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HE MAKES IT HIS LIFE MISSION TO ANNOY
THE HELL OUT OF ME AND HE LIKES IT
WHEN I GO CRAZY. IT ENTICES HIM

The Arrogant Jerk

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 1

Sign or no sign. It doesn't matter to them. But when something happens to them, you are always the one to blame. They are the ones who go running to the management, complaining about how unprofessional or unethical you are. A sign. A clear sign stating that the floor is wet and walking on it increases the chances of you slipping and falling. I don't know why people love walking on wet spaces. You would swear they are Jesus or something. Walking on water. I don't know how many incidents that have happened here in store of people slipping and falling.

"You crazy girl. Is this your way of revenge for xenophobia?"

One once said something like that. He slipped and fell and when I tried to help him up, even though I was not responsible for his fall, he lashed out on me and insulted me. I have learnt to accept that different people with different personalities come to the store every time. So I just do my job and keep my head down.

“Chizoba, someone dropped oil in aisle 8. Please go and clean it up.” my supervisor says as soon as I clock in. don’t complain, don’t grunt, don’t say no. just keep your head down. You need this job.

Honestly this is the longest job I have had since my arrival in South Africa. I was once a helper of a white family and I was fired within 2 weeks because my English was really bad and ‘I was going to influence the young ones to speak

broken English.' I didn't even have a come back to that because I didn't know what to say.

Then I was a petrol attendant for a month. Language was also one of the major reasons why I was fired. My boss was a Sotho man and on my first day at work he said 'I am giving you a week to teach yourself Sotho. We can't be talking English every time just to accommodate you.' well two weeks down the line I received a warning. I mean how can you teach yourself a South African language? Anyhow, I was dismissed like that. And after that I lost 3 more jobs. Until my landlady recommended me for this job. This is my 7th month. Luckily I don't have to talk a lot. My work requires more cleaning and less communicating.

I mean it would've been better if I didn't have to

send money home every month. Sometimes I think they think I am some kind of a billionaire because they are always asking me for money. 'You're working, Chizoba. You have to send us money every month end.' that's what my mom always say. When I told her about the second time I lost a job, she said I shouldn't call her unless I have a real job.

Anyways I get to aisle 8 and find a white kid dancing in the spot where the oil was spilled. I do some breathing exercises to calm myself down. I am sure if he were to fall, I would be the one to blame, but no let him continue dancing. Finally his mother takes him away and I start mopping around. Nothing annoying as cleaning oil because it is so greasy and smelly and it takes time for it to really get off the floor. When I am done, I put on the warning sign and wait for the floor to dry. After that I discard the water I

was using and rinse my hands.

“FUCK!” I hear a loud groan coming from aisle 8 and I quickly rush there, only to find a man on his butt. “YOU!” He looks at me. He is livid and I can see he wishes to crush my skull. “You are the one who was cleaning here?” I nod. “You are fuckin incompetent. Why the fuck didn’t you dry these floors? Now I have damaged my 12k pants and it’s all your fault.”

“Na mgbachitem, enwere ihe ngosi di ebea mana ilefalanya. Oburo m ka osi n’aka, ewu. (To my defence, there was a sign over there and you chose to ignore it. That’s not my fault, jerk.)” He frowns.

“What the fuck did you just say?” he stands up. OMG! He is so tall. Now I wish I would’ve kept

my mouth shut. "Answer me."

"My apologies for pushing you to the floor, Mr. Next time I will make sure to blow it before you walk by." I fold my arms to my chest and he actually chuckles.

"You have some balls. Who the fuck do you think you are?"

"Chizoba, is everything alright here?" my supervisor's voice makes me straighten quickly and I bow my head.

"No. everything is not alright. This foreigner right here just insulted my man and he fell because of her. She left the floor soaking wet. She is incompetent." A woman not far from the

giant states. I raise my head to look at her. How did I not see her standing right there? Ow well, she is a dwarf compared to the man who wears 12k pants.

“Chizoba, is that true?” my supervisor questions with a frown. God, I am about to lose another job. Do I really deserve so much bad luck? Maybe I should listen to my neighbor and go wash away bad luck in the ocean. Maybe that will help. I mean why else would a graduate like me suffer like this? My English has improved, a lot, but now I am about to get fired because I control water and air. Next thing, they are going to call me a witch.

“I cleaned the floor and put on the caution sign, ma’am. The floor was oily.” I answer and wait for the moment I am finally dismissed. The

supervisor sighs because she knows none of this drama is my fault but now she has to make the customer comfortable.

“We apologize, Mr. It was truly an accident and we promise that nothing like this will happen again.” My supervisor states calmly and the jerk looks at me.

“I want an apology from her.” I laugh internally. Over my dead body is he getting an apology? For what? I would rather kiss my job goodbye than apologize for something I didn’t do. I am no ass kisser and I am not a prideful person, but come on.

“MaNyathi, we need you this side.” One of the cleaners, Mathenji, appears, calling my supervisor and they both walk away. I am

grateful for that because now I won't be forced to milk out an apology.

"I am waiting, Miss Chizoba." The jerk folds his arms to his chest.

"Hu, Inwere Ike iche ndi otu Kristi n'eche obibia Jesu Kristi. (Well you can wait with the rest of the Christians waiting for the return of Jesus.)" I murmur, picking up the caution sign.

"There you go again, insulting me with that foreign language of yours. You are really being disrespectful. Have you no shame? Didn't they teach you that the customer is always right? Or you didn't understand English?" he is getting angry now, even his nostrils are flaring. I sigh and imitate his pose.

“You are wasting your time. I am pretty sure you want more of 12k pants and they are not going to pay for themselves while you stand here and demand an apology that you don’t deserve. You should be the one apologizing to me but I guess you see yourself as superior compared to a Nigerian cleaner.”

“Babe, let’s go. This foreigner is stubborn and stupid.” The girlfriend snarls at me, pulling the boyfriend away and together they head to the other end of the aisle. I take a deep breath and mop the floor that has been stained by a 12k trouser.

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“That was dramatic.” Mathenji states with a silly smile as I change into my jeans, t-shirt and

sandals. My shift has come to an end and I can't wait to get to my room and have a nice home cooked meal. I chuckle while folding my uniform.

"What was dramatic?"

"That encounter with Makhosonke and Monica." I frown.

"And who is Masonke and Monica?" she laughs. Mathenji Gasa is one of the few people I get along with here at work and whom I also hang out with on my spare time.

"That rude couple you argued with on aisle 8." My mind goes back to my dramatic morning. Gosh, that Rastafarian annoyed the shit out of

me.

“How do you know them?”

“Well the couple is very famous on social media. They are like Touch Hefner and Fafa Kubheka but these two are rude and they only get together with the people in their circle. You have to earn at least a 5 figure salary, afford an apartment in Sandhurst or Sandton or whichever Joburg suburb. You have to have at least a half a million car and the clothes you wear, designer honey. That’s the requirement for the gents. The ladies have to look superfly like all the time. Expensive weaves, makeup on fleek, nice clothes and designer bags. But of course the gents are the ones who sponsor that lifestyle.”

“So he wasn’t lying when he said his trouser costs 12k?”

“Lovey, that’s an Armani trouser and it costs R13 125. He was just rounding it down.”

“People pay that much for just pants? He has money to waste. Anyways enough about that stuck up jerk. I am super hungry and I am craving a home cooked meal, so I have to dash.”

“Save some for me, please.” I chuckle and agree because I know she loves my meals. She even discards her own lunch box just so she can have mine. “See you tomorrow babes.” we share a hug and I head off.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 2

Getting to my small apartment, I quickly freshen up and change into an oversized t-shirt. My apartment is not an ideal one but it's good enough for me. There is one bedroom, a bathroom, a kitchen which is in one room with the dining and lounge area. None of my family members ever visit me because there is no place to sleep. Maybe one day when I get the job I studied for, I will look for a bigger apartment and maybe they can come visit.

I head to the kitchen. I am making Egusi soup and garri which is my favourite dish. I boil the meat and stock fish with maggi, salt and onion. While allowing it to boil, I take my phone and get on Instagram. I don't usually utilize my account. I have posted about 10 pictures

there. Three of them from my graduation. The social media I utilize the most is Facebook because I love reading stories there. I am tempted to search Makhosonke and my curiosity wins.

His account is the first one that pops up.

□somkhanda1□ and his real name is Makhosonke Gumbi. I scroll down his wall and I can see that the guy is living the life. Vacations outside the continent, nice cars, expensive houses, Rolexes. He is just living his best life and he never forgets to spoil his girlfriend, @nica□nonye. My pot quickly brings me back to reality. I add more water and then sprinkle egusi in it. I stir the soup and go back to stalking the arrogant couple. During my 'research' I discover that Makhosonke recently celebrated his 31st birthday. He is a senior executive at some law firm. That's no surprise. Lawyers are really

arrogant.

I finish cooking my meal and allow it to cool as I settle on my couch and read the latest chapter of Camilla Smith which is a story written by Cathrine Phiri. I live a pretty boring life. Go to work, come back, cook and read novels while I wait for my food to cool down. Then watch a few TV shows before going back to the books. Once a month, or even twice, I go out with Mathenji and a few other colleagues but sometimes I ditch them for books. When I have had enough of reading, I eat my dinner, pack the leftovers on two containers and place them in the fridge.

My phone rings and I smile when I see the caller. My little sister, Kosisochukwu. We get along pretty well and she always checks up on me

which is weird because I am the one who is supposed to be checking up on her. She is doing a diploma in town and regional planning. She plans to join me this side once she is done.

“Akose my beloved sister.” I tease and she laughs.

“Beloved how when you haven’t called me in three days? What’s happening with you? Have you made new friends or even found yourself a boyfriend?” I chuckle.

“Stop being nosy. You know you’re one of the few people I would tell if I were to start dating again. My life is just dull but I recently pissed off some rich couple, so I think that qualifies as some kind of a highlight.”

“Tell me more about the rich couple.” I laugh. She should’ve studied journalism because she loves meddling into people’s businesses and she always know the latest gossip scoop.

“The guy was walking on the wet floor and he accidentally slipped and fell down. He cursed and when he stood up, he insulted me and told me his pants cost him about 12k. Well I didn’t let him off the hook. I also insulted him in Igbo and that drove him mad. I thought I was going to get fired but the supervisor saw that it wasn’t my fault. The 12k guy was with his girlfriend and she also said a few words but I ignored her.” she is laughing her ass off. This stupid sister of mine.

“OMG! That is so entertaining. Gosh, I wish I was there. But only a few months left and I will

be joining you soon. Anyways, brother Chiagozie impregnated a girl and his wife nearly burned him alive. I am so glad you are not here to witness all the drama.” This have me laughing until I cry.

“I thought he was past his whoring days.” My big brother used to be a player before he got married. He has 3 children outside his marriage and 2 with his wife. I guess this child is his sixth one. We have experienced two of his crazy baby mamas coming to drop his kids on him and leaving like nothing happened. As a result, mom has took care of those two kids. Luckily the third baby mama is a bit sophisticated. Her family just came to demand damages. She takes care of the child and doesn’t depend on the maintenance. She is a nurse at a clinic. “Did Celine leave though?”

“The family talked her out of this drama but brother is nowhere to be seen. He is really scared of his wife.”

“Or he is busy with the new baby mama.”

“My God, that’s also a possibility. Anyways dad said you should talk to him. Maybe he will listen to you and come back home.” I sigh. I am the middle child with 3 before me and 3 after me but my parents always think I have this superpower that make my siblings listen to me and actually take my advice into consideration. It’s absurd but I agree nonetheless because I don’t wanna be woken up at 3am by dad’s call. That’s when he usually calls and he somehow expects you to be hyper and responsive. African parents.

“What other drama has been happening?” she

sighs.

“My boyfriend is getting a bit serious and wants to come pay dowry to the family. I don’t know if he is going to be this keen when he hears my plans about moving to South Africa next year.”

“No man can be happy with his woman moving to another country. Talk to him first before he even starts making plans. Don’t drop the bomb on him later and risk humiliating him.” she groans.

“Thank you but that’s easier said than done. Pass my regards to Mathenji. I love you sisi.”

“Pass my regards to the whole family. I love you more.” she hangs up.

I stand up and stretch my legs a bit. I am so

glad I am not in Nigeria right now. I can imagine what Celine is going through. We are not best friends but we don't have no beef either, so it feels right to check up on her first before talking to the whoring brother. I dial her number but it rings unanswered. I leave a voice note on WhatsApp and then call my brother.

"Chizoba. What's up?" he answers panting like he is running or something.

"You are jogging at this time of the night?" he chuckles breathlessly.

"I am stressed, so I am trying all methods to reduce my stress."

"Or you can just go back home and face your problems like a matured husband that you are." He huffs.

“Not you again. Celine threatened to burn me alive. So excuse me for trying to save my life.”

“But you are causing more harm than good. Right now she probably assumes that you are with your latest baby mama, which I hope isn’t the case because that would mean you are very immature brother.” He sighs loudly and keeps quiet for a few moments. I wait for him to speak. I know I have somehow knocked some sense into his head and he is considering my advice.

“Fine.” He groans. “I will head home tomorrow to face my troubles. When are you visiting home?” he knows I can’t afford to visit him regularly because they always think I am a millionaire. They don’t even buy groceries when I come back and suddenly everyone needs money urgently. So I only go home for Christmas and when there is a big family event

or ceremony.

“Maybe I will come when you decide to introduce your ‘new baby’ to the whole family.” I tease.

“Bye Chizoba.” He hangs up leaving me laughing like crazy. Family drama can be stressful but it can also be therapeutic and really funny. I wonder if I know the new baby mama.

I switch off the lights in the kitchen and bathroom, then head to the bedroom. I get under covers and retrieve the novel on my bedside table, *Captured by Vikings* written by Roxie Noir. It’s a small book but the way the author describes the sexual scene, it makes you wanna slide in a finger inside your cookie while rubbing your clit with your thumb. I am

disturbed by my phone beeping three times.
Fuck. Can't a single woman masturbate in
peace?

I check the message and it's the lady from
room 107 complaining about the moans and
grunts from room 106 in the tenants' group.
What the hell? My moment was disturbed by
this bored old white woman who has nothing to
do with her life? Also, how is the sexual couple
from 106 going to hear the phone because they
are always at it every night for hours? Makes
me wonder, doesn't the lady get tired or sore?
But it's none of my business.

'How about you go knock in their room and
remind them about the noise rules?'

I respond to the group and immediately switch

off my data which is something I should've done in the first place. Now where was I with my book?

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 3

I am finally glad when I get a day off. And it's a bonus because it's month end. The first thing I do when I get to the mall is deposit money to my family. I don't want mom calling me in the middle of my shopping spree and demanding money. Then I also deposit my rent. When I am done with those fixed expenses, I head to this lady I know who do people's hair underneath a small gazebo. She does my hair every month end, so we are very familiar with each other. Her name is Comfort.

"Chichi baby." she beams as soon as she sees

me. I laugh and hug her.

“Hey comfort. I want some short braids. You know it’s month end and I am in a hurry.” She smiles.

“Well let’s get started then.” She leads me to a chair and I settle down. She works with 4 other women in this gazebo, so three of them get busy with my head and two hours later, they are done.

“Thank you, Comfort.” I smile looking at my reflection. This woman has magic hands. I pay her and then head back inside the mall.

A friend of mine from Facebook notifies me about a sale at CNA, so I quickly head there and purchase two books. ‘In The Dungeon’ by Mutshidzi Ashley and ‘A Woman’s Essence’ by Thokozani Magagula. As much as I am into

eroticas written by authors from all over the world, I love books by African authors so much because you can't help but feel connected to the writer when reading them. I grab a few clothes on sale at Selfast and then head to the cinema since I booked a ticket for Marry Me. After getting my snacks, I proceed to theatre 2 and when I reach my seat, I frown when I see a guy sitting there. I clear my throat.

"Sorry, but you're in my seat." The guy turns and looks at me. Wow, he is quite the catch.

"You can utilize other vacant seats. There is no need to sit on the exact seat you booked." He drawls before turning his attention to his phone.

"But I love this seat and I usually sit here when I come to watch a movie. So how about you be considerate and maybe shift?" he sighs, rolling

his eyes but eventually moves to sit on the chair next to him. "Thank you." I settle down and put my snack on the vacant chair on my right.

The movie finally starts. I am really enjoying it and I think the stranger next to me is also enjoying it because I catch him laughing at some funny moments. The movie finally comes to an end.

"I am pretty sure you would've went for Bastian." He states in a low voice turning to me. I chuckle shaking my head.

"Wow. You have judged me without even knowing me."

"But that's how you women are. Always going for the handsome, rich and toxic guys. You hate good guys."

“There is a difference between good guys and boring guys. Some good guys don’t want change because they think you are trying to control them. They don’t wanna experience new things. So, excuse women for going for the unsafe option.” He laughs.

“How about we continue this discussion over late lunch?”

“It depends. Are you Charlie or are you Bastian? Also, do you have your own Kat Valdez waiting for you at home?” he laughs louder than the last time.

“You are hilarious, and no I don’t have my own Kat. The first question, you have to find out for yourself.” I look at the time and it’s still early.

“Well I can’t say no to free food.” He smiles widely.

“You will lead me to an eatery of your choice.” Smooth move. I pack my sweets in my bag and stand up. I discard my popcorn and drink container before straightening.

“How about Panarottis?” I suggest and he nods.

“Any eatery of your choice.”

“Let’s go then.” We walk out of the cinema. “I don’t even know your name.” he laughs.

“I also don’t know yours. Well I am Refilwe Sepota, I am 29 and I am originally from Lesotho and I am currently residing in Ermelo. How about you?”

“I am Chizoba Gwendaline. Age 25. From

Nigeria and currently residing Joburg Central.” He nods. We get to Panarottis and we settle down on a table. The waiter leaves menus on the table and walks away. “What’s your budget?” he laughs.

“Order whatever you like, Miss Gwendaline. I am not a stingy man when it comes to feeding a woman in every aspect.” Why does those last words sound so sexual? Chizoba when was the last time you were serviced down there? God, intervene.

“Don’t come crying to me when I bankrupt you.” he chuckles and shakes his head.

“I am not much of a crier, honey.” The waiter comes back. “I will have the Filetto Milanese with a passion fruit soda.” He closes his menu and looks at me. He is about to regret this lunch.

“I will have the sweet chilli chicken & feta pizza then a cranberry Liqui fruit. Then please add the ribs and chicken combo and the home-made tiramisu for take away.” I fold the menu and hand it back to waiter with a wide smile.

“Your drinks will be ready shortly.” She walks away.

“I see what you’re doing.” Refilwe states with a grin. “Anyways what do you do for a living?”

“I am currently a cleaner but I am qualified biology teacher.”

“That’s cool. I hope you find the job you desire one day.” I smile. “Well, I am an executive producer but I won’t mention the production I work for or in.”

“Mystery guy.” He laughs.

“What’s mysterious about me? You know my name and surname. You can literally go to Google right now and find out everything other people know about me.”

“How about you tell me something I won’t find on the internet?”

“Ohh.” He chuckles. “Well I love sex, but who doesn’t?” I nearly choke on my saliva. Is this a sign from God? Does he want me to get serviced? Dear Lord. You really work in mysterious ways.

“That’s a revelation.” He laughs.

“You’re cute. In a very unique dorky way.” Well that’s a compliment.

“I don’t know what to say.”

My spontaneous lunch goes pretty well. Better than expected. At the end, we exchange numbers and he rushes back to work while I head to Food Lovers Market. That's where I usually buy my groceries. I love fresh fruits and vegetables all the time. As I push my trolley past the fridges after picking fish, I bump into the arrogant couple. Dear God, why forsake me so early after giving me a sign?

"Don't tell me this is the rude disgusting cleaner from Checkers." Monica states with a sarcastic laugh. "Are you stalking us or something?" I frown.

"To stalk you, I would need your name surname and reason to stalk you. You and your arrogant jarkass of a boyfriend aren't the first or the last people to think they are better than me. So, no,

miss rude and Mr. arrogant. I am not stalking you. I am here to buy food just like you.” I pass them and Monica grabs my upper arm.

“Don’t fuckin talk to me like that. Do you know who I am?”

“A rude bitch who thinks she is above everyone else, even the law? Luckily I don’t know you and I don’t wish to know you. So before you get arrested for assault, I suggest you get your chicken hands off Me.” she grunts before letting me go. “Stupid bitch.” I mutter and walk away.

When I am done picking my groceries, I request an Uber while standing on the line. After paying, I head to the parking lot and I smile when I find the Uber driver waiting for me. He helps me load my shopping bags on the boot and just as I

am about to climb inside, I see Makhosonke rushing to my direction. Can I please catch a break from this Rasta and his girlfriend? Honestly he is cute and all but his attitude stinks and I don't wanna be around him.

"Chizoba wait." He breathes out loudly and comes to a halt about 3 feet from me. "I know Monica can be extra and all that shit, but she didn't mean to insult you in public. Please don't press any charges."

"Oww wow." I snort. "If you don't have anything better to say, please leave. You're wasting my time. I actually thought you were going to realize your wrongdoings and apologize to me."

"Let's not be rash now." I look at him in total disbelief.


“Bye, Mr. Arrogant Jerk.” I walk to the car door and he holds my hand. “Let go of me.” without even thinking about my actions, I give him a mean slap which leaves him shocked. “Don’t ever touch me and please, pass on the message to your girlfriend.” I climb inside the car and the driver drives off, leaving Makhosonke standing on the parking lot, with his hand on his cheek, still looking shocked. That will teach him not to go around touching strangers.

“That was badass.” The driver comments and I can’t help but laugh. Drivers can be so nosy sometimes.

“He is annoying, so I had to put him in his place one way or the other.”

“You should’ve punched him. That would’ve send a loud message across.”

“Next time I will.” He breaks into laughter.

SPONSORED CHAPTER 

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 4

“You have been glowing all morning. What happened? Did you get laid last night?” Mathenji asks as I enter the tea room. I chortle, washing my hands before warming my lunch box. “Come on, spill. You’re killing me.” I sit down next to her.

“My day off was very entertaining. I did my hair and went to the movies. Then I met a guy who took me out for late lunch.”

“A guy you met on the same day took you out for lunch? Where did you go? KFC?” I laugh and

took a bite on my wings.

“You want one?” she shakes her head.

“I am on some kind of a diet. So, yeah. Anyways, tell me about the date.”

“It’s not a date, just late lunch. He was at the cinema and we were sitting next to each other. We spoke a bit when the movie ended and then he said we should do late lunch. I couldn’t say no to free food. So we went to Panarottis and I ordered a lot of food, hoping to bankrupt him but he dismissed me with a laugh. We exchanged numbers after that and we went our separate ways.”

“He didn’t call last night?” I shake my head.

“I don’t really care. Yeah we vibed but that didn’t mean I want to date him. I am okay with my

celibacy phase.”

“It’s sad but I am not comment about it further.”
I laugh.

“I also bumped into Masonke and Monica. Monica actually said I was stalking them. She annoyed me. I wished I could just punch her. Then her man followed me to the parking lot just to make sure that I don’t arrest her for assaulting me.” Mathenji frowns.

“What do you mean by assaulting you?” I explain the incident to her. “What if he wanted to apologize to you but didn’t know how to go about it since apologizing is not in his nature?”

“Well I don’t care what is in his nature or not. He and his girlfriend are rude and I wish I never

bump into them in the future. I am tired of seeing that Rastafarian.” She laughs.

“OMG! I have never heard someone call Makhosonke a Rastafarian. You have some balls, Chichi.”

“That’s what he said.” We both burst out laughing. We continue chatting and she also tells me about an upcoming family wedding she has to attend. She complains about the contribution she was told to pay.

“I mean why get married when you don’t have enough money? If you can’t afford a white wedding, go to Home Affairs and get a marriage certificate. Last time I checked, it was R75. That cheap.” I chuckle.

“You know how African families are with weddings. Parents use that time to show everyone that their kids are getting married and can afford extravagant weddings. Some even take out loans because of the wedding pressure. When I finally get kids of my own, I won’t live my life through them and I will teach them that marriage is not a number one priority in life.”

“If you were to raise something like that on social media, you would be dragged for days.”

“You know how people get when you tell the truth. They rather be comforted with lies than being told the truth.”

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As soon as I climb off a taxi and walk inside the building where my apartment is at, my phone rings. A small smile plays on my lips when I see

who the caller is via true caller app.

“Chizoba, hello.” He chuckles on the background.

“Hello dark beauty with a gap. How are you doing this evening?”

“I am doing okay, how are you?”

“I am fine. I am sorry for not calling last night. The late meeting I attended ended so late. By the time I got home, I went straight to bed.”

“Understandable.” I unlock my door and step inside my humble apartment.

“So, I wanna see you again. How about we do lunch on Saturday? Because I know how you ladies get when someone suggests dinner. You immediately think they want to sleep with you.” I break into laughter. He is hot and I wanna

sleep with him but not so soon.

“I can’t do lunch on Saturday. I am attending a book discussion. I am a book worm. I don’t know if I didn’t make that clear the last time we were together.” He laughs.

“You did. Might I remind you, you spent a lot of time telling me about Buttons book series by Penelope Sky. The way you explained it, I actually bought its audio books and I started listening to it this morning. It’s quite interesting, but I will never understand how you women fall for your captors. It’s a bit insane.” I chuckle.

“If it was a real life situation, I would fall in love with a guy like Crow. But I love reading about him. When it comes to fiction, sometimes we just want something that’s nearly impossible

and unpredictable. Not something too obvious and so real. It can be boring.”

“Understood. What are you busy with?”

“I just got home. I am going to shower and start cooking.”

“What’s your address?” I frown. “I wanna send flowers like those guys from your novels.” I chortle and tell him my address. “So I guess we can do lunch on Sunday then?”

“Or maybe dinner on Saturday. I don’t mind dinners and I wouldn’t be persuaded to sleep with a guy just because of a simple meal. I would do that if I really want to.” he chuckles and clears his throat.

“See you then, Miss Gwendaline.” He hangs up, leaving me with a silly smile on my face.

He hasn't told me he likes me nor has he made his intentions clear. The only thing I know about him is that he loves sex. I just hope he doesn't have ulterior motives and is only looking for a friendship because that's all I think I can provide. I undress and take a quick cold shower. I have decided on simple spaghetti with mince this evening, so I will start it a bit later. I settle down on the couch and start reading Brutal Prince by Sophie Lark on kindle. I can relate to the Aida character so much because I also don't like taking bullshit from other people, but sometimes you gotta keep your head down because not all battles are worth it.

After about half an hour into my book, I hear a knock on the door. That's strange. I am not someone who gets visitors often, so I am confused. Maybe it's one of the tenants. I put

on my sleepers and drag my tired self to the door. I open it and I am more confused to see a guy from Uber Eats.

“Hi, I think you got the wrong apartment.” I say politely. The guy smiles.

“This is a delivery for Miss Chizoba Gwendaline. Do you have two Miss Chizobas in this building?” I quickly shake my head no. “Well this is for you then.” He hands me the paper bag and two cups. “Good night, Miss Gwendaline.” He walks away and I close the door slowly, still confused AF. There has got to be a note somewhere in here because I know I don’t have a secret admirer who somehow has my address.

I settle back down on the couch and place the two cups on the coffee table before opening the paper bag from Nandos and emptying its

contents. The aroma hits my nostrils fast and my tummy immediately rumbles. Chill tummy, I got you. I finally find what I am looking for. A serviette with a message.

-keep that tummy fed, Button. Enjoy your dinner.
– R.

I laugh when I finally connect the dots. We just recently spoke about the Buttons Book Series and he actually called me Button. This guy is charming without even trying. I snap my dinner and send a picture to him on WhatsApp with a message ‘thank you so much, mystery man’. We haven’t started chatting there but I guess we are going to start now because he responds a few moments later.

R- ‘I am glad you have received your parcel. I

was afraid it would get lost.' I chuckle.

C- 'Thank you. Now can I feed my tummy in peace?'

R- 'Don't stop on my account.'

I take the first cup and open it. I squeal when I find a bar one milkshake. He is totally a stalker because this is my favourite flavour. The second cup contains a Fanta orange soda. I quickly put it on my fridge and return to my food. The guy actually bought me a full chicken with chip, rolls and green salad. I am sold because I am such a foodie. I eat a quarter of the chicken and put the rest on the fridge.

...

Mathenji can't contain her happiness when I tell her about Refilwe's gesture. She is convinced

that Refilwe has the hots for me and that he is going to ask me out on out dinner in Saturday. She actually forces me to go buy a new dress since our shift ends at 4pm.

“You have to look extra beautiful so that he will be blown away. You can’t go there looking like plain Jane.” I roll my eyes.

“He asked me out looking like plain Jane, so he has to know what he sees is what he gets.” She groans, covering her face.

“The dress is on me, so you are getting a new dress and that’s final.”

As soon as our shift ends, she waits until my dress is on before she literally drags me out of the store.

“I think a nice mid-thigh bodycon dress will do. You do have heels, right?” she asks as we enter Mr. Price.

“Yes I do.” we browse the whole store and finally she settles on a mini white scoop neckline, tie up halter neck, front cut out with a ruched back. “I hope he doesn’t get the wrong impression, like I am trying to sleep with him or something.”

“But you are, because you have so much salt.”

“Shut up.”

I snatch the dress from her hands and go fit it. It’s nice and it fits me well. It’s a bit provocative, that’s why I am going to wear a jacket on top. Mathenji pays for it and we head our separate ways. I just hope the date goes well.

SPONSORED CHAPTER

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 5

I get ready for the book discussion. It's a book club thing which I am in. we usually meet maybe once a month if we are not too busy, first we inform each other of a book we wish to discuss and read it, and then come to the book club to discuss and actually review it as a collective. Some members always invite other people in these discussions and they are usually held at Phathane's guest lounge.

I request an Uber there and when I arrive, I head inside to find most of the members already present. We exchange greetings and settle

down. Mhlomhle, who is one of the founders of the book club, has brought a friend, Zokuthula Gumbi, who sits next to me. She is a very beautiful woman who looks like she is in her late thirties or early forties. She looks sophisticated and commands respect.

“So the book was *The Maiden & The Bear* by Ayanda Xaba. The book is about a maiden named Ntombi who is madly in love with a village champion. They were like betrothed at a young age. What were your highlights about it?” Lihlumelo asks, looking at me.

“You know how I am such a sucker for South African books, especially those that focuses on one’s culture. However, Ntombi’s naivety was truly infuriating. I just wished to get inside the novel and slap some sense into her. Sometimes

culture is too backwards and it oppresses the female gender. I am not about to dwell on gender equality but I am glad she got to have a bit of fun in varsity. She deserved it.” I answer honestly.

“For me, it was all over the place. It was hard to follow the storyline and I don’t think the author gave her best.” Mhlomhle states and I see a few nods.

“It’s chaotic, but that’s how life in the rural areas was back then, chaotic and too hard to like follow. I hate the abuse and cheating part. I have been married for 24 years and I can attest that I am happily married. My husband and I always argue about the little things like him leaving his clothes lying around or him not remembering to take out the trash. He has

never been abusive or cheated. So I hated the story but I loved the book.” Zokuthula remarks and everyone laughs. “At some point, I threw it away, frustrated by Ntombi’s actions. I was like ‘girl what the fuck are you doing?’ But my husband brought it back and said ‘I know you are going to regret this’.” we continue laughing. This is cute actually.

The others also review the book, then we discuss it, outlining some of the events but we don’t criticize the author’s writing method. We take a break, having some snacks before discussing the second book.

“I am a very observant person and I don’t mean to come off as offensive or intrusive, but I picked up an accent from your voice. Are you from Zimbabwe or Nigeria?” Zokuthula asks

looking at me with a gorgeous smile. Honestly this woman is too beautiful. No wonder her husband has never cheated on her. How can you cheat on a supermodel? Like what exactly do you want in life?

“I am not offended, Mrs. Gumbi. I am actually from Nigeria, in a small town called Nsukka in Enugu.”

“Your town is the home of the University of Nigeria, right?” I nod. “And please, call me Zokuthula or Zoe.”

“And you can call me Chizoba or Chichi.” She smiles widely.

“So what do you do besides reading?”

“I work as a cleaner at Checkers but I am

actually a qualified Biology teacher.”

“That’s awesome. I pray that you find the job you studied for one day.”

“I also pray for that.”

“Well I am a nail technician but I don’t know when the last time I did someone’s nails was. I do have three salons. One in Park Town, one in Soweto and another in Ermelo but I hardly go there. I am just a spoiled housewife who is always busy reading books.” I laugh. “It’s true. My husband doesn’t want me working to such an extent that he turned one of the rooms in our house into a mini library and stocked it with books which he thinks I like.”

“God. Is he looking for a second wife?” she breaks into laughter.

“Yeah, having your own library is a dream come true for readers and every time I see a book I like which isn’t in my library, I send a picture to him and he makes it his mission to get that book.”

“You’re the one that’s abusive.” I tease and she laughs.

“Guilty as charged.”

The lunch break ends and we move on to the second book. The Camorra Chronicles Series by Cora Reilly. I am in love with that series. I don’t know how many times I have reread it. When meeting for a discussion, we always review an African book and one from other continents.

“The series is about the Falcone brothers ruling over Las Vegas. Their enforcer is included in the series because he is more like family. They are

a bunch of violent, unmerciful hooligans who know nothing about love but all that changes when their enforcer falls for a girl outside their world. His loyalties are twisted, as per the title of the book and that endangers his life. That's when the love can be opened and it blows up in all the brothers' faces. First off, which book is your favourite in the series?" Izibele asks. I think she is the youngest in the club but she is very intelligent. She is studying literature and she aspires to be an editor.

"I love Twisted Loyalties." Zokuthula answers. "I love the fact that Fabiano grew up to be a strong man and didn't let his father's actions hinder him from being the man he was destined to be. And I love the relationship he has with the Falcone brothers."

“I love Twisted Pride.” I comment. “Remo is my favourite and I love how fierce and brave Serafina is. She is unbreakable but the way she falls for Remo is amazing. She is showing everyone that even the cruelest monsters deserve to be loved and they do have a heart. She fights for their love and fights for her children’s image. That’s badass if you ask Me.” everyone chuckles.

“I love Twisted Emotions.” Mihlomhle states.
“You all know why.” We all laugh.

“Besides the Stockholm Syndrome, Cora really outdid herself here. I love all her books, even the Sins of the Fathers Series.” Lihlumelo states after everyone has mentioned their favourite book. There are about 12 main members of the book club and today we have three guests.

We chat more about the Camorra Chronicles series and then review it collectively. After that, we take lots of pictures, say our goodbyes and I walk together with Zokuthula to the parking lot where my Uber is already waiting for me.

“I really like your energy and vibe. I would like to get together with you sometime if you're off work.” She starts off and I smile.

“No problem.” We exchange numbers and hug before we part ways.

...

Arriving at the restaurant, I am pleased to find Refilwe already waiting for me. I guess he knows not to keep a lady waiting. He smiles when he sees me. He then stands up and greets me with a hug before opening a chair for me. Chill heart, don't get attached.

“You look breathtaking.” He remarks.

“That’s the look I was going for. Thank you for the compliment. You clean up pretty well.” He chuckles and rolls his eyes.

“Can the compliment be clear?” I shake my head.

“Nope.” He laughs. A waiter comes and we place our orders.

“So how was your day at the library?” I snicker.

“Book Club and we were in a guest lounge.”

“Discussing books, right?” he states with an arrogant smirk. “You were in a library, admit it.”

“If it gets you to shut up.” He cracks up.

“Fine. I don't wanna upset my date. So how was

the book discussion?”

“Great experience, as always. I have been in this book club for about a year and 3 months. Today is the first time I made an actual friend. Even though she is way older than me, I think we are going to get along just fine.” He smiles.

“I am happy for you.”

“I am happy for me too.”

“So why aren't you dating?” he questions.

“Why set yourself up for a heartbreak when you can live your peaceful life and masturbate whenever you're horny?” he chokes on his drink.

“That just escalated way too fast.” I giggle and take a sip of my cocktail. “I have nothing against masturbation. Actually it shows that

you're capable of creating your own pleasure. That's power. But every once in a while you need some strong, powerful strokes from a strong man. I am sure you get tired of pleasuring yourself with your fingers." So we are doing this? We are talking about sex? Well how about I make him a bit uncomfortable.

"Who said I don't have other means to make myself come? I do own the most exotic set of sex toys. Even a plug in dildo which is always so firm and ready for action. I don't have to dress up for it." He chuckles.

"Well mine is also ready whenever you are." it's my turn to choke on my drink.

"I thought this was a friendly dinner and we are just getting to know each other." He sighs and leans back on the chair.

"I am going to put all my cards on the table. I like you, your personality, your smile and your vibe. But I love sex more. So I would like to explore a sexual relationship with you, only if you're game." He winks and I exhale loudly.

"I need to use the restroom." He smirks.

"Go ahead."

I stand up and as much as I wanna run to the restroom, I strut gracefully until I am inside and take a huge deep breath. That was insane. I have never talked about sex like that with a man. I need to keep it together. Fuck, he is sexy and so appealing. What's the worst that could happen if I agree to this sexual relationship? I just need to lock my heart and throw the key under the bed. Is that possible though with a charming man like Refilwe with his kind

gestures? Fuck I am at crossroads.

A/N

That's enough sponsoring for the day guys 😂
😂😂 let's rest now. Ngyadlala. If you wanna
sponsor, you know where to find me 😏😏😂😂

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 6

A no strings attached relationship? Can I do that though? He is a very sexy man and he is charming. Having a thing with him is not such a bad idea. Or is it? Sighing, I wash my hands and stare at my reflection in the mirror. Don't fuck this up, Chichi. After gathering my thoughts, I head back to the table, feeling a bit relieved to see that our food has arrived.

“Finally.” I breathe out loud as I take a huge bite from my burger. “Now where were we?” I ask after swallowing and downing my food with my cocktail.

“You know exactly where we were.” He says with a smug on his face. He licks his upper lip and I resist the urge to lean over and lick it for him.

“If I say no to your proposal, does that mean the end of the friendship between us?”

He sighs and looks at his food. “I would be a bit disappointed because I thought I had the sex appeal.” I chuckle. “But you're a great individual and I am not gunning for your pussy. And even though I would be delighted to bury my head between your thighs, I would respect your decision and continue being just friends without

benefits.” That’s good to hear. I nod.

“You are right though sometimes the fingers don't do much job and it's frustrating because I have the most sexual neighbors who have sex every evening and they are very loud.”

“Maybe it’s one woman with different men or one man with different women.” I chortle.

“Trust me. It's the same couple. They have been residing there for a very long time. Long before I moved in.” he smiles.

“So does this mean you are saying yes to my proposal?”

“Yeah but it's not going to be a long term thing. We don't want it escalating to something uncontrollable. Since we are setting the terms,

you are free to date but should you decide to sleep with that person, our relationship will cease to exist. You will do an honorable thing by informing me first. And visa versa.” He nods in understanding.

“You thought all of that in the toilet?” I shake my head.

“It is only coming to my mind right now. I am able to think on my feet. It's one of the basic skills a teacher must have because not all situations you are faced with are in your curriculum or syllabus.”

“School me, Miss Gwendaline.” I am amused by his playfulness and silliness.

“But why settle for sex though? You're a handsome and successful guy. Surely there are some women out there who would die for a

relationship with you.” He smiles.

“Thank you for the compliment. The thing is I have a very demanding job and I have been dumped quite a number of times by females who claim that I don't give them enough attention because I am addicted to my work. As much as I crave love, I would rather not set myself up for a failed relationship. So a no-strings attached relationship is a much safer option. I also don't like getting my heart broken.” I nod. His explanation makes sense.

“I guess we have something in common. I also crave love, a lot. Reading novels make you wish for that love you read about. That unrealistic perfect love. Like dating a guy who is wealthy, has a huge dick, treats you like a princess and doesn't cheat. I have high expectations and very

high standards and a demanding family.” He laughs.

“I know exactly what you mean.”

“Yeah, so guys don't like being compared to fiction characters who exist on another dimension. So I would also settle for sex where the only expectation is many orgasms and not love, affection, attention and all those things men provide in a relationship.”

“I am glad we share the same thoughts.” He smiles, giving me a predatory look before sipping on his drink.

“Stop undressing me with your eyes.” I murmur and he chuckles.

“I can't help it. You're intriguing and really sexy. I

can't wait until I tap that ass." I clear my throat, suddenly feeling hot and heavy. The guy is determined to seduce me with just his look and words. God, intervene. "Are we getting desert or more drinks?"

"Two drinks will suffice."

"Okay then."

Two drinks lead to an uncountable number and instead of him dropping me off, he ends up requesting an Uber to his house because he is pretty wasted. When we get to his house, he hands me an oversized t shirt and sweatpants. Then bottled water with pain killers.

"It will help with the hangover tomorrow morning." He states and I smile.

“Thanks.” He ushers me to a guest bedroom.

“I am really looking forward to bedding you but I don’t want our first time to be sloppy because of the alcohol. We have a lot of time to give in to our desires but not tonight.” He winks. “The bathroom is through that door.” He points at a door on the left side of the room near the window. “You will find extra towels and a toothbrush to use in the morning. There is a charger on the bedside table for your phone.”

“You're such a life saver. Good night.” He steps closer to me and kisses me. He licks his lips with a lazy grin.

“Good night, Miss Gwendaline.” He closes the door behind him and his footsteps grow fainter as he walks to his room.

I realize a huge deep breath before undressing. I drink the pills and then put on his clothes. This has been rather a really interesting evening and I can't wait to tell Mathenji all about it. I set my alarm and then plug in my phone.

...

I am lucky that my shift the next day starts at 10:00. The alarm wakes me up at 7am and I climb off the bed. I have a minor headache but I am glad I don't have a massive hangover. I make the bed and head to the bathroom. It is really neat and well kept. I locate a new toothbrush on the mirror cabinet and use it to brush my teeth. I take a quick shower and put on the dress from last night.

Collecting my belongings, I quietly walk to the lounge and I am startled to see Refilwe without

a shirt on, making breakfast in the kitchen. He looks up and gives me a mischievous smile.

“Why are you doing the walk of shame when we didn’t do anything shameful last night?” I chuckle and wave at him.

“Hi.” He cracks up.

“I have known you for less than a week but I know you’re not the shy type. Is my half nakedness making you all fuggy?” I roll my eyes and settle on the bar stool.

“Come on. You’re not all that.” He laughs.

“That’s the Miss Gwendaline I know and I have grown to like. Not the shy teenager I was introduced to a few moments ago.” I chuckle.

“How did you sleep?”

“Like a drunk person.” He chuckles. “I have to

get going soon though. My shift starts at 9:45.”
He grunts.

“I guess we will see each other anytime you're off work.”

“It's a date.” He hands me a fruit juice with a plate containing an egg, strips of bacon, wors, avocado and tomatoes. The food looks delicious. It makes my mouth water instantly.
“This looks nice. I hope it tastes even better.”

“Ahh.” He places his hand on his chest dramatically. “You wound me.” He sulks and I giggle. I indulge on my breakfast and I am quite impressed.

“Not bad.” He smiles in satisfaction. We engage in a meaningless chat. When we're done eating, I volunteer to wash the dishes. As I wipe them, I feel his body pressing on mine. I take a deep

breath and brace myself on the sink.

“We are not going to do anything right now. Your ass is just so irresistible in this dress. I can't help myself.” He whispers in my ear. He cups my butt cheeks firmly and takes a deep breath. “Fuck. All self control gone out of the window.” I release a shaky giggle and turn to face him. His eyes are focused on my mouth. “I need to taste those lips before I lose my mind.”

I raise myself up on my toes and kiss him, a slow, soft, lingering kiss. The moment our lips meet, wasting no time, I slide my tongue forward into his mouth, seeking his. I hold him tightly as our tongues make love to each other, stroking, probing and sliding across each other. I can feel my heart beat speeding up, and a taught sensation in my breasts as my nipples

begin to harden. And there is that peculiar slightly quivery feeling in my abdomen that I get during arousal. When our lips finally separate, I feel his fingertips brush softly across my cheek and up to my forehead, lightly sweeping hair aside before kissing my own neck.

-Beep-

-Beep-

-Beep-

He groans into my neck and my whole body vibrates. He raises his head and gives me an apologetic look.

“That's probably work.” He licks his lips and takes a deep breath. “Let me get my shirt and drive you home.” Our sensual kiss has rendered

me speechless, so I only nod in response. "I can't wait to taste all of you." He teases before walking away. Fuck. That was hot.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 7

The car comes to a halt outside my building and he switches off the engine. He turns his whole body to face me and has a stupid grin on his face.

"Tomorrow night we're having dinner at my house. Make sure you shave." He winks and I crack up. "Or not. Sometimes a bush is attractive."

"My God, stop it." He smiles. "See you tomorrow then." I open the door and climb off.

“No goodbye kiss?” he pouts and I roll my eyes.

“Don't get attached, Refilwe.” I walk inside my building without even sparing him a glance.

...

Mathenji has about 5 boyfriends and one of them owns a few gyms. So she somehow got us VIP memberships at one of the guy's gyms. I have never been to a gym before, hence my lack of gym clothing. My friend has that all covered because she arrives at my apartment with a shopping bag containing a gym set which includes a sports bra, shorts and joggers.

“You look fine as hell, mami.” She licks her lips as we walk to the gym which is 20 minutes away from my apartment. “They won't know what hit them at Be Active today.” I chuckle.

“Cut it, Mathenji. Why are we going to the gym again? I know it's not because of Bangi. You

have dated him for months now and never asked him for a gym membership. Why now?"

"Why do you have to be such a genius?" she groans and I laugh, shrugging. "I am a jealous woman, you know that. So I heard he is cheating on me and the woman is a regular at one his gyms."

"God, so we are going there to harass innocent women? I have incomplete books waiting for me, calling for me to read this right this moment." She rolls her eyes.

"We are not going to make it obvious. Women talk, all the time. We just have to blend in."

"And? If you find the woman, then what?"

"Confront him. He is weak. He is going to cry and beg for my forgiveness and I will demand a

decent apartment.” I laugh.

“You sly motherfucker. And what do I get for supporting you?”

“Getting all sweaty and sexy with some hunks at the gym.” She winks and we both laugh.

We enter the gym and since it is our first time here, we are assigned to beginner exercises. An hour later, we walk out feeling drained. I actually regret coming here because I don’t think I can make it to work tomorrow, or my apartment right now for that matter.

“If I don't make it to work tomorrow, you will work my sections and come up with a valid reason as to why I didn't come in.” I moan, feeling pain in my legs as I walk. She chuckles.

“Don't be dramatic. It will be better when you

wake up. See you at work.” She winks before jogging the opposite way and I am legit shocked. Like star struck. How can she jog like that after that intense workout? Traitor.

It's almost dark but I am not worried about the thieves because the only things I am carrying are my keys, towels and water bottle. A really posh car drives past me and I stop for a moment, taking in the pain and glancing at this magnificent car which miraculously stops and reverses. Don't tell me it's coming to me. It actually does stop next to me and as the driver lowers the window, I click my tongue. Not the Rastafarian. What does he want now?

“I can see you're having difficulties walking. Rough day at the gym, huh? Get in and I will drop you off at your house.” He speaks up and I

roll my eyes.

“Thanks but I will manage.” He chuckles.

“I know you are more that capable, Chizoba. I am just saving you time. I am not going to ask you out or pounce on you in the car seat. Trust me, I am loyal to my girlfriend. Just hop on.” Since when does he ‘know’ shit about me? To shut him up, I open the passenger door and slide in.

“Happy now?” I shoot him a sarcastic grin and he smirks.

“Ecstatic.” He drives off and I quickly give him the directions to my apartment. “By the way, I wanted to say sorry to you that day before you slapped me. You have some serious anger issues, woman. Or are you sexually deprived?” fuck him.

I scoff and look outside the window. "I find that hard to believe. You're a lawyer, I am pretty sure you were just doing some damage control after your woman manhandled me. Assaulting a foreign woman can be a serious offence because it can be classified as xenophobia. I am sure you were like 'I can woo her with my charming smile, she won't say no to this face'." He smirks.

"How do you know that I am a lawyer?" fuck my big mouth. Did I just out myself?

"I just assumed. Your arrogance points to the legal profession." He cracks up.

"Wow. Hey there, mini stalker. So I have a charming smile?" he has this annoying smug on his face which I just want to wipe off with a single punch.

"That's me." I point at my building, feeling

relieved that I won't be in a confined space with the Rasta in the next minute.

He parks at the gate. "I am genuinely sorry about the way Monica and I have been treating you. It wasn't uncalled for and you could've reported us but you didn't." he bites his lower lip in a sexy way but you can see that it's unintentional. "We don't deserve your kindness but you have extended it to us, so thank you."

"Unlike you, Mr. 12k pants, I know about the spirit for Ubuntu, a principle most South Africans pride themselves with, something you clearly lack. Safe journey and thanks for the ride." I climb off the car and try to walk straight into my apartment. A single car ride that lasted for less than 10 minutes doesn't make up for all the words he and his girlfriend have showered me with. He is lucky I didn't insult him in Igbo.

Locking the door behind me, I quickly shower and just as I settle on the couch with a tablet on my lap, wearing only an oversized t-shirt, my phone rings. I groan. Who the hell is disturbing my reading time? I glance at it and I curse under my breath when I see who is calling. I don't wanna seem like I am making excuses but I am not in the mood for sex today, not after gym. But I do answer his call because I don't wanna ignore him.

"I'm outside." He quickly states before I can say anything. I chuckle.

"Good for you. Come in. I am at Room 105." I hang up and go open the door and quickly return to my seat. All this up and down is doing no justice to my sore body. Few moments later, the door opens and he walks in. He closes the

door behind him and comes to sit next to me. He takes the tab and reads the e-book title out loud.

“Baby Momish, what is that?” I roll my eyes.

“It's a short story and not a standalone. It's about two individuals who end up sleeping together but not in a relationship. The guy is pretty older than the girl. Anyway the girl doesn't want the child but the guy wants it. It's all a Momish but I am liking it so far.” He nods.

“I thought I was going to find you ready for a sleepover.”

“Mmm about that, my friend took me to a gym for the first time ever and my whole body is sore. I don't know how I am going to work tomorrow.” He frowns.

“You have never been to the gym before?” I shake my head. “With that firm sexy body of yours? You're kidding, right?” I chuckle.

“I guess standing for almost 8 hours a day is a workout on its own. Anyways I can't do a sleepover today or tomorrow. How about Friday? I am off on Saturday, so we have all the time in the world.” He nods.

“That sounds like a plan.”

“OWW FUCK! GIVE IT TO ME, GIDEON!” my neighbour screams out loud in pleasure. It's that time of the night. Refilwe grins at me.

“Those are your sexual neighbors?” he seems really amused by this.

“Yeah. That's them.”

“Don't you get aroused listening to that every

night?" I shake my head.

"I used to feel something the first week I moved in but it eventually felt like listening to porn. It may be addictive but you don't have to watch it or listen to it every night because it bore the fuck out of you. Imagine hearing 'OWW, BABY, GIDEON, JUST LIKE THAT! FUCK! I AM GONNA CUM!' And 'DO YOU LIKE THAT, DIRTY WHORE? MY DICK ON YOUR ASS? YEAH, SWALLOW IT, ALL OF IT!' Imagine hearing that every single night. Won't it bore you?"

"Well, if you put it that way," he shrugs with a small smile. "You really listen to them, you even know their lines."

"Whatever." He laughs.

"Let me order dinner. What would you like to eat?"

“Something light but not a salad.”

“Got you.” He types on his phone and then puts it away. He places his hands on my exposed thighs. “These babies are making it really hard for me to control myself.”

“I will go cover up then.”

“No, don’t bother. I like watching them.” He caresses them lightly while maintaining eye contact with me. “And touching them.” He whispers. “Are they also sore?” I nod. “How about I give you a massage?”

“Sure.” I manage to choke out that word. All this sexual tension inside my body is going to kill me. I need to release, soon.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 8

Our night ended like that. With a simple massage and comfort food. For a second, I thought he was going to sleep over but he drove to his place after 11pm because we watched movies and got to know each other better. I can safely say that I view him as a friend but whom I desire sexually. He is a cool guy and all, but after everything he has disclosed to me about himself, I don't see a possible future with him.

The following day, Mathenji is not in. MaNyathi says something about her having chicken pox or something along those lines. This girl. She drags me to the gym and takes a full day rest. The nerve. During my lunch break, I call her. She answers when I am about to hang up.

“Babe, what's up?” she is panting. You'd swear she is running, at the gym or... wait, she

wouldn't. Would she?

“Don’t tell me you dodged work for sex.”

“Then I wont.” She chuckles breathlessly. “You caught me at a bad time babe.”

“Don’t do me like that. You drag me to the gym, knowing very well you are not coming to work today. Bitch you did me dirty.” She laughs.

“Can I have a minute to deal with this?” she whispers. It sounds like she is talking to the person in the background. I hear some smooching sounds and I gag. Finally I hear the door shutting.

“You're subjecting me to phone sex on broad day light? Have you no shame?”

“What's with the theatrics? Did you not get laid last night?”

“Because of you, I did not. I could not feel my joints. Refilwe even came by but we didn't do anything except for kissing and eating junk food like a fuckin cute couple.”

“Aww love, I will send a huge black dildo to you apartment later.”

“Fuck you.” I mutter and she laughs.

“He didn't even go down on you? I am disappointed.”

“He did, actually.”

Whenever I am home, I don't wear panties, especially in the evening. So when he was massaging me, he got curious and pushed my tee up a bit. He released a low moan when he saw that I wasn't wearing panties. Then he

slightly parted my legs and began to kiss my inner thighs. Then he ascended to the cookie which he blew air into before parting my pussy lips and devouring me like his last meal on earth. It was an exhilarating experience. I ended up pressing his head deep inside me so that he can fuck me with his tongue. I came all over his mouth, screaming his name and he licked me clean.

“Babe, you did release. Now what's got you all worked up?” I huff.

“Penetration. Yes his tongue does wonders but I am now keen on the penis. What if he is not a good lay and he makes up for it by making sure he makes you cum before the intercourse?”

“You're overthinking. When are you seeing him again?”

“We agreed on Friday because I am off on Saturday.”

“That's good. I will bring a dildo for you tomorrow so that it can pave the way for Mr. R.” she sings the last part and I groan.

“Go back to being fucked and leave me alone.” She laughs and I end the call.

I get back to work. My work is not really pleasant. Cleaning up after people and having people walk on the surface you just cleaned especially when you are just about to knock off, that shit sucks. However, this time around I don't get pissed off when I see a familiar face strutting towards. Her head us turned to the person she is with. Her wide contiguous smile is dominating the area. I also can't help but smile.

“ZOE!” I call out and she turns her head. Her smile widens as her eyes land on me.

“Chizoba.” She squeals before rushing to wrap her arms around me. I didn't know she was going to be this excited to see me.

“You are going to stain your clothes if you keep hugging me.” She laughs and lets go of me.

“I'm not even bothered. I am on my way home. Why haven't you called me?”

“You're the one who said you were going to call.” She rolls her eyes and I chuckle. The guy who is with her finally steps closer to us and I nearly faint. God, what the fuck?

“Meet my son, Makhosonke.” She hooks her arm around his.

“When you said you were old enough to be my mother, I didn't believe it.” She laughs. “Nice to

meet you, Masonke.”

“This lovely woman is a friend of mine. We met at the book club on Saturday. She is really smart and I love her energy.” She tells her son who looks a bit uncomfortable. She turns to me. “We are having lunch tomorrow, on me. Not to cause any inconvenience, I will pick a restaurant in this mall. I can't wait.” She squeals again.

“I guess I will see you tomorrow then, Zoe.” She hugs me once more and walks away, leaving Masonke standing in front of me. “Can I help you with something?”

“Are you really interested in my mother or you stalked her just to get to me?” I chuckle in disbelief.

"I have no superpowers, love. I can't predict the future, so I couldn't have known that your mother was going to be at our book discussion since she is not even a part of our book club. Wow, you think so little of me. Why the fuck would I stalk you? And here I thought shit was fine between us." He sighs.

"I know it's a crazy thought."

"And I have established that you are a crazy guy with wild imagination. You should be an author. Your conspiracies would make a thriller novel more thrilling."

"I am sorry. Also, please don't tell my mother about the way Monica and I treated you. She already doesn't like her. I don't need no more ammunition for her to write her off completely."

"Now why would I do you a favour when you

have been nothing but mean to me?" his eyes pop out.

"MAKHOSONKE!" his mother calls him and he gives me a pleading look before walking away. Poor Masonke. Poor him. Mr. 12k pants.

...

I am relieved to get home without any much difficulties after my second day at the gym. This time around there was no German beast to drive me home. Mathenji was there with her man and she was glowing. Anyways, just as I am opening my door, Gideon comes out of his apartment with a topless with a t-shirt hanging on his shoulder. His six pack is out to play and he looks so sexy. He smiles at me before checking me out. He doesn't even care that he is making it obvious. There is something about his stare that makes me feel good about myself.

Being desired by a taken man, God. That feels amazing.

“Hello, neighbor.” He greets with a smirk.

“Hey, Gideon.”

“Decided to join the gym?” he asks casually.

“Something like that.” I shrug. “It was a spur of a moment decision.” He nods.

“I feel you.” He walks towards me and winks at me before grabbing my ass and squeezing.

“Oww yes, I feel you. I do feel you neighbor.” I should be stopping this. This is the same man who fucks his girlfriend any chance he gets and makes it known to the whole building. Why is he seducing me? And a bigger question, why am I liking the attention? Look at me standing on corridor and not caring that my taken next door

neighbor is groping my ass. I am really horny shame.

"I should get inside." I speak up and he moves closer to me, his hand sliding towards my front, slowly grazing my covered slit.

"Maybe you will let me come inside one of these days." He winks before walking away, whistling like he didn't just do that. I quickly step inside my apartment and lock the door behind me. What the fuck just happened? I am a slut. That's the only explanation.

I take a cold shower and I don't resist the urge to make myself cum while imagining Gideon in between my legs, making me scream as loudly as Maddy always does when he bangs her. When I am done, I wrap a towel around my body. My phone rings and I curse under my breath

when i see whose calling.

“Mama.”

“Hey, Chizoba my child. We received the money. Thank you very much.”

“No problem, mama.”

“You did good by talking some sense into your brother. Can you believe that he actually impregnated Adelola?” I frown.

“You lie.” I sit on the edge of the bed, ready to hear the full scoop. How did my sister not tell me this? Adelola was my best friend from school. We were very close until her family moved to another city. She was even there on my brother's wedding. How did this happen?

“I am telling you. And somehow your brother

promised to make her his second wife. That's what her family said when they came here. It's chaotic. I am actually happy that you are there because you would've added to the drama." I chortle.

"Mom that's not true."

"You know how you get when you defend your siblings. You don't even listen to your words, as long as you disarm the enemy." She is right though. As siblings, we have our moments but the moment an outsider touches one of my siblings, there is hell to pay. "Anyways, when are you bringing a man this side?"

"Mama, deal with your son's drama. Don't bother yourself about my love life. I am still young. I can find love even in my thirties."

"But that would be too late. I want

grandbabies.”

“My brother is excelling on that part. I have to go ma, there is someone at the door. Love you.” I quickly hang up. I hate the marriage topic. I am more interested in building myself and being a career woman instead of a mom and a wife.

A/N

Okay guys, i was wrong to limit myself. There is no posting schedule. I will only post whenever there is a CHAPTER ready and whenever i am not busy. Love you all on this cold weather 😊

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 9

I am excited about my lunch with Zokuthula. If only she didn't birth an arrogant jerk like

Masonke, then she would be the perfect goddess. But sins of sons don't fall on the parents. MaNyathi has a soft spot for me. So when I ask for an hour and a half for lunch, she doesn't mind, only requires that I come back not a minute later. I head to the changing room and get dressed in my boyfriend jeans with a cami top and sneakers. Zokuthula texts me and I quickly head to the restaurant she is at. I spot her the minute I enter and strut to her table.

"Hello." She looks up from her book and smile, standing up to hug me.

"How are you, Miss? Looking beautiful as ever." She states and I giggle.

"Look who's talking. You are always looking like a real housewife of Johannesburg."

"That's because I am. And they approached me

to feature in the third season but I was not interested.” She winks and I am not sure if she is joking or serious.

“You're kidding, right?” she shrugs with a smirk.

“Who knows?” the waiter comes and we place our orders. “What degree did you say you have?”

“Bachelor of science in education and I measured in Biology.” She nods.

“My brother owns a private school and I can put in a good word for you, actually I can force him to hire you because I always get what I want.” I chuckle.

“I wouldn't want someone to get fired because of me.”

“He will create space for you. Even if you

become a lab assistant. Forward me your CV.”

“Okay then.” I immediately send my CV to her WhatsApp. “So how many kids do you have?”

“Four. Makhosonke is my first born, he is a lawyer; followed by Masande who is a physician; Mawande, my only princess who is an actress and Malusi who is doing his first year in varsity, studying abroad towards his medicine degree.”

“Wow. Your kids have actually made it in life.” She chuckles.

“That’s something every parent wishes for their child. To be more successful and reach greater heights. I am a proud mother.”

“Which one do you relate to the most?”

“Masande. He also loves reading. That’s a

hobby we share. We also love the same genres but he loves fantasy fiction more. We sometimes call each other late at night just to discuss a book. He lives in George, so I hardly see him.”

“That's cute. I wish I can also have one child to share my hobby with.”

“What's your relationship status?”

“I am as single as they come. I don't even get bored because I have books and TV shows to keep me company. Work also takes up most of my time.”

“But you need some servicing every now and then.” I chuckle.

“Now you sound like my friend, Mathenji.”

“She's wise.” Our eyes meet and we crack up.

Our food arrives and we dig in. "I wanna show you my private library and cook lunch for you on Saturday. Are you available?" I nod.

"It's my day off."

"Well then, please do come. In fact, I insist." I smile.

"I can't say no to a nice South African home cooked meal, now can I?"

"That would be rude." She teases and we laugh.

"OMG! Ma, long time no see." A familiar voice makes us pause our conversation and turn to the direction where it's coming. Fuck. It's Monica. I have no problem with her boyfriend because he has shown remorse, but I hate her to bits because she is rude and disrespectful. Zokuthula mutters something under her breath.

“Monica, darling. How are you?” I haven't known her for too long but I know a fake smile and fake excitement when I see one.

“I'm good.” She reaches our table and she is in complete shock when her eyes land on mine.

“How do you guys know each other?”

“We are bookworms.” Zoe answers giving me a genuine smile.

“You don't mind if I join you?” Monica asks.

“Not at all. Just don't dose off.” Zoe teases and I laugh. Monica pulls a chair and sits down. “So when was the last time you saw your family?”

“Last year during the festive season. They think I am some kind of a millionaire, so I always save up a lot of money the whole year in order to bless them with gifts and goodies in December.”

“That's cute.” Monica states. “So ma, I heard Malusi is coming home next weekend and you are planning a family reunion.”

“Yeah, he is coming. And we are having a family weekend reunion at my house. You, dear friend, are invited.” Zoe holds my hand with a smile.

“Maybe you can add two of your Nigerian meals to the menu. I would love to taste your food.” I chuckle.

“If you must insist.”

“Back home, our helper was from Nigeria. Every Friday she made us Nigerian cuisine and it was always delicious. So I am familiar with jollof rice, egusi soup and Do-Do.”

“Egusi soup with garri is my favourite. I last cooked it a few days ago.”

“Then you will prepare it for my family.”

“Money first, Bella.” She frowns and then laughs when she catches on. Monica is sitting there an extra in the movie. Is this how their relationship is?

“Ma, Makhosonke signed a new client, his biggest one yet.” She chirps in.

“He did tell me yesterday when we had lunch. Has he said anything about marrying you?”

She giggles. “I am too young for that ma.”

“But you're living with him and you're not too young for that. Anyways, it's none of my business.” Imagine throwing a huge shade at someone and then downplaying it by that ‘none of my business line’. After God, Fear Zokuthula. Wow. I am in stitches internally.

...

I am lucky to have clocked off at 3pm at work this evening. So when I get home, I head to the gym first and then come back to do some quick laundry. I go hang it on the rooftop and head back to my room to shower, get dressed in my usual attire, an oversized t shirt and start preparing my supper which is normal rice and chicken curry. When I am done, I head to the rooftop to fetch my work shirts.

Climbing the stairs, I pause, hearing moans and whimpers. Don't tell me some people are actually fucking on the rooftop, where we hang our clothes and where others smoke or just chill. Are you foreal? But I am curious. Getting to the top, I quietly step to the roof and immediately spot Gideon and Maddy, the sexual couple from

106, on the far end of the rooftop. So they decided to go public this time around? I wanna run back to my room and forget I saw this, but when Gideon sees me and gives me a smirk followed by a wink, I am suddenly glued to the floor.

REMOVED ON NOVELS BY MINENHLE NKOSI
GROUP

Lord cleanse my soul, mind and body.

But I can't stop wondering how Gideon's cock would feel buried inside me.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 10

“It’s Friday and you’re going to get laid.”

Mathenji sings as she mops the floor, shaking her ass from side to side. “I am so excited, and I just can’t hide it. I’m about to lose control and I think I like it.” She uses the mop as her microphone, doing some superstar dance. Some passing kids laugh at her.

“Shut up. You’re embarrassing yourself and me.” I mutter and she laughs.

“Oww, come on. You should be excited. You even fantasized about your neighbor because salt has literally replaced blood in your system and it is coursing through your veins. Truth be told, I am worried about your mental health.” She pauses and places her hand on her chest, looking like a concerned friend.

“You’re crazy, you know that?” she waves me off.

“And Gidigidi knows that. That’s why he is seducing you and he is not going to stop until you give in. friend, ushimile. If it weren’t for the ever charming Refilwe, I would’ve taken you to a sex club or hooked you up with one of Bangi’s friends because you like them buffy.” I roll my eyes and laugh.

“You have so much hope in Refilwe. Let’s just hope he doesn’t underperforms.”

