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Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

Chapter 61

Chapter 61

"Shilah!!" Dyani screamed in fright as she watched her back hit the ground. She also lowered herself to the floor to avoid being hit and looking around, she spotted someone by the cliff, dressed in a black robe, running away. Oh, no .. She darted her eyes to Shilah and noticed she had already passed out, the arrow stuck beside her tummy. O "Shilah! Shilah!" She ran to her and jolted her, but she didn't respond.

"Guard!"

The guard from the carriage was already running towards them.

"Please! We need to take her home! Hurry!"

Chaska waited for the guard to inform the King she was there to see him and when the guard returned and informed her she could go in, she did. King Dakota could be seen on his usual table, writing and probably replying to messages and didn't even lift a brow to look at Chaska as she walked in. "Greetings, My King" she stood in front of him and bowed. "How're you doing, Chaska?" He asked, his eyes still focused on the

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script he was writing on. "I guess I'm fine". She walked closer to see if she could get a closer look at what he was doing. "You wanted to see me" he suddenly said. "I'm a little..." "Please, can you not say you're busy and want me to leave?" Chaska cut in, calmly, and Dakota stopped writing.

"I've missed us, My King" she sighed, going to stand behind him.

"I've missed the caring you. Sometimes, I almost forget I'm married". "It's not my fault, Chaska. What do you intend I do?" Dakota gruffed.

Chaska lifted her hands to his shoulders and started giving them a soft massage.

"I understand you might be busy, My King, but it doesn't mean you should neglect your first wife; your first choice". Her hands were moving gently on his shoulders.

"Don't forget how we started..."

"Chaska..." "Going on a walk later in the evening shouldn't hurt; we..." "I'm a very busy man Chaska. How do you expect me to find time to go for a walk?" Chaska went mute. Then, she continued. "I've just missed us, My King. I miss us so bad'. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door, one that sounded desperate.

"Who's it?" Dakota looked at the door and asked.

Damn that person – Chaska jibed. Who dare to interrupt this moment?

The door went open with a guard rushing in. That was the guard that had rode Shilah and Dyani to get the

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herbs.

“My King! Queen Shilah was shot and is unconscious. She’s losing her breath” he informed and watched the swift glint in the King’s eyes.

What?

Dakota sprang on his feet immediately, not minding the fact that he pushed Chaska’s hands off his back in a rough manner. “What’re you talking about? How did this happen?” He asked the guard, that authoritative tone of his coming out deeply.

“She was with Queen Dyani. They asked me to ride them to a place where they could get some leaves which was outside the palace. And while they were plucking them, an arrow came from nowhere and shot at The Queen”. He explained.

Dakota couldn’t believe it. Despite his coldness, the anger was evident in his eyes. “Where is she? Take me to her” he ordered and the guard bowed and led the way.

Chaska stood and watched as the King left the room, not even sparing her a glance. Shilah was shot? By who? She wondered. Hurriedly, she also left the room.

King Dakota followed the guard who led him to Shilah’s room and getting there, he discovered the Physician was already there and working on her. His son was there as well, assisting him, and so was Queen Dyani. His eyes drooped when he saw Shilah’s face going so pale and white with tiny veins showing up on her neck. The arrow was still stuck in her.

“Manchalla” he called frostily. “What’s going on?” His voice sounded so impatient. “I’m trying to... pull out the arrow, My King. And trying to be

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careful so we don't leave any particles in it" the old man replied and turned to his twenty-six year old son, signalling him to get him some oil.

Chaska had come into the room as well and stood close to the door. Shilah was looking pretty bad. Who could've done this?

"You" Dakota suddenly turned to Dyani who was looking so scared and nervous.

"You were with her. What happened??"

Dyani shook a little due to the vibration in his voice. ".... I didn't do anything, My King; I swear! She said she wanted to get some leaves for your tea and I decided to accompany her. We were just...she was squatting in front of the plant and plucking out the leaves when an arrow suddenly flew and hit her on the tummy. I looked around and.... and saw someone – someone in black, running away". She answered shakily. "Male or female?" Dakota gritted and Dyani stared down at the floor for a second, trying to recall.

"... I don't know, My King. The person was dressed in black from head to toe and all I saw was the back running away. I'm sorry" She whimpered, her hand on her chest. Dakota turned back to Shilah, his cold heart twitching. Who did this. Who dare to do this? Manchalla was working really hard on pulling out the arrow. He applied the hem oil on the exposed part of the arrow, applied it on his palms as well and slowly, started pulling out the arrow – so meticulously. King Dakota watched Shilah's face as the arrow was being pulled out of her. There was no reaction at all; she was completely unconscious and her face kept getting whiter and pale. To think this happened because she had actually gone out to get some leaves for his tea.... Finally, the arrow was pulled

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out of her and Dyani let out a light gasp. Manchalla held out the arrow which had over half of it covered in her blood. But there was something else, the blood wasn't pure red but had a greenish color. It should be the poison. "Manchalla, will she be fine?" Dakota asked and Manchalla turned slightly to look at him, the arrow still in his hand. "The arrow was poisoned, My King; but I'll try my best. I'll try my best". He turned back to Shilah.

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Queen Nosheba was in her room, dressing her baby up when her maid rushed in, looking uneasy. "My queen" she bowed when she stood in front of Nosheba who just stared curiously at her. "There's news going round the palace. They say Queen Shilah was shot and is unconscious". What? Nosheba's brows arched. "Are....Are you sure? How was she shot?" She asked, looking more curious than worried. "I don't know; but I hear she was with Queen Dyani when it happened. Also heard she's currently receiving treatment" Nivea enthused.

Nosheba shook her head and stared away. Poor thing. Who could've shot her? (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com)Well, that

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should be none of her business. Weather she lives or not, it should all depend on her – she thought care-freely.

It had been long already.

King Dakota was still in the room, watching as they attended to Shilah. Obviously, she seemed to be getting better with the way the whiteness on her face had reduced. The part of her dress around her tummy had been torn so Manchalla could work properly on it. He had been given a chair to sit while Queen Dyani was standing behind and leaning on the wall, hands crossed. Chaska had left already. Although, Dakota had been advised to go to his room and await feedback, he wouldn't listen and insisted on staying. It was strange. Well, Dyani couldn't leave because she somewhat felt guilty. She had been with Shilah when it happened and couldn't stop blaming herself for it. Perhaps, she would've done something to save her. Oh! Please; what could she had possibly done?

Either ways, she wouldn't stop blaming herself.

After what seemed like forever, Manchalla finally rounded up as he turned away from Shilah. "How's she Manchalla?" Was the first thing he asked, his cold eager eyes focused on the old man. Manchalla wiped off a drop of sweat from his forehead before proceeding. "I've been able to stabilize her and she'll be fine, My King. Thankfully, the poison was deadly. In a couple of days or so, she should regain full consciousness" he said. "Couple of days?" Dakota scoffed. "You mean she won't be awake for two days?" (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com) "Yes, My King. And actually, I think we should be thankful she's able to come awake and didn't end up dead. It'd have been

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more terrible". King Dakota said nothing, his eyes just pinned on the sleeping Shilah. "What was contained in the poison?" He suddenly asked and Manchalla took up the arrow, holding onto the unstained end of it.

"I can't tell for now. But I'll run up some tests immediately and get back to you with the results". He replied, staring observantly at the arrow.

