

2019

Milkah

I'm having the time of my life! Madagascar is the most amazing place in the world.

The scenery is to die for and the animals are just too cute!

"Mil come on, we've taken enough selfies for the day, can we go already" Zama said with a aggravated face.

"Okey okey just one more than we can go" I took the last selfie which came out perfect. Finally!
You know how annoying it is to take one hundred pictures and only take one to post to instagram.

I'm currently on vacation with my friends in Madagascar. We are all originally from South Africa. I'm classified as African in my race group. Zama is the same, Gigi is white and Zelah is mixed with Asian and Mexican in her.

We decide on this trip after our Grade 12 finals. Not to brag but we all come from good stable homes where we have annoying siblings and suffocating parents, but we love them nevertheless.

Me and Gigi are the only ones with single parents because God decided to take our dad's at an early stage in our life's.

All my friends are my best friends and we've all known each other since high school.

I guess this trip is the last we will ever take before we all go our different destinies.

Hey Pixes, if you liked this chapter please do vote and leave constructive commits so that I know what you guys expect from me.

2019

Milkah

We are currently in our hotel packing to go back home. We spent a whole weekend and my bank balance is crying tears.

"He did look handsome though" Gigi said.

Her and I are the irresponsible ones of the group. Zama is the serious one and Zelah is the motherly one.

"I know right! He looked like Khal Drogo!" I said squealing with Gigi.

On the day we arrived which was two days ago we met the receptionist and he looked like he came straight out of *Game of Thrones* and I decided to label him as Khal Drogo because he had a rugged-hot look going on.

"I prefer men that shave." Zama said.

Always the party puper this one.

"You guys always go crazy for everyguy that looks like a celebrity." Zelah said.

"No we don't! " Me and Gigi said at the same time.

"Just because you have a serious relationship with Isaac does not mean you can't admire other good looking specimen." Gigi stated looking at Zelah.

"Are you guys done packing because the plane leaves in 3 hours and I'm not in the mood to be running late...again" Zama said looking at me.

"I'm done jeez and that only happened because I forgot my phone back home and we had to wait for my brother to bring it in the airport." I said with the most cutest voice I could master in order to soften her resolve.

"Done, let's go!" Gigi said as soon as she zipped up her last bag.

I took a last look at our hotel room before we left. Got to say, the room looked like a hot mess compared to when we came. I feel sorry for roomservice.

The Uber took us 30 minutes to get to the airport. By the time we arrived it was 12:40 pm and our planes departs at 15:00pm.

As we where walking towards the check in station there seemed to be some sort of a weird atmosphere going on. I'm no voodoo docter but a feeling is a feeling.

People started to crowd the checking in station, the whole situation just looked chaotic.

We where in line and I was behind Zelah. I remember hearing a loud piercing scream that came one hundred

feet away from me.

I turned around to see who it was and as soon as my eyes looked on the person my blood ran cold.

A group of men wearing all black carrying guns came charging towards the checking in station.

I don't even know where they came from all I knew is that their mission was not for a good cause.

Everything happened in slow motion. One minute they were grabbing people, I assume they would be their hostages, the next one of the men looked me straight in the eye and grabbed me by my pony tail.

It hurt like hell but I could not find in me to scream I guess I was in shock. I heard the voice of my friends shouting my name. Zelah tried grabbing me back but the bulky man kicked her to the point that she passed out.

He started walking towards the the exit of the airport, the opposite of where I wanted to go.

My thoughts as he dragged me by hair was that I was gonna die and that I was never going to see my family again.

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2019

Milkah

I'm so scared it's not even funny. At first when I was abducted from the airport I thought it was prank.

However when he grabbed my hair painfully I canceled that theory. So my other theory is that they are kidnapping us for ransom. That is also a bust because I'm no billionaire's daughter.

So I've come to the conclusion that it's either a terrorist attack or human trafficking.

Terrorist attack because they only attacked the check in stations for people going to South Africa so I guess we were their target.

Human trafficking well because I look gorgeous dar!

Okay no another reason would be they were planning to sell us due to the fact that majority of us in this awful room are females.

"I want mommy" this child has been sticking to me like glue since they threw us in the van and transported us to God knows where.

She looks like she is 3 years old with her curly hair in pigtails. She has been crying since we left the airport.

I would cry too if I was at her age but I'm a grown 18 year old so I gotta be the grown up here.

It's a bit weird though because they are other girls that are almost or above my age but she has been stuck to me this whole time.

"Shhhhh baby, it's all gonna be okay" I told her.

I don't want to know her name for fear of attachment. The other ladies are talking in whispers and others are sleeping.

I also want to sleep but this cutie pie ain't sleeping so I have to console her until she sleeps.

I don't know how long it's been but the next thing I hear is the the only entrance and exit of the room opening and a group of men barge in.

They were not wearing marks like earlier at the airport. They start grabbing whoever they can and walking out.

All I hear is screaming which as a result wakes up the little girl in my bosom. At the same time a man grabs me by my arm and starts dragging me outside.

I don't even realize that in my other hand I'm holding the little cuties and she is being dragged along with me.

As soon as we stepped out of the room. We were exposed to this place that looked like a dormitory. The men were pulling the girls to different rooms and shutting the door.

You don't have to be a rocket scientist to guess what was happening.

I started to shake and tears blurred my vision when I realised what was gonna happen to me. The worst part is that he might do the same to this little girl.

He came to a stop at a similar door like all the others, he opened it and pushed me inside. I fell with the cutie following behind me so i sed my othet orm as a safe haven for her since I was not prepared for him to use such force. Brute!

I looked on my side to see that the cutie pie was also in tears and shaking. I decided right there and then that I was not about to always this man to stain her innocent eyes.

I had to do something! I played volleyball and I did track racing I also went to gym. My stamina had to count for something!

I watched him carefully, as he closed and locked the door. As he was about to turn I grabbed a clock that was on a table and rushed and smashed it on his head.

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2019 unedited

Milkah

Adrenaline was pumping in my veins, felt like wonder woman. I saved the day!

The guy was laying on the floor dead I presume so I took this as my chance to search the room for anything that could be of assistance when me and cutie pie escaped.

The police can save the others, I may be wonder woman but I am no magician.

I started looked around the small room for a phone, weapon, money or keys at this point. I knew there had to be something I could find.

Yureeka!

I found a phone and it still had a battery. Cutie pie was behind me as I was making the call and I never thought to look behind me to see if the scumbag was still alive.

As I was typing Zama's number because I knew she would be the one who would know how to react quickly that the other two.

I put the phone on my ear as soon as I heard a ringing sound.

My heart was pumping so fast to the point that I could hear.

"Hello" Zama's cool controlled voice sounded through the phone.

Tears pricked my eyes as soon as I realised that we had a chance of of escaping.

"Zama it's me Milkah, please help me. I don't know where I am but you can track t..."

"B****h" a male's voice roared behind me and the next thing I felt was a hard painfully hit that was directed at my head.

I fell on the floor with a screaming cutie pie beside me. He backed handed the little girl which sent her flying towards the wall like she weighed nothing.

"No!" I screed when her neck bent in an unnatural way.

I tried scrambling towards her to see if see was alive but I felt the animal stomp on my foot like a cocoroache. I herd a loud crack and that's where all the blood drained from my face.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!" I shouted for dear life. My leg felt like it was on fire!

"Shut up!" He roared at me.

I tried dragging my self away from home but he was not have non of that.

He grabbed my hair then I me face him face-to-face. Then he backhanded like a pimp hits their h**'s.

I tasted blood in my mouth and felt the worst headache I've ever felt. I was in pain and by the smirk on his face showed this he was enjoying my misery.

I knew I had to do something before he kills me. So I barked up my fists and slammed it into his private parts.

You know the saying that says "fool once shame on me, fool me twice shame you", yep I don played myself.

He knew what I was thinking and he quickly twisted his was so that I could not harm him.

After my failed revenge attack I knew I was done for so I decided pleading might help since violence didn't.

When I looked up at him he was already looking at me,he's eyes had a sinister glint in them and I presume he must have seen the fear in me because he's mouth smiled even wider.

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2019 unedited

Milkah

"Stupid b****h! Who the hell do you think you are!" He shouted at me.

At this point I'm practically gravitating between being conscious and unconscious.

"Ple ple please don't do this." I told him with all the strength I had left.

He laughed at at my plea. Each and every chuckle he produced the more my heart hit the bottom.

He then stopped laughing, I don't know maybe because I was shaking or I was not fighting anymore but his face changed and looked darker than it did. He stopped laughing and looked at my neck like it was something he has never seen before. He's eyes did not look normal not that they where at first but now they made me shiver even more.

He traced his finger slowly up my arm to my neck. He then caressed it softly.

I was beyond disgusted by his actions but I was too tired too fight anymore. I did all I could, I fought with all I had. I guess this must have been my fate to end up like this.

He's face got closer to my neck and he started tracing his nose from my collar towards my neck.

Silent tears slid down my face as I felt hopelessness wash over.

I imagined that someone would rescue me from this ordeal, anyone even if it was Mordecai and Rigby at this point!

Any help would be appreciated. I closed my eyes and did a silent prayer for God to help me.

I heard a knock on the door as the man was about to rip open the remainder of my shirt.

I could not describe how happy I felt that knock allowed me to breathe however my oppressor seemed like he was not gonna allow the knocking to disturb him.

He's hands continued towards my shirt at a really perverted slow rate.

The knock on the door banged even more and then the voice shouted " Yandee we have to go, the police have located our hiding spot and we won't have enough time to get the females on the boat!"

Bingo female trafficking.

He stopped what he was doing and left me on the floor to support my self. He opened the door and the man on the other side was getting dressed.

"What! How?!" My current abuser asked.

"Gretton spotted police cars driving towards the mountain! What have to go now! I guess one of the girls has

a tracking device or something on them which led to them tracking as so quickly. S**t!"

That's when the abuser turned around and shouted "YOU!"

Well at least I did save the day, sadly at the cost of my life.

"B***h! You where using my phone to call someone...you must have led them here!"

Wait! what ? I only called Zama, she must have....oh. Makes sense!

I still played clueless though and looked at him like I didn't understand what he just said.

As I tried to reason with him he placed two of his calloused hands on my neck and squeezed the life out of my neck.

I tried trashing and scratching his face but the man was determined to take my life.

I felt myself drifting slowly away bit by bit. I prayed a quick prayer to repent for my sins my before he killed me.

The last thing I heard was his friend shouting something before everything went black.

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1900 unedited

Milkah

I groaned..I really did not want to wake up but I had too.

Wait....wake up! Was I not dead?

I slowly opened my eyes and found myself in in a mud house that was decorated in a very different style then the ones I usually see when I visit my grandparents on the farm.

It looked amazing!

The way the mud was smoothed out and the design on the wall. I was in a really crazy dream.

I usually dream about school and my family but never have I been in a dream like this. It felt life like.

The material I'm currently sitting on had animal fur on top and it felt real. What!

I think this is a bed since is soft however the make is different from the one I'm used to instead of wooden legs it had some sort of weird material...it was hard but it was comfortable at the same time.

I stood up from the bed and walked towards the window in the round room there was one on the other end of the room. The covering was made out of a net material I guess it was to keep the insects out at night. The material was too thick so I could not see through the window net.

The room was dark but there was some light that windows offered so I guess it was still day time.

I could hear commotion outside but I still wanted to explore the room.

The height of the room was 12 feet and the surface area was the was 18 feet in my estimation.

The door was made out of wood and it was closed. I walked towards the mirror that could only show my face.

OH MY WORD! I don't look like me!

The person in my dream was a brown skinned girl with full lips and a oval face. Her eyes looked like stars that shined at night.

All her teeth where intact. She had bantu nots but by the looks of it, her afro hair must have been bellow bra strap length. A far cry from my pixie cut.

In a summary she was a beauty... well in this dream I am the beauty.

She looked young maybe 16 or 17 but she had already developed a rocking body. Kylie Jenna had nothing on her.

Everything was at the right place and her skin was so dame soft!

The fudge did she not experience the awkward teenage faze!

She was wearing a long white thin nightdress. She looked like a chocolate angel.

I think I was a bit obsessed with her. I kept touching her all over her body but the weird is that I felt the sensations and it felt real.

This dream is wicked!

As I was busy filing up the beauty a knock came on the door then someone opened it.

A person that looked twice my age came in with a bucket on her.

"Melokuhle come and wash your face so that you can go have breakfast with the family"

I stared at the lady that was currently speaking my native tongue which is zulu.

I don't think she recognised me staring because she left the bucket of water close to me then went to open the net on the windows and do my bed.

Am I the Melokuhle?

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1900 unedited

Milkah

The lady continued cleaning the room while I stared at her. She was light skinned and her hair braided in cornrows that had an amazing pattern going on.

She wore a traditional zulu skirt that was black in colour and had beads of a different colour. The length of the skirt went all the way to her knees. In my opinion it had an umbrella skirt design going on.

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Her top was a bra that was also black in colour but was decorated with beads that hanged. It looked amazing, she looked amazing!

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This dream really had good looking people I had to admit.

She was slender in body appearance, compared to me she had more of a model body where as my current body looked like a video vixen's body.

She turned and looked at me, I guess she could feel my eyes analyzing her.

"Melokuhle please was your face, everyone is waiting for before we start the ceremony of your wedding". She told me in a gentle voice but also matured, showcasing the fact that she was older than me.

As I was bending a word was floating in my head...wedding.

Wedding!

The hell! If I'm getting married in my dream that means someone is going to die in my family.

Oh God please let it not be my mom!

I did a silent prayer asking God to please spare my family. I knew it was inevitable but I still hoped that he would be lenient on me and take someone that I'm not emotionally attached too.

Yes I know that's cruel but I'm not really planning on going to varsity with a shaved head and black cloths.

No thank you mam!

"Melokuhle!"

"Huh?" I replied then started at her.

She wined her eyes and pointed at the bucket of water next to me.

"Oh yah, sorry" I told her absent mindedly in english. As I bent down to wash my face.

The water had a fragrant smell to it I guess it was the rose petals floating in the bucket.

Rosewater?

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"What?" She replied looking at me confused.

I looked at her as well with a wet face. "Mh?" I asked.

"What did you just say...sorry" she said. It sounded a bit weird to be honest. It was like she did not understand english.

I looked at her confused and I clarified to her in english "I said I was sorry...".

My voice sounded weird to me. I was used to my high pitched voice but this one, it was soft and sounded like soothing music.

The hell! I probably could sing with this voice.

"Are you okey Melokuhle? You seem to be speaking in different tongues. gods forbid that you have been posed by evil spirits" She said in Zulu.

I couldn't hold it in. I laughed out loud. I laughed until I had tears in my eyes!

