

Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

Chapter 47

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"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 thro 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.

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?

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.

“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”.

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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.

"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.

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 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.

Shilah. It was Shilah again!

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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!

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.

"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 .!"

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".

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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)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?

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 updtaed at)"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".

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 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)"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?

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.

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.