

# Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

## Chapter 125

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Laying on the cold dirty floor was Shilah – tired, hungry, weak. Still wrapped in the bed sheet that could only manage to cover just the vital parts of her body, she laid there on the floor like a lunatic, her hair spread all across her face and touching the floor. Her hand was still holding her lower abdomen which continued receiving light cramps at intervals.., What has happened to her? How did she get here? She could hear the distant voice, screaming and pleading with the guards. Was it really screaming?? Or it was just her illusion? Oblivious of what was going on around her, all she could think of was the pain she had seen in the King's eyes. That feeling of betrayal. Dyani's words came flashing back at her, words from some months ago: \*You just need to be very careful around the King, Shilah\* \*You should try never to upset him or get on his bad side because... the King can be very very dangerous when he's hurt\* Who could've done this to her?" She thought ruefully. Why would the guard want to... humiliate her this way? What has she done? @

A weak tear came strolling down her cheek to the floor but she sniffed it in.

Dyani, on the other hand, had been the one at the entrance, pleading with the guards to let her in. "Please, I beg you!" She pleaded. "Just let me in. I need to see her, please!" "That is not possible, Queen Dyani" the first guard replied. "We don't have orders to let anyone in". "And you don't have orders to keep anyone away, right?" She asked. "Please, Sarcoma. I promise I won't take long. I just need to see how she's fairing. Please, have some heart. Please".

After an everlasting conviction, the guard finally decided to let her in and gratefully, she ran in to meet Shilah lying on the floor.

"Shilah!" She gasped, going on her knees and holding onto the bars of the cell.

Of course, she couldn't go into the cell but could only talk to her from the bars.

The sick Shilah could only lift her head from the floor to glance at her as her entire body was immovable.

"D... Dyani?" She called weakly.

And when she spoke, that was when she realized just how hot her breath was.

She returned her head back to its position, backing Dyani. "My goodness! Shilah!" Dyani bursted out in tears, seeing how terrible she looked. "What happened to you? How could you do something of this nature?" Shilah managed to shake her head – pathetically. "I didn't... do it. I...know nothing about this".

\*\* “But how do you mean?” Dyani was muddled, “He was in your room, Shilah! In bed with you, naked!” “It’s a set up” she muttered, “Late... at night, he knocked on the door, and told me the King wanted me in his chambers. I thought it was true because... there had been a time the King really did send for me in the middle of the night. I went to answer the door but, he pointed a knife at me the moment I did. Next thing, he put a napkin over my nose and I ended up passing out. “I woke up this morning to find the King in my room. I... I don’t know what happened”. It was almost impossible for Dyani to hear what she was saying due to how weak and low they sounded, but she strained her ears to get every bit of it. “Oh! Blessed Selene!” She whimpered.

“Did he.... Did he take advantage of you?” And Shilah shook her head sideways. She had checked herself and was sure he didn’t penetrate her.. “Then, why would he stay with you that way till the morning? How could this happen, Shilah? This is not good for you at all”. The guard walked up to her immediately. “You need to go now. Please”. “Oh! Please, please! Just spare me some minutes; I beg you”. Dyani pleaded. 3 “We don’t have any more minutes to spare, Queen. Please, I wouldn’t want to lose my head getting caught”. Holding her gently by the shoulder, he began lifting her up. “I’m so sorry, Shilah” she whimpered. “I’ll do everything I can to get you out of this”. But Shilah could say nothing as heard her being taken away. All hope was lost – she thought. There was just no way she could ever vindicate herself from this. Just no way.

With tears strolling down her cheeks, Dyani ran into the room and threw herself on the floor, crying profusely. 1 Her maid had been in the room, tidying it up, but stopped when she saw how disorganized her Queen was.

“My Queen....” “This shouldn’t be happening to her” she cried out.

“What has she done to deserve such set up from anyone?”

The maid, Anya, was really confused. But definitely, she knew it had to do with Queen Shilah. “What’s the problem, My Queen? Why in tears?” She knelt beside her on the floor and asked, looking really bothered. “Someone is doing this to her – setting her up just so the King would kill her! Someone is behind this!’ her tears increased. “She’s always been peaceful; never wanting to hurt anyone. So, why would anyone want to do this to her?”