I looked at her and I couldn't hold back my laughter, the way she spoke was like I was in ancient times. Her zulu was so strong I don't even know how I understood her but by miracle I did.

The Zulu she spoke was totally different to the one I spoke. In fact she sounded like my Zulu teacher in high school. It was really deep and cultured of which of course sounded weird to a millennial like me.

This dream was getting out of hand. How am I suppose to decipher what it means when I'm currently struggling to understand what these people are saying.

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1900 unedited

Milkah

"What are you laughing at?" She asked me with a quizzical look.

"Oh nothing nothing...so what is your name?" I asked her because I didn't know what to call her. She might feel offended if I call her auntie so I prefer she tells me her name.

"Eh..Nomathemba?...Melokuhle are sure that you are okey, you are not one to forget things." She said scrutinising me as I wash my face.

"I'm okey. Where is the toothbrush and toothpaste Nomathemba?" I asked her

"Tootbrashi! Toopast! What is that?" She asked me .

Okey what the hell is this dream trying to teach me here!

I decided to mimic how I brush my teeth that is when she realised what I was asking for then she walked towards the window that I was standing by earlier and took out charcoal and a soft wood stick.

I knew what I was ment to do with it but I was still shocked that I had to use such means to get my teeth cleaned!

After I had finished with my teeth she gave me mint leaves to chew on then she started to dress me up for breakfast.

She helped me onto my attire,of which the whole time was an awkward ordeal for me because the last time anyone helped me to get dressed was my mom and must have probably had been in primary school.

She told me when we leave to go to my husband's house I will have to comeback and change.

I kept nodding my head as she told me this, and distracting my self with the noise that was starting to build up from outside.

I was a bit excited to see what my imagination had conjured up in this dreamland.

Nomathemba told me that I will have a bath after the rituals have been conducted.

I felt giddy as she put in my head piece in my head after she had unravelled my hair from the bantunots. It looked like had a curly blow dry. I looked hot!

Sigh if only my hair looked like this in real life!.

I was pulled out of my dreamland when she told me to start walking towards the door.

Each step I took towards the door the more my heart rate was increasing.

I didn't understand why I was reacting like this but I was nonetheless.

Nomathemba was busy telling me how lucky I am to have such a privilege to marry such a man.

By the way she was talking about him, I could tell that she wanted him for herself...I guess it's okey to fantasise about your mistresses husband before they get married.

Weird.

Oh well let's see what this dream has to offer!

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1900 unedited

Milkah

Wow!

This place looks amazing.

The trees, flowers and animals!

Everything looks like a picture. It's too perfect to be real.

As soon as I stepped out of my room which is painted in a black and white colour outside with patterns that tell a story - in my description . I was greeted with an amazing view.

My round hut is situated in a huge yard where there is 10 other rounds.

I know this because I asked Nomathemba. Although she was a bit reluctant to answer my questions she decided to give up and tell me everything I want to know.

She probably thinks I'm nervous to get married thus leading me to bombarding her with stupid questions about the place I grew up in.

In a summary the 10 round huts are made up of 5 bedrooms and the other four are the eating place the other is the sitting place for the family the other is the kitchen and the other two is where the servants sleep.

She said we are currently going to the eating area which is where all the adults are waiting for me before the rituals can start.

As we walk around I find the source of noise that I could hear from all the way in my room.

It was a group of children playing outside and as soon as I passed by them they all greeted me in a very respectful manner. Totally different to how these millennials treat their elders.

I responded back as politely as I possible could as I passed them.

The yard was really big because I think we walked a good ten minutes before we reached our destination.

The hut was alot bigger then my room and the design was different two.

It was three times bigger then my room. It had more windows then my room and the hight was twice as much as my room. The outside painting was a black and white which had an identical type of style painting like my room.

It looked magnificent!

I could smell the aroma of food from inside which made me realise how hungry I was.

I am a bit nervous to step inside since I don't know these people plus eating in your dream means someone is

bewitching you.

I am abit perplexed as to what to do but I know if I want this dream to really make sense I had to do what I had to do.

"Go in" Nomathemba said.

I had not realised that this whole time I was stuck in front of the door 10 feet away. I noticed that my hands started to get sweaty...I guess this is about to be the climax of the dream before I wake up.

Oh well, here goes nothing!

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I apologise pixes for the late updates. I was on vacation after such a hectic varsity year but now I'm back and uploading every Friday. Thank you so much for the support Pixes □□□□□

1900 Unedited

Milkah

"Melokuhle I want you to know that you marrying the King. This will bring good fortune not only to your family but to your siblings. You will forever be a royalty and so will your lineage. The reason why I trust you Melokuhle is because I know that you will succeed better as a concubine then a wife. Your mother was a concubine so this opportunity will be to your advantage!" Said the man who looked like a African Santa.

The audacity! I may be a High school graduate but I know an insult when I hear one.

The worst part of it all I have not even taken a seat yet and already he is embarrassing. This must be my uncle but if I look around table he is the only matured...old geyser seated so he might be my father.

"Do not disgrace us!" He said again.

At this point in time in my life I do not know what to do. So all I can do is just nod.

"Don't you have a mouth any more?!" Spoke a sharp woman's voice.

When my ears followed where the voice was coming from and I was greeted by a good looking woman around her late thirties. Her skin was as dark as night but shined like the stars in the night. Her lips where a beautiful pink that had a smirk on them. Her eyes where so bright that for a second I could not stop ogling at her. She was beautiful and I was disappointed that she was the one that had spoken in such a venomous way to me.

I assume my silence was taken as disrespect so I was being disciplined. She sat next to santa and she continued to put food in his plate in a very loving manner. I guess this must be her dad as well since it would be awkward if santa was her husband...no offense but the man was on his late fifties.

"I apologise. Yes I understand..." I choked up at the end when I got towards the end of my sentence. I mean, I don't know what to call him!

"Haha! Already you have started to disrespect your father mmmh you fail even to address him in a proper manner...goodness you will disgrace us all in front of the royal family you motherless child!" Said the lady to Santa's left hand side.

Call me crazy but I get the feeling that those two woman don't like me.

"Stop it MaCele and MaMsomi, the child just found out she was to enter the royal family a month ago. We all know how hard she has been working hard to prove to us that she will lift the Mkhize clan name high and proud. Please stop treating her like has done nothing during this past month.!" Said the woman sat the further away from santa but looked like his peer.

The woman had intelligent eyes with soft brown complexion, although she was not as beautiful as the other two woman. She did look handsome. In my opinion she looked like a righteous female warrior, that only

appeared when needed.

After she had spoken everyone became silent including santa. I guess Nomathemba took that as a sign to lead me to my seat which was in the opposite of the table where My father AKA santa sat.

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Milkah

Polygamy is common amongst Zulu culture so I was not shocked to find out that I have 4 moms in total and thirteen siblings.

This is what I have gathered since I had entered Nomathemba has been kneeling next to me since I had taken a seat. I guess this is how hand maids sit since the other woman sitting around the table have women bent next to them. Now and then they instruct them to do something and they do it.

To be honest I'm sick of this dream and I would really appreciate it if I would wake up but it seems the neurons of my dream and reality are refusing to connect so I guess I'm still stuck here.

"Nomathemba...who is the first wife and which is my mother?" I whispered to her as we are eating the food which is delicious by the way. The fruits looked so ripe and juicy...mmmh maybe someone is pregnant in my family. (In African cultures when one dreams of ripe fruits it's assumed that someone close to the person who dreamt the fruits must be pregnant.) Nomathemba has given up questioning about my questions and I to be honest don't care anymore. It's like I'm watching a sitcom and the twisted part is that it's about my life...well Melokuhle's life to be exact.

"MaZulu is the first wife that married your father forty years ago. They met when your father Lindani Mkhize was still a warrior for the late King. It was love that your father married his first wife of which bore him 5 children. The first two were twins, male and female. They were conceived in their first year of marriage. The twins are both 39 but are already married and live their own lives so they are not here for breakfast but will arrive when we escort you to the royal house. Their names are Themba and Thembi. The other three came ten years later after your father had married the second wife MaMsomi. They all were 3 boys that had died due to a sudden illness. After which MaZulu had decided to stop visiting her husband bed so since then she has not had any children." Nomathemba whispered to me.

I looked to my left where at far end sat the first wife Mazulu. She looked dignified and the fact that her husband does not even seem to take notice of her after so many years proves how strong of a woman she is.

As I was still staring at her her eyes turned and they clashed with mine. I quickly bent my head in greeting and to show submission, however when I lifted up my head her facial expression did not change but I could see surprise and confusion in her eyes before it was all quickly masked with a small bow of her head.

I guess me and her have no bad blood for my mom stealing her man.

"MaMsomi has 4 children two girls and two boys. The two boys, one is 16 while the other is 25. The oldest is a guard at the Royal Zulu Palace and the young helps around the land. The two girls, the oldest Thando is married to the brother of the late King and Thandeka is going to marry the maternal cousin of the current King...her wedding got postponed due to you having to get married." Nomathemba whispered secretly.

Nomathemba directed me with her eyes to the people she was telling me about. Since MaMsomi's oldest was at the Zulu Palace and the oldest daughter was at her house, that left the two youngest of which Thandeka the girl was speaking to another young female that looked a bit older than her. I could tell whatever they were

talking about was either gossip or since due to the non-stop giggling to be honest I was getting a bit annoyed with the giggling.

I chose to ignore it and continue collecting information from Nomathemba.

"Mashusha came five years after MaMsomi. She had two girls that where twins of which one died at child birth and one....well she is mentally challenged." When Nomathemba said this she got a more somber and to be honest it also deterred my mood but I knew people in my time that can do what normal people can do and even more, although they had special needs. I guess I will have to see her for myself.

Mashushu to my opinion looked like a librarian she was a quiet beauty with beautiful dark brown skin- she also had a very curvaceous body.

"MaMzobe your mother was married the same year as MaCele after another 6 years After Mashushu however, your mother was married as a low concubine as MaCele was a high concubine due to family status. Your mother was a very beautiful lady but she had a weak physic so after she had you she suffered multiple miscarriages which took a toll on her, of which resulted in her passing away last year at the age of 35."

"MaCele also had a daughter by the name of Tandokayise she is 17 years old. She is currently pregnant, the sangoma (traditional docter) was one of the people called to choose who is send their details to be selected as concubines for the the current King but somehow you got chosen...well I think good things come to tho..".
"Nomathemba stopped whatever she was saying due to me accidentally cutting my finger.

Nomathemba panicked and grabbed a material I presume to be a a food napkin and quickly wrapped it around my finger.

The whole time I'm looking at the blood that is being soaked by the napkin and the pain that I can still feel on my finger.

Eversince I've been born, in every dream I have had, I have never gotten hurt to the point where I experienced pain and blood .

Which leads me ask my self..

WHAT IS GOING ON!!!

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Unedited

Milkah 1900

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

Something is wrong! I'm bleeding for goodness sake and I'm still in a dream!

No, this does not make sense! Jesus please tell me this is a joke because if it's not...well I still prefer it to be a joke!

"Melokuhle! Melokuhle! Melokuhle!" Nomathemba is shouting my name.

I don't even realise but I'm hyperventilating-the fact that she is shaking me was not making matters better.

I can feel my body shaking and my brain is telling me that what I think is happening is really happening but at the same time I refuse to believe it.

I look up from my bloody napkin and everyone is looking at me, some have the look of worry, some the look of shock and others have the look of amusement and disgust.

To be honest I couldn't care less what these people think of me!, all I can comprehend is that I have transmigrated to the past and I'm about to be married as a dame concubine!

Witchcraft! Punked! I'm a mess of emotions and I can't stand being in the same place as these fossil people I have to get out of here!

I stand abruptly and the people have started talking and saying something to each other some are shouting at me with angry expressions, however I don't care all I want to do is leave.

Before I leave I take my bowl of fruits then leave. I may be shocked but I'm still hungry.

I can hear someone following and shouting for me to stop but all I want right now is some space and this person is not giving it to me!

"Stop it! Just stop following me...I need time on my own!" I command Nomathemba but I can see that she wants to baby me and the only babying I want is from my mom and she is currently not here!

I can't believe this is really happening to me out of all people!

I just can't ouf!

"Ow" did I just bump into a wall because that hurts like hell!

I open my eyes to find a huge cow staring at me!

Okey I'm an animal lover but cows, look so scary that I feel like their out to get me...for example the black coloured cow just hurt my forehead.

"Okey big guy, move out of my way...shu! Shu!" I say to the cow in a gentle manner, so that it does not turn on me like I've seen on so many of those "rodeo movies".

No offense cow but I ain't no cowgirl.

"What did you just say?"

Please like, share and comment

1900 unedited

Milkah

I turned to the voice to find a meek looking female.

She was darker brown in skin colour, she was a beauty with her round face and big innocent eyes.

She looked like an angel if angels were physical beings instead of spiritual ones.

"What did you just say?" She asked again.

I could tell she was curious but at the same time she was afraid of me.

I decided to stand up and dust myself. I had no time to be answering her questions I had to find answers of my own!

As I finished dusting my skirt I decided to walk towards my room, maybe I could think better there.

"My name is Nkanyezi...I -I -I saw you walking and injured yourself so I decided to come and help. You probably don't know me but my mother is Mashushu."

"I'm not usually allowed to eat with the family let alone talk b- bu-but when I saw you I thought that maybe you could help me with something" Her voice was decreasing more and more until it was just a whisper.

Lady I have no time to be fulfilling request! I myself need a miracle!

I stopped walking with a big sigh and turned around. "What do you want!"

She looked at me with a scared and confused expression, like she did not understand what I was saying.

I also stared at her until I realised I was not speaking zulu but English. I guess that's why she keeps looking at me funny.

Wait! Did she say MaShushu is her mother...that would make her the mentally ill twin.

I started to observe her critically to see anything that would show that she was mentally ill. But I noticed nothing.

The way she stood and spoke indicated no sickness whatsoever. The only thing I would say looked sickly about her was the scratches around her legs, the injuries did not look self inflicted as well.

She smiled like she knew I was looking or waiting for her to show her sickness.

"I can see that you must be waiting for me to show my illness. I believe I am not sick but the sangoma insists that I am so I am constantly being given muthi (medicine) to drink, it keeps me sedated so that I don't wonder away from home." She then laughed a bit but it sounded so sad.

I wanted to ask what was wrong since my situation was a mystery, maybe we can both drown in our

problems, maybe even become drinking buddies.

"I tend to feel very sad sometimes whenever I'm alone or when I see other twins in the village or how others of my siblings get along. I use to find joy in baby sitting the children until one day I lost touch with reality and left the children all alone in the house....I ..the children where young. They where twins babies all I know is that they said the round had burned and only one survived" She had tears in her eyes as she told me her story.

