

Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

Chapter 136

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THREE DAYS LATER A Dressed in a drab – looking dress was Queen Nosheba, ambling towards the King's door as she looked so rough and uncared for. She's had enough already – she thought. She's had enough of the King's silence and snobbish treatment.

It was still like a dream to her that he could get so hurt over a mere lady whom he's only met few months ago; whereas, she, Nosheba, has been there for years! How can he?? Three days already and it's been more like she's achieved nothing and nothing at all. No one to speak with, No King to chat with. And her banquet was happening the next day! Yes; the next day. Those in charge of the banquet had been making sure the whole thing goes as planned. But with the way the King's actions had been, Nosheba was beginning to doubt if he'd be in attendance. Somehow, she was beginning to fear he might end up not showing up for the banquet as he'd still be locked up in his room. And that wasn't an option she was willing to face. Like!.. what is a royal banquet without the King in it??

She needed to fix things in place already.

Trying not to let her anxiety reflect on her face, she walked upto the door, but was as expected, stopped by the guards. "I'm sorry, My Queen..." "Oh! Please, not today" Nosheba rolled her eyes, cutting him off. Tho, she sounded tired. "I know you're only doing your job, but I equally need to do mine as the King's wife. So, for today, you have to let me in". "We sincerely wish we could, but..." "No more BUTS" she cut in again. "I need to see the King and right now. Just let me in okay? You don't have to worry about getting punished for I'll make sure it doesn't happen". She promised, but the guards were still not convinced. And realizing they might not change their minds, she made for the door. And when the guards saw she was trying to go in without their consent, they quickly stopped her. "My Queen...." "What?" She snapped at them. "Are you going to stop me? Push me away while I'm carrying the King's heir?" She paused and scoffed.

"I'm so sure you wouldn't want to risk that". And getting a grip of the fear, the guards couldn't stop her when she tried going in again. And that was just how Queen Nosheba was able to make her way into the King's chambers for the first time in days.

Opening the hard door and stepping foot into the giant room, the first thing Nosheba's curious eyes could do was scour round the room, looking for that special man. His elegant body wouldn't make it difficult to find him if he were in the room and soon, he was indeed found. Right there on the edge of the bed, head bent like one in deep thoughts with a half bottle of wine in his hand. More like a peasant was what the King looked like as he didn't have any of his heavy robes on. And not to mention that his unkempt room was complimenting his

appearance. Well, of course, no one had been let into the room, not even the maids. Without lifting his head, King Dakota was already aware of her presence, but remained still like he had noticed nothing. "Oh, Dear goddess!" Nosheba exclaimed, quickly closing the door and budging forward to meet him "I can't believe this". "Are the guards no longer at the door?" King Dakota asked as she approached him. "Oh! Please, don't bring that up. It's not important. What has happened to you?" She dropped to a crouch beside him and tried taking the bottle from his hand, but he wouldn't let her. "I'm fine, Nosheba, and don't need to be nursed" he grumbled as he defended his bottle. "Oh! Please, enough of the drinks already, I beg you. You can't go on hurting yourself this way". She pleaded, and taking a deep breath, King Dakota stood up to face the window, the bottle still in his hand. "I'm not drunk, Nosheba, just.... resting" he exhaled deeply.

But even with the short distance he had taken from the bed to the window, Nosheba was smart enough to notice how little he staggered. He backed her, and took some gulps from his bottle. "You should leave" he finally said. "You don't need to be here. I'll be fine on my own". But Nosheba said nothing as she just stood behind him and stared sadly. King Dakota, not sparing her as little as a backward glance, swigged from his bottle again. "Nosheba..." "For how long will you keep doing this to yourself, King Dakota?" She whimpered. "For how long will you keep doing this to me and everyone around you?"

"This lady.... She betrayed you, cheated on you and the best you can do is push everyone away? Who knows if she's out there, happy with some other lover of hers?" "Nosheba...!"