He could tell the greenish color looked familiar.... "You can retire to your chambers now, My King" he continued, moving his gaze to Dakota. "I'll need to go arrange some more herbs and while I'm away, my son would stay back with the Queen just incase there's an emergency. You have nothing to worry about".

Dakota didn't give a response immediately. Oh...If only he could just know the demon behind this act. If only he could have any idea ... Finally, he sighed and stood up. "If you make any new findings, make sure I'm the first to know, Manchalla" he said to the Physician. "Of course; of course. I'll make sure of that, My King" the old man replied and Dakota nodded and left the room. Getting out, he ordered his guards to stay back and guard the Queen's room, and of course, they did. Well, you could say the King was acting caring and all; but one thing was for sure – Dakota hated being messed with

Dyani sighed when she was the only one left in the room with Shilah – and just the Physician's son-Rancho. She decided to go use the empty seat that had been occupied by the King and sat, facing Shilah. "Do you think she'll be fine?" She asked worriedly, staring at the Physician's son. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com) Rancho was a young looking boy, tall and handsome. "Well, if my father says she'll be fine, I believe she'll be fine. Besides, the poison on the arrow wasn't deadly" he replied, as politely as possible. Dyani heaved a deep sigh of

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relief. “But I wonder who could’ve done this in the first place. Why would anyone want to hurt someone as innocent as she is? I mean, Shilah barely knows anyone” she lamented, but to that, the Physician’s son could give no reply.

Manchalla sat in his stuffy room, studying the blood from the arrow.

His microscope was on with several big books opened in front of him. This blood.... greenish color; it was indeed familiar. He flipped through so many pages, comparing and contrasting and it went on for a very long time until he was beginning to feel tired.

But just at that last point, that frustrated point, he finally found something. Not something, but the answer he’s been looking for.

His tired eyes beamed immediately as he drew closer for a clearer view. What??? His head was pounding. How was this possible? The poison.. He crosschecked it – repeatedly. But there was no mistake. It was real! The poison was made from.... Immediately, he sprang on his feet and rushed out of the room with the arrow in his hand. His steps were fast and hurried as he headed for the King’s chambers – so eager to tell him his findings. This has never happened in centuries.... With how fast he walked, it didn’t take him long to arrive at the King’s chambers and when he finally did, the guards let him in with immediate effect – knowing Manchalla never visits the King’s chambers unless it was extremely important.

King Dakota was standing in front of his closet, fixing his belt when Manchalla walked in, Old man looked nervous. “My King...” “What’s the

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problem, Manchalla?" He asked, walking away from the closet. He noticed the arrow in his hand. "I'm done with my analysis, My King, and I've gotten to know where the poison came from" he was panting a little heavily when he stood in front of the King. King Dakota's eyes gushed with curiosity. "The poison....it was made from the blood of a witch". (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com) There was a loud pause. Then slowly, a flinch crept onto Dakota's face. "What're you talking about?" His voice was calmer than violent. It just sounded unreal. "It's accurate, My King. The poison was made from the blood of a witch. I am so sure about it". Manchalla replied. Dakota scoffed and collected the arrow from him. The witches? The witches tried to attack one of his own? "You mean the witches are behind this?" He asked the Physician, staring coldly at the arrow. "Yes, My King. I also can't believe they'd start an attack. It's uncalled for" Manchalla queried. For a long time, Dakota was silent, just staring down at the arrow. And bit by bit, the anger crept into him. "Darci!" He called out and the door opened with his guard coming in. "My King...!" "Find Pishan; and tell him to get the guards and horses ready. We're riding to the Witches Palace".

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Queen Chaska was in her room when she heard the news of the King wanting to ride to the witches palace.

"Whaaaat??!" She flinched, turning to look at Gina who had delivered the news.

"Are you sure about this?!" "Of course, My Queen. You should know I always get my news from the right sources". Gina bowed.

Chaska left the bed where she had been sitting and started pacing round the room.

Why Shilah? Why that ingrate?

Although, she knows the King too well; he wasn't doing this simply because it's Shilah-he's doing it because that was who he was. King Dakota hated being messed with; he hates when his rules are touched. Even if this had happened to a guard, he still would've acted same way. If the witches are meant to stay away, he expects them stay away and not attack one of his own. But, why would the witches attack them at a time like this? Like; it was something that's never happened for centuries since the enforcement of the alliances came into effect. Why would they

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suddenly bring up an attack? It was so so confusing.... Were they really think trying to start a war?

“I wish that Shilah would just die” she gritted beneath her breath, but to Gina’s hearing.

“Why was the poison not deadly anyway? She should just close her eyes and die”. She stamped her feet angrily on the floor.

Pishan was standing with the rest of the pack warriors, each guard standing beside his horse. Raksha was there as well and they were all awaiting the King to arrive. Hearing what had happened, that the witches were behind Shilah’s attack, he couldn’t help but feel a little shaken. Why would the witches carry such an act, knowing fully well it would affect someone like Dakota? Why would they do such foolish act? Dakota was so angry and he couldn’t even find a perfect time to talk to him. Now, he had no idea what Dakota really had in mind – if he was going for war or for something else.

Sukie; he couldn’t stop thinking about her. If Dakota decides to take a drastic decision on the witches, it was definitely going to attack her as well and he didn’t want that to happen. He didn’t want her getting hurt in anyway. Oh, damn it! But were they really behind this? “The King is coming” one of the guards announced, breaking into his thoughts and he turned to see Dakota walking towards them, his steps looking like he was actually marching with heavy angry steps.

He was fully armoured, looking more of a warrior than a king at that moment – an angry warrior. Everyone knows Dakota; he was different

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from his fathers that had ruled before him. You don't play with his rules, you don't betray him. He could become really dangerous when Dakota doesn't know how to handle betrayal; he just takes drastic decisions. And that was why Pishan couldn't understand why the witches would carry out such heinous act? It just doesn't make sense.

All heads bowed as he got close and walked to his horse. Holding onto the collar rope, he climbed onto it and got set. And the rest of the guards did same. "Let's go!" He gave the command, started his own horse and with him in front, they all rode out of the palace. His two wives – Chaska and Nosheba – were both standing at the balcony from different angles, watching. Chaska was praying a war wouldn't happen so he'd be safe. And Nosheba... Well, her thoughts were just blank. But either ways, she needed the two men back – The King and Raksha. 3

Hours Passed, and Shilah was still unconscious. Although, the Physician said she'll be fine since the arrow had been pulled out of her already and the poison removed. Dyani had been in the room with her the whole time, even when the Physician's son left to get somethings done. She just couldn't leave her sight as she fiend want anything bad to happen to her. 1 But later in the night, she had to leave to check up on her child and also get something to eat. But she didn't stay long at all as she left her daughter in the care of her maid and quickly returned to Shilah's room. She spent the entire night there. &

NEXT MORNING

Dyani had woken up and decided to check up on her daughter again, and also freshen up. She found something to eat and quickly returned to

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Shilah's room. It's been over twenty four hours already. She hasn't even eaten. Wouldn't it affect her or something?

Oh! Blessed Selene! If only she could just get better. She really needed her to get better... The door went open and Dyani felt it was the Physician or his son. But when she turned around, she was surprised to see it was Queen Chaska. 3

What? What was she doing there?

