, now I could be taking myself back there.

This feels like I am being auctioned off to Lindi's rich friends. Even my own sister never let guys close to me when we grew up, I chose my own boyfriend and she didn't like Kgabo at first but warmed up to him as time went on. The guy is very much of an eye candy and I would be stupid to turn such handsomeness down, already I was lusting after him. Yes, what I saw on him was just sex and companionship. But after Kgabo and Thabiso I think I have learned my lesson, maybe I didn't mention it more often but Kgabo is very handsome or should I say beautiful if such a thing exist. He is not into fitness but his body would rock your panties off, Lerato and all the other girl where not just after his money but his looks too because we know the sex was terrible back then. The thought of having a baby with a beautiful man is appetising to all woman, you should see my son if you want proof. I know all his lovers had that dream.

Lindi noticed my discomfort and disapproval, she should know better than do this to me. I respect her and would have never expected this kind of behaviour from someone like her, still I am not stupid and I know she slept with someone the night we were at Turfloop. I didn't see her but I know and the same will probably happen again tonight. I am not like her, I might be enjoying this new lifestyle but that's as far as things are suppose to go.

I think Andile saw that something was up, I don't care as long as he knows where I stand. Lindi told Andile to go get himself something to drink amongst the coolerbags that were filled booze of all kinds as she pulled me away.

"What is wrong with you?" She asked me angrily shaking me by my arm.

"I should be asking you that, what do you take me for?"

I know she controls everybody and make all the rules around here. The girls fear her, I have seen it all but I am not them. I might not have their kind of money but at least I have standards.

She smiled... a cheesy smile...

"Oh my God Pitsi, you think I want you to sleep with Andile?" She asked with disbelief in her voice.

An Oscar for that performance by the way...

I am not that naive and I know what she meant, what else would I be doing with a handsome guy alone in my room. She knows how vulnerable I am at this point, if she was in my shoes she would do anything to feel better even if it means having sex with a stranger.

"I am leaving." I said to her and walked away. She ran after me and caught up, she turned me to face her.

"I just thought you needed someone you can talk to, okay? I am not that kind of a person, I wouldn't do that to you."

She was lying! She wanted me to sleep with Andile, she didn't have to spell it out. I was leaving and anyway this place reminded me of Kgabo, a part of a past I wouldn't want creeping back into my life.

"I don't care what you say, I want to go."

"There is no transport, no one here wants to leave now. We are all going back tomorrow."

She said, I just turned away and ran to my room. I didn't have the energy to cry but I was fuming, I closed the curtains to block the beautiful view of the river and sat on the bed. I really have to go home, I am sure everyone out there is wondering what had gotten into me. I know they saw how I ran away from Lindi. The embarrassment...

I forgot to close the door and then I realised there was a shadow there. It was Andile standing at my door.

"Do you mind, I want to be left alone." I said to him hoping he would leave me alone too. I had embarrassed myself in front of him too and I have nothing to offer him.

"I'm sorry, it's just Lindi said you wanted to go home and I will take you home if you want to."

"Thanks but how do I trust you, I don't know you and anyway I've just met you."

He let out a small laugh. Still standing at the door he went,

"I am not a monster nor a serial killer, I am only trying to help."

"Now you are scaring me, why did you mention monster and serial killer in one sentence?"

Now he laughed harder.

"Come on, really?"

I know he is not a monster or a serial killer, he does sound like a good guy with good manners but what if he tries anything funny? I am sure everyone who came to our weekend getaway knows him and will identify him if something happens to me. I had this feeling that I could trust him though.

I agreed to go back with him and he waited for me as I packed my things.

Lindi came to the room, I didn't talk to her as I packed.

"Pitsi why are you packing?" She asked me. I told her already that I don't want to be here anymore.

"It's okay Lindi, ngizomuhambisa, mina naye sikhulumile." Andile answered her.

Just like that no more questions from Lindi.

"Oh please take care of her, she's like my little sister, kodwake ngiyakuthemba."

She was speaking to Andile with a smile on her face, I have this feeling that I can't shake off. All of sudden I am developing this uncertainty about Lindi. I think deep inside she hates me and is probably going to get back at me one day. On the other hand she is really being nice to me and make me feel guilty for doubting her. I wish I knew what was going on...

Andile and I left after Lindi made me say goodbye to everyone, to people that I didn't even know. This parties there are always new people.

We hit the road in his comfortable car, he drove for about 30 minutes in awkward silence. I didn't know Andile to hold a conversation with him and I expected him to

say something. He kept on looking at me everytime he thought I wasn't looking and I did the same too.

"If you keep quite like this we are both going to fall asleep." He said looking ahead at the road.

"I am not the only one who is quite." I said.

He smiled as I did the same, glancing at each other.

"Okay, tell me about yourself then."

"What do you want to know?"

"Well, anything babe."

"Okay, I am a mother of one who is about to get a divorce."

"Oh so you are married?"

For an hour we spoke about me, I think I liked Andile already and wouldn't want to hide anything from him. He liked teasing me and everytime he did that he would touch my hand for longer than expected. His hand was so warm against mine, I loved the feeling it gave me. He was reassuring me and trying to get me to relax.

When we got to Polokwane we stopped for refreshments at a petrol station. Lindi had packed us some braai meat, salad and rolls so we just bought water and some snacks. He filled up his car tank while I stood behind the car checking my phone.

There wasn't much to check just to look at a few pics posted by Lindi on Facebook, they were having a blast back there but I am glad I left.

"Hey, ready?" Andile asked as he stood next to me.

Just him so close to me I could feel the sexual tension between us, I haven't had any since Kgabo left. It hasn't been long but I miss it and I can say I ma sexually frustrated.

I just stood still as Andile looked at me for an answer, I could feel his eyes on me. I looked at him and found his shining eyes looking down at me, we locked eyes, it was dark but because of the lights at the petrol station we could see each other and read faces. My lips felt dry, I moistened them slowly with my tongue. Andile's eyes moved with my tongue on my lips. He wanted me and I did too...

"Let me do that for you." I didn't know what he meant by that but I got to find out as he lifted my jaws and he slowly brought his lips to mine, he kissed me. I kissed him back, it didn't last longer, he pulled away. "We should get going." He said and took me by my hand, he let me to the car, opened the door and let me in.

As he went around the car to get in I couldn't stop thinking about the kiss, I could still feel the softness of his lips brushing over mine. I want more, I want to know how much he can offer.

The drive to Lindi's house was even quieter. I guess we both couldn't stop thinking about the kiss, it just happened without any warning. It felt flippin good though.

When we got to Lindi's house he drove into the empty garage and I went to open the door. I know where she puts her spare keys. I also know that Thabiso isn't home, he went to Cape Town to attend some fashion show. I should be doing that too but you know the man doesn't want me to get by.

And right now I should just get my car keys and drive straight home but I felt the need to go inside the house and wait.

I didn't even know what to do once I was inside, I waited for Andile to come in once he was done doing God knows what out there.

My keys were on the kitchen counter, I took them and when Andile came in I said,

"I have to leave, are you going to sleep here?"

He didn't answer me, instead he took off his t-shirt and came straight to me. My heart stopped, he took me by force into his arms and hungrily kissed me unzipping my dress at the back. He let me out of it and left it fall on the kitchen floor and carried me to the living room, he placed me on the couch and got on top of me kissed me tenderly his hands going all over my body. My nails dug into his flesh as I tried to give him hints, I wanted this as much as he did. He stood back on his knees and stared down at me, I was horny and my self conscious side wasn't needed now. In a minute he was undressing the last bits of my underwear. He got himself out of his pants and tossed them on the floor following my undies,

"Andile, wait." I said, I want this but it has to be safe.

"I have condoms." He spoke as he brought his lips back to mine.

I was really doing this, I know thinking too much is going to make me bail out, I just concentrated on the fact that I was horny and I wanted Andile.

He got up and got the condom out of the pocket of his pants. He put it on with his back against me then got back on top of me, I didn't see anything. Before I knew it, he was inside of me and... well he was enjoying himself on top of me. In less than 2 minutes he was done and breathing heavily sitting on the floor.

He was done and to me it felt like all the energy and sweat was still coming, I wasn't prepared for boom-bang, such a quickie still. I felt cheated on. I covered my face with my hands, I could kick myself for allowing this to happen. I didn't even

come or enjoy anything, he was satisfied with himself and even had a bit of sweat on his forehead.

I regret sleeping with Andile because it was all for nothing.

Worst part I just met the guy!!!

Chapter 65>>>

My head is spinning with "What ifs and why did I".

I thought this is what I wanted until the end of it became my misery and hatred for myself, I liked Andile and never thought of things going this wrong. He had sex with me to satisfy himself and I am the fool who thought sex with a good looking man was nothing but a bliss. I don't even know why I did it anyway, I should have self control at times.

Look at me now, I knew it was too soon to jump into anything with any other guy. It's not just about Andile... I am not ready to get involved.

I could kick myself for sleeping with a man I hardly know and worst part I am a married woman. I haven't even done anything to show that I want out of my marriage.

Andile put on his pants with his back against mine, I don't think I want to see his face too. I feel so embarrassed, for the second time in one day. I just want to see myself in my own house, curled up in bed after washing off every bit of a thing that smelled of Andile on me.

He turned around, I covered my body with a cushion, hoping he wouldn't see anything on me. I was hiding the shame...

"Come on now, you can't be shy after the flames you just showed me." He said coming down to kiss me. The kiss didn't feel so good anymore, I wanted nothing from him.

"Can you please get me my dress." I said sitting up on the couch hugging my knees to my jaw.

"Are you okay?" He asked me sitting down.

"I just want to get dressed."

"Now, you are getting me worried. You are acting like someone who didn't want this."

"I am fine, I just want to go home."

"Do you have regrets about what happened because if you do I need to know."

I do but I can't just say it. I wish I never went on this stupid weekend away. I could have stayed home with my son and had nothing to regret.

I didn't say anything to him, I didn't want to lie so being quiet was a better option. It made him angry.

"So you are just going to sit there and act like a victim of rape. Do you know how this makes me feel?" His voice was harsh. I didn't mean to make him feel like that but I felt terrible, the sex was that bad for me. He went on about how guilty he feels because I am acting childish.

"I am sorry, I have never had sex with anyone except my husband. I don't know how to react in this kind of situations, this is all new to me."

It was true!

"I have to go." He said and got up. He put on his shirt and left.

I looked at the used condom, it looked okay, like a used condom should. I still don't understand why he looked away from me when he put it on. It's not like I wanted to see him put it on but for my safety, our safety he had to show me.

I went to get my dress and put it on, I made sure everything was as it was when I came to the house.

The drive home seemed longer, I just wanted to sleep and forget about Andile, maybe tomorrow I will wake up a better person.

When I got home I took a long soothing bath, I could not stop thinking about the sex I had. Not that I miss it or loved it, I was wondering if it did really happen. I always prides myself with the fact that Kgabo was the only man that I ever slept with, I was never ready for this.

I tried to sleep that night, it was hard especially since I have no one I can talk to. I feel alone and somehow lost, I thought I wanted this only to be confused.

I woke up early morning to do laundry and clean up the house. I even made breakfast for myself hoping to clear my head only to get a knock at the door, I opened to find Andile.

"Morning beautiful." He greeted me standing at the door wearing clean clothes and looking fresh. I wasn't.

"What are you doing here and how do you know where I stay?" I asked him trying to see if Lerato was home and not poking into my business again. But I was really shocked as to how he found my house, Lindiwe doesn't know where I stay, infact

the only person who knows is Pule and I doubt he'll share that with Andile or Lindiwe.

"Aren't you going to welcome me in?"

Okay, he needs to get in here and fast so I can hide him. I pulled him in and close the door.

"Andile how did you find my house?" I asked him again and it seemed like he wasn't prepared to answer me.

"Come on babe show me how happy you are to see me." He spoke taking me in his arms and kissing me on my neck. He was bringing back last night's traumatic experience and it disgusted me even more. I pushed him back...

"Stop it, I am not going to have sex with you again."

He's crazy to even think about it, last night when he left he was angry at me so how had that changed today.

"I am not here for sex, I just want to apologise and maybe we can start over."

"Last night shouldn't have happened."

"Okay, can I sit down so we can talk?"

I offered him a chair and without asking he pulled my plate to him. He took a bite out of my sandwich and chewed.

"Nice." He said.

I sat down too and looked at him. He looked hotter than yesterday, today he wore shorts and a black shirt with sandals. I found him attractive but there was no urge of having sex with him again, what I felt for him yesterday now felt more like shame and nothing more.

"Can we talk now?" I asked him. He nod his head. "Andile, I am not ready for anything. I don't want to have sex or a relationship."

He chewed then swallowed the last bit before he spoke.

"I understand and agree that last night shouldn't have happened but don't push me away, let me be there for you. You need me babe."

"Andile, you don't understand."

"I do and trust me, you don't have to be alone."

He took my hand in his and brought it to his lips, he kissed the back and held it to his chest.

"You probably think I am a jerk for what happened last night and I want to show you my gentle side.

All I wanted was to talk to him and end this, I didn't expect him to be this soft with me. He was showing a side I did not expect, I don't have anyone in my life right now and maybe I do need him.

He has to understand though that even if we date we can not get to the extend of how things unfolded yesterday. We can be a couple but still not cross that line.

We spoke more and a lot about us, about what we expected from each other. He was very understanding.

He asked for a glass of juice and I opted for rooibos. He was being very touchy as we spoke and I was afraid to say something about that, I didn't want him to think I was being difficult. I let it go and created a space between us by moving a bit away from him but he moved closer making it difficult for me to breathe in without taking the smell of his cologne down my nostrils. I was even starting to hate the smell, and him. A few minutes ago I had thought he was a good guy but in fact he was only being nice to just keep me happy, deep inside he was the same guy that got angry and stormed out leaving me naked and alone in Lindiwe's house. He came to my house and failed to explain himself, he didn't even ask how I got home last night.

Truth is I don't like Andile Khumalo but it seems I will be forced to like him or rather pretend. It was right of me to have wanted to break things off in the beginning. Lindiwe is expecting us to take things further, while talking to Andile I had received an SMS from her asking how last night ended. The text came from a very excited Lindiwe who is expecting good news. How do I tell her anything when I myself is even ashamed to admit to myself that I had sex with Andile last night?

I put my phone down and got my focus back to Andile who was talking about himself, not much just the things he thought I wanted to know and besides I wasn't really interested, I have lost interest.

"Pitsi!" That was a voice from outside knocking on my door.

It was Kgabo.

I immediately wanted to get rid of Andile, I told him to go hide somewhere in the house. I know Kgabo will only be in the kitchen until he leaves, I will make sure he leaves as fast as he came in but Andile looked at me surprised.

"Are you ashamed of me?" He asked me. Is he joking? That's my husband out there, the owner of this house! He doesn't know that but can he at least respect what I am talking about right now.

His car was parked outside but as long as Kgabo doesn't see anyone in the house I don't give a damn, I can lie about that. I was prepared to beg and promise him anything if he stopped acting like my boyfriend while he is a nyatsi. He knows that!

Before I could negotiate with him he was up and heading for the door. He opened it.

I looked on as Kgabo expected me to open the door only to find another man. He looked shocked and for a few seconds unsure of himself but he came in. I saw anger on his face as he tried to control himself. He didn't greet him or try to talk to Andile, even when Andile extended his hand to him and introducing himself...

"Andile Khumalo, Pitsi's new boyfriend."

I could have choked Andile.

Kgabo just passed him and walked straight to me.

"I brought the car." He said and placed the keys to my Auris on the kitchen counter.

"Thanks." I murmured looking down, afraid to make eye contact with. I forgot about the car and besides I didn't think he'll still give it to me.

He didn't stay, he turned around and walked passed Andile. He banged the door on his way out.

"That went well." Andile said coming back to sit down.

"Why did you do that?" I asked him fuming.

"Do what?"

He wanted to play dummy with me. He knows he was not suppose to do that, he knows he can't control my life. Who does he think he is anyway?

"Get out of my house and never come back."

"What is wrong with you?"

"Do you know who that is? That's my husband and you were suppose to respect him."

"I don't care who he is. You are divorcing him, better yet we are meeting a lawyer tomorrow to end this once and for all."

How dare he! I told him things in confidence because he said he'll support me and be there for me. Now he's throwing around his weight like he already owns me.

"I said get out."

"Fine, see you tomorrow." He said and left.

I was so mad I almost told him to go to hell. How am I going to look at Kgabo now? This makes me feel like the worst person in the world, I can't be hurting Kgabo like this.

I felt like I needed to talk to him and explain myself. I need him to understand that Andile is just a jerk who thinks there is something going on between whereas there is nothing. I can't bring back memories of Thabiso now. I know it doesn't have to matter since we are getting a divorce but I want to reassure Kgabo. I feel the need to.

It's a Sunday and if I am too quick I might catch him before he goes to church.

I took a quick bath and got into a pair of skinny jeans and t-shirt.

Took my car keys and ran to my car, I drove like a maniac to his house and when I got there a brand new looking white Mercedes GLC was parked outside the gate. I wasn't sure if he was home or not but the door was open and the children were playing outside. I looked at the car and thought maybe it belonged to his new woman, she must have money then. Hope she is not better than me with most things...

I am jealous already...

I opened the noise making gate and when Kamo saw me he came running to me. He was with his little sister and she followed him. I gave them both hugs and they went back to play. Kgabo's daughter looked cute and it looked like Kamo loved her.

I stepped in to knock and I was met by a young beautiful girl busy with dishes in a kitchen that I once called mine. She looked ready for church in her blue skirt and jacket 2 piece with black high heels and a doek around her head, she looked like someone who knows fashion and the car must be hers. Everything just suits her, she has stepped into my shoes and made herself at home.

"Pitsi!" Kgabo called out my name. I realised I hadn't knocked and was staring at the woman.

"Hey." I said embarrassed.

"What are you doing here? Are you not coming to church?" He asked me.

"I... I... uhmmm... Can... I talk to you?"

I shouldn't have come!!!

Even the things I have to say won't make much difference anymore. They just seemed irrelevant.

"Okay, I can walk out with you, have to be in church in 10 minutes." He said walking passed me to the door fixing his tie. I stood for a bit wondering why he wasn't introducing me to her, I was tempted to ask her who she was but had to quickly follow Kgabo out.

"I bought a new car." He excitedly said as I caught up with him.

"Oh, it's yours?" I quickly spoke without thinking.

"Yes." He said doubting me.

"Thought we were low on cash."

I know I said we, his financial situation still involves me. That woman in the house too is in my business, I have every right to ask him about her. He's bringing her into my son's life and Kamo doesn't need this.

"Something big came in. So what do you want to talk about?"

"It doesn't really matter, just go to church." I said backing down. I came here to talk about Andile then I find another woman in his house, we are the same and even.

"You want to tell me something about him?" He asked me smiling. He knows me too well.

"It doesn't matter anymore."

"It does to me and I want to hear it."

He was putting me in a tight spot, but anyway he should know that Andile is no threat to him or us.

"I don't know why said he is my boyfriend, I just met him yesterday through Lindiwe and he doesn't mean much to me."

"Lindiwe Mabena?"

"Yes, you remember her?"

"Uhm, I have to go. Will bring Kamo tomorrow." He said and walked to his car. He didn't say anything about Andile, he just walked away just like that. I knew me coming here won't make any difference and what did I expect him to do, take me

back? I am the one that wants that bloody divorce that is making me have sex with Andile.

I drove back to the house to do nothing. I watched tv until I got bored out of my mind. I wished Kgabo had said something to me, I want to know what he thinks.

I stared at my phone as Lindiwe kept on calling, I don't want to answer her questions about Andile. I didn't even want to switch on my data, I know she is all over my whatsapp with her questions.

Later on I baked and even cooked. I didn't eat much though.

I took another bath using the guest bathroom. When I walked out I went to get into my pjs, yes I have them now. I still kept on avoiding calls from Lindi as well as Andile. He send messages apologising for the way he spoke to me and even asked if he could come sleep over. I will be stupid to ever let him sleep in my house. I did not respond or do anything. I put on my headsets and listened to gospel music as I sprawled out my legs on the couch, my way of making up for not going to church. After an hour I got tired of listening to music, I took off the headset. And everything seemed quieter now as my ears got used to the silence in the house. I felt like I heard footsteps or movements. I picked up an empty vase and slowly walked towards the passage my heart pumping faster. The footsteps were coming from the kitchen. I was terrified.

And when I walked into the passage I walked straight into...

"Kgabo!"

I even dropped the vase and pieces of it got scattered everywhere as I screamed.

"I'm sorry, I have been knocking and the door wasn't locked." He said pulling me into his arms to try and calm me or stop me from screaming more.

"What are you doing here so late?" I asked him still in his arms.

He was stroking my back and it helped me calm down but at the same time waking up feelings I haven't had in a long time. It happened so quick like we never separated. I had tried several times to block this kind of feelings and I think I have succeeded until now. And I still wanted to continue being that strong, he could tell that I wanted out of his arms even though I wasn't putting out a fight strong enough. He pulled me closer and held me tighter, I felt his hard on and I stopped resisting. I wanted this, I wanted him. I stopped thinking about anything else and put all my focus on that moment.

He kissed me on my neck, I held on to him as that took my breath away. He traced kisses coming to my lips, and when we kissed we reconnect like we've never separated before. His lips went from my mouth to my body, he was going fast making sure I was unable to keep up and loose control. He was kissing me through my pjs at first but then they were gone. Besides us there were broken glasses on the floor and how we never stepped on them is a mystery.

Since I got fully naked I helped him out of his pants and shirt, it was a struggle but we managed.

At that moment there was not much to think about just the fact that we were both horny and wanted to have sex. He played with me teasing me with a finger, circling it around and pushing it in, deeper then withdrawing, I loved it because it increased the urge. He pinned me against the wall and kissed me more.

"Give it to me already." I insisted. He stood back and watched me drooling all over his naked body and hard on that stood out.

I laid on my back on top of our clothes and spread out my legs. He took his time looking at me, he knew I would have never let this happen if sober, the last time I was high on alcohol. I loved the look on his face, he was hungry for me. He kneeled between my thighs and slowly entered me, we both gasped for air.

He gave me slow but deep thrusts as if testing for something. I moved my hips to ask for more and he gave me. We lost it as we both drove each other to end, I screamed when I came and he roared with the excitement.

He collapsed besides me and our heavy breathing got back to normal.

"I had missed that." He said holding my hand.

I pulled my hand out of his and said...

"I don't think this changes anything."

Chapter 66>>>

The sex was good and exactly what I needed after everything that has happened, better than what Andile had offered last night but it wasn't enough for us to get back together, we've had great sex in the last days before our separation and still sex wasn't enough to save us and our marriage was never about it. Worst part we couldn't even make it a priority and there is a lot that needs to be fixed, we will never even get around everything because all is beyond repair.

I know I love Kgabo but just the sex and love is not enough, I am hurt, I feel deeply hurt that no one understands my pain. I have been through enough already, I need to fix myself before I can fix anything.

Kgabo got up and got dressed. He didn't fight or say what I had expected him to say, he did look hurt. I did feel bad but it was the right thing to do, a round of sex won't do us any good. It's good pleasure for a certain moment then all it's gone, except this time I didn't feel guilty like I did with Andile. Maybe it's because I am still married to Kgabo or the fact that we've had sex before.

I got my pjs too and got into them.

Kgabo was about to leave then he stopped and turned around.

"Pitsi, did you sleep with him?" He asked me.

I felt a chill down my spine but I had to act quick...

"No."

He turned then walked out.

I know he knows that I am lying, he knows that if I hadn't slept with him Andile would have been angry at his question. I would have fought with him for thinking that of me.

I cleaned up the mess on the floor and went to bed. Deep down I felt bad for hurting Kgabo, I intended to but now I felt stupid just like that moment when I made him think that I might have poisoned his food. I still want him to respect me and see me as the girl that had never had sex with anyone else but him. I just lied to him and I think this Andile thing will eat me forever.

When I kicked Kgabo out I had no plan but still I never thought things will spiral out of control in such a short space of time. Everything seems a mess at this point and I don't see a way backward.

I fell asleep and woke up to get ready for work. My mom called to say she was coming over and I should wait for her. The whole time she was ignoring me and now she wants to see me, I bet she wants money. I don't want to hear about her problems, I have mine to deal with and I am literally living off a credit card that I don't even know how or who is going to pay for it comes debit order day. I have never bothered myself with things like this, I have lived off Kgabo for a very long time and I should start making plans now. It's not going to be easy.

If I remember very well Kgabo said he'll drop Kamo here in the morning but there was no sign of them.

I was getting impatient waiting for my mom, I have to get to work. I know Thabiso is still away but Pule is watching me like a hawk and will report everything to his boyfriend. But maybe Thabiso will fire me at the end and I will be free.

My mom finally got here and as soon as she walked in with Reba she was on my case...

"Pitsi, look at you. You've lost weight. Are you eating enough? How are you leaving in this house alone?"

Oh yes I have lost weight, I was skinny but now I am more skinnier with just my butt and curves sticking out. I have noticed that when I went shopping with Lindiwe, I am 2 sizes down and I know to get back my weight I have to eat which has been very hard lately. I don't want to lose weight, especially not now.

And as for the house I have Maphuti who does as she please and I have to clean after her, where is she by the way? I didn't see her since... Don't even remember.

"I am getting late for work, why are you 2 here?" I asked glancing at my watch, already I wasn't in the mood for the pep talk they were here for.

"Sit down, will you." Reba pressed and already making herself comfortable going through my fridge. "What do you eat in here anyway?"

That's after she realised my fridge was almost empty. Maphuti does empty the fridge and she's eating for 2 akere.

"I have to go to work." I said but still no one was prepared to listen.

I sat down and let Reba make us breakfast with the little she found in my fridge. I felt at ease being with them, it's different from being with Lindiwe and the girls. My mom and Reba were talking about things that mattered to me, life as it's suppose to be. I started to relax and join them, we spoke about the kids, my dad. I

even had to listen to them talking about Koena. He has never bothered to call me and I am even scared to make the first move, I want to be able to talk to my brother and connect with him. I didn't tell them that big brother and I don't talk.

We were once close and that just disappeared with the wind. The divorce issue doesn't have to do this to us. I want him in my life.

I have never had this moment with this 2 woman in my life, it was beautiful.

I took my shoes off as we moved to sitting room. We didn't switch the tv on we just went on talking and laughing. I was hoping one of them will bring up my divorce issue, I was ready to fire away but none did. They avoided even mentioning Kgabo's name. It bothered me because I don't think my mom would let me do this just like that, not in a million years.

Before we knew it it was lunch time, I switched off my phone the minute Pule started calling me. They can punish me all they like for missing work but I know they won't fire me. I even brushed them off my mind.

My mom was telling us a story about a customer, it happened when I was young, I know the story and I will never forget it because I almost cost my mom her sewing business that day. She had made a dress for a lady, a respected lady in the community. A week before her occasion I took the dress and thought my mom had made a terrible job and I could do better. Only to leave the dress in stamps of stitches after putting it back in the sewing machine. I realised what I had done and tried to cover it up by hiding the dress, when my mom found it the next day after turning the house upside down she almost had a heart attack. The fabric she used was expensive and money didn't always favour my family. And you'd think my mom would have given me a hiding, she was lost for words and strength but she kept me up the whole night as she worked on another dress with fabrics she could find in the house. The new dress even looked better than the old one and the owner was pleased, that was a happy ending but anyway there are a lot of stories about me and my mom's sewing machine.

We shared them and Reba's too, I have never laughed that hard in a while.

We heard a knock at the door and Reba went to open, she came back followed by Andile and another man and a woman I have never seen before.

The jerkass that thinks he's my boyfriend came straight to me and kissed me in front of my mother and sister. He did it so quick I didn't have the chance to stop him. He sat next to me and looked at me with a grin on his face. I was scared and embarrassed, this won't end well.

"Pitsi, ke mang o?" My mom angrily asked me. I didn't have an answer for her, this is disrespectful.

Andile got up and extended a hand to my mom,

"I am Andile Khumalo."

With so much anger on her face she didn't respond or shook his hand, she looked at him like he was something disgusting. He sat down and looked at Reba, she didn't hold back either.

"Baby, this are your representatives for your divorce, they are divorce lawyers from a very good law firm."

"Modimo!" My mom exclaimed in surprise. "Who are you wena to come into another man's house making demands with no shame? Kissing my daughter, my married daughter in front of me?"

"Mama..." Andile said trying to speak up but my mom interrupted him.

"Don't you dare call me mama because if you were my son I would have taught you manners. Now take your people and leave." She angrily instructed even showing him out with her hand.

"I am not going anywhere. Pitsi if you want us to be together you will talk to the lawyers and close the chapter with your husband once and for all." Andile pressed on avoiding my mom. I just stupidly sat there and never said anything

"Excuse me, do you want to be kicked out of here by the police or you are going to do the sensible thing and walk out yourselves." Reba asked. The lawyers got up.

"No, no, no guys sit down. I know what's good for my woman and I am here to support her."

"I think we should wait outside, Khumalo you'll tell us what you've decided." The lady said, she got up left, the man followed her.

"Andile just leave please." I begged him. He took my hand in his and looked at me.

"Pitsi, you want this, for your freedom. Remember why you want this divorce. This will be a step in the right direction, you are a strong woman and I love that about you."

One thing I know, Andile wasn't being sincere. What he is doing is not support, if it was then he would talk to me first and ask if this is what I really wanted. He was just being pushy and a control freak, I hate him more now.

"Andile, please leave." I softly begged him.

"Do you know how much those people cost? The more time they spend here the more you'll have to pay, just talk to them so your husband can be served. We agreed on starting afresh and this is the first step."

Did you hear that? I am paying for the lawyers that he went out there to find for me, without my consent. We didn't talk about this nor did I ask him to help me.

"Motho, you've stayed your welcome, now leave." Reba said standing up and showing him out.

My sister was now done with Andile and ready to march him out of here Reba's style. I fully support her.

"I am talking to my woman here, do you actually mind?" He angrily spoke to her.

"You are talking to me now and I am telling you to leave. You have no right to be here." She was angry but at the same time trying to control her anger. She wasn't scared of Andile and she will use anything to attack him and defend herself if he tries anything with her.

My mother just sat looking disgusted at Andile.

"What do I say to the lawyers then?"

"Tell them to go bet on the lotto, their quick cash luck has ran out here. And le wena, don't ever bring your chicken-kwasa here anymore."

Andile was fuming but at least he realised that he was defeated, he gave up and left after giving Reba an evil eye. My sister did the same, standing up to match him. He was taller than her but I have seen my sister fighting men and winning. Andile should watch out!

He left living me with my mother and sister. Reba was angry at Andile, talking about him and his attitude while my mother knew where to direct her anger at. She knows that this is all my fault.

It didn't take her long to voice out her opinion,

"Pitsi, how do you do that? Ngwanaka, bringing another man into your own home? Your son's home?"

"I am sorry Mma? "

"Are you a free woman now? Is this what the divorce is doing to you?" The disappointment in her voice just made me feel stupid and little. I couldn't even answer her, if she knew what I have been up to the entire time she would disown me immediately. I also feel ashamed.

"Pitsi?" My mother shouted at me, I jumped up and looked at her but afraid to look her straight in the eye.

"Is this what's become of you child? This an example of a woman who we call a whore, a loose woman who had no respect for herself. Giving herself away to the available and willing because she suddenly feel fresh air. Don't act like a happy unleashed dog that think it's little freedom means going around and killing other people's chickens. No matter what Pitsi you are a married woman and you should treat yourself as such. Who will respect you after this?"

My mother was right, I also don't like this new me. I have changed into someone that's out of control and I can hardly recognise myself. I can identify myself with the dog my mom is talking about, I know I have let everything go to my head. I want my life back and I want to go to where I was before I came back to this crappy life.

My mother left after I couldn't answer her questions or even explain myself.

Reba tried talking to me, trying to get me to tell her about Andile and at the end she had to give up. I wasn't going to tell her anything, I know I can trust her and she won't judge me but I can't tell her that I had sex with Andile. No matter what, in my sister's eyes I am an Angel that has never experienced the kind of life she has, in simple term I wasn't like her. I wanted things to stay that way, I wanted her

respect and I wanted to be the better daughter in my parents eyes. That's why I finished my matric and studied further but I guess I always had that bad side in me.

Reba also left, just after she made sure I was okay. I pretended to be or rather gave her that impression, I wanted her to leave me alone. I wanted to have a clear mind and think about what my mother said. She had said a lot, a lot that will hunt me for a very long time.

I sat by myself and just tried to think about everything.

I know I said I wanted the divorce but seeing those lawyers and listening to Andile petrified me. I don't care about what it's at stake, I just can't imagine my life without my little family.

There was a knock at the door, I got up from the couch to go check and it was Lindiwe. As soon she came in the scent of her perfume filled my little kitchen.

I smiled at her as I offered her tea to which she declined.

"I am not staying, I just came to tell you something." She said.

"Okay." I said offering her a chair. She sat down.

"Pitsi, the girls and I think it's your turn to be our hostess."

"Oh?"

"We expect the high quality of hosting like we gave you, I will give you a list of all the things we want and you'll get on it."

"But I don't have that kind of money."

"You are a socialite, make a plan."

"I don't think I can, I don't have the kind of connections you ladies have."

"So, what do you suggest?"

"Can I at least get more time to save up."

"No, you do it this week or else..." She said bringing the old Lindiwe back, the woman I knew hated me back then and probably still does. She was just showing her true colors. Her face wasn't that happy ever smiling face that I have recently got to know.

"Are you threatening me?" I asked in disbelief.

"No, blackmail will work just fine."

"With what exactly?"

She smiled...

"You slept with Andile and my husband, don't even deny it, you are trying to make your little name known but I will destroy you little girl."

"I will deny it."

"Andile will back it, he does everything I want and he'll even say more."

"Get out of my house!" I shouted at her.

"Do this little thing and I will let you off the hook."

I so want out...

Chapter 67>>>

I should have known, Lindiwe never liked me and she would never do. All her nice gestures were a result of a scheme she was running against me, she went the extra mile though, making me comfortable and content. She made me trust her and rely on her, none of that was for free and now it's pay back time. It should have occurred to me that somehow she would want to get back at me one day, she was never over the fact that I might have slept with her husband. The truth doesn't even matter to her, I am not the perpetrator here, her husband has turned both of us into his victims. He has turned her into this bitter woman!

I believe her and I am scared of her, she is powerful and had made a name for herself as a model and wife of a very powerful designer who uses wannabe designers like me to pursue his name in the industry.

At this point in my life I am a nobody, I am merely relying on the universe to provide for me. I have a job and it's not going to be enough to support me, Kamo and this fancy lifestyle I have gotten myself into. I can't ask Kgabo for help, I asked for this and I shall see myself through it. A plan is what I need

The following day I was up before 5, I couldn't sleep the entire night anyway. Lindiwe left shortly after delivering her threats and promises to make my life a bigger hell than it was already. The woman is insane and needs some screws fixed,

her husband is a womaniser and a dick lover. I am clearly not the only person in the world he wanted, is she fighting all of them, the others out there?

I was dreading going to work and face Pule, it seems I have to go around dodging people. I have so many enemies lately.

I got to work and realised that with Thabiso away almost everything had come to a standstill. I had tons of messages left by the girls, it was mainly about orders, something that Pule could have done on his own. Talking to clients can't be that difficult. I was the first one to arrive. I do have my own key so I started with packing the dresses in the boutique nicely and making sure things were packed according to their colours and where they are supposed to be. I was 2 hours early, a lady that saw the doors open came in and told me she was here yesterday and was told to come back today. She was a bride that wanted a certain design of a dress, it was her second marriage and she wanted something mature and simple. I went through all the details with her and came up with a simple long dress with a tail that hangs just behind, not long. I made a few changes where she wanted to add and remove what she didn't like, at the end she was happy and by that time Pule had arrived. He was already hovering over me and weighing me down, going around while I was busy with a client. When the first client left I had 2 more waiting to see me, the second one had a picture for her wedding dress. And the third one wanted the whole package, attires for everyone. Her bridesmaid, groom's men and all that. I worked my butt off trying to impress her, she was such a bridezilla it exhausted my mind. I worked until lunchtime with her, when she left I was drained.

As soon as she left Pule came rushing to me.

"Where were you yesterday?" He asked me leaning on the little reception desk.

"I don't have to answer to you, it's either you fire me or let me get back to work." I said to him. He got angry much to my amusement. He can say whatever he wants to me but he would never fire me. Throwing his weight around is just his job's description and that's where it ends.

"Are you sleeping with him again?" His question was filled with doubt and I could tell he was terrified. If I was sleeping with Thabiso surely things will show, I would be the one running everything around here.

"I told you I don't have to answer to you."

I took my bag and left him standing there, there was nothing he could do to me and I wasn't even scared of him, it's not up to him to decide who goes and who stays. His job is to just guard me and report back to Thabiso. He thought he had the power to make me working under him miserable but I have just turned the tables on him.

I walked out of the boutique. I need to cool off and as I walked out the mall I bumped into Andile. He was on his way to the boutique holding a McDonald's brown paperbag and 2 drinks in another hand, I so wish there was somewhere I could hide but he was right there in front of me.

"Babe, it looks like I am right on time." He smiled proud of himself. Just standing in front of him made me hate myself more than I hate him. The side of him annoys the shit out of me.

"Time for what?"

Lunch, I know but I am not going to sit down and enjoy lunch with him and act all happy. I am hungry and I can't afford to get myself a MacDonald glorified drink but no thanks to Andile's meal. I am okay with just passing by all the fast food restaurant and smelling all the fresh smells of their. I will eat what I find in my fridge at home.

"I have brought us lunch. Where do you want to eat? We can go to my car."

I know Andile doesn't understand the kind of language that I speak, I mean the language of NO meaning exactly just that. I don't know how I should tell him to leave me alone, he knows I am done with him.

"I am not hungry and I have to be somewhere." I lied hoping to bore him with details about fabric shopping if he asked.

"Okay, I just wanted to help you with plans for your ladies getaway, heard you are the hostess this weekend."

I was ready to walk away from him but I do need all the help I can get for the weekend. I don't know anything about booking a 5 star hotel or even a cheap Siyabonga B&B. I embarrassingly told him we can go eat in his car. He gave me the drinks to hold as he decided to hold my free hand.

I told myself I am only doing this because I am using him for his expertise, he is probably the only person who is willing to help and I can take advantage of that.

We got to his car, he opened the front door for me and I got in. He gave me the food as he went to get into the driver's seat. I waited for him to get in before I could touch the food.

He got in.

"I don't know what you drink but I bought Sprite for both of us." He said taking one of the drinks of the holder.

"It's okay, I will just eat the burger and chips. I am not a fan of fizzy drinks."

I said starting to eat. I was hungry and in less than 5 minutes I was done eating the burger and just snacking on the chips. It was so much silence in the car.

There were lots of brochures under my feet about hotels and fancy places to book. I know they were for me.

"Pitsi?" He said chewing the last bit of his burger. I responded by looking at him.

"I know you don't trust me or want me anymore and I know it's because of the sex."

I didn't not expect him to bring that up, I didn't want to talk about it either. I don't know about him but I regret that night and will never get over it.

I don't even know what he was insinuating right now.

"What about it?" I finally asked.

"It was bad, wasn't it?"

He did not just ask me that!

So I wasn't the one only reeling about it, him too? Was it my fault? I could blame myself since I am probably the inexperienced one. I did nothing to contribute to the sex, I was just a log lying there.

"I have to admit that I was over excited to have sex with a beautiful girl like you, I couldn't control myself."

Oh?

"I don't know what to say?" True.

"We can try again and I promise this time I will put in more initiative."

Is he crazy?

I looked out the window and folded my arms across my chest. The sex was a mistake and it doesn't have to continue anymore. I don't even want a relationship with him.

"Pitsi?" He said trying to turn me to look at him.

"I thought we came here to talk about the weekend." I said meeting his sharp teary gaze.

"Fine." He said picking up the papers under my feet. I had to put my feet up.
"What would you like to book? Hotel suits, lodge whatever you like."

He showed me different kind of places to book, all expensive and luxurious. I know he means well and I understand the ladies are counting on me to go big. There is a lot that must be done, they want to be catered for with everything. I have to get the right people who do not come cheap and still entertain the girls.

I could host them at my house like Lindiwe did but I will have to pay more for someone to drive all the way from town to my village for a full body makeover. I know I have to do all that for every single one of them.

Andile chose a hotel that offeres the full range in Tzaneen, entertainment, food, drinks, accommodation for the entire weekend, body massages and glam squad on call. He called them to ask about their services. The entire thing cost about R50 000 for 5 people and their partners.

50 bloody thousands rands that I don't have and have no way of getting. I have to pay 50 percent deposit to secure my booking. I still don't have that money. My salary won't even cover the deposit.

I got stressed and Andile suggested he'll borrow me the deposit and I will pay him as soon as I can. I accepted even though I don't know where I will get rest of the money from.

I felt a little light headed and dizzy as the stress got to me. I know I will need more than R50 000 to pull this whole thing off.

I decided to leave Andile and go straight to the ATM to check the balance on my joint account with Kgabo. To my relief the balance was over R70 000. The thing is the daily limit to the account is R5 000 and to get the rest of the money I will need Kgabo to be present inside the bank with me.

I need the money and I am going to get it, I so have to come up with a plan.

I went back to the boutique and locked myself in Thabiso's office. I wanted to think of a plan to get Kgabo to give me the money.

I wish I didn't have to but I can't risk my career and dignity on the little information Lindiwe has on me. I might be seperated with Kgabo but Lindiwe's threats are a scandal I can't afford to have in my life.

Pule knocked on the door making noise outside until I couldn't take it anymore, I opened and left the boutique again. I drove to Kgabo's house.

His car was parked outside and the gate wide open.

I parked outside the gate and walked in. As I was about to knock I saw him busy in the kitchen shirtless. That took me back to put last night together and I wish we could do it again, with everything going in my life I need it.

I finally snapped out of my naughty thoughts and knocked. He looked at me standing at the door and smiled. Thought he'd be mad at me.

"Come in." He ordered. He took a shirt that was hanging from a chair and put in on, disappointing me. "Was making supper, I know it's still early but we can eat if you are hungry."

"No, I am fine. Are you alone?" I suspiciously eyed the house looking for evidence of the woman who was here the other day.

"Yes, I am." He was also suspicious of my question.

"Good, I would like to talk to you." Sounding relieved.

"Okay." He offered me a chair in the kitchen. I sat down facing him.

I shot straight into it.

"Kgabo, I was wondering if I could use the money in our joint account."

"For?"

"A great opportunity to invest in something big has represented itself to me and I can't let this opportunity pass me by. I will pay it back if you have a problem."

The suspicious look on his face came back...

"Fine." He said. I smiled as I felt a sense of relieve.

"You'll give me the money?"

"Yes, once I see the paperwork and confirm that it's legit."

"What the hell? Kgabo do you think I will be that stupid to invest in some... dodgy deals?"

"We can't just throw money into something just because you want to."

"I have done my homework and I know what I am getting myself into."

"Show me the paper work."

"I knew it, you never believed in me. To you I was just a wife who cooks and cleans after you. It's a good thing I am divorcing you." I angrily said to him. He looked at me and frowned.

"You've become a woman I don't know anymore. I am tired of this Pitsi, give me the bloody divorce or else I will go ahead with it."

I gasped for air...

Chapter 68>>>

I have never been so scared in my life and terrified at the same time. Kgabo just said the most scariest words to me and he meant every single one of them. I know my husband when he is being serious. My whole body went cold at the thought of him divorcing me, being said by him sounded like the end of the world and it seemed so real, final still. I felt like he doesn't love me anymore, I know he does and I always took advantage of that. Kgabo has always been this soft guy who doesn't lose it like this, no matter what bad thing he did to me at the end he will find a way to soften me up, he would never do this to me. I am not talking about the money, he knows I am a big spender but he has always been very calculative when it comes to money. That's the kind of business man he is, he understands the money world and I have never cared so much as to what happened.

I stood there mouth half opened, I wanted to talk but I just froze. He came to me and held me looking at me, he had his hands on my arms.

"Are you sure this is what you want Pitsi?" He asked me with his big beautiful eyes eyeing for an answer.

"I am confused Kgabo, I am in trouble and I am scared." I answered him.

"What happened? Pitsi tell me, I am here for you." He was shaking me for answers. His eyes were going soft and sympathetic.

I don't want pity, especially not from Kgabo.

"I have to go." I said trying to wriggle myself out of his strong grip on me. He let go. I walked to the door and to my car.

I wanted to go to my house but there is nothing to do on my own.

I drove straight home to my parent's house. They were both there with Kamo, they were watching tv, cartoons. I sat with them. I couldn't concentrate, I needed to talk and get what's on my chest off. My mom was the last person I will tell my recent problems to and besides she looked like she was still mad at me about Andile.

And I do badly wanted to tell Kgabo everything but I am not the woman he married anymore, I am beyond perfect. I have done things that have changed me.

My dad was doing much better now even though he still looked fragile. I feel bad for what I have done to him, my approach to the news about Koena was a bad one, I know things have turned out okay at the end, not so much for me though. My dad was the only one who tried to make conversation with me. I couldn't take the silence from my mom, I decided to take Kamo home with me. I could see he also wanted to come home, he doesn't understand what is going on between me and his

father. He thinks coming home with me means being with us both, things will never be the same and I don't know how to let him in on the changes.

When we got home we found Maphuti cooking, it looks like she had bought groceries because I know my kitchen wouldn't smell so nice with what is in my fridge. And finally I get to see her after a while. I had a brief chat with her, nothing hectic just about her cooking and a bit about the weather. She was glowing even though her body still looks the same to me, she was hiding the pregnancy very well, that's if she is still pregnant. I couldn't ask about that but I am not sure if she is still pregnant or not. She was wearing one of those loose dress that hides everything, not her style.

I decided to give Kamo a bath before supper, I wanted to sleep early tonight and thank God Maphuti had cooked.

I got him into the bath and he took that as an opportunity to ask me about his dad, he wanted to know when Kgabo was coming home. I felt muscle tightening on my chest, I know the best thing for now is to lie. I don't think he understand what divorce or separations means.

"Daddy is working away from home nana." That's my reply to him.

"But mama he is at the other house." My clever boy answered. Kids! I know he knows that something is up.

I swallowed a hard lump on my throat, it pained me to hear my son talking like this. I am doing this to him, causing the confusion in his life.

"I know baby, you'll go see him during the weekend."

"I want him to come home, I don't like Auntie Aggie at that other house." My son said hitting the water in the bath and splashing it.

I know he was talking about the other woman and again I know it's wrong of me to ask my son about "Aggie" but Kgabo won't say anything about her to me so I don't have a choice.

"Who is Auntie Aggie boy?"

"Mama that other woman at the other house." He said pouting his lips.

"Does she stays there at the house?"

"Yes and she doesn't bath me nicely mama."

"Nana, where does Auntie Aggie sleeps at night?" My heart started pumping hoping for Kamo to give me the right answer.

"She sleeps with daddy. There are only 2 bedroom, I sleep with Kgomotso."

My heart sank and immediately broke into pieces. I figured that's why Kgabo wants the divorce now, I felt like I should just go and confront him. He is bringing another woman into my son's life so soon, we are not yet divorced and his family is supporting this? The Pastor shouldn't be allowing Kgabo to live like this.

I know I am one to talk and blame him whereas I brought this on myself, I asked for the divorce and he saw me with another man in our house but it hurts more when he does it.

I quickly got Kamo out of the bath, he was talking non stop about his little sister and father. That made me think, the day I went there and saw Kgomotso I kind of like the little girl. I gave her a hug without minding and not even thinking a second

about the day Kgabo told me he wanted to bring into our lives. I don't hate her and I could learn to warm up to her. She is the reason my head was filled with this crazy thoughts about divorcing Kgabo, that day I felt like Kgabo just wanted to hurt me.

Kamo went to the kitchen and I took a bath then went straight to bed after apologising to Maphuti for skipping supper. She looked a bit hurt but she will be strong, I can't eat while there is a lot going on in my mind.

I couldn't sleep, everytime I close my eyes and tried to fall asleep I will have a nightmare about Lindiwe. I know it's because I have been thinking a lot about her and she is another source to my stress.

The following day I woke up not feeling like going anywhere, I had to force myself to get out of bed and get Kamo ready for school. He had shared a bed with Maphuti.

After walking him to school I came back and went straight to bed. Later on Maphuti left and I had to force myself again to get out of bed after sleeping for 2 hours. I am probably pushing it with Pule but I couldn't care less, he doesn't know or understand my current situation. If he was still my friend I would sit him down and tell him everything.

Reba called to ask if she can have Kamo today after school, it's her last born's birthday and they will be celebrating at Wimpy. I did that for Kamogelo when he turned 4 and I couldn't help but feel a pint of jealousy, I felt like the roles have been reversed and Reba was now living my life. Things are going so well for her while I am all alone, I was used to that life and she was my looser sister who relied on me for almost everything.

She wanted me to join them but I declined and said I have a lot of work to do at home, I told her I was working from home.

She send Jonas 30 minutes later to come get Kamo's clothes and pjs since she wants him to spend the night.

I spend the whole morning in my PJs eating ice cream bought by Maphuti, I was depressed and ice cream was doing nothing to console me but I ate it nonetheless.

First of all I need money for the weekend and all my effort to get it seems to be going nowhere that I am thinking of selling the Auris. I could get a good price for it and use the money for this weekend. I just want to get over and done with the getaway so I can concentrate on better things. No more parties and unnecessary entertainment.

I have to plan and need to think straight but the only thing invading my mind was Kgabo and his new woman, I asked for the divorce so we could both get clarity not for him to go get a new girlfriend. It makes me mad how he quickly moved on...

I was actually planning on spending the whole day in my PJs but there was a knock at the door that distracted me.

I went to open and there stood Gugu in her expensive little blue dress, high heels and weave. She was smiling at me waving a bottle of wine in my face. I let her in even though part of me knew that she was probably here to do one of Lindiwe's dirty jobs, she did say everyone does what she wants.

I got glasses as I showed her to the sitting room.

"Beautiful house girl! Wow." She exclaimed as she looked around admiring. I so wanted to think she was being sincere.

"Thanks." I said dryly.

"I feel so overdressed, I just want to feel comfortable like you are in your pjs."

I did not have the energy to entertain her, I don't trust her but I gave her another pair of my PJs and offered her a guestroom to change. She could not stop talking about my house as she came back looking way better than me in my worn out and creased pjs. She sat down and poured us the wine, she offered me a glass. It was my favourite sweet wine, not that I know much about wine. She took a sip and looked at me still holding my glass.

"Gugu, what do you want?" I asked her making sure she knew I could see right through her.

"I am here to see you, I was at the boutique and I was told you might not come in so Pule gave your adress."

Pule? He hasn't called today. Nevermind him!

I still don't trust Gugu.

"Did Lindiwe send you here?"

She was taken aback by my question, she sat her glass of wine on the coffee table.

"No Pitsi, I came here on my own freewill and besides I don't like what Lindiwe is doing to you."

She is here to fish for Lindiwe by acting like she cares about me.

"But you want the weekend away?"

"Not anymore, I don't want this life Pitsi."

"Then why aren't you walking out?"

"I want to, trust me."

"I don't trust you right now." I said to her.

"I know." She was confusing me and making me feel like I could trust her. "Don't do it Pitsi, don't host us."

I looked at her trying to see why she would say that to me. She knows I have no choice.

"Do you know what Lindiwe could do to me?"

"Blackmail you?"

"Yes!"

"Pitsi you are a designer and you want to be known, if she wants to blackmail you let her. Use it to your advantage."

"How?"

"It could be the kind of publicity you need, a lot of celebrities do this when they want to be recognised. Some even lie."

No, I have a lot to lose than to just get my name out there. I am a mother and a wife, my community won't see me as trying to get recognised. I will be labelled a whore and face a very lonely terrible life.

I can't do that to myself.

"No, Gugu I can't."

"Yes you can, besides she wouldn't do this to Andile."

"Why not? What is Andile to her?"

"Her spoiled baby brother!"

Wait a minute!

Gugu must be joking. Why would Lindiwe let her own brother do this?

"It doesn't make sense. How do you know this?"

"I used to date the dickless jobless boy." She answered me taking her wine and sipping.

"Gugu?" Scolding her with a smile.

"I know you had sex with him, did he look the other way when he put the condom on?"

Oh hell...

We burst out laughing...

Chapter 70>>>

I realise that I accidentally drunk called Kgabo, I remember trying to call him but decided to put my phone away. He is here now. He came running to me. I smiled at that thought. I remember the last time he was here, we had sex and it felt so good. Something I think we both needed then, there is nothing stopping us from going that route again.

The couch was very uncomfortable, I got up and removed the blanket that he had covered me with. I went to the couch he was sleeping on and kneeled next to him. I placed my lips on his and slowly kissed him, he was asleep but he responded and little moan escaped his throat. I let my hand go to the front of his pants to fully awake the dead.

"Stop." He quickly grabbed my hand and forcefully removed it, like slapped it away as I got persistence. He stood up. I got up to look at him, he was obviously angry.

"What's wrong?" I asked him confused.

"Do you remember what you said the last time we had sex?" I do remember but that has nothing to do with now. I want him and I know he does too, I felt him.

"Can we talk about that later? Please Kgabo." I begged taking a step closer to him. I stood in front of him our bodies touching. I could feel his body heat through the fabrics of our clothes and I wanted to touch skin to skin.

"I am not going to have sex with you." He said and sounded like he meant every word.

"Why?" I asked not understanding him.

"I was hurt, you hurt me. I am not going to be your punching back everytime you feel down and this casual sex thing isn't going to solve anything."

He was right, I wanted to have sex with him because I felt bad and thought it would make me feel better. I am terrified and scared just being here waiting for Lindiwe's next move. Maybe the wine was still in me but I might be getting it for the last time, I mean the sex before I go to jail. I know that bitch won't let this go.

"I'm sorry, I am just scared Kgabo." I admitted. My life has become nothing but a horror in its own element. Scary things are happening and I am all alone.

"I know." He said and pulled me in his strong arms, reassuring me. I felt safe and I knew this is where I belong and the only place I want to be.

I almost killed a human being today and things could still turn out badly for me, I need to sit down and do a serious introspection of my life. I need a way forward and stop letting stupid decisions pull me back. I am a mother and should start acting and thinking like one, I have to put my son first. Ask me where he is and what he is doing right now and I will tell you I had trusted my sister who had just started being a real mom to her own children with my son.

I drink wine to feel better and want sex from a man I am suppose to be divorcing.

"I have to go." He said still holding me and showing no signs of letting me go. I didn't want to let go and I didn't want him to go either. It felt familiar and so good to be in his arms.

"Please don't leave me, please spend the night with me." I begged holding tighter onto him. He didn't respond, he also tightened his arms around me.

In his arms it felt like a safe place where Lindiwe won't get to me, where Andile won't force lawyers on me.

"Let's go to bed." He finally said and pulled me by my arm to "our" bedroom.

He helped me get in bed, I was still in my pjs.

He took off his clothes and left his briefs on. He went to switch off the light.

He got into bed next to me, we automatically found each other in the dark and snuggled closer and tighter. Every thing went quite and still in the bedroom, only I could hear the sound of my heartbeat. His too as I could feel it beating against my right breast. I don't know what was going on but the moment was priceless.

He searched for my lips with his fingers, he found them and gently kissed me.

"Goodnight Mapitsi."

I smiled a very painful smile in the dark. I am only called Mapitsi because I am married, I know I have never explained that but after he paid magadi for me I was named Mapitsi by my in-laws.

I felt his breathing getting heavier and I realised he had fallen asleep. I also drifted to lala land.

The next day I woke up to Kgabo's head on my breast. I was facing upward and wanted to change position, I tried to be slow and easy but I woke him. He slowly looked at me rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"Sorry." I apologised for waking him up.

"Morning." He breathed in heavily.

I turned to look at him and he did the same. We looked at each other for a long time not talking.

"I cleaned up blood in the kitchen last night." He spoke being the first one to break the silence.

I shifted backward a bit.

"I attacked Lindiwe yesterday. I am probably going to jail." I said at the realisation of my crime.

"You won't go to jail, not if I can help it." He said. I smiled at him, he still has the energy to fight for me even after everything that's happened.

"It's attempted murder Kgabo."

"I know, she came to see me." He said and I remember she told me to divorce him because she wants him. She went to him to make me look bad. But I was curious to know how that went.

"I have to go." He said and flipped the bed covers to get out of bed.

"Thanks for spending the night."

"I am meeting with my lawyers today, will call you later."

My heart sank. He is going ahead with the divorce.

"I guess this is goodbye, for good." He said and came over to kiss me.

I stayed strong and fought the tears back. He got dressed and silently left the room.

I couldn't fight back the tears anymore. I am finally getting what I wanted but why does it feel so bad? It hurts.

I had to get out of bed, I decided I am going to work today. I need to be busy and maybe I will get a clear head. I feel so terribly down and a quick pick me up will do, no more alcohol for me.

I will appreciate a simple thing like a fight with Pule.

My phone beeped, it was an SMS from Gugu.

'Morning girl, saw what you did to Lindiwe. Good for you for knocking a tooth out of her and disfiguring her lips for a moment. Don't worry she won't lay charges against you.'

I think I can trust Gugu now but how sure is she about Lindiwe not laying a charge against me? I replied,

'How do you know she won't lay any charges against me? I am going out of my mind here.'

10 minutes later,

'There is a lot going on that you don't know but if she dares open a case against you, you also do the same. Remember the fashion show? All your clothes were sold online without your knowledge and what happened to the money?'

Oh my God!

She is right, I have never received a cent from Lindiwe and her husband. I never even heard from them after that.

The money made from those clothes was supposed to come to me, there is nothing in the contract about that. In fact Thabiso did say the fashion show had nothing to do with the contract, so I had all the rights to the money. That bitch, Lindiwe Mabena!

I am going to work and if she dares pull a stunt I will show her flames.

I got ready for work but my spirit wasn't in it, I felt down no matter the good news Gugu just told me, something was missing.

Lindiwe could still report me but that doesn't bother me anymore.

I drove to work and when I got there Pule was on my neck about clients he had to turn back because I wasn't on duty. I have said this before, Pule can talk to clients and get what they want but because he wanted to be the madam of the house he'll make a big deal out of nothing. Me missing a few days of work isn't going to make much difference, already we have orders up to our necks.

I went to help the clients that were waiting outside for the shop to open. I didn't take long and after I was done I went to work on a wedding gown for a client.

Pule didn't bother me but I heard noises later on and I went to peak through the door. Thabiso was here and Pule was all over him complaining about me, I closed the door and went to back to the complicated dress.

After a few minutes or so the door opened. Thabiso came in followed by Pule.

I knew I was in deep trouble but as I looked into Thabiso's face he had a huge grin across his face. As always he looked handsome in his navy blue business suit, he must be from a business meeting. Wonder when he came back.

The brightness of his eyes matches his smile.

Oh no!

Is he smiling at me because I knocked his wife's tooth out? Crazy I tell you!

"Am I fired?" I asked mockingly.

"Finally you grew some balls." Thabiso said still holding his smile.

"No, but you will be punished." Pule said.

"Shut up Pule!" Thabiso snapped. He turned to me to say something, he opened his mouth and before he could speak Pule had more to say.

"She disobeyed me, okay."

"You know what? You are fired Pule."

Pule and I both gasped in surprise. That was unexpected. In a second Pule wasn't in tears not believing what has just been said. He was hired here to make my job hell and now...

"Get out!" Thabiso showed him the door. Poor Pule just stood there speechless and unable to move. Thabiso pushed him out the door as he begged to be heard but Thabiso was having none of that. Despite everything that he had done to me I felt sorry for him.

"That's cruel Thabiso." I hissed at Thabiso as he looked Pule out.

"Forget about him." He brought back the smile.

"What do you want from me?" I asked him.

"Lindiwe, as we speak, is on her way to get her face fixed like she does all the time and I thought we should celebrate." He said walking towards me licking his lips. He's joking right?

"Don't even think about it." I warned him.

"Why not? There is no Kgabo anymore and there is probably no Lindiwe for me."

"I don't want you Thabiso, in fact I think I want my husband back."

"Come on, remember the night we kissed?" I could see the lust in his eyes.

"Yes, the biggest night of my life where you and your wife robbed me of my hard earned money. I know about the sale of the clothes." He stopped walking and looked at me. He was surprised. I was once naive but not anymore.

His wife has taught me a lesson that made me grow a pair. They have taken advantage of me and now I am done!

For the first time in my life I was seeing Thabiso Mabena so lost for words.

He put his hands on his head and rubbed them vigorously over his bald head. He knows what this means, I might not know how much money they made but he knows I am coming for them, both him and his wife.

Thank you Gugu!!!

He dropped his hands and quickly walked out.

I got back to work knowing things will never be the same again, wasn't sure if I should even continue working or not but I couldn't stop for the sake of the clients. A lot is about to change around here and things might get worse.

An hour later I got out to check on things only to find Thabiso and Pule no where in the boutique. The girls were alone and gossiping, when they saw me they went silent.

"Where is Pule and Thabiso?" I asked them avoiding what I just walked in on.

I was told Thabiso took his things and left, Pule followed him out of here crying and begging. Well that doesn't concern me. I am here to make clothes and that's it, besides I don't know Pule and Thabiso's arrangements.

I went back to work, lunchtime I called Reba to make some arrangements with Kamo and she came through for me. I know I don't trust her with my son but I don't have any other choice. I was determined to finish the dress and by 4pm it was done. I helped the girls in packing up and tidying before we left.

The drama and everything just gives me headaches as well as adds stress to my already stressful life.

As I drove home I remembered the day the Pastor's wife called me to ask me to get involved in church programmes. I need to fix my life and maybe I should start there. I drove to church and when I got there I was told she was busy.

I decided to go wait inside the church, there was no one there. It was around 6pm and soon the 7pm church will start, so I need this quite moment to talk to God alone in his house.

I sat at the back last row of benches and closed my eyes.

"Pitsi?" I jumped up at hearing Kgabo call out my name. His voice was so calm. I opened my eyes and looked at him. He came to sit next to me.

"Heard the good news, Pastor." I said to him. He smiled at me. I was congratulating on his new job and role as the church leader.

"I just said I'll do it but it will take years for me to get there."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't want to jump into anything, I have to study first before I can start giving sermons."

"You want to study to be a pastor?" I asked amazed but why am I surprised? Kgabo always plans for everything he does.

"Yes."

"Okay, I trust you to be my Pastor, I believe in you."

He smiled at me leaning on the next bench in front of us and looking at me. "Can, I confess father." I was serious and he knew.

"Yes my child what's bothering you?"

I swallowed hard while staring into the eyes of the man I love so much.

"I am a confused woman." I started and he frowned at me but I went on. "I broke a family, a marriage that could have been saved. I slept with another man while still married and trying to get over a man that I love, it was a stupid thing and I regret it. I wanted a lifestyle that was never meant for me. I love my husband and son, so do you think my husband will forgive me and take me back father?" Tears were streaming down both our cheeks.

Kgabo wiped his tears and got up.

He walked away...

Chapter 71>>>>

Life knocked me down at a moment when I needed a serious pick me up, being reminded like this of your mistake it's cruel. Something like a hug or words of reassurance would have been perfect. If he walks away like that he leaves me nothing to hold on to, no hope. I have used all my strength in confiding in Kgabo. I had messed up big time and this is the first time I ever owned up to my mistakes, it was not an apology but at least a first for me and both of us. I am trying and this should show.

It's a lot to take in I know but that is not the reaction I expected from him, anyway what was I thinking? He won't just come running back to me, I have hurt him and he has moved on. Didn't he say he was meeting with his lawyers today? I didn't even ask how that went, selfish Pitsi as ever.

I wiped my tears off and got up, the Pastor's wife came rushing in.

"Pitsi, I heard you wanted to see me?" She said catching her breath.

"I'm on my way home, can we talk some other time." I wanted to be alone and just cry. Besides I was going to ask her on an approach to my problems, but me being I had messed up.

"Not when you are like this, I can see you need me. Come, let's go drink some tea." She pulled me by my arm. I probably look a mess for her to just see that I wasn't okay. As we left people were parking the cars and others waiting outside for church to start. This won't take long, she has to come back for church. I looked around for Kgabo, he was nowhere near the church and couldn't see his car. We went to her house where she made us tea. "What's wrong child, are you carrying the world on your shoulders?"

"I just feel embarrassed, the last time we spoke I..." I couldn't finish my sentence.

"You came here to apologise, I don't want apologies. I want you to come back to church and be a member again." This woman is so kind. If I had looked up to her I wouldn't be where I am today.

"Thank you so much but is that position still available.?" She eyed happiness in her eyes with a smile.

"Of course, it was created especially for you."

I looked at the time on my phone, it was a few minutes after 7.

"Aren't you going to be late for church?"

"Not if you need me. Would you like to talk some more?"

She smiled at me, that motherly warm smile.

"Please." I begged. It was nice being with her.

"Okay, drink your tea."

I took a sip with my eyes on her.

"I spoke to Kgabo today, just before you came in."

"The divorce still going ahead?"

"Yes but I don't want to divorce anymore. I told him I want him back but I think he's hurt and wants nothing to do with me anymore."

"With the little time that I got to spend with him I learnt so much about him. He's a forgiving person and very sensitive too. Prove to him that you've changed Pitsi, be the woman she knew as his wife, show him why he fell in love with you in the first place." She said squeezing my hand. I wanted to ask her about Aggie. If she says I should give Kgabo some time what about Aggie?

"Lets go to church."

She said and extended a hand to me, I took her hand and we both walked back to the church.

We were only in there for 30 minutes the it was over. I couldn't concentrate, I felt like I had lost my faith, lost all contact with God. I had really given up on him and now I need that connection back.

I was a bit tired and left after church, I went straight home.

I found Kgabo's car parked outside but he wasn't in it or outside. I drove my car in and parked in the garage.

I found him sitting in front of the door on the little stoep. If he car wasn't parked outside he would have startled me but I knew instantly that it was him.

"Hi." I said he got up so I can unlock the door.

"Thought you were never coming home."

"I stayed for church." We went inside the house. I put the lights on and he went to sit down on the kitchen chair. "Would you like something to eat?" I asked him as I went to the fridge.

He shook his head no. I looked inside the fridge and closed it. He just sat there and went quite. Why doesn't he say what he came here to say, I don't want to ask him about it because he came here for a reason. His eyes were on me as I nervously went around the kitchen. I put the kettle on and he just stared at me. I wish I knew what he was thinking.

"Kgabo?" I finally said. He was still looking at me and that's all I got from him. I didn't know what else to say to him since he wasn't saying anything.

After what seemed like a life time he got up, my heart stopped. He's going to leave me again with no answers. He walked to me, I don't know what was going. His face and eyes seemed relax and neutral, unreadable.

I walked backward matching his pace, I wasn't scared but was not sure of what he was thinking. I was walking to the door and he followed me. I could have turned, opened the door and ran out but I want to be with him and see what he'll do, maybe we will come to some sort of conclusion. When my back was against the door and had had nowhere to go he pinned me against it with his body weight looking into my eyes. My heart racing...

"Kgabo?" I said softly. He just stared down at me. What does he want? Why won't he talk?

I tried to push him back but he grabbed both my hands and stretched them to my side. He stared deep into my eyes, I tried to look away but he held me by my chin and made me look up at him. I begged with my eyes, begging him to talk to me. He brought his lips to mine and hungrily kissed me, I responded with the same hunger.

His hands came to my breast and invaded so painfully but yet excitingly. His lips moved from my lips to my neck and kissed me with the same urge that was on my lips. I moaned as I let my hands roam his body. I wanted this but a part of me was unsure, I was scared Kgabo was trying to prove a point. Since I was the one in the firing line and didn't want to spoil things any further I let myself relax and let him do as He pleases with me.

He got me out my clothes, one by one, slowly and then freed himself out of his too, he kissed me again with his hands all over my body. I cried out with every touch and moaned loudly. He placed me on top of the pile of our clothes sucking and pulling on my lips while on top of me.

He thrust in me when I didn't expect him to, I screamed in pleasure and the sudden invasion. I wrapped my legs around his waist as he rammed inside me. Up and down, almost out and back in. It was too much and he was being rough, I liked it. I came once, twice and collapsed under him as his strength kept on and finally be came in me. Shooting loads after loads.

He let his head rest on my chest as he slowly slipped out of me. His breathing slowly getting back to normal.

He lifted his head and looked at me.

I got scared that he will repeat my words to me.

"This doesn't change anything."

He rolled of me to my side and pulled me to him, my head resting on his chest.

"Why did you change your mind about us?" He asked me caressing my spine with his fingers.

"Because I wanted to hurt you too. All those years, I felt like you did everything on purpose knowing that I will forgive you. Only I was stupid and took things too far." I said being very much honest. I wanted the divorce not because of little

Kgomotso, yes I reacted then but that was just the final blow. I felt disrespected by Kgabo and I felt like I had enough.

"No baby, I was the jerk. I took you for granted, cheated on you and hurt you."

"Why did you do it, Kgabo? Why did you cheat on me?" I guess since we are being honest we might as well go out.

"I did not have a reason, it wasn't even your fault. I am married to a beautiful woman and I was just a selfish bastard."

I looked down at him with my chin on his chest.

"You think I am beautiful?" He's never said that to me. He smiled as humor danced in his big eyes.

"More than you'll ever realised, and don't ever doubt yourself. It drove me nuts when you changed your wardrobe and started working with Thabiso. I was so jealous I wanted to tie you to something in the house and never let you go out there."

I smiled so hard at him, I kissed his chest. "I'm glad we were apart though, the separation did us good. I realised Pitsi that you were robbed of your late teenage years, you were forced to be a mom and wife at a very young age. I had to add to that by cheating on you, I will never forgive myself for doing that to you."

"Did you meet with your lawyers?"

"Nope. I chickened out."

We both laughed.

"So, what about Aggie?" He gave me the same frown he gave me at church.

"Your interfering mother-in-law thought I needed a wife hand picked by her."

"So, what's going on between the 2 of you?" I am worried now.

"I tolerated her because of my mom, she is beautiful and kind but she's just not you."

"You've never done anything with her?"

"Nope, jealous?"

Kamo said they shared a room and I believe him.

"A bit and I have to confess. Kamo told me you were sharing a room with her."

He raised his eyebrows at me but answered me anyway.

"We tried but like I said she is not you."

"Do you forgive me then for sleeping with Andile?"

"It hurts Pitsi but you needed to go out there and learn something, I just hope there will never be another man who eats where I eat ever again."

"As long as you are there and take care of me then I don't have a reason to."

"Okay, let me take you to bed and take care of you again. The proper way this time."

"Again?"

"Again."

He got up and scooped me in his arms. He carried me to the bedroom leaving our pile of clothes on the floor.

That night became the most special night of my life.

The next day I woke up to find Kgabo not in bed with me. My clothes on the couch and his not there. I panicked at the thought that he had left me without saying goodbye, I jumped out of and went out the bedroom naked. I searched the entire house and when I came back to the bedroom to get dressed he was coming out of the bathroom fully clothed in his last night's clothes.

"You were in there?" I asked feeling stupid.

"Yep and I have to go baby."

"Why? Where to? Kgabo this is our home mos." I tried to make him see reason. I don't want him to go and leave me again, that's not happening again.

"Work and I have to change clothes."

"Let's stay in today, please. You promised to take care of me." I said literally running to him. I pulled him down to my level and kissed him. He kissed me back but pulled away.

"And I intend to do that. I have a few things to take care of." I pout my lips at him. He smiled and gave me a hug. "Trust me baby, I hate leaving you like this."

"Then why do it?"

"Because I have to make you happy, put you first." He kissed me then dashed out the door before I can make another attempt to stop him.

I got back on top of the bed and hugged his pillow. I check my phone and realise it's time I got ready for work. I wasn't up to it anymore, after everything that Gugu told me I just want nothing to do with the Mabena's. If it wasn't for the damn contract I would stay home.

I went to the bathroom and took a bath, Kgabo had used my toiletries. I didn't mind.

After I was done I checked my phone to find 6 missed calls and one SMS from Pule.

'Pitsi, I need your help to bring down Thabiso.'

Mxm, I didn't respond. I put my phone away and picked clothes to wear for work in the closet. I couldn't stop smiling at everything that happened the whole night, it was beautiful. Kgabo and I reconnected, I just want him back home with me and our boy.

I went to the kitchen to make breakfast, Maphuti was already at it.

"Morning." I greeted.

"Good morning." She greeted back unable to look up at me as she fried some eggs. I could see her little tummy sticking out, she was still pregnant.

"Where you here the whole night?" She looked at me and smiled. She was and she most definitely heard everything and suddenly I felt embarrassed. Hope she wasn't home when we were in the kitchen, that was intense for me and was at my loudest. I know I wasn't quite even in the bedroom and Kgabo made sure of it, it's like he enjoys listening to my screams.

My phone rang, distracting us from the awkward moment. Maphuti left the kitchen. It was Kgabo, I answered.

"Baby, is Maphuti home?" He asked me and I said yes. I haven't heard his voice over the phone in ages. "I need my brother-in-law's number from her, Sima's husband or please get the number and call him for me. Tell him to call me, I can't get hold of Sima or Mom."

It sounded urgent so I didn't ask questions or dwell on our issues.

"Okay, will do." I put my phone down, Maphuti's phone was on the kitchen counter. I didn't ask for it, I just grabbed it and it didn't need a password or pattern, no restrictions. I just went in. I searched for her brother-in-law's name but I didn't find it. I think I have the number on my phone, I don't have airtime so I have to use Maphuti's phone.

I dialled the number on her phone and as I dial a name pops up...

BABYDADDY...!!!

I delete and redial again and it's the same...

She stored her brother-in-law's number as BABYDADDY???

Chapter 72>>>

In this family that I am married into I am always the one that finds out their secrets and it always caused trouble in my marriage, they have big secrets that will make you think of running away once you get involved. There is never a dull moment and I think ever since I let Maphuti move in with us I find something big all the time. I don't need this, not now. I am suppose to be enjoying my time with my husband and rebuilding our relationship instead, now I have to bear this. How I am going to face Kgabo knowing that Maphuti is sleeping with their brother-in-law?

She should have done the abortion, she would have solved a lot. I am not saying abortion is the answer but in this case it is. Now she wants to keep the baby, she is selfish and not even thinking about the consequences of her actions. Just like a little girl who wants everything for herself she seems determined to fight for her sister's husband for herself. It's disgusting and she is disgusting too.

I put her phone down making sure traces of what I was doing is not showing. I will find a way to get the number to Kgabo.

She came back to the kitchen. She went to get plates, I watched her acting like some who didn't have a care in the world and she looked happy. Being doesn't make you act stupid, naive, yes but stupidity is an act that we all go into with open arms and it's easily chosen.

"Maphuti, Kgabo called he wants Moja to call him. Can you call him and tell him that?" I asked to see her reaction and she froze for a second before regaining her composure. Just a mere mention of the man's name gets her in a fit, she is a yellowbone and it was hard for her to hide the redness on her cheeks. I made sure I don't sound or look like I have a tid-bit of suspicion. I don't want to get involved.

"I don't have his number." She lied through her teeth and continued with breakfast.

"I have the number on my phone and I don't have airtime, mind if I use your phone?" Again she froze. I have to give it to her she is smart. If I didn't know anything I wouldn't suspect or see the signs.

"I will call him." She grabbed her phone and dialled, then placed the phone in her ear.

"Thought you didn't have his number." I surprisingly eyed her. She got the phone off her ear.

"Sorry, was calling Sima. Can I get the number?" I passed her my phone and watched her. I am not stupid, I could see she knew the number by heart. She gave my phone a brief stare then dialled the last 7 numbers without looking at my phone. After a few seconds she got the phone off her ear, "Voicemail."

I nod at her and quickly changed the subject. I spoke about the food and she went back to the breakfast but first said she will send Kgabo Moja's number. She did.

She also decided to change the subject, we spoke about my work. I had a burning urge to ask her about her pregnancy but figured she will be suspicious. I don't want her knowing that I know about her secret, as far as she is concerned I saw nothing and know nothing.

When I left for work she asked for a lift to town but first I had to call Reba and asked about the party and the children. I even had the chance to speak to Kamo, he was so excited as he went on and on about the party.

I asked Reba if she could get him from school again and she said Kgabo had already asked her.

What is he planning now?

I miss him already though.

The drive with Maphuti was a bit nerving, I was mad at her while she After like nothing was wrong. She has no shame in what she is doing.

After parking my car Maphuti and I went out seperate ways. I went to the boutique, found the girls waiting outside. They don't have keys, only Thabiso, me and Pule have keys. I opened and we all started getting busy.

I worked for 3 hours and went to check if Thabiso was in. He wasn't and he hasn't even called.

I tried calling him several times and his phone was on voicemail, I could call his wife but I don't want anything to do Lindiwe anymore. I am still waiting for a nice from her, I know she has some plans for me. She and I are history though!

I decided to call Clara instead and as always she answered. I used the boutique's landline.

"Hello." She answered.

"Clara, how are you?"

"Pitsi, was going to call you later today. I'm okay and you?" She said and couldn't help thinking there is something in her voice, she wasn't the woman I know. It was like a worried tone I something along the line.

"I'm good, what where you going to call me about?"

"I wanted to know how things are the boutique. I got a strange call from Thabiso last night, I think he wants out." Oh really now? He better leave after paying me what he owes me or else I will follow him and his wife and show them flames.

