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Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene Chapter 41

Chapter 41

Walking into the hall, Shilah was amazed at how big and capacious it was. There were no much designs, just a very big table in the middle with chairs arranged all around it. It really did look like a meeting hall.

A lot of men had occupied the chairs and Shilah could tell they were probably the Alphas of Ventrues of the other packs. And she noticed each man had a pretty looking woman beside him. Hm. But as Dakota got near, they all stood on their feet.

"Greetings, King Dakota" they greeted with a bow. It amuses Shilah how such huge looking and powerful men could bow down to just one person. King Dakota was indeed, a legend.

Dakota said nothing until he had gotten to his seat which was just at the head of the table,(This novel will be daily updtaed at www.noveljar.com) while Shilah's own was right beside him. Thankfully, she was smart enough to know it was hers and went right to sit next to him. "Greetings to you too" Dakota finally said. "Please take your seats".

He waited for them to sit before taking his. And so did Shilah.

The women in the room were all stealing glances at Shilah. Probably, they had heard the news as well about the King's new wife.

Shilah noticed how beautiful and sophisticated they looked, having that air of royalty around them and even on their faces. She tried counting the number of men present and discovered they were eleven. Obviously, six from the Mountain Lions and the remaining five from the Vampire clutches. Dakota was the twelfth man. And their total number was multiplied by the number of women there. So you could imagine how full they were round the big table.

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“Hope you didn’t have a rough ride, King Dakota!” One of the men asked. Somehow, Shilah could tell he was an Alpha.

“Not at all, Alpine” Dakota adjusted on his seat. “My ride here was awesome”.

“That’s good to hear’.

“It looks so good to see you again, King Dakota”

“Yes. And everyone of you. Now, can we move to the business of the day, please....”

Sukie could be seen with one of the elders as they did some decorations in the garden. The elders shouldn’t be working, but those two particularly – Sister Elphaba and Sister Zarah have always loved works that had to do with decortications. And that day, Sukie was helping them. And not just Sukie, but the troublesome Remata as well.

“This would definitely look so good” Sister Elphaba said as she showed Sukie a purple flower. “Definitely. It’s so perfect”. “How about we make it blue?” Remata snapped her fingers and the color of the flower changed immediately, turning it to blue.

Sukie glared at her.

“Thank you, Remata; but I prefer purple” She hissed and muttered some words and the flower changed back to purple instantly.

“It’s okay, Remata. I’d also go with the purple” Sister Zarah said and Remata simply rolled her eyes. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com)The four witches continued working meticulously until someone walked in – one of the minor witches.

“Greetings, sisters of the red coven” the lady greeted beamfully with her palms placed together. She had something in a small tiny box with her.

“Greetings to you too, Mirinda. How’re you doing!” Sister Zarah asked.

“I’m fine, sister. Thank you” the lady replied and walked closer to Sukie.

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"Someone just delivered this. It's a gift from the woman you healed last week" she stretched out the box to Sukie who stood straight and collected it. Oh, no...

"Um. Thank you, Sister Mirinda. I appreciate".

"Oh. You're welcome". She bowed and left.

Sukie stood, staring at the box in her hand and Remata came close immediately. "This same woman?" She scoffed. "Why does she keep thanking you? First, she had sent you some fruits, then a letter. And now, she's sending you a gift? Doesn't she get tired of showing her appreciation?"

Sukie smiled and turned to look at her.

"Not everyone is as ungrateful as you are, Remata" she answered and walked away, telling the other sisters she'd be back.

She walked hastily, all the way to her room. And as soon as she got in, she leaned on the wall and took in a deep breath.

Her eyes were dwindling as she opened the box and found a glittering necklace in it. Oh, no.... Pishan!

She chuckled and took it out. What on earth is wrong with that boy? Hasn't he apologized enough? Why sending more gifts?

A small smile touched her lips as she admired the beauty of the necklace. Hm. It wouldn't be so bad keeping it as a gift anyway. Oh, Pishan; he was so unbelievable.

As soon as Sukie left the garden, Remata also left, going after the sister that had delivered the gift.

"Mirinda! Hey, Mirinda!" She called as she ran and Mirinda finally heard her and stopped.

"Sister Remata. Is there a problem?" She asked with concern as she turned to look at her.

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"Of course, not, Mirinda. I just need a little favor from you" Remata smiled. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com) Well, most of the witches in the camp knew better than to disobey her. Besides, Mirinda doesn't have a reason not to hell her.

"What favor sister Remata?" She asked politely and curiously

Remata hesitated for two seconds.

"Who delivered that gift?" She finally asked.

"It was from a woman. She claims Sukie had healed her last week" The lady replied almost immediately, looking like she really had nothing to hide.

"I see. Well, I want you to trace that woman; find out everything you can about her and know if she was really sick" Remata said, and Mirinda showed her surprise.

"Okay, sister Sukie. But why, if I may ask?"

"I have my reasons. Just do as I say, okay? There'll be a reward" Remata smiled and walked away.

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BACK AT THE MEETINGA

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It's been several hours already and Shilah couldn't deny being bored. Probably because the men had been the only ones talking. At some point, she was beginning to wonder why they were in the first place. Just to sit beside the men?

Some ladies had come in a while ago and poured out some drinks for them. She listened to their conversations anyways, and enjoyed how the disputing packs laid their complaints and almost got into a fight; but of course, Dakota was there to calm the situation. After much arguments and deliberations, he was finally able to resolve the issue and reconcile the two Alphas.

They had other discussions about the Vampire community and Lord Ryder had done most of the talking. Hm. Lord Ryder; he seemed to be the one in control.

He was a tall elegant man, but had some tricky looks in his eyes.

The meeting was a very long one as the men had a lot to talk about and resolve. And when the meeting finally came to an end, Shilah couldn't help but feel so much relieved. She felt tired and could wait to get home and grab some rest.

"Thank you all for coming" Dakota said in conclusion as he stood up. "I hope to see you all next time".

"We hope so, King Dakota" Alpha Cleo beamed. "Have a safe ride home". "Ride safely, King Dakota".

Dakota nodded once, then turned around and started walking away. And as Shilah made to turn as well, her eyes caught the sight of one of the women, smiling at her.

She lowered her gaze and went after Dakota afterwards.

With Raksha and the other guards behind them, they got to the carriage and walked in.

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Dakota noticed how Shilah heaved a huge sigh as soon as they entered the carriage. He shot her a glance before turning away completely. And Shilah's cheeks got heated up, not wanting to believe the King had actually noticed her.

Prince Raksha came up to Dakota's side of the window.

"We're ready to move, My King" he said. "Let's get out of here" Dakota answered gruffly and in a short while, the carriage started moving.

Shilah's eyes were pinned on her own side of the glass as they rode through the woods. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) Well, she didn't know where else to look. Dakota was the only one in the carriage with her and she definitely couldn't look at him.

"Where did you say you come from, Shilah?" She suddenly heard that cold familiar voice ask.

Her eyes darted open in surprise as she wanted to believe the King didn't just say those to her.

Hold on; King Dakota was speaking to her???

She gasped and looked at him, but his eyes were elsewhere, just staring into the space in front of him. Goodness! He asked her a question!

She swallowed hard and looked away.

"Um..... I come from this pack, My King, and so do my parents. The place you had found me, was where I was brought up in" " she replied timidly, her heart playing some party drums. 2

Hearing the King speak to her when it doesn't have to be a command to get on his bed, was something else. But, she was a little curious tho. Why was he asking her that?

King Dakota went into thoughts. This lady.... Who was she?

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There was something about her; something he couldn't understand. Suddenly, there was a loud grunt from outside, followed by the screeching of horses and his carriage screeching as well.

Shilah shook forth and back due to the rough screeching of the carriage. What's happening?

King Dakota also looked around, not understanding a thing. And just then, he heard roars and yells.

"We're under an attack!!" That was Raksha's voice.

"Protect the King!" Another said.

What?

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Chapter 42

Shilah could feel her heart splitting in her chest; every ounce of safety she felt flew away from her as she heard those words. They were under an attack? By who??? Why???

King Dakota also looked around, wanting to see what was happening.

He could hear roars and grunts and felt whoever was attacking them had changed into their wolf form already. No; he couldn't just sit in here. It wasn't the typical him to shield himself while his men were under an attack.