“But My Queen, how are you sure she didn’t do it?” “Because I know Shilah so well. And I trust her. She can’t do such. She’s being framed for this”. She wept for a long time while the maid just remained still and wondered if the Queen was only being defensive due to how close she was with Shilah. Then finally, Dyani sniffed and stood up. “I need to save her”. She said. “I know I can’t get to the King right now; but I still need to find a way to save her”. Pacing tho and fro, she began racking her head. “She told me the guard didn’t even penetrate her, and this makes it more obvious that she’s being set up. Else, why would he just strip her and cuddle her till they were found? It’s obvious he wanted them to get caught”. Her maid stood and watched keenly from behind. “How did the King find them in the first place?” “It.... it was Queen Nosheba” Her maid chipped in. “According to her, she had gone in to check up on Shilah. And seeing the sight, she ran to inform the King”. Dyani’s eyes beamed immediately. “Nosheba?” She flinched. 1 “Since when has Nosheba become so caring towards Shilah that she would go to check up on her? And coincidentally, it turned out to be on this very

morning". For the first time, her maid was beginning to see some sense with her. "Something is definitely wrong" Dyani shook her head. "And I'll make sure I do everything to fish it out".

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Pishan knocked severally on the King's door, but got no reply. Unlike him, he had preferred knocking on that very day, rather than barging in like he normally did. That day was different; King Dakota wasn't in his right senses and might end up hurting anyone at all and Pishan didn't want to be a victim. But, knocking for the umpteenth time with no reply, he deemed it necessary to go in and of course, the guards had no reason to stop him. So, he opened the door and walked in and there he found a devastated – looking Dakota, sitting on the edge of the bed, his head bent downwards with a cup and a jar of wine on the floor beside him. Pishan halted when he opened the door, and after a few seconds of observation, he sighed in depression and went closer to him. "My King?" He called, but as expected for the first time, King Dakota gave no reply; neither did he lift his head to have a look. Pishan took a glance at the jar on the floor and noticed the quantity of the wine in it had gone really down. Has he been drinking this much?? He couldn't recall the last time such happened with the King. "My King" he called again and touched his hand, but still got no response from him. Wasn't it obvious? The King was passing through a heartbreak. And heartbreaks can only come from a person you loved and trusted. Taking a deep breath, he stared at the King and wondered what he could possibly do to get him out of the condition he was in. Force was never good on him; never. "She seemed different" he suddenly heard him say, and that was a big relief to Pishan as he turned abruptly to look at the King. His head was still bent downwards. "I thought she was different". He went into silence again and tried taking up the jar of wine, but Pishan was quick enough to stop him. "Please, Alpha King, you've had enough to drink already. Just let it go" he struggled the jar with him and the tired Dakota decided to let it go. Quickly, Pishan took up the jar and cup and moved them far away from the King's reach. "The seer had told me one of my wives was a green snake in a green snake" King Dakota continued. This time around, his head was no longer bent downwards.

"He told me a lot has been happening behind my back with the people I trust the most. He had said.... it'd all be revealed the moment I announce the pregnancy and I'd be looking forward to it since then. But to think it was Shilah... it's the least of my expectations".

Pishan could feel the pain in his voice and watched him as he stood up from the bed, walking over to the window.. "She was so sweet, so friendly. How could she commit adultery right under my roof? Was she just here for a purpose? Trying to play with my intelligence the whole time? Why must it be Shilah?? Why must it be the first woman I was beginning to....feel at peace with?" 8 He shook his head and crossed his hands at his back. And for the next few minutes, there was silence between them. "I really think you should keep calm, My King" Pishan

decided to break the brooding silence. "Shilah's act is still coming as a shock to me as well, but I guess....people change" he paused and sighed. "What do you think should be done to Arin – the guard?" "He'll be killed" King Dakota answered detested. \* "And definitely, by my hands".

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Still laying on the cold dirty floor, Shilah could see her life flashing right in front of her very eyes. The pain at her lower abdomen had reduced, but the pain in her heart was still as fresh as it had been when it happened some hours ago. What would the King think of her? That she was a whore? A cheat? And a deceiver? But what reason would she even have to cheat on the King in the first place? And why would anyone think of doing this to her? Setting her up this way? Her heart grew heavier, recalling the look of betrayal she had seen in the King's eyes that very morning. He looked so hurt... More tears came strolling down her cheeks and with her hand on her tummy, she did the only thing she could do at that moment; and that was praying to the Spirits she believed in. "Dear Spirits" her feeble voice began. "I'm lonely, and helpless. And all I ask for is your help. "Please, vindicate me from this mess; prove my innocence to the King and expose my enemies. Help me out of this situation – alive. And give me the strength to survive. These I ask". \$ And with the last line said, her eyes dozed off.

"So.... you mean Nosheba pulled such a huge plan without us?" Queen Jadis asked a paranoid Raksha who was leaning angrily on the table.

"But why would she even do such in the first place? I thought we were working together?"

"I thought so too, Mother. But now, I really can't understand what she's driving at. And I'm still wondering who must've helped her out". Raksha grumbled.