"Did he say anything other than that?"

"No, it was just about business. Something you want me to know."

"No, I'm in the dark. He didn't even come in today."

"Well, he is a busy man." That's true but I can help but think something is fishy.

I went back to work after speaking to Clara, I wasn't into it anymore. If Thabiso wants out I will have to use that opportunity to leave too, I will hurt Clara but I want to do something for myself and it's not going to be in the fashion industry anymore. I will honour my contract with Thabiso even if it means not working for him.

I got a special delivery from my husband. A bunch of red roses, I have never received anything like from Kgabo, I read the card.

'I will appreciate it if my wife said yes to a date with me tonight.' I smiled as I read the card. The girls giggled at me and I walked back to work. Kgabo and I have never been out on date before, even before we got married. We had time for each other but it was always at our one favourite spot, then at night I would sneak out to meet him.

I send him an SMS,

'Thanks for the flowers and I will definitely go out with you. What time?'

He replied.

'7pm, wear something nice.'

'Where are we going?'

'Somewhere, you've never been to.'

'Hint?'

'It's a surprise.'

'Please?'

'□'

I laughed as I replied.

'What is that?'

'Your hint.'

Ai Kgabo. I know he won't tell me anything and the curiosity is killing me already but exciting. I can't wait, wish I could get out of here already.

By lunchtime Gugu walked in, this time I was in Thabiso's office on his computer staring at figures on the finance of the boutique. If he doesn't get back in 3 days we won't have money to spend on materials. I need more for all the orders that we have and I am sure he knows that. I have access to the boutique's account but it's drying out.

I was happy for Gugu's interruption, I gave her a hug and offered her a chair. She bought us lunch, thoughtful since I wasn't going to get the chance to get myself anything. We ate as we spoke.

"What brings you to this side of town?"

"You, came to check on you."

"How nice, girlfriend. How's Lindiwe doing?"

"Shattered, do you know she was divorcing Thabiso for your husband?" She asked wiping some sauce on the corner of her lips. Lindiwe never mentioned divorcing Thabiso. She told me she wished she could.

"I didn't know that." I said getting my mind around the news.

"That was her plan, to get you to misbehave and get yourself into debt. She did everything she could even when your husband told her to beg off, that day you knocked a tooth out of her she ran to him. He told her to go to hell and she threatened with the police but he told her not to dare."

Why am I hearing about this from Gugu? My husband should have been the one to tell me this. This date thing is going to turn into a disaster tonight, I won't let this go. I thought we were confiding in each last night but he was holding back things that needed to be said. I was angry now.

Once Gugu left I went to check on the roses Kgabo gave me, I wanted to throw them away but couldn't get myself to, I liked them. He has never done something like for me and it felt sweet to have them even though I was boiling inside. I went back to work to distract myself.

Knock off time I found Maphuti waiting for me in the parking lot next to my car, she looked the same but tired. Didn't know I was going back home with her. I had calmed down towards her, there is no use being angry at her if she doesn't know it. I will only be hurting myself.

I didn't ask her anything my mind was preoccupied with Kgabo and Lindiwe, the thought sickens me and to even think I believed in everything Lindiwe said and did. She played that part so well, the caring best friend, I'm glad I kicked her one tooth short. I should have done more damage!

I drove us back home, and Maphuti busied herself on her cellphone. Yes, I am calm but I'm a bit disgusted with her, I feel the same way I felt when I thought Reba was sleeping with Kgabo. I won't even emphasise on the fact that she is young because she can make her own decisions about anything, she could have turned Moja down and stopped him in his tracks. And Mike too, how could he do this. I know to Maphuti it was never about the money, she is well taken care of by her family, she's never short of anything.

The guy is monied of course, the last time I checked he was chairperson of a huge company in South Africa. I have met him several times and my reason for having his cellphone number was that I have made some adjustments to his expensive tailored suits before. He has never made a pass at me but I found him hopelessly looking at me several times and it unnerved me, I have never said anything to him or anyone else.

He's not that good looking, that's why I fail to understand why Maphuti fell prey to him, she could get any man she wants out there but she had to go for her sister's husband.

When we got home she started to cook and I told her I was going out and had to get ready.

I checked my phone while in the bedroom, I had a few messages from Pule,

'Did you get my messages?'

'And?'

'Make some time for us to meet, okay?'

'Are you avoiding me?'

Goodness I should probably block Pule's number, I think he is going to be a nuisance and I don't need that. I hate the fact that now he thinks I am useful to him while a couple of days back he was dead set on making my life a living hell. He will never be my friend again because all this time he was just lurching on me.

I chose to wear a blue tight fit dress, I don't know but I felt like revealing my curves in it as it hugged me sensually. I tied up my now long afro in a bun to show off my diamonds and silver studs that I bought along with my wedding ring, I know Kgabo doesn't remember that but I wanted to look good for him. Oh no, I didn't forget about Lindiwe, I am going to need answers. I wore black high heels to match the blue dress with a dark color.

I walked into the kitchen and Maphuti was impressed with my look, that made me happy. She is actually one of the few stylish people I know but she doesn't top my sister.

There was a knock at the door, I knew it was my husband. I went to open, I looked at him as he drank me in with his huge eyes that were wider than usual. I knew he likes my dress but disappointment filled me as I realise he was in his blue jeans and red t-shirt. Am I overdressed for our date? I felt that way.

"You look beautiful baby." He said with a smile that didn't meet his eyes. I looked at him confused. "Unfortunately we have to cancel."

"Why?" More confusion.

"Pitsi, it's Sima she overdosed on a whole lot of pills..."

I stood breathlessly looking at him to go on and say the better part of an overdose, I mean a part where he says she's okay. But Maphuti who was behind me came to the door and went,

"Is she dead?"

She would love that, wouldn't she?

Chapter 73>>>

Kgabo didn't see anything wrong in what Maphuti just said, he thought it was out of concern and she was probably scared. I wouldn't think like that if I was him, she showed no emotions at all, just a young Maphuti being selfish. I know the truth and maybe that's why I am thinking like I am but it really concerns me that she would think like that, this is a life of a human being, her sister for heaven's sake!

I have a sister too, I have fought so many times with my sister and wished I could have some of her expensive and beautiful things, hated her at some point but I have never wished her anything bad, I would kill for her and I know she will do the same for me too. We all can't be the same and maybe I will never understand their relationship. But you don't wish death on someone, not even to your worst enemy, never.

Now I understand why Maphuti disrespected Sima like that, her attitude towards her older sister had always sparked some curiosities and I never understood why but like everyone else we dismissed it to be a sibling thing. She really has it bad for her brother-in-law.

Kgabo pulled Maphuti to him and gave her a hug comforting her, there was nothing in her eyes as I looked at her, she felt nothing for her sister.

"No, she has been at the hospital since morning. They have pumped her stomach, she was unconscious when I left." Kgabo said to Maphuti who started acting like she cares, all teary. "We have to go to the hospital, she left a suicide note."

Now Maphuti was showing emotions, she looked scared as hell.

"No, I don't want to see her like that. Buti, I am scared." Fake Maphuti won't go because she knows what she has done. This child is heartless man!

"She needs us all, come on. Go put on something warm so we can go." Kgabo insisted. If only you knew the truth my poor husband.

"No." Maphuti threw herself on the floor and wept terribly.

"Okay, okay. You can stay here." Kgabo helped her up and gave her a hug. "Baby, are you coming with me?" He asked me trying to hold on to Maphuti, thank God he did because I wasn't looking forward to babysitting Maphuti the actress.

"Sure, let me throw something on." I went to the bedroom to get a jacket.

I couldn't help but wonder if Sima knows about Maphuti and if Maphuti is the reason she tried to commit suicide. I would do the same too, some pain will make you think life is not worth it. What kind of a relationship are they going to have from now on? Moja is such a terrible man, he should have protected the sisters but first he should have protected his wife and family. Coward of a man!

I don't say people should go around cheating but if you do please respect your spouse and go do it far because with people you know and are even closer it makes it hard to accept the betrayal. Even if Sima recovers I don't think she will ever forgive them both.

I put on a black jacket and got out of my heels, I wore pumps. I took a blanket, incase it gets cold at the hospital. When I walked back Kgabo was coming out of Maphuti's bedroom. My husband looked defeated, like he didn't know what to do for Maphuti. Kgabo has been through a lot this year, finding out the truth about his father and being rejected by a man who raised him, I also had to add to that too and now this. I am just glad I am with him now and can be there for him. I know emotionally Kgabo is not strong and this must have hit him badly too.

He stretched out his hand for me, I took it and he pulled me to him. He wrapped his arms around me and looked down at me. I was holding the blanket on the side.

"I'm sorry about our date." Flashing an apologetic smile.

"It's okay, I understand." He bend down and kissed me hard on my lips. When he pulled away he got me by hand and we walked to the car.

It was my first time in Kgabo's car and it was so comfortable, even better than the Q7, okay the old car was comfortable but you know the feeling of a new car. Wonder what he did with the Q7, I knew he loved that car and I did too. I would love to have it, I want a bigger car now. Spending time with Lindiwe and her friends showed me and taught me something about cars.

Kgabo got the car into gear and drove to the hospital.

"Sima left a note." He spoke as he got a hand in his pants pocket holding the steering wheel with the other. He pulled the note out and handed it to me, with shaky hands I took it and light up my phone's torch. I have never read a suicide note before, I have never dealt with anything like. It has occurred differently in my side of the family. I have a crazy attention seeking sister of course, she has made such threats to mom and Dad when they tried to discipline her but she never went through with it but she got through them.

I read the letter.

'To my family...

Mom and Dad, I am sorry and please apologise to my children on my behalf. I couldn't face this cruel world anymore, it has become too unbearable for me. I love my husband so much even though he has become a greedy bastard son of a bitch, he had affairs and took his mistresses with him to events and work trips while he left me home with the kids.

I forgave him countless times and tried to work on our marriage but there are some things I just couldn't sweep under the rug and let life go on.

He betrayed me, they betrayed me. The two people that I love with all my heart...

PLEASE LET KGABO AND MAPITSI LOOK AFTER MY CHILDREN...

See you soon... in heaven...

So so sorry.'

Mosima! The letter had me in tears, especially the last part where she asked me and Kgabo to look after her children. She has faith us.

But one thing for sure she knew about Moja and Maphuti, they are the reasons she tried to commit suicide. I felt so much anger toward Maphuti and I was glad she wasn't with us in the car because this is the moment to ask her if she is happy with how things have turned out.

"How was Maphuti when you left her?" I asked Kgabo who had his eyes on the road but his one hand was caressing my thigh, trying to comfort me. I didn't even think he could see that I had shed a tear.

"Distraught, just hope she doesn't do anything stupid too. Calming her down wasn't easy. Damn Moja!" He got his hand off my thigh and punched the steering wheel with both his hands then quickly regained control. If only he knew that there is a lot that's about to come out because of him, he will throw Maphuti out our house once Sima regains consciousness. That's for sure because I am tempted.

"Did your mom read the letter?"

"Yes, all of us did. I send Koena and everyone who is out of Polokwane a picture too."

So none of them has made out that it could be Maphuti?

"Do you know who the other woman in the letter is?"

"I don't know, probably one of her friends. We've warned her about this friends of hers, eish."

"Where is Moja now?"

"I don't know, been trying to call him the whole day. I knew something was up when I couldn't reach mom and Sima, the time I asked for Moja's number I think I had called them like a million times already. I decided to go the house and the state of the house terrified me, things were broken, scattered on the floor and there was no one there. I drove back and only a few hours later mom called."

"So, where are the kids?"

Kgabo went silent for a few seconds before he answered,

"At the house with Aggie."

She is still at the house?

If it wasn't for Sima, I would tell him right now to stop the car and drop me off right here. I don't care where we are, he's organising dates and flirting with me while the "other woman" is still around. Please God help me...

He knew I didn't like the fact that he's still sharing a house with her. We both went quite until we got to the hospital, Sima was in a private hospital. Unlike my father she was privileged enough to get the best treatment money can offer.

We got out of the car, he called his mom who told him that the doctor and nurses were busy with Sima, it was just to check her vital signs and all that procedure so they were at the waiting area. Kgabo let me there holding me by my hand, I wanted to protest but he held on tighter. He knew I was angry, this isn't the time but the issue will be brought up later. I want respect from now on and I won't let him walk all over me like before, the old Pitsi had finally grown up.

His mom, Dad and his 2 other sisters were there. They all looked at us with surprise as we walked to them. They did not expect this, I bet they already have Aggie in their funeral covers as their sister-in-law.

My mother-in-law was the first one to get up,

"What is she doing here and where is Aggie?" She asked making sure I knew I wasn't welcome, despite what Sima's letter said. And I thought she didn't want me divorcing Kgabo. Chameleon!

"Mma, please calm down. I will explain later." Kgabo said to his mom. With his soft voice Kgabo will never get through to his mom, to stand up to her he needs to man up.

"Get her out of her, out, now!" The woman was shouting and drawing unnecessary attention to us. I had to leave. I turned around and walked away, Kgabo followed me.

"Pitsi, here." He gave me his car keys. "Stay in the car, I will be with you just now."

I took the car keys and went to the car, I sat at the back seat and wrapped myself with the blanket. I fought back tears. This woman will never accept me, she does have real hate for me. She makes me angry, Kgabo makes me angry too and I want to see Sima.

If only my mother-in-law could for once let us put our differences aside so we can all deal with the matter at hand, pray as a family and support her daughter but no it's always about her and what she wants. She wants Aggie and not me... even at trying times.

I felt asleep in the car and was woken up by Kgabo knocking on the window moments later. I opened the back door for him and he got in.

"Hey." He said snuggling up to me in the blanket, he was cold. He wrapped his one arm around me and pulled me closer to him. I love being in his arms, they comfort me but I can't be getting comfortable while there is a lot that needs to be addressed between us. This is what led to Sima's suicidal attempt, another woman in their marriage. "We should get going, everyone has gone now."

"Can we talk?" I asked him. He knew what this was about and there was no avoiding it.

"About?" He asked softly.

"Aggie, why don't we start there or maybe Lindiwe?" I felt him breath in heavily.

He shifted getting me out off his arm but stayed in the blanket.

"I know you want to know why Aggie is still at the house. But that's irrelevant. And what about Lindiwe exactly?"

Not that quick and easy Kgabo.

"Irrelevant, how so?" When he left me this morning he went back to her and when he drops me off at the house he is still going back to her. Irrelevant how when he sees her more than me, she's still in his life and he say he wants me?

"I told you, I want you."

"Please Kgabo!"

"What do you want me to do? Kick her out?"

"That would be a start." It's cruel, I know but he needs to do something and if that's what he must do so be it.

"Pitsi, you wanted the divorce and I let you do as you please. Everything came to a stand still for you after you had your fun, please don't expect the same with me."

"What does that mean Kgabo? Does it mean you want your bread buttered on both sides, haven't you learnt anything from what is going on now with your sister and Moja?"

"I am only asking for time, I want to fix this, slowly."

"No, Kgabo it's either you are getting rid of Aggie or we drop this right now." And I mean it! Not forgetting the issue of Lindiwe too, still coming.

"So this is how things are going to be from now on, if I don't do what you want you threaten to leave me?"

So I can't make valid points anymore...???

Chapter 74>>>

Never in my life have I ever felt so stupid for trying to voice out the obvious, Kgabo is too smart to know that I won't accept this. He didn't want to tell me because he knew that it's wrong and I will react. I don't care what happens to Aggie now, who was she before she met my husband? Some things don't even make sense, why keep her when he never wanted her in the first place. I have dropped everything, I am not saying I am perfect. I know things might look like I only came back because my life was a mess and not making sense anymore. That's partly the truth but the real truth is I wanted my life back, things were not as they were suppose to be and I was out of control. I was missing my husband and the fast life of expensive getaways and branded labels was not for me. I am a simple girl and I never had problems with that until I met Lindiwe, she introduced me to this life that at first I felt like I did fit in only to realise it was never meant for me. I am not blaming Lindiwe, what I went through was an eye opener for me. I might be young but I am done playing and chasing butterflies, I want to stay and fix things.

I am here now and I don't understand why he can't get rid of Aggie. He said he doesn't want her so how come is it so hard to cut all ties with her? I am pretty sure she will also understand, he was never hers. Oh yes, I am reclaiming what's mine.

I felt like Kgabo was being unfair, he can't expect me to go home alone and let him go to another woman. He hasn't moved back in yet and I know nothing it's final

between us but the writings are on the wall. I don't want to put pressure on him but this I can't take and won't even try to understand or adjust to. If he is mine I want him all, body and soul, undivided attention in all corners. When it comes to him I will be selfish.

"I'm sorry, I understand you and get where you are coming from. I will deal with this. Please baby." He pulled me in his arms and gave me a hug, I didn't hug him back. I don't think he understands that apologies, hugs and kisses won't solve anything now. I want action. I was once told actions speak louder than words and I believe that now as I wait impatiently for him to act. "We'll talk when we get home, okay?"

I didn't respond, I pulled the blanket and covered myself. I have nothing to say to him, he is the one that needs to explain. I told him everything and never held back, he knows what I did and he is coming back to me eyes wide open and I want much more from him.

He got out of the back seat and went in the front to drive. I won't even be mad at him for not standing up for me when his mom marched me out there like a stray dog, I have come to accept that Kgabo will always obey when it comes to his mother and there is nothing I can do about it. I felt tired and sad that I didn't get a chance to speak or see to Sima, unlike the rest of her family she likes me or maybe she just needed someone with money to take care of her children and that will only be Kgabo.

I should probably stay back for now, it's too soon for everything. Me and Kgabo, we are trying to get back together but already hitting stumbling blocks. And us getting back together is also a shock to everyone. Especially to his mom who was here not so long ago begging me to go consult a witch doctor with her. I wonder what she will say if I tell Kgabo.

When we got home I was asleep, I had drifted into sleep because of the warmth of the blanket. I woke up as Kgabo tried to carry me to the house. I didn't fight him, he carried me to the door where I unlocked still in his arms then to the bedroom where he gently put me to bed. He was sucking up to me, I know. He went to the

closet and got me a t-shirt that he gave to me. I have pyjamas and I have outgrown the t-shirt saga but I took the t-shirt anyway. I changed into it as he went to the car and i think he checked on Maphuti. I couldn't careless about she was doing. He came back a moment later with the blanket.

"Can I sleep here? With you?" He asked me.

"Thought you were going back to the house." I knew that if I say no he would take the couch because he held the blanket as is saying "I'll use this if you don't want me to join you.

"To her? Isn't that how you'd conclude this whole thing? I am not going to let you doubt me any further."

"If you are going to sleep here I want to know what is going on." It's an ultimatum I am willing to stand by no matter what he said earlier.

"Whatever you want my love." He had a huge grin across his face as he took his clothes off, he was kinda giving me a little show too. He got completely naked, taking off his underwear too. I love seeing my husband naked, it's a huge turn on for me. Especially now that out sex life has improved. I wanted to skip the talking part and just have sex but we need to talk.

He got into bed beside me, we sleep the same way we have been sleeping before. Each one to their original side of the bed.

"Now, what do you want me to say?" We were side to side facing each other.

"Lindiwe and Aggie, everything Kgabo." I demanded and he uncomfortably shifted but still looked at me.

"Okay, before you... before the divorce issue I had a surprise for you, I know I suck at those." He let out a laugh and I kept on staring at him. I just wanted to know what the surprise was about. He went on, "Since I wanted my daughter in our life I wanted us to have a bigger house, I bought one and renovated it, the only way I knew you'll love it. I know you wanted a bigger house and away from our families. And when you mention the divorce I just lost my mind, I became so angry. I refused to do anything, I even refused to involve myself in anything at work. Almost taking my company down."

I wanted to say sorry to him, I know and understand what he went through. I wanted the divorce because I wanted to hurt him, not to get out of the marriage. I went crazy when he didn't stop me or beg me not to go ahead with it.

"I didn't take calls from work and Lerato rented the house to the Mabena's because she didn't know what to do with a fully furnished house." So Lindiwe was showing off our house. I loved that house and she even gave me a tour of it. That is my dream house and I ruined the could have been best surprise of my life."

Jonas came to tell me, I got furious, I didn't want them anywhere near my property. Even though I wanted them out, I couldn't just kick them out. They have a 3 month contract. I went there to ask them nicely to leave and I found Lindiwe alone." He went still. I want him to go on, I want to know how Lindiwe got the idea of wanting him for herself from. "Baby?"

"Go on, please."

He breathed in heavily.

"She told me everything about your new life, I got so jealous Pitsi. I got all emotional and she started comforting me and the next thing... she told me she'll divorce her husband for me."

"What gave her that idea?" I know though how Kgabo can get when he is under pressure, you can easily take advantage of him.

"I don't know."

"And?"

"Of course I refused. The next thing she is a member of the church and donating thousands of rands to fund a trip for the elders and youth program. I had to get my act together and avoid her but she send me pictures of you drunk and out with your new friends."

Bitch...

"No matter what she did I still had hope for us and I know what I have put you through."

"Aggie?" I pressed on.

"She came to work as a domestic worker at the Pastor's house. My mom send her to come and help me out at the house. A few days later my mom explained her intentions but I couldn't."

"You shared a room with her." It wasn't a question, more of a statement.

"The day I asked you if you slept with Andile and you said no, I knew the truth from Lindiwe by the way and that pissed me off. I went back to the house and asked her if I can join her in bed, she said yes and later that night I went into the bedroom. I just slept and didn't even touch her, when she tried to persuade me the more turned off I got. I shared a bed with her every single night and never had sex with her."

"Why didn't you tell your mom you don't want her? That would have solved everything."

"Pitsi, everything was falling apart and I thought that's what I wanted. A woman to make me forget you since it seemed like you have forgotten me, Lindiwe provided me with the proof everyday."

"And what happened when she came to show you what I had done to her pretty face?"

"I laughed at her, she got mad and said she is going to open a case against you. I told her if she dares I will come after her and her husband, and I didn't mean it the way you think. What I meant was that I was going to crush them financially."

"How?" He looked at me long and hard.

"Thabiso came to Limpopo because he needs money but first he let an anonymous investor invest in his entire brand and he borrowed money and put his businesses as insurance."

So if that's the truth then it means I was his only way out, the more money I made for him meant he was going to be able to pay back the loan...

"But they still lives a very expensive lifestyle?"

"Ja, the loan was enough and your money too."

My money... money from the fashion show clothes.

"Kgabo are you the investor?"

"No."

"So, how were you going to fight Lindiwe."

"You know me as Kgabo your sweet and caring husband but when it comes to business baby I change into something you've never seen before." His face changed too at the same moment and I could see that he meant it. Kgabo has a bad side that I have never witnessed and I don't want see that. I have heard people talk about how harsh he is at work and with deals.

"You are trying to tell me that you said no to 2 beautiful woman?" I know Lindiwe and I have seen Aggie. I am not even a match to them.

"Well, my wife is more beautiful." I didn't expect that and it made smile. I don't consider myself beautiful, I wouldn't even compare myself to Aggie or Lindiwe. They are lighter in complexion whereas I am the darkest.

But my husband is giving me a little confidence or maybe he was just sucking up. Anyway I love it and I want to fall asleep knowing that I am beautiful in his eyes, probably blind eyes.

"Good night then." I quickly turned to face the other way.

"I don't get a reward?"

"For what?"

"Confession and probably good behaviour."

"You confessed but we are not there yet."

He came closer to me and I knew what He wanted to do. He took my hand and placed it on his hard erection, I wanted him too but I was tired and he still had Aggie at the house.

"Please switch off the light." I said taking my hand back to avoid further temptations.

He murmured some complains but got out of bed and went to switch off the light. He came back to bed and snuggled up to me poking me with his hard erection.

"Kgabo!" I struggled of his strong arm trying to push myself to the far edge of the bed.

"Aowa, this thing is going to keep me awake the whole night. So I can't be the only one struggling to fall sleep, it's ours akere."

Ours?

I don't have a dick...

Chapter 75>>>>

I woke up to find my sleeping beauty still with me in bed, what a feeling. This is definitely a way to start a great day. I was on his bare chest and his one arm was

around me, holding on tight to me for dear life, I wasn't going anywhere though. He was so peaceful. Seeing him bare like this in bed, I got to realise that he had also lost weight. I wasn't the only one suffering, he was taking strain too. I don't want to ever put me or him through that ever again.

I know one move will wake him and that's not my intention, although it's impossible for me to move like this. I feel tangled to him. His breathing was heavy but smooth and low, I could feel his heartbeat and his chest rose up and down with me. I felt more connected to him, I love this man and I don't know what I would have done if I had lost him for good. I should never pull a stunt like that again, from now on we talk until we fix a problem. That's a promise to myself.

For everything that we have been through I just want to be the woman he wants, I know how I can get crazy at times. I have been a pain and he deserves better but at times I do what's best for both of us.

I snuggled tighter against him and play with his one breast, circling a finger around it.

"Don't do that." His voice sounded sleepy. I know I shouldn't be playing with him since I don't want us to have sex. He turned us both to his side. I hate looking at each other in the mornings and talk, I know he doesn't mind but morning breath can't be romantic. He's the lucky one who doesn't experience that and I just don't want to be that confident.

I turned to face the other side with my back against him. "Please baby don't make it too obvious, I won't do anything. I just want to kiss you."

"I know but I want to sleep some more, will kiss after we've brushed out teeth." I pulled the covers over my head and went quite and still. He wrapped an arm around me and slept.

2 hours later we were both up and he was in the bathroom, I wanted to go in and join him but I just don't want us to have sex now. The sex issue might cause problems for us, he might lose his patience but he'll have to pull his zip up if he

wants me to be patient with Aggie. He should get rid of her first then we will get into it again. I am not punishing him, just don't want to rush into anything.

I made up the bed and went to take a quick shower in the other bathroom. After I was done I started with breakfast.

As always I am too lazy to cook so I just made sandwiches and tea.

Maphuti came in looking pale and tired.

"Morning." She greeted going to the fridge. I so badly wanted to confront her, it's not my place and I should probably stay clear of her business. I can't help feeling like I am supporting her and standing by her, I am scared of involving myself. I just wish the truth could come out and my life will go on, the secret is eating me inside.

I greeted her back and she got yoghurt then went back to her bedroom. She wasn't in the mood to engage in a conversation with me and I just hope she is feeling bad for what is going on with Sima.

Finally Kgabo finished and came into the kitchen, he wore the same clothes he had on yesterday, well I had packed all his things for him a while back. Now he has to go back to the house he shared with Aggie to change. It doesn't bother me that much but maybe that's because he's here with me now.

I was wearing a red short skirt and a white vest that showed my bra, my long legs were also out there for show. I realised when Kgabo walked in how naked I felt, especially with the way he was eyeing me. It was sexy and a bit of a turn on but I have to switch those feelings off, I am being serious.

I should also get rid of the clothes Lindiwe bought me, they are not my style and they are too revealing.

"Mara Pitsi, you are killing me here." He was standing at the doorway with his hands in the front of his pants. Holding himself.

I laughed at him. Me too Kgabo.

"Are you going to work today?"

"Ja even though nothing makes sense anymore. Thabiso doesn't come to the office. I need his authorisation on a lot of things." I don't even feel so good about going to work.

Kgabo came behind me, I watched him in the corner of my eye. He was coming for me and I didn't want to stop him. He disappeared behind me and I felt him as he moved. I stood still and waited for him. I felt his breath on the back of my neck. He cupped my breast, massaging them through my bra and vest. The sensation of my breast rubbing through my bra was on a high note. I closed my eyes and leaned back against him, I moaned and he squeezed some more. I was so sensitive to his touch.

"Don't worry baby, things will make sense sooner than you think."

What is he talking about?

I was enjoying what he was doing to me that I realised what he just said. I put my hands on top of his to stop him.

"You are not planning anything are you?"

"Can I continue doing what I was doing because I think I was getting somewhere?"

"Kgabo?" I removed his hands and turned to look at him.

"Now, that's more like it." He quickly pressed his lips against mine and kissed me quickly and deepened the kiss. I got lost in the kiss. I held his head in my hands and pressed him against me.

He rode my skirt up to my waist and inserted a finger in me by flipping my panties to the side.

Maphuti was in the house and she might walk in anytime but to be honest I didn't give rat's ass. I so badly wanted Kgabo and I can't say no anymore.

I was doing so well, so flippin well and he just had to melt me into giving in. I will fight with my hormones later!

The thought of being in the kitchen fully naked and so aroused was such a huge turn on. Maphuti should leave our house, we need our space.

Kgabo had now 2 fingers in me and working me to the edge, he was being slow and I responded by moving my hips to the sides matching his rythm. He stopped, brought his fingers to his lips and licked them, then kissed me. I didn't really taste anything like I had expected to.

"Now, would you still like me to stop?" He was mocking me but the words got me angry. He can't think of stopping now when he had me so aroused. I want him.

"I will stab you with the kitchen knife if you dare." I held the knife and waved it at him. He gave me a half smile then unzipped his pants and freed his hard on. He spread my legs wider as he positions himself between them. He flipped my panties to the side and filled me pulling me up a bit, I tippy-toed to his level as he rode in me brushing against my clit. Thrusting in deep and and pulling almost out then deep again.

I tried to hold on to the kitchen counter but I was loosing balance. He held on tighter to me trying to keep in place at the same time pressing my butt against the hard surface of the kitchen counter, he was going quick and deep in me. His breathing also was picking up speed, matching mine as I got even lost. I came with a scream probably shaking the whole house. Kgabo followed screaming out my name, making it sound like the most erotic word ever as our fluids dripped down my inner thighs.

Dirty! Dirty! Dirty!

"Oh Mapitsi, did you really think you'd say no to me?" He was looking at my messed up face with a satisfied look on his face. He had tricked me, I was so determined not to have sex with him until he got what he wanted. Saying no to him seemed pretty hard. It felt good and satisfying, I wanted more and no more holding back.

"Do you know that Maphuti is in the house?" I asked not wanting to join in his achievements.

"Even better."

"Sies, Kgabo."

He laughed and fixed his pants.

"I won't join you for breakfast, tummy full now." He planted a kiss on my lips.

I wanted more, I wanted my husband in bed with me the whole day, having sex all day.

"Can't we just stay in today?"

"I would love that but we have to go to work. And don't worry about Maphuti, trust me she didn't hear anything she had her headphones on. I think listening to music will make her feel better." He kissed me again and left. I miss him already.

I fixed my skirt and washed my hands. I finished with breakfast, ate then went to take another shower. I was late for work and was hoping I would get a call from Thabiso shouting at me but there was nothing, even when I got to work he wasn't there. There was money in the boutique's bank account, everything seemed to be getting back to normal. I tried calling Thabiso and his phone still didn't go through.

I worked hoping he will come in but dololo. I had received a message from Kgabo asking me out on a date again, I agreed. Now I am curious as to why he is so determined to take me out on a date.

Just after 10am he called me,

"Someone cannot wait to see me." I teased.

"We are going to have to cancel again."

"What? Why?"

"Come home, I had to go get Kamo from school. He's not okay."

I knew it, I should have never trusted Reba with my son. What kind of a mother am I? She knows nothing about children and I know this is her fault. Just hearing that my son wasn't well I went crazy and forgot everything that's ever existed. I don't care if it's just a headache or whatever, I have to be with him. I cannot imagine the pain he might be going through and how scared he must be. Without hanging up I threw my cellphone in my bag and ran out. I tossed the girls my keys and told them I will call them later.

I was so worried and the drive back home seemed longer, I hooted for cars and people to get out of my way. Most road users gave me the middle finger and I couldn't care less, my son needs me.

Kgabo called to tell me that he left Kamo with my parents because he had to go back to work. Useless man, our child is sick and he thinks of work. And I had to think I am the terrible parent. I hang up on him and drove to my parents house.

When I got there I parked in front of the gate and ran in only to be met by a very playful Kamo, he was running out the house chasing my dad's chickens that were eating bread crumbs next to the door.

I scooped him up and gave him a hug, it's been 2 days since we've seen each other and he was happy to see me too.

"Are you okay baby?" I asked him trying to feel his fever on his forehead with the back of my hand.

He told me that he has been throwing up but he is fine now and he did look fine. My strong little man, I missed him but his focus shifted back to the chickens as they came back. They are suppose to eat the bread crumbs but he is having fun chasing them. I put him down and watched him chasing them as he giggled.

I went inside the house, my mom and dad were drinking tea. I greeted them.

"I am going to give that boy a hiding for chasing my chickens." My dad said jokingly.

"What was wrong with him?"

"Reba's kids were the same too, they must have had too much sugar at the party." My mom answered me. She said the school has called Kgabo to notify him about Kamo, he went there and took him to the doctor along with Reba's kids.

"I should have known that Reba will let them eat as they wanted." I was angry at Reba, she should have watched what they were eating and not let them do as they please.

"Ao Pitsi, this could have happened to anyone." My mom pointed out. I am so angry at Reba because I know how careless she can be.

"I'm taking my son, I'm sure if he was with me none of this would have happened." I got his things that were still in the kitchen.

"He's fine, you can go back to work. You'll come get him after." My mom doesn't know what I am going through right now, Kamo is my only child. I should be able to take care of him and put him first before everything and everyone.

"No mma, I am going home with my son!" I snapped at my mom.

"Pitsi look at you my child, being the parent now. You dropped him here days back because you had somewhere to go, he stayed with us and nothing happened to him but now you treat us like this." This is not the time for my mom to be telling me of things that I regret and want to change. I am not the woman I was a couple of weeks ago, I have seen the light and I don't need them to look after my son anymore. I can do that myself and I won't even bother them anymore.

"You should have told Reba those words, not me. I have been nothing but responsible and you always expected more from me. Wanting money from me all because I married into a rich family."

My mom opened her mouth and closed it, she looked hurt and lost for words. I didn't mean to, she has really been there for me and she doesn't deserve this. It's just that I was so scared and terrified. I also feel bad that I wasn't here when Kamo was sick, I was the one that was suppose to have taken care of him, the school should have called me first.

"Mma, I didn't..."

My mom raised a hand for me to shut up, I looked at my dad and he was so disappointed in me he couldn't even look at me.

"Take your child and leave Pitsi." My dad ordered. He even went outside to get Kamo.

I took his things and took him by his hand. We went to the car and got in.

I sat for a few minutes in the car trying to think of what I have done. I know my mom is greedy but the poor woman hasn't asked me for money in a while, she was there for me when I went galavanting with Lindiwe and the girls. What had gotten into me?

I drove to my house and once inside I called Kgabo, I tried talking to him but he said he had to go into a meeting and will come straight home after work. I really want him to help me, I had messed up. My parents are the last people I want mad at me, I need them.

Just after talking to Kgabo I received an SMS,

'Watch your back girlfriend, I am coming for you.'

I didn't know the number but I could bet every little cent that I have on Lindiwe, it's her. She is a fool to be sending threats other than facing me and telling me what is it that she wants to settle with me. I know she wasn't going to let this go. I am not scared of her and I am ready.

Maphuti wasn't home and that's good because I don't think I can face her now. Wonder if she will ever visit her sister at the hospital?

I made Kamo something to eat, he refused to eat. I think he was just excited that he wasn't at school and can play as much as he wanted. He asked for my phone and I gave it to him, he played his game while I watched him.

Moments later there was a knock at the door, I went to check and to my surprise it was someone I did not expect...

Aggie...

I let her in, she looked gorgeous and fit like the last time I saw her. She looked like someone who exercises regularly and watched what she eats, she was wearing tight skinny jeans and a white t-shirt with sneakers. She is tall and just too fit. I let her into the sitting room where Kamo was.

He was excited to see her but wasn't interested in a conversation with her.

I offered her something to drink but she said she was fine, I wanted to ask her why she was in my house but I didn't want to seem rude. At least she spoke after a few seconds of awkwardness between us.

"I'm sorry for just coming here unannounced, I was with MmaMoruti when Kgabo called about Kamo. I was worried about him since I was told he's with your parents I went there but when I got there they said you came home with him."

"He's fine, it was probably something small and it's now past."

Awkward silence again. I think I want her to leave.

"Beautiful house."

"Thanks."

"Your husband really loves you to even build you a beautiful house like this one."
She said looking around.

What does she know about my husband that gives her the right to talk like that. She should be working on getting herself a new place to stay and starting over somewhere else.

"Thanks." It's all I could say, there was something about her. Something I could quite get my mind around. She looked at me eyeing me with eyes so full of curiosity.

"I wish I had someone like him in my life too."

She was making me uncomfortable.

"Did he talk to you?"

"About you? Yes."

"When?"

"A few days back."

"I see."

"Pitsi, I am not a bad person." She said but I didn't understand what that had to do with anything.

"I don't get you."

"The man clearly loves you Pitsi. I see how women throw themselves at him at church and he turns them down, he turned me down too."

I looked at her unsure of what to say to her. "Pitsi, I don't have anyone, it's just me and my kids. I am a mother of 2. Kgabo meant a great deal to me."

And he is my husband and has always been, even when he was vat-n-satting with her. Its time for her to move on but I still don't understand a thing here.

"You leave in this beautiful house and you are secured for life." She said, tears went down her cheeks.

"Please let me be your sister-wife, can I be his second wife?"

Whoaaa....

"Aggie." Kgabo said coming in behind me. She jumped up.

I just sat there speechless.

Chapter 76>>>

No matter how desperate I get I will never get to an extent of wanting to share a man, I know I have shared Kgabo with all the woman he had slept with but that's called cheating and none of them came and asked if he could marry them. I don't know if Aggie is desperate or Kgabo has promised her something. Well he is here and he will have to answer for himself because I am beyond angry at the nerve of this woman. I swear if he agrees to this madness I will leave him and never come back, that's not even a threat. If he wants her I will walk away no matter how hurt I will be, I will heal and maybe one day move on. Kgabo told Kamo to go to his room and since he was glued to my phone he didn't even know what was going on, he got up and walked out slowly.

"What are you doing here?" Kgabo's voice was low but demanding. He was surprise to see her here sitting with me that's for sure. I don't think he heard what she said to me.

He sat next to me and took my hand, I was glad he did that because Missy here has to know she doesn't have a chance against our love and marriage. Things might be rocky between us but that's for us to know and deal with. I don't even care if Kgabo was trying to put up a show for her or not, she should just know that our marriage is for 2 an the third person is our son who is a result of our love. We both looked at her, she looked a bit embarrassed and unsure of herself.

"I came to see Kamo." She briefly answered looking at me then at Kgabo.

I was still in shock but why doesn't she tell Kgabo the whole truth, he is the one she wants mos.

"Aggie, please tell Kgabo what you said to me." I had to snap out of the shock. I don't want to be the one explaining this whole thing to Kgabo. She wants this and I want to know if my marriage depends on what she wants.

She looked at me with eyes beaming with tears. She was crying earlier so it won't be easy for her to hold those in her eyes.

She realised she had no choice but to speak,

"Kgabo, I can't do what you asked me to do." She finally spoke.

Kgabo shifted but still held my hand, I felt the sweat between our hands and it wasn't my hand or both, it was his. My mind started racing, she was pouring more and more shocking doubts in me. What did he say to her? She told me Kgabo spoke to her about me. What exactly is going on between this 2? Even still, what happened between them?

I was fuming but Kgabo's hand in mine was some kind of reassurance and comfort. If there was ever something between them he is drawing a line now between them, he's proving to her that he wants me.

"What do you mean?" He sounded surprised.

"I can't go away from here and I can't even find a job to support myself and the kids." She answered. What is she on about?

"I told you you can stay at the house until you are able to get your own place and you can go back to working for the Pastor." Kgabo said and all I could think of is him and her at the house, the same house he hasn't moved out of yet. I don't even get why he is being so nice to her.

"That's not enough, okay." She spoke as though her throat was in some sort of pain and the words were hard to get out.

"What do you want from me Aggie?" Kgabo snapped at her, he has been patient with her all along. Even throughout his anger he had managed and I think he has had enough.

"You!" She pointed out a finger at my husband.

There she said it!

Kgabo looked at her for a good one minute, she looked down unable to make eye contact with him.

My husband got up and walked around the room with his hands rubbing his bold head, we both looked at him waiting for his reaction.

I don't want him to choose between us, I don't want to feel like I am some trophy thing he picked up somewhere. I don't want to feel like I am his second best.

"Are you that desperate?" He finally asked her and she replied, without no hesitation.

"Yes."

Kgabo didn't expect that answer. He sat back down and looked at her. I know he doesn't want her and I can't do anything at this point, everything is in his hands.

"Aggie, we spoke about this." Kgabo said, it felt like it was all he could say.

"But you don't understand, I am struggling Kgabo and you've been there for me and the kids. I spoke to Pitsi, you can take me as your second wife."

Ehhhh wait a minute, she suggested it and I was just shocked and still are. This whole time they have been talking like I wasn't in the room with them, why drag me into it now?

"I don't care what Pitsi says, you are not going to be my second wife or even my side-whatever. I love my wife and that's it!"

He means that?

"What about me, what do you expect me to do?"

Kgabo scratched his bold head and smiled at her.

"So actually this whole thing is about money, right? How much do you want Aggie?"

I got up, I have heard enough and I think now I can trust Kgabo to finish this off.

"I'll leave you 2 to it."

Kgabo grabbed me by my hand and pulled me back down.

"She is the one that should be leaving." Kgabo pointed a finger at Aggie.

Aggie got up and stormed out of the house. She was angry and this wasn't over, she is going to make a plan for Kgabo to listen to her and I know the only way to do that is through my mother-in-law. And that woman scares me at times, especially now that I know the kind of measures she will go to to get what she wants.

"Pitsi, that girl is unstable. I need to talk to the Pastor to get her help." Kgabo looked worried and I don't blame him, I am also worried about her and scared of her too.

"Pitsi, are you okay?" He asked me because my mind had shifted, I just went quite trying to understand Aggie. He waited for me to speak.

"Kgabo, something must have made her think like that. Are you sure nothing happened between the 2 of you?"

He eyed me with eyes that suggested my question was ridiculous.

"I told you what happened, I couldn't do anything with her."

I believe him, just my own things are moulding me inside and the heat is getting too much. At times I wish I knew when to keep my mouth shut, I never say the right things. I went quite again.

"Baby are sure that's all that's bothering you?"

I looked at him then shook my head.

"Kgabo I need your help? I've done something stupid." And I really need him to help me fix what I have done.

He knows me and he knows that I was serious, I am not even worried that he knows how stupid I can be.

"What did you do?" He asked softly, he was expecting the worst. Well, embrace yourself hubby.

I told him, everything word by word. He went quite listening to me not giving anything away, I didn't know how he viewed what I did. I wanted him to be in my side and say something to make me feel better. Him of all people knows how family can be, I don't have to explain that to him. He moved closer to me, "I love you so much Pitsi and I know how you get when you are angry, you just say things without thinking. At times you need to own up to your doings."

"What do you mean Kgabo?"

"You hurt me Pitsi and you never apologised. I have seen you with your sister, they way you treat her and still you never apologised for the things you say and do to her. I won't let you disrespect your parents and expect me to understand. I will stand by you only if you apologise to them and mean it."

"I will apologise." I concluded. He's right, I like to play victim all the time but hurt people in the process. I have said so many horrible things to especially to my sister.

"Don't wait up for me tonight."

I shot him a questioning look. He ignored me, I had to ask.

"If you are not coming home it means you are going to be with..." I choked before I could say her name. I know he doesn't want her or maybe that's what I want to believe.

"No Pitsi, I am going to be working away from here. Besides I have moved my things from the house."

"To?"

"The Pastor's house. If I come back in the middle of the night I will sleep there."

"Or you can come to me."

"Not until you fix things with your parents baby. Will deposit money into your bank account for groceries and maybe buy something for tomorrow. I am taking you out and your parents will babysit. Don't disappoint me because I have a surprise for you."

He kissed me on my cheek and then left.

I don't know how to approach this whole situation. I really should learn to think before I speak, Kgabo is right. Even after he told me that I hurt him I still couldn't say I am sorry. Why is it so hard for me to apologise?

The whole day was just hell for me, I was so stressed out about my parents. I thought a lot about how I should ask them for forgiveness, I have to say the sentence 'I am sorry' if I want them to forgive me.

I didn't even have the energy to go see them today, will probably go tomorrow, after work. I am not prolonging this but trying to buy some time, they need to calm down and I need to think of the right way to do this.

I made Kamo a sandwich and he ate while I prepared him a bath. I couldn't eat, even the sandwich as I prepared it for Kamo turned my stomach upside down. That's how stressed I am.

I was about to go outside to lock the gate when I bumped into Reba at the door. I let her in.

"Sis, was going to lock the gate. Will you like some tea?" I asked her. She looked awfully tired and was a bit down too.

"I didn't come to stay." She calmly said. She was scaring me.

"Reba is everything okay? What's going on? Is it the kids? Mma? Papa? Jonas?" She still went quite. "Reba, did something happen. Is it the baby?"

"I wish I could say everything is fine. But because of you nothing is."

"What...?" I stopped talking as she raised a hand up for me to stop talking.

"I hate you so much right now..." She spoke her voice cracking, my heart stopped and I blinked once, twice...this felt like a terrible dream, nightmare. We were fine, she took the kids out and... they told her. My mom told her.

She looked at me as the realisation hit me. How could my mom do that to me?

"I tolerated you for a very long-time as you disrespected me and made me feel like some low class family member who is always asking for loose change. I am done with you, for good. You should see mom and dad right now."

She gave me one last long look as I stood lost for words, she was angry but yet calm. I have never seen my sister like this and I knew she meant what she said.

Hate. She said she hates me.

She walked to the door and left.

I stood in the middle of the kitchen and tried to reflect on what just happened. The words 'I hate you' echoed through my ears over and over again. They pierced through my heart and made me feel unwanted. No one in my family wants to talk to me right now.

Kamo came to the kitchen to bring his plate and glass of juice.

"Mama, I am ready for my bath." He said innocently but the words just irritated me. I have so much on my plate than to worry about him going to bed dirty.

"Kamo go to bed!" I shouted at him.

"Mommy, I want to bath."

"Kamogelo!" I shouted louder slapping my hand on top of the kitchen counter. My fingers and palm hurting, I fisted my hand trying to suppress the pain. Kamo looked at me in shock, after a few seconds he turned and disappeared in the passage.

I went to lock the gate. On my way back to the house I heard Lerato laughing. A car was parked outside her gate and she was in the arms of a man standing next to it, it was dark but easy to spot the 2 figures and their movements. Don't know if she saw me or maybe she laughed on purpose so I would look.

I dropped the keys so I could take time to look at them. I don't know why I was so curious, I know she is not with Kgabo. I couldn't make out who the guy was, I picked up my keys and went to the house. Shrugging the idea of her with another man out of my mind.

I wanted to check on Kamo, I realised the guest bathroom door was open and I heard a splash of water. I went to check and found Kamo bathing himself with the water I filled earlier.

I smiled at him and helped him bath.

After putting him to bed Kgabo called to check on us, I reassured him that everything was fine even though I wish he was home. I wanted to tell him about Reba but I couldn't, talking about Reba and the fact that she said she hates me hurts me more than I miss being in my husband's arms. I will have to tell him at some point and maybe will talk some sense into her, she is being irrational and unfair.

After talking to Kgabo I tried to sleep, it was hard. Everyday I have something to deal with, something that piles up my stress level.

The following day I woke up feeling light headed and think I had slept for a few minutes. I didn't want to be in bed anytime longer, I needed to keep busy.

I went to get Kamo ready for school, he cried as he said,

"Mama, teacher said I shouldn't come to school today." I know that, my mom told me. I don't want to stay home and I don't have anyone to look after him so I have no choice but to drag him to school.

I ignored him and continued as if he wasn't talking to me. He got angry at me and stopped talking, even when I spoke to him he just went quite.

Him too?

My son too?

I seriously have a problem, everyone around me seems to be angry and doesn't want nothing to do with me. I need my parents and my sister and my brother too, I just need to get off my high horse and apologise. Like really apologise. I called Kgamo and he reminded me about the money that he said he would deposit, I didn't tell him that I was sending Kamo to school. I know he expected me to stay home with him and I just avoided bringing up the issue.

I took the Auris today, I had a plan with it. I dropped Kamo off at school and drove to work.

As I got off after parking an SMS came through. Probably the bank notification, I checked my phone curious to see how much Kgabo was giving me. I need more than my usual allowance, I have so much to do and pay for. The message opened.

'Show time!□□□□'

That's a message from the same number that send me the last message. Just like the first message I shifted my focus from it and went to the boutique.

And it's now that I remember I don't have keys, I gave the girls my keys yesterday. And they are always late or maybe I am always early.

When I got inside the mall I realised the boutique was still closed and there was no one outside. Damn, so I have to wait now when I do badly wanted to jump into it and start working.

I looked at the time and it was 7:30. They are going to be here after 8:00.

I was about to put my things on the floor and call the girls but I realised the door was slightly open.

Okay, maybe Thabiso decided to come in today.

I pushed opened the door, the lights were off but it wasn't dark for me to see the horror that awaits me.

The boutique was trashed, expensive wedding gowns scattered on the floor ripped in pieces and mirrors smashed. Actually everything was a mess all over the floor.

Who would do this?

My phone beeped again. I checked the SMS...

'Oooops... Hubby forgot to tell you he bought the boutique...??? □□□□... Did I ruin the surprise□□□□???'

Who is this...???

Now the bloody messages are getting my attention...

Chapter 77>>>

I couldn't think of anything else other than someone trying to sabotage the boutique just because Kgabo bought it, there was a lot going on in my mind but the thought of a break in ran through my mind and send chills down my spine. I got scared and terrified at the same time forgetting the message on my phone. I screamed for security and they came rushing to my aid. They told me to wait outside while they checked inside. Who would want to do something like this? This is not just a normal break in where people steal valuable thing and take whatever they can carry, this is directed at me since my husband supposedly bought a boutique that I work at and hit it from me, then the boutique get trashed into and I find out from my so called stalker that Kgabo owns the place. I didn't take notice that I was being stalked all along or someone was sending warning text until whoever took action. To me this whole thing meant nothing, thought it was maybe Pule trying to warn me or make me change my mind about getting back at Thabiso with him. Even if I had taken notice there was nothing I could have done, there was no way of preventing this.

At this moment I am mad at my husband and I am mad at whoever broke in here. It's not even a break-in because the door is not broken, there was no forced entry, someone who has a key walked in here and damaged clothes worth thousands of rands.

Tjo!!!

I dialled Kgabo's number and put the phone on my ear as it rang. He answered, I didn't give him a chance to breath out the first letter of 'hello'.

"Your boutique has been broken into!" I shouted over the phone making sure he heard every word and the intentions behind.

"What?" He was shocked, not sure if it was my statement or the fact that he knows that I know about his deals behind my back. "Where are you?" He asked when I went quite to give him a chance to think about what I said.

"At the boutique."

"What... where is Kamogelo? Pitsi you were suppose to look after him."

"That's not important right now."

"Damn Pitsi, that's my son you are talking about. You know what forget it... Stay where you are and don't move, I am on my way." He said and hang up. He is angry and it better not be directed at me because he has more explaining to do. I don't even understand how he bought the boutique, Clara wasn't selling and Thabiso wouldn't want Kgabo anywhere near his business that's a fact I know. Surely Clara would have said something or maybe she was told to keep quite.

The girls came and they were as shocked as me to find the place like this. They still had my keys and reassured me that they locked before they left, there was no use questioning them any further and I believed them.

The police came and did whatever investigating they had to do. It was found out that the boutique was the only shop that was broken into, and it seems like nothing was stolen.

Kgabo got here while the police were busy inside. We were told to wait outside as the police got busy with the place continuing with their investigation. There is a lot of damage that I can tell you and it's not something that anyone can recover from just like that, it will take time.

Kgabo looked really terrible, I even felt bad at being angry at him. He forced his way inside even when the police didn't want to let him through and when he came back he looked even worse.

"Who else has a key to this place?" He asked me standing next to me.

"Pule and Thabiso, Clara also has a set but she is not around."

"Lindiwe?"

"No, there are only 4 sets of keys to all the doors." And of course her husband has a key that she can use.

He looked at me long and hard as if trying to figure out if I would sabotage his boutique or maybe I was unable to read his face. I am the only person that's tried to keep it running even though I didn't know anything about the change of management.

He unexpectedly gave me a hug.

"Everything is ruined, I am sorry baby." He's really traumatised. He released me but still held my hands and looked down at me. "This was your surprise." He said holding back tears. My ever emotional husband...

My mouth dropped open. This was what he wanted to take me out on a date for?

And I thought he had some devious plan about the boutique. Thank God I kept my mouth shut this time and didn't tell him what I think about him buying it behind my back. He bought the boutique for me?

I pulled him back in my arms and squeezed him. It was going to be such a beautiful surprise, the best thing he has ever done for me. I never thought he could be this romantic, I still love my surprise though, even in it's state.

Later on we were all questioned, I gave the police everything they needed. Thabiso, Clara and Pule's contact details. Even showed them the SMSs, it's obvious it's linked to the person behind this. I don't even know who the prime suspect is or are, I have so many enemies but my guess will be between Pule and Lindiwe. Thabiso could be a suspect but I doubt.

By 11am we were all tired.

There was no way we could clean up the mess today and finish, besides the police where not done with their investigations. I had to send the girls back home and Kgabo wanted to buy me lunch. I felt so bad for him. We bought food and went to eat at the side that they are working at, they were building a small complex in Moletjie.

We ate in his car as we watched the men and few women going up and down, I even saw Jonas and he didn't respond when I waved at him. In fact he acted like he didn't see me. He's defending his woman and I don't blame him but why is Reba discussing our issues with her boyfriend?

"You are driving the Auris?" Kgabo asked me looking at it parked next to his car.

"Yes, I am taking it to my parents today."

"Your way of apologising?" He said and sounded like he disapproved.

"Kgabo, please." I know what he is going to say and I really would appreciate it if he took a back seat this time. They are my parents, my mess and I will fix it as I see fit.

"Okay." He surrendered.

"What's going to happen now? I mean I can't work at the boutique while I am still bound to Thabiso's contract because I won't be working for him anymore I can't even work for myself."

"Don't worry about Thabiso, your contract with him is done."

"What exactly did you do and what do you mean by that?" I asked my husband, I am really worried now. He wiped his hands and mouth with a piece of cloth before he answered me.

"Clara was happy to sell her shares and it looks like she had sold a large portion of the boutique to Thabiso when he came in, he wasn't just an investor. I didn't buy his shares, I made him hand them over since he owes you and the rights to ownership of your work too."

"You mean, I am Thabiso free?" I asked excitement piling up inside me. I can do as I please and expand my work and the boutique, this means a whole lot to me. I can have my own brand!

"Yes baby." He answered me looking proud of himself.

"Kgabo I almost divorced you, you, the best thing that's ever happened to me." I pulled him to me and kissed him, I tasted his food and his lips were so delicious. He pulled away and looked at my wet face, tears streaming down.

"No more Pitsi, no more this craziness of divorce. I don't want to live life without you ever again, you hear me?"

"Never again."

I made Kgabo walk me around the building, he tried to explain what was going on and showed me pictures of what they were doing. I was never interested in his work before and there is a lot that I don't know. I saw the passion and the love he has for what he does, this wasn't just a tender he won, it was his career and something that he believed in. Just like I believe in fashion, we were both that passionate and I want him forever by my side to build my dreams. With him by my side I can.

Kgabo is giving thousands of people jobs and I loved the way he interacts with his employees, they respected him and at the same time they see him as a brother and a friend.

When I left I gave him my house keys, he wanted to go home and be with Kamo after school while I had to go see my parents. I know he was mad at me but I guess he didn't want to ruin the special moment we were in, I wish and hope things stays like this forever. Without him I wouldn't have known how to get out of Thabiso's tight grip around me. He's my super hero, my superman, my everything.

I didn't even ask him about our date for tonight, as long he has my keys I know I will find him at home.

I drove back to town and went grocery shopping with the money he send me, grocery for my parents. I want them to know that I will do anything for them and

how sorry I am. My behaviour was uncalled for and that was entirely not how I was brought up.

I bought so many things for them, my mom is a great cook and I made sure to buy ingredients she usually uses for her special meals.

When I was done I drove straight to their house preparing a speech in my head, my parents are not that difficult and they are easy to please. Reba and I have gotten away with a lot growing up.

I opened the unlocked gate wider and drove the car in, I parked closer to the house next to my dad's old bakkie. They were both sitting under the shade of the tree looking at me. I got out and walked to them, they were quite and looking at me with the same look they had when I left yesterday. I felt so bad and knew that I wasn't welcome but I am to humble myself, swallow my empty pride and apologise like a true African child.

I laid my scarf on the ground, on the sand and sat down. With my head bowed down I greeted them, they went quite and I was tempted to look up at them but remembered my roots. Don't look your elders in the eye, a sign of respect.

"Mma le Papa, I come here today to apologise for my behaviour of yesterday. I wasn't raised to be a rebel and disrespect my elders. To show you how much I regret and take back my words I am giving you the car and the little grocery in it." I spoke still staring down but had to look up since both my parents were still quite. My mom was silently crying while my dad looked angrier.

My dad spoke,

"I would have accepted your apology if it didn't come with the car and grocery because that takes us back to your words. It remind us that you said we want nothing but money from you since you married into a wealthy family, your words not mine." My dad was angry, angrier than the day I confronted him about Koena, well he wasn't angry that day but shocked.

"I am sorry Papa, I just wanted to apologise."

"By insulting us again? Proving your words." The shame and disgust on the man that has always been proud of me, my father. "I raised a young woman so hard, trying to make ends meet so you could graduate even though I did not understand why you would study making clothes when you can choose to be a doctor or anything else. I still supported you but today the thanks I get is you throwing money at me like a master throwing a bone to a dog. My child thinks we are nothing to her today."

My father even shed tears, I was lost for words. I know Reba has always been a troubled child but they had accepted her that way but they never saw this coming from me. I know I was wrong and still my apology is the same, still wrong but I am trying.

"All I want is your forgiveness, I can't face another day with this shame."

"It can't be as bad as we are feeling right now, my daughter thinks she can buy us after insulting us." My mother finally found her voice and it's not as sweet as I have expected, she was too very angry and dissatisfied.

"That wasn't my intention..."

"Take your car and grocery, leave us please." My mom said and before I could say anymore they started engaging in another conversation, making feel that I wasn't wanted and this was over and done with. I placed the car keys that were in my hand on the armrest of my dad's chair and got up. I started walking away.

"Pitsi," my dad called out my name. I turned to look at him. "Don't forget your car."

"No papa, I want you and mma to have it."

I might be leaving them the car and grocery but that doesn't solve anything, I have rubbed salt in their open wounds and made them loathe me even more.

I walked to my house fighting back tears, after so many years of being the perfect daughter I have given them reasons to hate and consider me in the same category as Reba. Hurting my parents is going to take me time to forgive myself too, I can't take back what I said even though I would love too. I just want my relationship with my parents back. They believed in me...

...Once upon a time...

When I got home Kgabo's car was parked inside, I was so glad he was home. I ran inside the house and found him washing the dishes in the kitchen. He had cooked...

"Kgabo." I called out his name. He looked at me as he wiped his hands on his jeans. "Where is Kamo?"

"Watching tv. How did it go?"

"I messed up." I said and let the tears take over.

"Baby." He came to me and gave me a hug. "It's okay, they will forgive you."

"No they won't. I am a terrible person. I mess up and expect people to still forget and walk on eggshells around me because I put myself out there as queen. A queen of a castle I have never built. Why did you even forgive me? After everything I have done, to you, to myself, us?" I asked him looking up at him. It's true, I can't

forgive myself for the things I have done. I can't believe I slept with Andile and every thing that happened was not me. And I can't anything back.

"Baby, I love you and please let's not go back there."

I can't help but see the terrible human being that I have become.

"Why do you love me? I am selfish and inconsiderate, I can't put anyone first not even my own son. Why do you love me?" Nothing made sense to me, my parents can't forgive me but yet he does. He is a good looking man and woman are queuing to be his wives out there, beautiful woman that he can choose from. I don't respect him and take him for granted.

I fought him as he tried to pull me into a hug again, I am tired and too frustrated that I gave in.

"I have like a thousands reasons to love you, my life without you was meaningless and would be if you leave me again. If there will ever be a next time of you leaving me then I won't survive it. Seeing you with another man broke me as I had to sit back and watch him do and give you what I am suppose to. I love you and worship the ground you walk on, I just want to see you happy and wish I could give you everything you need Audrey but some things are beyond my control. I love waking up to see your beautiful face and hear you breathing next to me." He spoke to me holding me tight and rocking us sideways like we were dancing. It was like he was singing me a lullaby to calm me down...

He loves me...

Chapter 78>>>

"The first time I fell in love with you you were just 12 years old and I was 19, you were barefoot and dirty as hell but I saw something in you. I remember telling

myself that that is the girl I want to marry." Kgabo said as he stroked my very-tight-growth filled afro with his fingers. I remember a few occasions where I found him staring at me, at first it unsettled me since I didn't understand why. I didn't know much about boys at that age.

Now here we are sitting on a couch in the sitting room, my head on his lap looking up at his beautifully structured face. God took his time making this gorgeous man of mine.

I had calmed down and he had resorted to old memories to remind me of why he fell in love with me. He's such a good story teller and listening to his voice just soothes me inside.

"But, you came to me when I was 15." I reminded him. I remember the Valentine's day card, I fell in love with him right there and then but still he stayed away.

"At 12 you were very young baby besides I didn't want to scare you off. And to be honest as much as I had plugged up the courage to give you the Valentine's card I was scared of you." I looked up at him and his eyes moved away from mine. All of a sudden he looked shy and I just knew he was being honest but I still don't believe he was scared of me. He didn't look scared back then, he was on top of things. I was the one terrified and excited at the same time.

"But why, I was just a skinny little girl who never had a boyfriend."

"Skinny but beautiful as hell, I was just an unexperienced adolescent boy who liked a girl every boy wanted to have and she took my card. That day you made my year." He smiled, the happiest smile that made his face look a younger version of himself, a bit like Kamo. I remember him smiling like that as he gave me the card. I will never forget that day, every detail of that moment is still with me. It was 2 days before Valentine's and he was on his way somewhere. He was already in tertiary or already graduated, I don't remember that part because it wasn't an important detail at that moment.

"Kgabo, I was too skinny and no one wanted me."

He laughed.

"You think I don't know about Lucky, I know your mother went to his house to shout at him and he wasn't the only boy your mother had warn away from you. But you never told on me, why?"

"I liked you."

He smiled wider, his eyes beaming with love and happiness. I smiled back at him.

"I love you Mapitsi, I have done you wrong and if I could punish myself for that I would." His eyes were filled with tears. I sat up on his lap and kissed his cheek. I think he blushed a bit and closed his eyes for some time. He opened them and the tears were gone.

"We were both young and we needed to grow up."

"And we didn't really enjoy being young and dating, before we knew it we were parents and married leaving with my parents."

"But we are still here." I reassured him because it felt like he was doubting what we have now. We still can do this, we've grown up now.

"Yes but I want to give you love and cherish you for all those past years when we couldn't do what we were suppose to do. I love you baby but I haven't shown you." He held my left hand and kissed my fingers one by one then lingered on the one that once had my wedding ring. I felt ashamed that I never put my rings back.

"I want to take you out on dates Pitsi and show you how special you are. You are a queen and should be treated as such."

I really don't know what I did to deserve such a special man in my life, he's just being too sweet and loving. I am glad we went through what we went through, as a couple it has taught us a lot about each other and marriage. There might be a few things that needs to be worked on and need fixing, especially in my part. I have proven to be selfish and take people for granted, I don't want to be that person anymore. I can change and I will, I was never like this.

I passionately kissed my husband surprising him, he kissed me back fondling with my breast.

We can't have sex with Kamo in the house, he has no timing and can walk in at any time.

"Kgabo can I ask you for something?" I needed a distraction from having sex, it was the only thing left to do now that we are fine.

"Anything baby." He looked worried though.

"I need to do this one thing for my parents, can you please build them a house?" I know it's a lot to ask but it's something that I should do for them and he's good at that.

"Not now Pitsi."

"Please Kgabo, I have to do this one thing for them."

"I understand baby but for now, fix things with them. Work on your relationship with them without bombarding them with things. You see earlier I wanted to tell you it's a bad idea to give them the car now but you wouldn't listen."

"I don't know what else to do Kgabo."

"You will figure it out, give it time."

"If they forgive me will you build the house?"

"Baby I have built houses for people all over the place for free, my parents, the pastor, Jonas' family. There is nothing stopping me from doing this for my in-laws too."

"Thank you, thank you." I excitedly hugged him.

"Before we got all excited can we get one thing straight." I don't know I it was a question or not but I let him go on as I looked at him.

"Can we please, please, please have sex everyday?" His eyes were dancing with humour. I know he wasn't joking, just wasn't expecting him to say that.

"That's not a problem."

"Hope so because you like turning me down."

"Me?" I asked with a hand on my chest. I love and enjoy sex with my husband, surely he knows that.

"Yes you my gorgeous-beautiful-sexy wife." He spoke as he tickled me. I laughed so hard trying to get out of his lap and hands, he wouldn't let me.

All of sudden I felt him trying to pull me back and sat me still on the couch next to him. I knew something was up and I thought it was something I did but my eyes followed his at the entrance of the sitting room from the passage.

There stood the Pastor and his wife.

I shifted uncomfortably on the couch fixing my clothes, feeling like a naughty child caught stealing cookies from the cookie jar, Kgabo was trying to hold himself together, he wanted to laugh but he's not suppose to. This are his parents and our spiritual parents also and I am the one in a compromising position here.

The Pastor and his wife couldn't hide their smiles either.

"This is beautiful, a young married couple connecting after so much drama." The Pastor's wife said as she and her husband made themselves comfortable taking the 2 seater couch facing us.

"When were you 2 going to share the good news?" The Pastor asked us taking his wife's hand and playing with her fingers with the same hand. She smiled at him. Kgabo and I looked at each other and smiled.

That's nice, 2 older people beeing unshamely intimate in front of us, especially after everything they have been through.

"Well news travels fast around here and now you know." Kgabo said to them and I felt like he was being mean but the Pastor smiled at him.

I guess they have made progress as father and son. Selfish me, I never even asked Kgabo about it.

"I am happy for you too but highly disappointed." The Pastor hissed at us, even his face change. He got a bit angry.

"We are still finding our feet too." Kgabo said defending us. The Pastor shook his head before he said,

"That's not why I am angry son." We both looked at him puzzled, now what? "It seems you have been living with another woman Kgabo while you and Pitsi separated."

Wait a minute... wasn't this whole set up arranged by them? My mother-in-law said... of course she would do this. That woman never gives up!

And I think Kgabo also realised what was going on, his mother lied to him.

"You didn't know what was going all along?" Kgabo asked and the Pastor's wife replied,

"If we knew do you think we would let you go ahead with it? Kgabo you are going to take over as a Pastor of a huge church with a big congregation. We wanted you to do what you wanted with your life and we were not going to interfere but we were never going to let you live with another woman while still married to the mother of your son."

Kgabo got up and paced around the room, his mother lied to him and me. I should have seen that a long time ago, what kind of a church forces someone to move on while they are still married? I would also be mad if I was Kgabo.

"2 members of the board came to me with my mother and told me that they knew about my divorce and they will not accept me if I am still single. I thought you send them to me but my mother, my mother..." Kgabo laughed at that last part. He came back down and sat next to me again. He was angry and he tried to calm down.

"I don't know anything about that, you've met the members of the board and I have had countless meetings with them and yes your divorce was an issue to most of them which I believe won't be an issue anymore now that you 2 are fine but no one has ever said anything about you and Aggie." Pastor pointed out. We all know what is going on here, why don't we just cut to the chase and address the "issue at hand".

"How did you find out about Aggie and Kgabo?" I asked.

"Aggie came to us, apparently she was promised an ever lasting with Kgabo. The poor girl is distraught because you and Pitsi are fixing things and leaving her out in the cold."

My mother-in-law had seriously messed up this time. You'd think she learnt anything from messing up her sons lives but no.

The Pastor didn't want anything to do with her, he was actually playing safe cards because of his wife, staying clear of the crazy babymama.

I felt so bad for Kgabo, I could see he wasn't taking this well, his mother is busy controlling his life every way she can, she even went as far as tricking him. The woman has broken him even after he forgave her countless times, as much I want to get along with my parents I don't think my mother-in-law deserves any compassion from Kgabo. Whenever they try to patch their relationship she finds a way to mess it, I don't think Kgabo can keep up with her devilish tactics anymore.

"Aggie knows that I never wanted her, I tried but I just couldn't do anything with her. Even shared a bedroom with her and had to moved out." Kgabo said when we wanted to know what to do with Aggie.

This was just too much for me, I have a lot going on and I most definitely don't need a grown up woman complicating my life. I am not being selfish Pitsi as always, I feel like I don't have to involve myself in all this. I know I have to be there for my husband, his mother is the one that needs to solve all this.

The whole thing about Aggie became somewhat of a prayer session, we prayed for her and for God to guide us. We read the bible for answers too, it lasted for about 3 hours. I made a few journeys to the kitchen making a pot of tea after pot. And eventually when we got to the last Amen I couldn't take it anymore. I have restored my faith in God and I know God wants us to take action, He is giving us the go ahead. An intervention is what is needed here, my mother-in-law has to know that her time is up and she needs to own up to her devilish side. Her heart should be purified and cleansed, that's if she will admit to what she did and ask for forgiveness. She will be forgiven, and we will all move on.

The Pastor and his wife said their goodbyes and we walked them outside. Now the Aggie issue was done with, they were now congratulating us and told us to continue with our counselling sessions that we dropped after we thought we were fine.

We walked them to their car and exchanged hugs, the Pastor's wife reminded me about the youth program that I agreed to get involved in. I don't even know what I will be doing there but I will go, I will be doing the work of God and giving back.

We watched them as their car drove away.

Kgabo and I walked back.

I realised that the car I saw parked next to Lerato's gate was there today. Things must be serious between them and maybe she will leave my husband alone.

My husband and I walked slowly to the house hand in hand.

Then from Lerato's house emerged Lerato and Andile.

Andile Khumalo!!!

They were laughing and kissing as they walked to the gate. I stood still not believing my eyes, and when the 2 of them saw us they both stilled.

I was surprised to see Lerato with my "ex" but what was more surprising was Andile is now dating my neighbour.

I know Lerato and Andile were surprised to see me with Kgabo. Lindiwe will surely know about this.

For a minute Kgabo didn't know what was going but he got to recognise Andile.

And then everything changed...

He let go off my hand and rushed to the house.

No Kgabo it's not what you think.

I ran after him to the house. He waited for me in the kitchen, he looked angry.

"Kgabo what's wrong?" I asked him. Andile is what is wrong, I should know that but it's not like that. He means nothing to me.

"Do you still want him Pitsi. Please tell me now, I don't want to get hurt and don't lie to me."

I quickly walked to him and went on my knees in front of him. His eyes raging and burning into mine with jealousy and anger.

"No, no, no," I shook my head helplessly. "I want you, only you. I don't want you to doubt that. I was just surprised to see them together. I don't want any other man but you."

God... Let him believe me...

Say something Kgabo please...

Chapter 79>>>

"Get up." He commanded looking down at me, his voice was soft. It sounded like he was hurt. His eyes looked cooler now as I got up and waited for him to speak, our eyes still locked into each other's. He cupped my cheeks with his hands. "I'm sorry, I was surprised to see them too but thought you..."

I cut him mid-sentence.

"Do you believe me?"

"Yes, yes I believe you. I am just scared Pitsi. It will take me some time to get over the fact that you slept with him." I know and understand how he felt. That's how I feel everyday when I see Lerato, and worst part the woman leaves next door to me, to us. And he works with her.

On the other hand I wish I could tell him that the sex was meaningless and only lasted for about... just a few seconds. He doesn't want to hear all those details but only if he knew, Andile has nothing compared to my husband and I am glad Lerato doesn't know the new Kgabo. All he has now it's for me and him, no one should get between that and things should stay like this forever.

When it comes to Andile and Lerato they can do as they please, I don't want to get involved. Actually they belong together. "Can you go out with me tonight?"

We are still on that?

"Date?" I asked hoping we could just stay home. We don't have anyone to babysit Kamo for us anyway and I don't think he wants us to take him with.

"I want us to do this."

"What should I wear then?"

"A dress."

"A dress?"

"Yep."

"Okay."

I like the way Kgabo looks at me, his eyes are filled with desire and so much love. He's very, very happy and that makes me happier, making him happy is my job by the way.

"I have to go." He said then passionately kissed me making me want him to stay.

"I was hoping we could talk."

"About?"

"The boutique. What are your plans with it?"

"For now I think we should keep it closed."

"What? Kgabo people will lose their jobs and we have orders to redo and finish." I panicked. We can't close shop now. What would I do with myself? And what about those orders? I am used to waking up to a job now.

"I am not saying stop working, what if we fix everything at the boutique for it to be trashed again?" I could hear the fear in his voice, he has a point but I don't want to stop working.

"Then what do you suggest we do?"

"You can work from home, keep the factory open, call your clients and explain."

Okay, that could work.

"But how do I reach new clients and keep the business going?"

"Social media baby, create a page on Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, get social media to work for you and get your word out there."

He's smart and very attractive when he's into this business things.

I got so excited that I wanted to start right away, Kgabo showed me a few things but he wanted to go. I begged him to stay, he helped me create a Facebook page, upload pictures and invite people to like the page. I wouldn't have done that on my own, I will be eternally grateful for this man.

I had to let him go and I continued with calling my clients.

I worked for 2 hours with Kamo pestering me, he was sleeping the whole time and now I had to deal with him. He was making me angry because he refused to play alone, he wanted to follow me around and when I shouted at him he would cry. Gosh, I wish I could send him to my parents or Reba. I don't know what came over me, I need my parents. I don't think they want anything to do with us now.

Around 5pm Kgabo called to ask me to get ready, I asked him about Kamo and he said the Pastor and his wife are waiting for him. Good but they have never babysat my little brat, hope he behaves or else Kgabo and I will cut our date short.

I packed an over night bag for Kamo, I know he'll sleep over there. He was excited jumping around and asking a whole of questions. I tried telling him to behave, he promised he would but I know my son.

8pm Kgabo was here, he took Kamo's things while I finished getting ready. I wore a floral red and white maxi dress with flat brown sandals. It's one of the dresses Lindiwe bought me, at least this one was more lady like unlike the whole malfunctioning wardrobe she gave me. I did a few touch up to my afro, a bit of makeup and I was ready to go.

When Kgabo came into the bedroom I had my clutch bag in hand and ready to go. He stopped at the door and stared at me, I didn't understand his look. Kamo squeezed himself through the door as his father stood still, still gazing at me.

"Ah Mommy you look beautiful." Oh that's what got daddy so glued to the door. I laughed as I went down to give him a brief hug. Kgabo managed to compose himself, he smiled and picked up Kamo.

"Oh yes boy, mommy is very beautiful."

"Thank you boys." I said rubbing both their cheeks.

"You are welcome girl." Kamo said giggling making Kgabo and me laugh at him.

I made sure I had everything for Kamogelo before we left. I locked the doors and followed my boys to the car, Kamo had already made himself comfortable in the front passenger seat. I had to sit at the back seat, I didn't mind. When it comes to me my boy thinks he's all grown up.

The Pastor and his wife were excitedly waiting for Kamo outside their gate and he also looked excited to see them. He's always happy to see everyone but sometimes his attitude towards me changes, hope Aggie never fed my son lies about me just to get him to hate me.

After dropping Kamo off, I went to his sit.

Kgabo drove in silence for a few minutes, his eyes were on the road but I couldn't help thinking something bothered him. It was dark in the car but I could see the worried expression on his face.

"Kgabo are you okay?" I asked him and he flashed me a smile.

"Yep, just worried you might not like my surprise."

"Another surprise?"

"Yes, it's still early for this one but I'm scared it might get crashed before you get to see it."

I know he won't tell me anything if I ask, he's getting so good at this romance thing. I have to keep up too and do something to surprise him, I will have to think

hard since I have complained a lot about him even though I wasn't good at anything either.

Change of topic.

"How is Sima?"

"Great, she's out of the hospital. They are all at my parents house and she is doing fine, Koena is here too. He wants to see you, I told him we are going out, he said he doesn't mind waiting up."

Was wondering when I was going to hear from my big brother. It's about time him and I had a bit of a chat, I don't even understand why he stayed away from me in the first place. We were always close, our sister and brother bond was always there.

Though I am a bit worried about talking to him and seeing him, I don't know why but I can't shake something off me. Maybe this isn't a good time for us to sit and talk.

The drive to my unknown surprise wasn't that long, it was in Moletjie. Not far from the complex Kgabo is working at. We took a 5 minutes drive on the gravel road to a gate that popped out of nowhere or maybe I wasn't aware of where we were going, well anyway it was dark. The gate was opened for us by a man wearing an all black security uniform, Kgabo spoke briefly to him. I didn't quite get what they were saying, it was like Kgabo didn't want me to hear what they were saying to each other anyway.

As we drove further a neatly paved driveway popped up and the car smoothly drove over it. More lights and what seemed like a row of rooms beautifully decorated differently with flowers and a lawn came in full view. The place looked so beautiful and welcoming.

Kgabo parked the car and came around to open the door for me, there beauty of this place captivated me. I looked around for a hint of my surprise but all I saw was a huge pool and more rooms. He took me by my hand and we walked around the place, I could not even ask what was going on.