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"Stay here" he muttered to Shilah, opened the curtain door of the carriage and jumped out to the scene.

It happened so fast; he analyzed everything in the twinkle of an eye. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) One of his guards were already down, Pishan and the rest were still trying to fight them off, and the enemies they were fighting, were actually rogues. Massive in number and all shifted into their wolf form.

Raksha looked around, noticing some of his guards were also trying to shift, but the rogues attacking them would barely give them a chance.

When one of the rogues spotted him, he growled and ran towards him, but Dakota was quick

enough to kick a rib and crash it to the floor.

They were too many, and it dawned on Dakota they might not be able to defeat them; not in these forms.

And for him, trying to shift into his lion, he knew it would be a disaster. It would be too destructive and he might have a really hard time, shifting back to his human form. Nj 2

One of his guards got injured, and two other rogues charged towards him. And that was the point that left Dakota with no other option.

So, with a deep roar and stretch, he shifted into his lion, his clothes ripping off his body. 2

The rogues running towards him actually halted, getting dreading at how massively he extended. Furs replaced his skin, fangs replaced his teeth, claws grew out of his nails, and his cold handsome face grew into that of a beast.

The rogues were surprised, because they never thought Dakota would shift, knowing how uncontrollable his wolf form was. He could end up killing one of his own.

The two that were close to him wanted to retreat, but others charged towards him, and with a mighty beast replacing Dakota, he gave a loud roar and welcomed the fight – cracking the bones of many that came to him.

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Shilah was still seated in the carriage, fear enveloping her. She's never experienced a bloody fight before. Oh; of course, moving around with someone like the King, what was she expecting?

She could hear the cracking of bones, pained cries. What was really happening?

King Dakota, on the other hand, was doing a great job in unleashing his beast on the men. The rogues kept coming, but he didn't relent in cracking their bones, strangulating them and giving them a hard fling. He wanted more; wanted more blood.

He kept killing as many that came to him, ignoring the claws that scratched through his back, multiple times. That didn't matter to him at that moment. And in the process, one of the rogues headed for the carriage itself.

Shilah was right in it and when the curtain opened with the face of a beast, she gave out a frightening scream.

"Argh!!!!!!!!!!!"

The wolf stretched out his hand towels her and grabbed her neck, pulling her out of the carriage. Shilah couldn't breathe anymore as fear and horror choked her.

The wolf brought her roughly to the ground and was about scratching it's claws on her face when he suddenly felt a stronger claws dive into his back.

He let out a painful grunt as the claws hurt him so bad and brought him to it's knees. He didn't need anyone to tell him it was the King. (This novel will be daily updtaed at www.noveljar.com)The King's claws were more powerful than anyone else's.

Dakota couldn't comprehend the rage he felt when he found the imbecile trying to hurt Shilah. Possibly because she was a woman. ?

He gave him a different kind of death as he brought his claws out of his skin and scratched them all over his face and neck until the rogue dropped the dead on the floor.

The rest of the rogues, seeing how they were being killed, started retreating already.

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Shilah was panting heavily as she stared at the Alpha King in front of her, standing so close to her.

It was clean white; looked so pure, and so beautiful. Of course, it was the same one she had seen the other day in the woods. The Alpha's beauty was incomparable.

King Dakota's wolf was so close to Shilah, his furs ended up touching her skin, and as soon as that happened, he felt an unusual calmness, one that snapped him out of his beast and looked at her with so much keenness. .

Shilah could also feel it – that cold. As he turned to look at her for the second time, she could feel the blood-hunger in his eyes, melting. She could feel that deep tranquility, like something unusual had happened.

King Dakota, who had been thinking kfy how impossible it would be to shift back to his human form, suddenly found it being so easy as the feeling came on its own.

He jumped into the carriage and there he shifted, being in his naked form.d Raksha, knowing the King had shifted and was definitely naked, ran to his horse and returned with a large fabric. He rushed into the carriage and that was when he discovered the King was actually bleeding from the side.

“Dakota?” He called in surprise.

Dakota grunted a little painfully, feeling the pains.(This novel will be daily updtaed at www.noveljar.com) It must've been when one of the rogues scratched him. But the claws of other animals never affects him, unless it was poisoned. •

“Whoever scratched you, must have poisoned his claws” Raksha confirmed, taking a comprehensive look at the spot.

Dakota gruffed. “How bad is it, Raksha?” He asked.

“I don't know. But I think it might get a lot worst if we don't get you to a healer”. He replied.

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"Let's get moving, then. Let's head back to the palace. Mato can treat me over there" He said, but Raksha shook his head. 2

"You don't understand, King. It's still a very long ride to the palace and I'm afraid you won't make it till then. You need a healer – now".

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Chapter 43

Dakota took in a deep breath. He could feel his lungs getting weak already.

"What do we do, then?" He asked. 3 Tho, he was worried, but you'd never see it on his face.

"I think there's a healer around here – one I know of. We can go to her" Raksha suggested.

"Do you trust her?" "Yes. Yes. She's good". Raksha nodded and stepped out of the carriage afterwards.

He got outside and met the rest of the guards around.

"One of the enemies are alive" One of the guards pointed out, and Raksha rushed over to see the rogue breathing weakly on the floor, wounded and unconscious.

"Tie him up and bring him along" Raksha said to the guard who nodded.

"We head that way! The King needs a healer"" He pointed out, and they all got onto their horses. Shilah, after receiving the signal, returned to the carriage and was shocked to find

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the King in that state. Oh, no.... "My King" she wanted to call out, but restricted herself as she realized she wasn't that close to the King yet.

The side of his belly was bleeding and she noticed his breath was getting shorter. It was obviously from the fight. Was he going to be fine?

King Dakota didn't look at her as he leaned closer to the window and tried taking in the pains. He was never the type to show weakness and he wasn't ready to change that theory.

But Shilah was so worried as she didn't need anyone to tell her the King was really in pains. She wanted to touch him, comfort him, but didn't have the guts to.

"M.... My King" she stuttered. "Is... Is there anything I can do to help?"

But Dakota gave no reply. So, she just sat still as the carriage started moving.

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They didn't ride for too long before the carriage actually stopped moving and Shilah felt hopeful they'd arrived at the healer's place.

The door opened almost immediately with Raksha showing up.

"We're here now, King. Come on" he helped Dakota out of the carriage, and with his hand over his shoulder, he led him into the old looking house in front of them.

Shilah' also stepped out and looked around, realizing the healer's house was actually the only house around the vicinity. An elderly woman came rushing out of it.

"What's happening...." She wore a perturbed look. "We need your help, healer" Raksha answered as he walked with Dakota towards the door. "The King!" The woman gasped. "It's the King!"

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She ran and made the door wide enough for them to pass through. While the rest of the guards remained outside, Shilah went in with Raksha and the King.

“What happened to him?” the woman asked as she trailed behind them, into the sitting room which only contained some wooden chairs.

There was a staircase and Shilah could tell the house contained so many rooms. “We were attacked. Where do I drop him?” Raksha asked, not finding any bed around.

“Oh! Please, bring him here” the woman led them to a corner where they got to a door and opening it, they found a bed.

She helped Raksha lay the King on the bed since he was already unconscious. Well, King Dakota was quite a hefty man. It wouldn't be easy carrying him all by yourself.

A younger lady showed up at the door way instantly, a lady who was of the same height with Shilah.

Her eyes were dimming as she looked around to know who was being brought in. Her mother never brings anyone into that room unless it was someone very important. And she's never had such *important* person in months.

Well, her curiosity was fed when she discovered it was the King. And after having a glimpse of him at the bed, the next sight her eyes caught was that of a lady who got her frozen.

“Zoe” the woman called, sounding relieved. “Thank the spirits you're here. Please, get me some water in a bowl”

But the Zoe didn't make a move as she just kept her gaze fixed on Shilah who had also turned to look at her. Shilah was confused. Was it just her, or the lady was particularly staring ' incongruously at her?

“Zoe?” The woman called with ached brows, wondering why her daughter was not making a move yet. “Didn't you hear what I said? I said I need some water. Now”.

And slowly, the lady turned around and left.

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Shilah was fixed for a few seconds, wondering what had been wrong with the lady.

“The claws that did this to him were poisoned” the woman’s voice snapped her out of her thoughts as she turned to look at her.

“I know. Will he be fine?” Raksha asked.