"You don't think Arin did this on his own accord, do you?" Queen Jadis rose a brow. "Of course, not. Arin knows the implications of this and there's just no way he'd risk his life voluntarily for something this dangerous. He must've been forced". Raksha replied and Queen Jadis dived into some deep thoughts. "You know" she sighed "It's actually a great thing that she's getting rid of Shilah as that is the common enemy we all have. But the problem here is the fact that she's doing it on her own! This is meant to be a team work, and with the way she's taking it, I can't help but think she's beginning to have her own motive". "I really don't understand, mum" Raksha shook his head.

"But Nosheba seemed too real. I can't even imagine she'd want to trick us. It's not possible".

Another round of silence dawned on them.

“Well, I guess you should talk some sense into her, Raksha”. O

“And how will I do that when she hardly gives me the privilege to see her?”  
Raksha grumbled.

“These days, whenever I go to her, she just finds one excuse or the other to push me away. She’s changed, mother.

“But don’t worry, this time around, I’ll find a really good way to speak with her and know what’s happening because there’s just no way Nosheba would do this to me”. He concluded hopefully.

#### FOURTY-EIGHT HOURS LATER

Just like the wind, the time was flying so fast. Just like a wind, it’d been two days since the ugly incident happened between Shilah and the King. 2 And for the past two days, the King had been like a snail in it’s shell, not leaving his room for anything, neither was he eating. Afterall, there was nobody to make him eat. He couldn’t respond to messages, wouldn’t attend his King-ly matters, and wouldn’t let anyone into his room – not even Pishan. It had gotten that worst, Pishan was beginning to get extremely worried. For the past two days, Dyani had been trying to get to Shilah, to give her something suitable to wear since she had been almost naked ever since she was locked up; but the guards wouldn’t let her go any closer as they had received strong instructions from the King’s gamma not to let anyone into her cell.

She had pleaded relentlessly, but all to no avail, and that very day, she had decided to go through Pishan since he was closer to the King.

Pishan had been in his room, reading the letter he had received from Sukie that very morning. With a small smile on his face, he read her invitation to come see her at the village she’d be going with The Supreme Sister in a few days time. Alas, that was the only thing that could make him smile in such disheartening times. Sukie – he thought of her young beautiful face and how he had felt each time he was around her. \*But, she’s a witch\* a tiny voice spoke into his subconsciousness. \*And you’re a wolf. Witches and wolves can’t go together\*.

He sighed and dropped the letter, and just then, a knock came upon his door.

Who could it be now? He really didn’t want to be disturbed. With a grumble, he walked over and opened the door and there he found the third Queen, standing and looking like a prodigal daughter. Oh. But what was she doing there? If he wasn’t mistaken, that would be the first time the Queen would be knocking on his door. “My Queen” he called, amused. “Greetings to you”. “Um... Greetings to you too” Dyani stuttered nervously. She looked drained and tired too. “Please, Pishan; I’m here to ask for your help’. “Okay. What is it, Queen?” He seemed interested.

“It’s Queen Shilah” she looked up at him.

"For two days now, I've been pleading with the guards at the cell to let me in so I can give Shilah some clothes to change into, and something to eat as well; but they wouldn't let me. Please, Pishan. I know you can talk to the King; you're almost like a brother to him. And I need you to use that influence to get him to change his mind. Please. Shilah is sick and might not end up well in such unfavourable condition. Please, I beg you; let me see her".

Pishan stared blankly at the Queen the whole time she spoke. How did she become so attached to Shilah? He wondered. Done talking, she stood anxiously and awaited him to say something else – something positive. "Queen Dyani" he finally began. "I would really love to be of help. But the thing is... I can't change the King's orders. Even if I go to that cell, the guards wouldn't let me in as well because the order had come from the King himself and if he gets to know they defiled it, they'll be dead before the next minute",

"Oh, please..." Dyani whimpered, bending her head downwards.

"And unfortunately", Pishan continued. "The King wouldn't let anyone into his room, including me. So, I can't see him to talk with him, even if I wanted to. I'm sorry, Queen". Tears streaked Dyani's cheeks immediately concluding all hope was lost. Shilah was going to die in that condition. She was going to die! How can this happen to her?! Oh, no... Running footsteps were soon heard and Pishan lifted his gaze to see one of the guards running towards him. It gripped Dyani's attention as well as she turned swiftly to have a look "Pishan!" He called, getting close enough. "What is it, Darci?" Pishan asked, bothered. "It's the King. He wants you in his chambers. Now".