Chaska was adorned in her heavy clothings, but her hair was simply done. Face had no makeup on but had that usual stern look on it. Her eyes found Shilah on the bed, sleeping like some breathing corpse. Then, she looked at Dyani. "It looks like you've forgotten how to give respect" she said with a scowl and Dyani lowered her gaze to the floor. O "Greeting, Queen Chaska" she said. "I was just wondering if there was a problem". "What problem are you talking about?" She scoffed. "Is it wrong to come see my co-wife?" "Of... Of course, not. It's just not like you". Chaska shut her a glare, then rolled her eyes and walked towards Shilah's bed. Annoying thing – she jibed in her thoughts.

It angered her to see how beautiful she was even when she was unconscious. Why wouldn't she just die, huh? Why?? She hissed. She was trying so hard to get the King on her side, but not until the tiny witch arrived and becomes another contender. But, no matter what happens, the King will always be hers. Always. And she's sure to be the next Luna. 6

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Sukie was in the room with The Queen, helping her fix her hair. Kylie was sitting in front of the mirror while Sukie stood behind her and brushed the hair.

One of the minions would've done it for her, but that morning, Kylie just wanted Sukie to do it herself. "I'm not being too hard, am I?" Sukie asked. "Of course, not. You've always been as calm as a bird". Kylie smiled. She watched Sukie from the mirror as she worked meticulously on the hair, looking so devoted. "You're so beautiful, Sukie" Kylie cooed. "I wish our daughter would have your lips". Sukie paused and glanced at her, her heart skipping for a second. Their daughter? Just incase you're wondering, witches do reproduce. For instance, someone like Kylie who was a Queen. She needed an heiress, but since she didn't have a male lover and didn't want to have one, she could easily get a sperm product from a man – a common villager who wasn't a wolf or a vampire – fix into her genitals and use her powers to make sure it goes deep. Eventually, it'd get her pregnant. That was the same way her mother had given birth to her. Till date, Kylie doesn't know her father because she prolly didn't have a *father" since her mother never had direct sex to conceive her. But, it was obvious Kylie wanted to do something different. She wanted to be the man in her relationship with Sukie and wanted Sukie to be the one to undergo that process and get pregnant so the child would become theirs. 3 Sukie was just surprised because she had no idea Kylie would want to take their relationship to "eternity". She had no idea Kylie was even thinking of such... "I can imagine how perfectly we'd train her" Kylie continued, noticing how anxiousness from the mirror. "You'll be the mother, and I'll be the father. And I'll make sure she becomes as powerful as we are and become a better Queen". Sukie lowered her gaze to her hair and resumed brushing it – slowly. "Wouldn't you love that, Sukie?" Kylie asked, touching her hand on her shoulder. "Of...Of course. It'd be nice" She muttered with a smile. 2 "How do you want me to style

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the hair, Supreme Sister?” Unexpectedly, the door whacked open and Kylie and Sukie turned in a haste to see who was barging in. The hell???! Nobody barges into the Queen’s room! Unless.... “Supreme Sister! Supreme Sister” she panted. Kylie had turned on her seat and was staring keenly at her. “There’s a big problem! King Dakota and his men .. they’re riding towards the palace gates as we speak...!”

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What?

Kylie sprang on her feet immediately, her eyes blazing and the hem of her big dress flopping along with her. "What're you talking about?" She demanded, her eyes jarring at the sister that had delivered the news. "What do you mean King Dakota is riding to the gates?" "I'm as shocked as you are, Supreme Sister. They're..." Before she could get the rest of the words out of her mouth, Kylie walked past her and stormed out of the room, not minding her halfly – done hair. Sukie followed immediately, together with the other sister.

King Dakota and his men had been riding for hours, non stop – even through the night. He had been so determined to get to the Witches Palace and he finally did. Their fast horses racing towards the gate, he saw the witches coming out their Queen in front of them. They were all dressed in red garments, their hoodies all over their heads, but Kylie's garments being the longest and swept the floor. Kylie was in awe. Since the enforcement of the restriction law centuries ago, no Mountain Lion or

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blood sucker has ever stepped foot in the witches territory. Of course, they had no reason to and didn't want to get killed. It was part of the law;- every man to his territory. But now, seeing King Dakota riding towards them, she just couldn't understand what was going on. What was he doing there??? Sukie, on the other hand, was shocked. She was standing beside Kylie and could spot Pishan on his horse, her heart racing heavily. What could be going on? Why were they riding to the palace? Was he there to expose her?

Oh! Of course, not he wouldn't. He promised her! Only the sound of the horses' hooves could be heard aa they dug through the ground and rode, and finally, were pulled to halts by their riders when they got close enough.

Together with over fifteen of his men present with him, King Dakota climbed down from his horse, his sword in his sheath beside him as he walked towards the witches, his eyes specifically on Kylie. Sernity dwelt amongst the sisters; not even a word was heard from one of them. Due to the law, that was the first time Kylie was meeting Dakota face to face. Although, she's seen artistic images of him, heard so much about him and also heard he was a calm handsome man, she just never thought he'd look this violent like the man coming in front of her with those deep blue eyes. . "King Dakota" her voice was finally heard when he stopped working, standing so close to her with his men behind him. "I never thought I'd see you here in my palace, especially when it's forbidden". "There'd be no need for the courtesy, Kylie, because if I had my way, I wouldn't want to be here" he gruffed. Kylie was stunned.

That was disrespectful! He just called her by her name! Pishan was standing closest to the King while Raksha stood next. And as he stood there, his eyes ran into the nervous Sukie who had also been staring at

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him. That face ... he never thought he'd be seeing it soon. He really hoped Dakota wouldn't do anything to hurt them/hurt her.

"I see". Kylie continued.

"Well, I wouldn't call it a pleasure seeing you either. And I hope you don't mind me asking what you're doing on my land. Right now. I have every right to kill you and your men".

"And I have every right to kill you and your sisters for trying to kill one of my own!" Dakota chipped in as soon as she was done and watched as Kylie's face crumpled up. "You and your sisters" he continued, his voice sounding more hoarse. "You broke the law already and attacked one of my own". "What're you talking about?" Kylie scoffed. "You and your sisters, made a poison, applied it on an arrow and shot one of my wives with it! How dare you?" Kylie was looking evidently confused. She scoffed again and glanced at the sister beside her, before turning back at Dakota. "I must say I'm the most confused person on earth right now because I don't have a zilch on what you're talking about" she said, her eyes blaring at the angry Dakota. "Why would my sisters and I attack your people, Dakota? That has never been heard of for centuries. If this a stunt, King Dakota, I'd suggest you call it off cause it's not funny". She was sounding a little angry as well. King Dakota stretched out his palm to Pishan who handed the arrow to him. "Then, how do you explain this?" He threw it at Kylie who was fast enough to catch it. She stared at the greenish blood on the arrow and flinched. The poison! It was indeed made from the blood of a witch. She didn't even need to study it as it was obvious already. She was very familiar with the poison and knew the resources used in making them of which a witch's blood was the most important. And it couldn't just be taken unconsciously from a witch, it had to be given voluntarily because it required a reasonable potion.