“Of course; of course. It’s a good thing you brought him in time. I’ll just wait for the water before going to get the right herbs”. The healer replied and that was all Shilah needed to hear. She had been so worried and hoping the King would really be fine.

Her hands were fiddling with the sides of her dress as she took a minute to scrutinize the room. Well, it appeared to be just a patient’s room as all it had was the bed, a chair beside it, and a table containing some bottles, books, herbs....

The door burst open with the lady showing up again with the bowl of water. Just like before, her eyes were pinned on Shilah as she walked towards her mother with the bowl.

The healer was a little muddled at her daughter’s reactions and was beginning to wonder if everything was fine with her. Or if she knew Shilah from somewhere.

Shilah was the most disturbed as that was the first time a person was staring at her that way. The lady didn’t even look familiar. She had a ruffled hair which fell over her shoulders, some dark lining below her big white eyes and this cold, mean look. But she was beautiful.

She handed the bowl to her mother and took her gaze away from Shilah – finally.

“Thank you, Zoe” the healer said. “Now, I need you to get me some chamomile, ginkgo, and echinacea. Please, be fast with it”.

And the lady just needed and left the room.

Well, the healer was used to her daughter being that cold because she was the type that never talked much. You could say she was rude as well. But, what she couldn’t understand was why she was staring at the King’s wife that way.

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Shilah was also disturbed but decided not to rack her head over it as her main target was the King. Was he really going to be fine?

She watched restlessly as the woman used the water on the King's wounded spot, washing off the bloodstain. Was she doing a good job and could be trusted?

Hopefully, she was. Healers weren't witches, but just people with a wide knowledge of herbs and how to use them. Shilah was also a lover of herbs and had wanted to become a healer herself, but unfortunately, she didn't come from a family that could sponsor her. Anyways, she still read the little she could about them and with the herbs the healer had asked that lady to get, she could tell she was doing a good job.

They stayed in the room for a long time as the woman continued cleaning off the bloodstain.

"I need to get something" she suddenly said. "I'll be needing your help, please". She was referring to Raksha.

"If my daughter returns before I do, please let her know I'll be back soon" she told Shilah who nodded. And as she left the room, Raksha followed.

Shilah took in a deep breath, realizing she was the only one in the room with the King. She moved closer to him, noting how hard he was breathing. Oh! Whatever the healer had to do, she needed to be fast about it.

She sighed deeply and lowered herself to the side of the bed. If only she could say a prayer...

"I hope you get better" she placed her hand on his and cooed and instantly, she noticed a change in the rise and fall of his chest.

He breathed deeply and afterwards, stopped the heavy breaths. He was breathing normal! Tho, his eyes were not open.

Suddenly, she heard the door open and turned to see the same lady walking in with a bowl of several roots and leaves. No doubt, they were the herbs the healer had asked her to get.

Zoe – her name – walked into the room with slackened steps, holding the bowl to her tummy with her cold gaze on Shilah, we usual.

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Shilah swallowed hard as the lady got close. Who was this lady? And what has she done to deserve such uncanny stares?

Zoe got to the bed and placed the bowl on the floor.

“Um... your mother said to tell you she'll be back soon” Shilah decided to deliver the message as the lady stood upright after dropping the bowl. 2

She said nothing, only spared Shilah a stare before turning away and walking towards the door.

But just as she got close, she stopped and turned around to face Shilah.

“Why do you look so innocent, when you're not?” She asked. Shilah stood up from where she had been sitting immediately. She whirled around to look at the lady, her brows arching in confusion.

Zoe went on, her eyes having a mixture of ice and flames in them: “Why do you look so calm, when you're a storm? So weak, when you're the strongest of them all?”

“I see you, slitting the throats of many; Bringing the mighty to their knees; Making men shiver at the mention of your name. The innocence you wear on your face, would only last for a short time. Who are you?” 17

Shilah could feel her heart in her throat and couldn't even gulp anything down.

Cold shivers sizzled through her body as she listened to what seemed like a dream to her. What's she.... What's she talking about? 3

Saying nothing else, Zoe turned around and left the room.

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Chapter 44

Shilah's head wouldn't stop spinning from what the lady had said even after she left for a long time already.

What was she....What was she talking about?

She stood fixated, just staring at the closed door and tried digesting the words in:

Why do you look so innocent, when you're not? Her first question replayed in her head. What did she mean by that? Could it be possible... she was actually mistaking her for someone else? Oh, no....

The door opened immediately with the healer returning Raksha. They carried some supplies with them.

"My daughter arrived already?" The healer asked after noticing the bowl on the floor, and Shilah simply nodded.

She swallowed hard and went closer to the wall, her hand on her chest. Her attention was helplessly divided – she was trying to see how the King was being treated and was also thinking about what the lady had said. No matter how hard she tried, the words just wouldn't leave her head.

She stayed that way for a long time and didn't even realize when the healer finished with the King.

"Now, what next?" Raksha asked, staring at the King who seemed asleep.

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"We'll just give him sometime. He'll definitely be fine" The healer answered reassuringly. "I'll take my leave now" she added and left.

Shilah had listened to them and felt relieved that the King was really going to be fine. Her eyes glanced through the window and she noticed how dark it es. Definitely, there was noway they could ride back to the palace at that time. So, it would have to be the next day.

"Queen Shilah" Raksha suddenly called, turning to look at her. She couldn't tell if she was mistaken, or she really heard some echoes of sarcasm in his voice. "I hope you can go hungry for the night because we have nothing here".

"Of... Of course" Shilah gulped hard. She's been hungrier than this when she was with her family.

"Good. You can sleep here then" he added and walked away, leaving Shilah alone in the room with the King.

Shilah exhaled deeply as she dragged her legs towards the chair beside the bed and sat on it. Her eyes WERE pinned on the King, noting how he slept. But, was he really sleeping? To her, he was just unconscious and looked restless.

AT THE PALACE

Queen Nosheba could be seen at the balcony, staring into space as she held a wooden cup of wine in her hand. The cold air hit hard at the edges of her dress and swiped them up a little. Of course, it was very big and there was no way her body could be exposed.

It was dark and Nosheba had always enjoyed gazing up at the twinkling stars. Oh! Very soon, it'd be full moon.

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You'll always be as useless as your mother! Those words hit hard st her and she drank angrily from her wine. Urgh! Could she ever get rid of those memories?

She continued staring into the dark space and sipping from her wine at intervals until she suddenly heard that familiar voice:

"The King is yet to return, yet his beloved wife stands at the balcony, sipping some wine like a visitor".

Nosheba scoffed, rolled her eyes and turned to see Chaska standing in front of her.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Nosheba? You act like a thing doesn't bother you"

"What exactly is your problem, Chaska?" Nosheba snapped. "Do you ever get tired of talking? No wonder the King married you, shortly after he married you". 1

"Yet, you still can't give him what he wants" Chaska replied, earning a glare from Nosheba. 2
"The King rode out for a meeting earlier this morning and is yet to return. But you don't even seem to care. Can you ever be useful?"

"Well, if you're so worried, why don't you take a horse, go out and find him?" Nosheba rolled her eyes. Truth was, she had also been thinking about it. That was actually the reason she was there at the balcony, trying to see if they'd return.

"You've always been too pathetic, Nosheba. Now, I know I was never wrong to have said the King made a grave mistake in getting married to you" Chaska turned around to leave.

"When will you stop feeling bittered towards me and embrace the fact that you're not the only woman of the King?" Nosheba asked and Chaska stopped walking, but didn't turn to look at her.

"You know, I'd suggest you just wait until I give the King a male child. I promise you, Chaska, I'll put you in your place".

"That'll never happen!" Chaska whirled her head to look at her, her eyes blazing.

"Really? Well, just wait and see then". Nosheba chuckled and walked away.

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*

BACK AT THE HEALERS PLACE

Why do you look innocent, when you're not? Why do you look calm, when you're a storm? I see you, slitting the throats of many, bringing the mighty to their knees, making men tremble at the mention of your name

Those were the words that echoed in Dakota's head as he turned uncomfortably in his sleep. He felt so tired and dizzy, but due to his unfortunate nature, he couldn't fall asleep. And finally, his eyes went open.

Deep breaths – that was what he took as he looked around and found Shilah sitting on a chair in front of him.

His body...he noticed he had been dressed in something more casual. Where was he?