Without hesitation, Pishan left Dyani and went along with the guard, wondering why the King was calling urgently for him. There was nothing wrong, was there? Perhaps, nothing was wrong. But the fact that he was finally calling forgot someone after two days of silence was more like a miracle to him. So, with hastened steps, he got to the chambers and barged in, only to find the King fully dressed, looking calm and predatory. His appearance... adorned in his thick robe and gold jewelries, Pishan could sense his motif. "My King" he drew his breath, feeling relieved that he had seen him in a good state – at least. "You called for me".

King Dakota had been close to his table and just staring into space and he remained that way for a couple of minutes. "Get Shilah and the traitorous guard to the meeting hall" his voice had some really cold vibrations. "I'm ready to pass my judgement". >

Pishan was muddled. What? He was ready? He gulped and looked at the King, not expecting such from him. At least, not when he's been indoors for the past forty-eight hours. "Are ...Are you sure?" He asked a little nervously, and King Dakota only gave a nod.

What would his judgement be? Pishan wondered. And the deadliness in the King's voice somehow made him believe it might not be good at all. He hadn't even looked at him since he stepped in there.

"But My King" he pressed on..

“Are you sure you’re strong enough to face her? You do not....”

“I am not WEAK, Pishan” he snapped his head and gritted his teeth at Pishan, causing him a scare. Yes; it scared Pishan ’cause he had never seen such look on him before. It was more like...he was on a tiny verge of shifting. @ “Now, do as I say before I get someone else to do it”. He added and returned his gaze to the former. Pishan didn’t want to cause problems for himself. So, with a bow, he turned around and left, going to get Shilah and the guard.

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Queen Nosheba, feeling tired and dizzy, washed her face in the bathroom for the umpteenth time. Oh! She just couldn’t get enough of it as her head had been feeling hot for a while now. One of the pregnancy symptoms she hated so much Done, she wiped her face with the cloth next to her and returned to the bedroom where she laid alone on the bed. Her maid had taken her baby for a bath. – She needed some sleep and wanted to get it, but the troubles in her heart just wouldn’t let her. King Dakota; why was he taking so long to pass his judgement on Shilah? She thought. It’s been two days since the incident occurred, yet all he could do was isolate himself from everyone – including her, the mother of his heir. i She couldn’t keep count of the number of times she’s gone to his chambers, pleading to see him, but his guards wouldn’t let her in as that had been the King’s orders. For two good days! She really couldn’t believe it. How would he let himself so down all because of that piece of slum?? Anyways, that was what she was there for. And in no time, she’d become the only woman his eyes would ever want to behold. Thankfully, preparations for her feast was still ongoing and that was the only consolation she had.

Her door suddenly went open, and taking a glimpse, she sprang on her feet when she discovered it was Raksha.

“Raksha!” She gasped. “What the hell are you doing here?? And how can you just barge into my room without knocking??” “Because I didn’t want to listen to another flimsy excuse of you not being around” he snapped, closing the door behind him.

Nosheba cut her eyes halfway up. “That’s not an excuse for you, Raksha. What if I had been in the room with someone?” “Someone like who? Like the person that had helped you with your previous plan?”. He asked and Nosheba stared crankily at him. “Please”, she touched her head. “I’m sure you had seen me laying on the bed when you barged in. I’m feeling really dizzy and need some....”

“Not today, Nosheba” he cut her off.

“Not today; because right now, I need some good explanation for what is happening!”

There was a stunned silence, then Raksha continued.

“Formerly, you were so good and sweet to me. But all of a sudden, ever since you became pregnant and got recognized as the one with the King’s heir, you just changed towards me. “You now yell at me, always give me flimsy excuses each time I come to see you; and worst of it all, you make plans without informing me. You act like.. nothing ever happened between us”.

“Seriously, Raksha; you baffle me with your choice of words” She scoffed.

“Are you too blind to realize I’m only creating this distance between us so we don’t get caught?” “Oh! Please, Nosheba” he cut her off. “You never created this distance until you had gotten what you wanted?” “What I wanted?” Her eyes dimmed. “Listen, you need to understand that I’m not that Nosheba you use to know, Raksha. “Right now, I’m carrying the King’s heir and all eyes are on me. So, I need to be extra careful”. “Well, I hope you don’t forget I planted that heir inside of you”. Raksha said. “Oh! Spare me all that” she rolled her eyes. “How are you even sure this baby belongs to you? Or are you forgetting I also had sex with the King??” “Seriously Nosheba? Don’t be so unthinkable. You took some herbs to flush down the King’s sperm; or are you forgetting you had told me about that?” He scoffed. It was so obvious he was getting more angry than he should. “Well, you can think whatever you want. Right now, I need some rest and....” She spoke while trying to walk away, but Raksha gripped her back by the wrist – roughly. Her eyes snapped as she turned and looked at him. “Will you let go of me?!” “Are you trying to play smart on me, Nosheba?” Raksha asked, the deadliness in his eyes as he roughly held her wrist.