"I'm carrying your son, King Dakota! I'm pregnant for you. Do you think I deserve this because of a traitorous lady? Why do you have to ruin my own happiness because of another? Do you think our son needs this?" She sniffled. "I just want to be alone, Nosheba; that's all!" Yelled the King. "And for how long will you continue sending everyone of us away? For how long will you keep doing this to yourself? I'm not happy about this. No one is!" She had succeeded in forcing a tear out and took some steps closer to him. "We should be celebrating the conception of our son, King Dakota" she spoke from behind. "We should be having fun. Our banquet is tomorrow, but take a look at what's happening. Is this really what you want for your son? Is this how you want the first banquet of your son to be celebrated? Do you even think he'd be happy with this? You should make a difference, please". With the tears now effortlessly strolling down her cheeks, she turned him around to face herself. And seeing her tears, it had a little impact on the King. "Please" she whimpered. "I beg you to go back to the King you used to be – at least, for the sake of your son. You shouldn't ruin this day like this. It shouldn't be happening. At least, for his sake". She paused and held his hands.

"Please....".

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The sun rays glinted on the window and flashed slightly on Shilah's face as she sat on the bed, back leaned on the wall. Her arms and legs were huddled together while her head got bent over like one in deep thoughts. Well, maybe she really was in deep thoughts. Sitting in the quiet room was all her strength could help her do. And as she sat on the soft bed, she kept thinking of all the circumstances that surrounded her. Her baby Going pass the last three days, she had gotten to confirm just what the hunched man had said to her about being pregnant and it was still like a shock to her; knowing she was carrying a life inside of her. And not just any life, but the King's child. Her first seed unfortunately had to come in such manner where it's own father wouldn't accept it anymore. Where would she go from there? How does she fend for herself and that of her child? How does she become a mother without the support of anyone at all?? Just how? 3 She sniffled and adjusted her head on her knees. Doom had been lurking all around her for the past few days and she really couldn't tell why; couldn't tell why she had to be punished that way for a crime she didn't commit. Why did the Spirits forsake her this time around?? And to think the banquet was happening the following day.... That alone was always melting her heart each time she thought of it. It hurt her to know the King had moved on from her like

she never existed. Why did she have to be so unfortunate? 1 The sound of the door opening broke into her thoughts and without lifting her head, she could tell it was the hunched man. Well, it smelt just like him. But she could feel someone else with him, especially when she heard a second footstep.

"Oh, dear. You're still seated here" he exclaimed as he closed the door while Shilah lifted her head to have a look and realized the second person was his son, holding a tray of food. "I thought you must've taken your bath already by now. You shouldn't be seated here, dear. The sun ray's actually not good for you". He rushed over to the window to close it up. And as he did, Shilah made some eye contacts with the son who was trying to drop the tray on the edge of the bed. As far as she knows, his name was Aiken and tho, they've hardly spoken to each other, he always the one bringing the meals to her. 2 He had a long colored hair and looked just like his father, especially with those brown eyes of his. "Thank you, Aiken" the hunched man said to him and he left afterwards. "So, tell me dear, how do you feel today?" He moved towards Shilah and asked. "I'm fine" came the muttered reply as she lowered her head to her knees again.

"That's what you keep telling me every morning. Yet, you never act differently". He spoke disappointedly and shook his head. "Anyway, you need to eat up" he sighed. "Eat enough and get some rest. The baby needs it". *Baby* Shilah thought. That word was always causing so much fear each time it was being used on her as it reminded her of the fact that she was pregnant. Pregnant for a King who wouldn't want to set eyes on her anymore. Soberly, she glanced at the man's face before returning her gaze to her knees. "Thank you" she muttered again. And bobbing his head, he stood up and went over to his concoction table. "You know" he said. "Just incase you need someone to tell about it; someone to rely on and ask for advice, I'm always here for that". Shilah lifted her head again to look at him and found him mixing some drinks on the table. "I noticed you've been concealing your identity and background, especially the reason you're pregnant. But I want you to know I'm always here for you, dear. You might need more time, but I'll be here. Okay?" He turned to look at her, holding the bottle of mixed concoction in his hand. And the feebled Shilah simply nodded. And next, he walked towards her with the bottle of concoction. "Here; you should take this

when you're done eating. It'll help you relax". "Thank you" Shilah answered as she collected the bottle from him. And after which, he left.

Seated in the moving carriage was Queen Nosheba, her face wearing a smile as bright as the sun, and her eyes beaming so happily. It was a good day for her, not just a good day; but a good period where she was on the verge of having everything she's always wanted. Yes! That spectacular dream. Even the earth could feel the overwhelming happiness in her chest as she rode through the streets, staring through the windows and smiling at the people she came across. Many of them who spotted her in the carriage were able to bow and wave happily, while the others realized too late when the carriage had already gone far. But all in all, Nosheba was happy. Yes, she was. Remembering her time with the King made her that way. Oh! She could recall how sweet it had been to talk him out of his shell. Even if he didn't look completely happy, she was still happy she had been able to get him to bath, drink something and even take a walk! Yes! They both took a walk round the palace for some fresh air. Although, he was hardly saying a thing, she still felt glad a lot of people had seen them. Preparations for the banquet was ongoing and she badly couldn't wait to have it already since the King was now in a better condition. If only she knew what was coming for her....