We stopped next to the pool, Kgabo turned to face me. I looked up at him not sure what to expect from.

"This is the surprise." He said with a huge smile the lights shining on his white teeth.

"It's beautiful, are we spending the night?" I asked ideas of what I would do to him in one of the rooms already flooding my mind.

"Baby, what I mean is that we own this place." He said with a serious face but his expression worried.

We? Own? This place?

The words echoed through my mind like a dream, I couldn't wrap my mind around them. That's why he had that worried look when he was driving, I took a few steps backward, away from him. I knew when I married Kgabo that I was marrying a very passionate man, he always wanted to broaden his business and wanted nothing to hold him back. I just don't know how I feel about this, he never told me about this. He's becoming too rich for me, I have nothing to offer.

"How long have you been working on this?" Was my first question after recovering from the shock.

"You don't like it? He asked a question on top of my question.

"I'm scared Kgabo, this is too much. You are a genius and I just feel out of place."

He smiled at me and took two steps towards me. He gave me a hug, pulling me into his arms.

"I have been working on this project for 7 years, no one knows about it, not my mom, dad, no one, not even my best friend Jonas. I wanted to do this ever since I grew up but I am so scared of failure that I kept it a secret."

"Even from me Kgabo, your wife?" The disbelief in my voice.

"I'm sorry and I promise this is the only thing I have ever kept from you."

I wasn't angry, I know how sometimes how I wish I could do things differently too. You know, not involve anyone. I want to be this person that can just change a whole lot in my life but I am just a weakling who is scared of taking risks. I stand back and let people bully me, I am a hardworking designer who has done a whole lot in a short space of time but I have absolutely nothing to show for that. All my hard work has been in vain, for nothing. Luckily I found myself married to a smart man who would do anything to secure our future.

"I will forgive you if you do this one thing for me." I was still in his arms, he released me and held me by my shoulders to look at me.

"Speak, I can't hold my breath any longer."

"Sell the boutique, I don't want it."

His puzzled look quizzically burnt into mine.

"Why? Thought you wanted to work."

"I do, don't get me wrong I love what you did for me but it's time I stood up for myself. All of this Kgabo makes me proud of you and I want the same for myself. I don't want to be made by you, I don't want your success as my foundation. I want to start my own and build my way up, knock on unknockable doors and make my mistakes. I have to take risks to get there." Ever since I met Kgabo I have relied on him for everything, he's always been there for me. He kept his vows to me, and I want to do the same. Provide for our family and not dwell on his success. I come from a very less fortunate family, I will always be reminded of that by his evil mother and if I do this I will have the energy to stand up for myself. I don't have anything to prove to her but to myself and make my side of the family proud too.

"Damn woman, you scared the hell out of me. Come here." He pulled me again in his arms and squeezed me tighter. I think the two of us have finally grown up.
"And you think I am the only genius here."

"You are not mad?"

"No baby, you need to discover yourself."

I don't know what the next step is but I am sure as hell going ahead with this, I will meet challenges along the way, at the end everything will pay off.

Kgabo showed me the rest of the lodge, it had a little dam that has a few fishes, he said. He explained how the dam was built and all the things I didn't understand, once he got his mind into talking about his work he goes on and on and on.

The lodge had 20 rooms, there were 3 family houses, a camping side, 3 conference rooms, a chapel, 4 dining halls, 2 swimming pools and I could go on just like my husband won't stop talking about his exciting big project. He gave me a tour of the place, I got to meet a few of the staff. The place wasn't officially open but it was running for business already.

I got to see a few of the rooms, a honeymoon suite and all those things I didn't know existed. The place was indeed beautiful and named after our son, Kamogelo Ya Setshaba Lodge, his pride and joy.

I guess sooner or later we are going to have discuss a few concerning things about his daughter.

We had dinner in the dinning hall with some of the lodge's guest. We didn't make it obvious that Kgabo is the owner as some of them interacted with us, we had a pleasant meal prepared by a Mozambiquen chef. He had made the usual variety of African food that we chose from as we served ourselves, later on I had a few glasses of wine and Kgabo stayed clear of the alcohol since he was driving. Wish we could sleep here but Kgabo wanted us home before 23:00.

When he drove us back I slept all the way, he woke me up parked in front of the gate.

"You are not coming in?" I asked him rubbing my eyes.

"Nope." He answered helping me out the car.

"But I thought we were going to seal the night with hot passion sex." I spoke but it was actually the alcohol speaking up for me. Kgabo laughed as he spoke to me.

"On our first date babe? Don't make me think otherwise of you."

"We've crossed that bridge a long time ago, please come in."

"Come on, not tonight."

"Mxm, says a man who made me promise him sex everyday."

"Okay, let's get you to bed now."

"No, I will get myself to bed. You go before my dad sees you, he has a gun you know."

Kgabo laughed again throwing his head back. A joyous laughter.

"Off you go your brother is waiting for you inside, I will wait here and watch you till to the door."

I stumbled to the door and left him laughing some more behind me. He closed the gate and probably locked it. When I got to the door I unlocked and went in, from there I don't know what happened to my husband.

I think I had 3 glasses of wine but they were making me a little somehow. I closed the door behind me and stumble to lean against the kitchen counter, I didn't want to sit down because if felt like I won't get up and I could end up sleeping there.

I felt like there was some movement behind me and before I could turn someone had grabbed me from behind, placed a hand on my mouth and went...

"Ssssssshhhhhhh."

I couldn't scream even if I wanted to. I stayed still like the voice instructed. I didn't know if the person was a man or a woman, whoever it was was very strong and held me in one place. All The alcohol in me gone in an instant. The only thing I got to see was the black Nike sneakers and probably the black jeans as whoever wouldn't let me turn around. We started moving as I got dragged to the door.

The wasn't much struggle but the noise of my heels on the tiles floor as I tried an attempt to get out of the strong grip around my shoulders and mouth.

"Pitsi, is that you?"

Koena!

His voice was coming from the passage. Whoever tried to pull me out the door but I put up a strong fight until Koena came into the kitchen.

'What the...???'

Without thinking he ran to us and Whoever threw me straight at Koena. I had used all my drunk strength trying to fight I just went flying at Koena. He didn't see me coming, I knocked him to the ground and he stilled.

Whoever the person was went out the door and disappeared.

I was on top of Koena, I got off him and tried to get him to wake-up but he wasn't moving.

"Oh my God!" Maphuti screamed as she ran to kneel down next to me.

"He won't wake up. Help me wake him up, Maphuti help me! Koena! Koena! Please I need you to wake up... please my brother. Pleeeeeeeeeeeese!!!"

Chapter 80>>>

Koena was too heavy for me to lift, I thought maybe if I could get him into a sitting position he'll come around. I couldn't do anything other than shake him up. I don't know if I was making things worse or not but I wanted him to be conscious, at least open his eyes. In my state of high on wine or maybe I had sobered up I was getting more and more scared, what if he never wakes up, what if the person comes back and attacks us all? What is going on? I think somebody wants me dead and that puts my family and those close to me at danger too.

I had to be strong and think of what to do.

"Maphuti call Kgabo, now!" I shouted at her, she has been standing there all along silently crying and not helping me. Well there wasn't much she can do, we were both clueless. But she quickly snapped out of it and fumbled with her phone.

I once upon a time heard about ABC, incase someone is unconscious check for airway breathing circulation, I don't know how to go about it and the ABC came to me just now. I checked for a pulse. I didn't know if I was checking on the right spot but he was warm, that's a good sign, right? How something like this could give you a small life lesson, at that exact moment I realised my selfishness and the way I take everyone for granted. If I lose my brother now I will never know what is it that he wanted to say to me and I will never know what I meant to him.

Tears streamed down my cheeks, he looked lifeless and so still. There was no blood just an unconscious Koena.

I looked up at Maphuti who was trying to speak on the phone, not making much sense. I know Kgabo will come, as long as he knows something is wrong he will be here. I did not stop touching Koena, pumping his chest and trying to get him up.

"Awwwww... ouch... ouch..." Finally, Koena groaned as he tried to get his head up opening his eyes and aware of his surrounding.

"Oh My God, he's back. He's back!" I screamed in excitement giving him a hug. He was more concerned about me than his own pain.

"Pitsi, are you okay? Who was that?" He asked me sitting up and holding on to his head.

"I don't know," that doesn't matter anymore. "are you okay?"

"My head, are you okay?" He asked me looking at me to see if I was still in one piece.

"Yes, can you get up?" I asked trying to help him up, he did all that by himself and went to sit down still holding his head. I don't know what to do for him now, should I give him a glass of water or a beer?

"I'm fine, I bumped my head on to something." He looked at the floor. I must have knocked his head to the ground.

What a relief!

A car hooted outside, it must be Kgabo. I am not sure though and I was scared of going out to check.

Koena got up from the chair, he knew what Maphuti and I were thinking.

"Give me the keys."

Maphuti gave him hers, I was tempted to lock the door after him but I didn't want to freak Maphuti out.

It took less than a few minutes then Kgabo was inside the house with Koena. He wanted to know what happened as he went around the kitchen, Koena told him what he saw. He did see everything after all. The shock hit me hard then, I could have died or worse Koena could have. A few minutes ago I was so sure he was never going to wake up.

Kgabo turned to me.

"It's okay baby, you are all fine."

"No, it's not okay. Somebody out there wants to do something to me. I'm scared, I feel like my days are numbered. I won't rest until someone gets arrested." It's true, from now on I have to watch my back and live in fear. I don't know anyone who would want to hurt me, I have my suspicions and that's all. The police won't act on my suspicions, they want proof. I don't know who to trust and not to trust anymore. Anyone can be a suspect at this stage.

"I know baby." Kgabo spoke as he pulled me in his arms. He squeezed me tighter trying to reassure me that he is here. His strength around me is all that I wanted, I felt safe in his arms but that's just a hug that will only last for a few seconds. I don't think I will ever feel safe alone anymore, Kgabo won't always be here. He has a business to run and a life at church. He knows too that this was beyond him, his hands were tied. "I should have never let you come in alone. I should have made sure you are safe." I could hear the anger in his voice. He was angry at himself, there was no use. None of us had anticipated anything, he left because of Kamo and he wanted Koena and me to have some time to talk.

Koena had called the police, not that there was anything to report on, just to see if this was somehow connected to what happened at boutique. Well the police didn't have answers, just like us they speculated. There was nothing to tell the police

really, I came in and probably did not lock the door. The suspect might have jumped over the fence and waited for Kgabo to drive off.

More questioning and interrogations until the wee hours of the morning. They were attracting unnecessary attention with their sirens and four cars parked outside.

When they left we were all tired. Koena promised to see a doctor first thing in the morning. I was worried about him, it must have been a hard knock to his head to have him knocked out for a few minutes. He took some aspirin and went to bed.

Kgabo took a bath with me and took me straight to bed after forcing me to take sedatives. They knocked me out from 5am to 12 noon. When I woke up I searched the bed before I opened my eyes. It was empty I shot up on the bed and Kgabo came rushing to the bed.

"I am here, I am here baby." He cupped my cheeks in his hands and made me look in his arms to prove that he was indeed with me. I think he was working, behind him there were stacks of papers.

I relaxed and was not as scared as I was before.

"I'm fine." I said not sure if my voice sounded reassuring or not.

"I never left you baby, I was here the whole time. Lerato brought me some paperwork to look at, your parents are here too."

I was going to have a little problem with the fact that Lerato was in my house but the mere mention of parents had me up and kicking the bed covers off me. Kgabo looked at me surprised. With my sudden energy I realised that I had, by mistake pushed him away from me.

"I want to see my parents." I explained.

"Of course." He agreed drily. "First change into something more comfortable." He went to the closet while I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth and take a quick shower. I thought a lot about the events of last night, I wanted to see if something would lead to anything. I thought about Andile, Thabiso, Pule and Lindiwe. The suspect couldn't have been the 3 men, yes the suspect felt strong but not as tall as the 3 men. The person had covered their face too so I don't have identification. Though any my suspect could get someone to get a hitman for them.

When I came back Kgabo had chosen a few clothes for me to wear.

Poor Kgabo, I went to him and gave me a hug.

"It was beautiful last night."

"I can't help but feel bad."

"It's okay, I am fine now. You can even go to work."

"No." He shook his head releasing me out of his hands. "I am not letting you out of my side." He looked more scared than I did. Him being around me all the time could endanger us both, that won't do us any good and he can't protect me all the time.

"Kgabo, let's not argue about this." I concluded and went to the bed and put on my skirt and top, after my underwear. He stood watching me, he was set on staying and I wanted him to leave. He wasn't going to leave I have a feeling the person who was here probably wanted to talk or do something other than hurt me. If hurting me was an option then the suspect would have done so soon as they were inside and ran off. I felt more relaxed and not scared, I can't even think the worst about the situation.

I got out the bedroom with Kgabo on my tail.

When I got to the sitting room where everyone was my mom was the first one to get up and give me a hug. She cried as she held me at arm's length to inspect me further. I was still in one piece I could have told her but I was just glad she was here now, both my parents were here to see me. Hope all is forgiven.

I also went to give my dad a short hug and sat down next to him. It was the 2 of them and Koena, I wondered if Reba knows. I want her here too.

I wanted to talk my parents alone, Koena took the hint but Kgabo wouldn't leave. He was still set on his promise of not leaving my side, it was becoming ridiculous and annoying. I know he meant well and probably feels bad for leaving me last night.

I told him...no...begged him to excuse us and after some awkward stillness he left.

Alone with my parents they wanted to know what happened last night. I cut the story short hoping to ask if I was still in trouble but they made it longer by asking all the relevant questions. I answered, they were concerned and I appreciated that. At the end I didn't see the need for me to ask about the past, it looked like that also didn't want to bring it up.

They didn't stay long, my dad had to take his medication.

My dad saw that I wanted to ask about Reba and he answered me without me asking.

"Don't worry about your sister, give her time. She spoke to us, she is just hurt but she loves you and she cares." I doubt, this time around I think she has given up on me. And to even think it's over something so small.

I made Kgabo drive them home, he was mad at me since he knew he couldn't say no in front of them. It will take him about 15 minutes to and from tops, he doesn't drive like me mos.

They left and I was all alone with Koena, I asked him how he was doing and he said he was fine. He's already been to the doctor and he was given some

medication. I was glad he was fine, because of him nothing happened to me. We spoke and he apologised for his behaviour towards me after finding out about the divorce, we both were distant with each other and I should have reached out but I was caught up in a life I regret more than ever now.

Kgabo called Koena to tell him the police in Polokwane wants me to report to their police station by the end of the day, it wasn't that urgent though. He told Koena that he's going to pass by the office first to drop off some paperwork then he'll come get me.

I don't have a phone since the police had my phone and I was getting impatient. I want to know what is it that the police have or found out, they could come to us but no they rather save State petrol. I don't know how long Kgabo will take at the office and I decided I will take myself there. I told Koena that I wanted to go to church and he also had the same sentiment as his brother, he wouldn't let me go by myself. I went to the bedroom to change and get my car keys while he spoke to Kgabo on the phone, when I came back he wasn't in the kitchen. I locked the house and went to the garage, he was not outside too. I had locked him inside the house. I decided to make a dash for it.

Maphuti is not home and he has his cellphone so he can call Kgabo.

I quickly drove the car out and rushed to the gravel dusty road that takes to the tar road.

I was focusing so hard on the road, I am much of a good driver so I need really out my mind into it. Before I could reach the tar road I saw someone staggering on the dusty road, it was a woman and as I got closer I realised it was Aggie. I almost ran her over as she threw herself in front of the car. I hit the the breaks and suddenly swerving the car to the side, avoiding hitting her. I got out and ran to her, she was sitting on the ground grasping for air.

I knelt beside her.

"Are you okay?" I asked trying to see if the car had scratched her somehow. She looked fine, physically but I think she could breath.

"I'm...athsmatic..." She managed to say still struggling to breath. Her breathing was coming out noisly, like she was wheezing.

"What should I do? Take you to the hospital?"

"No...my...pump...ho...house." she said pausing for air after every sentence, her big bright eyes shooting straight into mine.

"Okay, I will get you to the house." I said trying to help her up. Her strong grip on me made me fall back down with her but I managed to get us both up. I wraped one arm around her shoulders to support her. It wasn't much of a struggle to get us to the car, I got her in the back seat and rushed us to the house as soon as I got in, not even checking if she was comfortable. I parked in front of the gate and got her out, we sort of ran to the house the same way I carried her to the car. The house was unlocked. When we were inside she went to one of the kitchen cabinets and got her athsma pump out. I looked at her as she pumped herself and regain her breathing slowly. She sat on the floor and smiled up at me,

"Thank you." She murmured.

I nod at her with a smile.

She had scared me, everything happened so fast and I have to be at the police station or my husband will send out a search party for me. First I have to make sure she is okay. She went out jogging and I thought people with her condition are suppose to take it easy. She got up and I got a glimps of her very fit body, she had great physique. She surely looked like a trainer or some personal trainer from a tv ad. She wore blue tight gym clothes and...

And black Nike snickers...

Black Nike snickers!!!

Exactly the ones I saw from my attacker last night.

I looked at her smiling face and I knew that she knew that I knew. The shock on my face gave me away.

Before I could react she ran to the door and shut it then locked it. She threw the keys out the window.

She walked to me swing her hips like she was on some sportswear cat walk. She had a huge smile on her face...

"I know where the spare key is, do you?"

She is insane...

Chapter 81>>>

I was looking at a woman who looked like she should be locked up in some institute, getting proper treatment. She did not belong in our world where she can roam freely and do what she was about to do to me. She had a crazy look on her face and I couldn't have known what she would do next, she can do anything to me that her mind can brew.

There was no way out, I was stuck with her in this house. I know the house, it has 2 doors and the other door is always locked and the key is with the keys that she just threw out the window. I attempted to move, take one step back, she saw me and she quickly held a hand up for me. I stood still, I didn't want to upset her or provoke her. I don't think she would hurt me though, I had that little faith.

"What were you doing at the house last night?" I asked her looking at her black sneakers. That's why I don't want to try anything funny with her, I know her strength, she can take me down that easily.

"I was there to scare you, they want you to move out of the house." She spoke like she had no worries, like she didn't lock me inside her house.

"They?"

"None of your business!" She snapped looking a bit normal but then quickly her eyes changed. Her face looked like a playful child who was excited to play some game. "You are so easy to trick, I saw your car and I acted the part so well. You stopped." She laughed at me.

"You are not asthmatic?" I asked.

"Nope, I was when I was growing up but I outgrew it."

Unbelievable!

"Don't move." She sounded playful again, like she was planning a surprise for me. She went to one of the kitchen cabinets and took out a frying pan. She came to me giggling like a little girl. Without much warning she swang it and ting...

I saw black!

.....

I tried to move but I felt trapped and it pained all over my body. I slowly opened my eyes. I know where I was, infact I remember everything. I found myself tied up to a bed in the master bedroom, my arms to the headboard with a very tight and painful rope, my ankles together. Only a crazy person can do this.

I was alone in the bedroom and I was thirsty. Moving was sore painful.

"Aggie! Aggie!" I called out her name with my sore throat, my neck pained too. There was no answer. I tried to scream, my voice went nowhere because of the pain. I gave up and cried.

The door opened and Aggie came in, she wore a red dress that fitted her fit body perfectly. She looked so beautiful and normal to be mentally disturbed.

I was now aware of the danger I was in, I never thought she would think of getting me tied up or even hurt me.

"You are awake!" She excitedly said jumping up and down with joy. "We have a lot to do darling." She went around the bedroom like she was tidying up.

"Aggie, you have to let me go. Everyone is going to look for me." I pleaded.

"They have been looking for you and I am helping them. Everyone is doing everything they can to find you. You have so many people that love you."

"But my car is just parked outside." I said with so much frustration. How difficult can it be for anyone to find me?

"No it's not, it was there but it's no more."

"What have you done Aggie?" I could speak but only if I kept my voice low. This was really getting scarier by the minute, I underestimated the lunatic.

"We are playing hide and seek."

"They will find you, and you'll go to jail. Do you get that?" I said trying to scare her. She sat at the edge of the bed. She went quite and looked like she was thinking about what I have said.

"I have to put you to sleep, you talk too much." She spoke as she took a syringe out of a drawer.

I didn't want her to sedate me and getting her angry wasn't working. I needed to think of something to distract her.

"Please don't put me to sleep." My pleas were falling on deaf ears, she wasn't going to listen to me. "Aggie?" I said her name like it was my only hope.

"What?" She said staring up the syringe as she held it above.

"Why are you doing this? You are too beautiful to do this." I spoke softly to her.

Again she thought about what I said and then put the syringe on top of the drawer. She sat back on the bed and crossed her legs, her dress riding up and revealing her thighs.

"Because you won't go away and you won't share."

She was referring to Kgabo. I ignore that.

"You are so beautiful, you can have everything and anyone. Do you know that?"

"A long time ago I had everything, I could get anything I wanted, all that changed."

"What happened?" I asked her. I wasn't interested in her upbringing or what happened to her, I just thought maybe talking will help us.

"I met him, he told me he hated his wife. I was in high school, just lost my parents and he was everything to me. He did everything for me until my last born, the second child changed everything for us. I hated my child because she ruined everything for me, I think I killed her. I don't know where she is now, I don't know where my children are."

She wasn't really making much sense or maybe I wasn't really concentrating but she had serious problems that affected her badly.

"Why did he hate his wife?" That's the part I think I understood a bit, to keep the conversation going I will have to think of something to ask her. I was thirsty but I don't trust her anymore, she might give me something else other than water.

"Because she had an affair with a the Pastor."

That sounds familiar.

I didn't want her to see how shocked I was but her story made senses to me. I don't have to ask her for names.

"Aggie, what did you do to your daughter?"

"I don't know, I don't remember but they found her. Naked with stabbed wounds and blood all over her. They think I did it, I think so too but I don't know. I don't

remember anything." She was rocking herself back and forth on the bed hugging herself. Something is definitely not right in her head. I really felt for her.

"Please untie me, I want to give you a hug. You've been through so much." My last chance to manipulate her.

"You want to trick me?"

Damn she is smart!

"No, I feel so sorry for you."

"Why? I have you tied up on the bed, you have to hate me."

"I don't hate you!"

"You have to. But don't worry we are going to die. I will save us both the shame of humiliation, it will be quick. I promise and please do forgive me." She was now crying and I did too, I don't want to die now, not like this. I didn't think she was capable of something like this.

I tried speaking to her softly, it was like she wasn't talking to me anymore. She started to sing a lullaby, still rocking herself looking at me as I begged her.

She came over to me,

"Shhhhhhhhh... it's okay. I know you are scared baby, this time I am coming with you. Don't be scared, mommy is here." She placed a hand on my forehead rubbing the sweat away. She got off the bed not taking her eyes off me, she walked to the door. She went out the room and I attempted to scream my lungs out but my throat was sore and my voice wouldn't come out.

She came back still singing in a low voice, she had a 2 litre bottle of...

Petrol...

She started pouring it on the floor. Mostly at the door.

I cried, begged and pleaded to no avail. She was not with me anymore, she had totally zoned out of our world.

I watched her helplessly as she lit a match and threw it on the ground. The petrol caught fire that spread out to the rest of the area she hadn't poured the petrol. She got on the bed and laid next to me still singing, she put an arm around me as the flames went wild.

I screamed again forcing my sore throat to open and when she realised I was making much noise than before she got on top of my chest and grabbed my throat with both her hands, choking the air out of me. She let go and this time my throat was so sore I couldn't even utter one word, the smoke was also getting to me.

She took her position besides me and sang again.

.....

It's been 2 days since we found Pitsi's car burned beyond recognition next to the graveside. The same day she went missing someone saw the smoke and alerted everyone. I didn't think it will be her car and when the burnt number plates matched hers we all went crazy. I wasn't talking to her when all this things happened and I wish I had sat down with her and solved our problems, I was too angry with her.

She made me look like a whore to a her friends, how could she tell Lindiwe of all people that I don't know who my baby daddies are?

I know what I have done in the past and the kind of person I was, I am not happy with that but now I am a changed person and I will keep being good and going to

church if God brings my sister back, alive because I want to tell her how much I love her.

I am not the only one missing her, Kamo can't stop asking when is mommy coming back and my parents are just about to die from hearing him asking that over and over again. They are not coping and we all have been scared dad will have another heart attack but he's remained fixed and he is actually the one telling us to be strong. Koena is trying to remain strong for his brother. Kgabo is refusing to eat or drink, all he does is pray and stay home hoping Pitsi will come back. I haven't given up on my sister yet, I have decided to move into her house to take care of Kgabo and Kamo. If I hadn't done that all the women lapping after Kgabo and offering him a shoulder to cry on would marry him by the end of this year. I had to put my foot down and tell them to give him space, I will not let anyone of them anywhere near him. I do not have a problem with kicking somebody's butt, where Pitsi is concerned I will do it anytime.

I have been watching Lindiwe like a hawk ever since Pitsi's disappearance, she was the first one to get here and make it look like she cared. She was surprised to see me here the next day taking care of my sister's house. I gave her her matching orders and told her to voetsek, she thought I was joking. I don't joke with backstabbers nna. She is suppose to be Pitsi's friend as far as I am concerned. I don't even care about the things she said Pitsi told her about me, blood is thicker than water and will always be.

She is not the only bitch I have to constantly shoo away, there is another one, Miss-too-much-makeup Lerato. O ntena gore o, I thought she had a boyfriend since I saw a tall stranger watering her plants. Mara anyway I don't think that one can keep a man, she doesn't worry me too much.

My problem is with the Lindiwe sfebe, you should see her as she tries to talk to Kgabo. He doesn't even look at her or listen to what she is blabbering about.

Poor man just sits there and stares at his food until they get cold and dry. Jonas doesn't even know what to do for him either.

Kgabo's mother came here once or twice to try and control me, I told her to leave and never come back. I don't know how my sister put up with that irritating witch,

she is like heat rush at the back of my neck, wanting to be scratched everytime it gets hot. I could see she didn't care about Pitsi, all she wanted to do was know if Kgabo had a funeral cover. A funeral cover for my still alive sister? This is not some kind of business transaction to us, it's serious.

Hours passed while we all sat doing nothing other than pray and make tea for the church people who came by to pray with us. We had a beautiful picture of Pitsi in her bedroom and a lit candle by it, Kgabo insisted on it. I couldn't bring myself to look at it, it was a selfie of her at the night of her fashion show. She looked so beautiful as she smiled at the camera, I know my little sister thought her dark skin made her ugly but what she didn't know was she was the most gorgeous human being alive. Big brown eyes, long eyelashes, a perfect size nose and a full mouth. She used to complain about her hair,

"I have hair everywhere and it grows so fast."

She would shave the hair off her face and it would grow back to irritate her even more. Her hair and dark complexion weren't her only problem, her big butt too and curves. That is what led to her bad choice of clothing, always trying to cover up to hide her beautiful body. She didn't think it was beautiful. I never even understood why Pitsi never appreciated herself, to her everything about herself was not good enough. I tried making her see herself through my eyes but that could never be possible, especially when she sees the worst of herself.

I was snapped out of my thought by someone who just came into the house. Everyone was around her, Lerato!

"I know where Pitsi is, she's at Aggie's house. I'm sorry I didn't want to say anything but I couldn't keep quiet anymore." She spoke breathlessly, so she knew this all along and she kept quiet in the hope of benefiting at the end. I could strangle her right now

I was already at the door going to get my sister when Kgabo emerged from door that led to the kitchen from the passage.

"I've just had a call, Aggie's house in on fire."

"Holy shit, that's where Pitsi is." I shouted then ran out the door my tummy leading the way.

The first person to run past me was Kgabo, then Koena followed. I ran so fast behind them. As we approached the house people were trying to fight the fire with bucketd of water.

Kgabo tried to run to the house but a few man were holding him back.

No one saw me in time to stop me from running straight into the looming fire...

Chapter 82>>>

I opened my eyes to the sound of a machine beeping next to me, I was on a hospital bed and an oxygen mask on me. I was all alone in the room and wondered what happened, how I got here. I remember the fire. I remember voices as I lied tied on the bed helpless, Aggie, she was with me. I remember hearing Reba's voice and me trying to scream for her to come and help me. From there everything is just blank.

I removed the mask and tried to call out for anyone, I wanted to understand how I got here. I want my sister, my son and my husband. Why did they leave me here all alone? Are they angry at me? I know what I did was stupid and should have never left the house on my own. Where is Aggie? My throat was sore and breathing was very difficult for me. I breathlessly put the mask back on and looked for a way I could call out for help, there was a button to press but it was out of reach. I tried to reach up for it.

"Baby?" Kgabo said coming through the door. Finally! He was so happy to see me and I was too, he looked good and smelled good as he rushed to my side. "You need help? You want me to call someone for you?" I shook my head no, he was here and he was enough for me, for now. "I didn't mean to leave you, they made me go home and change. I am here now, can you talk?" His eyes were full of tears, at any minute he will let them go, my softie husband.

I held the mask a few inches away from my mouth,

"Hey." I managed to let out with a hoarse voice before putting back on the mask. I couldn't really speak, it was difficult without the mask. I had so many questions to ask.

He heard the sound of my voice and he let the tears freely run down his cheeks. I hope I don't look as bad as I sound.

"I'll call for help." He got up before I could remove the mask to tell him to stay. I didn't want anyone but him by my side. I should have waited for him that day, this is all my fault and I want to apologise for everything. He doesn't look angry but I want to know if he forgives me, I want to hear him say it. The whole thing started because I wasn't woman enough to fix our problems and I ran to the wrong people. Got mixed up in stupid things and went in deeper all because I couldn't say a simple "sorry".

He stood at the door as he shouted for the nurse. He came back to my side as a young lady and a female doctor came in. They asked Kgabo to wait outside, he hesitated but he went to stand at the door watching. I also didn't want him to go.

The doctor saw what he was doing but decided to ignore him since my eyes were on him.

"Mrs Mothiba, you are not allowed to use your voice right now in fear of damaging your vocal chords further and causing more damage. You inhaled a lot of smoke hence the oxygen mask, you'll be fine in a couple of days, no permanent damage though. And you sustained second degree burns on your legs from the fire." The

doctor said with a smile as she joined the nurse in fussing over me. I would briefly look at them but my main focus was on my husband. I was fine and I just wish they could tell me where my sister is or even Aggie. I might not have seen Reba but I heard her voice and I felt her touching me. Even if it was a dream or a hallucination I want to know if she is okay or not. I know for sure she was there.

They left after the doctor gave me a mouthful of do's and don'ts which I didn't think was necessary since I can't do anything for myself at the moment, let alone speak.

Kgabo came back to my side and sat next to me holding my left hand, he wasn't crying anymore. I looked at him, he looked tired and worn out. His big eyes looked tired and I know he hasn't slept since my disappearance.

After everything that I put him and everyone through I really think he should be mad at me right now. I didn't think when I took my car and locked Koena inside the house, waiting for Kgabo wasn't going to kill me. Kgabo just looked at me like he couldn't believe that I was alive, he looked relieved but still stressed.

"I'm sorry." I managed to say as I held my mask from my mouth. I never apologised and it was time I stepped over my pride.

"It's okay Baby, you heard what the doctor said, no talking. I just want to enjoy this moment with you, you are here and you are going to be fine." His eyes beamed with tears again. I touched his face with my hand and he leaned his cheek on my hand.

"Reba?" I squeezed out the name through the mask but he heard me.

He didn't respond, in fact he looked away as if trying to find something to talk about. I poked him with my finger.

"She is fine. You have to worry about yourself now Mapitsi, Kamo and I need you." I wasn't convinced about what he said of Reba being fine, it was like he was

hiding something from me. I shook my head at him, I want to know more and he knows I am not about to let it go. "Aggie is in custody but she'll be transferred to an institute after questioning, she is also fine and it turns out she was manipulated by Lindiwe after she realised Aggie's state of mind. Lindiwe switched her pills and told her to watch your every move but Aggie took things far on her own, she wasn't herself though."

She was the one sending you threatening messages, Lindiwe's orders but she didn't trash the boutique. Lindiwe had a few people working for her on that. You won't believe who helped save you, Lerato. Apparently Aggie told Lindiwe that she had you and Lindiwe told her brother then Lerato overheard everything, she kept quiet until it was almost late. I almost had a heart attack when I heard you were in a burning house." He went quiet and closed his eyes. He was avoiding talking about Reba and it bothered me not knowing what was going on with her.

She was there even though we were not on speaking terms, she told me she hates me but she was there. She came through for me like always.

I wanted to talk but it was difficult and this was so frustrating. I know I had a choice of writing down everything I wanted to say but Kgabo won't let me, he knows I have questions.

Anyway I was too tired to be arguing and for now I will take his word but once I regain my strength I want to know about my sister.

I didn't really have an appetite but my diet was mostly liquids and my husband made sure I ate at the right time.

I slept and everytime I woke up Kgabo was by my side, helped with everything that I needed.

My parents, Koena, Sima, Salome, Kamo, Reba's kids, the Pastor and his wife, I mean everyone that mattered to me came to see me between my rests. They understood that I needed to rest every now and then. I was worried that I was seeing everyone except Jonas and my sister, at least if I see Jonas I will ask him about Reba. And everyone that came to visit me made sure that I didn't get a chance to write down anything.

The police came too. Unfortunately there was nothing that could lead them to Lindiwe and Andile, especially since Aggie keeps on changing her story, even the people who trashed the boutique have changed their story about Lindiwe's involvement. I tried to speak but Kgabo told me to relax, they can't let her go just like that. The police left since I was being restless trying to speak up. It was really irritating for me not to be able to speak without losing my breathing and my sore throat was also a challenge.

It was so frustrating, Kgabo tried to calm me down but I had enough and I showed him the door. He was surprised, I wanted him out and he left as the beeping sound of the machines rose up to a crazy rate.

The nurses came in to check on me and complained about my vital signs, especially my BP which wasn't stabilising.

I blame everyone for keeping things from me. I don't know what date it is, not even the time. They tell me things they think I want to hear, not what I want to know.

They put me to sleep, the only way to get me to shut up. I swear when I get my voice back there will be hell to pay. I will not be bullied anymore.

When I woke up again it was night time, I think. I found a familiar face sitting on my bedside.

Gugu.

I waved hello at her and she greeted me back with a smile.

"I heard what happened to you, I didn't know anything. I haven't seen Lindiwe or spoken to her and the girls since I visited you. We had a fight."

I wanted to respond and chat to her but I still couldn't speak. She realised and gave me her cellphone and let me type for her on messages.

'I am glad to see, how did you know I was here?' I gave her the phone to read.

"The police, they are questioning everybody." She spoke giving me back her phone.

'Lindiwe might not be charged, she was involved though.' She peaked in to read. I saw her face change to anger but she fought those emotions to remain neutral.

"But she was involved, she planned everything Pitsi. I know her, when she wants something she goes all out. She wanted your husband and it was worse when he turned her down, she can do stupid things when she is desperate. She has gotten away with a lot and this time she has to pay." I watched the fury on her face, she couldn't hold herself anymore. I don't blame her.

'What did she do to you?' My question wasn't right but I was typing and I wanted to know why she hated Lindiwe.

"Despite everything I loved and still do love Andile and she came between us. She doesn't care about anyone's feelings, not even Andile's. She used me to get money, I was too naive and stupid to see. I went on expensive trips and slept with men for her benefits."

She doesn't even love Thabiso, she is with him because he has money and could make her brand famous through him and his connections. She is blackmailing him, everytime he wants to leave her she tells him she'll expose him for being gay or bisexual. Thabiso has done terrible things and if those things gets out he'll loose his identity and fame."

I didn't have the energy to process everything she was saying, I know what kind of a human being Lindiwe is.

'What did you and Lindiwe fight about?'

"I told you that once she gets desperate for something she doesn't care about anyone else. After you knocked her tooth out she went to your sister and lied to her, spun her stories about some things you confided in her about your sister." I have never said anything about Reba to Lindiwe, she must have made up some lies get her to hate me. She did spend some time at church as she tried to get closer to Kgabo, someone must have told her something. "I don't know what your sister did with that information but Lindiwe wanted to do more. She said that if she can't have your husband then you can't have him either so she wanted me to seduce Kgabo and sleep with him then cry rape the following day. I refused and then she hailed all sorts of insults at me, I didn't hold back as I gave her her own too."

I didn't type anything, I sat there trying to think of what it is that she told Reba. It was probably the reason why Reba confronted me. At that time I thought it was something my parents said to her since my outburst that led to them being angry at me too. A lot has been happening all along while I sat back and thought I was forgetting my past life with Lindiwe, she is most definitely sicker than Aggie or they belong together in the loonie bin. I cannot even believe she tried to frame Kgabo just because I wouldn't back off, I remember Aggie's words,

"Because you won't go away and you won't share."

That must have been something Lindiwe said to her to get her to do all her dirty work for her. She manipulated her like she does to everyone.

"I have to go, I am going back home in Swaziland to start over. I have nothing now, my life and everything I had was courtesy of Lindiwe by finding me

sponsors. She ripped me off all that and now I have absolutely nothing, hope my parents will take me back. I might never see you again but I hope one day we shall meet up for a drink or 2." She was smiling and very hopeful for the future. She took my hand in her's and squeezed it before she let go and walked to the door after taking her phone. When she got to the door she blew me a kiss and I waved goodbye at her.

I lay in my bed trying to figure out the woman that was Lindiwe Mabena. She knows how to play her game too damn well. Whether she goes to prison or not I hope never ever to cross paths with her again. Surely one day she will pay for her sins and I hope that happens sooner rather than later.

The door to my room opened slowly as my husband peeked in.

"Can I come in?" He asked his big eyes also begging.

I folded my arms across my chest and looked at the direction of the beeping machine. "I have a surprise for you." He added.

Fine. I can't stay mad at him forever and besides I love surprises.

I unfolded my arms and cautioned for him to come in, he came in then held the door...

Reba came in...

The first thing I noticed was that she was wearing the same hospital clothes as me and she was wheeled in by a nurse on a wheelchair, as soon as the nurse left she got up and rushed to give me a hug. Both our eyes letting the tears ran out. I was overjoyed to see her but she looked sad. She broke from the hug to wipe tears from her eyes. I reached a hand to touch her stomach through the loose hospital garment and she had a flat stomach.

Not as flat as the last time I saw her but I knew...

No...

Chapter 83>>>

"Thank you." I whispered to her. I held her hand and squeezed her fingers. I will always be indebted to my sister, I owe her my life and everything that I own. If it wasn't for her I would be dead by now, they would be busy with funeral arrangements and in a couple of month's they will move on and forget about me. I am grateful to be alive but sad that my sister lost her baby all because of me. This was all my fault, I shouldn't be here, Reba should still be pregnant and looking forward to welcoming a healthy baby. I will never stop blaming myself until I see a real smile that shows she had recovered.

My husband had disappeared, he was nowhere out of side. He wanted to give us some time to talk, it was just me and my sister now.

I took a good look at her as she stood next to me, she had no burnt wounds or anything. She had only visible pain of loosing her baby in her eyes.

"I am not the hero you should thank here, your husband is." She said still holding my hand. What does she mean? I know she was there, I know it. I heard her voice and I felt her touch.

She saw the confusion in my eyes. "I got into the house but Aggie attacked me. I came through the window that I broke, you were on the bed and tied up. She kicked me in the stomach, several times, even when I was helpless on the floor she kept on."

I never thought of my baby, I wanted you out of there, luckily Kgabo overpowered the man that were holding him and came to the rescue. I don't remember much though." She spoke with a heavy and broken heart. I have never experienced what she was going through but I felt for her, I felt like a part of me had been ripped out

of me. That baby was a part of me too, her pain is my pain. She risked her life and that of her baby for me.

"I'm sorry." I forced myself to say.

"Don't be. It was probably not meant to be, I wanted the baby and Jonas did too but maybe it was a blessing in disguise. I was carrying a married man's child sis and Jonas didn't know that." Reba spoke wiping a lonely tear running down her cheek. I heard everything she was saying and I know she didn't mean any of it, I could see the pain in her eyes. She was just trying to make me feel better.

We sat alone for a few minutes, she didn't want to discuss the baby or the fire anymore. I had one last question for her, I wanted to know what Lindiwe had said to her and if Lindiwe was the reason Reba stopped talking to me. Reba got me a note pad and a pen. I wrote down a question for her,

'What happened, why were you mad at me?'

She read it.

"I think we should forget that Pitsi, we are fine now." Please, I begged her shaking my head. She knew I wasn't going to let go. She gave in. "Okay, Lindiwe came to the church to drop off some clothes as she wanted to donate some of her old clothes to the church youth. I had taken over as youth leader, I am only just holding the position for you, the Pastor's wife said so."

Someone told her about me being your sister, she came over and introduced herself. I didn't have anything against her and I spoke highly of you but I think that irritated her. She said some bad things Pitsi, things I never thought you'd say about me."

She didn't want to tell me but I begged, I know I am innocent and I want to know everything that that witch said. She went on,

"She said you told her what a whore I was, that I didn't know my children's father's and I ruin every relationship I have. I am more like a prostitute and I embarrass you."

Shock ran through me, I sat up on the bed and removed the mask to speak, Reba stopped me.

"I know the truth, one of the girls at church told me that Lindiwe got her information from Mary. I'm sorry I got mad at you."

Bloody Mary, why cant she get a blesset somewhere and leave me alone. I swear I have more enemies than I know.

It was time for Reba to rest. She kissed my forehead and left. I couldn't tell her how sorry I was for her baby because of my stupid voice. When she needs me I am unable to be there for her and offer my shoulder.

Two days later Kgabo signed my release forms and ran to the pharmacy while I was getting ready in my room, packing away my things.

My voice is much better now, it's not clear though and I can breath on my own. My wounds on my legs are not that bad, I don't even understand what they meant by second degree burns. I was told to come back for check ups and follow ups in a few days. Reba had gone home already and I couldn't wait to sleep on my bed next to my husband.

I sat on the bed and waited for Kgabo. I had a scheduled appointment with a psychologist too, I didn't think it was necessary but Kgabo wanted me to see someone. I don't like shrinks and he hates them too, that's why we never followed

on our pre and post marriage counselling sessions. I should bring that up to spite him, if he forced me to see a shrink he should lead by example.

Kgabo walked into my room with a wheelchair.

"You looked deep in thoughts." He said looking a bit worried.

"I can't wait to go home and since you've taken a few days off I am wondering what we will do with all that free time." He was standing in front of me and I pulled him between my thighs by the collar of his shirt.

"If you are thinking about sex, forget it." I dropped my hands.

"Why?"

"Your voice hasn't healed yet."

"What's that got to do with sex?" I asked angry and shocked.

"MmaMothiba have you heard yourself scream during sex?"

"Kgabo!" I slapped him in his chest and he laughed. I can hold myself together if I try hard enough.

"I don't want the neighbours thinking I am finishing you off." He was still laughing at me.

I will show him who is boss tonight!

He helped me on the wheelchair and put my bag and medicines on my lap. I can walk out of here on my own and even do things for myself, but because my husband wants to be the gentleman I will let him. Poor guy is trying his best to please me.

As soon as we drove out of the hospital I relaxed and waited to get home, it's been a hell of a month for me and I just want to move on and forget everything that's happened. It won't be easy though, I have to help Reba overcome the loss of her baby and deal with all that's happened. With Lindiwe not going to jail I don't think I should rest, she might come back for me and finish what Aggie started. I am not really scared of her if she comes to me face to face, I will deal with her like I dealt with her the last time but if she gets someone to do her dirty job then I am in trouble.

It was like Kgabo could sense what I was thinking. He reached for my hand.

"Don't stress baby, if she knows what's good for her she will stay away. I don't think she'll risk going to jail after avoiding it like that." I don't know but maybe Kgabo is right. I really need to move on and focus on my family.

He drove to my parent's house, he said he wanted them to see me before I go to our house. I didn't care where he was taking me, I was home and that's where I want to be, even my parent's house was fine.

When we got there he helped me out the car and walked with me to the house hand in hand. I opened the door and as soon as we stepped in...

"Welcome home!" I almost fell when Kgabo quickly held me. My whole family was there including his sister Sima and our brother Koena. If I didn't have to worry about my voice I would have screamed with so much enthusiasm and excitement. I am home with the people that love and I appreciate me, I will stop taking them for granted and I will always deal with problems the good way. My way is never right. The excitement just filled the entire house and it was time to celebrate.

They had cooked meals and there were snacks all over my mother's small kitchen table.

I gave everyone hugs and sat down, at least they didn't ask me questions regarding the fire or the kidnapping. I was glad they didn't, the police have done too much of that already. Kamo gave me more hugs than all of them, he couldn't stop saying "sorry mama" and he was so over protective just like his dad making sure I had a drink in hand and snacks that I couldn't even eat by my side. My son went through hell, I am here now to make up for all that.

We stayed for hours chatting and dancing to my cousin's music on my parents not so loud DVD player. It was fun seeing everyone trying to bust a move or two, my dad and the Pastor didn't want to be left out. They made us laugh the hardest as their moves were so 1960, Salome tried to show them recent moves and they were just worse. Making me laugh until my throat couldn't take it anymore.

Kgabo had decided to have my welcome home party here, he wanted me to go to a quiet house and not worry about cleaning up the next day. How thoughtful of him.

By the time we went home I was tired and wanted nothing other than to relax with my husband. I had plans for him and I think he knew. We left Kamo with my parents, I trust them with him and I trust my sister too. By the way she has moved back home, I don't know why but I will find out soon. Jonas was nowhere to be seen.

When we got home Kgabo made me warm water with lemon and he got himself a cup of tea, we went to the sitting room and occupied the biggest couch. He wanted us to watch a movie but I wanted to stare into his big eyes, he laughed when I said that.

"You want to talk about something in particular?" He spoke as he rubbed a hand on my thigh. I was wearing a maxi dress with my legs over his thighs on the couch. I had pulled the dress up showing my thighs to him.

"I have a confession to make and a few things to get off my chest." I said. He looked at me and he knew trouble was coming.

"Okay." He sounded unsure.

"Please don't be mad but I once accused Reba of having an affair with you." I spoke so quick and waited with a heart beat faster than the Gautrain for an answer.

"Me and Reba?" He asked with a hand on his chest.

"Yes and I know it's silly."

"It's ridiculous but I don't blame you though." Really, was there ever something between them. "After everything I have put you through, you have every right to accuse me of such. I have been as ass baby. But really?" He laughed as he asked me that last question. I didn't laugh because I expected to be mad.

"You are not mad?"

"Nope, moving along. Another confession?"

"No, something off the chest."

"Hit me!"

"Aggie." I said and stopped for him.

"Aggie?" He repeated.

"She told me something." He raised one eyebrow, the perfect skill I can never master. "Apparently she had an affair with your dad, I mean Mothiba. Both her kids are his."

"What? She told you that?"

"You think she is lying?"

"No." He said then his lips curved into a smile that grew bigger. "She once told me that her kids should refer to me as their brother... I never met them though."

"Apparently she tried to kill the last born."

"Damn!"

"Are you going to tell your mom?" I think she has to know but I don't want to tell him that.

"Yes but whatever she does with the information is totally up to her."

"Good."

"There is more."

"Nope." I said as I rested my thighs on top of his thighs I felt his hard on. "You are horny!" I teased him.

"Well you are not making things easy for me, you are touchy-touchy and showing off things I'd rather see covered."

"Oh but you can touch me and do as you please." I licked my lips. He drooled at my lips. He struggled to contain himself and I am not going to make it easy for him. I haven't seen my husband in a while because I was locked up by a crazy woman. I never thought I would see my husband again, from now on I want to treasure every single moment I have with me.

"Baby please don't tempt me." He was forcing the words out, he wants me. The proof is under my thighs.

I got up straightened my dress and went to take a bath, I was hoping he would join me but he didn't. I finished before him as he was using the guest bathroom. It was a bit cold but I decided to get into bed naked, I am on a mission to seduce my husband and if he says no to me tonight then I will know I am not good at playing the game. He cares, I know and at this moment he sees me as fragile. I am stronger than that and I will prove that to him.

And he made me promise him sex everyday so we better start now, he can't go back on his words.

When he came to the bedroom he went to get his pjs from the closet. I watched him putting them on, he smiled knowing that I was watching him. I want those hands to touch me and make love to me like never before, thinking about him inside of me makes me want him more. He switched off the light and got into bed then...

"Damn, Mapitsi this is not fair." My back was against him and he could feel every skin that covered every part of my body. To discover that I was naked made him realise I meant business.

He faced the other way and tried to sleep. I moved closer to him, touching him with my bare butt. I heard him trying to fight with himself, his breathing became heavier.

He got up and I heard him taking off his pyjama pants. He got into bed behind me and slipped a hand between my thighs, a finger deeper. I was ready for him.

"No foreplay, I can't wait." And with that he lifted one of my thighs and pushed himself in. I was so wet that he slipped right in.

It felt so good that I screamed with the first thrust.

"No, Mapitsi you asked for it." He covered my mouth with his hand as he pushed in deeper.

Gosh...

Chapter 84>>>

"Sima please don't do this!" Tears ran down my cheeks. That was my attempt at trying to get Sima to drop the gun. She was pointing it at Maphuti threatening to shoot her and blow her tummy too. She wasn't thinking straight, I understand that she was hurt and I also wanted Maphuti punished but this wasn't going to solve anything. I was caught in the middle not sure what to do. Sima had made it clear that she didn't want anyone involved, she even asked for our phones. I wasn't actually going to call the police on her.

Maphuti was told to shut up a while ago, all she did was sniff and hold her tummy as if to shield her baby from being shot. The only thing that showed she was pregnant was her breast, they were larger than their usual size and she wasn't light skinned anymore just pale. The two sisters looked so different, but anyway I am nothing like my sister too. Sima is taller, darker than Maphuti and slimmer, whereas Maphuti is cavier and lighter in complexion, gorgeous as hell even in her

state. I am not saying Sima is ugly, Maphuti's unnoticeable looks just makes us both invincible.

Looking from one to another it was hard to imagine the betrayal and what was going on right now. This was terrifying and scarier than anything I have ever seen on t.v.

It was just the three of us in the house, Kgabo had to go to work and Koena went back a couple of days ago. Sima walked in and I thought she was coming to check up on me, only to get a gun out of her bag and pointed it at Maphuti who didn't know I was with her sister in the kitchen. She walked in unaware, I was also caught off guard. I am trying to get over my ordeal with Aggie and things had to take this turn.

If I restle with her for the gun I might risk being shot. I don't want to go back to the hospital or even yet die. One near death experience is enough to get me to avoid anymore.

I can't read looks but it wasn't hard to read Sima's face, she was ready to kill and bury her sister in my back yard. Hate was written all over her face. She wanted to kill her own sister over a man! A guy that played them both. Where is he now?

"Mapitsi, stay out of this. Please." She spoke releasing one hand from the gun to caution me to stop. Her eyes were on Maphuti, she had impeccable skills though, she could look at the both of us so fast that she could even see me move even when her eyes were fixed directly at her sister.

"Sima, do you know what will happen if you shoot her? You will leave your kids without a mother." I won't let her stop me from talking, she won't shoot me, at least I hope she won't. I am the only one who could get through to her and I will use the only people I know matters the most to her, her kids.

"Tell me how it all started." She spoke to Maphuti ignoring me. "Tell me how you got into my bed and slept with my husband, your brother-in-law." She said the last part as if to shame Maphuti, it was too little too late for that now.

Maphuti wiped her tears with both her hands and swallowed hard. It was like she was preparing herself to speak. I felt for her but I also wanted to hear how it all started.

She spoke, finally.

"I came to visit you last year after my exams and a day after you send me to the shops for groceries because you had to attend Bokamoso's school function. He offered to take me to the shops and when we got there he took me shopping, bought me expensive things. He told me I could get more if I agree to go to Durban with him, he was suppose to attend a conference with some high profile people. We spent the entire weekend there, having sex while he had the conference in between."

"You didn't seduce him?" Sima asked her voice choking.

"No, I didn't even want him or saw him that way."

Sima lowered the gun but pulled it back up again,

"Were you or are you in love with my husband?"

Maphuti looked at me then at Sima. I had to act like everything was news to me even though they were not looking at my reactions. I don't want them to ever know that I knew.

"Yes." She answered.

"Yes what?" Sima shouted.

"Yes, I loved him and I still do." Maphuti answered closing her eyes. "I am so sorry, I have never met anyone like him. He was mature and said the right things to me. He gave me money and showed me places, he treated me like a queen..."

"Shut up!" Sima shouted louder than before, her voice rising up. She trembled "Do you think I want to hear all the bloody details? You think I enjoy hearing about the good times you had with my husband? How do you think that makes me feel?"

"I'm sorry." Maphuti begged with hands in the air now.

"I said shut up!" Now Sima was angrier and the gun was getting scarier. "I went through his phone, stupid fool didn't delete his messages and Bokamoso knows his father's password. I called the number he was getting busy and dirty with, my sister answered. My own sister!" She beat her chest with the gun, pointing it at herself. Maphuti and I screamed, she brought the gun back to pointing it at Maphuti.

"Sima, you shoot Maphuti she dies and you go to jail. Moja's life goes on, he moves on." I spoke.

She bit her lower lip, I think I was getting to her or maybe she was tired of holding the gun.

"Take the gun from me, please take it." She said crying and shaking, she was still pointing it at Maphuti. I ran to her and took it. Dropping it like it was something hot as soon as it was out of her hands. Sima threw herself on the floor and cried hugging herself. I also hugged her and cried with her.

Maphuti went down on her knees and crawled to us.

"I am sorry sesi, please forgive me." I wanted to hug them both but I guess I have already chosen sides and I am standing by Sima.

Maphuti is so young and she was blinded by money and expensive things, she is not in love with him like she thinks, she is in love with what he can do for her. A girl her age will kill for that kind of attention from an older man.

"No Maphuti, get away from me. You have him inside of you and you want me to look at you? I won't act like there is nothing wrong between us, please don't expect me to." Sima harshly said to Maphuti.

"I understand that you are angry Sima, but at some point you will have to deal with this, we all have to." I spoke.

"What do you expect me to do Mapitsi? Forgive her?"

"Something like that won't happen over night, but talk to her. Get everything off your chest." I encouraged her. She got out of my arms and crossed her legs looking at Maphuti. I crossed my legs too sitting in both their sides. They looked at each other for a while just crying.

"I understand why you won't forgive me and if I could turn back the clock, I would and not do it again." Maphuti started.

"You knew it was going to hurt me, why did you do it?" Sima asked and I let them speak among themselves without interfering.

"At the time I wasn't thinking, I was just enjoying myself. I was selfish and didn't think on what will happen until I fell pregnant."

"He didn't want you to keep the baby, why didn't you go ahead with the abortion?"

Maphuti went quite, playing with her fingers. When she answered the answer sounded heavy and regretful.

"I thought if I didn't he would leave you for me."

The gun was still on the floor next to Sima, her eyes moved to it. Maphuti and I looked at each other then back at Sima who looked like her fingers were itching to touch it and pull the trigger.

I slowly reached to the gun, extending my hand and stretching my body to flip it away. With just the tips on my fingers I pushed it and it went spinning to the door. With that out of the way Sima looked back at Maphuti.

"Do you want me to divorce him?" The question was so sad and heart breaking.

"Yes," Maphuti answered, Sima laughed, a sad laugh. Maphuti quickly added, "not for me, for you. What are the chances of him doing this again with someone else?"

"You want me to divorce him so you could move in or you want me to move on so you could steal my next guy again?"

"You'll never trust me?" Maphuti said as if the realisation was a surprise. What did she expect?

"You slept with my husband, what the hell do you think?" Sima snapped at her.

"Well it's not like I ran after him!"

The loudest noise of a warm clap echoed in my kitchen. It was unexpected but Maphuti deserved it, she doesn't have to disrespect her sister now. She should try and fix the bloody mess she puts herself into, making amends with her sister should be a priority.

"Are you even sorry for what you did? I think I am just wasting my time here, I don't have to listen to this." Sima tried to get up but Maphuti and I pulled her back down. The gun by the door was the reason we did that, I know we were both scared she'll use it this time around.

She angrily sat down without a clue of what was going on inside our minds.

"I'm sorry, okay? It's just that it feels like you are only blaming me." Maphuti was right though, Sima was here attacking her sister like she did all this by herself. As far as I know she hasn't spoken to her husband ever since she came out of the hospital.

"I wanted the truth and I believed you'd tell me everything. Hope you did."

"Where you going to shoot me?"

"I don't know, that's papa's gun. Found it this morning and... I don't know what I was doing with it. What have I done?" Sima covered her face with her hand and cried. She almost shot her own sister and everything was dawning on her now. It got to me too of what could have happened, what will be going on right now if she went ahead with it.

She didn't plan this, that's for sure. She wanted revenge but not like this. The gun was there and she saw an opportunity...

"I'm glad you didn't use it." Maphuti said relive washing over her.

"What am I gonna do now? Do I go back to him? What do I do?" She was asking me. I couldn't decide for her, I mean I am back with my husband who cheated on me but our situations are totally different. Not that much difference but anyone can forgive what Kgabo put me through but not what Moja put Sima and Maphuti through. Having sex with two sisters is not something one can forgive but what if Kgabo had slept with Reba? Would we be where we are right now?

I am in no position to give advice.

"Don't stress about it now, take your time." That's all the advice I could give her, I couldn't tell her what to do. It's her decision after all.

I don't like her husband and I never did, I won't let my emotions influence her decision. At the end of it all she has herself and her children to think about, Maphuti is another factor that she needs to consider too but I strongly think this should be between her and Moja. Their relationship is beyond sitting down and talking, it's deciding time.

Anyway she seemed to consider my excuse of advice.

The door opened and we all got up and stared down at the gun behind the door. Kgabo came in, he also looked behind the door to see what he was pushing with the door.

"What's going on here? A gun on the floor, in my house?" He looked scared to touch it too and I could see he looked terrified. He looked from his sisters to me, none of us wanted to talk. But he had to put me on the spot.

"You wouldn't lie to me Mapitsi, tell me what is going on here?"

Me???

Chapter 85>>>>

"No, Kgabo please, not me." I looked at him straight in his angry eyes. I might be here but I have nothing to do with any of these, if he want answers he should be questioning his sisters. I won't answer to things I know nothing about. This is just bullying and blackmail. As far as Maphuti and Sima are concerned I just found out the whole truth and I am not about to act like I know it all.

Why was he even home? Thought he had back to back meetings for the whole day. But maybe I should be glad he found out, telling him would have been a huge task and a burden to walk around with.

The two sisters stood there waiting to hear what I had to say, they can explain this way better than me. I won't let anyone put me in the spot, I have done my part with their family secrets and I am enough. As a daughter-in-law I have carried the burdens that comes with this family for far too long.

"I find a gun in our home where we are raising our son and you won't tell me why there is a gun in here?" He spoke pointing at the gun as if that would give him answers. In case he forgot there are other two people in here besides us that he can ask too.

"Just leave me out of it, talk to your sisters. They need you." There, I gave him direction.

"What's going on Pitsi?" He whispered to me. I saw the horrified look on his eyes. He didn't have an idea of what was going on but he was scared to face them. Sisters pulling guns on each other can't be a good sign.

"Buti Kgabo, Sesi Pitsi is right. Everything is my fault." Maphuti said, Kgabo just kept on looking at me. He heard Maphuti. She wants to talk.

"She is pregnant!" Sima said. He turned and looked at Sima. He knows that, he's known for a while and I think he's made peace with it, "It's her Kgabo, she is the woman that I almost killed myself for." The room went still, Kgabo looked back at

me. Nothing about his family surprises me anymore and he shouldn't even be embarrassed about anything, my family is not perfect either. I won't judge him for their choices.

He finally looked at Maphuti, disgust filled his face.

"Is it true?" He asked her the words choking as he struggled to let them out.

Maphuti nod her head looking down. Kgabo looked at the gun on the floor and shook his head, he knows what it means now. He was out of words, he trusted Maphuti, even after he found out that she was pregnant he still gave her the benefit of the doubt. He adores her and this is the last thing he expected from her. This will break their family further.

"How the hell could you do something like this?" My angry husband asked Maphuti. Like he is perfect, he's the last person to judge Maphuti and he knows he shouldn't even be judging her. I am not trying to bring up the past but my experiences had taught me a lot.

I swear millions of people that cheat don't know why they cheat, they don't even have reason for cheating and that's not even the right question to ask.

"Pack everything that is yours and get out of my house." He added when Maphuti couldn't answer him. I felt so sorry for Maphuti, she is young and having to face the humiliation of carrying your sister's husband's child can't be easy. She will be harshly judged and people will turn their backs on her, her nightmare just begun.

She doesn't have anywhere else to go and Kgabo knows that, he'll only be sending her out to Moja. There is no talking if he'll take her back or not, but surely now he is a free agent and can do anything he wants.

Sima also agreed with Kgabo, she even pushed Maphuti telling her to leave and never come back.

"Stop it." I pulled Sima away from Maphuti. Poor child wasn't even crying, she had given up fighting. She knows if Kgabo wants her gone it's final. "Where do you

expect her to go? Back to Moja?" I was standing between the sisters. Sima and Kgabo need to think about this, they are angry right now and I know they are not willing to throw their own sister out in the cold. She made a mistake, a huge one but she also needs her family. Throwing her out won't help with anything.

"Are you taking her side now?" Sima asked me. She thinks she has more power now that Kgabo is here and taking her side.

"This is not about taking sides, you all need to think before you act. I am also not proud of what Maphuti did but we all need to sit down and think."

Sima looked at Kgabo, he was so angry I was scared he'd do something to Maphuti. The look he gave her suggested more than hate.

"This is my house, I want her out!" Kgabo said looking at Maphuti.

"It's my house too and I want her to stay. You are not the only who can make that decision." I threw those words at Kgabo. I am not being a disobedient wife or trying to spite Sima or Kgabo, I am the only rational thinking person in here and I want them to hear me out before they let Maphuti go out there with nothing. They will regret this if something happens to her. And taking decisions while angry will only result in regret. I am known for using my emotions to think, I have been a fool before and acted without thinking. That never got me far, everything backfired and I almost lost everything including Kgabo. He's angry now but he'll thank me later.

He tried to speak but I cautioned for him to stop with my hand.

"Calm down, everybody needs that. Maphuti go to your room. And Kgabo no arguing about this."

She hesitated, she wanted her brother to say something. She wanted to see if he agrees or not, he just looked at me, not at her. He can be mad at me, I will deal with him when we are alone. Maphuti left.

"I can't believe you are letting her stay Pitsi. This simply means you don't understand what I am going through, what she put me through. I thought we could be friends but clearly it's not going to happen." I also wanted that, she is the only one I can trust in their family. I also want her sister safe, they still need to talk and answer her many unanswered questions.

"Sima, don't take this the wrong way. You are angry now but Maphuti is just a child, your little sister."

"That is not an excuse."

"I am not saying it is." I sounded like I was defending Maphuti but I was not, I just wanted Sima to sympathise with her sister or at least consider the fact that Moja also took part. He shouldn't have persuaded Maphuti in the first place, he should have thought about his wife and children. He is not even here now to answer for himself and Maphuti gets blamed for everything.

"Sima, let me take you home?" Kgabo suggested. I could see he was avoiding being home with me, he was mad at me too.

Sima picked up the gun and put it inside her handbag, we all watched her fearing she might end what she came her for.

Kgabo doesn't like guns and he is scared of them, he's never told me, I can see it in his eyes. He didn't want the gun in the house but he also didn't want it in Sima's handbag. She had to take it back to where she got it.

As soon as they left I when to check on Maphuti in her room. I found her standing in the middle of her bedroom facing the door, she stared at me as I walked in. She didn't look too good and I thought maybe some rest will do her good.

I opened her closet that reminded me of my sister's wardrobe, the girl had designer everything. It was like I walked into a mini boutique, she had lined up her clothes neatly and it was easy to find things. I grabbed red silky pyjamas and gave them to her, she put them on while I prepared the bed for her. I stole a few glances her way. Naked, her body still looked gorgeous but she was still pregnant, there was a little bump that looked like a full tummy after a meal.

She got into bed and sat up, I could tell she didn't want me to leave. I sat next to her,

"How are you?" I asked even though I knew she felt like crap for everything, I didn't know what else to say but there had to be some sort of conversation going on. I wouldn't want to be in her shoes right now, it's sad to be blamed for everything.

"Do you want the honest truth?" She asked me crossing her legs under the bed covers. Why would I want her to lie to me and why would she? It was just a simple question, she should have replied with a simple "fine" or "not fine". Anyway I nodded my head at her. "I don't know what is going on with me, I don't feel anything. It's like I have lost all perspective to care, I just want what I want."

"Which is Moja?" I asked so quick before I could even get time to think my question through.

"It's not like Sima will get back with him, besides he's promised me a whole lot." Spoken like a true brat, to even think I ever felt sorry for her. She was only scared of being shot not even thinking about what she did.

I had no more to say to her, she should feel bad about what she did to her sister. Being selfish won't help her with anything, she is pregnant and she'll end up alone. Even Moja might not want anything to do with her.

I got up, she realised that I was mad at her.

"Please don't leave me Sesi Pitsi, you are the only one I have right now."

"Maphuti work on your attitude first because that's the thing that got you where you are now but anyway you don't care."

"I do, I care but not how it's expected."

I shook my head at her, she doesn't have to explain. I walked out of her room and went to the kitchen to prepare supper. I was so angry with her, she is not taking this serious and Sima is going through hell because of her. She doesn't need Maphuti scheming behind her back and threatening to make more damage. I really wouldn't be surprised if she got pregnant on purpose or if she seduced Moja. I'm starting to see a sights of her I ignored in the beginning. The girl has issues not to mention her selfishness!

Kgabo came back as I was defrosting the chicken in the microwave. He still looked angry, angrier than earlier.

"I'm making chicken for supper, how would you like it? Fried, stewed or..." the look he had on his face stopped me from talking.

"I don't want chicken, I want beef." He folded his arms and leaned his back against the kitchen counter. He looked really pissed.

"Maybe I shouldn't cook, I don't think you are hungry."

"Maybe you shouldn't."

"What is wrong with you?"

"I'm glad you asked because I am tired of being disrespected in my own house." Disrespected? Oh please, I am not the one he should be angry at. He can't possibly want to blame me for his sisters behaviour.

"Come on Kgabo, get over it. I am sure your sisters are not sulking right now."

"That's what makes me angry!" He shouted pointing a finger at me. "You Mapitsi, talking to me like I am nothing. I deserve respect from my wife and that shouldn't even be a problem."

"What the hell are you going on about?"

"I am sick and tired of you talking to me like I am nothing. At times you don't even care where we are or who we are with."

"I do not believe this, it has never bothered you before. Why now?"

"Because I am sick of it."

"Deal with it because I won't be a yes-sir-no-sir woman who kneels when she greets you."

"Mapitsi, all I want is for you to talk to me like a real human being, discuss things before you take decisions and don't make me look like something worthless in front of my family." He is talking about his family, the kind of family that doesn't even know the meaning of the word respect. I never saw myself as being disrespectful to Kgabo, all I did was try to calm the situation down. Clearly he is angry with his sisters and taking it out on me.

How dare he walks in here demanding that I respect him?

"I'll go get my son from my parents, you need to get your head cleared." I pressed stop on the microwave and put the chicken back in the fridge.

"So you are just going to leave in the middle of a discussion?"

"What do you want from me? Kgabo do you want a submissive wife? Is the old Pitsi too boring to you now?"

"Can we talk like adults? Sit down and discuss this?"

Kgabo can be a serious pain sometimes, I love him but he can press me the wrong way. He's making this small thing escalate because he is unable to nurse his little ego.

"Do whatever it is you want to do Kgabo, I am tired. We will never have a normal happy marriage because of you, if you are not cheating, you are acting up. You are annoying and irritating!"

"Pitsi!" That voice came behind me through the kitchen door. It was my mom who just walked in on me shouting at the top of my voice. "Is that how you talk to your husband?"

Not always!!!

Chapter 86>>>

My mother stood there watching me as I wrecked my brains for a way out, I know things looked bad, she heard everything that I said to Kgabo. I belittled my husband with his younger sister in the house and my mother walked in in the

middle of the heated argument. I know Maphuti heard everything, I wasn't being discreet and I was loud. How do I excuse my behaviour?

Kgabo looked embarrassed, more people know how disrespectful I am towards him. I see his point now. Words can be more painful than anything, I have said several hurtful things to Kgabo without considering his feelings before and that's still going on. That's verbal abuse and it causes emotional strain. He wanted to talk in a civilized way but I wanted to be heard and be right, everything about me is important. I forgot about his feeling and his presence, I did what I wanted.

With my mom here Kgabo won't stay, he has always respected my parents and somehow feared their presence. He has never shared a room alone with them and I have never heard my parents saying Kgabo was home with them unless he had to pick up Kamo.

He left the kitchen silently and didn't even say where he was going. I was still angry with him but I had to calm down as I realised my mistakes. He was leaving me with my angry mom, my mom and I are not going to achieve anything other than more screaming matches. She is going to blame me for everything, like always.

"Sit." My mother pointed at the kitchen chair a few moment after Kgabo left us in an awkward silence. I wish I could tell her to leave so I could avoid what's to come. I had no other choice though, I pulled the chair and sat down. I wanted to be with my husband and talk to him, I don't want him to leave and come back to a tension filled house. We have to be okay and carry on with working on our marriage.

"Pitsi, why do you talk to your husband like that? I don't care whether the two of you are alone or not, why do you do it?" She asked me like she has heard me before and I think she might have.

"I was angry mma." In my defence she knows I can't control my anger and I have taken that from her. I say whatever comes to mind and always jumps into wrong conclusions.

"I was once like you Pitsi, took your father for granted and things turned around when I almost lost him, if you are not careful things might take a wrong turn for you." I remember that about my mom and dad, actually both me and my dad knows that side of my mother, I saw how my mother got irritated everytime my dad or me spoke to her, as I a child I always thought she was mean until I saw her in me .

"My child, you are angry at your husband because of the past. Now you are with him and you want to be happy, forgive him and forgive yourself too. Create a happy environment for your family. Don't make your husband come home to a cold and unhappy wife. If you carry on soon he'll make excuses of staying out late and you dont want to think of what he'll be doing out there on his own."

My mother was speaking from the heart, telling me the truth that I didn't expect. She was making sense, maybe I was always the one that pushed Kgabo to cheat on me with all those women. I don't know what went wrong to a point where I started acting like this, Kgabo always wants to make me happy but I snap and ruin things. I realised my mistakes, I was wrong and it has always been like that.

I got on my feet and gave my mom a very tight hug, she understood and hugged me back. We have never done this and never been this close. She was laughing, we've come a long way from my mom wanting nothing but money from me to us sitting in my kitchen and her giving me marriage tips. She was becoming more and more easy to talk to.

"I need to make right by my girls, it's time I taught you some manners and respect. It's not too late." She said after pulling away from the hug. I would also love to learn a few things from my mom.

Speaking of girls...

"Mma, is Reba okay?" The last time I saw her she looked fine, what suprised me was that she was home, back home and not with Jonas.

"Yes but whatever you want to know speak to your sister. Maybe you too should do something special together to reconnect."

Wow, my mom was a changed woman! And she was right yet again, I have to treat Reba to something nice. To show my appreciation and help her deal with the loss of her baby.

We spoke some more but about other things, she told me she was nearby to deliver a dress so she came to my house to tell me Kamo didn't want to come home. He wanted to be with his cousins. That's my stubborn son, he probably took after me. And my mom did point that out, I just smiled.

When it was time for her to leave I felt like she should stay but she couldn't even if she wanted to, she knew I had to be alone when Kgabo comes back so we could talk.

I walked my mom out the gate and came back to cook beef for my husband.

I made it the only way I know Kgabo likes it, fried with pap and gravy. This is what he normally buys for lunch when at work from the women that cooks from their small stalls outside his office building, hope my food tastes even better.

As I was busy Maphuti came into the kitchen, she was fully clothed and I think she had even showered. She looked better than I left her earlier. I know I was mad at her but I have a lot on my plate than dealing with her selfishness.

"Going out?" I asked her.

"No, smells nice in here."

"Making my husband a special meal." I said with a smile tossing some onions into the frying pan.

"Lucky him." We both laughed. I love young and happy Maphuti, I just wish she wasn't pregnant so she could learn more about life and explore. Date people her age and see what true love is. The world has so much to offer her, even with a baby on the way she can still make it work. "SesiPitsi, I have been thinking." She looked hard at me her pretty face looking serious. She spoke before I could ask. "I realised I was selfish all along, I want to be happy and I won't be happy with my sister's husband. I want to have what you and my brother have, a man my age. I even think a baby is not something I want but I am going to be a mom, it's happening. I have made peace with it, my baby and I don't need Moja. I will give him or her love and I prefer a girl and I will protect her from anything. I will also love to talk to Sima."

She had so much energy in her now as she spoke about fixing things with Sima. The thing with the baby won't be easy, it will cause more harm between her and her sister. Sima might never forgive her. I was just glad she's feeling positive, things will fall into place as time goes on.

She sat down and had a bowl full of ice cream as I went on cooking, we spoke and laughed as we acted all girlish. She was making me feel young again, act my age for once and not worry about my problems.

The door was open as we shared something funny about fashion, I mentioned some of my old bad fashion habit. We laughed so hard and clapped hands to find my mother-in-law standing at the door. Maphuti was the first to see her, she sprang from her chair in horror.

The woman was angry, she stormed inside and went straight to Maphuti. She didn't even greet me.

"Let's go." She got Maphuti by her arm and pulled her towards the door. Maphuti fought herself out of her mother's strong grip.

"Ma, please you are hurting me."

I stood watching. I knew better than to interfere where my mother-in-law was concerned. I'm in too deep already and I want no more.

"I said let's go Maphuti." She hissed the words through her teeth.

"Where are you taking me?"

"We have to fix this, now let's go."

Fix this? What does that mean? Hope she is taking Maphuti to talk things through with Sima, she can't force Maphuti to do things she doesn't want to do. I could just hope she won't do what I am fearing she will do. I know this woman and I know how evil she can get.

I looked on as Maphuti gave in to her mother, she was scared too but she knew her mother won't give up. They walked out the door with her mother pulling her.

I wasn't sure if I should call Kgabo and tell him or not, I am tired of being in the middle of his family drama. Besides I will make some excuse about our fight if he starts questioning me about this.

I finished cooking and went to take a bath. By 7pm I was sitting in the sitting room alone glaring at the clock on the wall. Where is Kgabo and what is he doing out there? He knows what time we eat supper and it has passed that time already. I was starting to panic, what if I had pushed him into the arms of another woman? I will not survive it this time, I swear. My fears were getting me restless, I even prayed and asked God to forgive me and bring my husband back home to me.

10pm I heard Kgabo's car pulling in the garage, by that time I was still up and had given up on him coming home. I had even told myself that he was cheating.

When he walked in I got up and went to meet him in the kitchen. He was pouring himself water from the kitchen tap.

"Hey, you are home." I said unable to hide my relief.

"Ja sorry I stayed out late, I was at church." He drank his water his eyes on me.

"I cooked beef. Are you hungry?"

He looked at me trying to not to let his lips curl into a smile but finally he just let go. He nod his head finishing the last drop of his water. I sat 2 plates on the kitchen counter and served us. Got a plastic bowl and filled it with warm water, a clean dry dish cloth and gave it to him. He was surprised but he dipped his hands in and washed them then took the dish cloth from my shoulder and wiped his hands dry.

I sat down next to him and watched him take his first bite of his meal, he didn't say anything but he looked like he enjoyed his food.

I also ate and well, wasn't good like the women he buys from but it was edible.

After eating I gave him a glass of warm water, I know he likes to drink it after his meals.

"I am going to take a bath, wanna fill my bathtub?" He was joking because he could see that I was sucking up to him but it wasn't funny to me. I was trying to be the woman he wants.

"Kgabo please."

"I know baby. Come here." He pulled me closer to him, he had one arm around my waist as he looked up at me. He was still sitting down. I took that opportunity to smell him, I wanted to know if he has been out with another woman or not. I want to trust Kgabo but I guess I still have a long way. He smelled of himself, his usual small. "I am sorry about earlier, I guess I took out my frustrations on you."

"Apology accepted."

"But I was right and you know it, what I said it's not even about today. In fact I appreciate what you did for Maphuti, I still care about her too."

"What do you mean when you say what you said is not about today?"

"I just don't like the way you treat me at times."

"But I am trying, like now."

"Baby, this is not what I want. It's nice, you cooking me meals and serving me like a king, I love that. We can do that for each other every now and then. I didn't marry you to be my slave but my lifetime partner and friend, with mutual respect we will go a long way. I am a business man, a respected one at that but when I come home my own wife treats me differently."

"I am really sorry Kgabo." I said and it came from the bottom of my heart. I have never said that to him and he appreciated it as he squeezed me with his arm.

"I don't mean to make you feel bad."

"I know and I realised my mistake too."

"I am glad you apologised with words but I like the other way you apologised that other time at my office, you remember?"

I thought about it for a bit, I remember but I acted like I didn't know what he was talking about. I gave him a blow job that night and I never did that again, I should be down on my knee right now between his thighs.

"Kgabo, I really want us to work on our marriage and I want us to go away this weekend with the kids. We can take them to the lodge."

"Kids?" He asked with a huge smile on his face. He knew where I was going with this.

"Yep, you, me, Kamo and Kgomotso."