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Someone...A witch did this!. 3 King Dakota watched as the confidence depreciated from Kylie's face. She didn't even have the guts to look him in the face anymore. "You and your sisters are the ones playing a stunt here, Kylie' Dakota continued. "A stunt that isn't funny". "I swear on the laws, King Dakota, I don't know anything about this" Kylie looked up at him and said. "So, who made the poison?" Dakota scoffed. "I don't know! I never authorized this; I'd never do so! Our elders fought so hard to keep the law. Why would I jeopardize it at my own time?" "Well, that is your business because one or some of your sisters here are responsible for this. And for the sake of kindness, I'm giving you one last warning. I'll leave here without harming anyone, but if something like this repeats itself, mark my words, Kylie; I'll be back. And when I'm back, you should be ready for a war!" Anger crept onto Kylie's face. And after a long glare, King Dakota turned around and marched towards his horse. His men followed, Pishan giving a silent stare at Sukie before turning around as well. And with ruffled sounds, they all got onto their horses, turned them around and started riding away. The sisters remained silent, just watching the men as they rode away. Kylie lowered her gaze to the arrow in her palm s, stared keenly at it and finally, threw it angrily on the ground. "Sukie!" She called aloud, her eyes on the ground. "Supreme Sister" Sukie who was already beside her, bowed. "Assemble all the sisters in the hall. Sister Elphaba!" The elder came running out immediately. They could all tell Kylie was dangerously angry and could do anything at that moment. "Supreme Sister" the woman bowed in front of her. "Take me to the location room. I need to see the map". 2

Kylie was breathing so hard as she walked into the dark room with the Elder. Her hair had already become ruffled due to the cold breeze from outside, but that didn't matter to her. & The room was sacred and needed to be dark. So, Sister Elphaba lit a candle at the door which helped them get to the wall where the huge map was pinned. It was known as the

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magical map – helped in telling and locating a new witch or any witch at all, outside of their palace. 5 But staring at the map, all the lights were pointed at the palace which meant every breathing witch was in the palace. If there had been a witch elsewhere, the dotted light would have pointed out the location on the map. But since there was no light elsewhere, it meant there no witch elsewhere. And whoever made that poison, came from the palace.

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Chapter 65

“There’s no witch outside the palace, Supreme Sister” Sister Elphaba confirmed her thoughts, staring keenly at the map. “But which of our sisters would do such despicable act? It’s so unbelievable”. Kylie was already burning with rage, her hands fisted on the table. Not saying a word, she turned around and stormed out of the room, and the other sister followed. She walked straight to the hall where the rest of the witches were gathered, everyone making a path for her to walk through

The angry Kylie walked through, her red garment sweeping the floor until she had gotten to the front row and stood to face the witches. “THIS IS

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UNACCEPTABLE!" Her voice was a deep roar. Kylie was just like her mother – dangerous when angry. "Who made that poison and attacked one of the wind walkers?" Her blazing eyes were going around, scouring through the eyes of the others and trying to see if she could get any truth from them. "I just checked the map and confirmed no other witch exists outside these walls. So, whoever made that poison, came from here and is probably staring at me right now!" She paced tho and fro. "Few weeks ago, a witch here, broke the law and helped the Alpha King. And today, a witch broke another law and tried to cause a war. WHO IS IT?' The thunderous echo in her voice swept a table off it's balance, and few of the sisters flinched.

Silence descended afterwards as Kylie waited for someone to speak up; confess?

And finally, Remata did. ".... I think I might have an idea, Supreme Sister" she rose her left hand. > Kylie, who was too angry, said nothing as she awaited her to step out and speak. And she did. All eyes had automatically turned on Remata immediately, "I.... I just think it's sister Elphaba" she stuttered, creating a loud gasp in the hall. 3 Kylie stood still, just staring silently at her. "I mean" she continued. "Sister Elphaba lost her both daughters to rogues from the wolves. They made her lonely and motherless. And the other day, when we were working on the garden, she cursed and lamented on how much she hated the wolves and wished there was a way she could wipe them off the face of the earth. So.... I'm thinking she made that poison to kill one of the King's own and hurt him..." "Remata, you're talking nonsense!" Sister Elphaba cut in, her face having a crumpled look on. "But, you know I'm not lying, Sister Elphaba. I respect you so much, but I have to say the truth" Remata said. "You can ask Sister Sukie. She was there in the garden with us". . And all eyes turned to Sukie; including Kylie. "Is this true?" Kylie asked.

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Sukie searched for words. “.....it really did happen. I mean, back there in the garden, few weeks ago, Sister Elphaba was really bittered and talked about her losses in the past that came from the wolves. But, I don’t think it’s enough reason for her to create such an attack” Sukie said. “Stop being so defensive all the time, Sukie” Remata chipped in.

“You...” “Sister Elphaba!” Kylie called out. Few seconds later and the woman was standing in front of her. “I need you to tell me the truth; are the accusations true?” She asked.

Elphaba’s head was bowed. “Supreme Sister” she began. “It’s true that I lost my two daughters to the rogues some years ago. And it’s also true I still feel bittered and pained about it and even talked about it in the garden. But carrying such despicable act; trying to cause a war between us and the Wolves, that is something I’d never do. Not even in death”

She paused and looked up at Kylie.

“I swear on my late daughters’ corpse, I have no idea about this. I didn’t do it” she said conclusively. Silence descended afterwards as Kylie starred directly into her eyes.

For a long time, not a sound was heard in the hall and at that time, sister Elphaba had already lowered her gaze to the floor. Was she telling the truth? Most people wondered. “For centuries” Kylie finally said, walking slowly away from Elphaba and taking her eyes round to the rest of the sisters in front of her. “Our past Elders made sure they did everything in their power to keep the laws. They made the laws, and they kept it. Yes, the Wolves and Vampires are our enemies, but rules are rules and I won’t have anyone trying to jeopardize that!! We don’t attract problems to ourselves, we only fight and kill our enemies when they attack

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1.

“Now listen, I can forgive anything at all; but this – I’ll never forgive it. And the moment I know who the culprit is, I’ll burn you to death!!” Her voice echoed with anger.

And with that, she turned around and walked away.

NEXT DAY

Rancho – the Physician’s son – was the one in the room with Shilah. She was still sleeping and he was using some water and a napkin to wash her feet which hadn’t been touched since she became unconscious. Queen Dyani had left to freshen up and Rancho had to take care of her. Suddenly, there was a slight movement from her. He noticed it and quickly looked at her face to see her lids fluttering. What? Shilah felt warmth, calmness and weakness, all at the same time. She could feel some wetness on her feet and had this urge to come awake already. “Mm” she muttered some unclear words as she fluttered her eyes and finally pushed them open. For the first few seconds, all she could feel was calmness. Her eyes were just staring blankly at the familiar ceiling as she tried to recall where she was. Of course... it was her room. The ceiling...it looked so familiar like that of her room. “You’re awake” she suddenly heard a strange voice say.