“I would literally kill him with my bare hands. The nerve.” I laugh, even end up choking on my saliva.

“Stop it. Anyways love, I met Masonke’s mother. Can you believe it? She was the woman I bonded with on the book club, my new friend. I

couldn't believe that a woman like her gave birth to a demon."

She laughs. "You are going to get arrested. Calling the poor guy a demon." I huff and push my bucket forward.

"Ngiyakushiya nale aisle yakho. (I am leaving you with this aisle of yours)" she even bends, placing her hands on her knees, laughing like crazy.

"Say that again, friend. I need to hear it." She says breathlessly and I furiously push my bucket. She knows how poor my Zulu is and she likes it when I make fun of myself.

...

Getting to my apartment, I take a cold shower and pack a weekend bag. I put on a mini

dress with sneakers. I tidy up around the place while waiting for Refilwe's call. While mopping, I hear a knock.

"Coming." I finish moping and quickly discard the water. I go open the door and I am startled by the person standing there. He smirks down at me. He is shirtless, barefoot and has small shorts on. I clear my throat. "Can I help you with something?" his smirk only grows wider.

"Now that's no way to greet a neighbour who has made you cum without even touching you." he licks his lips. What a temptation. "You look pretty by the way. Off to play with the other kids?" I shake my head.

"I am actually waiting for my boyfriend."

He raises his eyebrows but there is a smug on his face. "Now that's new. When did you guys

start dating? Before or after I made you cum?”

“Stop saying that. What are you doing here Gideon?”

“I wanted us to have some fun but I guess I will see you when you come back.”

“We are not friends. What you saw was a mistake. It shouldn’t have happened. I wonder how you would’ve felt if a guy did that and was actually sexually attracted to Madison.” He clenches his jaws.

“I would break his bones and also Maddy wouldn’t go to him.”

“How about you also don’t come to me and we just forget that shit like that occurred?”

“But I can’t stop thinking about how firm and sexy your ass is. Not to mention how beautiful

your pussy is. I saw it. In the rooftop. Exposed and wet, for me.” I scoff.

“Just go Gideon. Before my boyfriend or worse Maddy sees you.”

“We have unfinished business though. This time around I will make you cum, all over my dick and taste that beautiful pussy. Bye senorita.” He winks before walking to his room. Fuck him. He is like the forbidden fruit that you know you should never taste no matter how hungry and thirsty you are.

“Hello there.” I hear Refilwe’s voice before I can even see him. He walks towards me like he owns the place. I whistle and he laughs. “You’re making me shy.” He covers his face with his hands and I laugh. He gets to where I am standing and he smiles at me. “You look

beautiful like always, Miss Gwendaline.” I blush and look down. “Don’t tell me you’re charmed.”

“You’re good with words, so you shouldn’t be surprised.” He laughs. “Let me quickly grab my bag.” I strut to the living room and take my bag with keys and phone. I lock the apartment and hand him my weekend bag.

“You have three options to choose from to start our evening. A friend of mine has a wine tasting event. She owns a restaurant and she is launching her new wine. It’s more like a prelaunch. The actual event is happening next week. We can go there, stay for an hour or two and then go to my house. The second option is an outdoor cinema. The third one is clubbing. I don’t wanna make it too obvious that I wanna get in your pants, or dress in this case.” I laugh.

“My friend was right. You are charming.” He smiles as he opens the passenger door for me. I slide inside and he joins me after a few moments.

“So you discuss me with your friends?”

“One. I only have one friend and she is like a sister to me. So I tell her everything.” He nods.

“So which option are you going with?”

“Because I don’t have the proper clothing, so I think an outdoor movie is okay, if only you’re going to give me a jacket.”

“Consider it done.”

...

The outdoor cinema is a great experience. I am

not someone who captures moments and post them on social media but this time around, I do just that. Because I am having the best time of my life and ticking off one of the items on my bucket list. I ask Refilwe to take a few pictures of me with his phone of course and post it on my Instagram and Facebook account. When the second movie ends, we pack up and drive to his friend's restaurant. He gets in and after a few minutes, comes out with paper bags. We drive to his house and upon arrival, we eat dinner. I clean up when we are done.

We head to his bedroom. "Let's go for a night swim." He starts off and I frown.

"I didn't bring a swimsuit."

"No biggie. You can wear my robe and we will go skinny dipping." He insist. I agree and he gives me some privacy.

I strip into my birthday suit and wrap the robe around my body. He ushers me to the backyard and then goes to the kitchen to fix us some drinks. I drop the robe on the pool chair and jump inside the water. The cold water engulfs me and for a moment I freeze before swimming to the stairs. I step on the bottom stair the same moment he is coming off the back door. He stops dead on his tracks just to stare at my stark naked body.

“This will be all yours, if you get inside the water.” I say in a seductive voice and sink back to the water, doing a lap across the huge pool. I smirk when I hear a splash. I turn to see him swimming towards me. He gets to me and encircles his arms around my waist. Mine circle his neck and we share a slurry kiss. We break it off and he pants. “At what age are you planning

to settle down?" I ask, distracting myself from his growing manhood between us.

A big smirk comes across his face. "Are you hinting that I wed you?" he asks and I quickly shake my head.

"You wish. I am just making conversation." He chuckles. We are still holding each other.

"Well I am not in a hurry. I haven't met someone intriguing enough for me to settle down with. Let's just say all will be clear after I reach 30." I nod.

"Why thirty though? What if you meet the woman of your dreams tomorrow? You would wait for three years before popping the question?" I lower my hands on his back, feeling his muscles flex under my touch.

“I would...” he swallows hard when I wrap my legs around his waist and start grinding against his hard on. His hands move to my butt and he grips it firmly. my hands go back to the back of his head and I lean forward, placing my head on his neck.

“You would what?” I whisper as I bite his neck. He grunts before backing me up on the pool wall and crashing his lips on mine. I feel his finger sliding on my pussy lips and before I can utter a single word, he replaces them with his big, hard cock. I moan loudly and tighten my arms around him.

“What was the question?” I don’t even remember it.

“Please move.” He smirks before granting my

wish.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 11

I am woken up by my ringing phone. I groan, snatching it from the bedside table. I am hung-over from the best sex of my life. I glance at my phone screen and I roll my eyes. Mathenji couldn't even wait for me to update her. She wants to know the details as soon as the sun is up. This woman. I roll off the bed, picking a towel from the rug and wrapping it around my body. I head to the bathroom to relieve myself and just as I am rinsing my hands, she calls again. I answer the call and put it on loud speaker while I brush my teeth.

“Don't tell me you're cuddled up in that man's arms. Honey, you will catch feelings.” She starts

off and I chuckle, spitting off the toothpaste and rinsing my teeth.

“Thank God for you then.” She laughs. “But never, not once have I ever called you while you were cuddling with all your men.” I can literally feel her rolling her eyes.

“Babes, I am not afraid of catching feelings for any of my men because that’s what they are, my men. You made an agreement with that one to have a no strings attached. Cuddles tend to attach strings.” I huff and don’t answer.

“Anyways, I hope you used protection because last time I checked, you weren’t using any prevention method.” I frown.

“Fuck, we had our first round in the pool. It was truly spontaneous and nobody could’ve predicted. I guess skin to skin was too good to

realize that we weren't using condoms." She groans.

"Lord help me. Go buy the morning after pill right now."

"YOU DON'T HAVE TO! I HAD A VASECTOMY PROCEDURE!" Refilwe answers from the bedroom and I freeze. Fuck he heard us talking about him. "I'M A LIGHT SLEEPER BY THE WAY! I AM HEADING TO THE KITCHEN TO PREPARE BREAKFAST!" I hear footsteps fading before the door closes.

"I am never getting out of this bathroom," I whisper after taking the phone off speaker mode and the woman on the other end actually laughs. "I should shower."

"No, don't do that. What if you guys get down and dirty after breakfast or maybe you have

shower sex? Then this shower you want to take will all be a waste, unless you have turned into a mermaid overnight.” I roll my eyes.

“What does one do on such occasion?” she chuckles.

“Play it cool. Wear the top he was wearing last night and go help him with breakfast or watch him do it.”

“Now you want me to look like a movie star. I know I won’t be sexy while wearing his shirt.”

“Try it, and text me the results. Bye for now.” She hangs up and I sigh.

Walking inside the kitchen, I find him flipping pancakes. Some are stacked on a plate and there is syrup next to the plate. My mouth waters instantly. I look at him.

“Hi.” He laughs.

“I love how shy you get in the morning. Anyways, I got vasectomy because I don’t want unwanted pregnancies on my name. A few women have tried to pin their pregnancies on me. I mean who wouldn't want a rich and famous baby daddy? But shit backfired on them.”

“You're smart. But I should also get on birth control. It's just that I haven't had sex in a while. Maybe I last got laid a year ago, so birth control seemed like a waste of time.” He nods.

“But your lack of sex didn't or did show because baby girl you were on fire the whole night. I was actually a bit scared that my dick may disappoint me and go flaccid after maybe round 3 but it worked with me.” I laugh and pour some

syrup on the pancakes before taking a huge bite.

“Mmm, this is delicious.”

“Thank you. What are we doing today?”

“I have lunch with my friend. So after that I'm all yours, physically, not anything else. So don't get carried away and draw any conclusions.” He laughs.

“Damn woman, you're cold.” I chuckle.

...

An Uber drops me outside Zoe's gate. Damn this woman is living the life. A beautiful mansion in Saxonworld. I shouldn't be surprised by her mini library. No wonder Masonke is like this. He grew up in a fuckin palace. The gate opens revealing a smiling man standing outside a gold cart.

“Good day, Miss Gwendaline. I am Bongumusa and I am supposed to escort you to the main house.” He speaks graciously. It's like he is a royal butler or something.

“Is the house that far?” he laughs.

“Not really but Mrs. Gumbi figured you wouldn't like a five minutes' walk in this scorching heat.” I sigh.

“Okay then.”

We both climb into the gold cart and he drives down the long driveway. A beautiful fountain shaped like a woman stands opposite the main door. Everything about this household is elegant, and I haven't even seen the inside.

When I climb off the cart, I spot Zoe standing on tip of the stairs waving at me with a smile. I climb the stairs and just as I reach her, she hugs me with so much excitement and kisses

my cheeks.

“You look beautiful and you are actually glowing.” that's the first thing she says to me. Does it show in my appearance that I got laid last night and this morning?

“Thank you. Wow. Your home is, calling it beautiful would be an understatement.” She blushes and dismisses me with a wave.

“Come inside. I am dying to show you my library. There are some books I would like us to discuss. Maybe one so I don't hold you for too long.” I chuckle.

“Lead the way.”

She gives me a tour of the ground floor and the backyard. She has a nice built gazebo in the garden where she usually reads when the

weather is permitting. She then leads me to the kitchen.

"I figured we should get some snacks first before we get locked up in the library." I laugh.

"That's probably a good idea." I settle on the bar stool and she places finger foods in front of me with a jug of juice and glasses. She sits opposite me with her own plate in front of her. "Bon appetite."

"Who do you live with here?"

"My husband and our staff members. How I wish we lived with our children but they have grown their own wings and it's best not to hold them down just because we don't wanna be apart from them. But I miss them so much."

"I totally understand. I miss my family too from

time to time. They may have their drama and scandals but there is no place like home.”

“True. So what is your relationship status?” I snort.

“Complicated.”

“I respect that. So I won't have any follow up questions.” I laugh and she chuckles. We finish eating and she puts the dishes on the dishwasher. “I can't wait for you to taste the main course of our lunch. Now let's go to my safe heaven.” We climb the stairs to the first floor. “At first, my husband thought it would be nice to have it in the basement where I wouldn't be interrupted by anyone but I love the natural light, so he made sure it was in the first floor, also it's sound proofed.”

“It really sounds like heaven.” She smiles.

“Wait until you see the inside.”

We reach a room with double ancient wooden doors and she opens it. I am in awe. This woman said it was a mini library but I am looking at an establishment, not a home library. It looks like one of those enchanted libraries where you call a book and it just flies straight into your hands. I take a few steps inside and inhale the smell of books, new and old.

“Wow.”

“Welcome to my heart.”

The room is wide and long. It looks like it reaches the second floor. There are so many books on the shelves. I walk closer to them and feel them with my fingertips. I recognize some

on them. Like the Stiletto book series by Sandisiwe Gxaba, Becoming by Michelle Obama and Voyeur Extraordinaire by Cora Reilly. There are so many genres like thriller, dark romance, sci-fi, drama and many more. She has them all. African, American, European authors and others. I turn to her.

“How do you not live in this room?” she laughs.

“Well I have a husband for starters and I don't want food anywhere near my library, so that's the biggest reasons why I leave the place, because I even have a bathroom in here.”

“I feel like you're the Beauty and your husband is the Beast.” She giggles. “Which book are you currently reading?” she leads me to a table that has maybe 20 books in it.

“After by Anna Todd, The fault in our stars and

All the Lies by Charlotte Byrd. What about you?"

"It ends with us and Dear Khethelo by Nelly Page." We sit down on the comfy chairs. I gotta admit, the book cover is what attracted me the most with 'It ends with us'. It was just too beautiful to leave in the shelve.

"I loved that book, Dear Khethelo. I actually have a younger brother who is exactly like Nzulu. Many people don't understand him and I didn't like how he was treated in the community. My husband is much more educated about my brother's illness, so we hooked him into a nice place in Cape Town called Happy Place where patients like him are given all the attention they need and they are not frowned upon. We do spend time with him during the holidays but he loves Happy Place more and I think there is a woman involved." She says with a chuckle.

“He is lucky to have people like you in his life.”

“Yeah. When Nelly Page released the book, I actually bought a copy for all my family members and made sure they read it. I also called Nelly just to thank her for giving people an insight about this type of mental illness.”

“The book really touched you.” She smiles.

“It did. Now have you read Her Best Friend's Sister's by Megan?” I giggle.

“Of course. At first I thought Sarah had feelings for Claire because her behaviour was strange and questionable.”

“I legit thought the same thing.” We both laugh as we continue discussing the lesbian romance book and a few others.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 12

We spend almost 2 hours in the library just talking about books, arguing, laughing and even crying about some of the saddest scenes or moments in books. I know sex is good but spending time discussing books with someone who understands you is just so fulfilling.

“How many of the books have you read here?” I ask because I am curious. She smiles.

“About 40%. I mostly donate some that I have read to shelters or initiatives where they give second hand books to people who really love to read but can’t afford to buy them.” I nod. This woman is really kind hearted. “How many books do you have?” I chuckle.

“About 46 here and 30 back home. I also have kindle, so I get most of them there.” she nods.

“I never really got the hang of e-books. They just tire me.”

“I feel you.”

“We should go eat now.” She shuts the book in her hands and stands up.

“Time flies when you’re having fun.” I state glancing the watch on the wall.

“You’re right. Don’t you want to take any of the books here to read at home?” I smile and look around.

“I am confused.” She cracks up.

“I know exactly what you mean. There is a bag there under the table. Just take whatever you want and join me on the kitchen afterwards. I

am going to warm our lunch.” She heads out and I take the bag before walking to the shelves.

I pick out IN THE DUNGEON By MUTSHIDZI ASHLEY; CHAINED TO YOU Book Series; MARRIAGE FOR ONE; SWEET TEMPTATION and 3 other titles. I know I am a fast reader, so I can finish these books within a month. I head to the kitchen, greeting the two helpers I pass on the way.

“Mrs. Gumbi is waiting for you in the patio.” One of the helpers announces.

“Thank you.” I put the bag in the lounge and head to the patio. “What a great afternoon. I think today is the best day of my life.” I state settling on the couch opposite Zoe. She looks up at me and smiles.

“I know exactly what you’re talking about. Today is one of those days I will store as the best memories of my life. I never thought I would find myself connecting with someone who is almost the same age as my daughter but I guess books have that much power. Anyways, for the main course, I thought steamed bread with beans will do. Have you ever tried it before?” I shake my head. “Then you’re in for the surprise of your life. Enjoy.” I smile and take my plate. I dip the steamed bread on the beans and take a bite.

“Mmm.” I moan at the deliciousness of the food as I chew. I bite 3 times more, swallow and then down my food with juice. “This is really nice. I would ask for a recipe but since I would be confused from the start, you have to invite me the next time you cook it.”

“Thank you for the compliment and I will be sure to invite you.” we continue eating over a small chat. Halfway through, a man walks through the slide door. He looks like he is in his thirties with a fit body, bald head and a beard. “Why didn’t you tell me you were home?” Zoe jumps up and throws herself into the man’s arms. He smiles down at her and they share a kiss. Damn, her husband is hot. Masonke is a split image of him.

“You know I love surprising you and the warm welcome you always receive me with.” She blushes and then turns to me.

“Babe, this is my friend, Chizoba, the one I was telling you about.” He smiles at me and extends his hand. I shake it. “Chichi, this is my husband, Mazwakhe.”

“You’re the only outsider here Zoe with your ‘Z’

word.” She laughs.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Chizoba. The way my wife has been talking about you, I felt like I knew you even before I met you.” I chuckle.

“I am flattered.”

“Join us. Let me go dish up for you.” Zoe states leading her husband to a vacant couch.

“With a glass of water, please.” He smiles at her as she walks back inside the house. He turns to me with a warm smile. “So what is it that you do, Chizoba? My wife has told me a lot about you but I don’t want to have an awkward silence.” I laugh.

“I am currently a cleaner but I am a qualified teacher. I always emphasize my qualification to people so that they don’t look at me and be like

‘she is a cleaner, so she is uneducated’.” He nods. “And what do you do?”

“I make money for my wife.” I snort and he laughs. “I am a judge of the Constitutional Court and also own a few businesses.” I nod.

“CC? That’s like the highest court in South Africa, right?” he nods with a smile. “I am pretty sure Masonke looks up to you?” he frowns a bit.

“Who is Masonke?”

“Your eldest son.” He laughs.

“Ohh, you mean Makhosonke?” I giggle and nod. “In a way, I can say he looks after me but I never forced him to pursue a law degree. In fact my wife and I want our kids to do their own things without influencing them. We are just lucky that they are successful.”

“Yeah, you’re lucky. Any grandkids?”

“No, we haven’t been lucky on that side but we are hopeful.” We both laugh.

“How are you a judge though? Most of them are so old and a bit tense when you look at them.” he laughs.

“I am also tense and serious when I am in court but when I am at my own home, I am a husband, a father and a friend. I never judge my family or friends and I make sure to separate my work from my personal life.”

“Now that’s a skill.” He chortles.

“Also I finished my degree at 20 years and did my articles. After that I got admitted and did my Masters Part time. By age 28, I already had a PhD and I was working at a regional court.”

“And we lived happily ever after.” Zoe chirps in

and places a tray with food and water on the table near her husband. She laughs.

“Don’t be like that. The young one was actually keen on getting to know Me.” she rolls her eyes.

“She was just being polite. I am sure you bored her to death.” She sits next to him. I laugh.

“You are wrong, Zoe. He is not boring. He actually reminds me of my own father. He is very friendly and lively at home but at work, he is a different person.”

“What does he do?” Mazwakhe asks. I don’t think I will ever be able to pronounce his name without making fun of myself.

“He is a principal at a primary school near home.”

“That’s cool.” Zoe states with a smile.

“So you are a biologist?” Mazwakhe asks and I shake my head.

“I was taught to teach biology not become a biologist. There is a separate qualification I would have to learn in order to be a qualified biologist.” He nods.

We continue chatting and when it's 5pm, Zoe drives me home in her Alfa Romeo 4C. This car just screams 'steal me'. I hope she doesn't get hijacked. I direct her to my building and she frowns when she parks outside.

“This is where you live?” she asks still frowning.

“Yeah. It's not much but at least it's a bit safer than most apartments.”

“I don't like it. It's not ideal and safe for a young

woman like you.” she turns to look at me. I have never seen her this serious. She bites her lip before she starts talking. “My husband has a lot of apartments, one building in particular is located in Parktown. I will sleep better knowing that you are staying there, in a safe neighbourhood and it’s even closer to your work place.”

“Zoe, I can’t afford a place in Parktown. I am pretty sure the rent is 3k plus.”

“I wasn’t going to offer it to you if I was expecting some money. My husband seems fond of you and I know if he saw this place, he would literally drag you to Parktown kicking and screaming. You are my friend and I respect you, but you are younger than my second child, so I have every right to reprimand you and order you around.” I pout and she laughs. “I am serious. Text me your knock off time tomorrow and I will

come fetch you so that we can go check out the place. Also, before I forget, my brother responded. You should check your emails but he said something about an interview on Tuesday.” My eyes pop out.

“Are you foreal?”

“Check your emails before you celebrate. I will see you tomorrow, Chichi.” We share a hug and I step out of the car. She presses on the hoot before driving off.

An hour later, Refilwe fetches me and we head to his friend’s house where there is a braai before heading back to his house to fuck each other like there is no tomorrow.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 13

I knock off at work and head straight to my apartment. I actually find time to check at my emails. Trust me, I didn't have time to check them last night and this morning. The catch up session with Mathenji took forever. I hold my breath when I see a new email on the primary folder. Opening it, I nearly scream when I see that it's an invitation to an interview. There is a date, time and venue stipulated in the email. This is really great news. I don't know how many schools I have applied to but hardly got any response, whether it was a rejection email or what. I am not going to share these news with anyone. I will wait until I get a job before I announce it.

After showering, I receive a call from my older sister, Nneka. She is a marine biologist. She works and permanently resides at Port

Macquarie, in Australia. We are not that close but we call each other at least once or twice a month. I think in a way, she inspired me to teach biology. She is a genius.

“Sister, how are you?” I ask as I sit on the couch. Our calls are usually longer because we are just summarizing all that’s been happening in one phone call.

“I am good, little one. How are you?” I smile.

“I am fine. How is life at the ocean? Met any merman yet?” she cracks up.

“Oww, how I miss you with your stupid sense of humour.” I chuckle. “I am currently dating this Asian guy. The relationship is still new, so we are just getting to know each other. All I can say is that he knows how to fuck.” I laugh.

Here is a thing about me. Being the middle child means I am literally everyone's best friend. The young ones come to me with their problems and the older ones come when they want to vent or just to chat. I am that open. My sister's romantic life is very colourful. She has dated American men, Italian, Mexican, Portuguese, South Africa, basically all the countries she has travelled to because her work sometimes requires that she travels to other countries for research purposes.

"Are his eyes small?" she laughs.

"He is Asian not Japanese. He is a mixture of American and Asian, so he doesn't have Chinese eyes." I chuckle with a nod. "What's up with you?"

"I am in a no-strings attached arrangement with

some guy who is in the television industry.”

“Extinguish that flame, Chichi. Fast before it burns you.”

“Why?”

“Those things never end in good terms. One of the involved parties fall for the other and when the other doesn’t reciprocate the feelings, it causes problems and chaos. To save yourself time and avoid the drama, exit sister.” I sigh.

“I hear you and I will take your advice into great consideration.” She laughs.

“You are always doing your own thing. I heard about your brother’s shenanigans.” I crack up.

“Is he crazy though? How can he do something like that to Celine?”

“Men are trash, that’s all I can say.”

“Not all of them.” I chuckle. “Anyways, one of the reason I called you is because I am coming to South Africa next month. I will be staying there for a whole month. 3 weeks for work and one for pleasure.” I smile widely. The last time I saw her was at Christmas, 3 years ago. It’s much expensive for her to travel home every year, even if she has a job that pays her handsomely.

“That’s great. Where are you going to stay?”

“At some apartment organized by the company. It’s in Sandhurst. I don’t know how far it is from your place but I know I am going to visit you whenever I find time.”

“I am also going to come by at your place just to check it out. If it has 2 bedrooms, I will probably spend some nights there.” she laughs.

“I will hold you to it.” My phone indicates an incoming call.

“Someone else is trying to reach me, sister. Let me attend to the call. We will talk again sometime soon.”

“I love you, little one.”

“I love you more.” we end the call and I answer Zoe’s call. She tells me she is waiting at the parking lot.

I change into denim shorts, t-shirt and sneakers. I quickly head down and find her driving a different car this time around. What was I expecting? The woman is married to a millionaire. She is driving a silver gray Ford Ranger.

“I never pictured you as a ranger girl.” I state,

climbing the 4x4. She chuckles before driving off. "In fact I never pictured you driving any type of car. When you said you are all about spending your husband's money, I imagined you being driven anywhere you go." She laughs.

"That's not the case. The only person I enjoy being driven by is my husband, not a total stranger. Because I get to pick on him and annoy him." I laugh. "How is everything back at home?"

"My older brother impregnated a woman outside marriage. Worse the woman is an ex-friend of mine. She was even there when my brother got married to his wife. And to top things off, he ran from his marital home because he was fearing his wife's wrath." She laughs so hard, even accidentally hits the

hooter which has us both startled and then laughing more.

“Your brother is an asshole though. If he were my son, I would’ve punished him for that and sided with his wife.” I chuckle.

“How do you punish a grown man with his own place and job?” she gives me a side smile.

“My sons love me so much, they actually complain when I no longer call them or check up on them. So imagine if I were to do that for a whole month. I am sure they would literally die.” I crack up.

We get to this really nice building in 2 Wellington Road, Parktown and I am in awe as we drive inside. Fuck, this place is really beautiful. A huge upgrade from Central. She parks her car and climbs off. I also get off and

follow her inside the building. There is an elevator, something that we don't have in my apartment. She greets the doorman and we walk inside this perfect lobby. This place qualifies as a hotel. Real people live here? But I shouldn't be shocked since I have been inside Zoe's castle. We head to the elevator and get off on the 4th floor. The corridor is so clean and quiet. I think the walls here are actually soundproof because in my apartment, you can hear any sound when you're in the corridor. We stop room 403. She unlocks it with a key and we step inside.

"Wow."

The room is so spacious. It is fully furnished but there is so much space. The floor is fully tiled. There is a cozy lounge with a long couch, TV,

TV stand and a coffee table. There is a small dining area with 4 chairs and a table. The kitchen has a fridge, washing machine, dishwasher, built in cardboards and stove and everything you might possibly need in a kitchen, except for a kettle and the cupboards are completely empty. We move on to the next room which is the bedroom. It is empty but there is a built in wardrobe. You can actually fit in a king-sized bed here, a small couch and a dresser. One of the built in wardrobe doors lead to an en-suite. I am really in heaven. The bathroom is classy. There is a bathtub, sink with a cabinet, toilet and a nice table. We lastly head to the balcony. The bedroom actually has floor to ceiling windows which makes you see everything that's happening outside.

“How much is rent here?” I ask Zoe, still shocked by everything I am seeing. She

chuckles.

“This is no rental apartment. People purchase them. The whole place costs R1 150 000. You can actually get a bond loan and I think it’s round about 9k a month, I am not sure.” I gasp.

“What?”

“No biggie. Anyways, the movers are waiting for your call. I expect you to be settled in by Friday evening so that my husband and I will come for dinner.” She says with a smile and walks to the front door. “I am giving you some time to take it all in. you will find me in the car.”

“Thank you, Zoe. Honestly, this is too much. I don’t know what to say or where to start thanking you.” My eyes get filled with tears and I try sniffing them away. She steps closer and hugs me.

“Don’t cry. You are part of our family now. Your family away from home.” She kisses my forehead and then heads out.

I go back to touring the place with tears streaming down my cheeks. How the hell did I get lucky to get all this? A mere conversation with a stranger at a book club has led me to this. Is this God’s sign? I have no words, literally. God, I thank you for creating people like Zokuthula and Mazwakhe Gumbi in the world.

A/N

I love you. Stay safe this Easter Weekend. Till we meet again on Monday.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 14

Unedited

“I honestly can’t get over this beauty. I can see myself hosting parties here, a formal family dinner there, a quickie there.” Mathenji points at the couch in the living room and I laugh. When I got to work, I told her about the apartment and she was dying to see it. After gym, we took an Uber to Parktown and she hasn’t closed her mouth ever since the driver dropped us off. She has complimented everything we passed, including the attire of the doorman. “But this place is supposed to have two bedrooms. Where do they expect your visitors to sleep?” I laugh.

“With me on the bed or on the couch.” She cringes.

“You fart, so I will have to pass on sleeping with

you.” I gasp.

“Mathenji!” she rolls her eyes.

“You know I am right.”

After giving her the full tour, we head out and she calls one of her boyfriend to come pick us up.

“I have an interview on Wednesday and I don’t know what I am going to do about work.” She stops walking and looks at me.

“Is the salary higher?”

“It’s my dream job.”

“Wow babe.” She squeezes me into a tight hug.

“Things are happening for you. All your prayers are being answered. All that’s left now is your prince charming.” I chuckle, rolling my eyes.

“Forget about that. What am I going to tell MaNyathi?”

“The truth. She is not a ruthless woman and she knows not all of us are destined to mop the floors of Checkers forever. She has allowed me to go to interviews three times but I was never lucky. You just have to tell her the moment you clock in tomorrow morning.”

“Thank you, love. I wonder how my life would’ve been like if I had befriended MaNsele.” She laughs.

“You would’ve been one of her puppets like Fikile and the others.” We both laugh. MaNsele is what you call an elder. She has been working as a cleaner at Checkers for about 9 years now. She is in her late fifties, so no one is comfortable with calling her by her name, so we

all settle for MaNsele. She loves meddling in other people's businesses and she thinks she is actually in her twenties because she is all over the place.

We find Bangi's car already parked in the parking lot. We climb inside, greet him and then he drives off.

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I finally take a deep breath as I walk out of the science lab where the interview was held. I am confident that I did my best and answered all the questions honestly. I even aced the 30 minutes test that I was given. I was the only one interviewing, so I am really hoping for the best. As I climb inside my Uber, my phone rings. It's Zoe. How the hell did she know that the interview is over? Ow yeah, her brother is the

headmaster, you idiot.

“Hey, Mrs. Gumbi.” I answer the call with a wide smile.

“Hello, baby. My brother was so impressed by the way you carried yourself, by how quick it took you to solve that problem you were given and how you answered the questions. I don’t wanna come off as forward, but they are going to call you as soon as possible. You better serve your notice at work. I don’t do empty promises.”

“Thank you for doing this for me, Zoe. You don’t know how much I appreciate it. With my fourth salary, I will definitely take you to a weekend getaway with my best friend and your daughter, if she doesn’t mind.”

“OMG! That’s a brilliant idea, but we are definitely doing it sooner. Maybe next month. At my son’s expense because he owes me a birthday present. He somehow forgot my birthday.” I laugh.

“Which one?”

“Makhosonke.” Why am I not surprised? “He apparently had a romantic getaway with his girlfriend. My birthday is on the 14th of February, so instead of celebrating love, my family celebrates my arrival in the world. So he didn’t wish me a happy birthday and he didn’t give me a gift. He tried to make it up to me later but I told him to hold it off, I will punish him well when I want.” I chuckle.

“He is a bad son.”

“I know, right? And worse his girlfriend gave a

tacky apology. She was like 'oww sorry mama, we forgot.' Bitch, my kids don't forget my birthday, period." I crack up and the Uber driver glances at me on the rearview mirror. I can't contain my laughter. Zoe is crazy. "Anyways, what are your plans for the rest of the day?"

"I am off for the rest of the day, so I am just going to start packing and put some of my furniture on eBay since I won't have space for it." If I had means, I would've shipped all of it to Nigeria but I can't afford that. So it's better to sell them.

"Ohh okay. I would volunteer a hand but I am a lazy makoti, so good luck with all the heavy work." I chuckle.

"Don't worry, I am the opposite of you plus I don't have that much stuff, so it won't take

much work packing and moving. Maybe I will be done by tonight and I will contact the movers so that they can transport my stuff tomorrow since I clock in at 11 am.”

“Okay. I guess I will see you on Saturday morning. Don’t be late.”

“Okay. Bye Zoe.” I hang up just in time as the driver pulls up in front of my building. I pay him and then climb off the car.

Getting inside the building, I meet Gideon and Maddy who are lovey dovey as usual. I am so glad I am moving. Gideon was starting to become a temptation that one doesn't need.

“Hey, Chi. You look really sexy. Where are you coming from?” Maddy asks and I frown. We are

not even friends, so she has no right to ask me this. I don't mind the compliment though. But she is a white person and sometimes they don't have boundaries.

"I was on an interview."

"That's cool. I hope you pass it. She does look good babe, doesn't she?" she eyes her man who is literally undressing me with his eyes.

"She does." His eyes finally turn to his girlfriend. "We should go. It was nice seeing you, neighbor." They walk away and I proceed to my room.

I take a cold shower just to calm myself down. When I am done, I put on a sarong and start by taking pictures of the furniture and appliances I

am going to sell. I post them on eBay and on Facebook Marketplace. Then I start packing. I begin with my clothes and shoes. Trust me, I have a lot of those. Some are even stored in my suitcases. When I am sure to have left the ones I will need for the weekend, I wheel my luggage and boxes to the lounge. I guess I should say goodbye now to my little sanctuary.

I then pack the dishes, the pots and some of the food from the pantry. I guess I will live with takeaways for three days, luckily I can afford them. By the time I am done with everything, it's 2:30 pm. I try my luck with the movers and luckily they arrive in my apartment at 3:45pm. I change into simple cami top and tights with sneakers. I let them in and they manage to fit all my packed boxes into their truck. I take my keys and wallet and we drive to the Parktown apartment. They unload everything and put it on

the dining room and some on the empty bedroom. The apartment is squeaky clean, so I just unpack and put my clothes on the closet and hangers. I put the dishes, pots and food on the cardboard. I place the books on the corner of the living room. Now that I have space, I should buy a cute bookshelf and a bean bag.

When I am content with everything, I quickly rush back to my place, change and then head to the gym. The gym thing started as a way of Mathenji wanting to spy on Bangi. But it has grown on us and we are now used to it. I think she loves Bangi the most because I haven't heard her mention the other guys for a week now.

“Don't look. Don't look but the hot lesbian instructor is making her way to this side.” She

whispers as we are lifting the dumbbells. She can't be a bit serious, even at the gym. Mathenji is always the carefree Mathenji with no filter. That's one of the things I love about her.

“So I nailed that interview and I am sure they are going to call me soon.” She squeals.

“That's what I am talking about. I love your positivity and confidence.” I smile. A confidence booster, that's what she is.

“On the other news, my sister thinks that I should end things with Refilwe, cut all ties with him because these no strings attached relationships always end badly.”

“She is right on that one. Strings do get attached, mixed up and one party gets hurt. Sex is nice but it's better when you are in a relationship.”

“Your friend is right.” A voice startles us. How did we not see her standing right in front of us? It's the hot lesbian instructor. She is really hot and manly. “I a Gabs by the way.”

“I am Mathenji and this is Chizoba.” Gabs nods.

“Now I will need you ladies to bring your bodies to a squat position and keep on lifting those dumbbells.” We do as she says and fuck it hurts like hell. My whole body is shivering. “We want thick and firm thighs to show off in summer, so we gotta work hard. I will count to 20.” Lord kill me now.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 15

The following day while mopping on aisle 5, I receive a call. It's from Thubelihle Secondary

School. I nearly scream when the admin clerk informs me about the success of my application. OMG! Things are happening. She tells me to come sign the contract tomorrow. I am also expected to start the week after the following. Which means I must serve my one week notice to my supervisor and she will inform the manager. I quickly finish moping aisle 5 and head back to the staff room. Luckily I find MaNyathi sitting and busy with her phone.

“MaNyathi.” She raises her head and smiles at me.

“Chizoba, is everything okay?” I nod quickly.

“I passed my interview and I am starting the week following the next one.” She stands and comes to hug me.

“Wow. I am so happy for you. We need good news around here.” I smile.

“Thank you. So can I put in my notice?” she nods.

“I have to sort out some paperwork but it will be all ready for you to sign by knock off time or tomorrow morning. You are expected to serve at least 7 full days without an off day. Meaning we are going to let your Saturday off slide but from Sunday, you have to work the full week and Saturday next week will be your last day.” I smile widely.

“Thank you so much. You are the kindest manager I have ever dealt with.” She chuckles.

“Oww I try.”

“Modesty will get you nowhere.” She laughs. “I better get back to work, then.” She nods and returns to her seat.

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“Are you foreal?” Refilwe asks with his eyebrows raised.

“Have you caught any feelings?” he quickly shakes his head. “Then why are you questioning my decision?”

“I am not. But I thought we were still enjoying each other. There is no need for this nice thing to end.” I sigh and sit back.

“You have really caught feelings.” I shake my head in disbelief.

“No, I haven’t.” his voice is higher than usual. I raise my eyebrow. “You are a good lay, you are a stallion in bed and I was enjoying fucking you with no expectations. I am just disappointed that this has to come to an end so early.” A

good lay? That doesn't sit well with me.

"Well, I wouldn't say we should continue being friends because we were never friends before the sexual relationship, but what I can say is that, it was nice knowing you. You are a nice, charming guy, romantic in your own way and in the near future, you deserve someone who is going to love you unconditionally and treat you right." I put my things on my bag and stand up.

"Wait," he also stands. "I am sorry for behaving like an ass and calling you a good lay. You are a wonderful woman, you are extraordinary. I have known you for less than three weeks but I can attest that you are an amazing, kind hearted person. I wish you all the best in your life and I would like us to have these type of lunches every now and again, if you're game." He smiles

and I chuckle.

“That will depend.” He extends his arms and I hug him. “See you around, Refilwe.” I walk out of the restaurant feeling the weight in my shoulders being lifted. Refilwe was another loose end I needed to tie before starting my dream life.

...

By Friday night, I am having a mini solo house warming at my new apartment. I have moved everything of mine here and by luck, sold most of the stuff I don't need. The ones left, I have put them in the living room corner but I know people are going to buy them soon. I am not a huge fan of alcohol, well I do drink on certain occasions but I don't have bottles of wine or ciders just chilling in my fridge of pantry. But

today I am celebrating my new job, new apartment and new life. So I am having a bottle of KRONE champagne and some chicken wings and strips which I bought at our Deli.

I settle down on the couch and decide to binge on Dark Desire on Netflix. Heee, Chizoba. Is this really you? Living the soft life with nice life problem? I was not aiming for this high life but I am glad I got it. The one person who deserve most praise is Zoe. That woman is a superstar and I Stan her for her big heart. Since it's late, I write a message to my mother and my siblings, informing them about the changes in my life. Mom is the first one to call. I thought she was sleeping. She ululates loudly and end the call with a long heartfelt prayer. Next are my siblings and they congratulate me, Nneka reminds me of her visit and Akose wishes to push up her visit. She even wants me to book

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THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 15

The following day while mopping on aisle 5, I receive a call. It’s from Thubelihle Secondary School. I nearly scream when the admin clerk

informs me about the success of my application. OMG! Things are happening. She tells me to come sign the contract tomorrow. I am also expected to start the week after the following. Which means I must serve my one week notice to my supervisor and she will inform the manager. I quickly finish moping aisle 5 and head back to the staff room. Luckily I find MaNyathi sitting and busy with her phone.

“MaNyathi.” She raises her head and smiles at me.

“Chizoba, is everything okay?” I nod quickly.

“I passed my interview and I am starting the week following the next one.” She stands and comes to hug me.

“Wow. I am so happy for you. We need good news around here.” I smile.

“Thank you. So can I put in my notice?” she

nods.

“I have to sort out some paperwork but it will be all ready for you to sign by knock off time or tomorrow morning. You are expected to serve at least 7 full days without an off day. Meaning we are going to let your Saturday off slide but from Sunday, you have to work the full week and Saturday next week will be your last day.” I smile widely.

“Thank you so much. You are the kindest manager I have ever dealt with.” She chuckles.

“Oww I try.”

“Modesty will get you nowhere.” She laughs. “I better get back to work, then.” She nods and returns to her seat.

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“Are you foreal?” Refilwe asks with his eyebrows raised.

“Have you caught any feelings?” he quickly shakes his head. “Then why are you questioning my decision?”

“I am not. But I thought we were still enjoying each other. There is no need for this nice thing to end.” I sigh and sit back.

“You have really caught feelings.” I shake my head in disbelief.

“No, I haven’t.” his voice is higher than usual. I raise my eyebrow. “You are a good lay, you are a stallion in bed and I was enjoying fucking you with no expectations. I am just disappointed that this has to come to an end so early.” A good lay? That doesn’t sit well with me.

“Well, I wouldn’t say we should continue being friends because we were never friends before the sexual relationship, but what I can say is that, it was nice knowing you. You are a nice, charming guy, romantic in your own way and in the near future, you deserve someone who is going to love you unconditionally and treat you right.” I put my things on my bag and stand up.

“Wait,” he also stands. “I am sorry for behaving like an ass and calling you a good lay. You are a wonderful woman, you are extraordinary. I have known you for less than three weeks but I can attest that you are an amazing, kind hearted person. I wish you all the best in your life and I would like us to have these type of lunches every now and again, if you’re game.” He smiles and I chuckle.

“That will depend.” He extends his arms and I hug him. “See you around, Refilwe.” I walk out of the restaurant feeling the weight in my shoulders being lifted. Refilwe was another loose end I needed to tie before starting my dream life.

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THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 16

“Hello everyone. Guess who is home?” an oddly familiar voice screams and I turn to look at the entry way. OMG! It’s her. Wandy G. one of my

favourite Tiktoker who also happens to be an actress and a TV presenter. What the hell is she doing here? And then the light bulb goes on in my head. Her real name is Mawande Gumbi, Zoe's daughter who is an actress. Wow, I didn't think I will be meeting my favourite celeb on a family dinner.

"Wawa." Her mother smiles and they share a hug. "Look at you. You are glowing. What is new in your life? New man?"

"Eww. I don't need to hear about my younger sister's dating life. It's weird and disgusting." Masonke gags and I can't help but laugh. Are all big brothers this uncool about the possibility of their sister's, either young or old, dating life? Because mine is.

Mawande rolls her eyes. "Oww I missed you too,

stuck up brother of mine. Hey Monalisa.” She waves at Monica. Did I tell you that she is also savage? “And who is this?” she turns to me with a smile. She squints her eyes. “Don’t tell me. I will remember on my own.” She bites her lower lip. “You are... @miss_chizoba right?” I giggle and nod. “Two points for me. I mean how can I not recognize my biggest supporter? I was even planning on going to a date with at least 5 of my lucky fans as soon as I settled in and you were going to be the first one. Wow, I can’t believe this. What brings you here?”

“She is my reading buddy.” Masonke imitates his mother’s voice and she slaps his shoulder. “Ouch, ma. I am joking.”

“This is Chizoba Gwendaline. She is a good friend of mine. And she has somewhat become a daughter to me since all of you kids have distanced yourself from me and never visit me

unless I say so. Some of you even forget my birthday.” She gives Masonke a stinky eye. I am dying of laughter inside.

“Well I love my mother very much but my job keeps me on the road every time, so thank you, Chizoba for being there for her and with her.” Mawande states politely with a smile.

“I have known her for less than a month but she has done so much for me. I am grateful to her.” I respond.

“Okay, enough. You’re going to make me cry. Carry these to the dining room.” she points at the dishes and we take them dining room where Mazwakhe is chatting with an older man and a younger one. They turn to us.

“Daddy.” Mawande screams and rushes to hug her father. Between Zoe and Mazwakhe, she loves her father the most and he is usually her Man Crush Monday. She also hugs the other two men, ruffling the younger man’s hair.

“Hey, watch it.” The man says pouting causing everyone in the room to laugh.

“And that’s my youngest, Malusi.” Zoe states, looking at me and I nod.

“You’re old.” I tease and she laughs.

“I have done my part. That’s why I am waiting for grandchildren from them except for Malusi. He is too young to have kids.”

“Says who?” Malusi asks and the other older man hits the back of his head. “Ouch, uncle. That was clearly meant as a joke.”

“Better be.” The man turns to look at me. He smiles. “Miss Gwendaline. Such a please to finally meet you. Your interview blew me away.” I frown. Okay. Which interview is he talking about?

“My dear friend is confused.” Zoe chuckles walking closer to me. “This is my brother, headmaster Vusikhaya Mncube, your new boss.”

My eyes pop out. “Wow. OMG! Thank you so much for the opportunity you have given me. You won’t regret it.” I shake his head and he laughs.

“You don’t have to be so nervous. I am a cool boss and I love someone who is determined. I have contacted your references and I am pleased by all the praises you get from them. I

will be honored to work with you.” he smiles.

“The honor is all mine.”

“Okay, I am lost. Miss Chizoba is my number one fan, so I demand to know what’s happening here so that I can tweet about it.” Mawande chirps in and we all laugh.

“Chizoba is a qualified Biology teacher and she is your uncle’s newest employer.” Mazwakhe answers for me. My eyes travel to Masonke who looks shocked. Yeah, eat that you asshole.

The rest of the family join us. Zoe introduces the older woman as Vusikhaya’s wife, Khombisile and their daughter, Sinethemba. We all get seated and start eating. They complement the food, mostly the dish I helped cook. When we are all done eating, Zoe orders Mawande, Malusi and Sinethemba to do the

dishes. That just proves that no matter how famous you are, at home, you will always be a child. Well unless you are the breadwinner. I stand up and head to the backyard, just to get some fresh air because, as much as the family is welcoming and warm, all this can be overwhelming.

“My family can get noisy at times. I, too, long for some peace and quiet.” I turn to find Masonke standing a few feet away from me. “I wasn’t following you.” I chuckle.

“Yeah right.”

“For real. Anyways your food was really nice. I have never had something like that before and it’s been a while since I last had home cooked meal because my helper is on a sick leave.”

“I think I would maybe die if I had take-outs for a

full week. I live for home cooked meals and I am not even lazy to do a three course meal every evening.”

“Your boyfriend must be lucky.”

“Now you’re being nosy.” He laughs. “And why would you assume I have a boyfriend? What if I have a girlfriend or a partner?” he laughs even harder.

“A woman wouldn’t be able to handle all that sassiness.” I roll my eyes.

“I should go back inside.”

“It’s still crowded and noisy.”

“But you aren’t there. So I guess it’s much better.”

He steps closer to me, smirking. “What is your problem with me?”

“You’re rude, arrogant and self-centered. I mean, who forgets their mother’s birthday? A self-centered child.” I shrug and pass him, but I see Masande standing at the patio with a smile on his face.

“Finally, somebody to put him in his place. Welcome to the family, Chizoba.” He raises his glass in the air while laughing. “I love you, already.”

“How can you not? She is a book nerd like you.” Masonke snaps back, passing me and heading inside the house.

“The lawyer has a bit of a temper, huh?” I ask in a teasing tone and Masande just laughs. He looks like someone I would get along with.

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NARRATED

The Gumbi siblings, with Monica and Sinethemba, arrived at the club and immediately headed to the VIP section where they got served a few moments after they settled down. Many people who saw Mawande wanted to take pictures with her but she was too far. They weren't disappointed though because they knew after a few drinks, she would head to the general section dance floor and they would get their chance. Makhosonke hardly drank when he was out with his siblings because as the eldest, it was his responsibility to look after his siblings even though they were all majors.

“We should’ve asked Chizoba to join us.”

Sinethemba commented with a pout. “She seemed like a really cool lady. We even exchanged numbers.”

“But you don’t even have my number.” Monica stated with a frown.

“Well, you’re not cool and you are much younger than me. We wouldn’t have something to talk about.” Sinethemba shot back and all the siblings laughed except for Makhosonke who held back his laugh because his family always teased him about dating a woman more than 8 years younger than him and Mawande who was checking in. Sinethemba was only 2 years older than Monica but she didn’t get along with her. Monica was too much for her and she emphasized that her cousin deserved a better woman than the young gold digger who didn’t even have a single qualification under her name,

except for Matric but that's just like a birth certificate.

"Chizoba's body though." Malusi groaned and his sister and cousin laughed while Makhosonke chuckled. "Whoever is tapping that ass is lucky."

"Man or woman." Makhosonke added and he got the meanest glare from Monica. He raised his hands up in surrender.

"She has beauty plus brains. Any man would be lucky to have her." Mawande added. "Or woman." she teased her brother and they laughed.

"How is your woman doing, brother?" Malusi enquired, looking at Masande who smiled. He was a man in love.

“She is great. This week we discovered that we were pregnant and I proposed. Well I proposed before she told me the news. I have also been thinking of moving back here because I know how much it would mean to mama if her first grandchild was only a few kilometers away from her.” He responded with a wide smile.

“Congratulations brother.” Mawande was the first to congratulate him with a hug and a kiss on the cheek, followed by the rest of his siblings. He received a cold hug from Monica but that didn’t matter because nothing could overshadow his happiness. “Now you’re making us feel bad for staying away from home.”

“I don’t think the reaction would be the same if you were to turn up pregnant and engaged.”

Makhosonke teased and they all laughed because they knew it was the truth. Despite her fame and success, Mazwakhe still treated her like his little princess and they knew he would lose it if he discovered that she was pregnant.

“Which is why I always use double protection. I can’t afford a mistake child.” Mawande defended herself and her brothers gagged.

“What did I just picture?” Malusi gagged once again and Mawande laughed.

“Double standards, dear brother.” Sinethemba said, cracking up.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 17

NARRATED

The following morning, Masande woke up and

decided to go for a job. He wasn't hung-over like his siblings and his body was used to running every morning. He came back from his run and just as he was stretching on the driveway, his phone rang. He smiled, picking it up and he was laughing throughout the while conversation. His fiancé was a woman with a very good sense of humour and she was such a loving and carrying woman. Ending the call, he turned to find his father standing at front door and staring at him with a wide smile on his face.

"So, you're expecting?" Mazwakhe asked, not carrying to hide his excitement. Masande rolled his eyes with a smile on his face.

"Eavesdropping is not cool, old man."

Mazwakhe laughed and didn't say anything because he was waiting for his son to say something. "You caught me, your Honor." He walked closer to his father. "Luncumo is 2

months pregnant and we are engaged.”

“That’s my son.” Mazwakhe beamed, hugging his son tightly. He was overjoyed about this as he was always overjoyed about any achievement from his children. He once screamed like a four-year old when Mawande won an award for Best Actress of the Year. You can safely say that he was a good father. “Fuck, this is amazing.” He broke the hug and quickly wiped his tears.

“Come on dad. Don’t be like that.”

“Don’t mind me. Anyways what are your plans? When are you telling your mother?”

“We were thinking of moving here with her so that we can be closer to you guys.”

“Give me a minute.” Mazwakhe turned to face

the other way and Masande heard sniffs.

“Dad, if you’re like this, then who is going to comfort your wife?” Mazwakhe turned and finally pulled himself together.

“Let me be, son. I am teaching you that it’s okay to be emotional in front of your kids. Real men do cry and show emotions when they feel overwhelmed. Lesson number one of daddy lessons.” Masande laughed as he followed his father who went inside the house.

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CHIZOBA GWENDALINE

Yesterday was a very nice occasion. I enjoyed my time with the Gumbi and Ncube family.

Surprisingly, even Masonke was nice to me. Monica was an exception but it doesn't come as a surprise. That girl is a special case. At some point, I wanted to tell everyone how I exactly met her and Masonke but Masonke wasn't being a jerk to me, so I let it slide. When I told Mathenji about the dinner, she was envious. She said I should invite her next time. She also wants to see Wendy-G in person.

Getting to my apartment, I frown when my eyes land on someone seated outside Room 401. I walk closer to the person and squat in front of him.

"Are you okay, sir?" the person raises their head and I nearly fall back when I see Masonke. He looks horrible, like he hasn't slept since yesterday, or worse, hasn't showered. He is still

wearing the same clothes as last night.

“Masonke, what are you doing here?”

“This is my apartment but I forgot the keys in my car. I am too tired to head down and come back up.” he smells like a brewery. I sigh. I am also too drained for this.

“Do you wanna come inside my apartment? I can make you coffee.” He chuckles.

“You live here?” I roll my eyes and standing up. I walk to my room and turn to find him following me. I open the door and walk inside.

“You can sit at the couch while I make you a cup. Don’t mind the books at the corner there. I haven’t found time to buy a shelf.”

I lead him to the lounge and he sits on the

couch. I hand him the remote and go boil the water in the kettle. I quickly go to my room to change into an oversized t-shirt and sleepers. I head back to the kitchen and start making coffee for the both of us. I warm the muffins in the fridge and place them in a plate. I serve him and sit down not far from him.

“Now, what’s up? I am no therapist but I can see that you’re troubled. Or else you wouldn’t have left your mansion wherever it is and come to an apartment still dressed in yesterday’s clothes.” He chuckles and takes a sip on his coffee.

“Where does one begin?”

“Literally from the beginning.” He grimaces before biting and chewing the muffin. I can’t seem to look away. I have never seen someone eat a muffin so passionately except for a model

doing a muffin ad. Look at me now, I am back to being horny and fantasizing about men. Why did I listen to Nneke's advice?

"So as you know, I was stupid enough to date a 21 year old girl. She is a girl, not a woman. I see that now. She was born in 2001. I am actually a pedophile." I don't mean to, but I laugh at his facial expression.

"I think we are going to need something stronger. Do you drink wine?" The liquor store manager bought it because it was R40 and handed me the bottle because he remembered that his woman is pregnant. He frowns. "Listen, the problem is not the age, rather the attitude. I know 21 year olds who are much matured than your girlfriend. Who are making money moves, venturing into property, excelling academically

and hustling. One question. What are her dreams, ambitions and long term goals?" he sighs and looks down.

"She wants to be a model or brand ambassador but every time an opportunity arises, she is too lazy to apply. She wants jobs to come knocking at her doorstep. She is an influencer and she likes it when brands approach her, not the other way around." I nod.

"Where does she live?" he groans and buries his face in his hand.

"With me." I laugh.

"How long have you guys been living together?"

"Almost a year now. She moved in two months after we started dating. And I don't drink wine. One glass is enough to make me light headed."

I nod with a chuckle.

“When did you realize that you are dating a child, not a woman?”

“I am thirty, Chizoba. I am financially stable and I am at an age where I wanna settle down, marry and have kids with the woman I love. Now what do you do when the woman you’re with hates the topic of marriage and kids? Always tells you that she is too young for that?”

“Well, if you don’t want the same things with you partner and there is no way to compromise, it’s best to part ways because trust me, you don’t wanna be a bitter adult just because you are not getting what your heart truly desires.” Look at me giving the arrogant jerk a love advice. Who would’ve thought that he would actually be sitting on my couch and watching

me play therapist?

“You are right. You are actually really smart. Now that I have told you about my relationship problems, how about you tell me about your relationship status?”

“I don’t owe you anything, Masonke.”

He grunts. “Stop butchering my name. I am Makhosonke. My name is very powerful. Makhosi onke. It means all the kings or all the chiefs. It’s something a king would name his heir.”

I pout. “Teach me how to pronounce it.”

“MA-KHO-SO-NKE.” He emphasizes. And I follow his lead.

“MA-KHO-SO-NKE.” He claps his hands.

“You’re a natural.” I laugh.

“Why aren’t you at your house?”

“She is there.” I chuckle. He is like a miserable married man. His phone rings.

“I will leave you to answer that.”

I get up and head to the kitchen. I left wings on the less freezing part of the fridge when I went to work. So I take them out and marinade them while preheating the oven. Masonke walks in while I am greasing the pan.

“What are you making?” He asks leaning on the entry way.

“Sticky wings. I will eat them with bread. How about you go shower and I will go get your clothes from your apartment? You look really

drained.” He smiles.

“Why are you being so nice to me?”

“I am human, Makhosonke. I would also love for someone to take care of me at my lowest and not mock me or make fun of Me.” he nods.

“You are an angel and I can see why my mom loves you so much.” He places his car keys on the counter before heading to the bedroom.

Should I call Zoe? But I don’t think she would love to see her son this miserable. I place the wings on the heated oven and then head to his car. Luckily I find the keys on the passenger seat. I get to his apartment. It is so beautiful. I love the interior décor. After admiring it for a full minute, I head to the bedroom, passing a huge portrait of Makhosonke on the passage. Why am I not surprised? All these apartments are

built in the same manner, so it's easy to find what you're looking for. He has really beautiful clothes. I take a long sleeved t-shirt with sweatpants and sleepers. It's weird with the underwear selection. I just pick out the first one I see and quickly head out.

I walk inside my bedroom and I nearly run back out when I see him seated on the bed with a towel wrapped about his waist and reading *Someone To Die For* by Ongeziwe Anezwa. He raises his head and smiles at me when he notices me.

"You were taking too long, so I got busy." He waves the book. He still looks drunk but at least he is fresh, smells of berries. I hand him his clothes.

"I will be in the kitchen."

“Great choice of underwear.” He shouts as I close the door. I chuckle, shaking my head. “Please open the door, I wanna say something.” I roll my eyes and open it. He is standing too close. He quickly grabs my waist, pulling me closer to him and roughly kisses me.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 18

“OMG! You won’t believe this.” Mathenji states, wheeling her bucket to where I am standing. I only have 3 days left here and I am really going to miss her the most. I just hope different jobs won’t separate us.

“What is it, Thenji?”

“The IT couple apparently broke up.” I frown.

Who the fuck is the IT couple?

“Who?”

“Makhosonke and Monica. They deleted each other’s pictures and videos on their social media accounts. No one knows the full story. I am dying to know it. I keep checking out Monica’s Instagram story, hoping she will slip up and tell us what exactly happened or maybe cry in a live video but nothing.” Our store has Wi-Fi, so that’s why she is online on Instagram right now.

Now back to the news at hand. Makhosonke and Monica broke up? Well why am I surprised? The guy was literally pouring his heart out to me in my couch on Sunday about his fucked up relationship. I guess the break up was inevitable. “Maybe you left out some details about a drama

that occurred at the dinner. How could you have possibly missed this?" I roll my eyes.

"Monica was mean as always. Even in front of her in-laws. So there was nothing out of the ordinary for Me." she huffs.

"You're useless." She walks away, leaving me laughing like crazy. She gets like that when she doesn't get the scoop. She should've been a journalist because she loves drama and gossip.

Now back to the issue at hand. The break up. I am not the bad guy though. After that kiss, Makhosonke apologized for being out of line and we had dinner afterwards. He fell asleep on my couch and I went to bed after covering him with a blanket because I didn't wanna wake him up. He looked peaceful. The next morning, I woke up and there was coffee and muffins with

a bunch of flowers on my bedside table. There was also a note which stated...

‘Thank you for last night. You truly know the meaning of Ubuntu. You are a Godsend. Enjoy your day.’

The coffee was still hot, so that meant he had just left. His gesture made my heart melt, but in a way, he was paying for the therapy.

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MONICA NONYE

She was heartbroken and couldn't understand the real reason behind Makhosonke breaking up with her. She thought he was kidding until he actually asked the helper to pack her

belongings and then he drove her to a flat in Centurion which he bought for her as a parting gift. She should've been pleased that he still showed generosity even after dumping her but she couldn't because she was so confused. The conversation between them was still fresh in her mind.

'He walked in around 6 pm and placed his bags on the coffee table. He greeted her but she didn't answer because she was mad that he slept out for two full nights without bothering to even call her just to check in or actually come back home. He sighed and sat down, staring at his hands.

"There is something I need to talk to you about." He cleared his throat. "Actually tell you. I have been doing a lot of thinking. This," he gestured

between them, "It's not working. We should break up. We don't want the same things in life. I want kids and a wife. I wanna get married before the year ends or even next year and I want someone who is emotionally, physically and financially ready for that. I don't want to force you to change your beliefs or your life goals just to stay in a relationship with me. I love you but I am not satisfied in this relationship. It's not about sex. Our sex life is great."

She looked at him, utterly shocked to utter a single word. She took deep breaths to calm herself down. After almost 10 minutes of trying to process his words, she chuckled bitterly.

"Which bitch has gotten under your skin and made you realize that you suddenly want kids

and marriage? Was it the foreigner? Huh? Or are you jealous because your younger brother is getting married and expecting his first born? Why the fuck are you behaving like this? We were fine on Saturday. What changed? Did you cheat on me these last two days?" he sighed.

"You are not listening to me. I am not saying I am breaking up with you because I have found someone I wanna share the rest of my life with. I am breaking up with you because we don't want the same things and I don't want you to compromise too much just to stay in a relationship with you. I am not going to throw you out in the street. I have bought an apartment for you in Centurion. You will find a card containing enough money to sustain you for 6 months. By then I am sure you would've found a job or something. You can also keep the car I bought for you on your birthday."

“No. don’t do this to me. Don’t turn me into a laughing stock. What are people going to say? We are the IT couple. We can’t lose our status. I refuse.”

He chuckled in disbelief. “Is that all you care about? Status? When was the last time you actually asked me how I am feeling or wished me a great day? It’s always ‘think of me, honey’ or ‘what did you bring for me?’ I didn’t wanna go there but lately everything is about you, Monica. I didn’t wanna shift the blame but you are forcing my hand. ‘Don’t do this to me, don’t turn me into a laughing stock’. Like what the fuck, Monica? Do you even hear yourself when you speak? Fuck!” he stood up, taking his bags before heading upstairs. He stopped midway, spotting the helper and giving her instructions about packing Monica’s stuff.

“Fuck you, Makhosonke. Fuck you!” she yelled before taking out her frustrations on everything that was made of glass in the lounge. Even the TV.’

“Nica, babe. Are you okay?” her friend, Melinda, said politely, sitting opposite her and calling for a waiter immediately. Monica sighed and wiped her lone tear that fell past her huge shades.

“I am coping.” She was thinking of deleting her social media accounts because the people who knew the real her were not going easy on her. The mean comments were endless.

‘Finally, it ended in tears.’

‘She stole that man from another woman. What

was she hoping for?’

‘Her walking ATM is gone. Patiently waiting for her come crawling back to the slums.’

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year? You should trash him on Twitter. Embarrass him. Humiliate him.”

Monica sighed. “He was the best boyfriend I have ever had. He gave me everything I asked for and when we broke up, he brought me a flat and gave me a lot of money. He is also a lawyer. If I badmouth him, I might face legal action.”

Melinda rolled her eyes. “He still loves you. He won’t do anything to you. Come on. One tweet. That’s all. Or maybe a live video. Show those tears. Imagine the number of following you are going to gain. This is going to be good for your friend. Go for it, babe.” Monica sighed but she was actually considering what her friend was saying. Finally, she decided. She took out her phone.

She tweeted, 'MEN ARE TRASH. HE ACTUALLY LEFT ME FOR A CRUSTY ILLITERATE CLEANER.'

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jealous that his younger brother had impregnated and asked his girlfriend to marry him. When Makhosonke found that out, he was dying of jealousy. When he demanded a child to me, I told him to go fuck himself and that's when he dumped me. He is a crazy manipulative psychopath who goes insane when things are not done his way. He throws tantrums like a fuckin big baby. Screw him." she wiped her tears. "To all the ladies out there in my situation, don't compromise who you are or what you want just because the other gender wants to have kids. If he wants kids, tell them to fuckin adopt. There are many homeless kids out there. If he refuses, then that means he wanted to impregnate you and leave you hanging."

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THE ARROGANT JERK

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THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 19

Before heading home, I start at the gym and do a one our session. When I am done, I walk home. It’s not too far. I don’t like listening to music while walking either to or from work or to anywhere in particular. Those walking moments is when I get time to be one with my brain.

Mathenji showed me a tweet and a video posted by Monica, a follow up about the break-up. Honestly, some girls out there are dramatic. Monica is some kind of a celebrity and celebrities usually treat break ups in a mature way. Like posting the usual 'we still love each other but we decided to part ways due to personal reasons' statement. There is never a dramatic video like that. But this is all none of my business.

When I get to the fourth floor, I frown, my eyes landing on the brand new 4-shelf white bookcase right outside my door. Well I didn't order this. I step closer and I see a sticky note attached to it.

'Now your books are not going to be stashed on the floor like they are waiting for you to move

them.

-Makhosonke'

I chuckle, shaking my head. How thoughtful of him. Opening the door, I gently push the bookcase inside my apartment. It is really light. I correctly place it in the right space in the lounge and smile at how it fits perfectly. Fuck. I don't even have his number. How do I thank him? Well I guess he already knows I am thankful since he didn't leave his contact details with the note.

I freshen-up and start on supper. When I am done, I go through the notes the life science teacher sent me. She also sent me the syllabus. So I have to be in tune with everything on Monday. I am going to be teaching grade 10 and helping the grade 12 teacher with his

afternoon classes. It's not much work. I just have to prepare myself physically and mentally to face learners. This also means I can't possibly entertain myself with Monica's drama because I know that tweet was directed to me.

I eat dinner while going through the notes and watching a few videos. This school is advanced. The learners use gadgets very often and notes are shared via emails after every lesson. You just send it to the clerk and she makes sure to send the notes to all the learners. I get tired of the note and pack them nicely on the bookcase. It's really beautiful but I will need another one where I can store school related matters. I wash the dishes and then read a book before heading to sleep.

...

NARRATED

Masande stormed inside the Gumbi household in search for Makhosonke because his PA said he was working from home and when he didn't find him at his house, he knew he would be at his parents' house. He found him at the lounge engaged in a deep conversation with their father.

"Makhosonke." He announced his presence and both men turned to face him.

"Son, what brings you here?" Mazwakhe asked already standing up.

"Hey dad. Makhosonke, what were your parting gifts? What did you give her? Because we need to get it back. Each and everything." Masande was fuming. Makhosonke sighed and closed the laptop after saving the document he was

working on.

“Parting gifts? What are you talking about?” Mazwakhe asked, getting more and more confused and he hated not being on the loop. Parting gifts were some kind of a tradition Mazwakhe’s father taught him about. He always said that ‘if you give a woman a generous gift upon your breakup, she won’t nag a lot or cause unnecessary drama that might embarrass you.’

“What’s all this noise?” Zoe asked, coming from the kitchen. She was busy baking some brownies because she woke up craving for them. “Masande, when did you arrive?” she went to hug him. He melted a bit and hugged his mother back.

“I just landed about half an hour ago.” He got on the first plane out because he was super angry about this. Even Luncumo didn't know how to handle him. She just made sure to drive him to the airport so that he doesn't get involved in a car accident, or worse, cause it. “I am so pissed by what Monica did. She did not only humiliate my brother but our entire family. It’s all your fault, Makho. What the fuck were you thinking dating a child?” He was back to fuming.