"You never stop surprising me Mrs Mothiba."

I surprise myself too but anyway it's time I accepted the little girl and include her in our family, she is part of it. Besides if I don't do that Kgabo will connect with her behind my back. I don't want that, I want us to be close and move on swiftly.

"Can I ask?" Moving along.

"Yes."

"Did I push you to cheat on me?" His grip around me tightened. This thing has been bugging since my mom found me lashing out at him today.

"No baby, don't you ever think like that. You had nothing to do with that, that was just my stupidity and own doing. I was too stupid to realise what I had and went chasing after things that didn't matter. I regret all that every minute of my life. I

love you." He said the last sentence planting kisses on my body through my clothes.

He stood up and claimed my mouth.

"I have to take a bath and you are joining me. I know you took one but I want you in there with me. I want to claim you and fuck the hell out of you." Hearing the "f" word coming out of my God fearing husband I pulled away and looked at him. He looked hungry for me and for some reason I loved what I saw in his eyes, lust and longing. Even the dirty word sounded so erotic to me. He realised what he'd said and...

"God will forgive me after I am done with you, we'll both pray for forgiveness." He was smiling as he kissed me with so much hunger that went together with the "f" word.

Chapter 87>>>

I woke up still tired with a sore body, you'd swear I was on some yoga practise or it was my first time at the gym. Kgabo had given me quite a work out and he wasn't done. I felt him trying to slide himself behind me, I didn't have the energy for more but for him I will have to do it. Sex makes my husband happy and I will give it to him everyday and anywhere for as long as we are together.

He lifted my leg up and pushed himself in, I was wet, been wet all night. After 2 rounds in the shower we had another 2 in the bedroom, that only erased all the funny thoughts of me thinking he had been out cheating.

He brought one arm around my body to steady me as he started to thrust in and out, slowly.

"Good morning." He said nibbling on my neck.

"Morning."

"Are you okay?"

"Yes and you?"

"I am super, my wife made sure of it...ahhhhh." he thrust in deeper his arm tightening. Despite being tired I was enjoying what he was doing to me, he was moving slowly yet the friction was causing eruptions in my body that only my needs understood. "Would you like breakfast?" He brought his warm fingers to my breast, rolling my nipples and driving into me deeper. I moaned pushing my back against him unable to answer his unnecessary question.

"Baby...? Breakfast...?" He dragged each word with every thrust and pull.

"God dammit Kgabo, you can't talk to me and drive me crazy at the same time."

"Okay, if I pull out you'll answer me?"

"No, I will kill you." With that he started going faster.

I lost my mind, my body, everything just went AWOL on me.

I begged for release and he gave me more as he spoke some dirty words about how he wants me, how I drive him crazy. The words were the last straw to sending me up above the edge of insanity and excitement. I forgot about how tired I was as my body shook with climax my nails digging into Kgabo's skin, I was holding on to his thigh. Kgabo also came as he jerked more and more of himself in me.

We laid in bed for a few minutes with him still inside of me breathing heavily. Calming down bit by bit.

"Breakfast?" Kgabo said and I knew it, he was teasing me. Who needs breakfast after this?

"No, I want to bath."

"Okay, let's go."

"No!" I shouted. "I'm going alone."

"Ah baby one by one?"

"Yes Kgabo."

We stayed in bed and didn't move until I felt like Kgabo was getting hard again, he was still inside me and I was finished. He does work out and I have never been to the gym, I never saw the need for it until now but that doesn't mean I will ever go.

I don't know what to think about our sex life, it has improved, with a bit of a twist and unfamiliar tactics that Kgabo used throughout the whole night. We haven't had sex since the night I came back from the hospital and then this happens, it raises questions and suspicions. Where does Kgabo get all this stamina and where does the dirty words come from? We've had clean sex or you can call it vanilla sex ever since our first time, Kgabo was never the adventurous type.

"A penny for your thoughts?" He asked me as he turned me to look at him but I decided to lay on my back. "I know you were not sleeping, something bothering you?"

"Not really but I have a few questions."

He moved his head on to my chest to look at me. That was uncomfortable considering we both haven't brushed our teeth.

"Okay."

"Get off me." I pushed him off me to his side of the bed.

"What did I do now?" He was laughing as he rolled himself off me.

"I want to know something."

"I'm listening." He urged me to go on. He also laid face up.

"Why all of a sudden... why are we having this new type of sex?"

He laughed.

"You don't like it?" I do, in fact I love it. I am just worried and ashamed to admit that it's fantastic. I didn't respond. "Remember our sex therapist, I haven't stopped seeing her. She explained a few things to me and she once mentioned sex being dirty. I wanted to learn more and she told me we will figure out some things as we went on. Last night I just felt so dirty..." he turned his head to look at me and I was smiling as I did the same. So this wasn't because he has learnt all this somewhere from somebody other than our therapist. Phew, me and my trust issues.

"Breakfast?"

"What's with you and breakfast?"

"I want to have sex in the kitchen."

"We've done that before."

"Okay, the garage on top of my car."

"No, haven't you had enough?"

"No, see what you are doing?"

"Are you blackmailing me?"

"Nope, I am comparing you to mosadi wa mosamaria."

I couldn't help it but laugh.

"I gave you water all night Kgabo."

"You are so stingy like her though." He flipped the bed covers over and got out of bed. I watched him going to the closet naked, he was so secure with his body and he had no reason not to be. From where I was in the bed I had the perfect view of my husband's butt, perfectly build with a body to match. Even just watching him walking around like that made me jealous of myself. I have all this all along but I went seeking other things somewhere.

He took out clean clothes and threw them on the bed. "What are you going to do with yourself the whole day?"

I had no plans or anything special to look forward to, I get bored easily around the house. I just wish I could follow Kgabo to work since I can't go to work. Watching him work will depress me even more. I've done what was suppose to be done with the boutique's orders, Kgabo took care of everything when I was kidnpped and in hospital. He had the workers at the factory working their butts off and making sure my clients were satisfied and attended to, I had to cancel some orders and do refunds though when clients were not satisfied. He did a great job and now I have to get back to work. I have tried and things are a bit slow at the moment.

Thinking about everything reminded me about the talk I had with my mom, I could do something with Reba today.

"Until you asked that I had nothing planned but how about I take Reba out?"

"That's a nice idea and what do you want to do?"

"I have no idea. Any clues?"

"Ummm...." He thought about that for a few minutes then he looked like an idea just popped in his head. "I have two vouchers for a spa in Mokopane that just reopened, I'll look for them in my study and that's if they haven't expired."

That would be nice and better than what I was thinking. I didn't even want to get into it but if you must know it included some fast food restaurant. Yes, my husband came to the rescue!

I went to take a bath using the guest bathroom, when I came back Kgabo was done.

On the bed there were two vouchers. I went through them and saw that we had an option of calling them for a house call but the little trip will do us some good and they had no expiry date. I told Kgabo that.

"I will ask one of my drivers to drive you."

"You don't want me to drive your car?"

"I trust you with my car, I just don't trust you and your sister with my car." He brushed his eyebrows with his index finger looking at me through the mirror. "Did you see the spa's wine list?"

I flipped through the leaflet that was next to the voucher and Damn! It wasn't included in the voucher but knowing my sister Kgabo was right I won't be in any condition to drive.

I really hate being wrong where Kgabo is concerned, I saw his satisfied smile and I acted like I saw nothing.

After Kgabo left I called Reba and she was as excited as I was when I told her about the spa. I could my mom in the background too and listened in while Reba repeated what I just said to her.

She immediately told me she was getting ready. By the way I had to ask what she was wearing and she suggested any type of floral dress for both of us, if I hadn't asked she was going to make me look cheap in whatever I have decided to wear on my own.

After the call I looked inside my closet and I have to give it to Lindiwe for the little makeover she gave me, she had good taste in clothes and I am reaping the rewards of our fake friendship.

I chose to wear a short but not so short floral dress with slim straps and flat sandals. I never know what to do with my hair so I had in a bun because a head

wrap will drive Reba crazy. Kgabo called to ask when he can send the car and at that moment I was ready.

15 minutes later the car was outside hooting for me, I had my credit card and bank card ready in my handbag, everything was set.

I knew who the driver was, he worked for Kgabo and was from around and was a bit older. He greeted me when I climbed in the back. He knew where to drive to so after sharing greeting and a few weather comparisons we were done.

Like always my sister looked beautiful, she made me look underdressed with her gorgeous floral dress. Same size as mine but her's looked more beautiful and expensive. I watched her walking to the car with so much grace and confidence it knocked my low self esteem flat to the ground. She even smelled of expensive perfume that filled the car when she came in. You'd swear she never lost a baby, she had her bubbly personality back.

"Gosh, I love your dress Pitsi. The colours match your ever flowless skin." She said as she settled in at the back seat with me. She greeted our driver as I wished I had worn something better. She will say all the nice things to me because I am doing all this nice thing for her.

Am I jealous of my own sister or my low self esteem was the real problem? I couldn't even tell her how beautiful she looked and she didn't even seem bothered. I don't like comparing myself to my sister but it's hard when she beats me at everything.

When we got to the spa we had a welcome full English breakfast after the warm welcome we got from the receptionist. We were to call out driver after we were done, the whole things was from 9am but we were late and it would last until 3pm. The owners, a Chinese couple seen to know my husband a lot, apparently he had renovated their spa about a year ago and they were very happy with his work. I knew Reba and I were in good hands. And the place looked marvelous, the breakfast bar was out of this world with a bit of certain mystery mix in the decor.

We ate while I had a proper look at what our vouchers offered.

- Back Hot Stone Massage & Head Massage
- Upgrade to a full body massage and an added facial
- Hand soak, exfoliation and massage
- Feet soak, exfoliation and massage
- Pedicure and manicure
- Late lunch by the pool
- An hour's relaxation in the Jacuzzi.

This was my first time at a real spa, the closest I have been was with Lindiwe and her glam squad. I knew a few things and Reba was in her element, she knew the right questions to ask and all the other things. I looked and realised why I had always looked up to Reba, she was smart and knew how to deal with situation. I was just a naive girl who got married and had a good educational background, I let all that go to my head. I saw my sister as nothing and believed she was not better than me in any way. By the way she did study some course that has to do with beauty, beauty therapist or something. She never real finished anything in her life my parents had to give up on her. I sometimes even forget she ever trying studying further but I think it's time I acknowledged my sister for who she is.

I got up from my chair and gave her a hug, a surprising hug.

"Pitsi?" She said my name giggling. I let her go and went back to my seat.

"How are you? After everything?" I said embarrassed to tell her how I was really feeling. Changing the subject.

"I'm okay, coping actually and thanks for this."

"So you and Jonas?"

"I told him the truth about the baby and moved out, he wants me back but I have a lot of baggage and I need to work on myself before I can commit. I have to be a mom to my children before I can love someone else." I did say she is smart, look at her putting her children first, something I never thought she might do. The woman in my life are really changing for the better. My sister was finally growing up too.

"Do you love him though?"

"At first I didn't but I learnt to love him as we went on, he's a great guy and he adores my kids." She went quite and a huge smile formed on her lips. I smiled with her, I understand her very well. I love my husband too, even though he makes me mad at times.

After our Breakfast we went for our treatments, it was fun. We spoke, a lot and Reba mentioned how she wants to change her life. She gave me good tips on how to be romantic and the kinds of clothes and underwear to wear in the bedroom and out on dates. I knew a few of the things she was talking me about, my time as Lindiwe's friend taught me a lot but not more than I was getting from Reba. She was all grown up and said the right things. Without knowing she shed light to my sex life with Kgabo, she spoke about the best positions and the things to do. I was a bit embarrassed since she was talking in front of everyone who cared to listen, even though the stuff there tried to act professional they couldn't help themselves but laugh at some of the things she was saying. I had to relax and enjoy my crazy sister, at least she wasn't making noise about her problems.

We had a few non alcohol Champaign glasses since Reba was on the clean path I had to do the same too.

Before we left Reba knew the entire stuff by their names, she was talkative and interacted with everyone with so much ease that she was offered a job as the manager on the spot. The owners wanted to travel around and leave the spa with someone who got along with everyone, Reba can do that I know she can.

She wanted to think about it though and they gave her a week to get back to them. I know she doesn't want to work but surely this will be good for her.

Our driver didn't take long to get back to us at the spa, after fifteen minutes of calling he was parked in front of the gate. He couldn't have been far. Driving us back Reba and I were glued to our phones checking all the pictures we took and chatting non stop about the good service for the whole 45 minutes drive back.

We dropped Reba first and then I had to drop our driver at his house. And my husband thought we would be home drunk tonight. I could have drove his car, he's just have issues with me driving it.

Home, I was met with the smell of herbs. Kgabo loves cooking with them and he is a hit with the pots.

I walked through the door and found him busy in the kiychen. I wasn't hungry but I was going to eat.

Looking at a busy Kgabo just me feel like I am developing new strong feelings for my husband. We've come so far and have learnt so much about each other. We are starting afresh, whats not to love?

"Hey." He said finally noticing me at the door. I was still watching him and I blinked a few times brushing off some dirty thoughts that were trying to get into my mind. Damn Reba.

"What's for supper?" I walked in.

"It's a surprise." He caught me as I was passing him by and held me in his arms close to his body. He kissed me. "How was your day?"

"Fantastic, thank you." I kissed him, deepening the kiss. It lasted for a few seconds and I pulled away, he was this close to ripping my dress off me. "Where is Maphuti?"

"In her room, I think. I just heard movements."

"You finish up and I will go check on her."

"Come on finish what you've started, Maphuti is fine." He pressed me against him and nibbled on my neck.

"No, stop it. No sex tonight and the entire weekend I need to rest." He quickly let go of me.

"Are you serious?"

"Yes." And I am dead serious. I left him watching me hoping to hear me say I was joking.

I wasn't.

Maphuti's bedroom door was open, I pushed it in. She was curled up on her bed holding both her knees to her cheek. I think she was crying.

"Maphuti." I was still standing at the door. She didn't move. I went in. "Hey." I tried to get her to sit up but she wouldn't. Her pillow was wet with tears.

"What's going on? Is it the baby?" I asked her questions after questions and she wouldn't answer.

"Pitsi?" Kgabo stood at the door looking at us.

On Maphuti's bedside table there were pamphlets from an abortion clinic. I looked at them then back at Maphuti.

"Maphuti did your mother make you do this?" I asked her holding them to her face. I just knew it had to be that woman and I said it out loud for Kgabo to hear.

"What?" Kgabo walked in.

Maphuti slowly sat up on the bed and looked at me with her over cried red eyes.

"She did?" Kgabo asked her and she nod her head as she covered her face with her hands.

My husband looked so broken...

Chapter 88>>>

Evil people live longer than the rest of us I tell you, the streets are filled with them and they are happy and healthy. Leading normal lives as they torture the rest of us. All we do is watch from a distance and pray their day comes. Meet the woman that is my mother-in-law wena, out there she is a role model and the nicest person ever. She donates her expansive designer clothes to the less fortunate at church and make huge donations just to show what a kind person she is. She is a woman who "supposedly" lives by the bible and leads the elder women's congregation

alongside the Pastor's wife. She definitely knows right from wrong and the fact that you can never correct wrong with wrong.

What she did to her own daughter is unforgivable and something that Maphuti has to live with all her life. She shouldn't have made that decision for Maphuti, the girl did a stupid thing we all know that but at the end of it we have to respect what she wants. We didn't know her plans for wanting to keep the baby, Kgabo and I respected that but Sima had other plans. She made sure she ran to her evil mother.

My husband didn't know what to do, he looked helpless as he stared at his heartbroken and emotional sister. There is absolutely nothing we can do for her, we can't bring her baby back or reverse what's been done to her. Eventually Kgabo sat on the bed and pulled her into his arms. None of them said anything, that stayed like that for a long time. Maphuti sobbing in Kgabo's shoulders.

I left them alone and went to the kitchen to check on Kgabo's cooking. He was done and had most of the food into bowls ready for serving.

I don't think any of us wants to eat now, I put the food away and went to bed. I wanted Kgabo and Maphuti to be left alone, I have interfered a lot and know too much. I took a quick shower and changed into my pjs, I was ready to get into bed when Kgabo came in the bedroom.

"Are you not going to eat?" He asked looking like the word food disgusted him. I can't eat alone, especially with the mood in the house.

"No I'm good, how's she?"

"No good, not good at all. Why would my mother do this? Pitsi, I prayed for a solution and God wouldn't do this to us." The state Kgabo was in was very bad too and I don't think God had anything to do with this, his mother and Satan were in on this together. I couldn't say it out loud to him though but he knows how mother is the devil's acquaintance.

I pulled him to me and gave him a hug, I wish I knew what to do for him.

I wanted to pull away from the hug after it lasted more than a minute but he held on tighter, squeezing my body to his. He wanted more from the hug and I don't think sex will solve anything. I felt his hands going under my t-shirt.

"Kgabo, no." I said softly.

"Please Mapitsi, don't say no. I want you so bad." He breathed down my neck, brushing his lips over my skin.

"It's not a good idea, Kgabo let go off me." I was trying to be gentle and not hurt his feelings. He was persistence, he brought his lips to mine but I slapped him away. It wasn't suppose to hurt, just to make him understand.

He let go off me and stepped back. He looked hurt, not because I slapped him. He looked like I rejected him.

He took his clothes off and went to the bathroom, he was hard but I couldn't bring myself to have sex while Maphuti was crying in the other room. I sat on the bed and waited for him to finish. When he came out he went to the closet for his pjs, he never wears them and he had always slept naked. I watched him going around the bedroom. He was angry!

"I'll sleep in the guest room." He said and went to the door. Those words and his back against me almost gave me a heart attack. I quickly got up and ran in front of him.

"Why?" I asked standing in front of him to search his eyes.

"What do you think?"

"We can't have sex tonight, it doesn't feel right." I held his hands in mine and searched his beautiful face again, looking for that softness and love that I always find.

"Then I can't share a bed with you because I want you so bad I don't trust myself in that bed sleeping with you next to me."

"Are you angry at me? Is this your way of trying to punish me?"

"I just don't want to punish myself Mapitsi, being in here with you is torture enough."

"Fine. Let's have sex then." I will do anything for my husband even if it means doing something I don't want to. I still think it's wrong of us to be doing this. I waited for him to touch me but he just looked at me.

When he spoke he said,

"I don't want to have sex after begging you, it feels like I am forcing you and blackmailing you." How can he say that when I was finally giving myself to him?

"Please..." I begged. My body was all tense, I don't want Kgabo to leave our bedroom.

"No, let me sleep out tonight. I really can't Mapitsi."

"Don't leave me, it hurts." I admitted. I let my hands touch his warm body underneath his pyjama top, he was already horny and my touch was an added

pressure to the needs and wants running through him. I stood in front of him and pressed myself against him, letting his hardness press against my stomach.

"No." He said without moving.

"Take me." I said getting my hand in his pyjama pants. He was hot and hard, it made me want him too. His body was admitting to me but his mind was made up. As I touched him and moving my hand inside him he didn't respond, he kept his hands to himself. "Kgabo?" I called out his name in my most erotic voice.

He didn't respond, I dropped to my knees and pulled his pants down, his hard member popping out to stand to attention. I stroked him with my hand, playing with him as he looked down at me his eyes full of tears. He closed them as he let me have my way with him. I teased the top with my tongue and I felt his excitement kicking in, he relaxed and held my head. Not doing anything just placed a hand at the back of my head.

"HMMMMM..." He moaned tilting his head back. I knew I got him where I wanted, he wasn't going to stop me now and hopefully this will lead to something more, I closed my eyes and pushed him further down my throat. He made some satisfying sounds and uttered some rough words a future priest shouldn't say. But who cares, we are in the comfort of our own bedroom doing what it's expected of a marriage couple.

I worked my tongue on him as I went up and down on him, he finally held hard on to my head and steadied me. I let him, he pushed slowly in and out then faster, hearing the back of my throat until I heard him scream,

"Oh baby hold me and give it to me." I knew what he meant, I wrapped a hand around his length and took over. I worked him faster and deeper. "Almost there... ahhhhh... Damn you Mapitsi!!!" He screamed the last part and quickly pulled out, spraying me with a whole lot of him all over my shirt.

I got up with a satisfying smile on my face, his eyes were still closed but he had a huge smile on his face too. I stood on my toes and kissed him, he kissed me back wrapping his arms around me deepening the kiss.

I wanted him so bad, watching him losing it like that had turned me on.

"Let's go finish this off on the bed." I urged him trying to push him to the bed.

He moved backward with me pushing him. He fell on the bed and I was about to get on top of him but he rolled off the bed.

"I'm sleeping." He pulled up his pants and got into bed.

"Please Kgabo don't do this to me." He didn't bother himself with me he looked the other way and pulled the covers over his head. He was set on not wanting to have sex from me.

Even when I got inside and snuggled up to him he didn't move or say anything.

He made sure I got the message loud and clear as he slept on the far edge of the bed not wanting to touch me. I was more than hurt.

The following day I woke up to find myself alone in bed, I got out of bed and went to look for Kgabo. He was nowhere to be found, I was all alone in the house, even Maphuti wasn't in her room.

I called Kgabo. He answered,

"Where are you?" I asked him.

"At church with Maphuti, is everything okay?" He sounded fine like nothing happened last night. Even though I could feel he was pretending I was just glad he was talking to me.

"Yes, was just wondering why you left without saying anything."

Silent...

"Kgabo?"

"Sorry, I was checking something. Look Pitsi I have booked us a house at the lodge, do you mind getting Kamo ready?"

Oh, change of subject just like that?

"Fine, what time are we leaving?" Maybe we will talk things through once we are alone.

"I'll be done in 30 minutes, we should leave early I have a few things planned for us."

I couldn't wait, that's what we need, some time away.

After talking to them I called my parents to get Kamo ready, my dad offered to bring him as he was coming this side. Good, that will give me time to get ready too.

I started packing for Kamo, Kgabo then for myself. I was so excited I couldn't keep still, thinking of all the things Kgabo and I did.

My dad called to say he was outside, I didn't understand why he wouldn't just come in but I got to understand once I was outside.

He was driving my old car, he has finally accepted it. You should have seen my smile, he was smiling too.

"Morning Papa." I greeted him and he greeted back.

Kamo climbed out the back seat looking grumpy. He even left his bag inside the car and I had to take it.

Seeing my dad driving the car just added more happiness in me, I wanted to give him a hug but he was in a hurry.

I had to say goodbye and catch up to an angry Kamo.

"Hey my boy. Aren't you going to greet mommy?"

"No." He coldly answered me.

"Kamogelo what is wrong with you?"

"Why did you let Koko wake me up so early? I don't want to come here because I always play alone?" He was really angry as he rushed to the house.

I really don't know what to do with my son, he's 6 years old but talks like an adult who knows what to say. And it seems like I am the only person he talks to like that.

I followed him inside the house, he went straight to the t.v.

"Kamo, come you have to take a bath." He got off the couch and passed me to the bathroom. When we got there I filled the bathtub for him and he took off his clothes.

He gets me so angry at times I don't even want to talk him anymore. We did everything in silence.

When Kgabo came home, I heard him and Kamo talking excitedly while I was in the bathroom. When I came out Kgabo was now in the bedroom going through his phone.

"Hi." I said as I dropped my towel on the floor.

"Hey, I came here with Kgomo she is with Kamo." I could hear something in his voice, he wasn't over last night.

"You got her before you came here?" I put on lotion.

"Yes... ummm no Judy brought her to church." Why was Kgabo stuttering now. I ignored him and went to get clean underwear.

I turned my back against him I saw his reflection in the mirror, his eyes huge and looking at me with lust and longing. He wanted me and soon he'll have me but not yet.

"How's Maphuti?" I asked him putting on my panties slowly, trying to give him a perfect view of my front body as I rose up. I took my bra and he still hasn't answered me. "Kgabo?"

"What?" He asked closing his eyes, snapping at me.

"Maphuti, how is she?"

"She is fine." He opened his eyes and got off the bed. "I'll go check on the kids." With that he left me standing there. I was dissatisfied, I know he wants me and I was teasing him hoping we've moved on from last night. He had to learn to forget little things and misunderstanding, he'll be holding us back with all that.

We left around 11pm, I was in the front seat with Kgabo driving, the kids were playing and teasing each other at the back seat. We looked like a happy family while Kgabo and I acted all so cool, I know my husband. We were far from fine

and I was hoping to fix things even though I didn't know how. I looked at him driving and he looked happy as he told the kids to put on their seatbelts.

When we got to the lodge we took our things to our house and I packed out our clothes then we changed. We ate lunch and walked around the lodge, Kgabo held my hand like everything was fine. He was giving me mixed signals, I played along with our happy mood while outside. He was busy building a dam, he explained a few things to me and how the dam was costing him a lot of money. I tried to concentrate but all I could think of is why Kgabo doesn't want to forget last night. We are here and we should take advantage of this beautiful place.

Later in the evening I gave the kids a bath. I played with them in the water, Kgomotso was a pleasant little girl with better manners than my son. She gave me hugs and kisses brightening my moods. Kamo was still his grumpy self, only towards me. I wanted Kgabo to notice and watch what he'll do with that.

After their baths we went outside to sit around the fire for braai meat and pap, we were with 4 other families that had come for weekend stays too. We sang for the kids and told them stories, after 10pm we put them to sleep. Kgabo offered to take Kamo and Kgomotso to bed.

The kids in bed it was just us the parents, we spoke about how we met our partners, the challenges of marriages. We didn't go that deep though but Kgabo mentioned that Kgomotso was not my child, I didn't mind that he did because he said some really sweet things and it made the other couples comment me on accepting his daughter. He was making me look good and I didn't like it because we were not anything but the opposite.

We went to our houses after midnight, when we got to the house I went to check on the kids and Kgabo went to take a shower. The kids were not in their bedroom and their beds still looked the same, neatly made.

I went out of there to ask Kgabo about them, the house has 2 small bedrooms but enough to accommodate a few things. The kids bedroom had 2 single beds, a closet, two chairs and a dressing table while our bedroom had one huge king size bed, a closet, a couch, a dressing table too and a bathroom.

I opened the door of the master bedroom to find the kids in our bed. I went straight to the bathroom to confront Kgabo. I waited for him to stop the water and he did when he saw me.

"Why are they sleeping in our bed?" He stepped out of the shower drying himself with a towel. He looked so heavenly with the water dripping down his body.

"The bed is big enough for the four of us."

"Thought we could spend the night together."

"You want me to torture myself? You said no sex for the whole weekend."

"I was joking." I wasn't.

"I know it when you are joking and I know that you my wife never goes back on her word so excuse me for protecting myself from rejection."

What I have learnt from Kgabo when he is angry is that he is always honest. He's not like me who doesn't think before she speaks, he tells you exactly what he thinks and mean it. I don't like this fights between us. I don't know what I am doing wrong, I seem to be messing things everytime.

I let him be, he left the bathroom.

I filled the bathtub with water and took a long warm bath trying to figure out what to do for Kgabo but nothing came up. I feel bad for everything even though to me things weren't suppose to be as bad as Kgabo is making them out to be.

After my bath I got into my pjs and took a throw from the couch, Kgabo and the kids were deep in sleep. I took my phone out of my handbag.

I sneaked out of the bed and went to the couch in the tv room. I switched off the lights and played the tv. I don't even know what was playing since I was caught up in my own things and had even had the tv on mute.

It was late but I decided to call Reba and she picked up,

"Pitsi, how's the weekend away?" She sounded sleepy.

"Not so well." I found myself pouring my heart out to my sister, I told her everything and she listened. She snapped out of her sleepiness.

"Give him time, you know how man are and Pitsi if you don't want sex at least be gentle and let him down nicely. The poor guy is trying." I did let him down gently, he's just being difficult.

"I guess next time I will do that but what do I do now?"

"Just play along and be nice."

I guess but I don't think I can, I want my husband. I want him happy and looking at me with that longing eyes. I fix other parts of our relationship and ruin what I already have worked so hard on.

After hanging up I heard the bedroom door open, I turned to look and Kgabo was coming out. He came to sit next to me on the couch,

"You are not coming to bed?"

"I don't have a good enough reason to." I answered him.

"So you are going to stay up all night."

I went quite and stared at the colourful tv, I think it was some advert about washing powder but I wasn't concentrating. My mind was on the man sitting next to me, I could feel his body heat even though we were not touching. I want him so bad and I want to nurse his broken ego.

"Kgabo, please tell me what to do. What am I doing wrong?" I asked him with a heavy heart. He knows what he wants and I will give it to him if he tells me, anything to help me.

He came closer to me and held my hand.

"You know I was hurt when you pointed out that our sex life was bad during therapy and I wanted to improve it. Give you what you deserve."

"You do, you give me more."

"But you reject me and at the end you try to fix everything with a blow job."

"I just don't know what to do?"

"There was a day I came to the house when we were separated, I found you wearing a mini dress that showed your thighs and ever since we got back together I get more and more attracted to you by the day. I love the new you, I just want to satisfy you, it hurts me that you slept with another man and even looked at another. I have fears baby and everytime you push me away I feel like I am losing you."

I totally understand him, I feel the same. Everytime he is out there, whether working late or at church I wonder if he is with another woman and I don't want to push him into the arms of another one.

"Kgabo?" I turned his face to look at me with my hand on his jaw. "Please let's start over, I understand what you are going through and I am sorry."

"Do you know it tortures me to look at you naked and knowing I can't have you? You are my wife, the only thing stopping us from having sex should be your period."

"You can have me now, make that crazy love to me. I like it, talk dirty to me." I was getting him out of his pjs top as I said those words and went to bury my lips in his hot body as he leaned back on the couch...

Chapter 89>>>

I felt like I was suffocating, I couldn't breath and I could smell smoke that choked me. No, no fire please. This can't be happening again. I tried to open my eyes, I couldn't, I tried moving but I was immobile. Someone was pressing me against the wall, and they were so strong. She laughed behind me, it was her, again, Aggie. What is she doing here and where am I? I started fighting, fighting to move and open my eyes.

Something fell behind me and I was suddenly released but I was tangled in something on my legs. I opened my eyes and the room was bright, the sunshine was shining through the windows, there was no fire and the throw was the thing my legs felt tangled to. My husband was on the floor looking at me with scared eyes. I was breathless as I tried to understand what was going on but I was scared too.

Kgabo must have been the person who I felt like was pressing me against the wall since we were both trying to fit on the couch meant for sitting not occupying two people.

"Kgabo she is here." I looked around the t.v. room searching for Aggie.

"Who? It's only us and the kids baby, you were having a nightmare. I tried to hold you while you were screaming and kicking but you pushed me... Oh baby!" Kgabo got up from the floor and removed the throw from me. He pulled me in his arms and held me tighter.

Everything came back to me and I got to realise I was indeed having a nightmare, I have never had any nightmares about Aggie and the fire. Why now when I have worked so hard to forget her?

"Kgabo, where is Aggie?" My voice was trembling, her name only brought shivers down my spine. I don't want to remember that night or be taken back to it. The nightmare was bad enough that I couldn't even hold my tears.

"She is at an insitute in Pretoria, she is unstable to stand trial." He didn't let go off me.

"And her children?"

"She killed the last born and the other one has moved in with the pastor and his wife." Goodness gracious she is really sick and she doesn't even know she did that. I remember she told me and she said she was falsely accused but later tried to burn me thinking I was her child.

"Did you tell your mom?" I was asking about the affair she had with his stepfather.

"Yes and she doesn't want anything to do with the kid. Baby are okay now?" He pulled away from the hug and kissed me as he wiped away the tears from my cheeks with his fingers.

I know his mother is back at the house and I sure know she made the poor man regret ever cheating on her.

"Im okay, just tired the couch wasn't as comfortable." I didn't sleep much either. Kamo almost walked in on the act in the middle of the night as we tried to have sex so we had to stop and attend to him, he wanted a glass of water and he looked a bit confused as he woke up in a different environment which was surprising since he's sleeps anywhere he wants with a chosen family member.

When we were done with him he went to bed and we also slept on the couch not continuing with what he interrupted. We were both naked and Kgabo just walked to get him his water naked not bothering to wear his pyjamas since he sometimes baths with him.

"Okay, let me wake the kids. You can sleep on the bed while I get them ready for the day." He put on his pyjama pants and I wrapped myself with throw.

The kids were already awake playing with Kgabo's phone, well they were fighting for it. Kgabo intervened as I got into bed, they shouted at each other as they walked out the bedroom.

The bed was so comfortable, knowing that I was safe with my husband around I slept like a baby.

When I woke up Kgabo was on the couch, doing nothing but staring at me. I think he has been watching me sleep this whole time, I didn't mind just a bit unsettled.

I stretched yawning, he smiled at me.

"Where are the kids?" I asked him rubbing my eyes knowing what a mess I was.

"Out, for a picnic and some activities for the day." He came to the bed and laid next to me, looking down at me with mischievous eyes. I turned away knowing I haven't brushed my teeth.

"With who?"

"Maphuti and the other famalies."

"Maphuti is here? How is she?"

"Coping baby, I called her to come but I didn't tell her anything about owning this place and I told everyone you were not feeling good."

"I would have loved to go out for a picnic though."

"Oh?"

"You have other plans for us?"

"It's just that I... You see baby I think I have ruined our weekend away, I know you wanted to spend some time knowing Kgomoiso and reserve some time for us too but I was a sulking jerk and ruined the entire weekend."

"It's okay we can do this some other time, the proper way. We are still learning baby."

"I promise never to sulk again when you say no to sex, I will respect you and sleep with a hand between my thighs if you say no." He was serious, the look he gave said exactly that.

"No, I should be more considerate and give it to you whenever you want it."

"No, I have to understand that you are not like me. You don't get turned on by watching me naked and even by showing off a little bit of skin." Is that true? But I see things the same way too, I even think his body is more perfect than mine.

He brought his hand to my nipple and slightly touched it and then looked at me. That little slight touch had such an effect on me.

"And who said I don't get turned on when my husband gets his shirt off to reveal the tight muscle on his biceps?" He looked at me like he was embarrassed but he wasn't, he was enjoying this.

"That doesn't excuse my behaviour and I stand by my word."

"If you are going to apologise so would I."

"Okay." He breathed in a sigh of relief as he licked his lips. Well, I was a jerk too. "How are you now?"

"I could do with a good warm bath."

"Can I join you?" His huge big brown eyes were also begging me, I wasn't going to say no even if I wanted to. He looked clean though but the idea of sharing a bath with him excited me.

"Yep." The minute I said that he got off the bed and scooped me up to the bathroom. He put me down and ran the water in the shower, I wanted a bath but I could tell he was going somewhere with this so I let him.

He took off his jeans and t-shirt and ushered me after he had tested the water with his hand.

I stepped in and let the water hit my naked body, I closed my eyes and just relaxed.

I don't know when did Kgabo step into the shower but I felt his hand on my tummy as he stood behind me.

"You look tense, let me help you with a massage." He ran a bar of soap all over my body, from my neck to my butt then used his hands to rub it in on my skin, starting from my neck, shoulders down my body to my butt. His skilled hands working on the knots and working my body up and down.

I couldn't help but moan a bit, he was massaging me in a way that suggested there was more to come and I was willing to let him go as far.

He even shampooed my hair, massaging my head with his strong long fingers as he formed more foams, he let the water splash all over me the foam running down my body. He was behind me as and I had my hands on the tiled wall for balance. He stopped the water after he got all the foams off me then started to wash my legs the same way he did with my body. From my butt down to my toes, he rolled the soap in his hands to make more foam. I could see him if I turned my head to the side. He parted my legs with his, and rubbed his foam filled hands from my front to back between my thighs. Washing me and letting the sensation of those small touches on my clit send moans through my throat. I felt his body against mine as he leaned over me and pushed a finger deep inside me, I was so ready that I...

"Ahhhhhhh....hmmmmmm."

"There is so much tension in here baby." He said keeping his finger inside me, rolling and twisting it. One of his hands came to my left breast, cupping it and massaging the nipple. "Tell me when to stop, tell me when it becomes

uncomfortable." He was increasing the friction, he slipped in a second finger. I just lost it...

"Ohhhhhh Kgabo..."

"Enough? You want me to stop?" He better not because if he dares I swear he'll never stand and preach in front of the 500 congregation in church.

I gripped his arm tight with my thighs pressing them together. He laughed as he got the message. I released my thighs and he slipped his fingers out of me, I quickly glanced back to find him on his knees and felt him patting my butt cheeks. Before I could react he had stuck his mouth between them and had my whole self in his mouth. He was sharing a full kiss with my lips down there, it drove me nuts and crazy at the same time I didn't know what to hold on to. I wanted to stick my finger nails into something, the wall was too slippery and hard, I couldn't risk hurting myself.

The next thing to follow was his tongue teasing the top on my clit then sucked hard on it, I screamed hitting the wall with my palms. He was giving my body new feelings I never thought I could feel. A few more of those teases and I let loose of everything, I came hard trembling as he steadied me by both hands on my curves. He didn't stop even though he knew what he was doing to me, I came again and again.

He got up and held me from behind, I leaned against him and felt his hard on pressing against my spine. I rested the back of my head over his shoulder until my body calmed down.

"I think we will miss the picnic if we don't go now." Who cares about that? I was in a better space with my husband, why ruin that? And this could be the only time we had on this get away, I don't even care about joining the others anymore.

I turned around to look at him, he was hot and heavy in the eyes.

I pulled him down to me and kissed him, he kissed me back. I let my one hand go rub his hard length. Touching him made me want him more, I was yearning for him

"Mapitsi?" He said my name trying to pull away from me. He resisted but didn't show he didn't want me to.

He brought his lips to mine to kiss me again with so much force, he held a chunk of my wet afro in his hand.

"I want you, is that okay?" His voice was low and seductive. He doesn't have to ask, I kind of initiated it.

He turned me to face the wall and pressed me against the tiled wall, he moved his hips behind me on my spine.

"Baby?"

"Hmmm..." I was feeling his movements and his hardness grinding against my back.

"Do you like it when I talk dirty to you?"

"Hmmmm..." For some reason I do, I enjoy that so much it takes sex to another world and a different level.

"Baby?"

"Kgabo please..." I was begging him to do it and stop talking.

"Answer me first."

"Yes, I do." I said forcing the words out so he could give it to me already.

He moved, a little more like shifting and the next thing I felt him pushing through me, I stood on my toes to welcome him. He pushed deeper and deeper, and when he was halfway in he stopped...

"Ahhhhh home." Then he started moving in and out slowly. "Baby? You are so beautiful, you smell so good and you have such smooth skin... hmmm." That's not dirty but it worked on me that I came. After I came he thrust in deeper and started going even deeper and faster.

I screamed some more as the dirty words started, he was driving the both of us wild.

When we finally came I was exhausted and breathless.

"Oh God, thank you for giving me this woman and I am sorry for the terrible big words. Amen!"

He is crazy...

(Askies if I offended anyone with tonight's Chapter and please let me know in your comments if I shouldn't post such chapters. I know the sex scene might offend those who think such sex is unacceptable between Christians like Kgabo and Pitsi.)

Chapter 90>>>

Being in Kgabo's arms and watching him take charge of my body like that puts everything into perspective and I acknowledge all that. I love the strenght he shows when he is holding me and the love that brightens his eyes when he looks at me. It's like new love all over again. I always have that one thing that holds me back though, I don't know what it is but I guess I am reserving some of my feeling for a

heartbreak. It scares me that things just took a sudden turn and Kgabo is satisfying my every need in all the corners of our life, he is attentive and protective of me. It's hard to believe that he has changed, I see the changes through him and can't stop wondering when he'll snap out of it or if it's meant to stay forever.

I am standing by the window wrapped in just a towel and looking at him sleeping peacefully on the king size bed, I could stare out the window at the beautiful view of the yet to be finished dam but something was pulling my attention to him. I couldn't take my eyes off him. He was facing upwards with his hands above his head and his beautiful face turned to the side. The side where I was watching him. He was naked underneath the sheet that covered him up to his waist. I have been awake for a while after our shower session, we were both so worn out we went straight to bed after that.

I don't know what to think about the new sex, I enjoy it and the attention I am getting from him gives me joy.

I am watching him and thinking if it will be a good idea to sneak under the sheet and wake him up with a blow job. I can't remember the last time I initiated sex with my husband, the blowjobs I have given him before don't count because that's just me trying to say sorry. I want to enjoy this attention, relax and let myself be loved...

He stretched to the other side extending his hand as if searching for something.

"Pitsi?" He called out my name as he quickly sat up on the bed and ran his eyes around the room. He found me staring at him by the window. "Baby?" He was breathless. I walked slowly to him and sat on his lap. We locked eyes and he looked worried as I just sat there and said nothing. "Are we okay?" He asked me.

"Kgabo, I am scared." I whispered.

"Of what baby, I am here." He didn't understand. Things are suppose to be fine between us since we straightened everything out but I have to tell him how scared I am.

"How can you guarantee me that you'll be here forever? We don't know what the future hold." I started.

"What are you talking about?" His eyes were searching mine.

"Is this going to end? You and me, the sex?"

"Mapitsi... Why would you...? I told you baby it's like I am attracted to you all over again. I am making up for lost time, being the husband I should have been to you." He pulled me closer to his chest and I curled up in his lap with my head resting on his heart.

"Why now Kgabo?"

"I have said this before and I will say it again. When you threatened me with divorce I got to realise what I might lose, that was the most difficult time of my life and I don't want to go back to it. I saw what I have done to you, I wanted to give you time to change your mind. You took forever baby and when you finally confessed everything to me I wanted you in my life forever and I promised I will hold on to you. Don't be scared baby I will never hurt you again."

"I trust you." I finally said, I was tired of hearing about the divorce, it reminded me of the things I wanted to forget. It felt good though to say those words, it felt like I have said something that released all the tension in me, pain and hurt within me. I was finally forgiving him for cheating on me and accepting that he was sorry. I will never forget though and he has to work hard on earning my trust.

We had sex again, this one was different from the ones we've been having, it was simply making love. Kgabo was reassuring me, he wanted me to believe in him

again. I felt the way he moved inside me, it was slow but alarming to my emotions, deep and awakening.

I came slowly but it shook my body to welcome his load, he held on to me.

"I love you so much and wish I could stay in you forever." He kissed me then started moving again, this time with much force and burying both of us into the strings of the bed. "Baby, move with me." He pleaded.

I joined him as we got to a rhythm where I met him upward as he pressed down in me. I thought I was finished and this round was for him but he made me come again, I have lost count of how many times he took me to and from an explosive orgasm. He was the best!

We slept again and when I opened my eyes the bedroom was empty, I searched for my husband the same he did earlier. I know he was in the house since I could hear voices, the kids and Maphuti must be back.

I got out of bed and went to take a quick shower, when I was done I dressed into blue skinny jeans and a white t-shirt. I walked out of the bedroom barefoot, the house looked filled even though it was only Kgabo, Kamo, Kgomotso and Maphuti but that's because they were making too much noise, running around. I watched them as I stood at the bedroom door. Kgabo was chasing Kgomotso with a toy spider and she came running to me, she didn't look scared, she was laughing. I scooped her in my arms and ran away from Kgabo, as we rounded the small living area Maphuti and Kamo were waiting for us with a toy snake. Kgomotso screamed with excitement and asked,

"Mommy where are we going now?" It warmed my heart to hear her sweet little voice calling me mommy. I grasped tightly to her and she did the same as we ran between the villains to throw myself at the couch that was blocking us from going anywhere. Kgomotso could not stop laughing, she didn't let me go even when the other's came to join us on the couch.

Kgabo had the biggest smile as he looked at the two of us tied to each other. He was proud and I was happy too that I made the decision to accept the little girl.

Later on we packed our things and we were all ready to go, Kamo and Kgomotso were over excited running around the house laughing and knocking on unbreakable things. By the time we left we had to carry them to the car since they were both sleeping.

We had to drop Kgomotso first before we went home, five minutes of the drive she and her brother woke up. Kgomotso knew we were taking her home and she started to beg and cry, she even jumped to the front seat to sit on my lap. Her teary eyes that looked at me with so much love broke my heart. I don't know what Judy and Kgabo's arrangements are and I don't want to interfere, I could tell Kgabo also felt the pain that I felt but his had to be worse since this was his daughter.

Kgabo decided to play her favourite song, Dance floor by DJ Vetkuk Vs Mahoota. We all danced to it singing along, lightening up the mood in the car but that didn't last long since we were almost at her home.

Kgabo had to fight her off me as she screamed holding tight to me, we tried everything, even promised her everything that Princess Sophia came with but she wouldn't budge. We could force her off me but it broke out hearts to do that even though the easy way wasn't working. Judy came to the car and forcefully grabbed her off me, she screamed kicking,

"Mama, mama!" And I know she wasn't calling out to Judy.

"Judy let us take her, I will drop her off at creche tomorrow morning that way it will be easy for her." Kgabo suggested and it made sense, at least she knows she has to go to creche. It won't be painful being picked up by them later on. She is used to that.

"You are here already and she should get used to the idea of being dropped off like this." Her voice was harsh, she sounded pissed.

Kgomotso was still crying and begging to be released from her mother's arms, Judy told Kgabo to bring her things and walked away. Kgabo did that and when he came back to the car he switched off the music which was on repeat.

We drove home in silent, I missed Kgomotso already, her bubbly personality and happy mood had left the car empty and the drive home was unbearable.

We got home around 7pm, Kgabo said he'll unpack everything out of the car, Kamo and Maphuti went straight to their bedrooms. I packed away some of the things Kgabo brought into the house. I was in the bedroom unpacking our clothes out our bags when he came in.

"Would you like something to eat?" I asked him.

"No, I just need a long warm bath." He said and headed to the bathroom. I wanted to follow him and join him but it wasn't an invitation. He wanted to be alone and I had to respect that.

After I was done I had nothing to do. I know we all didn't want food so cooking will be a waste. I went to check on Kamo, he was in bed with his clothes still on him. I changed him into his pjs, he opened his eyes at some point and complained,

"Mama, let go." But he turned the other way not opening his eyes again. I finished and threw his clothes into the laundry basket.

Kgabo was still not done so I went to check on Maphuti too, I knocked and she said I can come in.

I opened the door, she was sitting on the bed busy on her cellphone.

"Hey, was just checking on you." I said still standing at the door.

"Please come in." She placed her phone on the bedside table. I went in and sat next to her.

"How are you?"

"I'm good but if you are asking about the abortion it hurts and I will never forgive my mom."

"I'm so sorry Maphuti."

"There is nothing to be sorry about Sesi Pitsi, you've been nothing but good to me. You supported me even when my own sister and mother thought I was trash. You are an amazing human being." She spoke as she pulled me to a hug. She was amazing too, she didn't seem as much bothered about the abortion and maybe one day she will forgive her mother.

I joined her in bed, she took her cellphone and went through her Twitter account. We laughed as she showed me some funny memes, I left her bedroom after 9pm. I thought I was going to find Kgabo fast asleep but he was still awake and looked much better.

"Thought you'd be asleep by now." I said taking off my clothes. He turned to look at me as I walked to the closet. I pray he won't want more sex, I am drained and exhausted.

"You and Maphuti were making noise, I couldn't even close my eyes." He was smiling, I threw my jeans at him, he caught them laughing and threw them back at me.

I found one of his t-shirts and pulled it out.

"It would be nice if you came to bed naked." He teased and I wasn't pleased. He saw the awful look I gave him and laughed. "Baby I will never get enough of you but I promise to behave tonight."

I dropped the t-shirt on the couch and joined him in bed. The bad boy look he had on his face made me think twice about sleeping next to him naked, he was naked under the sheets too. I put my head on his chest and listened to his steady heart beat.

"Baby?" He called brushing the top of his thumb on my cheek. Sometimes when Kgabo touches me or I see him naked I get this crazy ideas in my head to attack him and make crazy love to him. Like right now I want to get his thumb in my mouth and suck it till he wanted the real feel of his... in my mouth but I was scared he'll think I am crazy. This was new to both of us but he had the hang of things. I responded by looking up at him, "Did I tell you how wonderful you are as of lately?"

Well, he never did.

"I know I haven't and I am taking this opportunity to do that right now. I couldn't believe you bonded so quick and nice with my baby girl and hearing you laugh so freely with Maphuti... Baby you are what the three of us needed, someone who we can lean on. God, my wife is precious." He squeezed me wrapping an arm over me. "Thank you for a beautiful weekend."

There was silence for a few minutes then I put my chin up on Kgabo's chest.

"You want something baby, you know we can't get enough of you."

"You and who?" He pointed at his member over the sheets, I smile at him. "Did you call Judy to ask how Kgmotso was doing?"

"She is not picking up."

"She looked mad earlier."

"We did nothing wrong."

I went quite and still stared at him, he was staring too but he asked me if there was something else.

"I'm thinking about Jonas."

"My wife is thinking about my best friend, should I be worried?"

"Your best friend who is suppose to be happily in love with my sister."

He looked at me then raised an eyebrow.

"Don't tell me you want to intervene."

"We have to Kgabo, my sister is very stubborn but I can get through to her."

"I am not getting involved. Now get off me, we are getting very hard."

"You and who?"

"Trust me, you don't want to know."

I got off him and he turned to look the other way. I wanted him, I know what I had said earlier but sex sometimes makes you feel closer to the person you love. And I am starting feel rejected now that he doesn't want it, I keep pushing him away and when he doesn't give it to me I can't even tell him I want him.

I went to switch off the lights and got back into bed.

The next morning I woke up to someone planting fluffy kisses on my cheeks, I knew it wasn't Kgabo and when I opened my eyes it was Kamo.

"What are you doing Kamogelo?" I asked as if I was angry but loved him for waking me up so nicely.

"I'm ready for school." He was indeed, he was already in his school uniform and smelled clean.

"Daddy got me ready." And daddy walked into the bedroom already in his grey businesses suit. He had a pitch in Bela-Bela today and I know he woke up in the break of dawn to get ready since he couldn't finish up everything over the weekend. He's been ready for the pitch for almost a week now but he's never satisfied.

"Morning baby." He bend me over to kiss my lips but I gave him my cheek.

"Ready for your pitch?"

"I better be." He sounded unsure but I know him and his team were going to nail it. "I have to go so my team and I can go through everything one last time, will call later but I have a few minutes to spend with my family before I leave."

Nice...

Before I got out of bed Kgabo made Kamo leave the bedroom, he doesn't want our son to see me naked and I don't know why since I don't mind. I went to the bathroom brushed my teeth and left with Kgabo to drop off Kamogelo at school. My poor husband was on edge with the whole pitch thing, I have seen him like this several times before and it never gets better, just worse and worse.

After dropping off Kamo I asked him if he had tried calling Judy again and his answer was,

"Yes but she is not answering." I tried to flush that out of his mind, he had a big day ahead and the last thing he need is his baby mama making things difficult for him. Judy was never like this, why the sudden change now?

Kgabo drove me back home and gave me a very deep and feelings awakening kiss that almost got us rushing into the house, I got off the car before we both lost control and went inside the house.

I started cleaning, Maphuti even helped which was a surprise. She wasn't doing a great job though so I had to send her to the kitchen to make us something to eat, at least she can cook. I cleaned the whole morning. The house needed some proper cleaning.

I checked my phone as I got out of the bathroom after my bath, I had five missed calls. I cursed silently knowing Kgabo will be mad but the missed calls where not from him, he had left a couple of messages letting me know how things were going. I didn't know the number that had called, I was about to call back when the person called.

I answered,

"Hello."

"Pitsi, ke Judy." Her voice still had anger in it but I was glad she finally called then I can know how Kgmotso was.

"Judy, Kgabo has been trying to call you."

"I don't care about Kgabo, especially if he takes my daughter on trips with you."

Heeee banna....

I was about to ask her what she meant by that but she quickly said,

"Pitsi, I don't appreciate the things you tell my daughter. Now she thinks you are her mother, tell Kgabo to drop this madness if he wants to continue spending time with his daughter. I don't want you anywhere near my child"

"Judy..."

The phone went dead in my ear...

Chapter 91>>>

My first thought when Kgabo mentioned his baby, the time it led to us separating was dealing with a baby mama. I know I had other issues with the fact that Kgabo had a child outside our marriage but this was my number one issue. I've known

Judy for a long time, she was never my friend but at some point she was friends with my sister and we've never really talked much, I didn't even know she had my number. Besides I don't know the kind of person she is, I expected anything from her though. Those who hang around my sister are never good upstairs, my sister always wants people she can control and manipulate around her.

I don't think this has anything to do with Kgabo, she is just bitter because her daughter likes me. She has to get over it, Kgomotso is part of my family and we still have a long way to go. I even wanted to suggest spending time alone with her.

I finished in the bedroom and went to join Maphuti in the kitchen, she was slow and taking her time. At last she finished and served. I had a lot on my mind, I don't know if I should tell Kgabo or deal with this one my own. I have to tread carefully, Kgabo and Judy are on good terms and they have an understanding when it comes to Kgomotso. One wrong move might make Kgabo think I don't want his daughter, maybe that's probably what Judy wants. Kgabo has had a relationship with his daughter all this time, it happened behind my back and Judy never gave him any problems. Why now? Did Kgabo tell her that I have issues with accepting Kgomotso? That was before and if he did then he's the one causing all the problems.

Maphuti was too chatty, she seemed excited about something. I tried to concentrate on her but I was too busy trying to make sense of the mini drama unfolding in my marriage. I don't want to find my husband and I fighting about this again, like I said I have to tread carefully when dealing with this.

After lunch Maphuti went out and I Kgabo called,

"Hey baby." He sounded tired already.

"How is it going?"

"We just wrapped up but I don't think we'll come back today, I will call later to tell you. I miss you so much, the few hours away from you seems like days."

"I miss you too."

"Nice... Now tell me what you would have done to me if I was there with you right now."

"Stop it Kgabo!" That's just naughty and I don't even know what to say to that, there is a lot I could do to him but I just think I'll flop.

"Aren't you alone? Where is Maphuti?"

"I'm alone Kgabo but I am not going to play this game with you."

"I'm alone too in the car and I have a few things in mind that I would love to do to you." I could hear his breathing becoming heavier.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"Touching myself and imagining it's you with those sexy full lips of yours around my..."

"Please stop it Kgabo or I'll hang up." I interrupted him before he went further. He laughed,

"Fine." He was giving up.

"Thank you, did you speak to Judy today?"

"Yes and she said Kgomo is fine, just last night she was restless but she went to creche today."

"When did you speak with her?"

"Just before I called you."

That bitch! She is planning something, why isn't she telling Kgabo what she told me. If she thinks I will stay away and hurt my husband then she had something coming, her dirty games don't scare me. I have dealt with a whole lot of crazy women in my marriage and she is small fry shem.

"Baby?" Kgabo brought me back to him since I went silent on him.

"Will talk later when you know if you'll come back or not." I have nothing to do on my own, I can talk to Kgabo for the whole day but not when his mind is full of naughty thoughts.

"Okay, I love you."

"Love you too."

We hang up, I put my phone in my pocket and went to find my sketch book. I was so inspired I couldn't keep my sketch book and pencil down, my phone vibrated in my jeans. Distraction, hope it's not Judy again.

It was a message from Kgabo,

'I'm hard as a rock what do you think I should do now?'

Hell no Kgabo! I threw my phone on the couch and laughed.

I am not going to respond to that!

Soon after that an MMS came through, my husband had sent me a picture of his hard dick. I should have been embarrassed like the message embarrassed me but it got me a bit excited, it gave me naughty thoughts. It's mine and all mine... It was tough to write anything for him, he's probably waiting for me to say something. I don't know how to do with this.

Should I call Reba?

No, my sister doesn't have to know all the details of my marriage, especially not the intimate once.

He called while I was staring at his beautiful mouth watering picture and I became too terrified to answer. I pushed my phone to the far corner of the couch and went back to my designs.

It wasn't hard getting back to it and after my fourth sketch I realised what I had done. All the dresses where from a naughty mind, they all had slits starting from the thigh downward. I was staring at simple but sexy gowns all because I had imagined myself wearing them for Kgabo, giving him easy access to my body. I wouldn't be seen wearing this in public but for Kgabo I would, for me they were too revealing.

I put my work things on the coffee table and took my phone, I looked at Kgabo's picture for a very long time. I couldn't help but imagine how beautiful it looked, I know how it taste and how it drives me places. Wonder what he is doing now?

I had an hour before I could get Kamo from school so I decided to take a nap. A few minutes into my nap there was a knock at the door, I kicked my feet to the floor thinking it was Kamo back from school but when I looked at the clock on the wall I still had 30 minutes to go.

I went to open to find Jonas at the door, I greeted him and let him in. I offered him a chair in the kitchen and he sat down. There was a bit of awkwardness between us, the last time we saw each other he wouldn't talk to me because of my sister. See, learn not to get involved in other people's drama, now Reba and I have sorted things out.

Jonas is looking more and more handsome everytime I see him, maybe it's because of the new gym at their office building. I have notice the change in my husband too.

Jonas is the shy type but see him with his friends he's a different person. And now he was acting all shy.

"MmaMothiba first of all I would like to apologise for my behaviour for last time." He spoke dragging his eyes away from mine.

I don't even understand why he calls me MmaMothiba, I know my husband is his boss but they are friends too.

"Jonas, it's fine you can call me Pitsi and I understand why you acted that way."

He looked up at me.

"Okay Pitsi but it was uncalled for."

"If it will make you feel better you are forgiven then."

He smiled.

"What can I do for you Jonas?"

"Kgabo asked to see me."

Kgabo? He's not home yet and I am sure Jonas knows where Kgabo is. This is strange, I took my cellphone and called him.

"Baby?" He answered.

"Jonas is here waiting for you."

"Jonas...?" He sounded surprised but quickly said, "Oh... I send him there for your meddling, do your magic." He laughed as he hang up.

I looked at Jonas who was waiting to hear what Kgabo had just said. Thought Kgabo didn't want to get involved.

"He is on his way, you don't mind waiting right?"

He didn't seem bothered as I ran to my bedroom to call Reba on my cellphone. She was sleeping, at 12:40 nogal. This sister of mine need to really consider the job offer in Mokopopane.

"Reba, can you please come over. I need your help." I spoke making sure my voice was low. The door was closed and I know he won't hear a word I am saying but I couldn't risk it.

"Help with what?" She sounded angry that I even woke her up.

"Just come."

"No, Mapitsi."

"Pleeeeeeeeeeease....."

"Fine! It better be good."

"Yes." I jumped with excitement as I hang up.

I went back to the kitchen and found Jonas in the same position that I left him, arms crossed over the kitchen counter.

"It looks like Kgabo will take long, would you like some tea?" I asked already putting on the kettle. Jonas didn't answer me and he didn't look bored either.

I made him tea with biscuits.

I pushed the cup and plate closer to him, he flashed me his shy smile and he accepted them murmuring a thank you.

This guy is not my sister's type, Reba loves hard-core man who mistreat her and throw money at her. Jonas is what she needs, a man that loves and worships the ground she walks on. It's time she settled down with him because he type of guys are no good.

She was taking time and making me nervous. I even went outside to check where Jonas had parked his car but luckily he didn't come with it, there was nothing that could make Reba suspicious or think of going back home.

While outside I spotted her coming, she looked beautiful in red tight shorts and a white vest that hang to her sexy body. She had a weave on too, she looked good for someone who just woke up.

"What?" She said pushing the gate open. I smiled at her and grabbed her by her arm.

"Come."

She suspiciously eyed me as I dragged her to the house, but I could see she couldn't wait to see what it is that I had called her here for.

When we got to the door I pushed her in, she stumbled in alarming Jonas of her presence. I followed in and found Jonas smiling looking at my beautiful sister. I don't know how she was, I was behind her.

"Jonas!" She said with a surprised tone.

Before she turned to me I took the key out the doorknob and closed it standing outside, I locked them inside.

"Mapitsi!!!" Reba shouted from inside banging the door.

"Please talk to him, he loves you." I said and walked away. I hope this works.

I walked to get Kamo from school and took Reba's kids too, they were excitedly playing on the road as we walked home. I even passed by the shop to buy them sweets at the shop closer to my house, Kamo asked why I was buying them sweets when we have them at home. Smart mouth!

He remembered what I did to him the last he wanted me to buy him something that we have at home. I ignored him since it was my plan to make sure Reba and Jonas get enough time to talk.

We even sat there by the shoo until I decided it was time we went home.

When we got to my house I unlocked and let the kids in first, Reba's kids excitedly ran straight to Jonas. He happily hugged the three of them at the same time.

Reba sat on a chair next to Jonas's and looked on with a smile. I wanted to know how it went and she wasn't going to tell me anything, her way of punishing me.

I told Kamo to go change in his bedroom, he ran there.

"Okay, let's go home now." Reba said gathering her kids around her. The youngest was in Jonas' arms who was the first one to go to the door and out. I watched amazed, I thought Reba was going to skin me alive for tricking her.

She did the same too smiling.

"Reba." I whispered her name but she just laughed at me. I wanted her to at least give me a clue since she wasn't mad .

I will get her back for this.

Kamo came back thinking his cousins were still in the house, the disappointment in his cute little face made my heart sore. He wanted to play with them and show off his new toys. An idea popped into my head, I could take him to my parents house, I'm not going to see Reba but drop off my son. I will know the truth eventually.

I couldn't stand Kamo's sad face so I told him I will take him to play with them at my parents house and he asked if he could sleep over. I couldn't say no, once he goes there he never wants to come back. I packed a few clothes and his school uniform as he packed his toys in his bag.

The packing was done in less than 5 minutes.

I held his bags as he held his toy truck walking faster than me.

I think I need a car now but how do I bring that up with Kgabo, I have lost 3 cars already. The first one his mother "borrowed it" then gave it to Sima, the second I gave it to my parents and the third Aggie had it in ashes in the bush. Okay, I should probably think twice about a fourth car.

We walked to my parents house and found Reba's children playing around the yard, Kamo joined them after getting all his toys from me.

I went to the house and my parents were watching t.v. alone. I greeted them as I joined them. We chatted a bit in the hope of Reba popping in but nope, she did not.

"Mma, where is Reba?" I finally had to ask.

"She dropped her kids and left." My mom answered me, that's what she usually does but today she might be with Jonas which is a good thing. I really hope she is with him.

I stayed the whole afternoon with my parents, Kgabo even called to say he won't be coming home, seems like he scored a small project besides the one they were pitching for and he'll have to foresee it for a few days. I told him we were at my parents house and he wanted to talk to Kamo who wasn't so eager for the phone call when I took the phone to him. I put the phone on loud speaker and Kamo said bye-bye as soon as he told his father he was fine, he was enjoying playing. I spoke to Kgabo briefly then hang up.

I even cooked supper and ate there still Reba wasn't back, around 19:00 my dad decided to drive me home. Even though I didn't want to go I had to since I had left my house in the dark and maybe Maphuti wasn't back yet. She can't be trusted.

When my dad dropped me off at the gate my house was looked the darkest in our block. I hurried in and switched on the lights.

Dad called to make sure I was okay before he drove off, I even had to lock the gate with him waiting outside. He drove off after I gave him a thumb up to indicate that everything was fine.

I had nothing more to do so I took a long bath and went to bed. I slept in one of my oversize t-shirts, no one to impress by sleeping butt naked.

Around 21:00 Kgabo woke me up with a phone call to check up on me. It sounded like he was driving as we spoke. I could hear the sound but that's only if I concentrated.

"Are you driving?" I asked him.

"No, well just parking the car."

He's lying to me.

"So where are you sleeping?"

"We've booked rooms at a nearby hotel but some of my team went home just needed a couple of them to stay behind."

I could still hear the sound of the car, if he was parking he would have parked already.

I couldn't help myself but ask,

"Is Lerato part of your team too?" He used to take her with him when he went away for work.

"She is my assistant Mapitsi."

"Kgabo?"

"Yes, she is at the hotel."

At the hotel? This means he's not there.

"Kgabo, where are you going because you said you were parking the car?"

"Damn!" He said then laughed. The phone went dead.

I tried calling him back several times and he wouldn't answer. The phone was ringing, he was ignoring my calls on purpose.

I sat up on the bed and cried, I knew this whole change thing was just an act. Now he is back to his old ways, cheating on me again with the same woman he's been with before. I called his phone until it stopped ringing. I wrote him a message...

'How could you Kgabo, after everything we've been through you do this to me? Cheat on me with her! I don't think I will forgive you this time! I should have never trusted you! You are pig, a dog that doesn't deserve to be loved.'

I send the message and typed another one,

'When you get back here I don't think you should come to the house anymore. You've hurt me so bad Kgabo.'

I cried myself to sleep with a broken heart, I swear I am going ahead with the divorce this time. I can't make him change and he'll never even try.

I slept on a wet pillow and I think I even cried in my sleep as I dreamt about him...

He was behind me nibbling on my ear in bed, he was cold and still fully clothed, I turned to look at him and he saw my wet face.

"Baby?" He was surprised to see the tears and possibly the red eyes.

Wait a minute he was here, I wasn't dreaming...

"What are you doing here?" I asked him.

"Why are you crying?"

"Because you were lying to me."

"Ohhhh baby, I wanted to surprise you. I am sorry. I'm terrible with surprises, come here my baby." He sat up and pulled me with him to put on his lap.

"You mean you were driving home when we spoke on the phone?" I asked him raising my head from his chest.

"Yes, to you."

"To me?" If he is telling the truth then... "Did you get my messages?"

"No, my battery died. You wanted something? Let me charge my phone then."

Oh Dear!

What do I do?"

Chapter 92>>>

Kgabo had his cellphone in his hand as he plucked the charger, he took them both out of his bag that was on the couch. How long has he been home and why didn't I even hear him come in? Anyway I wasn't expecting him since I had judged the situation wrongly.

I looked at him switching his phone on and waited. He's going to see those message and I don't even want to know what his reaction would be.

I got up from the bed and went to him, I put a hand over the screen of his phone. I could have grabbed the phone from him, I fought with my emotions not to. I have done a lot for one night, jumped to conclusions and saying mean things to a man who had nothing but me in his mind. I could see him planning the surprise, he knew I was home alone since I spoke to him on the phone when I was at my parents' house. Me and my issues! By now we should be making incredible love on our bed, not doing this...

He looked from my hand covering his phone to me.

"I said some horrible things on those messages Kgabo." I said looking at him too. His phone vibrated under my hand. His face remained neutral, unreadable, beautiful and in a moment all that would be gone.

"Let me read and I'll make that decision." He stood, not moving my hand but yet curious.

"Please Kgabo, let me delete the messages for you. Everything I have said in there doesn't matter now."

He didn't say anything, he didn't move either. I removed my hand and watched him,

"Twenty two missed calls..." He said as he went through his phone. Now that makes me look like a maniac, a jealous one. I really have big issues.

He went still and stiffened before me, I believe he was reading the messages. After what seemed like an eternity he raised his head from his phone to my face. "The first thing you think of me being out there is cheating?" His eyes were growing bigger as the anger grew in him.

"I thought you were lying to me and you being with Lerato doesn't help much. Kgabo you have to understand how I felt."

"Why would you think I will ever cheat on you again?"

"I don't know." He couldn't give me a reason for cheating on me either.

"Why?" He shouted, his voice demanding and harsh making me jump back. My lips trembled, I really don't know. Tears rushed down my cheeks.

"I don't know."

"Have I given you any reason to doubt me?"

"No." But he has to understand, it's not easy for me to settle and adjust. When he is away from me I will always have that fear, he is working with the woman he slept with before. They used to go away like this without my knowledge.

"Have a little faith in me Pitsi or you will break me apart. I want to be able to work far and know that my wife trusts me, I worry about you."

"You don't understand the root of my fears Kgabo, imagine if this was me working again with Thabiso and away with him." He stilled again, going tense. I know Thabiso's name unsettles him but he has to put himself in my shoes. The past should stay in the past but they do say history has a way of repeating itself and I can't just stand by and let it go on repeat.

"I will kill him before he even thinks of doing business with you again." His face hardened. My point exactly!

"See?"

"That's not fair, that man is all the things you said I am, a pig and a dog." I can't believe I said that about my husband. And of course he is nothing like Thabiso.

"I'm trying to make a point. Trusting you will never be enough for me, there will always be some woman out there throwing themselves at you, wedding band or not, I know all about temptations, I have been there myself."

His eyes softened, he came closer to me and wiped the tears off my face with the back of his hand.

"Give me your phone." I said and opened my hand . He put his phone in my hand, I deleted the two messages I send to him and gave it back to him.

"Please promise me that you will bring up Mabena's name in my presence and that you will never look at another man with those sexy eyes."

"What about you?"

"I have learnt my lesson, and I will never betray or hurt you ever again."

"Okay."

"Promise me."

"I promise."

"I understand where you are coming from, the messages hurt like hell though but Baby, I'm sorry for making you doubt me and I guess the fact that I am working with Lerato doesn't help. I'll have to get rid of her and get a male assistant."

"You mean you'll fire her?"

"Not really, I'll have to get her a job somewhere."

"Thanks." I said and pulled him to me to give him a hug.

"I'm still mad at you though."

"I promise I will work on my insecurities and trust issues too."

"I like it when you are jealous, it turns me on. It makes me feel loved even though at times you make me feel unwanted."

Why would he feel like that? He knows I love him.

"Unwanted?" I repeated that one last word.

"Yes, like today baby. I wanted to have fun with you and you just brushed me off." I was still in his arms, I wanted to step away and look at him but he held on tighter. He starting rocking us both from side to side like we were dancing.

"You wanted me to send a pic too?"

"It would have been a nice thing but I know you don't like doing that so I can't make you do things you don't want to do."

"So next time what do I do?"

"The first thing that comes into your mind. What were your thoughts when you saw the picture?"

I went quite. The picture did a whole lot of things to me, unimaginable things that I loved. I remembered giving him a blow job to say sorry and his picture just brought back the feel of his flesh in my mouth. How he fills my mouth, I loved that and would never get enough.

Kgabo moved his hand from my waist to my butt, he pinched me making me jump straight into his erection in front of me. The whole thing brought those feelings I felt when I saw his pic back. Everything came to me. I want to play too but I'm shy, he is good at this and I love it when he takes the lead.

He released me and stepped away from me his eyes never leaving mine. I saw wickedness in his eyes, I knew he was planning something and the anticipation was killing me. If it was up to me we would be on that bed and him on top.

"Show me how much you want me." He said shoving his hands into the back pocket of his pants. He's messing with me, I want him to do everything. Surprise me and make me go crazy. He just asked me what I thought about his picture and while I am wrecking my brain for an answer he says that. I don't have an over active imagination like him. The things he's got me doing lately are scary but exciting. I'm not even fit to keep up.

I stood there not sure what to do, I am really clueless. As of lately I am even worse, it's like I am becoming a statue when it comes to sex. No matter what Kgabo tries I just sit there and be amazed, I am afraid he'll get tired of always being the life of the party.

I took a step closer to him and he took two back shaking his head. That's a no.

I stood back and pleaded with my eyes for a sign, he winked at me.

I touched the hem of my oversize t-shirt and both his eyebrows shot up, I let go then he gave me a sad face. I touched it again, his sad face what still there. I let go then reached for my panties under the t-shirt, I yanked them down slowly watching his lips curve into a smile. I took them off and threw them at him, he jumped up to catch them as they were flying over his head.

He played with them in his hands, his eyes were no longer on me but my panties. I felt like his interest was all in them now.

The son of a Priest was watching me with the corner of his eye, how he hides those big eyeballs from me is a mystery. When I touched the hem of my t-shirt again he stopped playing with my panties and looked at me. I took it off and stood completely naked in front of him.

What's next now?

He gave me a questioning look then I shrugged my shoulders.

"Come here." I walked to him and stood in front of him. "Turn around." I did.

Without out so much of a warning Kgabo painfully spanked my butt with his hand. I jumped up trying to get away from him, he chased me around the bedroom his palm landing on my butt every opportunity he got. I was laughing and getting turned on the same time.

I got on top of the bed trying to run away from him, he caught me and pinned me to the bed. He was on top and I was under him as his lips found mine, we breathlessly kissed each other with much force and hunger for one another.

His phone rang.

I tried to pull away but his strenght was wrapped all around me. I finally got to pull my lips from his,

"You have to get that." I said catching my breath.

"No, it can wait."

"It might be important."

"Not as important as you."

"It might be my parents calling about Kamo."

"At this time of the night?"

"Yes and it could be work too."

"If it's work whoever is calling is definitely fired." He let go off me and rolled off the bed, he walked to his phone undoing his belt. I sat up on the bed, he looked back at me and said, "Hey, don't move."

His phone had stopped ringing when he got to it. He took it off the charger and went through it.

"It's a Polokwane landline." He said and I watched him calling the number back. "Yes. I just missed a call from this number." He answered. "Speaking... What did she do?... Where is she?... Damn I'll be there." His voice rose with each sentence. He finished talking on the phone and fixed back his belt. "It's Maphuti, I have to go."

"What happened?" I went for my t-shirt that was on the floor.

"I don't know but will call you, stay naked in bed. I will be back for you."

"Kgabo, can I come with you?"

"Mapitsi stay." His voice was commanding and harsh.

I got inside the bed covers and pulled them over my head. I heard him move around the bedroom then he was gone. I was angry at him for not telling me what exactly is going on and for not taking me with him. It's 2 in the morning and he wants to drive out there alone. What is going on?

Maphuti could be in danger for all I know and he is hiding things from me. Maphuti le yena, what has she done now? I wanted to call her but what if she can't get to her phone or not even allowed to answer it. I will be more worried if she won't pick up.

A few minutes later I got the bed covers off me and checked my phone. There was nothing, I send him a message,

'Be safe, I love you.'

I just sat up in bed waiting, after 30 minutes of Kgabo leaving the house my phone beeped. It was an MMS...

My screen shot up with a picture of Lerato and Kgabo in bed together. They even looked naked...

She wrote,

'How does it feel to be home alone while your husband and I are away, cosy in bed together?'

Is this a joke?

Chapter 93>>>

I had to calm myself down so I can use my brain to think carefully. I am known to make hasty decisions that had affected the people around me badly, it's not even a secret anymore. I am terrible at handling almost every news I hear. Now I have Lerato, my neighbour to worry about. I couldn't stop myself from repeatedly looking at the picture, it was no doubt it was an old picture. I could tell because the man I saw on that picture doesn't look like the man I know now. Since now Kgabo had been going to gym, I could notice that in the picture he looked his old self. Lerato was playing games with me, messing with me.

It might be an old picture but it doesn't excuse the fact that Kgabo took a picture with his mistress naked in bed, the disrespect in this. It goes to show that he never respected our marriage and hurting me never bothered him. You cheat, you make sure you don't leave traces that could hurt the person you say you love.

I know Lerato just wants to hurt me and probably make me doubt my husband. Well she did more than that, the picture broke my heart. It was a selfie though but it carried more: The way Kgabo looked in the picture just told me that he once loved her, he was happy as he showed a beautiful smile. We have pictures of our own but I don't care how we look in ours, I am concerned that at a time when I was trying to figure out ways on how to please my husband he was having fun on the side. Without me!

I have been crying before Kgabo got here and I had so many more tears to shed and right now I wasn't crying for nothing. I want to forget that he cheated but how do I do that if things like this keeps on creeping back into our happiness?

I couldn't even fall asleep or reply to Lerato's message, I just laid in bed with the cellphone in my hand, constantly looking at the picture. It should be that makes him smile like that.

Around 5am I heard Kgabo's car pulling in, minutes later followed by sounds in the house. It sounded like a struggle between him and Maphuti. I do care about Maphuti but I didn't have the strenght to get up and go check. I was waiting for Kgabo, a part of me wanted to forget the picture and let us move on. How do I do that when the woman who is having a field day of breaking me apart lives next door to me and sees my husband more than I do? Kgabo has to take his PA everywhere he goes. I worked for him part time and I was hardly at his office, he's

never taken me anywhere with him. I was his assistant too but he made my position look like I was just doing admin for them.

When he came to the bedroom everything was as he had left it when he left as he switched on the light. With me things were not as they were before, my mood was not the same. I was worse than when he came back from Bela-Bela.

He looked terrible too, his shirt was missing buttons and his face looked roughed up.

I quickly got out of bed and went to him,

"Were you in a fight?" I asked him touching his bruised chin.

"Ouch, that hurts. Where you crying?" He held My hand away from his face. My messed up face gave me away.

"Answer me Kgabo." I demanded.

"No, you answer me. I get out of here and come back to find you with a wet face, again." My hand was still in his hand, I pulled it out and dropped it to my side. We stood staring at each other waiting for answers but each too stubborn to answer.

"Baby, talk to me."

Renewed tears filled my eyes stinging a bit, he lifted a hand to my face but I slapped it away. He is my husband, the newly changed Kgabo but it hurts. He had done terrible things to me and now I am being reminded of the man he once was. He's now standing in front of me looking worried and innocent...

"What did I do?" He asked softly. "Please tell me."

Since I am the one who is unable to hold their emotions and doesn't even have the energy for a fight I just had to give him and answer. I went to the bed to get my phone, it was still on Lerato's MMS. I shoved it into his face, he managed to hold it. The shock on his face when he saw the picture, he didnt have to ask questions, all the answers where right in front of his eyes.

He rubbed his forehead with the tip of his fingers still holding and looking at my phone.

"Kgabo?" I said his name and he couldn't even look at me. "Do you see how happy you are in that picture?"

"It's an old picture baby."

His kept his eyes on the phone, he was done looking at the picture, he just couldn't look at me. I slapped the phone out of his hand. It went flying and landed on the bed.

"Do you undertand how I feel right now?" I shouted at him.