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Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

Chapter 66

Chapter 66

"You're awake" she suddenly heard a strange voice say. Slowly, she looked to her left and found a strange face, staring at her and a quick flashback suddenly occurred. She had been shot. Yes; she could remember. She was trying to get some leaves with Dyani when an arrow flew from nowhere and landed on her. 1 Suddenly, she flinched and looked at the boy beside her again. "Who are you?" She asked fearfully, feeling too weak to move. Rancho quickly noticed how scared she was. "Hey, calm down okay?(This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com) I'm the Physician's son and I was asked to watch over you. You're at the palace and in safe hands" he dispelled her fearful thoughts. Shilah took her eyes around. Indeed, it did look like her room. She wouldn't be in her room if she was in the wrong hands. She tried sitting up but groaned in pains as she noticed the side of her tummy was hurting a lot. "Hey, hey, don't stress yourself okay? You need to stay still so the spot doesn't open up. It's still healing" Rancho ran to her and said, holding her down; and Shilah took on a deep br

and Shilah took on a deep breath, trying to relax herself. "T... Thank you" she muttered afterwards. "You're welcome" he smiled at her and went ahead to squeeze out water from the napkin to the bowl. "What... happened to me?" Shilah asked after a few seconds. Squeezing out the excess water, Rancho returned to massage her feet with it. (This novel

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will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com)“I don’t I don’t think there’s any need for this” she tried withdrawing her legs, but Rancho didn’t let her.

“Just calm down, will you?” He chuckled.

“This doesn’t belittle me in anyway. It’s part of my job as a Physician”.

Being convinced, although still uncomfortable, Shilah had to let him do his job. She watched him as he massaged her feet gently with the wet napkin. And for some reasons, it felt good. “You were shot with a poisonous arrow” Rancho said while working on her feet. “But luckily, the poison wasn’t deadly and that’s the reason you’re still alive”. 1 Shilah was confused. Deadly? But ... who on earth would want to poison her? Like... what has she done to deserve it? She was barely even known.

“My father discovered the poison was made from the blood of a witch” Rancho further said like he had read her thoughts.

Shilah didn’t even know how to react to that. A witch?

“I don’t.... think I understand” she shook her head.

“Yes, none of us does” Rancho shrugged.

“It’s actually confusing because...the witches are not meant to break the laws. We just think they’re trying to start up a war and that’s the reason they attacked one of us. Unfortunately, you had to be the scapegoat”. He left her feet and returned to the bowl to re-wash the napkin while Shilah went into deep thoughts. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com)The witches made an attack? But why? How? A slight pain hit at her head. Oh... She couldn’t think too much. She felt so weak,

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hungry, tired.... Rancho heard the riding sounds of hooves and stood up immediately to go check it out. He rushed to the window and nodded in confirmation.

“The King is back”. He said. Shilah turned her head to look at him. The King? “Where did he go?” She asked calmly. “Well... he actually rode to the witches palace two days ago to tackle the arrow and poison issue. It’s a good thing he’s back and safe” Rancho replied and Shilah’s eyes widened in shock.. Whaaaat??? The King rode to the witches palace??? Was there a war?? He.... he rode all the way there because she was attacked? “Don’t get all excited, Queen” Rancho suddenly chuckled from the window.(This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com) “King Dakota is a man who hates having his rules broken. He hates when his rules are broken, and hates being played or betrayed. That’s the reason everyone is careful not to hurt the King’s feelings, because he could be a beast when he’s betrayed. Going out to confront the witches, he didn’t just do that because it happened to one of his wives, he actually did that because they broke the rules and needed to be dealt with. He’d have done it for anyone...”.

Shilah wasn’t listening anymore as her mind had suddenly become drifted.

He didn’t just do that because it happened to one of his wives; he did that because they broke the rules and needed to be dealt with. His words replayed in her head.

He could be a beast when he’s betrayed. Shilah didn’t even know which of the categories to focus on. The fact that he didn’t go to confront the witches just because of her, or the fact that she was scared of hurting his feelings from now on.... But, what was she even expecting? (This

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novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com)She couldn't understand why the first category was getting her worked up. The King cares for no one...

King Dakota alighted from his horse; the horse trainers on standby and ready to take the various horses for cleaning.

He was exhausted....and hungry too.

Oh! Of course, he should be hungry. Shilah hadn't been there to make him eat, or sleep. And it was affecting him greatly.

Although, he's been managing that life for a long period of years, but suddenly having a taste of it for the past few days had spoilt him and made him feel like he wouldn't survive going through the old life again. As he made to leave the horse, Pishan rushed to him. "My King" he called, and Dakota turned towards him. "I just want to thank you for what you did back there at the Witches Palace. Thank you for not launching the

attack".

Dakota sighed.

"I did it for you, Pishan. But you should know that if such happens again, none of them would be spared". He said.

"Come with me. I need to check up on Shilah". And together, they walked away. Well yes, Pishan had actually been the one that pleaded with Dakota to have a change of mind. He reminded him of the fact that Sukie was there and had taken a risk for them some weeks ago. So, she probably needed that grace. And luckily, Dakota had listened.

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They walked towards Shilah's room, every guard and maid they came across bowing as usual. King Dakota wasn't the type to let his feelings reflect facially. So, he looked strong and fearful in the eyes of others. He should be in his chambers, but he decided to check up on Shilah before heading there. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) Arriving at the guarded room, the guards over there bowed to him and opened the door for him immediately. Rancho had gone back to cleaning Shilah's feet and had no idea the King was even coming. So, when he heard the door opening, he felt it was Queen Dyani or a maid and didn't bother to look. But, the expression on Shilah's face made him think otherwise. And he turned around to see the King coming. "My King!" He stepped back immediately, head bowed. "Greetings, My King. Welcome". Shilah's eyes were dimming as she watched the King walk in, his gamma behind him. He looked so huge and warrior-like in the heavy armour he wore and his eyes icy were fixed on her as he walked further. He didn't know she had regained consciousness. And somehow, his cold heart cracked a bit, seeing those eyes open. "My... King" Shilah stuttered, forcing herself to look away from him. King Dakota walked past Rancho and stood nearest to the bed. "You're awake" he said, his voice sounding frosty but a little exhausted. He turned slightly to Rancho. "When did she regain consciousness?" "Some... Some minutes ago". Rancho bowed. "Some minutes ago? And she's not eating yet!" Dakota asked, his voice sounding threatening. • Uh-uh. That wasn't something Rancho wanted to face.

"I'm...I'm so sorry, My King. I'll go get her some food right away" he bowed and left in a brisk. 2

Dakota sighed unnoticeably and turned back to Shilah. "How're you feeling?" "I'm feeling v... very fine, My King. Thank you" she replied, not feeling at ease with the fact that she couldn't bow.

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And thinking about it, the Physician's son said the King had left the palace two days ago. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) Doesn't that mean... he's been unable to eat and sleep for over two days as well? Oh, no....

"You should take care of yourself, Shilah" his gruff voice came.

"If you need anything, don't hesitate to let the guards know". 4 "O...Okay. Thank you so much, My King. I am most grateful". Shilah said. Dakota only gave a nod, turned around and walked out of the room.

Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

Chapter 67

Chapter 67

Raksha walked into his mother's room as that was the first person he wanted to see after returning from such ride. . Queen Jadis was in her room, resting, and was elated to see her son. "Raksha, son" she beamed, dropping what she held in her hand as she stood up. She pushed her eyes wide open for him and embraced him when he got close. "Good morning, Mother" he greeted, enjoying her warmth. "Oh! A blessed morning to you too. Thank the goddess you're back and safe. I was so worried". She palmed his cheeks, staring at his face lovingly. "I'm sorry

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for getting you worried, mother. But nothing happened. Dakota didn't push through with a fight". He said, cutting her from her touch and walking past her to the bed. "He didn't? What did he go there to do then?" The Queen asked, sounding surprised as she turned to look at him.