“Hey! No cursing in the house.” Mazwakhe ordered with a stern voice and Masande muttered an apology. Makhosonke was the only one they knew to have a temper. Not Masande. So they were quite taken back by his outburst.

“What are you on about, Sande?” Makhosonke asked.

“You don’t know what Monica did?” he asked and Makhosonke shook his head.

“I deleted all my apps, including WhatsApp and made sure to mute the notifications on my emails.”

“Okay. Before I humour you brother, tell me. What were your parting gifts?” Masande asked once more.

“That car I bought for her birthday, an apartment in Centurion and a card with R500 000.” Makhosonke stated.

“I want you to take all those things back. Here is why.” He opened his phone and showed the family the video. Makhosonke was the first one to frown.

“How could she do this? After what I gave her. She knows I can sue her for defamation of character. Why would she do this?”

“That’s not all. She also humiliated Chizoba in a tweet and her friend even attached a photo of Chizoba in her uniform.”

“My Chizoba?” Zoe finally found her voice.

“What does she have to do with all of this?”

“Mom, dad, can you please sit down? There is something I need to tell you.” Makhosonke said, sitting down.

“And you, is it true that you are engaged and expecting your first child?” Zoe asked already sitting down but her eyes were on Masande. Mazwakhe sat next to her.

“Luncumo, my girlfriend ma. She is two months pregnant and yes we are engaged. It's a recent thing. I wanted to tell you once I had sorted all my affairs. I am sorry for not telling you.” Zoe pouted and folded her arms to her chest. She

turned to face Makhosonke and that meant it was time for him to speak.

He cleared her throat. "We met, sort of bumped into Chizoba at her workplace. I had had a bad day and I wasn't in my best of moods. So when I slipped and fell on the floor, I shouted at her. Monica also joined in and insulted her. The next time we bumped into her, we were at another grocery store. She was shopping and Monica sort of insinuated that she was stalking us and kind of manhandled her. I ran after her to apologize but I ended up being an ass and earned myself a slap because I got distracted by her beauty. I told her that she shouldn't press charges against Monica."

"You are an idiot." Zoe jumped up to strangle him but her husband held her back.

“Then there was that encounter where you guys met at the store. I stayed back and asked her not to tell on me because I didn't want you to be disappointed in me. She told me that she does have Ubuntu, unlike me. I also gave her a ride one afternoon from the gym and that's when I really apologized to her. Monica hated her from our first encounter and when she discovered that you guys are buddies, that angered her. She kept on venting about how much Chizoba gets under her skin. Her hatred grew even more after last Saturday. When we came back from the club, all she could shout about was Chizoba because you guys couldn't stop talking about her.” He didn't mention his last meet up with Chizoba because he knew it would raise a lot of questions. He glanced at his brother.

“So it's Chichi's fault that Monica is a spoiled

brat with a stinking attitude? Are you kidding me?" Zoe was enraged and wished she could whop Monica's ass.

"Take those parting gifts back and clear Chizoba's name by suing that friend who posted her picture. She is starting work on Monday. She doesn't need this kind of drama on her. Also make sure the picture is removed by tomorrow morning. We don't care how you sort out your shit, but spare Chizoba please." Mazwakhe stated sternly and Makhosonke nodded.

"Who taught you to be rude and disrespectful towards cleaners? Is that how you treat people who you think are below you? You are all humans, strip your job title away, you all bleed the same blood and one day you might need

help from 'an illiterate cleaner'. You disgust me, honestly. I am disappointed in you. I raised you better than this." Zoe stood up and headed back to the kitchen. She was fuming. She saw it best to knead bread dough in order to take out her frustrations well.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 20

The following morning at work, Mathenji is fuming. That's not her usual mood. When I find out what's bothering her, I just laugh. I never did a single thing to Monica, yet she has thought it's best to humiliate me. Wow. I am not even going to entertain her because she is not worth my time or energy. I just hope her stunt won't affect my work. I decide there and then to delete twitter and mute notifications from my emails pertaining twitter.

Just as I am heading to aisle one, I hear noises and curses. It sounds like some people are fighting. I make sure to lean my working material on the wall before rushing to the chaos. I find two women on each other's throats, shouting on top of their voices. This has never happened before. I can't even observe because I will be asked why I didn't stop the fight.

"You are crazy if you think I am going to leave that man. He is mine as much as he is yours. He is our man. How can you even fight me while you don't have the ring?" the woman wearing the weave shouts.

"I am his number one side chick, his only side chick and it stays that way." The woman with braids states. "He loves me and I love him. You

are just using him for his money.”

“Honey, he is also using you for pussy. If he really loves you he would’ve married you by now. Polygamy is still a thing.” The weave lady replies, pulling the other woman’s braids. This is getting intense.

I quickly get between them and separate them. “Ladies, please. I understand your frustrations but can you please take this outside? You are scaring the customers, especially the kids.”

“She started it.” The weave lady states, pouting.

“You are after my man and I am keen on stopping you. You are just using him to maintain your soft life. I actually care about his well-being. Just last month he was at the

hospital and you never even once visited him. I stayed by his side the whole time he was admitted because his wife was out of town. I will repeat once again, you are using him and I hope he does see you for who you truly are.” The braids lady responds, wiping her tears. This is a juicy scoop but it would’ve been much more interesting if I wasn’t in between these women trying so hard to stop them from tearing each other’s scalps.

“Thank you, Chizoba.” A security states, coming towards me. “Let’s go ladies.” He grabs both the ladies arms and escort them outside.

“What happened?” Mathenji asks rushing towards me with Fikile behind her.

“Those two ladies were fighting and I broke it up. They are, apparently side chicks of one man.” I respond, taking my work equipment and

preparing to mop the aisle.

“I knew that I know them from somewhere. They are both Mayor Mthimkhulu’s side chicks. The one with braids has two kids with him and they have been dating for a while now. I heard the wife kind of knows about her.” Fikile whispers loudly. I chuckle. I usually don’t entertain gossip but this one seems juicy.

“What’s so special about this mayor?” I ask, standing straight. It’s clear I am not going to do any work with these ladies still here.

“He is so hot, chomie. He is 38 years. He is a whole snack. Let me show you his pictures.” Mathenji says already taking out her phone. I laugh. She shows me a picture of a very handsome bald man with a nice trimmed beard

and a well-kept body. A politician who is friends with the gym? That's a world wonder.

"I wouldn't mind being his side chick." I tease and they both laugh. "No wonder these women are fighting for him. He is so dreamy."

"And he is not even stingy when it comes to spoiling a lady. He takes them out to weekend getaways, buys them really expensive gifts. The one with braids, her name is Khanyisile and I heard that he paid full lobola for her last month but it's still being kept a secret because he hasn't told the wife." Mathenji spills the tea and my eyes pop out.

"Where did you get that?"

"I live with one of his side chicks. He has many of them. I have actually seen him come at our building twice. His arms, Chichi. Gosh, I could

die in them.” we all laugh.

“That’s enough. Let me get back to work before I get fired the day before my last.” I murmur and she rolls her eyes.

“Buzz kill.” They both walk away. I definitely would ride that mayor.

...

MaNyathi has given me a 2 hour lunch break since I don’t have a day off this week. So I have decided to take lunch which is a home cooked meal, to Makhosonke, just to thank him for the bookcase and also check up on him because from the little I saw on Mathenji’s phone, things are not going well. Drama is surrounding him because of Monica.

His office is a 10 minute drive from work, so I

catch an Uber. I get there and head inside. The receptionist is so friendly. She doesn't ask many questions, she just directs me to his office. I don't even knock, I barge in and find him talking to some young woman who is carrying a tablet.

"Excuse me, can we help you?" the young lady speaks first. I check the time on my phone.

"What time is your lunch time around here?" I ask and she frowns.

"It's fine, Lorraine. We will continue this discussion after an hour. Please close the door behind you." Makhosonke states, standing up with a smile on his face. I resist the urge to roll my eyes. And here I thought he was miserable. The young lady scoffs before walking out, not forgetting to sway her hips from side to side.

“I would tap that every day.” I remark as she closes the door and Makhosonke laughs.

“You are the last person I was expecting to see. What? Do I no longer annoy you or come off as arrogant and selfish anymore?” he asks with a smirk. I roll my eyes, placing the plastic on his desk.

“That’s Nigerian Beef Suya. I made it last night. And don’t think I went home on a broomstick and came back this morning just to pour love portion on it.” He chuckles.

“I wouldn’t put it past you.” he comments and I snort before walking to sit down on the single sitter couch facing the floor to ceiling glass window overlooking the city. It’s a nice view. I wouldn’t mind sitting here and reading a book or just wanting to escape reality. “Mmm, this is

really good. Want a bite?" he asks already chewing. I turn my head to face him.

"No. I want what you were going to eat for lunch." He points at a door on his left side.

"Lorraine placed it on the microwave."

I stand up and head to the closed door. It's a mini kitchen with a bar fridge, microwave, kettle and other small appliances. I open the microwave and I am greeted by a Rocomamas paper bag. I take it out and open it. It's a burger and fries. My mouth waters instantly. I have a weakness for burgers. I check the fridge for drinks and I squeal when I see a caramel cake slice. I take it and the 1l juice. He is going to get the glasses. I head back to the office and he just laughs when his eyes land on the cake.

“That's my cake. Please take it back.” He states, with a serious face.

“No can do.” I sit down on the desk and take out the burger and fries from the paper bag. I start eating. “Please fetch the glasses.” He shakes his head and walk to the mini kitchen. He comes back and pours the juice for the both of us.

“So what brings you here?” he sits opposite me.

“I saw the drama on the socials. I am glad I deleted twitter and muted the notifications. When I advised you to part ways I didn't mean you should do it immediately.” He chuckles.

“I was supposed to wait for what? I needed that advise and I put it to good use.”

“But look at the consequences of your actions.

The girl is humiliating you and your family. They are also involving me in your drama. I don't know where I enter there." He sighs.

"She is just jealous that she has never had that close relationship you have with my family and she felt like you are replacing her."

"How though? I am not dating you neither or am I interested in you. I don't understand your reasoning."

"Well she feels threatened by you. Worse you're smart." I groan and sit back.

"whatever. But I don't want drama around my name as I am starting my new job on Monday. Can you ensure that?"

"I am already on it. The picture has been deleted." I frown.

“What picture?”

“Of you in your work uniform.”

“What? Your girl is crazy and she is stalker.”

“Well she is no longer mine.”

“Still seems like it.” I finish my food and down it with the juice. “Thanks for the cake.” He smiles.

“I didn't give it to you.”

I shrug. “well it's mine now. Bye.”

“Can I have your number?”

“Ask for it from Zoe.” I quickly head out.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 21

It's my last day at work and I am sad. It has only been a few months but I have made a few

friends. Those being Mathenji and MaNyathi who has been like a mother to me. I am going to miss them a lot. I am going to miss the gossip from Fikile. I am going to miss some of the tantrums thrown by kids. Trust me, when they are no longer throwing them, you kinda miss them a bit.

I am going to miss people falling down and cursing, knowing they are the ones at fault because they ignored the caution sign. I am also going to miss the drama. Last month this chick came to fetch her weave from the lady at the wine section. She didn't say anything, she just swiftly took it off and cat walked her way out of the store. The wine lady was embarrassed but she continued working with her cornrows because there was a long line of customers.

“So the wife found out about Mayor Mthimkhulu paying lobola for the other side chick and she threw a fit. Apparently she set his brand new car on fire.” Fikile starts off, slowly pushing her cart. She scans the area and I laugh. That’s how a person does when she has a big scoop. Check the surroundings and then continue with the news.

“How did she find out?”

“It turns out, the slay queen side chick got angry about the mayor paying lobola for the other side chick and she texted the wife. The story didn’t make it to the tabloids because the mayor pays handsomely for his affairs not to be displayed on the media.”

“How did you find out?” I mean if it wasn’t on tabloids, how the hell did she find out? But Fikile

is Fikile. No news passes her. Even if it's not public.

"Twitter honey. One tweet can go a long way." She also has a great number of followers on the bird app because she always retweets the scoops and add her hilarious captions that make people love her. She is a low key journalist. "On the other news, Monica is homeless." This time, her voice drops a key. I narrow my eyes towards her. There is only one Monica I know who is kind of trending these days.

"Where did you hear that from?"

"It turns out Makhosonke gave her parting gifts. Those are gifts a rich man usually give his ex-girlfriend when they part ways so that she won't cause drama and won't find it hard to get back

on her feet.” I nod. I should also date a rich man, move in with him and dump him so that I can get parting gifts. “Makhosonke gave her an apartment in Centurion, a card with R500k and he told her that she could keep the car he brought her for her birthday this year.”

“Jesus Christ!” I am super shocked. Makhosonke has half a million lying around just to gift and ex-girlfriend? How rich is he? “Where does one get such a rich man?”

She laughs. “Well you can go to Gogo Maweni and she will give you things that make the pots to be done.” I frown. Who is Gogo Maweni now? She rolls her eyes. “Story for another day. So after that dramatic tweet and video Monica posted, it landed her and her friend on hot waters. Makhosonke took back the flat and the

money. He only left her the car which is kind of useless unless she can miraculously get a job in less than a week.”

“By hot waters, she means the friend got sued for posting that photo of you.” Mathenji chirps in. I didn’t even notice her standing there.

“When did you get here?” she laughs and waves me off.

“The friend got sued and if it goes well, you might get the money from the lawsuit.” I frown.

“What money?”

“You stupid friend of mine.” She groans.

“Makhosonke is an advocate and his father is a judge. This case can take less than a month. Melinda is guilty. All the evidence points towards her. Which reminds me, I should really

watch what I post.” I laugh. As if Mathenji can do that.

“Monica had brands lining up to partner with her but after all this drama, they are all taking steps back. Next thing you know, she is going to be a blogger trashing celebs for a living. Or even selling her home made tea for belly fat.” Fikile states dramatically before pushing her cart away, leaving us laughing.

I can't imagine Monica doing any of those things. But what would be wise of her is looking for a job while applying to varsities for the next academic year. This is a lesson to all women. Just because your man is rich doesn't mean you should relax. You should also have a side hustle, a skill or a qualification to fall back to in case things go sideways because they do, at

times. Or worst case scenario, he starts controlling you because he knows you are very much dependent on him.

“We are having a party at your apartment today.” Mathenji states with a voice that means ‘end of discussion.’

“I don’t even have a speaker and alcohol.”

“Leave that to us. I will bring everything that might be needed.”

“How many people are coming?”

“3. See you then.” She practically runs off and I chuckle, shaking my head. I hope she doesn’t bring one of her boyfriends and make me hold a candle for them while they get all lovey dovey. When have you heard a party of three people? I should just prepare for at least 10 people

because some black people don't wait to be invited to a party. They invite themselves.

...

By knock off time, I am already kak tired. It's my last day and I made sure to work my butt off. That's why I am this tired. I go place my clean work material and head to the staff room. The store has closed, so it's so peaceful. Arriving at the staff room, I nearly jump out of my skin when I hear people shouting 'SURPRISE!'

"OMG!" I place my hand in my chest to calm my fast beating heart. The whole cleaning staff has planned a little something in the staff room. There is also a few employees from the bakery, the deli and two securities. There are a few balloons on the floor and some cake and drinks

on the table. “Wow guys.”

“No need for a speech.” MaNyathi starts off. We just wanted to do a little something for you. We have known you for a few months. Almost 9 to be precise. You have been a very good employee to me and you have never not once bothered me or arrived at work with a hangover, unlike others.” Some mumble and I just laugh. Mathenji is one of those who have arrived with a hangover at work. “We just want to wish you all the best and we want you to be happy and successful.”

“Thank you.” I hug her and I also hug the others.

“Okay, we have been given only 15 minutes. So let’s eat the cake.” Mathenji announces and she starts cutting the cake. She hands me a big piece. It’s caramel. I instantly melt. I sit down

and start devouring it.

“I made this one especially for you.” Hlengi from the bakery states. She makes the meanest cakes. I used to love her bar one cakes. I still love them but I have a strong weakness for caramel. And she makes sure to add a bit more icing than usual just for me.

“I can tell.” She laughs. “I will continue buying your cakes from time to time.” She also has a home bakery and her cakes are beautiful, not forgetting delectable. She nods with a smile.

“I appreciate that.”

I make small talks with the other employees. We also share one of the few memorable moments, we laugh about the funny ones,

especially the time when a woman came in the store and took buttermilk, thinking it is Danup. She gulped it down so fast and imagine her surprise when she discovered that it is buttermilk. She had no problem buying both Danup and buttermilk but the problem started when she vomited on the floor and fell on her own vomit. Fikile was the one was stationed on that floor. She had to put in a face mask and she kept on saying 'happy thoughts. Happy thoughts only', the whole time. That cracked me up a lot. And of course there is the iconic Mr. 12k pants. They also laugh about that.

"We figured that you don't have wardrobe for your new job, so we each bought outfits. I told them your sizes." Mathenji states and I giggle. I don't know what I did to deserve this. "You will open them at home. I mean, what if someone gave you lingerie to seduce your HOD?"

“And that someone can be you.” Fikile teases and we all laugh because that definitely sounds like Mathenji. She rolls her eyes.

“Whatever. You have 30 seconds to say your speech and then we pack up here. I have already requested an Uber for you.”

“That’s so thoughtful of you. Thank you.” I clear my throat and stand up. “Guys, this is so beautiful. Thank you for doing this for me. honestly when it comes to my work, I always make sure to put in 110% effort and when it comes to my fellow colleagues, I just make sure to be myself and I guess that made you guys love me. I appreciate all of this and I will forever carry you in my heart. Thank you so much and I love you all.” this is all so emotional to me. We share last hugs with everyone and Mathenji

escorts me to the parking lot with all the gift bags.

“See you in a few hours love.” she winks at me before closing the door and walking away.

“Is your friend taken?” the Uber driver asks and I just break into laughter. Men wanna tap that ass.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 22

The morning after the mini house party, I clean up immediately after the last guest leaves. Last night got a bit out of control. From three people that Mathenji mentioned to almost 20 people. I only knew 5 of those people and they were all my colleagues. Bangi, Mathenji’s man, joined in on the fun around 1 am. I think he was coming

from the grooves. But they provided their own meals which means I have more than enough left overs. We also drank and it was really fun to let loose. We also took last night as an opportunity to celebrate my new job. I won't do a housewarming soon. I want to work for at least 2 months before officially inviting people into my apartment. The apartment is really mine. I was surprised to find a title deed with my name on it on one of the drawers. The Gumbis have been really good to me. I just hope I never disappoint them.

When I am done cleaning, I shower and then eat breakfast. After that, I sort out my new wardrobe. These people really helped me. Starting a new job in the middle of the month is never ideal because you don't have money to upgrade your wardrobe since you wear different outfits every day.

Just as I am about to rest, my phone rings. It's my other older sister, Udoamaka. That one hardly calls. She does, when she is delivering bad news. She is someone who doesn't like fraternizing with the family. They label her as the black sheep. We don't have a good relationship nor a bad one. I just acknowledge her as my sister who is older than me by 3 years.

"Hey, Udoa. How are you doing?"

"I am good, Chichi. How is life treating you? Heard you got a new job."

She lives in Abuja where she is working as a receptionist at some company. She has a nice cozy flat in Jabi. She has an expensive taste and her company always provides her with

fashion and beauty vouchers so that she can keep looking pretty since she is literally the face of the company. I once or twice heard about her having an affair with the company director who is in his late forties but we all know never to confront her about rumours because even if it is true, she will get mad that you are entertaining them.

“Yeah. I did send you a text because I didn’t reach you when I called.”

She chuckles. “Yeah, I lost my phone 2 weeks ago on a business trip. I bought a new one yesterday.”

“That makes sense.”

“Anyways, congratulations on your job.”

“Thank you very much.”

“I was actually at home for the weekend and imagine my surprise when drama visited us.” I sit back and prepare my ears. It’s not every day Udoa shares gossip, so when she does, you have to lend her an ear because it sure is going to be juicy.

“What happened?”

“Your friend came with her family. That woman is this close to popping. It turns out she and Chia have been dating for almost a year and a half. And our dear brother promised to marry her. That’s why she got pregnant. They are in love and he is supposed to take her as his second wife.”

“Now that’s new. I don’t remember my brother mentioning that the last time we spoke.”

“Chia is scared of his wife. Turns out this is not

the first time he is cheating on her but because a baby was creating, Celine is even hinting about divorce. She is saying that the minute Chia marries your friend, she is out of this god forsaken marriage.” I laugh, really hard. Men will always be men. My brother was always troublesome and he had multiple girlfriends prior to his marriage. I thought he had changed but I guess a leopard never really changes its spots.

“So what happened to Shine? What did my brother say to her family?”

“He said he will take care of the child and her but that’s all. Their relationship is over.” That’s a lie.

“We all know he is going to continue being with Shine. Celine prohibited marriage not dating. She should’ve been specific.” She laughs.

“So besides the new job, what’s happening in your life? Any man interested in you?” that’s new. She never asks about my personal life, but I guess she is turning over a new leaf.

“I did have a fling but I ended it a while back. I didn’t want it complicating my life. There is also this guy I kissed. His life is complicated and he just got out of a serious relationship. So I know that getting together with him would mean that I am making myself a rebound and I don’t want that. I guess what I am trying to say is that I am still as single as always.” She chortles.

“Settle down in your new job and get the hang of it. Once you are used to it, then you can ready yourself mentally and physically for a relationship. I know how overwhelming a new

job can be. Anyways, back to me. I know you have heard about me dating or sleeping with the director of the company I work for.” I giggle. “Maybe.”

“You are such a bad liar. So, his wife died about 9 months ago. There was no love lost there. So after mourning for about 3 months, he asked me to marry him. I haven’t said yes but we are still dating. I said I will talk to my family first before getting back to him. I know it’s wrong to not answer him for months but I am a bit skeptical. He is 42 and his age is not an issue. The issue is he has 4 kids. The first one is 23 year old. He also doesn’t want me working once we get married. I get an allowance of 2 million Naira every month but he said it will increase to 5 million once we are married. I love him, little sis, I do. But there is something holding me back. Maybe it’s the kids. Maybe it’s because he

has too much money and I kind of feel intimidated. Maybe it's because I won't feel comfortable sitting at home and being a housewife. I wanna work and I wanna climb the corporate ladder and be a CEO one day but I wanna do all that by myself without his connections." I sigh. This is actually the first heart to heart conversation I have had with Udoa and as weird as it sounds, I feel more connected to her now that she has shared something like this with me.

"You should have a real conversation with him and tell him your fears, your wishes and goals. If he really loves you, he will let you do what you really wanna do because your happiness will mean the world to him. Communication is always one of the keys to keeping a relationship strong."

“That’s awesome. Maybe you can tell him that.”
I chuckle. She hates confrontations.

“We will Skype maybe tomorrow after school.”

“No, we are coming to Johannesburg this evening. We are staying at one of his houses in Blair Atholl Golf Estate. I will ask one of his drivers to come pick you up.” I frown.

“Just how rich is your man?” she giggles.

“He is a billionaire. Not in Nigeria but in Britain. So you can imagine how much money he has. I don’t even know his net worth. I never want to know it because money is the root of all evil.”

“So you didn’t tell me that you’re in South Africa?” she laughs.

“Don’t be petty. I am telling you now. We are here for his daughter’s graduation. She was

studying at Wits and she is graduating on Wednesday. The kids are a bit fond of me because we got acquainted before their mother died.”

“Wow, okay. I guess I will see you later then, Mrs... wait, what’s his surname or name even?” she cracks up.

“Gosh, you are not a noisy sibling. Kosisochukwu even calls him by his name. He is Abaeze Eesuola.” His name is really familiar. “Anyways I will see you in a few hours. Bye sis.” She hangs up quickly leaving me a bit confused.

That’s a new Udoa. She is free spirited and easy going. I guess we have Mr. Eesuola to thank. I quickly call Kosiso and she also confirms that there is a huge change in Udoa’s attitude. She was even cleaning the yard and cooking for the

whole family. Of course she spoiled them by buying them gifts and all. But she was kinder and calmer. Maybe she is preparing herself for the wife role unconsciously. I also tell Nneka about Udoa and she says she will call her and we will have a reunion on Thursdays since she will be arriving on Wednesday night. Wow, I didn't even realize that the time for her visit has arrived. I wonder if Udoa will still be around on Thursday.

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I get dressed in a burgundy exaggerated ruffle plunging split hem dress and tie leg suede chunky heeled sandals. I am going to one of the most expensive suburbs in Joburg. I have to at least look like I am not a burglar. I put on a curly wig and some light make-up before heading out.

On the foyer, I bump into a pretty white lady wearing shorts, a tank top and flip flops.

“Ow hey. You’re the new tenant from the fourth floor.” I smile at her.

“Yes, I am.”

“I am Quinn. I live in the fifth floor.”

“I am Chizoba but you can call me Chichi.” She smiles.

“We should hang out sometimes. Maybe over coffee when you’re not busy. I am at 501 and I knock off at work at 4 pm. I don’t work on weekends.”

“Me too. I guess we will hang out then.”

“You look beautiful, by the way.”

“Thank you.” We exchange numbers and then

go our separate ways. I find the chauffeur already waiting for me.

“Miss Gwendaline.” He does a slight bow of his head before opening the back door.

“Thank you.” I carefully slide in and he closes it after me. Udoa has put me on a tight spot here. How the hell am I going to advice two grown adults on how to face their challenges? These people can afford therapy, they don’t need me. but when a sibling ask for help, even if it’s relationship advice, you have to pull through and that’s exactly what I am doing right now.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 23

Arriving at Blair Atholl, we enter this state of the

art mansion which is probably worth millions. We park on the gravel driveway and I exit the car. I spot my sister on the couches near the pool. The night light is making this house look so beautiful. I wonder how it looks like during the day. She jumps up when she sees me. She is wearing a black one shoulder crop top & brown paperbag waist belted pants set and gold point toe stiletto court heels. I am glad I wore heels.

“Hello Miss Chichi.” She beams before engulfing me in a tight hug.

“Hey sis. You look beautiful.”

“When do I disappoint?” I chuckle. She is right though. She is the fashionista of the Gwendaline family. A trendsetter.

“You never. This house is beautiful.” She smiles

and looks around.

“Yeah it is. But it has nothing on his main house in Jabi. You should come see it when you’re in Nigeria. It is a mini heaven.”

“Maybe in December.” She nods with a smile.

“Let’s head inside. His daughter is not here yet. She is in Milan, shopping for her graduation dress. Perks of having a rich father. Her first after party is going to be at Konka. She actually booked the whole place and she will be partying with her friends and some of her class mates. She invited these really famous celebrities. I heard David Guetta is also going to be there.” Damnnnn.

“Fully book Konka? Do you even know that place sisi? It’s one of the high class clubs in Joburg.” She rolls her eyes.

“Apparently. Abaeze make such places look like a tavern.” I crack up. “We have been to clubs where they have to check your net worth on Google first before allowing you entry. So if your Konka is not that fancy, it’s not all that.” my God.

“Does he have a widowed friend on his level?” she chuckles, shrugging.

“Not that I know of. Come on, let’s not keep him waiting. He can be grumpy when I am not near him while we are in the same place.” Sounds like he is clingy. But I am still stuck on the Konka part. Some people are rich out there. We enter this heaven and I am totally blown away. It feels like I am floating. I can never afford a house like this in this life time, unless I venture into the illegal kind of money making.

“Oww really?” a voice makes us both stop.

“Daddy misses you too. Yes I am with her. We are coming back on Saturday. What should daddy bring you? You wanna talk to her?”

Udoa smiles before pulling me to another room, a lounge. We find this really handsome fit man sitting on the couch with a glass of whiskey on his hand smiling like crazy. My sister rushes to sit on the guy’s lap before taking the phone away from him.

“Hello baby.” my sister beams. “Aww, I miss you more. I will bring you favourite cake and candy. Love you more. Don’t you want to say bye to daddy?” she laughs at the response. I just make myself comfortable on the couch near me. “Okay, bye angel.” She hangs up and places the phone on the coffee table.

“You hijacked my call.” The man sulks and Udoa laughs before kissing the guy. My sister is very happy. I have never seen her like this. This guy brings her out of her comfort zone and just make her feel loved and cherished. I just hope all is well even behind closed doors.

“My sister is here. You can be a big baby after she is gone. Then I can give you whatever you want.” She bites his earlobe and jumps from his lap before he tries to kiss her. “Babe, come on.” He smiles before turning to me.

“I am being rude, I am sorry. My name is Abaeze Eesuola, your sister’s man. I am too old to be a boyfriend.” I chuckle. “You must be Chizoba.” He extends his hand and I stand up to shake it before returning to my seat.

“Let me get you something to drink because Eze has helped himself to a drink.” Udoa stands up.

“This is the first and last one tonight, I swear. I will down my dinner with water.” He gives her a teasing look and she squints her eyes at him before walking off. “Was she always like that?” I smile.

“That’s the Udoa I know. The one that just walked away. The grumpy, moody, sometimes unbothered Udoa. The one who is so disconnected to the family. I was actually shocked to receive a call from her today. What is it that you’re doing to her?” he smiles shyly before hiding behind his drink.

“She has a really dark past. I am a very attentive person. Whenever a person is hired in any of my

companies, they have to undergo therapy. That's one of the requirements or part of the probation period. One month of therapy because I know people deal with different problems. I know the stress that comes job hunting, all the pressure. It happened that she had more underlying issues and one of the doctors told me about her. They didn't go I debt with her problems, but they highlighted them. So she continued attending therapy and she got better. I mean when she started working, her smile was creepy." I don't want to but I laugh. "I am serious. I would visit the office often because I was taken by her. Even by the creepiness."

I am sad that my sister had issues but she never told me about them. I always thought she was moody or grumpy and it was her natural state. I never knew that it was caused by

something that happened in the past. I am horrible sister.

“Stop gossiping about Me.” she announces her presence as she walks in with two drinks on her hands. She hands me one and she sits next to her man. My issues are something I would like to talk about but we will tackle them when Nneka is here. She told me she was coming. I also have a mood disorder. But with Eze I have more happy moments than sad moments.” I sigh and take a sip to try and stop the urge to just cry. Hearing that your sibling has a mental disorder and you never gave yourself time to know about her hurts like hell. It’s like I am sitting next to a stranger. “Don’t do that to yourself.” She holds my hand and squeezes it.

I swallow hard and smile at her. “I am not going

to cry.” She smiles.

“Yes you were. You were always more emotional than Me.” I roll my eyes with a smile on my face. I look at Eze and I feel like I recognize him from somewhere.

“Wait a minute. You’re the owner of Eesuola Holdings?” I ask and he nods. “You are major sponsor of my university. I remember how delighted I was when I heard that all my student fees were settled by Eesuola Holdings.” He smiles widely.

“I am glad to have helped you. Drowning in student loans is a graduate’s worst nightmare.”

“You also covered mine but you don’t remember.” Udoa chirps in and we laugh.

“I do. I even remember the day of your

graduation because I was there. You want me to remind you the colour of the dress you were wearing? Something orange?" Eze asks and Udoa giggles shyly before turning to me. Her graduation dress is one of her worst look. It was a last minute thing after the local seamstress let her down.

"We don't talk about that dress. Just like we don't talk about Bruno. Anyways therapize us on our relationship problems."

"UDOA!" I squeal and she laughs. "That's not even a word."

"I didn't know we needed therapy." Abaeze frowns at Udoa. I take a sip of my juice and place it on the coffee table. I sit back on the couch and clear my throat to get both their attention.

“I didn’t go to varsity for this but I will try. So, Abaeze, do you know Udoa’s dreams, long term goals and where she actually sees herself in 10 years? Not where you see her in your mind but where she sees herself.”

He swallows hard and looks at me. “I know that she wants to make a name for herself. To be independent and be able to be recognized without her name being tainted by my connections.” I nod. At least we are off to a good start. “She also wants to be in the Forbes list as Udoamaka Gwendaline not Eesuola.”

I look at my sister. “Do you know what Abaeze’s goals and dreams are?”

“To marry me, of course. I mean, come on honey. Have you seen me?” she stands up and

twirls dramatically, earning a whistle from Eze. Gosh, these two can be childish. Eze chuckles before bringing her down next to him. “He has achieved most of his goals. Now he just wants to make sure he has at least 3 of his company offices in each continent and he is on the right path. He wants to create an endless legacy for his children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and generation after generation. He never had that. Generational wealth. He wants to create that for his creation.” I nod. All that’s left is glasses and a notepad and then I will be a certified therapist.

“Abaeze, Udoa still wants to work. She wants to become CEO of a company. Not yours in particular but any company because she is qualified to have a higher position. But she doesn’t wanna skip some ladders. She wants to go from receptionist to other few positions

before getting to the top of the ladder. Do you love her enough to stick by her as she work her way to the top?" he looks at her, hooking his fingers on hers and smiling.

"I love her, so I am willing to compromise." I smile. That's all I need.

"Now, back to you sister. This man loves you very much. He just wants one thing from you. To be Mrs. Eesuola. He is going to support you, stand behind you, cheer on you while you achieve your personal goals. Can you compromise on the marriage part? Can you marry him and continue achieving your goal? Can you ignore the rumours which will follow about you getting things just because your husband is Abaeze Eesuola? Because that comes with the territory." She sighs and turns

to Eze.

“I will marry you and become Mrs. Eesuola.”
That makes Eze roar in happiness.

He stands and pulls her to stand before taking her in his arms and hugging her tightly. Kissing her in between. Okay. I think I am intruding. Let me give myself a personal tour of this mansion. I just hope I won't get lost.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 24

Climbing off the Uber, I take a deep breath and stand rooted on the ground. For my first day, I decided to be a little plain. So I am dressed in a long sleeved black bodycon dress and red court heels. I am also carrying a red handbag and a

black laptop bag which is filled with my notes and the things I think I will need. I take in my surroundings. I notice some of the things I didn't notice the time I came here for the interview.

There is a petrol station not far from the school and there are restaurants like McDonalds and Wimpy together with the small Pick and Pay shop in the garage building. These kids are living the life. I turn my head to look at the school in front of me. It's built like one of those England boarding schools you usually see on the movies. High buildings surrounded by well-kept fresh grass that would be a good spot for a picnic.

There is a long driveway leading to the administration building which also contains the

teachers' offices and staff room. There are also students in burgundy and white uniforms; wondering around and some climbing off really expensive cars. As I am nearing the building, three black cars swiftly pass me and then come to a halt on the parking lot. Men in black suits climb off and one of them open the back doors of the car in the middle and two students, a boy and a girl, climb off. They look like one of the minister's children. Then I remember, this is one of the expensive private school in the country where you will find children of public figures, politicians and really wealthy people.

Before I get caught looking at the kids, I allow my feet to move me inside the admin building. I greet the clerk and she passes me the register which I sign and then proceed to the staff room. I did come here last week to sign the contract and I am very happy with the salary I will be

getting. In no time, I will get myself a small affordable car and then build myself a nice cozy house back home. I enter the staff room and everyone inside turn to look at me. I am expecting desks with their teaching materials, laptops and whatever but there aren't any. Just couches, tables and chairs here and there.

“Miss Gwendaline. You're finally here.” a cheerful Indian woman who looks like she is in her thirties states with a wide smile and comes to hug me. “I am Mrs. Gwenn Matthenson and welcome to Thubelihle Secondary School. I am a history teacher and I teach grade 11.”

“Nice to meet you.” some of the teachers come to hug me and introduce themselves while others wave where they are.

“Come this way, Miss Gwendaline. You will carry on with the introductions later.” A handsome man states, placing his arm around my shoulder and leading me outside the staff room. Other teachers follow but enter different doors. “I am Lindikhaya Jalajala, the Life Sciences’ grade 12 teacher and your part time mentor. I will show you some of the ropes and introduce you to your classes. You have 4 classes by the way. Let me carry that for you.” he takes my laptop bag.

“You’re lucky. I never found a single gentleman bone in him when I got here.” a woman behind us states. Lindikhaya laughs.

“Don’t be like that.”

The woman smiles at me. “I am Khwezilomso Jalajala. I teach Life Sciences to grade 11

students. This idiot is my husband.” my eyes pop out.

“You guys are married, teach in the same school, the same subject?” I ask and she chuckles before nodding.

“I didn’t have much of a choice. But we got married way before we came here.” I nod with a smile.

“Don’t you guys bring marital problems to work?” they both laugh.

“My wife is professional as fuck when we are at work. I am even surprised she mentioned that she is married to me.” Lindikhaya says in a teasing tone, winking at his wife and she giggles, rolling her eyes.

“And we are here.” Khwezilomso stops and

points at the building before us. I look up. There is a sign written 'SCIENCE BUILDING'.

"Teachers have their own small offices in their departments. Here, we share the department with Physical Sciences teachers. There is also a science lab, a biology lab and a mini science library. The offices make it easy for the students to consult with the teachers whenever they have problems. Let me show you your new second home." She leads me to a small but cozy office with a table, three chairs, bookcase and a mini cupboard at the corner. There is a small chalk board near the window. The office is clean and neat. "This is your office. A sign will be up on your door by the end of today. You are free to add whatever you wanna add at your office, flowers, whatever you need to make this a home.

Lindikhaya enters and places my bag on the

table. "My office is next door. Once you have settled in, come find me and I will show you to your classes. For today, you will be doing introductions, time tables and your own teaching schedule. You are free to have afternoon and weekend extra classes but you need to consult with the other teachers first so that you guys won't clash."

"I showed you the mini kitchen. You can place your lunch box there. If you also wanna engage with the other teachers, feel free to use the kitchen near the staffroom. If you are want take outs, you can order from McDonalds and Wimpy. They do deliver here." Khwezilomso adds.

"Lastly, don't fall into temptation and date the students. There are many handsome boys out

there and they are all rich. Some are charming and will sweep you off your feet, but don't give in. it's not worth it. The parents, however, are not off limits." Lindikhaya comments and I laugh before nodding.

"Thank you so much." I smile at them both. They nod before heading off, closing the door behind them. I look around and breathe in the scent of my new office. To God be the glory.

...

"Morning students. This is Miss Gwendaline, your new Life Sciences teacher. You will officially start learning tomorrow. For now we are just doing introductions." Lindikhaya starts off in the first class and all the students go quiet. "Over to you, Miss." He smiles at me before leaning on the wall.

“Good morning everyone. As Mr. Jalajala has said, I am Miss C. Gwendaline. Originally from Nigeria so please don't be offended if it takes time for me to pronounce your names and surnames well. I am looking forward to teaching you guys and learning a thing or two from you. This week is all about getting to know each other and creating a stable foundation so that we can all move forward on the same pace. My personal email is misschizoba1@gmail.com. I am giving you all permission to write to me for today only. If you are struggling or a little left behind on any topic that has been covered since the beginning of the year, don't hesitate to email me and I will make sure to set up a one on one consultation so that we can tackle whatever issue you are facing. I would like the class representatives to give me their contact details so that some things will be easier.

Tomorrow we will be continuing with the ROLE OF MITOSIS. Again, I am looking forward to teaching you guys. Have a good day.”

“THANK YOU, MISS!” the whole class chants and I smile before heading out.

...

By lunch time, all the class representatives from 4 classes have stopped by at my office and we have exchanged contact details. Before eating my lunch box, I figure I should pay Mr. Mncube a visit just to greet him and tell him that I settled in well. I quickly head to his office and his secretary smiles at me before gesturing that I can go ahead. I knock twice and then open the door. He is laughing with someone.

“Come uncle, I try.” A familiar voice states and Mr. Mncube laughs.

“Try my foot.” I clear my throat to announce my presence and both men turn to me. Ow great. Rasta is here. His visit is rather suspicious but I won’t point it out.

“Hello, Mr. Mncube. I just wanted to greet you and inform you that I have settled in quite well with the help of Mr. and Mrs. Jalajala.” Mr. Mncube smiles and gestures that I sit next to Rasta.

“I was just about to tell my secretary to call you. I was in a meeting the time you came in. the students aren’t too intimidating?” he asks in a teasing tone and I chuckle before settling next to Makhosonke.

“It’s too early to tell but even if they are

intimidating, I am here to teach and I will do my best to make sure that everyone get pleasing results.”

“That’s what I want to hear. Malindi was just about to order lunch for us. Let me tell her to add you.” he stands up and heads out.

“You look beautiful.” Makhosonke starts off and I roll my eyes.

“You came here to torment me on my first day?” I ask and his eyes pop out dramatically.

“Me? Torment you? I would never.” I huff.

“How much of a coincidence that you ‘visit’ your uncle outside of your lunch hours the same day that I start working at his school?” I whisper sharply.

“You are such an over thinker, Chizoba. I am my

own boss. So I come and go as I please. Also, I didn't know that you are starting work today." He shrugs innocently but there is an arrogant smirk threatening to cover his mouth. I scoff.

"Yeah, tell that to someone who will believe it."

"Believe whatever you wanna believe. I will once again repeat, you look beautiful."

"No one cares about your opinion, Mr. 12k pants." He breaks into laughter and Mr. Mncube chooses that time to return to his office.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 25

"Hey. How are you settling in?" a voice startles me and I raise my head to see a young woman in a lab coat standing at the door. I smile at her. "Is the second day worse than the first?" I

chuckle.

“I am surviving.” She smiles shyly before stepping inside and taking a seat on one of the chairs before me.

“I am Rena Moloi. I don’t believe we have been formally introduced. The noisy Lindi didn’t come show you my lab. I am the one of the school’s scientist. The school is so uptight, they separate physics. Learners are taught by actual scientists. Can you believe it?” actually I can. This school is so fancy. I wouldn’t even be surprised that they have their own record label for the music students.

“I am pleased to meet you, Rena. I am Chizoba. I have been meaning to come check out the lab but I was too distracted by work.”

“I totally understand. Have you eaten though?” I

shake my head.

“I still have 45 minutes. I think I will just warm my lunch box real quick.”

“I was just about to head out to McDonalds. Why don’t you join me? It will be my treat.” I smile. I am African. I never reject free food. Until I have a really good reason for that.

“That sounds great. Let’s head out then.” I stand up, closing my file and taking my phone. She also stands up and we head out.

“Let me grab my keys.” She heads to the lab and comes back without a lab coat on. “Made any friends yet?” I chuckle, shaking my head.

“I haven’t found time for that. Yesterday I was locked up in my office and doing some notes for the week.” she nods.

“Which teachers were you introduced to?”

“A few, but I remember Mr. and Mrs. Jalajala and Mrs. Matthenson.” She nods again. We get to the parking lot and she opens a black Audi A4. This girl has really made it in life. “Your car is beautiful.”

She smiles. “Thank you.” we both climb in. she drives off. “It’s so good to have someone my age in the science department.”

“Yeah. How old are you, by the way?”

“24 years.”

“I’m 25.”

It doesn’t take long for us to get to the restaurant. We climb off the car and head inside. We quickly place our order and sit down.

“How did you end up a scientist at the age of 24?” I ask and she chuckles.

“I am a product of Thubelihle Secondary. I went to varsity and finished my degree. When a job offer came, I took it. This is my third year working here. And this is my second car.” She points at her car outside.

“Your salary must be really high.”

“I earn the average scientist salary. Anyways, which school did you teach before coming here?”

“I have volunteered at a school where my dad is a principal but I never got the real teaching experience I wanted, even as a volunteer. So I came to South Africa and at first I didn’t have the luck of landing any teaching job. I took whatever job I got. The last job I had was a

cleaner at Checkers and then God made things happen. That's how I am here."

I am not going to tell anyone about how I landed this job. Even though I passed an interview, I got it because of Zoe and I am so thankful for that. I need to buy her a nice gift when I get my first salary.

"Where do you live?" she asks.

"In Parktown alone. I have been living alone ever since I arrived in South Africa, so I don't feel lonely." I quickly emphasize and she laughs. Our order gets called and we go fetch it before coming back to our seat. "Where do you live?"

"At North Cliff with my sister. She is an accountant at some firm. We have been

together for so long, so that's why we are still living together even now. She is three years older than me."

"What happens when your boyfriends come to visit?"

"I don't have a boyfriend and she always visit her girlfriends at their places. They only come to the house when I am away on a holiday or something." Her sister is a lesbian. Noted. I guess this is my first real friend here at school.

We continue chatting and then head back to work. After lunch, I have two periods. So I go teach the students. In my last class, I notice a child who keeps frowning at his exercise book. I don't draw much attention to him. I just continue with the lesson. When the bell rings, indicating the end of the period, the students vacate the class. I ask the child to remain

behind. I notice how tense he gets but doesn't say anything. When all the kids have left, I step closer to him and sit on the desk next to his.

"How are you?" I ask him and he shrugs. I think I know what's going with him but I have to confirm first. I can't jump into conclusion without confirming anything. "Was the lesson too fast for you?" he turns to look at me.

"A bit." I nod.

"When you look at the paper in front of you, what do you see?"

"What are you talking about?" he stutters his eyes traveling around the room so fast.

"I am here for you and I need to help you all pass, even if we go at your own pace. I can't help you if you don't tell me what's wrong." A

few students walk in and he quickly take his things.

“I am fine, Miss Gwendaline.” He is out before I can even utter a single word. I have to help him, but first I have to talk to some of the other teachers, so that I can establish if he is having problems with only my subject or all the subjects.

...

Today I also tried speaking to Mesuli. That’s the name of the boy who seems troubled. But he brushed me off once again. After having a conversation with his math teacher and physics teacher, I established that he only has a problem in science subjects. I decided to compile an activity for him just to test his knowledge. He said he will do it, I just hope he

does listen to me.

I dish up my supper and chill in front of the TV.
My phone rings and I smile when I see the caller.
I answer it.

“Hey sisi.”

“Hello love. How was your first few days at work? I am sorry I didn’t check up on you earlier.” Zoe’s voice beams on the other line.

“It’s okay, babe. Life can be so busy. Anyways, work was really good. I felt so welcomed. I even gained a new friend. She is the school's scientist. Also there is this couple who welcomed me warmly. Nothing out of the ordinary has happened.”

“That's good. I am so happy for you. I can imagine the excitement in you. Doing your dream job.”

“It feels surreal. Once again, thank you for putting in a word with your brother. I can't thank you enough for that.”

“Whatever.” She brushes me away and I laugh.

“Anyways two of my sisters are in town. We are having dinner tomorrow. If you wanna meet them, maybe we can have late lunch on Friday after work.”

“That sounds great. I can't wait to meet them. Are they book worms like you?” I chuckle.

“Not really. One is a marine biologist and another is a receptionist at some company. They don't read, well unless it's something related to the marine life or a fashion magazine.” She chuckles.

“I am looking forward to seeing them. Maybe I can invite Mawande to join us since she is in town.”

“That would be so good. See you then. Pass my regards to Father Gumbi.” She cracks up.

“When you put it like that, it's like he is a priest or something.” I laugh.

“Pass my regards to Judge Gumbi then.”

“That's better.” She is still laughing. “Yoh. Babe, Chichi just called you Father Gumbi like you're some fuckin priest.” She states in a breathless voice and I can hear a deep voice laughing in the background. This woman.

“Where is the girl code, Zoe?”

“There is no girl code when I am in the snake

park dear.” She snickers.

“You know what? Bye?” even before I hang up, I can hear her loud laugh. It's refreshing and carefree and I can't help but chuckle.

Nneka confirms that she has landed and she is at the hotel, resting. I respond to her text and then eat my food while watching TV. I really should find a boyfriend or even a pet. Sometimes living alone can be so boring.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 26

MAKHOSONKE

Mabusi enters my office carrying an iPad on her hand. She is not one of those PAs who use a diary or a notebook. Everything happens on her

iPad. I once joked about what would happen if a thief were to steal it. She assured me that it has insurance and all the data is backed up on iCloud.

“The accommodation and transport in Potchefstroom is ready for you. I have paid all fees upfront so that you won’t have any difficulties. I will be joining you on the week of the trial.” She states and I frown.

“What are you talking about, Busi?” I ask.

“The Serebolo case, Makhosonke. The clients that actually paid all the fees just so this case can go smoothly. Don’t tell me you forgot about it.”

I sigh and run my hand through my dreads. It

has been a rough two weeks for me. From ending things with Monica, the drama that came with it and my feelings with all that. I haven't had time for myself and now I must go work on a case which I last heard about when the client approached me. Being a man sucks sometimes but you gotta man up. You gotta act like some issues don't affect you. I look at Busi. "Fine. You will forward me all the details about it. When am I supposed to leave?"

"On Monday at 2pm. Finally. We will have peace around here for once." I actually laugh. I am not a tough boss but I can be teasing and rude sometimes. Busi is not afraid to call me out on my bullshit and actually demand my respect. That's why she has been my PA for a very long time.

“Whatever. What else do you need?”

“Ohh I just wanted to confirm the flowers order. You want them to go with chocolates, appletizer juice and lunch, right?” I nod. “At your uncle’s school to Miss G?” I nod again. “I can’t wait to meet this lady, yaz. Never have I ever been tasked with ordering flowers for your lady friends. Well Monica doesn’t count because she is not a lady.” I chuckle. Busi is really savage. I think she would get along with a certain somebody.

“Get out.” she laughs.

“Ouch. Hit a nerve?” she winks, laughing and then heads out. Crazy girl.

...

I am ecstatic about the dinner with my sisters. We have never had an outing like this before. I guess after finishing school, we all went our separate ways, pursuing our careers, outside the family. I am sure Akose will be so jealous when she sees our pictures together. Hurrying up, I get dressed and put on light make up. My phone beeps and I check the message.

‘Hey, Mr. 12k pants here. How are you doing?’

I frown. Where the fuck did he get my number? I don’t need his drama right now. I just ignore his message and continue getting ready. Taking my bag, I quickly head out, locking the door behind. Entering the elevator, I remember Quinn from the other day. I make a mental note to meet up with her maybe this weekend after I have done

my laundry. I get inside the Uber and my phone rings. It is Mr. 12k pants. I huff and decide to answer it because I don't want him to be a nuisance during my dinner with my sisters.

"What?" I answer harshly.

"Hey! What has gotten into you? Are you sexually frustrated? Need someone to scratch that itch? It could be that because I have never heard my mother say something about you having a boyfriend." I can hear amusement in his tone. Son of a book worm.

"Why are you harassing me, Masonke? Are you that bored? Get a life man, or go get another 2k to deal with. After all, you have a thing for kids." I bite back and he laughs. Like literally laugh.

“You like me. That’s what’s I have established. If you didn’t, you would’ve ended this call early or just ignored it.” I huff and exercise my right to remain silent. He is really annoying. “I know I am right and relax, I won’t rub it in your face. I am still trying to gain myself some points. Let me not stop you from wherever you’re going because it seems like you’re on the road. Have dinner with me.”

“No. I don’t want to.” he chuckles.

“You know you want to. Stop playing hard to get.”

“I am not rebound material. It hasn’t even been two weeks since your break up and you are already moving on and asking another woman out. Worse the one who miraculously had a hand in your break up. I don’t want no drama

surrounding me and I don't want to ruin my friendship with Zoe."

"Okay. From what I have heard, you don't wanna go out with me because of what people might say and because of my mother. Not because of you. You have no problem with going out with me. So I guess I will see you tomorrow night then. 8 ish. I will bring some take outs."

"No, you won't." I don't hear a response and I check the screen. The idiot have hung up on me. Fuck. He is so frustrating.

The driver finally parks outside the restaurant and I thank him before climbing off the car and heading inside. I greet the hostess and then look for my sisters. Before even spotting them, I hear Nneka's unique laugh and I just follow it. I

find them on one of the tables near the floor to ceiling glass windows.

“Ndewo ndi mara mma. (Hello beautiful people.)” They turn and Nneka screams before standing up and hugging me.

“Lee gi anya. Oru ohuru gi hutu gi n’anya. I na-enwu, Chizoba. Onye o bula, nke a bu ada nne m. (Look at you. Your new job loves you. You are glowing, Chizoba. Everyone, this is my mother’s daughter).” She shouts and I laugh before pushing her back to the chair.

“Na-akpa agwa. (Behave.)” She laughs.

“Ahubeghi m gi ruo mgbe ebighe ebi. Ekwe ka m’bata gi, nu gi. (I haven’t seen you in forever. Allow me to take you in. drink you.)” She says in a high pitched voice and I chuckle before turning to Udoa.

“Hey, sister. How did you cope with her?” I ask and Udoa laughs.

Nneka has always been very loud. And it actually contradicts her position in the family. As the eldest child, she is supposed to be at least tough or unfriendly and only speaks to you when it’s really necessary. But that’s not my sister. She even has a strong relationship with Chukwudi who is the last born.

“Her glow is undeniable. I think a man is involved.” Udoa drawls and I look at her with my eyes popped out. “Hey, don’t look at me like that.”

“We were just together a few days ago and I never told you about a man. Which one are you talking about now?” I ask and she chuckles.

“We don’t know. Maybe you might’ve found a teacher who loves your black ass.” I roll my eyes and call for a waiter.

“What happened to the fling guy?” Nneka asks and I sigh.

“I broke things off with him. I think he had caught feelings because he didn’t want us to go our separate ways but didn’t give me any difficulties. But you could see that this was hurting him. I am glad I did it early because I didn’t want to string him along.”

“I am glad you listened to me. You should do that more often.” Nneka smirks at me and I roll my eyes. The waiter gets to our table and we place our orders.

“How are things with Mr. Eze?” I ask, looking at Udoa. “Where is he right now?” I look around

and she laughs.

“Hey. He doesn’t follow me around like a love sick puppy.”

“Could’ve fooled me.” I mutter and turn to Nneka. “These two made me watch homemade porn after I helped them solve their problems. This sister of yours ain’t loyal.” Nneka laughs.

Udoa snorts. “Don’t be like that. He had been waiting for my ‘YES’ for a long time. So when he finally heard it, he couldn’t contain his excitement.”

“Does he satisfy you though? Sexually? We don’t want you marrying a man and cheating on him few years down the line because he isn’t doing it for you.” Nneka states in a serious tone

and I can't help but laugh. I have never talked about sex with my sisters on a public space. So this is a first for me.

Udoa blushes. "He does. He is a stallion and I wouldn't change him any given day. He is very patient with me and treats me like a queen. I don't even feel our age difference when we are together because we are just ourselves. I allow him to be who he wants to be and he does the same for me. I am literally so ready to say I do."

"AWW!" both Nneka and I say at the same time and we laugh.

"How is the Chinese man? Doesn't he go Bruce Lee on you in bed?" I ask, looking at Nneka and Udoa laughs.

“Oww, so we are on me now?” she asks and we both nod. “Well he does go all Bruce Lee on me in bed, teaching me all those sex position I never knew existed. I am telling you, I can teach advanced yoga because he has made me flexible. His dick has stretched me so well on the inside and also on the outside.” I don’t even comment on this. I just laugh.

We continue chatting and catching up. I also tell them about Zoe wanting to meet them the follow day and they are ecstatic about that. Nneka even wants to go see her house. My sister is really forward.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 27

“Mesuli.” I call him out and he turns with a frown. He is sitting on one of the school

benches writing or drawing something on his notebook.

“Miss Gwendaline.” I smile at him.

“Is this seat taken?”

He shrugs. “By you, apparently.” I chuckle before sitting next to him.

“What are you drawing?”

“My art which is part of my assignment. I am doing art as an extra subject.” I nod.

“Is that something you enjoy or...?” I let the question hang and I see a small smile on him.

“Yeah. I have two additional subjects. Creative arts and German.” My eyes pop out.

“German? Why German?”

"It's kind of compulsory here at school but it is not written law. You have to have one foreign language as your extra subject and I chose German. Don't ask me why I did. I just selected it and rolled with it." I nod.

"How is it though? From someone who is in a foreign country, I find all of the languages spoken here very difficult to learn. Don't you find it hard?"

"Challenging is more like it. It's great to be able to curse at someone in a language they don't know and have never heard of." I crack up.

"I am sure your teachers don't teach you how to curse."

"It's homework we give each other." I chuckle, nodding.

“Are all subjects challenging to you?”

He nods. “Some of the teachers are not patient and persistent as you.” Okay. I don’t take offence in that because I want to keep him talking. He is interesting.

“How does that make you feel? Not the part about me being persistent.” He snorts, closing his notebook.

“I kind of feel neglected sometimes. I know I am smart and I am capable of getting really good grades but it takes time for me to absorb information and process it. Time that most educators don't have.”

“Mmm. I feel you.” The bell rings and we both stand up. “You can come talk to me whenever

you want. You can also call me during anytime of the day. I wanna help you reach your full potential and that would happen if we communicate.” He nods with a smile.

“Thank you, Miss Gwendaline. I will think about it.” He walks away.

“Already flirting with the kids?” a voice asks and I quickly turn. I see this tall guy standing not far from me with a smirk. “Ow my, you are a true beauty.” I roll my eyes.

“I wasn't flirting with my student. I am more of a hands on teacher. My work does not only begin and end in the classroom.” I answer and he chuckles.

“Ow please. As if you haven't imagined yourself with one of these kids. The boys are charming, I give it to them.” My eyebrow shoots up.

“Charming? You find boys charming? Maybe you're the one who flirts with them behind everyone's back.” He brushes me off with a hand.

“Don't tell me you haven't thought about. 99% of the kids here come from very privileged homes. Some of their parents don't even have a monthly salary, they just get money randomly. So don't tell me you haven't thought of shagging one of them so that you can secure the bag.”

“I think you're a pervert.” He looks taken back.

“What?”

“You are the one who go after these young girls just because you're hoping to get a piece of the big pie. Shame.”

He laughs. "I don't believe we have been introduced. I'm..."

"Not interested. How about we all go and do what we are paid for and stop this meaningless chit chat?" I smile at him and walk away.

When I get to my office, I see a text from the clerk stating that I should come to the reception area as soon as possible. Okay. What is this about now? Not wasting any more time, I head down to the admin building. I am glad I don't have a period currently because I would be late for my class. The clerk smiles at me as soon as I set my eyes on her.

"Miss Gwendaline."

"Please, call me Chizoba." She chuckles.

“Okay then, Chizoba. You have a parcel. It was delivered about 30 minutes ago. There it is.”
She hands me a bunch of flowers and a huge paper bag.

“Ow wow. Who is it from? Are you sure it's mine?” she laughs.

“There is only one Chizoba Gwendaline in the entire school. There is a card inside those flowers.” This is strange but I hope the card will give me some clarity.

“Thank you, Natasha.”

I head back to my office. I put everything on the desk and quickly search for the card. Finding it, I read the message on it and click my tongue.

‘I am going to be a nuisance until time stands still. Looking forward to our dinner tonight. Have a wonderful evening.

M.’

A text immediately comes in and it's from him.

‘I hope you liked the flowers.’

I am, once again, going to ignore him. He is full of shit. I open the paper bag and I am a bit pleased to find some decent food. I dig in while telling Mathenji about this. She is intrigued by all this drama, but then it's no surprise. My friend loves drama. She also tells me the latest gossip. One thing I miss about working at checkers is the drama. It is too much and it never ends. It's so entertaining, you don't need a

DSTV subscription.

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Late lunch with my sisters and Zoe ends in a blast. They connected and Nneka and Zoe ended up being besties. They even exchanged numbers. I am just a bit sad that Udoa is going home tomorrow but I will definitely make time to go and visit her during school holidays.

Udoa is the one driving me home. She demands to see my flat and have coffee there. We get to my apartment and I give her a quick tour before preparing coffee.

“So, how are the wedding preparations going?” I tease her and she laughs, rolling her eyes.

“I still have to tell the family about this and I am

not ready for that part. I know mom will be ecstatic like always, but you know how dad can get." I nod.

"I feel you. Are you a hundred percent sure you want to marry him?" she smiles.

"Yes, I am sure. He treats me like a queen. Loves me like a brother but fucks me like a husband." I chortle.

"You've been listening to Nicki?"

"Guilty as charged." We both laugh.

A knock disturbs us both.

"Let me quickly get that. Maybe someone got lost." I stand up and head to the door. I open it and my eyes go wide.

"I know I am sight sore for your fragile eyes but you don't have to go speechless in my presence. I understand the effect I have on people." I snap back and my eyes meet his. I chuckle.

"You're more crazy than I thought. What the fuck are you doing here?"

He frowns. "We have a date. I have reminded you about it three times already. So you can't tell me you forgot."

"I didn't forget." I hiss at him. "I just didn't want to spend time with you. I literally ignored you. Couldn't you take the hint?"

"Well I am here now and I am not leaving until you dine with me or better yet, dine me." What?

"Listen, you have to leave, my sister is inside." I whisper harshly and he smiles widely.

“Chichi, where did you put you... oww my.” I hear my sister's voice calling behind me. “And who do we have here?” she stands next to me. “Hi, I am Udoamaka, Chichi's big sister. Who might you be?”

Masonke smiles, his eyes travelling from my sister, to me and then back to my sister. He extends his hand. “I am Makhosonke Gumbi, the guy who has fallen for your sister. Hopefully she will catch me.” Cheesy.

“She is also Zoe's firstborn.” I state. Udoa nods.

“I am here for dinner.” Makhosonke adds.

“Then I should be on my way, then. My fiancé is waiting for me downstairs.” I turn to her.

“Since when?” I ask.

“You know how clingy he is. He got here with his driver and the driver dropped him off. He is sitting in the car right now.”

“Tell him to come up. I wanna show off my apartment.” She laughs.

“Okay then.” She walks out with a glass of wine in her hand. And then? Last time I checked, she was drinking coffee. When did she change?

“Invite the poor man inside.” She calls out before the elevator closes. I roll my eyes and open the door wide.

“Did I tell you how beautiful you look when you're pissed off?” I click my tongue and walk back to the kitchen, leaving him in the door. I hear footsteps follow me. “From that day I fell at the store. When I lifted my eyes to this dark

beauty in front of me, I was in loss of words. That's why I said what I said because I was taken aback and I didn't want to make a fool in front of you and my then girlfriend." Can he shut up already? He is just blabbering right now.

"What are you going to drink?"

"How about your juices?" my cheeks heat up. Fuck.

"Tea it is, then." I state coolly which is the opposite of how I feel inside.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 28

"This is really nice. Where did you learn to cook like this?" I ask Abaeze and he chuckles.

Somehow, my sister and I ended up forcing two grown men to cook a three course meal for us.

Makhosonke made the starters and dessert while Eze made the main course. They made chilli chicken livers, grilled meat with pap and salads and then a truffle.

He sits back. "I may be a very busy man but I am hands-on when it comes to all my relationships. I don't like talking ill about my late wife but I was more present than she was. I guess she didn't expect that when we got together. She thought she was just going to be a spoiled wife with an absent husband. I cooked every chance I got or whenever one of my kids requested it." He answers and I nod.

"I don't mean to pry..." I start off and he laughs.

"Please do." I chuckle. Sounds like a guy who has nothing to hide.

“What happened between you and your wife? What was the cause of you asking my sister out knowing very well that you were married? I am not trying to be difficult but these are the type of questions my father will ask if you guys get a one on one sit down.” He nods.

“I understand. I am a very clingy lover. Maka can attest to that.” Udoa chortles.

“You have also taught her how to be clingy.” I point at my sister who is sitting at her fiancé’s lap. We all laugh.

“I love affection and attention and I do reciprocate the same feelings. I did the same with my late wife and sometimes it would get ‘too much’ for her. She would leave for a weekend if I loved her too much. She did this a couple of times until one of my associates said

he saw her flirting with some man. I didn't confront her but I did my own research and what I discovered shocked me to the core. She wasn't hooking up or having an affair with one man. It was a different man every time. That killed me. I don't wanna lie. But I didn't divorce her and I didn't even confront her. So I pretended all was well. And then this particular day, I saw this awfully dressed but really beautiful girl. I didn't wanna jump her from the get go. So when I heard she was hired at my company, I knew fate brought us closer." That's so cute.

"You dare talk about my graduation dress one more time, I will castrate you." Udoa threatens and we all laugh.

"I feel so left out. Is there a picture of the famous dress?" Makhosonke asks and I quickly page my phone, showing him the dress. He

makes eye contact with Udoa. “It’s a really nice dress. I love satin.”

“No you didn’t.” I crack up and Udoa just rolls her eyes.

“How about you guys?” Eze asks. “What’s your story? How did you meet? And Makhosonke, you have to tell it because I know how woman like to exaggerate when narrating some stories.” I chuckle, eyeing Makho and he just laughs.

“I was really rude to her the first few times we met. I insulted her. I was with my ex that time. The next time we met, my ex was unnecessarily rude to her and I wanted to apologize to her, so I followed her to the parking lot but guys, when she turned, I was blown away. I was speechless. I was dumbstruck. I ended up saying the

opposite of what I wanted to say and earned myself a slap.” Both Udoa and Eze laugh.

“You’re lying.” I interject and he just laughs.

“You will never understand how difficult it is to act proper in front of your crush. You are always going to end up making a fool of yourself, one way or the other.” he states and I roll my eyes.

“What about the time you gave me a lift from gym? Was that you acting proper?” he laughs.

“I am a lawyer. I have a poker face and I also have arrogant masks which I use in different situations. When you got into my car, I suddenly felt suffocated and shoved into a little corner with no air to breathe. You wouldn’t have noticed, but I did turn up the air conditioner to a higher level. You made my whole body heat and your body Chizoba, good Lord.” He breathes out

loud dramatically and the couple with us laugh.

“You had no words?” Eze asks, still laughing and Makho laughs.

“I am so glad someone understands me here. When I found out that she is friends with my mom, I knew fate brought us closer.” He repeats Eze’s words and we laugh at him. “I am still trying to earn a place in her heart though. So give me pointers, Mr. Abaeze.”

“Make love to her, even tonight and she will open her heart for you.” Eze answers and I frown.

“That’s what you did to my sister?” I ask and he chuckles.

“Your sister is a very hard nut to crack. She was

always super friendly but a no-nonsense taker when you wanted to talk about something not work related. This other day, we got stuck in an elevator for two hours. I thanked the Gods and made my move there. I seduced her, kissed her and fingered her in that elevator and things were never the same.” He kisses Udoa’s temples and wraps his arms around her. Makho looks at me.