I could tell how she was ringing her hands and fidgiting that-that's where her life took a turn for the worst.

"They found me in the market sitting...well that is what my mother told me, I don't remember much all I know is that I would not have wished for a young child to die" she said.

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Unedited 1900

Milkah

Awkward!

Nkanyezi is currently crying and I don't know how to comfort her.

I mean, I can motivate her and stuff but ...Yesh! Accidentally killing a innocent child is no joke.

I also would be traumatised like her infact I think it would be better to put me in a cage and throw away the key after locking it.

It sounded like alot of guilt to live with to be honest, worst part is that she had no knowledge of what was happening.

"I am really sorry Nkanyezi " I try consoling her and I walk towards her and embrace her.

She turns stiff in my arms for a minute, then eventually relaxes.

I comfort her for a good five minutes, until she starts to smile a little and I could see the spark of life in her eyes shining a little.

Well, I've done my job! Maybe she could help me with my problem?

"Nkanyezi, can I ask you a question?" I ask her nervously

"Yes of course anything "she says with a warm smile on her face. Well that's progress, better this look then the look of sadness.

"This may sound weird but I need to remind myself of a few things" I told her trying to cover up my tracks to ensure that nothing seems suspicious.

"Alright, go ahead". She encourages me.

"Do you know how old I am?" Good question stupid.

"Yes, you are 18 years of age. You know for your beauty, cooking and dancing skill. That is why when the palace sent out a notice for a new concubine to join the Kings harem, father had high hopes for you during to your beauty. People say the Kings harem is filled with beauties so I think you will not look inferior" she said in endearing voice.

Okey I'm flattered that she thinks I'm beautiful but I'm really not looking forward to being a side chick!

"Oh yes of course. Will you be attending the wedding ceremony? " at least I'll have 3 people rooting for me rather than just Nomathemba.

"Would you want me too?" She asked shocked.

"Yes of course, we are sisters" daar.

"Oh of course silly me!" She laughed at herself.

Her laugh sounded sad, I guess being invited to things are not a normal for her.

"Well then I better go and get ready, I'll see you....Melo..." she looked like she just committed a crime but you could see the hope in her eyes, hope of a sister relationship, hope of someone who looked at her as being normal.

Sigh

"Alright Yezi" I said absent minded.

I have bigger fish to fry, like figuring out how I can return to my normal life.

So I got kidnapped and failed to escape. The man strangled me till i passed out then I...went to hospital?

Maybe I'm in a comma and this is one of those out bodily experiences where you get to live another life until your out of the comma.

Yes! This must be it. I should just relax and be neutral, soon I'll wake up from the comma and go back.

Okey now that-that's sorted. Let me get ready for this farce wedding.

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Unedited 1900

Milkah

I look gorgeous!

The attire I am wearing seems fit for a queen. The skirt is made out of cow skin so it's heavy as hell but since the skin has been dried and shaped, it has turned into a black textured layer. The accessories are to die for.

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Too bad I'm going to be a side chick.

In all honesty, dressing for a pretend wedding is exciting. I say pretend because I know this is not real, any moment I could wake from my comma.

"Melokuhle stop moving, I need to put inyongo(cow pancreas) on your attire!" Nomathemba said.

What! No! It will ruin the outfit.

"Do I have to?" I asked

"Yes, this is to show that the ancestors are with you" She said.

I don't think me telling her that I'm a born again Christian will make her understand why I don't believe in what she just said but whatever, I'll remove this as soon as I enter my suite in the Zulu Palace.

I wonder how big my room will be. In movies I've watched , royalty live lavishly. I don't expect to live in a small room.

Period!

"Is she ready?" I heard a voice outside.

"Yes Mrs Mkhize, she is." Nomathemba answered.

I could hear the noise and music outside my room. People seem to be in good spirits, so am I, I mean I'm getting married!

This is so cool!

"Okey, I and your father are coming in to burn the impepho (herb). " The first wife said as she enters with santa.

Nomathemba left the room immediately as they entered, a while later the sangoma entered as well. I guess he is doing the ritual.

"Stand in the centre of your elders so that we can ask the ancestors to guide you to your new husband's

ancestors." The sangoma said.

Sigh

I did as I was told. He took the impepho (herb) and lit it. It started producing a smoke that suffocated the hell out of me but I had to bear with it.

He chanted things I do not understand but I'm pretty sure I heard him say may I increase the royal line.

I accidentally laughed when he said that but I quickly covered my actions and pretended I was coughing.

Santa seemed to not care but Mazulu saw past my tricks but said nothing. This lady really needs to loosen up, she is too uptight.

After the sangoma finished his ritual I was left alone in my room as family went outside to finish the ritual.

Nomathemba told me that they were going to chant around my round with the burning herb then after I can come out.

She said this was to break my connection with my old ancestors so that I arrive pure to my new ancestors.

This ritual has been going on for an hour now and I'm beyond hungry. The worst part is that I still have other rituals to do when the royal parade comes to lead the way to the Zulu Palace.

To say I've had enough is an understatement but Nomathemba is such a sweet heart she stashed some fruits and desserts for me before the ritual started so now that's what I'm munching on, waiting for the Sangoma to give the go ahead.

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Unedited 1900

Milkah

"Come out!" Said the sangoma responding to me.

I currently have a whole muffin stuffed in my mouth and I am holding a bowl of fruits in the other hand.

My life is a comedy!

"I said come out!" He said again

I can't bra my cheeks and mouth are filled with fruits. Don't they want to do another turn around the rou....

"I said com...." he stop mid sentence as soon as he saw my appearance.

Not only was I instructed to kneel and wait for the ritual to be over,I was suppose to carry grass basket on top of my head which included personal gifts I was to give to my husband.

However, I'm on the the bed, the basket is on the floor and I am currently eating. 3 offences, how will I ever lie my way out of this.

"What are you doing, you disrespectful child!" He said

"Do you know who you have done?" He said

Nope. I shook my head,how can I answer with food in my mouth. I am a lady with manners!

"The ancestors will be angry with your lack of respect to them, they pour out a rather on you!"

I'm good bra, I got Jesus.

"What is happening?" Santa came in and saw my current situation.

"She has doomed you all!" The sangoma said.

Now wait a minute guy! How am I responsible for their doing, didn't you say only I will be punished?

"You ungrateful child,just like your mother!" Santa barked furiously.

I never knew the mother of Melokuhle but since you married her how can you talk so badly about your late wife.

"All she ever did was spend my money and fail to produce sons for me, she only gave me you. A worthless child who can't even follow a simple act of a traditional!" Santa said.

Ouch! Words hurt. I'm done chewing and my mouth is empty, I want to respond but what is the point. He stayed things that are not related to me, I gonna be gone from here after I wake up from the comma.

Who knows I might even write a story about my out of body experience. Nonetheless what he said is being

heartless, since Melokuhle is his flesh and blood.

Disgusting santa.

"The male side of the family have arrived" a voice of a child could be heard over the music and talking happening around the round by the 3 people inside.

"Can anything be done to rectify her stupid mistake Sangoma?" Santa asked.

"There's not enough time, we can't keep the husband family waiting. We can only hope that the punishment will not be too severe on her and her family" the sangoma said.

"Is there a way where we can push the punishment to gill only on her shoulders?"santa asked.

Only this man will ask such a question granted I was the one who created the pro blemishes but he is my father, fathers are suppose to protect their children.

"Yes, but it will require a sacrifice from her for it to work." The sangoma said

"We have to so do two cuts to her cheeks, since this is a sacrifice and not a blessing the cuts cannot be made in the body." The sangoma said

What! The hell he will!

"Okey, let's do it quickly so that she cN quickly clean her face, she will wear a vail when we esco....Hey! Get back here..."

Is santa crazy, I'm not cutting much face. For the first time in my life my skin looks and feels like velvet and he wants to ruin it for me.

He must be crazy, I will fight him tooth and nail.

I will not cut my face for something that I don't even believe in! The heck!

"Melokuhle...?"

Please like, share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

I turned towards the voice and came face to face with MaZulu, the first wife. She was standing amongst the crowd where all the wives and close family members stood.

I heard santa shouting inside my round so I quickly walked over to the crowd.

I was betting on pure luck that santa would not do anything in front of everyone, I don't think he wants to embarrass himself in front of the neighbours.

"I'm ready!" I said looking directly in the eyes of MaZulu.

This woman must know that something must have happened but I hope she will take my side and lead me to safety because if she sides with her husband, I'm dead.

She looked at me for a second. I know I'm terrible at lying but it never hurt to try.

I can feel my armpits start to itch as her eyes go past my head towards my round where I can hear foot steps of people leaving the round.

I turn my head to see a red faced santa walking towards me. My father was of a lighter complexion so red undertones are more common around such complexions. I must have really pissed him off, the man looked deranged as he walked towards me in huge strides.

Maybe this is how he use to look when he was younger and in good shape. He looked fit and strong when angry, I have to say. Maybe my husband will be as manly. Maybe...

"Okey then, let's go." MaZulu said

She grabbed my hand and started to walk but as soon as she did santa grabbed my other arm harshly to the point where I knew it was going to be aching for a few days, guaranteed a bruise shall appear.

"We still have to finish the ritual MaZulu!" He stated in a cold manner

Wow, does this man even love his wife?

"Mkhize, the groom's side of the family have arrived, we cannot delay any futher. The is an important man, let's not step onto his bad side." Mazulu stated in a calm manner.

You tell him girl! This man wants to cut my face.

"I am the man of this house and what I say goes!" Santa said

"I understand and I respect that but you are not higher in authority then a King." She said

"This is my house and my domain, what I say goes!" He said again

"Mkhize, I am your wife and I live in your domain however the land and the people do not belong to you." She stated in suggestive manner.

Call me crazy, but I have a feeling these people are no longer talking about me but some thing else.

"Mazulu! Do you have something you wish to say, you have been quiet all these years ,what makes you so bold today!" He said

The man looked like a tomato at this point. MaZulu must really want to use me as a tool to speak out, to be honest she can even use me as a horse if she wants too, as long as she gets me out of this yard with my face still intact.

"Mkhize, I..." Mazulu spoke a bit louder then before.

I turned to look at her. She seemed to be in deep thought, I guess she must me thinking of a way to phrase her words.

It's obvious to see that santa is bullying his first wife if you're an outsider looking in.

Which in my opinion is common these polygamous men get so full of themselves that they forget who are the persons behind strong homes!

"I don't wish to say anything however as the first wife, it's my responsibility to look after the families well being. Being rude to the royal family is something that cannot be ignored twice, especially when it involves the the current King." She said in a suggestive manner.

Call me crazy but this lady is the first wife for a reason.

I turned to look at santa and the man looked speechless. Well I guess the first wife wins this round.

Off we go!

MaZulu looks at all the wife's and states two words. "Let's go"

That was all that was needed and everyone started walking towards the gates where the the grooms people where waiting. Including a salty santa.

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Unedited 1869

Mazulu (*flashback*)

"Ntombi are you sure Lindani is someone you wish to marry?"

"Yes Ma, he is my true love. I know that our future will be better if we spend it together."

"Ntombi Lindani is a warrior, not only but a general. A lot of women wish to make him their husband. He is an eligible man but Ntombi I know you, you're not a person that is willing to share. Warriors are known for having more than one wife."

"Ma, Lindani promised me that he would only marry me and build a family with me. I trust him Ma"

"Ntombi you are the maternal niece of the current Queen. You can ask her for a favour to marry an official who works inside the Zulu Palace. You are a person that enjoys quite spaces a warriors home is filled with struggle but an officials home is filled with serenity. I know this is what you want but I wish you could rethink it my daughter. I say this because I love you and care about your well being. When we are young we make mistakes that cost us a lot . My child, I don't want you to fall victim to the same fate as your mother."

Those were the words spoken by my mother on her death bed 9 years ago.

As I sit in my room on my bed, I could hear the celebrations for the wedding happening.

My whole body is numb. I cannot believe that Lindani went through with the wedding after I had disagreed with it.

Did I not give him two beautiful children.

Where were we not happy for the past 9 years of our marriage. How can he break a promise he told me he would keep when we got married.

"You are my one and only, there will never be another"

Like a fool I believed him, now I watch him do as he pleases.

I had already went back to my birth home to plead with my father to fight on my behalf.

Lindani had made a promise to my father that he would marry only me, he even stated it during our vow ceremony.

Everyone knew. My friends and family were happy for me and admired Lindani for stating such a bold statement in front of everyone.

Lindani was a sort out man indeed. He was attractive and he knew it but what caught my attention about him was his care for me.

He noticed things about me that other suitors didn't. In the kingdom I lived in, women are expected to be

home bodies and look after the husband and their household but I had a passion for literature and I loved writing books and poems for people to read and enjoy.

This trait was frowned upon on women but since I was related to royalty I was the exception. However instead of repelling suitors it did the opposite. It attracted many suitors but the problem I had with all of them was that they all expected for me to drop my passion for literature as soon as I got married to them.

That was something I was not willing to do. Which led to me getting married really late in my life because I was not willing to settle. I had a mind of my own and I knew if no one accepted me for who I was then I would rather die alone.

However when Lindani came and encouraged me to write more, it placed him in my sight. I started noticing and asking more about him where ever I went.

Rumours started to spread as well that he was interested in me.

I was elated. So when he came to my home to ask for my hand I didn't care that he was a general, warrior and the stereotype that they are never satisfied by one women.

I just wanted him. Only he would do!

"You chose your bed now lay in it. Did you think that a warrior would only have one wife? When has that ever happened Ntombi. You are too full of yourself! You're reading and writing all the time has made you lose touch with reality. There is nothing your father can do, go back to your house and deal with your marriage issues! You already have children build your home and be a good wife"

Those were the words spoken by my step mother, she was the second wife of my father. He had married her after two years of marriage with my mother.

I continued to plead with my father to the point where I got angry and told him he was a disgrace of a man to allow another man to make promises and not keep them.

That day my father decided to prove that he was a man. Although he had reprimanded for my disrespect he still went to the Queen to plead my case.

My husband was called to the Zulu Palace and punished for failing to keep his word.

The then King striped him of his title as a general and demoted him as a warrior.

The news spread far and wide about his demotion, he was embarrassed but that still did not stop Lindani from marrying MaMsomi.

I noticed a trait about Lindani that I never did before, he was a man with too much pride.

If he had went back to the then King and asked back for his title, the King would have returned it back to him.

After all he had earned it, but he chose to stay in his home and do what he wanted.

During this time I was angry at Lindani but I was most angry with MaMsomi. She never respected me as the first wife and Lindani encouraged her behaviour.

This went on for a few months until that night that I will never forget happened.

I had stopped visiting Lindani's bed as I couldn't stand being near him nor could I tolerate his new little wife.