“Are you trying to say all you wanted was to get pregnant with a boy, and now you’ve achieved it, I mean nothing to you? If that’s the case, then I think you’re forgetting just how dangerous it is. What we both did, the baby you’re carrying – it’s forbidden and the King will have your head the moment he hears of it. You sure wouldn’t want him to know, would you?” Instantly, Nosheba’s eyes glinted as she bursted into an hysterical laughter, her hand getting freed from Raksha’s. It was so sarcastic, Raksha’s anger couldn’t help but increase. “Hold on, My beloved Raksha” She placed her both hands on her waist. “Are you trying to blackmail me!” She paused and laughed again. “If that’s the case, then I must say you’re just so funny! I didn’t commit the sin alone, Raksha. As a matter of fact, you were the one who came to me with the idea and convinced me into buying it. But, either ways, you can still go ahead and report everything to the King – you have my permission. Although... I just have a little question for you; who do you think the King would punish first between both of us? His second wife? Or his only brother who he had made his second in command? His beta?”

She covered up the distance between them and stood very close to him. “I might definitely get killed; but you’re sure to go first” she whispered deviously – into his ears – and walked away, towards the door. “Nosheba!!” Raksha growled just when she opened the door, but he couldn’t go any further as Nivea was standing right on the other side with the baby. “My.... My Queen” she stuttered with a bow. “Hope I’m not interrupting anything”. “Of course not, Nivea. You can go on” Nosheba answered non-challantly, still holding the door open. “Uhm...Okay” she swallowed hard.

"I just heard some news you might like about Shilah. I heard... that the King is taking her to the meeting

hall for judgement",

Standing in the opened cell was Shilah as she slipped in the ragged dress she had been asked to put on. With its torn and short edges, it made her look just like a slave and reminded her of the times she had been at her father's house."

Although, that was her origin, but having spent months at the palace, dressed and addressed like a Queen and all, she couldn't help but feel so insulted by her current appearance. But alas, that wasn't all that was important to her.

Pishan stood before him, with two other guards and watched her as she dressed. Well, the guard – Arin – had already been taken to the hall, but considering the young lady's health, Pishan had decided to find her something to wear – at least. The dress only helped protect her nakedness, as her facial appearance looked nothing like it used to. "Come on; let's go" he cocked his head when he saw she was done and started walking away. And drowsily, Shilah followed behind before the two guards did.

Shaken, tired and hungry, she walked with her heart beating faster than a horse race. She had been told the King was ready to pass his judgement on her, and she couldn't help but cry over the fact that the truth had still not prevailed. Did the spirits decide to forsake her this once when she needed them the most? Her heavy heart bled heavily and cried for mercy, recalling all the beautiful times she'd spent with the King. How did everything change so drastically that she was standing a chance to be killed by him? How did it happen? A weak tear slipped down her right cheek, her mind completely oblivious of the people around her – the people she walked pass. Well, that was because she was walking just like a ghost – eyes pinned to the floor with heavy dragging steps. After what' seemed like forever to her, they got into the hall and that was when her feeble mind started taking note of the people around her. Some high members of the pack were there, all three Queens, The King's beta and of course, gamma and some other guards.

All eyes were on her as Pishan led her to the front of the King's throne where she knelt beside the traitorous guard – Arin.

The King's throne was still empty, and so was Shilah's heart empty as she stared at it, wondering what pain would occupy it soon enough. Feeling the traitorous guard beside her, she was too weak to say a word – even if she wanted to. So, she just remained kneeling there, awaiting her 'judgement'.

Queen Chaska didn't want to come, but had to as she would love to experience what would happen herself, rather than hearing from her maid. Normally, the King's judgement on such act would be death, but she still wanted to experience it herself.

As for Nosheba, she was overwhelmed with joy, but anxious at the same time. Yes, she was anxious 'cause she couldn't wait to watch the King kill his all precious wife with his own hands. 2 Yes; the King's judgement in such cases will