“Don’t even think about it.” I warn and he laughs and before I know it, I feel his lips on mine. My eyes go wide and he grins before sitting back.

“I think I should serve dessert now.” He stands and heads to the kitchen.

“Follow him.” Udoa whispers harshly. “I wanna have a stolen make out session with my man.”

I roll my eyes. “You’re dramatic.” I collect the

dishes and walk to the kitchen. I place them in the sink and just as I turn, Makho pins me against the sink and stares at me, particularly at my lips.

“Can I kiss you?” he whispers and before I can even answer, he cups my cheeks and kisses me softly. I pull him down and deepen the kiss. He squeezes my butt and I snap back to my senses.

“Makho.” I clear my throat and place my hands on his chest. “We shouldn’t be doing this.”

“Why not?” our eyes meet.

“You should take me out, like on a proper date, where you won’t get the chance to seduce Me.” he snorts deeply and squeezes my butt tightly before letting go.

“Full disclosure, I can seduce and kiss you anywhere, even in front of the Zulu king.” He dishes up the dessert and I breathe out loud. God, this is too much temptation for one innocent girl like me.

I turn and wash the dishes to keep myself busy. Makho is not bad. He is really handsome, has a good job, more than financially stable and comes from a good home. Home. Fuck. Zoe might be the biggest obstacle ever should I consider dating him. I don't wanna break our friendship but I also don't wanna not try out this relationship only to live with regrets.

“You called me Makho.” He states in a low tone. “You are the first person to call me that and I think I like it. I also like it when you call me Masonke. It's original and kind of cute.” I roll my

eyes. This one is a drama queen with a huge ego.

“You are full of yourself.” He chuckles.

“So how is work treating you?” he asks casually and I resist the urge to chuckle.

“Not bad, other than meeting jerks like you, work is pretty normal. Better than expected.”

“Jerks like me? What are you talking about? Is there someone mistreating you?” I grimace, turning to him.

“Why? You’re the only one who is allowed to be a total asshole to me?”

“Yes and I am about to pay for it big time. Back to the jerk at school, who is he? What did he do to you?” I sigh.

“I am not going to tell you his name. Well, I don’t even know it. He wanted to introduce himself but I wasn’t interested. Anyways, he saw me engaging with one of the students who I assume is a special case. He is not disabled or something but I suspect that he is dyslexic. So I was chatting with him during lunch, trying to figure him out. Then the teacher just straight but assumed that I was hitting on the kid. Come one, he is like 14 if not 15 years old. So that teacher said the boys are ‘charming’ and I accused him of being gay. The encounter didn’t end well and your flowers just made my day worse.”

“But they were supposed to brighten up your day.” he pouts and I laugh.

“They didn’t serve their purpose. You should go

demand a refund from the florist.” He chuckles. “I think we should go back to the dining room. I don’t want Udoa and Eze to be the first people to actually have sex in my apartment, not the owner.” I carry the two dessert bowls and walk to the dining area. I hear Makho laughing and I don’t turn. I expect to find the couple eating each other’s faces but instead I find them laughing at something on my sister’s phone. “I am disappointed.” They both look at me and they laugh.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 29

I decide it’s time to pay Quinn a visit because I have been prolonging seeing her. I get done with my laundry, clean up and then take a bath. When I am done, I put on some tights with a crop top and head to the fifth floor. Just as the

elevator opens, I spot her walking down the corridor.

“QUINN!” I shout and she turns. She smiles when her eyes land on me. I step out of the elevator and head to where she is standing.

“Hey, Chichi. How are you?” we exchange a hug.

“I am doing good babes. How are you doing?”

“Better now that you have accepted my invitation.” I giggle. “Come on in. I have made some lunch. I will just set up in the balcony table so that we can have a nice view while getting to know each other.”

“That seems like a plan.” She opens her apartment and we step inside. Talk about elegance. She has changed her whole apartment to something really fancy. It belongs

in Beverly Hills or something.

“Please don’t mind the mess.” I nearly laugh. I have recently read a tweet that said ‘people be like, “don’t mind the mess” while you can literally eat off their floor because of the way it shines.’ We all know how modest white people can be. “You can make yourself comfortable here while I set up.” she leads me to the lounge and heads out.

“Do you read?” I ask as I spot a book case filled with books. There is literally no space for other books but as a reader, I know I would buy more even if the case is full like this.

“No. my boyfriend does. We live together. He is visiting his parents this weekend.” She shouts from the kitchen.

“Mind if I take a look?”

“Not at all.”

I step closer to the shelf and I smile when I spot some of my favourites. There are also some that I have never seen, like Death Cup and Almost Love, amongst many others. I take Things We Never Got Over by Lucy Score and read the synopsis. I am a sucker for small town romance, so I am already looking forward to reading the whole book. I snap it and put it back on the shelf. I do the same with two other books before Quinn calls me outside. This lady though. It looks like a high class tea party rather than a last minute lunch set up.

“This looks beautiful. Mind if I take pictures?” she chuckles.

“Not at all.” I take a few pictures of the set up and then we sit down. We start eating. “So

where are you from?"

"Nigeria, and you?"

"Australia." Thank God I asked instead of assuming that she is South African. I nod.

"How long have you been in the country?"

"A couple of years. This country is very interesting and has a homey feeling to it. I initially came here because I needed a breather from my family but after a month, I decided to stay because I felt at home. I started looking for jobs and it didn't take long to find employment. I am an interior designer by the way."

"Why am I not surprised?" we both laugh. "I moved here because of employment and I am currently a Life Sciences teacher at some private school."

“That’s cool. I am sure you excel in your job. I wouldn’t dream of doing it because I am too emotional.” I chuckle. “So any boyfriend or girlfriend in your life?” I smile.

“Just a potential one.” I tell her the whole Masonke story and she laughs.

“God. This reminds me of those high school teenage love dramas. The boy is mean to a girl because he doesn’t know how to express his real feelings. It’s stupid though but cute in the end when they live happily ever after.” I laugh.

“I don’t think that would be my fate with the lawyer.” She takes a sip of her juice and then sits back.

“I say give him a chance. Let him mess it up but don’t let this opportunity pass you. What have you got to lose? You aren’t even a virgin.” I

chortle.

“No hymen I guess.” We both laugh. “And you?” she smiles widely.

“My boyfriend’s name is Bradley and he is a sound engineer. We have been together for 15 months and we are still growing strong.”

“That’s cute.” I am not being judgmental but the vat & sit level with white couples is too much. But who am I to judge?

...

When I get back to my room, it’s already late and I am feeling tired. So I just shower, put on an oversized t-shirt and chill on the couch, reading a book. Since there is some left overs in the fridge, I will just warm them up when I get hungry. Just as I am nearing the end of a

chapter, I hear a knock. Ayy I am famous these days. I wonder who that might be. I get up and go open the door. I roll my eyes when I see who is behind it.

“I think I have seen enough of you this week.” he chuckles.

“I come bearing gifts. You can’t hate me for that.” he shows me the paper bags and my stomach immediately rumbles. Traitor. I huff and head back to the lounge. I hear the door close behind me. I go back to my seat and open the book I was reading. A few minutes later, he walks in with a tray filled with meat, rolls, fries with a bottle of wine and glasses.

“Let’s eat, my lady.”

“Only because I am hungry, Masonke.” He smirks.

“Yeah right. So how was your day?” that’s how the conversation begin. We eat while we down our food with sweet red wine which is really delicious. We both collect the dishes when we are done and we wash them. We sit on the counter and continue with the drinking and just getting to know each other.

“What is your favourite book?” I laugh.

“That’s a trick question. It’s like asking who your favourite person in the world is. You get torn between your parents, your siblings and partner. International, it would have to be the Camorra Chronicles series by Cora Reilly and in South Africa, it is Hlomu The Wife series by Dudu Busani Dube.” He nods.

“How many books does each series contain?”

“6 and 5.”

“Whew, that’s a lot.” I laugh. Does he want to read them?

Nearly an hour passes, along with a few more drinks. We talk, joke, laugh and overall have a nice evening in. I am already feeling quite dizzy and light headed. I have low tolerance when it comes alcohol intake.

“I think I have had enough.” I admit and he chuckles.

“Let’s get you to bed then, little drunkard.” I giggle. He puts his arm around my waist and guides me to the bedroom. When we get inside, I turn to him, wrapping my arms around his shoulders and burying my face against his chest.

“I think I am horny.” I mumble and he cracks up, before wrapping one arm around my waist and the other around my shoulder and begins to stroke my hair.

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THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 30

Waking up is a struggle. Fuck, one glass of wine is really enough. I blink for a few moments before rubbing my eyes and sitting up. I hear someone groaning softly and I turn my head only to see Makho half-naked in my bed. Oww. I nearly forgot about last night. Shit went sideways fast. I hate wine. I have never given myself on a silver platter like that to any man,

especially one who is still courting me. Well Refilwe is an exception because there was an agreement between us. I climb off the bed and he sits up.

“Good morning.” He says in a deep, running his hands through his dreads. They were tied last night. Did things get wild to such an extent that they automatically untied themselves?

“Hey. Umm...”

“Please don’t say last night was a mistake because it wasn’t. You are a smart, independent woman who knows the consequences of her actions. Also don’t blame your doings on the wine.”

I huff. “I need to brush my teeth.” I walk to the

bathroom and pee before brushing my teeth. He walks in and uses the mouth was to clean his teeth before staring at me.

“I am going to Potchefstroom tomorrow for a case and I will be there for three weeks.” Ow wow. Great. How about a one night stand before a stressful three weeks? Fuck the foreigner and be done with it. I am such an idiot.

“Yay! Good for you.” I say sarcastically and walk out of the bathroom. I locate my t-shirt and put it on. Then I begin making the bed.

“Good for you? What does that mean?” I hear him ask from behind me.

“How much of a coincidence is it? You court me, you fuck me and suddenly you have a case

outside the province. That's too much of a coincidence. Even for you, Mr. Lawyer. Try coming up with another way of dismissing me now that you have slept with me without making it obvious." I flip the comforter with more force than necessary.

"Chizoba." He places his hands on my waist and turns me to face him. "I am too old for games. If I wanted to fuck you once and never look back, I wouldn't have sent you flowers. I wouldn't have dined with your sister and her fiancé. I wouldn't even have went for you because you're my mother's friend. If I wanted to hit and run, I would've done it the same night where I first met you."

"You would've cheated on your girlfriend." I point out.

“You are too much of a temptation, she would’ve understood.” I roll my eyes. “I love you, Chizoba. It’s crazy but it’s the truth. You’re real. You are not intimidated by my success or even attracted to the power I have at such a young age. You aren’t afraid to yell at me or insult me. I wanna get to know you better and possibly spend my life with you. I feel like I have met my match and there is no way I am going to let go of you. Not in this lifetime. So, Miss Gwendaline, this is not a fling or a one time wonder. I am in it for the long haul, well only if you will have me.”

“You know how to think lies on your feet.” He cracks up.

“Come on. I have just bared my soul to you and you think I am lying. Chizoba, you have major trust issues.” I chuckle.

“No, I don’t. I half believe you. You just have to prove how much you really love me and make up for fucking me without taking me out on a proper date.”

“Who fucked who?” he asks and I laugh.

“Hey, you came prepared. What was the condom doing in your pocket?” he scratches his beard.

“Fair point. I guess we are both responsible for last night. Can I at least take you out for breakfast? Please.” He pleads, pouting his lips and I giggle.

“Stop pouting, big baby.” he laughs. “Fine. It’s a date.”

“Also, will you be my woman?” I blush and look sideways. He cups my cheeks and turns my

face to him. "I didn't hear that."

"Yes, I will be your woman." I mumble and he jumps for joy before picking me up. I laugh and wrap my legs around his waist. We share a slow passionate kiss before he drops me on the bed and towers over me.

"Before we get carried away, I work with evidence. So I would like to prove that I am really going away for work." He snatches his phone from the bedside table and dials someone's number. He puts it on loud speaker and places it near my head before paying attention to my planting soft kisses on my neck.

"What is it, idiot?" a grumpy female voice beams from the phone. Makho chuckles.

"Is that the right way to address your boss?"

“Oww, it’s you. What do you want, asshole? Did you see the time? It’s Sunday and you don’t pay me for Sundays.” He laughs.

“You are fired.” Makho states.

“Thank you, Lord. You better write a perfect recommendation letter or else I will tell the whole world that you’re gay. Trust me, they will believe my story more because I am practically with you all the time.” This time I can’t stop myself. I crack up. This woman is savage. “Who is that?” she asks.

“The flowers lady friend. We are official now and she doesn’t believe that I am going to North West for business.”

“Yeah. Don’t believe that asshole, lady friend. Too much menemene that one.” Makho laughs.

“Just kidding. I really need this job. So he is

going out of town for work. The clients paid up front way before the Minion drama. So shit was scheduled long ago.”

“That was all. Bye now.” Makho says reaching for the phone.

“Hey, wait. Lady friend, you should come by at his office so that we will have lunch and gossip about him. I have a lot of juicy stories to tell.” I laugh.

“I will definitely come.” I respond and she squeals.

“Let me categorize all the embarrassing moments in my brain.” Makho hangs up and I laugh. He is such a drama king.

“Now where were we?” he asks with a smirk

and we hear a knock on the door almost immediately. He groans. "What does a guy have to do to get morning glory around here?" he asks particularly to no one and I laugh. "Let me get it, just in case it's some man wanting to try his luck with you."

"You are so jealous."

"Remind me to leave one of my cars with you. I don't want no Uber driver courting you." I crack up.

"Go get the door." He gets off me, puts on his boxers and head to the lounge. I giggle, getting up and continue fixing the bed.

"What are you doing here? Practically naked?" am I dreaming or is that Zoe's voice? Fuck. What is she doing here so early? I quickly walk to the lounge and find her standing in the

middle of the room with her hands on her hips. She is wearing a bodycon dress, sandals and a shawl on her shoulders. She turns to look at me. "Hi. I think I am in the wrong apartment. I am looking for Chizoba, my friend and definitely not my half naked son." I don't know if that's her being sarcastic or what.

"Hey Zoe." She sighs.

"How long has this been going on?" she asks.

"There is definitely nothing between me and him. Last night was a moment of weakness and he is just leaving." I quickly state and Makho frowns.

"Aibo Chizoba." He turns to his mother. "Ma, Chizoba and I are dating. I have been courting her ever since I broke things off with Monica. We made things official a few minutes ago

before you disturbed us. We were about to consummate our reunion.”

“Makho!” I scowl at him and he grins.

“You are an attractive and intelligent woman. So much like my mother. What’s that saying? You should marry someone like your mother or something along those lines. So mom don’t be angry at us. I love her and she doesn’t hate me, so that’s progress. I will come and officially introduce her to the whole family as my woman when I come back from my work trip.” Zoe looks so confused. Makho talks too much.

“So you guys are dating?” she asks still wearing a confused mask.

“Something like that.” I shrug.

“Wow. Talk about a plot twist. I did not see that coming.” She sits on the couch and places her bag on the table. “Get dressed, Makhosonke.” He chuckles before walking to the bedroom. “Sit down.” She states looking at me and I quickly sit on the rug. My couch is not made for three people. “How did this happen?”

“Your son is such a nuisance, Zoe. He is a go getter, I will give it to him. He has been pestering me and basically following me around like a fly.”

“That’s a lie.” He re-enters the lounge wearing my robe which looks so uncomfortable on him. I crack up.

“You are ruining my gown.”

“I will buy you a new one.” He winks before sitting next to his mother. “Mom, how my

relationship with Chizoba started is not important. What's important is that I plan on treating her right, spoiling her and making sure she stays happy. I am not trying to take your friend away from you. I am pretty sure I would get bored if she were to start discussing *Pride and Prejudice* with me. That's where you come in."

"So, I'm like a backup?" Zoe asks.

"Come on, dad's girlfriend. Don't be like that. Don't make things difficult for me." she sighs.

"As long as you don't take her away from me." she pouts and turns to me. "I actually wanted to take you out for breakfast. There is this really nice place called Page Heaven. It's a book store slash coffee shop slash mini library. Some girl called Asante posted about it on her wall and I

wanna go check it out. I tried calling you but your phone sent me straight to voicemail.” I bite my lip and turn to Makho.

“It’s fine. It’s fine. She wins this round but when you come back, you’re all mine.”

“Did you guys have plans?” she asks, standing up and heading to my book case.

“Yeah, a breakfast date.” Makho responds. I get up and go stand next to Zoe.

“I saw this book called Things We Never Got Over by Lucy Score in my neighbour’s book case. I loved the cover and synopsis. I wanted to go purchase it after work tomorrow.” I start off and she smiles.

“I actually bought that book a while ago but I

didn't read it. I don't know what made me buy two copies. Maybe we can read it on Saturday. Unless you guys have plans." She turns to Makho.

"I am going to North West for business. I will be back after three weeks."

"When were you going to tell me?"

"Hawu ma." I guess I sighed up for. Some mother-son drama every now and then. And so it begins.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 31

"I still can't believe it. How did you guys get here? Phela the only thing I remember is how he disrespected you. How did you go from tearing

each other apart to waking up in the same bed?" Zoe asks as we sit on a quiet booth at Page Heaven and wait for our order. I blush and look down. Zoe is my friend, but she is also the mother of my man, ow wow, that was fast. From asshole to my man. We really moved fast. I look at her.

"You have to understand that there are some things I won't discuss with you, Zoe because it will fill so weird. But first things first, there is a very thin line between love and hate. As thin as a string of cotton." She nods.

"It's also a bit uncomfortable for me, but I just hope that it won't come between us." I smile.

"Never." I look around again and I can't help but fall in love. This is paradise. It's a place which any writer or reader has to know of. Each town

has to have at least one shop of Page Heaven. I stand up. "Let me check if I will find any book I like in these shelves."

Zoe smirks at me. "1 chapter then we are done. I don't wanna be on my son's bad side. I also don't want us to be even. He still owes me a trip." She stands and I just laugh quietly. We surf through the book shelves and I finally find *The Fugitives* by Nathi Olifant. I have read the first book. I just never found time to purchase the second one. "It looks thick. Just make sure it doesn't keep you here all day." I chuckle.

"What are you reading?"

"Scarred by Ayanda Xaba."

"The title is interesting." She nods.

"Yeah. If I like the first chapter, I will buy it."

We return to our booth and we find our food already waiting for us. We eat as we page through the books. Time flies when you're having fun, or in our case, reading books. I am only disturbed by a hand shaking my shoulder. I raise my head and I chuckle when I see Makho.

"Hey. What brings you here?" I ask. He looks at his wrist watch.

"Your breakfast is 5 hours?" he asks and I frown. "It's 1pm love. I thought you were going to text me sooner but I guess you got lost between the pages."

"Shh." Zoe shushes Makho and I giggle.

"Hey, call your man. I am leaving with my woman." Makho states, folding his arms to his

chest. I am not going get involved in this squabble. I quietly stand up and look at Makho with an innocent smile.

“I like this book. It’s R295.” I give him puppy eyes.

“Also add this one.” Zoe says placing the book she was reading in my arms. Makho chuckles.

“I should get you a gift card which I will refill every month so that I don’t have to buy books randomly.” He drawls, taking the books into his arms. I was definitely not planning on making him buy the book for me. It was just a spur of the moment decision. I hope he doesn’t see this action as me exploiting him.

“Son, that’s one of your most important duties, buying new books every now and then. My wife is not afraid to call me in the middle of a trial

just to tell me, 'Siba Panono has released a new book titled Relapse. I want it' and then she hangs up." We hear Mr. Gumbi's voice before we see him wrapping his arms around Zoe's waist. "You leave me in bed so early in the morning just to disturb poor kids?" he asks his wife and she just giggles.

"Sorry." She mumbles.

Makho grabs my hand and pulls me to the counter. He pays for the books and then gives his mother her book. We proceed to his car. He hands me the keys.

"Do you have a license?" he asks.

"The question should be 'do I know how to drive'? Because having a license and knowing

how to drive in South Africa are two different things.” he laughs. “Fortunately I am skilled in both.” I snatch the keys from him and climb into the driver seat. He settles into the passenger seat and I drive off. “So you had to track us down?”

He chuckles. “I am leaving tomorrow afternoon. I have even decided to move my flight to 6pm so that I can spend a bit of time with you after school.”

“Are you always this clingy?”

“No, but I stofu siku 6, so I can’t seem to leave. The heat is pulling me in.” I frown.

“What does that mean? The sotofu thing?” he laughs.

“You will understand some day.” he types in

some coordinates on the navigator and then sits back.

“Where are we going?”

“Follow the coordinates.” I roll my eyes. “Now, tell me something I don’t know about you. Let’s start with your family. I mean it’s only fair I know about them because you have met mine.”

I chuckle. “I have seven siblings and I am the middle child.”

“Do you get attention from your parents? Middle children are always neglected.” I snort.

“That’s not the case, at home. I think I was the most spoiled one growing up because I love both parents equally. Most of my siblings are kind of biased. My oldest sister, Nneka, is a marine biologist overseas. She is also in town

for some work but we will spend time together after she is done with her project. You met the other one on Friday. Then there is my brother, Chiagozie, who is currently in hot waters with his wife because he impregnated his side chick. The fifth child is probably my favourite sibling because she is a younger version of me. Her name is Kosisochukwu and she is so intelligent. Ndidiamaka is a daddy's girl. And lastly, Chukwudi is a mama's boy. Kinda like you." he laughs.

"That's not true. Masande is a mama's boy."

"Not from what I observed. They are closer because of the same hobby they share. You are the only child who didn't move to another province or country after varsity. That's not because of work opportunities. You just didn't wanna go far away from your mother. You also regret forgetting her birthday. It might be made

a joke from time to time but it haunts you.”

He grunts. “You can shut up now.”

“Ouch, hit a nerve?”

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“YOU HAVE REACHED YOUR DESTINATION!”
the white lady behind the navigator states as I
stop the car in the gates of Four Seasons Hotel
The Westcliff. My mouth is wide open. I am
sweating and I am shaking. Fuck. I think I am
going to pass out just from staring at the
entrance. Why didn’t he warn me? I turn to him.

“Why didn’t you tell me we were coming here? I
could’ve dressed better.” He smirks.

“If I thought there was something wrong with
your outfit, I would’ve politely told you to change.

Now please drive in, unless you want security to think we are here to rob the hotel.”

I try to stay calm and drive in, slightly waving at the security. We climb off at the driveway and a valet takes the car keys. Soft life, I am telling you. We step inside the hotel and I am in awe. Is this what dating Makho is all about? Fine dining and visiting luxurious hotels at random times of the month? Well if that’s the case, count me in. what girl doesn’t want a bit of spoiling every now and then? I can’t wait to tell Mathenji, Rena and Quinn about all of this. Maybe I should invite them over to my house this weekend. We are led to the restaurant and the hostess leads us to our table, with her ass swaying from side to side. I can’t help but notice it. It’s so huge.

“Please be seated. A waiter will bring your

menus shortly.” She states in a polite voice, smiles and then walks back to the door. We sit down.

“Did you see her ass, though?” I ask Makho in a whisper.

“Yeah. It looks fake.” My eyes pop out. Did he just say that out loud? Is he crazy? He chortles.

“How can I be staring at someone’s ass while yours was just a few centimeters away from me? All I wanted was to grab it and squeeze it but I don’t wanna be arrested for public indecency.” Is he this sexual or he is just sex hung-over?

“You’re crazy.” I mutter.

“For you.” the next hour is spent with him trying to make jokes but I am laughing because he is making a joke of himself. “I am the worst, right?” he asks and I laugh harder.

“I didn’t say anything. Maybe it’s the language barrier.” I tease and he laughs because we have been speaking English the whole time.

“I should get a tutor to teach me Igbo.” I quickly shake my head.

“No, I need to be able to gossip about you with my sisters.” He laughs.

“That’s not a good enough reason. You should also get someone who will teach you Zulu so that you don’t feel left out at times.”

“I will ask Zoe.”

“Good luck. She doesn’t have the patience for teaching. You guys will end up gossiping or discussing books anyways.” I break into laughter.

“That’s not true.” He gives me a knowing look and I smile, rolling my eyes. “Whatever.”

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 32

“Miss Gwendaline, Mr. Ntanzi is asking that you come to his office.” The Science clerk states standing at my door. I frown.

“Who is Mr. Ntanzi and which department is he in?” I enquire because I have not heard of or met any Ntanzi since I arrived here.

“He is the Arts department. He teaches dance. You know the building, right?” I nod. “His office is the first one after the clerk’s office.”

“Okay. Thank you. Any idea why he is looking for me?”

She shakes her head. “I was only told to pass

the message.” She nods at me and walks away.

I lock my office and head over to the Arts building. My mind travels to last night. I had so much fun with Makho last night, I don't wanna lie. I got spoiled and he actually made me feel loved. He had his asshole moments but he was real with me the whole time. We ended spending the night at the hotel and he fucked me the whole night. I got to rest at 3am. I am lucky that the hotel actually provided us with condoms, at his request because I would've been pregnant by now. Which reminds me, I should go get a contraceptive tomorrow after school because a baby is not something I need right now as my career is picking up.

I finally get to the Arts department and it doesn't take long for me to locate Mr. Ntanzi's

office. I have never been called by any teacher here to their office, so I am really confused by this summoning act. I hope this mister will provide some clarity. I knock and open the door at once. I leave it open and step inside this office. It's really huge and very different from mine but I won't compare myself with someone who has been at the school for longer than me. A small door on the left side of the office opens and someone emerges. I nearly curse under my breath. It's that asshole who said the boys are charming. I turn to make my way out and he speaks up.

"Oww come on. I thought we left last week's news in last week. Or were you that offended?" I huff and turn to face him.

"Not even a single bit. For me to be offended would actually mean I am guilty of something. I just don't like being summoned like a child. I

don't owe you anything. You are not my superior, so you don't get to call me to your office only to talk shit."

"Ouch." He places his hand in his chest like he has been injured or something. "Are you always this serious and so uptight? I swear the only time I saw you smile was with Mesuli, so that's why I am so convinced that you were actually flirting with him. Why am I not afforded the same smile?"

"You don't deserve it. Why am I here?" I ask, folding my arms to my chest.

"I am no caveman, Miss Gwendaline. I don't finish all business while standing. Please, take a seat." I scoff and seat on the chair he has pointed at. "We went our separate ways on bad terms last time. I would like to tell you that I am

no jerk and I don't get charmed by boys. I am quite fully invested in your gender actually. So whatever conclusion you have made about me, scratch it out. I am Kwenzokuhle Ntanzi and I teach dance to grade 10, 11 and 12." I nod, not sure how I enter in all of this because I am not interested in knowing him. "I already know about you."

"That concludes the introductions. Am I free to leave now?" I ask and we frown.

"I thought we were still talking."

"The word 'we' entails two people doing the same thing and in this scenario, you were talking and I was in between listening and dozing off. But I did get your name and surname, Kwanzo Ntanzo. I will make sure to tattoo it on my arm so that I don't forget it." I

smile at him before standing up and heading back to my office. Some educators have time to play.

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I head to Mesuli's class and he smiles at me when I enter the classroom. I teach them today's lesson and when they are done, they show me their weekend's activity and how they did it. When I get to Mesuli, I discover that he did it but in a totally different way, somehow the outcomes are the same with everyone else, it's just that his method is very different and foreign.

"THAT'S IT FOR TODAY, STUDENTS. WE WILL SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN TOMORROW. MESULI, PLEASE STAY BEHIND!" I announce and the students pack their bags before heading out. Mesuli comes to my desk with his head hung

low.

“I failed, didn’t i?” I smile at him.

“You didn’t. You just did things differently. You actually taught me a new way of analyzing life sciences and I am really proud of you. How did you come up with this method?” I ask and I see his smile spreading through his cheeks.

“I really did well?” he asks. Not believing my words.

“Yes, you did. Before I say anything else, explain to me how you did it.”

He blushes. “Well it’s about something you said on Friday. You said there are many ways to kill a cat. Just because your method is not the same with others doesn’t mean it doesn’t get things

done. So I tried it with my school work and compared it to the study material you gave us. I was surprised to see the same results.” I smile at him.

“You are a genius. Has anyone ever told you that?” he shakes his head. “Don’t be ashamed by this. I need to sit down with your other teachers and parents and actually show them this. You can actually make history, Mesuli. Don’t be ashamed of who you are. We are going places, you are going places.” He nods with a newfound confidence.

“Thank you so much Miss Gwendaline.” The bell rings. “Have a great day.” he walks out and I smile. I have never encountered something like this before. It’s like a story one of my lecturers once told us back in varsity. I really need to set

an appointment with his other teachers and parents. We could be harboring the school's genius without even knowing it because some of us lack knowledge.

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"Let me drop you off." Rena offers as we exit the science department after school.

"If that won't trouble you too much." I murmur and she smiles.

"Not at all." I nod and we head to her car. We climb inside and she drives off.

"Do you know Mr. Ntanzi who teaches dance?" I ask and she nods.

"He is the school's biggest douchebag. He has slept with most of the unmarried female teachers. He usually targets the new ones like

you. I guess I didn't make it to his hit list because I am kind of like an alumni. Some of the teachers still treat me like a student." I chuckle.

"I feel you. Anyways this asshole found me chatting with one of my students, Mesuli, and he said I was flirting with the student. That angered me. I just left him standing there and today he actually had the audacity to summon me to his office like I am his servant or something."

She laughs. "Ladies usually love that arrogance. One teacher from language department said the same arrogance turned her on." I roll my eyes.

"One arrogant jerk in my life is enough. There is no room for another one." She chuckles.

"Did I miss something?" I shake my head,

smiling.

“No, except for the fact that I am inviting you for dinner at my place Friday night. I am planning on inviting two of my other friends, so I don’t want you to get confused when you get there.”

“I will definitely be there. Thank you. I need to book myself into a hotel this weekend anyways because my sister’s fiancé is coming and I don’t wanna disturb them.” I nod. She parks outside my apartment.

“Thank you for the lift. See you tomorrow at work.”

“Pleasure babes.”

I get off the car and she drives away. I greet the

security guard at the gate before proceeding to the building. The elevator carries me to the 4th floor and the moment I enter my apartment, I take off my heels. Walking in them all day is no joke. Just as I am about to close the door, Makho steps in carrying a shopping bag.

“Shame, you look tired.”

“It’s all your fault.” I murmur and he laughs.

“What did I do?”

“You kept me up till dawn. It’s a miracle that I didn’t yawn during my classes.” He chuckles.

“I am sorry, love. I am here to give you a mini spa treatment before I leave.” He shows me the bag. It has a spa logo on the outside.

“You better do a splendid job.”

“My love, I excel in everything I do.” he says with

a smirk and I roll my eyes.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 33

I walk inside the empty lab to find some of the teachers and an unfamiliar lady already seated. There are two strange men in suits outside. I guess this is Mesuli's parent or guardian. I smile at everyone and go stand at the front. I am a bit nervous about what I am about to say to all these people but I remember my motto 'NO CHILD LEFT BEHIND'. So I am going to do this thing, even though it's a bit scary.

"Hey, Mesuli." I greet him. He is sitting at the front alone. He smiles and waves at me. I hand him a clean paper and a pen. "I need you to go to my office which. Sit down and write on that paper. Write about something that makes you

happy. Write about a few occasions in life where you were completely carefree and happy. If you run out of paper, feel free to take one from my desk.” He frowns but doesn’t say anything. He stands up and heads out.

I clear my throat and move my eyes around the room. “I won’t beat around the bush. I will go straight to what has brought us here today. Firstly, I am Miss Chizoba Gwendaline, Mesuli’s Life Science teacher. Thank you for coming here today and clearing your schedule for this. First things first, do we all know what dyslexia is?” a few teachers nod while others shake their heads. Mesuli’s mother is still.

“It’s a learning disorder that makes a student’s learning ability slow or very difficult.” One teacher states and I nod.

“Thank you for that answer. I will not dwell in the explanation. Please take note of everything I am about to say. Dyslexia is caused by an overburden of impairments in reading abilities that the person cannot adjust with effectively. Dyslexia doesn't mean the person is intellectually low. Rather, a person with dyslexia may have a better intelligence quotient than a regular person. There are four types of dyslexia:

- PHONOLOGICAL DYSLEXIA which involves difficulty in processing sounds of the individual letters and syllables and cannot match them with the written forms.

- SURFACE DYSLEXIA involves difficulty in recognizing whole words which probably result from vision issues or visual processing

difficulties in the brain.

- RAPID NAMING DEFICIT involves difficulty in naming a letter, number, colour, or object quickly and automatically. Speed is low and takes time to name them.

- DOUBLE DEFICIT DYSLEXIA. A person with Double Deficit Dyslexia (DDD) shows deficits in both the phonological process and naming speed. The majority of the weakest readers fall under this category.

Are you guys still with me?" I ask and they all nod. Mesuli's mother has leaned in and seems to be a bit interested in this. Good.

"The last type of dyslexia which is Double

deficit dyslexia is very important for our discussion. I am no medical doctor who usually does evaluations or tests for such disorders but I am quite observant and in my week teaching in this school, I have observed that one of the learners may have DDD. Dyslexia symptoms differ according to each age group. For teens and adults, the symptoms are as follows;

- The person takes time processing or summarizing what they read or write.
- They struggle with spelling or learning a new language.
- They mispronounce words or have difficulty memorizing text or doing math.
- Difficulty reading aloud.
- Difficulty conveying a story.
- Poor handwriting.

- Poor academic performance.

Now as I have stated the above symptoms, with regards to Mesuli, is there something you guys wanna share?" I ask and one teacher stands up.

"I am Mr. Chouinard, Mesuli's German teacher." I nod. His Mesuli pronunciation is funny, but we are the same. "Mesuli struggles so much with learning German and it's not even about the language being foreign. I once said to him I am going to chase him out of my class because, and I apologize deeply for what I am about to say, he is too stupid for me to teach. He begged me and asked that I give him time. He is so slow, I actually have to spend an extra 20 minutes with him after every class so that I can check if he heard well." He sits down and I see Mesuli's mother clenching her jaws and looking

at the wall. I can understand her pain.

“I am Miss Ximba, his math teacher. He is a very special kid. I have some understanding with him. By the end of January, I noticed how he usually failed math and I was concerned. So I decided to pay attention to him. I actually watched him do a sum and it was a painful thing to watch. He kept clenching his jaws, squeezing his pen and frowning. 20 minutes passed and he hadn't written anything. I gave myself homework and type when I observed online. I found out about dyslexia and I tried to give him as many methods as I could to help him with math. He went for one that seemed easy to him and he has been passing math ever since. I thought he had difficulties with numbers only, that's why I never said anything.” She sits down and all the other teachers stand one by one, telling their different stories. Some

are a bit painful because other kids have actually made fun of Mesuli before and the teachers did nothing about this.

Mesuli's mother stands up at the end and looks around. "I feel a bit ashamed because I am a workaholic. I don't pay attention to most things, including what might seem to be a learning difficulty with my son. It's true, my husband is the more hands-on parent than me and he wanted to come here today, he is just out of town on business. I have observed certain behaviours from my son from a young age but I didn't take note to it. His speech was a bit audible at the age of 4 and at the age of 7, that's when he knew how to write his name, surname and some alphabets. So he actually started grade R at the age of 8 which is very late. I won't disclose everything but what I can say is that thank you, Miss Gwendaline for being so

observant and raising this in an open platform like this. It's much better to find out about this through a teacher and not a gossip blog."

"It's my pleasure." She smiles and sits down. Mesuli chooses that moment to reenter the room. He hands me the papers and scratches his head.

"I don't know if I have done well." He murmurs and I smile.

"Do you want to present or read this in front of everyone?" I ask and he quickly shakes his word.

"I am not comfortable with public speaking." I nod.

"I understand. Well as a reader myself, I can't wait to dive into this essay. I will give you my feedback tomorrow." He smiles. "You can go

wait for your mother outside.”

“I have practice.” He says looking at his mother.

“We will see each other at home.” She responds and he nods before heading out. I turn to everyone.

“I will make a copy for everyone to read tomorrow. Before we conclude our meeting, there are a few Dos and Don’ts when dealing with someone who is dyslexic. The first and important rule is to not shout at the person. Trust him. Be patient with him. Help him learn in his own way. Give him the time he needs. Help him keep faith in himself. Be by his side and help him rise when he falls. Encourage him when he struggles. Treat him equally, he is not different but unique. Focus on his strengths and remember, he is gifted. That’s all from me. Thank you for coming and I hope together we

will help Mesuli reach his true potential. I hope we won't help only him but other students here at the school who have the same disorder as him. Have a great evening."

We converse with the teachers a bit and they leave. Mesuli's mother stands up and comes to me. She clears her throat and straightens. She looks so gorgeous and she smells really nice and expensive. I wonder what type of job she does.

"Thank you for what you have done for my son. Someone else would've demanded money just to help him but you have done all this from the goodness of your heart. Thank you."

"You're welcome."

“My family is very famous, especially in this province. So, please don’t share with anyone anything with regards to my son.” I frown. I am wondering what’s special about her family
“Oww you don’t know?” she asks. “That’s a first. My husband is the mayor, Mayor Mthimkhulu and I am the National Prosecutor.” Wow. That means she is more important than her husband.

“I didn’t know about any of that, Mrs. Mthimkhulu, but what you and your husband do doesn’t concern me. I am only concerned about the wellbeing of your son. That’s what I get paid for.” She nods.

“I hope it stays that way. My husband may come see you. As I said, he is the more hands on parent, so he will want full explanation from you.”

“I don’t mind giving it to him.”

“We shall see each other soon.” she gives me half a hug and heads out. That was awkward. I head to my office, take my bag and walk to the parking lot.

Amongst four of the luxurious cars that he owns, Makho decided to give me his Jaguar F-Pace. It’s the least flashy car that he owns. The other ones were too much and he didn’t wanna take no for an answer. I slide inside and drive out.

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For those who may find the chapter boring, it was dedicated to dyslexic people. I hope you got educated about the disorder through this

chapter.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 34

It's Friday and I can't wait to get out of here so that I can prepare for my friends' dinner. It's going to be the first time hosting them or even having them in one place. I just hope their personalities click and we have a smooth evening. I told Makho about the dinner and he sent 12k just so I can 'prepare' for it. It was ironic and I remembered the day we met, when he told me about his 12k pants. I swear to God, when I finally sleep over at his place, I will tear those pants apart or even burn them, just for control. Imagine getting 12k just to prepare for dinner. If I were to ask for cosmetics money, how much would he give me? But I don't wanna start asking for money from him because I will

make it a habit. It's okay if he just gives it to me randomly, although it's too much, I won't complain or be modest about it. I love money, just like any other human in the world.

I sigh, walking out of my last period for the day. I had only 3 periods today and they were all before lunch. The moment I enter my office, I take off my heels and breathe out loud. I toss them away and place my file and textbook on my desk.

"Miss Gwendaline," the clerk calls out and I turn to look at her. "There is someone here for you."

"Okay. You can send them in. please ask Rena to order for me whatever she is ordering."

"I will do so." She walks out and I sit down on my chair, waiting for the surprise guest.

A few moments later, a gentleman walks in. he looks good, handsome even. He is wearing a brown three-piece suit with Italian shoes. He closes the door behind him and makes himself comfortable on the chair opposite mine without even greeting. Okay.

“I am Mr. Mthimkhulu, Mesuli’s father. I believe his mother told you I will be stopping by to hear what’s happening with my boy.” He states arrogantly but there is a bit of politeness underneath.

“Hey, how are you? I am Miss Gwendaline, Mesuli’s teacher. Next time you arrive at someone’s office without an appointment or even if you made an appointment, greet first before stating what you are there for.” He

frowns. "Now, how about you greet me first before we talk about anything else?"

He looks taken aback. "Wow, okay. Good day Miss Gwendaline. How are you?"

"I am well, thank you for asking." I sit back and then start explaining Mesuli's condition to him. He keeps nodding and asking questions and follow ups, like a true parent, not that I am talking bad about Mesuli's mother. Now I understand what she meant by 'the father is a more hands on parent'.

"Thank you so much for this observation, Miss Gwendaline."

I smile. "It's my pleasure but I might be wrong. Please take him to a doctor for some testing and evaluation. The doctor's professional opinion is always important."

He nods. "I will do so. Now how much do you want for all this work you have done?" I frown, sitting back.

"Excuse me?"

He smirks. "I am not trying to offend you. I am sure this whole research interrupted your personal time, so I would like to pay for it."

"Listen here, Mr. Mayor. What I did was for my student. I actually get paid by the school to teach learners and care for them. You don't need to pay me for whatever extra shit I do on my extra time. I am doing it because of the love I have for teaching and for my students. I think that's all. You can leave now." I take my phone and Mr. Mthimkhulu clears his throat. I look at him.

“I didn’t mean to offend you.”

“Ow no you didn’t. It’s always money talk with you people. I only hope that your child gets all the help he can get without you offending other people further. Also, stop carrying so much about your image and put the child first. Goodbye.”

He sighs before standing up. “I apologize for my behaviour, Miss Gwendaline. Is there a way to make it up to you?”

“I don’t care about you. My only concern is your son, my student.”

“I hope you will find it in your heart to put this behind us.” he smiles at me before walking out, his expensive cologne dominating the office even after he has closed the door behind him.

Nneka texts me, asking that we hang out on Saturday morning because she is off work and I agree because I don't have plans. A few minutes later, Rena walks in with both our lunches in her hands. We eat while catching up and she tells me about this traffic cop guy who is courting her. You can see her blush as she explains how he has been sending cute texts and calling her every morning and every night.

"By the way, I will be bringing an overnight bag just in case our dinner extends to longer hours." She states as she gets up, putting the takeaways in the trash can. I chuckle.

"I don't mind sharing my bed with you."

She smiles. "See you tonight then."

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After knocking off, I head to the mall and pick up a few things for dinner and a chocolate cake. I also buy bottles of wine and then some finger foods. I decide to drive to Zoe's home before heading to my apartment. When I get there, I find Mazwakhe in the lounge, reading a newspaper.

"Hello, Mr. Gumbi." I greet and he raises his head.

"Makoti." He smiles widely. "How are you?" I am not good with Zulu but I know makoti means daughter-in-law. I am not going to comment on that.

"I am good. I just came to check on Zoe."

"And not to visit your in-laws?" he asks with a smile and I chuckle, shaking my head.

“No. nobody knows me as Makho’s girlfriend here. So how about we wait for him to introduce me before I come and visit the in-laws?”

He smirks. “You’re wise. Anyways, my wife is in the theatre room. She is actually binging on some new series and I know she will bite my head off if I disturb her.” I laugh.

“I know exactly what you mean. Let me sneak up on her.”

“Good luck.” He calls out after me and I chuckle. I get to the theatre room and I light it up since its dark.

“I swear to God, I am going to murder you today, Mazwakhe Gumbi.” Zoe states with a stern voice without even turning. I snort.

“We should look for another wife for my future

father in law if you're treating him like this." I remark and she turns her head.

"Hey." She pauses the series. "Why didn't you tell me you were going to stop by? I would've made some snacks for you. I am sure you're hungry." I smile as we share a hug.

"I will grab something on my way home." She nods. "I just had a thought. How about you guys come over my place Sunday evening and I cook dinner for you? It's unfair that you have hosted me a couple of times and I have never, not once, hosted you."

She beams. "I am game. As long as you will cook Nigerian dishes."

"That's not a problem." I answer and she does a mini dance which is hilarious I end up laughing. She hooks her arm on mine and we head out of

the theatre room.

“How is my son treating you?” I roll my eyes.

“I last saw him on Monday and things were good. We parted on good terms and we talk every day. Ohh and he sent me money just because I told him I am hosting a few of my friends for dinner tonight.”

“That’s not out of the ordinary. He should give you money every chance he gets. For the fact that you agreed to be his girlfriend, that’s someone he should pay for every day.”

I gasp. “That’s daylight robbery.” She chuckles.

“It’s not, according to her.” Mazwakhe chirps in.

“I actually pay the girlfriend tax even after 30 plus years of marriage.”

I turn to my friend. “You are a phara, Zoe.” She

laughs.

“Hey, he should pay for fucking me every day. He should appreciate me every waking day. He should be glad that he gets to wake up next to greatness and not a monster wearing sheep skin every day. I am a blessing in his life and he should count thrice when counting Me.” she says proudly and her husband smiles.

“I know how lucky I am. Sometimes I look at you sleeping or when I just stare at you absentmindedly as you explain your books to me and I wonder what good deed I did in my life for God to reward me with someone like you.” I am touched, guys.

“Let’s renew our vows.” Zoe states out of the blue and she is also surprised by her words

because her eyes pop out. Mazwakhe laughs and nods.

“Before you get lost in your love bubble, come to my apartment for dinner Sunday.” I hug them both and walk out.

“We will see you there, dear daughter.” I hear Mazwakhe saying as I walk out of the door and I chuckle. The love they share is so extraordinary. I want that too when I finally get married.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 35

As I am finishing up cooking dinner, my phone rings. It's a video call from Makho. I smile widely. Crucify me, I don't care, but I am falling for Zoe's son. But I hope he will be there to

catch me in the end. I place the phone by the bread bin and answer the call so that I will be able to speak with him while clearing the kitchen.

“Hey Makho.” I answer and I see him smiling as he ruffles his dreads. Last time I saw him, he had them in an updo. When did he let them loose? “When did you change your hairstyle?” I can’t help myself, and he chuckles.

“This case has been stressing me, so I had to do anything to reduce my stress levels and that included me untying my brain.” He is also shirtless.

“Great. I was tired of talking to a stupid dude all the time. I guess I am yet to experience the more intellectual side of Masonke Gumbi.” He laughs.

“Ow wow, Miss Gwendaline, you got jokes now?” I giggle.

“Something like that.” I shrug.

“What are you busy with?” he questions.

“I am cleaning up. I am done preparing for dinner. The only thing left is to shower and then wait for my guests. How about you?”

“I am craving your cooking. How come I have tasted it once but I am the boyfriend?” I snort, wiping the counter.

“I promise to spoil you rotten with my home cooked meals when you’re back. You just have to be good friends with the gym. I don’t want you panting like a pig on top of me when you have a huge belly because that’s what my cooking provides.”

He titters, sitting back only to reveal his six pack. "My love, nothing can take away this great body of mine, even if I don't go to the gym for 30 days straight, I will still have that body many ladies dream of touching." He flexes his biceps and I giggle, turning to place the dishes on the sink so that he doesn't see that he has turned me into a love sick teenager. "Take off that shirt and turn around slowly."

I roll my eyes, still giggling. "I am not about to do phone sex with you, Makho." I turn around to see him smirking.

"So, did anything interesting happen today at work?" he inquires and I sigh.

"I met Mayor Makhulu and God he was so arrogant. Why do rich people think that

everything revolves around money? If I didn't care so much about my work and my student, I would've insulted him so bad." He frowns.

"You mean Mayor Mthimkhulu?" he asks.

"Yeah, that one."

"What was he doing at your work and which student are you talking about?"

"I am not allowed to tell anyone about Mesuli, but remember the kid I told you about? The one who might be dyslexic?" he nods. "Well, I dug deeper into his issue and found out that he might have DDD. I told his teachers and mother about my research and mayor was not there. He only came to see me today and tried to pay me off for the research. I nearly strangled him."

He chuckles angrily. "You should have. I don't want men doing shit to you while I am out of town. Maybe when I am back, I will pay him a visit."

"Okay. Let's not make a big deal of this. It happened and I put him in his place just like I did with you. I know how to handle your kind, arrogant assholes that is." he grins, licking his lips.

"That is something I know ow too well. Please send me some nudes after taking a shower."

"Or you can just drive an hour for the real deal." I respond in a sexual voice, tilting my head to the side.

He groans, shifting on his seat. "Don't plant ideas in my mind, babe. Because honestly I wouldn't mind driving only to be buried into your

paradise.” I chortle. Men when it comes to sex, they would do almost anything, including crossing a sea full of deadly piranhas.

“I will just send you those nudes you requested so that you can jerk off while looking at them. How about a sneak peek even now?” I unbutton my shirt slowly, revealing my push up bra which makes my boobs look so sexy.

He grunts deeply, biting his lips. “Baby, you’re killing me right now.”

“I don’t want you dying on me then. I am hanging up.” I tease.

“No, don’t.” he shouts almost immediately and then recovers a bit. “Before you hang up, even though I am the one who called, I just wanna remind you that I love you and I miss you so much. Besides sex and all that, I just wanna

wake up with you in my arms and just enjoy your company without limited time.”

My heart flutters. My stomach is swimming with butterflies. This guy is going to be death of me. “I love you to, Makhosonke.” I reply softly and he smiles widely.

“We will talk later, my Nubian queen.” he blows a kiss and I grab it before he hangs up. He has left me a blushing mess. This guy. I slap my cheeks a few moments just to recover from that love spell coz wow. Is it even legal to be madly in love these days?

I take off my shirt completely and snap a few pictures of my boobs still in my bra. I have never sent nudes to anyone before but there is a first time for everything, right? I quickly send a few to him and then put my phone on flight

mode because I know he is going to call after receiving them and we are definitely going to have phone sex.

I clean the kitchen and then head to my bedroom. I undress and take a slow bubble bath. When I am done, I take a few pictures of my naked wet body and even a slow motion video. I am tempted to send him a video of my shaved pussy but that is just too much for him. I lotion and get dressed in simple shorts with a crop top and sleepers. I disable flight mode on my phone and forward the rest of the nudes. He just sends coffin emojis and burst out laughing. He is such a drama king.

I lay out the finger foods on my foldable table in the balcony since I decided we should have starters there, just watching the sunset and

catching the chilled breeze because it was quite hot today. I make a boomerang of the set up for Instagram and post it on my story. I hear a knock and I quickly attend to it. I squeal when I see Mathenji. It's been a while since I last saw her. I haven't been able to adjust to my new job so well that I have lost a few days at the gym.

"Babe, you are glowing. The new job is treating you well, so is the dick." I laugh before leading her inside.

"Oww, my dear friend. Dick is always at the tip of your tongue."

She snickers. "Why are you surprised? I always lick it, so it has to be at the tip." I roll my eyes still laughing. She is just a free spirited person. "I come bearing gifts because I figured this is an unofficial housewarming and I have seen

that white people bring at least something when invited for dinner.”

“And since when are you white?” I ask, leading her to the lounge.

“Since I am fucking a white dick. Honey, that stereotype shit about white guys having small dicks or poor sex game is all lies. Nathan knows how to fuck a pussy. Damn, friend. I think I am in love.”

I crack up. “Are you okay, my love?” I touch her forehead to feel her temperature and she slaps it away playfully. “Okay. Does he check all the boxes though? Money? Sex game? Body type? Looks? Age group? Everything?”

She smiles. “He does. Can you believe he gave me one his cards and he said there was no limit? I am telling you, babe. I have finally met my

match.” I smile at her.

“I am happy for you and I hope he doesn’t switch on you after fishing you in. Anyways, are you quitting the game?”

“Hell no. just pausing.” We both laugh. “Here is your gift.” She hands me the gift bag. I open it. It’s a kitchen knives’ set. That is so considerate of her.

“Thank you so much for this, friend.” I hug her tightly.

“You’re welcome.”

Another person knocks and I get up to attend it. It’s Quinn holding a bottle of wine and a small gift bag.

“Hello, neighbour.” She beams cheerfully and

we share a hug.

“How are you?”

“I am great, thanks. These are for you.” she hands me the wine and the gift bag.

“Thank you. Come on in.” I lead her to the lounge and she sits next to Mathenji. “Babe, this is Quinn, my neighbour and new friend. Quinn, this is my best friend, Mathenji.”

They shake hands while I head to the kitchen. I place the bottle she came with on the fridge and retrieve a cold one. I open it and grab three glasses from the cardboard. I go over to the lounge and place the wine and glasses on the table before I attend to another knock. I open it to reveal Reno standing there with a paperbag and an overnight bag.

“Finally, the party can start.” She laughs before stepping inside.

“This is for when the wine has sunk in.” she hands me the paperbag and I chuckle, taking it.

“I will also put this away for you.” I take the overnight bag and she smiles. I place the paperbag on the kitchen counter and we head to the lounge where Mathenji and Quinn are chatting up a storm. “Guys, this is Reno, my colleague and friend. Reno, this is Mathenji, my best friend and Quinn, my friend and neighbour.” They exchange pleasantries while I go put Reno’s bag in my bedroom.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 36

Throughout the starter, we get over the introductions. Mostly what we do for a living, where we live and our families. Reno volunteers to do the first round of the dishes as we move back to the lounge because of the chilly weather. After Reno comes back to the lounge and Mathenji starts the highly anticipated topic.

“So, about Makhosonke, how did that happen?” she even leans in, showing just how interested she is in this discussion. I just giggle, rolling my eyes.

“Soooo, he came to work on my first day and disguised his visit by saying he was there for his uncle. Then he straight out complimented me, saying that I looked beautiful. To say I wasn’t charmed by that moment would be a lie.” I blush and they all giggle.

“The man is a charmer.” Reno adds and we all crack up.

“No lie there. Do you know how he looks like?” Mathenji asks Quinn who shakes her head. “Let me make things easy for you.” she retrieves her phone, taps on it for a few moments before showing Quinn a picture. Her eyes pop out and she looks at me.

“Not that I don’t do black men or anything, but I would definitely do him.” she comments and I just laugh. “Please continue with your story.”

“Then he sent me flowers, chocolate and lunch. I don’t know which day was that. He also coerced me into a date which turned out to be a double date because my sister was there with her fiancé. He outright declared his intentions and I was sold guys. Look at that face, that

body and tell me how long you can actually resist him.”

“I would’ve opened my legs for him the minute he complimented me at his uncle’s office.”

Mathenji chirps in and we all just laugh. I wouldn’t put that past my friend. Not that she is cheap or easy but she loves sex and handsome guys. I have never seen her with an ugly guy. She once told me that she doesn’t do ugly. She doesn’t want someone who she is ashamed to walk with in public. Imagine if a mistake happens and you fall pregnant for the ugly guy. Mathenji is downright crazy and I don’t think there is a cure for her.

“And I know you aren’t kidding.” She laughs. “So during the double date, he gave me a seductive kiss which left me all fuggy and wanting for

more. The following night, he came back because he seriously wanted to spend time with me, alone. We had a really great time, dinner and lots of wine. You know how wine has the ability of making you super horny and you can't control your urges when you're around a hot attractive guy like him." they all laugh.

"That's an excuse, but carry on." Quinn comments and I give her a look.

"As if you can say no to your man." I have seen him twice and Lord have mercy on my imagination.

She laughs. "Honey if you live with a beast that has a stamina of a stallion and knows how to work it, your ability to say no flies out the window every time he enters the room. Sometimes I would start off with 'babe we need

to talk about... ahh.” She moans the last word and we break into laughter. This ladies are going to kill me today.

“At what point does your panty come off?” Reno asks.

“Who said it stays on?” OMG! “Brad is the type that rips off panties and I don’t mind because he knows what type I love and he does buy them. So I only wear panties when I am going out. When I’m home, I go commando because I know I can be fucked at any moment.”

“Yoh, sabaweli. I don’t know when the last time I got fucked, thoroughly was.” Reno comments. We just laugh at her.

“How much are you sabaweling? I can hook you

up.” Mathenji teases but I know she is telling the truth.

She once made me go on a blind date with this other guy. He was nice but too plain for me. Not that I love bad boys or what, but your partner must be someone who makes your blood boil in a good way when he is around. Someone you can be silly and also serious with. Someone who understands you and doesn't want you to change your lifestyle in order for it to sync with his. I don't know where Mathenji got that guy but when I told her about the date, she was also bored.

Reno makes no comment and I take that as a cue to continue my story. “So he fucked me, a good thrilling two rounds which left me satisfied. Honey the boy can move his waist. 10

points for that. That's all the scoop you are gonna get about what happens behind closed doors. I don't wanna over share."

"Not that I have trust issues, but I love not over sharing about my sex life or love life in particular. Our gender is not to be trusted and I have been burned a number of times from trusting friends." Quinn adds and we all nod.

"Even siblings are not to be trusted when it comes to dick my love." I knew Mathenji was going to chirp in.

"So the next morning, he declared his undying love to me and just as he was about to give me morning glory, his mother, Zoe, who also happens to be my friend, knocked at my front door. I was still contemplating on ways to break the news to her but she just found out that way.

I thought she wouldn't be happy but it was the opposite. So he took me out and then fucked me again. Monday, we spent some time together before he left. Guys I am falling deeply in love with Makho. Please stop me." I sigh happily and they giggle.

"Don't include us, babe. This is your bed, lie in it." Mathenji responds, standing up. I just laugh. "Let's go dish up. I am famished." I roll my eyes before following her to the kitchen. We dish up the main course while making small talk. She even tells me about the latest drama from work. We place the food in the dining table and call the other ladies. We all sit down and indulge on the food.

"This is really delicious. Are you sure you didn't order it?" Reno asks in a teasing voice and I

chuckle.

“Is there a place that sells Nigerian cuisine around here?” I ask.

“Yes. There is this cozy eatery a few minutes from my place. A guy called Charlie is the owner and the chef. We have ordered a couple of times. He only serves Nigerian food and it’s so delicious.” She states and I smile.

“I should definitely pay a visit.”

“You won’t be disappointed.” She turns to Mathenji. “You didn’t tell us about your man. Who is he? What does he do? How does he treat you?”

“Which one?” Mathenji asks with a smirk and I laugh because I am the only one who understands her statement. The other ladies look a bit confused, so I come to their rescue.

“Mathenji has multiple partners and they all serve a purpose in her life. They all spoil her like crazy.”

Quinn looks shocked. “How do you do it? I tried cheating once, a long time ago and I got caught before the week even ended.” She challenges and Mathenji just laughs.

“I mastered the art at a really young age. I have recently found the one worth leaving that lifestyle for but I am still a bit skeptical. I don’t avail myself so much to all of them and they know my life is busy. I have work and I have gym, so I hardly get time to chill with them. If a guy wants to spend time with me, it has to be in a special place, not just his house and they know to send an allowance even if we haven’t seen each other for quite some time. They

shower me with gifts and one of my exes actually bought me a house.” Their eyes pop out.

“Is your vagina made of gold?” Reno blurts out and both Mathenji and I laugh at her.

“It’s not about sex. It’s about how I make them feel when we are together. Men have huge egos and they wanna be worshipped. But they also want to be challenged, even if they won’t admit that. So I challenge them as much as I can to their egos. I don’t know the amount of money I have made from them but I know it has reached a 6 figure amount because I save the money I am given, most of the time.”

“You play the game with skill and precision.” Quinn compliments and Mathenji nods.

“Yes honey.”

“How are you still a cleaner?” Reno asks.

“I love my job and I also love the amount of drama that happens at work every day. I don’t think I can find drama like that at any other place. Also I have a journalism degree but I am not keen on officially being Miss Isolezwe. Maybe I will get enough encouragement in the future.”

We continue eating while getting to know each other on a deeper level. I love how we don’t have awkward pauses and moments of uncomfortable silences. I really hope we can form a great friendship and even go to vacations together in the future. I also hope that we can do those cute friendship goals.

The evening doesn’t end. In fact the ladies

decide on a sleepover and we spend the whole night drinking, talking about sex, giving each other tips, we even call Reno's traffic cop and by the end of the phone call, all is set for their first official date.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 37

"Knock-knock." The voice draws me out of my deep peaceful sleep. What the hell? I am not expecting anybody this morning, so who the fuck is disturbing my beauty sleep? I groan, sitting up and rubbing my eyes. I look around and a chuckle escapes my lips. I don't know when did we sleep but I do know that all four of us squeezed ourselves in my bed in a very weird way.

I climb off the bed, put on a robe, sleepers and

head to the bathroom. Whoever is at the door will have to wait until I am done urinating and brushing my teeth. Coming out of the bathroom, I smile at Quinn who is yawning and stretching her arms.

“Morning love. Who’s the angry man at your door? I swear he is trying to kick it down.” She mutters and I laugh quietly.

“Only one way to find out.” I walk to the front door and open it. I frown, seeing an unfamiliar man standing on the other side, carrying a bunch of flowers and a board.

“Good morning. Are you Miss Chizoba Gwendaline?” the man asks and I nod. “Well this is for you. Please sign here.” he hands me the small board and shows me where to sign. I am still confused but I sign nonetheless. “Here you

go.” He gives me the flowers. “Can we please enter?” who is we?

“What is this about?” I ask.

“We are just doing our job, Miss. We promise to be out of your hair in less than 5 minutes.” I don’t answer, I simply step aside. “Thank you.” he turns to the side. “Gents, you can come in now.” I enter to make space for them. Guys in black and white uniform enter carrying bunches of beautiful flowers. They place them in whatever space they find in the lounge. They then come back and ask for the kitchen. I direct them and they place multiple paper bags there. They all head out and the one who I was speaking to smiles at me. “Here you go. Have a good morning.” He hands me a card and then walks out, closing the door behind him.

‘Sorry

M.M’

That’s all the card states. That’s definitely not Makho. He would’ve written Mr. 12k pants or M.G, the G for Gumbi.

“Okay. Am I in heaven?” Mathenji’s voice startles me. I turn to face her and find the other ladies standing with her. “This doesn’t look like a pleasant surprise.” She steps forward and takes the card from me. She reads it out loud and frowns. “It’s the mayor.”

“What?” my own voice shocks me. I told them about my encounter with the mayor last night. I don’t know what she means by what she is saying.

“This is his way of apologizing for being an ass.

He usually does this to his side chicks. You know how some ladies don't care about making it known to the world that they are dating the mayor. That weave lady who fought with the braids lady once posted something like this on her story and the same card. I don't know what he was apologizing for, then."

"Wow, talk about grand gesture." Reno comments, walking to the kitchen counter and opening one of the paper bags. "Pardon me. The aroma was calling me. I am famished." We all join her around the counter and unload some of the paper bags. There are ribs, wings, chips, sea food, some English breakfast. Anything you can think of that is usually served at restaurants. "This dude is generous AF."

"What are you going to do about this?" Quinn

asks the million dollar question and I sigh.

“I will keep the rest of the food in the fridge. I don’t know about the flowers.” I respond honestly.

“Maybe we can go give each rose to any of the ladies or even men at any mall.” She suggests and I look at her. That’s not a bad idea. I don’t wanna look like an idiot with so many flowers on my garbage.

“That’s one solution to one problem. What about the mayor? What are you going to do about him? This is no gesture you send to your kid’s teacher. This is something he would send to one of his women. This actually means he has his eyes on you.” Mathenji remarks and I frown. “You need to put him in his place but not right now, while the news are still fresh. Maybe

go give him your peace of mind Monday after work.” I nod and bite one of the ribs. They are still hot and so juicy.

“What about Makhosonke?” Reno asks. “I think this is something you would disclose to your boyfriend unless...” she shrugs and I huff.

“I most def have to tell him about this because when I told him about my encounter with the mayor, he got pissed. But I will do that after we solve the flowers issue. Which mall are going to?” I ask.

“How about Bara Mall?” Mathenji suggests and we all agree on it.

We finish eating and they help me load some of the food in the fridge. Quinn heads to her house

while the other ladies shower. I decide to call Makho that same time, because of the privacy I now have. I take my phone and head to the balcony. His phone rings twice before he picks it up.

“If I tell you say I love you, o

My money my body Na your own

O baby

Thirty billion for the account, io

Versace and Gucci for your body, o baby

No do, No do

No do garagara for me.” he answers in a really bright mood and I can’t help but laugh. He has a great voice and I love it.

“Are you saying if I check my account now I will

find 30 billion in it?" I tease and he laughs.

"You may never know, love. How are you this morning? God, I can't wait to sleep and wake up with you in my arms. When I come back, you at least have to spend a week in my house. Just so we can get to know each other better." I giggle, rolling my eyes. That getting to know each other involves too much sex, I presume.

"I am over the moon love, well expect for the minor headache I am experiencing due to the wine we drank last night. Why are you in such a bright mood?"

"It's a love thing, you wouldn't understand." He jabs and I crack up. "I am serious baby. When you're in love with a beautiful woman and receive an actual phone call from her early in the morning, especially after dreaming about her the previous night, you can't help but be this

happy.”

Fuck. I am a blushing mess. Thank God I didn't opt for a video call. “Well, if you put it that way...” he chuckles. “I don't know if this will dampen your mood.” Here goes nothing.

“I am a lawyer, I think I can handle it.” He answers with a voice void of the happiness. Let's hope so.

“Mayor Makhulu sent me flowers and breakfast this morning as a way of apologizing.” I mentally cross my fingers, while waiting for his reaction.

“Really? Send me a picture.”

“What?” I am shocked by his response or rather reaction.

“Just kidding. Don't worry about Mthimkhulu

and don't feel guilty about enjoying his gifts. I will handle him when I am back." That sounds a bit too serious for me.

"Okay. I just hope nobody gets hurt in the process." He chuckles.

"I am not promising anything."

I think of a quick way to change the subject. "I am hosting your parents for dinner tomorrow night."

"Really? That's great. You're making me wish I was there to join you guys."

"I am not inviting them as your parents but as my friend and her husband." he laughs.

"Whatever that makes you sleep well at night." I snort. He is crazy.

“BABE! WE ARE DONE USING THE BATHROOM, YOU CAN GO IN NOW!” Mathenji shouts from inside.

“I AM ON THE PHONE!” I shout back and I can literally hear her running towards the balcony.

“Is it Makhosonke?” she asks as soon as she appears and I hear Makho laughing on the line. I nod and she smiles. “Put him on speaker.” I chuckle before doing so. I wonder what she is going to say to him. “Hey Makhosonke. I don’t know if you know me but I do know you. I am Mathenji, Chichi’s girlfriend. By the way, you still owe be the girlfriend tax.”

Makho laughs before replying. “Hi, Mathenji. I will make sure to take both you and my babe out for lunch as soon as I am back.”

“And a shopping spree.” She adds and I laugh.

“Yes, and a shopping spree.” Makho adds.

“Thank you, by the way, for looking after my babe in my absence. I am still thinking of a special gift for you.”