"Yes."

"No, you don't." I breathed in heavily and started hitting him on his chest, I threw hard punches that hurt my fists too. "She wants this, she wants me to feel like this. Why the hell would you take pictures with your mistress in bed?"

He let me hit him, he just stood there tears running down his cheeks. I got tired and leaned against him crying, he held me tight. I love him so much, I just can't get over this.

"I'm sorry baby for everything, I am sorry. It's hard for you to accept that I have changed especially if things like this keeps coming up. I was a fool once but no more."

I just wept in his chest.

"I didn't have to loose it like that, I just... I just can't." I finally said.

"Nah, I have to keep things in check. People like Lerato need to know their places. You know what, call her." Kgabo urged me.

"With my phone?"

"Yes, keep those tears and act the part baby. I want to hear what she has to say about this picture." He was trying to be calm but I could tell the picture had made him angry too.

I went to the bed and got my phone again. It rang twice and she picked up, I had the call on speaker phone.

"Sister-wife." She answered cheerful like someone who got it all throughout the night. Damn, she can fake it. I almost lost it and told her where to get off but Kgabo put a finger on my lips showing me to calm down. "Helloooooo..."

"Lerato how could you do this to me?" It was hard to act all emotional. I have been crying just now in my husband's arms but she doesn't deserve my tears as they are nothing to her but a satisfaction.

"To you? Who do you think you are? Wena o tshwenya ke gore you are so confident and act all mighty and high as the wife of a Limpopian business mogul. Girl he's not yours alone and he has never been, just so you know Kgabo and I will never break up."

Kgabo stood behind me and hugged me, it felt like he was telling me that he was here with me and not with her.

"He's married, aren't you ashamed?"

"Well he should be not me. But he's enjoying my company and now I understand why you scream so much during sex, that transformed body works for him. The whole night was a bliss."

"Lerato?" Kgabo's deep voice came so harsh behind me. He's had enough.

I am sure Lerato couldn't believe her ears, she went quite for a few seconds before she got her voice back.

"Kkkkggggabo?"

"You are fired!"

I heard Lerato gasped over the other line, before she could speak again Kgabo grabbed the phone from me. He hang up and turned me around.

"Are you sure?" I looked into his angry eyes.

"I shouldn't have hired her in the first place. Oh Gosh Mapitsi, I am so sorry baby." He tightened the hug squeezing me.

I understand and I think today I held the situation so much better, although it will take time for the picture to be out of my mind, I hope things won't get worse than this.

"Can you tell me what happened to you now?" I want to forget about Lerato and changing the subject should be enough to alert Kgabo.

"Yes, if you get into the bathtub with me."

That sounds just about nice. I like this moments where we share baths and showers, we are reconnecting all over again.

I said yes on the spot and watched him quickly take his clothes off, I was already naked.

I have to agree with Lerato, it's probably the body transformation that is contributing more to our sex life. Kgabo is now more confident and wants to try new things, I should do something too. Maybe change my hairstyle and come to bed with sexy underwear, I don't even know how to be sexy for him but I want him to think about me when he's busy in a business meeting. I want to make what we do in the bedroom memorable everytime.

I always have crazy ideas in my head and one day I will show him flames.

He left his clothes on the floor and came to me, he stood in front of me holding me by my waist. I knew he wanted to kiss me.

"I didn't brush my teeth." I spoke covering my mouth.

"Both you and me." He spoke as he covered my lips with his after he removed my hand from my mouth.

That was suppose to be disgusting but it made me feel like some freak. Not freak in a bad way but freak like my husband.

He scooped me in his arms and carried me to the bathroom. He made me stand as he filled the bathtub with hot water and made bubbles from the foam bath.

He went in and offered me his hand for support to climb in.

He sat down and sat me between his thighs with my back in front of him. The water and my husband's arms around me was what I needed after the picture Lerato send. I just wanted to know and feel that we are okay, I wanted him to reassure me that Lerato was history, permanent history.

"So, what happened? Is Maphuti okay?" I asked him after a much needed silence.

"I don't know if Maphuti is okay or not, she is just out of control. She got drank and started dancing and stripping her clothes off for some men she doesn't even know at a house party. The person that called me is one of her friends, it's a guy and he was worried about her. When I got there she was left with her underwear..." I could hear the strong intake of air and when he heavily breathed out too, the air came out his nose hitting the back of my shoulder making me feel cold as it dried the bit if water on my skin. He sounded troubled but who wouldn't be? It can't be easy to be woken up in the middle of the night to go rescue your drunk little sister.

"What happened to you? I know something happened." I tried to turn and look at him but he wouldn't let me. I saw his face earlier and I know something happened.

"I fought with some guy who didn't want me to take Maphuti, he said he had paid a whole lot of money for her. My sister was being sold off and she probably doesn't even know it."

"Your face looks terrible, does it hurt?"

"You should see the other guy."

"But you are the one I am worried about..."

He put a wet finger on my lips, "Shhh... I am here now." He planted kisses on my shoulders, I relaxed and let him take me to a place he only knows the route.

Enough of the talking, sometimes we just need to block all the problems out and pretend like it's just us. We need some time for ourselves, it doesn't have to matter where we are. As long as we understand each other and are willing to let some things rest we will do this thing called marriage. It's tough but even a brick wall could be brought down.

We helped each other bath, we kissed in the bath reminding ourselves what we both needed and missed. He played with me in the water but never attempted to do more than that, I wanted more and he knew that. He just wanted me to initiate it but I couldn't. His new techniques has made me rethink my approach to sex, I want to be like him but I don't even have a single idea on how to start. All I know is touching, kissing and then sex.

When the water started getting cold he got out first and dried himself then me and carried me to bed.

I fell asleep in his arms.

It was morning already, time to wake up but none of us wanted to do so. I was tired from all the crying and Kgabo from the driving, it's been a long night.

Next thing we were woken up by a knock at the main door and a car hooting outside, it sounded like that had been going on for a while.

Kgabo unwrapped himself slowly around me and got out of bed. He went to the closet, I yawned stretching myself.

"Who could it be so early in the morning?"

"It's after 10 baby." He laughed as he put on his jeans. He wore no underwear and threw on a t-shirt. As he pulled his t-shirt down I saw the redness on his chest, that wasn't from the fight, that's me. I had brutally attacked him this morning over Lerato's picture. I hurt him and I don't think he noticed the redness. I felt bad.

I also got out of bed and I went for a black long skirt and a red t-shirt. Kgabo walked out barefoot, I followed him too. On the way to the kitchen Maphuti came out of her bedroom too, looking wasted and more tired. She was a mess I have never seen before and smelled of alcohol, I couldn't even picture her naked and... That must have been awful for my poor husband to see. He loves Maphuti and this is just too much.

Kgabo didn't bother talking to her, he just passed her like she wasn't even there. He went to open the kitchen door while Maphuti and I stood waiting.

The door opened and jaws dropped.

Sima came in followed by Moja. They both looked happy as they held hands smiling. Kgabo let them in. Sima looked elegant in her long floral maxi dress and high heels that made her taller than her husband who stood next to her looking more like her father.

"Hello family." Sima greeted us. No one responded, we were still in shock. I don't know if the shocking part was the fact that she forgave Moja or she was plain stupid, okay I should probably not judge.

She forgave her husband and then she comes here to shove things in Maphuti's face. I didn't even want to look at Maphuti right now, she was standing behind me and I could feel the tension already.

"We are going away on holiday but we decided to let you all know that we are working on our marriage like you too are." She said pointing from me to Kgabo.

Our situation is not the same, yes Kgabo cheated but my husband is not trying to win my love back by whisking me away on expensive trips. We talk and take things one step at a time. I am at a point where I can say I trust my husband. Moja is a different man and the kind that can't be trusted.

"Mosima are you sure about this?" Kgabo asked.

"Yes." She looked at her husband as she held on tight to him. He smiled at her. This is all fake, they don't look okay at all.

I don't really know what the sisters see in this man or maybe it's just about the money, he's way older than them both. He wore expensive chinos and a shirt that should look good on any man but Moja made the whole simple look look terrible and cheap. "He made a mistake and he'll never do it again, we spoke and life goes on to a happily ever after."

I wanted to say something, I had to say something good and that meant lying. I wasn't going to do it, not for Moja, so the best thing was watch on and shut my mouth.

Kgabo also didn't say much, he did wish them well but that was all.

After they left Maphuti walked passed me to pour herself a glass of water.

Kgabo was about to walk back to the bedroom when Maphuti said,

"I can't believe Sima is back with him, I know she is doing it to get back at me. How could she do this to me?"

Kgabo stopped and looked at her, he shook his head and gave an angry smile.

"I just wish you could stop acting like a little brat and do something with your life Maphuti. Feeling sorry for yourself isn't going to get you anywhere or anything. Get your act together, move on or get out of my house! Just get your bloody life together Maphuti!"

He stormed out the kitchen slapping the wall with his palm on his way.

He was pissed.

Chapter 94>>>>

Maphuti dropped the glass of water, pieces of glasses scattering on the floor next to her. I was surprised too at Kgabo's outburst, he's never lost it with Maphuti. The truth is Kgabo never lashes out unless he's really pissed.

I rushed out the kitchen following him to the bedroom, he shut the door before I could get to it. I don't think he knew that I was behind him. I opened it and he turned to look at me. He ran one hand on his bold head his eyes roaming the bedroom...

"I am a terrible person, a bad brother. I am failing both my sisters." He believed every word he said and he was beating himself about it. Nothing was his fault, he didn't push Maphuti into Moja's arms or create all this situation, he couldn't have stopped anything even if he knew about it before.

I couldn't watch as my husband lost himself like that, he's trying by all means to do the right things. His faith is coliding with the inevitable, he's doubting his decisions with God. He should learn and understand the role God plays in our lives. Nothing is predictable and you can never plan for eeveryone.

"I will admit that you were harsh to Maphuti but somehow she needed to hear that. She needs help Kgabo." He looked at me like I just took the devil's side over his. He won't admit it but what he saw last night is troubling him and he knows he has to help Maphuti before she gets out of control. As much as we all angry at her she needs someone.

"She did this to herself, she slept with her sister's husband. That's disgusting!"

"Yes and she was forced to abort the baby and now she is forced to face the reality of her deeds on her own. She went drinking and stripping last night, that's not the sister you know Kgabo. If you wash your hands off her, what do you think she'll do next?" Kgabo looked at me with eyes that was filled with pain, he cares about Maphuti and everyone, including Sima. He can't change Sima's mind about Moja but he can surely help Maphuti.

"I don't know Mapitsi." He shook his head.

"If Maphuti gets help she might understand that what she did was wrong. I won't let you do this on your own, I will be there with you." I touched his bruised face. He winced and closed his eyes as I ran my fingers over the bruises that Sima failed to see because she is too happy with her husband. I hope she doesn't regret this...

Kgabo opened his eyes and looked at me, tears ran down his cheeks. I wiped them off not pressing hard on his bruises.

"I love you, you are kind, smart and forgiving. Beautiful too and sexy." He managed a smile. "But how do we do it, how do we help her?"

"Church, you believe in God and he will surely not let you down." I let that sink in, his faith will lead him. "I will tell her to go take a bath then you'll talk to her, tell

her how you feel. I will go to church for my meeting and when I come back I will tell you the next step." He trusted me and he believed that whatever I had in mind will work, I had doubts but was hopeful.

"Thank you." He pulled me into his arms and kissed me. "You are the best thing that's ever happened to me."

I know...

I quickly took a shower after telling Maphuti to take one too.

When I walked out the house they were in the sitting room talking, Maphuti was listening to Kgabo. I couldn't hear what was being said, was glad they were talking though.

Kgabo had given me his car keys, I drove to church for my meeting with the church youth, well more like the teenage youth. It was our first meeting and I had already ran passed a few ideas by the Pastor's wife a few days before our family vacation, she had promised to get back to me today.

The girls and I discussed a few issues that were similar to what Maphuti was going through, teenage pregnancies, blessers/sugar daddies, money alcohol and peer pressure among other things. I could see a bit of myself in them too, I grew up here too. Well Reba had done a great job so far, I was just touching base. The meeting lasted two hours with a few activities and a bit of homework.

After that I went to drink tea with my stepmother-in-law.

We were in her kitchen, drinking tea from her beautiful white mugs. With all that I going on with my in-laws I needed this, to relax and focus on other things.

The Pastor's wife could see that I was carrying some weights over my shoulders but I reassured her that everything was fine after she ask. I don't think I should be sharing too much with her, especially things from the other side of his husband's mistakes.

"You will be happy to know that I have ran your ideas with the board and they agreed to fund the girls' camp and that's if Kgabo also wants his boys to do something familiar." She said giving up on questioning me about how tired and worn down I looked. I wanted to send the church youth to a camp with a psychologist and other professionals to help them with different issues that they face in their lives. The church alone cannot do that, they need their eyes and minds opened to different things. Right now, they think I am their hero and role model just because I married "right". I want them to understand and see things beyond our little village, some children are lucky enough go to varsity and away from home and get exposed to the real world out there but the ones that stay behind think what they see around them is right and infinity not knowing there is more out there.

My proposal to the board members was about that.

We don't even have more than 50 youth that comes to church, the ones that do are either forced by their parents or already struggling at home and found comfort in God.

"That's wonderful but they can't go together." I raised my number one issue. Teenage boys and girls together, that's a definite no.

"Oh no, the girls will go first then the boys."

"Now, I have to get a few professionals to help."

"Don't worry about that, on Sunday we raised the issue and a few of them volunteered to help. We have a counsellor, a former prostitute, a teacher, motivational speaker, medical doctor and a few others. All they want is a meeting with you, Kgabo and Reba."

Wow, everything was coming together in a short space of time.

"I knew you were an asset to us Mapitsi." The elder woman said as she squeezed my hand.

I think this will help me too, there is a lot that I went through in my life and a few that I need clearance on.

By the time I left I was tired and my brain was somehow fried up from all the ideas I had. Just me like me, once the Pastor's wife is eager on something she never stops. Well I want to work harder on this so by the time I get back to work I will have less to do.

Driving home darkened my mood a bit, the situation there is really tough and difficult. I have to be strong for both Maphuti and Kgabo, be the peacemaker between them and not take sides.

Hope that both spoke and came to an understanding because I want Maphuti on my program too.

I parked Kgabo's car and checked it for scratches and anything that will give him reasons never to let me drive it again, I know he doesn't trust me with it. Man and their toys!

Well, the car was still in its good shape and held its brightness and newness.

I walked to the house excited. As I approached the kitchen door I heard voices, I walked in thinking it was Maphuti and Kgabo only to find Lerato in my house.

I stood at the door, her back was against me. when I heard Kgabo saying,

"I hired you with no qualifications, not even a matric certificate."

Kgabo saw me, locking eyes with my angry ones and Lerato followed his gaze. She wore a black fitting dress with a scarf of the same colour over her shoulders.

"What is she doing in my house?"

I passed her and went straight to Kgabo, not even looking at her. My anger boiling and looming through me like a raging fire.

I wanted to cry and hit something, my anger and transparent jealousy will only make her happy. Give her the satisfaction of knowing she threatens me.

"She is leaving." He answered me but she wasn't moving behind me.

I turned to look at her, she's been crying. Probably crying for my husband and her job.

"Lerato, leave." I said calmly. She better leave before I lose it.

"Pitsi, I need this job. My husband left me nothing but debts. I have children that needs to be taken care of." She was looking at me with teary eyes, her makeup had melted with the flowing and constant wiping of the tears. She looked vulnerable and stripped of the power she used to throw in my face, I even felt sorry for her. For like a few seconds.

"Why did you do it Lerato? Why did you send me the picture?"

"I am sorry, it was meant to be a joke. Why would you take it serious when your husband was in bed with you?"

"A joke? Your husband died in a car accident with his mistress, you should understand."

"Your sister-in-law," She corrected. "and I have to look at her every day when I go to church. I am angry because this family ruined my life." She was getting angrier and louder.

My sister-in-law?

I looked at Kgabo who also looked shocked and back at Lerato.

"It's Salome." She answered our questioning looks. Well, that should be between them. My marriage has nothing to do with them both.

"Lerato just leave, you'll get a six months salary for every month and by then you'll have figured something out."

"I want my old job, okay?"

"Leave." Kgabo commanded.

"Fine, I'll take a few days off work and I am coming back to the office hoping to find my job still waiting." Lerato said as she got up.

"You come to my building you'll be escorted out by security, embarrassing yourself..." Kgabo was trying to scare her but Lerato wasn't one to be scared off that easily. She proved that.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, you see Kgabo, you know we've done more than just take selfies. I am a widow, you slept with me and bribed me with money and a job. As a future priest I would think twice about taking someone like me on."

"So, you threatening me now?"

She got up from her chair, looked at me then at Kgabo with a fake smile.

"See you next week boss. By the way I have a cleansing ceremony this weekend, I'll be rid of the black clothes and you are invited." She walked out so sure of herself.

I felt disgusted, I think I was going to be sick. She has more than pictures as proof of their affair. I don't think I want to see more or know more. Every woman that Kgabo had involved himself with is a nightmare or a lunatic, they all have agendas and some hold over him. Now the Lerato thing is a bigger problem that I didn't see coming, I don't even know how to wrap my head around it.

I swallowed hard and walked away from Kgabo, he didn't have answers. I know that because he gave me a sympathetic look, one that I didn't need. I am weak but I don't have to see it through him.

"Baby, wait." He stopped me, he was about to touch me but I jumped away from his touch as though I was avoiding danger that just suddenly leaped in front of me.

"I want to be alone, don't come to the bedroom." He wanted to say something but I held up a hand for him not to, he shut his mouth and nod.

When I got to the bedroom, I shut the door and went through my handbag for my phone. I sat on the bed as I looked at their picture together. The picture alone unsettles me and what if there are more pictures and worse videos? Will I be able to handle the fact that everyone knows about my husband's infidelities?

A lot was going on in my mind, I was tired from everything. It pained, I felt hurt by my husband and Lerato.

I slept, I fell asleep and had nasty dreams about my marriage that when I woke up everything about my dreams felt real. It weight heavily in my heart, things are just going wrong even when I try my level best to be strong. I just can't!

I fell asleep again and when I woke up Kgabo was beside me, shaking me off my sleep.

"Hey." He said softly.

"Hey yourself." I forced myself to say that back at him. I felt like giving him the silent treatment but remembered that we've made a promise to talk to each other no matter what and this that no matter what moment.

"Baby, I have made a decision. I won't let Lerato back to work, she is out and if she wants to leak the photos or whatever she had so be it."

I don't care either, I will be humiliated and my family might hate Kgabo but as long as that woman is out of our lives I will be glad. If we give in to her blackmail she will never stop.

"I don't want to talk about her."

He looked relieved when he smiled at me, he didn't want to talk about her either.

"What do you want to do?" His eyes sparkled as he looked at me laying on top of the bed covers.

"I want you to tell me what it is that I have to do Kgabo. There might pictures of you and other women out there but I want to wipe each and every memory of them off your mind." I sat up on the bed and looked at him.

"You don't have to do that, I am creating beautiful memories everyday with you." He took my hands and squeezed them between his.

"She is beautiful, you can't just forget her just like that." He moved closer to me.

"You said you don't want to talk about her."

"But she is there, unavoidable."

"Mapitsi you are a better woman than her, you are great with everything and you complet me. As a man you are everything that I want. It will be stupid of me to hurt you again. I have learned and grown up. I know you'll have doubts too and I will never get tired of telling you that each and everyday to reassure you."

"I want to make love to you every day and night, I want to be the woman you dream about when you are asleep. I want to be your everything." I was bargaining with my husband. I don't want him to ever look at another woman or even fantasize about one. I am here for him...

"That's doable." He agreed as he kissed me.

"Kgabo, I'm being serious."

"Me too and I am all yours, forever." He took my hand and placed it on the front of his pants. He was rock hard, he looked into my eyes. "For you, by you Baby."

I smiled shyly...

Chapter 95>>>

Reba sat in my kitchen drinking tea after our meeting at church while I went around trying to prepare dinner. I hate cooking and I think Kgabo is probably tired of takeaways by now, I am only doing it because Reba is hanging out with me. She wants out of the program, she says she has other things that needs her attention. I wanted to ask her if other things meant she was taking the job at the spa but that's when we were still with Kgabo, the Pastor and his wife after our had left. Kgabo remained at the church while I took his car back home.

The meeting went well with all the professionals on board. Well half of the panel were man that couldn't get enough of my sister, I didn't want to dwell on that part but that's one thing thats unavoidable. She stole the spot light from the real issue, hence everyone was on board. Today she wore a purple two piece business suit with a white shirt buttoned all the way up to the collar with black high heels, her long weave hang to one side of her shoulder revealing one shiny earring hanging down her ear. She had covered up since the meeting was at church but she still rocked the look and turned heads.

I had gone with blue skinny jeans and sweet pink blazer and a white shirt. Kgabo thought I looked cute, he's my husband what does he know. I felt good until I saw Reba at church and I had to keep on swallowing the jealousy lump on my throat. At times I really wonder what Kgabo really sees in me.

"Pitsi?" Reba shouted my name as I had drifted to another planet with my thoughts.

I looked at her beautiful self sitting there like a model in a photo shoot waiting for the camera to snap a few shots.

"What?" I snapped.

"Are you okay?" She asked.

"Yes, I have a lot on my mind." I tried to brush her off of asking me question but my statement is just an invitation to more questioning.

"Pitsi, talk to me." Her voice was low, smooth and worried.

I held the knife flat to the board I was using to slice the meat on.

How do I tell my sister that I wished I was more like her? She is beautiful and knows how to make a simple outfit look like a million dollars. I am jealous of her, that's the truth. "Mapitsi?" This time she shouted my name to get my attention.

I looked at her,

"Do you think I am beautiful Sesi? Do you think I deserve a man like Kgabo?" I fought the tears back as I asked those questions.

She laughed... A sweet laughter that was suppose to comfort me.

"Your last question should come out this way, do you think Kgabo deserves me?" She got up and rounded the kitchen counter to get to me. She took my hand and held it with both her hands "Mapitsi, you deserve any man you want. You are so beautiful sometimes it's scary, you don't even go the extra to prove that and I am sure Kgabo doesn't tell you because he knows it might go to your head."

I laughed as she laughed with me.

"I've always wanted to be like you Reba, a yellow bone." I told her the truth.

"Really?" She laughed again. "You are my little sister but I admire so much about you, I also wished I had some of the things you have. Your long eyelashes, those full lips and sexy butt."

So, I wasn't the only jealous one? But Reba never showed me she was jealous, anyway my sister loves me and she would never have the kind of thoughts I have.

"I love you." I pulled her into my arms.

"Okay now," she pulled away. "what brought all this on? Something is making you doubt yourself sis, what is going on?"

No matter what, I can never hide anything from her.

"It's Lerato." I said.

"What did she do?"

I told her everything, even things she didn't know. She listened but didn't seem to react the way I had expected her to, I wanted her to be angry at Kgabo too and blame him.

"Kgabo gave us his room at Bela-Bela, Jonas and I drove down there. I saw him leave." She said trying to ease my mind. She didn't have to I believed Kgabo but still a bit angry at him. He allowed Lerato to take pictures of them together, that's wrong.

"So, you are guys are back together?" I couldn't hide my excitement and the fact that my plan worked was a bonus. Other people's business helps me forget my problems.

"Yes but let's get back to Lerato."

"Fine but I told you everything."

"I want to hear the blackmailing part."

I told her that part again , she sat with her arms crossed listening to me. She looked like my lawyer listening to my ilegal shenanigans.

"Did you ask Kgabo about any videos or more pics he took with her?" She asked me.

"No, Reba this is difficult for me as it is. I can't even embrace myself for that moment when she leaks everything out."

"Do you want her to leak the pics?"

"No, but somehow I want the blackmailing to stop." I answered Reba feeling like all the energy in me has been drained out. Things shouldn't be this complicated, why can't Lerato accept that Kgabo is moving on, he's a married man. Why do women who are having affairs with married men expect more?

My sister got off her chair and took off her jacket, she put it nicely over the chair. Her shirt followed, then she was left with her bra and pants.

"You want to borrow my clothes?" I was confused.

"No, the shirt and jacket are important to me. The pants and bra I don't care about them."

What is she talking about?

She read my thoughts,

"Oh, I'm paying your good old neighbour a visit."

Oh hell she is not!

"Reba, you can't do that." I know my sister, Reba has never been one to back out of a fight. She starts one and wants to see it to the end. She fights like she is on some competition, making sure she is the last one standing. Starting a fight with Lerato is not a good thing, the woman is looking for more to hold on to my husband and her job, I am afraid Reba will only be giving her more leverage against us.

"Watch me." She ducked me as I was trying to block her from going to the door.

Before I knew it she was running to Lerato's house kicking her heels off on the way while I ran behind her trying to stop her. Luckily know one saw us or those who did just didn't want to bother themselves with my sister. They know her.

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"Please leave."

"Or what?" Reba shouted that in her ear making Lerato jump.

"I will call the police or scream."

"Do it, I will tell everyone that walks in what a skank you are."

"You don't scare me Reba, I can do a lot of damage to the two of you."

"Oh really now?" Reba quickly grabbed Lerato by the arm and twisted it behind her, Lerato screamed in pain. "Do you know what a single picture will do to you Lerato? It will embarrass you, damage your reputation. You will be labeled a whore. Things like this does nothing to a man."

"I am taking everything to the church council, I am not that stupid."

She screamed louder as Reba twisted her arm again. I have to give it to Lerato she was brave and stubborn, even under pressure she wasn't fazed.

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"The pictures now bitch or I will leave marks on your face for your in-laws to know what a slut you've been." I know Reba meant every word, she was digging her well manicured stiletto nails into Lerato's cheeks. Her other hand was on Lerato's back pressing her down while she sat on top of her. Lerato's hands were on her sides as Reba knelt on top of them, Lerato couldn't move. I don't know how she pinned Lerato down so quick and locked her down like that. I was watching but I saw nothing. Even Reba's one breast had popped out of her bra and the other one was almost out as she bounced up and down on top of Lerato.

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"Where are they?"

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Reba dug deeper with her nails.

"I lied! I lied. There's nothing you can check my phone!"

"You lied?"

"Yes, I swear I have nothing on him."

Bloody witch!

"Get her phone Pitsi."

It was on the kitchen counter behind some the groceries. I grabbed it, it had a password.

"It's password protected." I said.

"Give Kgabo's wife the password!" I don't know why Reba referred to me as Kgabo's wife, she's never called me that.

"I can't, there is nothing in there. Please believe me."

"The password!" Reba shouted.

"It's... it's... Mrs Mothiba! The password is Mrs Mothiba."

"What???" Both Reba and I went in unison. I wanted to kick her face for that password, I have been married to Kgabo for years and I have never taken such liking to his surname. Never!

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"What the hell is going on in here?" I heard Kgabo's voice, other voices followed too but none of us stopped until we were pulled apart.

Kgabo had me, Jonas had Reba while Lerato was on the floor crying. Acting like a victim I see! There was also the deacon too but he didn't touch anything or anyone. He stood with his eyes fixed on a half naked Reba who was still busy insulting Lerato.

Jonas wasn't impressed with Reba being half naked. That bothered him more than the fact that Reba and me just committed a crime, we attacked a woman in her own home.

He even took off his own shirt and gave it to her. She put it on as we were pushed outside, only the deacon and Lerato remained. As we walked out Reba shouted,

"Don't have sex with him bitch!"

We walked back to the house while Reba and Jonas exchanged a few words, Jonas was trying to tell Reba how disappointed he was in her but she didn't care. She even swore she would do it again if Lerato misbehaved again. Poor Jonas had to even pick his girlfriend's shoes on the way.

Kgabo was awfully quite as he held my hand. Whenever I looked at him he would just blankly looked back at me.

When we got to our house we all sat down in the kitchen and finally Kgabo spoke,

"What the hell were you two doing in there?"

"We were there to fix your mess?" Reba threw in that answer at Kgabo.

"Do you know how embarrassing that was? Finding you two attacking Lerato? The 3 of us were going in there to talk to her... then we find all of you... Mapitsi do you know who that is?"

The deacon? Yes, I know him. I didn't answer though. I felt bad that Kgabo was dissapointed in me, I was doing so well until bad influence Reba came along!

I wanted to put the blame on her, I'll do that when she is not around.

"Mapitsi, answer me!" Kgabo shouted at me making me jump.

"I... I..." I started to speak but... "Ao, my jaws hurt." Not that but anything for a little bit of sympathy.

"Sorry, that was me. I punched you." Reba admitted.

I wasn't mad at her, instead she and I laughed.

Kgabo angrily stormed out the kitchen and Jonas also grabbed Reba's things and left...Chapter 95>>>

Reba sat in my kitchen drinking tea after our meeting at church while I went around trying to prepare dinner. I hate cooking and I think Kgabo is probably tired of takeaways by now, I am only doing it because Reba is hanging out with me. She wants out of the program, she says she has other things that needs her attention. I wanted to ask her if other things meant she was taking the job at the spa but that's when we were still with Kgabo, the Pastor and his wife after our had left. Kgabo remained at the church while I took his car back home.

The meeting went well with all the professionals on board. Well half of the panel were man that couldn't get enough of my sister, I didn't want to dwell on that part but that's one thing thats unavoidable. She stole the spot light from the real issue, hence everyone was on board. Today she wore a purple two piece business suit with a white shirt buttoned all the way up to the collar with black high heels, her long weave hang to one side of her shoulder revealing one shiny earring hanging down her ear. She had covered up since the meeting was at church but she still rocked the look and turned heads.

I had gone with blue skinny jeans and sweet pink blazer and a white shirt. Kgabo thought I looked cute, he's my husband what does he know. I felt good until I saw Reba at church and I had to keep on swallowing the jealousy lump on my throat. At times I really wonder what Kgabo really sees in me.

"Pitsi?" Reba shouted my name as I had drifted to another planet with my thoughts. I looked at her beautiful self sitting there like a model in a photo shoot waiting for the camera to snap a few shots.

"What?" I snapped.

"Are you okay?" She asked.

"Yes, I have a lot on my mind." I tried to brush her off of asking me question but my statement is just an invitation to more questioning.

"Pitsi, talk to me." Her voice was low, smooth and worried.

I held the knife flat to the board I was using to slice the meat on.

How do I tell my sister that I wished I was more like her? She is beautiful and knows how to make a simple outfit look like a million dollars. I am jealous of her, that's the truth. "Mapitsi?" This time she shouted my name to get my attention.

I looked at her,

"Do you think I am beautiful Sesi? Do you think I deserve a man like Kgabo?" I fought the tears back as I asked those questions.

She laughed... A sweet laughter that was suppose to comfort me.

"Your last question should come out this way, do you think Kgabo deserves me?" She got up and rounded the kitchen counter to get to me. She took my hand and held it with both her hands "Mapitsi, you deserve any man you want. You are so beautiful sometimes it's scary, you don't even go the extra to prove that and I am sure Kgabo doesn't tell you because he knows it might go to your head."

I laughed as she laughed with me.

"I've always wanted to be like you Reba, a yellow bone." I told her the truth.

"Really?" She laughed again. "You are my little sister but I admire so much about you, I also wished I had some of the things you have. Your long eyelashes, those full lips and sexy butt."

So, I wasn't the only jealous one? But Reba never showed me she was jealous, anyway my sister loves me and she would never have the kind of thoughts I have.

"I love you." I pulled her into my arms.

"Okay now," she pulled away. "what brought all this on? Something is making you doubt yourself sis, what is going on?"

No matter what, I can never hide anything from her.

"It's Lerato." I said.

"What did she do?"

I told her everything, even things she didn't know. She listened but didn't seem to react the way I had expected her to, I wanted her to be angry at Kgabo too and blame him.

"Kgabo gave us his room at Bela-Bela, Jonas and I drove down there. I saw him leave." She said trying to ease my mind. She didn't have to I believed Kgabo but still a bit angry at him. He allowed Lerato to take pictures of them together, that's wrong.

"So, you are guys are back together?" I couldn't hide my excitement and the fact that my plan worked was a bonus. Other people's business helps me forget my problems.

"Yes but let's get back to Lerato."

"Fine but I told you everything."

"I want to hear the blackmailing part."

I told her that part again , she sat with her arms crossed listening to me. She looked like my lawyer listening to my illegal shenanigans.

"Did you ask Kgabo about any videos or more pics he took with her?" She asked me.

"No, Reba this is difficult for me as it is. I can't even embrace myself for that moment when she leaks everything out."

"Do you want her to leak the pics?"

"No, but somehow I want the blackmailing to stop." I answered Reba feeling like all the energy in me has been drained out. Things shouldn't be this complicated, why can't Lerato accept that Kgabo is moving on, he's a married man. Why do women who are having affairs with married men expect more?

My sister got off her chair and took off her jacket, she put it nicely over the chair. Her shirt followed, then she was left with her bra and pants.

"You want to borrow my clothes?" I was confused.

"No, the shirt and jacket are important to me. The pants and bra I don't care about them."

What is she talking about?

She read my thoughts,

"Oh, I'm paying your good old neighbour a visit."

Oh hell she is not!

"Reba, you can't do that." I know my sister, Reba has never been one to back out of a fight. She starts one and wants to see it to the end. She fights like she is on some competition, making sure she is the last one standing. Starting a fight with Lerato is not a good thing, the woman is looking for more to hold on to my husband and her job, I am afraid Reba will only be giving her more leverage against us.

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Chapter 96>>>

Reba had to run after her man and I had to do the same too, we were both in deep trouble and needed to make them see things from our point of view. None of them found what we did funny, it wasn't funny but at least we solved something. Lerato would have blackmailed Kgabo with just a single picture taken ages ago, all because she can't let go. She has lost her job already because of the nasty scheming

but she won't stop. The whole thing wasn't my idea but I had participated nonetheless and I kind of enjoyed it.

I hate the fact that my husband isn't happy with me right now, Kgabo can be a baby sometimes.

I closed the kitchen door and locked it, I don't want any disturbance from outside.

I walked to the bedroom and found him sitting on the bed, he looked up at me not hiding the pain in his eyes. I know he wanted to solve this by sitting down and talking them through, that's not always the answer.

I stood in front of him and went down on my knees between his thighs. I placed my hands on his lap and slowly moved them back and forth. He knows what is it that I wanted to do, he grabbed my hands and said,

"Stop it!"

"Why?" I asked him trying to get my hands out of his tight grip.

"You want to give me a blow job?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I want to ease things between us, I don't want to fight Kgabo."

"You only give me blowjobs when you know you've done something wrong. Are you trying to apologise here?" He let go of my hands and let them fall on his lap. I held them there.

In his eyes I was wrong when I was just protecting him, he cheated and I was cleaning his mess. Our dirty laundry would be out there for everyone to witness if it wasn't for my sister.

"No."

"Then take your hands off me." His words were harsh. I did what he wanted.

I got up and sat next to him on the bed. The silent between us lasted for a good few minutes. He wants me to apologise even though he knows that's something I can never do, not especially when I don't think I am wrong.

He had to see my point before I could even do that. I leaned over his shoulder and spoke,

"You went into a burning house for me, that means so much to me. You risked with your life and you almost left our son with no parents but I know you did that out of love. I will do anything for you too Kgabo, if it means fighting with your ex mistresses I will do it over and over again."

"You don't get it." He shifted, making me sit up straight to face him as he did the same. The eyes that stared at me made me look away but he brought my face back to face him with a hand on my chin, turning my head. "Mapitsi I am trying to be a man that this community will respect and I need them to respect my wife too but how will anyone take you seriously if you and your sister attack your neighbour, a widowed neighbour?"

He had a point but not if he sees things my way.

"If they knew what I was fighting for they will respect me even more." I said to him. He looked away, as if saying there was no point in discussing this any further.

He doesn't understand. "Kgabo how many pictures or videos did you take with her?" I asked him since he wasn't going to take our conversation any further.

"I don't know."

"What do you mean you don't know?" How is that even possible?

"I didn't even know about that picture, she could have more and ruin us Mapitsi. This will hurt you more than it will hurt me, people will think you are a fool for being with me even after I have cheated on you with our neighbour. Your parents will never forgive me for this if she leaks everything."

"She won't, there is nothing on her phone except naked pictures of herself."

"What?" Okay that a question but I am not sure where he is going with it.

"I went through her phone while Reba held her down, it was only that one picture of you together. And it's gone now."

He went quite for a while.

"So it's over?" His finally asked his eyes shining with humour. He wanted to laugh, now he finds the whole thing funny.

"Yes, now can I give you a blowjob?" I pressed my hand on the front of his pants.

"Turn me on first." He challenged me.

"How?" Like really, how do I do it? I have no clue.

"Be creative." He laid on the bed his feet still hanging. He looked so yummy. I could think of a million things I would do to him but I didn't know if he'll like it, this is a challenge that I hate and I will hate him for this too.

I got up and left him on the bed, I left the bedroom and he called out behind me but I just walked to the kitchen. I really hate what he is doing to me, he knows how clueless I am about this and yet he wants me to embarrass myself.

I washed my hands in the kitchen and continued with making supper.

"Baby?" I heard his voice as he stood a few steps away from me. I didn't look at him I just went about my business and ignored him.

He came to me, he stood behind me and hugged me by waist rubbing his body against mine.

He was hard and hot, I wanted him. I could feel the effect he had on me, I wanted that hardness somewhere deep in me. His hands went up to my breast and he rubbed them through my shirt. I was mad at him but I couldn't resist his touches.

"Kgabo, I can't give you what you want. I'm clueless." I spoke while joining his rythm of grinding against my back.

"What are you thinking right now? What's on your mind?"

He wanted to know that? I closed my eyes and leaned my head on his shoulder. I have a lot on my mind. I want him in the floor while my lips covered his whole

length and I push him deep back in my throat sucking him wet while he begged for more. I want him to shout my name as I give him the best blowjob of his life.

"Do it?" Did he just read my mind?

What about supper? Maphuti could walk in anytime.

I turned around and looked at him. He looked so hot with his big eyes half open, he couldn't hide the fact that he was horny.

"Kgabo?"

"Hmmm."

I wanted to tell him I can't but it's like he read my mind again. He kissed me, slow but hard. Pressing me against his hard hot body leaving me no room to breath.

The door went shut with a loud bang, I jumped out of Kgabo's arms as he quickly let me go.

Maphuti stood there with a girl from church, her new friend. They were giggling.

"Sorry." Maphuti said pulling her friend by her arm to her bedroom.

I dug my head into Kgabo's chest, that was an intense kiss and there is no way we can get back to it. The way Maphuti and her friend walked in on us killed the mood. I wanted Kgabo away from me so I could finish cooking and stop giving Maphuti funny ideas about our relationship.

"Will finish this in the bedroom later." He kissed me again and quickly left the kitchen.

I took a few moments to gather myself, the kiss and what Kgabo said left a big impact on me. I love the whole idea of the new sex but I hate it when he wants me to turn him on. The only thing I know about sex is how we used to have it, not this new thing he was into.

After supper with Maphuti and her friend Kgabo helped me with the dishes. Maphuti walked her friend out. I felt an awkwardness between Kgabo and me, the sexual tension was still there and maybe that's the case. At time I feel uncomfortable when Kgabo is touchy-touchy and playful, like when we were eating supper at the dinning table he kept his left hand under the table running it over my thigh. I had mixed reaction towards that, I loved it because it felt good to be that close to him but a bit embarrassed since we had a guest over and Maphuti was there too. I didn't know how to react when his touches started affecting my body and mind. I couldn't even finish my food so I could be out of there.

Right now he was splashing water at me, being all playful and all I could think of was Maphuti walking in on us again.

Maphuti came back while we were almost done. Kgabo joined her in the sitting room to watch t.v.

I took that opportunity to go take a bath in our bathroom. I locked the bathroom door before filling the bathtub with warm water.

I took off my clothes and got into the bathtub. What a day? I closed my eyes as I relaxed in the water.

"Baby?" Kgabo knocked on the door. I sit still in the water, he knows that I am in here and I am not sure why I even locked the door.

"Kgabo, I'm sorry. I am in the bathtub I can't open."

"Come on."

"Sorry."

He didn't say anything and I think he left.

After a few minutes I got out and dried myself with a towel. When I walked into the bedroom it was empty. I went to the closet and pulled out track pants and a top, I put them on with a pair of running shoes. I have never worn them, since I bought them when I was with Lindiwe and her crew. She wanted me to join the gym and it never happened.

I went to join Maphuti in the sitting room, we spoke a little about her new friend. The girl was from a struggling family and she was a trouble child like Maphuti, both young and naive. She has a few month old daughter and was trying to get her life back together. I was glad the two of them found each other. The girl wasn't bright like Maphuti but she will teach my sister-in-law a few things about life. Maphuti had had it easy and she is far from realising her mistakes.

After a while she went to bed, leaving me all by myself.

I think Kgabo was using the guest bathroom. I heard him walking out earlier and I think by now he is in bed.

I will join him later when I am sure he is asleep. I want him to drop this idea of him wanting me to turn him on. I have no clue on how to do that.

After 10pm he walked into the sitting room, I was half asleep and jumped up as he touched me. He was wearing his pajama pants only and still smelled of soap.

"Why are you sleeping on the couch?" He sat next to me.

"I hadn't realised." I yawned.

"Pitsi," I hate it when he calls me that, he's never happy when he does. "Are you avoiding me?"

I couldn't see his face very well, the lights were off and the tv didn't provide enough for me to see him.

"No, I fell asleep on the couch by mistake."

"You locked the bathroom door. Was that also a mistake?"

"Yes, Kgabo. Please let's not fight."

"I am not fighting, I am hurt. Mapitsi you are pushing me away, why?"

I know and I didn't mean to, I am scared, terrified.

"I am not." I softly said the words so he would believe me.

"Then what are you doing?"

"I am scared."

"Of what? And why are you not talking to me if there is something?" I went still and quite, how do I explain. I also don't understand what is going on with me. Yes,

I want everything that he is offering but it freaks me out. "Do you want to sleep in separate bedrooms?"

"No." I looked at him with shock trying to find his face.

"Do you want me stop touching you then?"

Again. "No."

"So what baby? It's killing me to see you distancing yourself from me and not talking to me. Show me what you want if you can't say it."

I jumped at that opportunity, in a second I was on his lap and tried to cover his lips with mine. He over powered me and took over the kiss but pushed me off him and back to the couch before breaking the kiss.

"Try again."

There, you see? He is making me do the things I can't do and it frustrates me. He's hard and I am horny too, why can't we just get to it. The most important parts are ready mos.

I put my hands on the front on his pants and rubbed. He was hard and warm, so welcoming that I moved closer. He grabbed my hand and moved back.

"Try something else, you've been there before."

I moved closer to him again and he didn't move this time, maybe because there was no room to move to anymore.

I ran a finger on his throat then put my lips there. Sucking a little, making sure not to leave marks.

"I like that baby but I will only touch you when you are at the right spot." His voice made his throat vibrate on my lips.

I moved my lips to his chest, he was hard. His skin there was really hard but I manage to hold on to his flesh with my teeth and bite him. He moaned and jumped a bit, he liked it the son of a...

I moved to his breasts, sucked each nipple at the same amount of time. Quick and the same way he does to me. He enjoyed it but didn't touch me. I wanted to ask him about that but before I could he pulled me up to kiss me on my lips, he returned the favour by doing just what I did to him too after he got rid of my track top exposing my two sets of heavy breast that were eagerly waiting for his touch. He sucked my breast as he tugged my knees between his thighs, he stretched his legs out on the couch as we rubbed against each other through our clothes. The clothes felt too much and I was getting hotter and hotter.

He felt the same way too, he couldn't wait any longer, he dipped a finger in my pants and found me ready for him. He quickly yanked my pants off me as he pushed me back, I fell on my back while he lifted my legs up to free the track pants of them. He threw them on the floor and I was on to him, doing the same.

I got on top on him again, kissing him harder and demanding more from him.

The colour screens of the t.v. added some cool vibes to the mood.

I was on top of him but he managed to get up with us both, me in his arms. He carried me to the bedroom and set me on the bed, he climbed in next to me and pulled me to get on top of him.

This I have done before...

Chapter 97>>>

I opened my eyes as I felt Kgabo stretching besides me on the bed. It was morning already. I know it feels like I have only slept for a few minute, I felt tired and needed a warm bath with my husband in it too. No more sex though, we've had enough to last us a week. He placed a hand over me and pulled me closer to him.

"Didn't mean to wake you up beautiful." We were both still naked as his hand moved to cup my butt under the blankets.

After our spontaneous night I didn't want to get out of bed or be away from him. The things he said to me when I rode him where so good any woman would love her man even more after hearing them. He had boosted my confidence and made me give more.

"Good morning." I spoke my lips on his chest since he had pressed me against him.

"A good one indeed." I looked at his happy face. I had surely made him his night and given him something to start the day with. "I would love to stay in bed all day and put your energy on repeat but I have a lot to do today."

He flipped the bed covers and got his naked butt out. He turned around and my eyes just went to his front. He found me staring. I sleep with that every night and wake up to it every morning but I don't think I can get used to it, especially now that I know the kind of magic it has.

I quickly tried to look away after I realised he had caught me staring. He laughed.

"I love the look you have when you want me." I didn't want sex.

He jumped back on the bed and kissed me on my lips. I didn't complain about my morning breath, I am getting used to the fact that he doesn't care.

My phone vibrated on the the side of the bed. I quickly broke the kiss and grabbed my phone.

"We need to work on your concentration, when we are locked together you need to have your mind on us." He got off the bed. I ignored him and looked at my phone, it was an SMS from Judy,

'Hope you spoke to Kgabo, he's coming to get Kgomotso this weekend. STAY AWAY... let them bond on their own.'

The SMS just made me smile. So early in the morning, I bet this whole thing had been keeping her up for nights ever since she brought it up.

"Good news?" Kgabo asked. He was still standing next to the bed.

"Nothing important but it just gave me an idea."

"Tell me more." He climbed back on to the bed and looked at me resting his chin on his hand.

"How about a girls weekend away for me and Tsotso." Kamogelo calls his little sister Tsotso and the name just hanged amongst us.

"I like that but please make it a day, I want to spend time with my girls too." I don't care how long or short of a time I spend with Tsotso as long as that bitch Judy knows that I am not going to back down then I am cool, I am sending her a message this way. Her threats will affect my marriage and she doesn't even know what is it that she wants. She should wish for a good step mother for her daughter so she can be reassured that her child is safe.

"Okay, I can do that. Call Judy now and tell her."

"Now? Baby I have to get to work."

"Mothiba, this is important."

He rolled his big eyes as he rolled off the bed. If I could I would have spanked his naked butt, only if he was near. He got his phone and came back to the bed.

I could hear the phone ringing as Kgabo had it on his ear, he put it on loud speaker as she was about to answer.

"Hey Judy."

"Hey PapaKgomotso." I could hear the softness in her voice. I don't know if Kgabo was aware of the fact that his baby mama might be flirting with him. If this is how she speaks to my husband everytime, I'll put Reba on her ass or even better she should ask my neighbour. It got me a bit irritated but I managed to shut my mouth.

"Please get Kgomotso ready on Friday."

"That's the plan." She was so comfortable talking to my husband.

"Mapitsi will pick her up, she has a little something arranged just for the two of them." I moved closer to my husband and planted little kisses on his neck. He doesn't know how happy he just made me right now.

"Why? Kgabo you need to spend time with your daughter."

"I have Saturday and Sunday too."

"Saturday only since you are shoving our child away with your wife on Friday and Sunday you are bringing her back."

"What's the difference Judy? Do you maybe have a problem with my wife?"

She went quite. Her silent giving jer away, she has serious problems with me and I won't let that come between me and my husband. I have been played by the women in my husband's life and I have had enough.

"Damn you Judy, what is wrong with you? Get Kgomoiso ready on Friday after school." Kgabo hang up the phone.

I played the supportive wife role so good, taking my husband's side and agreeing to everything he was saying. Kgabo needed me to calm him down and that's how things are suppose to be. I do feel bad that Judy is using Kgomoiso to somehow dictate me and I am aslo playing along, scheming behind my husband's back. We spoke about secrets, I know what keeping secrets from my husband has done to him, to us.

I took a quick shower and went to make breakfast, trying to make it special. My efforts of the night has gone to waste now, Kgabo was upset and I had a hand in that, acting like I don't know anything now. I don't want to tell him because it will look bad coming from me, he'll think I have issues with Kgomoiso. I don't want that.

He came to the kitchen dressed for work and smelling fresh. He wore his usual business suits, ready for work.

As soon as he sat down I passed him his cup of tea and breakfast plate, he started eating. He was distracted but he managed to act all cool. I sat down with my plate too.

I watched him eat in silence, taking a bit of my toast.

"Kgabo?" I softly said his name.

"Mapitsi, do you realise we've been married for almost four years?" He asked me putting his tea cup down.

"Yes, I know that. We married when Kamo was 3. We've had good and bad times." I don't know where he was going with this and I didn't want to bring out the past, especially everything he has done to me throughout the marriage and before we even got married.

"Yes but I am trying to point out something."

"What?"

"It's not anything hectic just Baby you've never been... I don't know how to put this but okay here we go..." He smiled at me, almost laughing. "I have always been just Kgabo, no Baby, Sweetie, Love... hmmm...nothing romantic."

I drank my tea trying to hide my face. He's just being too demanding now, some of us are not meant for this things you know. I don't get why He is bringing up all this things that never mattered to him before, maybe things should have stayed as they were.

Well I was the first one to complain about the sex, now I can't keep up.

I looked at him with the corner of my eye, he knew I was looking. He raised a single eyebrow at me. I put my cup down.

"You just like putting me in a tight spots."

He laughed.

"Baby. How does that sound when I say it. I also want to feel loved and needed just like you." He wiped his hands and lips, he rounded the breakfast bar and came to me. He made me look into his loving eyes, I almost cried seeing my husband like that. He bend down to kiss me, I took in everything that he gave with the kiss. The love and reassurance.

He pulled away and stared into my eyes.

"I love your eyes Baby." I blinked unintended. "Damn." He kissed me again.

After he left for work Maphuti and her friend locked themselves in her bedroom, laughing and giggling all morning while I did all the house chores. I even baked scones for church.

By lunchtime Kgabo called to say he has a meeting in town and won't be able to come back home for lunch. I told him to come straight home after work to get the scones before he comes to church. He wanted to play his naughty game but I hang up on him, he sent me an SMS,

'One day baby, one day.'

I didn't reply.

I ate alone making myself a sandwich and a glass of juice.

I went through my phone. I have been ignoring it all morning for obvious reasons.

There was a message from Judy...

'You don't know what you are doing bitch!'

I don't have the energy nor the time to be playing this game anymore. This woman is clearly ready to play with her daughter's feelings and hurt that poor little. When it to Tsotso we should put our feelings aside and not show her what is going on between us.

I know and understands what Judy feels like as a mother, I don't even want to come between them or take Tsotso away from her. They have an unbreakable bond and all I am doing is supporting my husband but she is only pushing her daughter further into my arms, the more she doesn't want us alone the more I will fight and see need for it. We are all grown up and we should make peace with each other.

I got ready for church and announced to Maphuti and her friend to get ready too. I have a meeting with their group later in the evening.

I took my bible and the notes I have made for the meeting, I am ready.

I wore black skinny jeans and a white t-shirt, a simple look for a meeting with the church's teenagers. You should see what those kids put on, it's like some sort of a fashion competition for them.

I made sure I had everything and headed for the door...

There, I found Lerato about to knock. I was surprised and a bit scared, what if she is here for revenge. I don't trust her.

"What do you want?" I demanded harshly.

"Hi Mapitsi." She spoke calmly.

"I asked you a question Lerato."

"Can we talk?"

"I am late for a church meeting." I was early, my meeting with the youth was starting just as everyone was back from school and have atleast settled at home. I dont want this woman here, can't she see that?

"I can walk you to church."

I looked at her, she was still wearing black. Different clothes. And for someone we attacked looked like she was tired of fighting or maybe that's the kind of impression she wanted to give me.

She stepped aside so I can close the door and locked it. I didn't say she can walk with me but we walked silently to the gate.

"Mapitsi," she started as soon as we were out of the gate. "I want to apologise."

I stopped walking making her stop too. I don't hold grudges but I hate Lerato with everything in me, she has disrupted a lot in my life. I don't care about her in any form of way. Since that day of the fight I wanted to pretend and live like she wasn't next door, I had written her off.

Then again I forgave Kgabo, the main suspect.

"Are you serious?" I started walking and she followed.

"Yes, I will also go to your sister and apologise. I realised I didn't take the news of my husband's death very well, the fact that he died with another woman made things worse. I felt he didn't respect me and why should I, he didn't deserve anything from me even when he was dead. He left me broke and I saw Kgabo as a my next husband." I stopped again and this time I almost slapped her, she saw me and took a few steps back. She went on talking. "I just wanted someone with money, who will take care of me and my children. But Kgabo loves you, he gave me a job to help but I wanted more. Despite the business trip we took together we had sex once, the other times he preoccupied his time with work and slept late, on a bed next to mine. He always insisted I book a room with two beds, we fought about that but he refused to listen to me."

I started walking again.

"Mapitsi I am sorry."

I walked away and didn't stop. She caught up with me and stopped me with a hand on my arm.

"Let go off."

"Please hear me out." I couldn't even look at her in her eyes. I was disgusted and she brought up that pain, the one I feel everytime I find out what Kgabo had been up to. "I don't expect you to forgive me now but I need your support for my cleansing ceremony, let's put our differences aside for just that."

I jerked my arms out of her hand and walked away again. I was beyond angry with her. I walked, not to church but to my parent's house. I hurried holding tears back

and passing people like I didn't know them. I wanted my parents. When I got there my mom was hosting her stokvel ladies outside under the big tree that she and my dad like to sit under, I greeted them passing straight into the house to my dad who was watching t.v.

I went to him on his rocking couch and fell in his lap. All the tears just flowed out, my dad just held me pressing my head to him in a hug.

"Pitsi." My mom came rushing into the house. She knew that I was upset.
"Ngwanaka, ke eng?" She knelt down besides me. I couldn't answer her, I just continued crying.

I heard my mom telling my dad that she was going outside to wrap up the meeting and quickly see the ladies off.

When she came back all I asked for was a bed, they wanted to know what was going on. I felt tired and all the energy drained off me. My marriage, my life, my neighbour, everything was draining me. They finally gave up and let me sleep, I slept in my old bedroom. One familiar territory.

Kgabo promised to build my parents their house, I should remind him of that.

I slept peacefully for hours with thoughts of my parents new house on mind, I was somehow happy and when I opened my eyes I found Kgabo next to me. He was staring at me as if he has been waiting for hours for me to wake up.

"Baby?" He looked relieved and I felt sad, all the sadness came back.

"What are you doing here?" My voice wasn't as harsh as I'd wanted it to be.

"Everyone out there is ready for my head, they think I did something to you. What happened after I left?"

"Church! My meeting!" I remembered as I tried to untangle my legs from the blanket.

"Relax, it's been taken care off." He gently pulled me back.

"I spoke to Lerato." I quickly said.

"Why? About what?"

"You! And your relationship with her." His expression went from soft to hard, regret flooding his pretty face.

"Are you mad at me?" His eyes were begging me.

"No, just hurt. Being reminded and hearing everything hurts Kgabo."

He went quite as if figuring a way to control the situation, to ease my pain. Everything couldn't be undone, we will just have to live with it.

"Baby, let's move. Let's go start over at a new place, new house and new neighbours."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes, please say yes."

"Kgabo, Lerato wants me to forgive her." I blurted it out. He wanted us to move so we could avoid her. Wherever we go we'll have new neighbours and what if they don't like us and worsen things for us.

"I'll do anything you want me to do baby, tell me what you want." The promise was in his voice.

"Take me home." I said and he quickly got off the bed and scooped me in his arms.

"Let's go."

"Put me down first." I laughed and he remembered where we were.

He helped me into my shoes and we walked out the bedroom holding hands. My mom, dad, Reba, my son and nephews and niece were all sitting in the living room when we walked in. My dad stood up when he saw us.

"I am fine, I was just upset by something when I came here." I quickly told them.

"Does he have anything to do with it?" Reba asked pointing a finger at Kgabo.

"No, it's something else." Reba didn't believe me but she had to take whatever I was saying.

"Better take good care of her wena SISTER-IN-LAW." Reba directed that at Kgabo. I laughed.

"Sure, BROTHER-IN-LAW."

This two are far too carzy.

To put everyone at ease Kgabo decided to invite all of them for supper. It was late already and we didn't have cooked food at the house.

Luckily Reba had cooked and she said she can bring some with us. My parents wouldn't come though and they said the children should also sleep early since it was a school night.

We left with Reba after she dished up, we picked up Jonas at his house and drove to our house. Things seemed settled between Reba and Jonas and I was glad. Tension is not good for a relationship.

I was back to my normal self, excited to have Reba and Jonas over. Reba dished up while I went to check on Maphuti and ask her if she would love to join us. I have heard her and friend laughing in her bedroom when we came in, I opened the door without knocking and...

The two of the were locked in a kiss, a deal kiss even holding each other. I screamed in shock as I shut the door.

The kiss between the two girls shocked me so bad that I felt bile come up to my throat, I rushed to the bathroom.

I didn't even get to the toilet...

Chapter 98>>>

"Are you sure you don't need anything?" Kgabo asked me tucking me into bed as if I was Kamogelo. I was fine, just a bit shocked. I know he was scared and I am too. Everything just left me weak and feeling pathetic. I am not judging Maphuti but whatever she is doing she isn't thinking straight. She has a lot to deal with and she

is going about it the wrong way. It's her life to live and do as she please, at this moment she is needy because she had lost a baby that she wanted to keep. She would do anything to hold on to anybody that loves her, I have seen her when she begged me not to turn my back against her.

I just wish my husband would put his focus and efforts on her, he knows I am strong and can handle anything, he doesn't have to look so depressed and worried about me. I threw up and a little weak, so what?

"Can you stop fussing Kgabo!" I snapped at him. He quickly withdrew his hands from me.

"I'm sorry, you scared me." He said looking like I was denying him something bigger than touching me.

"I know but I am fine. I just want to sleep with my husband next to me in bed." He was exhausted too before we came home he had a dilemma of me disappearing and stressing him. We get home and he has a lot to deal with once more, after helping me to the bathroom for a bath, cleaning up my mess and fighting with Reba because she blames everything on him the poor guy just needs to rest too.

Reba and Jonas left because I couldn't stand Reba and Kgabo fighting, they were driving me nuts and giving me a very painful headache.

"I am not going anywhere." He got into bed next to me and snuggled up to me, being next to me reassured me. "Baby, do you mind me asking, I just want to know what happened. What triggered the throwing up?"

"I don't know, I just didn't feel good." It was a bit of the truth. I can't tell him I walked in on his sister kissing her supposedly best friend, it will freak him out. If I couldn't handle it, I can only imagine what it would do to him. I have to talk to Maphuti first.

"Do you think we should consult?"

"We?"

"Well, I am going with you and whatever they test you for they will have to test me too."

"What if they test me for a pregnancy, would you want that too?" I laughed at him and all of a sudden he was giving me this serious look. It was suppose to be a joke.

"Could you maybe be...?" The look on my face stopped him from saying more. I can't be pregnant, I am on my pills. Wait a minute... where are my pills?

"I don't want a baby Kgabo, do you?" The realisation hit me so hard. I had to run to the bathroom as I felt nauseas.

Kgabo followed me.

I threw up harder than I did the first time. The water I was given earlier followed.

He offered me something to wipe my mouth with and after I went to rinse my mouth. I looked at myself in the mirror to be met with Kgabo's big eyes.

"I asked you a question." I said.

"I got distracted, are you okay?"

"Yes, I asked you if you want another child?" He has two already and I have my hands full with Kamo. I also want to start work soon to get my own brand out there.

"No." He gave me a simple answer and I just left it at that.

We went to bed and the next morning I was worse. Nausea, cranky and tired even after sleeping throughout the night.

Kgabo wanted to ditch work to take care of me and I wanted him gone, I wanted Reba by my side. He was being all over me I couldn't even think.

"Just go to work and call my sister." I had told him.

"Are you going to see a doctor?"

"I am fine Kgabo."

When he left he put his car keys on the bedside table saying if there was an emergency I were to use his car.

A few minutes after he left he called,

"Baby, was just checking up on you."

"Did you call Reba?"

"Yes, Baby..."

I hang up on him and even switched off my phone. I was stressed about being pregnant and he was pestering me. The possibilities were endless, I don't even remember when we the last time I took my pills. Getting pregnant was the last thing on my mind, we are trying to fix our marriage and a baby is a setback we are both not ready for.

I got out of bed, bathed and Reba wasn't in the house yet. I went to the kitchen to see if I can find anything edible at this moment. With the way I was feeling, nothing felt good. Even water tasted funny.

Maphuti walked into the kitchen wrapped in a pink gown.

The side of her sickens me more, I can't stand her.

"Sesi Pitsi." She said walking towards me. I turned away, giving her my back.

"What do you want Maphuti?"

"I wanted to talk about what you saw last night." I swallowed hard. The image was unbearable. "I am not a lesbian nor is Portia, we were just trying it out and we got carried away."

"Fine, Maphuti leave."

"Did you tell Buti Kgabo?"

I turned to look at her and I just couldn't. The feelings of last night just came back, her folded in her friends arms and... I ran passed her and went to the bathroom. At least this time I got to the toilet.

I sat down on the floor and used the hem my shirt to wipe my lips after I was done. Maphuti was at the door looking at me, she looked scared.

She rushed in after some minutes and helped me up.

"I am fine, I just need to change clothes." I shrugged myself out of her hold on me.

"Do you want me to call Buti Kgabo."

"No!" I quickly shouted.

I slowly walked to the bedroom. I went to brush my teeth and change clothes. I just want to go to the doctor and get this over and done with. I wore a blue wrap dress and kept my black high heels on. I felt sick and I think this could be more than just a pregnancy.

There was a knock at the bedroom door, I thought it was Maphuti wanting to bug me with her nonsense again. I know what I saw, it doesn't even matter even if she tries to explain herself.

"Mapitsi?" It was Reba calling from outside the door. I took my bag and opened the door. She was with Maphuti, they both looked at me like I was dead already.

"Let's go." I said to Reba.

"Where are we going?" I was walking toward the kitchen and she walked behind me.

"I don't feel so good, I need to see the doctor."

I didn't stop. I walked to Kgabo's car that was parked outside the garage. Reba didn't ask anymore questions, she waited until we were both settled in the car and I was driving in the dusty road.

"Pitsi? What is going on?"

"I don't know Reba, that's why I am going to the doctor."

"Why aren't you going with your husband? The poor man is worried about you."

"I want you by my side, if you don't want to go with me you can just say so!" I snapped at her getting the car into the tar road. She raised both her hands in the air, she didn't ask any questions or talk all the way to town.

When we got there I was told my husband had called already to set up my appointment. He knew I was going to use our family doctor and he had to meddle in, Kgabo never gets tired of controlling everything. I can do this on my own.

My appointment was for 10am. We waited for the doctor while Reba tried to make small talk, she was also starting to annoy me. I was going out of my mind trying to rule out the possibility of being pregnant while she couldn't stop talking about things that didn't matter to me.

A nurse called me, took my urine and checked my vital signs before I went into the doctor's consultation room. He was a middle aged Indian man who always wore grey suits and no coat, I mean that white doctor's coat.

He went through my file as Reba sat next to me.

"Mrs Mothiba, it's been a while since you've had a consultation."

"Yes." I answered. I was shaking, I don't know if I was cold since the doctor's office was a bit chilled or the fact that I was scared. The last time I was here I had come to pick up my pills and check for my vital signs. My visits to the doctor stopped the moment I mentioned divorce to Kgabo.

"What seems to be the problem today?"

"I don't know but I have some terrible symptoms." I went quite and looked at him. He had a pen in his hand ready to write in my file.

"I am listening."

"Nausea... vomiting... headaches and I sleep a lot."

He smiled. "How long have you had the symptoms."

"I am not sure but I think I wasn't aware, maybe a couple of days back." I realise that I might have felt a bit nausea in the mornings since the beginning of the week, coupling that with my mood swings lately everything just adds up.

"Do you maybe have an idea of what might be triggering this?" I looked at Reba and she just smiled at me. We all knew what was going on but I was scared to admit it. "Lets check your results before we assume anything." He paged through my file again, the nurse must have written everything in there earlier.

My heartbeat was faster than a normal rate, I could hear the blood rushing through my ears. Kgabo said he didn't want a child last night and I am not ready either. I can't do this.

I felt Reba squeeze my hand on the table. I looked at her and she had a reassuring smile on, she doesn't understand. I have dreams and goals to pursue, my husband has everything set up for himself and I want that too. I can't be home and mothering a baby when time is not on my side. I lost a lot of it when I gave birth to Kamo, repeating matric was no child's play.

"Mrs Mothiba, I have here your urine results for a pregnancy test and they are positive..."

No, that can't be.

I shot up on my feet and ran out. I went straight to the car and left Reba calling after me.

I sat in the car and cried. I should have continued with taking my pills or used protection with Kgabo. We both should have been smart.

I don't know for how long but after some time Reba knocked on my window, I had forgotten about her.

I unlocked the door for her, she rounded the car to get in.

"Pitsi?" She said my name and pulled me into her arms. I cried some more.

"What am I going to do? Kgabo doesn't want another child."

"The two of you will figure this out, you are not alone in this."

She doesn't understand, no one does.

"The doctor gave me your new appointment card. Pitsi..." She held me away from her and looked at me. "if I could raise three kids on my own, what is two to you when you are married to a man who loves you? You are underestimating the love your husband has for you."

"I'm scared Sesi, I have so much that I have to do."

"You did it with Kamogelo, you can do it again."

This is so hard.

It took forever for me to calm down but I did. I didn't want to go home yet so we did a bit of shopping and ate lunch. I was far from okay but I had to give Reba the impression that I was fine, she was too sympathetic and I couldn't help but feel bad. She lost her child and I am here not wanting a second child.

We left town around 4pm, I went home to my parents house to drop off Reba but decided to take a nap.

I woke up around 7 and left after telling my parents I was pregnant. They were excited and that just depressed me even more.

Kgabo didn't come for me or call to ask about me like he did the other day. Hope he is still at work so I won't have to deal with him too.

And tomorrow I am supposed to go pick up Tsotso, wish I didn't have to.

When I got home I parked the car and locked the gate. The lights of the house were off meaning Kgabo wasn't back from work yet and Maphuti wasn't home.

When I got inside I switched the kitchen light on and put my handbag on a chair.

I went to the living room and switched on the lights in there.

I jumped up as I found Kgabo sitting down with a bottle of wine and a glass in front of him on the coffee table. He hadn't had a drink since we got back together. But the bottle looked unopened.

"You scared me. Thought no one was home." I took a seat on the couch next to his.

"Where have you been?" He asked me not even looking at me. His eyes were on the bottle.

"I was at my parents house."

"How did it go at the doctor?"

I went quite. I wanted some time to prepare him for the news, not just spring it on him.

He went still until I had to spill it out.

"Kgabo, I am pregnant." I choked and coughed. He didn't move.

"I'm happy Mapitsi, I want that baby." I saw tears running down his cheeks.

"But last night..." He spoke before I could finish.

"I only said what you wanted to hear."

Silence again.

"I'm scared Kgabo."

"Me too but excited, I can't wait to be a father again." He looked at me with a smile.

All that I have been feeling the whole day, the tension and everything just wore off me. I am not alone, Kgabo will support me and be there with me. It's scary now but we will get there.

"Mapitsi, I am hurting. I wanted to get drunk but I couldn't." He looked at me with a face wet with his tears. He then closed his eyes, shutting them so hard like he was trying to squeeze back the tears and when he opened them he said. "It would have been beautiful if I was there with you to hear the news."

I know I should have given him the benefit of the doubt and took him with me. I was scared and didn't know how he would take the news.

"You are pushing me away Mapitsi and it hurt to see you getting help from other people while I am here. You trust your sister more than me, your husband." He had a hand on his chest. The pain on his face tore through me. He is trying, he has been trying and I keep on pushing him away.

"I'm sorry." I apologised and unable to hold my own tears.

We should be celebrating the pregnancy now not hurting like this.

He stood.

"I am going to bed, I'll take the guest bedroom."

I burst into tears as he walked away from me.

Chapter 99>>>>

I don't know what to do, everything I do is wrong. I keep I hurting my husband and I won't even blame the pregnancy as this has been going on for a while. I didn't mean to this time. I don't even know how to fix this.

Yes, I want this baby. I was scared at first but I think we can do it. He's been bugging me for a baby and finally we are going to have another one.

I sat there on the couch crying my eyes out, all my mistakes coming back to me which I realised later that it wasn't going to solve anything. Kgabo wasn't going to come back for me. I messed up and I have to be the one to reach out.

I got up and went to him in the guest bedroom. He was on top of the bed covers in his boxer briefs on his back. His eyes were open but he didn't look at me when I walked in.

I sat on the edge of the bed.

"Kgabo?" He blinked but not even once looked my way, he stared up at the white ceiling. "I know you don't want to talk to me, I know my actions always hurt you. I guess I don't know how to approach our relationship, I do everything wrong."

He was listening to me even though he wasn't responding. I sat there waiting for him to speak. He wasn't going to say anything.

I moved closer to him, he still didn't move. I got on top of him and sat my butt on his stomach, our eyes met. The tears were gone but he still showed he was hurt.

"I'm sorry." I apologised sincerely from the bottom of my heart and he knows it too.

He moved a hand and placed it on my stomach. I know I have denied him something he never had when I was pregnant with Kamogelo. He was there but not this close, he didn't go through the pregnancy with me. Even though he had paid damages we couldn't see each other like a proper married couple, we only had stolen moments.

"I want a boy." He spoke to me finally and he was teasing me.

"I have enough of that between you and Kamogelo." I teased back. He smiled. He wants us to work as much as I do and he's working so hard for us to get there.

"I want to hear you say you forgive me."

"I haven't forgiven you yet."

The words stabbed through me like a sharp knife but he put me at ease as he was still smiling and that gave me an idea.

"You want me to give you a blow job?" I moved backward on him and sat on his lap and ran my fingers on the front of his briefs. He was hard beneath it. He closed his eyes and relaxed in my touch, he licked his lips. I bend forward to give him a kiss and he kissed me back.

"I love you so much Mapitsi, you drive me mad but I still want you." He spoke between our lips.

"I want you Kgabo, I want you so bad." My voice was one I didn't recognise. I didn't realise I was saying the words until they were all out of my mouth. He deepened the kiss even pulling my lower lip with the gentleness of his teeth.

He got up from the bed with me still in his arms, he carried me to our bedroom kissing me on the way.

He put me on top of the bed and slowly pulled my clothes off me. He touched my tender breast with his fingers before sucking hard and painfully on them. I held his head as he drove me wild, every body part he touched felt sensitive to his erotic torture on me. I heard myself call him names, names that he always wanted to hear from me but I never had the courage to use them.

"HMMMM, ohhh sweetheart. My love. Baby. Honey."

He moved from my breast and went down, between my legs. He parted my thighs and buried his head between my moist self.

"Oh my God, Kgabo... I... didn't... have... a... bath..." My voice faded as he dug his tongue deeper. I ached my back up and collapsed back with a climax that shook my whole body.

Between my trembling body and trying to calm myself he got on top of me and eased himself deeper in me finding me ready and waiting. The shock of the excitement my body felt send me screaming as I held on tighter to my pillow.

I felt him move inside me...

Sex with this pregnancy is going to be mind blowing.

The following morning I woke up to a bright lit room from the sun outside. It was morning already and probably late. I turned to search the bed behind me, Kgabo was still there. Wide awake and smiling at me. I was relieved to wake up next to him. He pulled me to him and put my head on his chest.

"You are stuck with me, get used to that."

"And I will never get tired of that."

"I love you Audrey."

"I love you Jackson."

Kgabo made me breakfast as I took a bath, one that he filled with warm water and ordered me to relax in.

When I walked in the kitchen I was met with the smell of fried eggs and it hit me hard, shaking up everything in me. I felt sick instantly.

He saw me turning back with a hand on my mouth and ran after me to the guest bathroom.

He was with me when I leaned over the toilet. He held me and watched as I gagged. Nothing came out, just a whole lot of saliva. I wiped my mouth with the towel he handed me.

"Eggs are probably off the menu for now. What do you feel like?" I looked at him and he just looked so perfect when he was worried about me and wanted to take care of me.

"Just toasted bread and juice please." Was my reply. I am not hungry just I don't want to upset him again.

He brought me the food in the bedroom since I couldn't stand the lingering smell of eggs in the kitchen. He also ate toasted bread and juice, he we being supportive.

"Aren't you going to be late for work?" I asked swallowing the piece of toast. Nothing has ever tasted this good in ages, the crispness of the bread was delicious.

"I am not going in."

"Why not? I am fine, I mean we are fine." I touched my tummy and Kgabo leaned in and kissed the top of my hand.

"I took care of things yesterday."

"But I have a date with Tsotso."

"I know."

He was trying to make me see that I was really stuck with him. I really feel bad about pushing him away. I swear I am going to make things right by him.

"Do you have a PA?"

"No, the receptionist is an all rounder for now, why?"

"I just think you should hire Lerato back."

He dropped the piece of toast he has in his hand in his plate and rubbed his hands together.

"Kgabo, I want to forgive and forget. Also I want you to take this as me saying I trust you."

"Wow, aren't we growing up. I should have knocked you up a long time ago."

I slapped him on his shoulder, he laughed touching himself as if I hurt him.

"I also want to talk to your PA. I want her to pencil in every appointment I have with my doctor in your diary."

He went quite his eyes blinking back the tears at me. I want to make up for the first time even though all this next appointment won't be as special as the first one he missed. Walking this road together will help us bond all over again, I hope.

"Thank you." He said clearing the plates and glasses with the tray from the bed. He came back for a deep kiss and pulled me off the bed to follow him to the kitchen.

We washed the dishes together and neatly cleaned up the kitchen.

After that we sat watching tv. Kgabo had his head on my lap as I sat down. Minutes later I realised I was talking to myself, he was fast asleep.

I gently got up making sure not to wake him up.

I went to the kitchen where Maphuti was. She was eating her first meal of the day at 11:30 since she just woke up. It looks like she has been avoiding me.

"Maphuti." I said her name and she looked up at me from her plate.

"Sesi Pitsi."

"Can we talk?" She toyed with her food poking the bacon with her fork.

"Yes." She agreed.

"I'm sorry about the way I reacted the other day and again you can choose to do anything you want with your life, I won't judge." She looked up at me with a smile.

"I'm sorry too but there is really nothing there." I gave her a nod and went back to check on Kgabo. I don't want to discuss this anymore than we've had, I still don't like her after the kiss.

My husband was still sleeping peacefully on the couch.

I went to the bedroom and called Reba. I told her what happened and how the whole thing of me relying on her will ruin my marriage. I am not blaming her for anything, I just want her to know in future if I come running to her she should tell me to go back to my husband. I don't know if she understood or not since she was just listening without commenting. I love her and will always value her support but I think Kgabo will take it from here, I want to make him feel that he is a big part of my life.

As soon as I was done talking to Reba my phone rang. I didn't recognise the number but I answered anyway.

"Hello."

"Hey girl."

Gugu! She sounded excited and cheerful. I never thought I'd hear from her again.

"Friend, how are you?"

"I'm okay and I have some good news."

"Okay." I didn't know what else to say. Gugu is a good person, just like me she was just caught up in one of Lindiwe's schemes. Still I want to move on from

everything that links me to her and I know I should start by cutting my friendship with Gugu but I just don't have it in me.

"I am coming back to South Africa."

Oh???

"That's wonderful news, when and what brings you back?"

"Well, Lindiwe and Thabiso are renewing their vows. That's not the reason though, Andile and I decided to give our relationship a second chance."

You see, she is still involved with the Mabenas and I can't deal. I want nothing to do with them. Gugu knows them better than I do, she knows Lindiwe is nothing but bad news.

I could hear her trying to convince me about her relationship with Andile. She could tell I doubted them but she wanted me to believe in what they have. To me it seems stupid for her to even consider it but I just told her what she wanted to hear from me. Playing the supportive role too well.

After talking to Gugu Kgabo came to the bedroom, he looked tired from waking up.

He gave me his car keys and got on top of the bed. I went to take a shower.

I decided to wear a floral short dress, one of Lindiwe's dresses with brown wedges. My messy afro was in a bun and had a touch of makeup.

I woke Kgabo just as I was ready to leave.

"You are wearing that?" He pointed at my dress.

"Why not?"

"I don't like it, too short." He can't be serious. I am trying to charm him and he complains, how am I suppose to make him happy?

"I am only going to pick up Tsotso and go eat out." I had planned and something small, as long as I get an hour or two with her we will be fine.

"Baby please I never complain about what you wear and I do love this dress, you look sexy as hell in it but don't go out looking like this." He was really serious and I kinda feel happy that my husband is showing interest in what I wear, he has never complained or made a comment. Maybe a couple of times but not as much as I would like him to.

Looking at the dress it's not my style and besides I don't really feel comfortable in it either.

I changed into another longer one acting like I was doing it for him. He looked satisfied with my look.

Driving to Judy's house got me thinking a lot. I wondered if I was doing the right thing or not, I might be pushing her too far and I don't want to know what she would do to me. I have seen a lot of crazy women in my life and she might be one of them.