"He just went there to warn them. Told them never to repeat such act else, they'd be a war. Although ... the witches denied having a hand in it". "They did? And do you think they were telling the truth?" "I don't know, mother. And that is the least of my concerns right now" Raksha hissed. "With each passing day, my anger and hatred grows for Dakota. When will he be eliminated? When will he leave the throne? "That day, when he was attacked on our way back from the meeting, I badly wanted to watch him die with those injuries he sustained. Oh, mother; you wouldn't believe how irritated I felt, rendering help to him. If it wasn't for the fact that I'd have been questioned by the rest of the guards, I'd have taken him to a pit and throw him right in..." 2 "Calm down, son" Queen Jadis rushed to him and placed her hand on his shoulder. "You need to calm down, okay? I understand how you feel..." "I don't think you understand, mother" he shook his head, "I don't think you understand what it feels like, calling my own brother King and bowing to him even in public. You know how Dakota and I were before father died. We were always at loggerheads with each other. And now, having to be submissive to him, it makes me feel like he won and I'm a loser". "That's a very bad feeling, Raksha. You're NOT a loser" the Queen spelt it out for him. "You're not and will never be a loser, do you understand?" But the prince said or did nothing. "Just...I need you to calm down, okay? Calm down and trust your mother. Are you forgetting we have a plan on ground already? Soon enough, every breathing soul would be bowing to you". She added and pulled him into a hug. Queen Chaska was filled with joy when she heard the King had arrived. She gave him sometime to freshen up before going to see

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him. A small smile rested on her face as she walked towards his chambers, hoping he doesn't send her away this time around. Well, of course, he shouldn't. Thank goodness he was safe as she had been so scared there was going to be a war between them and the witches. As usual, two guards were at his doorpost when he arrived. "I need to see the King" she demanded, hoping she doesn't get a reply like: 'he's busy*'. One of the guards went in and returned shortly with news she wanted to hear. "You can go in now" he bowed and Chaska smiled and walked in. King Dakota was standing in front of his closet, fixing the hooks of his shirt; and it seemed to Chaska like he had just finished taking his bath. # "My King...!" She bowed elatedly. "Greetings, My King" Dakota said nothing as he finished with the shirt and drew out a robe from the wardrobe. "How're you doing, Chaska?" He asked grumpily, and her heart beamed. "Um... To be honest, I haven't been doing so well, My King" she began. "I mean, since you left the palace to the witches territory, I'd been so sick and worried regarding your safety. I wouldn't even eat and kept praying to the goddess to make you reach safely. And now you're back, I'm more like the happiest woman on earth" she expressed. King Dakota, as usual, had no reaction on. "Thank you for your care, Chaska" was all he could say after all. He was trying to fix the rope of his robe when Chaska rushed to him. "Let me help you, please..." Her hands were so cold when they touched his, and her eyes looking so warm.

King Dakota released his hands and let her and she was full of excitement as she took over. "I always love this robe in particular..." She complimented. "Its various colors make it so beautiful". Dakota said nothing. "If there's anything you'd want me to do for you, My King..." She suddenly looked up at him. "You should know I'm always.... available for you". Dakota scoffed. "Thank you, Chaska. When I need you, I'll let you know" he moved away from her and was about walking away when Chaska held his hand – tenderly. It had to take her a lot of guts to do that

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anyway. “My King...” She cooed, maintaining an eye contact with him. “I think you’re tired and need some massage. Let me help...” It moved Dakota. She really wanted to be of help? Alright then. “Go to the table” he ordered, releasing his hand from her grip. That was all Chaska needed to hear. She could feel butterflies in her tummy and quickly, she walked to the table and bent over it. The King’s touch has always been so divine to her. Dakota went over and standing behind her, lifted her dress and pulled down her undies. His hand on her bare skin sent shivers down her spine, those sparkles could be felt. This man.... he’s always been the best for her. What could she possibly do to have him all to herself? a King Dakota unstrapped his belt and pulled down his trouser, his hardened rod bouncing out immediately. He didn’t have time to waste, and also had this cranky hunger. So, without hesitation, he pushed himself deep into her. Chaska’s back stretched, her head fell forward as she felt the big hard organ driving into her from behind. His thighs were touching hers and his hands reach out to yank her long hair. “Ouch...” She moaned inaudibly when he gave her a sharp feel, right in her womanhood. He withdrew and slammed into her again – harder and forcefully and her breath hitched as her chest shook against the table. “My King...” She moaned out, her grip on the table getting tight. Dakota pulled out again and slammed into her, then steadied the process with her hair in his hands. It was a swift horse riding. The table shook heavily as Dakota pounded in and out of her – roughly. Well, with Chaska, he never had to be so gentle. But, there was something else – something strange he could notice... There was an intense sexual hunger he felt – one that couldn’t get quenched by the intercourse he was presently having. He couldn’t explain it. • He pulled her hair hard which hurt Chaska and made her scream, then falling back to the table again. His flesh going in and out of her was a little too hard and at that point, she felt she might not be able to take him anymore.

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Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

Chapter 68

Chapter 68

Dakota couldn't comprehend the level of extreme hunger he felt at that point; sexual urges. He could tell he was being too fast and hard on Chaskaz but found it so hard controlling his urge. "Oh....My King!" Chaska was moaning so loud, her breath hitching. His thrusts were fast and hard and gradually, it moved from pleasure to pain for Chaska.

The intercourse went on for quite some time until Chaska couldn't take anymore of it and had to reach out to his thighs, signalling him to withdraw. And finally, Dakota reached climax, released and pulled out of her. A sharp gasp cut through her lips immediately as she tried catching her breath, her chest panting heavily.

Dakota moved away from her and pulled up his trousers. What was wrong with him? Why wasn't he getting a grip of himself? He thought. "You should go to your room and clean up, Chaska" he stated gruffly and left, going into the bathroom.

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Chaska had a difficult time fixing her clothes and leaving the room. What happened to the King? He's never been this sexually rough before. What had driven his urge this mad? She wondered.

It was almost evening. Shilah could be seen in her room, lying sideways on the bed with Dyani sitting in front of her. She had just finished taking some pap – which Dyani had helped in feeding her – and was now resting. “I’m just so happy you’re fine, Shilah. I wouldn’t know what to do if your hadn’t survived the attack. You know I was there with you when it happened and I’m so sure I’d have ended up blaming myself for the rest of my life” Dyani said, wearing a sympathetic smile. Shilah couldn’t help but feel a little important... “I’m ... I’m really grateful” she said. “Since my mother died, this is the first time someone is showing concern towards me. Thank you”. “Oh, come on, Shilah. It’s nothing” Dyani touched her thighs. “You know...I grew up as the only girl in my family. The rest of my siblings we were all males and never really paid attention to me. Right from small, I’ve always desired to have a sister.... Someone · I could care for and would also car for me; someone to tell my secrets...” She paused and chuckled. “You’re the first lady I’m getting this close to. And perhaps, that’s the reason I feel so connected to you”. 2 Shilah was literally blushing. She lowered her gaze to the floor for some seconds. “Well... I might say we actually have same history. Although... mine is a little different because I did have sisters; but they never liked me”. A pathetic look crept into her face immediately. “My mother was the only one that was there for me. Aside her, I didn’t enjoy what was called a family. I just feel bad that.... she left me too soon to suffer. My step family, they treated me so bad and never liked me. So, I never really enjoyed my sisters as well”. . For a minute, silence stretched between them both as they reflected on their pasts and the similarities. Suddenly, there was a

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knock on the door. It broke into their thoughts as they both glanced at it. "I'll go get it" Dyani said and stood up. Well, she had to go get it because Shilah had been advised to lie sideways and not move so the spot wouldn't open up. Dyani, getting to the door, opened it and was startled to find the King standing in front of her. What?