“Yay!” Mathenji jumps up in excitement and Makho just laughs. “Bye for now.” She says before heading back inside.

“Is she gone?” he asks and I laugh.

“Yes.”

“Now that’s a ball of energy. How do you keep up with her?”

“You ain’t seen nothing yet. Wait till you meet her in person.” He groans and I chortle.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 38

“A single, beautiful, fresh rose for a gorgeous lady.” I state with a smile, handing a rose to one of the passing ladies. She blushes and accepts the flower.

“Thank you. I have never received flowers ever before. This one is beautiful.” She responds before walking away, still smiling.

“We still have about 5 bunches to go. So that means a couple of dozens more of that type of smile.” Quinn states and I huff.

“If these smiles weren’t getting to me, I honestly would’ve thrown all these flowers in the trash can.” I retrieve another bunch.

“Let’s head inside the mall and give singles to the employees, but those who work at places

that don't sell flowers." Reno suggests and we all agree.

"Guys, we are trending. Someone just posted us on twitter and people are retweeting, especially the ladies. They are saying what we are doing is really beautiful. Others have even posted the roses we gave them." Mathenji says, scrolling down her phone. "We are celebs now."

"I am sure it takes more than a few retweets for a person to become a celeb." I respond to her and she rolls her eyes.

"Bitch shoo with the negative energy." Nwanyi a ezie. (This woman, though.) I can't stop laughing.

We enter the mall and go to a few stores. The

flowers get depleted after an hour and we finally catch our breaths. We disperse and I go back to my apartment, to prepare myself for a day out with my sister.

...

“O na-ada ka onye mara mma. M ga-enye ya onwa isi. O buru na unu ka nokwa mgbe ahu, agaghi m enwe nsogbu izute ya. (He sounds like a nice guy. I will give him six months. If you guys are still together then, I will have no problem meeting him.)” Nneka states in her deputy parent voice and I nod. I actually thought she would be over the moon and want to see Makho but I don’t blame her. You don’t introduce every partner you get to your family.

“M ga-agwa ya na. (I will notify him that.)” We

go to different clothing stores and she picks so many clothes, even shoes and jewelry. “That’s a lot of baggage for you.”

She rolls her eyes. “Maka onye nkuzi, I nwere ike idi nwayo. Uwe ndi a bu nke gi.

N’agbanyeghi na I na-aruru, a ka m bu nwanne gi Nwanyi toro gi, m na-agakwa oru m, nke na-emebi gi mgbe m nwetara ohere. (For a teacher, you can be so slow. These clothes are yours. Even though you’re working, I am still your older sister and I am doing my duty, which is spoiling you when I get the chance.)” I smile at her.

“Daalu nwanne. (Thank you, sister.)” You don’t go all modest when your sibling spoils you.

When I think we are done with the shopping, she pulls me to Mac. She asks the shop

assistants to do our make-up and then buys the whole kit when they are done. I don't even think I recognize my own reflection right now. I look so stunning and I feel great. You know that feeling, after putting on make-up, the confidence boost you get is out of this world.

"Well, little sis, I have to love and leave you. I have a date." She winks at me and I frown.

"You haven't been in SA for more than a month and already you have a date?" I ask, bewildered.

"You would be surprised by how attractive literate foreigners are."

"And what about Jackie Chan?" she cracks up, attracting attention to us. Her laughter is contagious and intoxicating, so I also end up laughing.

“What happens in Africa, stays in Africa, love. I won’t tell if you don’t.” she winks and I just chuckle, shaking my head. Since when is Nneka this open to fucking around? “Oww relax. It’s not like I am going to be impregnated by this Tshonana man.” she states, rolling her eyes.

“Tsonga?”

“Yes, that. It’s just harmless fun. You don’t actually turn down dates just because you’re in a relationship. How can you say no to a free meal?”

“Your bed, sis. But can we not fall victim when Bruce Lee hears about this?”

“How would he hear? Unless he is a warlord, then this won’t reach him. Bye for now.” She

kisses my lips and walks away, swaying her hips from side to side. I catch a few guys gawking at her and I chuckle before heading to my temporary car.

As I am about to start the car, a WhatsApp text comes in from an unsaved number.

‘Hey love, Mawande here. Please meet me at this location in 20 minutes. I am sorry for the short notice but it will all be worth it when you get here.’

I smile at the text. I have been wanting, no, wishing to meet up with the only Gumbi sister who also happens to be my favourite celeb. I am excited about this, but I don't think I am prepared. Maybe it's urgent though. I check my outfit and it seems okay. A nice yellow mini

dress and white sandals. I feel a bit insecure about it because I know how Mawande dresses. But she ambushed me, so I shouldn't care about my outfit. Yeah, let me go and hear what she has to say.

...

MAKHOSONKE

Hearing that the mayor disrespected my woman really angered me but the stunt he pulled today was enough to make me put aside my work and drive back to Joburg. The drive from Potchefstroom to home is close to 2 hours but I make it there in less than 45 minutes. I won't tell mom about this because I know she is going to eat me alive. Luckily when I arrive at my parents' house, I discover that mom has gone out with Mawande. I know those

two can shop till they drop. Who knows? Maybe they told dad they were going to Sandton Mall but turns out they are in Gateway Mall in Durban.

“You aren’t supposed to be here. What’s wrong?” dad asks as soon as I walk inside his study. He is busy doing some reading.

“Which case are you working on?” I ask, making myself comfortable in the chair across him. He rolls his eyes before taking off his reading glasses.

“A gay man was killed by his lover’s girlfriend. I am presiding over that case and there is enough evidence pointing to the girlfriend but her father actually tried to pay me off and when that didn’t work, he tried to threaten me.”

I smirk. “How did that work out?”

“Let’s just say, wherever he is right now, he knows never to mess with the Gumbis.”

“Talking about messing with the Gumbis, Mayor Mthimkhulu is becoming a thorn under my feet.” He sits back, his eyebrows arching. “He is going after my woman, hard and fast and I don’t like that. I don’t wanna go to his office and confront him like some blue balled boy but I want him to back off of my woman. Can you believe he actually turned her apartment into a flower shop today and bought her food enough to feed an orphanage?”

“That’s extreme. Your woman knows how to handle such situations, so let her warn him. I’m sure she won’t like it when you meddle in this and make her look powerless. If Mthimkhulu

doesn't listen to Chizoba's warning, then I will deal with him personally." I nod.

"Thank you. Now I wanna plan something nice for her, which will happen tonight. A grand gesture. Not that I am competing with that mayor fool, but I want him and everybody to know that Chizoba is mine and mine alone."

He smiles. "Here is what I have in mind."

...

"Are you sure she is coming?" I ask, pacing up and down. I don't know how she took the message. Maybe she was too busy, she didn't even see it.

Mawande rolls her eyes, leaning on one of the pillars. "She saw my message and then replied with a thumbs up emoji. Maybe she was driving but I am sure she is on her way here."

"Maybe she changed her mind and..."

She groans but her reaction changes fast like lightning when her phone beeps. "She is here." she smiles widely before taking my phone from me and skipping to the parking lot.

Fuck I am so nervous. Why am I this fiddly? It's not like I am going to propose or anything. Just a good gesture for my girlfriend. Come on, Makhosonke. Pull it together. Uwu Somkhanda wena. You can't be defeated by something as small as...

“I am so sorry for lying to you.” I hear my sister’s voice before I see them walk by the terrace. My breath hitches when my eyes land on my Nubian queen. She is dressed in a yellow short dress and white shoes. She looks so fucking amazing. I swallow hard when our eyes meet.

“OMG! Makho!” she exclaims before rushing to me and throwing herself at me. I instinctively wrap my arms around her. I didn’t know she missed me this much. Mawande gives me a thumbs up as she films the whole thing. I inhale my woman’s scent and I finally feel at peace, at ease.

“I love you.” I murmur with my eyes closed and I hear her giggling.

“A hukwara m gi n’anya. (I love you too).” She

whispers and I put her down.

“What does that mean?” I ask, cupping her face.

“Your homework.” She winks at me before turning around and gasping. “Wow. Makho. Is this all for me?” she looks utterly shocked and I am pleased with my efforts. Well it was a family effort but this is my moment, so let me shine.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 39

I am in awe of everything that is surrounding us right now. I have seen Winston Hotel on social media before, even visited their website, and it's beautiful but what they have done with the terrace, the pool and the grass near the pool is simply breathtaking. And to think all this was done by Makhosonke for me. I am speechless.

There are balloons everywhere, lanterns lined up, leading to a cabana made of LED lights. Inside there, there is a throw laid out, two pillows and food. I turn to him.

“You did this? For me?” I ask, in an estranged voice and he smiles before cupping my face and planting a soft kiss on my lips.

“You are my woman and you deserve all the nice things in the world. This is nothing. I am yet to show you the world, my love.” this is not the arrogant jerk I met at Checkers. This man has the ability to make all my insides melt. His words, his actions, him. Dear God. I wrap my arms around his neck and gently kiss him. He kisses me back and I quickly break it off before we get carried away.

“How did you do all this?” that signature grin of

his makes an appearance before he leads me to the magical cabana.

“My love, ngiwu Somkhanda kay 1. Like Nedbank, I make things happen.” I chuckle SMH.

“What does Som what-what means?” he laughs.

“Somkhanda baby. And that’s my favourite clan name. Please don’t butcher it.” I inwardly roll my eyes.

“You have to teach me so that I don’t butcher it.”

“Gladly.” He sits down and brings me to sit on his lap. I squeal before giggling.

“My cushion is over there.”

“And I want you in my lap, in my arms. So this is where you're going to sit.”

“I am ending this right now.” Mawande reminds us of her presence and I blush before burying

my head in Makho's neck. He chuckles.

“Thank you, my wing lady.”

“You know how much you owe me.” I raise my head to look at her. She hands him his phone.

“You, missy, I am sorry for tricking you but as you can see, it was all for a good cause. To make it up to you, I am taking you to Cape Town on a shopping spree on Saturday. Also, I will bring your car tomorrow. Adios love birds.” She blows us kisses before walking away. She has no problem saying ‘my car’ in front of Makho.

“The car is yours now. I have no desire of seeing my woman get into different Ubers or taxis.” I roll my eyes.

“You're being dramatic. That has been my life for what, almost 2 years. It's really normal.”

“Can we not talk about transport right now? Can we enjoy this moment?” he asks, already planting soft kisses on my neck. “I missed you. I think you have bewitched me. I can’t be this in love with you. It’s not normal.” I snort.

“You’re not all that. Just admit you’re whipped.” He laughs.

“I admit. Now let’s eat.”

He brings the other pillow next to him and makes me sit there. The man is hooked. We eat and he tells me how his week has been like.

“You’re lying.” He laughs.

“I am telling you the truth babe. I went to the restroom and when I came out, she flashed her yellow teeth and motioned that I come closer to

her with her dirt stained nails.” I chortle. Apparently he grabbed the attention of a homeless crazy woman and she has been following him around town.

“You should maybe get a restraining order against her.”

He scoffs. “Getting a restraining order means I have to know her name and her address. I don’t even wanna know that. So I told my PA to get me another accommodation because I can’t deal. I would rather stay in a hotel than be stalked by a crazy woman.” he is a drama king. That’s what I can say.

We finish eating and walk around the hotel talking about anything and everything. Then we finally head to his house. It is really beautiful and I love the furniture. As soon as we get to

his bedroom, I ask to see his closet. He points at it and I head there. Luckily his clothes are neatly packed and arranged. So it doesn't take long for me to locate the 12k pants. I dash to the kitchen with it tucked safely in my belly. When I see no sign of him downstairs, I head over to the pantry and retrieve the bleach. I place the pants in the sink and pour bleach all over them. It doesn't take long for them to change colour. I smile at my work of art and then call Makho.

"Babe! Babe! I have a surprise for you." a few moments later, he enters the kitchen topless. He frowns at me.

"Where's the surprise?" I walk closer to him, perk his lips and then pass him. I stand at the doorway and point at the sink.

"There it is. Take your time with it." He takes

careful steps to the sink and I don't wait around for his reaction. I sprint to his room and lock the door behind me.

"CHIZOBA! CHIZOBA GWENDALINE!" He screams on top of his voice and I giggle like a small kid after being caught eating sugar. His footsteps near the bedroom and when he gets there, he tries to open the door. His frustrations escalates and he bangs the door. "CHIZOBA! OPEN THIS DOOR RIGHT NOW!"

"So what? You can beat me? I don't think so. Well, I guess now we are even now."

"Even about what?" he asks, clearly shocked.

"I love you but I hadn't forgiven you about how you treated me on the day we first met. So that was pay back." He sighs.

“Baby, please open the door.” He says after a few minutes of silence. I unlock it and open it. He stares at me with eyes full of remorse. “I guess the Zulu saying is really true. Umenzi uyakhohlwa, umenziwa akakhohlwa.” Say what now? “It means the perpetrator always forgets but the victim always remembers. Once again, I am sorry about how I treated you when we first met. It was really stupid of me and it is not my proudest moments. I will live to regret it and it’s a story I would be ashamed to share with our kids one day.”

I exhale loudly. “It’s not that I wanted us to revisit that day. I just really wanted to burn those pants because they annoy the fuck out of me.” he smiles.

“I will make sure the maid burns them when she

comes to clean. Now come give your man some love.” he opens his arms and I smile shyly before soaking myself into his loving arms. He spanks my butt and I shriek. “That’s for locking the door.” I chuckle. He is crazy.

...

“You are not even supposed to be here. Look now, you’re disturbing me.” I squint my eyes at him and he smirks before raising his hands, mocking a surrender reaction. His phone beeps and I am grateful for it. I quickly pour the stew on the casserole dish and place the pot on the sink.

“Baby, you’re trending.” He states and I frown.
“For what good reason?”

We spent the night at his house where he fucked me till dawn. Then he took me out and we had seafood for breakfast. All this while, I didn't have the chance to pay enough attention to my phone, well except for the one time when I confirmed the time Zoe and Mazwakhe would be joining me, or us, for dinner.

"People tweeted about our dinner. Wande was live on Instagram last night, so people screenshotted it and posted it on twitter. Many have made memes about it and some have made fun of Monica using our pictures. So Monica reacted and said some really stupid shit which landed her in hot waters with one particular influential celebrity." I take his phone to see what he is talking about. I immediately see Monica's tweet.

‘Black as a charcoal. He could have at least went for someone more beautiful than me. What a downgrade.’

My word. Such bitter words from this child. Is she okay upstairs? I scroll down, reading the comments, some dissing Monica and some just entertaining her. One particular retweet stands out. From Thuso Mbedu.

‘I am black, she is black. We are both rich in melanin. Shall we bleach ourselves because we don’t fit the criteria of your beauty standards? Queen Chizoba, you are beautiful.’

I nearly scream. Such recognition from an international star. I am honored and blessed, actually. A new retweet pops up. This one is from none other than Lupita Nyong’o.

‘I am black and that’s my color. I got it from my mama. Rise Queen Chizoba.’

“Baby.” I can’t even recognize my voice. Makho chuckles before coming closer to me. “Thuso and Lupita just tweeted, about me.” all this is impossible. Like a dream.

“That will teach Monica never to mess with my queen.” he kisses the side of my face before heading to the door. I frown at him and quickly smile when I see him returning with Zoe and Mazwakhe. I didn’t even hear them knock.

“I am loving the aroma, my love. And that is this thug doing in your apartment?” Zoe asks, stepping inside the kitchen and coming to

embrace me in a hug. I laugh and hug her back.

“And who is the thug, mother?” Makho asks.

“Look at iphara asking the obvious.” She responds and her husband laughs before coming to hug me.

“Thank you the invitation, my child. We brought you this.” he hands me a gift bag. I smile.

“Thank you. Please get settled in the dining table. I will bring the appetizers shortly.”

“Come.” Zoe pulls Makho. “I don’t want you getting all naughty with my friend in my presence.” Zoe though. I crack up. Makho definitely took the crazy and dramatic traits from her.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 40

NNEKA GWENDALINE

“Ndzi serious, bro. I lay ya kahle naswona u sasekile hakunene. Yeah, ndza swi tiva leswaku nchumu wa hina a wu nge pfuki wu ye kwihi na kwihi. Hi le ku tiphineni ntsena. Kambe swi nga ha tshama swi ri karhi swi tlhelela eka yena loko a ha ti eAfrika-Dzonga. Perks yo kundzana na munhu wa matiko mambe. Loko se a fambile, swi ta va onge a nga si tshama a va laha naswona munghana wa mina wa vukati a nge twi hi yena. Hambiloko a endla tano, a nge vi na nchumu wo vilela ha wona. (I am serious, bro. she is a good lay and really beautiful. Yeah I know our thing can never go anywhere. We are just having fun. But I might keep going back to her while she is still in South Africa. Perks of fucking a foreigner. Once she leaves, it will be like she was never here and my fiancé won’t

hear about her. Even if she does, she will have nothing to worry about.)” I clear my throat and he turns to look at me with a smile. “I have to go man. Talk soon.” he hangs up and comes to the bed. “Hello, angel.” He kisses my lips and I frown.

“What was that call about?” I can’t help myself. I may not understand a word he said, but I feel like I was included in that conversation and I need to know what he was saying.

“You don’t need to worry yourself about that.” he brushes his hand across my chin, giving me a charming smile.

“What is your relationship status?” I enquire, wrapping the bed sheet around me. I am an idiot, I admit, but last night was really great. From the dinner to the sex. The guy is

handsome and knows how to spoil a woman, from what I have seen. So chances of him being single are zero.

He chuckles and sits next to me. "It's complicated." He shrugs.

"Uncomplicate it for me, then."

"Why? It's not like this thing of us will last. Just a temporary fling until you leave South Africa."

"Wow." I get away from him and stand up. I locate my clothes and start putting them on.

"Nwa agbogho Nzuzu. I bu onye Nzuzu, Nneka. Enyem gi ya. N'ihigini ka okwu-Ya di gi n'obi? Ibu nwanyo ukwu. I dighi mkpa fuckers di ka ya na ndu gi. O kadi mma na o gosiputara ezi ebumnobi ya ugbu a karia ka emechaa. (Stupid girl. You're an idiot, Nneka. I give it to you. Why are you hurt by his words? You're a big girl. You

don't need fuckers like him in your life. It's even better that he showed his true intentions now.)" I murmur to myself. I zip up my jacket and pick my purse from the floor.

"Where are you going?" he asks, putting on his boxers.

"You are right. This is just a fling. I shouldn't even have stayed over. We got carried away, but I won't make the same mistake with the next man. Bye."

"What the fuck? I thought we understood each other."

"I misunderstood you, but now things are clearer. Boy bye." I head out and climb into my rental car as soon as I am outside. I am such an idiot. I take a few deep breaths before driving out.

Arriving at my apartment, I first charge my phone and switch it on. Dozens of notifications come in and I roll my eyes when I see missed calls from my mother. She is not my favourite parent. She is the one who always tells me that I should set a great example for my siblings. If I am not married and don't have any kids at this age, what are my siblings learning from me? Studying and working overseas didn't get to be categorized as an achievement in her books. My family has been to where I live, at least 4 times, but she only came once and always had excuses the other times.

While I am still contemplating on returning her call, Udoa calls. Well, she is better company than mother. I answer her call. "Dear sister." she laughs.

“Hey. Did mom reach you? She called me earlier on and said she couldn’t reach you.”

I sigh, walking to the bathroom. “She must’ve had really important news to tell me. I had a late night last night, so I woke up a few minutes ago. What’s up? Who died?”

“Apparently Chia moved out of his marital home. No, let me correct that. His wife chased him out and said if he comes back, she will burn him alive. I never thought Celine could be this savage.”

I chuckle. “That sounds dramatic. Now why was mother calling me?”

“She said Celine deserves some intervention and she thought we could talk some sense into her.” I scoff.

“That’s bullshit. If you or Chichi were in the same predicament, I would tell you to outright divorce your husbands. What Chia did is unspeakable. Our family is wrong for wanting to force peace down her throat. And there is no fuckin intervention that’s going to happen. We are not going to corner Celine and do this to her. I refuse, and tell your mother to go fuck herself.”

She chuckles. “Should I pass on the message then?”

“If you do, I swear to God, I will tell her you’re a home wrecker.”

“Woah, woah. Easy. Who pissed you off this early in the morning?” I exhale loudly, sitting on the toilet.

“I went on a date with this guy. Things were going great and he was romantic. Well, until he straight out told me that this was just a fling, nothing more. That was after we fucked the whole night.”

“Wow. That’s a lot to process.” I hear some movement. “Babe, this is private. Buzz off.” I hear a door closing before she giggles. “Eze can be such a nuisance sometimes. Anyways, you have your Japanese man. Why did the South African guy’s actions hurt you?” Asian, asshole.

“They didn’t necessarily hurt me. But I was supposed to be the one dismissing him, not the other way around.”

She laughs. “So, you’re only mad that he beat you at your own game? That doesn’t seem like the truth. Talk, sister. I won’t judge. Did you

have other expectations from your union?”

“I am stupid, I know. But it’s over now. Anyways, I need to shower and get some rest.”

“I will leave you to it then. Do call mother, I don’t want it to seem like I didn’t tell you that she was looking for you.”

“Fine, but I am not going to meddle in our brother’s marriage.”

“Keep well.” We say our farewells and hang up.

I take a long warm shower, just getting rid of all the tiredness. When I am done, I clean up and get dressed in an oversized t-shirt and sleepers. I make breakfast and just as I am about to sit down and enjoy it, my phone rings. I am quite popular today, but can that not be mother? I am

not ready to talk to her. Luckily, the person calling is Chung, but guilt starts eating me up. He is a nice guy. He doesn't deserve this hoe which is me. I should put him out of his misery as soon as I am back in Port Macquarie.

"Hey love." I answer the call in a chirpy way and nearly slap myself for being so idiotic.

"Good morning baby. Which way is your apartment?" I frown.

"That's not something to joke about, babe. You are halfway across the world and you know I miss you."

He chuckles. "You are one of the smartest women in the world. Don't act dumb now. I am at the airport and I am asking which way is your apartment?" holy fuck. Why did I go cheat on a man who would travel to another continent just

to see me? I am dumb. Fuck me.

“Should I come fetch you?” my voice is already cracking.

“No, I don’t wanna trouble you. Just send me your location and I will catch a cab.”

“Okay. I love you, Chung.”

He chuckles. “I love you more, Nneka.” He hangs up and I just break down.

Guilt is eating me up. I call Chichi but her phone goes straight to voicemail. Fuck. I am disturbing her. I know she is busy with her man because he came back last night. She posted a short video of her surprise picnic and then went offline. I don’t have time to mope around. I first forward my location to Chung and I throw my breakfast in the trash can because there is no

way in hell I am going to eat that now. I go wash my face and apply some foundation and lipstick before doing some quick cleaning. After a few minutes, I hear a knock and I hold my breath. Do I look like someone that has been fucked? I hope not. I walk to the door and open it. Some of my worries vanish when my eyes land on that perfect comforting smile.

“My queen.” he bows a bit and I giggle before throwing myself at him. “Woah, somebody missed me.

“You have no idea.”

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 41

Time really flies when you're having fun. My weekend went by very fast. My highlight was

the time spent with Makho. I had so much fun with him, I even forgot that Mayor Makhulu had sent me stupid flowers and food. I know my friends advised that I should approach this issue in a calm manner but the mayor's actions really pissed me off. I am not one of his toys and I don't want him to think I was charmed by that little stunt he pulled. With the help of the clerk, I manage to get the mayor's number. I hide my number and then call him because I don't want him calling me. But I am stupid. If he knows my address then he knows my number. He answers after a few rings.

"Mthimkhulu here, hello." You can detect arrogance from his tone. I nearly click my tongue but I stop myself.

"Good afternoon. This is Miss Gwendaline,

Mesuli's teacher."

"My God, Miss Gwendaline. How are you this evening?"

"Cut the mocking formalities. You sent me flowers and food on Saturday and don't dare try to deny it."

He chuckles. "I wasn't going to deny it, Miss Gwendaline. I am glad that you received my gift." I huff.

"What you did was uncool. I ate the food because I was hungry and I am a sucker for food but I gave away the flowers because someone decided to turn my apartment into the Garden of Eden on a Saturday morning."

"So you like a part of your gift? That's nice."

“I didn’t like any of it. Don’t put words into my mouth. Don’t ever do something like that. If you wanted to humble yourself and deliver a genuine promise, a simple ‘I am sorry’ would’ve sufficed. Also, life was going on very well without your apology because I don’t take what your kind says into heart.”

“My kind?”

“Yes, your kind. The rich kind who thinks the world revolves around money. That thinks everyone can be bought or charmed by useless grand gestures. The kind that thinks they are Gods just because they are richer than most rich people. You don’t owe me anything, Mr. Mayor, so don’t ever do something like that.”

He clears his throat. “I hear you, Miss Gwendaline, but...”

“That would be all. If you want to talk about your kid’s progress, you would have to use my school email. That’s what’s our little relationship is based on. A parent-teacher relationship and I hope from now on, you won’t go over your boundaries.” I hang up and feel a huge weight being lifted from my shoulders. That had to be done.

I continue with my marking, leaving a few notes for the students. I then remember that waking up this morning, I had tons of missed calls from my family. Most of them were from mom and a few from my siblings, Nneka, Udoa, Chia and Kosiso. I didn’t get a check to respond to them because I had to rush to work. I think about responding now but a call comes in from Bangi, one of Mathenji’s men. Why the fuck is he calling me? I let it ring and the moment it stops,

I quickly dial Mathenji's number.

"Chichi I was with you the whole weekend. Please." Her voice sounds distraught.

"Okay." She hangs up and I frown. How the fuck do I account for Saturday and Sunday night because I was with Makho? I hope I am good at lying as I am good at reading. Bangi calls again and I answer this time around.

"Bangi, hello."

"Hey, Chizoba. I am sorry for disturbing you. I just wanna know if you happened to see Mathenji this weekend."

"Yeah. She arrived at my apartment on Friday evening and spent the night here. On Saturday we went to the mall to give out flowers and then

drove to Zoe's place. Zoe is my friend and she also happens to be my boyfriend's mother. We spent the evening together and I only left for the surprise my boyfriend had for me. When we were done dining, we both went back to Zoe's house and Mathenji was still there. We drank wine and slept really late. She had work yesterday, so she left Zoe's house at the morning." I am going to hell for this but this is standard girl code or bro code. Lies to cover your friend's ass should always be at the tip of your tongue.

"Ohh, thank you for that clarity. I thought I saw her with a white man on Saturday. I guess I was seeing things."

"Yeah, it may be that. Mathenji could never survive with a white person. I even struggle making conversation with her because we always must communicate in English."

He chuckles. "Thank you for the clarity. Have a good evening, and I am sorry for disturbing you."

"It's no problem, really." He hangs up and I sigh in relief. What the fuck have you gotten yourself into, Mathenji?

I put my phone away and walk to the kitchen. Having friends like Mathenji is both a blessing and a curse. I don't know what kind of shit she is into and I don't know if I wanna know. I drink water and do some few breathing exercises. I am startled by a hard knock on the door. Seriously, why doesn't security ever call me to confirm my visitors before letting them up?

"Babe, it's me. Open up." Mathenji screams from the other side and I exhale loudly. I walk to

the door and open it. She is still wearing her work uniform. She just barges in and starts pacing up and down as soon as I have shut the door. "I am in deep shit, friend. I don't know where to go. I don't wanna sleep here because I don't want to endanger your life. I am sure Makhosonke would skin me alive if I were to put you in harm's way." I frown.

"What the fuck are you on about? What is happening?"

"Nathan found out about Bangi and Mthoko and Ofentshe. He gave me three days to end it with them if I still want to continue with him. Friend, Nathan is a gangster. He is the right hand man of this gang lord whom his name I have forgotten. So I wanted to dump Bangi first but when I came to his place to end things, he

asked me about Saturday. Nathan purposefully took me out in a very busy mall and he kept showering me with kisses. Bangi saw us but I didn't see him. When I told him that I was dumping him because of his stupid insecurities, he said over his dead body."

Wow. This is a lot to take in. I head to the fridge and retrieve a bottle of wine. I open it and drink it straight from the bottle. I pass it over to Mathenji and she takes a huge gulp. "How do you feel about Nathan though? Do you love him?" she sits down on the floor and sigh.

"I think so. Before he discovered about my other 'sponsors', he was very loving, very gentle with me and so kind. He is still like that but he just wants me to get my affairs in order before really getting back with him."

“Why did you make me lie to Bangi? You could’ve told him the truth to avoid drama. You would’ve hit two birds with one stone.”

“Because he had a deadly look when he was confronting me. When he walked out to call you, he banged the door and I got scared. I am actually scared of him. Have you seen how muscular he is? It’s sexy when he is about to pick you up and fuck you in many ways imaginable, but if you have wronged him, chances of him crushing you like a bug, are a lot.”

I look at her and sit next to her. “What are you going to do?”

“Nathan can provide for me for eternity, but u don’t want him to force me to change the way I

live. I can dump the men I am with and I am going to dump them but I am also going to dump Nathan. If I let him dictate this small thing, he will control me and dictate the way I live.”

“That’s probably a great idea. How are you going to finance your life though?”

She chuckles. “I have money saved for rainy days and it can finance my lifestyle for a whole year.”

“Okay then. Let’s do it. Let’s dump the men.”

“Door to door, friend.” We stare at each other and break into laughter. We are crazy but we are going seriously going to go door to door, dumping Mathenji’s hundred boyfriends.

“But you’re on your own with Nathan.” She rolls her eyes.

“Coward.” She mutters and I laugh.

“What’s that saying you Zulu people like? Cowards always survive. So let me be a coward in peace.”

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 42

My phone rings and I bite my lip when I see who is calling. I swallow hard and then answer it.

“Hey love.” I shriek and I immediately want to kill myself. Why the fuck did I just do that? This man will see right through me. He is a lawyer for godsake.

“I don’t want it to seem like I am keeping tabs on you or what, but my car has a tracker and I don’t like your current location. What the fuck are you doing near Digger’s place?” he is not shouting but I can sense his anger through the phone.

I look around and luckily I spot a nice cozy coffee shop which you can really miss if you’re in a hurry. “I just recently leant that there is this lovely café around here. It is so peaceful and they serve good muffins.”

He scoffs. “I thought Page Heaven was the place for you. I am not trying to control you or anything, but you are in a danger zone. One of the most dangerous gangsters in Joburg lives only a few meters from where you’re parked. I swear, when I come back, I will personally go

and buy those muffins for you. Just promise me you won't return to this place. Please." I detect something I have never heard in his voice before. Fear. Is Nathan really that dangerous? I swallow hard and nod but then remember that this is not a video call and my words are needed.

"I promise you, babe. I won't ever come here again."

He sighs. "I need to go. I am on a late meeting with a witness. I love you."

"I love you too." I hang up and exhale loudly.

Since I have lied about their muffins, I might as well go and check how they taste. Maybe they are awful. I take my card and climb off the car. I head inside and the heavenly scent of fresh coffee welcomes me. It is so warm and cozy

inside. Jesus Christ. I feel at home. This would also be a great place to read or even write. I smile as I make my way to the counter.

“Good evening and welcome to Cindy’s café. How can I make your afternoon brighter?” the super friendly cashier asks and her smile is contagious.

“This is my first time here and I just lied to my boyfriend that you guys serve the most delicious muffins in town. Is that true?”

She laughs. “I believe so. Our owner, who is a pastry chef, makes it her own mission to bake every morning. She has a secret recipe and, because we don’t like lying to customers, she always make extras just for tasting. But that’s only valid to new customers. Would you like a taste?”

“Why are you even asking?” she chuckles before taking a box from behind the counter.

“Here you go. You can sit there for now while doing your tasting. Would you like a juice or coffee in the mean time?”

“A café latte will do.” I head to the single chair and table vacant.

...

MATHENJI GASA

I tap on the door with my sweaty hands. He did open the gate for me, but now he is just making shit hard for me. I mean why else would he not leave the door open while expecting a visitor? With the others, it was easier. Although they

didn't understand what they had done, they did let me go. The person who seemed not to take this well was Bangi. He even shed a few tears and begged me but my mind was made up.

I wish I can say he is the guy for me and when I am done fixing my life, maybe we can give love a try if he is still single but I know that's not the truth. The fact that I was able to fall for Nathan in such a short space of time means whatever I felt for Bangi is not strong enough for me to want to be monogamous with him. A few moments later, the door opens and there is my soon to be ex-boyfriend standing there in just a Calvin Klein underwear. He frowns at me and I know that means I should say something. I clear my throat. I might as well finish what I came for here on the door without even entering the devil's lair because once I am in, I won't be able to get out.

“I like you, really. Without your dangerous, freaky life and the threats you have issued after finding out about Bangi and I, you are a really great guy and any woman would be lucky to have you. I would also be lucky to have you, but I don’t deserve you. You deserve to be with someone who will make you their only choice and not some back up or whatever. I hope that you do find the woman you deserve because I am not the one for you.”

He chuckles, shaking his head before stepping aside. I shake my head and his eyebrow arches. “It’s either you enter willingly or I drag you inside and you won’t like the latter.”

I huff. “Someone is waiting for me.”

He rolls his eyes. “She is on her way to Cindy’s

café right now and judging by how much of a book nerd she is, I am sure she will find an e-book to keep her busy.”

“How did you...”

“I know everything that happens near my place. You can never be too safe or careful here. Don’t worry. My guys are keeping an eye on her.” he catches my hand and pulls me inside the house, shutting the door behind us. He leads me to the kitchen and let’s go of my hand before retrieving a beer from the fridge. “So from what I heard from your little speech at the door, you came here to dump me?”

“Don’t insult me or my intelligence. It wasn’t a speech, just a statement and I know you’re too smart to have deciphered the meaning of my words even though they had no hidden

meaning.”

He licks his lips. “Feisty.” He leans against the pantry and stares at me. “You wanna know why I chose you out of all the women in the world?”

“I am not here for that.”

“I gave you a chance to spew out garbage at the door. Now it’s my chance to speak and you are going to listen to me.”

I chuckle angrily. “You are even lucky I came here to dump you in person and not over a text. My mouth is not a trash can that spews out garbage. If you are going to continue talking like this to me, I am going to leave because this clearly means you don’t want me to listen to what you have to say.”

“I can do whatever I want, including binding you in a chair and gagging you so that you will listen to me without interrupting Me.” fuck him. How did I not recognize this side of him earlier? Ow how could I when he fucked me on the first night we got to know each other and some things were just not that important? You are really stupid sometimes, Mathenji. Well, all the time.

“That’s how you are going to win my heart? By forcing me to do your bidding? Over my dead body.”

I turn and furiously march to the door. I am grateful when I find the gate opened. I walk to the car and frown when I don’t find Chichi inside, and then I remember that Nathan said something about a café. I look around until I spot the pink store. I take hurried steps there and the moment I enter, my eyes find my friend

who is seated on a chair and staring at her phone with a serious look. I know she is reading. I head to the counter and order black coffee. I drag a chair to Chichi's table and it's only then she looks up. She frowns at me and places her phone on the table.

"And then? What happened? Did we win?" she asks and I scoff.

"That son of a bitch is too arrogant. I don't know what I saw in him. I must have been dickmatized because all the rubbish that was coming out his mouth made me want to smash his head on the wall or stich his mouth together."

Chichi cracks up and I roll my eyes. "My God. I have never seen you so worked up. Is it too late for me to want to meet this amazing man?"

“Fuck you.” she continues laughing. My friend is such an idiot.

“Okay. Okay.” She catches her breath and wipe her tears. “Start from the beginning. How did he welcome you? How did he take the news of you dumping him? Did you even reach the part about fetching your life and all that?”

I shake my head and thank the waitress who has brought my coffee. “I just wanna get out of this place. I feel like he is going to barge in here and drag me back to his place kicking and screaming.”

“Quite the opposite actually.” My hand freezes midway, the coffee hitting my nostrils. Chichi’s mouth and eyes are wide open.

“This is thee Nathan?” she asks loudly. I place the cup back to its saucer and nod at her. “Damn, why the hell would I dump someone like this?” why is my friend embarrassing me?

“Please look at me, Babe.” His voice is soft and low. I don’t comply with his pleadings. He comes to stand in front of me and literally goes to his knees. “I am an idiot, I admit.” He starts off and I scoff.

“This looks so romantic and all, but I got here first, so you guys are not about to ambush my table and make me feel awkward.” Chichi states and Nathan chuckles nervously.

“My apologies. I am Nathan Jacobs, nice to officially meet you, Chizoba Gwendaline.” He extends his hand and Chichi shakes it.

“I like you. Don’t fuck this up. Now shoo, give

me some space.” She chases us and Nathan laughs before making me stand. He leads me to an empty table.

“Why are you breaking up with me? What have I done?” he asks and I swallow hard. How does one answers such question? It’s a trap, I know it and I know I am not going to win this one.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 43

‘She rubbed her thumb over Claire’s pebbled nipple, then used her index finger to pinch and twist the sensitive nub until a needy whimper escaped from Claire’s throat.’

I sigh and put my tablet away. Fuck, these lesbian books have a way of corrupting you and

making you wish to experience, even if it's for one night. It's temptation and I am actually thinking of deleting the e-book but something tells me not to. The best way to resist a temptation is to be strong against it and face it but not succumb to it.

"Don't you ever rest?" a teasing voice snaps me out of my dreamland. I chuckle when I see Lindikhaya at the door.

"I do rest. Reading is part of resting." He rolls his eyes and leans on the door frame.

"Resting is relaxing, closing your eyes and breathing slowly while trying to hard not to think about anything and not to sleep. Well the latter usually happens with me but that's how I relax. You should try it too."

"You should've just said meditation." He cracks

up.

“Whatever, genius. Let’s go. You never want to be late when Mncube calls a meeting.”

“Ohh, that. What should I bring? A notebook maybe?”

He shakes his head. “He probably wants to talk about the upcoming tournaments that are going to be held here at school.” I nod and put on my heels before standing up. I take my phone and head to the door. He closes it behind me and together we walk to the main staffroom. “So, you’re dating his nephew?”

I huff, rolling my eyes. “Something like that and no, I didn’t get this job because of Makho.”

“Even if you did, love, I wouldn’t say anything

because you deserve to be here. You're one observant teacher and after the Mesuli thing, many teachers are paying close attention to their students. You are some kind of a hero."

I smile. "Thanks. Where is Kwezi?"

He laughs. "It's Khwezi and she is already at the staffroom."

"Do you guys have kids?"

"Yeah, three. Two boys and one girl. My princess is 4 years old but she is my wife's mirror image. Even the attitude. Well she does have respect but she is stubborn as hell." I chuckle.

"Sounds like so much work."

"She is, but I love her like that." we enter the staffroom and Lindikhaya quickly locates his

wife who has saved two chairs on either sides of her. We head to her and she smiles when she sees me. We shake hands and I settle on her right side.

“You are quite the celebrity around here. Everybody is talking about what you did for the mayor’s kid and how you actually gave away the flowers he bought for you.” my eyes pop out.

“Who told you about the flowers?” I ask.

“The mayor, himself. Malindi says he came to the principal’s office and told Mncube everything he did to you and how you treated him. He told Mncube about the money issue, about his extravagant apology and the last time you guys saw each other.” she answers and I frown. I don’t mind Makhulu coming out and speaking the truth but now everyone knows

about it and I don't know how I feel about that. Already I am the talk of the school because of the stunt Monica pulled on weekend, and now people know about the mayor's shenanigans. Ow I hope this doesn't affect my work or reputation.

"Have you seen Reno?" Khwezi asks.

"No. she said something about calling in sick." I respond.

"That child is so kind hearted. I remember how her fiancé left her hanging at the alter last year. She was so broken but she didn't stay away from her job. She allowed it to be her anchor." Say what? Reno was nearly married and she didn't tell me? But she doesn't owe me anything. Just because we have known each other a few weeks doesn't mean I am entitled to her secrets

or her past life.

“Timothy still deserves a beating, even now.”

Lindikhaya chirps in. I swear these two are gossip buddies and they don't even care about lowering their voices. I give him a confused look.

“Ohh, Timothy is the ex-fiancé. Apparently, he had slept with his ex on his bachelor party and come morning, he didn't feel like continuing with the wedding.”

“He just waited for Reno to walk down the aisle. He didn't even admire how beautiful she looked. He was just like ‘I can't do this anymore. I love someone else and it's not fair to continue with this if my heart is with that person’. And then the boy left.”- Khwezi.

“That's evil. How did Reno recover from that

though?”

“Mncube gave her a month leave and when she tried to turn it down, he threatened to fire him. He had her booked into this rehabilitation centre for people with mental health issues. When she came back, she was back to her old self, smiling genuinely and doing goodwill. That child has been through a lot. I would kill my fiancé if he made fun of me like that in front of my family, loved ones and colleagues, even haters.”- Khwezi. Yoh, after God, fear men. I was wondering how they got the detailed scoop of what happened on the day in question. Turns out they were really there. I should go check up on Reno after work. Maybe her sickness is emotional rather than physical.

“Good day everyone, I am so glad you all could

join me today.” Mncube’s voice beams throughout the whole staffroom, commanding respect followed by utter silence. “Before moving on to what I called you here for, I would officially like to address the rumours that have been going around about our newest addition to the Thubelihle family. Miss Gwendaline was not hired here because of her relationship with my nephew which I know nothing about, if I may add. She got this job because she qualified for it and her interview impressed the panel. If some of you want to see the interview, then that’s no problem. I can forward the tape on your emails. She is a young lady who is very dedicated in her work. You saw how she dealt with a dyslexic student and how she opened eyes to most educators here. If she really got this job because of someone she is sleeping with, do you think she would’ve been excelling in her job without expecting any additional payments? Now I hope that this is the last time

I address this issue. I don't want a young lady walking uncomfortably in these corridors because someone people are talking badly behind her back. Understood?" a firm 'Yes' comes from all the educators.

"On to the next issue. It has come to my attention here that there are male teachers who are actually sleeping with the female students. And don't worry about going out to threaten them or shut them up. We already have enough proof to lock you up and throw away the key." He sighs and shakes his head. "A basic principle which one has been taught and has known since at a young age. These students are our kids. When their parents bring them here, they not only trust us to teach them academic stuff only, but they entrust their mental health and physical health to us, even though we are not therapists or doctors.

Imagine taking your kid to school and finding out that she or he has been violated by a teacher. I am a civil and understanding man, but if someone would do something like that to my child, I would kill them with my bare hands.”

Fuck. Shit is real here. I wonder who did it. I have my suspicions on someone but uttering one’s name is kind of illegal, especially with no valid proof. I am also just glad that he has addressed my rumour. I did get the job because Zoe recommended me to her brother, but I am pretty sure if I hadn’t aced that interview on my own, I wouldn’t have gotten the job.

“Moving on to the real reason for the meeting, the upcoming tournament...”

...

I park my car and turn off the engine. I hope this neighbourhood is safe, according to Makho's safety guidelines. I walk to the door and knock. I hear some shuffling before the door is opened, revealing an emotionally drained Reno.

"Chichi, you're here, in my doorstep." She says hurriedly, running her hands through the mess which is her hair.

"I was worried about you. That's why I came straight here after work."

She sniffs. "I am fine. Just flue." I tilt my head to the side. I am finding that hard to believe. I step closer to her and just wrap my arms around her. She stiffens for a second before letting loose and breaking down in my arms.

“It’s okay, babe. I am here now. Everything is going to be okay.” I wait for her to calm down and when she is finally calm, she detaches from my arms.

“You have to excuse me. I have no manners today. Please come in.” she opens the door wide and I step inside. She closes it and leads me to the lounge. “Please excuse the mess.”

I chuckle. I don’t mean to, but I do. Her house is spotless clean and very tidy. Nothing is out of place, well except those few used tissues on the floor near the coffee table which I suspect she recently used. “You sound like a rich person right now.”

She snorts. “You can sit down. Let me get you something to drink.” she hurries to the kitchen

before I can utter a single word.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 44

She comes back with a cup of coffee and some muffins. She places the tray in the coffee table and sits on the couch next to me. “Don’t worry. I am hydrating myself.” she shows me the 2l water bottle.

“Thanks.” I take one of the muffins and eat it.

“Mmm, this is nice. Where did you buy them?”

“I baked them.” my eyes pop out. “I know, right? Mom is a pastry chef, so I learnt baking via her.”

I nod. “Where is she?”

“South Carolina. She has a huge bakery there

and her own TV show.”

“OMG! That’s super cool. That means she is rich and has made it in life.”

She chuckles and shrugs. “I guess.”

“What about your father?”

“He lives in Polokwane and is married to some deputy minister lady.”

“Why don’t you stay with your mother though? Between South Africa and South Carolina, I am sure SC is more developed.”

“There is no love lost between my mother and I. It’s better if there are oceans separating us.”
sounds like a story there but I will not rush her.

“So why aren’t you at school? You seem okay.”

She chortles before sitting back. “I saw my ex

the day before yesterday.” I frown. “Let me unconfuse you. Two years ago, I met a guy. Timothy Donovan.”

I sit back. “You have dated a white man before? Am I the only one in our circle who hasn’t shagged a pink dick?”

She laughs. “And you never will.”

I tilt my head to the side. “Why?”

“Because you are going to be with Makhosonke forever. You know, I watched his IG live on Saturday. That man loves you. He wasn’t doing that just for show. The way he was looking at you. The way he smiled at things you said. He had that look. That ‘I see you’ look and trust me, that look is a forever thing.” That’s a mouthful.

“Anyways, as I was saying, I met Timothy two years ago at a science fair. He was or still is a cosmetic scientist. We really hit it off. He was

very charming and so loving. After a month of courting me, I finally agreed to be his girlfriend. We dated for like 9 months before he asked me to marry him. He was perfect, Chichi. There were no red flags. I guess that was the biggest red flag of all; that he seemed to be too good to be true. I was drunk in love and every time I thought of his love, I would find myself floating in the clouds. On the night before our wedding, we decided to get loose. We went to different clubs and spent the night in hotels. At the morning, I was dying of a hangover but the thought of marrying the love of my life energized me. When I got to the altar, he waited until the pastor said 'we are all gathered here today to witness...' before he stopped him."

Her hands shake as she takes a tissue. I hold her hand. "It's okay if you don't want to talk about it."

She gives me a tearful smile. "I wanna talk about it. My therapist said talking about it more will make it hurt less. He said, 'you're an amazing woman, the best I have ever met really. You inspire me to do good. Your heart is warm and pure.' I actually thought he was ignoring the pastor and rushing with his vows. And then he broke my heart. He proceeded to say, 'You deserve someone who puts you first. Someone who doesn't hurt you or take advantage of your love. I made a mistake last night. I regret hurting you but I don't regret it. I slept with my ex and as much as I felt guilty about what I was doing to you, besides that, my heart was complete. We talked and I realized that I still love her and you don't deserve someone who is with you but still loves their ex and is willing to break an engagement for them.' I swear to God, my heart stopped." She gasps and heaves out

sobs. I shift closer to her and hug her. She wails and I rub her back.

After what feels like eternity, she stops crying and just sniffs. She wipes her tears and looks at me. "I am mess, aren't I?"

I shake my head. "On the contrary, you're not a mess. You're a strong woman. You managed to get through this and smile like you have never been hurt or humiliated before. I admire your strength and will-ness. I don't I would've been strong like you."

She gives me a small smile that doesn't even last for longer than five seconds. "Anyways, I saw him. He was with a woman, whom I presume is the ex. He was carrying a toddler in his arms while looking at the woman like she

was the only girl in the world. They were both wearing rings, so I guess they got married. That's what triggered my depression."

"I don't mean to sound like a broken record, but I really admire your strength. Reno, you're so young but you have faced such difficulty in your life. I wish I can say from now on, your life will be smooth and you will find someone who will love and cherish you but I know we don't always get what we want. I just hope that the traffic cop guy doesn't disappoint you."

She looks down. "I kind of dumped him yesterday. He kept on pushing for a date and I was already a mess, so I insulted him and dumped him. Then I blocked him."

"Yoh, Reno."

"Yah."

“But did you see some real potential with him?”

She shakes her head. “I didn’t wanna stay single and look pathetic, you know. But after seeing Tim, I realized that I haven’t healed from what he did to me. From the humiliation, the pain, the anguish. I was rushing myself.”

“You should take your time.”

She smiles. “Yeah. Which is why I have decided to take a job offer from Sweden.”

“Say what now?”

“I like South Africa and all, but it’s time I go out and find myself in another country, just like you.” I chuckle.

“That’s not the same. I left because I didn’t get a satisfying job. You have a great job, a car and a really fancy house. Why?”

“I need a fresh start. I don’t know. Maybe I might come back after three years but I need to go, for my own sanity. I promise to come back for your birthdays and your wedding.”

I chortle and sniff. I quickly wipe away my tears. “Don’t be a stranger, then.”

“Scouts honor.”

“It’s good to see you smiling.” A voice disturbs us and I turn to find a very gorgeous lady standing not far from us. “You must be Chizoba. I am Rea. Reno has told me so much about you.”

I quickly stand up and we shake hands. “You are really beautiful.”

She smiles. “Thank you. I am ordering take outs for dinner. What are you guys going to be

eating?”

“Ohh no. I just came to see Reno. I will be leaving in a few.”

“Got a husband or kids waiting for you at home?” she asks and I shake my head. “Then you’re joining us. I guess I will go for a combo.” She catwalks out of the lounge and I turn to Reno. She laughs.

“She is a bit of a bully but you get used to her.” she taps on the spot beside here where I was seated. “Now tell me. I heard something juicy happened at the staff meeting today.”

“You have no idea.”

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NARRATED

“Where is my mother?” Masande asked one of the servants.

“In the garden.” She replied with a smile. Masande nodded before leading Luncumo to the garden.

“Pictures do no justice. This house is a masterpiece.” Luncumo complimented and Masande smiled.

“I know. My father worked with Mr. Hlongwa, the architect, to make sure it comes out this perfect.” He spotted his mother sitting on her favourite bench with a book in her hand. “You could actually sneak up on her and she wouldn’t hear you when there is a book in her hand.” Luncumo giggled and that seemed to snap Zoe out of her bookland. She raised her head and smiled when she saw Masande.

“My son.” She placed the book on the concrete table before her before standing up and meeting the couple halfway. She hugged Masande first and proceeded to hug Luncumo. “Welcome to my home, finally.” Luncumo laughed.

“It feels good to be able to finally see this magnificent house in person.”

“Well you ain’t seen nothing yet, hun. I will show you the rest of it later. You guys must be tired from your trip. I will tell Corey to dish up so that we can eat.”

“Mom what are you doing outside? It’s almost 7 pm.” Masande questioned and Zoe rolled her eyes.

“You of all people, know that time flies when you have your head buried in between pages. Now what brings you here?” she asked as they stepped into the dining hall.

“I wanted to officially introduce Luncumo to everyone and we have a commitment this weekend here. I figured I kill two birds with one stone.”

“If it isn’t my future daughter in law.”

Mazwakhe’s voice beamed before he even stepped inside the dining hall. “You, my dear, are a true beauty and I can see that our little cub is treating you so good. How are you doing?” he asked as he gave Luncumo a hug.

“I am fine, baba.” She responded shyly and Zoe chuckled.

“He is charming but full of lies, don’t fall for

him.” she warned and the men laughed.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 45

NNEKA GWENDALINE

“Babe, there is something I shout tell you.”
that’s how this whole thing started off. The guilt was eating me up so bad and I knew that I had to come clean about what I had done. Chung is such a nice guy and he doesn’t deserve a hoe like me for a girlfriend. I admit what happened between me and the South African guy was a moment of weakness and it was very childish of me knowing very well that I had a man back home.

He looked up at me with a loving smile. My

heart was beating fast, threatening to escape its rib cage. I just hoped he couldn't hear it. But how could he? Unless he was a vampire. Stop thinking about stupid things and get back to the task at hand. I reprimand myself. "Out with it, my love." he turned to face me and I swallowed hard.

What I was about to do determines my whole life. I don't know how Chung is going to react to these news. What if he beats me up or kills me? Or worse, what if he kills himself? But our relationship is not that deep. I try convincing myself but I don't get far because I saw how deep our relationship was to him when he followed me across an ocean. I should've told any of my siblings about this so that they would know instantly if something bad happened to me but I didn't want to stress them. Downside of being the deputy parent, the young ones can

come to you when they are having problems but you can't go to them. You have to appear strong and well-kept at all times. Fuck my life. Well it's now or never.

"I am stupid." I started off and he frowned. He was about to say something when I raised my hand to stop him. "I made a huge mistake. I did something terrible which might make you hate me and resent me for the rest of your life. I slept with a man. It was a once off. It didn't mean anything but I hate what I did because it was not worth it. You love me, I have seen you prove it countless times but I did this shitty thing and never considered how you would feel if you were to find out. I know what I did is unforgettable and I know I wouldn't like to be forced to forgive and forget if the roles were reversed. What I want you to know is that I love you so much and I am so sorry. I gave in to

meaningless temptation and I know my actions are loud enough to end this relationship. When you're ready, please find it in your heart to forgive me." I sniffed and quickly wiped my tears when I was done speaking. I know he was waiting for me to say I am joking in the middle of my monologue but as he gauged my reaction, he knew this wasn't a prank.

He stood up and took a few steps away from me, seemingly not trusting himself around me. "What are you saying to me?" I didn't reply, instead I sobbed because I didn't know how to respond. "No. stop it with the tears and answer me."

"I am sorry, baby." my voice was shaking. He shook his head.

"Don't. Just don't." he said before picking up his

rental car keys, wallet and phone.

“Babe, please don’t leave.” I quickly stood up and rushed to him.

“Don’t touch me.” his voice came out so sharp, I got startled and stepped back. He walked out and banged the door without looking back.

And here I am today, alone and miserable and still stuck inside the house even after 3 days Chung left me. I am worried about his wellbeing. What if something bad happened to him? But I quickly brush off that thought aside. Beside him being angry at me, he has sent me a text message every after four hours, notifying me that he is okay. My heart breaks even more because even when I have disappointed and angered him, he still cares about me and doesn’t want me worrying about him. And to think this all happened because of a Tsonga

man who didn't even bother calling me after fucking my brains out the whole night with his oversized dick. I have learned my lesson, shame.

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CHIZOBA

Wandy texted me yesterday just to confirm if I hadn't forgotten about our dinner date this evening. Well I am looking forward to spending an evening with my favourite celebrity. Knowing how much of a fashionista she is, I opted for a black surplice neck ruched backless split thigh satin dress and apricot rhinestone décor stiletto heeled ankle strap sandals. After putting on some make-up and a brown curly weave I recently purchased, I am ready to go. I feel so good about myself. I take my bag with my keys and head to the door. Just as I open it, I am

startled to see Makho on the other side. I smile at him.

“What is going on?”

“Is that what you’re going to say to your man after not seeing him for 4 days?” I chuckle. This one is too dramatic. He inherited Zoe’s genes to the bone.

“Hey, my love. How are you doing? How have you been? Did you miss me?” I ask as I reach up to perk his lips and hug him. He holds me tight just as I am about to let go. He inhales my scent deeply and finally breaks the hug but keeps me in his reach.

“I am much better now that I have hugged you and inhaled your scent. It feels like home. You

are home to me.” how can one not blush when her man is uttering such things? “Can I take my time to drink in your beauty?” I giggle, shaking my head.

“I am going to be late for my date with your sister.” he smiles.

“She asked me to fetch you and don’t worry, I know all the shortcuts in Jozi. So we will be able to reach your destination in no time.” I smile at him.

“No more tricks and crazy surprises this time around.” he chuckles.

“Not today but I am not promising anything about the weekend.” This man. He makes sure to lock my door before leading me to his car downstairs. It’s a matte pink Range Rover Lumma. I look at Makho, trying to hold in my

laugh. How can a tough man like him drive around in a pink car? He is lucky the windows are tinted or else everyone would've thought he was gay. "Proof that I was sent by Mawande to fetch you."

"I didn't say anything." I chuckle before sliding inside the car. He drives out. The seats feels so great. The car's interior smells so good and feminine. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming back?" I ask after I am done admiring this beautiful pink beast.

He shrugs. "I figured not returning on weekends is unrealistic since Potchefstroom is less than 2 hours away. Plus I missed my family and the love of my life." He smiles at me and I can't help but smile back at him. He is very charming.

I frown when I see him driving up the Gumbi

mansion. I turn to look at him. "And then?"

He chuckles. "Wande's orders." He mocks a surrender with his one hand and reaches for the gate remote. We drive inside the mansion which I find very mesmerizing every time I enter it. I am confused when I see about a dozen cars packed on the driveway. What is going here? "Come now." I am startled by him extending his hand. I didn't even see him climbing of the car and coming to my side. I leap off the comfortable seat and straighten my dress, trying to cover a bit of the split. I am a bit embarrassed because this dress is too revealing to be worn at your prospective future in-laws house. "What are you doing?"

"Should you had warned me about starting here, I would've changed into something more

decent.”

He smirks. “I love you like this. Plus the men in there won’t be gawking at you and practically undressing you with their lust filled eyes.”

before I can even respond, he drags me inside the house. Men? How many is he referring to?

What the fuck is going on here? We bump into Wandy on our way to the lounge. She gives me an apologetic smile before hugging me.

“I am the worst, I know. But this time I got hijacked by the pensioners and you don’t say no to those unless you have a death wish.”

I chuckle before shrugging. “It’s fine, I guess.” No, it’s not fine but I am not about to bite Makho’s sister’s head off.

“You look stunning by the way. We should hit the club after dinner. Men have to see that sexiness.” Her brother gives her a death stare

and she just giggles before hooking my arm on hers and pulling me to the kitchen. She is wearing a barely there satin red dress and I guess it doesn't count because she is a child in this house. At your home you are allowed to wear whatever you wanna wear, even walking around in a bikini. "Look who's here looking like a supermodel." She announces my presence to the women in the kitchen, Zoe, Mncube's wife, her daughter and two other ladies I haven't been introduced to.

"Are you by any chance going to the awards love?" Zoe asks, already hugging me. I laugh.

"You know very well the awards I would attend would be the Writers' Awards and you would be my plus one."

She chuckles. "You bet your ass I would be."

She turns to the ladies I don't know. "That is Masande's fiancé, Luncumo and my husband's baby mama, Zibuyile." Say what? My eyes are evident to my shock and all the ladies break into laughter.

"Great way to break ice, mam' Zo. Anyways, I am Zikhona, Wande's best friend." The other lady states with a smile.

"That's better." I release a breath I didn't even know I was holding and they continue laughing.

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I know my assistant admin informed you of a project I am busy with. Well that's true but there is also something going on. I recently got two piece jobs and I work every day of the week. So

this means I won't have enough time to attend to my stories even after I am done with my project. I just love you all and I hope I will adjust to my new life schedule.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 46

We all move to the dining hall with casserole dishes in our hands. We place them in the table and I proceed to greet the men. I hug both Masande and Mazwakhe and then shake hands with Mr. Mncube. He is practically family but he is still my boss, so I have to try and be professional with him all the time. I look around and I don't see the Gumbi lastborn. I guess he couldn't make it to whatever this is.

We all settle down around the table and Makho sits next to me, no surprise there. While

Sinethemba leads us into prayer, Makho's hand brushes my exposed thigh and I pinch him. He jumps up as everyone is saying Amen and they all look at him.

"I just felt the Holy Spirit upon us." he states and I laugh quietly. Holy Spirit my ass.

We dig in and throughout the whole dinner, we exchange small talks. Zikhona, apparently, has been friends with Wendy for 10 years. Now that's a long time. I wonder if Wendy is dating or not because she has never posted her partner on socials. But then if you want a drama free life as a celebrity, you don't publicize your relationship, just like Beyoncé. When we are done eating, we take the dishes to the kitchen and the helpers tend to them. Zoe ushers everyone to the lounge. We find sits next to our partners and Wendy with Sinethemba serves us drinks. I quickly put a cushion on my lap

because the slit of my dress has gone up, revealing almost my whole thigh. I also don't want a repeat of what happened at the table.

Masande stands up and clears his throat. "You might all be wondering why I hijacked your plans and called you here in such a short notice." He extends his hand to Luncumo who smiles before taking the hand and standing next to him. "As you all know, this is my woman, Luncumo. I asked her to marry me a few weeks back and she said yes. She is also carrying your first grandchild." He says the last part looking at his parents. "And your first niece or nephew." He directs that to his siblings. The whole family, including myself congratulates the lovely couple.

"I am going to be an aunt." Wandy rejoices

before squeezing the couple into a hug once again and we all laugh.

“We will definitely baby sit for you guys when you’re in town so that you can have some privacy.” I state.

“That’s so nice of you.” Luncumo replies.

“Sorry, but we will not. I won’t listen to a screaming toddler instead of spending time with my woman.” Makho remarks and his siblings just laugh.

“You love sex too much, brother.” Wandy comments and yoh, the stares she gets from the males are enough to send one to an early grave.

“What do you know about sex?” Mazwakhe asks with a stern voice.

“I know that it was done in order for me to be born.” She says, giggling and hiding behind her mother. “But come on, dad. I have shot sex scenes before. I know what it is.”

“Is this child telling me about sex, sbari?”
Mazwakhe asks looking at Mr. Mncube.

“I hope not.” He answers. Men will always be men.

“Back to me.” Masande grabs everyone’s attention once more. We have recently purchased a house in Rosebank and that is where we are going to raise our children and hopefully grow together.”

Zoe is the first one to scream and then engulfs her son in a bone crushing hug. “OMG! I AM SO HAPPY! Why didn’t you tell me about this sooner?” she scolds him while wiping a few

tears that have managed to escape her eyes. Shame, I am sure my father would be this ecstatic if I were to find a job in my home town. Speaking about my old man, I should give him a call tomorrow morning. I miss him so much.

“It’s called a surprise mother.” Makho states before he hugs his younger brother once again. “I am happy for you, man. I can’t wait to get drunk with you and tell you all about Chichi’s abusive tendencies.”

“HHAYBO!” I shout unexpectedly and the whole family laughs.

“I am just joking, babe.”

“There goes the chance of you getting laid today.” Masande chirps in and the men laugh while Makho pouts.

“Angithi you would never deprive me, my love?”
he gives me puppy eyes. As if I can say no to him.

“HEY! There are kids in here. You can’t be talking about sex in front of them.” Mrs. Mncube reprimands.

“But ma we are all above the age of 21.”
Sinethemba defends.

“And that gives you the right to talk about sex freely in front of you parents?” she quickly shakes her head. I chuckle inwardly. Mr. Mncube’s wife seems like a no-nonsense woman.

Makho clears his throat and everyone turns to him. “I also wanna announce that I am dating this amazing, fierce and beautiful woman, Chizoba. We have recently started dating but I

see a future with her. I see someone who I can build a life together with. I see a wife and the mother of my children in her. So family, this is her. Please don't get shocked when I pop the question few months later." Now this stupid man of mine has put me on the spotlight. Everyone is looking at me. "I love you, baby." I giggle and nod. "Don't you love me?" he asks with a smirk. He is so not getting it tonight.

"I love you."

"Say my name."

"Okay, that's enough Love Chronicles for the night." Wandy disturbs the moment and I am grateful for her bursting our bubble. The fucker wanted me to mispronounce his name in front of the whole family.

...

“Mom loves you. The last time we had dinner with the family, she was talking about you the whole way home.” Sinethemba states as we settle on the table. We are at some elite club which is called Primier. They say it is owned by one of the richest women in Africa. Her name is Simamkele Mkhize and she is a self-made billionaire. I don’t wish to be her because with more money comes more problems.

“Well please tell her I also love her. I think she has that feistiness in her.” I respond and she chuckles.

“That is definitely my mother. Between my father and her, she is the stricter one but has a really loving heart.”

A waiter comes to our table and serves us

drinks. Makho's hand is already on my thigh and this time around I am not going to take it away. I saw how he grabbed my waist possessively the minute we climbed off the car. He is overly protective but I guess my outfit is also provocative.

"I just love your relationship though." Zikhona comments, looking at Makho and I. I smile because I don't know how to respond to her. "I mean I have known Makhosonke for quite some time and I have seen him with girls before. He has never told the world or even his family about what he felt for them. For example, Monica. I was there when he introduced her. He was like 'family, this is Monica, my girlfriend'. And it ended there."

I chuckle looking at Makho. That's so savage.

“But you spoiled her. I saw your posts on the socials. Your captions.” I comment.

“All those captions were from Google.” I give him a look and he laughs. “Okay, fine. I did love her at some point but I guess I slowly fell out of love with her. I don’t know at what time exactly, but it just happened.” He shrugs. “And then the devil’s daughter came and changed the whole game.” He points at me with his head and everyone laughs. I pinch his thigh and he half screams. “See what I was talking about? She is abusive.”

“But you’re provoking her.” Luncumo comes to my defense.

“Thank you babe.” I respond and she giggles.

“Us, girls, have to stick together against these big headed Gumbi men.”

“Hey, let me remind you that you’re carrying a Gumbi in your womb.”- Masande.

“Another big headed person.” Sinethemba teases and we all laugh.

“Can you please accompany me to the restroom, Chichi?” Wande asks and I smile before nodding. We both stand up and walk away from everyone. I frown when we enter an elevator.

“The restroom is on another floor?” I ask and she chuckles nervously.

“No.” the elevator opens, revealing a nice cozy setting which has very few people and soft music playing. “Come.” She pulls me to a corner table where we find two men seated. One of them stands up and hugs her before kissing her passionately like I am not there. Finally, they

break the kiss and he gives me an apologetic smile.

“I am sorry. It’s just that I get so carried away whenever I see her.” the man states and then extends his hand. “I am Mogotsi Moagi.”

I shake his hand. “You’re the guy who owns M&M Corporate?”

He smiles. “Guilty as charged.”

“I am Chizoba Gwendaline.” He nods.

“I am just going to spend a few moments with him and head back to you guys. Please cover for me.” Wande pleads. I guess she respects her brothers and also wants to keep her relationship out of the public’s eye.

“I will say you met Jaylene and you were catching up.”

She smiles widely. “Yes. I will be downstairs in a few minutes. I owe you big time.” She hugs me before turning to her man.