Upon my arrival I found her waiting at the gate for me. I parked the car and got out.

Judy wasn't as beautiful as the rest of the women my husband has had relationships with, she was a yellow bone but not as attractive. She a curvy body, a big butt and bigger boobs. Those were her good qualities.

She stood at the gate wearing a black pencil skirt and a white loose top. The look was perfect for her and she had thick cornrows shaping her head.

I approach her as I rounded the car.

"Judy, I don't want to fight." I said making sure we were not going to do this all over again, taking it from cellphones to physical. Looking at her standing there I don't think the whole thing is worth it. As much as I am doing all this for Kgabo I am also being selfish. Tormenting her. From the moment I realised Judy was threatened by me I took things far.

"I am not fighting either. I wanted to talk to you before you take my daughter."

"Okay."

"Look, I understand that she loves you and I also want to give you the benefit of the doubt. I just want you to know that she talks a lot and she had said things about you that I used to misjudge you." She was talking but not making much sense.

"Okay." Maybe if she went on I would understand.

"I shouldn't have listened to her, she is a child and she doesn't know what she is saying."

"What exactly did she say about me?"

"It doesn't matter, my point is don't believe the things she says. She just had a little over active mind."

At that moment Tsotso came running out. She ran straight to me with her arms open. I scooped her up and spun her around. She giggled.

"Mommy, I have missed you so much." She held tight trying to squeeze me.

"Me too Tsotso."

Judy walked away before I could talk some more with her, I wanted her to explain but she wasn't going to give me the chance.

I got Tsotso into the car and drove off.

The first thing we did when we got to town she wanted a doll, we went around looking for one. We eventually found one that was bigger than her, she loved it and we took it.

We ate and bought some few clothes for both of us. We had a great time as she picked things for me.

We left town around 5pm, we were both tired and Tsotso slept all the way home. When we got home Kgabo was preparing supper with Kamo and Reba's kids. They were helping in chopping the veggies and even eating the edible raw ones. When Tsotso joined them they made an even bigger party and a mess.

I decided to take a bath with Tsotso before supper.

She was so excited she couldn't stop jumping up and down, even when we were inside the bathtub with the little water and bubbles she managed to splash a whole lot on the floor. I let her and joined her in her playfulness. The water wasn't even halfway full but she managed to get it everywhere.

I bathed her first then let her play while I finished off. I washed my face removing the little makeup I had on and when I opened my eyes I found Tsotso playing with herself. And by that I mean she had her little fingers on her private parts.

"Tsotso, what are you doing?" I shouted at her. She splashed water trying to hide her hands behind herself. She gave me a shy smile. "Tsotso?"

"Mama." She answered.

"Nana, what are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Why do you do that? Who showed you that?"

For a while she just stared at me while I asked her this whole lot of questions.

"Tsotso, talk to me."

Her cute huge eyes were teary when she answered me. I wanted her to see that I wasn't angry but I could not hide the shock on my face.

"Buti, he plays like that with me."

Shock turned into anger. Someone done something to Tsotso...

Judy has another child with her husband and I think he's too young to do this but her husband has older children...

And from our confusing talk earlier I think Judy knows about this.

Chapter 100>>>

Tsotso is only 5 years old and she doesn't know wrong from right, she would do anything anyone older than her tells her to do and even go as far as imitating what's she had seen or taught. This kind of things could destroy her little mind and turn her into something, a little monster and destroy her future.

I don't even want to think about Judy right now because I get as mad as hell, she knows. If I had to figure this out in just a minute she knows more since she is always with Tsotso.

Kgabo is working too hard for his children and he'll do anything to protect them. My poor husband, this is going to break him.

I got out of the bathtub and Tsotso followed, I wrapped her in a towel. The mood between us had changed. She wasn't as happy as she was earlier, the look she gave me made want to cry. Her big innocent eyes were trying to figure out what was wrong with me, she knows something had changed.

"Mama, was I naughty?" She asked me. I also wrapped myself with a towel turning away from her to pinch the tears back.

"No nana. I want you to show me what Buti does to you." I scooped her in my arms after to keep calm. "Does he hurt you?"

"No." She shook her head. "We play only." As far as she was concerned there was nothing wrong there, he had brainwashed her.

I hugged her to my chest, squeezing her as she giggled. Her innocence was just killing me. I was so angry but for her I had to act normal and not alarm her. Just continue acting normal as if everything was okay. We went to my bedroom and got dressed, I got her into her pjs and I wore a red loose dress. I tried playing with her to get her to relax and reassure her that I was fine.

A few minutes later she was back to her playful self again. When we walked back into the kitchen Kgabo was dishing up. She ran to join the others around the breakfast place, I guess Kgabo didn't want them making a mess in the dining room. I stood watching him as he looked at Tsotso settling into a chair, he is a proud-loving parent unaware of what that little girl is faced with.

He gave the children their food and looked at me just standing there.

"Baby? Here is your food?" He set a plate next to an empty chair.

I swallowed hard as the kids even turned to look at me.

"Please bring my food to the bedroom." I turned and walked fast while Kgabo called behind me.

I sat on the bed and took a few moments to calm down. I was shaking and felt nauseas, I don't think I will even eat tonight.

I waited for Kgabo to come to the bedroom, I am scared and petrified.

He did come, with my plate of food.

"What is going on? Is everything okay?" He asked me putting the plate on the bedside table.

The food looked delicious, he had made chicken briyane, but the smell was too much for me and I had lost my appetite a long time ago. With everything that was going on it was too much for my tummy to bear. I rushed to the bathroom with Kgabo on my tail.

He handed me a towel to wipe my mouth after I was done. I sat on the floor with the towel on my mouth.

"Mapitsi, is it the baby?" He asked me and all I did was cry. "Baby, please don't shut me out again." He sat next to me and pulled me to his lap. I laid my head there.

"Kgabo, I am fine. It's..."

"I understand, it's morning sickness."

I lifted my head up and stared into his worried eyes.

"I want to tell you something, just don't know how."

"Please say it." He was expecting the worst and he should. I saw the anticipation in his eyes.

"It might be nothing or I might be imagining it or seeing things that are not there."

"Talk! Say it!"

"It's about Tsotso."

"What about her?" His eyes stung deep into mine not wanting to loose contact. I wasn't sure anymore if I should tell him or not. I don't want to look like the lunatic stepmom who causes trouble for everyone.

"I think she is being molested." I spoke fast, letting all the words out before I could think of stopping myself.

He went quite, for a long time I even thought he was going to laugh at me for thinking that.

"Why do you say that?" He slowly asked me. I told him what I saw.

He closed his eyes and leaned his head against the wall. He was fighting back tears. I didn't know what to do say to him. He looked calm and I wondered if he even believe me.

He got up pushing me to the side and walked around the spacious bathroom. I watched him as I still sat down. I couldn't tell what He was thinking. He punched the wall with his palm several times as if beating himself up.

"Kgabo, it might be nothing and I could be wrong." I finally said.

"No, it makes sense. I had my suspicions too but I thought it was nothing. I have seen her doing all that in the bath and..." His voice broke off and he cried.

I went to him and hugged him from behind. We slowly went down together on the floor. I don't blame him, he's scared to think the worst. Probably Judy is thinking the same.

"Will you talk to her again?" I am not sure if that's a good idea but I will do it if it will be of any help. "Judy's husband has two teenage boys, if anyone of them had laid a damn hand on her... I swear... I swear Mapitsi I will kill them with my own bare hands." He meant every word, I saw it in his face and burning eyes when he look at me. I know what anger can do to him, he doesn't handle it well.

He got Tsotso back into the bedroom and left us alone. I played with her for a few minute tickling her, she laughed trying to get away from me. I don't know how to do this, the first time it just came to me because I was shocked.

"Tsotso?" I softly said not wanting to sound serious.

"Mama tickle me again." She breathlessly begged me. I did and we rolled on the bed laughing together.

"I'm tired Tsotso." I folded my arms across my chest.

"Mommy?"

"Show me how you play with your brother." I said and held my breath.

Without hesitating she slipped her little hand in my dress until to my panties, she tickled me with her little fingers on top on my panties and laughed. I was shocked but had to put myself together, fast.

"That's all?" I asked and I think she realised that I was tricking her. She withdrew her hand and quietly looked at me.

I tried talking some more to her but she wouldn't speak to me anymore, no matter how hard I begged all she did was stare at me.

Kgabo came back to the bedroom after a few minutes.

"Anything else?" He asked and I shook my head no at him. "I just spoke to our doctor, he said we need to get her checked but he can't do it. He's referred us to a government institute. I'll take her, you stay home with the kids."

I jumped off the bed.

"I'm coming with you Kgabo, she is going to need me." I held on to his shirt.

"Mapitsi the kids..."

"Make a plan, I won't let her go through this without me."

He went still processing what I have just said. He was scared and he needed me too.

"Okay." He whispered pulling me to him. We can both do this.

I took a blanket, warm clothes and some snacks for Kgomotso while Kgabo hurried everyone to the car. The children were confused when they were forced to leave their unfinished dinner, my sisters kids were here to spend the weekend and there was no time to explain the change of plans. Where would I even start.

I called Reba from the backseat while Tsotso was falling asleep in my lap as Kgabo drove. I explained a bit to her hiding the actual facts from the kids, she didn't understand since I was trying to be discreet. She was home and I told her again as we dropped the kids off, she was shocked but wished us well.

The drive to the government hospital was long, Kgabo drove like a maniac though, I was also anxious and didn't even tell him to slow down. Inside the car it was quite and cold. I kept things like not wanting to bother him even though so much was running through my mind.

When we got to the hospital I woke Kgomotso up after walking in holding her in my arms. I gave out her details to a nurse. We sat in a big room that looked like a reception with a brown huge desk full of files and diaries, a row of chairs and a couch that Kgabo sat alone on watching us. His eyes were on us, me and Tsotso but he looked out of place, I could only imagined what was going through his

mind. He looked shattered and out of his league. This is not the business deals he tackles in his everyday life, it was a matter of the heart that had touched him badly, too personal.

Kgomotso was taken by a counsellor who said she wanted to have a word alone with her. It was hard for both Kgabo and I to let her out of our side. We wanted to protect her and be there with her every step of the way.

They were gone for fifteen minutes while Kgabo and I sat apart. I wanted to go to him and be able to comfort him but how and what do I even say?

When Kgomotso came back she rushed back on to my lap. I wrapped her in her blanket and she slept. The nurse explained how everything was going to be done while we waited 30 minutes for the doctor. When he came in we went with him into the examination room. There was a desk, the doctor sat on the other side and faced us.

There was the examination bed with a whole lot of equipment and other things plugged in the wall next to it. Behind us there was another desk with boxes of surgical gloves, and other things to do with what they use around here.

"We see cases like this almost everyday and in most cases parents are only trying to play dirty for custody of a child. They use their children to get back at each other after a nasty divorce or breakup..." The doctor spoke trying to explain what he thought was necessary. I know what he meant but our situation wasn't the same. Kgabo and I had Tsotso's best interest at heart. We just want to know the truth.

He said a whole lot of things while Kgabo and I sat listening to him and not interrupting. He finally sympathised with us and started with the examination.

I woke Kgomotso up and took off her pj pants and underwear. As soon as I sat her on the bed she started crying, it was a struggle to get her to sit still. Everyone landed a hand in holding her down, Kgabo, me and both the female and male nurses. Finally she stopped fighting and let the doctor examine her while we still held her. She didn't stop crying.

After the examination I got her back into her pants, we sat down as she hang to me making sure I wasn't going to put her back to the bed again. And she didn't want to be anywhere near the doctor anymore.

"Well, everything seems fine. I don't see any signs of penetration or injuries."

"Are you saying nothing happened to her?" Kgabo asked with so much doubt in his voice.

"No but she was never sexually assaulted, something could have happened though but my examination shows nothing. According to the counsellor's report little Kgomotso has told her what her brother does to her. She said he plays with her private part and even licks her at times..." Before the doctor could finished Kgabo was up on his feet. He was angry, his breathing was heavy and I know that side of my husband. Anger controls him.

He walked out hurrying back to the car. I ran after him with a heavy Kgomotso in my arms. He opened the back door for me.

"Get in!" He ordered. I put Kgomotso in and turned to look at him.

"Kgabo, you have to calm down. I know what you are thinking and I am not going to let you do something stupid right now."

"Get inside woman!"

"No Kgabo!"

He grabbed me and forcefully pushed me inside the car. No matter what I do he isn't going to listen to me, he knows what he wants and there is no stopping him. He closed the door while I begged and pleaded.

He got inside and drove off. I didn't stop talking to him, I was hoping he would calm down. He drove recklessly, I was forced to sit back fastening our seatbelt and join a confused Tsotso at the backseat.

He was driving to Judy's house and he might cause more problems than there is right now. He needed to think first.

When he parked the car in front of the gate Tsotso started crying, she thought we had brought her back home. Kgabo got out and ran in. I struggled to get Tsotso out the car, I had to go get her dad but couldn't leave her alone here. I tried telling her I am not going to leave her here but she didn't believe me.

In a minute I heard shouting from the house. I was torn between leaving Tsotso in the car and run in there to get my husband. The situation was getting out of hand and argument sounded to be between my husband and Judy's. After what happened I couldn't leave Kgomo on her own. It took a while before Kgabo came back to the car. Judy was rushing behind him.

"You don't know what's going on, you don't even know what you are saying." I heard her talking.

"What kind of a mother are you? How could you let something like this happen to your own child?"

"Nothing happened. She is a child and your wife probably corrupted her." Kgabo stopped next to the car. I shut the car door so Kgomo won't hear them.

"Don't you dare bring my wife into this."

"Give me my child, you had no right to take her to the doctor without my concern." She tried to come to where I was standing next to the door but Kgabo stopped her and pushed her back.

Her husband came to the car and threw what looked like Kgomo's things at us, a few toys and clothes.

"Take her and don't even think of bringing her back here." The man said pointing a finger at Kgabo.

"No, please. You can't let them take her." Judy pleaded.

"Shut up! I am not going to let another man disrespect me in my own house because of a brat."

"Please, don't do this to me."

"If you think I was going to bring my daughter back here you were wrong. Get in the car baby, we are leaving." Kgabo opened the door for me. I stood waiting.

"No, no, no." Judy screamed trying to fight as her husband held her back. I got inside the car and Kgabo rounded the car to get in too. We drove off with the lights shining at Judy and her husband. He was still holding her when we drove away, kicking and screaming.

Kgomotso also cried nonstop. She didn't understand, it's been a long night for her too.

When we got home we didn't talk. Kgabo went to take a bath and I tried to get a restless Tsotso to sleep. She wanted Judy, her real mom and me being there didn't

help. She saw that her mom wasn't okay and was worried, she's just a child but knew something was wrong.

I had to take her to our bedroom and sleep with her. We both fell asleep and when I woke up it was just the two of us in bed.

I was still in my dress and we were both in too of the bed covers, I slowly and easily snuck off the bed not wanting to wake Kgomo.

I went to look for Kgabo. He was in the kitchen, standing and leaning over his hands on the kitchen counter with his back against me.

"Kgabo, let's go to bed. It's been a long night."

He turned around, his face was wet with tears.

"Why do I keep on doing this to you? Why do I hurt you like this? Now I took Kgomo without talking to you first."

He was making me feel bad. Have I been that horrible as a wife?

"Kgabo, let's go to bed will talk in the morning."

He walked straight to me, fast. Then threw himself at my feet.

"Please Mapitsi don't leave me. I know this is too much to take but don't leave, please love."

It was heartbreaking to see him on his knees begging me like this.

Doesn't he know that I signed up for this the day I married him?

Chapter 101>>>

I have been terrible to my husband as of lately and acted like a victim everyday, making him feel bad for thing that we both wanted forgotten. I don't even blame him for thinking I will leave him because of this, I have pulled the same stunt before. We have done bad things to each and had to go through forgiveness but I didn't forgive that easily, I made things difficult for him.

"Don't do this, please get up." I begged him even trying to pull him up. He doesn't have to do this, I am with him all the way. It doesn't have to make me feel worse about my actions.

"Promise you won't leave me Mapitsi, tell me. I want to hear you say it."

"Just get up. I will never do that to you." He got up and looked down at me. He was really terrified of me leaving him. I wiped his tears with my thumbs on the sides of his cheeks. "I support you and I will be here all the way."

He held my hands together and kissed them.

"You are special."

"And you my husband are such a baby." He smiled.

He took my hand and let me to the bedroom where Tsotso was awake and looking lost, she was even silently crying. We both ran to her sides.

"Princess are you okay?" Kgabo asked her.

"I want mommy, I want mommy." She wasn't referring to me, she wanted Judy. I was there and she wasn't even looking at me. I know what she saw must have affected her, seeing her mother being pulled away like that left her wondering what happened after we left.

Kgabo looked at me, I didn't know what to do either.

It was going to be a long night.

We bribed her, cuddled with her to try and get her back to sleep but it was a struggle. She finally fell asleep but was restless, waking up every now and then. She didn't stop asking for Judy.

In the morning Kgabo and I woke up and left her sleeping.

I went to the kitchen after taking a bath. Kgabo walked in looking tired. I felt for him and wish I could do something for him but there was nothing. I did more than I could and I won't give up.

"Mapitsi, what are we we going to do?"

He looked defeated and ready to give up. I will be his pillar of strenght and stand by him all the way.

"I think you should call Judy." I spoke without thinking even though I was right.

"You can't be serious." He was shocked at my answer.

"Kgomotso needs to see her mother Kgabo, she has to know that Judy is fine. You might think she is a child but she knows and she is stressed out about her mother." He went quite like he was thinking about what I have just said.

"You are probably right." He finally admitted.

"So what now?"

"I will call her."

"Good." I said and handed him a cup of tea.

"You are going to Lerato's?"

"I have to but you and Kgomotso need me."

"I spoke to our doctor just now. He said the doctor that examined Tsotso wants to see us since we rushed out last night."

"We can go now." I said. I want to be there too.

"Baby, I think maybe I should take Judy with us and you can go help out at Lerato's." My heart sank. Kgabo doesn't want me to go with them but he'd rather take his babymama. He was making me feel like I wasn't important anymore. I was there last and still want to carry on being there for him and Tsotso. "Like you said Tsotso needs to see her mother and maybe Judy will see and understand what is going on."

I don't care what Kgabo says or how he puts this, the fact that he'll be with another woman doesn't sit well with me. I have this picture of them in my mind, a little perfect family of their own while me and my son not forgetting my unborn baby are on the side watching.

I touched my stomach and looked down at my hand, my wedding band shining on my finger.

"Baby," Kgabo spoke as she rushed to my side. "I have to do this, without you. I know you want to be with me all the way and I appreciate that." He pulled me into his arms.

"I'm scared Kgabo, I'm scared for Kgomotso, for Kamo and us."

"After everything we've been through, this will pass too."

"Promise me you won't let Judy manipulate you." I think my emotions and hormones were getting the better of me. I wanted to cry harder and hold on to my husband, I want to be by his side forever. I feel bad that Judy will be with him.

"I won't let her do anything like that, you don't even have to think like that."

"I believe you."

"I love you so much MaPitsi, I don't want to hurt you ever again. You are a good woman and I will protect you and guard your happiness for the rest of our lives together." He knew and understood my insecurities. I smiled in his arms.

I helped him with Kgomotso, she got excited when we told her she was going to see her mother. Judy also sounded happy, she sounded like she was ready to do anything to see Kgomotso. Even when I explained to her about seeing the doctor she listened. I kind of feel bad about this whole thing. I feel like I could blame her

for not doing anything but still I don't want to judge her. I don't understand her situation.

I went to Lerato's house after they left. I don't know what happens in this kind of ceremonies, never been to one. I walked in and went straight to the kitchen where some of the ladies had already started with preparing the food, I joined them in the kitchen. I didn't even see Lerato and I wanted to have a few words with her.

There were a lot of people outside and the few ladies helping out in the kitchen, well there were only four of us. I took my phone and called my sister.

She sounded sleepy when she answered. "Pitsi?"

"Sis, can you come help?" I know I was asking for a lot after what happened the last time.

"Where? What happened?"

"Nothing happened. I just need you to come lend a hand at Lerato's." I spoke and waited for her to bite my head off. She went quiet for sometime I even thought she might have put the phone away but I could hear her breathing.

She spoke before I could ask if she was still on the phone,

"You know she came to see me, she apologised."

I took a moment to let that sink in. Lerato must be serious about this.

"Okay, so?"

"I'll come." I thanked her. I know my sister doesn't forgive that easily and I wasn't even going to question her or act surprised. She was coming and that was enough.

I put my phone back into the front pocket of my apron and joined the ladies again. I hate cooking and I was just glad I could peel some vegetables and talk too much.

Reba came after an hour, she wore a maroon loose like shirt kind of a dress and a head wrap. She sparkled in it and looked even younger. I had worn a black knee length fitting skirt and a white t-shirt, most of the ladies weren't dressed to the nines and Reba just made everyone envy her. The dress revealed her bright legs.

We all found ourselves staring at her. She walked straight to me and gave me a hug, whispering in my ear,

"Have you seen her?" I shook my head no as we pulled away. I should have known the hug was to gossip. She greeted everyone in the kitchen.

Before she sat down she got herself a cup of tea and some scones, she sat next to where I was peeling vegetables.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes."

"So, did you deal with the whole Kgomotso thing last night?" She was asking questions I didn't want to answer, especially not here. I know the ladies couldn't hear us so I told her bits of the story, summing up everything in a few sentence. She was left shocked and wanted to know more.

She was stressing me more. My husband is out there with his babymama and Kgomotso, that image alone gives me stomach cramps.

Reba joined us, landing a hand and within a minute she was the main cook, everyone asking what to pour and how much.

I slipped out to call Kgabo finding myself a quite corner.

"Baby?" He answered.

"What's going on? Where are you?"

"Back home, how is it going in there?"

"We are cooking now but it looks like they are about to start." It looked like they have already done the other parts of the ceremony, like I said I don't know how this things go.

"Okay will tell you everything when you come back home."

I wanted to know everything now, I want to know because I care. I'm just on urge and probably delusional, I could blame everything on the pregnancy but I think I am scared of the fact that the three of them were all alone. I can't get that picture of them out of my mind.

After talking to Kgabo I tried helping the ladies but my mind wasn't there so I rushed out before they could realise.

I wanted to see my husband and be reassured that he was still mine.

I walked to our house, Kgabo was coming out of the gate followed by some men and amongst them there was Jonas. When he saw me he stopped so the men he was with could walk further. He had changed into blue work suits and black boots. I greeted the men and went straight to my husband, I gave him a hug as the men cheered behind and made some comments about us. Kgabo was laughing when I released him. The relieve of being in my husband's arms was just priceless.

"Baby, are you okay?" His big eyes looked all over me with a smile.

"I just wanted to know that everything is okay." His smile widened.

"Everything is perfect, Tsotso will see a psychologist. Judy is still in denial but I don't want to think too much about that and you were right about letting Tsotso see Judy."

"Where is Tsotso?"

"With the the other children at your parents house. I am not going to open a case, as long as Kgomo'tso doesn't have to go back to that place I'm fine."

I looked at him as he smiled at me. I was glad we are here, happy and could talk. We were in the street but I felt so much love for him.

"I love you Kgabo." A tear rushed down my cheek and he wiped it off with his thumb.

"I love you more." He pulled me into his arms and hugged me tightly.

When we walked back Lerato was coming out of her house wearing a colourful orange, yellow and blue Sepedi traditional outfit. The colours weren't too much, they suited her just fine and I bet she had missed wearing all those different colours. We watched her as she was let to a mat on the floor under a well decorated tent to match the colours of her outfit.

I let my husband join a group of men while I went back to the house.

The ladies were preparing the food into bowls, I helped them.

In a few hours everyone was in a hurry to serve the food while the whole thing was turned into some kind of a celebration.

Lerato had asked to see Reba and I in her living room when people started eating.

We waited for her as we sat down on her brown leather couch. She came in still wearing the same colourful clothes.

"I am sure you can't wait to up your wardrobe." I said trying to lighten up the awkwardness between us.

"I have already been shopping and I am ready to make a few orders from you MaPitsi." We laughed, she didn't make a joke but it seemed necessary to laugh. "Umm, ladies I just wanted to thank you for your support and hope you've forgiven me." She looked from me to Reba. We knew she wanted to talk about that but she didn't, it felt unnecessary. Everything was working itself out.

"I just want us all to move on, grudges are not healthy." My sister spoke sounding matured and I had to agree with her.

"Thank you Reba, you know I should have stayed put and mourned for my husband. He broke my heart but I did more damage" I know and understand her. I feel the same way after my divorce stunt, I shouldn't have slept with Andile or be friends with his sister.

"At least you learnt something from this." Reba added.

"True."

We did have a small chat about the next step and we agreed to be friends but take things one step at a time. Lerato wasn't willing or looking forward to making amends with Salome, she felt hurt by what happened and she needed time to fix everything. We understood where she was coming from and I wasn't going to compare what she went through with what she did to me. I still have my husband to talk to and do things together, her husband is not here to ask her for forgiveness.

We left the ceremony after we washed the dishes and tried to clean up everything.

I was tired and went straight to take a bath when I got home. Music next door at Lerato's was still pumping when I got out of the bath. Kgabo had just took his bath in the guest bathroom. He was lying on tge bed looking ready to sleep in his pj pants.

"Baby," he got up and came to me. "I want to thank you for everything."

"Kgabo, you don't have to. I am your wife and I have to stand by you."

"But..." I put a finger on his lips.

"No buts and no more thank you's."

"Can I say something." My finger was still on his lips. I removed it. "Baby, we have Kgomotso and a new baby coming too. This house is big but not that big enough for the four of us."

"Kgabo?" He put a finger on my lips this time.

"Please lets move?"

I like this house.

Chapter 102>>>

I am pregnant and lazy, all I want to do is sit at home all day and do nothing. Eat as much as I like and get fat and not feel bad. I am very much active and there is nothing wrong with me just that I don't feel like doing anything. Pretty soon I will have my hands full so I better enjoy myself now.

Moving is going to cost me all that, I can't be going to a new place now.

I know I had made my husband promise that we will move once he can afford a bigger house in a much better developing area but now I am used to staying here. We only built the house here because of his mother, she wanted us close so she could interfere. I won't even move because of her. My parents are here, my sister too, they are just a walking distance and I will need them a lot once the new baby arrives.

"Baby, you want a brand new house. One where you could do everything yourself, decorate it anyway you like." Kgabo said with excitement dancing in his eyes.

"No, I want to stay here."

"Please baby."

"No Kgabo, why do you want move now?"

"New beginnings baby, I also love this house but before it we had dreams that excited us, dreams that were beyond this place. We can still pursue them."

I know what he meant. I knew everyword he was saying. Before all this we saw ourselves as a couple that will one day conquer the world, we wanted to build our brands and live beyond this place. I still want that but now it feels far fetched. We have been through a lot and learnt so much, I want us to still hold on a bit. We are not there yet.

"I don't want to move." I said again.

"Think about it and take your time, I am not going anywhere." He walked to the bedroom, he wasn't going to give up.

"I am not going to change my mind Kgabo." I shouted after him.

I don't know what he was saying but he said something as he walked away.

I sat down and bit my nails, it's not a habit, don't know why I was even doing that. I remembered the house Lindiwe showed me and wondered if he wanted us to move there. I will not accept that, not because of my pride but I want nothing that reminds me of Lindiwe and the life I had with her. It still makes me angry to think that I slept with Andile, the first time I met him still.

That night Kgabo was all attentive and catering for my every needs, he did everything I wanted him to do. He wanted me to soften up to the idea of moving. I told him my reasons and fears, he listened but he still wanted to convince me otherwise. I told him to give me sometime and that gave him hope and left me little choice. Time won't make things easier.

The following day he went to get the children, I woke up feeling tired and decided to sleep in while he got everybody ready for church. By the time they were done I was still the same. I forced myself to get ready too.

Kgabo didn't want me to go, he even offered to stay home with me but I wanted to go to church. At least after bathing I felt fine. I wore a white dress hoping to lighten up whatever it was that was going on with me. I put on a black jacket on top and black high heels. Kgabo wore a black suit with a white shirt, he changed clothes after he saw what I was wearing.

I saw Kgomotso and couldn't help myself as I tried to make sure she was okay when she wasn't around me. She looked happy as she played around with her brother and Reba's children. She looked cute as she and my niece wore almost

matching pink outfits, they have become best friends since they were the only girls amongst the 3 boys.

When I got ready in the bedroom the girls were with me, I wouldn't let them leave my side. Kgabo told me to relax and promised that Tsotso was fine. I know but it's my job now, looking after her seemed a priority to me. In the past I wanted nothing to do with Kgomotso, I didn't want to know if Kgabo had a relationship with his daughter or not. I didn't care, now the little girl had touched my heart and she is a big part of me. I should have accepted her a long time ago and maybe something like this wouldn't have happened to her.

When we left for church Kgabo was on the phone that I had to drive. He was talking about the Bela-Bela deal, I think things were coming through for him.

Church was a good place for all of us to be, the pastor gave Kgabo the platform to lead today's sermon. He wasn't prepared but he spoke about how life and it's miseries can change one's view of everything. He was talking about Tsotso's situation even though he wasn't saying it out loud. I knew because I share this experience with him, in his sermon he spoke a lot about pain but he never even once mentioned forgiveness. I had to wonder if he wants to stay angry forever or he'll find it in his heart to forgive one day.

After church I had a brief session with the youth and then the pastor's wife invited me for tea in her house.

I got there before her and started with the tea since I know my way around her house.

The kettle boiled and as I was about to get the teabags that's when she walked in. She was with Salome, they were chatting and looking happy about something.

"Mapitsi!" Salome shouted my name, she looked surprised to see me. I just looked at her in her three piece purple knee length skirt, blouse and jacket. She looked different standing next to her mother who wore the same design of clothes in a different colour, in blue. "You are glowing and brighter."

"Oh yes, she looks different and have gained weight too." Her mother added. I have noticed the changes in my body too but I haven't changed clothes sizes. I just stood looking at them not sure if I should share my news or not.

"It's probably the white dress." I said and looked at them exchanging looks of amusement.

They knew what was going on but they wanted me to say it.

Salome took over with the tea, we sat in the kitchen and spoke about Kgabo's sermon before the Pastor's wife could tell me why she wanted to see me. She wanted to know if there was somewhere I could fit Salome to help with the youth programme. I didn't have a problem with that, if my sister could do it then Salome also can. Plus she already had a few ideas that I liked.

Her mother left us to discuss more of those ideas. We were at it for an hour or so when we decided to stop. I had to go look for my husband who is probably somewhere with the children and I was getting restless not knowing where Tsotso was.

"Pitsi, before you leave there is something I need to tell you." Salome said. I looked at her waiting to hear what she had to say. "Lucky and I are trying again."

She added and waited for me to speak, I thought she had more to say so I also went quite. "Aren't you going to say something?" She asked me.

"Ummm... congratulations?" It didn't matter to me what the two of them were doing, it didn't bother me at all. Whether she lets me in on their love life or not, either way I don't care.

"Mapitsi do you want my man?" I didn't expect that but I guess my impression and receiving of the news suggested otherwise. I could have laughed at her but I acted cool.

"Hell no!" I quickly objected. I couldn't stop with my reaction though. Lucky is not the type of guy I would date and if I didn't want him back then why would I want him now? I am married and Salome should take that into consideration.

Coming between them was wrong but I did it knowing the kind of woman Salome was, I was merely protecting Lucky, as a friend.

"Did you cheat on my brother with him?" Now she was being ridiculous.

"Salome, what are you trying to say?"

She places her elbows on the kitchen counter, leaning forward as she sat across me. "I know you are pregnant and I am just wondering if it's Kgabo's baby or not."

My breathing quickened and I almost, just almost slapped Salome with the back of my hand. She should know better than to accuse me of such, I am not like her. I love my husband for heaven's sake.

I grabbed my handbag and left without saying any more to her and not even a goodbye to her mother.

During the separation in my marriage I might have done some stupid things, it was once and there was nothing after that. Lucky happened at a time when I moved to my parent's house because of some issues in my marriage. He helped me as a friend.

I was admitted in hospital after the house fire and I wasn't pregnant then, this is my husband's child. I can't believe that I am also here finding reasons to justify my pregnancy, I know the truth, I don't even have to search for it.

I went straight to our parked car, the children were playing next to it while Kgabo was talking to some men. When he saw me hurrying to the car he knew that something was wrong.

I was fighting back the tears and the anger to fight, I wanted to tell Salome some harsh words but whatever I did was going to cause a scene.

My husband was next to me in an instant.

"Mapitsi is everything okay?" He asked. I leaned against the car, quite and trying to breath. "Baby?"

"Take us home." I said not looking at him.

He didn't ask or try to understand. He got the kids inside the car and drove us home.

He is going to ask questions when we get there, I was upset and he wants to fight my battles with me. I can't tell him that his new found sister thinks the child I am carrying is not his, he'll doubt me too.

We got home and the children started running around the yard. I rushed inside the house trying to get away from my husband. Well... He followed me.

"What is going on?" I wiped the tears off my face and washed my hands in the sink. "Mapitsi?"

I turned around and looked at him, he looked worried because he cares about me and the baby. One word of Salome's sentence would complicate out world even more.

"I'm sorry, probably hormones. It's been a long morning, I have to prepare lunch." I went to the fridge and got the meat out to defrost it. Kgabo watched me, I pretended I was fine and he knew better.

"There is something you are not telling me."

At that same time Reba and Jonas walked in. Reba took over my kitchen and Jonas dragged a persistent Kgabo to the sitting room.

I hid everything from Reba too as we cooked, I listened to her talking about a letter that Jonas's uncles have written to our family. She was excited about getting married that I had to force myself to act happy for her. Maphuti joined us making it easy for me to hide what I was going through, Reba got Maphuti's undivided attention with the cooking. Maphuti likes to cook even though she can be lazy at times.

Even after cooking while we all sat at the table I still couldn't act normal. Kgabo could see right through me. He ate silently nodding and smiling at his friend's jokes. The children drove us crazy for Jonas, Reba and Maphuti to realise the tension between me and my husband.

Kgabo didn't understand my problem and I was torn between telling him and not. The look he gave me across the table made it hard for me to swallow my food.

A few minutes after we started eating Kgabo's mother and Salome joined us. They walked in both at the same time. They didn't knock, they walked straight in and invited themselves to our lunch.

I knew the moment I saw them that they were up to something. They have never liked each other but today they acted like long time buddies. No one noticed but I did. They engaged with everyone, my mother-in-law even got along with my sister. I understand Reba doing that, she is showing maturity and wants everything forgotten. She is a happy woman now.

"Mapitsi, are you okay?" Salome asked taking a sip of her orange juice. She was sitting next to Kgabo while my mother-in-law sat between Kgomotso and Kamogelo.

"She doesn't look good, what's wrong?" My mother-in-law added and everyone looked at me.

"I'm fine." I said and took a mouthful of rice, stuffing my mouth to avoid talking.

"I take it you didn't tell Kgabo about our fight, are you really hiding something?" Salome dropped the biggest hint.

Reba's chair moved but she didn't get up.

"What fight? Is that the reason why you were upset?" Kgabo asked me looking like he's lost his appetite as he pushed his plate away from him.

"It's nothing, just a small misunderstanding." I said trying to let Salome drop it.

"What was the fight about?" Kgabo was asking me again, looking straight at me.

"Please..." I started to beg but Salome interrupted me.

"Did she tell you about Lucky? Apparently they shared some backroom at some B&B in Seshego. And now she is pregnant! Voila!!!"

I was overwhelmed with the urge to cry as spoons dropped and murmurs of shock went around.

It's not true and no one is going to believe me...

Chapter 103>>>

I knew I had nothing to explain or feel guilty about. Salome was bitter all because I told Lucky to dump her, it wasn't my fault he went ahead with my suggestion. She is even stupid to think that she was getting back at me because she was only hurting her own brother, if she so much cares about Kgabo she would have reconsidered before acting stupid.

The entire house went still, everybody's eyes were on me except my husband's. He was looking at Salome and when she realised that she was met with Kgabo's burning gaze. He was beyond angry!

He got up so fast he pushed his chair to the ground. I stood too and he looked at me, I wanted to reach a hand to him but he left. He left in such a hurry that when one of us decided to run after him he was already in his car, he sped off leaving nothing but dust behind.

Jonas got into his car and drove after him.

We watched in horror as though a car race was happening in front of us. I went back into the house and tried to call Kgabo's phone, it rang in the house.

At first the whole thing didn't bother me as much but as I thought more about the damage Salome could do to my marriage I got scared and angry. We were all inside the house in a state of panic.

"Are you happy now?" I shouted at Salome. "Is your plan going the way you wanted?"

She was also scared and terrified, she looked at me proving to me that she miscalculated her revenge plan. I bet she thought I would be the one to walk out of here with my bags and never come back.

"Everyone sit down." Reba said pulling me towards a couch. My legs were shaking for me to stand so I didn't fight her.

Everyone followed including the children.

"I'm just happy Kgabo learnt the truth." My mother-in-law said.

I forgot about my hobbly legs and pulled myself back up.

"So you are happy that your son is now out there on the verge of commuting suicide?"

"He wouldn't kill himself over you!" The woman spoke like she didn't witness the state his son was in.

"This is not about me, my husband just left. He drove out of here like a maniac and we don't even know where he went to but you'll stand there and look happy? Everything that happened as soon as you walked in here could destroy him, forever!" I threw myself back down. I couldn't even cry, I just wanted to do something to ensure my husband's safety. I couldn't do anything other than sit and wait for Jonas to come back with news.

My mother-in-law sat back down, she looked unaffected by what just happened.

Salome sat there crying her eyes out, she was the course of all this.

We all sat quietly while Reba tried to call Jonas. His phone was ringing but he wasn't picking up.

My sister looked a bit distant and I don't think it was because of Jonas, she wasn't looking at me, she even sat as far away from me as she could. If my sister doesn't believe me then what is my husband going through right now?

We waited as Reba called Jonas, we were all looking at her for hope and everytime she removed the phone from her ear we knew he wasn't picking up. The chances of Kgabo's safety were getting slimer and slimer. I was getting aggitated and more scared. I cried silently as Kamogelo wiped the tears from my face. I couldn't even be strong in front of my children.

We sat doing nothing as hours passed. Reba cleaned up the dinning room and washed the dishes, my stress level was going up rapidly.

I wanted to attack Salome and blame everything on her. She should have left things the way they were. I know she and Kgabo are trying to work around their brother and sister relationship and I didn't want to interfer even though I knew she doesn't like me and never even forgave me.

I also didn't tell Kgabo about what she said to me because I didn't think it was important. But maybe it would have prevented my husband from driving out of here the way he did.

After 6pm Jonas came through the door, we all stood up and looked at him expecting the worst. He looked tired.

"What happened? Where is my son?" My mother-in-law demanded.

"I was with Kgabo, he's fine but he wants his mother and Salome out of his house." He said and sat down.

Salome cried some more then quickly ran out the door. She was already feeling terrible.

"I am not going anywhere, I have every right to be here. This is my son's house."

I wasn't going to argue with her.

I sat in my car watching the main entrance of the building I own, a blocks of flats outside Polokwane. I had parked in a no parking zone but no one will touch me nor say anything to me. I have told the security to alert me if I missed him. I was beyond angry I didn't even know what I was doing here, I came here because I wanted to kill someone. Lucky seemed the perfect punching bag. I have been running around town looking for him until I had to be here waiting as I was starting to calm down.

I made Jonas promise not to tell anyone of my plans and I don't want anything to do anymore with my mother and sister. Salome fighting my wife will only stress her further and I don't want her anywhere near Mapitsi anymore. I promised to take care of my wife and I will.

You know when my mother walked in with Salome I didn't have a problem, I was even happy to see them. Things were fine in my marriage, I had a happy pregnant wife who supported me throughout everything. Salome with her big fat mouth!!!

Just the fact that another man had touched my wife, a boy that I knew and mentored when he wanted to build himself a company I go crazy!

I saw him walking straight to the entrance searching his blue pants for the keys. I don't know what time it was but it was starting to get dark. I followed him, walking slowly hoping he won't look behind. He took the lift and I went for the stairs to the third floor. I took two steps at a time and when I got there the lift had passed his floor meaning he'd gotten off, I went straight to his open door. I peeked in and he was taking off his jacket with his back against me. I went in jumping on him wrapping my arm around his neck.

He fought to get out of my grip but I am stronger and much bigger than his skinny frame.

"When did you sleep with my wife?" I asked him still holding on to him.

"I can't breath." He struggled to speak but I heard those words. I didn't want to let go but I had to.

I got him out my arm pushing him forward, he stumbled to a couch. He struggled to stand up straight as he rubbed his probably sore neck. When he looked at me his eyes showed fear.

"Are you going to answer me or should I squeeze the blood air out your throat again?" I took two steps towards him, he held a hand up for me cautioning me to stop.

"I don't even know what you are talking about."

"That's not the right answer to my question." He looked at me. He was scared of me, he knows I can do more harm to him. I am a big guy and very angry at this moment.

"No."

I believed him, he was too scared to lie to me. And I knew that my wife never slept with him, she is pregnant with my child. We are going to have another baby and I don't want anything or anyone to ruin that.

"What happened between the two of you?"

"When?"

Should I say the time she conceived which is like 2 months or so back?

"Did anything ever happen?"

"Yes," he raised a hand again. "not what you think."

"Then what?"

"I think you guys were having problems in your marriage, she didn't have money and I helped her book into a B&B."

She never told me this and I think it happened before she filled her head with the divorce thing.

I felt a bit lightheaded and opted to sit down on one of Lucky's couch.

"You okay man?" Lucky asked me. I guess I looked pretty bad.

"I'm fine, I just don't get it. Salome said something about you and Mapitsi."

"Salome?" He looked a bit shocked. "She and I trying to move on from a break up that was caused by Pitsi."

"What does my wife have anything to do with your breakup?"

"She warned me about Salome and I guess she was right." I didn't even know about their relationship, it doesn't even matter to me now. I have known Salome long

enough to know her vindictiveness. I know she never liked my wife. "I have to admit I came on to your wife several times. She turned me down even when she was angry with you, she loves you and whatever it is that you are both going through fix it."

I didn't actually appreciate advice from him, to me he was just a boy that needed to be taught to stay away from my wife. I knew about his little crush on her.

I didn't say anything to him, I pulled myself up and headed for the door.

I went straight to my car and drove home.

I don't know what has gotten into me but I guess my love for my wife took over.

I parked my car in front of the garage and slowly walked inside the house. As soon as I opened the door my mother came rushing to me.

"Oh ngwanaka! Where have you been? You can't let her upset you like this." She tried to hug me but I stepped back.

"Didn't Jonas tell you to leave?" My tone was harsh, I wanted her to know she was unwelcome in my house.

"You can't possibly want to be with her now."

"Mma, Mapitsi is carrying my child. If you have a problem with that leave like I asked."

"How sure are you? She has been whoring herself all over the place and you can't accept that."

My mother can say things to annoy you at times. I have to remind myself each and every day that she is my mother and I have to respect her. Before I could loose myself Reba walked in and watched my mother talking dirt about her sister. I went to her.

"Where is my wife?" I asked her.

"She is sleeping with the children in the bedroom."

I walked towards the bedroom before Reba said,

"Kgabo, it's not true."

I looked at her then at my mom.

"I know." I answered her before walking away.



I don't know how long I have been sleeping for but when I opened my eyes everything was still the same, Kamo and Tsotso were still in bed with me both sleeping on my sides. I turned my head and my eyes were met with Kgabo's, he sat on the far corner looking at me.

"Kgabo?" I said his name as I stood up.

"Baby." He stood and I got off the bed not wanting to wake the children.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you about my fight with Salome. I didn't think she'd take things this far, I am tired of fighting with your family." We met in the middle of the bedroom. He took my hands in his and took them to his mouth. He kissed the back one at a time.

"I know my love."

"Are you mad at me? Do you want a paternity test?"

He looked at me and he breathed in.

"That's my baby you are carrying, our baby, we made that baby out of love."

"You believe me now but you'll always doubt me, I know that Kgabo."

"No, I won't! Not after everything we've been through. Forget about my mother, Salome and Lucky. We have other things that needs out attention."

"Like?"

"Getting those two out of our bed so we can have sex." He turned me around to look at Kamo and Tsotso who were now tangled with the sheets.

"What about moving?" I turned back to look at him.

The smile on his face as he showed off his pearly whites, priceless.

"R-really?"

"Yes."

"I love you."

"Love you too."

"Let's clear the bed."

"First tell me where you have been."

"Damn you just killed my dick."

"Sies Kgabo." I slapped him on his shoulder.

Chapter 104>>>

I pushed the open door to take a peek in, my breath being taken away by the side of my husband as he looked hard at work staring down at a stack of papers in front of him. In his black business suit, white shirt and tie he looked more like a real business man other than the playful father and husband that we are used to at home. He's been lately trying to get the biggest contract his business has ever had. The contract is in Nigeria, he works so hard that we hardly see him at home. I don't even want to think of the day he has to go there.

I didn't want to disturb him but I had to see him by making an excuse of dropping off lunch, hoping to join him too.

I thought maybe I could come back later when he was less busy but as I was about to turn back Khumo decided to cry.

My baby boy has just turned a year old and he's been cranky the whole day since I have been running around with him trying to finish an order that's due tomorrow.

Kgabo looked at the door and found me trying to keep Khumo quite.

"Hey Baby." He got up and walked to us with a smile. My heart skipped a bit, I never thought the two of us would get to this point. Where are happily married and still pushing.

"Sorry, we'll probably come back later."

"Nonsense, I needed a break anyway." He gave me a kiss and took Khumo from my arms. "Yes boy." Khumo giggled as his father turned his attention to him.

"How are things here?" I asked him looking around his untidy office.

"Hectic but we are about to wrap up and I promise I'll be home this weekend." I watched him going back to his desk. He went through his laptop before shutting it while standing.

"That will be nice for a change." I have so much that I want to do with him. It's impossible with three children in the house, if we are not fighting over homeworks with Kamo and Tsotso we are running after Khumo who grabs and pulls on everything, it's a disaster.

"Lighten up Baby, I have big plans for both of us."

"Do you remember the last time we had sex?" I miss my husband and his touch, he works late and sometimes doesn't even come back home at all. Sex is not even a priority anymore.

"I know my love." He gave me one of his "I'm sorry" looks as he came to join me on the couch.

I served the food while Kgabo and Khumo fought over his drink. He is a real fighter just like his dad.

I gave birth to a premature Khumo at only 7 months before my due date. I don't know what happened but I was under a lot of pressure with the reopening of the Boutique. I had to work day and night to get everything ready and perfect, just a day before the opening and just after the doctor threatened to put me on bed rest I had contraction and thought I was having a miscarriage only to be going into labour. The most scarriest experience of my life but we survived...

I wanted a girl and had thought the Doctor didn't see well when he told me I was carrying a boy. I think I spend a week mad at Kgabo for that after the Doctor confirmed for the second time, since my pregnancy was making me horny everytime he got closer to me I couldn't stand being angry at him for long.

I'm just happy to have Tsotso with us, she is my perfect little girl who is adjusting very well after her ordeal. The psychologist visits had helped.

"Can you at least manage to come home early tonight? Just so we can spend a few hours talking before bed." I know I was asking too much of what I can get. He looked at me as if trying to find a way to easily let me down. His silence gave me my answer. "Okay, I get it." I threw my hands in the air and pushed a paper plate of food towards him. Khumo was happy to reach for it grabbing the biggest piece of steak.

"I'm sorry baby, you shouldn't be apologising for wanting to spend time with me. I even feel ashamed that you are begging." Kgabo pulled the meet from his little teeth but a piece was left behind which he spat out.

"Kgabo please, I don't want you to feel bad, I understand that you have to work." He pulled me closer to him and wrapped an arm around me while he held Khumo with the other.

"I'm going straight home with you after this. I'm going to cancel all my meetings right now." He got up still holding Khumo and went to the phone. Before I could eavesdrop my phone rang in my bag.

"Pule?" I answered my former best friend who is now my assistance. I found it impossible for us to get back to being friends again after everything that happened. He has apologised over and over again, I just don't trust him anymore. I know that doesn't make much sense since he's working for me but it seems to be working for us just that way.

He was a bad friend that stabbed me in the back but he's a better employee.

"Are you coming back to the Boutique or you are going straight home?" He knew I wanted to spend time with my husband. I didn't tell him that, we don't discuss each other's private lives anymore like we used to before. He does overstep the line sometimes that I just let it go.

I looked over at Kgabo who was still on the phone and at the same time making funny faces at Khumo.

"No, Pule I think you can handle things from now on." He got excited and dramatic that I finally trust him to run things. I couldn't even stop him so I can end the call, I just had to hang up on him before he burst my eardrums.

Kgabo also finished with his phone call. 10 minutes later we were leaving his office building behind as he drove the car home to our new 4 bedroom house.

We moved just after the debacle with my mother-in-law and Salome. Not to the house Lindiwe stayed in but a different one, same location. I loved the house and had picked it amongst the four that Kgabo gave me a tour of, closer to the kids school and town.

When we got home the kids were being dropped off by a neighbour who her children goes to the same school as ours. We live in a quite neighbourhood outside Polokwane, we just recently found out that our neighbour's children goes to the same school as ours so we decided to help each other since I don't have a car. Kgabo drops the kids in the morning and they pick them after school.

That little time in the morning is not enough for our kids to spend with their dad.

I know they also missed their father because as soon as he parked in front of the garage they both ran to him.

We walked to the house with Kgomotso and Kamogelo telling him about their day at school, he looked happy to listen to them.

We now have a live-in Nanny but since it was a Friday I relieved her early and took over so she can also go to her family. Mmane Maria has been with us just after I gave birth to Khumo, I love her and she helps us a lot but at times she does gets on my nerves. We fight a lot.

As soon as she left Kgabo helped the children with their homework and I had to prepare them something to eat and the same time stressing about dinner. I also had to deal with Pule's endless calls, he wanted to know what to do everytime a client walked in and placed an order. I had to remind him why I had put him in charge, I know he is capable of running things without my input and he knows that too. I don't need him to prove himself to me, all I want is results from his lazy ass.

The children ate and made a mess in the house, Kgabo helped me clean while Khumo slept and the older ones played outside.

After cleaning Kgabo came behind me when I wanted to hang the wet kitchen cloth, he tickled me and I turned around and hit him with it.

He managed to grab it and pulled it taking me with it into his arms. He kissed my lips, slow soft kisses that reminded me that my husband is the only one who can wake my hormones. It's been long but his touches still affects me.

"Don't you think we can squeeze in a quickie?" He looked at me with a smile and with my body pressed against his I could feel his hard on on my stomach.

"With everyone here?" I wanted him too but he knows those kinds of things are a luxury we can't afford. Sex anywhere, anytime it's something we read about or hear other lucky couples talk about.

"This could be our only chance. You know those two can play all day and hang around us when they tired of playing and Khumo hardly sleeps."

"But I want more than a quickie." I could feel myself starting to build up with excitement.

"I know but we have to take what we can get."

I didn't waste much time I pulled his head down to me and fed off his juicy lips, his hands rose up my skirt and my hands were under his t-shirt. I didn't think we were going to have sex in the kitchen where the kids could walk in and the bedroom seemed far.

"Mama!!!" Kgomotso and Kamogelo walked in at the same time and shouted in unison. I pushed Kgabo off me so quick that I bit his tongue. They clearly saw us kissing.

"Ouch!" Kgabo screamed in pain.

"What are you two doing?" Kamo asked looking disgusted and irritated. He has never liked it when we kissed, he has seen us so many times and he's never been afraid to tell us what he thinks. As for Kgomotso, she thinks it's cute. She used to ask Kgabo to kiss me especially in times when we had a disagreement and not even talking to each other, she has her own cute little ways of bringing the spark back into us.

"Kamogelo!" I called after him but he just ignored me and stormed up the stairs to his bedroom. Kgabo had to run after him.

I looked at Tsotso she just smiled at me.

"Mommy can I have a glass of juice please?"

I poured us each a glass and we went to sit outside in the lawn. She went through her day at school, telling how she is the teacher's favourite, I'm clearly one of those parents who thinks their children are the smartest in the world.

I could never get enough of her cuteness, I could listen to her speak all day and just play dolls with her. I don't know why I am so drawn so much to her or maybe it's because she looks so much like her father.

Kamogelo joined us and apologised, he didn't mean any of it but at least he said something.

They both started tackling each other, laughing and rolling on the lawn.

My phone vibrated, it was a whatsapp message from Kgabo.

'I'm so hard.'

He even attached that to a picture of his hard on.

I looked up behind me at the open window of our bedroom and he was there looking at me shirtless. He was laughing and looking so inviting.

If I go up there the kids will follow me.

I replied,

'You want me up there?'

'I so want you right now, I can see myself buried deep in your hot warm moist.'

'I can feel that too.'

'Let's save all this for later. Love you.'

It's a Friday and maybe I should send the kids to my parents or Reba just so we can have some time alone. I can't even remember the last time we had sex, I mean a good round of sex. At times I even worry that Kgabo will go back to his old ways.

He later joined as we played together with the kids, Khumo had woken up and had joined us too.

When it was time for supper we all went back into the house.

Kgabo helped in the kitchen.

We served supper, bathed the kids with Kamogelo and Kgomotso crying about the water making them itchy. It was a mission trying to scrub the itch away.

By the time we put them to bed we were all tired. Kgabo and I took bath separately and when I joined him in bed he eyed me with half closed eyes.

"Can we postpone sex for tomorrow?" I got into bed next to him and snuggled up to him.

"Sure." I answered him as I drifted into sleep.

Chapter 105>>>

I woke up to my husband's hands going from my stomach down my panties. I was still a bit sleepy and could do with a bit of eye closing for a few minutes. He slept throughout the whole night while I had to walk up and down the passage trying to comfort Khumo who would wake up with a scream that shook the entire house. I don't even think Kgabo heard anything because everytime I woke up I would switch on the lights and he'll still look deep in sleep.

Now I need to rest and he should let me.

I turned and faced the other side giving him my back.

"Baby?" He pressed himself against me wanting me to feel his hard on.

"Just an hour, please."

"This won't take long too." I know, the last time we had sex it was a quickie too and it always leaves us wanting me. Where never even get the chance to continue.

I turned back to look at him, to give him his quickie but there was a knock at the door.

I kicked the blankets off me and went to check while Kgabo cursed. I gave him a look that said that's not how a Priest should behave.

"I'll spank you for that." I laughed at him as I opened the door to find Tsotso standing there with tears in her eyes.

"And then?" I asked her.

"Buti Kamo hit me." She answered me with fresh tears coming out. I don't understand how that can happen since the two of them sleep in separate bedrooms.

"Where is he?"

"Watching tv."

It was before 7 and so the kids decided to wake up and go watch tv, while at it fight to wake us up.

I let her in and she went straight to bed and got inside the covers.

Kgabo just pulled them over his head and screamed, Tsotso laughed. She doesn't know what daddy was thinking.

Kgabo got out of bed and went to the bathroom while I tried to sleep with Kgomtso who wanted to know if she can have braids because her friend Lesedi has them. I pretended not hear her.

"Mama, I know you are not sleeping I can hear you breathing." Like really? People who are sleeping are not suppose to breath?

When Kgabo was done he took her out the bedroom with him.

At least I slept for an hour or so. I woke up, fixed the bed and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

When I came out my cell phone was ringing, I grabbed it and answered without checking who was calling.

"Hello?"

"Pitsi?" My mother-in-law.

"Mma, what can I do for you?" I don't want to play nice with this woman, those days are over. I know she will never accept me as her daughter-in-law.

"I've been trying to call Kgabo, he's no picking up." I looked over on Kgabo's side of the bed and his cellphone was on the bedside drawer. I knew his mother probably thought Kgabo was avoiding him, since the incident of my pregnancy she and Salome haven't been able to get their relationship with Kgabo back. A lot has happened, they have begged and asked for forgiveness and Kgabo told them he forgave them but he still went to treat them like they did not exist in his life. He doesn't call them and won't allow our children to visit them, he doesn't even want Salome's children here. I tried reasoning with him but once Kgabo has made his mind there is no turning back. His mother used to be the only one to get through to him but she made him hate her.

"Oh he forgot his phone in the bedroom, he's downstairs with the children." I heard her breath a sigh of relieve.

"Can you take the phone to him." She wasn't asking but ordering. I don't want to argue.

I wore one of my tight feet skirts with a white t-shirt and got into flip-flops as I went downstairs to a mess I could see walking down. When went to bed last night the kitchen was spotless. Now, Kgabo had his back against the children while he fried eggs on the stove, Kamo was throwing Tsotso with pieces of bread that some got stuck in her hair, the hair that takes me ages to fix. She must just forget about the braids. It's a match everytime we fix her hair and she doesn't want Kgabo to even help. Now, here was my other son Khumo, he had porridge all over his face, even in his eyebrows and eyelashes. The noise? I don't know how Kgabo can avoid it and still be in the same room as them.

"Mmamma!" Khumo screamed stretching his arms at me. No I am wearing a white t-shirt and he looks like a mess.

Kgabo turned around to look at me with the frying pan in his hand, he also had some of Khumo's porridge on his face too.

"What is going on in here?" I asked going to him and giving him his phone. Khumo screamed for my attention.

"Don't worry, I will clean up." Kgabo answered me with a smile. He went through his phone and I went to wipe Khumo's face and took him.

Kgabo was now talking on his phone, I waited for him to finish while picking at Tsotso's hair removing the bread crumbs.

When he was done I went to him.

"Your mother?" I didn't tell him she called me I just gave him his cellphone.

"Yes, she said there is a family meeting today at home."

"Aowa Kgabo, you promised you won't leave us this weekend."

"We are all going."

"But you know your mother..."

"I know what she thinks and I don't care." Kgabo said before I could remind him how his mother is towards me.

"Fine, but we can't leave all this mess behind." He looked around, making me look too. The breakfast bar where the kids were sitting was a total mess.

"Okay, take the kids upstairs, I'll join you once I am done."

I rushed everyone upstairs for another hour of screaming and shouting, others even crying. It's normal in this household but tedious. Kgabo came to help, making things worse. By the time we were done Khumo needed another change of clothes, he had used my body lotion all over himself, even on his clothes. I changed him while Kgabo made sure that the other two were sitting down and not messing their clothes too.

I think it took three hours for all of us to finish. We left and took the forty minutes drive back to a village that used to be our home.

We passed by my parent's house where we were warmly welcomed, we didn't stay long though.

Kgabo had kept his promise of building my parents their house, he had given them a beautiful four bedroom house where Reba, me and Koena each had their own bedrooms whenever we visited. My parents don't know that Kgabo paid all the expenses of rebuilding their home and we've managed to keep that a secret.

I could see the discomfort in my husband's face and the tension through him as he drove to his home, he hasn't been there since we moved and never spoke to the man he had called his father for his entire life. He still wants nothing to do with his mother and I can understand what he is going through. I reached out a hand and placed it on his shoulder squeezing him as he parked the car under the tree he used to park on when we stayed here, the kids got out of the car, Kamo helped his younger brother and off they ran to their grandmother. Kgabo's mother stood in front of her house with extended arms for her grandchildren.

"Ready?" I asked him and all he did was smile at me.

We got out of the car and walked to a happy looking woman surrounded by her grandchildren.

I knew Sima and Moja were there already, as well as Koena's. Not sure if my brother was with his wife or not.

"Mma." He greeted his mother not attempting to get closer to her. I could tell she wanted to hug him.

"I'm glad you came Kgabo, Mapitsi." She flashed me a fake smile.

She showed us inside the house and we walked in with her leading the way to the sitting room where everyone was. Koena and Pinky sat together on a four seater couch. Sima and Moja were also there. Walking in Sima was the first to get up and welcome us with hugs and a huge smile. She knows her brothers want nothing to do with her husband and she tries everything to always prove something to them, she wants them to include him in their plans whenever they want to meet up.

I gave Koena a hug and didn't bother with Pinky, she just sat there looking like an expensive dressed up Barbie doll.

Kgabo and I joined Pinky and Koena on the couch.

After Sima's try to attempt a few lame jokes everyone went quiet, I guess we were all trying to figure out what the meeting was about.

My mother-in-law came in with a tray of glasses and a jar of juice. She poured each one of us a glass handing them to us.

Everyone took sips while I held on to mine, I don't trust this woman.

Mothiba walked in and stood at the door looking at us all. He looked from Moja and Mosima to Koen and Pinky then paused at me and Kgabo. The look he gave Kgabo tore my heart into pieces, he looked disgusted.

"What do you want? Who invited you to my house?" I felt Kgabo's body sink deeper into the couch. We didn't know why he got the call from his mother and didn't even bother asking because he thought it was something important.

"You said you wanted all your children here." Kgabo's mother answered him.

"But he is not my son, he's definitely not part of this family!" The man was unbelievably calm, he knew he was hurting Kgabo and that's what he actually wanted. The smile on his face proved that.

"Maybe I should leave." Kgabo suggested, he stood up and walked towards the door, I followed.

"And you should never ever come back. I don't know how many times I have to tell you to forget you ever called me a father." He spoke before we could both leave the room.

I watched as my husband nod his head in agreement but I knew he was fighting back words and tears, he think tears are his weakness but I see his strenght through them.

"Mothiba, you don't have to do this." Kgabo's mother pleaded.

"Follow him, if you think I am wrong go ahead." We left that argument going on.

I followed my husband to the car, he got in the passenger's seat and covered his face with his hands. I don't know if he was crying or not, I touched him and he jumped up uncovering his face. He wasn't crying but his face showed pain.

"Get the children." He said his voice sounding hoarse.

I didn't ask, I went screaming their names and they all came rushing.

"Get in the car."

"Aowa Mama, we are playing and we just got here." Kamo complained.

I didn't have to negotiate with my son, Kamo sometimes makes it hard for me to go easy on him. If I don't scream or grab him he won't do what I want him to do.

"Kamogelo, I will not repeat myself!" I shouted through gritted teeth. He walked to the car shrugging his shoulders and complaining. Tsotso's lips were up to her nose, she never talks back.

I strapped Khumo in the backseat and went to the driver's seat.

"Mapitsi?" Koena came running out of the house. I looked at Kgabo, he had leaned his head back and his eyes were closed.

I got out of the car and met Koena.

"I have to come with you." He said trying to look inside the car through the tinted glasses.

"You can come to the house later, not now." I turned and went back to the car. I know he cares but I think Kgabo doesn't want him right now.

"You want to go home?" I asked Kgabo as I started the car.

"No, just drive Mapitsi."

When he is like this I don't know what he wants and I never know what to do. He's hurting, I know he loves that man and always wanted his approval. He's fought for acceptance and always worked hard to please him, today like most days he was given more proof to never look back.

I drove slowly not sure which direction to take, I have angry kids at the backseat and a husband who is in so much pain I don't know how to ease the situation for either of them. I want Kgabo to lean on me but when he is weak I become useless to him, I want to cry with him and let him solve everything like he does all the time. I don't know how to offer him support, he has strength for the both of us.

I drove to the only place I know we will both find healing and understanding.

I drove us to the Pastor's house.

When we got there I drove the car inside and parked behind the Pastor's car.

Kgabo opened his eyes when the engine died, he didn't look at me when he got out of the car.

I followed him, he walked straight to the door. The Pastor and his wife got out but Kgabo just walked passed them, they looked at me with confusion on their faces.

"He needs you." I said to the Pastor, he quickly turned and followed his son.
"Please take care of the children for me." I gave the Pastor's wife the car keys and rushed to the house.

Kgabo was sitting down in the kitchen and the Pastor stood next to him.

"Son, talk to me."

My husband's tears rushed down his cheeks. The eyes that he looked at the Pastor with were not those loving one's that carried warmth, he was angry.

"I wish you'd said that to me when I got beaten up for pushing Sima, she couldn't ride her bicycle and I was only trying to help her but I pushed too hard and I paid for it. I didn't know why I got punished like that but now I know."

"I am sorry." He reached out a hand at Kgabo.

"Don't touch me!" Kgabo shouted and the Pastor withdrew his hand.

"Son..."

"Don't call me son, you are a man of God who lived a lie for almost 30 years. What kind of a Bible do you read?"

I had seriously thought Kgabo had accepted that the Pastor was his father, I thought everything was fine. I have been ignorant to what my husband was going through.

"I deserve all that and I won't even make an excuse for the bad father that I have been."

"You should have fought for me, protected me and gave me the fatherly love that I deserved."

"Yes, I should have son. I am sorry, forgive me for all the wrongs that I have done to you. I should have known better than to let you grow up with the pain that you went through."

What followed was a long silence. I was scared to speak, I didn't know what to say.

"Why did you do it?"

"I don't want to make excuses, I want to make up for everything. Please let me." He opened his arms for Kgabo. "It might be too late but I am still here..."

I watched as my husband shook his head no. He was fighting with himself not to accept having a real father in his life, one that loves him. He wanted to punish the Pastor for everything that he has gone through, he blamed him for being hated by his stepfather and still felt that wasn't enough.

If he carried on believing that then he is only hurting himself and denying himself a chance to experience having a father.

"I'm angry." Kgabo finally said.

"And I am here son."

The Pastor still had his arms opened for Kgabo.

My husband looked at me.

"We are going to be fine." I whispered.

He fell into the Pastor's arms almost knocking the old man to the ground.

They both held on tight to each other...

Chapter 106>>>

I hate feeling helpless, I know I don't do much in this kinds of situations but I wish I knew how to bring a smile on my husband's face again. When he smiles he brings life into our relationship and family, now his sadness just dampens everybody's mood in the house. It's like the children can see that something is wrong, Khumo can't stop crying and the other two won't even go out to play.

Being at the Pastor's house wasn't helping much, my husband would sit on his own and not even respond when someone spoke to him.

Coming back to our house seems like something foreign to all of us. All of a sudden the house feels bigger and empty.

I watched Kgabo as he paced around the house going up and down the stairs, to and from the kitchen door. The children also noticed his behaviour, we were all quite waiting for him to hit the wall or punch his fist into something. That's how my husband gets when he's stressed out or worked up.

It's been a long day and everyone seemed tired.

I tried to cook up something for us to eat in the kitchen, making the kids go watch tv.

I was standing next to the stove when Kgabo came and hugged me from behind. I need more than his hug, I want him to be okay.

"I don't know what I would have done without you." He spoke burying his lips on my neck.

I don't think he knows how weak I get when he is not okay. He's relying on me and I just want to have a break down.

I turned around and looked at him, he was smiling at me.

"What are we going to do?" I'm not asking him for a way forward, I just want to know if he is okay.

"I'm hurting Mapitsi, he's rejecting me." His answer came out shaky. Can he get over the man already.

"You don't need him, you have a father who has the same believes as you and he's willing to be there for you."

"I know but I can't seem to accept him."

"Why, why not?" Anyone will be happy with a father like our Pastor. He is a good man in his community.

He breathed in heavily.

"I have worked so hard to be accepted by that man, yes I stole from him but I have paid it all back." He went silent for a while before he continued. "I just wanted him to say he's proud of me."

I pulled him down to me and hugged him. I don't understand why he wants to prove anything to a man who wants nothing to do with him.

"I am proud of you, the children, the Pastor and his family too. We are all that you need. Please don't let us loose you because of that man. You can't let one single person control your life like that." I tried to get through to him, he has to snap out of this. Feeling sorry for himself for something he can't change will cost him more and hurt us even. I want my husband back, my big strong man.

"We will be okay baby, I just need time and you by my side." He looked into my eyes, staring back into his I saw hope for him and us.

He kissed me, a slow penetrating kiss that made me remember sex, more like want it. The sex we used to have before Khumo and Tsotso, things were easier back then.

I do appreciate my children but wish my husband and I can have that life back.

The rest of the weekend was nothing but a blur, Kgabo was still not himself. He worked himself for hours in his home office and didn't even go to church with us, I tried talking to him but he distanced himself from the rest of us. He slept for a few hours and when I turned to touch him he wasn't in bed with me.

By Monday he left early in the morning, leaving me to attend to the kids alone and making sure they got to school.

By the time I got to the Boutique I was tired and wished I could go back home to take a nap and wake up a new person. This is too much to take in.

The boutique was a mess of things out of control, too much to fix with 2 of our computers acting up. All that was prove enough that Pule shouldn't be left to run things on his own, just a day and everything was up in smoke.

I didn't know what to do or where to start, I couldn't even concentrate on anything.

By the time I decided to get an IT guy things were even worse, Pule had somehow lost a few orders that he believes were stored in one of the computers. They better be there or he'll call all 6 brides and starts over the process again.

I am trying not to think about what's going on at home but I can't, nothing seems to be working out for me.

The boutique might be experiencing some problems at the moment but my number one priority is my family. And on top of the list being Kgabo. I hate seeing my husband unable to fuction like this. Everything he is going through is affecting us badly.

I called him to check up on him while in my office.

"Baby." He answered.

"Hey, you left early this morning are you okay?"

"I'll be fine, don't stress about me."

"I can't help it Kgabo, I hate seeing you like this."

He went quite, I could hear him breathing and knew he was struggling to speak. He wanted to reassure me that he was okay but he wasn't.

"Kgabo?"

"Mapitsi." His voice choked on my name.

I hang up and cried, I don't know what to do for him. I don't want him to know that I am falling apart and can't do anything for him. This is hard for me.

I had to wash my face and try to fix and concentrate on what I can work on.

The IT guy was here, a young boy probably early 20s, handsome as hell. Everyone was gushing all over him, even Pule.

When I walked back in he came to me and introduced himself as Thabo Madisha, he shook my hand smiling at me. His smile made him look even younger but charming.

He worked on our computers for an hour while I did some work in my office, Pule kept talking to him and disturbing him. Trying very hard to forget my problems I ignored him.

Maphuti came to say hi, now studying at TUT and renting one of Kgabo's flats in town we hardly see her at the house. She stood at my open door wearing blue skinny jeans and a white very tight t-shirt, she always makes it a point to show off her curves in everything she wears.

"Looking good as always." I said happy to see her.

"It's always a good thing, you never know who you would bump into. Who's that hotty in there?" She came in and sat on my desk waiting to hear me down it all about Thabo.

"He's our IT guy." She blankly looked at me as if she wanted me to go on. "You like him? You want me to introduce you?"

"That's going to take time, I can do it myself." I watched her leave my office with my mouth wide open. I couldn't believe that Maphuti could just walk up to a guy and do what she was planning on doing. I had to see this for myself.

I quickly got up from my chair and ran to the door.

She did it, she walked up to him and just like that they started engaging in a conversation. Maphuti laughed tossing her braids back and just making Thabo drink down her beauty.

She saw me watching and winked at me. I just smiled at her, the girl's got guts. I wish I could hear what they were talking about.

Every girl in the Boutique looked at her and no one seemed happy that Maphuti just walked in and scooped a handful of their candy.

"We are going out for lunch." Maphuti said loudly to me, alerting everyone. I nod my head as Thabo packed everything neatly. He wasn't done and he said he'll come back later, I think he needed the destruction provided by Maphuti.

I saw the way he looked at her and I knew nothing was going to stop them both in going out together, not even me who needed information on those computers.

They walked to the door hand in hand laughing. Kgabo came in almost bumping into them. I don't know what Maphuti said to him but Kgabo froze, unable to hide the expression oh his face he looked ready to murder poor Thabo.

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I am going through hell right now, I am very competitive and I hate losing. I have to be on top of things and get my mind in check. Some things can be out of my control and I wouldn't know what to do but I hate it when all that affects my wife, I don't want her and the children taking strain because of me. I have made my vows, to love and to hold.

As soon as I heard the cracking of her voice over the phone I knew I had to see her and reassure her.

She had dragged me to her little office.

I looked at her standing in front of me and looking into my eyes. I can't fix my lost relationship with my stepdad, things are just beyond repair and I feel defeated. I had fought for his affection so much I want to fight some more. If I am not careful I will sink and lose this beautiful brown eyed woman staring at me.

"You didn't sound good over the phone." I said looking at her blinking at me, trying to see through the smile she was flashing at me.

"I am fine, I was just concerned about you." I pulled her into my arms, feeling the warmth of her body.

"I will be fine, I just need time." I can't lie to her, she knows I am far from fine.

"What are you going to do?" She has been asking me this question a lot lately.

"I have hidden this part of my life for so long, I am angry and I hate my real father." She pulled herself out of my arms to give me a confused look, I let her go without a fight. It's true, I went through hell all my life while a man who could have made things easier for me lived his life not caring, not even once did he try to reach out.

"I know he hasn't been a part of your life before and you needed him, do you want to live your life angry at him now when you can let him fix things?"

I can't help how I am feeling, she is right and I know I have to get over this anger. How do I do that when being his son comes with so much? I had plans for my future and being a priest wasn't one of them. How do I lead a church when the words forgiveness and acceptance makes me tense and more angrier?

I am fighting with my emotions and they are coming in the way of so many thing like pleasing my wife, I am avoiding sex because the kind of sex I want with my wife is not what she is used to. I tried to introduce it bit by bit but she is too fragile.

I want to come home angry and hating the world to have intense sex with her, I want her restrained, give it to her hard and fast.

I pulled her back into my arms.

"You are probably right." I was saying that so she could relax and I felt her pushing herself against me.

"Again, what are you going to do?" She asked me the same question I don't have an answer to.

"I'll tell you once I know."

"Don't take long, we never know how much time we have in this earth."

As a man of God my faith is shaken, I feel like God has let me down and forsaken me. How can He expect me to carry so much, I know I should see this as a blessing, loosing a terrible father and gaining another good one.

"I promise." I quickly said. Changing topics. "Who is that boy with Maphuti?"

"Our IT guy, our computers been acting up."

"Why didn't you tell me?" I know I shouldn't offer any help. My wife is still on her "I want to make in on my own" journey but she is my wife and one day she'll just have to get used to the fact that I will stick my nose in her business wether she likes it or not.

"We are fine, I can do this." Case closed.

I smiled at her and kissed her lips, a quick kiss.

I wanted to interrogated her about the boy, he walked out of here with my sister. Besides I didn't like what she said to me when I bumped into them, she's a grown up and she can do whatever she wants but I'd rather not know or see her doing those kind of things. She'll always be my little sister.

I had to make sure my wife was fine when I left her little shop. I hate the Boutique, she worked there with Thabiso Mabena and that thought drives me crazier than I am right now. I am only tolerating it because it makes her happy.

I went back to the office in time for my conference call with the Agro Steel team, there is some kinds of misunderstanding between them and us or they just messed up. I had made an order for the on going construction in Bela-Bela, they didn't only deliver late but also delivered the wrong equipment for the building.

I pressed the button that puts me through to their call.

"Mothiba here." I spoke that surname in the phone speaker, it made me feel like a fraud. I don't belong anywhere with that surname, even after using it for so many years it reminds me of how bad things are. For a few minutes I got lost in my own thoughts debating if I should change it or not.

"Mr Mothiba, are you still online?" I heard a voice and realised that I had snapped out of the meeting. The CEO of Agro Steel, John Grobler had said something and I won't even let him repeat himself, I am the angry client.

"Yes, I want to know when you'll be able to fix this mess. I don't have much time to waste, I have deadlines."

"Like I said we are very sorry and we will replace everything by the end of the day with a fair refund of 20%."

I smiled as I dialed the red button on the phone. Satisfied with myself I sat down on my chair and stared up at the ceiling with my hands above my head. I like making people do what I want without much negotiating, I didn't ask for the refund or anything. My stepfather doesn't know it but he taught me not to give a dime when it comes to what I want, I have watched him when he did business and I always knew I wanted to be like him. I am a hard-core businessman with an intense approach but not as evil as him.

I heard a knock on the door, I quickly fixed myself and gave permission to enter.

"You have a visitor." Lerato stood at the door looking stronger and healthier than the first time she cried on my shoulder, the time of the affair. I felt sorry for her then and comforted her the wrong way...

I quickly brushed everything about her to the side and put my mind back on now...

Before I could ask who it was I saw Koena behind her. I stood up, I haven't seen or heard from my brother since Saturday, since the day I left him at Mothiba's house.

Lerato let him in and walked out. She knew better than to offer us tea or something to drink, she could see and feel the tension rising between us.

I seriously don't know how I feel about my brother at this moment. I want to think that he had betrayed me by staying behind, if that man doesn't want me why should he build a relationship with him?

"I know how you feel." He said standing in the middle of my office. Does he now?

"No, you don't." I answered him.

"Kgabo, I don't want to pick sides but I am in a tight spot."

"But you have to. You know that playing happy family with him will hurt me, he wants that."

"I know that."

"So?" Does he wants that too? Does he wants to see me hurt too?

"I am desperate."

I looked at him. He looked a shadow of himself, thin, dark complexion and greyish hair showing on his unshaven beards and head.

"Money?" That's always been his problem.

"I lost everything, the house, my job. I wanted him to help me but at the same time I couldn't betray you like that."

I laughed!

I know how my laughter irritates my wife when I do it in situations that laughing is unnecessary. But I just can't help it. My brother was being pathetic and he wanted me to feel sorry for him, unfortunately I could see right through him.

"You are here because you know he won't be able to help you. You want to use me like you did the last time. I am a better choice compared to him, easily manipulated."

Chapter 107>>>

I stared out the window looking at the sun going down, just some redish clouds hanging behind as a reminder than there will be a start of another day tomorrow. I have to go home to my wife and break the news about our brother to her, I don't know how she is going to take it but I know she will want to help. She always sees the good in people only to be taken for a ride.