So when someone came into my round at night, I knew it would either be the children or the maids. But I had never expected it to be Lindani.

He came in smelling of wine and zulu beer.

" Why don't you love me any more Ntombi?

Am I not your Lindani ?

What happened to us? We use to be so happy?

You don't even visit me anymore nor do you care.

Is it MaMsomi? Is she the problem?

Mm ? Tell me Ntombi!"

"No, Lindani .MaMsomi is not the problem although she has exacerbated the situation but you are are cause.

When you and I exchanged vows, you had promised me I would be your only wife.

9 years later you marry another. How can you expect me to continue treating you the same way when you have hurt me so deeply?

I never promised you any false hope, you knew the type of person I was and I told you multiple times. You always reassured me that you will never hurt me .

Sadly you did, although I have forgiven but my body can never accept you again.

I set you free Lindani to do as you wish, I no longer will fight for our marriage.

When I had gone to the Queen I thought you would change but you didn't . I had to face the reality that I had married a selfish man.

Don't get me wrong Lindani , I loved you and I still do as the father of my children but in order to preserve my peace and heart I rather set you free and let you do what you want. "

"So MaMsomi is the problem? You could have just said that. Ntombi I am a man and I have needs. MaMsomi fulfills these needs but I still need y..."

"Leave my round Lindani and never come this late ever again unless it's an emergency!"

"I am your husband and you are my wife!

I fulfill my duties as your husband by taking care of you so you must fulfill your duties as a wife!"

"Lindani, don't you dare touch me! I have not given you my consent!"

"You are my wife ! MY WIFE!"

"LINDANI NO! STOP! DON'T TOUCH ME!"

That night was the night Lindani hurt me beyond measure the worst part is that he never apologized nor did he see anything wrong.

From that night onwards I slept with my round door locked until I found out I was pregnant.

I was unhappy about the way the babies came to be but I chose to keep the pregnancy. Only ancestor's have the right to give life and take it.

The night I gave birth, was the most difficult birth I had experienced it might have been due to me being older or the fact that I didn't want the babies. So I might have been punished for it.

Somehow I made it through and delivered 3 baby boys. I was happy when I saw them put when the midwife told me my babies had a higher chance of not surviving I was heart broken.

For the first time after the night Lindani forced himself on me I went to his round to ask for help with regards to the baby boys.

He told me he would do his best to find the best healers but he only bought back a local healer to look at the boys.

As expected I had spent only one month with my children but they ended up passing away.

I knew that I could have saved them but my body had not healed as yet so I had placed my trust on a husband who had continued to fail over and over again.

I never expected much from him but I still hoped that maybe the Lindani I knew from 9 years ago would resurface.

Hope can be medicine hope can be poison and in my case it was poison.

(Present)

That is why when I looked at Mazobe's daughter I knew I had to help her.

MaMzobe got married to Lindani by force and not by choice. She always told me she never wanted to marry.

" *Being a slave was not so bad, it only depended on your owners* ", in her case she told me she had good owners but she said everyone changes when they see money.

" *I was told in the morning that I had been married off to the former General lindani. I was shocked but I knew I had no right to ask questions so I packed up my belongs and left with the carriage. The day I arrived and spent the night with Lindani, he had told me that he only had to wave a few gold coins for my owners to jump for joy. He degraded me and insulted me every night he came. He made me do things I never wanted to but I had no choice because although I was married to him he was still my master. He never gave me back my identity papers so he owned me.*"

Those were her words and as her friend I will protect her offspring even if she never said so herself, I know it's a duty I have to fulfill.

I wished to tell Lindani that he was the reason why I don't speak anymore but I realised that it would be pointless of me to do so.

Lindani is a loss cause.

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Unedited 1900

Milkah

So I have killed a chicken and washed my hands with its blood. Danced for a good 30 minutes of which I looked ridiculous doing because my reed dance (traditional xulu dance) is mediocre compared to what these girls are doing.

Now we walking to the path that leads to the Zulu Palace to say I'm exhausted is an understatement. I'm dead!

As we are walking young maidens are singing songs and the men are chanting, this had been going on for the last hour.

The wedding gifts are being pulled by a horse carriage at least I don't have to carry anything.

As I'm walking I see Nkhanyezi, she looks beautiful with her attire designed with a bright yellow. It really makes her stick out.

"Halt! We shall take a break and refresh ourselves." The man who stated this is my father's eldest brother, he is leading the way.

Hallelujah! I can finally rest!

Nomathemba leads me towards the stream, underneath the tree.

"Nomathemba, when will I ride the carriage, I'm the wife for goodness sake, this is too much!" I wince

"To ride a carriage to your husband's house shows that you are a lazy person that cannot bare the minimum sacrifice of walking the hardship to your future home dear princess!" Tandokayise the daughter of MaCele who I saw at breakfast today states as she walks towards where Nomathemba is setting up my refreshments.

I'm really not in the mood for this banter. I feel sunburned and I smell of sweat, I'm used to ubers. My body back home understood gym but this one is weak as hell, I'm surprised how she survived in this world because the labour here is no joke.

"They should have chosen me to be the wife of the King but somehow the gods chose you. I wonder what ritual you did to overshadow me."

Okey this girl is getting on my nerves but I really have nothing to say to her.

What's the use because the original owner of the body will return as soon as I wake up from my comma.

"Melo! You look so beautiful today!" A familiar voice said.

I turned my head to see Nkhanyezi walking towards us. Her eyes look at the unwanted guest of our half sister and her steps falter before she proceeds with caution.

I guess this girl is problem if someone as harmless as Nkhanyezi fears them. Her mother MaCele was married the same year as my mother and as a high concubine at that. Her mother must have bullied my mother

and Mashusha. Like mother like daughter!

"Why did you come murderer?" Tandokayise said directly to Nkhanyezi.

Nkhanyezi flinched and looked towards me to see my reaction.

I turned my head from Nkhanyezi to look at Tandokayise. This girl is rude!

Nkhanyezi must have explained to everyone what happened that day but you still get ignorant people like this that spit hate where they go.

"Can you please leave , I would like to enjoy my rest time in peace." I told Tandokayise looking at her.

"Hmp, birds of the same feathers flock together be careful you just might end up crazy like her or maybe you already are!" She said as she walked away.

I turned my heard towards Nkhanyezi and smiled and told her to come sit next to me.

Since this might be the last time seeing her freely due to the palace rules does not allow family visits often I might as well chat with her for the last time.

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Unedited 1900

Milkah

"I don't see you as a murderer, you're a person who just happened to be at the wrong time and place. Don't allow her words to hurt you" I told Nkhanyezi as we enjoyed the scene of children playing in the stream and ate fruits.

"T-t-thank you, other than my mother you're the only person that believes me. It's nice to know that I have a sister I can count on" she said

God please don't let her cry. It's too hot to be hugging people!

" Yes...well, you're family, how can I not." I said

I think Nkhanyezi has depression, a term that does not exist in this world if they call her crazy. Depression is a sickness that can be treated. Nkhanyezi just needs the right people around her not traditional sedatives.

"Nkhanyezi, when you get the time visit me regularly at the Palace. Okey?" I said

"Are you sure?" She asked

"Yes of course! You are my friend and sister, I want you to be around me." I said

"Well if you feel comfortable then I will do just that. Mh...so how do y-y-you feel about marrying the King?" She asked

Oh she's making conversation! Well this is a good start.

"I feel happy" I answer.

What else can I say, I don't know the guy.

"Have you met him before? " I ask her

" No, not many people have seen him only the warriors and the people that live in the Zulu Palace and the officials. However today I might get a chance too." She stated excited.

"Well if you're so excited, you will see him more often the more you visit me!" I told her

"Yes yes of course " she agreed

We fell into a comfortable silence of us watching what was happening around us.

A lot of Melokuhle's family members came to greet and congratulate me. I had to keep asking Nomathemba who were these people one by one because I knew none of them.

I went to the stream to refresh my self before we started to walk the rest of the journey to the palace.

I got tired along the way and decided to enter the carriage that was made for the bride. I didnt care at this point Melokuhle will have to deal with the repercussions of being known as lazy when she returned to her body.

I couldn't take it anymore. I could hear laughter outside the carriage but I didn't care. They can burn in the sun and get heat strokes I would rather be inside the carriage where there is shade and refreshments.

I don't know when but I had fallen asleep. I was woken up by the sudden jurk of the carriage.

When I peeped through the the window, I couldn't see anything because it was dark however I could hear the music and ululating happening around me.

I guess we had arrived at the Zulu Palace.

Nomathemba came and knocked on my carriage door then opened it. You could see the joy in her face

"Melokuhle come, we have arrivied ! Come and see your new home!" She said

I fixed myself inside and stepped outside the carriage with the help of Nomathemba.

She led me around the carriage and that's when I saw it.

The Zulu Palace

Please like share comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

The gates was made out of pure gold that had a diameter of polls ofspread across 8 centimetres and 6 metres in hight.

The wall that surrounded the palace looked like it continued forever , however the height was also 6 metres.

This place screams extravagant!

I could hear drums and music from the inside but it sounded from deep inside the palace.

These people must be stinky rich. I can smell the wealth from outside.

"We have arrived inlaws we hope you could let us in." My uncle said to the grooms people that had accompanied us.

The traitors have left us and went on the other side, closer to the gate!

"She will have to wash her hands with chicken blood before she can enter. She has to kill the chicken by herself since she has already disrespected the royal family by riding the carriage up until now!" A man as old as my father said.

Are you kidding me!

Can't we use old blood from earlier today. I'm tired of killing chickens.

Yes I do eat them but I don't enjoy the process of slaughtering one!

The chicken I had slaughtered during the day, my brothers had helped me hold the wings, feet and neck. The only thing I needed to do was slit the throat, the rest was done by them.

What does he mean I have to do it by myself!

Is this old geysers crazy!

I'm scared!

Chickens peck the hell out of you when they feel threatened. I'm pretty sure the one they will give me will probably be those angry fighting roosters used in Mexican movies!

"So be it!" Said my uncle

Forget this! I'm not touching a chicken by myself!

"Nomathemba! I can't hold the chicken by myself, it scares me!" I told her in a panicked state.

"Melokuhle this is no time for jokes, kill the chicken and enter your husband's house. How can you be

scared? You started slaughtering chickens 7 summers ago." She said cascading me

That was not me. That's what I wanted to say but she wouldn't believe me.

"Come Melokuhle, take the knife" my uncle said to me.

I walked slowly towards him and took hold of the knife. I then looked at my uncle with pleading eyes. I hope he could read my eyes , today I have turned into an eye communicatater.

The man looked at me for a second then said "Bring the chicken!"

He does not realise it but he just nailed the final nail on my coffin.

A young man brought over a beast of a chicken!

I did say these people would take revenge on me!

The chicken was huge and it was flapping like crazy!

He had to tie down its chicken feet so that it would not go anywhere.

When he stood up straight I could see scratches around his arms that had blood on it.

He looked straight into my eyes then turned around and went to stand at the golden gates.

"Melokuhle slaughter the chicken so we can enter your in-laws house." Uncle told me

I with exaggerated wide eyes turned and looked at him. This man must be crazy if he thinks I'm getting close to that beast.

"Can't I get another chicken?" I asked in a winy voice.

What happened to olomthuthu(mEEK chickens)?

Those type of chickens where more docile then this one in front of my eyes, you could even make them into pets.

"No, we have to take what is given to us. If they see it fit to give you such a chicken then they want you to prove yourself in front of them. They want you to show them that you are fearless and brave." He said this with conviction, I guess he expected me to be proud or something.

"Be glad they did not give you a different type of animal, this is them showing their kindness to you. Come now! Do what you must" he said.

Please like share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

I am not touching that rooster!

I don't care at this point.

I dropped the knife and turned to walk towards the carriage. Before I could even climb a manly hand had grapped me roughly to the point where a whimper escaped my mouth.

I turned around to see who it was and I saw a younger version of my father however he had the complexion of roasted coco, the man was handsome but he had cruel eyes.

The way he looked at me, hate was evident in his eyes.

Why he felt this way I don't know but he did.

"What the hell do you think you're doing slave!" He said in a low voice where only I could only hear him

I looked at a bit taken aback. Slave? When did I become a slave?

"Don't act high and mighty, your mother was a slave before she married my father, the fact that my sister's wedding got postponed to accommodate a slave makes my blood boil with anger! You disgust me and I'm more disgusted that I have been assigned to take care of you! A low life such as yourself can never be higher than me in life, you will forever remain beneath me!" He said

This is the second time today that someone has insulted me and I would be lying if I said I'm not affected. Words hurt leave all that sticks and stones nonsense!

Who is this guy?

"Brother! Let her go! People are watching you!" A female voice said.

I looked towards the voice to see the girl that was sitting close to Tandokayise during breakfast. Thandeka.

Ah so they must be MaMsomi's children but I fail to understand why are they are salty. Won't me marrying the King bring more opportunities to the family?

I know MaMsomi is aiming high because all her children are involved with royalty somehow somewhere but what is the reason for them hating me?

"Stay out of this Thandeka! It does not concern you!" He spoke swiftly to his sister

She looked taken aback but she still refused to leave.

I started struggling to get his hand off me. It hurt and I could feel tears welling up in my eyes.

I've had enough of people pushing me around and telling me what to do, this was suppose to be a happy

moment for me, why can't they let me just have it?

I might go back any time! Just let me have my moment for pits sack.

"What's happening here?" Came another unpleasant voice.

"Father" they both said at the same time

"Melokuhle" came the worried voice of Nomathemba

Some use she is!

"Get back there and slaughter the chicken! People are staring to talk. Don't embarrass me, how can a child of a former warrior fear a chicken! Do you understand the negative stigma that you are drawing not only to me but to your self and your other siblings. People will look at that as weaklings!" He stated furiously

What does that have to do with me?

Everyman for himself!

"Come!" He said

He dragged me back to where my uncle stood with the knife back to his hands. He snatched it from him and handed it to me.

He then commanded me to slaughter the chicken

"I'm scared!" Screw this I've had enough of these people. They have pushed me to my breaking point!

I'm currently crying with hiccups. I don't want to kill the chicken, I want to go back to my world!

These people have been mean and cruel. I can't take it anymore!

I can hear people laughing at me for being scared of a chicken but they don't know that this is my first time having to kill a chicken alone.

Even back in my world, if we did eat free ranged chickens we would slaughter them in teams and their where always docile.

They gave this chicken intentionally to harm me and I will not stand for this kind of bullying!

"Slaughter the chicken now!" Santa said with malice in his voice.

I can't even feel my arms anymore. He has made me into his punching bag.

"Melokuhle" I turned to the feminine voice to lock eyes with MaZulu.

Please like share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

"Mrs Mkhize I don't want to do this" I told her with my vulnerable voice.