I take that as my cue to walk back downstairs. Wande is dating Mogotsi? Who would’ve thought? I honestly pictured her with a soccer star or some celebrity but not a businessman. But you can never really judge a book by its cover.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 47

Makho did not want to leave. His brother and father invited him to a brunch and he didn’t want to leave. He kept on sulking, saying he wanted to spend the whole weekend with me. I finally chased him out, after threatening him and he called me a devil’s agent. He is such a

spoiled brat. I blame Zoe for this.

After he left, I showered and made breakfast for myself. I am actually glad to be alone. I feel like I have been spending so much time with people that I haven't even found time to bond with my books. Marking and lesson planning is usually reserved for Sundays, so I take out a copy of *The Duke & I* by Julia Quinn. I made a mistake of watching the TV series before reading the book but I hope they haven't omitted most things.

In between chapter 3, a knock disturbs me. I huff and close my book. I know that whoever the unannounced guest is, they are going to take so much of my time and I won't be able to continue reading in peace.

“COMING!” I put on my sleepers and drag my tired ass to the door. Don’t judge me. We came back at 3 am from the club and my man wanted 2 rounds of sex before sleeping. So I think we slept at 4 or 5 am. I open the door and I smile when I see Wendy standing there carrying many shopping bags.

“Peace offering.” She hands me the gifts and I chuckle.

“Peace offering for what?” I ask taking the gifts and walking inside. She closed the door and follows me to the lounge. I place the bags in the coffee table and turn to her.

“Well I promised to take you out twice and both those times, I deceived you. I would’ve taken you out today but I figured that you’re tired or you’re spending the day with my brother. Speaking of him, where is that God Forsaken

human being?" she looks around and I laugh.

"He is out with your brother and father. Some brunch thing." I respond.

"Mmm. I am sure mom is out and about with Luncumo. You should've joined them." I shake my head.

"It would've made Luh uncomfortable because Zoe and I tend to talk about books most of the time when we are together. It's kind of an insult to someone who is not an active reader." She nods.

"Aren't you going to ask me about last night?" I smile.

"Do you want to tell me about last night?" she giggles.

"I have been dating Mogotsi for 2 years now. He

is the best thing that has ever happened to me. I love him so much. He has been wanting to meet with my family and make things official but I don't want the media finding out about us. I don't know how to control an event, make it private so that word doesn't get out that Wandy-B tied the knot. I am not ashamed of him but I don't want people all up in our business." I nod in understanding and sigh. Dr. Chichi, relationship councilor reporting for duty. Where my haters at? Honestly these people should start paying for these sessions.

"How does he feel about this?" she folds her legs to the sofa and stare at the blank TV.

"He has been so understand about this. He has seen things from my point of view and doesn't have a problem but now he wants to take our relationship to the next level. He wants me to be his wife. He wants people to know about us,

well my family to be precise. But you heard how dad got when I made a comment about sex. Do you think he will be open minded about this?"

I clear my throat. "I understand that you wanna be a mysterious celebrity who keeps her private life private but some things are bound to come out. You don't have to tell the whole world that he wants to marry you, just give him permission to pay lobola for you. Have a private wedding which will have less than 50 guests. Keep your things low profile but just love your man and allow him to make you his officially. Now has he ever bought you anything for birthdays or valentines?" she blushes.

"He bought me a car last year for my birthday and this year he bought me a house. On valentine's day he bought me shares of some

property group.”

“Damn, you’re rich.” She giggles.

“Yeah but I am sure dad would throw a fit if he were to find out about these things.” I chuckle, that’s for sure. “I guess next time you are invited to a Gumbi family dinner, it would be about me introducing my man.”

“Girl you have to ease him in first. You can’t just show up with him out of the blue. You have to inform your father about it first. Also talk to your mother so that you will have her full support in case your father is too furious.”

She sighs. “Thanks for that. But ain’t no pressure. It’s not like I am dying tomorrow.” I chuckle.

“You may never know, Mawande. So it’s better to have your affairs in order.” This feels like another Udoa situation.

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After trying on some of the things that Wendy brought for me, we had some lunch and she left. I receive a text from Nneka and I am instantly worried. I want to go check her out but I don't wanna invade her privacy. But what the hell? She is my sister. Family is allowed to invade one's privacy in times of need. I don't change my oversized t-shirt and sleepers. I just take my phone and car keys and quickly rush to her apartment. Her door is opened. That's a red flag. She is in a foreign country and although security is high in her building, she wouldn't leave the door open.

"Nneka! Sister!" I call out, walking in and closing the door behind me. I search for her in the

kitchen, lounge and bathroom. I walk to the bedroom and I don't find her. Now I am getting more worried. I walk to the en-suite to find her curled up on the bathroom floor not far from the bathtub. I rush to her and lift her up. "You are going to catch a cold." I lead her to the bedroom and get her warm under the covers. "Mind telling me what is going on?" she shakes her head. I have never seen my sister like this. She is always the free spirited one, the responsible one who looks after the young ones (us). So seeing her like this breaks my heart. "Where is Chung?" she shakes her head. I guess she doesn't wanna talk about it. I sigh. "You can sleep now. I will prepare supper for you."

"Daalu, obere. (Thank you, little one.)" Her voice is barely audible. Before I can answer, she closes her eyes.

I sigh and make my way to the kitchen. I decide

I am going to make Beans porridge (Ewa Oloyin) for her. It's one of her favourite dishes and I hope it will cheer her up. I prepare the porridge, adding plantains, yam, sweet potato and chopped liver in it, and then cook rice and stew. While waiting for the food, I clean around the apartment because it's so untidy. This is also unlike Nneka but she is going through a lot, so I am not going to hold this against her. I put the dirty clothes in the washing machine and mop the floor. As I am about to go check on my pots, my phone rings. It's Makho. Fuck, I didn't tell him about coming to see Nneka. He is probably at my apartment right now. I answer the call.

"Babe..."

"Not me knocking over and over in my woman's door and not getting any answer. I swear the white lady from room 9 was giving me an accusing eye." I chuckle. I am getting used to

his dramatic ass. The theatrics never end.

“I am at my sister’s apartment. She needs me. She is going through some stuff, so she is not okay.” He sighs.

“I understand, my love. I just wish you would’ve told me first.”

“Yeah, there was no time to text you because her text scared me. When I come back, I will bring you some Beans Porridge which I cooked.” I change the subject because I don’t want to discuss my sister. Imagine her waking up and finding out that I am gossiping about her to my boyfriend?

“Beans and porridge? In one dish? What kind of msunery is that?” he asks dramatically.

“It’s her favourite dish. I won’t explain it to you

because you will get confused. You just have to wait to taste it before judging it.”

“Yuh, I am judging it, babe. I just don’t see porridge and beans mixing. It’s a recipe for disaster.” I laugh. He sounds like a gay man right now.

“I will have to blindfold you when I feed you.”

“Yah, I think that will work.” We conclude our call and I finish cooking. As I am watching some series on the TV, the front door opens and I am startled. I sit up and a few moments later, a Chinese guy makes his way in. he looks up.

“Ow, sorry. I didn’t think anyone was in here.” he starts off and I frown. This must be the Chung guy. But I am confused. Shouldn’t they be inseparable like Makho and I since the guy

followed her to another continent? “I am Chung and you must be Chichi.” He extends his hand and I shake it. “Where is Nneka?”

My eyebrow automatically arches. “I should be asking you that question. Where did you leave her?” I don’t mean to come off as harsh but I am frustrated because I don’t know what the fuck is going here.

Chung scratches his head. “I will be right back.” He walks to the bedroom and I turn my attention to the TV. Maybe I should leave now because the guy is back but I deserve some explanation as to what is going on here.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 48

NARRATED

Chung entered the bedroom and his heart broke when he saw the position his love was sleeping in. he could easily read anything she did and judging by her sleeping position, she was devastated. He got into bed and shook her gently. She stirred a bit before opening her eyes and she was shocked to see Chung back but she couldn't react before she was tired emotionally and physically.

"I am sorry for leaving you. I left you when you needed me the most and I got selfish. I was busy nursing my ego and I neglected you." his voice was low and soft.

Nneka sniffed. "Your actions are justifiable. What I did was unforgivable and I am sorry. I was stupid and I put our love at risk. Do you

forgive me?" her voice was scratchy and almost inaudible.

Chung's heart broke. He loved Nneka so much and seeing her hurt, broke his heart into small pieces. "I forgive you, babe. You know, at first I was furious. I drank so much until I had food poisoning. Woke up at the hospital the next morning. It wasn't that bad, so I got discharged in that morning. Then I thought about hurting you the same way that you hurt me. I asked some woman out on a date and we talked. When I invited her up to my hotel room, I thought I was going to sleep with her. She was beautiful and attractive. But as she came closer to me, the look in her eyes brought me back to my senses. She was not you. No woman will ever be you and that's when I realized that I was ready to forgive you and overlook this mistake you made."

“Babe.” Nneka sobbed as she clung into Chung’s body like her life depended on it. “I love you so much and I will never hurt you like that again.” She spoke in between her sobs and Chung comforted her. She was relieved. She couldn’t believe that God had actually come through for her. God had given her a second chance with the love of her life and she was going to treasure it.

“I love you too, more than you can ever imagine.” They clung into each other for a long time before Chung created some space between them. “So,” he started off and Nneka looked up. “I met your sister, Chichi. I don’t think she likes me that much.”

Nneka chuckled. “I was miserable and I couldn’t get ahold of you, so I called her. She came here

and helped me get to bed. I thought she had left. I didn't tell her about us because as much as she is my sister, she is still young and I don't want her knowing all my business."

"She probably thought I was out cheating on you." Nneka sighed. "I think she cooked. Let's go eat. I know you haven't eating since the day I left."

"That's not true. I did eat." She defended and Chung gave her a serious stare. "An apple counts as food, right?" He rolled his eyes and sat up. He climbed off the bed before he pulled her to a standing position.

"I wanna feed you. I want all those curves back in shape." He kissed her forehead before leading her to the kitchen. They found Chichi dishing up. She turned and frowned when she saw that love lived here.

“Ow, so you guys patched things up? Whatever those things were?” she asked curiously and Nneka smiled.

“Yes, little one. Thank you for coming to my rescue and thanks for cooking. Wait, is that beans porridge I smell?” she asked already sniffing her way to the pots. Chichi gave her a knowing smile.

“Yes. I dished up for both of you. Your food is in the warmer. I will be on my way now. My man is already complaining that I have neglected him. I guess I won’t find out about the issues you two are or were facing.” – Chichi.

“We have sorted it out. Thank you for being there for her.” Chung chirped in.

“That’s what family is for.” Chichi hugged her sister before making her way out with food

containers.

“Beans porridge is my favourite dish but I can never make it the way Chizoba makes it. She is a pro.” Nneka stated, heading to the oven.

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SOMEWHERE IN NIGERIA

Chiagozie made his way inside his marital home. He had come to fetch more changing clothes because his wife didn't want him anywhere near her and she had made it clear that she will not leave her marital home because of his whoring ways. Well that's unless he signed the divorce papers. But even then, she would get the house because she wanted primary custody of the children and they

needed a stable shelter. Mrs. Gwendaline had tried to talk some 'sense' into her but Celine was having none of it. Chia did not only disrespect her by going outside of their marriage and having an affair, he had to come back and want to force the bitch down her throat. Celine wasn't going to stand and watch the Gwendaline family turn her into a crazy woman and she didn't sign up for any polygamy.

The house was quiet. Chia made his way to their bedroom and he frowned when he didn't find his clothes at his wardrobe. Did Celine do something to them? He didn't wanna bother her, so he moved to the guest bedroom and his clothes were shoved into black plastic bags. He sighed before he took the bags and went to place them in the lounge. He walked to the kitchen and was shocked to find Celine cooking while wearing the shortest dress he has ever

seen.

“Ihunanya m. (My love).” he called out and Celine chuckled.

“Are you lost perhaps? I hope you did find your clothes. It was either the guest bedroom or finding them in ashes. I figured the former was less strenuous. And please don’t call me your love. You know when you lost the right to address me with that name. Now you have a new ‘my love’.”

“But babe you know that what happened with me and that woman meant nothing. I never wanted to marry her. Her family was just forcing my hand. I was never going to leave you for her or even force you to get into a polygamous marriage. Don’t listen to what everybody around us is saying. Listen to me,

your husband.”

Celine chuckled bitterly. “My husband? My husband, i na-ekwu? (You say?)” She clapped her hands dramatically. “The same husband who fucked a whore and planted his seed inside her? You fucken left evidence. You didn’t care about my health or wellbeing. You slept with her without protection, so don’t fuckin patronize me, telling me that your new wife meant nothing. You planned this. The whole pregnancy thing. You planned it.” She was shaking in rage. Talking about this issue infuriated her even more. It was bad enough that both their families were keen on the second wife issue. Nobody cared about her. Even his sisters, which she thought loved her, hadn’t said anything to her since these news broke out. That meant they weren’t on her side. That really broke her heart because she had no friends.

“I know you are upset and I understand your frustrations.” Chia spoke calmly and that seemed to enrage Celine more.

“Frustrations? You understand my frustrations? You don’t understand shit, Chiagozie. If you did understand, you wouldn’t set your sticky legs on my house. You would make sure I don’t see your ugly face or hear your squeaky voice. You have broken me. Congratulations. You have turned me into a lunatic. Turned me to a laughing stock. Degraded me. Shamed me and worse of all, betrayed my trust and our vows. So don’t fuckin stand there and say you understand my frustrations because what you have put me through is more than just frustrations. Don’t patronize me.” She was already panting and trying so hard to keep her tears at bay.

“Babe, I am sorry.” Chia made a mistake by touching her because she screamed and in one swift motion, took the boiling pot and emptied its contents in him. It was hot porridge and the man screamed loudly.

“OMG!” Celine was shocked by her own actions. Yes, she was beyond angry from his transgressions but she didn’t want him dead. She dragged a screaming Chia to the car and dropped him off at the nearest hospital. She went back to her house and packed a few clothes before booking herself into a hotel in Port Harcourt.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 49

After spending the night and morning with Makho, he drops me off at Zoe's house. I spent the night at his house and I had so much fun. We actually didn't have sex which is rare for us. We took some time, getting to know each other on a deeper level. We even played some games just to make the knowing each other better thing more fun. He told me what he used to do for fun when he was still in his teens. Who would've thought that the arrogant Makho would actually visit his friend in Tembisa just so he could play soccer in the street with him and his other friends? I guess he wasn't a snob growing up.

I didn't know that he and his siblings studied overseas. It's one of the things they never brag about. Makho studied at Stanford while Wandy went to Guildford and Sande went to Harvard. I am sure if I were to have a child, he or she

would study in one of the Ivy League schools. You would've thought that Mazwakhe also studied overseas but he actually went to University of Zululand for his LLB, did his Master's at UKZN and his PhD in UP. This family is filled with smart and hardworking people.

"What is Makho's favourite Zulu dish?" I ask Zoe and she laughs.

"You want to surprise him with a home cooked meal?" her response is a question and I roll my eyes. She laughs again. "Come on. It's just a question."

"Yes. He has been doing a lot of surprises for me and I figured it's time I balance the equation."

She snorts. "You will never balance the equation

my love. Trust me, I gave up on my 2nd year of marriage. These men are always a step ahead when it comes to the spoils.”

“I can at least try.” She smiles.

“Yeah. Try.”

“Before you answer, what is umxabiso?” she frowns but there is an unmistakable amusement hidden on her face.

“What?”

“It's a dish that he said he is going to make me eat because I made him eat Beans Porridge which was very delicious by the way and made by yours truly.” She cracks up.

“Gosh, Chichi. I sometimes forget that you're not a South African. Anyways umgxabhiso, how can I put this in a way that you can understand?

It's a stew but without the spices, curry powder, soup and what not. Basically you boil everything and eat it as it is."

"Eww, how do you eat that? I'm sure it's tasteless." She chuckles.

"It's really delicious. Mrs. Gumbi Snr who is my mother in law loves that dish. Over the first years of my marriage, I was taught how to perfect it. I will cook it for you one day." I cringe visibly and she laughs. "Anyways, my son's favourite dish is usu with uphuthu. He also loves ulamthuthu when it's paired with idombolo."

I am so confused right now. All my two years in South Africa, I have never heard or seen such. "What the fuck is that? You would have to teach me how to make it because wow."

She chortles. "You are the worst daughter in law ever. When I am preparing one of these dishes, I will call you." I nod. "But be warned, usu brings flies. It's automatic. Once you start cooking it, they miraculously appear from nowhere and there is no way you can control them, but you can try and lessen them by pouring vinegar and chopped onions in your pot." I frown.

"You are confusing me more and more. Let's just close this topic." She laughs. "Did you hear that Dudu Busani Dube is releasing Hlomu The End this month?"

Her eyes pop out. "For real?" I nod. "I thought it was just rumours. I will have to ask Mazwakhe to get a copy for me as soon as it's out."

"Why not go get it yourself?"

“And what would he be doing? Judging people for a living instead of making sure his wife gets what she wants? No way.” I laugh.

“Maybe I will also ask Makho to get me a copy as soon as it’s released.”

“Cheers to us.” she raises her tea cup and we toast before laughing. We are such bullies, but it’s for the good cause, right? A call from Udoa comes in.

“Sorry, I have to take this.” she nods. I stand up and walk a few steps away from her before answering the call. “Nwanne. (Sister)”

“You have to come home as soon as possible.” she doesn’t even greet. There is noises in the background. What is going on? Did something bad happen to my parents or one of my siblings? Her tone is startling.

“Udoa, what’s going on?” she sighs and I hear

movements. Soon, there is less noise in the background.

“Celine burned our brother with porridge and now he is in the hospital.” My first instinct tells me to laugh but I know this is not what Udoa needs right now. She is not one to be calm and handle situations like this in a right way. But I have to give it to Celine though, the girl has balls.

“Where is Celine right now?” I ask and I can feel that she is taken aback.

“Why are you asking me about that woman? Your brother is in the hospital for crying out loud, Chizoba. I have booked you a flight to Murtala Muhammed International Airport which leaves at 6pm in OR Tambo. Nneka will meet you at the airport. You will be there in time,

right?" she asks but I know that's a statement, not a question.

"Yeah, I will be there." But I have work.

"Sharp." She hangs up and I sigh. I am sure porridge doesn't sting that much but I have to be there for moral support. Maybe I can finally see Celine and find out how she feels about all the drama Chia has brought in her life. I head back to Zoe who is smiling at her phone. She looks up at me and she seems to sense that something is wrong. She puts it down.

"Is everything okay?" she asks and I shake my head. I take the sit next to her and sigh.

"My brother's wife poured hot porridge all over his body because he cheated on her and impregnated his mistress. Now I have to go home. My sister has booked a flight for me for

this evening.”

“You don’t seem too stressed about this.”

I huff. “I have work tomorrow, remember? What am I going to say to Mr. Mncube? I don’t want him thinking that I am undermining my job just because I am dating his nephew.”

She rolls her eyes. “I know how to handle my brother.” She dials his number and he answers after the second ring.

“My beautiful sister.” she smiles.

“Hello my lovely brother. The one I love more than all of my siblings and any of the Mncube family members.”

He groans. “What do you want Zokuthula?”

She giggles. “Hawu, how could you say that? I am just showing you some love.”

“I know you, Zokuthula. So out with it.” She laughs, rolling her eyes.

“Chizoba has a family emergency she has to attend in Nigeria. Her brother had an incident with his wife, something you have been through, so she needs to go and see him.” something he has been through? Does that mean Mr. Mncube has cheated on his wife before and did she burn him with porridge?

“Noma engasale esehamba nelobola nje. (We can just give her lobola so that she can give it to her family on our behalf.)” Zoe cracks up. I wonder what Mr. Mncube is saying.

“Ngine sure ukuth umshana wakho uyofuna ukuziyela mathuba. Angeke abe nandaba noma angashayela ebheke khona. (I am sure that your

nephew would want to go there himself. he wouldn't even mind driving all the way there.)” They both laugh and I feel so left out.

“It’s fine, sisi. You can tell umakoti to take a week off but she has to submit a letter and a copy of her flight ticket as evidence that she was indeed home.”

“Thank you, I love you and bye.” She hangs up and turns to me. “That’s sorted. Do pass my regards to your mother. Tell her I will see her in December.” I smile.

“Will do. I have to go pack.” I stand up and we share a hug before I drive to my apartment. I text Makho about my sudden trip and he doesn’t respond. I guess he is busy with something.

I get to my apartment and pack a few clothes. I

pack some books on an overnight bag. I have to come back with some of my books which are that side. Some are classics and some from local Nigerian authors. As I am packing my toiletries, I hear the door opening. I know my boyfriend who have no manners is here.

“Chizoba! Baby!” he calls out.

“I am in the bathroom.” Few moments later, he walks in. he looks so out of place. His dreads are all over the place.

“But I want to spend time with you.” he sulks. Ncoah, my 30 year old man is sulking because I am going home for a few days. This man is drunk in love shame. He knows he can’t say anything to stop me.

“I still have a few hours till my flight.” I smile apologetically at him and he sighs. “Don’t be

sad, babe.” I place my hand on his cheek, caressing it and he breathes out loud. “You know I love you, right?” he nods. He looks like an innocent baby right now. Let me test him. “How about I plait your hair?”

“Hhaybo sthandwa sam.” He steps back and I laugh. I knew that would snap him out of his misery.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 50

Arriving at the Lagos airport, we find a man sent by Udoa already waiting for us. He asks if we would like to see our brother first or go home. I, for one, would like to go home first because I am feeling sticky and need a proper shower and some rest. Nneka also wants to go home, so the chauffeur drives us home which is a one hour

drive from the airport. Also its midnight, now unless he is in some kind of a private hospital, no hospital would let you see a patient at 1 am. Plus his condition is not that serious. I can't wait to see my old man and Akose. Yeah, my main priority should be my brother but he brought this upon himself, so he must deal with the consequences.

I also have to visit Celine at the morning. I was also going to see her and eventually contact her but Makho said something that opened my eyes. He said underneath that whole rage and anger is a woman broken, betrayed and lost. She needs people in her corner and he is pretty sure that no one cares about her feelings right now. They are all tending to the "injured" cheater instead of checking on her. That really broke my heart because I like Celine and I don't want her to feel like I have neglected her or something.

When we get home, it's around 2 am but someone is awake because there are lights on in the lounge. The chauffeur takes our luggage to the front door and bids us farewell after the door has been opened. Akose comes out wrapped in a fluffy gown with sleepers and a head wrap.

“My favourite sisters in the whole wide world.” She manages to jump us and squeeze us both in a hug. One thing about my favourite little sister, she is a ball of energy. She would get along so much with Mathenji but I wouldn't hook them up because my friend would corrupt my sister.

“Akose, why are you awake at this time of the night?” Nneka asks as we make our way inside

the house. Akose locks up behind us.

“I wanted to open for you guys. If not me, you would've woken up dad who have work tomorrow or the young ones who are going to school.” She responds. “Anyways, I plugged in some bath water for both of you. I figured after a 6 hour flight, you will want to bath before sleeping.”

“You are a mind reader.” I tease and she laughs.

“Are you guys’ hungry? Ndidiamaka cooked.” She asks and I frown.”

“Since when does he know how to cook?”

Nneka asks the question that’s on my mind.

“Since last year.” Akose replies with a shrug.

“We are fine though. Makho and Chung made sure to buy us enough fast food to last us for

three days. Here.” I hand two of the paper bags. “You can pack those for people's lunch boxes at the morning. I would love to see them before they leave but I know I will still be resting.” She nods with a grin.

We walk towards the room I share with Nneka. It's really big. It contains two double beds, a built in wardrobe, a bookshelf which is overcrowded, a dresser and bedside tables near each bed. I place my luggage near the wardrobe and sit on my bed. I sigh, feeling content and at ease. You know that feeling when you get home and everything just feels right? You just feel peace reign within you? Yeah, that's what I am feeling inside.

“While you're still day dreaming, I will go ahead and bath.” Nneka startles me. I chuckle. I didn't

even realize she had changed. That's one thing about Nneka. She knows how to do things quietly and very fast.

"Go ahead. I need to call Makho anyways." She frowns.

"It's 2 am, Chichi. Let the poor man rest." I snort.

"If only you knew, sister. Let me prove it to you." I take my phone out and dial Makho's number, putting it on speaker. He answers after one ring.

"Baby." his voice is normal. There is no trace of drowsiness in it.

"Why aren't you sleeping?" I inquire.

"How can I sleep comfortably not knowing if you got to your destination safely?" he asks and my heart flutters. I glance at Nneka who rolls her eyes, smiling at me and heads out.

“I am okay, babe. I have just arrived at home. Can you believe that Akose was waiting for us? I am sure she is going to demand presents tomorrow morning.” He laughs.

“I will send you money via Pay Pal so that you can spoil her and everyone else.” I smile. I know not to deny his money or act all modest because he hates that.

“Thank you, baby. Now go to sleep. You have court tomorrow.” He grunts as if I am telling him something new. Makho is such a baby.

“You’re coming back tomorrow, right?” he asks and I crack up.

“Good night, Somkhanda wami, ngiyakuthanda.” It took long for me to perfect that. At first, he goes completely mute. For a moment, I think he has hung up on me but that’s not it.

“Wow, babe. You just made me emotional. You are so special to me. You are my everything. Umm... let me try this.” he goes quiet for a few moments and then clears his throat. “Abali oma, Ihunanya m. a huru m gi n’anya. (Good night, my love. I love you.)” My whole stomach is floating with butterflies.

“Babe.” I sniff and quickly wipe away my tears. Fuck, I have fallen deeply in love with this man and I don’t think there is a turning back now. I am in it for the long haul.

...

Waking up, I prepare for the day ahead. I smile when I see a note from dad which states:

‘I heard you coming in at the morning. If you love me, you will come see me. – Dad’

I laugh at his note. He could’ve sent a message but he wanted to make sure I get this one and see that it’s from him. He and Makho share the same dramatic trait. I call him and ask for his car. He has two cars. One that he drives to work every day and a Toyota Corolla which stays in the garage. I am not worried about driving it around because it is always serviced and ready for the road. I get on it and drive to Port Harcourt. I called Celine when I woke up and she told me to come and meet up with her in the Vineyard Shopping Centre.

On my way to the mall, I chat with Zoe who asks me about the state in which my brother is in. she is not surprised by the fact that I decided to

check on the wife first before going to see Chia. I get to the shopping centre and head to Jerky's Grill. I immediately spot Celine occupying one of the tables.

"Celine!" that comes off as a shout and people turn to look at me. "Sorry." I mumble and walk towards her. She giggles before standing up and we share a hug. "Look at you glowing and all. Burning up people loves you." she laughs.

"Oww, I thought South Africa could change you."

"Oh please. It's not all that." we sit down.

"I have already ordered for both of us." I smile at her. Few moments later, a waiter comes to our table with grilled meat and drinks. "Thank you." the waiter smiles before walking away.

"Now, tell me about that man of yours, the one

you have been posting nonstop on your status.”
I chuckle.

“Where do I begin?”

She gives me a pointed look. “From the start.”

“Well I met him while he was dating his ex. I hated him at first because he was a jerk. He is still a jerk but he is my jerk now. Anyways, after breaking up with his ex, he courted me and I ended up falling for him. He is so charming and dreamy. Sometimes I ask myself, what good deed I did in life to deserve such a man.”

She smiles widely. “You’re in love. I wish you all the happiness and the joys that come with new love.” I smile back.

“Now, what about you? How are you doing, Celine? I am sorry for not checking up on you

sooner. It's just that I got my dream job and settling in was quite challenging than I thought. I also found a man and juggling between new love, a new job and apartment isn't a walk in the park. I honestly think I haven't really settled down but I am not here to talk about me. Now spill. Dr. Gwendaline, self-certified relationship counselor is listening." She chuckles.

"I feel lost. That's the honest truth. Not that my marriage defined me, but I was content and complete with Chia by my side. I felt like I could conquer the world. I bragged about him to anyone who cared to listen. I knew that no matter what obstacle I was facing, my husband will always be there for me. He was my best friend, my lover, my number one supporter and my confidante. Imagine losing all that in one single moment. I don't have this woman he impregnated. Yeah, she was stupid for sleeping

with a married man but I have nothing against her. Well, a bit of resentment for destroying my marriage but that's all. With Gozie, I loathe him, Chichi. He has turned me into a mad woman. I have this rage inside me that is barely containable. I felt sorry when I saw him screaming after I burned him but when I woke up yesterday, I wished I could've done more harm, even killed him. That's why I left. It's because I don't feel any remorse towards my actions. Does that make me a bad person?" she asks. Her tone is hollow and almost absent. She is there but she is not there at the same time. I can feel her pain, her misery and most of all, her anger. Loving hard is really bad sometimes because when you get hurt, you self-destruct or destroy the ones near you.

"Are you ready to hear my diagnosis?" she sighs.
"Give it to me."

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 51

“There is no guarantee that your marriage will survive this or not. But what is important now is your mental health. I won’t refer to Chia as my brother because that would defeat the whole purpose of this session. It’s up to you if you want to stay in this marriage or not. For now I suggest you go on a retreat. You have to get out of this country. Breathe another air, meet new people. While on that retreat, get a professional therapist, not a self-made one, who will help you navigate your new life. You have so much to live for, Celine. Your kids still need you. Even if you think you are sinking, let them anchor you to the surface. You don’t owe them a happy home.

Whoever that might tell you that you should stay for the kids and risk your mental health, tell them I said they must go and fuck themselves.” She chuckles. I smile because I can see the light at the end of the tunnel. There is some hope shining in her eyes. “Now, what do you say?”

She huffs and sits back. “I am going to go on that retreat. Honestly, I don’t like the anger that is coursing through my veins.” I nod.

“Moving onto your vigilante behaviour,” she snorts. “I understand that you felt overwhelmed and all, but next time, when a situation like that occurs, try breathing from 0 to 10 to calm yourself down. If the counting doesn’t help, walk away. I am saying this because, yeah Chia deserved the punishment but what if Raymond

or Raven were there? What if they jumped out of nowhere, wanting to come into dad's aid and end up getting hurt? What would you had done if your kids got hurt instead of the perpetrator?"

She looks down. "They were not in the house." She mumbles.

"But what if they were? Would you have forgiven yourself for your actions?" she shakes her head.

"The retreat is a great idea. Take a break from this country. You deserve it. When you come back, you would know what to do with your Chia situation." She nods.

"Thank you, Chichi. And here I thought you had deserted me and sided with your brother." That breaks my heart.

"When Chia introduced you to me, he said, 'sister, this is your new sister, Celine. Treat he

like you treat all your other sisters but don't bully her.' so I took his words to heart. I see a sister in you and even if you were to divorce my asshole of a brother, you will always be my sister."

She sniffs and quickly wipe away her tears.

"How much is your consultation fee?"

"Finally." We both crack up and it's good to see her laugh genuinely.

...

I arrive at the Enugu State Teaching Hospital in time for the visiting hours. I don't even know if my brother is awake or not. I enquire about his room at the receptionist and when I have the information I need, I walk to his ward which he is sharing with 2 other people. I find him lying on the bed and staring at the ceiling. I hope he

is doing some self-introspection.

“You are not so bad.” I start off, entering the room. He turns his head to look at me and smiles.

“I heard you were in town. Why are you only coming in now?” I roll my eyes.

“I brought you cake.” I place it on the desk near his bed. I sit on the chair near him. “How are you doing? What did the doctors say?”

“I have my wife to thank for everything. If she didn’t rush me here in time, real damage would’ve occurred, but also, hadn’t she burned me, none of this would’ve happened.” There is a bit of remorse in his voice but I also detect some anger.

“But why, brother? Don’t you have enough offsprings? What was your aim this time around? Just to hurt your wife?” he sighs, before he goes back to starrng at the ceiling.

“I fucked up. I know that. I thought she would’ve forgiven me by now, as usual. But I guess this hit deep. I don’t know what to do now. I know I have lost my wife but I still have hope that she will forgive me and come back to me.”

I fold my arms and lean back on the chair.

“Come back to you? You know how much backlashing and criticism she is going to get from both families if she comes back. After burning you, nobody remembers the fact that you cheated. What’s on everyone’s minds is her cruelty. You want her to come back to that? You know our mother already despised her before

this incident. How do you think she feels about her now? You lost her brother. You should accept whatever decision she decides to take in the future and respect it.”

“This is my wife we are talking about. We made vows to stick together through thick and thin. We can survive this. Our love is strong.”

I chuckle, clapping my hands dramatically. “You are delusional brother. Look at you talking about vows whereas you’re the one who broke the vows you made with her in front of hundreds of people and God. I am not going to beat by the bush, you brought this upon yourself. You fucked Celine over and now you are going to deal with the consequences. Yeah, you are my brother and I am sad that you’re lying here but that’s all on you. You could’ve prevented all

this. You could've chose to ignore the Felicia temptation. By the way, how the hell do you cheat on Celine with someone older and uglier than her?"

"Now stop being disrespectful, Chizoba. I am still older than you." I roll my eyes.

"Maybe I will come see you tomorrow. Keep well, brother." I squeeze his hand and walk out. He honestly doesn't deserve Celine. This gender is so self-absorbed.

...

"Ahh, the most amazing teacher in the whole wide world." dad beams as soon as I walk into his office. I laugh and rush to hug him. "You look beautiful. Are they treating you well in

South Africa? But I don't need to ask because it's written all over your face." I smile.

"Yes. They are treating me so well, dad. I am doing great at my new job. I feel at home whenever I am teaching in a classroom. I have actually taken note of some kids who need special attention. All is well."

He smiles. "That is exactly what I wanted to hear. Did you go see your brother?" I sigh and sit down.

"Yes, I did. Your son is the worst." He chuckles.

"I honestly just distanced myself from his whole drama. Your mother is so invested in it, I am sure she would have a heart attack should Celine and Chia decide to get back together. She is gunning for Celine's head." I scoff. I know my mother and I knew that she wouldn't

sympathize with Celine. "By the way, she called a family meeting which will take place tomorrow evening because Chia is going to be discharged tomorrow morning."

"Is Celine's family going to be present?" he nods. Fuck, I don't wish to be there. I can imagine the rubbish they are going to utter because they actually see nothing wrong with Chia wanting a second wife. To them, this is all just normal. "Did Udoa come and speak to you?"

He shakes his head with a smile. "No, but she said you will be the one to tell me what's going on." But why, Udoa? Being the middle child is not on. These people always put their problems on my shoulders.

Fuck. Here goes nothing. "She is getting married." I start off and the smile on father's

face dissolves.

“I am sorry, what?”

“She is dating a matured man and he is very serious about her. He wants to make her his as soon as possible. I have met them and I can tell that he really loves her. Maybe he might be coming to pay dowry in December, or even earlier than that.”

He frowns. “Who is this man?”

“Abaeze Eesuola.”

“The billionaire who also happens to be her boss?” I nod. “Isn’t he married?”

“His wife died.” He sighs, sitting back. “Dad you should’ve seen how carefree she was in front of him. She is not the same Udoamaka we know. She is happy, forever smiling genuinely. He is

the best thing that has ever happened to her and you know she deserves happiness.”

He scratches his head. “I would have to meet this man before he even sends his delegates.”

I smile. “That’s all we want. By the way, I am also dating.”

His eyes pop out. “CHIZOBA!”

“I am joking, old man. now let’s feed you.” I place paper bags in his table. I steal a glance at him and he looks spooked. I laugh internally. He is going to die young.

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 52

“CHIZOBA!” A familiar voice calls out my name and I turn to find Joseph standing not far from me. He is smiling widely like he is seeing Santa for the first time.

“Joseph.” I put the yoghurt that I am carrying in my trolley and give him my attention. “Long time no see.”

“Yeah. I heard you were in town. You look so beautiful by the way. South Africa is really loving you.”

“I guess so. I found my dream job. I think that’s one of the things that is treating me well.”

His smile widens. “That’s great. I am so happy for you. We should have lunch before you leave.”

“Umm, I don’t know about that, Joe.”

“It doesn’t have to be awkward, Chizoba. We are just going to talk like old friends.”

“Except we were never friends, just exes.”

He sighs. “One sit down, for old times’ sake. Please.”

I huff. I don’t know how Makho is going to feel about this but just one lunch won’t matter. It’s not like someone is going to tell him about it or whatever. Also it’s just an innocent lunch not dinner at a hotel. “Sure. We can do lunch.”

“How about today?” I laugh.

“So fast?”

“Yeah, it’s still 10 am. We can meet up around 2 pm.”

The sooner the better. “Fine. Where are we going to meet?”

“At our restaurant.” I inwardly roll my eyes. I am the one who introduced him to the nice cuisine served at Kilimanjaro.

“See you then.” I walk away and breathe out loud.

My relationship with Joe was good, some people even envied it. He really loved me and showed it. We were together for a year before he decided to take things to the next level and asked me to marry him. He had paid the dowry and one day during the second week of ije mbu (my first official) visit to his home, a young lady showed up with a huge swelling baby bump and claimed the child as Joseph's. Joe didn't even try to deny it, he just apologized and to say I was heartbroken would be an understatement. I just packed my bags and went back home. When I told dad about what Joe had done, he immediately paid him back half his dowry and

said the half will serve as damages because he had broken his promise to the Gwendaline family and humiliated the family name. After that, I only saw Joseph once and he was doing baby shopping with his mother. He didn't show any remorse, so I don't know why he wants to meet but I guess I will know soon.

After I am done with the grocery shopping, I buy some grilled chicken for everyone and fruits from the street vendors for my 'sick' brother. Mom came to me last night and told me that I should inform Celine about a family meeting which will be held tomorrow evening since my brother is being discharged from the hospital tomorrow morning. I don't wish to be part of that meeting because I know only drama and chaos will reign in there but I have no choice because I am the mediator of the family and I also need to be there for Celine seeing that

everyone has turned on her.

As I am driving to the hospital, a call from Udoa comes in. "Hello sister." I answer, placing it on speaker.

"Hey you. What did dad say about Eze?" she gets straight to the point, like the old Udoa I know.

"He is a bit skeptical but he has agreed to a meet up. I have done my part. Everything is in your hands now. Just don't do something that will rub off the wrong way to dad."

"Okay. Thank you. I guess he will want to meet Eze as soon as possible now that he knows I am dating." Yeah, dad can be really anxious.

"Plus I told him Eze's name. Seems like dad know him."

She grunts. "Who doesn't? But thanks for your intervention, little one. I will return the favour when Makho wants to marry you."

I giggle. "Let's not count our eggs before they hatch. Anyways I am on my way to see your brother."

She groans. "Yoh, that one is the worst. Last night I happened to go see him while Celine was also there. Their conversation was cold and I could sense that it wasn't because of the incident. I think our brother has fallen out of love with Celine but he just doesn't want it to seem as if his marriage failed because of his cheating ways."

"Now that's an observation."

"I am slowly becoming you." I crack up. She is back to being the carefree Udoa. I sometimes

think my sister has bipolar. One minute she is cranky, the next she is chirpy. "Anyways, I am meeting up with Celine for lunch. I have been too focused on my cheating brother, I didn't pay attention to our sister in law."

"Well good luck. Are you coming to the meeting?"

"I wouldn't miss it for the world, sister. I know mom will be bringing in the big guns." We both laugh. We know mom loathes Celine for what she did to her son.

We conclude our conversation and then hang up. I pass by the hospital just to drop off the fruits for Chia and then head home. I get there, unload all the groceries and decide to cook lunch while doing some spring cleaning. When the clock strikes 1:30pm, I get ready and drive

to Kilimanjaro eatery. Arriving there, I find him already waiting for me. We place our orders.

“So, why did you call me here?” I cut straight to the chase and he chuckles.

“So you changed just for our meet up? I am happy about that.” He says wearing an ugly smug on his face.

“I was cleaning and cooking, so I had to freshen up and you literally can't put dirty clothes after freshening up unless you are at another person's house.”

“Mmm.” He nods. “So how have you been? Any many who has managed to charm you in South Africa?”

I smile, thinking about Makho, that crazy man of

mine. "Yes, I am in a committed relationship with a loving man. He is amazing and he treats me well. He loves me wholeheartedly and he is a very jealous and possessive man." I catch his fake smile before he replaces it with a smirk. "That's one of the reasons why I am glowing. So, how about you? How are things with your baby mama? Oww, how is your kid doing? How old is she now?"

For the first time since we sat down today, I recognize a genuine smile and a bit of excitement in him. "It's a he. He is doing fine. He is growing really fast. His mother and I are not in a relationship."

"What a shame. Now that you have provided this platform for me, I wanna ask, why did you do me like that though? Why did you cheat on me? I would like to think I was a great candidate and had the potential of being an even better

wife. What happened?"

He sighs. "Temptations, Chizoba. I never meant to hurt you. I realized my mistake when you upped and left me without a single confrontation or explanation. You were the bigger person and that made me feel awful. I am sorry, Chizoba. The only good thing that came out of me sabotaging our marriage was my son, other than that I regret my actions because they cost me a good woman."

"Mmm. True that." I don't know what I was expecting but I am somehow content with his answer.

"So is there a chance that we could be maybe friends or more in the future?" I chuckle SMH.

"Sorry dear but you're looking at the future Mrs. Gumbi."

“Mrs. What now?” my phone chooses that moment to disturb us and it's none other than my jealous handsome man. I wonder why he isn't in court.

“Babe.” I answer.

“Hey, my love. How is your day going?” My God. From our initial meet up, I never thought that we would end up where we are now. I never thought that Masonke was capable of loving someone the way he loves me. I also wonder what good deed I did in the past to be gifted with a man like him.

“It's just a normal day. I am having lunch with a friend.”

“A friend?” I can literally picture him frowning and I inwardly laugh. “You never said anything about having a friend, well except the one who

fucked your brother.” Ex friend. But I don’t correct him because it seems like the ‘friend’ just ticked him off.

I sigh. “Okay, he is not a friend.”

“He?!” OMG! Maybe I shouldn't have specified Joe's gender. “You are having lunch with a man, Chizoba? For what good reason?”

“He is an ex and he just wanted some closure. It's a once off thing and I swear it won't happen again.”

“Won't happen again? If I didn't call, would you have told me?” I shake my head but don't utter a single word. “See, you would've omitted this from me because you know how wrong it looks like. If I were to meet up with Monica and not tell You, how would you have felt had you find out from someone else?”

“But babe I love you, only you. There is no one else out here or in the entire galaxy that could make me feel like how you make me feel. You have to understand.”

“Yoh, hhayi Chizoba.” He hangs up and I feel my heart shattering into pieces. I take my bag and stand up.

“Where are you rushing off to?” Joe asks quickly and I shake my head.

“I shouldn't have come here. Things ended between us a long time ago and no amount of ‘closure’ would ease the humiliation and embarrassed you put me through. Bye though, and I wish you a good life.”

He smirks. “Am I that much of a threat to your boyfriend?”

I scoff. "First off, he is a man not a boyfriend and you could never be a threat to him, even when you wanted to. You are like Spiderman and he is Thanos. So much difference. He is on another level which you could never reach." I head out, dialing Makho's number. How can I convince him to forgive me when we are miles apart?

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 53

I try his phone for the 10th time and it goes to voicemail. I don't know why people bother calling a person more than two times when their phone is off. Maybe it's the hope that there

will be a coincidence that he opens his phone and bump into your call. Fuck this. And Joseph is not even worth it. I feel so guilty that my relationship might end for someone so irrelevant. I sigh and start dishing up lunch for everyone because they are going to be home in no time. When I am done, I cover their plates on the counter and walk to the room I share with Nneka. When she sees me walking in, she blushes and walks away. It's only when she passes near me that I notice she is talking to someone on the phone. I sit on the bed and dial Zoe's number.

"Hello dear." She greets cheerfully.

"Hey Zoe. I am sorry to trouble you but have you heard from Makho today?"

"No. I last spoke to him yesterday after lunch. Why? What's going on, Chichi?"

I might as well tell her what's going on. After all, she is my friend. "I had lunch with an ex-fiancé because I wanted closure and Makho called while I was sitting with him. I tried to reassure him that nothing is going on between us. It's just that Joseph cheated on me while we were engaged and never really gave me his reason or remorse. I am not trying to defend myself but I hope you get me."

Zoe chuckles. "I am your friend before I am your future mother-in-law and I am compelled to listen to you and give you some sound advice. Eating out with an ex is never good. You might have come with the intention of closure but maybe he expected a different outcome from your meeting. I have dined with an ex before and the act was purely innocent but Mazwakhe went crazy and didn't speak to me for 48 hours

straight. Men's egos bruise easily, Chichi and men like my son love hard. So when you do something like this, unexpected, it feels like you are betraying him, his love and the love you share. Anyways what did ex say?"

"You're right. He had hope that I would somehow get back to him. He is delusional."

"Wait for Makhosonke. He is probably out somewhere sulking. He will contact you soon when he has calmed down or maybe allow you to contact him."

I nod. "I will get a flight ticket for tomorrow night. I don't have time to baby a cheating brother. Look now, it is jeopardizing my relationship."

Zoe cracks up. "I need to thank you for this though. If it were under different circumstances, I would've sent a kiss to Joseph. Men out there

need to know that they are irreplaceable.”

“You’re evil.” She laughs harder. “You are actually rejoicing in your son’s misery. The kind of mother you are. You and Mrs. Gwendaline are birds of the same feathers.”

“Ow come on. Right now, I am talking to you as a friend, not Makhosonke’s mother. Besides, I would not blame you or Luncumo should you decide to burn my sons for their infidelity.”

“You’re the coolest.” She laughs.

“I know.” We conclude our call and she even informs me that some young author by the name of Cathrine Phiri is having a book launch for her latest book, Married at 16 and she has RSVP’d for us. You can never separate Zoe with books.

“I will start cooking dinner now.” Nneka informs me from the door. “When you’re done going through a lot, you can join me. We can have wine.”

I chuckle, shaking my head. “We need to be sober minded for the upcoming meeting, but we can drink afterwards, and maybe even spend the night at Eze’s mansion.”

She grins. “That sounds like a plan. I will inform Udoa and maybe we will take Akose.” I don’t know if dad will agree, but we will just say we are having a girls’ night out and even invite Celine. She will need some cheering up after the meeting.

“Also, I am heading back to South Africa tomorrow evening.” She nods in understanding.

“Book tickets for the both of us using my card.

There was really no reason for us to come here, well except for seeing the family before Christmas.”

I nod and take her laptop. I quickly book our tickets and then walk to my storage box which is filled with my books. Honestly, I feel like my life is in South Africa. So, even if I end up married with Makho, my life will be rooted in SA. So I have to ship my books there. I will just take them to Udoa’s house and ask them to bring them if she happens to travel to SA in her man’s jet. I take out one of the books and sit on my bean bag, indulging in the paperback.

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“We have all gathered here today to come up with the solution to problems the young couple

are currently facing. Both parties have wronged each other dearly and we wish for a way forward, a real solution that will not lead to the dissolution of this union. If anyone wishes to speak, please don't raise your voice high or curse at anyone. We are all adults here. There is no need for someone to be disrespectful." Mr. Oyetoro, who is Celine's uncle, her father's younger brother, states. He is the voice of reason in the Oyetoro family and he is the only one who is neutral.

"The mistakes are not the same. Your daughter nearly killed my son." My mother starts off and I scoff inwardly. This meeting is about the way forward and not dwelling on the past and yet she is bringing up the incident. But I am not surprised. This is my mother after all. "As a family, we can't just forget about that and move on. It won't be that easy."

“And as the Oyetoro family, we can’t just simply forget and your son’s infidelity. He went out of his marriage, cheated on my sister and came back with a child. Is that acceptable? My sister is no barren. She has proved to the family that she can bear children, both male and female. So no one can blame her for her husband’s transgressions. Also, she is not to be blamed for burning him. She asked for space and he agreed. Why did he come and crowd her? You think forgiving a cheating partner can be timed? You think that a week or two is enough? If the roles were reversed and it was Celine who came back with another man’s child, you would’ve chased her out like a dog. So why should she forgive this bastard?” Aimo’s voice is so strong and almost commanding. She is Celine’s older sister and I last saw her at Celine’s wedding. She is the Nigerian Army

General and she is tough as fuck. I am sure everyone in this room is intimidated by her. The whole room goes silent. I glance at my father and he is just sitting at his chair unbothered. You can see that he can't wait for everyone to leave. I know I have to say something soon to clear up this awkwardness and tension.

Nneka clears her throat. "We were not here for the first nor the second meeting but we heard all that was said and done. As Chia's siblings, we won't accept and welcome his baby mama with open arms. The child is innocent and it has our blood running in its veins, that's if it is really his child, so we won't neglect it. But should he decide to go ahead and marry the baby mama, we won't take part in any of it. Our loyalty is with you, Celine and we are sorry that we didn't check on you soon. As women, it is very important that we stick together in times of

need and sorrow, right mother?" her eyes travel to mom who mutters something inaudible. Chia looks defeated.

I clear my throat and everyone turns to look at me. "I would like for both the couple to be given a chance to speak because this is the only chance they will get to speak on common ground."

"I will start." My brother speaks up. His eyes travel to Celine. "I am sorry for my actions. I deeply regret them and I now understand how much they hurt you. I may have appeared like a jerk or selfish bastard but the truth of the matter is that I love you, Celine. I didn't marry you because I felt like it. I fell in love with you a long time ago and I continue to fall for you day by day. The reason I cheated was that I was

weak and an idiot. I am the only one to be blamed for my transgressions. I know what I am asking is impossible, but can you please find it in your heart to forgive me and welcome me back into our home? I won't rush you this time around. I have realized my mistake. I will give you as much time as you need, even a year." He sounds so remorseful but I am not convinced. I know that as much as I love Makho, I would never take him back if he ever cheated on me because what will stop him from cheating again?

"And what happens if she wants to divorce you?" Aimo asks.

"That is not an option and it will bring shame into our family name. We don't need that kind of shame." Mrs. Oyetoro speaks up. Tjo. Shame? We are the ones who should be ashamed that our brother couldn't keep it in his pants. This

woman is poison, just like my mother. I wonder how Celine keeps up with her.

“As much as I still love Chiagozie, I can’t forgive him and just forget about what he has done. I know that my next words might get me disowned by my family but I am going away for 2 weeks and when I come back, I will be filing for divorce. A leopard never changes its stripes and I don’t wanna be bitten twice. This is for my sanity.” Celine finally states calmly. Her words are followed by utter silence that you can hear a needle dropping and then there is mayhem and chaos.

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 54

My father gives me a sad look as I inform him that I am leaving in the evening. "I can't say I blame you for leaving. There was no real reason for you to come in the first place. Your mother was just being dramatic for summoning you here." I chuckle.

"You can't call your wife dramatic." He rolls his eyes but retains a smile on his face. "I want you guys to come visit me in South Africa. You guys can choose any weekend. I want you to see my apartment and my place of work."

He smiles widely. "We will definitely come. And maybe I will get to see some of your friends."

I chuckle. "Ow yes. I have four. Mathenji, the crazy one whom you have spoken to before. Reno who is also my colleague, Quinn who is

white and is my neighbour and then there is Zoe, she is my reading buddy and more like a mother figure in another country.” And also my future mother in law.

“How is your apartment going to accommodate the whole family?” he enquires as he walks me to the car. I will be driving with my siblings to Lagos just to spoil them a bit and Akose will drive the back. Nneka will be with us.

“I have a friend and she will willingly lend her apartment to you guys. It’s on the same floor as mine.” He nods.

“We will plan and come before the year ends. Now are you short with anything?” he asks, taking out his wallet. I laugh and stop him.

“Dad, I am working now. I can take care of myself. Now I need you to buy yourself a nice

cold drink.” I take out a few hundred dollars and slip them inside his pocket. “I love you daddy.” I kiss his cheek and rush to the car before he hands me back the money. I can hear his laughter as I slide inside the car.

“I love you too my angel.” He blows a kiss and I catch it.

“You and your father are too much.” Nneka complains from the passenger seat and I laugh, rolling my eyes.

“Jealousy will make you nasty, sister.” I stick out my tongue at her and the younger siblings laugh.

We are with Akose, Ndidiamaka and Chukwudi. We get to Lagos and drive to the Mega Plaza where we give the young siblings a chance to go crazy. They pick a few clothes and some goodies. We then take a stroll and when the

time arrives, we drive to the airport.

“I will see you guys soon.” I say as I hug all of them. “And you, Miss Akose, please pack my books and when you’re done, take them to Udoa’s house.” She nods.

“I love you and I will see you soon.” she hugs me once more. We never say goodbye because it sounds so permanent. We enter the airport.

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When we land in South Africa, I am so tired, all I wanna do is go to sleep but I can’t because I have to go and check on Makho. I know that he is in his house, I can feel it. I take a cab to my apartment. I shower change into jeans and a blouse. I remember that I haven’t worn any

shoes as I enter the car but that's not important. I try calling him once more as I drive to his house but his phone goes straight to voicemail. I feel like he has blocked me because no sane person can switch off their phone for more than 24 hours.

I am lucky that the car keys also contain the remote to his gate. So, I open his gate when I get there and drive inside, closing it after me. I park the car outside the garage door and climb off. I am startled when my eyes land on Makho shirtless and standing at the garage door. Why didn't I see him there? He is lurking like a fucking creature of the night. I step closer to him and his eyes hold me hostage.

"Babe." I start off as I stop in front of him.

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THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 55

“Vuka sikhulume. (Wake up, let’s talk.)” His voice drags me from my deep slumber. What the fuck is wrong with this man?

“Babe, not now.” I mumble and turn to face the other side.

“Aibo, Chizoba. We need to talk.” Is this what men are faced with every time a woman

demands a talking session? Especially in the middle of the night? I mumble some curses in Igbo while sitting up. He is seated on the edge of the bed with his legs folded. The only source of light present is the side lamp. I lean on the head board and sigh.

“What is it that you wanna talk about?” I ask, fully awake. This man is not without drama.

“Who is Joseph?” I wanna laugh so badly. Why couldn’t he ask me this when I arrived or at the morning?

“Fuck, Makho. What time is it?”

“02:36 but that’s not important. Who the hell is Joseph?” why does he sound like a scorned woman right now?

I scoff. “I never told you his name. How do you

know it?”

He rolls his eyes. “The one who gave birth to me sent me an email after not reaching me on my phone and the email stated ‘hello star ka Joseph’. So that’s why I know the priest’s name.”

“First of all, he is not a priest. He is a junior accountant at some firm but that’s not important. Joseph is my ex fiancé.”

“I am sorry, your what?” he asks, shocked.

“We were engaged to be wed.”

“When was this? Why didn’t you tell me about this fiancé of yours? Why am I hearing about him now?”

“This was 4 years ago. I was head over heels in love with him. We dated for several months and

then he sent his family to pay dowry to mine. All was well. After the dowry, I went to his family homestead for the first visit. When I was there, a woman came and claimed to be pregnant with his child. He confirmed the pregnancy and I broke the engagement. My father was more than happy to return back the dowry money because he thought I was too young to get married. Since that incident, I never spoke to Joseph. I only bumped into him three days ago and we went to lunch. Honestly, I needed the closure and I got it. I am sorry if it made you feel insecure and distrust me. I never intended that.”

He sighs. “Come here.” he opens his arms and I crawl to them. He engulfs me and I melt in his embrace. “No woman deserves to be cheated on, let alone humiliated like that. I can imagine what your neighbours and haters said when

they leant of your failed engagement. Now, is Joseph married to this woman he impregnated?"

I shake my head. "He said he regrets his actions and he wants me back."

"Shame. I envy him because I am never letting you go." I grin. This man is so jealous and it's cute.

"I love you." I murmur, already sleepy.

"Hey, we are still talking." He looks at me and I chuckle lazily.

"We can still talk tomorrow." He pouts and I perk his lips. "Now tell me you love me so that I can sleep peacefully."

He chuckles. "I love you infinity times infinity."

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Again I am awakened by this troublesome man of mine. This time around he is demanding sex with the cutest facial expression I have ever seen. I am sure if we were to ever have kids, they would always give me this puppy face every morning when they want something.

“Babe, stop it.” I say, pulling the cover over my head. After fucking me last night, we went to sleep naked and even after our midnight talk, we never put on any clothes. He goes underneath the cover and I feel his tongue on my feet. I giggle loudly. “Makho, stop. I have work today.”

“Oww, hell no you don’t. Nobody knows that you’re back and we are going to keep it that way, at least until I am satisfied which I know won’t

happen.”

I giggle. Can he not be crazy for a day? After persuading me, I finally give in and his dick makes me sing notes I never knew existed. Very high notes. I should be a presenter of Imizwilili after this. We shower and he only allows me to wear his navy shirt which barely covers my thighs. Also I have nothing to wear, which means I can drive in this to my apartment and risk his wrath or wait until very late and head back to my apartment with my dirty clothes. That’s correct, the clothes I put on last night were dirty but I wasn’t thinking straight. The man had me on a spell.

“So, I am going to be a prop in your house walking around in a skimpy shirt while you go to work?” I ask, settling on his bed and watching

him put on dress pants, a dark green shirt and loafers. He grins at me.

“You look like every man’s sex dream. I want to fuck you so bad right now and render your legs numb for the rest of the day but I don’t have time for that. How about you cook something really nice for me and we will have a nice cozy lunch? After that, I will take you out for dinner.”

I smile widely. “Looking forward to going out in this shirt.”

He chuckles. “Not a chance. This situation will be remedied soon.”

“What if you don’t have the ingredients I need to prepare a nice lunch?”

“Use the Checkers app to order. It’s installed in

my tablet that's downstairs. Now give me some sugar before I go." I roll my eyes but I can't hide the smile in my face. We share a long sensual kiss before he leaves me feeling loved and content.

Dear God, how did I get so lucky with this one? But when I think about his drama from last night, I can't help myself. I crack up. Makhosonke Gumbi is very dramatic, temperamental and all but he loves purely and genuinely. I am sure another man would've butchered me or even forced me into obedience.

Getting downstairs, I check what's on the fridge and pantry. I decide on what I am going to cook for lunch while preparing a porridge for myself. I then order the missing ingredients which is basically everything because the things on

Makho's fridge are the ones healthy freaks eat. He even has brown rice on his pantry. Freak.

I think of who to call as I am indulging on my porridge. Reno? No, she is at work. Mathenji? That one with a gangster boyfriend. But I am sure she is also at work. But Mathenji can sneak out just to spill some gossip, so I text her and then think of another person. Wandy? Yeah, I haven't chatted with her that much after she told me about her mysterious man. Besides being her fan, I really want to build a relationship between us since she is Makho's sister and I want to treat her as a friend because she looks like she really needs someone to confide in.

Mathenji calls me back after a few moments. I chuckle before answering the call.

“Hey love. What you’re doing?” I ask in a childish tone.

“Hello girl. What are you doing there by the Nsukka village? Has any chief approached you yet? I can imagine your Rastafarian going crazy at the thought.” I break into laughter.

“If only you knew, my friend. Anyways, I am back in South Africa. Makho is the reason I came back early. I went to lunch with an ex and he found out. Actually, he called in the middle of the lunch.”

“You lie. Tell me more.” she asks with pure interest. I narrate the whole story to her, up until the events that occurred at 2am today. She laughs so crazy, she ends up coughing. “OMG! Friend, your life deserves a reality show. #KeepingUpWithADarkBeaty. Because wow. Zoe is savage though. I wish to have a mother

in law like that someday.”

“Talking about a mother in law, what’s up with you and Nathan? Any danger yet?” she snorts.

“Not that I can think of. Actually some woman came to his house while I was there and she threatened to beat me up if I didn’t leave her baby daddy alone. She was with the most adorable creature I have ever laid my eyes on and the creature looked exactly like Nathan, his female version.”

“What did Nathan say?”

“Fortunately he came while the baby mama was still at his house. They exchange some strong words but she ended up leaving. I told Nate that I won’t stand that treatment. He better deal with that airhead because I wasn’t going to stand it. I then gathered my things and as I was about to

leave, the dude backed me up against the wall and fucked me into obedience. I enjoyed every single moment of it and when he was done, I left. I just showed him that I won't be persuaded with sex. He should learn to respect me."

"Damn girl. You're the one who deserves a reality show. #ATouchOfDangerWithMathenji."

"I know, right?" we both laugh. "Anyways, we should hook up. I miss you so much babe. And I want to plan a farewell party for Reno. She is leaving in two weeks." Mmm, I didn't know that but I am happy for her.

"We will chat once I am out of this prison."

She laughs. "If you ever need help escaping, just shout. SHOUT! LET IT ALL OUT!" she sings the last sentence and I chortle.

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 56

When he comes back home, he finds me settled on a couch, watching a k-drama called Love Alarm.

“Is it going to ring now that I am within a 10 meter radius from you?” he asks and I laugh.

“It wouldn’t ring because I currently hate you for locking me up.” he laughs and places a dozen of shopping bags on the coffee table. I pause the episode because I know he is not going to let me watch it in peace.

“But yours will ring because Ngiyazifela ngawe.” He sings the last part and I am shocked because that sounded so good.

“Please sing again.” I plead and he smiles shyly before taking a shopping bag and handing it to me.

“This is yours and it is important.” I take it, frowning at him.

“I wonder what it is.” I take out the first small box inside and my breath hitches when I see the iPhone 13. “Babe.” I mutter breathlessly and he gestures that I check out the rest of the shopping bag’s contents. The second thing that comes out is an iPad, a smart watch and a MacBook. “Thank you! Thank you!” I jump him and shower him with kisses all over. He giggles and cages me in his arms.

“You look so cute right now.” He perks my lips and I blush. This nigga is making me feel things.

“Let me quickly go and dish up for us.” he chuckles.

“You’re running away from me. Worse you haven’t opened all your gifts.” I snort and head back to my gifts.

Most of them consists of clothes, shoes and even lingerie. I am sure he is expecting me to model for him. There are also grocery gift cards, a clicks one, another from woolies and the last one from bargain books. I guess this guy never went to work. He just went shopping.

“For this, you might get a lap dance.” I wave the Bargain Books gift card and he laughs.

“I knew it.”

“Thank you babe.” I hug him once more and then place the gift bags at the corner in the lounge. “Let me dish up for us.” I have already set up a table in the patio. I quickly dish up and then go place the food and juice in the table. I put on one of his boxers and then call him. He comes with a bunch of white lilies and my heart melts. “I thought you were done with the gifts.”

He smiles. “This is not a gift, love. It’s an ‘Indoda must’.” I laugh and take the flowers. I smell them like most flower lovers do and I love the smell. It’s fresh and unique. “Pose for me.”

I giggle. “With your shirt and boxers?”

He grins. “I know how to take pictures, love.” I roll my eyes and then pose for him. He takes dozens of pictures, I end up being grumpy and

he laughs. "Let's go eat then." We head to the patio. "Wow, babe. This is beautiful." He takes pictures of the set up and I laugh. "All this was made by this amazing beautiful woman." he turns to phone to me and I hide behind the flowers.

"Stop it." He laughs. We sit down and start eating.

"Mawande has invited the whole family to dinner at her house." He starts and I immediately know that she wants to introduce her man to the family. She is brave and I like that she is doing this sooner rather than later.

"Awesome. I can't wait to see her house."

He shrugs. "It's girly like her."

I laugh. "That means it has more class than

your house.”

“Take that back. My house is elegant, classy and manly.”

“That manliness is boring.” His eyes pop out and I crack up.

“Please tell me the perfect weekend getaway destination for you guys because I am tired of my mother rejoicing in my misery.” I chortle. Zoe is such a whole mood. I don’t know what combination would come out if she and Mathenji were to spend a whole afternoon together.

“It has to be in Durban or any town in KZN. I have never been there before and I would love to go there.” he nods.

“My mother is originally from Durban so I don’t

think she would love to go there. However, there is this town which is 2 hours away from Durban and it is called Richards Bay. It is really beautiful and I have been to Tuzi Gazi before. There is a beach in the area. I know she would love to spend time there. Even if it's for a weekend."

"Then it's decided. When is this trip going to take place? I need to buy some swimsuits for it."

"Please don't buy things that are too revealing." I roll my eyes.

"All swimsuits are revealing. Next thing you are going to say I should wear them."

"That also sounds like a great idea." He says with a satisfied smile and I groan. He can be impossible if he likes.

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Makho drops me off in my car, well his car, and then gets into an Uber. When I get into my apartment, I find a box on top of the coffee table which I didn't leave there and I won't say I didn't see it when I arrived because I was in a hurry. I go place my shopping bags in my bed and then come back to this mystery box. Is it a bomb? The only person who has a spare key to my room is the maintenance man for emergencies but I think he would've told me about this when I saw him in the elevator. After convincing myself that this isn't a bomb, I find the courage to open the box. I am hit with the smell of brand new books. God, they smell heavenly. I see 2 ceramic bookmarkers with leather straps. I take the first one and I recognize my name in the ceramic part. It is engraved in a beautiful font. The other side of the bookmarker has PAGE HEAVEN logo. I

almost miss the message written on the leather strap because it is the same colour as the strap. It is written 'there is no one like you' and I instantly know who these are from. This man is going to kill me with this much love. It's too much for one woman, not that I am saying he should take a second wife. I would kill him.

I sit down and take out the books from the box one by one, reading the summary at the back, smelling them and putting them aside. I grin when I see the ones I have been meaning to buy. This man of mine is a godsend and there is no one else for me. I have to buy him something extravagant which will try to top off his gift, even though I know that's impossible. I just have to find a friend of his or maybe ask Masande what his brother likes. It then hits me that he has never introduced me to his friends but he seldom talks about them, so I guess his

family is more important than his friends.

I take a few pictures of my new books and the bookmakers and then post them on social media, not forgetting to tag Page Heaven and the authors. I then put them on my book case. I clean around the house and when I am done, I sit down and set up my new gadgets. Luckily, we have Wi-Fi here, so I don't have to worry about data. But Makho also bought me a router to use when I am not home. I know Akose would love to have this phone I am currently using but I don't want her getting my sloppy seconds. I plan on buying her a new phone on her birthday or when she gets here. I check out Makho's Instagram and I see so many pictures and videos of me from today. This guy is whipped. I screenshot the ones I like and then post them. He deserves a nice treat and while I prepare for dinner, I will teach myself some

stripper dance moves. I need to wow him.