"My King...!" She bowed, her hand holding the door open. King Dakota stood with his guards beside him and his hands crossed at his back. He looked calm and relaxed, and stretched his eyes into the room to see Shilah. "Is Shilah in?" He asked coldly. 2 "Y.. Yes, My King. She's just resting". She answered and quickly stepped away from the door. Dakota hesitated a little before proceeding, and Dyani could notice; he looked a little different – unsettled. Normally, he'd have asked how she was, but this time around, he simply asked after Shilah and walked in calmly. Was something bothering him? She turned and watched him as he walked in and wanting to give them some space, she left the room.

"G... Greetings, My King" Shilah greeted nervously, wishing she could sit upright to welcome him. Dakota said nothing as he took the seat in front of her. "Shilah". He called, leaning back on his chair. "How are you feeling?" "I'm getting better, My King" she answered courteously. She could notice his countenance wasn't too well. He looked calm, but wasn't calm. Those eyes.... she could tell they haven't had some sleep. King Dakota gave a nod. He just decided to check up on her before retiring to his room for the night. Despite his helpless non-challant attitude, he still couldn't walk past the fact she had gotten shot because she was trying to get some leaves for him. It was all because of him.. "Thank you, My King" her soothing voice came. "For allowing the Physician take care of me". Dakota nodded.

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“It’s nothing; you’re welcome”. A brief silence stepped in. And for an unknown reason, Pishan’s words came rolling into his head: *Since Shilah seems to be this unique, do you think she could also create another difference and carry a male child?* The thought struck hard at him. A male child. He sighed and adjusted on his seat, creating a sign he’d be standing up at any minute. “It’s a good thing you’re getting better, Shilah. I wish you quick recovery” he stood up, his long garment making some flopping sounds as he did. Shilah was quick to think. What could she possibly do to help him? “My King...!” She called his attention just before he’d walk away and Dakota turned to look at her. He said nothing, but his eyes indicated he was awaiting her to go on. What she had in mind required a lot of guts to spit it out, but knowing the King was one impatient man, she decided to let it all out. “I um... I was just wondering..” she paused and swallowed hard. “Have you been able to... feed since I got shot?”. Dakota was a little startled. Why was she asking? “No” came his simple reply. Just like she had thought. Perhaps, there was just one way she could help him; but she wasn’t bold enough to spill it out. And as such, she kept the King waiting for such a long time. “What is it, Shilah?” He finally asked, curiously. And her nervousness increased as she stared down at the floor. “Um.... Nothing really, My King. It’s just that... I’ve been wondering. I mean, since you said you get hungry after intimacy with me, I was only thinking if... you’d want to get intimate right now”. Her eyes were pinned to the floor the whole time as she stuttered. King Dakota was bemused. For a while, he was silent and just staring at her. “You’re unwell, Shilah, and need some rest” he pointed out. “No, no: My King, I can do it. Unless, of course, you don’t have any interest. I just want to be of help, My King” she answered timidly. Dakota could feel his manhood rising in it’s bossom already. He could feel it – that cravings. He studied her position and figured if he wanted to do it, it’d have to be done from the side so he doesn’t tamper with her spot. And since she really wanted to be of help, perhaps, he should just do it. He walked towards the door

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and opened it. "Darci" he called on one of the guards standing there. "Don't let anyone in". "As you wish, My King" the guard replied. And with that, Dakota closed the door and walked towards Shilah on the bed.

Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene Chapter 69

Chapter 69

Dakota returned to Shilah on the bed, his cock as hard as hell already. Shilah could see that hungry look on his face already, and although it made her feel a little scared, she just felt glad she'd be able to help him eat, at least. > He took off his heavy clothings and joined her in bed with his underwears. Even in those causal things he wore, he still looked

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King-ly. 2 He climbed onto the other side of the bed and laid beside her, fa putting on her clothes because she couldn't take them off since she had been asked not to move. King Dakota didn't have plans of pulling them off either as all he did was pull it up slowly, to her waist level. He removed her under-wear as well until her private flesh was finally exposed. And being so hard already, King Dakota took out his rod from it's bossom and slided right into her from the side. "Mmm" Shilah made a slight uncomfortable moan. Feeling the King beside her, his hand on her chest and the other on her thigh was something she didn't think of feeling anytime soon. The penetration felt different, the wetness was slimmer. She stretched her neck as the King's hand crawled towards it, pulling her gently towards himself. He pulled out to the tip and went right in again, hitting the walls of her vâgina as gently as possible. Shilah didn't need to wonder how he was able to put up in such position because she had a feeling his manhood was long and big enough. It could reach at any length. The thrusts went on for a while with the King trying so hard to be as gentle as possible, and even Shilah could notice. She could notice how gentle he was trying to be and for that, was really thankful. 3 He thrusted in and out of her slowly, his both hands crawling up her neck and thighs. The cravings he had felt a while ago, he could feel them getting calm as he went in and put of Shilah. What was happening with him? Finally, he forced himself to reach climax so he doesn't have to hurt her beyond limit. And with that, he released inside of her and pulled out. a "Oh.." a light gasp escaped Shilah's lips as she celebrated the freedom she got down there. The King was one big man and she couldn't help but wonder if he was born that way. If he was, then it was rare and awesome. Urgh! Maybe she thought it was rare because she's never seen that of other men, but the King's alone. King Dakota pulled down her dress to cover her thighs before leaving the bed and taking his own clothes from the side of the bed where he had kept them. Fully dressed, he turned and looked at Shilah, noting she was now

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exhausted. 3 “You’ve done well, Shilah” he said with a nod, one that made Shilah’s heart flutter.

Dakota turned around and started towards the door, but getting close, he groaned painfully and slammed his hands on the wall.. “My King...!” Shilah nearly stood up, her eyes dilating in shock. What is wrong with him??? Dakota’s hand went over his forehead as he tried absorbing the pains. “My King...” “I’m fine!” He said rather grumpily and sounding angry. Shilah was confused. What was happening to him? It took him some seconds to get a grip of himself – the headache, the anger... It was the full moon, happening in less than a week and it was already getting the better side of him. Finally, and without sparing Shilah a stare, he opened the door and walked out of the room.