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Riding to her father's house, Nosheba couldn't be anymore happy as she felt fulfilled and felt she was

at least, going to her father's house in a different way. 1

Everything had been working out for her good. Aside the people making it difficult for her which she was definitely going to get rid of, every other thing was working out for her good. 5

Drawing closer to the house in front of them, the royal carriage pulled to a halt and quickly, the guard from the horse rushed down to open the carriage door for Nosheba. Stepping out of the carriage, the memories came flooding into Nosheba's head, reminding her of the good bad times. 1 She didn't want her long dress to touch the floor. Thus, she had to hold it up from the thighs. And next, she paused and took a look around. Nothing much has changed – she thought to herself as she surveyed the environment – noting the tree branches scattered all around compound. Why were they there, anyway? They should've been swept already, shouldn't they? Or was Etta being so lazy already? The flowers on each side of the compound brought back memories as well. And finally wearing a smile, she started towards the door. One knock and the door was opened by the 'Woman of the house of course. Her surprise was supported with a gasp as she

couldn't believe the lady standing in front of her. "Nosheba?!" She gasped, her hand going over her lips. She was looking younger – Nosheba quickly noticed. "I think that should be *Queen Nosheba* she stated correctly and added a smile, ignoring the bemused look on the woman's face.

"That's by the way. Hello, Etta". She added. "H—Hi. I'm so surprised to find you here". Said the woman who was actually old enough to be Nosheba's mother.

"Yes; I wouldn't blame you for being surprised as I haven't been here ever since I got married. Is my Father in?" She walked in after the woman had stepped aside. "Y... Yes. He just finished eating and is having some rest. But I can wake him up if you want me to" she answered from behind.

"Yes, you have to" replied Nosheba as she stopped outside the door, taking her eyes round the neatly arranged room. The guard had stepped in with her. "Al... Alright; I'll do just that" the woman bowed and turned to leave.

"And Paula? Where's she?" Nosheba called back her attention, making her stop and turn to look at her.

"She um.... went out with her cousins". The woman replied and Nosheba let out a scoff.

"You now give my daughter out to whoever you please?" She asked. "Of... Of course, not. It's just .. she's pretty close to Urik..." "It's fine. Just go get me my father, please" Nosheba cut her off with a hand wave and the woman left afterwards. Alone in the room with the guard, she took another look around, remembering all the times she had spent there before getting married to the King. A particular spot caught her attention; that spot where her father had whipped her for the first time.

Urgh! Those ugly memories – she rolled her eyes.

Well, it was a good thing her daughter wasn't home as she wouldn't want to be forced to spend more time with her. She didn't want to spend more time in that forsaken home.

Paula was the first child she had gotten for the King. But since she needed a boy and not a girl, she had decided to send her home to her step mother to be taken care of. Yes; Etta was her step mother.

Luckily, the King didn't mind sending the little girl home and Nosheba really needed it as well and she couldn't see herself taking care of too many meaningless girls. What she needed was a boy and now, she's gotten it already. Just five years old was Urika 2

Not wanting to stress her waist, she decided to sit. And when she did, that was when her father walked in with her step mother – Etta.

Nosheba could notice the surprised look on his face as he walked in from the inner room, looking older than she had thought him to be.

“Nosheba?” He called when he stopped walking, having gotten to a certain point.
“Is this really you?”

“Yes, father. Greetings to you too” she feigned a smile, still sitting,

“Uh.... Greetings. Thank you” the bald-headed man looked like he was struggling for words.

Well, that was what Nosheba had expected.

“I hope you don’t mind, father”, she said.

“I’d have loved to stand and greet; but as you must have known already, I’m pregnant with the King’s heir and wouldn’t want to stress myself. You must understand....”

“Oh! D... Definitely, Nosheba. You don’t need to say it for I completely understand” he cut her off, calmly. Still standing with his both hands at akimbo. “I must say I’m surprised to find you here. I mean, you didn’t even tell me you were ...” “Don’t worry about it, father” now it was her own time to cut him off.