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I put on a tape to hold up my boobs and then put on my red sheath long sleeve zipper V-neck party mini dress which hugs my body like my second skin. Underneath I have a lace underwear which is crotch-less. I know my man will go crazy when he sees them. My make-up and hair is on point. I finish off my look with black tie leg stiletto heeled sandals. I put my phone and other small things in my black purse. The sound of a knock informs me that he has arrived. I decide to tease him by leaving my zipper open. I head to the lounge and open the door. When his eyes settle on my body, he goes into a shock. I laugh inwardly. Tease successful. By the time he has snapped out of it, I am halfway to zipping up my dress.

“Aibo, why are you locking away such beauty?” he asks, placing his hands above mine to stop me. I laugh.

“This is for desert, babe.” I drawl in a seductive tone.

“No. this is the starter, main course and desert.”

“Hey, you said you were going to take me out. Don’t tell me I dressed up for nothing.” He groans.

“You woman, are going to be the death of Me.” he allows me to zip up my dress and then we walk to the elevator with him walking behind me. Pervert.

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 57

“I have a bad feeling about this.” Zoe murmurs as we climb the stairs leading to Mawande’s front door. I chuckle.

It feels great to be the only one who knows what is happening here. From what I have gathered, Mawande doesn’t invite her family over for dinner. She has never done so in the past. Every time she has something to announce, she just calls everyone to the Gumbi household. So I understand why Zoe is uneasy. Makho on the other side, is super chilled. He thinks his sister is going to announce something about her getting a role on TV show overseas or something like that. Well they are all in in for the surprise of their lives.

“Is there something you know that I don’t

know?" she asks and I laugh.

"Girl, come on. Your daughter has been wanting us to meet up for some time now but the girl is so busy. So we haven't had a chilled sit down." Well except for the time when she came to my apartment to tell me all about her man. But Zoe doesn't need to know about that, at least not for now.

She groans. "You're useless." She opens the door and walks inside, leaving me laughing at the entrance. She reminds me of Mathenji when I have no gossip for her.

"Why are you standing at the door?" Makho asks as he stops in front of me with his father beside me.

"I was waiting for you. Zoe left me." I answer honestly and he smiles.

"Let's go then, my love." we step inside the

house and I must say, I am amazed by its beauty.

The lobby and the furniture near the walls is strictly white and gray. There is a huge portrait of Mawande on the wall looking like a goddess, and not far from it is another with her parents and then another with her siblings. We move to the lounge which is also white and gray. I honestly would love to have a house like this. On the far end of the lounge, there is a white piano and a guitar leaning on it. I have seen a video of her playing a guitar once. It was taken when she was visiting some orphanage and she chose to sing for the kids. They were very pleased by her performance. She has an amazing voice. This girl is multi-talented.

“Hello everyone.” Mawande appears from the

kitchen wearing white and gold high rise pants, a Versace Greca border sports bra and white point toe stiletto court heels. This woman always understands the assignment. Even when she is playing hostess, she dresses the part. She hugs everyone and hugs me at last. "Thank you for coming." She whispers in my ear.

"Can't wait for the drama to unfold." I mumble and she chuckles nervously.

"You're increasing my anxiety." She whispers back and I mumble a 'sorry'. "Come this side." She announces to everyone and leads us to the backyard. She has a nice terrace that almost reaches her glowing pool. We find Masande, Luncumo, Sinethemba and her parents already waiting for us at the table. This is huge. We exchange hugs and greetings. We settle down and our hostess disappears inside the house. A few moments later, helpers come with starter

platters.

“Wande has outdone herself. She has grown.”
Mrs. Ncube states and Zoe nods in agreement.
I wonder how they are going to feel once they
know the real reason why they are here.

...

MAWANDE GUMBI

I pace back and forth on the front door
contemplating on whether I should let him in or
not. Now I really wish I had told my father about
the whole meeting. Maybe I wouldn't be this
nervous. Now it's going to be a surprise to
everyone. I am not even looking forward to the
disappointed glances I will get from everyone.

The doorbell rings again and I know I can't keep him outside for longer. He is going to sense that something is off. I force my body to stop shaking and then open the door.

There he is. The one who managed to steal my heart within a month. Honestly I never thought our relationship was going to last but Mogotsi had faith in us from the beginning. Whenever I am with him, I feel free and alive. I know I am young but I see a future with him and I really want to become his wife. I know that he will allow me to pursue my career further even after we have tied the knot because he is my number one supporter and cheerleader.

"I take it everyone has arrived." He starts off and I nod. He takes hold of my hand and brings it to his mouth to kiss it. "Don't worry.

Everything is going to be okay. Now let's do this thing." I take a deep breath and then allow him to step inside.

"Everyone is at the terrace."

"There is that beautiful voice of the woman I fell in love with." My God. How can I not blush when he says things like that? I just smile and lead him to the terrace. He is carrying a huge gift bag and I wonder what's inside.

"Wait here." I mumble as we are about to reach the back door and he nods in understanding. I go to the terrace and find everyone indulging on the starters. My eyes immediately locate my dad who raises his eyebrow at me in question. Damn, this man knows me well.

"We were about to complain about a disappearing hostess." He teases and I chuckle nervously. After this, he would wish I disappear

for real.

Well, here goes nothing. “There is a reason why I invited everyone here for dinner. There is someone who is very special to me and it would mean so much to me if you guys were to welcome that person into our family. I know this is an ambush and I apologize in advance. Please forgive me and I love you all. Try to be accommodative.” I give them my most innocent smile and then turn back before either of them say anything.

“I knew it.” I hear my mother as I walk away. Dear God, please don’t forsake me in this time of need. I take Mogotsi by the hand and lead him to where everybody is at. I stand at the end of the table and clear my throat.

“Mom, dad and family, this is Mogotsi Moagi and he is, well we are dating. Have been for a while now.” I drop the bombshell and everyone goes silent. I look at my father who has a stoic mask on his face. Fuck, I have only seen that mask in court, not around me and it breaks my heart.

“Welcome to the family, Mogotsi.” Mom is the first one to stand up and shake Mogotsi’s hand.

“Thank you so much, ma’am. You are more beautiful in person. Pictures do you no justice.” Mogotsi replies and mom smiles genuinely.

“Good evening everyone.” He greets and a few respond. I know my and uncle probably wanna skin him alive. He starts dishing out gifts.

Flowers for the other ladies and a book for my mother. Then he hands the men small gift boxes. I hope they don’t take it the wrong way.

“I figured it would be rude of me to come empty

handed. I hope the gifts don't rub anyone off the wrong way." He speaks graciously without any fear or anxiety, or maybe he is just hiding it well.

"Sit down." My father states and it's only then I realize he was waiting for permission to sit. He sits down on the vacant chair between Chizoba and Sne. My chair is on the other side of the table between my parents, where I always sit. I quickly go sit and then drink a glass full of water in one go.

"Calm down, my love. You know how you get when you start coughing." Mogotsi states and I suddenly feel like that's inappropriate, even though my whole family know my problem with coughing. I look at Masande and give him puppy eyes. He knows he has to somehow break the ice. He sighs and looks at Mogotsi.

“I think my sister has told you everything you need to know about us.” he starts off and Mogotsi nods. “Please tell us about yourself.”

“I am 30 years old and I am an entrepreneur. I live in East Rand and I have a four year old daughter whose mother passed on while giving birth to her. I have been dating Mawande for two years but she has met my daughter less than 5 times because I didn’t want her to think she is compelled to be a mother figure to my daughter. She may resume that role if she likes after we get married, but for now I don’t wanna put my baggage on her shoulders. My family lives in Mafikeng and that’s where my daughter also resides.” He replies and Masande nods.

“You’re saying entrepreneur like you’re some start-up business owner.” Makhosonke accuses

and I want to punch him.

“I am wealthy and that’s not a secret but I know you don’t care about that. You care about the safety, wellbeing and happiness of your sister and I respect that very much. Even if I had trillions in my account, that wouldn’t matter if I treated Mawande like trash.”

“The young man is courageous.” My aunt states and I can hear amusement in her tone. “Ow won’t you stop looking at the child like you wanna eat him alive. Grill him or whatever but at the end of the day, you will have to accept him like it or not because we don’t want an unhappy Wande in our lives.” She gives my father and her husband an accusing look.

“What attracted you to my daughter?” my father asks.

Mogotsi chuckles, seeming to be thinking of an inside joke. "When I first saw her, like really see her, she was wearing a white pantsuit. She was arguing with some guy which I later learnt was her agent. I was on my way to a meeting but I just stopped on the pavement and stared at her. She continued walking and shouting at the guy and then she came to an abrupt stop when her eyes landed on a homeless woman who was cradling a baby in her arms. She bent down and started talking to the woman. I didn't hear what she was saying but from the smile on her face, I knew it was something good and comforting. She then helped the woman stand up and led them to a car. I never spoke to her on that day and I never told her about it until today. Her genuine kind heart is what attracted me to her. I didn't even know who she was before that day." My heart somersaults. And here I thought meeting him at a bakery month later was pure coincidence. I look at my father and he senses

me. He turns to stare at me and I reach out to hold his hand. He sighs and turns to Mogotsi.

“Mawande is my first daughter and she is my first love. Year after year, I have treated her mother with nothing but respect and I have loved her every day since I met her. I have never raised a hand on my wife or insulted her. This is because of the love I have for her but also because I wanted to show my children how a man treats a woman, how my sons should treat their wives and how my daughter should be treated. She is my pride and joy. If you ever harm a single hair on her head, I will look for you, I will find you and I will give you the most painful death you can imagine.” He finishes off and I am sure everyone in the table can feel the intensity of his threat.

Mogotsi nods. "Thank you, sir. I will never disappoint you." I have hope. I hope that this means my father will give my man a chance. I know he won't accept him overnight.

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 58

MAKHOSONKE GUMBI

"Let's take a walk." My father states looking at Mogotsi. They both stand up and I follow them towards the garden. I see my uncle and Masande right behind me. "You guys are like women. You love news." He says staring at us and we just laugh. He stops when we are at a safe distance from the women and I quickly

settle on the concrete bench, folding my legs and stare at Mogotsi. I am not comfortable with his relationship with my sister.

“I am not comfortable about you being 7 years older than Mawande.” My uncle starts off. “You seem like a nice guy but sometimes looks can be deceiving.” My uncle is like our second father. I remember when we were younger. Whenever he would find our father disciplining us, he would jump right in and assist him, and only ask what we did after delivering the punishment. “But your age means you are also mature and reasonable, or am I lying?”

“Yes sir. You’re right. I can say I am mature and reasonable.” Mogotsi responds.

“You guys have been dating for two years.” Dad states matter-of-factly. “How did you feel about

not having freedom to show her affection in public? I know how my daughter likes to keep her private life private. She treats herself like Beyoncé.” The last statement is a joke but Mogotsi doesn’t dare laugh.

“At first I thought this was her way of keeping me her dirty little secret. I don’t wanna lie. During the first month of our relationship I was really annoyed by her not wanting us to dine out in public or even sleep in hotels. Then one day she told me that she doesn’t like to be famous for anything else other than her talent and work. She wants to be known for that and not just another rich guy’s girlfriend. I understood her and so I tried to make the relationship work in her terms. That’s when I started closing restaurants down on one nights just because I wanted to eat with her or even go to a secluded hotel or a very expensive resort just so I can

make sure nobody can recognize her or even go crazy on her. She also emphasized her love for her family and didn't want them finding out about us on some tabloids. She really loves you guys, especially you Mr. Gumbi." He looks at my dad. "I get jealous of the relationship you have with your daughter and most of the time I pray that I get to have a relationship like that with my daughter. You know one day I had planned for us to go to Netherlands and a few hours before our flight she was like 'daddy needs me, so I am out'." he imitates Wande's voice and we laugh while dad chuckles. "I was so defeated. I was like 'but love we planned this trip and we have known about for weeks.' Her response was 'now I should bail out on the man that brought me on this earth for you?'" dad cracks up. "I swear my jealousy went overboard that minute and when she gave me puppy eyes, all was forgotten."

“Women will be our undoing, I swear.” Masande adds and we all laugh.

“And we have no choice to accept you or else we are taking the couches tonight.” My uncle chirps in. I guess these women have us wrapped around their little fingers and they don’t even realize it.

“My daughter is really young, Mogotsi. She is 22 years old. But hearing you mention hotels means you guys are sexually active. I know you are planning on making her yours for good. This is very difficult for me, but when are you marrying her?”

“She turned down my proposal last year. She said she will only say yes when you think the time is right. So I guess you hold the cards of the future of our relationship. You are more like

the first wife. Your approval is the key.” – Mogotsi.

“And what happens if I say no?” dad’s question goes unanswered. He chuckles shaking his head. “I guess denying you your request would be selfish of me because I married her mother she was 20 years old and by that time she was already pregnant with our first child. I am a very good judge of character, pun intended. But you know how our judgement gets clouded when our families are involved. My children are my biggest achievement and I love them all shamelessly. I am not just saying this to scare you or anything. I am warning you, no I am promising you. I made Mawande a promise when I first held her. I told her that I will be the big bad wolf that chases every monster, those coming from the sky, the window and under her bed. That I would burn alive any man who

abuses her emotionally, physically and sexually. I intend to keep my word. I don't care about prison. My son would make sure I escape justice." My uncle laughs. God, how can he laugh while dad issues such a threat?

"Let's go eat desert. I bet you all she prepared a peppermint cake." my uncle teases as he hooks his arm over Mogotsi's shoulder and together they walk back to the terrace. We follow them. I also know that my sister prepared peppermint cake. That's her favourite cake in the whole world and she doesn't care if there is someone who doesn't like it. I sit next to Chizoba and kiss her cheek. She blushes and looks at her plate.

"Please feed me." I see her eyes popping out before I hear laughter from the whole family. "Hey, don't judge me. I also want love and

affection and attention.”

“How about when we are not there because now you’re putting her in the spotlight?”

Sinethemba comments.

“Hhay, my son is right. We do want attention. Please feed me my wife of 30 plus years.” Dad pouts looking at mom who just laugh at him.

“Come here wena daddy. I will feed you.”

Mawande chirps in and Masande and I make a gagging sound. “Jealousy will make you nasty brothers. In any case, if you have any problems, go and ask for milk from mom’s boobs.” And the opinionated Mawande is back.

“It was better when you were still walking on eggshells. Now you’re back to being annoying.”

I comment and she rolls her eyes at me.

“Next time I won’t help you with your woman’s shopping, I swear.” She responds.

“Hawu. Why are you being a sell out?” she sticks her tongue out at me before laying her head on dad’s shoulder who in turn kisses her head. She is daddy’s little girl, yoh. I hope Chizoba is not like this with her father because if so, then I have a lot of groveling to do.

We eat our desert in a lighter environment. I catch Mogotsi and Mawande sharing a small smile and I can actually understand how he feels. Women have this power of arriving in your life and turning it upside down. When we are done, the women help Mawande collect the dishes and they head to the kitchen. I know they wanna gossip because what they are doing could’ve been done by the helpers. We head to the front porch. I stand next to Mogotsi.

“I understand how you feel about my sister. My woman and I have been dating for less than two months but the moment I first really met her, I just knew I had to make her mine. She actually punched me and that punch made me really see her.” I state and he laughs.

“I don’t know if this will gross you out or anything but before Mawande found out about my daughter, she caught me saying ‘baby’ and ‘I love you’ while talking on the phone. She didn’t say anything but as we were about to do the deed, she just grabbed my dick and twisted it hard, and I honestly thought it was going to fall off. I have never cried in my before but that day I allowed myself to be vulnerable while telling her the whole story about my daughter and asking her to call back the number I last contacted.” I break into laughter. Ohh Mawande

is lethal and evil.

“Babe, can I have the keys? I wanna take my jacket from the car.” I hear Chizoba speaking behind me. I hand her the keys and she descends the stairs. Mawande comes and stand between Mogotsi and I.

“I hope you are making Mogotsi as comfortable as I have made Chichi.” She starts off and I chuckle.

“You didn’t need to make her comfortable because mom took care of that.” she rolls her eyes and turn to Mogotsi with a smile.

“I guess I will see you soon.” he nods. They share a hug and he bids us farewell before heading to his car.

He drives out and he pauses to check on the

upcoming cars before joining the street. As he does so, an SUV comes out of nowhere and hits his sports car hard it crashes with Mawande's fence. The SUV drives away in a fast speed. I hear Mawande screaming before she kicks her heels away and runs down the stairs. We are all still too shocked to move. After her, Chizoba follows with the car.

"MOGOTSI!" I see them struggling to take him out of the car but a few moments later, they place him on the backseat of my car before Chizoba drives off in high speed.

"What the fuck just happened?" Sinethemba asks. I have never seen an accident happening so fast. Like I blinked for a millisecond and just like that, it occurred.

"We have to follow them. now." Mom states already rushing to dad's car. I follow them

because I currently have no car. Was this a premeditated hit and run? I am so confused right now. I can't even think straight.

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 59

I have never seen Wande this hysterical. Well truth be told, I haven't known her for that long, so there are a lot of things I don't know about her. But I know she is not the type of person to lose her cool. However, the girl went crazy as soon as I parked the car outside the hospital. She called the porters fast and they were wheeling Mogotsi inside the hospital within a blink of an eye. What I didn't anticipate were the number of people actually filming what was happening. What is wrong in this world? They

didn't care about whatever Wande was going through. What they cared about most was the content. Inside the hospital, they were filming Mawande as she paced up and down the corridor with blood soaked clothes. I had to shove her into a bathroom and lock her in while I raced to Makho's car to retrieve my overnight bag which contained a dress, some cosmetics and shit. I cleaned her up with facial wipes and then helped her get dressed in my burgundy dress. It was two sizes bigger than her but it was better than her clothes. The family arrived at the hospital half an hour later.

"Baby." Mazwakhe drawls and that is enough to snap Wande out of it. She jumps up from her seat and goes to throw herself in her father's arms.

"There was so much blood, dad. What if he is dead? What if I lost him? I love him. He can't

leave me. He promised to marry me. He can't just break his promise like that." Wande sobs in her father's arms and I see Mazwakhe sighing before he moves both Wande and himself to the couches. They sit down and he rocks her back and forth.

"Did you find out something about the car that drove away?" I ask Makho as he comes to put his blazer around me. He shakes his head.

"We will get someone to look at the security footage outside Wande's house to see if they can pick up something about whoever that hit Mogotsi." He explains and I nod. "Did someone contact Mogotsi's family or friends? It would be very bad if they heard about this from the media."

"Wande doesn't have her phone with her." I

respond.

“I have it right here.” Sinethemba hands it to me.

“There have been some journalists that have called. It’s funny how bad news travel faster than flash.” I walk to where Wande is.

“Can you please open your phone for me? I need to tell Mogotsi’s family about this.” I tell her and she takes it away from my hand.

“I will do it. I will call his mother and she will tell the family.” I go back to my seat while she dials a number. She speaks in a hushed voice and ends the call a few moments later.

30 minutes later, a woman in her late fifties comes in followed by a man her age and two young men. The woman goes straight to Wande. She touches her arm and Wande looks up. She jumps into the woman’s arms and start crying loudly again. Her cries break my heart. I can

imagine the pain and anguish I would be in if Makho was in the same position.

“Can somebody please tell me what’s going on?” the older man asks. He looks like an older version of Mogotsi. There is no doubt that it’s his father.

Masande stands up. “Sir. I am Masande Gumbi, Mawande’s brother.” He extends his hand and both men do a handshake.

“I am Mohapi Moagi. Mogotsi’s father. This is my wife, Keabetswe and my sons, Boikanyo and Gaone. What happened to my son?” he asks in a cool tone.

“Well Mawande wanted to introduce him to our family, so we had dinner and when it was over, we walked him to the driveway. Just as he was driving out to join the road, a car came out of

nowhere and hit his car, sending it flying to the fence. Everything happened so fast. One moment we were shocked by the quick accident in front of our eyes, we didn't even see Mawande running to Mogotsi and Chizoba, my brother's girlfriend, follow her with a car. Mawande singlehandedly managed to drag Mogotsi out of his car and the two women put him on the backseat of the car. They drove away so fast and brought him here. The car that collided with Mogotsi's car sped off straight after it hit him. We can't help but wonder if it was a mere accident or something that was premeditated." Masande narrates and Mohapi nods.

"Have the doctors said anything?" Gaone asks. Masande shakes his head. As if they sensed it, two doctors come to the waiting room.

"Gumbi family, right?" the coloured doctor asks.

“Yes. What is going on with my son?”

“I am Doctor Forbes and this is my colleague, Doctor Mahlawe and we have been working together to help Mr. Moagi. He sustained a head injury, his head stroke against the window at the time of the collusion and he also sustained neck injuries from the whiplash. We have to commend the ladies who brought him in because they helped us prevent some major damage. He will be going to surgery soon because his x-ray results showed that he broke some ribs and his right arm.”

“Is he going to be okay? When can we see him?” his mother asks.

“Seeing him won’t be possible right now, Ma’am. We are preparing him for surgery. The past hour we have been trying to stabilize him and

neutralize any threats. We will come inform you about his health after we are done working on him.” Dr. Mahlawe responds. “If you will excuse us.” she starts walking away.

“You may want to go home, rest a bit and come back in the morning because we might be done with his surgery after midnight. Even after that, we don’t think we will be allowing visitors until we know for sure that he is out of danger.” Dr. Forbes asks.

“Can you please allow me to see him? Even if it’s for a millisecond. I don’t think I will be able to close my eyes or do anything. The last image of him is seeing his unconscious bloodied body and it is traumatizing me. I am even scarred of blinking because the images just come back stronger than ever. Please let me.” Wande pleads in a broken voice. She even attempts to kneel on the floor but her father quickly catch

him.

“Please doctor. She is not going to touch him or anything. She is just going to stand in the door. This is my son we are talking about and believe me, I wanna see him as soon as possible just so I can be sure that he is alive and that you aren’t just lying to us. But I understand Mawande’s feelings. I have been there before. Please allow her.” Mrs. Gumbi please and Dr. Forbes sighs.

“We will allow you for only a minute.” She replies before walking away. Mawande walks behind her but at the very last moment, she grabs my hand and literally drags me out of the waiting room. I don’t dare say anything. I know she needs support, even though she can’t voice that out loud. We turn a corner and then come

to a halt in front of a closed door. Dr. Forbes opens it and steps inside. "Only a minute, Wandy G. I am only allowing you because I am a fan." She smiles.

"Well this is one of the few times I am glad I am famous." Wande states before walking inside the ward.

She stops a few feet from the bed and stares at Mogotsi. She doesn't move and I am worried that she has even stopped breathing. After a while she turns and heads out. I follow her. The door closes behind us. Once in the hallway, she leans on the wall and slides until she is sitting on the cold tiles. I can't help but notice people filming her. People have no shame. I guess to them, a tough time like this means nothing if you are a celebrity. I sit in front of her and try to hide her from the prying eyes.

“He wasn’t moving, Chichi. He is just laying there like a dead man. He is scarring me. I can’t do this life thing without him. He can’t do me like that. Please tell him he can’t do me like that.” tears fall on her beautiful cheeks and she doesn’t bother wiping them. I bring her into my arms and embrace her. Sometimes when a person is going through a lot, they don’t need you to say something to them. a hug can be exactly what they need because it assured them that you are there for them and won’t let them walk through the valley of the dead alone. After a few minutes of sitting on the cold floor, I start feeling cold. I stand up and help Wande up. We head back to the waiting room.

“How is he?” Makho asks and I shake my head.

“Well, we have a problem.” Sinethemba states

and we all turn to look at her. “You are trending and it’s not looking good.”

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 60

“What are we going to do?” Zoe asks after almost two hours of silence.

When Sinethemba announced about Wande trending, we all got into our phones and discovered a very ugly story. Well a woman who dated Mogotsi a while back whose name is Dineo, she wrote a post stating that Wande is nothing but a man stealing whore who did all in her powers to take Mogotsi from her. She actually said that Wande was Mogotsi’s side

chick and when Dineo found out about their relationship, she threatened to out Wande to the brutal social media so that they could shame her and bully her. Mogotsi did end the relationship and unfortunately for Dineo, Mogotsi's lawyers gave her an ultimatum. She could either leave the relationship in peace and not bother the couple, or post something shitty about Wande and end up being charged with defamation of character.

It's really crazy that this woman is talking like this now as if she won't be held responsible for defaming Wande. Social media is driving her crazy and while some are on her side, Wande has thousands of fans defending her and her dignity. The women in Dineo's side were actually slutshaming Wandy and it's brutal. I guess seeing a young woman who is very successful getting sucked into a scandal like

this one, it makes other people happy. It's the pull her down syndrome and it will never end. Dineo went on to say that Wande might've tried to kill Mogotsi since he was coming out of her house. I mean South Africa has had a story similar to that. So Wande ended up being compared to this other woman and it's insane.

In my personal opinion, I think it would be wise to just wait for Mogotsi to gain consciousness and then together with Wande, they will decide on what they wish to tell the media. If they wish to confirm the rumours of them dating, then they should do so together because if she does it alone, it might backfire in a way. But I also wish they can just stop focusing on her. Like don't these people sleep? It's like nearly midnight but they are still posting and even sharing pictures of Mawande covered in blood. What happened to the South Africa that was

known to have humanity? How can you take a video or a picture of someone who is literally going through a lot? It's insensitive and borderline inhumane. I really wish they can all pay for this but you can slap a thousand people with lawsuits in their faces. What's more painful is the video they took of me and Wande trying to take Mogotsi out of the car. He looked horrible and for a moment, he looked dead. There is someone who took that video, shared it on Instagram, Facebook, TikTok and YouTube. The things people would do to stay relevant is sickening.

“At the end of the day, this Dineo woman violated whatever agreement she had with Mogotsi and his lawyers. She should be charged with defamation of character and cyber bullying. And the people who were the first ones to share pictures of my daughter here in the

hospital should be charged with invasion of privacy because they took pictures of her without her consent and in a terrible state. What they did was inhumane and disgusting. Imagine if I didn't know about her relationship with Mogotsi and just as I was checking on the socials before going to sleep and I bump into a picture of her covered in blood? Do they imagine the amount of pain and suffering they are inflicting on the families affected by this issue?" Mazwakhe leaves us all quiet and looking at this from a different point of view. How do these people think Mogotsi's daughter will feel if she sees something like this? Yes, she is young and might not understand what's happening, but no child should see or experience something like this.

"We will let the publicists deal with this. They are getting paid to do this anyways." Mohapi

responds. "What I want is to find out who tried to kill my son. Whether it was unintentional or intentional, the person will pay, one way or another."

"I guess we should head back Wande's house and get a lot at the CCTV footage. Masande, please take Luncumo home. She needs to rest." Zoe states and Masande nods. He walks to hug Mawande and then heads out with his woman. Everyone else follows till I am left with Makho and Wande.

"Wande, we need to head back to your house. You need to shower, get some sleep and then we will come back here in the morning. Don't worry, they will allow you to be by Mogotsi's side tomorrow. Maybe you can even spend the whole day with him." she sniffs and nods.

“Thank you for being here, Chizoba. I don’t know if I could’ve survived this. You literally saved Mo’s life.” She states in a cracked voice.

“You don’t have to thank me. We are a family now. Your brother is the one that owes me a thank you.” she smiles and Makho laughs.

Together we walk out of the hospital and climb into Makho’s car.

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The following morning, I wake up early and prepare breakfast for Makho and Wande. Both my man and I spent the night her because we couldn’t leave Mawande alone. After I am done cooking, I go shower and put on a t-shirt and short which I find in the closet and I know they belong to Makho. It’s his style. As I wait for Wande whom we had to drug last night because

we knew she wouldn't sleep with all that she went through, I go on the socials and bump into a new story about Wande dating one of her producers last year. There are actually screenshots of conversations between the two people calling each other babe and saying they will meet at certain hotels. This won't end well. There is also a friend of Mawande who 'confirms' the producer's allegations. Jesus Christ. How could your own friend throw you under the bus in times of need?

"What's new?" Wande asks as she enters the kitchen with her brother. "Mmm, this looks good." She takes a strip of bacon and toss it into her mouth. "Yummy." She is dressed in a hot pink lapel neck double breasted blazer & pants suit, a pink Apperloth A beaded sequin insert applique cami top and black artificial patent PU open toe jeweled detail high heels.

Her make-up and weave are on point. Now that's what I call a comeback. She looks like she is actually going to a high class event of some sort.

"It's crazy. The world is upside down." I respond and she chuckles.

"It always is." Makho laughs. "I know you don't have something to wear. There is a dress which my designer made for me. I was going to wear it at Mo's family reunion this year. It's really cute. You can wear it. I will find something else to put on."

"Thanks love. I will change before we leave. Anyways, word is out that you cheated on Mogotsi last year with a producer of yours. There are even screenshots to 'prove' the claim and a witness who is a friend of yours." I

announce and she frowns. "There are even texts about between you guys setting up meetings at hotels."

"Fuck. I am sure it looks bad and South Africa has already prosecuted Me." she answers in a low tone and Makho holds her hand.

"We will get through this, sisi. You have good team of lawyers behind you. When they are done causing all this chaos on social media, that's when they will feel what actual fire feels like." Makho states.

We indulge our breakfast trying so hard to ignore what is happening in the outside world. It's not easy but sometimes you have to put a pause on drama in order to complete the tasks you need to do. When we are done eating, I go to Makho's room and find a red and white

sleeveless floor-length tie-dye mid waist pullover dress. It is really beautiful. I put it on and pair it with my heels. I fix my hair and make-up and then head downstairs. I find the siblings teasing each other in the lobby and they look so cute. I can't help but secretly take a few pictures of them and a single video. I then make my way to them and Makho bites his lip when he sees me.

“Ngakhetha emini ka bha mina. (I chose my woman during the day.)* I don't even know what he means but I blush because it sounds so romantic.

“You two can be nauseating.” Wande imitates a gag and I laugh. As we are about to head out, someone roughly opens the door and I see one of Wande's friends making her way in. she looks pissed. Her eyes seize us up and then she stares at Wande with so much vile in her face.

“How could you hide this from me, Mawande? I thought we were friends. 2 years? 2 whole years you have been dating this guy and you didn’t trust me enough as your friend to tell me about this? I had to lie to journalists and say I knew about this whereas I didn’t. Is this something you can hide to your friend? Really?” she asks. She is clearly upset. This is not something you can just ask when your friend is going through a lot. You support them and ask them questions later.

Mawande sighs. “I know I have been secretive but you have to put yourself in my shoes and understand my situation.”

“Your situation? What situation? That you are secretive? Or did you think I was going to take away that man of yours just because he is a

billionaire? Is that it? You were afraid of competition?” yoh! Friends we keep.

“I honestly don’t have time for this. My man is fighting for his life in a hospital bed right now. I am traumatized. I am trying to keep it together but my heart is broken into a lot of pieces and you actually have the nerve to come here and ask me about petty things. I am beginning to wonder if you are a true friend or not. A real friend would’ve burst through that door and give me the most comforting hug before slapping me. We are done here. What you have done just showed me that you’re a fake friend and I wouldn’t be too surprised if you’re the friend who is the reliable source to journalists.” She walks out and I follow her. Makho waits until the friend is out before locking the door.

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 61

When we get to the hospital, I am surprised by the number of journalists that stop us from making it to the entrance. I thought this thing happened in movies or overseas. I have never seen it happen in real life. But then again, I didn't have a friend who is a celebrity before. Dozens of mics are shoved in Wendy's face. I think I am glad she decided to dress up and be fabulous. I am sure they were expecting her to come up looking all miserable but the girl disappointed them. And then the questions start piling in.

“Wandy, is it true that you are dating the billionaire, Mogotsi?”

“Was it your intention to kill him because people say he cheated on you?” what the flipping hell? Where did that come from?

“Did you use love potion on him? Is that why he can’t break up with you?”

“Are you two timing him with your producer?”

“Are you ashamed of him? Is that why you hid your relationship?” these people don’t care whether she answers them or not, as long as they get their stupid questions through. How I wish to punch at least one of them.

“OKAY! THAT’S ENOUGH, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!” a man from nowhere. “OUR FAVOURITE SINGER AND ACTRESS IS GOING THROUGH A TOUGH TIME! A MAN WHO IS CLOSE TO HER HEART WAS ATTACKED LAST

NIGHT AND LEFT FOR DEAD! IF IT WASN'T FOR OUR WANDY, HE WOULDVE DIED! NOW PLEASE GIVE HER, HER FAMILY AND THE MOAGI FAMILY SOME PRIVACY AS THEY DEAL WITH THIS DELICATE PRIVATE ISSUE WHICH IS NOT MATTER OF PUBLIC INTEREST! THANK YOU!" He hooks his arm on Wande and leads her inside the hospital. We follow through as the journalists pave way for us. Whoever that man is, holds some power.

"Thanks for that. How did you know I needed you?" Wande asks as we enter the waiting room. The man chuckles.

"I have a sixth sense for this parasites. I know they are going to write a lot about that mini statement of mine but I don't care. There is not much to grasp there, unless they are too

intellectual, which we all know they aren't.”
Wande giggles, then she looks at me.

“Oww, I am sure you’re confused by whoever this loud man is.” I chuckle and nod. “He is Celumusa Khathide and he is my publicist. He loves to stare up drama and confuses the enemy but he is very good at his job. I am the private person that I am and all praises go to him. He knows my every secret. And Celi, this is Chizoba, my future sister-in-law.” I shake hand with the lousy publicist.

“You look even more beautiful in person.” He flashes me a seductive smile.

“Back off Khathide.” Makho warns and Celi laughs before raising his hands in surrender.

“I know better than to go after your woman. I learnt my lesson the hard way.” He responds with a grin. Just as we are about to sit, Mrs. Moagi appears from the corner leading to Mogotsi’s room.

“Thank God you’re here. He is awake and has been asking for you. He thought that something happened to you, so he doesn’t believe us when we say you’re okay and you’re coming.” She talks fast, holding Wande who just takes off to Mogotsi’s ward.

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MAWANDE GUMBI

The minute I enter this ward, my heart skips a bit. He is sitting up and laughing or trying to laugh at something his brother is saying. I can see that he is trying to stay strong but he is

hurting.

“Why are you sitting up?” I can’t but ask as I make my way to his side and adjust his bed so that he is lying flat on his back. I fix his pillows and put back his oxygen mask on. “You are not fully healed. Don’t act all Van Damme here. I don’t want you being hard headed on this situation. You need to heal and let nature take its course, for me, please.” My voice breaks. I never thought I will see him awake so soon. I guess he recovered very fast. He smiles at me and removes his mask.

“I am fine, mosadi waka. I love it when you take care of me like this. I love you.” hearing his voice makes it seem all too real. I can’t stop the sobs that escape my mouth. I try to muffle them with my hand. He tilts his head to the side. “Guys, can you please give us a few minutes?” I don’t see them but I hear footsteps before they

fade and the door gets shut. "I am fine, babe. You can see me." he reaches out for one of my hands with his uninjured hand and I grab it, moving closer to him.

"I thought I had lost you. When I saw all that blood, I thought you were going to bleed out in my lap. When I saw that car hit you, I thought I was going to find you dead. Many things have been going through my mind the past 24 hours but the clearer one was my thoughts of losing you. I don't think I would've survived it. I am not strong enough to face the world without you, Mogotsi. Please don't make me face it." I shake my head violently as tears stream down my cheeks.

"Shh. My love I am not going anywhere. I don't think I would've faced death well knowing that I

am leaving behind such a work of art. Imagine all this beauty being seen by some other asshole who can't appreciate it." I giggle but tears haven't stopped falling. I don't think they will any time soon.

"I am glad you're okay. Have you eaten?" he nods. "Please rest now. I need you well rested and healed so that we can face the world together and get married afterwards." He grins and I smile. I so wish to find whoever that hit him with the car. That person needs to pay, one way or the other.

"Ohh, I love that last part, Mrs. Moagi." He winks at me before closing his eyes but still holding on to me.

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MATHENJI GASA

My friend is going through a lot these days. I don't know how she is keeping her head held up high in spite of everything that's happening around her. First, her brother was burned by his wife and she had to up and go to Nigeria. Then Makhosonke got mad about her having lunch with an ex and she was forced to come back to SA as soon as possible just so she could put out a fire she had unintentionally caused. When she thought everything was going well, she was sucked into the drama of Wendy's man's accident. I love drama but even I would go crazy with that amount of it.

Which is why I have decided to take her to the gym just to blow off some steam. Last night I

stole one of Nathan's cars but he was totally cool with it and actually laughed at me this morning when he realized what I had done. I don't know how he is going to react when he finds out that I am going to a studio owned by an ex. But I won't tell if you don't. I get to Chizoba's building in Park Town and find her already waiting for me outside in her gym clothes.

"What a beast." She compliments as she climbs into the passenger seat.

"Oww I try, but thanks for the compliment." I respond modestly and she laughs.

"I will just as if I didn't see the NATE 3 number plate and be happy for your success, my friend." I roll my eyes, laughing at her.

"So, how is everything?" I ask and she sighs.

“In all honesty, I am just glad that Mogotsi is awake. That part was the one that was driving Wande crazy. I could feel her pain and misery. She cried every now and then, she still cries even now but it’s better because she gets to see him and talk to him.” I nod.

“How about you and Makhosonke? Is everything okay?”

She giggles. “He was just being a big baby that needed some assurance. He actually bought me an iPhone, iPad, MacBook, airpods and a smart watch, amongst many other clothes and books.”

“He is the boyfriend you read about in one of your novels.” She cracks up.

“Precisely, friend. Now how about you? How is white dick treating you?” it’s my turn to giggle like a love sick teenager. God the things this

over-affectionate men make us do.

“It is well with my soul and vagina, chomie yami. He spoils me like hell, loves me like a possessive mafia king, fucks me like a dominant, everything about him is overboard but I guess that’s what I ordered from God. Someone to satisfy me in all aspects and darling, the guy is perfect for me.”

She smiles genuinely. “I am happy for you. I never thought I would see a day where you are happy and satisfied with one man. God works in mysterious ways.” Amen to that. “Now, does he know we are going to your ex’s gym?”

“My lips are seals as so are yours.” She laughs. “Always stirring up trouble, Mathenji. You never rest.” I chuckle.

We get to the gym and start exercising. I get a personal trainer who takes me through most of the courses. Halfway through our session, Bangi comes our way. God, I had hoped I wouldn't see him today, but what are the odds of bumping into him in his establishment?

"Jama, I will take it from here man. Go help her friend." He points at Chizoba and Jama smiles before walking away. "I thought I would never see you here again."

I sigh. "I didn't know that I was banned from coming here. If so, we will be on our way and look for another gym." He rolls his eyes.

"That's not what I said, Mathenji. I am not petty. I wanted, no, needed your love but I guess I wasn't fit enough or rough enough for you."

That's why you went for a well-known dangerous gangster, right?"

I scoff. "I thought you said you weren't petty but here we are. I am leaving." I pick my towel and bottle from the floor.

"No. don't leave." He stops me.

"Actually, I think leaving is what's best for everyone." My whole body freezes instantly. What was I hoping to achieve? Of course he was going to find out that this gym was owned by Bangi. It's Nathan that we are talking about. The man can even find out Shaka's shoe size if he wanted to. "And you're not coming back here." he gives me one look and I huff. It's not like I did anything wrong. I walk to Chizoba and my face says it all. She takes her things and we walk out. Nate follows us. When we reach his car, Chizoba turns to face.

“Nigga you have to chill. Today was about me not about your girlfriend reconciling with her ex. If she wanted to do that, she wouldn’t need me to hold out the candle for her. You need to trust her and be less controlling. That’s all. If you keep behaving like this, I won’t be rooting for you.” she slides into the car and Nathan looks at me.

“Not cool, gorilla.” I mutter as I climb into the driver seat. God, he can be so frustrating some times, well many times.

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 62

“You are going to need this.” Mathenji shoves a

sexy lingerie in my arms and I laugh.

We are shopping for the trip Makho planned. Zoe decided to invite Mathenji too. So it's me, Wande, Zoe and my friend. Zoe and Wande are also with us. Mawande is doing really great. The past two weeks have been really hard on her. From Mogotsi's accident to the media chaos and finally finding the person who caused the accident. It was a bitter sweet revelation. The person actually has a business related grudge against Mogotsi because he recently acquired some company shares that this guy, Bambela Mchunu, has been gunning for. I really don't know why he wanted to kill Mogotsi because even if he succeeded, he wouldn't have gotten the shares. But then again, the reason for the accident was just some revenge, I guess. This guy was just bitter and he is a sore loser. Mogotsi has been discharged from the hospital

and he is using crutches to move around but the doctors are impressed by his speedy recovery.

On the other news, Reno left on Saturday. Friday before she left, Mathenji threw her a massive party at her home where she invited a lot of people. I had so much fun there, I also drank a lot. At the end of the night, I took an Uber to Makho's house and because I didn't bring my spare key, I shouted at the gate for a whole 10 minutes before he opened for me. He was super pissed that I put myself in danger but I think I passed out halfway through his rant. The following morning I had to deal with a grumpy Makho and a massive hangover. I don't know who was more annoying between the two.

"I am going to Richards Bay with just women

and I am not looking for a weekend shag because I am in a serious relationship. So what am I going to need the lingerie for?" I ask as I walk to the swimwear section. Makho booked us into this hotel called BON Hotel Waterfront. It has some lake thing near it and a beautiful pool, so one needs a new swimwear to rock. I am just going to make sure it isn't too revealing. I don't want to provoke Makho. I would rather wear something provocative when I'm with him. In that way, I would get to seduce him all I want.

"That man of yours can be too serious. You need to show him what you're made of before we leave so that he will think of you every second you are away from him." she follows me, with her shopping basket full of lingerie and short dresses.

"What do you suggest I do then, genius?" she grins.

“Bound him and then give him a strip show. After that you can fuck his brains out until he has the urge to report you to his mother.” she suggests, already licking her lips.

“My God, TMI Mathenji.” Wande chips in as she comes from behind us. I just laugh. Well I am glad Zoe is not the one who heard Mathenji’s comment. “But then, does that always work?” she asks in interest and both Mathenji and I laugh.

“My boyfriend is intimidating as fuck. Sometimes I am scared of him but I know I have no reason to be because he loves me like crazy and I know he would die before he lays a finger on me. But that doesn’t include spanking.” She winks and Wande giggles. “If you have a naturally dominating man, you

should use sex as a means of getting equal with him. He will start giving in and before you know it, you will have full control of the relationship.”

“Do you have it?” I ask and she rolls her eyes.

“Not in this lifetime dear. That man can just seize control any moment and he doesn’t even need to spill it out. One look and I am weak and longing for him.”

“That’s good to know.” Jeez, this guy is everywhere. We all turn to find Nathan standing behind us. Does he have to follow Mathenji everywhere though? “After the great sex you gave me this morning, I didn’t think you would just up and leave me in bed. Imagine my surprise when I get up to find the space next to me empty and cold. Not cool.” Mathenji smiles.

No, she blushes. This girl is head over heels in love with her gangster and it's not even funny shame.

"I wanted you to come after me. I was testing you." she responds and Nathan chuckles.

"You are such a handful." He takes out a card and hands it to her. "The pin is the first 5 numbers of your ID." He then turns to me. "I promise, I am not here to take her away this time around." I snort. "I will make it up to you. I am not some gorilla who loses their cool when he sees his woman talking to another man but an ex is a trigger." I nod.

"I understand. I know I would also go crazy and honestly, I would kill Makho if I were to find him at a gym with one of his exes." He laughs.

"Well, you're more nuts than I am." He then

looks at Wande. "Hello Miss G. you could've come to me and asked me to deal with the man who tried to kill your lover man. I would've sorted him out without involving paperwork."

Wande smiles at him. "Thank you for your concern but I am happy that the issue is done with and now we can move on with our lives."

"An issue is never done with until a bug has been killed. Anyways have a great weekend, ladies." He looks at Mathenji lovingly. Okay, the guy is whipped. "I will be waiting for you at A-Class. I have a meeting there which might last for 30 minutes."

Mathenji smiles. "I will see you then and I love you." they share a kiss before Nathan walks away.

"Now you are making us feel guilty on behalf of

our man for not stalking us.” I comment and she laughs.

“It can be too much sometimes but he is handsome, so he gets away with the stalking.” We all laugh. Men will be the death of us shame.

When we are done with our shopping, Mathenji heads to Nathan while we go to the Gumbi mansion. Getting there, we indulge on the lunch prepared by the helpers.

“Masande is finally moving next month. He says he is going to invite us to see his house and then have a house warming a month later.” Zoe announces.

“Is your lastborn going to be there?” I ask and she nods.

“I love my kids and all but being separated from

them by a thousand miles can kill a person.”
She complains.

“You are saying your heart will break if Mogotsi and I get married and then move to another country?” Wande asks and Zoe turns to look at her.

“Don’t play like that.” Wande chuckles.

“I am sorry mommy. You’re super sensitive these days. What’s up? You’re not even your usually playful person.”

Zoe dismisses her with a hand wave. “It’s nothing one can’t handle.” Okay. Now I am also keen on knowing what’s eating my friend.
Wande’s phone rings and she moves away to answer it.

“Spill. What’s up?” I ask and she scoffs.

“My mother has cancer and she has been told that she has 6 months to live. I haven’t told my kids because I know how fond they are of her. They are going to feel guilty because they hardly visit her because of their busy lives and all. I know Malusi is going to take it the hardest. He will even want to move back to South Africa. I just don’t know how to break the news to them. Mom has been traveling the world and doing most things on her bucket list with her husband. I guess she doesn’t want people getting worried about her, instead she wants them to continue living their lives. Fuck, this is stressful.” She sits back and caresses her neck.

“I can tell Makho on your behalf and I know Mogotsi won’t mind breaking the news to Wande. Luncumo can also tell Masande and you will be left with the burden of telling Malusi.” She sighs.

“I think that’s a plan.” Wande comes back with a wide smile and we quickly shift our topic to discussing about a recently released book, *Iph’ithule* by Sukoluhle Nontokozo Mdlongwa.

After eating, Zoe walks us out. As we descend the stairs, I am shocked to find hundreds if not thousands of flowers of all sorts lined in the driveway circling a kneeling Mogotsi in the middle of it all. Wande gasps. When we get to the end of the stairs, Mogotsi clears his throat.

“MaGumbi, Skhende, Jele, Ngubo yengwe, Somkhanda, wena owakhanda amadoda, wena ka-Mathumb’ayiphanyeke, Ntongande, Mdakane, Mehl’enkomo, Ntini, Nozingelayo, Ndandali, Wena kaNgoni, Mlotshwa! (Gumbi Clan names.) I know I have asked you to marry me before but I didn’t have the blessing from both your

parents. And now I do. Mawande you are very young but you're intelligent, caring, loving and just downright a great person. You showed me so much support and courage these past two weeks. Even a hard-headed person can see your love for me. Not marrying you would be the biggest mistake I can make. I want to spend the rest of my life waking up next to you and going to sleep next to you until we take our last breath together and leave this earth. Now, my love, please marry me." that is so romantic.

"You have to stand up first because you're inflicting pain on your knees." Wande says already walking to him. She giggles with tears streaming down her cheeks while she helps him up. "Okay. I will marry you." Mogotsi slides a beautiful ring on her finger before kissing her. We cheer for them because they deserve good times after what they have been through. I am

so happy for both of them.

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Don't forget the giveaway. #intando

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 63

"I heard about the Prize Giving Day at the school. Also a little birdie told me that your subject came out second." Zoe starts off and I chuckle. Of course that little birdie of is her brother. I honestly love how they always have Prize Giving Day each term at the school. It encourages students to do better and some to pull up their

socks.

“Yeah, I am thrilled that Mesuli is the top achiever in this term. I don’t have favoritism but I hope he can reach his full potential and prove his haters wrong.” I respond and she nods. We are currently on a plan to Richards Bay for our weekend getaway.

The past three weeks have been nice. Yeah, we shopped for a trip that was set this late but I am pretty sure we are not the only ones who hate last minute shopping. Zoe ended up calling all her kids and telling them about her mother. It was a bitter revelation. Makho seldom talks about his grandmother but the night he found out she was dying, he actually once stayed with her while he was young and as he grew up, he went to visit her on holidays. He wanted us to

go see her as soon as he heard but I chickened out.

I don't mind spending time with Zoe because I don't take her as my mother in law but Makho's grandmother, that's a bit intimidating and scary. It's like Makho is finally going to introduce me to his actual family not his cool family which I am accustomed to. But the woman is dying, so I have to meet her sooner rather than later. The weekend after this trip, there will be a family gathering at Zoe's home now in KZN and Makho said we are going. That jerk didn't even ask. So I will be meeting the fam. Then 2 weeks after that, my family will be coming to SA and I will have to introduce Makho to them. God, I am not ready for that. So please ask the time keeper to extend the weeks.

When we land at the airport, we take a cab that drives us to the hotel. Richards Bay is really beautiful. It has that chilled, calm vibe compared to the king bee, Joburg. As we enter the suburb called Meerensee, I am shocked by the great number of lodges and guest houses in one place. It's like a mall of lodges. When I spot KFC, I ask for the driver to park so that I can stretch my legs a bit and get milkshake. He agrees. When all the ladies climb out of the car, I just laugh. Sinethemba and her mother also joined us. Luncumo was feeling under the weather, so she stayed behind.

"You guys could've stopped the driver." I start off, stretching my arms above my head. They all laugh.

"You are like that on passenger who asks to be dropped off at the bus station and then boom, half the taxi gets up with her." Mathenji teases.

“I know the feeling.” Sinethemba adds. Her parents bought her a beautiful luxurious car on her 21st birthday but she is one of those rare people who actually enjoy using public transport and only uses her car at least 5 times a week.

We head inside the franchise and I order a chocolate milkshake with some medium pops. The other ladies also order snacks and Zoe pays with Makho’s card. The trip is sponsored by my boyfriend. At least the clothes we decide to purchase are sponsored by the honorable Mazwakhe Gumbi. We get back into the car and the driver takes us straight to the hotel. BON Hotel Waterfront. It is really beautiful. When we get off the car, I actually take my time to just pause and breathe in the sea breeze. It is calming and soothing. Meerensee people are blessed. Imagine experiencing this breeze every

waking day. Pure Bliss. This is a five star hotel and it is living up to its stars. I don't even see the ladies taking pictures because I am still taking in the beauty of this place. It's my first Time in a place like this, so let me be, people.

We head inside the grand lobby and first check in before taking a dozen of pictures because we don't want security chasing us it and calling us chancers. We then head up to our suites. I am sharing a room with Mathenji while Wande is with Sinethemba and Zoe with her sister in law, Snothile.

"Friend, can we stay here forever?" Mathenji groans as she throws herself into bed. "My God, I am stealing this bed."

I laugh. "Gangster girlfriend vibes." She gives me the middle finger and I just continue

laughing as I check out our suite.

Everything here is absolutely gorgeous. It screams elegance and high class. After wandering around, I unpack my clothes and head to the balcony. From here I can actually see the sea, and the boats and all. This is the life man. All thanks to Makho forgetting his mother's birthday. I can't help myself. I just snap the scenery and post it on my Instagram and then video call my man because he said I should call him as soon as I land. He answers the call and I see the black court gown. Truth be told, I have never seen him wearing it and sometimes I even forget he is a lawyer. The girlfriend I am. I should rectify this situation. Anyways, this gown makes him look 10 times hotter and I just wanna fuck him in it.

“My African Queen.” He greets with a smile.

“Yes, my advocate. Gosh, seeing you in this is making me feel so hot and needy. I wanna fuck you so bad while holding tight to that gown.” I lick my lips and he groans.

“My love, you don’t just say that to me while you’re this far. You want me to get on a plane now? Because I’m game.” He asks and I giggle while shaking my head.

“No, babe. I need you to wait for me. On Sunday, I need to find you lying naked on your bed. If I am not too tired, I will give you the best blowjob ever and fuck your smart brains out.” He groans and closes his eyes.

“YOU ARE MAKING ME HORNY!” Mathenji shouts from inside and I laugh.

“Please enjoy your trip my love and stop torturing me.” I giggle and nod.

“Chat later, lover boy.” I blow a kiss at him and then hang up. I take a few selfies and head back to the room. “Jealousy is an ugly emotion, my dear. You will die young.” I tease her and she throws a cushion at me. I snort.

“Shut up, bitch.” She murmurs.

“Hey, why aren’t you calling gangster bae?” I ask as I sit next to her on the comfy king sized bed.

“He went on a mission and he said I shouldn’t call him because I might endanger him. He also loved that I was on a vacation because that will take my mind off his absence. So I am basically waiting for his call.” She sits up and leans on the headboard.

“You do understand that should you guys want to take things to the next level, this is going to be your everyday life? Are you prepared for that?”

Have your insecurities been briefed about this situation?" she smiles sadly.

"I wish he didn't spoil me with too much attention and affection. Now I miss him too much. It's all his fault, that fucking egomaniac sexy beast." She covers her face with a pillow to control a scream that follows quickly after.

"Okay, now that you have let that out, cheer up. I am sure he wants you to enjoy your vacation and that's exactly what we are going to do. I am sure you already know of clubs nearby." She places the pillow down and smirks at me.

"Now you're talking my language. We have the hottest club in town, Neighborhood Shisanyama, and the best part is that it's only a walking distance from here. So we are going to get wasted all night, my Lord." She fans herself and

I laugh. My friend is back.

“Remember, we are not going there to fish, just drink and have fun.”

She rolls her eyes. “Nathan would surely come out of the grid just to murder any guy who touch me in that way. Now let’s go swim.”

We change into our bathing suits with kimonos and step out of the room. We head to the pool which is literally a few feet from the beach it maybe it’s called a lake? I don’t know and I don’t care. We find the other ladies already chilling on the pool chairs sipping on cocktails. That was fast.

“We took the liberty of ordering for you guys since you were taking forever.” Sinethemba points at the cocktails in the table between two vacant chairs.

“Thank you.” I reply and she smiles. We sit and sip our cold and refreshing drinks.

“Finger foods are on their way. We wouldn’t want to get this party started on empty stomachs.” Wande is in such a bubbly mood these days but who wouldn’t? Her fiance faced death, came out alive and asked her to spend the rest of her life with him. The man is also back in shape, so the girl is entitled to this happiness.

“We are going out tonight. Zoe and Sno, it’s fine if you wanna sit this one out. We will understand bogogo.” Mathenji provokes the elderly women and they just laugh.

“An opportunity like this never arises in Joburg, so best believe we are going to use it today with

no shame. And honey, I am no gogo.” Sno responds while showing off her slim waist and we hope her. The woman has that Connie Ferguson body. I heard she works out very often. I have to go back to the gym too if I wanna stay fit. Too bad a free membership is no longer available.

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I watch as Mathenji put on a black Joyfunear floral Jacquard knot front shirt dress that shows off her cleavage, hugs her curves and displays 85% of her things. My God. This outfit is going to drag Nathan from whatever grid he is at. My Non-Gangster fearing friend has decided to pair the outfit with nude rhinestone décor tie leg design stiletto heeled suedette strappy sandals. This woman is fire. Well on the other hand, advocate's woman is wearing a burgundy PARTHEA draped collar wrap ruched satin Cami dress. At least one thigh is showing,

not both, and I have my silver block heels on.

After helping each other with hair and make up, we head to the lobby to meet with the other ladies who are looking fine as hell. As always, Wande is looking Superfly while Zoe settled for beautiful cotton pants with a nice blouse and heels. I think we are going to be charged and sentenced for her cuteness. I will never get used to the amount of pictures these ladies take before leaving. Worse, Wande has to take a thousand photos and only choose one or two worth posting. My God, celebrities can be exhausting.

We take a short walk to the club which is really full. I guess there is some event today. The bouncer inform us and we pay for a VIP table. We are ushered inside by a young handsome

waiter and as soon as we are seated, we place our orders. As the night proceeds, we have a lot of drinks and tons of fun. We get drunk and leave the club after 2am on a high note.

“I should call honorable. How is he asleep while the world is awake?” Zoe drawls in a slurry voice on our way back to the hotel. We all laugh at her as she pulls out her phone from her breasts and speed dials a number. She puts it on loud speaker. Her husband answers after a few rings.

“Mkami, what’s wrong?” he asks in a deep sleepy voice.

“You are asleep while the world is awake. While your phakade is awake. I mean, how can you do that? The nerve!” my word. This woman.

Mazwakhe grunts. “My love, I love you with all

my heart and soul, but this is the last call I will be answering from you tonight.”

“Hhaybo, why? Who am I supposed to talk to? You knew this was how I am when you married me.” I dig drunk Zoe. She got more balls.

“Malusi’s mother, do you want me to get a private jet, come there right now and fuck that alcohol out of your system?” Heee! Chineke!

“No, my handsome husband. I am sorry for waking you up. Sleep well. I love you.” Zoe went from feisty to submissive village wife in 1 second. I Stan the judge.

“I love you more.” He hangs up and we all literally hold our breaths for a few seconds before breaking into laughter. That was hot. Now I know where Makho got the dick threats' lessons from.

“Nigga just made me horny. Luckily, I brought a vibrator.” Mathenji chirps in. What am I going to do with her?

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 64

Waking up, I scretch my arms above my head before taking in my surroundings. My head hurts so bad. Alcohol is not for everyone. I don't know how groovists survive this every weekend. The life is not for me shame. I spot a huge bunch of roses which seems to have notes in it on the table right next to the balcony door. I wonder who they are from. I climb out of the bed and Mathenji groans.

“What time is it?” She mumbles and I clear my throat.

“I don’t know but I am more interested in those roses on the table. She lifts her head up and squints her eyes at me.

“I am sure Makhosonke sent them. Do we really need to wake up today? My head is pounding. I feel like the sangoma initiates are beating their drums and stomping their feet in my head. Make them stop.” I chuckle. My friend doesn’t stop being sassy even when hungover.

“Come on, let’s check out the roses.”

She sighs and sits up then leans on the headboard. “Check the note.”

I shrug and walk to the table. There is about a hundred roses here and each of them are

wrapped in R200 notes. My God. When I get closer, I see another bunch of white lilies, a smaller one with R100 notes. I take the card from the roses and open it. "My beautiful Mathenji." I immediately stop reading it and close the card. "Friend, these are for you. You better get that ass out of the bed and read the note. I am dying to know what it says." She chuckles before getting up and walking towards me. I hand her the card and check out the lilies. They also have a card. I open it and smile.

'Dear Chichi

I know I have a lot of sucking up to do but a man has to start somewhere. I hope we can be friends someday because my woman is crazy about you. This is only the beginning.

PS: can we please have dinner when I come

back? You're free to invite your lawyer 😊'

This dude is charming. No wonder my best friend is smitten. I turn to see Mathenji smiling widely like a lunatic.

I nudge her on the elbow. "what does the card say?"

"My beautiful Mathenji. You looked really hot last night. It took a lot of effort not to come there and appreciate your beauty in person. I love you and I am thinking about you. Please buy more of those dresses with my card, every colour." She giggles like a teenager and I laugh. She is a goner. You have to respect white dick though.

"Hangover flew out?" I tease and she laughs.

“Yes. What does your card say?” I hand it to her and she reads it. She snorts. “This is so cute. You see why I love him?”

I smile at her. “I understand. Now let’s bath, look fresh and take photos with our flowers.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

We call housekeeping before taking a shower together. Our friendship can be weird to most but we are close like that. She even suggest I wax because I am hairy down there. Girl is being extra. I swear I shaved a week ago. When we are done showering, we lotion our bodies and then put on the white robes, towels wrapped in our heads and sleepers. When we reemerge, the bedroom is spotless. The cleaner is fast.

We take our flowers and snap a lot of pictures

with them. I even do a boomerang and post it on my Instagram story and WhatsApp status. I make sure to post also the card but only for Makho to view it because I know he will have a lot of questions. I know my man very well. A few minutes after the post, he video calls me. He agrees to the dinner invitation but he is still uneasy with Nathan because of his gangster ways.

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The rest of the weekend we have so much fun. We even visit some place with horses near a place called Mzingazi where we ride the horses. We even go to Cubana, which is also a walking distance from our hotel. On our last day, after checking out, we go shopping at the boardwalk mall. I see this lovely boutique which sells traditional attires. Since I will be visiting the old in laws soon, I might buy a nice Ankara dress.

As soon as I enter the boutique, a shop assistance comes to me. I end up purchasing two dresses, one which is a knee length mermaid dress and another which is fit and flare. I also buy a few ubuhlalu because it's irresistible. We eat lunch at this place which serves Zulu traditional food called KwaMalume. It is next to a wedding gowns' boutique so Wande checks it out since u girl is a gone girl. When we are done eating, we head to the airport.

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Arriving at Joburg, we find Mazwakhe, Vusi and some other guy waiting for us. We bid farewell to the other ladies and Mathenji leads me to the white dude looking at us.

"Hey Rick." She greets him and they share a hug.

“Babes, this is Rick, Nathan’s brother and Rick, this is my best friend, Chichi.”

“Hey Chichi.” The guy greets shyly. It is then I realise that he is very young and looks shy.

“Hey Rick.”

“I was sent here to fetch you, guys. You will tell me where to drop you off, Chichi.” I nod. We enter the car and then tell him Makho's place's address.

“You can’t wait to see your lawyer, huh?” Mathenji smirks and I chuckle.

“Go to hell.”

On our way to Makho’s house, I get to know Rick a bit better. He is at varsity studying zoology. He knows about his brother’s “occupation” but Nathan doesn’t want him

involved in any way. They drop me off and I am shocked by the number of cars in the driveway. Is he having a party that he didn't tell me about? There are like 6 cars on the driveway. I walk to the door and let myself in since it's open. I am welcomed by men laughter coming from the lounge. I have no choice but to head there. Walking in, I see at least 8 guys on the couches. The one I am sleeping with is standing next to the TV.

"Hey everyone." They all turn to look at me. That's creepy. Makho smiles and walk to where I am. He hugs me and kisses me in front of everyone. Can you believe this guy?

"I was actually about to come and fetch you, my love."

"Mmm."

“Anyways, I want you to come and meet my friends.” He pulls me to where he was standing when I came in. “Gents, this is the angel I was talking about. This is Chizoba Gwendaline and she works in my heart and mind 24/7.” That’s cheesy but cute. “Babe, this is Lulonke, my best man; Nzuzo, our wedding officiator; Zenzele, our ring bearer.” His friends laugh while I frown at him.

“That’s not how introductions go.” I tell him and he chuckles.

“They are not that important. As long as they know your name.” he smirks at me.

“You are the worst. How do you put up with him?” a guy who appears on the hallway states. He has a smug face on. I think he will try to embarrass my babe. “I am Themba by the way. I am his best friend and I’m a designer.” I think I

have seen him on Makho's timeline a couple of times.

“I am happy to meet you all and I will be happy to get to know all you names and occupations as time goes by.” That’s a way of saying goodbye.

Makho takes me to his bedroom and closes the door behind us. “I am sorry I didn’t tell you about the guys coming over. I swear I had completely forgotten about them. We usually have meet ups like these after every two months or so. I can chase you them away.” His hands are already all over me.

I smile. “You can’t ditch your friends for me. I am sure they are all super busy and clearing out there schedules for this Meetup is not easy. Do they all stay in town?” he shakes his head.

“Some of them live outside the country.”

“See? So you can’t just send them away. I will head to my place and see you tomorrow.”

“No, you’re not leaving. I will even tie you to the bed.” I laugh.

“That’s not going to happen.” His eyebrows arches As if he is daring me. “Fine. I am hungry.”

“Let me see if the food is ready. Themba and Xola cooked.” I frown. “Relax. All my friends are great cooks. We lost this dare in varsity and had to do a one year culinary course but I don’t brag about my skills.”

“You? That’s new.” He laughs.

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 65

“You are killing it on Instagram. I showed those pictures of you with the flowers to Khaya and he made a jealous remark.” Khwezi whispers the last sentence and I chuckle. We are currently at the teachers' cafeteria eating our lunch.

“What exactly did you say to him?” I ask because I know Khwezilomso is savage and she always teases or provokes her husband.

“Don't be like that. I am not evil, I swear. I just said some women get moneyed flowers while others get farting husbands.” Jesus. This woman is too much. How does Lindikhaya keep up with her? But I guess he knew what he was signing up for when he asked her to marry him.

She is unfiltered and a straight talker but I like her.

“How does he put up with you though?” she smirks.

“he loved my nuttiness from the beginning. It’s one of the things that attracted him about me.” She smiles as she says that. I guess she is remembering the early stages of their relationship.

“Now I am curious. Pray tell how you guys met and where.” She sits back and relaxes.

“We did our final year practical’s in one School. You know how handsome and friendly he is. So this one time he approached us. I was sitting with two other girls from my varsity. Well, he first went to the yellow bone because you know guys always follow the gold. They were flirting

and everything and that shit annoyed me because I was kind of attracted to him. So I just blurted out that he had a really huge head. Isn't it too heavy for him?" I crack up. My God, that sounds exactly like something Khwezi would say. She sounds like a slight older version of Mathenji. I guess I always befriend psychos.

"I'm sure his ego was bruised. How did he respond?" I am keen on knowing the full story. It's better than listening to boring office gossip that can get you mixed up in shit that doesn't concern you. Before you know it, they will be coming to you and asking, no, ordering you to tell them "who said what" behind their backs. Yeah, I know. Even teachers can act like teenagers sometimes.

"He was about to say something witty for sure,

but as soon as he starred at my face, he went blank, had no comeback whatsoever. The yellow bone got jealous because she was now being ignored, something she was not used to. Lindikhaya had nothing to say. He just left without uttering a single word. I thought he would never speak to me again but the next day he came to me and said his head is just right for him and it is not heavy, but he couldn't say the same about my legs. No wonder I was always dragging my feet, my legs were too much for me." My God, these two are hilarious. I guess they are a match made in heaven and I am sure there is never a dull moment at their home.

"Did you also go blank?"