"A healer's place" the answer echoed in his head. And again, his eyes went to Shilah.

Shilah had been sitting and watching the King as he struggled in his sleep. She felt so bad for him; so pathetic. It wasn't long before his eyes fluttered open and he looked at her. Oh, no ..He shouldn't be awake now. He really needed some sleep.

Dakota wondered what the words he had heard in his head meant... *Why do you look innocent, when you're not?*

It was more like.... it was being said to someone there in the room. He was only able to hear them in his unconsciousness and couldn't tell who it was, or who it was being referred to.

"My.... My King" Shilah stuttered. "You're awake".

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Dakota exhaled deeply and sat up, his hand going over his injured side. But, he could tell the pains were dwindling.

. He turned to spare it a glance, then returned his gaze to Shilah.

“I was brought to a healer?” He asked.

“Y... Yes, My King. Prince Raksha had to” Shilah answered. She couldn’t tell why she couldn’t just talk to this man without stuttering.

Dakota glanced out the window and noticed it was dark. Obviously, they’d have to ride back in the morning.

He exhaled deeply and leaned back on the wall, fixing his cold gaze on Shilah who turned uncomfortable.

“Shouldn’t you be getting some sleep already?” He asked gruffly, and Shilah shook her head. “I’ll.... I’ll be doing that very soon, My King” she gulped hard.

She felt like asking about him – asking if he wouldn’t try to get some sleep already, but of course, she didn’t have the guts for it yet.

And as for Dakota, he felt some hardness in him. But recalling how it has always been with Shilah – knowing it was going to cause him much hunger, he waved it aside. 1 And turning away to face the opposite direction, they stayed that way without saying any more word to each other.

Although, Shilah had dozed off on the chair during the night, she could tell the King didn’t even blink a lid. She felt so bad for him and wished there was something she could do to help him sleep as he really looked so exhausted.

Perhaps, there was something she could do for him.... when they get back to the palace.

Dakota, on the other hand, was watching her when she slept. That innocent face... looking powerless, yet special.

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How is it possible that he gets so hungry after intimacy with her? How's it possible her bare touch was able to calm his destructive wolf earlier that day? How? How possible?

With his hand on his jaw, he shook his head as he stared at her. He knew it wasn't comfortable for her to sleep on the wooden chair; he actually wanted to call her to come sleep beside him on the bed, but his grumpiness wouldn't let him. So, he let her be. 2

Next Morning,

Shilah had woken up to find Raksha in the room with the King who was fixing his belt. Oh; looks like he had gotten another dress. It wasn't really his type, but it looked royal.

Dakota noticed she was awake and only stared at her once, before looking away and concentrating on his belt. Shilah could notice – he was looking more of a king than he had looked more of a patient the previous night. That hard grumpy look of him was back on.

“Is that rogue still there?” Dakota asked, taking his sword from Raksha. “Yes, My King” Raksha replied, and immediately, Dakota walked out of the room.

It was obvious his wounds were healed up already.

“Come on, Shilah” Raksha gruffed and also left the room.

Shilah stood up, her back and waist hurting due to the uncomfortable situation she had slept in. Oh! She couldn't wait to get back to the palace and get enough sleep; but that would be after making sure the king sleeps as well.

She arranged her dress and walked out of the room, recalling the route out of the house. But, as she got closer to the door, she suddenly thought of something... The healer's daughter.

She needed to see her; ask some questions. Yes, she needed to.

Stepping out of the house, she found the guards around with a guy kneeling in front of Dakota who had his sword in his hand. Raksha was behind him.

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Shilah could recognize that guy. Of course; he was one of the rogues from the previous day she could recall him getting caught. Uh-uh. So bad he has to be the scapegoat. But, what was the King going to do to him?

“Who sent you?” Dakota asked, glaring hard at the rogue in front of him. Even the goddess could tell his hands were itching to use the sword on him. But he said nothing, anyways.

“I’m giving you one more chance” Dakota gritted. “Who sent you to attack me?”

And after a little hesitance, the rogue finally mumbled: “No one”.

“Hmph” Dakota huffed. “I’d have killed you, anyways”. And with that, he slashed the sword through his neck and watched as his head roll off to the ground.

“Hah!” Shilah gasped in fright and quickly looked away, her heart racing so fast. Oh, no....

Irritation sizzled through her, she felt like throwing up. And as she looked away in deep breaths, her eyes ran into her – the healer’s daughter.

She was standing at a corner, having some woods in her hands like she was just back from the forest. She stood and was staring at Shilah, but the moment Shilah made eye contact with her, she turned around and walked away.

The irritation died off from Shilah immediately as she ran after the lady, headings for the corner she had seen her take. She got there and found the lady breaking some woods there at the back. Yes, the place seemed to be the back-yard with the woods all over, some pots on the ground, a water guard and a fire spot.

Zoe noticed Shilah was behind her, but didn’t turn to look at her as she just concentrated on the wood she was cutting. And Shilah, after staring at her for some seconds, took some steps closer.

“Hi” she uttered almost inaudibly, but Zoe didn’t turn to look at her. She had this mean face.

“Are you a witch?” Shilah brought her self to ask, noting she didn’t have much time.

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"If I were a witch, the sisters of the red coven would've come for me a long time ago" she scoffed, drawing out a piece of wood from the one she had broken. "I'm only gifted with foresight". She added, giving only a second glance at Shilah before hitting her axe on another wood. 1

She answers afterall – Shilah thought with relief.

"Um.... I have a question, please" she cleared her throat. "The things you said yesterday, I.... I don't understand. What did you mean by them? Because as far as I know, I was born without the powers of a jackal".

"I do not have the answers to your questions" Zoe answered gruffly, hitting her axe hard on the wood again. It split it into the part she wanted and she pushed it away and took up another.

"But you...." Shilah got interrupted when Zoe hit the wood hard again. "But, you sounded so sure" she continued. "Please, if there's something I need to know, you should tell me".

"I know nothing, Queen. You're wasting your time" Zoe answered brusquely, taking another hit.

"Please...." Shilah was persistent. "You have the gift of foresight, right? You should be able to see through this...."

"My abilities are limited. I only see what the spirits wants me to see. And what I saw about you yesterday, was what I was permitted to see" She said. 1

Just then, a guard showed up.

"Queen Shilah, everyone's set. It's time to go" he informed her and left, and Shilah could feel her heart in her throat.

"So.... there's nothing you can do to help?" Shilah asked ruefully and Zoe stopped working and took in a deep breath.

"Where's your mother" She asked, looking at Shilah with those dark eyes of hers. "She's.... She's dead" replied Shilah, her curiosity quelling up.

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“And your father?” Zoe asked.

“He’s still alive – lives in this mountain”.

Zoe took in a second deep breath.

“Go to the man you call your father, and question him”. 3 She lifted her axe and continued working. 1

Shilah was stunned. Her father? Could he have the answers she needed?

She looked at Zoe who had already gone back to work and looked like she wouldn’t be saying anymore word to her.

“T... Thank ” she sighed and turned around to leave.

“Queen” she suddenly heard her call and turned swiftly to find the lady staring at her with some bundled woods in her hands. She had something else to say?

“Stay close to the King. He needs you” Zoe said in a slightly softer tone and walked away.

Alpha’s Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene Chapter 45

Chapter 45

The ride back to the palace was a very long one and the whole time, Shilah was silent and in deep thoughts. It wasn’t like she had anyone to talk to anyways as the King was always reticent.

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The lady's words kept replaying in her head, over and over again. She just couldn't get rid of them.

First, the things she had said about her. Although, she had planned on resting as soon as she gets home, but with the look of things, that wouldn't be possible as she needed to see her father right away. Yes, she needed to ask him questions and know what the healer's daughter was talking about. 1

Secondly, the King. What did she mean by: "he needs you"? How on earth does the King need her? How? Someone who was that grumpy and rarely even looks at her? O

Urg! There were so many flying questions in her head; so many flying questions and she wished she could just get the answers to them already.

As they rode into the palace, guards began running around, getting ready to welcome the King.

The horses in front of them stopped moving before their carriage was pulled to a halt and the curtains went open with two guards showing up. They stood at alert as King Dakota made his way out of the carriage. Then, Shilah followed.

"Greetings, My King" every head was bowed.

Dakota served a pause, his hands behind his back, then commenced walking while Shilah followed.