always be death and she couldn't wait to experience it with her very own eyes. How relieving it would be.... And Dyani.... fear had become a close friend of hers the moment she stepped into that hall. And watching Shilah go on her knees, she couldn't help but wonder if her friend was going to be killed so easily. Everyone present was anticipating; and soon enough, the King's footsteps were heard. Yes; you could tell it was the King even without looking as his was always very obvious – hard and predatory. Dyani's heart skipped and kept her head down as he walked in from the entrance, and headed for his throne. When the hall became excessively silent with just one footstep being heard, Shilah knew it was the King. Obviously. Arin's fears increased, also realizing it was the King. How did he end up in this situation – he thought. Although, he knew what he was signing up for when he agreed to do this deal, but he never thought they'd leave him stranded to die. And he couldn't even confess as he'd be putting his family's life at stake! With the cold aura floating around him, King Dakota walked in, his steps interpreting just how angry he was. Tho, they were calm and steady, one could still read the unseen meaning. He walked pass Shilah to the front, and within those few seconds, his scent wafted into her nose and reminded her of the beautiful times she spent with him. Her eyes still on the floor, she could tell when he stood in front of her. Not just her, but Arin as well. The eyes of everyone present were as wide and bright as the sun as they all awaited the King's judgment. And stretching out his hand, Pishan placed the sword he had been holding in his hand. Pishan – he's never seen the King that way before. He looked so hurt, and looked like he could dangerously do anything at that moment. King Dakota, having collected the sword from Pishan, held it properly in his right. And with those dark eyes staring into space, he spoke: "I sentence you, Arin, to death" His voice sounded so unusually cold and deadly. Arin's eyes dimmed. "No! My King..." It was too late for him as the King's sword went right above his head and sliced through his neck, decapping him. A disgusted gasp ran through the crowd. And for a second, Shilah was shaken. Her breath wavered, knowing she was next. mScanner

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The suspense in the hall multiplied as King Dakota moved onto Shilah next, his sword dripping with the blood of Arin. That was the moment Nosheba had been waiting for – the moment Shilah gets slain. Of course! That was the purpose of the whole plan! With her eyes still pinned on the floor, Shilah could feel the King stand in front of her, and that was the moment a tear slipped down her cheek. Few weeks ago, she felt so loved in the arms of this man. But today, she was about getting slain by him. How ironic. The King's sword and legs were the only things she could see as she had her head bent downwards with the tear dropping down as well. Was this really what she deserved? Pishan stared keenly at the King as he glared at Shilah with the sword in his hand. Right there, he could see so many emotions in his eyes – an angry King, a betrayed Husband, a hurt man. And above all....a man who couldn't do what he was about doing. It was beginning to create suspicions from the people around – wondering why the King was taking so long to use the sword on Shilah like he had done to Arin. Even Nosheba's face was beginning to look discomforted. But for the King, it was just him and Shilah.

The crowd around him didn't matter as he focused all his attention on the lady in front of him – the lady he had taken in as his third wife few months ago and found solace in. The mere thought of her betrayal pierced his heart so deeply. 9 And finally, to the shock of everyone, he dropped the sword on the floor, and walked away. Shilah gasped. "What??" Another flinched from the hall. "Did the King just walk away?" That came as a whisper. 2 And for the first time since Shilah stepped into the room, she lifted her gaze from the floor to look at the King, but his retreating back was the only thing she could see. While those present dived into wonderment, Pishan quickly went after the King. "My King! My King!" He called from behind when they were in a quiet place, but King Dakota didn't even stop to spare him a glance as he continued walking. Some seconds later, they walked into his chambers and that was the moment Pishan realized just how weak the King had been. Yes; for the first time, he could see the King's weakness and it startled him to the bones. 3 "I couldn't do it" he broke down, holding onto the table for support.

"I know I'm supposed to kill her, but I just couldn't do it. I can't". 1 Tho, he was backing Pishan, but Pishan could guess the emotions he'd probably have on. Of course, the King was never a man to shed tears; else, he'd have thought he did. Silence broke out between them both as Pishan thought of what to do. Despite the King's dilemma, he knew Dakota to be a man who hated pity and consolation. He always preferred comforting himself and standing on his own. Thus, he was confused. "My King..." He took a step closer. "Go to her, Pishan" King Dakota cut him off. "And tell her to get out of the Palace. I don't ever want to see her here – again". § Pishan's eyes dimmed. What?? That was his judgement?? He looked at the King with so much surprise, but unfortunately, the King wasn't looking at him. "As you wish, My King" he bowed and left.

The number in the hall had reduced as most people thought Shilah would be taken back to the cell and await further judgement. But someone like Nosheba and Chaska were still there as they wanted to see to the end of it – especially Nosheba. Her anger knew no bound. Dyani could be seen beside Shilah on her knees, hugging and consoling her, but when she noticed Pishan's presence, she separated from the hug and awaited him to get close. The suspense in the room increased as they all sensed Pishan might have a message from the King. Would Shilah be taken back to her cell or...? They all stared curiously at him as he walked silently and stood in front of the sniffing Shilah.