She is the last hope I have. I have no mother no one to count on but her.

" Melokuhle I understand your fear of not wanting to do the ritual but when you had entered the carriage to the way here no one forced you and you knew why your where not encouraged to do so but you did. You have to understand that in life the decisions we have come responsibility. Now that you have enjoyed the shade and comfort of the carriage I think it's time to take responsibility for the outcome."

"Today, as you have left your father's house you are seen as a woman. Childish acts will not be tolerated in society. The next time you make a decision in future, you will think about what transpired today and you will choose a direction that satisfy you."

"Now, we have been waiting outside for 30 minutes and it's all because we where being patient with you. We cannot wait any longer and you have to understand that this marriage also includes the our Kingdom's Leader . We cannot afford disrespect any longer. Please Melokuhle, don't shame the Mkhize clan any further than you have done today."

After she finished talking she walked away.

If MaZulu has spoken the way she did then what she is saying must be taken seriously, the woman does not look like someone who talks nonsense of she does speak then there must be a need.

I looked at the knife that is in my hand I also looked at the chicken laying on the ground.

I could fell my heart rate accelerate the more I thought about touching the chicken.

I walked slowly towards it. I blocked out the environment around me. It was just me and the beast chicken.

It looked like the chicken knew what I was suppose to do because it started flapping it's wings more wildly which created dust to start raising in the atmosphere.

People shielded their eyes from the dust as the wind blew it towards them.

I could fell the sting of the sand as it hit my eyes but I continued to advanced towards the chicken.

When I was 5 feet away from the chicken I said a silent prayer and made a promise that I will repay everyone that had made me kill this chicken today.

I took a deep breath and walked closure to the chicken. I help the knife high enough to ensure that the force I exerted would be enough to accomplish what I planned to do.

My plan was to chop the head off the chicken without touching it. They never stipulated the method thy just said I had to wash my hands with its blood, so I'm going to do just that.

I aimed my eyes towards the neck of the chicken counted to 3 then went straight for the kill. The knife was sharp and big enough for the job , so I succeeded.

As soon as the head was disconnected to the body of the chicken, that is when it started spinning around which resulted the blood to be scattered around the entrance of the Palace.

Did I care ? No
I did what they wanted me to do.

As song as the chicken stopped with its exaggerated movements, I went closure to it and placed my hands close to the neck.

The neck was still producing blood so as soon as I hand enough on my hands I rubbed around my hands then walked back to where my uncle and father where standing.

Please like share and commnet

Unedited 1900

Milkah

I had blocked out the environment so when I decided to acknowledge what was happening I noticed pin drop silence.

When I lifted my head up to look at my uncle he had a bewildered look on his face.

I looked towards the gate to find everyone with the same look.

What? Have you never seen someone kill a chicken in such a way before?

We all stood there for a good minute. Me staring at them and them doing the same to me until someone said "Is she a barbarian, does she not know how to slaughter a ritual animal!"

No, no I don't but you forced me too! So I did what you wanted, now deal with it.

" Mkhize clan as the ritual has been completed you may enter so that the festivities can begin" the man that looked like my father's age stated.

He looked like a normal no-nonsense person. He must have had enough of my shenanigans. Good for him! He has saved us both.

Everyone looked at him for a second but conceded to what he said. This man must be really powerful if no one objected to what he has to say.

Oh well, time to see The Zulu Palace!

Before my uncle could even lead the way my dad had to bring me down for the last time ." You are a disgrace to my family clan!"

He said this then walked away

Ouch! Melokuhle you really have one nasty hell of a family girl!

Nomathemba and the other maidens walked with me as was part of tradition to walk with me through the gates to my husbands house. I walked towards the centre of the palace where everyone was.

We got there and I watched as the two families exchanged gifts and dances. It was really festive but I was not in the mood.

My emotions have been trampled on today since I came to this place. All I wish for is to go back to my world where people cared and loved me.

Nomathemba pulled me towards a room given for me to change.

Inside the room, was lit with scented candles. Not much was there only clothes given to me by the in-laws to change into.

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Finally!

I was clean and refreshed, they even had perfumes as well, made out of many common ingredients. They all smelt different, one smelt like lemon grass, the other was lavender and the other was rosemary. The list went on but I chose lemon grass perfume it smelt more refreshing.

After the change of clothes we were escorted inside a huge Hall decorated lavishly in gold animal skin and tribal prints on the walls.

The hall was packed full with people in full swing merriment. The tables were long so people sat in rows. As my side of the family was being directed towards their seats a woman dressed in simple attire bowed down towards me then took my hand.

Startled I looked at Nomathemba but she gave me a reassuring smile.

The woman started leading me towards the front of the whole. As I continued going deeper inside the more quiet the hall became.

To say that my heart was in my stomach would be a lie. It's in my bum!

I can't even feel my self walking I can't even see the people I'm passing. It seems like I'm in a fast moving car and that car's destination is the stage.

My eyes were wondering around trying to focus on one thing but everything looked fuzzy.

I gave up and just stared at the back head of the girl. She seems young...maybe my age. However compared to my stature I could pass as being older than her, she was very petite.

She came to a halt. I didn't even notice that we had arrived at the front of the Hall. By now the entire hall was quiet. I could hear my heartbeat in my own ears.

I felt my armpits starting to itch.

I gained enough courage to lift my eyes away from the woman's head and look to what was in front of me.

As I lifted my eyes I was met with a beautiful sight of women dressed in amazing beautiful dresses of different colours and designs, they were all beautiful in their own way.

My eyes traced each and every single face until my eyes caught movement of what was happening on top of the stage.

Naturally my eyes would follow the movement. As I lifted my eyes further high I saw the symbol of a shield painted on the wall, the painting had a 3rd degree visual in my opinion.

I then lowered my eyes to see what else was on the stage when everyone else was below it.

That's when I saw him.

Please like share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

His eyes told a story, deep, sensual, strong, fearless, powerful.

The man demanded attention without even having to say a word.

His stance made him the alpha male without even lifting a finger.

He looked to be 6 feet in height. Amazing physic accompanied by muscles.

Battle scars marred some parts of his body but in only added to his masculinity .

His face was void of any emotion, no one could tell what he was thinking. Not that I'm a master reader or anything but you get my point.

He was beautiful in a inhuman way. His skin tone was a fairer mocha , I bet it might be lighter but the man looked like he bathed in the sun, training every single day.

He did not belong amongst us humans, I don't even think he would belong in my world. He deserved a planet of his own.

He has surpassed human beauty, he must have been a default when he was created because there is no way in hell anybody can look like him.

He looked matured and seasoned. I want to laugh thinking about the men in my world proclaiming themselves as real men.

This is man standing in front of me is the true definition of real man, his whole being is the definition of a man...wow!

I must have been staring for too long because his eyebrows furrowed further as I continued to look at him.

His beautiful dark eyes become more fierce and his sensual full lips formed a firm line.

I didn't care, it's not everyday that you get to see such natural beauty where I'm from. In my world you never know if someone is naturally beautiful or has gotten work done.

This beautiful alpha male is the real deal and I'm going to enjoy every second of it.

"Insolence! How dare a measly concubine like yourself look at the King in his eyes! You have no respect whatsoever" A sharp voice stated from below.

I looked towards the voice to face a beautifully elderly woman that looked like my candy man on stage.

It's either she is his mother or sister but the man looked to be in his late twenties so it must be his mother!

"Move her out of the way, bring in the rest of the concubines!" She stated curtly

Wait what! I'm not the only being married today?

Oh Melokuhle if you could only see your destiny.

The petite girl led me towards the far end of the front Hall. I looked towards candy man for the last time but he had already moved his eyes to the next concubine following inside.

Well that's okay, his side view is sufficient.

I was made to stand there and watch the other two concubines do their entrance.

As we waited I turned to the petite girl and asked her name. She told me her name was Zodwa.

I asked her what will happen after the other 2 concubines enter. She told that when the vow ceremony begin where the King will chose who he will grace with his presence tonight then the merriment will continue for the males whilst the brides say good bye to their family and are sent to the place they will reside in as they live in the palace.

Wow!

Please like, share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

The first concubine walks in, she was a beauty but what stood out to me was her attire it looked different compared to mine.

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Why do I have the feeling that there is favouritism happening here?

She was led as I was but as soon as she arrived in the front of the hall she bowed down.

Well dame! That's where I went wrong. How was I suppose to know we had to bow to the King!

"Rise" I heard the voice of the man on top of the stage.

Oh my! This man is dangerous for my well being. I could feel the vibrations of his vocal cords all the way to my heart!

The concubine was led to where I was also standing but was placed in front of me.

So she is currently blocking my view.

I'm upset but what can I do, I disobeyed the King!

The last concubine entered, you can already guess her dress!

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These people are nasty as hell I must say. Was it because I slaughtered the chicken like a savage?

I'm upset, I'm really upset. If they told me that my husband was this handsome I would have slaughtered the chicken like a hunter, clean. And maybe if Nomathemba had instructed me on how to act when I'm presented to the King, I would have not been in this situation!

The concubine does what Ms "I'll stand in front of you" did and of course is blessed by *my man's* voice.

She is directed to stand beside Ms "I'll stand in front of you".

I knew it! Favouritism!

Melokuhle has her worked cut out for her here.

I ask Zodwa how many concubine does the King have. Her answer was 4 but now is seven including us.

This man is beautiful but is greedy what are you going to do with 7 woman?

A different one every night? Impossible!

Please Milkah which ever hospital you are in please wake up, I can't stand this any longer.

I have been here for one day and I already cannot take it anymore!

"Call the official and the sangoma, let the vow and gifting ceremony begin!" The mother of the king stated.

There's a lot of movement and commotion. I can't see anything because I'm practically blocked from seeing anything.

Zodwa leads me to where my family is seated which is to the far end of the whole hall.

I'm not laughing but I am. I guess the problem is not me but my father. He is just not viewed as an important person.

Nomathemba hands me the grass basket that has the gifts for my husband. I wished I had checked what was inside before but I had not.

On top of everything else I don't know what I'm supposed to do. This is a disaster waiting to happen. I just know it!

Please like, share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

We are currently kneeling in front of the King as the official does the necessary paperwork work for us to officially be his concubines.

We sign the papers, now it's time for the vows.

Zodwa told me vows are said while the wife is serving the husband usually the wife wipes the feet, hands and face of the husband and moisturises it to show that she will take care of him as a result the husband pats the wife's back to show his gratitude and thus states with words how he will take care of her.

However for the King it's, different. No one is allowed to touch the face of the King other than the one that he spends the night with or his usual care taker.

Hence we are only to wipe his feet and hands.

I understand what Zodwa ment but the problem is that we are 3 and he has 1 set of feet and hands so who is willing to share?

The worst part is that I'm the distanced physically away from him. I don't want to embarrass myself by jumping and touching him first but I just know in my heart none of these ladies are going to wipe one foot or hand.

Can this day get any worse?

Oh yes it can, you see the skirt I'm wearing is not flexible as a result I can't even bend probably nor can I breath properly.

It is cutting through my knees and I'm about to go crazy.

I have been fidgeting ever since I was kneeling which resulted in the man standing next to the King to snicker.

I'm already irritated and he has the nerve to laugh at me!

Which is why I didn't think before I turned my head towards and clicked my tongue.

I realised my mistake too late when the smirk on his face turned to a grimace, I widened my eyes realising my mistake. I forgot who I was and where I was.

One thing I know about Zulu man, respect is something they take seriously and I being the most ignorant person just burned the only bridge I had left.

I turned my eyes to look at the King to find him already looking at me with pure disgust.

I can hear the song by Rihanna-Take a bow saying "*go on and take a bow*"

My life is over!

I turn my head towards the crowd and look for any familiar face.

I see the face of Nkhanyezi. I don't know why but I feel my eyes stinging maybe this is how she felt on a daily basis, people hating on you is sure to cause a strain on your emotions.

I'm mentally and emotionally exhausted.

I'm so lost in my thoughts that I don't even realise that concubine 1 has finished washing the feet, I heard the Kings voice in my head but it sounded so far away that I didn't even understand what he said. Concubine 2 stands and opens up her basket, she then starts whipping both his hands then stops to moisturise them.

He then pats her on her back declares that she is most beautiful and that he will take care of her for the rest of her life.

Wow, that was romantic, makes me wonder did he say the same to Concubine 1. Concubine two is pretty with her ginger kinky hair.

Her hair is longer than mine and she got a more womanly body than mine.

That's life right!

I don't care though I'm happy with what I have. In my world I didn't even have boobs and that's like having a deformity for an African female. So I'll take what I'm given and shut the hell up.

"Girl!" The voice I have been waiting the whole night to address me but this is how he calls me?

I'm hurt.

He did not live up to my fantasy, I was expecting him to call me *baby* or something.

Then he would say something romantic words like, *here you are my true Queen*, but no, the man calls me 'girl'

Yesh!

I stand up too quickly and feel a bit dizzy. My steps falter a bit but I pull myself together I look at the King in his eyes and smile trying to hide my embarrassment until of course I realise that I'm not allowed to, so I look towards the man beside him.

He still has a grime facial expression. I guess he is still salty about me clicking tongue towards him.

Dude, let it go!

I try to walk again but my knees buckle before I can make it to the King.

Please like, share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

That's gonna leave a mark!

Makes sense I'm not used to kneeling for 2 hours straight and this skirt has not been kind to me at all .

I feel ridiculous and embarrassed, I want to pretend that I fainted but I think my acting skills are not good enough to pull it off.

So my only solution is to drag my body to the King, and so I use my arms as my pillars and pull my body towards the King.

The whole time this is happening everyone has stopped their merriment and watched what is happening on the stage.

I don't care, I'm doing this ceremony, not for me but for Melokuhle.

I think she has a better chance of survival here in the palace than in her home.

The only thing I have my eyes focused on are the Kings feet.

I'm dragging myself and the basket. The skirt it still hurting me but it's better placed in this position.

I finally arrived to his feet. I'm panting and sweating but the most important thing is that I did it.

Okay! Now for the gift.

I have nothing to wash nor to moisturise so the only thing I can do is to re-moisturise his feet because I can never reach his hands.

I open my basket and apply the moisturiser on my hands and rub it on his feet. Mind you I am still breathing like I ran a marathon.

As soon as I finish rubbing his two feet I gently place my forehead on his knees, that's the best submission position sign he is getting from me.

I wait, longer than the others for THE pat, when I realised the man was not going to make any vow to me I was hurt.

I don't understand why but I was. I had done so much just to get to where he was, the least he could do is acknowledge my efforts.

I can feel tears of anger welling up in my eyes. This world hates me or maybe it just hates Melokuhle. I blame her for having such a weak body!