Queen Chaska was standing at the balcony and had a huge smile on as she watched the King alight his carriage. "Oh! Bless the spirits, he's safe" she exclaimed beamfully. But her smile died off when she noticed Shilah following behind him. That brat! It was so annoying to know she was actually the one that accompanied the King. If it had been Nosheba, she wouldn't really complain. But to think it was that commoner that just showed up about a week ago, it was just too annoying. I

Shilah stopped following the King when she got to the path leading to her own room. She started walking down the hallway while the king proceeded to a different path. "Shilah!" Queen Dyani suddenly called, running towards her.

"Greetings, My Queen" Shilah greeted when they stood in front of each other.

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“Oh! Shilah, how many times will I tell you to stop calling me Queen? Anyways, what happened? I was beginning to think something bad must’ve happened”. Dyani cooed, touching her shoulders.

“Um ... We were attacked on our way back yesterday. The King was hurt and we had to take him to a healer”.

“What???” Dyani shrieked immediately. “The King??”

“Yes. But, he’s fine now” Shilah added and Dyani heaved a huge sigh of relief. The King might not really be the perfect caring husband for her, but she sure cares about the King.

“Come on, then. You should be tired. Let’s get you freshened up” she held Shilah’s hand and started walking away with her.

Well, Shilah was indeed tired, but she knew she couldn’t rest at that moment as she had some

things to do.

Nosheba’s baby had slept off just after breastfeeding and she was just covering her up when she heard the door opening and turned swiftly to see it was Raksha.

“Raksha!” She called in surprise as she sprang on her feet.

“My love!” Raksha cooed, running to meet her and pulling her into a tight hug. Nosheba sniffed on his shoulders which smelt of sticky sweat and dirt. “You’re back”.

“Yes. And I missed you”. Raksha palmed her hair and withdrew after a while, but he didn’t move away from her as he cupped her pretty cheeks in his palms.

“I... I was so worried about you, Raksha. Thought something might have happened to you”. Nosheba said, her eyes staring into his. “I know. We were attacked on our way back and the King was wounded”. Raksha explained.

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"Oh. How's the King?" Nosheba asked.

; "He's fine now". Raksha replied and left her cheeks.

"And how's my baby doing?" He asked as he walked over to the little one on the bed, sleeping so innocently with face like her mother. He sat on the edge of the bed and ran his little finger on the smooth red cheek

"She's so beautiful" the words left his lips in a passionate whisper. Nosheba just stood and watched blankly.

He leaned forward and kissed the baby's cheek. "Oh, Nosheba" he sighed, shaking his head. "You don't know how much I want this; how much I want this family. I can't wait for the day we'll be together with you by my side as Queen, and our babies playing around. The imagination alone is overwhelming". He turned to look at Nosheba and she let out a smile.

"I'd also want that, Raksha" she said. "So, why don't we get to work immediately?"

Raksha stood up and went to her, palming her cheeks. He moved his hand down to her chest and touched the clothed nipples. "When will you be strong for sex again?" He asked, his tone going darker as his eyes trialed down to her thighs.

"I spoke to the midwife about it and she told me to wait two weeks. So, that means by next week, I should be ready". She replied and Raksha gave a satisfactory nod.

"Let's wait for next week then. This time around, I'll make sure it's a boy". He said.

"You better be sure, Raksha, because I don't don't want to go through another stress of carrying a woman for nine months"

"Don't worry, Nosheba; you'll carry a male child this time around. It's a promise". He pulled her close and kissed her. »

When Shilah entered the room, she took a bath first and told Dyani she wanted to make some tea for the King. Of course, Dyani was surprised and asked what it was meant for.

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"The King is very exhausted and needs a lot of sleep" She began as she walked with Dyani to the kitchen. "While we were at the healer's place, I noticed how he had troubles falling asleep and with the injury he sustained, he really needs to get some. So, I only want to make an attempt; to see if my tea would calm him down'.

"The King has tried so many remedies. Even Queen Chaska prepares tea for him, but they've all been futile and never make him sleep". Dyani said.

"Um...Well, I only want to make an attempt" Shilah shurgged.

She also informed the queen she'd be going to see her father that morning, although she didn't tell her the reason. Of course, she couldn't tell anyone what the healer's daughter had said.

They finally got to the kitchen and Shilah getting the herbs she needed, set to work immediately. She smashed the leaves and added some heated water to it, stirred the greenish content and filtered it out afterwards. To tame the sour taste from the leaves, she added some sweetener and sighed in relief as she stared at the ready cup of coffee. Then, she lifted it up and closed her eyes.

"Dear spirits" she began. "I pray for an effect on this; that as the King drinks of it, may it overwhelm his problems and put him to sleep. May his muscles be forced to relax, his eyes too heavy to stay open, and may the strongest wave of dizziness hit hard at him. May my prayers be heard" she lowered the cup from mid air. Dyani stood aside, watching in sheer curiosity.

"Um.... Is it possible....to deliver this for me?" Shilah turned to Dyani and asked.

"I don't understand. Why should I do that?" Dyani scoffed, but Shilah couldn't reply. She was probably just scared to give it to the King herself.

"Don't tell me you're scared, Shilah" Dyani noticed. "Oh; come on; The King might be grumpy, but he doesn't bite. You should hurry up and give it to him".

"Are you....Are you sure?" Shilah stuttered. "What if he rejects it? Or gets angry?"

"Of course, he won't get angry. Just take it to him, okay?" Dyani advocated and after a little more while, Shilah finally left the room with the tea

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Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene Chapter 46

Chapter 46

King Dakota had just finished taking his bath and was dressing up when he heard a knock on the door. He didn't bother answering since he was still dressing up and of course, the knocker wouldn't dare knock again..

Finally done, he said: "Enter"

And the door opened with a guard taking a few steps pass the door.

"Let her in" he replied and the guard bowed and left.

Shortly, the door opened again with a nervous Shilah coming in and by this time,(This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com) Dakota was already taking his seat.

Shilah walked in with the cup of tea placed on a small tray, her head lowered and her cheeks turning all red.

"G... Greetings, My King" she stuttered as usual, standing in front of him. Dakota was taking up a book, his eyes not looking at her.

"How're you doing, Shilah?" He asked anyways.

"I'm... I'm fine, My King. Thank you". She replied, noting the strong scent around him; a scent she liked.

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“Um... My King” she continued. “Sorry to disturb but... I actually made some tea for you”. Her heart was pounding so fast as that was actually the moment she was scared of. What if he rejects it?

“Some tea?” Dakota paused to look at her – for the first time since she walked in. “Why, if I may ask?”

Shilah gulped hard, she could feel her cheeks flushing already.

“Um.... it’s nothing personal, My King. I just.... I just thought it was necessary to.... help relax your nerves and get you to sleep. I’m only trying to be of help, My King. But...if you feel upset about it, I can leave right away” Shilah said, trying to sound as innocuous as possible.

Dakota said nothing, only leaned back on his chair and gave her those cold stares. It got to an ineluctable point, Shilah started feeling uncomfortable and felt she had made a grave mistake coming in there in the first place. But.... he wouldn’t punish her, would he? Of course, not. He wouldn’t punish her simply because she made him some tea.

“You can set it down and leave” he finally spoke in that wintry tone of his and that was more than a relief for Shilah as she gazed up at him. 2 Thank the spirits!

She bowed and went closer to the table where she dropped the tea and took some steps back while Dakota went on to begin reading his book.

“Um.... My King” Shilah called, remembering she had one more thing to do. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com)”Sorry for disturbing, but ... I need your permission. I um.... I actually need to go home and see my father. It’s very important, My King, and I’ll be really grateful if you grant me this request”.

As usual, her heart was pounding heavily in her chest. It just wasn’t easy standing in front of someone like the King.

Dakota hesitated a little before looking up at him.

“Darci!” Dakota called and the door opened with a guard running in.

“My King...”

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“Get two guards to accompany the Queen when she’s going home”. “As you wish, My King” he bowed and left and Shilah felt a hard skip in her heart. Two guards were to accompany her home? Okay... Now, she couldn’t tell if he was just being protective or he was trying to make sure she doesn’t run away.

“T... Thank you, My King. I’m grateful” she bowed and left the room.