"Hell no. I always have a clap back at the tip of my tongue. From there on, we always teased each other. It got to a point that we accidentally

kissed. Well it was no accident on my part. After that we just went with the flow. We even had a quickie at the school's science lab. When the practical's ended, he asked me to be his girlfriend and when we graduated, he asked me to marry him."

"Aww, that's so romantic. I am jealous."

"Well I am jealous of the flowers, so we are even." We both laugh.

"I want to do something special for Makho. I know buying a gift won't seem so personal and I have also cooked for him before. I just want to do something that will make him see that I appreciate all the effort he puts in our relationship." She smiles. Really. Makho has done a lot of things for me. If I had money, I would gift him with a brand new car because he is really amazing.

“I once crept in while Khaya was teaching. He was so far gone that when our eyes met, he was shocked and then stumbled a bit. I didn’t know that I had the ability to make him lose his steps without even taking off my clothes. When we got home, he told me how surprised he was to see me and how that made him happy. So I think seeing Makhosonke in action will catch him off guard and make him happy, but I don’t know. People are not the same.”

“I was actually thinking of showing up in court unannounced and sit in on one of his cases. I also think he will like the surprise. I just pray he doesn’t want to strip me off and fuck me right there and then.”

She laughs. “Lets not go there.”

“Tomorrow I have a free period after the first lunch. Who do I talk to in order to stay out for more than 2 hours?”

“Me, and you have done just that. Tell me how it went when you come back.”

“Thanks Mrs. J.”

...

First thing I do is ask for Makho's court schedule from his PA who loves me by the way. She once said she was rooting for me because I know how to handle her boss. Don't know how that means though.

I inform Khwezi about my departure and then drive to the Joburg High Court. I get there in time and wait for everyone to go inside before slipping inside at the last minute. Makho's is on

the left side with his client, so I sit on the right side at the back so that I can see him well. I know phones aren't allowed in court rooms but I snap on in secret and then put my phone away. Makho is so good at this. I must be a bit unhinged because how else do you explain me being turned on by my man discrediting a witness? The woman is even crying. She gets off the stand and another gets on. I don't even know what the case is about but I am enjoying it. I think my new favourite thing is watching Makho litigate.

"Miss Busiswa Ntuli, that is your real name and surname, right?" Makho asks and the woman nods. "I would love to hear your words. We don't work with Body language." Arrogance and confidence is oozing out of his body. I can literally feel it from where I am seated. This is Makho's territory and he owns it without shame.

“Yes, I am Busiswa Ntuli.” The witness answers and I see a grin on Makho’s face. It looks like that’s the answer he was hoping for.

“Your Honour, if I may?” Makho says to the judge while carrying a few papers on his hands.

“you may approach me, counsel.”

He hands some papers to the court orderly who hands them to the judge. He also hands another set of papers to the other lawyer.

“What am I looking at, Advocate Gumbi?” the judge asks.

“In front of you are two copies of two different identity documents. One of Miss Tania Miller and another of Miss Busiswa Ntuli. As you can see, your Honor, this is one person. I don’t know

what made Miss Busiswa alternate between two identities and that's none of our businesses unless she is a wanted criminal. One question before I proceed, which name am I supposed to use, Miss?"

The lady swallows hard and looks at the other lawyer. I wonder how Makho got this information but as a lawyer, you have to be resourceful. "Miss Ntuli."

Makho nods and then steps back. "On the night my client allegedly attempted to murder his girlfriend, you said, and I quote "the back window was open, so I could see Phumlani strangling Amanda to death." That's what you said in your statement and your testimony earlier on. I would give you time to recall your words but I don't want to waste the court's time

and resources.” He shakes his head before standing straight and looking at the judge.

“Your worship, on those documents I handed to you there is proof that Miss Tania Miller boarded a plane to Mozambique at 6pm. Can someone help me understand how one person can be in two places at the same time unless of course the purpose was the obstruction of justice?”

“Do you have something to say for yourself?” the judge asks looking at the witness but she shakes her head. The judge looks at the other lawyer. “Advocate Mkhize, this is not acceptable. Your witness is not only wasting our time but she has committed a crime. Alternating between two identities and producing a testimony that is clearly a lie is unacceptable. Unless you have proof to dismiss Advocate Gumbo's allegations, Miss Ntuli or

Miller will be detained. Court is adjourned. Next date is 27 September.” He hits the gavel. I don’t even care about what is said next. My eyes are on my man as he walks back to his desk. He raises his head and it takes a few moments for our eyes to meet. His eyes pop out, he was clearly not expecting this. I wink at him and look away.

“Gumbi has already won this case. Don’t know why the judge is dragging his feet here.” A guy next to me says.

A lady seated next to him chuckles. “the judge is giving Gumbi the chance to embarrass Mkhize. It’s fun to watch.”

I see everyone stand up and also stand. As I pass the corridor, I spot Makho talking to his client. It’s like he senses my presence because

he raises his head and looks at me. He conclude his chat with the client and rushes to me. He pulls me outside and soon as we reach the parking lot, he pins me against his car and kisses me. Wow. That's not the reaction I was expecting but I'm not complaining.

"How?" he asks after breaking the kiss and I chuckle.

"I am full of surprises."

"I can tell." We both laugh.

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 66

I am literally sweating. I have been dreading this

day for so long but it's finally here. I am glad that Makho was against us all travelling in a family car because I don't think that would've helped with my nerves. I am with Makho in the car while Zoe is driving with her husband and Malusi. He arrived this morning just for this trip. Authors make traveling in and out of the country look so cheap. I was shocked when Makho told me about Malusi's traveling costs. It's too much. No wonder people working overseas hardly visit home. Mogotsi is also traveling with Wandé. He is going to pay dowry for her in two months. Masande and Luncumo will be taking a flight from Western Cape. Makho booked a hotel for us not far from his grandmother's house. There is a reunion and he knows that the house will be full and there won't be enough rooms for us.

"Babe, are you hungry?" he asks as we enter

another petrol station.

“I could use some sweets and a bathroom.” He parks the car and we both climb out. He holds my hand as we enter Pick n Pay express. This man is so clingy. I actually dug my grave with these bum shorts because he thinks people, especially men, are going to eat me alive.

“There is actually Wimpy here. Can we order lunch?” I smile at him and he smiles back.

“Okay.” He perks my lips and let’s me go. I quickly head to restroom and relieve myself. When I come out, I find Zoe washing her hands.

“I didn’t see your car outside.” I say as I wash my hands. She is also dressed in shorts but hers are almost knee length.

“I am hungry so I told my husband we should stop and have lunch. The others also decided to join us.”

“I am nervous about meeting your mom.”

She chuckles and hooks her arm in mine as we walk out of the restroom. “She is not too rural or anything like that. She is super cool and down to earth. Kind of like me and I know she is going to love you. We also have to go to by the Gumbi household before we drive back to Joburg on Sunday afternoon. Just to see them.”

“That was not on the agenda.”

She laughs. “Better get on with the programme. When traveling with us, there are always spontaneous side trips which gets squeezed in.”

I shake my head. “That doesn’t sound like Judge Gumbi. He is supposed to be the most straight to the schedule person in the family.” She laughs.

“That Judge Gumbi shit ends in court. I am the supreme judge in this family.”

“I am not even going to add on that.” Mazwakhe startles us and Zoe just laughs.

“Good to know that you know there are some battles you will never win.” She sits on his lap and they share a kiss.

“Eww.” Malusi looks disgusted which causes everyone in the table to laugh. I sit next to Makho and he places his hand between my thighs. I look at him and he smirks. This dude. Two waiters bring a lot of food in our table and we start eating. “How are your students treating you? I saw a video on TikTok. They listed reasons why they love you.” He is looking at me. I frown. A video? Why didn’t I see that?

“I didn’t know there was a video.” He takes out

his phone, taps on it for a few moments before handing it to me.

It's the students from 10B and a few from other classes. The video is captioned "Why We Love Miss Gwendaline!"

1st student: "she is a fashion icon and I love her walk." I giggle. I don't think much about my dress code. I just decide on what to wear that particular morning and roll with it.

2nd student: "she is polite, open and lovable."
Aww.

3rd student: "she drives a beautiful car and she smells nice." I chortle. That's unexpected.
Makho chuckles.

Mesuli: “She is very loving, patient, caring, understanding and the best teacher I have ever met.”

“WE LOVE YOU, MISS GWENDALINE AND THANK YOU FOR CHOOSING US!” They all say before blowing kisses. My God, this makes me emotional. I hand the phone back to Malusi and look down. Makho places his arm on my shoulder and brings me closer to him.

“Take your time. Nobody is watching.” He whispers in my ear and I snort.

...

We get to the hotel, check in, freshen up and I change into a floral maxi dress and sandals.

Mathenji said I shouldn't wear a doek because a girlfriend isn't supposed to wear a doek unless she has been paid dowry for. Yeah, I know. Zulu culture can be complicated. We all drive to the Ncube household and we get there by 5pm. Makho tells me to wait in the car while they go inside.

I check on that video made by my students just to pass time. The comments are so sweet. I save it and repost it on my TikTok account, Instagram and WhatsApp story. I am still overwhelmed by this shout out. Some students have a way of making teachers feel so special. All special teachers need to feel this feeling at least once in their career. A call from Celine comes in. I really forgot about her, not in that way but my life has been so busy. As an adult, you sometimes forget about other people because your own life can be so overwhelming

and stressful.

“Celine, how are you?”

“I am fine, Chizoba. I just came back from that vacation and it helped me very much. I also met a life coach and he gave me a lot of advice and guidance on how to move on from this current situation I am facing.”

“That’s good to hear, doll. Do I need to know what the guy said?” she laughs.

“Well he said a lot about self introspection. He also said I should be selfish and put myself first. I should also make my children understand our current situation and not lock them in the dark. They deserve to know what is happening.”

“That’s great advice. So what have you decided?” I know I am being nosy but I deserve

to know.

“Leaving him was always part of the plan. Moving forward was going to be a bit hard but now I know where to start. Separation can never be easy but knowing where to go from here is the key.” That’s very mature of her. Getting over an ex is never easy. It’s worse when people expect you to just move on and be happy afterwards. It’s crazy.

“I am proud of you, sis. You should come and visit me soon. Maybe we can go to the club and turn up.”

She laughs. “You and turning up? What have those South Africans done to you?”

I also laugh. Partying has never been my thing but I not closed off to the chance of going out.

“My man is the out going type, so I will adjust

when he wants us to go out.”

“He is so hot by the way. That picture you shared of him in court, dear God. I can’t believe you get to see that every day and actually fuck it regularly.”

I break into laughter. Celine has never been the vocal type. I guess the vacation really helped. I see Makho walking towards the car and I know I have to conclude the call. “We will talk later. I have to go.”

“Bye Chichi.” I hang up just as Makho opens my door.

“Come baby.” I climb off the car and take his hand. He leads me to this bigger house in the yard. The door is already open, so we get inside. In the lounge, we find an elderly couple, Zoe and Wande. Mogotsi stayed behind. They didn’t

want to overwhelm the gogo so much in one evening. “Gogo no mkhulu, this is the woman I have decided to spend the rest of my life with. She is special, amazing and the perfect life partner for me. Her name is Chizoba Gwendaline and she is from Nigeria.” All this is said while we are standing. “Chizoba, this is maternal grandmother and grandfather.”

“Hello.” I greet and they both respond.

“You are really beautiful, MaGwendaline. I love your skin tone. Come here.” His grandma gestured that I come closer to her. I look at Makho and he nods with a smile. I walk closer to the woman and kneel in front of her. She brushes my cheek. “My grandson chose well. I wish I can witness your wedding before I leave this world. Umlobola Nini? (When are you paying dowry for her?)” that last statement is directed to Makho who just laughs.

“I will make sure to consider you in my plans.”

He responds with a wide smile.

“Welcome to the family, makoti. Don’t abandon us when they make you one of them, the Gumbis.” His grandfather states. He has a deep scratchy voice.

“Thank you for the warm welcome.”

“Sit here.” His grandma pats on the sit next to her. “Zokuthula, space.” She shooshes Zoe and I am literally holding in my laughter. I think the woman is as Savage as her daughter. I sit next to her and she starts interrogating me about anything and everything.

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 67

The next morning we head back to the grandma's house. There are a lot of people today. I am glad I am wearing my brand new Ankara dress. I have a lot of fun with Makho's grandmother. She is so fond of me. She is telling me a lot of stories from the past. I learn that she used to be an accountant but retired early to take care of her kids. That's Noble of her. I don't know why people don't appreciate mothers who quit their jobs just to take care of their kids. It's a huge thing to sacrifice that Independence and a bit of freedom just for your kids. Out there, there are some women who leave their children just to pursue different careers.

Most of the family doesn't seem to have

problem with me but I overheard his cousins saying nasty things about me. I am not sure about a lot of words they say but I did hear kwerekwere and Makhosonke's name and that made me but two and two together. I didn't tell Makho about it though because I have no intention of tearing the family apart. Whether I am foreign or not, it won't change my feelings for my man or his feelings for me.

The following day, we visit the Gumbi household. More family members are hostile towards me but I think they need time to warm up to me. I was told that them liking me is a huge deal since they are Makho's family but if they wanna discriminate me, fuck them.

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"Your place is really nice, elegant and just you.

The pictures don't do it any justice. I can see your touch everywhere and it wouldn't be your place without a book case." My sister, Akose, says as she looks around my apartment.

They landed about an hour ago and I had to go and fetch them straight from work. Zoe borrowed me a family car which is a metallic black Mercedes Benz Vito. They use it for local family vacations or whenever they want to go to family events together. When I told her that my parents are coming with my siblings and two of my brother's children, she insisted that I use it. I had to test drive it yesterday under Makho's supervision because I have never driven mini bus before. I can safely say that Makho wouldn't have survived a day in my occupation because that guy has no patience whatsoever. I could see that my father had a lot of questions when I picked them up but I know he is waiting

for the right time to ask.

My father is not the crazy uncontrolled type. I have never seen him discipline his kids publicly. He always waits until we are alone at home before asking for the whole story and then shouting at you or beating you, if necessary. My mom is a different case altogether. That woman is unhinged. If you are accused of something, she will discipline you at that same moment without even hearing your side of the story. She is every bit of an African mom and when she gets like that, you just have to accept the punishment and wait for maybe a few weeks before addressing the issue.

“How can you afford this place?” she asks, making herself comfortable on the couch in the lounge.

“A friend of mine bought it for me. She lives not far from here. She saw my previous apartment and she immediately knew that it was unsafe for a single young woman to stay alone there.” I answer her. Then it hits me that I only told Dad about Zoe and everything. I don’t have a tight relationship with Mom. We only talk when she is asking for money or when there is a crisis. When I have daughter in maybe 6 years, I will make sure that I have a healthy and comfortable relationship with her.

“I am hungry.” Chukwudi complains, sitting on the rug next to dad who is on the couch with Mom.

“I ordered some late lunch for you and I was wondering if we could go out for dinner. I just came back from work, so I hadn’t had time to cook and everything.” I explain because I don’t want them thinking that I live off on takeaways.

I get up and head to the kitchen. I put chips, biscuits and some muffins on the tray. I go place it on the coffee table and serve them juice. “You can nibble on this while we wait for food to be delivered.”

“Thanks sister.” Ndidiamaka says in a polite voice. She is normally shy which is very rare in our family.

I have just joined gym which is a few minutes from my place and Makho actually goes there with me. You know, for a handsome and rich guy, he sure is insecure and clingy. I had these really short gym shorts which I wore on our first gym session together. The next day, I found him here at my place with a gift bag which had brand new Adidas gym gear. It was a loose vest, sports bra, over the knee tights and trainers. I

thanked him and I told him I had a gym gear. He just showed me what used to be it in the sink. The asshole actually burned it. Stupid Jerk.

I hear a knock on the door and quickly tend to it. Great. Food is here. I didn't up for everyone and then go take a shower. Makho calls me while I am shaving my legs.

"Are you sure I can't see you?" he asks and I just laugh. He can be a cry baby sometimes, well most of the time when I am not near him.

"I don't mind, as long as you're willing to face my father's wrath. The man probably thinks that I gained back my virginity after my failed engagement." He laughs. We are at a great place now, where my past engagement doesn't pisses him off as it used to. It took a while for us to get here. I actually found it weird when he

straight up asked me to tell him about my relationship, but I have come to terms with the fact that Makhosonke Gumbi is weird, arrogant, annoyingly smart, confident, territorial and everything in between but he does have a lot of love for me and he isn't afraid to show it.

“Joseph didn't know how to put it down. That's why I found you as tight as you are. They must tell how to come to me and ask for pointers.”
What did I say? The guy is unapologetically arrogant.

“Who said you know how to put it down?” I tease him and he laughs.

“Honey, that's not what you were saying last night when I banged you. I actually googled every word you said in your mother tongue. Shit was hot as hell. You couldn't get enough of my

Zulu dick.” Can someone please shut him up? Last night was nothing short of amazing. We had dinner at his house in the patio and then he fucked me the whole night. I gave him a strip show just to entice him and he brought out the big guns. Hand cuffs, nipple clamps and other kinky shit. I didn’t know he was into that type of thing but now I know and I swear I will go all dominant on him soon. He won’t know what hit him.

“I am hungry, love.”

“Okay. Go eat. I guess I will see you tomorrow or Sunday.” We planned that I should tell my father about him today or tomorrow and then they will have dinner or lunch together. I just hope it doesn’t go South.

“Let me check if you didn’t leave any underwear in my closet.” He laughs.

“I don’t know. Maybe I left three as a motivation for you to come clean as soon as possible.”

“You love me too much to hurt me like that.” He chuckles.

“Yeah, I love you. See you soon.”

We end the call and I get dressed. I first make sure that everything is set for my mom and dad in my bedroom and then go place my overnight bag in the table near the lounge. The kids will be sleeping in the lounge in inflatable mattresses which I brought just for this visit but I know they will help me again in the future should they decide to visit. Akose and I will be sleeping in Makho’s apartment. I am too old to sleep on the floor. I find everyone already done eating.

Ndidiamaka and Nicola, my niece, are washing dishes while Akose is taking selfies on the balcony. I walk to where my parents are seated.

“You can come and freshen up or even take a nap in the bedroom.” They nod and get up.

“This place is really beautiful.” Dad compliments. I love my old man though. He is a king of compliments. He is a down to earth, chilled guy, well until you mess with his family.

“Thanks Dad. I try really hard to make it a home.”

“You do know that a house cannot be completely a home without a husband and kids?” mom states matter of factly as she sits on the bed. “This is comfortable. Look, Chizoba, I am not trying to pressure you or anything, but everyone deserves some love and happiness in their lives and men bring just that.” Why is my father so quiet? I feel like this is a trap, but mom always preaches about marriage and kids,

SO...

I steal a glance at dad and he chuckles. "Act as if I am not here. Where is the bathroom? I would love to shower."

"That side." I point at the door which leads to the en-suite. He nods and walks away.

"Now where were we?" mom though. I like her better when she is pretending as if I don't exist.

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 68

"Wait for it." I hear the shower running and she smiles. "Your father thinks I don't know him. I know she is a natural born eavesdropper." I

giggle. I don't know my father like that. "Now tell me, who is he?"

I frown. "Who is who, ma?"

"Child, I was not born yesterday. I know how to spot a woman in a happy relationship, especially when that woman is my child. I did see how you were when you came home but I didn't want to comment too much because my focus was still on Chia. Now this weekend is all about you. So spill? Who is he?" I guess there is no use avoiding the inevitable.

"His name is MA-KHO-SO-NKE Gumbi but I call him Makho because his name is complicated. He is a lawyer and he is rich." She smiles. I know the rich part was going to entice her. My mother loves money, but then who doesn't?

“Wait. Is he also an old man like Udoa's man?”
ow come on. Eze is not that old.

“Mom!”

“Don't give me that look. I know most of you youngsters prefer them old with beards and heavy pockets. I don't know why but it's not my problem. So continue.” Who is this and what has she done to my mother?

“He is 30 years old. His parents are the ones that gave me this apartment but before we started dating. His mother and I share the same obsession, which is books. So we met, hit it off and all.”

“So when am I meeting this Makhosonke guy and how far is your relationship? Meeting parents, well that's huge, even though it happened prematurely.”

“You can meet him whenever you like. I met his maternal and paternal grandparents two weeks back and most of his family members from both sides, so I guess the relationship is pretty serious.”

She nods. “That’s what I want, my baby. You may think that I am being too hard or harsh on you but there is nothing I want more than to see you happy. Giving birth to a girl can be a nightmare. You don’t want anyone hurting her or taking advantage of her but you also want her to receive and experience genuine love and connection. I know that you have a good job now and a better life but you know it’s not really complete unless there is someone to warm your bed or comfort you on dark days because we all have those dark days when we feel like nothing is going right. I am worried about Nneka though, but I guess I will have to go to

whichever hole she has hidden herself in to find out how she is doing.” This woman is really an imposter in my mother’s body. But wait till she finds out she has a Chinese son in law.

“You can meet Makho even now. I am sure dad will want to take a nap.”

She smiles. “Tell him I will be ready in 20 minutes.” She takes her toiletry bag and head to the bathroom. Please don’t tell me my parents are about to have shower sex in my bathroom. That’s traumatizing.

“Mom wants to see you in 20 minutes.”

I send him the text and he calls back almost immediately.

“What? Why?” that’s the first thing he says as I answer.

“What do you mean why? You were going to meet with them this weekend. She just happened to want to meet sooner because we were just talking about you.”

“So, you were talking about me?” there is the arrogant man I fell for.

“Yeah. Pick a spot and we will meet you there in less than half an hour.”

“The pressure you like to put me under. But it’s fine. What does your mom like eating?”

“Nothing fancy but nothing too heavy since she ate a few moments ago. Something like Page Heaven maybe but not really because I wanna know what you guys are talking about without being distracted by the smell of books.” He laughs.

“Okay love. I will see what I can do about it.”

We end the call and I rush back to the bedroom. Glad to hear the shower still running. I change into a red summer dress and sandals. I also take my bag and walk to where the kids are at.

“Don’t you wanna see where we will be spending the night and maybe get settled?” I ask Akose and she frowns.

“I thought we would sleep on the couch or the floor.” She suggests and I quickly shake my head.

“No can do. I have a friend who didn’t mind lending me her flat for the weekend. It’s just down the corridor. Let’s go.” I was only talking to Akose but all the kids are suddenly on their feet and ready to go. These kids though.

I lead them to Makho's place and I hear gasps and wows behind me as they take in its appearance. I admit, my flat is just beautiful and simple and homely, not over the top or anything like that. Makho's apartment screams money. From the huge flat screen TV mounted on the wall to his expensive leather couches, the mushy beautiful rug, everything in here is expensive, even the few art pieces on the walls. Normally when him and I spend time here, I never take notice of how different it is from mine.

"Please borrow me your phone, sister. I need to take high Quality pictures for Instagram." Trust Akose to take pictures everywhere she goes. Honestly it wouldn't be too hard to track her last known location using her social media accounts should she go missing because she

makes sure to include her location on every post.

“How about settling in first?” she rolls her eyes. I am sure she is mentally saying “unpacking is temporary, drip is forever.” This generation though. Everything is about posing and posting. I am not saying ours is any different but I am an exception since I prefer books to grooves. We enter the bedroom and Akose throws herself in the bed. If that bed could talk, mmmm.

“Now this is life.” I would promise her a queen sized bed but I know she is moving to another country, possibly South Africa, once she is done with whatever she is doing.

“Auntie, can I please go to the restroom?” Nicola pleads in a soft tone. If only God could

gift me with a daughter like her but I know that's just asking for too much. My daughter would never be the shy, polite, introverted type with parents like Makho and I, a crazy grandmother like Zoe and an even crazier aunt like Mathenji. Honestly it would take some serious convincing for me to let Mathenji babysit my children even for a day. I love her, God knows how much I do, but that woman is unhinged.

"Come love." I lead her to the bathroom and wait outside while she does her business. She is a child but she also deserves her privacy. When she is done, I let Akose take hundreds of pictures with my phone.

"My Handsome Jerk with a heart emoji is calling." She announces while staring at me with a semi smug.

“Mind your business, child.” I take my phone and answer the call. “You’re ready for us?”

“Yes baby. You will find me at Maxis.”

“Okay. See you soon.” I hang up and turn to the kids. “I am spending the early afternoon with mom and dad will be taking his nap. So do you guys wanna watch TV or visit a friend of mine who lives in a mansion?” I ask but I already know the answer, at least from Akose because she is of the soft life.

“We wanna go to the mansion! Right kids?” she enquires looking at the kids and they all nod.
“mansion it is.”

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“Don’t go anywhere, I will be right back.” They nod like a bunch of respectful kids. Well Nicola

and Simon are respectful. I can't say the same about my younger siblings.

Mom and I climb off the car and walk to the restaurant. I am a bit skeptical about this meeting. After the talk with my mom earlier on, I figured that she wants what's best for us, but this is Mary Gwendaline we're talking about. She can turn at any moment she like and wouldn't bother being apologetic. Makho on the other hand loves me and will do anything to be with me but that man is arrogant, so confident and so full of himself. I don't know how this meetup will go but I am hoping their personalities won't clash too much. We enter the restaurant and it takes me less than 10 seconds to spot my Rasta. As we get closer to his table, he stands up when he sees us.

“Mrs. Gwendaline.” He extends a hand and mom shakes it.

“Hey Mark.” I am not even going to correct her.

“Hi Chizoba.” I can see that he is restraining himself from hugging and kissing me. He is not shy when it comes to PDA.

Mom turns to look at me. “Pick me up after an hour and a half.” Hhaybo. What will they be talking about this whole time and why am I excluded? “Don’t give me that face, angel. Bye.” She sits down.

Makho gives me a smile. “See you soon, Miss Gwendaline.” Oww no he didn’t.

“Sure Rasta.” I walk out.

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We get to Zoe's house and find her in the patio. She smiles when she sees the kids. I introduce them and she hugs all of them. She even picks up Nicola.

"Can they stay with me for the weekend? They remind me so much of my four ninjas when they were their age." She is treating Nicola like a toddler and I feel like the girl is enjoying the attention.

"Maybe they can visit you during recess but they are troublesome, so I know for sure you will send them back after two full days." Akose clears her throat as to disagree with what I am saying and Zoe laughs. Mazwakhe chooses that moment to join us.

"Look, my love. I have a new born." She shows him Nicola and he chuckles.

“A newborn who looks exactly like our makoti and has full grown teeth?” Akose and I laugh while Zoe pouts. It is weird but Nicola looks exactly like me, even has the gap between her front teeth. Mazwakhe greets the kids and walks away with Simon and Chukwudi.

“What do you guys wanna do?” Zoe asks.

“I would like to see your house.” Ndidiamaka responds. I expected this from Akose but I guess Ndi has a nosy bone in her body.

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MAKHOSONKE GUMBI

“You’re handsome.” She starts off and I don’t know how to respond to that but I mutter a simple ‘thank you’. “With the dreads and all.”

She chuckles shaking her head. "But I guess they complete the look." Chizoba is the only one who has openly made fun of my dreads but she loves them. I don't know if this woman is dissing them or what. I have never been so uncomfortable. Even writing board exams was less stressful than this. I don't even know how to react to any of her statements. She has breathed less than 40 words but damn, I am sweating. If I am like this with Chichi's mother then I guess her father is going to make me bury myself alive. "I don't like sitting down and waiting for food. I am still going to do that later on. Buy me coffee and we can take a stroll and talk at the same time."

I don't know if I should be relieved or what. This woman is an enigma. I order coffee and then a milkshake for myself. I pay and then we walk out.

“So how long have you been dating my daughter?”

“A few months.” Though it feels like a lifetime and sometimes it feels like a couple of days. She is amazing. That’s why she makes me feel like this.

“What are your intentions for her?”

“Only the good ones. Men these days have a tendency of introducing women they know they won’t marry to their families. That’s not the case with me. Chizoba is the first woman I have introduced to both my maternal and paternal grandparents. I am at a point in my life where I have everything I wanted to achieve and I am short of one thing. A permanent life partner and I intend on making Chizoba that.”

“So you want to marry her?” I nod. “As in

yesterday?" I chuckle and shrug. "What jewelry would you buy for your mother on Mother's Day?" okay. Why is she asking this?

"Rose diamond earrings, necklace, bracelet and watch."

"Well I want that since you didn't get me anything for Mother's Day." Say what now? Is this what daylight robbery feels like? But she is Chizoba's mother so what she wants, she gets.

We head to the nearest jewelry store and I buy her the set she wants. The woman ends up taking a dark index ring for her husband. Now I don't know the man but I don't think he is the type to wear a random ring other than his wedding band but I'm not judging. If there is anyone who can make us wear anything, it's the gender that got us kicked out of Eden. As we exit

the store, someone jumps on my back and I instinctively balance the person on the back of their thighs with my hands. In this whole world, only two people would do this in public, my little sister and my woman.

“Little one.”

She grunts. “How did you know?” she climbs off my back and I chuckle.

“I can sense when you’re nearby.” She rolls her eyes and we share a hug. Even though we hardly spend time together, my sister knows I love her to death.

“Who is she?” Chizoba’s mother startles me. For a moment there I forgot she was here.

“Mrs. Gwendaline, this is my little sister, Mawande Gumbi.”

Wande grins stupidly. "Such a pleasure to meet you. You are as beautiful as Chichi but I can see she inherited the good looks from you, not the other way round." My sister is such a charmer.

"You are also really pretty. Who has the good genes?" I don't get her question.

"Well it's a collective thing. Mom is a bombshell, drop dead gorgeous woman while my father is really handsome. So it's a mixture of beautiful genes but we look like our father." Chizoba's mom laughs. Its actually the first time I have heard her laugh since we got acquainted. The woman is tough. Lord protect me from her husband's wrath.

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 69

MATHENJI GASA

“Baby, where are you? I know you’re in here?”

His voice startles me and I get back to my position. I swear I was not sleeping, I just dozed off. But now, I am wide awake and ready to show this stupid man of mine who I really am. Like who the fuck goes on a mission and promises to come back in two weeks but ends up coming back after a whole month? An entire month? At first I was so pissed off, then it escalated to anger, went down to sadness but then back up to anger. You can’t leave your woman for a full month. Who the fuck do you think is servicing her?

I love sex so much, I once thought I had a succubus spirit in me because Chichi called me

that once after she read some story on Visionary Writings written by a Precious Moloi. That story is downright scary. I am not even a reader but if I were, I would stick to dark romance and leave the horror to amadelabuthongo. My friend was honestly kidding about the succubus thing but I was so worried. So I researched about it and I was relieved to find out that I don't have an evil sex goddess spirit in me. If my vibrators and dildos could talk, they would ask for a vacation because wow. After this, I just realised that I would never survive a long distance relationship or date a soldier. Sorry. Mark me absent.

"There you are." He says as he enters the bedroom. "I have been looking everywhere for you."

"Well not hard enough because I was right here." I am still leaning on the headboard

wearing a lace bra with a matching crotchless thong.

“You look so sexy right now. You are making me think I shouldn’t leave you behind the next time I go to a mission.” I snort. As if I would want that. I love the idea of seeing him in action but I am not stupid. I would never go to a mission. First, that’s suicidal and I could get arrested because I am not street smart like him and his friends.

“I will pass.” I mutter. He places the bags he is carrying on the floor and crawls into bed. When he reaches me, he kisses me. I missed these lips and this body but I am not going to change my plan. “Flip.” He knows what I want. He grins as he flips us. I am now straddling his lap and he is leaning in the headboard. “Did you miss me?”

“Every single second.”

“Good then.” I lean forward and kiss him. He responds, planting his hands on my hips and bringing me closer to him. I shake my head and he chuckles.

“What now?”

“I have a surprise for you. Close your eyes.” He smirks at me but follows my instructions. No wonder this gender was defeated by Delilah. One instruction from a woman and they are goners. I cuff his left hand to the bedpost and his eyes open really fast.

“What is happening?” he seems agitated. Shame. He will live.

“I need you to relax and trust me, my love. This

is all part of the surprise.” He seems reluctant but he gives me his right hand. I smile widely and reward him with a kiss before continuing with the cuffing. I then take off his pants followed by his boots and unbutton his shirt. I can’t take it off, so I guess I will just leave it open. I climb off the bed and pick my phone. “Do you promise to keep quiet or do I need to gag you?” he snorts.

“The gagging isn’t necessary, my love?”

“If you say so.” I shrug and then start playing music. Dirty laundry booms all over the room and I start dancing provocatively while my eyes are trained on his, grasping his every reaction. I slowly undo my bra and let it fall to the ground. Another song comes in. I climb onto the bed and continue with my provocative dancing. I crawl to his lap and rub his dick for a few moments before replacing my hands with my

pussy lips. I keep on rubbing his cock there with no intention of putting it inside me. Yes I have been craving for him but he has to learn his lesson. I reach for the phone and lower the volume.

“How do you feel, baby?” I ask as my hands caress his upper body.

“Like I am going to die any second from now if you don’t let me inside your safe haven.” His voice is hoarse and his eyes are so small.

“Poor you, baby. Poor you.” I put some distance between us, squeeze his insanely hard dick and crawl to the bedside table. I open the drawer and retrieve a clear dildo. I sit in front of him with my legs spread wide. “So while you were away this whole time, I was needy and desperate for your touch. You made me like this.

You turned me into your addict. You set the bar so high and then you vanished. I don't give a fuck whether you were out guarding the president or what. Truth of the matter, you left me and u don't think I can let that go anytime soon. So you are banned from entering my pussy until further notice."

"Baby you can't be serious. I was out there doing my job, risking my life. You can't punish me for that."

"Yes I can and yes I am who did you leave me with while you played Mr. Hero? Who? And don't fuckin tell me about the guards or is there some unknown rule that I was not made aware of? That stipulates I can help myself to the guards whenever their master is away?"

"Fuck, Mathenji. Why are you doing this?" he

has never pronounced my name before. So this is new. I guess he is becoming really angry. Luckily for him, the feeling is mutual.

“You left me needy and craving you for more than a whole month. What the fuck were you hoping to achieve? That by the time you came back I would’ve regained my virginity? Now deal with the consequences of your actions.” I rub the dildo on my pussy and moan at the sensations.

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I know it’s short. Please blame Eskom. I love you all. Less than 4 chapters left.

THE ARROGANT JERK

SEASON FINALE

CHAPTER 69 CONTINUATION

I am glad that meeting between Makho and my mom went well, even though Mary robbed my man. That woman is unpredictable as the weather, I swear. Who in their right mind does what she did? She is a special case. Maybe she is Mathenji's mom. Speaking of that one, my friend is crazy beyond repairs. Even admitting her to the psychiatric ward won't do no difference. In fact she will coach other lunatics on how to become more crazy. She told me about what she did to Nathan, and how she fled before he woke up. She is currently in some township in Bloemfontein.

She said that whatever courage she had last night forsaken her at dawn when she woke up. She just quietly untied the man and ran for her life. She is just being dramatic though. I know for a fact that she will be cuddled up in bed with Nathan before the day ends. Now her being

away means she won't be able to meet my parents today. She can only meet them tomorrow afternoon. But God knows how much I need her now because my father will need a mood booster after his meet up with Makho. Speaking of that old man...

"Daddy, I brought you your favourite." He is seated on the balcony table, reading a newspaper. It's something he always do on a Saturday morning. Sort of a tradition of his. He looks up and rolls his eyes when he sees the tea I am carrying. He knows the drill.

"What have you done?" yes. This is a peace offering tea after you have done something bad. You know he will never reject it, never. It's green tea with raw mint leaves and honey. A weird combination but he likes it like that. He even

calls it the Gwenda tea. I place the tray on the table and sit across him. Well here goes nothing.

“Daddy, there is this guy named Makhosonke Gumbi. He claims to love me and says he sees his future in my eyes. He wants to meet you before we take things to the next level.” I know my way of delivering news is not the best but you have to put yourself in my shoes. The minute I uttered the word 'guy' he deserted the newspaper and gave me a penetrating gaze that was enough to make me confess my sins or better yet, chicken out.

“Exactly how long have you known this guy?” he asks after he has taken a sip of his tea and sat back. My dad is my favourite parent but he can be a bit unhinged when boys are mentioned in the same sentence with his daughters. I heard

he wanted Eze to sit on the grass mat when he came home just so he could see how serious he is with Udoa. Luckily the guy is humbled, so he did as he was told. I can imagine how differently that would've went if it was Makho. Firstly he would've complained and told my father how much his pants cost. It's not even about the price. It's just his arrogance, that idiotic beautiful man of mine.

"I have known him for a few months, papa."

"And in those few months you have slept together? Or should I ask how many times did you sleep together?" My God. Open a hole and bury me. Siri, how do I rewind time and erase my words? I knew it was going to be difficult but I was never ready for this question. What the fuck is wrong with dad? Is he trying to make me sweat?

“Yes, papa. We have engaged in sexual activities.” There is no better way to admit to your father that you have been made a full chicken, Turned upside down all in the name of pleasure. Couldn’t he ask me about Makho’s background or occupation?

“So you meet a guy and open your legs for him without leading him home and have him do right by you before engaging in sexual activities? What would you had done had you fallen pregnant because your generation has a phobia of protection? Would you have rejoiced if he decided to up and leave you? You have just settled down and got the job of your dreams, and now you want to add a man to that equation? Really?” why is he being like this? I can date and still excel in my job. I am no horny teenager who can’t think just because he has

gotten into a new relationship.

“It was wrong of me to sleep with him before he paid dowry. I wasn’t thinking, papa. I am sorry.”
There is no other way to get out of this interrogation with dad other than humbling yourself and apologizing. He exhales loudly and takes a few sips.

“So when am I meeting this ugly ashy man of yours?” Hebana. Does he want to see pictures of my handsome Rasta first? But I am in no position to defend Makho. He is already in hot waters.

“He wanted to meet for brunch or lunch today.”

“Mmm. Tell him to come pick me up in an hour for brunch and if you dare warn him or tell him

about our talk, I will know and I might not give him my blessing.” Why is he being like this? But I guess I have no choice but to play to his tune. “Also call him now and put him on speaker.” Say what now? Is my old man bored or something? I would’ve hooked him up with Mazwakhe but that would be kind of conflict of interest or whatever. I take my phone, release a deep sigh before dialling Makho’s number and putting it on speaker.

“Hey baby. How are you this morning?” he answers cheerfully.

“Morning Makhosonke. My father wants to meet you for brunch in an hour.” I hope that relays the message and also reveals that I am not alone.

“Ohh okay. Do I have to pick him up or will you drop him off at the destination?” my clever

lawyer. He caught on.

“No. Pick him up. See you soon and don’t be late.” I hang up.

“No you won’t come out. You will just show me which fucker he is and then come back here.”

Is there a place where dads are given up for adoption? If so, plug me in.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 70

SEASON FINALE

I am a ball of nerves as the elevator descends. Jesus Christ. I knew a meeting between my father and Makho wouldn’t be nice and smooth. But I also didn’t anticipate his reaction. I have never talked to my father about sex before. So for him to ask me about it that straight up was

weird and scary. And now I am scared for Makho. May the Gods protect him. As the elevator reaches the ground floor and opens, I suddenly wish I had the power to freeze time but God doesn't love all his children.

"Chichi!" a squealing voice forces me to look up and I smile when I see Quinn. She is no time machine but at least she will delay us a bit with greetings and introductions.

"Hey babe." We step out of the elevator and I hug her. "You're looking suspiciously beautiful this morning. Where are you off to?"

"I am having brunch with my cousins but I forgot my car keys upstairs." She looks behind me. "Hello."

How I wished for him to disappear. "Quinn, this is my father, Mr. Gwendaline and dad this is Quinn, one of my friends."

They shake hands. "Nice to meet you, young lady. I hope we can talk later on. Let's not keep you waiting." He smiles at Quinn and then pulls me to the front door. This man has no chill. He can't wait to terrorize my man. We walk to the parking lot. Makho is already standing outside his car. I can see that he is contemplating on whether to come to us or not. "Is that him?" I nod. "Okay. Your journey ends here."

Aibo! Why? "But dad..." he doesn't say anything. He just gives me one glance and then walk towards Makho. They are not too far from where I am standing. So I hear Makho muttering a greeting. Dad doesn't reply. He just looks at him from top to bottom and then gives him a mean slap that shocks me hard, I actually scream. What the fuck? What's wrong with dad? I rush to them.

“So you’re the one who has been sleeping with my daughter without paying for her dowry?

Is this even legal? Dad is being so unreasonable and I am in disbelief of his actions.

“I am sorry, sir. I am willing to pay anything to make things right.” Makho responds. You never respond to these type of questions because these dinosaurs have a way of twisting your words.

“So you having money means you can restore my daughter's virginity by means of payment since 'you are willing to pay anything'? Is that what you’re saying?” my what now? See what I was saying? He is twisting Makho’s words and my baby can’t even apply his lawyering skills because dad will murder him.

“No, sir. That’s now what I was saying.”

“Then what were you implying?”

“Dad please.” I plead with him and he just gives me one look that is enough to humble me.

He turns to Makho. “Lead the way.” My man hurries to open the passenger door and dad slides in like a king. He then comes around to his door.

“I love you.” He whispers, flashing me a shy smile before climbing in.

This idiot still has the will to smile even after that slap. My man though. But if he survives this, he will get unlimited access to this pussy, I swear. I watch the car driving out and I finally head back inside.

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MAKHOSONKE

I was playing SETE on repeat on my way here, so I just leave it on but lower the volume. I don't wanna give this man more ammunition. I don't even know how to start a conversation. My cheek is still burning from that slap. Honestly I don't understand why I was slapped. It's not like I found her sealed and stuff. But you have to suffer for true love, and that's what's happening. I'm suffering.

After a whole 10 minutes of suffering, I figure I should say something because the silence is not comfortable. Now how does one start a conversation with a man like this? What would Mazwakhe Gumbi say? As if he is sensing my misery, a call from him comes in.

“Somkhanda.” I answer with a smile.

“What fucked up shit have you gotten yourself into, son?” his voice beams all over the car.

I try stifling a chuckle. My old man can see right through me. “Nothing, dad. I’m just in the car with Chizoba's father and you’re on speaker.”

This guy actually breaks into laughter, not even caring about what I just said. “Ukushayile? (Did he hit you?)”

“That’s none of your business. See you later.”

He continues laughing. “Thule ubaba Chizoba ushaye indodana yakho. (Chizoba’s father hit your son.)”

“Umshaye kancane Uma esakwazi ukukhuluma. (He didn’t hit him enough if he still is able to talk.)” My mom responds. It’s official, my parents hate me.

“Goodbye Devil’s best friends.” They both laugh. I am never going to hear the end of this. I hang up.

“Are those your parents?” he asks and I nod with a smile.

“Yes. They are a bit unhinged but they are great parents.”

“Mmm. You don’t need to justify their craziness.” Okay Phela judge Judy. “So what is it that you do?”

“I am a lawyer.”

“You must’ve manipulated my daughter with your words because there was no way she could’ve fallen for an ugly fucker like you. Worse, you have dreads. Yoh!”. I have never been degraded like this in just one statement. I

know he is supposed to be hard on me, but Yoh. I am someone's child bathong. Tell him to have mercy on me. I don't respond to his statement and he chuckles. "I thought lawyers are supposed to always have a come back, or are you one of those who bought their certificate?" People by LLB certificates? For real? I don't think that's possible. Not everyone is that phara guy from SUITS.

"We are here." I am relieved as I park outside A-Class Restaurant. We make our way inside and we are led to a table I reserved an hour ago. We place our drinks' orders and they come back within 5 minutes.

"So what are your intentions with my daughter?" no small talks, I see. Straight to the point.

"I intend on marrying her as soon as possible. I know it hasn't been that long since we started

dating but I know I want to spend the rest of my life with her, legally.”

He frowns. “So you want my blessing?”

“That would mean a lot, sir.”

“But I don’t know you and I don’t trust anyone with my children. What if you break her heart like her ex fiancé or worse, break her bones? Maybe you have a temper she doesn’t know about.”

“I am not going to paint myself as a good guy or anything. But one thing I will assure you with is my unconditional love for Chizoba. I love her more than my mother and my baby sister and I would die if something were to happen to her. I will protect her with my whole life or even hire guards to watch her when I am not around but I promise you, I will never harm your daughter in any way.”

“But words are just that, words. If I give you my blessing, I am putting my full trust in you. I am trusting you with my most unpriced possession. So if anything happens to her, that would mean you have broken her trust and mind. And since you are smart, you know trust is like a soul. Once it’s gone, it’s gone.” That’s a mouthful.

“I hear you, sir. And I will try to not disappoint you.”

He nods. “Now when is your family coming to pay dowry?”

“Next month.” That answer just came out of nowhere, but I know it won’t cause a dent in my wallet.

He grins. “We are in no rush. But it’s fine.”

Now that it seems like he won’t be hitting me

anytime soon... “I would like to propose to Chizoba tomorrow.”

He frowns. “So soon?”

“There is no reason for any delays.”

“Mmm. But I have to punch you after this outing so that you will know what awaits you should you abuse my daughter.”

I thought we were bonding. Clearly I was wrong. Things we do for love.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 71

FINALE PART ONE

MATHENJI GASA

I know my actions are valid. I mean the man did leave me for a whole month without a substitute, so I was right for doing what I did. It's just that he said he will get me for what I did to him, that was before he dozed off. So I ran. I am naughty and problematic but I am scared of punishment. I knew the moment I saw three red sports cars driving in through the guesthouse's window that the man has come for me. Even though I registered under a false name, it's only a matter of time before he finds me and there is no escaping. I see him stepping out of the car dressed in all white. Five other man follow suit. He says something to them and then he enters the guesthouse with one guy.

I take my handbag and rush to one of the storerooms that one of the staff members showed me. It won't hold for long but it will buy me some time. My phone rings and I curse

under my breath. I know Nate didn't track me using it. Phela I have dated a hacker before and he gave a chip that I should insert in my phone to prevent anyone from hacking it or tracking it. I frown when I see that Makhosonke is the one calling. What does he want? Wait, did something happen to Chichi?

"Makhosonke, what is it?"

"I thought the white guy was back. So why are you grumpy?"

I grunt. Makhosonke is a jerk and he is always ready to say nasty comments. That means nothing is wrong. "I am hanging up."

He chuckles. "Wait. Wait. Geez. Your man need to pull up his socks. Anyways, Chizoba's father

gave me his blessing. Now I need that plan of ours to be put in motion.”

I roll my eyes. “You must’ve bribed him because there is no way he would’ve gave you his blessing like that. It’s so soon. You had what? A day to convince him?”

“One outing really but that’s none of your business. Chizoba said you’re out of town and I need you back as soon as possible so that we can do this thing tomorrow night.”

I groan. “Fine. I will text you when everything is set. You’re house, right?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t forget the money.” I hang up just as the door opens and I am faced with Nathan. He

looks angry. He doesn't even have that usual spark he possesses whenever he sees me. "Hi, baby." My voice is shaking. It's actually dawning in me that I am dating a dangerous man.

He sighs in relief. Or is it exhaustion? "Do you ever think of the consequences of your actions, Mathenji?" Holy Hell. I am in deep shit. Not once has he ever pronounced my name like this, without any hesitation. "You know what? Let's just get out of here."

He grabs my hand and pulls me out. We head to the parking lot. There are more cars now. About 5 red SUVs and 2 yellow sports cars. Some are parked on the street. What the fuck is going on here? All for retrieving one girlfriend? A bulky coloured guy comes towards Nate's car and Nate forces me to stop. The man is wearing yellow sneakers, black jeans and a yellow T-shirt. Too much yellow for my liking. But it

seems like shit is about to hit the fan. So I will keep my mouth shut.

“She hasn’t said anything?” he asks looking between Nate and I. Said anything about what?

“No, boss. But I believe it was pure coincidence. She doesn’t know anything about anything.”

Nate responds, his eyes traveling between his boss and mine.

“Coincidence? I think not. She may have lured you out here so that you will show up vulnerable and they will take you out. Weakening my position.”

Weaken? Lure? Take out? “Wait. Hold up. What the fuck are you talking about?” I thought I was going to keep quiet and let them talk about whatever shit that’s going on but to accuse me of setting up Nathan? That’s low.

“Babe, not now.” Nathan pulls me towards him and I shake my head.

“No. Tell me what’s going on right now. I only left Joburg because of what I did. Even though my actions were justified, you threatened me and I wanted you to chase me because I missed you.”

“Couldn’t you have went to Durban or Port Elizabeth?” Polar asks walking towards us.

“That’s predictable.” I roll my eyes.

“Well your cat and mouse game has put everyone at risk. We are in enemy territory, baby girl. Our worst enemy ever. His uncle.” The boss points at Nathan with his head. “Should something happen to anyone of us, be proud of yourself.” He walks to the yellow car, leaving me as confused as ever. I turn to Nathan and he shakes his head.

“I will explain later.” He opens the passenger door for me and just as I am sliding inside, Polar shouts.

“THEY ARE CLOSING IN ON US! WE NEED TO MOVE!”

Nate makes sure my door is closed before moving to his. It doesn't take long for him to get the engine started and drive out, following the other cars. After a few minutes, I hear gunshots not far from us and I can't stop the scream that erupts from my throat. Nate curses under his breath as he drives faster.

“Don't worry. The car is bulletproof and we will be at the field where we parked the chopper in a few minutes.” That's all he says. His voice sounds super chilled.

“What is happening, Nathan? Why are we being shot at?” I am freaking out right now. I won’t lie.

“Babe, don’t worry about it. Nothing is going to happen to us. I will tell you all about it when we get home.”

“No. Tell me now.”

He sighs. “My uncle is a crime boss and we are rivals. We never enter each other’s territory under any circumstances. Us being here means that we are disrespecting him. We are not scared of him or anything but we are at a disadvantage here.”

Mathenji you’re stupid though. I bury my hands in my face, momentarily forgetting about the bullets flying towards our direction. “I am sorry, baby. I literally thought of a city in the middle of nowhere. A challenge. I didn’t think it might endanger you. I am telling the truth.”

“Hey. Look at me.” I remove my hands from my face and turn to look at his handsome face. “I believe you. I do. The boss is just not in the mood and I get it because everything seems suspicious. But I love you and I believe you.”

We get to an open field where there are 5 choppers lined up. I didn't even realise the shooting stopped. We exit the car and climb into one of the choppers. As it takes off, I turn to look at Nate.

“What's going to happen to the cars?”

“Don't worry yourself about that.” Nice life problems, huh.

...

CHIZOBA

“How does your cheek feel?” I ask as I strike it and he winces. I roll my eyes. He is being a softie right now. We are currently chilling at my building’s rooftop since I can’t leave and he can’t come in his apartment.

“Baby, your father is really rough. I felt like Mike Tyson had punched me.” I don’t mean to, really, but I break into laughter. I am not laughing at his misery but he is hilarious.

“You’re going to be fine. Do I need to massage your cheek?”

“Baby, you’re not taking me seriously. Anyways, I have a question for you. Does my hairstyle turn you off?”

I frown. “Where is that coming from? Babe, I

have never heard you question your look. Why now?" he shakes his head with a small smile.

"It's nothing. I was just asking."

I cup his face and run my hand through his dreads. "Tell me."

He sighs. "I love you, baby and I am glad that your father gave me his blessing. Soon I will be sending my family to represent me and make our union legit." Why is he changing the subject? I hope it's not my dad that has made him question his appearance.

"What are you saying?"

"You will understand me soon. Now come here and give me a kiss before I leave."

"Why so early? It's not like you have someone waiting for you at home and stuff."

He chuckles. "You need to rest. I don't want you dozing off at brunch." We are supposed to have brunch with his family since my parents gave him their blessing and stuff. Mathenji promised to be there and also Quinn. The whole thing will be at Lubelihle Resort.

"One round and I will let you go." He laughs.

"You're insatiable. I wish your father can hear how demanding you are when it comes to sex."

"That one said our generation is allergic to protection." We look at each other and we both laugh. Dad is a savage, but hitting Makho was not necessary.

THE ARROGANT JERK

CHAPTER 72

FINALE PART TWO

“This place is really beautiful.” Quinn commends as we get seated at the Lubelihle Resort dining table. I am seated between her and Mathenji, the trouble friend. Makho is on the other side of the table with his family. Even Mogotsi and Mawande are here. I guess the Gumbi family has really accepted and embraced him. I wish to get to that stage with Makho and my parents. But I guess he will have to get hit by a car in their presence for them to have mercy on him.

“You're absolutely right. I have never seen a place like this before. It's magnificent and breath-taking. I can't wait to post pictures on my socials.”

“You can use my phone to snap those pictures.” Makho chirps in and Akose grins.

“Thank you very much brother in law.”

Makho looks so handsome today. I think he went to the salon because his dreads are styled differently and his beard has been nicely trimmed. He is also wearing a bit of foundation to hide the blue eye. Even with makeup on, his manly beauty is unmissable. He has that sex appeal and he is making me wet. I make eye contact with him and I lick my lips. Sorry, but I can't help it. Besides, this is my man. He just smiles and shakes his head.

“How is everyone doing though? And why is Makhosonke not spotting a blue eye?” Mathenji asks and I punch her. She squeals and looks at me. “What? I just wanna know what has been happening. I think a lot has happened the past 24 hours.”

“If you must know,” Zoe leans in. “Mr. Gwendaline hit my son and thank you for that by the way. I feel like I would’ve been labelled as an abuser if I slapped him for...”

“Come on, Zoe. Give him a break about that.” I interrupt because I know she was going to talk about Makho forgetting her birthday. She laughs and raises her hands up in surrender mode.

“Today is a special occasion for both the Gumbi and the Gwendaline family. I have known Chizoba for a while now and I can safely say that she is special and kind hearted. Plus she connects with my wife. So that’s a bonus. I am looking forward to creating a long lasting relationship between the two families. My son is blessed to find a woman like Chizoba and I wish them nothing but the best.” Mazwakhe's words melt my heart. Can your future father in

law ever?

“We are glad that we have been afforded this type of gathering before the serious talk begins. Now, what do you do for a living?” my father asks Mazwakhe. He seems cool today.

“I am judge.” He responds.

“I am a housewife and a bookworm.” Zoe.

“I am a singer, songwriter and an actress.” Mawande.

“Well I am Mogotsi, Mawande's fiancé and I am an entrepreneur.” Mathenji chuckles.

“Understatement of the century.” I snort. Why does my friend have to always involve her madness even when people are being serious?

“My husband is a school principal. I, on the other hand, am a housewife, a mother and a

grandmother. Those two last roles are full time, I am telling you.” Mom comments and Zoe laugh.

“I can relate. Raising 4 children plus a grown man ain’t a joke.” They share a look and then both of them break into laughter. I just caught on hit I won’t let it show. However, Mathenji doesn’t give a fuck about holding it in. She laughs with the older women.

“I can imagine how much fun it was, repeating the process 7 times. You’re the G mama Gwendaline.” Nathan’s woman though. Is there a way of making her vanish? Mom doesn’t even mind. In fact, she laughs harder. I think she and Mathenji will get along quite well because of their personalities.

We finish eating while making small talks. Makho hardly said anything during the meal. He is just smiling, laughing and nodding. Dad asks to speak to Mazwakhe in private. As they get up, Makho also gets up. He is looking deliciously handsome in a formal shirt and pants which are quite similar to the ones he wore when we first met. The 12k pants. I chuckle, not believing it. I remember burning those.

“Can I please take Chizoba out for dessert? Maybe buy her a book on the way?” Makho ask, looking at dad.

Dad shakes his head. “If I say no, what are you going to do?”

“Dad come on.” I stand up, fixing my dress. I look at Makho and he smiles. “Once you mention books, you know I won’t listen to a word after that.”

Dad laughs. "I still love my pretty face, so go."

I hug both my friends and then Makho and I walk out.

"You look pretty today." My baby compliments as he opens the car door for me.

"And you look awful in those pants." He chortles.

"I knew you would have something to say about my pants." He gets inside the car and drives out.

"Your dad has zero chill, baby. I am always on edge around him. He needs to loosen up a bit. Does he drink?"

I giggle and roll my eyes. I knew a quiet Makho wasn't gonna last. "So which book are you going to buy for your lady?"

"Which one do you want?"

"Love Tangled, Unmatched Hearts and A

Burning Desire, all by Takalani M.”

He smiles. “Consider it done. So what is the name of our first born?”

“Baby, we have to make one first before naming them. Also no children out of wedlock.”

“I was thinking Nkosana if it’s a boy. The name can be translated to male heir. If it’s a girl, she can be Makhosazana, a young queen.”

“I might as well entertain this idea. How about a Yoruba first name?” he shakes his head.

“Sorry love. Our children will be 75% Zulu and 25% Nigerian. So Zulu first names are compulsory. I want no child of mine to be named Remember or Christmas or even Joseph. Hell no.” This is one of the deepest shades he has ever cast but I am just going to ignore it.

“Whatever that makes you sleep at night.”

“You’re giving up? Without a fight?”

“We will cross this bridge when we get to it.”

I turn up the volume. This SETE song comes on. He is obsessed with it these days. He has recently posted a video of us dancing and kissing while it was playing on the background. He winks at me and starts singing. I record him for my Instagram story.

“Uyang'sanganisa, ofana nawe

Angek' aphind' akekh nak'lelizwe

Kukhon' ok'thize ngathi ngik'dlile,

Angith' uthanda mina? Ng'cela

Kungashintshi

Uyang'sanganisa, singanqoba
Nempi singayihlanganisa
Kukhon' ok'thize ngathi ngik'dlile
Ungenza ng'phile

Ungithath' ungibeke, ngeke
Heh basihlukanis' uthando
Lugqwele
Ngcel' ubabheke izithele, oh
Zigqwele ungavumi zingene

Athi ngik'sete, ngik'sete
Athi ngik'sete, ngik'sete
Athi ngik'sete, ngik'sete
Uthando lwakho lungenza ng'shelele."

I don't even know what the lyrics mean but the affectionate look he is giving me says it all. This is a love song. My God, I am in love with Makhosonke Gumbi, my Rasta. We finally get to our destination. Page Haven of course. Where else am I going to buy books if not here? We head inside and Makho leads m to the counter. I see this beautiful lady who usually assists Zoe and I when we come here. Her name is Thingo. I also heard that she is a lesbian.

"Hello Thingo." My man greet her like they are old buddies.

"Hey, Makhosonke. Hey Chizoba. What can I do for you guys today?"

"I just need my special book for now and you can pack Love Tangled, Unmatched Hearts and A Burning Desire be Takalani M. We will take them later."

“Cool.” She walks away and comes back after a minute with a small book in her hands. She gives it to Makho who hands it to me. The cover is all white with no pictures or writing. I frown, looking at him.

“What is this?” I bring it to my nose and the smell of a fresh new book hits me. I close my eyes and breathe it in.

“Love.” I open my eyes and look at him. He chuckles. “It’s a mysterious book. Go sit down and read it.”

“Weird but okay.” I walk to my favourite book and take a sit. I open the book and frown at the title on the first page.

THE ARROGANT JERK AND THE SASSY LADY
By M. GUMBI

'Once upon a time, there was a handsome guy who was full of himself and super confident. He dated an evil princess who lived to tarnish and torment those she thought were beneath her. One day the guy met this beautiful dark beauty. Because he was with the evil princess he was rude to the dark beauty. He said some awful words and the dark beauty got mad at him. The next encounter was also not good because the evil princess manhandled the dark beauty. the guy didn't like what the evil princess did but he didn't want things to look as if he cared for the dark beauty. So he followed her outside and instead of apologizing to the deputy he said some words which didn't sit well with the dark beauty. So she punched him.

Time and time again they bumped into each other and she's slowly warmed her way into his

heart. One of those times he gave her ride and after she got off his car he was left with only has sent that penetrated his Cold Heart deeper and deeper. The dark beauty befriended his mother and he thought she had ulterior motives but it turns out the friendship was genuine. On a certain night, he met her and he one of his lowest moments. He was going through a lot and she helped him out of that awful situation. Her words of wisdom shook him up and made him realise he needed this woman in his life. He cut all ties with the evil princess and pursued the dark beauty. It wasn't an easy journey but they our love was strong enough to make them realise they were stronger together, compatible, the match of the century and could also not leave without each other.

Dear Dark Beauty

You are amazing. You are special. You are smart. You light up my whole body and life. You are the generator responsible of making my heart beat every second. Out of all of the women in the world, it is you that I love, you that I need you that, I want and you that I would love to grow old with. there is no one like you. I love your skin tone, your beauty, your sassiness, your ability to mize everything around you as soon as you have a book in your hand just like you're doing right now even though I am kneeling in front of you with a ring on my hand and wishing you agree to spending the rest of your life with me.'

My eyes pop out and I raise my head to see him really kneeling on one knee before me. I am feeling all kinds of emotions right now. Tears can't stop falling from my eyes. I knew that one day he will propose and it will be special but I

never thought he would make it this personal and so sentimental. How does one stop crying though because I think I'm ruining the moment?

"I can't stop the tears." I whisper and he chuckles. "Ask me."

He laughs. "Chizoba Makhosazana Gwendaline, will you marry me?"

"Yes, I will marry you, you arrogant handsome jerk."

He smiles and puts the ring on my finger. It's so beautiful but I will study it later. Right now I need to pay attention to my man. He pulls me up and we share the most passionate kiss ever. We break it and just look at each other, blushing like idiots.

“Thank you for saying yes. But even if you said no, I would’ve been a nuisance until you changed your answer.” I giggle. That sounds exactly like him. He is a go getter. I look around and see people cheering for us and some even taking videos. Thingy comes to us with a bouquet of roses and a gift bag. She hands both things to Makho. I wonder how much he paid for all this trouble. Makho hands me the gifts. I think I will check what’s inside the gift bag in the car.

“So what do you wanna eat?” he asks as we step out of the store. He is carrying a red carrier bag with the books I requested and also our special book. I will forever Honor that one. There are a few pages I didn’t get to but as soon as I find time, I will dive right in.

“I just want ice cream, and a milkshake and a cake slice. All from Enhle’s Sweet Tooth.”

He gives me that panty dropping smile.
“Anything for my fiancé.”

We drive to the bakery and he purchases what I have requested. He knows my favourite flavours. While he is busy in the boot, I open my gift bag. My God. This man lives to make blush. He bought me an iPhone 14. Worse, it hasn't been long since he bought me the 13 model. This is the first relationship where I have been spooled this much. He also bought me a luxurious black handbag. I open it to find a lot of cash stacked inside. He chooses that moment to renter the car. I turn to look at him with new years now. I can't even hold them in.

“Baby, this is too much. What am I going to do with this money when you make it your life mission to buy things for me?”

He chuckles. "if I don't spoil you, then who will? Besides, this, gifts and all, is my love language. So let me be, woman." I lean over and kiss him. Is there anything called too much love and affection? I think this will be my cause of death.

I don't even realise we are driving to his house until he parks on the driveway which has a few cars lined up. I think the families have come to celebrate with us or something along those lines. I quickly use facial wipes to clean my face as we walk towards the front door. I am met by a squealing Mathenji when Makho opens the door. My friend is jumping up and down with pure joy and excitement.

"The ring. The ring babe. I wanna see the ring." She screams as she pulls my left hand. She gushes over the silver band and pulls me to a

tight hug. "I am so happy for you, my love. Congratulations." No more tears now. I am tired.

"Thank you."

"Now welcome to your new home. Sorry. I couldn't stop myself, but come." She leads me to the dining area and as soon as the doors open, people scream 'SURPRISE!' I nearly run out. Makho is full of surprises.

"Welcome to your engagement luncheon baby." Makho's voice brings me back to the present moment.

"Thank you, love." I hug him. I am actually thanking him for a lot of things but I can't put them in words, right now. Maybe tomorrow. Everything is so beautiful and everyone looks classy. My parents come to congratulate me together with my younger siblings. Followed by the Gumbi family. All this is making me

emotional once again. Is it 'Make Chizoba cry' day? Because wow.

We move around as he introduces me to his friends, colleagues, business associates and even neighbours. Even though I know my face is puffy from all the crying, I am glad my dress is not that bad. After all those pleasantries, people get settled in the two long dinner tables and are served starters. I am glad there are no formal speeches and all. I quietly stand up and make my way to Mawande.

“A word, please.”

“Okay.” She stands up with her bag and I lead her to the nearest bathroom. “What’s up?” She asks as soon as I close the door.

“I need some quick make up. Maybe even 10 minutes quickness just to rid of all the

puffiness and oiliness.” She smiles.

“Don’t worry sister in law. I got you.” I sit on the bench and she starts doing her magic. She always carry an emergency make up bag. “So how does it feel to be engaged to the mighty Makhosonke Gumbi?”

“Still hasn’t sunk in.” I shrug and we both laugh. “I am happy, beyond happy and overwhelmed by his love. When he does something, he always go all out and sometimes I feel guilty because I don’t know how to reciprocate those actions. Especially when it comes to gifts.”

“Get him flowers, homemade chocolate, whiskey, cufflinks and pants. My brother is a softie and a hopeless romantic. He loves the cute stuff and is obsessed with cufflinks and pants. As long as they are expensive and

beautiful.”

“Wow. Thank you for that. I once burned his pants but my actions were justified.” She laughs.

“You are going to be my favourite Gumbi wife. And I think we are done.” I stand up and look at my reflection in the mirror. This girl is a miracle worker.

“Thank you so much, babes. This is beautiful. You are good. Quit singing and acting already. You know your true calling.”

She giggled. “I will firstly discuss this with my fiancé and we will see. Who knows? Maybe he might build me my own MAC. Now let’s go back before they send a search party for us.”

We head out just in time to see Makho asking one of the waiters about me.

“Hey. Have you seen my fiancé? She is the most beautiful woman here. A melanin queen. She has on this gorgeous green dress which is showing off her curves and white heels. She is yay tall and has a bright platinum ring on her finger.” I giggle and he turns towards us. He starts walking to me. “Thank God. I thought you had run away from me or something.”

I smile. “Never. You’re stuck with me forever, bhuti.” He laughs and hugs me. My Rasta cutie.

-----THE END-----