I'm standing with my back against Dr. Wells, a psychologist who I have been seeing behind everyone's back although I don't see it like that. This is my third session with him. He was recommended by Susan after she realised my desires where something beyond her expertise.

Doctor Wells wants me to tell my wife about my appointments with him, I disagree. I want my wife to know she can count on me as well as rely on me, this only shows weakness.

"What are you going to do?" Wells asked me, forcing me to turn around and look at him. I have a lot to decide on but I knew where his question was directed to.

The man is old, sitting in his chair and observing me for everything I do, even when I don't speak he types on his tablet.

"There is so much that I have to decide on, I need time." That should give him his answer. He's smart though and always knows when I am dodging a question.

"You don't have to do everything on your own. I have never met your wife but I can tell you've put her through a lot and she is still there, she wants to help. Let her."

I looked at him, hard and remembered the time I was at her office, her eyes staring at me with hope and so much love. He's right and most definitely on point. She wants to help and I know she will never judge me. Sometimes I can't believe she had forgiven me for cheating on her, I didn't do it once or twice, it was worse, countless times to be specific. She knows everything but she is still with me.

"I will tell her tonight." I said and I saw Wells' lips curve into a smile. Ever since I have met him he always puts on a poker face, his eyes fixed only on my body language and posture.

I sit down and let him ask me a few more questions, I answer them as most make me angry but I manage to control my anger.

I am good at that lately, controlling my anger has always been a struggle, I've never acted on my anger, okay only a couple of times and today I gave my brother a free pass. I could see myself holding him against the wall, pressing the air out of his lungs in my office and asking him if he thinks I am a fool. He had to get out of my office before I lost it, he saw the fire of anger through my eyes. He didn't wait for me to tell him to leave, he left on his own.

Thinking of Pitsi and the children calms me, if it wasn't for them I bet I would have followed him and roughed him up.

When I left Wells' office I drove straight home to my little family. It was almost time for supper and I didn't want to miss it, I have missed so much. Sometimes I get home and the children are asleep and Mapitsi is too tired to talk or do anything.

I parked in front of the garage and went inside the house. As soon as I open the door I'm met with my wife laughing her head off in the kitchen and our brother entertaining her. My blood boiled instantly, I know what he is doing. He knows I won't help him and he is approaching this with a different angle to get what he wants.

Pitsi is fond of her brother and will do anything for their bond to be stronger, he knows too that I want to see her happy and will do anything to give her what she wants. He knows too much about us, his calculation and schemes are based on my weakness.

Before I could count to ten to calm myself down my wife came to me and offered her lips to me, she looked pretty gorgeous in her pink apron, skinny jeans and white top.

I kissed her lips not closing my eyes, I looked at Koena. He was smiling at us, not looking like a man who has an agenda.

Pinky came strolling down the stairs in one of my wife's dresses, they have made themselves at home. She went to sit next to her husband, greeting me. I murmured a hello back at her.

"Go take a shower so you can join us for supper." Pitsi said walking back to the stove.

My eyes flashed back to Koena, he stood drinking from a cup. He could see my anger rising again. He was calm, he looked calm...

"Bro, was just telling my sister here how proud I am of you. You've really done well for yourself." He was all smiles and sincere as he spoke, trying to ease my anger. I would love nothing than punch the cup in his face but I have my children playing in the next room.

I know my brother, he's not the manipulative type and a schemer. He is infact a good person and if only our relationship hadn't hit rock bottom I would shake his hand right now and joke around with him. Instead I went up the stairs without a word to him.

I took a shower and changed into jeans and a t-shirt. I wasn't really looking forward to sharing a table with my brother and his wife, he chose his side and things should stay like that. My wife and I have problems of our own and I would love nothing than to spend some quality time with her and the children.

I walked down to find everyone at the dinner table. Koena was sitting next to my wife and holding Khumo, my son was giggling as Koena playfully tickled him. I can't believe that I have developed so much hatred for my own blood, we were once close and would have stood up for each other. I gave him money to help him out and he never looked back or tried to negotiate a way to repay me. Now he's back for more. What I felt the time I realised he only needed my help because I am his only hope came back, that anger and just looking at him playing with my kid... He can't be here and act like nothing is going on.

"I would like to hold my son and feed him." I said calmly as I could, fighting the urge to grab him from his hands.

"He's bonding with his uncle, don't be jealous Kgabo." Mapitsi commented, I didn't even look at her.

"I don't get much time with my children so please, may I?" I didn't move.

"Ao, Kgabo can't you just sit and join us?" Pinky said. My blood boiled over. I don't want to loose it in front of the children but I think this is it.

"You know what, go ahead. Eat without me because I am not going to sit here and pretend like everything is fine." After saying that I stormed out and went to lock myself in my study.

He is pushing my buttons.

~

I was left speechless as I watched Kgabo walking away from us. He's angry at his stepfather and he's attacking everyone, I know he's hurting but he doesn't have to take things this far. Going around and taking his frustrations on innocent people won't fix anything.

I wanted to go after him, to set him straight but I know I will just be adding fuel to his anger. We will end up having a huge argument that will cause more problems. We are suppose to be fine.

We all ate supper in silence without Kgabo, after we were done I bathed the kids and put them to bed then cleaned the kitchen. Giving Mmane Maria the afternoon off wasn't a good idea after all, she said she has to go see some relatives. I don't believe her but I let her go.

I went upstairs to the bedroom after getting a room ready for Koena and Pinky. I left them watching the t.v. downstairs.

I don't like Pinky but I am willing to put up with her for the sake of building a relationship with my brother. And, as long as she stays out of my way we will be okay. She is still her annoying self, I saw her when they walked in. She eyed my house and didn't even say a thing, I know she loves it, it's bigger than her's and a compliment wouldn't give her wrinkles.

I took a quick shower and got into bed, I wanted to sleep but I couldn't do that without talking to Kgabo. We have to talk and clear the air or his mood will spoil everything.

I took my phone and send him an SMS wherever he is in the house,

'What's going on?'

He didn't reply and it didn't take him long he was already in the bedroom.

He walked straight to my side of the bed and sat down next to me on the edge of the bed.

"I'm sorry." He started.

"I don't think I am the one you should be apologising to."

He looked away and I could have sworn he murmured something.

"I don't understand why you acted the way you did, we are all trying to move on Kgabo. I know this is hard on you but Koena is on the same boat as you." I also understand his frustrations but he's taking it out on the wrong person. They are brothers for heaven's sake!

"I understand that you want your brother in your life but Baby my relationship with him has hit rock bottom."

"Because of Mothiba? Kgabo that's what the man wants, he wants you and your brother apart."

"You don't understand!" He shouted even getting up from the bed. He put his hand on his forehead and rubbed the middle part between his eyes with the top of his fingers.

"You are petty and jealous of your own brother Kgabo!" Like really now, he has to get over this thing he has over Mothiba.

I got out of the bed, I wanted to scream some sense into him.

In a second he was onto me, holding me up my feet dangling as she shook me.

"I don't care what you think, you won't support me anyway. Do you even understand what I am going through?"

"What the hell is wrong with you? Put me down!"

He did and he did so gently. He took a step back, his eyes fixed firmly on my feet.

"I wasn't going to hurt you. I will never do that." I know that, he did scare me though. A little...

He lifted his eyes to look into mine. He looked hurt, I want to make him feel better. I rushed to him and held his face in my hands.

"What is going on?"

"I'm getting help, I'm seeing a psychologist. Baby, I am a mess." He said and looked like he wanted a reaction from me.

"You are my mess and I accept you as you are."

He breathed in and out heavily.

"He's broke again." The words came out as a whisper.

I underatood him.

"I know he hasn't paid the money he owes us back but I need him, can we help them... please..."

~

Damn it, how can I be thinking about sex when my wife wants us to make the biggest mistake of our lives, yet again. The way I had grabbed her had stired something in me, I loved holding her up to my level like that and she didn't mind. She trusted me and knew that I wouldn't hurt her.

"Please, Kgabo." She begged me again.

I will do anything for her but this...

"Fine, we'll talk to them and see what we can do but I am not promising anything." I had melted in those brown eyes.

She smiled at me.

"Psychologist?" She was calm now.

"Yes."

"How is it going?"

"Not much help, I have only been to three sessions and I can't help but feel like a weakling."

She let out a small laugh.

"You think a big man like you doesn't need a shrink or you are too big a business tycoon for a shrink?" She made a joke out of a situation I felt difficult to deal with, I couldn't help but laugh too.

"Both, I guess."

"Well, you are going to walk this road Kgabo," she pulled me to her so our bodies could touch and I wrapped my arms around her. She looked up at me. "and I'll be with you all the way."

"I'll take you up on that offer."

"Let's go do this now." I suggested. I can't wait anymore. I want Koena and his wife out of my house, the sooner the better.

We walked out the bedroom and went downstairs after Mapitsi had put on something decent. Koena and Pinky were still watching tv. They didn't look like two married people, they looked more like strangers sitting apart from each other and quite so. It even looked like we interrupted a quite moment between them. My wife and I sat down next to each other and looked at them, from one to the other.

"You spoke to Mapitsi?" Koena asked, looking unsure of himself. Pinky shifted in her seat.

"Yes." I gave a short reply.

"Okay?" Koena again.

"What do you want from us?" I coldly asked, I'm not going to be nice.

Pinky looked at Koena. It's probably still her fault but she expect her husband to do all the talking.

"Like I told you, we've lost everything. I lost my job, now the house is gone. We even have to get the kids from boarding school, they won't be able to go back for the next term." He said looking vulnerable that I even felt sorry for him.

"You want more money?" I felt like we were having a repeat of what was said at my office.

"Not really, I would like a job and maybe a place to stay. Kgabo, Mapitsi I would do anything, from a brick layer to a concrete mixer." His eyes got bigger and

watery. I am mad at this guy but at the end he is my brother, I don't want to see him like this, so desperate. I hate it!

"Ummm... Kgabo what your brother is trying to saying is that he needs an executive position. You can creat one for him, you know one next to your level. And for a house you can give us the one you have in the same area as yours, we could be neighbours."

Should I laugh or ke zwabole???

Chapter 108>>>

Pinky really lives in a world of her own where everything comes easily. She makes demands and gets what she wants. Does she understand their situation right now? Because if she really did she wouldn't be talking like this. All she wants is money to spend, she doesn't see herself working anywhere. I even have to wonder if she is really normal or just plain dump.

"I would like to have a word with my brother, alone." I said and at the same time trying to ignore the comment Pinky just made or was it a suggestion?

Mapitsi didn't say anything. I don't know if she was still shocked or wanted to be part of whatever Koena and I will discuss outside. Anyway I will leave her to deal with her sister-in-law. "Shall we take a walk?" I asked Koena and he nod his head standing up at the same time.

I stood up and led the way outside.

Once outside we walked to the little fountain that's next to the braai place.

"What happened?" I asked my brother, I want details.

If he had a choice he wouldn't tell me the truth, I could see that in his face. He didn't even have to act like he didn't understand at all.

"The bad deal that Pinky had me involved in came back to bite me. I had involved a couple of students at the university after convincing everyone to let me get them involved. It was a good initiative that was going to boost their profiles. And when the deal proved to be nothing but a hoax I had lost millions of rands already. This whole thing gave me a bad name, I had to resign out of shame. That surely cost me because no one wants to touch me now, if I want to get back up I need to earn people's trust by starting from the bottom." He went quite.

I had so many questions for him but first his fall from grace is the number one killer, he destroyed his own career and if I have to give someone like him a job it would really affect my business too. And what kind of a position can I give an academic like him? As much as I could offer him a job at my company I can't avoid the fact that whatever I offer him would be an insult to the man. No matter what he did he still deserves much better.

"What was the deal about?"

"An agricultural project that had the students helping in finding ways to improve our agricultural systems. It was going to help a lot of people who are facing poverty."

"That's a good initiative." I had to agree, I am a business man and I can see an opportunity right there.

"Kgabo, I am really sorry. I shouldn't have taken sides." He apologised and I know he meant it, too little too late.

"Maybe I was selfish too, I shouldn't expect you to choose. Mothiba wants you as his son and probably heir, I should accept that."

"He wants up apart and I made things easy for him. I just don't get why he's pushing you away and wanting me closer, we are the both not his." That doesn't make much sense to me either, it's out there that he wants to hurt me but why?

Koena and I both went quite, I guess we were both trying to figure out what is going on in Mothiba's mind.

"Maybe it's probably because she cheated." That's the only explanation I could think and Koena seemed to agree with me. "Come to my office tomorrow so we can discuss a plan for your project."

I am not making any promises.

~

I was left all alone with Pinky the psycho, she was sitting comfortably on a couch looking like a rich lady who would get her purse and tell me to go buy her a bottle of still water because my tap water tastes funny. She looks the part of a very rich business man's wife so well that I even feel sorry for my brother. She had this expensive weave on, well pink polished nails, flawless makeup and wore my dress, making it look expensive. How can she still afford to look like this?

"Are you going to work tomorrow?" She asked me flipping her silky weave to the back.

"Yes, some of us have to work for a living." I breathed out hoping to have insulted her.

"I was hoping we could go shopping, I need retail therapy with my sisters-in-law." She bat her fake eyelashes at me. I couldn't help but wonder if she has money or she is just hoping I would pay for everything. I know they can't afford anything at the moment except her look that could probably buy them groceries for a month.

Anyway I don't want to go anywhere with her, she can invite Reba since they are both bored housewives. Besides I don't think I can afford to leave the boutique anytime soon, not with the mess I found the other day.

"You can invite Reba, I'll be at work all day."

"Oh, you can't even take some time off?"

"No Pinky." I snapped and she looked at me with her dark eyes. The makeup around her eyes makes her eyes darker.

She changed the t.v. channel to some fashion show. I don't know why she was watching because that's my line of expertise, well maybe she wants to learn more about fashion.

Kgabo and Koena walked in deep in conversation, it took them longer than expected to come back. Was starting to wonder what happened to them. They were smiling and looked like they had come to some sort of understanding.

Kgabo came to me and offered me his hand, I placed mine in his and he pulled me up.

"Good night everyone." He said dragging me out the room and up the stairs to our bedroom. When we got to the door Khumo cried, he's sharing a room with his brother. I had to make room for Koena and Pinky by moving Kamo to Khumo's room. He has a double bed and it makes things easier. Kamo wasn't so happy about that and Khumo crying would only irritate him more. Maybe I should turn my home studio into a guest bedroom to avoid Kamo murdering me everytime we have guests over.

Kgabo decided to go check on them, 5 minutes later we were three in bed. He said Kamo is complaining about Khumo saying Khumo slaps him in his sleep. He's lying...

In the morning I woke up to get everyone ready for school and creche, making breakfast and shouting. Kgabo was there to help while Pinky and Koena slept upstairs, wonder if the noise in the house is too much for them. We are used to it.

7:30 am we were dropping our children and the neighbour's off at school then dropped Khumo next door at creche. 8pm Kgabo dropped me off at the parking lot, we kissed before I got off. Acting like a normal couple, we are not and I have to ask myself why he's not complaining about the lack of intimacy. We hardly talk about sex and initiating it seems out of the question since there is always something to interrupt us or stop us. I miss my husband and I know he does to, can't help thinking if he's getting it from somewhere.

He had told me about his discussion with Koena, I didn't ask him what his decision was but I know he gave it some thought and I would accept whatever he decides, hoping my brother would too.

I found Pule busy at the boutique, trying to impress me.

He had left me a few messages on my desk. Before going through them I send a whatsapp text to my sister,

'I want to do something sexy for my man.' □ □

She replied right away,

'Are you asking me a question or bragging?'

'Asking.'□□

'There is no question mark at the end.'

'I need help, okay? □□□□'□□

'□□□□□not desperate enough.'

'Reeeeeeebaaaaaa.!!!!'

'Okay, I'll be in town soon.'

Good. I put my phone away and went through the messages on my desk.

I read a message that requested a lunch meeting in town with me tomorrow. I read the name at the end three times just to be sure.

"Pule, Pule, Pule!" He rushed into my office and stood in front of my desk opposite me. I held out the paper at him. "What is Thabiso Mabena's name doing on my paper?" We agreed, I gave strict instructions to Pule and anyone who works for me. I told them I want nothing to do with Thabiso, he's not even allowed in my boutique. They know that!

"I'm sorry, he insisted." Pule said sounding stupid to me. He could have hang up on him, easy as that.

"Cancel the meeting and make sure he gets the message loud and clear."

"Come on Mapitsi, what harm could the meeting do?" It could break my marriage dammit! My husband still thinks I slept with Thabiso so please... And Pule better shut up because I know he wants himself in the guy's pants again, even after he was painfully dropped.

"I'm talking to you as your boss." I harshly reminded him of his place with me. Sometimes I let him go off but at times like this I have to make my voice heard, loud and clear.

He rolled his eyes as he turned around. I let that go.

A few minutes later he came into my office to tell me that the meeting has been cancelled. I didn't say anything to him, I continued working like he wasn't there until he turned and walked away.

Lunchtime I had a knock on my door, I had told Pule to keep everyone out and let me work in peace. I had three brides to impress, I had sketches to present to each one of them but I felt like they lacked something which I couldn't quite get. The brides were not specific about what they wanted, they wanted me to die them.

Since I wasn't answering the door whoever was knocking opened.

I looked up to find my sister standing at the door in her sexy little red dress and black high heels. She also had a shiny weave on.

"Big sister to the rescue." She stood with a smile, a beautiful smile. Maybe if I was as hot as my sister my husband would have sex with me everyday.

"Come over here." I called her and she came to my side. "What do you think of this designs?"

She looked hard at them then grabbed my pencil. She scribbled a few details in all three and then set the pencil down.

"Perfect." I knew I could count on her. "You deserve a job here."

"We've been through that and you know what I am good at." Making babies and shopping. Talking about babies when is she giving Jonas one? Poor guy!

"You are good at this too but anyway what are you talking about?"

"Getting you sexy for your man."

"Oh that?"

"Yes, grab your purse and follow me."

"I have work to do Reba."

"Then why the heck did you call me?"

"Fine." I am not sure about asking Reba for advice anymore. My sister can go over board sometimes it irritates me, I don't think I even wants to find out what exactly is it that she had planned.

I pulled myself up from the chair and grab my handbag. I follow her out the door and give out a few orders to an irritated Pule. I am pretty sure he can handle things from here and not let some virus into our computers again.

Reba and I head to the parking lot where Pinky is comfortably occupying the front seat. I didn't think my sister likes her but I guess we are trying for the sake of our brother.

And I think Reba told her what I wanted because as soon as I got into the car she started talking about how she spices up things in the bedroom. I wanted to plug something into my ears and sink into the backseat.

Reba drives a blue Chevrolet Spark, the car is too small for me to pull myself out of their conversation, I hear everything said in the front seat. They were giving me some disgusting advice, things that I know Kgabo wouldn't want to do.

Our first stop was at a shop that sells... clothes where Reba went in alone and came back with plastic bags from there we headed to a spa. We did our nails and had massages.

After that we went to a salon, I opted for a hair cut. My afro was getting unruly and I can't style it on my own. Reba liked my new look but she made me buy one of those expensive lace wigs, I chose a black colour Brazilian twenty inch one. As soon as they put it on I loved it, it gave me a different feel about myself.

Before we left the salon Reba and Pinky made me change clothes. They went with me to the salon's bathrooms and made me wear some skimpy underwear that didn't cover much. I told them I can't.

"Mapitsi, this is for Kgabo's eyes only and he'll love it." Reba had persuaded me.

"He better." I commented looking at my pubic hair peeking out.

"You should have shaved at the spa, a wax would have done wonders." Reba added to the shock of my bush. Pinky giggled.

After the underwear came a black dress, at least it was knee length and very comfy. It hugged my figure very nicely, the bra made my breast look a bit...

"Sexy as hell." Reba had commented again.

"Ta-da!" Pinky exclaimed holding a pair of black stilettos.

"No!" I screamed in shock. I won't wear those, I don't even think I can walk in them.

"Come on you are going to look good." Pinky forced them on my feet lifting my legs one at a time as slipped them on.

"For the final touch, makeup!" Reba held out a cosmetic bag. Before I could resist they made me look away from the bathroom mirror as they painted my face, it felt like that. They brushed and parted my cheekd with different king of brushes and little round sponges.

I had wanted a moment with just Reba and me but we couldn't do that without making Pinky feel like an outsider, besides I wanted to gossip about her.

She was... herself but tried to fit into our circle of craziness. She carries herself like a lady who doesn't mix with the likes of us, she is cool, calm and collected for now.

"Turn around." Reba ordered her eyes beaming with excitement.

I slowly, slowly turned around to looking at a woman I couldn't recognise, new me. I have looked at myself in mirrors more times than I could count but I have never been this... speechless...

I looked.... different... and felt it.

"It'll be hours until Kgabo can see me like this." I said pinching back my tears , afraid I would ruin their hard work.

"You are going to surprise him at work, make him want to take you home and rip that dress off you." Reba said hugging me from behind. We stared at each other in the mirror for a couple of second before bursting into laughte.

I love my sister.

"Thank you Reba and you too Pinky." I stretched out a hand to her so I can pull her into our hug. She is not bad after all, she has her moments though.

They dropped me off outside Kgabo's office building. I watched them drive away and took my first step with the stilettos on the pavement walking up to the door that led to the front desk.

I hope this is worth the trouble, after all my husband's money paid for all this.

~

The CEO of the company that's been bugging me for weeks to invest in their business was sitting across me, I know nothing about farming and I had turned them down several times. But now I think I can use them for Koena's project.

I had a long day of meetings with my brother being the first. I didn't give him much time but he came prepared with a very good proposal that he bowled everyone over. I gave the CEO a brief summary of what the project was about.

"I like the idea but I am going to have to run it by our board members." She sat with her chair pulled back, I had a view of her whole body laid on the chair in front of me. She wore a blue blouse that she had two undone buttons that almost revealed the cleavage on her chest. It was distracting everytime I had to look at her and I had to think she did it on purpose. She shouldn't be doing that, she is a beautiful woman and I think men fall on her feet even when she is not making much effort.

She caught me several times with my eyes on her chest.

"Mr Mothiba?" She said with a smile.

"Uhmhhh..." I cleared my throat. Damn this woman! She has me where she wants me, seducing me with her body. "Well, Mrs Legodi, I don't have to wait long I hope, this will benefit all parties, bare that in mind."

I can't be looking at her the way I am, I don't want her I am just... lusting after her since she is making herself available to me. She knows what she is doing, sitting there and letting me drool all over her. Please God make me stronger than this, the urge to touch her it's too much. I haven't even touched my wife in weeks and my hands are itching to spread this woman across my desk and have my way with her. I breathed in and out, making things worse for myself. I don't want her, I know that.

The door swang open and I quickly stood up being shaken from my thoughts about this woman.

Looking at the door I had to blink a few times as I stared at a woman who looked like my wife, yet it was her but...

"Mapitsi." I said trying to make sure.

"Hi." She stepped in looking shy, smiling, waiting for a reaction from me. She looked different, different in a good way, beautiful and....

"Wow." I said lost for words.

"Excuse me, Mothiba who is this woman who just budged into our meeting?" Legodi asked, trying to make herself visible I guess.

I ignored her and went straight to my wife, my beautiful wife. I couldn't help myself as I cupped her face with both my hands and kissed her passionately tasting her red lipstick. When I let go I was breathless and wanted more.

"Mothiba!" Come one woman, leave already. My hands are full now.

"Legodi, you are dismissed, I'll hear from you and your people." I spoke to her looking at my wife, my whole body reacting to her new look.

"We are not done here!" Legodi shouted.

"Close the door on your way out."

I kissed my wife again, this time longer with more touching...

Chapter 109>>>

I knew my husband was happy to see me the minute I walked in, the look he gave me gave me the courage to just walk into his meeting with... I don't know who that was and I don't even remember her face. Seeing my husband's big eyes grow even bigger I knew my call to my sister was worth it.

The kiss he gave me spelled hunger and I was hungry for him too. I wanted him in his office, over his desk with me beneath him. I love his heavy weight on top of me.

"We have to take this home?" He spoke licking his lips as he looked down at me, his hands still cupping my cheeks.

"We don't have to."

"The kids..." I interrupted him.

"Don't worry about them, Reba went home with them. She'll take them to school tomorrow." I stood on my toes to get to his lips again but he wasn't interested in my kiss anymore.

"Mapitsi, why the hell would you do that?"

He is angry.

Just like that!

"Kgabo we need this, some time alone."

He let go of me and went to gather his things from his desk. I watched him, his face looked hard and redish.

"Kgabo?" My questioning look did nothing. He went on with his business and after packing up he grabbed me by my arm and pulled me out his office.

We hurried out as I tried to match his big steps. I couldn't ask him what was going since a few people were still in the building, some even watching us and I tried to act like nothing was going on.

We went to his car, he opened the front passenger door for me. I went in and he closed the door for me.

I felt stupid and ridiculous, after all this hard work he's just going to act like I did something very wrong. Why won't he even say something, anything about my look?

"No one Mapitsi, no one will ever take care of my children except me. I won't let them grow up like me, feeling neglected and tossed around family members. I am

here, alive and I will give them the attention they deserve." He spoke looking like he would cry.

I didn't know what to say. I looked away and just stared out the window as he drove.

I was angry at him. How dare he compare his situation to our childrens'? I am not tossing my children to anyone, I though I was doing something for us and making him happy. I was wrong, he doesn't want things to be back to normal.

He dropped me off at the house, he told me to go inside. I didn't want to argue, being stubborn wasn't going to make him listen to me. I watched as he drove off without a word another to me.

I went inside the house and straight to the bedroom passing Pinky in my kitchen. I cried my eyes off.

Pinky knocked on the bedroom door asking questions, I just sat on the bed and ignored her. She wanted to know the "good news" and I didn't want to share my disappointments of news.

"Pitsi, what happened? You are back early, didn't Kgabo like your surprise?" I wanted to shout at her to leave me alone but I couldn't. Why did I take their stupid idea? I shouldn't have went ahead with anything.

I fell asleep on the bed with my heavy makeup and everything still on. When I woke up Kgabo was coming through the bedroom door, he woke me up with the noise he made as he unlocked the door.

He came to me but I jumped off the bed.

"Baby, I overreacted." He said. His shirt was stained on the collar with my makeup from earlier.

"Get out!" I screamed at him pointing at the door.

"I am sorry!"

"I don't want you anywhere near me."

"Please..."

"I'm sleeping alone tonight." I turned and gave him my back.

I took the dress off and then followed the lacy underwear. I wanted to get rid of everything, I wanted all evidence of my stupidity gone. And before I knew it he was standing in front of me looking stunned. "I don't want to find you in here when I come out the bathroom." I walked there naked.

~

She is beautiful and looks sexy as hell, I messed up big time!

For a moment the thought of my children being with her sister unsettled me and send some unfamiliar chills down my spine. It took me back to me when I was young. How I would have loved to have a father who was there, the whole thing felt like I was abandoning my children. While my wife was trying to do something nice for me I threw that in her face.

I looked at the bathroom door and pictures her in the bath, I want her so bad but she is mad at me now. I turned and walked out the door to my study.

I went through my emails to distract myself, there was one from Legodi.

'Mr. Mothiba I can't tell you how disappointed I am. I always thought you were a discreet businessman but what I saw today changed my mind about how I viewed you.'

I had to reply,

'Mrs Legodi, if you are going to threaten me with taking your business somewhere else please do so, your firm needs me more than I do.'

I waited and waited for her reply but she didn't respond, hope she will not back out of this deal.

I can't even believe her nerve on calling me off about my behaviour, if she wants to know how unprofessional looks she should look at her undone blouse and cleavage in the mirror. Mxm...

Just when I had moved on to other emails she replied.

'You owe me an explanation but I would like a meeting with you and your brother tomorrow. Send me details of your free space on your diary.'

I replied and told her to call my P.A.

A few minutes later I had details of the meeting on my phone from Lerato. She is probably still at the office and it's passed her knock off time a while ago.

Koena came knocking on my door.

"Come in." I said. He was already inside as he knocked.

'I just got an email from Lerato, Legodi wants a meeting tomorrow.' The meeting was about the project and for a moment I thought it was about what she saw today. I don't care if she tells on me or not, I have a marriage to save. Talking about

saving my marriage reminds me of the time Mapitsi wanted to divorce me. That was hell and I hope she never takes us back there.

"Are you ready for her?"

"Ja, she is the least of my worries." I looked at him. I know he is, he has the deal in the bag already.

"What are you mostly worried about?"

"You and my sister. You both missed supper and are now locked up in rooms." The door to my study wasn't locked but I know what he meant.

For some reason I don't like where this is going. This is one discussion I don't want to have with my brother, who is my brother-in-law and soon to be employee.

"I think I would like to be left alone for now."

"So are you going to dismiss me like I'm some employee of yours."

I gave him a knowing look, I will not let him bully me into talking.

Still he knew better than to argue with me. He left and I kept on working.

Around midnight I wrapped up and went straight to the couch in the living room. I want to be with my wife and apologise but she is too angry to let me close now.

When I woke up in the morning I went up to the bedroom. She had folded my clothes neatly on a chair outside the bedroom, my black suit, white shirt and tie,

underwear too. I know what this meant. I want to see her but I will only be making things worse.

I took my things and used the guest bathroom.

I help Mmane Maria with the kids and even left for work with them. She never came down and I let her be.

After dropping the kids off I went straight to my office, I wanted to get deep into work but I couldn't concentrate. I have a meeting in about an hour with my brother, Legodi and her team, I have to get my head straight before I mess up.

I took my phone and send Mapitsi a message,

'Good morning my love, hope you had a good night sleep despite the stress I put you through. For me sleeping on the couch was hell and it's not because it was uncomfortable but because I wasn't with you.'

I waited for a reply and when she didn't respond I send another one.

'Baby, please talk to me. I want to fix this, I messed up and I know.'

No reply from her. Another one,

'You looked sexy last night, I would have loved to take that dress off you and rip the lacy underwear off you with my teeth.'

Again,

'My love, I can't stop thinking about you.'

I probably look desperate and I don't care, as long as it brings my wife back I'll do it over and over again. In fact I will do anything for her. I was about to type another message when the phone rang. I picked it,

"Lerato?"

"Mrs Legodi is here, should I send her through." What? She is way too early. I looked at my wrist watch, she is 30 minutes early.

"Fine, send her through." I could make her wait in the boardroom but I know she would make a scene.

I waited for her to burst in here with a different attitude from yesterday, she had being a total... should I say slut???

Well, today she walked in wearing a very tight blue dress and a jacket, she didn't look bad until she took off her jacket and wrapped it around a chair. The dress hung to every curve in her body, revealing too much.

"We need to talk about what happened yesterday. You can't just kiss women in front of me. That's unprofessional and disrespectful." She stood trying to make me look at her body again, like I did yesterday. I wasn't interested in her and I never will, yesterday I had a moment of weakness. It will never happen again.

"What gives you the right to walk into my office so early in the morning? I told you, if you think I am someone you cannot work with then walk away." My voice was harsh even though I tried to be cool and keep it low.

"You are an arrogant son of a bitch! I wonder what your wife will make of that scene of yesterday." She was actually blackmailing me, threatening to tell my wife that I kissed someone. Really? She doesn't even know my wife.

I picked up the phone and handed it to her,

"Here, call her." She just stood and looked at me smiling, a mischievous smile. I was also smiling at her, matching her mischievous smile, not feeling threatened. She was still trying to be the woman she was yesterday. She stood in front of me like she was posing for the cover of Play Boy.

"Hey, I was hoping to come early so we could discuss..." Koena walked in holding papers in his hands. He didn't know I had company as he came to a halt in the middle of my office. He gave Legodi one look then took his focus back to me. "Sorry didn't know you had company."

"No it's okay." I stood up and introduced them. Koena went to Legodi and shook her hand.

My brother and I don't share any similarities when it comes to looks, no one has ever said we look the same but that doesn't mean he's not good looking. He's tall too and darker than me with eyes like my wife's, big and brown. Today he wore brown chino pants and a white shirt, he looked more like a lecturer than a man going to a meeting.

After a brief chat between the three of us I let them to the boardroom. Legodi was now acting all professional, not the seductive bi... thing she was when she took off her jacket. Koena and I started chatting about Maphuti and her progress at school, boring Mrs Legodi who couldn't keep her eyes off my brother. The woman is married but she has no shame, at least she is taking her attention elsewhere other than on me.

Her team arrived a few minutes later and the meeting started, Lerato joined us too.

I got bored just when the meeting started up until the first tea break we took.

It's going to be a long day since Koena is prepared to drag the whole thing, I know he has a passion in Agriculture but he's being too much.

I went to my office to make a call to the boutique during the tea break. Pule answered,

"Audrey's bridal boutique how may I help you?"

"Pule, it's Kgabo."

"Oh Pitsi is in a meeting, would you like to leave a message?" She is at work, good. Thought she'll shut herself all day in the bedroom.

"No, it's fine. I'll call later." I put the phone back down and wondered how my wife's day is. Mine is crap, she is mad at me and I can only imagine what she is going through. She hasn't responded to my messages, calling her on her cellphone it's not even an option, she won't pick up.

I went back to the boardroom for the meeting but my mind wasn't there anymore. Just after Koena got into it I got up,

"Excuse me." I said and walked out. Everyone looked at me as I hurried away.

Legodi followed after me.

"Mothiba?" She called after me and I stopped. "What the hell is wrong with you? You can't just walk out of a meeting." She looked angry walking towards me.

"I am not going to be a part of this project anyway and I have a company to run."

"But you can't just walk out like this."

"I can and I just did, what now?"

She blinked at me trying to find an answer. She's wasting my time.

I walked away...

~

"I think your two minutes is up now." I said trying not to look at the good looking man sitting opposite me in my office, his two minutes that he'd asked for was up a long time ago. And it was hard though not to look at him, he's just there in front of me. He wore a tight white t-shirt that clung to his tight muscles and blue jeans, skinny jeans, the t-shirt made his complexion even brighter.

"Pitsi, you know you and I make a formidable team. Why can't we work together again?"

"I don't want you anywhere near my business Thabiso."

"Why? Because of your husband?" True, Kgabo will flip if he finds out I even had a meeting with him. Thabiso knows working close to me won't happen and he should stay away. I don't want to make things worse than they are between Kgabo and me.

Speaking of Kgabo I am still mad at him for last night even though I just want to forgive him so we can move on.

I haven't replied to his messages, he sounds so desperate and I just love it when he is sweating. He embarrassed me last night.

"Kgabo has nothing to do with my business." I am lying. "I just want to do this on my own, build my own brand." At least this is true. I've made it this far without him.

"You've grown up since the last time I saw you." A compliment from Thabiso Mabena?

"Good..." I was interrupted by a hard knock at the door, before I could open my mouth to say come in the door opened.

My husband walked in, slowly his eyes on Thabiso.

Thabiso and I stood and looked at him.

He came to my side and stood next to me.

"What's he doing here?" His eyes burning into mine. He was angry. I was angry at him too but that seemed like nothing now.

"He was just leaving." I answered.

"Yes, but please reconsider my proposal." Thabiso said steering trouble my way on purpose.

Kgabo turned his head to look at Thabiso. His body stood next to mine and I could feel the tension radiating through him.

"Leave Mabena, whatever proposal you have for my wife forget about it."

"Trust me, it's good. You can both look at it."

I expected Kgabo to blow up and attack Thabiso but he grabbed me by arm and dragged me out the office. I didn't ask anything I just followed him. I felt guilty.

He let go off my arm and went to Pule,

"Get rid of him and make sure he never sets his foot in here or you'll be fired." He pointed at Thabiso who was now standing outside my office door.

Pule looked scared.

Kgabo came back to me and took my hand. I wanted to protests but not in front of Thabiso and my staff.

When we got outside I told him to let go off me. He didn't speak to me, he just kept on walking. Pulling me with him to the parking lot. He did the same yesterday.

We went to his car, he opened the door and forced me inside. I tried to fight him but he was too strong for me.

When he got into the car I started hitting him with my hands. I didn't care where they landed I just wanted to hurt him.

"Stop it!" He grabbed both my hands. "Save your energy for later."

"I don't want to go anywhere with you!" I shouted struggling to get out of his hands.

"Relax and let me drive. Okay?" He spoke so softly to me that all the strenght of fighting left me. He made sure I relaxed before he let go off me. He leaned towards me and whispered in my ear...

"I am going to rectify my mistakes for last night. You are going to get what you've been missing baby. I will take us to greater heights and I won't stop until I am satisfied that you had enough. Do you want that?"

He traced his tongue on my neck and I shivered with anticipation. He awoken the sleeping cells in my body, everything waking up on a rapid pace. My heart started beating fast and my breathing rapid.

He pinched me on my waist reminding me that he'd asked me a question.

How can I say no?

Chapter 110>>>

"So, where are we going?" She asked me, avoiding my question. Her not answering my question didn't bother me, she wants me. It's evident. She even tried to move in her seat. She can't run away from me even if she tries. I won't let her, not again. I looked at her, from her eyes to her lips. She smelled so good and looked good in her short hair. I am yet to compliment her on the new look, wonder what happened to the hair she had on last night.

I smelled her usual scent that I am used to. Her perfume filling my nostrils making me want to lick the delicious scent off her.

I don't want to take her home, Pinky is there and I don't want to go far either. I want her now and quick. I can't hold myself anymore. Being so close to her and knowing that today we are going to have sex drives me nuts. I wish she was still in her dress and the lacy underwear she wore last night, I had big plans for them.

"Where do you want to go?" I am still close to her. I can hear her breathing. I didn't plan so well, I came straight for her knowing that I was going to get her from work and... fuck her... sorry for the harsh language. Now, I don't even know where to take her. I feel like a teenage boy, virgin teenage boy that is planning on having sex for the first time.

"I don't know, surprise me." Was her best answer. Turning the tables in me. A clue would have helped.

I smiled and leaned back into my seat. I started the car and put it in reverse. I headed straight to the lodge, there is no other place. On the way I called reception to make sure they prepare a room for us. I told the receptionist to leave the keys with the security. I don't want to run around for the keys.

About the lodge, it's almost done, just having problems with the dam.

It's a long drive, 20 minutes but it gives me time to drool all over my wife and think of what I should do to her. I know how I want her but I want to go easy on her.

She is wearing a red shirt and a knee length skirt, but the skirt had gone up her thighs a bit, showing a bit of skin. Strapped in her seat, the seatbelt crossing her body she looked the part, that part that I want her in, restrained and bared to me. I tried harder to keep my hands to the steering wheel and gear but my eyes kept going from the road to her, from her to the road. She looked straight at me not blinking. I don't know what she is thinking but I think she is aroused, checking me out.

I shift in my seat leaning over the steering wheel. I am hard and so want her.

When we got to the lodge I got the keys from the security guy at the main gate and drove straight to one of the lodging houses that we were booked in. It's a one bedroom house, small but nice, just for me and my wife. It's fully furnished with a little corner space for a kitchen that had almost everything a kitchen has to have , an open plan that led to the tv space with a three seater couch and a huge tv. Most of the things in here we don't need, I just want a bed and maybe a chair.

Things got a little awkward as Mapitsi walked in and went to stand behind the couch. She looked like she was trying to hide from me, not wanting to be closed to me. I went to the fridge and opened it, there were a few drinks inside. I wanted something harder, like brandy but there were sweet and acid beverages.

When I closed the fridge she was still standing there, looking lost with eyes looking at me.

"What now?" She asked me. I know I had promised her so much in the car. She wanted all that.

"Maybe we should start by talking." I suggested pointing at the couch for her. Why am I finding this harder now? My approach sucks now. Big time!

"I don't want to talk, you didn't bring me here for that."

Right, she is right.

Talking wasn't necessary.

I have to take action now.

I walked slowly to her, her head moving with me. I had thought the minute we got through the door I would have jumped on her, took her and got my ways with her. She didn't turn when I was behind her and out of view. I stood behind her and put my hands on her arms, rubbing, going up as I felt her soft skin and warmth. I got to her shoulders and gave her a little squeeze then a massage. She let herself relax into my body, getting too close for my erection to be on her butt. I pushed onto her, moving from side to side.

"I want you so bad, I want to make up for lost time." I said to her.

"Talk is cheap Jackson, get on with it." She too couldn't wait.

I laughed.

I didn't waste time, I got her out of her t-shirt and tossed it to the floor. I cupped her breasts in my hands and squeezing them through her lacy bra, rubbing on her nipples through it. Feeling her body changing and her breathing faster and louder.

I unbuckled her bra before turning her around. Her eyes looked deep into mine as I took off her bra, I let it fall off her on to the tiled floor.

I went in for a kiss, long wet slow kiss. My hands moved to her soft breast, I pushed my tongue in her mouth while playing with her hard erected nipples. I let her mouth go and stared at her full beautiful juicy lips.

I went to her breast as I slowly traced my tongue down to them, sucking on each nipple, one at a time, pulling with my teeth. She moaned holding on to my head throwing her head back. I held her by her waist, keeping her in place.

I ached to just push her on the couch and have her. I can't, she is my wife and she deserves every touch, every kiss and everything arousing.

I would have loved for her to be laying down, on her back but standing wasn't so bad. Besides I want to try everything I can with her. I went down on my knees and looked up at her. Her full lips parted, her hard nipples pointing out, her brown eyes staring down at me with anticipation. I pulled her skirt along with her panties down, her hairy self in front of me. I ran my fingers through her pubic hair, when I looked up at her she looked away. Embarrassed, trying to squeeze her thighs together.

"I love it when you are so hairy, I want to go through the hair when I play with you. It's so soft and it turns me on." It's true, the first thing I loved about her when I saw her naked was the hair.

She relaxed and stopped squeezing. I held her thighs and pulled them apart. Opening her to me, I traced a finger around and outside her opening. Her body shook and She let out a small cry.

She was wet and moaning, encouraging me to go on. I slipped a finger in and she cried out, I fingered her, one finger slowly then added a second one. Twitching them around. I added more as I buried my face on her, smelling her. My lips kissing her clit, teasing, pulling, biting.

I kept on doing that until I felt her body going into some sort of shaking. Her whole body vibrating over me.

I got up and made her turn around, bending her over the couch. I held both her hands behind her with my one hand as I pulled my zipper down and guide myself in her. Still fully clothed, I couldn't wait or waste anymore time. One deep thrust and then I pulled out thrusting into her again and again. Until I just lost it and went faster as her warmth gripped around me, making it difficult for me to pull out or stop. My grip on her arms got stronger, I was being hard and fast. I wasn't making love to my wife, I was taking her the hard way like I always wanted and she loved it. Screaming and moaning.

She came hard as I gave it to her, she took me with her as I loaded days of sexual frustration in her.

I collapsed on top of her, breathless and wet with sweat.

"Oh baby, that was damn good." I stood, unable to steady myself. She was still bending over the couch. Her butt in full view and I couldn't resist, I slapped the soft skin. She jumped up and turned around.

She laughed with her hands on her behind.

'Are we done?' She asked me looking worn out.

"Do you want us to be done or you want to go back to work?" I don't want to leave, I want to stay here in this little house for as long as we can.

"I want to talk."

Not what I had in mind.

"Okay, let's sit." I watched her go to the couch and cover herself with the throw that had been laid on the couch. I fixed my flyer and followed her. I sat next to her.

~

"I loved the rough sex." I didn't mean to talk about the sex, we had issues that needed to be addressed but the rough sex we just had just topped the list of our worries for me. He really made me feel like a woman on cloud nine.

He smiled, he didn't expect me to say that.

"I didn't hurt you?"

"What do you mean?" I was wet and willing.

"Your arms, the way I grabbed you."

"No." I rubbed my wrist where his hand had gripped. I loved everything about the sex, I felt his strenght inside and outside of me. His energy was over the top and I loved over the top.

"Are you sure?" He touched my wrist and looked as if he was looking for marks or evidence. He planted soft little kisses with tender care around each wrist.

"Yes." My eyes on the bulge growing in the front of his pants. Talking about the sex was turning him on, not just him though, me too.

"Baby, look at me." He lifted my chin with his index finger so we are eye to eye. He took his time before he spoke. "I want it rough but I'm afraid I will hurt you."

I swallowed, hard. I want that too.

"How rough?" I searched his eyes when he just looked at me blankly.

"I can't tell but only show you." He finally said.

"Okay." I don't understand where this is going but I want to try whatever it is that he has planned.

"Okay?" I nod my head at him. "But first we need to talk about last night."

"Forgotten. I forgive you." He smiled at my quick answer. I know I should take how he felt into consideration too but I don't want to get into that now. I want to know more about this rough sex we have going on.

"But you'll still keep on making those surprise appearance at the office?" He winked at me. I don't know about doing that again but anyway...

"Yes, now show me." I'm eager to see.

He stood up and extended his hand for me, I got up and placed my hand in his dropping the throw on the ground.

He led me to the bedroom.

He closed the door and I went to the huge bed. He watched me as I sat down and moved backward. He took off his clothes throwing them to the couch.

He walked slowly and got on top of the bed, he crawled towards me. Parted my legs and crawled between them.

He stared at me still on his knees, his eyes remained on my face as he moved his head to my chest. He kissed me between my breast, hard, sucking on that skin that he could quiet hold.

It was painful but arousing.

He moved to my breast and sucked the same way he did between my breast, hard and painful.

"I want you now, come." He moved and pulled me to the edge of the bed as he got off.

He pulled me until my shoulder were the only thing supporting me to the bed.

"Hold on to something." He said and I grabbed the duvet with both my hands on all sides.

He was holding my thighs apart and was between them, he thrust in, going deep.

"Ahhhhhh..." He screamed just holding me and pushing himself deeper.

When he started pounding deep in me he went faster and harder sending us both in screams. The position was allowing him to go even deeper. My legs were wrapped around him, his hands digging deep into my butt as he supported me. The more he moved, the more I shifted further away from the bed. At last I was left with my hands holding the mattress through the duvet.

I wasn't scared of falling, it was so erotic the goal was just to come.

"Do it baby, come for me now. Ohhh you feel so good. Please baby give it to me..." He thrust hard and harder, deeper, giving me more.

My whole body crashed around him feeling like something was pinching me so bloody nice.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.... ohhhhhhhh." I screamed.

He followed...

"Ohhhh baby... ohhhhhh... ohhhhhh..."

Chapter 111>>>

The best feeling ever, waking up in the morning next to my husband, naked and tangled together in bed. Being married for almost six years and almost divorcing, we've seen it all, we've been through it all. To see us here, still together and being this romantic feels like heaven. We've grown up to understand how much we need each other and to have both our needs fulfilled.

"Morning baby." He greeted me stretching and yawning besides me, untangling himself from me. Indeed it's been quiet a morning.

"Morning." I replied.

"How did you sleep?" He let his fingers fondle my left breast, playing with the nipple and watching it harden.

"Better than most nights." I whispered my reply, he was making it difficult for me to talk. His little handy work was not going unnoticed by my body.

"We can stay in, you know?"

"I know but we don't have to. I have a boutique to run and you have a company too."

"More reason why we should stay in, we are both our own bosses." Before I could respond he took over my nipple and sucked hard on it, making me want to sink further into the mattress as the sensation took over my body. After being hard at it almost the entire night I don't think we've both could have enough of each other.

I wanted to tell him to stop, it was after six. We had the kids to get ready for school and prepare for work too. "I love you so much." He rested his head on my chest and looked at me making me want more of him.

"I love you too."

"I promise to do this more often with you. I know it's difficult with the kids and our jobs but we need this baby."

"When is your next appointment with the psychologist?" I changed the subject because Kgabo was being so romantic I couldn't deal with it. I am not used to him being like this, I love this side of him and the energy he gave me throughout the night. It's just overwhelming in ways I can't understand.

"Every Friday."

"What do you talk about?"

"Everything, you, the kids, my parents, work and me of course. I am starting to think I am paying him to just listen to me."

"Kgabo, what made you want to see a psychologist?"

"I don't know but maybe I feared that I would go back to the man I was before. A man that cheated and hurt you, I really meant it when I promised I would change. I have a lot to deal with though." He's right, he has a lot to deal with. I shouldn't be the only reason he seeks help, he needs to deal with everything that's going on in his life.

"But I'm glad you didn't mention the kids throughout the night." It shows he's getting there.

"Not to you, I've already made like a million calls. I spoke to Mmane, Koena, Pinky and the kids."

He is crazy.

I got on top of him and gave him a hug, tightening my body around him.

~

The hardest thing I ever had to do, say goodbye to my wife this morning. I wanted to spend the whole day with her, talk some more if she gets tired from having sex but we have commitments and a family to take care of.

We went home together after breakfast at the lodge to check on the kids, Koena is using the company car and had dropped them off at school and creche when we got there.

My wife wasn't happy about something, she feels like Pinky has moved into her territory, taken over her house and made herself comfortable.

I didn't want to get involved even though I know my wife was within her rights. Maybe I am taking her side because I don't like Pinky.

When I got to work Koena and his team were hard at work in the boardroom, Legodi with them.

Lerato was typing yesterday's minutes. I called her into my office.

She looked nervous as I offered her a chair across my desk.

"Lerato, I don't think I need you as my P.A. anymore." I hate beating about the bushes when it comes to my staff. I have been thinking about this for a while and I think now it's time.

"Are you firing me?" I could hear the panic in her voice already.

"No, I'll find you a position somewhere in another department."

"Is it a promotion or just a change of seats?"

"Look, don't take this the wrong way we both know that us working together doesn't sit well with my wife. She said she is fine with the whole thing but I want to put her at ease."

"Okay, I understand. As long as I still have a job I am fine."

"Good. I guess you'll help in training my next P.A."

She looked disappointed even when she agrees. I feel like she is too comfortable as my P.A.

I know we will never go that route again, she is a reminder of my infidelities and of the pain I have caused my wife. She has to go.

I replied to an email from Agro Steel confirming a delivery of the replacements.

My phone beeped, it was a text from Mapitsi.

'I'm so mad at your sister-in-law. You won't believe her latest. Better tell Koena to talk to her or else I will kick her out. Anyway what's the plan with their living arrangements? Two Queen Bees in one house, not going to work.'

After last night I don't need such boring and disturbing text from my wife. I want to hear how she feel about last night and how she misses me.

Let me shake things up a bit.

'I am imagining you in your black lacy lingerie, your pubic hair sticking out from the side.'

I press send and put my phone down.

I wait and it seems like it's going to be a long wait...

~

I read Kgabo's message and felt like hiding my face with the fabric that were all over my desk. It was like Pule and Peggy the sales lady could read it through my eyes. They both looked at me expecting me to share my news with them, I held my phone very tightly to my chest. I was shocked. I had called them in here to check out a sketch for a client but now...

Damn this husband of mine!

I am angry at Pinky, she just called me to ask for money. Like I owe her.

I quickly dismissed Pule and Peggy so I can reply to Kgabo's message. My anger is towards him now, for embarrassing me.

'What are you doing□□□□?'

He replied,

'I didn't see what you wore under that purple dress today, I can only imagine it's a matching panty and bra.'

Oh my God!

I called him!

"Are you calling to let me know how turned on you are?" His voice sounded so...

"I am at work Kgabo!!!" I said trying to shout but afraid to.

"What's under the dress baby?"

"Stop it!"

"I want you, on my desk. I can see myself buried deep inside you."

I hang up.

What do I do?

Do I call Reba? Google? Ask Pule?

I send him another message,

'What do you want me to do?'

'Play with me baby, tell me how you want it.'

'I can't I am at work.'

'Lock the door, there is no shame in touching yourself for me. Imagine I am there with you, what would you do to me.'

'Kick you in the nuts.'

'That is a start considering I'm already hard.'

'No, I can't do this.'

I put my phone away and went to check on Pule and the others.

~

'Yes, you can. Use your imagination.'

I send that last message and she didn't respond, I knew she had enough of my game but I won't give up. For now, yes because I have to work and let my dick go soft. The warm up had done some work on me.

I touched my laptop to check on a report from a client and there was Legodi in her skimpy outfits again. She stood at my door wearing a red blouse that showed off her shiny cleavage and a black skirt. I have to admit she looked good.

"Good morning Mr Mothiba." She walked in and went to the couch. I watched her sitting down and opening her legs a bit. I almost cocked my head to have a view but came to my senses, this is part of her game.

"Morning Mrs Legodi."

"Thought you'd join us in the boardroom."

"I believe you have a team for that now."

"You don't want to check on your investments?" She was flirting with me, tossing her weave and running her fingers on her cleavage. I swear she put some oily stuff there.

I could smell her perfume as it started to fill my office.

My mind and concentration shifted, eyes only on her.

My phone beeped, I jumped at it. Only too happy for the distraction.

'Just been to the toilet, I'm so wet and sensitive down there.'

I found myself laughing out loud. Amused that my wife finally got the hang of things.

Welcome baby!

'I could lick you dry if you pop into my office for lunch.'

"Excuse me," Oh it's Legodi. She is now in front of my desk, hands on hips. "Why are you ignoring me?"

"This is important," I wave my phone at her. "Sorry." I add.

"You are acting like a man who is having an affair. Is it the bitch that was here the other day?"

"Spot on, she is hot isn't she?" I said with a smile. I love that she thinks I am having an affair with my wife, it sounds so dirty and erotic.

"You have no shame, to even think that I respected you." The disgust in her voice made me smile as I opened another message from my wife.

'You are such a dirty man Kgabo.'

'The dirtier the sexier.'

"You know what, this is pointless, hope your wife finds out and divorce your sorry ass."

I glance from my phone to her, she looked angry as she fixes her blouse. So it's meant to be buttoned up to her neck? This woman!

She storms out of my office, almost bumping into Koena who was walking in.

My brother has to learn to knock by the way.

He looks from her to me, I shrug my shoulders at him.

He hurried to my desk, "She wants you." He whispered and looked behind him.

"Too bad I work with my brother and brother-in-law, they are both here to make sure I don't cheat on my wife."

"Remember that." He pointed a pen at me.

"So, how are you settling in?"

"Good, I have the students on board. Just that this Legodi woman is going to be a problem. But can't wait for the cocktail party tomorrow." Cocktail party? "You don't know what I am talking about."

"No!" I shook my head.

"We are invited to come celebrate the merger and meet the students."

"Okay." I saw a certain invite and accidentally skipped it because I was flirting with my wife.

"So, anything else before I bury myself in more work?"

"Uhhh, don't you have a space for one more person in your team?"

"Depends."

I told him about Lerato, just the fact that I want her to work somewhere else not all the detail and reasons I have for the move. He promised to look into it.

"Before I leave I want to say something to you." He said his expression changing.

"What?"

"Thanks man."

"Come on man, this is nothing. I am sure sure you'd do the same for me too."

"True but I respect you Kgabo. You are a good and better man."

I didn't know what to say so I stood up and went to give him a hug. I would do anything for my big brother, we've grown up together and I have always looked up to him. He fought for me, we fought against each other but we are still brothers and love each other.

He left my office as my phone beeped again,

'But last night you were not dirty like the last time.'

'Are you busy?'

Two messages from my wife.

'Was busy but now I am all yours. About last night, you didn't like it?'

She replied,

'Loved it, I like it rough.'

I smiled.

'Now, can we continue where we left off. Where were we by the way?'

'Where do you want to be?'

'Between your legs.'

'I can see you there now, me holding your head. While your magic tongue rolls around, licking and teasing.'

What the...???

How the hell did she get so brave? All of a sudden nje...

'Baby are you drunk?'

'Yes, holding my second glass of wine.'

I knew it!!!

It was after 10am but I like it...

Before I knew it I was looking at an unclear picture of my wife. She had send me a picture of her wet white cotton panties between her legs.

It wasn't as clear but I could see what it was, the intention behind it and it turned me on.

Her next birthday present, Four Cousins or Fourth Street...

Chapter 112>>>

I don't know what is it that had possessed me to have a drink and even more of the stupid wine so early in the morning, it had gotten me horny and I am behaving out of character but nonetheless I was enjoying myself. I was on a roll.

Thanks to my former boss Clara for buying me this expensive very tasty wine as a present for the reopening of the boutique. I never knew what to do with it until today. I turned the bottle to read the name, never heard of the name and it's probably expensive.

Pule came to check up on me to find me hooked on my phone, laughing and having a ball.

"Are you okay?" He looked from the mess on the table to the almost half bottle of wine. I was fine, my face proved that.

I am glad he couldn't see what was going on under the table.

My dress was rolled up to my panties, panties that were flipped to the side because I have been touching myself.

Thinking about my husband, what we did the whole night and picturing him satisfying himself just gets me wetter and wetter, the wine is also an added effect.

"I'm fine, I just want to be left alone." I took another sip.

"You are drinking at work? Is something maybe going on at home?"

"Pule, leave."

"You know you can talk to me." He pulled a chair across me and cleared the fabric pieces on it.

All he wants is gossip!

"I'm drank and busy, you give me stress because you are sitting there and staring at me right now. I pay you to work."

"Let me go call your husband."

I laughed as he left my office. I typed a message to Kgabo,

'Pule is going to call you, □□□□.'

I laughed some more and drank my wine waiting for him to respond.

He didn't.

My eyes were getting heavier and my body felt so tired. I got up but I wasn't steady, my legs felt wobbly. I sat back down and the next thing...

~

I had a few things to do at the office, after wrapping up I left everything in the most capable hands of my team for a few hours. I need to get my wife home and come back to the office later.

I gave Lerato a few orders and told her to direct important calls to my phone.

I drove straight to Mapitsi's boutique. Pule didn't have to call me, I knew that my wife was drunk and I had planned on taking her home as soon as I was done.

Anyway I'm glad she doesn't have a car, never even thought of buying her one. Driving her around makes me know her whereabouts, my way of keeping tabs on her.

On my way I received a call that I had my phone on Bluetooth in the car.

"Kgabo?" It was the Pastor, I knew that when I answered.

"Moruti?"

We exchanged greetings.

"I think it's time we had a talk son." He jumped straight into it after an awkward conversation about church. I don't think I want to talk to him about anything else, not about us or the church, I have so much anger towards him. I don't want him close to me. I will have to speak to Wells about this too. I don't understand why I hate the idea of being a son to that man, I know he is a good man.

"I'm quite busy at the moment, I have a few project lined up."

"I understand and respect that but if you manage to get an opportunity please come and see me. Son, I have wronged you and sinned in front of the Lord. I am prepared to rectify my mistakes if only you allowed me..." I ended the call, this felt too much. He's said this before and I have tried to play along, pretend like I was fine. I can't do it anymore.

I parked in the almost full parking lot and breathed in and out, I am angry. So angry I don't even think I will calm down anytime soon. My mother cheated, she is living her life as normal as she wants but I can't because her sins are following me. I am paying for what she did.

I sat for a while in the car trying to calm down, counting from one to ten.

When I got out of the car I had one thing in mind, my wife. Beautiful and horny, I smiled at that. Who knew that I would leave everything behind just to go attend to my wife. I have loved her the day I saw her, looking innocent and so young. When I finally got her pregnant I took her for granted, I knew she loved me and always welcomed me back. I want to make up for all those times.

Her little boutique was packed with people looking at the expensive gowns while Beyonce's Diva played in the speakers, not loud just enough to know there is a big Beyoncé fan in the building, I'm talking about Pule of course.

I didn't think the boutique will last six months but here it is, my wife proving me wrong. She is really making it work.

Pule didn't see me when I walked to Mapitsi's office, he was busy entertaining some clients to look around. One of the sales ladies saw me and I made a sign for her not to say a word and she smiled and walked the other way.

I opened the door and found her sleeping on a chair, her head rested back. She looked peaceful but yet her posture looked careless like someone who just threw herself on the chair.

A devious plan came to me. I locked the door and walked over to her, pushed her chair back. Her dress had gone up her thighs almost to her stomach, her white cotton panties revealed as her legs were opened wider before me. Her panties were wet, I twitched in my pants. My manhood smelling home at last.

I flipped her panties to the side, the fresh smell of female power hitting my nostrils. I touched her moist wet self with a finger, rolling it. She moaned in her sleep. I gave her a kiss and tasted the red wine on her lips. I couldn't push my tongue through her teeth, she looked tired and wasn't cooperating in her state.

I have to fully wake her up. I went on my knees and buried my face in her juices. Letting my tongue play around. Unlike her teeth that denied me access to her tongue and deeper to her throat her moist lips down there were more accommodating. She moaned again, moving.

"Kgabo!" I think she was coming to, realising that her sultry messages had gotten me here.

"Yes baby." I looked up at her, her eyes half opened. She looked so drunk and wasted but I still found her attractive and sexy as hell.

"Don't stop, please." I obeyed and went back to feeding on her juices while I threatened to swallow her clit as I pulled hard on it.

"Ohhhhhhh....hmmmm.... That is so goooooood. Yes, yes, yes... I'm going to come. Ohhhh Kgabo... harder... quicker..."

My wife doesn't talk much during sex, I have never heard her begging me like this. It turned me on, it drove me crazy. We are at her office but I can't wait to bury myself in her, indulge and give it to her like she wants it.

She came, holding my head in place and letting out a small scream. I know no one can hear us.

I got up and looked down at her sprawled out on a chair without a care in the world, her panties still flipped to the side revealing wet pubic hair.

I want her.

"Up." I said offering my hand. She took it and I pulled her up. She was a bit tipsy.

"What now? Are you going to give it to me?" I smiled at her.

"Yes, bend over your desk." She did, throwing her hands over her desk on top of her work and knocking over the bottle of Warwick wine. I caught it as it rolled off the table, it spilled to the ground since it was open. I positioned myself between her legs, her big beautiful ass spread out before me. The glory of the view of her behind...

I unbuttoned and zipped down my pants.

She was still very wet and with one push I was deep inside her. Surrounded by her warmth and grip. I held tight on her waist. The things she was doing to me, the love she was offering was more than enough. She screamed as I went all the way out and slammed harder back in.

I lost control and increased the pace, taking both of us far and deeper into it. When she came I felt her whole body shaking, she was talking. Saying things I couldn't quite hear or understand, I knew she was being my dirty sexy wife and I loved her enough to lose myself in her too.

I held on to her, wishing we could stay like this forever but we have to stop, it has to come to an end. I pulled out as I felt myself getting harder again and left her over her desk. I thought she was sleeping but when I rounded her desk to get to her bag for her face cloth her eyes were wide open.

"I love you Kgabo." She said.

"I knew you had it in you baby." She understood what I meant and she just smiled at me.

"I needed to catch up."

"By drinking?"

"You don't like drunk me?"

"I love drunk you, she is nasty and turns me on."

"You wore me out."

I got her face cloth and cleaned her then myself. I helped her up and fixed her dress.

"I better get you home."

I got her handbag and walked out with her hand in hand. She was very sleepy but she managed to speak to Pule.

She slept all the way home and when we got there I carried her in.

I had expected to find Pinky busying herself in Mapitsi's house but she wasn't home, Mmane was busy with the ironing and she promised to take care of her.

I had to rush back to the office since Lerato couldn't stop calling.

I drove there like crazy and when I arrived there the place was madness. It's like a Tsunami had hit the office.

All because a client was throwing fits about a delay that was caused by him.

I found Mr Berry in my office while my team ran around trying to find answers to his demands. He wanted to build a place to breed rabbits in his farm but had delayed the process because he had ordered building materials from Holland. The shipment took longer than anticipated. They arrived a week ago after he had placed an order two months back and I didn't know, I wasn't informed. Now his rabbits are already at the farm and he doesn't have a place for them.

"Mothiba, I am not happy." He said as I walked in and it looked like he had been looking at the pictures on my desk, my wife's pictures.

"You caused the delay Berry, this is all on you." I pointed a finger at him, his face turned red.

"Don't you dare talk to me like that, I'm a client."

"A big headed client that's what you are, if you'd listened to me and let me use my suppliers none of this would have happened."

"A week Mothiba, I am giving you a week to build and finish."

"Impossible and you know it."

"Do it!"

"No!"

"Then I have no choice but to take my business elsewhere." He was threatening me and I wasn't going to beg and grovel like he wanted me to.

"Fine." I calmly said.

"Do you know what this means to our working relationship?"

"Berry, I said fine!" I know we were more than where business took us. We've been friends for too long but if this is what it gets to so be it.

He looked around my office like he wanted to say more, he walked out with his hand in his pocket banging the door as he left.

I picked up my phone,

"Lerato, get the legal team to get back to me with Berry's contract."

If he wants out I won't fight him even if the contract says otherwise.

I tried to work and go through the contract with the legal department until 6pm. I called home to check on my wife, she was awake and helping Mmane with supper. I told her I am going to be late, I explained a bit about my office problems and told her about the party tomorrow before hanging up. As I put the phone down Koena walked in wearing blue overalls and white plastic boots.

"How's work?" I asked him.

"Good, I heard you were home during the day."

"Yes, what's up?"

"Was Pinky home?"

"No, why?"

"She isn't answering her phone. Beem trying to call her the whole day."

He looked worried and I didn't even think anything of it earlier.

"Is there something wrong? You need my help?"

"No, I'll go home now."

I could have asked Mapitsi when I spoke to her but I had a long day and Pinky was the last thing on my mind.

Koena now drives one of the company cars, actually he's getting all the company privileges. I'm yet to find him and his wife a place to stay, I have a few places in mind for them.

When he left I had an email alert, I opened it.

A Church council meeting. I almost smashed my laptop to the ground. I hate this bloody church. He is using it to see me and get closer to me. Why can't he just get it, I don't want him in my life!

I took my gym bag and headed to the gym. I need to work out and forget about him for a while.

There I found Jonas and a few of the guys wrapping up.

I went straight to weights lifting after changing clothes.

"Slow down joe, or else you'll hurt yourself." Jonas spoke trying to hold the weights down. He was right, I was angry and was going to regret it later. My mind wasn't into it.

"Fine."

"Heard about Berry." I know he had already prepared a team he was going to work with.

"I ruined a friendship and a business relationship at the same time."

"Yes but it's not your fault, he'll figure that out."

His phone rang and he answered walking away. When he came back he said,

"I have to get home, take it easy man."

I watched him walk away with the rest of the man following then I laid back to lifting my weights. I did ten and was ready to go again when I heard.

"Nothing beats a sweaty sexy man in the gym."

I sat up and faced the direction the voice was coming from, my annoyance building up.

"If it's not the pussy Thabiso Mabena. What are you doing in my building?"

He smiled what was suppose to be a charming smile.

"Oh, you give out free access of the gym to a few of your clients. Remember?"

"You are not my client." I got up and took a towel, wiping my face.

"I have a connection with one, Mrs Legodi."

"She send you here?"

"No. I came on my own to show you what you are missing." He touched me on my shoulder running his hand to my neck.

"Don't touch me!" I shouted moving back as I slapped his hand away.

"I wake the gay in you?" He came closer to me. "Lets see how far you can go." He pressed himself against me.

I just lost it. I punched him in the face. He stumbled back.

I didn't see him coming, hr threw his own too and immediately gave me a nose bleed.

"Who is a pussy now?"

I had a rough day and I am going to take it all out on him.

Bleeding nose or not!

Chapter 113>>>

"Hey, hey, stop it!" I heard Jonas' voice as I pinned Mabena against the wall trying to squeeze the life out of him. He had really gotten me mad, the man is everywhere and he knows I want him far away from my wife. I don't care what it is that he does with himself as long as it's far away from my wife. But he just want too far when he came to my company.

A few punches that had hit him left his face bruised and red, he might be gay but he does throw some mean punches. I'm sure my face looks worse with the blood coming out of my face.

Jonas held me back while Berry pulled Mabena away from me. We both didn't fight being pulled away, we were both tired. Two strong makes fighting is like carrying a ton of weight.

"What the fuck is going on with you two? Fighting in the gym, in your business building Mothiba?" Berry asked looking very angry. I didn't answer him I was still raging inside, I would have killed Thabiso or we would have killed each other if we weren't interrupted.

"He started it, all because he can't stand a little competition." Thabiso shouted trying to get himself out of Berry's tight hold.

He calls himself my competition when he was coming on to me. Anyway why would I even compete with Mabena?

"Mabena get out, now!" Jonas showed him the door. He even came in here with clothes not meant for gym, he was here to taunt me.m

"Fine, I'll leave you boys alone." Berry let him go and he smiled as he went to pick up his broken phone.

We all watched him through the glass walls of the gym until he exited the last door.

I got my towel and wiped the almost dried blood on my nose. I don't know what would have happened if Berry and Jonas hadn't walked in. Would I have killed Mabena?

I was done for the night, I should just pack and head home.

"I saw him when I spotted Berry, he was outside with Legodi." Jonas said.

I looked at Berry as he stood watching me, I had to wonder what had brought him back. I thought he wanted us some with.

"I am not here to apologise if that's what you think." He said trying to hide a smile.

"Well, I wouldn't blame you. I am the only best you know."

"Nah, I just had no other choice. It's short notice and besides we have a contract." One that my lawyers have probably dealt with already.

"I have to get home to my wife."

"We all have wives, crazy and demanding. So can we make some more money for them?"

"We can schedule a meeting for tomorrow morning, I'm sure I have an opening."

"You are not mad at me?" I know I should be mad at him but he's my friend.

"Nah, you are just a poes. I'm used to you."

We walked out the gym laughing and making fun at each other. This are my boys, we have fun with each other and give out crap advice to each other. We don't fight like women sometimes but it always comes down to this, we don't stay mad at each other for long but this time Berry almost blew it.

I drove home with Jonas after we parted ways with Berry. Jonas doesn't drive his car, he drives one of the company cars and since his team of men left him behind I had to drive to the taxi rank.

"How is married life?" I ask him this question all the time. I know marriage life to Reba has to change everyday. I am just glad I married the normal sisters.

"Don't start with that, you my wife is the best and I love her."

We both laughed.

"So are you bringing her to the cocktail party tomorrow?"

"Yep, she and Pitsi are going shopping tomorrow."

"Damn!"

"Speaking of wives, my called me during the day."

"Should I ask what the call was about?" Looking at the fun my wife and I had during the day with our phones I don't think I would want Jonas to share that kind of news with me.

"Pinky, your sister-in-law borrowed like 10K from her."

I accidentally passed a red light and came to a halt at the other side tires screeching on the tar road. Thank our car was the only one in the road. I was going to stop for the green light but what Jonas said kept me out of focus.

"She did what?" She must have been on a shopping spree, just a day after she and her sister-in-laws burnt my credit cards.

"Is there something wrong?"

"I'll call when I get home." I dropped him at the taxi rank and drove straight home. Koena better talk to his wife, they are broke but that doesn't mean she has to go around borrowing money. Reba is family but it's just too wrong.

When I got there Koena and Mapitsi were watching t.v.

"Where is Pinky?" I didn't even sit down.

"What the he'll happened to your face?" Mapitsi came rushing to me to check my face. Her little fingers reminded me that I was with a fight with Mabena.

"It's nothing, just a little fists throwing with Mabena." I said to shut her up but not my wife.

"What do you mean? You had a fight with Thabiso? Where? Why?"

I ignored her.

"I asked about Pinky."

"Did you hear anything? She hasn't been home." Koena asked.

"No, she took 10K from Reba." I said that just to get my wife's focus away from me.

"Hell no!" Mapitsi said in surprise.

Good!

Koena got up and paced the room, he looked stressed up. My brother is aging because of the problems in his marriage. In an instant he looked older than he was when I walked in.

"Koena what is going on?" I think he knows something. Had she pulled this kinds of stunts before.

"Where is she? Where is my wife?" I asked, he wasn't asking us though. He looked a little out of it.

There was a knock at the door. I forgot to lock the gate.

Koena was the first to run to the door and open, Mapitsi and I followed behind him.

I knew it wasn't Pinky, she wouldn't knock. She has one of the sets I spare keys.

"Son, why didn't you tell me?" Mothiba stood at the door looking concerned. A look he never showed me.

My anger just boiled up again. I think it was filled with jealousy.

"What the hell do you want?" I demanded feeling my wife's hands on my arm.

"Relax, I'm here to see my son. He lives here and I am sure you don't expect us to meet behind your back or in the street." The man just came in and grabbed a kitchen chair.

I almost, just almost punched him in the face. A part of me still respects him though, I still see him as my father and it hurts me the I am nothin' but a reject of his. He loves it, treating me like this seems a hobby to him.

"Come, let's go to bed." Mapitsi tried pulling me towards the stairs. I bet she can't wait to scowl at me about the fight.

"No, no one leaves." Koena stopped us, although I never moved.

"I am here because of you son, we have to talk." He sat there looking like he was at his house.

"Papa, this is Kgabo and Mapitsi's home. You can't tell them what to do."

"That's not what I am doing, he knows we've got nothing to talk about."

"Papa please."

"I can't pretend to care about him."

He got up and came back to Koena, placed a hand on his shoulder. He spoke to Koena like my wife and I where not with them.

"You know I am here for you and I am worried sick about you. Why didn't you tell me about your financial situation?"

"Everything is sorted now, in a few months I will be fine. Kgabo is invested in a project I am working on."

"So you couldn't come to me? He's a better option than your own father?"

"Dad, Kgabo is a businessman, a good one and you know it."

"And I am not! I taught this boy everything." He pointed a finger at me. "He would have been nothing without me. I just wasted my knowledge and experience teaching someone like him."

"So you regret what you did for me." I asked him knowing very well how his answer would be a thorn in my wound.

"You've done nothing for me and don't worry I want nothing from you."

"Why do you hate me so much? At least tell me that."

"Because you are not mine and you took what could have been my children's." My heart sank. "I shouldn't have accepted you when I found out she was pregnant, I hated you then and I still hate you now. I will never love you." My throat closed, I tried to fight back the tears. He can't see me cry, I will not cry for him.

The man started touching his throat and bending down, he looked like someone who was about to get a heart attack. We all froze as we looked at him before Mapitsi ran to him and tried to help him. He couldn't speak, all he could do was gag for air and go further down. Koena snapped out of it and went to help. He unfastened his belt and undid some buttons. He was somehow changing colour.

"I don't think we have much time, we have to get him to the hospital. Get the car around and I'll bring him."

I ran outside to my car and started it, by the time it was outside the garage Mapitsi was opening the back seat passenger door. I got out and helped Koena get Mothiba inside. He looked dead, he didn't look like he was breathing but we had to be hopeful.

Mapitsi wanted to go with us.

"Baby, you have to stay here with the children and call everyone to let them know."

"Please be careful."

"I will and I am sorry for getting into a fight with Mabena." I gave her a kiss on the cheek and ran to the driver's seat.

~

I ran back inside the house for my phone with tears streaming down my cheeks. I'm scared, what if something happens to Mothiba? He hates us but we can't wish him ill, we are Christians.

I searched for my mother-in-law's number on my cellphone with shaky hands. Her phone rang once and send me voicemail, I called again and I could tell she didn't want to talk to me. She answered for the fifth time.

"Can't you see that I don't want to talk you?" She answered.

"Mma please... I..." the phone went beeping in my ear.

She hang up on me!

I quickly called Maphuti and at least she picked up. I told her, for a few minutes I had to work on trying to calm her down. She had to call her mother and tell her.

A few minutes after talking to Maphuti Sima called me, I told her how her father collapsed not what led to that since I can't explain it to myself.

I called Kgabo, his phone rang in the house. Koena's phone too.

How I wish Pinky was here with me, being alone just sucks right now. I don't know what to do with myself.

I ended up taking my phone and calling Thabiso Mabena.

"He started it." That's the first thing He said before he laughed.

"Stay the hell away from us! To even think I considered working with you. Thabiso Mabena you at nothing but a pest!"

"You wanted to work with me?"

Is that the only thing he heard?

"Go to hell Thabiso!" I hang up and quickly blocked his number.

I am so angry and so scared. I wanted to wake Mmane up but that wouldn't be fare with the woman. She has been working like a slave being ordered around by Pinky and even changing things around here under Madam Pinky's orders. She wanted things to be however she wanted them.

I went upstairs to check on the children and then came back down to change some of the things Pinky had changed. She had even thrown away some of my valuable vases that were wedding gifts. Kgabo promised to replace them but they were antiques.

I started with the dinning room where she had moved the table and chairs to the far end of the room saying the room needed space.

"Space for what?" I asked myself as I moved the table back to where it used to be.

I worked for hours trying to move things back to where they used to be. I was passing time.

I even fall asleep on the couch after I got tired.

~

We've been waiting and waiting while the hospital staff asked us a whole lot of questions, his medical history and what happened.

Mother, Mosima, Maphuti and my other sisters came to the hospital and joined us as we waited.

I realised I had left my phone at home and couldn't call Mapitsi.

Anyway I had nothing to tell her.

After what seemed like 3 hours one doctor came to, we all stood and waited to heae what he had say.

"I'm sorry to have to keep you all waiting for that long. We had to make sure." No one dated to say anything we just waited. "He is okay, he had a minor heart attack."

"Can we see him?" My mother asked and the doctor agreed, telling us to make it short.

We all walked in and found him sitting up in bed.

"I don't want him here." He pointed a finger at me. I stopped, alone at the door. While everybody stood besides him at the bed. "He's the reason I am sick and lying here. Out! Leave!"

I slowly turned around. I heard him calling Koena but I never looked back. I don't have a family, I'm all alone.

There was nothing for me here. I went to my car and realised I still had Mothiba's car keys in my hand. I'm not going back in there.

When I got home I found Mothiba's car still parked outside and since I had his keys I decided to drive it in and parked it in front of the closed garage.

I was hurt but I just wanted to do something that will reassure me that he'll be fine. The picture I saw at the hospital made me see that I belong anywhere in that family.