"I have a message from the King" his voice was heard. "You're expected to leave the Palace right away and never return". "Oh, no!" Dyani was the first to react, her palm going over her lips. 3 Shilah scoffed on the floor, releasing the long breath she had been holding the whole time as she could hear the rest of the people in the hall mumbling. Pishan signalled the guards around to help Shilah from the floor, and they did. "I am expected to escort you out" he told her and took some steps back. Shilah, being literate enough, was aware she couldn't take even a pin from her room as regards to the laws of the mountain. So, dressed in her ragged cloth, she turned and walked behind Pishan. "Shilah!" Dyani called carefully and ran to her, catching up with her and pulling her into a tight hug

"Oh! I'm so sorry" She whimpered on her shoulder as they embraced each other. Pishan had also stopped walking and just stared at the two ladies, "I'm so sorry this is happening to you when you're innocent. But I promise you, the truth will definitely prevail. And I'll do everything in my power to be of help. I promise you".

Seconds passed with her words digesting into the weak Shilah who just wanted a place to sleep. Feebly, she tousled Dyani's hair. "Don't worry, I'll be fine" came her whispered words. "We need to go now". Pishan husked, making them separate the embrace. And with a final wave, Shilah left while Dyani remained in tears.

As she walked down the hallways with Pishan, it brought back memories of when she had walked in as the King's wife. The same eyes staring at her, were the same eyes that had been staring at her back then. The only difference was, back then, they had been staring at her as the King's latest wife; but that very day, they were staring at her as the King's rejected wife. What a humiliating way of leaving. The humiliation was nothing to her, but the fact that the King had sent her away. She won't get to see him anymore, won't get to be in his arms again and please him. Does she really deserve this? A tear streaked her cheek, and finally getting to the gate, Pishan left her to depart. 2

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"NONSENSE!!" Nosheba growled as she stormed into the room with her maid, her long dress speedily sweeping the floor. "This is just absolute Nonsense!! How could he let her go; just like that?!" Her face had gone all red as she fumed with anger and Nivea was trying her best to pick her words in order to avoid being picked at. "She wasn't even whipped, wasn't beheaded as supposed, but simply chased out of the Palace like an offensive child?? He didn't even banish her from the mountain! At least, that would've been better than watching her walk away with a scratch!" She yelled angrily. "Um... My Queen", Nivea decided to chip in. "I... I understand your pain, but on the other hand, I still think it's better she's out of the palace. At least, she wouldn't be a problem for us anymore". "I know she's out of the Palace, Nivea, but I wanted her Dead!! Or are you forgetting she's pregnant?? She's carrying the King's son and needs to die with it before it gets discovered!" She grouse. "Y... Yes, I know she's pregnant; but with what has just happened, I don't think the King

would accept any child from her as he would think it's for another man. So, you see, My Queen; everything is still going in our favour". Nivea said, but Nosheba exhaled in discomfort. She just wasn't okay with the King's decision; not at all. Arin was killed. So, why was Shilah spared??? A knock on the door interrupted the moment and Nivea hurried to check it out. Opening the door, she discovered it was a guard. "Is Queen Nosheba in? Someone is here to see her" the guard said, to the hearing of Nosheba who was listening from the room. "Okay. Who is it?" Nivea asked, holding the door open. And the guard replied: "He said his name is Dagger".

## Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

### Chapter 130

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Chapter 130

“Dagger??” Nosheba flinched from the room immediately, to the hearing of the guard. Her eyes were nearly popping out. “Yes, My Queen. He said he sells fruits and you had asked him to bring some for you. So, he’s here to do just that” replied the guard, and that eased Nosheba’s fear a little. 3 At least, they wouldn’t be so suspicious.

“F...Fine. You can let him in” swallowing hard, she said she the guard bowed and left.

#### FEW MINUTES AGO

Dyani’s maid, Anya had been taking some clothes to the laundry. Walking in the open space along with the others, she suddenly spotted an uncomfortable sight; someone she never thought she’d ever get to see in the Palace. Wait; whaaaat??? She stopped walking as she stood and observed him from the corner. Wasn’t that... Dagger?? What the hell was he doing there in the palace?? Holding a basket of fruits??? Her heart skipped out of her chest immediately, recalling the ugly past she had with him. That monster! What was he doing there?? Or was he probably there for her??? She found a guard walking closer to him, and hastened her steps towards them to know what they’d say because she really wanted to know what his connection was with the Palace. She drew in from behind, walking like every other person – like one who was headed somewhere. Good thing was, Dagger couldn’t notice she was walking closer from behind. “My name is Dagger; and I’m here to see the Queen; Queen Nosheba” she heard him say to the guard. “Why? What’s your business with her?” The guard asked. “Well... Isn’t it obvious? I sell fruits and she had asked me to get some fruits for her. I’m simply here to deliver so I can take my money” he answered like a low peasant. 4 Anya’s eyes dimmed immediately. Hold on; He sells fruits?? What in the name of Selene is he talking about??? “Fine. You wait here while I go inform her” replied the guard who left after Dagger had bobbed his head.