“I didn’t come here for pleasure, but for a simple task”.

She paused and stretched out her hand to the guard who placed an invitation card on it right away.

Her father and step mother watched keenly.

“This is a very happy season for me, father” she began, holding the card properly in her hand.

“Some years ago, you kept telling me I’d amount to nothing and would definitely be as useless as mother” she paused and glanced at her step mother who quickly lowered her gaze to the floor.

Going on, she returned her gaze to her father.

“You kept telling me I’d be worthless and never achieve anything good in life. Even when I had gotten married to the King, you kept telling me I’d only be like a concubine to him and nothing more. Well, today, I’m happy to inform you I’ve proven you wrong. Right now, I’m the top Queen in the Palace and likely to become the King’s Luna the moment I put to bed. I’ll become the Luna of this mountain and you father, might just have to bow to me”. 2

She chuckled and stood up. “I’m sure you must have heard of the banquet happening tomorrow – the one being held in my name. Being kind enough, I decided to give you two the privilege to be there – to dine with Kings and rulers for the first time in your lives”. She paused and proffered the card to him, which her father collected reluctantly. “I am happy, father. And I sincerely hope you are as well” she stated beamfully and stared at Etta. “My regards to my daughter

when she returns. I'll take my leave now". She concluded and walked away, leaving them tongue-tied.

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By the time Nosheba returned to the Palace, she was surprised to find some Alphas and VampLords already arriving the Palace. Considering the distance, they proly had to ride off in time so they could arrive the Palace a day before the main feast. This was really happening – she thought. 4

Her heart gladdened some more, imagining how beautiful it would be. So many Alphas, VampLords and great men of importance – all gathered in her name, she really couldn't wait for the feast any longer. s Using a seperate route where she doesn't have to get seen by the invited guests, she hurried to her room and began preparations for the big feast the next day. 16

It was getting dark.

Shilah was tired of sitting on the bed, alone in the room and no one to talk to; nothing to do.

She had eaten twice for the day already and taken enough rest. But the loneliness was something she couldn't work on. Well, the hunched man was always out in the mornings to sell some of his herbs like he had explained. And his son was equally out on most occasions – leaving Shilah all alone in the house to think of her miserable past.

Deciding to go for a change, she stood up from the bed and dragged her feet around the room, searching for something interesting she could do or read. And luckily, she was able to find a book. 1 She took it up and flipping through it's pages, discovered it was a herbal book. Oh! She sat on the edge of the bed and flipping the first pages of the book, she discovered it wasn't just a herbal book, but a book that had to do with spells... witchcraft.

Oh. Why does the hunched man have it? Or was it somehow, aiding his herbal study?

She decided to have a glimpse at it's content and as she did, it reminded her of the times she had helped the King out in writing and editing messages. A sad smile touched her lips. Images of his exquisite room flashed into her head as she thought of his King-sized bed and how she had mostly occupied it, under his arms, moaning with painful ecstasy. 2 And his study table whew she'd sit across and help him out with some writing tasks. It used to be so beautiful.... the moments, their fun times together. Oh! Why did this have to happen? Her heart was feeling so weak without the King. 3

She lifted her right hand to touch her tummy and realized she had been weeping when a tear slipped

down on it. Goodness. 3

The door went open immediately, snapping her out of her thoughts as she quickly tried to pull herself together and get rid of the tears. 1 And turning to have a look, she discovered it was the son of the hunched man – Aiken. 1

Her heart skipped for a moment as she wondered why he was in her room. He was never there unless he was coming over to serve her meal. And as far as she knew, it wasn't time for dinner yet. 1

His face looking a bit straight, he paused at the door and stared at her, dressed in a knitted gown.

"Hey" came the grumpy reply.

"Why do you look so surprised to see me?"

Shilah swallowed hard.

"H... Hi" she stuttered a little, holding the book on her thighs.

"Yes, hi" he replied, closing the door finally and walking further into the room.

He walked pass her to his father's table of herbs and noticed the book in her hand.

"You have interest in herbs or what?" He asked with a crinkled chin.

"Uhm...." Shilah paused and stared down at the book.

"I actually do have some knowledge about them. And maybe some interest as well".

"Hm. I see" Aiken nodded and turned to his father's table.

"Do you even have a name?" He asked with a scoff, while backing her and that was when Shilah realized she hadn't told the hunched man her name. And obviously, she couldn't.