As soon as I was about to lift my head from his knee, I felt a light touch on my shoulder.

I thought I was hallucinating so I looked towards where the pat was coming from, it seemed to be a a healthy strong tanned hand.

I visually follow the hand to the owner where I am met with a muscular chest.

I could feel my heart beat faster the more I watched the movement of his arm which moved a bicep.

The man looked delicious. Long gone was the crying.

I wanted more! I wanted more physically contact from him!

So I coyly moved my eyes towards his chin and lips.

Oh God!

The man had a light stubble on his chin. His lips looked beautiful . I feel like a pervert. He opened his mouth to speak and I swear I felt my mouth mimic his movement.

"I will take care of you, take her away!" He said coldly

By the time his words registered in my head Zodwa and another maiden were already picking me up and my basket up.

I couldn't help my self!

I looked him straight into his eyes and wined in English "Whyyyyy?"

I said it low enough so that only the people close by could hear us. I'm tired of this man playing with my feelings, he makes me sad and happy at the same time now he makes me feel rejection, what kind of life it this.

He looked at me with pure annoyance and confusion. He then stood up and addressed the crowd.

He thanked them for coming to share the this glorious day with him and his family. He also stated he looked forward to growing his lineage after he had done that, he whispered something to the man on his right then right after he left the hall. He was followed by his mother and wives.

I really enjoyed writing this chapter we get to see a another side of our King not much but I think it's enough to have you guys on edge

Please like, share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

The man that stood on the write side of the King, walks to where we stood, me and the concubines.

"You have been chosen to spend the night with the King. Please leave early and prepare as the King will come to see you tonight." He said that to concubine 2 then left.

Well I'm a bit disappointed but I knew there was no way he would pick me. After all first impressions last. Concubine one looks unhappy but there is nothing she can do. The Kings word is final.

"Zodwa... can you lead me to my family. I want to say my final goodbyes."

We walk to the far end where my family is enjoying the festivities.

I greet every with a few hostile glares from Thandeka and Ntondokayise.

Santa gives me the cold shoulder of which I care not.

The only people that actually acknowledge me are MaZulu and Nkanyezi's mother. Which is fine with me.

Nkanyezi is an emotional wreck but somehow she still looks even more adorable.

Nomathemba is acting weird, I blame in on the fact that she might have to change places from working at Melokuhle's home to working in the palace.

"Remember all that shines is not gold. Don't trust anyone that shows a smile. Protect yourself first before protecting other people. Most importantly always keep a low profile" MaZulu whispered for only me and to hear. After that she left.

I don't know how to feel about her words but I will definitely leave a note behind for Melokuhle to read once I go back to my world.

If a person like MaZulu is giving advice I'll take it as being valuable.

"Stop crying Nkanyezi! You will come and visit often if you miss me that much." I told Nkanyezi

"I know, I just recently got to know you and now you're leaving. It makes me sad and happy at the same time. Mostly happy. Sister I wish you all the best in your marriage." She said in between sobs.

What am I going to do with this adorable mess!

Granted her emotions are coming from a good place so I'll allow her to cry her heart out.

"I will miss everyone, and I promise I will visit soon rather than later. You'll get sick of me. Either way, I have to go. I don't want to be left behind as the entire royal family has left and I'm still here. Take care Nkanyezi"

"Come let's go Nomathemba, I'm really exhausted and I'm looking forwards to your amazing massage's! " I say to only turn and look upon a silent teared Nomathemba

"Hawu Nomathemba, why are you crying? Aren't going to live together?

Come you'll cry once you finish massaging me, my knees hurt so bad"

"Melokuhle...I cannot follow you any longer. It's time for me to build my own life" she says with a grave facial expression

"What do you mean Nomathemba ?"

Please like, share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

"Melokuhle, a women as old as I am is not allowed into the palace to serve as a maidservant. You either enter young and serve till old or you don't enter at all"

What! Well this is awkward, I guess I have to also write this down on the letter for Melokuhle.

This sucks though, I had grown use to Nomathemba.

"Oh, I didn't know, will you still stay back at home?" I asked

"No, the only reason why I had stayed for so long was because of you. Your mother took me as her maid servant when I was young and when she passed on I made it my duty to raise you to the beautiful young women that you are today. Don't worry though I'll still stay in the City. I have families here so I will stay with them. " she hugged me me then sent me well wishes.

As soon as they left I turned to Zodwa and told her to lead the way.

We walked outside the hall then instead of the way towards the gate we took the opposite direction the more deeper we went into the palace the more magnificent it was in appearance

Whoever built this Palace was a true master.

Intricate details in the walls and columns.

Flowers, trees,ponds and animals.

This Palace is really amazing. We go inside a gate that was designed with tree vines and flowers, it looked feminine. As soon as I entered I saw the the two concubines but not only that there where maid servants standing around.

We walked closer to the crowd to find the maidservant was distributing who was to take care of who.

"So glad that you decided to join us 'madam'" concubine 2 stated.

"I was saying my good byes to my family." Not that I need to explain myself to you however I'm doing this for Melokuhle, I don't want her to have any quarrels with anyone due to my account.

"Ms concubine this will be where you reside until the King decides to place any one of you to your private quarters just like your Senior Ms concubines. I have assigned maids who will help you adjust to the Palace environment. They are skilled and experienced so it will do you well to listen to them. Rooms have been assigned according to rank. Concubine 1, you will get the room with the scenery of the pond. Concubine 2 will get the room in the middle and concubine 3 will get the last room."

Concubine 3 what a glorious title not only are you seen as less then important but you are given the furthers room (round) away from from the gate, fresh air and views.

Pure trash!

"You may go to your rooms tomorrow we will begin the proper etiquette training. Good night" The older strict head servant left afterwards.

I started walking towards my room, I needed to sleep. This has been the longest day of my life!

"I hope tomorrow you're able to learn manners!" I heard a voice scetch behind me but I had no time for that.

Tomorrow will come and I will be gone. Melokuhle will return and I will go back home.

Please like share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

"Ms Melokuhle, it's time to wake up. We have to get you ready for today's training." A voice said.

"No mom let me sleep a bit more, I'm so tired" I grumbled while turning my face away from her voice.

"Ms Melokuhle, the head servant will arrive here in an hours time. We have to prepare you before she arrives. Please wake up."

I just want an extra hour! Is that too hard to ask for?

I stretch my self in the bed then role over once.

Wait a minute, I'm suppose to be at the edge of my bed just with one role but somehow my body is still submerged in the bed. Did I sleep in my mother's bed yesterday?

She usually doesn't like sleeping with me due to my horrible sleeping positions.

I guess yesterday was an exception. I suppose my mother is getting revenge on me for robbing her of her sleep.

I open my eyes to plead with my mom but I am met with the face of Zodwa.

Why is Zodwa still in my line of space?

Why am I still in the round room?

What the hell is going on!

"Zodwa! Why do you still exist?" I ask her as I jump out the the bed and run outside the room.

Why an I still in the palace and not back to my world!

"Ms Melok.."

" I am not Melokuhle, I am Milkah! My name is Milkah! God! Look, yesterday was fun and all but I want to go back, I want to go back now!"

I said with a frantic voice

"What is it with all this noise in the morning! Some of us need our beauty sleep" concubine 1 shouted

"I want to go home, God please send me back home!" I'm shouting at this point maybe God is ignoring me so I need to catch his attention.

If that trafficker had strangled me to the point that I had passed out I should have returned to my body by now. A person doesn't pass out for more then 24 hours!

The only conclusion is that i can come up with is that he had strangled me to death!

I can't take this! Help me God!

I turn and head back to my room. If I want to go back maybe I need to be at the same place that I arrived.

Yes! That's how it always work in time travel. Find the portal you came with!

Hhu! That calmed down my nerves.

"Zodwa, come help me with the water . I am leaving the palace today!" I said

Please like share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

"What are waiting for, I would prepare the water myself but there is no tap and I doubt that there is a geyser. As a result I'm assuming water has to be boiled on a natural fire, no offense but I am not gonna burn myself as a result of lack of technology" I told her while taking off my clothes.

"Ms Melokuhle, you are not allowed to leave the palace. Especially as the new concubine. It is not allowed" she said while preparing my bath water.

"Why is it not allowed?" I ask

"Well....you see, it's the rules of the Zulu Palace. If a concubine must leave the palace it must be for emergencies only. Other than that she must be under supervision for a whole month then only is she allowed to ask for permission to visit outside the palace." She said

She must be joking!

I have been here for two days now including today. I don't plan on staying another day. I am leaving today whether they allow it or not!

Yes the King is eye candy but I will survive with my world's mediocre eye candies.

"Okey" I'll concede for now but I'll keep my eyes open for exits.

We are outside listening to the lead maid servant, concubine 2 is acting like she is the Queen. The other concubine keeps complaining about me. As for me , I'm standing and observing all this play out.

In all honesty, this all looks funny. I am myself look put together because of how we're dressed. The dresses look extravagant well their dresses mine is more on the plane side but we still look good.

The reason behind everuthing being a joke is the rules that are being recited by the lead maidservant.

- 1 . *The King is be respected* at all times, he is your superior and is the most *powerful man in the kingdom*.
2. *Never look our King in the eyes unless given permission too.*
3. Never seek out the King unless he calls for you.
4. *Do not have an affair with the guards.*

I still can't believe how insane this is. These are all rules based on controlling us. Non whatsoever is for our benefit. But I don't care I'm leaving today so they can follow they rules all their want. I just need to get to the gates and I'll be on my way.

We have been monitored the whole day and have been drilled with etiquette and all nonsense but I'm looking forward to dinner.

We have been told that the entire royal family will be present as it is the Kings grandmothers birthday.

Lucky for me because that means everyone will be distracted and I will be able to slip away.

I have been grilling Zodwa with questions like 'what time do guards change posts' and 'which carriage would go closer to where Melokuhle's home is'.

As of now, I have a plan and it's all centered around around the dinner tonight.

Please like comment and share

Hey guys, I just wanted to say as a first time writer getting feed back from my readers really excites and motivates me. Hence I wanted to spoil you guys with a bonus chapter this week.

Thank you so much for taking the time and reading my book .

Sending a lot of love and pixie dust ☐☐.

Enjoy!!

Unedited 1900

Milkah

We are currently being led to the dinning Hall. We all have changed clothes and dolled up.

I would be lying if I said I wasn't excited. The Zulu Palace is beautiful. Everything is done with such diligence and elegance. I have to say that these people make me feel like a savage compared to how they carry themselves.

Well...not entirely savage, at least I know my table manners. That must count for something.

One thing that keeps annoying though is concubine's 2 bragging.

Oh the King is so romantic

Oh I can't wait to bare him many children

Oh I want to give birth to little princes and princesses.

It was love at first sight

I have been forced to listen to her the whole day now I'm forced to listen to her as we head to the dinning Hall.

"Miss did you remember to prepare a gift?" Zodwa asks as we enter the dinning Hall.

"What!" I exclaimed

"Miss I told you today when you where in training you even nodded your head." She said

"Zodwa, I don't remember such!" I said

What the hell is wrong with this girl. Is she trying to get me killed. I'm already in the bad graces of the King, probably everyone after the stunt I pulled yesterday and now she has just thrown me under the bus!

"Can we prepare something quickly?" I asked her anxiously

"Well ...you can perform, I heard Ms Melokuhle is talented in dancing" she said

Well... I'm doomed!

"Zodwa can't we give her flowers or chocolate? " I said

"Chookulat?" She said

"Ehh...nevermind, just gather flowers and decorate them appropriately. Use flowers that are liked by the King's grandmother." I whispered to her because we were close to the dining table and different servants were assigning us seats, so people could hear our conversation if we spoke too loud.

Zodwa nodded then left. As we were being placed in our seats I noticed that the King sat at the right side of his grandmother and the person that sat on the left was similar to the King in looks but his aura didn't command the room like the King's aura did.

The senior concubines were seated lower down in the table as the seats closer to the grandmother were placed close to family members or maybe officials.

I was seated opposite the row of the King, towards the end of the rectangular table.

Concubine 2 seems to not be happy with her seat and Concubine one is talking one way with the people sitting next to her.

I on the other hand am observing people's interactions with each other.

My head is slightly raised so that no one can read my face as I am an open book. So I'm told.

The dinner is lively and festive. I would have enjoyed being in this type of gathering in a different place and time. But the fact is, I'm here to work.

I have to plan how I will maneuver my way to the main Palace gates without being detected.

You know how you know when something does not feel right, like you're being observed?

Well that is what I'm currently feeling. We have finished eating dinner now it's time for dessert but the intense feeling of being watched is still present.

I have been looking for the eyes that are watching me but it seems like this person knows what they're doing!

They know that their staring at me is making me feel uncomfortable but they won't stop with their behaviour.

I feel like this person knows what I'm planning to do but they seem to be playing cat and mouse sadly I feel like I'm the mouse.

Please like share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

I'm on edge.

Zodwa still has not returned from what I sent her to do. They are about to begin the present giving ceremony and I have nothing to show for it.

Not only that but I still feel like I'm being watched.

I want to stand up and take a walk but that impossible as during etiquette lessons today we learned that you need permission from your husband to leave the dinning table or from the Queen or senior concubine whenever there such special occasions. Although if it's an emergency the rule is relaxed.

Lucky for me because the King is too far away and so is the Queen and highest ranking concubine, which means I am stuck here the whole night.

The decoration looks amazing though. Minimal but classic. Soft browns and whites.

Finally Zodwa has returned after a whole hour. I'm shocked by her handy work. If I had to do this, it would be a mess!

She had put flowers in a pretty basket and had decorated the basket. It looked amazing in my eyes and I had praised her for her work.

As I continued to observe everyone and the gift ceremony, it finally was my chance to give my gift.

I stood up from the place I was sitting and walked towards where the royal grandmother sat. I carried the beautiful basket filled with flowers towards her.

As I was walking towards her I felt the intense feeling of being watched increase even more, it made me so nervous that I was even forgetting how to walk properly.

I could hear laughter behind me but I didn't care, they all won't see me after tonight so they can enjoy a clown show for today.

I stopped a few feet distance from her as the other concubines had done while presenting their gifts.

I bent down and presented my gift to her. I had to wait for her to accept it and then I would be allowed to go back to my seat.

"I had taken you for a unculturef person as you had disrespected the most common rules yesterday but today you had outdone your self. A simple gift like flowers to a grandiose party as this, proves your self worth!" A cruel cold voice spat.

The voice came from my left side so I could pin point the offender. He was sitting next to the old lady. He was the look-a-like king.

I know I deserved that because of yesterday but pointing out my gift as cheap is rude!

Yes it was last minute but it's the thought that counts. I could have come empty handed but I didn't.