As soon as she left, Dakota dropped the book he was reading and took up the cup of tea instead. It was still a wonder that Shilah had made some tea for him. Of course, he could recall such herbal tea never works for his health. But somehow, he just felt like taking it.

Taking it closer to his lips, he took a sip and confirmed it tasted so good. Hmm. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com)¹ He took more sips and placed the cup back on the table to continue reading. I

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Pishan was walking down the balcony when he spotted Raksha coming his direction. His guts * told him Raksha would want to have a word with him, but he put on a non challant mood

anyways, and tried walking pass him.

“Pishan” Raksha called and he stopped to look at him.

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The reserved Pishan said nothing, only stared at him. And Prince Raksha was a little surprised he didn't show some respects by greeting him. Pishan has always has some nerves. 2

"The list you talked about" he gruffed. "The one you said the King wants both of us to work on; I've changed mind and I'm ready to do it. So, where's the list?"

Pishan scoffed, then stared down at his legs. "The list is in my room, Pishan. I'll have someone bring it to you soon" he turned around to leave,

"Don't you think you're forgetting to pay some respect, Pishan?" Raksha called back his attention and Pishan stopped on his tracks immediately, turning around to face him.

"You claim you're being neglected and want to carry out the major tasks in the pack" Pishan was taking some steps towards him. "The King takes you with him to a meeting and you couldn't even protect him; he returned home, wounded. Truth is, if I had been the one with him, I'd have never let that happen". And with those strong words said, Pishan turned around and left, leaving Raksha in consuming flames of scepticism and vexation.

The tea had already gone down to half quantity in the cup and Dakota was still reading. Not reading; but trying to read.

He couldn't explain it; his vision was blur and heavy, light in his eyes were getting dim and the more he tried forcing them open to read, the more they itched and burnt him. His muscles were aching so bad, he needed to stretch them. His nerves became too calm and relaxed and it got to a point, he couldn't control it anymore.

He dropped the book and staggered on his feet, reaching for the bed.(This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com) He plonked his tired self on the bed and an unexplained wave blew over him; it was heavier than the wind; heavier than nature could give. 2 He couldn't explain it; all he could feel was an unusual calmness.

And for the first time in over ten years, King Dakota closed his eyes to a peaceful sleep.

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Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene Chapter 47

Chapter 47

"Fools!!!" The Alpha roared.

"You hear me?? FOOLS!! That is what you are!!"

The rogues were standing in front of him while the vexed Alpha paced tho and fro in the hall.

"All you had to do was a simple job; a very simple job. Attack the King and kill him! But you all retreated like some old fools!" His voice echoed with so much pain and anger.

"We're sorry, Alpha. We had no idea the King would be shifting. He had become too powerful for us. We all know it's impossible standing King Dakota's lion....." o

"Just shut up and get out of my face!" The Alpha roared and obediently, the boys bowed and left.

He was so furious. Oh, Dakota! Why was he so difficult to get rid of?? Why couldn't he just....

"Damn it!" He stamped his feet.

Queen Chaska smiled as she gave herself one last look in the mirror. The dress was perfect, hair perfect, make up soothing. Hmph. The King would definitely be amazed at her beauty.

She turned around again – one last time – then finally walked out of the room, headed for the King's chambers.

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She couldn't wait to get there and do what she knows how to do best – pleasing him. That was actually the reason she hadn't gone to see him as soon as he returned. She wanted to take her time, look very good for him and go in a stormy way so one look from him can arouse that organ between his legs. 1

She couldn't wait to massage him, lower herself in front of his thighs and give him a good suck, right before she rides on him. Hm. The King might have other wives, but she was going to make sure she'd always be his favorite. That love they first shared, she was going to do everything in her power to resurrect it and make the King see her as the woman he had chosen. 1

She walked down the hallway and finally arrived at the king's chambers to meet the guards there of course.

The guards at the King's door, they never greet. Unless it was the King himself.

"I need to see the King" Chaska said, her cheeks reddening up and her entire system getting

"Sorry, you can't for now. The King is asleep". One of the guards replied.

A deep pause; an intense pause.

Chaska wanted to scoff, but restricted herself. Okay; there's definitely no way he's joking. The King? Sleeping? How?

"I.... I don't think I understand" she scoffed. "What do you mean he's sleeping? Are you sure?"

The guards had actually gotten to know when Pishan had come to see the King a while ago, but couldn't because he was sleeping. Definitely, it was surprising.

"We're sure, Queen. And we wouldn't want him getting disturbed. So we plead with you to return later if you really want to see him". The same guard said.

No. Chaska wanted to believe this was a dream; a terrible dream. How on earth.... How on earth can Dakota fall asleep?

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Of course, she was happy, but also confused and curious. This has never happened before. Could it be possible..... his curse was getting broken? Or the healer was able to get him something effective?

Just like the King instructed, Shilah had rode home with two guards accompanying her. One was the carriage – rider, while the other rode a horse in front of them.

The whole thing was so creepy to Shilah and made her feel really uncomfortable. Going home in a royal carriage and two guards around her, it wasn't something she liked. What if her family thinks she was trying to become chauvinistic or something?

Pia was spreading some clothes outside the house when she spotted the carriage riding in. She halted immediately and stood to watch in awe, wondering who it could possibly be. Perhaps, she was too frightened to move because there was a guard riding in front of the carriage and she felt the guard might attack her if she tried to run. She didn't even know what to think; she just stood and watched anyway.

The carriage stopped moving and after a short while, a lady stepped out of it. A lady....A lady.... Shilah?????

Her eyes dilated in shock immediately.

"Mother!! Father!!" She called at the top of her voice as she dropped the cloth she held and ran into the house, panting heavily.

Shilah couldn't help but cringe as she ran into the house. This was what she was trying to avoid.

"It's Shilah! It's Shilah!" She heard Pia scream in the house. It wasn't too long before Vanessa came running out of the house, but stopped abruptly at the door when she confirmed what Pia had said in the house. Shilah came with a carriage and some guards?!

Ina was the next person to come running out, then their father and mother. Evo wasn't home.

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“Shilah?” Mrs Walter muttered in surprise. She just couldn’t believe it. How’s it possible that Shilah looked so good? And even had guards with her? Was it because she was married to the King?

For almost a minute, they stood apart, just staring at Shilah and Shilah staring at them. Then finally, she took the brave step by going closer.

“Mother. Father” she sighed and lowered her head a bit. “Greetings”.

“Shilah” Mr Walter responded. “Is this really you?”

The rest of the family members were surprised. Shilah that was actually their maid? Was now dressed and looking like a Queen? Why? 2

Ina would’ve gotten mad and yelled at her as soon as she arrived. But seeing the way she came and the guards around, she just couldn’t help but feel constrained.

“It is me, father” Shilah answered, trying to wave her nervousness aside. “And um.... it’s so good to see everyone of you. Please, if you wouldn’t mind, I’d really love to have a word with you, father. It’s very important”.

Alpha’s Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene Chapter 48

Chapter 48

Shilah walked into the room with Mr Walter. That was his room and they were sure they wouldn’t have to be disturbed by anyone.

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"I must say I'm.... happy to see you, Shilah" Mr Walter said, sitting on the big wooden chair in the room.

"Thank you, father. I um.... I'm happy to see you too" Shilah muttered. 3 She couldn't get rid of the fact that he was actually the reason she ended up with the King.

A short suspenseful silence stepped in.

"Please, take a seat" Mr Walter pointed to the last seat in the room and Shilah nodded as she took it. Okay.... How does she begin?

"I really hope there's no problem, Shilah; regarding what you said you wanted to talk to me about". Mr Walter stirred up the topic for her instead.

"Um.... Of course not, father. I just want to ask a few questions about my mother".

Mr Walter arched a brow.

"Your mother?" He repeated and Shilah nodded. "O...kay. What about her?" Shilah adjusted on her seat; her seat was facing his. "I just.... I just want to know about her, father. Who is she? Where does she come from? Do you have any idea why I was born this way? Was there something she did? Or anything at all? Please, father, it's important I know this". Shilah said.

Mrs Walter was taken aback by her request. Was she for real? He never expected this from Shilah – he never expected her to bring up such questions. 3

For a long time he was silent. "Why this question, Shilah?" He asked. "I mean.... what prompted you to ask this?"

Shilah hesitated a little.

"Well.... Something came up, father. And it's very important I get to know this. Please" her voice sounded so desperate.