"Of .. Of course, I do" she answered politely, hoping he doesn't directly ask her for a name.

But why does she feel so uncomfortable around this guy?

"And you prefer keeping it to yourself?" That question from him sounded really disturbing to Shilah.

"My father says you're pregnant" he turned to look at her. "And since then.... I've been wondering who could be responsible. Why were you unconscious in the woods that night? Why do you always look sad? What happened to you?" He paused and leaned on the table. 4 "Do you want to talk about it?" 1 But Shilah shook her head sideways..

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"Why? Is it that important?"

"I just... don't want to talk about it" she muttered with her eyes being lowered to the floor, hoping he doesn't get to press more on the topic.

But he did.

Taking a shot beside him on the table, he gulped it down in one swig and turned again to face Shilah.

"Everyone has bad days – I know" he took some steps towards her.

"And I actually don't want to imagine how yours is going right now. But, just so you know, I can be the friend you never had; be the partner you wish for, be the father of your child..." He paused and stared down at her tummy. "If you let me ..." Be added in a whisper. 1

For a second, Shilah's heart twitched as she stared suspiciously at him. And her suspicions were soon confirmed when he came too close to her.

Was he probably drunk or something? Why was he speaking this way?

He wrapped his hand around her shoulder and sat next to her, making her cringe.

"You don't have to feel uncomfortable, you know?" He scoffed.

"Afterall, my father and I has been feeding you for some days now".

"Y....Yes, I know. But" Shilah paused and stood up, going off the edge when he touched her back.

"I'm sorry; I think I need some air".

Turning towards the direction of the door, she tried going out but felt a hand pull back her wrist,

"Why so in a hurry?" Aiken asked. "We have all the time to ourselves before father comes home". *What's he talking about?* Shilah pondered. Now, the whole thing was beginning to get really creepy. "M.... Maybe we should just talk out..." "No, I want it done here". Cutting her off, he pushed her to the bed while she flinched. Oh, no; "Wh... What're you doing here?" She asked in deep breaths

as she laid on her butts, her heart beating rapidly. 1 “Just keep calm, beautiful. Will you? Like I said, I can be the partner you need” Aiken chuckled and joined her on the bed, spreading her legs apart. 1 “No!! Let me go!!” She cried out, struggling to free from his grip, but that wasn’t possible as he seemed stronger. 4 “Keep calm, beautiful. This won’t be hard at all. I’m sure you’ve experienced it already” he snorted and made to rip her shirt apart.

Shilah screamed and struggled to make use of her hands, but couldn’t. And in a swift move, she used her knee against his in-between and that was how he rolled off from her. 1 “Urgh!” Came his painful grunt. 1 And quickly seizing the opportunity, Shilah pushed him off her chest and jumped out of the bed. She didn’t stop to look back at him; didn’t stop to glance back at anything as quickly, she opened the door and ran out of the room.

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With tears strolling down her cheeks, Shilah ran out of the house, as fast and far away as her legs could carry her. Her left hand was wrapped around her tummy in a protective manner while she swunged the other in her race, fearing he might come after her.

She couldn’t believe it; she’d almost gotten raped. Why? Why would he want to do this to her?? 6

Making sure she had gotten far enough and tired, she stopped at a particular spot and bursted into tears – frustrated tears. Why does she keep getting haunted by so many misfortunes? Why were the Spirits forsaking her all of a sudden? Definitely, there was no way she could get back to that house. So, where does she go from there.... pregnant? 2 She felt some little discomfort around her lower abdomen and quickly found a place to sit. Her life was already a mess.

AT THE PALACE A

Queen Chaska stood in front of her window, gazing out in the evening’s darkness which was being brightened a little by the post lamps on each row. Clearly, she could see the guard’s and maids running about, looking so busy in preparation for the big day. She could see two Alphas walking side by side, chit-chatting and chuckling. Some wives of Alphas and mistresses of VampLords were equally having fun. And it hurt Chaska to know these was all happening in Chaska’s name. 1 It should’ve been her – she couldn’t help but think helplessly. 1 She should’ve been the Queen of this party and not some gold – diggers. Why did Nosheba have

to get pregnant with the King's son? Why??? Why must it happen?? She bit her lip in regret; regret of not putting in more efforts to get pregnant for the King. But it wasn't her fault. She had multiple intercourse with the King but didn't get pregnant. And it was something she couldn't understand.

Now, Shilah was out of the Palace; and Nosheba was the top Queen.