"She seems to be a person without class, has she not been trained on how to act as a royal?" Asked a lady sitting next to him. Equally as cruel.

What does my gift have to do with them anyway!

It's not even their birthday!

I have been kneeling for almost 5 minutes due to them and other people insulting me.

I'm already nervous because of the intense feeling of being watched. I fear someone knows what I plan to do and there might be consequences if I don't succeed, and these people are just adding to my stress.

What pisses me off the most is that I know this body cannot take too much exertion, the legs might give up on me at any moment. I would hate to have to crawl back to my seat.

"You are the daughter of the demoted warrior?" A feminine matured voice asked

Please like share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

I follow the voice with my eyes and I see who it came from. She was the guest of honour.

Although her words were harsh, her eyes held kindness. I felt safe looking at her, she reminded me of my mother.

I didn't realise I was staring until my vision became blurry due to the tears collecting.

I quickly looked down so that no one can notice that I was being emotional. They would probably pick at me even more.

"Are you?" She asked again

I nodded and replied yes. There was a moment of silence before she asked me another question.

"What is your reason for your gift?" She asked again

I couldn't tell her that I didn't even have a gift for her, let alone had knowledge that it was her birthday.

I cannot answer with a lie either because that will be detected as well however a white lie is better.

"I didn't know what royal grandmother would like so I thought of giving her flowers. Although they are not extravagant, they represent my interpretation of royal grandmother." I said

I deserve an accolade for that small speech.

"Mmh okay, I accept your gift." She said.

Yesh! Not even a thank you, these people are full of themselves.

I bowed further and stood up. My legs were shaky but they could carry me back to my seat.

I lifted my head as it felt like my face was on fire due to the daggers someone was throwing at me.

I turned towards my left to see my tormentor that has had me on edge the whole whole time.

It was non-other than the King! The man was staring at me like he knew all my secrets.

I faltered in my step as his brows furrowed the more he looked at me. The man was beautiful but he oozed danger the same time.

Thank God for Zodwa as she caught me before I made a fool out of myself.

I don't even remember how I got to my seat but I found myself already sitting there.

I couldn't shake the feeling that what I was planning to do was going to fail and I would be punished. However I couldn't risk it any longer what if the more I stay in this world the more my chances of returning

decrease?

No, I had to go today. No matter what.

The birthday celebration finished on a high note as the Queen was praised for her closing act of singing and dancing.

The King looked to enjoy her performance too as there was a trace of a smile to his face. Well now I know who he loves.

Either way it's fine, I have bigger fish to fry today.

We walked out of the hall after the celebration in a joyous harmony.

When everyone was outside I told Zodwa I wanted to explore the palace. She agreed thus we began the walk around the Zulu Palace.

"This is the King's quarters, no one is allowed to enter without permission only a few are the exception...oh Ms Melokuhle I can't wait for you to also share the graces of the King" she said excitedly

The hell is wrong with this girl, the man hates me. Although that hurts my feelings for some reason, I don't have time nor right to feel how I feel. I am not Melokuhle.

"Yes yes I also can't wait" I reply in a bored tone.

We continue to walk until I find a similar path I took when I came into the palace.

"Zodwa, I still want to explore the palace but I feel cold. Would you be a darling and fetch something for me to wear as to keep warm?" I asked her

She looked at me for a moment but decided to nod and go.

As soon as she turned the corner, I waited a bit before I started walking through the path I took yesterday while coming inside the palace.

The whole time I am navigating through the palace maze walls I'm starting to sweat. My heart is beating faster the more the walls look unfamiliar.

I take a turn again but stop as I come face to face with the King, I don't know if I should run or cry.

Please like, share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

Either way all of the above would not help. I'm pretty sure I look suspicious. I'm sweating, I look frantic and my maidservant is not with me!

Yep! Definitely guilty.

I bow my head and make way for him and his procession of people. In his group included his right hand man, the Queen and his personal guards behind them.

"What are you doing on this side of the Palace concubine?" A feminine gentle voice asked.

I knew who it was however for me to answer that question will result in me being discovered.

Hence, white lie it is

"I am lost" which is true because I don't recognising where I am.

"Oh, how did you get lost when you have a maidservant?" She asked curiously.

Great! More questions.

"I was waiting for her to bring me an extra layer of clothing as I was feeling cold. I wanted to observe the palace at night." I said

"Then if you where waiting for her how did you get lost?" She said

What is this? Court? Am I on trail?

" I got bored waiting and started to walk and look around" I said

"Mh okey, however when we found you-you where running. You looked frantic, are you Okey? " she said

" Yes yes I'm fine" I said

"Alright, then why not I have one of my maidservant lead you back to your quaters?" She said

"No!....I mean thank you but I'll wait for Zodwa, she will arrive here soon then we will leave. Thank you for your kind offer My Queen." I said

There was silence for a moment before the King started walking again without saying a word.

I felt relief as soon as they passed by but it was shortly lived as a dominant cold voice cut through me relieved thoughts "Come!"

Dammit!

I turned and followed behind them.

"My King, the night looks amazing today, reminds me of the time I first came to the Zulu Palace."

"Mh" the King answered

"I was so scared of meeting you, you had won so many battles at such a young age and were praised everywhere by everyone. I felt insignificant compared to you. Although my family holds high standing in the kingdom I knew I couldn't compare it to you" she laughed a bit then continued.

"When I see you concubine it reminds me of my self, beautiful, young, clumsy and insignificant." She said

What the hell!

"However, I knew I had to better myself. So I trained and listened to the teachings I underwent in the palace. I never was a person to wonder around the palace without a maidservant as it was the rules. Funny, I guess the rules have changed over the years" she said coyly

Well she's a hater, who would have thought. I don't care though, this is Melokuhle's probl..

"Ahhhh my nose!" I cried out in pain.

I just smashed into the wall with my face and fell butt first to the ground.

Oh my word how could I not see that everyone had turned and I continued on walking.

I feel hands around me, I turn to come in contact with a guard trying to help me.

I couldn't see his face as my eyes were filled with tears.

"My nose, my nose hurts!" I said in English.

At this point I don't know what I'm doing nor understand, I only understand pain.

The pain I'm feeling is like stubbing your toe somewhere, the that pain and multiply it 100 times.

I can visibly feel myself shaking so I reach for comfort. I don't care who it is, as long as someone comforts me.

I lean towards the warm body and imagine it was my mother comforting me. I'm crying like a baby and I can't help my self.

I've shut out what's happening around me. And focused on my imagination. Before I could drown in my memories a voice breaks through that barrier " Get away from her!" A cold voice said

Before I could even understand what was happening I am grabbed by large callused hands forcefully pulling me away from my imaginary mom, and I'm not having it.

I'm holding on so tight to my imaginary mom that I don't even realise who is trying to snatch me away.

The person gives one effortlessly tug and I am unable to hold on any longer. To my imaginary mother.

That's when I lose touch with reality.

"Mom! Mom! Mom! No, let me go! Mom" I'm screaming and crying.

I want to go home! These people don't want me to go home! I can't stay here forever!

The man forcefully places my head in his chest and locks me into a bear hug.

I'm engulfed by the smell of mint and lavender. I could feel the muscles underneath the clothes, the strong steady heartbeat, warmth, safety...home.

I stopped struggling and just basked in this person's body. Pain long forgotten all that is left was me and this person.

Please comment like and share

Hey pixies □

I'm back! The tests were wild and I've come to the realisation that online learning is no joke.

Either way I'm going to stay positive and work harder for test 2.

I missed writing and letting my imagination go wild. It feels so good to be back.

I also wanted to thank everyone that votes and comments and adds my story to their reading lists and library.

It truly excites me to no ends □ □ □

Alright enough of the blabbering

Enjoy!! □ □ □ □

Unedited 1900

Milkah

Pain and disappointment is all I feel as soon as I wake up in the morning. Pain because of my clumsiness yesterday and disappointment because my mission to leave the palace failed.

Now I don't know when I will ever get a chance like yesterday but I will not give up.

"Concubines are called by royal grandmother for a visit" an announcer says then leaves.

As Zodwa is preparing me for the visit she cannot stop fusing over my bruised face and keeps questioning me about what happened.

I wish I could tell her but all I remember is bumping into the wall and crying.

She dresses me in a simple white dress then styles my hair elegantly.

When we arrive outside the royal grandmothers round I am in awe at what I see.

Flowers everywhere, different kinds. The view is spectacular and peaceful. As soon as I entered the yard I felt comfort.

We bowed to greet the royal grandmother and sat at our assigned seats.

"Welcome ladies, I wanted to invite the mothers and future mothers of my grandchildren for a small gathering. I know yesterday must have made you all tired but I wish to thank you all for the gifts I received" she said

"Bring out the gifts." She commanded

We all received wooden made boxes that where intricately designed. I opened mine to find jewellery,

necklace designed in beautiful rose shaped flowers made out of bronze . It looked expensive but at the same time it looked humble.

I liked it a lot, it suited my taste. Yes diamonds are a girls best friend but flowers are my undoing.

I was so engrossed in my jewellery, when I lifted up my head to look at the royal grandmother she was already looking at me.

I was startled at first but then I smiled and thanked her for the gift. She only responded with a nod.

The other concubines received gold and silver jewellery, which looked amazing but I was content with my gift.

As we were enjoying the festivities an unexpected visitor arrived.

"Your Majesty, what an unexpected surprise!" Royal grandmother said gleefully.

"I heard you were holding celebrations for the concubines. As their husband I believe I have to show up where they are all present" he stated calmly

I don't even have to look at everyone to know that they can't handle the testosterone the man is slapping us with.

God have mercy on us, this man will kill everyone. Wearing his majestic outfit and signature stoic face. However you could see the face relax a little just a little while talking to the royal grandmother.

I'm not gonna lie, that attractive. A man that shows affection for the elders is just the cream on top of the cake. Grunted he is already out of this world beautiful.

"Ah My King you look well rested after the walk yesterday!" A feminine female voice said.

I don't need to know who said that but I know she definitely wants to embarrass me for the stunt I pulled yesterday and she has succeeded as I sink lower into my chair and try to be invisible.

"Mmh I feel well rested Queen" he said

"That's wonderful!" She replied to the King.

"Oh I almost forgot, I must remind the lead maidservant that new concubines are not allowed in the senior concubine areas since I saw Concubine Melokuhle in the area yesterday. Poor thing she even walked straight into a wall hence the reason behind her swollen face" she said sympathetically.

Everyone turned and looked at me. I could feel the glares from the other two new concubines and the looks of disapproval from everyone else.

Dammit! If these people really knew what I wanted to do they would have been over the moon.

I don't know if I should explain to them or just keep quiet but that decision was made another concubine.

"What! How can a new concubine walk around the territory of senior concubines. Is it because she knows the

King is frequent to our arrear and she was trying to get his Majesty's attention!" She said

Dig me a whole and bury me alive. Are all these people out to get me?

I look towards the the royal granmother to find her smiling at me. Well if she is smiling then I should relax. I exhale a breath I did not know I was holding. I sit up better and continue eating like nothing happened.

I can feel everyone's stare at me, I guess they are waiting for me to answer but if the person who invited me here asks nothing then I'm not revealing nothing. I feel eyes on me that I know to well, I feel my body go rigid as the King walks closer to where I'm sitting.

The talking comes to a halt as the King stands behind my chair. At this point I've just lost my appetite.

"Your Majesty will you join us?" Concubine 2 asks excitedly

"Mhh" he says

"Quick servants bring a chair for the King!" Concubine two cries out.

A servant brings a chair but places it next to royal granmother. Everyone turns and looks at the King but he doesn't move from standing behind me.

I'm sweating bullets. Why isn't he moving?

A minute passes but he is still standing. A smart servant sees the King is not going to move so he quickly grabs another chair and places it where the King is standing.

I nearly fall of my chair when he pulled the chair and sat it close to me!

I was still rigid like a brick when I heard him say " Are you not going to explain to your sister wives why you where in a forbidden place at yesterday" He asked no commanded calmly.

Call me crazy but didn't I explain what happened yesterday?
Is he and his Queen trying to make fun of me?

I look towards royal grandmother for help but she is looking at her hand. Now I know I have no way of escaping this question.

Please like share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

I try to open my mouth but it feels dry.

Is he talking to me? Because if he is he must have been drugged to not sound so cold and distant.

I want to look at him but with the current audience it would only lead to problems.

"Concubine Melokuhle the King has asked you a request are you not going to adhere to it?" Another Concubine comments.

Leave me alone!

"Concubine Melokuhle must be shy but judging from her previous actions since she arrived at the palace, I think not!" Another concubine commented while giggling.

I'm just gonna sit here and pretend like none of them exist.

I reach out to grab a cup of water but a large hand has already reached for the same cup so I quickly retract my hand.

I sigh then take a deep breath and tell the same story I told the lovebirds yesterday.

Everyone seems to not believe me but I don't care. I then take a peek at the King and find him staring at me intensely. I quickly look away but I can still feel the heat of his eyes burning me silently.

I feel uneasy next to him I wish he would go away. I try to stand but I'm caught by a large warm hand that forces me back to my seat.

I look to see whose hand it was and I'm beyond surprised that it belongs to the King. I try to pull my hand out of his grip but he continues to hold it.

I turn to look at him to only find him drinking the water. I look around the table to see if anyone noticed what he did but it seems no one did.

"Where are you rushing off to?" He asks .

I'm so shocked that I can only stare at him with a surprised look, I even forget not to look at his face.

Is he talking directly to me?

I look around the table again to see if anyone heard what he said but everyone seems to be engrossed in their gift and thanking royal grandmother.

I try to pull my hand again as I feel my cheeks start to heat up and my heart increasing in its palpitations.

To no avail he does not release me.

I turn to look at him again but this time with a glare.

Let me go!

"Or you're planning to go see your lover!" He stated coldly.

He tightens his hand around mine to the point where it started to hurt. I try again to free myself but it only makes him more scarier as I see his eyes change darker and sinister.

I can feel sweat forming in my forehead as he continues to intimidate me. I feel myself starting to shake which makes him grab my thigh and apply pressure to alert me that he is running out of patience.

I yepled when he did that which alerted everyone to turn their attention to us. I could feel relief wash over as he turned his face to look towards everyone but he had still not removed his hands from my body.

"I have to go to the morning assembly, I will visit later royal grandmother" he stated in a cool manner

I could still hear the tension in his voice as he stated this. I was grateful that he was leaving but at the same time it made me more scared that he would dare to act in such a manner in front of everyone, what would he do to me in private.

I'm brought back to reality by the movement that happens when he stood up. He looked at me once then left.

That look alone look held a threat and spoke volumes.

It said,

This isn't over!

Please like share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

Whole day I've been on edge. Words cannot describe how happy I feel to be back in my room.