Mr Walter could notice – despite the fact she was now the King's wife, she still had that humility in her; that look of innocence.

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Oh... These questions. He's been hiding the answers for years now. But perhaps, it was the right time to tell her the truth already. Besides, she wasn't staying with them any more and had her own life to live. So, maybe telling her the truth was the right thing at that moment. 3

Shilah studied the look on her father's face and wondered why he was looking so perturbed. It was almost obvious he really had something to say.

"I know this would definitely hurt you, Shilah. Do you really want to know the truth?" He finally looked at her and asked and Shilah felt a huge skip in her heart beat. The truth would hurt her?? What truth could that be? Why was she feeling so scared all of a sudden?

"Are you sure?" Mr Walter asked again when she said nothing.

"Y... Yes, father" she swallowed hard. "I really want to know. Please, tell me".

Mr Walter sighed and stood up, then walked over to the opened window to stand, his hands behind his back.

"The woman you know as your mother" he began. "Carlie – was never your real mother".

There was a loud bang in Shilah's head the moment she heard those words. Her eyes drooped in shock and her tongue got tied.

"Carlie and I were married for over five years; but she was unable to give me a child. Why do you think I had a second wife before she'd died, Shilah?" He turned slightly to look at her, then returned his gaze to the window.

"I really loved Carlie, but she was infertile. So, I had to go for a second wife. My second wife had given got birth already and was nursing her child when one day, Carlie returned home with you as a baby. You looked less than a month old, so pretty, innocent.

"I asked her where she had gotten you and she told me she picked you from the woods while trying to get some herbs. She said she had heard you crying and ran to the spot to find just on the grassy ground, whining and kicking your legs in the air. She couldn't find anyone around, didn't know how you got there; but Carlie who had been so desperate for a child was sure never to leave you there. So, she picked you up and returned home with you.

Although... I tried convincing her to get rid of the baby since we didn't know who you were and didn't want any trouble, but Carlie was so stubborn and decided to take you as hers. She

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named you, loved and nurtured you and treated you like you really came from her. My second wife knew about it, of course, But I made her promise me she was never going to tell you about it because that was what Carlie wanted. 2

"I'm sorry Shilah, Carlie only loved you as a mother; but she was never your mother. And whoever your real family is, I completely have no idea". He concluded.

His words were heavier than a bomb on Shilah's ears as she couldn't believe any bit of it. She could believe it, but she couldn't take it in.

A tear came dropping down as her head spin from the information; her lips were agaped but could say nothing.

Her mother.... wasn't her mother? She.... She wasn't part of this family?. 1 Oh, no.

She scoffed and stood up, releasing another tear and Mr Walter turned to look at her.

"I'm sorry, Shilah" he said. "I told you It'd hurt you. But I want you to know you can always consider this place your home...."

"Is that the reason you always treated me like a stranger?" She cut him off, ruefully. "Is that the reason I was being neglected by every single person? I was always.... I was always treated like the lowest?"

"You sent me out when the king ordered a lockdown; you didn't care about my safety. Even when the King came for me, you couldn't defend me as my father. Instead, you sold me out to protect yourself and your family. You know z that moment when I was riding with the King's guards to the palace, I thought to myself: How can my own father do this to me?"

"Oh! Of course, how wrong was I. My father would never do this to me! My father would never sell me out! I never belonged here....I don't have a family". Her palm went over her lips as she bursted into more tears and for the first time, Mr Walter had a feeling of contrition. But, it was too late to make amends.

"I'm sorry, Shilah...."

"I just wish I never belonged here. I wish I never had to exist". And with that said, Shilah ran out of the room. 1

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It felt so calm.

King Dakota's cold eyes went open – slowly; his head feeling so calm, his entire bones feeling

so relaxed.

He blinked hard and opened his eyes again, trying to get a grip of himself and recall what had happened.

He slept – the thought suddenly dawned on him. Him, Dakota, he slept.

He held onto the bedsheets and forcefully sat up, feeling so new and strange to how relaxed his body was. For over ten years, he'd actually forgotten how good it felt to sleep; he had forgotten the serene feeling, that peace of mind and feeling of *everything was fine*. Even if that feeling only lasted for a few seconds right before the dizziness gets washed off. He had

totally forgotten all what it felt like; not until that morning. He slept for so long; He didn't know the time, but he could tell it was for long. How did it happen? This miracle?

His eyes found the tea cup on the table. 3

Oh, no.... 0 Shilah.

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Shilah. It was Shilah again!

Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

Chapter 49

Chapter 49

It was Shilah again! Dakota thought as he stared at the tea cup in front of him.

She made the tea for him, told him it should help him in putting him to sleep. He doubted it just like every other person's; but hers was different! Hers worked! Who the hell was that lady?

He bent his head towards the floor and shook it in sheer confusion. Shilah. She was powerless; yet special. Innocent, yet different. Sex with her made him hungry, and her tea put him to sleep. Who was that lady?? Where does she come from?? How does she manage to have such uniqueness around her? •

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Shilah ran out of the house in tears, her heart tearing apart. *Carlie only loved you as a mother, she was never your mother* her father's words replayed in her head.

Oh! What was she even saying?? He wasn't her father!

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The agonizing tears dripped down her cheeks as the voice replayed in her head. She doesn't have a family. No wonder they never liked her; no wonder they always treated her like a slave.

She was running towards the carriage when she suddenly heard Vanessa's voice: "Shilah!"

And she turned quicky to see her coming towards her, having a glum look on. Shilah stopped walking, but the tears didn't stop flowing. She had never been the type to be able to control herself. "I'm sorry, Shilah" Vanessa cooed, standing in front of her. "I'm sorry you had to learn the truth in the hard way".

Shilah looked at her with surprise. She also knew about it?

"I had gotten to know the truth just few years ago" she continued. "But it never changed the way I felt about you, Shilah. You were and will always be family to me. You'll be always be a sister to me. I'm so sorry".

Shilah's heart splitted into two, hearing those words from her. Oh, Vanessa... 3 She sniffled and rushed towards her, pulling her in a hug.

"Thank you so much" she whimpered, her tears dripping on her shirt. "Thank you so much, Vanessa. Thank you".

Her fingers were clenching tight onto her dress and Vanessa lifted her hand to palm her back.

The hug didn't last for long tho, as Shilah just couldn't stay in that environment; it was tormenting to her already.

"I... I need to go" she sniffled, holding Vanessa's hand. Vanessa wanted to ask about her appearance at the palace, if she was being maltreated or anything; but seeing Shilah's mood, she decided to just gulp it down.

"Take care of yourself, Shilah" she answered in a mutter and Shilah nodded and turned around, going into the carriage. She could spot Ina and her mother watching from the window. 3

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Chaska had been completely restless the whole time. *The King is asleep* that guard's words wouldn't stop replaying in her head. Or, could it be possible he was just lying to her??

Ah! Of course, not. The last thing any guard would do was lie to her! It wasn't possible!

Honestly, she felt happy for the King, but she couldn't help but feel so anxious and wonder how he had fallen asleep in the first place. Oh! She really wanted to know.

She stood up from the bed where she had been sitting and started walking out of the room, heading for the King's chambers. She really wanted to see him; Maybe he was awake already.

It was a long walk but finally, she got there and met the two guards at the doorposts as usual.

"The King should be awake right? I need to see him" Chaska demanded and one of the guards nodded and went in, then returned shortly.

"You can go in now, Queen" he said and Chaska heaved a huge sigh of relief; at last.

The hard door was opened and she went into the room to find the King standing in front of his wardrobe and fixing his belt. It looked like he had just taken his bath.

Well yes, King Dakota had to freshen up and increase the calmness he felt. He had so much to do and needed to set to work immediately.

"My King!" Chaska beamed, her big dress flowing with her as she walked towards him.
"You're awake"

Dakota gave a short silence as he connected the holes in the belt.

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"How're you doing, Chaska?" He asked when he was finally done, walking towards his table. "... I think I'm fine. Just a little curious, maybe" she chuckled and watched him go to the table. She didn't follow behind.

"I was amazed when the guard told me you were asleep" she continued. "Or was he just lying?"

"It wasn't a lie, Chaska. Why would any of the guards lie?" Dakota's voice was intense. He took his seat and started bringing out some scrolls.