And that instance was when Dagger turned and found Anya behind him. For a second, he

was puzzled.

“Woah... Look who we have here” he chuckled, showing his ugly dentition.

“The poor virgin girl”. His chuckles turned into laughters and Anya, despite all she had to say to him, just turned around and scurried off. She couldn’t stand him, no way. Couldn’t stand the memories of those hands of his, tearing her legs apart. She had to force herself not to weep and hurriedly, she ran back to her Queen’s chambers. Queen Dyani had been sitting idly on the stool, her hand placed on her jaws as she thought of Shilah.

It was still like a dream to her, thinking of the fact that she was gone. Although, it was a good thing she didn’t get killed like the guard, but she still didn’t deserve being chased out of the Palace in that manner. She didn’t deserve it at all. The sound of the door opening abruptly broke into her thoughts and she turned to see it was her maid, rushing in with the basket of dirty clothes. “Anya?” She called, surprised at the scared look the lady was putting on. “Are you alright? And what

happened to the clothes? I thought you were going to wash them?" "Y... Yes, My Queen. I just feel a little pressed" she stuttered, trying so hard to cloak her

nervousness. "O...kay. You can go into the bathroom" Dyani pointed out and she genuflected and hurried in.

As soon as she was there and alone, she buried her face in her palms and wept. That monster! Seeing him had resurrected the painful memories she's been trying so hard to bury for years. The memories of how he treated her like a slave and took advantage of her body nearly every hour. Not just him; but he'd share her to his friends at times, like some generous property that he owned. Why did she have to see him again??? Just why?? 2 She had to muffle her cries so Dyani doesn't get to hear her from the room. Oh! Of course, she didn't want the Queen to know her maid was someone that had been used like a rag. She didn't want her to dislike her or start thinking low of her. So, she needed to keep this to herself.

But what was the monster doing there with fruits?? The last she could remember, Dagger was still a murderer and bully. There was just no way he could've humbled himself to sell

fruits. Just no way at all. 1 And to think he was delivering the fruits to Queen Nosheba...

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#### BACK TO NOSHEBA'S CHAMBERS

Nosheba paced restlessly in the room, awaiting the fool to come in. Nivea had left to go take care of the baby and she was just the only one left in the room, waiting for the so called Dagger. He really had some nerves to show up there at the Palace,

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Just what does h think he's doing?? After what seemed like forever, a knock was heard on the door. "Come in" she answered angrily and grumpily, and in a split second, the door was pushed open with the dubious looking man walking in, holding the basket of fruits. "Are you trying to get me killed?? Or you want to go first?" She gnawed at him the moment he walked in.

And Dagger said nothing as he only chuckled and closed the door. "Why would come in here without informing me?? Are you trying to jeopardize everything I've been working so hard for??" She went on, ranting. "I think you should keep calm, Pregnant Queen. I'm only here to give you some fruits and that is exactly what the guards think" he answered teasingly, going to drop the basket on the table.

"Just cut the act, Dagger. What if you had gotten caught or something?? Why would you even come to the Palace in the first place?? Have you gone nuts or something??" "Well, I had no other option since you had abstained from coming to my house to fulfill your own part of the agreement". He dropped the basket and turned look at her. "It seems you're forgetting we had a deal, Nosheba. Right

after the plan was achieved, you were supposed to return to my house so I can fuck you. But it's been two days now and..." "Will you just watch your tongue?" She cut him off and rolled her eyes "Well, I've been sick. You know I'm pregnant. I can't just have sex at random times". "Oh..." He chuckled grimly "I'm pretty sure you were actually pregnant when you came up with the plan, Nosheba. And you were still pregnant when you promised me yourself. Listen, I wouldn't want to argue this any further" he paused and glanced round the room. "This room isn't bad afterall" he shrugged. "We can make use of the table. Just...bend over and I'll do the rest". "Don't make me call you mad for bringing up such suggestions, Dagger" she scoffed. "You actually think I'd do this in my own room?? Stop dreaming and leave. I will come see you later in the evening". "No, No, No" he shook his head, unhappily. "We had a deal, Nosheba. You asked me to frame Shilah up and I did that so perfectly! Now, she's out of the way and I still can't get what I want?? I want it here, and now!" "Will you watch your voice??! You're yelling!" She snapped. "And that is what is bound to happen if you don't open those legs for me, right now, right here!!" 6 Silence stepped in, Nosheba's chest rising and falling heavily. "Hey!!" They suddenly heard someone shriek from outside the door.

"What're you doing there?? Why are you eavesdropping??" Nosheba's eyes dimmed. Wait... Someone has been listening to them??