I've asked Zodwa if I could go and take a walk outside the palace but that ended in a lecture of how woman cannot leave the palace without permission from the the King, royal grandmother or the Queen.

It depends who I ask. I know I'm not in good terms with the love birds hence tomorrow I'll go and visit royal grandmother and hope she will grant me my wish.

The following morning I got Zodwa to embroider a simple napkin. It had flowers littered on all four covers and was made from cotton.

Apparently I don't have any silk and my family did not send me any so I have to make do.

I leave early so that the other concubines don't stick their nose to my business.

We walk towards the more extravagant side of the palace where the higher ranked royals mostly reside.

The difference between where I stay and where they stay is like comparing a diamond to diamond dust. Similar but not the same at all!

The security in this side is more fierce compared to the other guards around the palace.

Makes sense, only the best of the best deserve the absolute best, while we peasants scramble for left overs.

"Well is it not Concubine Melokuhle...I hope you are not lost again, after all its twilight but the light is better then at night."

You've got to be kidding me! Why does the Queen always appear out of no where.

"Morning my Queen, I'm planning to visiting royal grandmother, I know she is a busy person so I thought it would be best for me to visit her before she begins her daily chores." I said

"Oh...you must really like the gift you gotten to even come personally to thank royal grandmother" she said.

When did I ever state I came for that reason?

This lady is always trying to have the upper end in situations. She doesn't even see how dumb she looks doing so. Might as well indulge her.

"Yes, my queen that too. Well I must be on my way I ho-"

"What is a lower rank Concubine doing here without being summoned" Came a gentle sharp voice from the opposite direction from the Queens round quarters.

I don't know who she is but I can't disrespect her either. I don't want trouble for Melokuhle.

She was beautiful of course with mocha skin and natural long kinky hair. She had on a beautiful white dress with hints of red roses. Her hair was styled in a complicated up do that had a red rose placed on the left side of her hair. She looked like she just stepped out of a magazine. However, the way she spoke to me contrasted with how she looked, she looked like mothernature but her attitude was trash.

"Your majesty!, I hope you slept well?" She said with more excitement in her voice, long gone the attitude.

"Concubine Zinhle" A curt voice which was then followed by a giggle from concubine Zinhle . I have a feeling that it is the usual exchange that happens between the King and his wife's. One word and they swoon.

Granted. The man is handsome. However, why out of all days did I have to bump into this man!

I turn slowly then bow "Your Majesty"

Please like, share and comment

Unedited 1900

Milkah

"Your Majesty ,I was walking towards the court root, I can accompany you if you like" concubine Zinhle suggested coyly.

Pushover much?

I know competition is inevitable around women, especially when they have to share a man but even I can see that the Queen was going to accompany the King since it looks like he spent the night in her quarters.

"I will take my leave then." I say so I can leave them in peace.

I turn and continue to walk towards the royal grandmothers quarter. I then enter, it looks different from the last time I was here.

Was all that extravagance from the lunch for show?

"Are you going to continue standing there and staring at my quarters?" A strong elderly voice asked.

"Royal grandmother, good morning" I respectfully greeted and walked towards where she is.

She is sitting on the other side of here round writing something.

"You have come so early this morning to see me?...must be important." She voiced her thoughts while still writing whatever she is writing.

I don't know if I should speak, I don't want to disturb her but I have to get her permission.

I can hear the morning rooster kadudle . As I organise my thoughts properly.

"Royal grandmother I know that you haven't known me for a long time, compared to the other concubines. However I know that we still have time ahead of us to rectify that." I stop and show my charming smile which is for nothing as the woman is still focused on what she is writing.

"To get straight to the point royal grandmother is that I would like to visit my family for a few hours today and then I'll return. I miss them dearly and I know they must be worried sick about me."

The lies I'm spinning deserve an accolade. However they are white lies as there is some genuine truth to it as there might be some people really interested in my well being.

"Grandmother?" Dead silence. The woman is not responding, but I know she does not have a hearing problem. Which makes me think what is making her keep her silence or ignore me?

"I was younger than you when I was betrothed to the late King, my husband. It was really scary as I also had to leave my family and move into the palace" She stops writing then stands and moves towards the flowers that are decorated by the entrance gate to her quarters.

"But, I understood that I was not an ordinary woman married to an ordinary man, in fact I was the total opposite. I knew that I had to set an example for all young woman and girls." She turned her focus from flowers to directly looking at me."

" What I'm trying to say is that palace rules are not only meant to be followed but to guide you around the palace to not make mistakes. I know the lead maidservant or your personal maidservant has told you this. The one month rule apply to everyone. It's a tradition that will not be broken by anyone."

You could have just said no, instead of the whole speech.

"I hope you understand what I'm saying concubine Melokuhle?" She asked turning are gaze to the flowers once more.

I looked towards her and nodded.

I'm a bit disappointed that I have to wait a month but I don't have a choice. The security in the Zulu Palace is not to be trifled with.

"Good. Don't worry dear, a month will pass by like it never even happened. Just focus your attention on something else...perhaps your lessons?"

"Lessons?...Ah yes lessons of course! I will come and visit again royal grandmother" I said as a means of indicating that I'm about to leave.

I mean what else can I say so that i can be dismissed, royal grandmother must know all what happens within the palace hence me lying about going somewhere to do do something will put me in a predicament, and i have had enough of those to last me a lifetime.

"That would be lovely. I enjoy the company of the youth. It's refreshing hearing your generation speak" she said still writing guides however had a small mischievous smile on her face.

"Of course" You should have rejected my offer! Dammit now i have to really come and visit her.

Me and my stupid mouth!

I bow then leave.

Please like, share and comment <3

Hey pixies

I just want to apologise for I won't be posting for next coming weeks. I'm currently going through examination season so I can't have my head all over the place.

As a result I'm taking a break from uploading weekly and will return on the 2nd of October.

□

Unedited 1900

Milkah

A whole week has passed and in total it's been 12 days in the palace.

I'm just living my life in silence and not attracting any attention.

I go to my etiquette classes and come back.

I eat, sleep, poop and have visited royal grandmother twice. The lady is a bit old fashioned but I enjoy her company.

It's different. There's no bickering about the King and all that nonsense.

She tells me stories about her youth and the past King and the previous King after him.

She never really goes into detail how her Son and his wife died and I never really ask, although I am inquisitive.

I guess there's too much hurt around those memories. I've asked Zodwa but she also doesn't know as she had entered the palace after the tragic incident had happened.

All she knows is that it was an attack and the aim was to massacre the entire royal family.

There really isn't a lot of people I can ask besides Nkhanyezi and at the moment she must also adhere to the one month rule.

Which leaves me with the only one person...the King. The main protagonist to the whole tragic story.

However I know I'm not crazy to go wake up a sleeping lion. After the last time I saw him, he hasn't reached out or done anything.

To be honest I am relieved but I am also disappointed. Relieved because the man scares and intimidates the hell out of me, sad due to the fact that he calls on the other concubines that live within the same quarters as I every now and again but he never calls on me.

Not that I want him too of course! I feel like Melokuhle should be here to experience the consummation of her marriage herself.

It's annoying though having to listen to the other two concubines fond over the King. I mean it's like listening to sidechicks talk about your boyfriend. You would get uncomfortable too.

I don't understand why I feel the way I do but it does irritate me hence I've decided to live in silence so that I can deal with my feelings on my own and analyse what the hell is wrong with me.

"My Queen! My Queen! Wake up!"

What the!

"My Queen wake up! Please!"

What the hell is going on!

I open my eyes to find my self in an unfamiliar room. It's a lot bigger and luxurious then the one one I had.

I look around to find everyone running around frantically . I look again only to be pulled by soft hands trying to get me out the door

"Stop! Where is the crownwd prince!" Okey that is not my voice that just came out of my mouth

I look at my body to find it unfamiliar to Melokuhle's body.

You've got to be kidding me! Who the heck did I possess now!

"My queen the Prince has been escorted to royal grandmothers quarters, he is safe! We have to get you to safety too!" Spoke a lady around her thirties in a frantic but calm voice.

I don't know who she is but I feel like I can trust...well the person I'm in feels like she can so who am I to judge....wait did she say queen?

"Okey Bongi. Lead the way!"

I'm taken and pulled outsides the round. The persons body I'm in is shaking with fear however I can still feel the braveness that is still in her heart.

She continues to follow everyone until I notice something strange, why are we being led towards the sounds of crys when it suppose to be the opposite.

The lady must have noticed this the same time I did because she suddenly stops.

"Bongi! This is not the way to royal grandmothers quarters,where are you taking me!"

"My queen royal grandmothers quarters is already surrounded. A guard I had sent ahead to see if we could hide there told me so. Lucky royal grandmother and the Crowned Prince escaped. However all the entrances are being watched the best chance we have is to leave through the main gate!"

Wait what! This doesn't make sense

"Oh Okey, then lead the way!"

Wait lady! Stop moving, this doesn't make sense!

How does this Bongi know which is the safest route. Using the main gate is dangerous because it is usually the most guarded area when such situations occur, there's no way in hell you are going to make it out alive!

"Halt!" Come a rough voice from behind

The whole group stops and turns.

"Mhlengi! What is going on!" Crys the queen

Wait hold on, I know this man. Was he not the one that sat across the King and on the left side of royal grandmother!

"My Queen, where are you running of too?" He asked with a sinical look in his face

" Mhlengi, the palace is under attack. Why are you not beside the King in such dire times!" The Queen asks frantically

" The King? Which one my father or your husband?" He asked with a smirk

Okey this is starting to get weird. Am I the only one that notices the man looks a bit deranged?

"Both of course! What kind of question is that!?" The Queen asks with a bit of annoyance

"Even in such situations you still think you have the upper hand my Queen" he says in a condescending manner

Out of no where soldiers pop up.

"Kill them!" the man says easily

"Mhlengi what are doing!" The Queen crys from the horror she sees happening in front of her eyes.

Bru I feel like I'm in a horror movie, blood is everywhere and the screams of the women being slaughtered don't make it any easier.

"Bongi where is the Crowned Prince?" Mhlengi asks calmly

"He is with royal grandmother Prince Mhlengi" she answers automatically

"Bongi! What is the meaning of this, why did you tell him where my son is!?" The Queen crys out

"My Queen I think you have suffered enough, it's time for you to meet your ancestors don't you think?" Spoke Prince Mhlengi

"How could you do this Mhlengi!?! To your own family too, despicable!?" Said the Queen with tears running down her face

"My family? Don't act coy Sindiswa, we all know how father has always treated me. I always got second best things or rejects from my older brother. Come to think about it I had even asked you to marry me but you choose my brother over me. It makes me wonder. What is it that he has that I don't."

"Until I realised it's the power and title that makes him who he is. He is no ruler but a baby that was

given everything in his hands where as I had to fight to have what I have today."

"Dont worry Sindiswa, I will make sure that the death of my bother and your son is not painfull" he then took out a sword and started to walk menacingly towards the Queen.

"You're an animal Mhlengi! How can you do this to your own family!?" The Queen screams with pure hatred.

"With ease" came the words of Prince Mhlengi

Before he could murder the Queen he slit the throat of Bongi. "Can't have any useless witnesses can I? "

He then walked towards the Queen then grabbed her by her head.

" You could have been so much more happier with me but you had to choose him..tsk. Now look at the outcome. I hope you two find each other in the realm of the spirits and watch me rule over the kingdom you thought you would rule over" he then took the sword and stabbed it through the Queens heart.

Oucccccch!

"Ms Melokuhle, please wake up. You have a visitor outside" I heard the voice of Zodwa

What the hell was that?

I wake up with my heart racing and sweat all over my body.

I take a minute to calm down then turn to look at Zodwa.

"Who is it Zodwa?"

"It's Prince Mhlengi Ms"

I can feel the blood drain from my face as I take in and digest the information Zodwa has just told me.

Please like share and comment □ □ □

Unedited 1900

Milkah

I haven't even got time to digest my dream and the devil has already come to collect his debt.

I look at Zodwa like she has grown two heads. "What did just say?" I whispered the question to her

"I said Ms Melokuhle that Prince Mhlengi is here." She said without even realizing how much those words are causing havoc in my life.

Why is he here?

Why would he visit nobodies like new concubines?

We have no power whatsoever or influence so why is he here?

I stand from my bed, I stagger a little but thanks to the help of Zodwa she helps me balance myself.

I could see the worry in her eyes but she didn't say anything.

My body is on high alert after what I saw in my dream I currently don't even trust Zodwa.

Maybe what I saw was a nightmare and that it never happened. But somehow deep down I know it's the truth that's why I'm so scared.

I don't know why I had such a dream, maybe because I am a timetraveler to this time, I'm given some sort of amunity against everyone else, I don't know it's just a guess.

Eitherway, I know that the dream was given to me by God to help me out.

The question is, *why*?

We arrived outside and I was greeted by the devil himself Prince Mhlengi.

The man did look like the King, especially in looks. He had a tall build with muscles in all the right places. He looked to be 10 years older then the King though.

When I arrived he was busy talking to the other concubines who where busy giggling like school girls.

I walked up to them and bowed to show my respect.

"Always late" I heard one of the concubines snide comments.

Is she serious? Does she even know that we are standing in front of someone that tried to usurp the thrown?

"Concubine Melokuhle, it's a pleasure to meet you once again!" he said enthusiastically

"Once again?" I said as I lifted my head to look at him.

As I analyze him, although he wore a kind smile and was handsome. You could see the cruelty in his eyes. Maybe because I had seen what he had done in my dream without even blinking, that's why I was able to identify that he was putting up a fake facade.

"Yes well, the first time I met you was on your wedding day in the main hall, the second was at royal grandmother's birthday dinner" he said.

Why do I feel like I'm being watched by him?

"oh yes, my apologies. I forgot" I lied

He just smiled and turned to finish the conversation with the two concubines.

"Well then I must be going, I just wanted to come and introduce myself to my new family and welcome you ladies to the royal family. I know I'm a bit late but I hope you can understand how busy my life is" he said politely

"Of course we understand! " said the other two concubines completely fooled by his personality.

I just nodded and bowed. I want him gone from here. He makes me uncomfortable.

He walked until he reached the gate then he turned around and smirked.

I don't know who he was smirking to but when I looked around all the maid servants heads were bowed and the only people looking at him was us concubine.

So who the hell was he smirking to?

Please like, share and comment

Hey pixies ☺☐☺☐

I'm really really sorry on not being able to update my story over the time I had said I would come back.

University has been showing me flames so I've taken time out to review my approach on my studies.

At this point I do not know when I will return but I definitely won't leave you guys hanging.

Thank you so much for the messages, voting, and adding my story to your library. It means alot.

I hope you guys are well during this pandemic and that you are staying positive.

Thanks again for the support pixies ♥☐♥☐