Alpha’s Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

Chapter 70

Chapter 70

FOUR DAYS LATER

Pishan climbed down from his horse and spotted Sukie at the river bank, already waiting. She was dressed in her usual red garment, her hoodie

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over her head and looking young and beautiful as ever. She probably knew Pishan had arrived, but didn't turn away from the river to look at him. "Hey" he cooed as he walked towards her and that was when Sukie turned to look at him. Her eyes produced some sparkles. "Pishan" she called, taking her hoodie down from her head. "You kept me waiting". (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) "Yeah, sorry about that. It wasn't easy riding out of the mountain" Pishan replied. Finally, they were both standing in front of each other at a close distance. Pishan spotted the necklace she had on. It was the necklace he had sent to her and his heart gladdened as he stared at it. "It's a good thing you got my letter" Sukie further said. "Was scared you wouldn't get it". "Yes. You told me you wanted to meet with me. What's the problem?" "It's your King. What he says about us isn't true. My Queen didn't and would never authorize such act. She didn't know about the poison. So, you need to talk to your King just in case he's trying to make a drastic decision". Sukie said, and Pishan' sighed, going silent for some seconds. "The King doesn't have plans of launching an attack" he replied. "But, I'm not so sure he'd be this patient if another attack comes from your people". "I just told you; we don't know anything about this..." "Then, it only means it's being done in private" Pishan cut in, calmly. "Whether or not your Queen knows about it, the poison came from one of the witches and I really hope it doesn't get to repeat itself because I wouldn't know how else to stop the King. I was able to convince him not to launch an attack the first time, but if it happens again..."

"I understand" Sukie chipped in and silence descended afterwards.

Then, Pishan's eyes went to her neck.

"You didn't let me know if you got the necklace or not" he spoke calmly, and Sukie stared down at it and touched it.

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“Sorry, I couldn’t write to you” she said. “But I really did appreciate it”. She looked up at him.

“I almost got caught about a week ago, Pishan. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) One of the sisters had gotten to know the letters and gifts you sent were coming from someone else and not a woman like I claimed. She tried exposing me to the Queen, but I was lucky enough to escape that. So please, from now on, you don’t write to me anymore. If I want to communicate with you, I’d write to you instead as that would be safer”, “I understand” Pishan nodded.

“Sorry for almost getting you into trouble”.

“It’s fine. That’s in the past now”. She took some steps backwards as she lowered her gaze to the floor. Pishan admired her; she’s always been a beauty. “I need to leave now” he suddenly said. “The King is embarking on a journey in few hours from now and I need to help him out with some things”. “Alright then. Thanks for coming as I requested” Sukie said as she lifted her gaze to look at him, and when she did, their eyes got interlocked. Everything went mute as they just stared blankly at each other, and for a second, Sukie could swear she caught him staring at her lips, like he was going to kiss her the next second. She broke the contact by stepping backwards and walking towards her own horse, then finally climbing on it. “Bye, Pishan” she said as she got hold of the horse’s collar rope.

“Bye” Pishan muttered and watched her leave.

BACK AT THE PALACE

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Shilah sat in front of the mirror, watching as the maids worked on her face and hair. They were doing a great job – as requested by the King – and all Shilah could do was sit and watch. Hm. It's been four days now. Four days since she started recovering from the arrow shot. Well, not so much had happened in the space of that four days as all Shilah spent her time doing was trying to get better. She had only seen the King twice in that space of that four days, and she couldn't tell why, but she noticed the King was becoming reserved and preferred being secluded. Somehow, she felt it had to do with what happened to him the other day in the room, four days ago when they had finished haven't sèx.

She could recall how he grunted and hit the walls angrily, like he had been in so much pains. And , when she called his name, she could recall how he replied her – in a harsh, grumpy manner. He looked and sounded so angry. What could be wrong with him? She thought. She took in a deep breath, still staring into the mirror. Sincerely, she liked what the maids were doing to her face. Well, they were about embarking on a journey. There was an Alpha from a distant mountain who lost his mother about a month ago, and King Dakota felt like paying him a visit that very day. It might sound too late to do something of such, but that was Dakota for you. He preferred acting off schedule in most cases. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com)He only wanted to spend a day with the Alpha and decided to go with his wives as well. Unfortunately, Dyani would be unable to go as her daughter had fallen ill sick two days ago which warranted her to stay back and care for her. Shilah was unhappy with it as she wouldn't know how to cope with the presence of the two hostile Queens. Well, it was only going to be for a day, right? And she'd be back. Hopefully, she'd just try as much as possible to stay out of trouble. • “My Queen, we're done”. One of the maids suddenly said.

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“Just make sure you take good care of her, Nivea” Nosheba instructed. “Try as much as possible to prevent her from crying so it doesn’t get to affect my breasts”. She was standing in front of the mirror, adjusting her hair and ready to leave for the journey to the Red Moon Pack. “As you wish, My Queen” Nivea replied. Nosheba was beautifully dressed in her firefly path dress and had a replica of a crown round her head. Of course, only the true Luna could wear a crown and command respect – something she was definitely going to be someday. She was about walking away from the mirror when the door opened to Raksha coming in. The heck; why would he just enter, unannounced? “Leave us” she said to Nivea who bowed and left immediately. Then, returned her gaze to Raksha. “My love” he cooed as he ran into her warm arms for an embrace. “I’ve told you, Raksha, you need to be careful with the way you come into my room. I wouldn’t want us to get....” “You have nothing to worry about. I’m always very careful” he cut in and gave her a head-to-toe stare. “You’re looking gorgeous, Nosheba. But I still didn’t expect you to embark on this journey. How can you leave our child for days?”

“It’s just two days, Raksha” she rolled her eyes. “Besides, if you’re so concerned, why don’t you stay back and take care of her instead?” “Oh, come on Nosheba; you know I can’t. The King has chosen me to accompany him on the journey as well”. He sighed and pulled her into a hug, moving his hand to her butts. “It’s been weeks already. You should be ready for sex right?” He whispered into her ears.

It tingled Nosheba. “Yes. I think I’m strong enough”. She replied. Raksha pulled away from the hug with a smile and pecked her neck. “I really can’t wait to have a taste of you again” he lowered his lips to her nipples and bit it, with the cloth on. “You’re not just having a taste of me, Raksha.

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You're making me have a male child" she stated sternly. "And for your own good, you had better made sure it's a male child. Else, you wouldn't like the outcome of my reaction". Raksha laughed and kissed her palm. "You have nothing to worry about, my lady. This time around, you're definitely carrying my son" he stated reassuringly, "Good. Now, you'd have to wait till I'm back from my journey because I have to leave now". Nosheba told him and walked away.

Chaska. She walked out of the room with her daughters beside her and her maid behind them. Her red glittering dress was perfectly long, but not long enough to sweep the floor. She had a heavy makeup on with her hairstyle looking amazing. And as she walked with her daughters beside her, she felt some sort of peace. "Will you be away for long, mother?" Urika – her youngest daughter – asked. "Of course not, honey. I'll only be away for two days". Chaska replied with a sweet smile. "But, why can't we come along?" Mavy asked. "Well... that's because your father doesn't want you to. Remember he doesn't want you getting into danger, right? So, you just need to stay back and take good care of your sister, okay?(This novel will be daily updtaed at www.noveljar.com)" She said and her eldest daughter nodded willingly. Chaska thought about him – the King. He's been acting strange for the past few days and she knew exactly why. Well, it was the full moon. It was happening in three days time and the curse was already having effect on the King. O Poor Dakota. She kind of pitied him. Well, something else made her more excited. Shilah. The little witch thinks she could become the King's favorite. Well, Chaska couldn't wait for them to get to the Red Moon Pack. Shilah doesn't know what's waiting for her over there.

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