Mapitsi came out of the house, I spread my arms out for her and she threw herself at me.

"He's fine."

"You are alone?"

"Yes, he doesn't want me there."

"I'm so sorry." She said trying to squeeze me.

"I have to give up on him and build a relationship with my real father. I can't live like this.

She pulled herself out of my arms and looked at me.

"I'm so happy to hear you say that."

I have her and she'll be there for me...

Chapter 114>>>

I didn't hear Koena when he came back home during the night, don't even know what time he came back was just surprised to find him drinking tea in the kitchen as I hurried the kids downstairs. They all greeted him and started messing up the kitchen trying to make themselves breakfast and fighting over everything.

"Morning." I greeted him too as I took over from Khumo and making sure the other two eat their breakfast in peace. I have to feed Khumo before he makes a mess but anyway even when I do that I always have to change him before he leaves.

"Good morning, how is Kgabo?" Koena asked me putting his cup of tea down. The kids had now settled down and their noise had died down too. Making Kgomotso and Kamo sit far apart makes things easier, otherwise they will fight and someone always ends up crying.

Koena didn't look good, he didn't get enough sleep that's for sure. That's expected, considering the night they had. Hope he doesn't mind me and the kids.

"He is fine." He really is, he woke up this morning whistling as he went for his morning jog and even came back doing the same. Things took an unexpected turn but I think Kgabo is ready to accept that Mothiba doesn't want him.

We spoke until we fell asleep when we came back from the hospital. We had a lot to talk about, his fight with Thabiso and why he wants the pastor now. He's willing to move on, away from Mothiba. He's come a long way and finally he's seen the light.

I had to forgive him for fighting with Thabiso even though I don't understand why two older man would fight like that. Why can't they just sit down and talk?

We decided to both take a day off from work and go see his biological father today. He seemed excited and somehow looked relieved. He didn't want to call Pastor, he wanted to surprise him. I knew he was scared that the Pastor might change his mind about wanting to be in his life over the phone if Kgabo calls.

"How is Mothiba?" I asked Koen and he took a few sips from his cup before answering me.

"Things took a different turn, he had a stroke just after you left."

"What?" I heard my husband coming down the stairs. "How bad is it?" Kgabo looked shocked and sympathetic. He still cares about Mothiba.

"We don't know yet, he was unconscious when I came home."

"I'm sorry man, this must be hard on everyone."

Koena looked at Kgabo like he didn't believe he just said that. I am a proud wife, Kgabo is showing how grown up he is.

"I can't do this anymore." Koena finally said. Kgabo and I both looked at him. "Seeing him lying there looking so fragile made me realise that I have a father and by being there for that mean man who treats my brother like dirt... I'm probably wasting time, time that I should be spending with my own father. My own family."

I was touched that I couldn't hide it, our father will be the happiest man to see Koena home. Everytime we speak over the phone he asks about Koena, he doesn't want to make the first move. He wants things to be done Koena's way. Well I have to say my father and the Pastor are both patient men.

"I know you are trying to do what you think is right bro but Mothiba wants you, now even more than ever before." Kgabo said, he was right but we can't decide for Koena.

"I'm moving into my father's house today." Koena said with a smile.

"What about Pinky?"

The smile on Koena's face disappeared.

"I don't know where she is and I have more important things to deal with." I could see the issue with Pinky was stressing him, as much as he tried he couldn't even hide it.

He doesn't really know where she is but he has his suspicion, that much I can tell.

Koena drove the kids to school while Kgabo and I prepared to go see the Pastor.

"Baby?" He held me by my waist as I was trying to put on my dress.

We looked at each other through the mirror, he looked worried.

"Kgabo?"

"Thank you for being here for me." He started by kissing my neck, running his hands over my stomach.

"Kgabo we have to go." I know what he was doing.

"I know but when was the last time we where alone in the house?" He cupped my breast and rubbed them through my bra.

Mmane was in the house but it was quite, peaceful even. No screaming, crying, knocking over things and my husband was turning me on. I had missed having sex in our bedroom.

He wants to have sex and I want it too but this can't be the right time for that. We've been having too much of it lately though, spending time together. Okay since we've started having it it has made us stronger and if that's how we connect why would I want to complain? Opportunities like this aren't going to present themselves everyday. I mean we are hardly alone in the house.

"Okay, fine." I turned around and dropped on my knees. Before he could react I had dropped his towel. His member who just happen to be waiting for release all along was standing out right in front of my face.

Kgabo is the one that is stressed out, he needs me by his side and I had promised to be there for him. I never know what to do for him but I have learnt from him that sex can be therapeutic. I want to do this for him, I might not be perfect but will most definitely do my best.

I looked up at him, his beautiful big eyes staring down at me as I wrapped my hand around his hard member. Going up and down, licking to tease him. I guided him to my mouth and sucked him in, he closed his eyes and groaned softly. I closed mine too as I did what I think will be enough to help him with the tension. The sound he made with his throat encouraged me to take him deeper and faster, my tongue twisting around him.

My jaws and mouth got tired quick, I am not used to doing this.

He pulled me up and kissed me, then lifted me so I could wrap my legs around him as he entered me by just a flip of my panties to the side.

He held me in place with his strong arms around my butt as he thrust in and out of me, making me scream while my arms were around his neck. He was quick and rough, just as I want it.

I came first and he did after me tightening his hands on my butt.

That was quick but yet epic.

He laid me on top of the bed, he couldn't hold me for longer, he needed to catch some breath. He climbed àon next to me.

"I love you." He said looking into my eyes.

"I love you too." I whispered touching his shaved face.

"You know, a lot has changed and things are still going to change but I am glad you are still here with me."

"I'm glad too but are you okay with the changes?"

"It took me a long time pretending that I was okay, I have to do what's right for me now just like Koena. I was really mad at him, thinking he is taking sides but that's all not his doing. Mothiba made his choice and I should stop feeling sorry for myself."

"I don't care what is it that you decide to do I am right behind you all the way."

"You better be. Now let's go wash up again."

We went to the bathroom and had another blissful round of sex in the shower.

We left the house around 10am. My poor husband looked nervous as he drove. I constantly had to touch his arm to reassure him. I was also nervous and scared, he had rejected the Pastor and what if the poor man was tired of trying and waiting? Even people like him sure have limits.

He took a few minutes before he got out of the car after he had parked outside the gate, I left him to gather himself together. I am not going anywhere but sometimes he needs to figure some things on his own, he doesn't need me crowding him and waiting for what he will do next. I went to knock at the door and waited for an answer. When he came out I was still knocking and there was no answer.

"Maybe this is sign." He said coming behind me.

"Don't, you've come this far." I took his hands in mine. I could see that me being here with him meant so much to him. He could do this on his own but my support is an added bonus.

"Children." The pastor's voice came behind us.

We turned around to find him coming towards us with Salome. He looked happy to see us and I just knew he'll always welcome Kgabo no matter what.

My husband squeezed my hand and we walked to them.

"Dad, can we talk?" We were all surprised by Kgabo, he really wants this. Doesn't even want to waste time.

"Yes son." The Pastor agreed with teary eyes. He gave me a smile as he led them inside and left me outside with Salome.

We haven't spoken since she and my mother-in-law pulled their stunt, trying to break my marriage. I don't even think I am still mad at her, I don't trust her though and never will. Kgabo had told her he wants nothing to do with her if she won't fix things with me and I think that made her hate me more.

"I'll go with them." She took a few steps towards the house before I shouted,

"No, Salome. Let them do this alone, let's rather make them tea." They were already inside the house and I was sure they couldn't hear us.

"Why should I listen to you. That's my brother and father."

"Stop acting like a child."

"Me? Act like a child? You ruined my relationship with Lucky."

"I am sorry about that but you can't blame me forever."

"You think you've won don't you?"

"This is not a competition, it's about people we love. I know you love your brother Salome. You should be working on getting Kgabo to forgive you, fighting with me will just ruin your chances."

"It all comes to you because you think you are the princess."

"Don't test me Salome."

I think I have let her disrespect me long enough.

~

I watched the Pastor going to sit on the two seater couch and I went to sit next to him. I didn't know what to say to him or how to start the conversation but looking at him I knew I could say anything I wanted and he'll still sits here and listen to me.

"How is the company doing?" He asked first.

"Okay, a few hiccups here and there but coming okay."

"Do you still read your bible?"

"No, my faith has been shaken." I have stopped all communications with God, I come to church only because I know I still need Him but some thing in me still need restoring.

"It was a test son, you've come a long way. God wanted you to walk this narrow road, He knew you'd come out victorious and you will find a better understanding to His will and way."

"But what am I in front of the Lord if I hate the people that love me. It can't be easy for you to be rejected by your own blood."

"It was your way of healing, you needed to go through it the only way you could. I am also angry at myself for standing back when you needed me."

Our talk went from talking about forgiveness to us finding a way to building our relationship. He was the father that I had missed and I want him to be in my life forever. I will take care of him and his interest.

It didn't take long before we heard shouting outside. I remembered we have left two enemies on their own.

We both got up and went outside.

Salome and Mapitsi were in a heated argument, pointing fingers at each other. It was a matter of time before one of them threw in a clap or something.

The fight was about me. I think it's time we settled this.

I went between them and Mapitsi went quite but Salome...

"I hate you Mapitsi for everything." She said wiping a tear from her face.

"Salome enough!" I shouted.

"No Kgabo, this wife of yours needs to know her place."

I looked at my wife, she was also crying and there was something in her eyes. Something that made me want to hug her and take her home. Mapitsi has been fighting ever since she married me, she fought to prove herself to my family, she fought for her place in our marriage... I can't let her fight alone anymore.

"Mapitsi?"

"I am so sorry Kgabo. We came here because you wanted to talk to your father and you have to come and stop a fight disturbing your big meeting." She of all people understand what today means to me, I won't even blame her for this.

"My father and I are fine, it's time for the two of you to make peace."

"Over my dead body, I will never forgive her!" Salome shouted.

"Salome!" The Pastor came closer. "We are outside and people are watching us. Everything we do is being monitored by the public, we are servants of the Lord and an example to the people. Important thing is that we are a family. If we can't forgive one another what are we going to preach to the people?"

"But..."

"No buts Salome, you are fighting over some senseless things. A man!"

"I loved him."

"It's almost two years since he left you if he wanted to come back he would have done so a long time ago. Love on my child."

She wouldn't listen to her own father, she turned around and stormed out the gate. Her childish behaviour was irritating me. We all need to own our parts and find a solution to move on.

Mapitsi apologised to the Pastor for her behaviour.

"Don't worry, she will come around. Come let's go inside."

We went inside the house to read the bible and learn more about faith and bonding. The Pastor chose a few verses in the bible that spoke to us, we read them over and over again. I have forgiven Salome and hope she could also do the same.

Mapitsi had to make a call to arrange with the neighbour to pick up the kids and ask Mmane to watch out for them

While we were busy the Pastor's wife came back with Salome, they joined us and she wanted to know what happened between Mapitsi and Salome.

Salome spoke her part, bringing up the past, talking about how Mapitsi ruined her relationship with Lucky forgetting to mention what she did.

When it was my wife's turn I told them I wanted to say something.

"It's not Mapitsi's fault that Lucky wants nothing to do with you. You've been blaming the wrong person. You came to my house and told me that Mapitsi was pregnant with Lucky's child, I wanted to know what he knew. I had to know if he'd

ever touched my wife, I told him what you did and I guess he drew up his own conclusions about you."

"Salome, you did what?" The pastor's wife asked with tears running down her cheeks. I know she knows how Salome is but to hear her daughter's devious ways can't be good. "You are here crying about a boyfriend while you almost ruined a marriage with lies."

"She cheated on Kgabo, he needed to know the truth."

"My child, you don't learn. You lost your husband and children, that should have taught you a lesson. You should acknowledge what you have done and apologise to your brother and sister-in-law."

Salome didn't say anything, she just stared at the floor.
She is not going to apologise.

"Well we have to go, we have an event to attend later tonight." I said.

"Okay, when are we seeing you both again?" My father asked. He looked like he didn't want us to leave.

"You can come over for the weekend, I'm sure the kids would love to spend some time with you." Mapitsi suggested and I think that was a great idea. My parents too, I could see that they were looking forward to seeing the kids.

When we left Salome didn't want to see us, she had locked herself in her room. I feel bad for her and I should make some time for her, just the two of us before I can involve everyone again.

Mapitsi and I went to town where we did a bit of shopping for tonight, then ate.

I spoke to her about Salome and I promised her I will fix this whole thing.

I did everything to cheer her up, even accompanied her to the salon for her nails and she forced me to do a haircut.

By the time we left she was a very happy woman.

When we got home we found three cars parked outside the gate. I knew all, them they belonged to Sima, my mom and my other sister. Wonder what they are doing here.

Mapitsi also looked surprised but didn't ask me anything as we walked to the door.

The kitchen door opened to a full house, my sisters and mom had taken over my wife's kitchen.

Things are about heat up.

"What's going on in here?" I asked interrupting them.

"Kgabo your house is closest to the hospital, things don't look good for your father." My mom answered me walking towards Mapitsi and me.

Chapter 115>>>

Kgabo's family already hates me, they think I want to come between them and him. Whatever they do they want me to react to prove their point, in their eyes I will always be wrong. I can't do anything good and get praises from them.

I bet this too is a test, one that they want me to fail.

I have an event to look forward to and I don't need to go there angry.

I greeted them with a fake smile, only Sima and Maphuti replied.

I awkwardly walked upstairs with my husband following behind me. I went to check on the kids, they were all sleeping in Tsotso's bedroom and Mmane will work overtime babysitting. I will not let my mother-in-law take care of my children, she loves them but hates me so that doesn't make sense to me.

When I got to the bedroom I got out of my clothes and threw them in the laundry buscket.

"Baby?" I turned around to look at my husband. He is just waiting for me to throw a fit and get angry. I realised some things are beyond his control, his family just always wins and fighting with him about this is just breaking out marriage. Giving them what they want.

"You joining me for a quick shower?"

"Can we talk first?" I went to him and stood in front of him. I know he wanted to know what was going on in my head.

"Kgabo, I don't want you to choose between them and me. I don't want them here but this is a difficult time for them and you."

"Mapitsi, I'll do anything you want. I will tell them to leave if that's what you want."

"No, forget about them. Let's get ready and go celebrate." I walked to the bathroom and stopped at the bathroom door. "Joining me?"

With a smile he ran to me and slapped my butt to the shower.

~

"You like my dress?" I know he saw me fitting it earlier but right now I stood before him a different woman. Long black dress that hugged my curves in all the right ways, gold stilettos with matching earrings, bracelet and neckpiece, all that he helped pick today. I had a bit of makeup on and the long weave hanging over one shoulder.

"I do but I love the body that gives the dress the glamorous look." I smiled up at him. He wore a black suit, black shirt and gold tie to match my look. He looked so handsome and I want him to forget about his problems. There are positive things he can think about.

"Let's go party."

"Yes."

When we walked down the stairs the party in the kitchen was still going on, the sink was full of dirty dishes as they chatted away. They are seriously testing my patience.

They looked up at us and again Maphuti and Sima commented on our looks, they even gave me hugs. If looks could kill, my mother-in-law would be a happy woman right now. The woman is in my house, doing as she pleases but yet she had the nerve to give me attitude.

"This is not the time for you two to be celebrating, we should all be praying for your father Kgabo." She voiced her opinion, one that she knows shouldn't matter to Kgabo. Ever since I have known Kgabo his mother always made sure to push

Mothiba and Kgabo together and she pushes my husband first. When he gets hurt she acts like that's how things are suppose to be.

"Mapitsi and I have nothing to do with Mothiba, the man said so himself." Kgabo answered his mother.

"How could you say that, you know the man is not himself Kgabo."

"Do you enjoy seeing me hurt? Please ma, don't do this to me." He grabbed me by my arm and we walked to the door.

"Ke gore my son chooses a woman over his family." We both stopped to look back at her. She stood with her hand on her chest as if Kgabo had just stabbed her.

"I have tried, I have really tried but I can't help but feel like I'm all alone in this world. If it wasn't for Mapitsi and the children I don't know what would have happened to me. They are my family too mma and you and I will never see eye to eye if you'll never accept that."

"Kgabo..." She walked to us.

"It will be better if you are not here when we get back, I don't want my wife to feel out of place in her own house."

"You can't tell me that Kgabo, I am your mother. I know what's best for you and..."

"Baby, let's go." He walked out there and left his mother talking. I followed him.

He was angry and I couldn't blame him, the woman wants to control Kgabo and when he stands up to her she thinks I am influencing him. I also don't like the fact that she forces Kgabo to accept a man who wants nothing to do with him. She is not here because our house is the closest to the hospital, she is here to make Kgabo feel guilty. She wants to make sure Kgabo and Mothiba do whatever she wants them to do. She will lose both of them if she continues like this.

I drove us to the event giving Kgabo some time to cool down. He sat on the passenger's seat with his eyes closed. It was already night and I couldn't see his face as he we passed by the streets lights. I just had to hope he wasn't crying, it will do him good to cry it out but please, he has cried enough for Mothiba.

~

Sometimes my wife's driving just drives me nuts, the way I am feeling right now I should be driving at high speed with the window down. The air hitting my face and making me forget about my mother.

That woman will always make sure that I accept a man who doesn't want me. I had looked up to Mothiba all my life, I wanted to be like him but that is not enough for my mother. She doesn't want to stop pushing and she'll probably never stop. There is nothing I can do where Mothiba is concerned, the man hates me so much that the hate even gives him heart attacks.

I dont want to think too much about my mom or Mothiba, the whole thing hurts like hell. I have a splendid night ahead of me, I have planned to show off my beautiful wife. She did not put much effort into looking this good but she pulled off the look like she was born this way, the dress gave me ideas of how I would get it off her. It's long and it would be so hot watching it go off her revealing bits and more of her skin. I always want to think about sex with my wife when I am stressed, releasing everything on her through sex heals me.

I watched her as she handled the car, she did so with care that I started to relax.

She found our parking in the hotel's parking lot where a car guard directed us. She parked the car and reached a hand over to me.

"Stop stressing and enjoy tonight, we will deal with everything later. You need this." She didn't give me time to respond as she pulled my face to hers and kissed me. I kissed her back, taking over her soft and slow kiss replacing it with my "I want you naked kiss". Hard, fast and deep.

She pulled away breathless.

"We should have sex in the car before we go home, right here in the parking lot." The thrill just moved me in the front of my pants, it's official that I am a sex freak and my wife should know that by now. My shy wife pushed herself back in her sit.

"I see you are feeling better." She said reaching for her clutch bag in the backseat.

"Well, I have you to calm me." I unfastened my seatbelt and went to take charge of her lips again, probably smudging her lipstick more.

"We have to go."

"I know." I kissed her one last time then waited for to reapply her lipstick.

I got out of the car and went to give her a hug after opening her door.

"Are you okay?"

"I have you, no need to stress." My mother manages to wake the monster in me but I need to ignore her, for my sake and Mapitsi's.

We walked in just in time as everyone was taking their seat. I didn't know so many people were invited, almost everyone that works for me. Some who were not even part of the agricultural project. I greeted a few as I ushered my wife to our table. I noticed how people looked at my wife, not just men even women envied her. I am indeed a lucky man.

At our table of eight we were seated with Koena, Lerato, two other couples, Jonas and Reba who looked pale in her red shiny dress. I bet it's a mini!

She and my wife exchanged hugs as they complimented each other. I got lost in a conversation with the guy who was sitting next to me as the programme went on. He was a student and was interested more into my business, I was more than happy to share my experiences. The one that Mothiba instilled in me.

After an introduction of everyone involved in the project and a few speeches we moved on to dinner. After dinner I had a moment to go around showing off my wife to everyone, most people didn't even know that I was married. As I was talking to a few students that Koena had introduced me to I heard this behind me,

"Mr Mothiba." I turned around and there was Legodi, looking beautiful in her short black dress. She looked at my wife who was next to me. "Wow." She said, she remembers Mapitsi from the office and according to her I have brought a flooze as my date.

"Mrs Legodi, meet my wife Mapitsi." The look on her face... if she could see it she would hate herself.

"Wife?" I don't think she was aware that she was asking that.

"Nice to meet you Mrs Legodi." Mapitsi offered her hand to Legodi, it took Legodi some seconds to realise where she was. She looked mad as hell and I hope Mapitsi doesn't realise. She thought I was cheating on my wife with the woman she thought

was a whore. I don't care what she thinks of my wife, anyway she'll never match up to her. They shook hands.

"Nice to meet you, even though we've met before."

"We have?" Mapitsi looked up at me. Legodi is trying to make my wife feel less of herself. I'm just glad my wife doesn't remember her.

"Baby, that day you surprised me at the office I was with her." I reminded my wife.

"Oh, I'm sorry I..."

"You had all eyes on, I'm sure Mrs Legodi gets that." Oh yes, she's had her eyes on me too.

"Mr Mothiba can we have a word." Legodi asked sounding all business like.

"Excuse me babe." I kissed my wife on the cheek and followed Legodi outside. I don't get why she was going outside but I didn't want to cause anymore friction. She didn't go far just where people wouldn't see us, around the dinning hall corner. When I got to her she turned around with her hand flying but I caught it in time.

"What are you trying to do?" I held her arm tightly.

"You could have told me that she is your wife."

"Why?" I pushed her arm away letting it go.

"That's the decent thing to do."

"Where is your husband?"

"That's none of your business."

"Good, let my marriage be none of yours too and stay away from my brother too."

~

"Reba, you look so beautiful in this dress." I commented my sister, she wore a red mini dress that sparkled. It complimented her light skin and made her look more beautiful.

"I like yours more, your sense of style has improved now." She was teasing me and I liked it. It's been a long road for me to get here.

We went to sit down and I told her about my in-laws that have made themselves at home in my house. She told me to kick them out, just like that my sister doesn't waste time. I know that's exactly what I should do but first I have to consider the fact that they are my husband's family. If I tell them to leave that will be affecting their relationship. And from the way things are right now Kgabo will lose his family and I don't want to be caught in the middle.

I don't even know how to kick them out even if I could, I will leave it to Kgabo to deal with them.

"And then wena, why did you give Pinky money?" I asked Reba.

"Did you know that they are broke? She told me everything, apparently Koena doesn't even have a cent on his name."

"That's true but she tricked you, she left with the money no one knows who she is."

"What?" Reba changed colour. "But..."

"She is a liar!"

"That was money for the couches."

"Hey you two." Koena came behind us with a smile on his face.

"Please tell me I am going to get my money back." Reba sounded really desperate.

Lately I can tell Jonas had put his foot down and calling the shots. If he doesn't know yet things are about to explode for my sister.

"Yes, I'll pay back every cent, once I start making money from the project."

"When is that?"

"Oh no, I need to know why you gave your sisters and mother my house keys." I interrupted because I have questions of my own too.

"I'm sorry, they pushed and by the way I've moved."

"You bought a house and I am not getting my money?"

"I am staying with Mma le Papa, your parents, my parents. I am even using Pitsi's old car too." Anf I don't have a car, my husband is not even talking about buying me one.

Reba and I looked at him, I guess we were happy and proud of our brother. We know how lonely it can get for our parents, they call us everyday to tell us that.

Jonas joined us and he couldn't stop looking and smiling at his beautiful wife, I admire the love they have for each other. And I am glad my sister had finally settled down.

"Jonas, my brother here and I have something to tell you." Reba said finding an opportunity to break the news to her husband. Wrong timing though.

I excused myself to go look for my husband, I didn't want to be involved even though Reba begged me to stay.

The last time I saw Kgabo he was heading outside to talk to that Legodi woman who looked suspicious. She looked like she was hiding something, acting all strange.

I got outside and didn't know where to go. The music in the dining hall was not as loud and to my luck I heard voices and I could recognise one, it belonged to my husband.

I followed the voice that led to a dark corner around the outside of the dining hall. It was dark but you could see objects and people.

"Who the hell are you to tell me what to do? I could destroy this little project and your brother's life could be ruined."

"What is wrong with you? What do you want from me?"

I don't know what was going on and why they were hiding.

"Kgabo, what's going on here?" I found them standing, staring at each and in a very heated argument.

"Baby?" He sounded surprised.

"The wife, what do you think it's going on when you find your husband with another woman in a quite dark corner." The woman is really testing me. She hasn't met my sister...

"I'm sorry lady, I am talking to my husband."

"Oh, of course."

"Mapitsi there is nothing going on here, she is just a nuisance of a woman."

Legodi laughed. "Really now?"

"Shut the hell up Legodi."

"Don't worry I will leave." She fixed her tight dress as if it's been moving. She was telling me something, she even applied lipstick on her lips before she walked away.

"Kgabo?" I said his name my voice shaking with tears running down my cheeks.

"Baby, nothing happened. Please believe me."

Can I?

Can I really believe a man who has cheated on me more than once before?

It all makes sense, the way they were acting earlier and finding them here just answers my question.

Chapter 116>>>

I was at a point in our relationship where I thought Kgabo could be trusted, the way he treated me made me think he would never cheat on me again. He was there when I needed him, if he's not with me he is at work flirting with me over the phone.

I was blind to the things he did to me in the past and I will be stupid to through that again. He left with her right in front of my eyes, they fooled me!

"Baby, please believe me. Nothing is going on between me and that woman." I don't think I can believe him.

"Why did you go outside with her?"

"She said she wanted to talk to me, she asked me in front of you."

"You could have spoken inside Kgabo."

"I know and I don't know why I came out here with her."

"So, nothing happened?"

"Yes, I have never ever touched her."

"Then why does she give me the impression that you too were out here doing something Kgabo?"

"I don't know but that day you walked into my office I know she wasn't happy with me, I didn't tell her you were my wife."

"Why didn't you tell her?"

"I wanted her to find out like this."

Why would he keep me a secret?

"Something is going on between the two of you, what is it?"

"Nothing on my part."

"What does that mean?"

"Ever since we started working together she has been flirting with me and Baby..."

"Stop." She flirts and he does what? Pushed her away? If he'd never cheated on me before I would believe him. I am finding it hard to think he never touched her. "I'm not going back in there, I want to go home."

"Mapitsi, do you at least believe me?"

I can't, I can't even think of the possibility that he is telling the truth.

The only thing I could do was burst into tears. He wanted to hold me.

"Don't touch me, please leave me alone for a few minutes."

"Out here?"

"Please."

He left even though I could tell he was unsure, there is nothing he can do. I need to be alone. I leaned against the wall and cried.

What am I going to do? If he is telling the truth and never touched her will I forgive myself for doubting him? And if he cheated, would I stay this time.

"Pitsi, is that you?" I heard a voice and it was Lerato.

I wiped my tears but it was no use, I was hurting.

"Lerato, what are you doing out here?"

"I could ask you the same, I came to answer a call. You don't sound too good, are you okay?"

"I'm fine." I lied hoping she doesn't notice that I have been crying. I fought to remain strong.

"Pitsi, I know you think you can't trust me. I can tell you are not fine and you don't have to tell me anything but can I call someone? Kgabo, Reba?"

"No! I'm fine Lerato."

"Okay, I'll leave you to it." She turned around and started walking away.

"Lerato?" She stopped and came back. "Please, I can't face anyone right now. I'm not fine. Just take me somewhere else."

"Okay, where do you want to go?"

"Your house if it's fine."

"Okay." She offered me her hand and I took it.

I don't have my things with me, my clutch bag with my cellphone is with Reba and I am sure leaving it behind. I don't want to see Kgabo or answer Reba's question. Once my sister finds out about Legodi the woman will be history. She should ask Lerato here if she wants to know what messing with me will score her.

Lerato drives an Audi A3, sedan. It's comfortable and the lady can drive. I remember the first time she gave me a lift, that makes me wonder if at that time she had already slept with my husband.

God... I am running away from my husband with a woman he cheated on me with, I am trusting her above anyone else.

When we got to her house I wasn't sure anymore about what I wanted. I know I wanted to get away and she was there to offer me help. I got out of the car anyway avoiding looking at my empty house next door. We have someone that takes care of the house, cleans it and puts the light on every evening and off in the morning.

I went with her inside her warm house, everything inside still looks pretty much the same. I even remember the day Reba and I came to her house to attack her. She showed me to her sitting room and she went to make me tea as I sat down.

She came back with two cups and offered me one.

"Mapitsi I can see you are not fine and I am probably the last person you'd want to confide in but maybe I'll be able to help." I would talk to her if she never betrayed me but at the moment it's just me and her.

"How is it going at work?" I'll go that route instead.

"Everything is fine, I'm no longer Kgabo's PA. I am being trained as your brother's PA now."

"On the Agriculture project?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I didn't know."

"Probably for the best."

"What do you know about Mrs Legodi?" I didn't think when I asked, it just came out.

"So, this is what made you leave without telling anyone?" She eyed me suspiciously, she knows something.

"What is going on Lerato?"

"If you are angry at Kgabo because of her you made a big mistake." She doesn't know what I saw.

"Why do you say that?"

"The woman is a whore, she throws herself at men and she is not even ashamed of it. I have seen men at the office trying to avoid her." I hope she is not trying to make me feel worse for doubting my husband. He might have slept with her.

"But you wouldn't know if anyone slept with her."

"No but surely your husband hasn't."

"You wouldn't know that."

"True but I believe that your husband has come a long way to cleaning himself, I was once a Legodi myself. I have acted like her and Kgabo had turned me down, several times." I knew about the things she did and sitting here with her, listening to her talk about how she went after my husband disgust me. How many women threw themselves at Kgabo and how many did he sleep with? The more I think about this the more scared I become.

"This whole thing doesn't make any sense."

"I know and understand your frustration. Talk to your husband."

"I'll go to my parents' house." I put my untouched cup of tea down and stood up.

"I'll drive you." She stood up too.

"It's okay I'll walk."

"Okay, let me at least walk you out."

She walked me out to the gate and instead of going to the direction I said I am going to I changed routes, making sure Lerato doesn't see me first. I went to the lady that look after our house to ask for my house keys. She was home and surprised to see me, she wanted to know why I wanted the keys but I didn't want to tell her anything. She doesn't have to know.

We've never gone back to the house since we've moved, we come to the church in the same village and visit family here but still we've just never thought of it.

The house hasn't changed, well we left everything as it was when we left. The fridge was empty and there was one bottle of wine in the kitchen cabinet. I took it and went to sit down in sitting room with a glass.

I poured the wine all the way full into the glass and sat back.

I thought about the way Kgabo acted when I found him with that woman, he didn't look like someone who was caught doing something wrong. I only acted on what Legodi said and did. Maybe Kgabo is right and I only acted on Legodi's acting, I fell right into her trap.

I shouldn't have left with Lerato, right now I would be solving this with my husband. I left my phone and everything with my sister.

Cheers to me and my stupidity!!!

I drank half the bottle and fell asleep on the couch. Thanks to the wine I don't think I would have slept well sober.

~

I went back inside to look for Legodi but she had already left. People who saw her leave told me.

I walked back to our table and just had to tell them what happened, it had looked like I had walked into some heated argument between Koena, Reba and Jonas. I didn't care I had problems, bigger ones.

Reba went outside to Mapitsi after she said some hurtful words to me.

I grabbed the nearest bottle of wine and drank it while Koena and Jonas preached to me, I unfastened my tie and a few buttons on my shirt.

"You do know you fucked up, right? You can't trust that woman Kgabo, to even go outside with her. No wonder Mapitsi is angry." Koena said stating the obvious. I am mad at myself for walking out with her. I know how I would have acted if I had found her outside with another man, I'll be heading to jail at this moment.

"I knew she was trouble the moment I saw her, she flirts with everybody. Mapitsi is going to think you lied to her when you said you've changed." Jonas also had a thing to say. I know everything they are saying no need to rub it in.

"Give me that bottle." Koena wanted to grab the bottle away from me but I refused and held tight around it.

"No!" I was drinking quick and I knew I was going to be drunk in a few minutes. I won't be able to face my wife but at least that would buy me some time until I am sober.

"She is not there. Where the he'll is she Kgabo?" Reba demanded to know rushing back to us. I left my wife exactly where I told Reba to go look for her.

I got up, the room spun a little but I steadied myself then rushed outside to look for her. The three of them followed me behind, she wasn't there.

I got my phone and tried to call her.

"Don't bother, I have her cellphone with me." Reba waved Mapitsi's things at me.

I finished the whole bottle and threw the empty bottle. I was flipping drunk.

"I have to look for her, she can't leave me."

"Kgabo, it's better I take you home." Koena held me, I didn't even have the strength to fight him off me.

"Please, I have to find her and explain. She has to know I didn't do anything." I cried.

"Come on, Reba and Jonas will look for her and they will let us know once they find her." Maybe she went home. I can find her there and explain.

Jonas and Koena helped me to the car and in the backseat.

I couldn't even sleep as Koena drove me home. I was getting more and more worried about my wife, the idea of a divorce just brought this sick feeling up my throat from my stomach. It terrified me.

When we got home, I rushed into the house unable to keep a steady pace. When I opened the door I started shouting for my wife.

"Mapitsi! Mapitsi! Baby! Please don't leave me, we have to talk." The house seemed quite and a little empty until my mom and sisters came downstairs.

"What is going on?" My mom asked fastening her robe.

"Where is my wife? Mapitsi?"

"What happened? She never came back home."

"Damn, she is going to leave me." I placed my hands over my head and stumbled backward then falling, hitting my head hard on the tiled floor. "Shit!" I screamed in pain.

My mom came rushing to my aid.

"Don't touch me you witch!" I let Koena helped me up with a shocked face. I never spoke to my mother like that or anyone else for that matter.

"Kgabo, how dare you? It's not my fault that disrespecting bitch is not home."

"Mma?" Koena said surprised.

"It's your fault, it's your fucken fault. Everything wrong in this family is your fault! You cheated on your husband and look at what that is doing to all your children. Koena here doesn't know where his wife is, Mosima is married to a jerkass that slept with her sister, Makgabo is getting a divorce, you forced Maphuti to have an abortion. And me? Oh boy?"

She was crying, "What's gotten into you Kgabo? What's going on?"

"No ma, what did you do that has to come back to your children?"

I knew that I have just spilled some secrets. Some of them didn't know about Pinky, Mosima and Maphuti, even Makgabo's divorce.

I carried my heavy body up the stairs to the empty bedroom.

"God, I messed up." I said as I threw myself on top of the bed.

~

When I woke up someone was shouting my name outside and even throwing stones on the roof of the house. I could swear I heard my mother's voice or Reba's. I slowly got up and walked barefoot to the door holding my long dress, I opened the door and went to the gate. Both my mother and sister were there.

"How do you know I was here?" I asked them rubbing my eyes.

"Martha told us." Reba answered me looking hangovered.

Mxm, she had to!

I opened for them and we walked to the house with my mom quite. She did greet me when I greeted them.

When we got inside the house Reba was the first to talk.

"Mapitsi, why did you leave without me."

"I'm sorry, I was angry."

"He told me what happened." I looked at my mom and knew that Reba told her too. She wasn't angry but sympathetic.

"Mapitsi, I'm sorry my child. Your sister and I are here for you, we will support you with any decision you make." I never thought I would hear my mother ever say that to me. She loved and respected the Mothiba family, the fact that I married there was a total bonus. In the past my mother wouldn't have allowed me to leave my house hence I expected her to walk in here and tell me what a bad wife I am.

"Mma, I don't want to leave Kgabo"

"What do you want to do?" Reba asked me.

"I want to talk to him, will see what happens after."

"When do you want to talk to him?" Mom asked.

"Today, now even."

"Okay, after you've had a proper bath and a change of clothes because right now you smell like a shebeen." Of course Reba would know that, she used to live that kind of life. "Do you want your phone?"

"No, will get it later." I was afraid I will get tempted and call Kgabo. I want to talk face to face with him. I don't even have to prepare him.

She and my mom left to go get me some clothes from Reba's closet while I took a bath . Hope she picks something decent for me, Kgabo hates Reba's clothes.

At least she came back with a black figure hugging dress that fits perfectly.

Before Reba drove me to Kgabo's office my mom sat us down.

"Girls, I am so sorry for pushing you. For not understanding. Finding out that your father had a son from outside broke me into pieces. He got something that I couldn't give him and he got it from a home I respected and thought highly of. It took me a very long time to accept his son. From all that I have learnt to respect your marriages, I respect the pain that comes with loving someone." Those heartfelt words came from a woman who once told me never ever come back home no matter how difficult things are in my marriage. Right now, I really appreciate that she has finally seen the light. Koena being in our lives has changed my mom.

We had a long heart to heart conversation about our feeling and our views on marriage. My mom opened up to us and even listened to what we had to say.

By the time Reba and I left I knew what to do, I have to give my husband a chance to explain.

My sister dropped me off outside Kgabo's office building making me remember that day that I had planned on surprising him. Today I hadn't put too much effort into what I was wearing even though Reba didn't want me to leave without a bit of makeup and fixing here and there, well everywhere.

I walked into the building, passed the empty reception and went up to Lerato's desk. She wore a black top with a matching skirt when she got up and came up to me. I see she still own black clothes.

"Hey, just helping out for today."

"Okay, is he in?" She doesnt have to explain anything to me.

"Yes."

I nervously looked at his office door.

~

"So, you are moving us?" My brother asked sitting on my desk next to where I was sitting.

"I should be ending the whole thing but because of you I can't, this is your dream and I can't just end it like that." I rubbed my forehead because the headache and nausea from drinking the whole bottle of wine was making me pay the price now.

"And you spoke to Legodi's bosses?"

"Yes, they don't understand and I wish I could tell them about Legodi but I don't want to do that."

"I understand and I will deal with the whole thing."

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in." I ordered.

The door opened slowly and then my wife stepped in looking beautiful. Reba had called to tell me she knows where Mapitsi is and that I should relax when I had demanded to know where she is. I have tried to do that and even took out my frustration on work but I couldn't get my wife out of my mind.

She stood there looking beautiful, I wanted to jump her and give her a hug. Holding back was hard but I had to.

"I'll leave you too alone." Koena said and left.

"Hi." Mapitsi greeted me.

"Baby?"

"Please, let's sit. I want to hear everything." She went to sit on the couch and I went to join her.

"Everything?"

"Yes, from the beginning."

The door burst open and Legodi came in,

"What the do you think you are doing Mothiba?"

I got up.

"I'll call your bosses." I went to the phone.

"Why?"

"So you can tell them what your problem is."

Mapitsi just sat looking at us.

"Do you want me to tell them about our affair?"

Affair???

"If that's what you want." I dialled the number and waited as it rang.

"Don't do it please." She begged me as soon as someone answered. I put the phone down.

"What?"

"Why are you trying to ruin me?"

"Ruin you, are you forgetting what you did?"

"She is still here." She pointed at my wife.

"Please leave!" Mapitsi got up and went to the already opened door and opened it wider.

"Wow, you are a fool. Your husband goes into dark corners with married woman and you are just going to take his side?" She walked to my wife and stood in front of her.

I just stood there and watched.

"That's none of your business."

"It's my business if he is sleeping with me."

"Mrs Legodi where is Mr Legodi. I am sure he needs to be here too if this is your business."

"Don't talk about my husband."

"Leave!"

"Legodi, please leave." I walked to them and held my wife's hand.

A white good looking tall woman wearing blue and white gym clothes came to the door and found us standing there. I thought I recognized her from somewhere but wasn't sure.

"Morning." She greeted us with a smile. None of us said anything to her. "I'm sorry I am Jennifer and I am looking for Mrs Legodi."

Legodi acted all business like as she offered Jennifer her hand. The woman shook Legodi's hand as she said.

"Nice to meet you, I am Jennifer Berry. The woman you've been sleeping with her husband."

Berry's wife!!!

Chapter 117>>>

The look on Legodi's face wasn't that of shame, just a look of a woman who seemed proud of the things she does. Like she is used to this kind of life, getting confronted for sleeping with someone else's husband. She made Jennifer look like a crazy jealous wife.

"You know what, maybe I should have a word with you two ladies." She walked to the couch I was sitting on earlier and sat down, her skirt riding up and she never even bothered to fix it. Jennifer wasn't fighting, she only came here to demand answers from a woman who slept with her man and Legodi already had everything under control. She was taking charge and not even afraid to show us.

"Good, I want to hear your side because my husband has told me his already." Jennifer also walked there, taking the far end of the couch.

I looked at my husband.

"I swear nothing happened." Kgabo whispered to me. I nod my head at him and went to join the ladies. I sat between them, closer to Jennifer creating a bit of space between me and Legodi.

Kgabo had closed the door as he left. I bet he wishes he was a fly on the wall

Jennifer and I sat looking at Legodi. I didn't know what to say but I surely wanted to know what happened between her and my husband. I had a perfect look at her, she is a very beautiful and attractive woman. She looks older but surely takes good care of herself and men of all ages are probably running after her.

"I am not a bad person and I didn't sleep with any of your husbands." She started. I leaned back and looked at Jennifer, she said her husband told her. Legodi made me think she slept with Kgabo, now she changes stories.

"Are you saying my husband lied to me? Look, I don't want to fight but please don't tempt." I could feel Jennifer's anger building up.

"Your husband didn't lie to you, we shared a bed but he passed out and woke up naked in a hotel room with me."

"How did that happen?"

"I guess he couldn't handle his alcohol."

Jennifer went quite, I guess she was relieved. I on the other side didn't trust Legodi.

"Ladies, I am married. Been married for almost 10 years, my husband and I have no children. He claims he has them outside and calls me names because he thinks I am barren. I went to a doctor and there is nothing wrong with me. I wanted to sleep with your husbands, at least one of them."

"What kind of a sick woman are you?" Jennifer sounded disgusted. "Why can't you sit your husband down and talk to him?"

"You don't understand, in fact you don't know anything about my marriage."

"I am not judging you but you are married to this man."

"You've never heard the thing he says to me, his family too."

"I am not going to sit her and sympathise with you, you could have spoken to your husband. There are ways to do this things."

"Well, I was doing them my way!"

Jennifer stood up.

"If you dare get anywhere near my husband I won't be this nice again." She stormed out not even looking back. I hope she goes home and asks her husband how the hell he ended up in a hotel room naked with another woman.

I was left with her and I won't sympathise with her either. I don't even think I like her. I hated her the night I got to see her acting skills, she made me doubt my husband.

"You almost broke my marriage." I said to Legodi. "You gave me the impression that something was going on between you and my husband."

"Not you too, I did not sleep with your husband. What more do you want from me?"

"Answers Legodi."

"You are going to act all holy and innocent, I know about you and Thabiso."

What does she mean? Nothing happened between me and Thabiso mos.

"My husband knows too and nothing happened?"

"Exactly like me and your husband."

"It would be human to feel a little guilty." And sorry.

She also got up and fixed her skirt. She looked down at me and walked to the door.

Jennifer is right the woman is sick.

I know she and Kgabo didn't sleep together, I wanted answers with explanations. How this whole thing unfolded and got to where it was.

I guess Kgabo saw that the two ladies had left, he came in.

"Baby?" I looked up at him. He walked over and sat down. His eyes on me. He went quite, waiting for me to tell him what Legodi had said.

"Will we ever forget the past?" I asked him, I'm still holding on to it.

"It's hard and I understand, you'll always question everything that I do."

"I don't want to live this Kgabo."

"I know, it's all my fault." It is his fault but I can't let him take the blame alone if I want us to move on.

"Have you forgiven me for Thabiso?"

"Yes but I can't forget that you slept with Andile. Thinking about it breaks me into pieces." And he never brings it up but I tell him about his past every opportunity I get.

"Can we forget about Legodi and Andile now?"

He smiled and pulled me into a hug.

"I love you so much baby."

We sat in his office for some time just cuddling and kissing until we were interrupted by a phone call. He answered the call and then started getting busy. He prepared for meetings and did his job while I sat down and admired him. Later on he drove me to the boutique and he went back to work.

I haven't been here in a few days but the place was still standing, Pule was proving himself everyday. I could count on him, plus I was thinking on taking a few days off. My husband and I need some time away, just the two of us.

I checked on my messages, approved on what needed my approving and worked on a few designs with Pule. He is now learning and starting to understand that I am his boss and no longer friend. I do miss him but he has crossed a line the time we worked with Thabiso and I believe things should just stay as they are now.

I skipped lunch and worked throughout. Pule had to go out for late lunch leaving me to work. Around 2pm I was told I had a visitor, I was enjoying working and being disturbed was the last thing I needed but I had to let whoever it was in.

When the door opened I had expected Maphuti or my sister but it was Salome. The way I was so shocked to see her I even stood up when she walked in.

"Hi." She greeted me wearing a pair of blue skinny jeans and a yellow t-shirt.

"Salome?"

A part of me doesn't trust Salome, I know how much she hates me and I must admit that I am scared of her.

"Can we talk?"

Talk?

"Of course." I showed her an empty chair across my desk. She sat down.

"I know you know how much I hate you." Well I didn't expect her to be nice to me.
"I want us to work something out, you do know why I hate you right?"

I guess so.

"Salome what do you want?"

"Lucky, I want him back Mapitsi. You ruined our relationship, he meant a whole to me."

"Your brother is the one that admitted to doing that." Kgabo told her what he did.

"I don't care, what I know is that Lucky listens to you. You can talk to him and fix this."

"I think you should leave Salome."

"I also want to be happy, I want a man in my life. If you fix this you'll be fixing a whole lot, my relationship with my brother and helping me too."

All of the things she is saying won't gain me anything in any way, her too. She can move on too from Lucky and talk to her brother. She is the only one who can fix this whole situation.

"Salome please." I don't want to be the one to tell her that her whole plan is just not right.

"Do it!"

"Please leave before I call security Salome."

"Fine." Just like that she got up and left.

I sat there wondering what is really going on with Salome. She is acting all desperate and stupid at the same time. I wanted to call Kgabo but maybe she is just trying to act up. I let it go and shifted everything from my mind.

I know today Kgabo won't be able to pick me up from work, he has his sessions with his psychologist and I am not sure if I want to go home to a house full of his sisters and mother. I don't mind Sima and Maphuti just the others are the devils like their mother.

I can stall going home but I can't stall time, plus I miss my children. I had called Mmane to check up on them and she said they are okay but I want to see for myself.

I had to call my sister too and tell her what happened.

Around 5pm when everyone had gone home I received a text from Salome.

'If anything happens to me, the blame is all on you.'

I panicked and called Kgabo. He didn't pick up. I also called Salome and her phone went straight to voicemail. I knew something was wrong with her, I can feel it. I think she is going to do something stupid. I will never forgive myself if anything happens to her.

I called her parents knowing too well that I was going to scare them but I had no choice. The Pastor picked up, I told him about the chat I had with Salome and the text.

He said he'll try get hold of her and get back to me. A few minutes later he called and said g just spoke to her and she sounded fine. I wanted to be relieved but I just feeling that she is going to do something. I also tried calling her but my calls wouldn't go through, I think she had blocked me.

I packed up and closed the boutique. I went straight to get a taxi home, I don't know where else to go and what to do. My in-laws are at my house, my mother-in-law is probably happy I didn't come back home last night and tonight she'll have a fit when she sees me.

When I got home I walked straight into a mess, the kitchen was so many dirty, dishes everywhere and the floor looked like Khumo was playing with mud. I won't even be mad at Mmane, the poor can't go around cleaning after everybody.

They were all there, eating and talking.

I greeted them, I hate this situation but they are here and I have to learn to live with them. I was about to go upstairs when my mother-in-law stopped me.

"Pitsi can I talk to you?" She was asking but I know she wasn't actually giving me any choice.

I followed her into Kgabo's study. She went to sit on his chair and I took the chair across the desk.

"Pitsi, I am not happy. You didn't come home last night and my son was a wreck."

"Mma, Kgabo and I are fine now." This has nothing to do with her, all she wants is just to discredit me in my own house.

"Are you cheating on my son? Because I will not take this lying down if you are."

"Get out!" My husband was standing at the door of the study looking angry.

"Kgabo, I am trying to help you." She got up and walked to him. I got up too, amazed at how the woman take charge of things.

"Mma, leave my house, please."

"You can't tell me to leave, this girl here disrespect you."

"If you don't leave I'll be forced to throw you out." He was angry, angrier than I have ever seen him before. Actually I have never seen him this angry at his mother.

"Kgabo?" I also went to him.

"Mapitsi, don't." The look he gave me suggested that I should stay out of it but I can't.

"You can't do this, not now." I begged him. His mother is a pain I know but there's a man lying in a hospital bed right now and being angry at each other is the last thing they should be doing.

"Why would you stand up for her? She hates you?"

"She is your mother, that's all."

"Pitsi, please leave me and my son alone. We have to talk." My mother-in-law said.

"Mma, you leave me and my wife."

"Kgabo..."

"No, you'll never respect Mapitsi no matter what so please..." He moved away from the door so she could pass.

She left and Kgabo shut the door behind her.

"I don't know how you do it, I don't how you get the strenght to put up with her." If only he knew how much I hated his mother.

"Are you from your psychologist?" His mother is not going anywhere and talking further about her will get me to snap.

"Yes." His beautiful eyes stared down at me, he looked tired but I saw the pain in his eyes. I know to mother being here hurts him, he's had enough of her. He took one step to me and hugged me. "But you help me calm down baby."

"That's my job." I hugged him back.

When my husband and I are happy his family managed to ruin everything, all the time his mother is caught up in our mess.

"Baby, if a woman comes on to me again like Legodi did. Would you want me tell you?"

"No." Imagine that, I don't think I will be able to handle that. "You must deal with her and make sure she doesn't tempt you."

He laughed.

"I promise." I don't like it when he says that but this time I think he meant it. "If something like that happens to you, I want to know."

I laughed at him, he is being crazy.

When we left his study we went to the kitchen and washed the dishes together. They were so many that it took us an hour to finish them, by the time we were done his mother and sisters were on their way to the hospital.

Kgabo's mother came to the kitchen holding her brown handbag that matched her wedges.

"Kgabo, you have to come with us." Can't she just give up already.

Kgabo didn't say anything. He just went upstairs and left his mother and me standing and we looked up at him as he went up the stairs two at a time.

I wanted to say something to her but I bit my tongue and took out the meat from the fridge to defrost.

"Don't cook for us, I will take my children out for dinner." She banged the door on her way out.

~

I know it's wrong of me to say this but I hate my mother, the woman doesn't understand what is it that she puts me through. I had put up with her for all my life as she controlled me. I have listened to her.

My house is where I am supposed to be at peace not come home to a dirty house full of my sisters and mother. Mapitsi should have let me kick them out.

I went to where the kids were playing, in the nursery. They all ran to me and we had a group hug then we went to play on the floor. Mmane was with them and I

told her I will drop her off at the taxi rank if she wants to go home. It was late but there are always taxis to where she stays.

Mapitsi came upstairs.

"We have visitors." She said and I wasn't up for anyone. I wanted to be alone with my family.

"Who?" I asked annoyed. She moved from the door and the Pastor and his wife came in.

"I am sorry Kgabo, we didn't mean to interrupt but we couldn't wait to see the kids." The Pastor said.

He doesn't understand how happy I was to see him and he'll always be welcome in my house. I got up and went to hug him.

"It's fine dad."

"Thank you son." I watched him go to the kids.

"Why don't you take them for the weekend? Mapitsi and I could do with some alone time."

"Really? Oh we'd love that." The pastor's wife gave me a hug as she thanked me.

Within a few minutes all the children's things were packed. I was a little worried about Khumo but he was excited and jumping up and down. The Pastor's wife

assured me that she'll take care of him. I know how my son can be around people he doesn't know but since he'll have his brother and sister there he'll probably be fine.

When they left the house felt quite and I had to take Mmane quickly to the taxi rank.

When I came back Mapitsi had done cooking, we ate and took a shower together. And yes, we had sex. Beautiful freaky loud sex.

We walked downstairs in our pjs after we were done for cups of coffee, we were exhausted but since we had the house to ourselves we wanted to make the most of it.

Just as the kettle was boiling I heard cars outside, they are back!

My mood changed, things are about to get sour.

When the door opened I saw their happy faces, their smiles that turned my stomach upside down but that wasn't all.

My mother came pushing in a wheelchair...

No... She didn't...

Chapter 118>>>

I don't know if my mother is trying to test me or purposely hurt me. She knows how her husband feels about me, being sick isn't going to change the man's attitude or feelings towards me. He hates me and probably doesn't want to see me or be here.

He looked fragile and had lost a lot of weight in just a couple of days he's been in hospital. I can't stand the sight of him even in his state but it would be terrible of me to tell them to leave now.

I took my wife by her hand and walked towards the stairs. Any reaction that I will show will be something I would regret later. I am not angry, I am hurt. If my mother wants me to help there are other ways I can do that... I just can't deal with this.

"Kgabo?" My mother called out my name but I just kept on walking, even when my wife tried to pull me back I didn't stop. "Kgabo, it's just for tonight. We'll leave tomorrow." I don't care what she says now, why didn't she speak to me first? This is my house, she invited herself and her daughters, now she brings a man who hates me.

In the bedroom I just sat on the bed and said nothing, when I am stressed I usually want to have sex with my wife but tonight I want nothing. The pain my mother is causing me is making me hate life in ways I can't deal with. She never stops pushing.

Mapitsi didn't know what to do for me, I couldn't even look at her sympathetic face. She sat next to me on the bed.

"Hey." She placed a hand over my shoulder.

"Don't touch me, just... get away from me please." She doesn't understand and I don't expect her to.

"I am sorry." She removed her hand but still sat close to me. I felt like her warm body close to mine was suffocating me.

"Please leave." Please, I am begging her. I can't do this.

She wanted to speak but she knows better, I am not in the mood or ready for one of her speeches. Talking won't heal me, it won't make my mother a better mother than she is.

Mapitsi left the bedroom and I just sat there trying to calm down, trying to control the tears and the pain.

It didn't take long before I heard a knock at the bedroom door. I didn't respond and the door opened.

Mother!!!

"Kgabo?"

"What do you want?" She knows I am not happy and she shouldn't even come close to me.

"We have to talk."

"No, I want you to leave. Please leave. I will give you money and anything you want if you'd just leave me alone." I closed my eyes fighting back tears. God, what have I done to be born to such a horrible woman? If you were trying to test me, I have failed.

"You don't understand, I am doing everything for you. He's sick and he need all of us." She stood in front of me and I watched her talking to me like I was being unfair.

"Why don't you get it? Why don't you understand that what you are doing is hurting me? You know how much he hates me, you of all people know that. Mma, you've pushed and pushed all my life and still are. I am even starting to think you don't love me." I was unbelievably calm.

"You know I love you more than anyone, more than your sisters and brother."

"Well, whatever you did that you think was to benefit me has turned my love for you into hatred. I have developed so much hate for you I can't even stand your sight right now."

"Please Kgabo," she went down on her knees in front of me. "I can't bear those words coming from you. Tell me what to do and I will fix it, please hle my son. You are my everything and loosing you will break me apart."

"Not as much as you broke me."

"It's her, right? She..." She was talking about my wife. Mapitsi has been nothing but understanding all this time, she never loved my wife but yet she wants to be in the same house as her.

"Mma, leave my wife out of this. Own your part."

"Fine. If you want us to leave, we will. I will not bother you anymore." She got up and walked to the door, if she thinks I will feel bad and change my mind she had one thing coming. I am no longer the man who used to be a mommy's boy. Her words don't touch me anymore. "But please help us, Mothiba had cancelled his medical aid and he owes the hospital close to twenty thousands rands. Tomorrow we are taking him to a public hospital. He needs attentive medical care and we can't take him home. Please."

She left.

~

"Mapitsi, can I talk to you?" My mother-in-law stood at the door peeking in.

I wiped my tears and stood up from the bed. I had come to the kids bedroom, they have been sharing Khumo's nursery since they all moved in. My kids cramped up in here to make room for people that don't value what we are doing for them. All they do is demand.

"Do you know what you are doing to him?" I asked her looking her straight into her eyes. She knows but does she care?

"You know nothing so don't even think of talking to me like you understand what he's going through. For all I know you are happy that he hates me now."

She doesn't care!

"Just stop it, for once in your life just put him first. Forget me and you, think about him."

She blinked her eyes at me.

"You have to talk to him."

"And say what? Tell him to forgive you?"

"We can deal with that later, there is something else." What could be more important than dealing with Kgabo's feelings? He's a mess because of her! "Pitsi, I am going to lose my husband, we need money for his medical expenses."

It had to be about money, everything she does is always about money from Kgabo. She is forgetting that Kgabo has a family and paying for Maphuti's studies. To her Kgabo is river of money that never dries out.

"Talk to him, he listens to you."

"Mma, just leave me alone. Your son is torn and all you want is money. You don't care about him."

"My relationship with him can be fixed later, my husband could die. Do you get that"

I went to sit back down, I have nothing to say to this heartless woman. My husband, her son needs a mother who cares. If she won't be there for him I will take it upon myself to help him.

She didn't say anything when she left.

~

I heard them in the morning when they packed their things, I put on my earphones and upped the volume. It depressed me that all I am good enough for the people I

call my family is money. None of my sisters never stood up for me, yet I am doing all they ask of me.

After an hour or so I removed my earphones and I felt such a sense of peace when the house sounded quite.

I got off the bed and walked out the bedroom, I went through all the bedrooms checking and found my wife curled up in Khumo's little bed. I made her sleep in here. I chased her out of our bedroom.

"Baby?" I went to her and joined her behind her.

"Hey." She turned to look at me. "How are you feeling?" I kissed her. I chased her out like a dog last night but here she is, looking beautiful and worried about me.

"I am sorry about last night."

"It's okay, I understand. How are you today?"

"I have to be okay, I can't let this affect me." She gave me a sad smile. "Baby, I will be fine."

"Really?"

"Yes, you know I am strong."

"But you haven't asked me for sex, it always calms you down."

"You didn't have enough last night?" She looked away smiling. I turned her on her back and got on top of her. Her bright shiny eyes already told me she was ready. "I will never have enough of you."

"I love you Kgabo."

"I love you too baby." I kissed her and she kissed me back with the same fire I had.

I got up from the bed and helped her up too. I slowly got her out of her pjs then mine followed. She stood staring down at my hard on that was poking her on her flat tummy. I want her and I am never going to stop, she is my everything. I will always be ready for her.

She dropped to her knees and looked up at me as she slowly started to stroke me. I closed my eyes and felt her tongue around me, she was rolling it.

"Ohhhhh baby." I couldn't keep still or quite, she was doing me so damn good. Her warm hands offering all that I needed, the sensation, the massage that released all tension and the love.

And when she tried to push my whole length down her throat which she couldn't I almost came at once. She thinks she is clueless but she doesn't know what exactly is it that she does to me. "Oh no stop baby. I pulled her up and pushed her to the bed. Your turn."

"No, just give it to me. Please Kgabo, I missed you last night." My wife, lately had never been so straight forward when it comes to sex. She is always shy. Her way I negotiating for sex is touching me, never said it out loud.

She pulled the bed covers to the floor and laid on her back on top of them. She looked so yummy her legs opened wider for me. I wanted to play with her body and indulge but I have to do what she asked for.

I got on top of her and immediately positioned myself between her legs. She was eager and greedy, I had to give it to her right away.

I went in slow, feeling her tightening around me as I pushed myself deeper into her. She was ready for me, I guess giving me a blow job turned her on. She closed her eyes and moaned.

She felt so good, warm and welcoming. I thrust in and half away out still at a slow pace.

"Oh God, Kgabo please!" She wanted it fast, I could tell but I was enjoying torturing her. Giving it to her slow and seeing her beg for more.

"Relax, you'll get it all." And when I eventually gave her all my strenght she received it with her whole body. I love making my wife come, seeing her expression change and her body accepting.

I came too, releasing deep in her with a loud groan.

I breathlessly fell to her side trying to recover.

"That was good." I said pulling her to my wet chest.

"Good to know you feel good."

I laughed. She knows me better than anyone.

We both went still, just listening to put heartbeat going back to normal.

"My mom asked me for money." I said stroking her back.

"I know, she spoke to me too." That's my mother for you. I wonder what she said.
"Are you going to help them?"

"Help..." It sounds so wrong when she puts it like that. They don't want my help, my mother is demanding money from me. "I keep throwing money around whenever they want it from me. They make ridiculous demands and I pay because I believe I owe them. I don't want nothing to do with my mom and her husband anymore but I feel guilty just walking away, specially now."

"I understand, no matter how angry you are you'll always be tied to them."

She is right, but this time I will only help standing from a distance. I don't want to get involved, I want my mother to know that I am done with her.

"There was something that I had to tell you yesterday." That didn't sound good.

"What? Are we preganant?" A guy can only hope. Besides, I wouldn't mind more children.

She sat up and looked at me. I sat up too.

"What?" She looked horrified.

"It's a joke." I laughed to kill the tension but she still didn't get it.

"You want more children?"

"I wouldn't mind number 3 and 4."

"Hey, Kgomotso is ours too. She is not yours alone." She reminds me all the time, I can't help but feel like this is too much for her.

"I know that, now what was that you were suppose to tell me?"

"Oh." She told me about Salome visiting her and the message. She sounded and looked worried but I don't think Salome would do anything stupid, she is a mother and I am sure she loves her children. I had to reassure my wife even though I was starting to have doubts. I didn't know that Salome was my sister but we grew up together and I have an idea of who she really is.

The rest of the morning I helped Mapitsi clean the house. We cleared things that we don't need anymore, the kids clothes, toys and our clothes. I was doing it for Mapitsi but it also gave me a sense of peace, felt like a new beginning.

We cooked together, bathed together. We did everything together enjoying each other's company.

In the evening we got ready to go eat out. I was in the kitchen drinking a glass of water and admiring my wife in her red dress and black highheels, she had her wig on. She looked different and I liked that, she was just running around the kitchen. I don't know what she was doing or looking for but she looked cute.

Her cellphone rang.

"Hello." She answered. We are going to be late for our reservations but I don't want to rush her. "What...?... Lucky what are you talking about?"

As soon as she said that name I put my water down and went to her.

"What does he want?" I shouted so he could hear me.

Mapitsi gave me her phone. She looked scared with teary eyes . I took it and put it on my ear.

"Lucky?"

"I just came back and I didn't know who to call, I found Salome unconscious on my bed." He didn't waste time.

Damn Salome!!!

"Call an ambulance, we are on our way." I gave Mapitsi her phone. "Call the Pastor." She took the phone but just stood there not moving.

"Mapitsi, snap out of it." I shouted at her, she cried.

I had no choice but to carry her to the car. Call the Pastor while I drove, my wife was terrified and I couldn't attend to her. My hands were full already.

Lucky doesn't stay far from us so driving there took less than fifteen minute.

After parking the car I rushed in leaving my wife behind. I took the stairs to Lucky's floor, his door was wide open. I went in and went straight to another open door that was his bedroom.

He was standing beside her on the bed, she looked like she was sleeping.

I turned her over and saw foam coming out of her mouth. She was warm but I couldn't get a pulse.

"Did you call the ambulance?" I asked Lucky. He said yes.

I held Salome on my lap and said a little prayer. How could she do this?

Mapitsi stood at the door crying...

There was nothing we could do other than wait...

Chapter 119>>>

By the time the ambulance came I had lost hope, I knew she was still alive but she didn't look good. There were a few times where she had regained consciousness but she still couldn't speak, her eyes half opened and she just stared at me until they shut again. Her lips had changed colour, they were black and dry.

I felt helpless as the paramedics helped her on a stretcher. The whole thing was hard to watch. No matter how angry I was at her I won't wish her death or pain, she is my sister and I want us to talk and fix things. I felt like we were fighting for nothing though, if we had talked and I had been there for her I am sure none of this would have happened.

I drove behind the ambulance with Mapitsi and Lucky in the car. My focus was on the ambulance as if I didn't know where the hospital was. I wanted to be in there with her but still couldn't leave my wife in her state of shock.

I couldn't even answer simple questions about my sister when they asked me earlier, I didn't know if she had medical aid or not. I offered to pay and asked that they take her to a private hospital. I don't know what I am getting myself into but that's the least I could do.

I know there was nothing else I could do for her but I felt so guilty. Who knows what she has been going through? Put yourself in the shoes of someone who just lost her husband and her kids. I always wonder what would happen to me if Mapitsi leaves me or if she had left me the time I cheated on her. That's why I feel bad for the sister that I neglected.

Ever since I found out that we share a father I have never bothered on a relationship with her. I don't even know anything about our older sister either.

When we got to the hospital my wife had recovered a bit and the Pastor and his wife were already there. They looked worried and stressed out. Who would blame

them? We all sat back when she was crying for help, she voice anything out but the signs were there.

We all watched as Salome was wheeled away from us.

"Thank you so much Kgabo." The Pastor's wife said as she gave me a hug. She was thanking me for doing something for my sister, I wanted to do more to save Salome's life. And not get praises for that. I couldn't even tell her that as she moved from me to my wife.

"Oh Mapitsi, I should have listened to you my child." I looked at my wife crying all over again. What Salome did was stupid but it's doing something to all of us, it's making us see things in a different way. Because of this I want to change the way I approach things, I want to be better at what I do.

I went to Mapitsi after the Pastor's wife moved to Lucky. She asked him questions about what happened.

He found her in his bed, he is repeating what he told us and it can't can't easy.

"She is going to be fine." I hugged Mapitsi, whispering to her. I also wanted someone to say that to me.

"I should have done something."

"Hey," I held her at arms length. "Listen to me, you tried and there was nothing more you could do." She looks and feel bad, I have to be strong for her even if this is killing me inside.

"You two shouldn't worry about the kids, Maphuti is with them." The Pastor reassured us and for a moment I wasn't worried about them until he brought them up but I do trust my sister. She does have her moments though.

While we waited for news about Salome my mother walked in. She came straight to me and gave me a hug.

"Oh my son, I am so sorry."

I was surprised she just walked in and did what she did. Isn't she suppose to be with her sick husband, wherever he is? Or maybe mad at me because I still feel the same way about her, angry at her.

I had a mind of telling her not to touch me but I had to hold myself together since we were in public and this just wasn't the time.

She went around giving hugs and saying sympathetic words to everyone. As far as I know she hates Salome, she might have been in cahoots with her years back but that's because they had a common enemy in my wife.

I felt embarrassed by what she was doing, she had no place being here. I don't even know who called her and told her.

When the doctor came to us he spoke to Salome's parents while the rest of us sat down and waited.

My mother took the liberty of joining them looking like she was supporting the Pastor's wife. I know my mother when she is up to no good and right now she was clearly up to something.

When the doctor was done they all followed him, leaving us behind.

"Kgabo." Mapitsi's voice spoke next to me. I looked at my wife and I couldn't bare the pain in her eyes. We had plans of a good night and didn't think things would end like this, sitting on a hospital bench and waiting.

Lucky stood a few steps away from us and looked lost in his own world. I felt sorry for him.

"I don't know what to say or do baby." I had no strength for anything anymore, I couldn't take being fine or be still.

A short man wearing an oversize track pants and a white t-shirt came and sat next to us, he looked like someone who just walked out of the gym. He didn't talk and we didn't bother with him either. I held my wife making sure she was warm. When my mom and Salome's parents came back we all got up, including the man. He even went to them.

My mother came to us.

"She is going to be okay, they took her blood but she is unconscious." My mother said. I was a bit relieved but whatever my mother said it doesn't mean Salome was in the clear.

"Kgabo," The Pastor called me. I got up and walked to them holding Mapitsi's hands. "This is Thomas." He was referring to the man who was sitting next to me on the bench earlier. "He's Salome's husband."

Surprised, I shook hands with the man and introduced myself. There were a whole lot of reasons as to why I was surprised, I just hoped my face didn't give anything away.

Lucky looked shocked, he was forced to shake hands with the man as he was introduced as Salome's friend who found her unconscious. I know that raises a lot of questions but the man didn't ask, he just thanked Lucky.

"Thomas, Kgabo had offered to pay for Salome's medical bills."

"Oh brother-in-law, thank you but I still have my wife on our medical aid."

"Uhm that's good news." The Pastor said and I agreed with him.

I might not understand what is going on but according to what I know their divorce was finalised a long time ago. I mean it's been almost three years since she came back home, her husband was never mentioned. Or maybe they never divorce?

I wasn't allowed to see Salome, was told she needed to rest and we will be updated with her condition if anything changes.

I wanted to go see my children but first I had to drop Lucky at his place.

My mother had come with her husband's car, poor guy, I wonder what they said to him when they left him.

I opened the back passenger door for my wife and watched her as she settled to sleep. Just after closing her door my mother had me by my right arms.

"How could you?" I shrugged myself out of her arm.

"Ma, what are you talking about?"

"You can't pay for your father's medical bills but you can pay for some stranger you met just now?"

Unbelievable!!!

"You are calling my own sister a stranger? You are comparing her to a stepfather that hates me?"

"He doesn't know what he is doing, he is sick."

"Keep on telling yourself that and leave me out of it." I pushed passed her and got into my car.

"Kgabo, please." She begged me but I couldn't stop. I closed the car and drove off.

I dropped Lucky off at his place and drove to the house to pack up a few things and take our old house's keys. It's been a night and my wife must be really tired. I wasn't even giving her a choice of where we were going, I just told her and she didn't even ask questions.

The drive to our old house was long, my wife slept in the backseat. I had a lot to think about, I need to concentrate on my real family and doesn't include my mother. This woman is proving to be nothing but pain in my life. We don't have the kind of relationship we once had, I used to think I was her favourite child until I realised that she was using me. She started using me the time she made me steal her husband's money to start my own company.

I had a business plan and had done a few jobs here and there, I could have approached a bank but she told me to ask Mothiba. I did and he refused, instead he offered me a job in his brick and sand company and that is when my mother planted this idea in my head. I refused at first but had to do it, she made me believe that having my own company was a good idea. I knew it was and I thank her for where I am today but she made me commit a crime.

Maybe I do owe them both, she and her husband.

I called the Pastor and told him Mapitsi and I are sleeping at the house, he said the children were sleeping. I was tired anyway to drive there.

Thank God we have someone that takes care of the house, it was clean when we got there and the sheets smelled fresh. We took a shower and got into bed.

I realised I haven't spoke to my wife since we rushed Salome to the hospital.

I cuddled up to her in bed, she had her back against me.

"My love."

"Hmmm, no not tonight please." I smiled and kissed her on her cheek.

"I don't want sex... Okay I want it but I understand." She turned to face me. "Baby, how are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"How do you feel about what Salome did?"

"Awful, like I could have done something Kgabo. She needed my help, she was crying out for my help."

"You didn't know. Please don't blame yourself."

"I can't help it."

"I know." I pulled her closer to me and smelled the freshness of her bodywash.

"And you?"

"Me?" I breathed in heavily. The question was too much since I had so many answers for it. "I don't know, there is a lot that needs my attention right now. I don't know what to do."

"Talk to me."

"Mapitsi, I feel like I owe my mom and stepfather. I am mad at them and at the same I feel bad."

"What do you think will make you feel better?"

What a question!

"I don't know."

"Think about it and decide wisely. Giving them money or walking away for good?"

Think, where do I even start when there is so much. She is right though. Giving my mom and her husband money will always keep connecting me to them and walking away might be forever. No matter how bad my mother annoys me I will always love her, she is what she is and I can't change that.

At the end of it all I don't want to pick sides. I want everyone to be happy.

Enough with the talking.

"Are you sure baby you don't want sex?" I found her nipple through the fabric of her pj top, I felt it harden.

"Yes, I am." Liar!

"Not even one round?"

"Yes." She rolled her eyes at me.

I kissed her, she kissed me back. She was tired and I understood but I also knew that she wanted me as much as I wanted her.

I tried my luck and she didn't turn me down. The sex was beautiful but yet something that we were used to, tonight I wanted things to be different. I had plans until Salome changed all that.

The following day we ate breakfast at the Pastor's house before we went to check on Salome at the hospital. She looked better, much better but was embarrassed to see everyone supporting her. She apologised, especially to Mapitsi.

Her doctor had said they are still waiting for some of her result, he told us she had swallowed a mixture of different pills. So far she was fine but they are still waiting to find out if there were other damages done by the pills.

Mapitsi and I were the first to leave, we missed the kids. They were asleep when we were there this morning. Last night Maphuti went home and left them with two other ladies from church who came to pray for Salome at the house and this morning they were to be babysat by one of the ladies again. Hence Mapitsi and I had to rush back.

When we got back the house was a total mess, with my children, Salome's and the Pastor's older daughter's three children it was bound to be a hell house.

I helped the younger ones takes baths while Mapitsi cleaned the house. The lady babysitting couldn't wait to be out the house, I understood her. A few minutes later I had had enough of the kids too. I found myself shouting and sending someone to time out.

Lunch time we all gathered in the kitchen to eat. The chaos started all over again, someone crying and someone telling on somebody.

I am going to tell Mapitsi I don't want anymore children, I am done with the three we have.

After lunch I was tired and needed to rest. I went to lie down on the couch in the sitting room and left my wife to clean up.

"Hey." I heard Mapitsi's soft voice. I couldn't even sleep, I had a lot to think about.

"Baby, where are the children?" I sat up.

"Playing outside."

"You must be tired."

"Very tired." She sat next to me.

My phone rang, it was on the coffee table.

"It's Maphuti." I said to Mapitsi. I wonder what's wrong. I answered. "Maphuti?"

"Buti, I need your help. Where are you?" She sounded breathless and like she was crying.

"What's wrong? Where are you?"

"I'm home, they left me with Papa. I wanted to help him and he fell, now I can't get him back on his wheelchair."

"They left you alone with him? Where is mma or...?"

"Please, I need your help. You are the only one who answered my call."

Eish, Maphuti is putting me in a difficult position. I don't want to get involved anymore.

"Are you coming, I wouldn't ask you if I had any other choice. Please..." She started crying and I knew I had to help her.

"Okay, I'll see what I can do." I hang up and stood up.

"What's wrong?" Mapitsi asked me. I told her. "Just go Kgabo?"

I had no choice.

"You'll be fine with the kids?"

"Yes, go." She pushed me towards the door.

I got my keys and drove to a house I never thought I'll set foot again. My childhood home which has now turned into a forbidden place. I grew up here and had beautiful memories, now I don't even know what is going on in this house.

I parked my car at the gate and went in. The minute I walked inside the house I was met with this terrible smell that only belongs in the toilet.

The old man was on the floor and Maphuti besides him.

I think Maphuti was trying to help him get to the toilet before he helped himself in his pants.

I was angry. How could they all leave an old man with someone like Maphuti? There are some thing that she won't be able to do for him, like taking him to the bathroom.

I carried him to the bathroom and got him out of his pants. I had expected him to react and tell me to stop but he just looked at me with his dark eyes as I touched him. Maphuti brought him clean pants and underwear, out of respect she didn't want to see him naked. I had to do everything with her standing outside the door.

"Where is everyone?" I asked her.

"Your sisters went back to their homes and Mma left in the morning."

Doing everything was a challenge, the smell was unbearable and having to turn him in the bathtub. Getting him out, drying him and putting on his clothes all that was a mission. By the time I was done I was tired and sweaty.

I took him to bed with Maphuti right behind me.

"Now, what do you want me to do before I leave?" I asked her. My little sister looked terrified that I was about to leave them, there is nothing I can do. The man doesn't want me here. "Maphuti, you know I can't stay."

"I also can't be alone with him. His right side is paralysed and I have to do everything for him, he's heavy and I don't understand him when he tries to speak." She was even crying.

"Fine. Let's take him back to the hospital."

"But..."

"I'll pay." I promised myself to stay away but it seems that was just me lying to myself. I can't bear seeing the old men suffering.

Maphuti packed him his toiletries while I got the car in and carried him to the back seat.

I drove to the hospital after I had called my wife and told her what was going on. I have the most understanding wife and I love her.

~

I put my phone down and went to check on the kids, Khumo was screaming his head off.

"He fell and nobody touched him." Kamogelo said and I knew he was lying. He's such a terrible big brother, I know Tsotso will look after Khumo and make sure her baby brother is fine.

I picked him up and carried him inside the house while he mumbled things I couldn't understand.

"It's okay, mommy will punish your brother neh?" I don't know if he understood but he agreed.

I gave him a lollipop and he wanted to go back outside. I let him.

I heard a voice outside, I peeked through the window and saw that it was the Pastor, his wife and my mother-in-law.

I put on the kettle and waited for them to come in.

I thought my mother-in-law would have followed Kgabo and Maphuti to the hospital.

"Mapitsi, don't tell me you cleaned the house by yourself?"

"I had nothing to do Ma."

"Would you manage to make us some tea, I need to change clothes."

"Yes, no problem. How is Salome now?"

"Good, we will get her tomorrow."

"Oh, I am not sure though if your mother-in-law will stay. She just got a call that her husband is back in hospital." She said as she disappeared towards the bedroom.

My mother-in-law knows about her husband but yet she is here. What is going on here?

I prepared the cups and made some sandwiches before going outside to ask my mother-in-law if she wanted tea. I was actually dreading talking to the woman.

I knew I had to do it though, any way I had nothing against her.

They were sitting behind the house under the shade of the big avocado tree. They had their backs against me and we're sitting close to each other. As I approached them I heard,

"You have to tell her, we have children together and I can't sit by watching both of you going on like I don't exist." My mother-in-law said, her voice not so low.

"I can't, I have hurt her enough. And imagine what will this do to Maphuti, it took Kgabo ages to get his head around this."

I think I have heard enough to understand what was really going on. I turned around and right there I bumped into the Pastor's wife. Her tears streaming down her cheeks.

She heard as much as I did...