"Wow! I'm.... I'm in awe, My King" Chaska scoffed, now going closer to him. "You were able to sleep? That's..... That's great news. But, how possible? How did it happen?" Her ears were longing to hear it.

And Dakota, taking hold of his feather replied: "It was Shilah. She made me some tea and I was able to sleep". There was a loud thud in Chaska's head as cold vibrations ran through her. 6 Oh, no..

Her eyes went cold, her brows furrowed with a muddled feeling creeping into her face. She couldn't understand a thing Shi... Shilah?

"M... My King" she stuttered, soughting for quick words. "Are you sure? I mean, are you sure to was...."

"She told me it'd make me sleep once I drink of it, and it really did work. It feels so good having to sleep again after so many years. "If you wouldn't mind, Chaska, I'd love to be alone. I've been asleep for so long and have a lot to do". His tone wasn't authoritative, but Chaska didn't need anyone to tell her it needed to be obeyed.

She felt so cold and weak, enfeebled. Shilah made the tea that put the King to sleep? How possible? What tea did she make? 2 Oh! Blessed Selene; this is not possible; this can't be happening! 4 Her heart was burning heavily as she walked out of his room.

Dakota allowed some seconds to pass after Chaska left, then he stopped writing.

"Darci!" He called and the door opened immediately with one of the guards coming in.

"My King .!"

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Dakota turned to look at him: "Inform the rest of the guards. As soon as Shilah is back, I want her brought to my room".

Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene Chapter 50

Chapter 50

Shilah's carriage rode into the palace, her eyes looking so pale and her mind not even at peace. She couldn't think straight as her mind was drifted far away; thinking about her misfortune.

The carriage pulled to a halt at the right place and Shilah helplessly stepped out of it; her head feeling so heavy. As she walked towards the entrance so she could get to her room, she kept thinking: Who could her parents be? Why was she dumped in that forest? (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com) Could it be possible she was actually dumped because she was useless; because she was powerless? Oh! Even her own family rejected her? She's always been rejected.

She was trying so hard to fight back the tears and her room was seeming so far from her. She walked for a long time before she was finally able to get to the room and as soon as she got in, she bursted out in tears. Her knees on the floor, her head on the bed, she wept profusely.

The woman you know as your mother, was never your mother. . *She told me she picked you from the woods*.

I'm sorry, Shilah.

"No" sobs racked her throat. Why does this have to happen? Why her? Why her?

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She was a nobody. No wonder she was powerless. That was obviously the reason she was dumped by her real family. So, her mother was never her mother? The mother she grew up knowing and loving, was never her real mother? 3 Oh, no....

A knock came on her door, but she didn't want to see anyone; so didn't bother making a move. She just wanted to stay alone and cry all day; cry all the frustrations away.

The knock came again, but she still didn't make a move and finally, the door went open.

"Shilah" she heard her name. She could tell it was Queen Dyani.

"My goodness! Are you crying?" Dyani was in awe as she hurried towards her and squatted close to her on the floor. She had seen her walking towards her room; she called severally but Shilah seemed lost in thoughts and wouldn't hear her. So, she decided to come meet her in the room and when she knocked but got no reply, she went in on her own, wanting to make sure everything was fine with her.

"What's the problem, Shilah?" She cooed as she held her shoulder. "Come on; you know you can always talk to me. What is it?"

Somehow, Shilah found solace and a companion as she lifted her head from the bed and placed them on Dyani's chest – like a child would do to it's mother. The action broke Dyani's heart as she lifted her hand to her back and began palming it slowly.

"Oh, Shilah; just calm down, okay? Everything will be fine. You can talk to me" she cooed. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com)"I'm just too unfortunate" Shilah finally replied, her eyes producing more tears. "I'm too unfortunate; What did I do wrong?"

Dyani's brows arched. What was she talking about?

SOME MINUTES LATER

Shilah was sitting glumly on the bed, while Dyani collected the cup of water from the maid, and after which, she left.

"Here" she walked back to Shilah on the bed and handed the cup to her. "You should drink enough of it".

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Shilah gulped down the much she could take before placing the cup beside her. "Thank you" she sighed.

She had been able to narrate the entire story to Dyani. Well, she had no option; she just had to.

"Shilah dear" Dyani sat next to her, throwing her hand over her shoulder. "I don't want you to think much about this, okay? Don't ever think you're not important; As a matter of fact, you're very special and that's the reason you were able to survive in that forest. Do you know how dangerous it is for a little baby to be alone in the woods? Probably, all through the night? You're special, Shilah; trust me. And that's the reason the goddess made someone as kind as your mother to find you and abduct you. At least, you had someone to call a mother while growing up. So, stop racking your head over this, Okay?"

Her words were so comforting in Shilah's ears. She sniffed and nodded.

"Thank you so much, My Queen" she said. "I'm really grateful. "Oh, Shilah! I've told you to stop calling me Queen. I'm okay with just Dyani, okay? We're cool now". Dyani said warmly and Shilah let out a small smile. 3

Just then, they heard a knock on the door and Dyani made to go for it; but Shilah insisted.

"Don't worry, I'll get it" she replied and stood up, heading for the door. She was trying so hard to control her sniffles as she got to the door, and on opening it, she discovered it was Chaska. What?? What wrong has she done again? Why was she in her room?

"G... Greetings, My King" She greeted perfunctorily with a lowered head. Chaska wasn't looking pleased at all. She could notice the teary look in Shilah's eyes like she had been crying, but hell! She didn't care.

"What did you put in the tea you gave to the King?" She went straight to the point, looking both desperate and angry. Shilah had never seen such coldness in the Queen's eyes.

"I... I don't understand..."

"Don't you dare play dumb with me, Shilah!" Chaska rasped, pointing her index finger at her. "As you can see, I'm not here for jokes. Now, tell me what you put in the King's tea that made

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him fall asleep". Dyani could hear them from the room and was twice surprised as Shilah was. The King slept???

Shilah's shock and joy knew no bounds. The King slept?? He slept??? Her tea; it worked! Oh, no; it did work! 4

The excitement from the news crowded her mind and washed away a part of her sorrows. The King really did sleep!

Chaska could notice the new excitement that had crept into her eyes and she couldn't help but feel more irritated.

"Answer me!" She rasped, snapping Shilah out of her thoughts as she looked at her. "... I didn't do anything, My Queen". she answered with that hint of sincerity. "All I did was.... make the tea and pray to the spirits to help him sleep. It's ... it's obvious the spirits answered my prayers".

Chaska was confused. "The spirits?" She scoffed, and Shilah simply nodded. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com)"So.... you're trying to tell me your prayers on the tea made the King sleep?" "Y... Yes, My Queen. It seems so". Shilah replied.

"But mountain lions don't pray to spirits; we pray to the moon goddess" she stated ridiculously, noting every wolf honoured Selene, while the witches were the ones that prayed to the spirits. 2

Shilah didn't know what to say to that. She honours the moon goddess and also pray to her; but most times, she felt more comfortable praying to the spirits.

Chaska was about saying more when a guard suddenly showed up.

"Greetings, Queen" the armoured guard bowed, and Chaska couldn't tell if he was referring to her, or Shilah.

"Queen Shilah, please come with me. The King wants you in his chambers now". He further said, his strict gaze on Shilah.

Chaska's eyes widened in heavy shock. Whaaaat??? The King wants her in his chambers??? Why?

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Shilah, on the other hand, had grown more nervous. Going to the King's chambers has always been so difficult for her.

She glanced at Chaska's face and could see the stern bitterness on it. "O... Okay" she muttered and dashed into the room to tell Dyani she was leaving. And afterwards, she returned and left with the guard.

Chaska stood and stared at their backs as they walked away, her heart growing heavier. That witch; Shilah!!!

Who knows If the King was calling to appreciate her? Or have a conversation with her??? She couldn't even recall the last time the King sent for her on his own; she was always the one going to him!

Argh! This witch! She needed to do something about her; needed to get the King's attention again. 4

Yes, she knows exactly what to do.

Tonight, she'd make him her own tea, pray on it as well and give it to him. Definitely, it'll make him sleep. Yes! If Shilah's prayers could work on it, she sees no reason why hers wouldn't work. So, that was exactly what she was going to do. 4

But, who does she pray to? The moon goddess? Or the spirits? She didn't know how to pray to the spirits... 4

Urgh! She was definitely going to come up with something.

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