"You need to get a grip of yourself, Chaska" she suddenly heard that calm voice from behind.. "Being this angry and hateful wouldn't change anything, you know? But would only cost you restlessness while the lady in question is having so much fun in her chambers. I understand how you feel – watching someone else take everything you've always wanted. But worrying yourself too much is not the way out".

A few seconds passed, and slowly, Chaska turned to see her sister, dressed in a casual night dress. "It's not as easy as you think, Cami". She huffed.

"That witch has been rubbing it on my face ever since she got pregnant. And I'm afraid someday, she might spit on me".

"And that is a day that would never happen" Cami stepped forward. 2 "Believe me, Chaska. Just pray to your goddess and watch things change for your good".

Pray Chaska thought scornfully in her mind. To hell with the prayers. "It's late. Shouldn't you be with Lord Ryder?" She asked as she turned back to the window. "I'll be leaving soon. Just came in to check up on you. You didn't even notice when I came in". Cami scoffed "Anyway, you really need to get some rest, sister. I'll see you in the morning. Ryder needs me now". And walking up to her, she gave her a peck which Chaska returned before leaving. Now alone in the room, Chaska's hate and anger returned as she glared at the maids and guards being so busy for the pathetic party. That witch! She needed to find a way to bring her down. 4 .

Few hours into the night and it started raining. Nosheba was scared and worried as she kept staring through the window and hoping it doesn't get to ruin her feast. Definitely, it wouldn't fall all through the night and into the morning of the feast, right? Of course, not. It wouldn't even dare. 2 Everyone was present and she just couldn't have this day ruined at all. So, hopefully, the rain would better stop at midnight. 2 Uncannily, she couldn't tell why she was feeling so uneasy. Even as she tried going to sleep, a pathetic voice in her head kept telling the rain was a sign that her feast was going to be ruined. Well, that was a stupid myth she didn't want to believe. It was said that having a rainfall on the eve of an important occasion signified bad luck and meant something bad was likely to happen. But Nosheba didn't want to believe that. Her party was going to be the best anyone has ever heard of. And nothing can ever ruin that – not even a mythical belief. ,

Shilah, on the other hand, sat all alone on the floor and leaning on the bark of a tree. 2 Her hands and legs were huddled together as she shivered from the cold rain, dripping in it already. Well, that was the only shelter she could find – under a tree where she still got bitten by the rain. But

she had no other option. Her tears got mixed with the rain as she felt so much cold and fear. And in that state, she muttered some prayers to the spirits to protect her. r

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The perfect day had finally arrived.

With the sun beaming so bright in the sky, it complimented the light and happiness in Nosheba's heart as she felt extremely happy – more happy than she had ever been in her entire life. 2 She had woken up so early that morning as longer sleep was far from her eyes. She took several walks around – checked the kitchen to be sure everything was going smoothly and the number of workers and devotions she had seen over there had given her so much guarantee. 2

She checked the large banquet hall and was overwhelmed by the decorations taking place. The long dining tables were already arranged with red cover clothes and some bottles of wine on them already. Really expensive wines. Well, it wasn't so easy getting such wines in their time.

She could spot the special dining table at the center of it all – the one she'd be sharing with the King. It was differently decorated and Nosheba couldn't wait to sit right in front of it with the King.

She checked the other things that needed to be checked and did all these with her maid beside her.

"My Queen, I think you need to rest. Stressing yourself this way isn't too good for you and the baby. I believe the planning committee are taking care of everything that needs to be taken care of" Nivea complained politely as they walked down the corridor where Nosheba was going to check up on the flowers. 2

"Don't fret on my behalf, dear Nivea" she chuckled.

"This banquet is so important and means a lot to me and I need to make sure everything goes as planned. I wouldn't want the other Queens having a reason to sit and dine with my name on their lips. I'm a mother of two. So, you need not to worry 'cause I'll be fine".

Her smile was so sweet and genuine as she spoke. "That reminds me" she chipped in, lowering the tone of her voice. "Make sure you do not forget our plan, alright? As soon as Dyani is out of that room, you take care of

the maid". 7

"I do remember, My Queen" Nivea bowed. "But what if ...she does not come out? What do I do, then?"

"Dyani wouldn't dare miss the banquet" Nosheba snapped.

"She's been stupid enough to stay glued to that room for three days now, but it's her end already. Definitely, she'd have to attend the banquet and make sure you stay at alert to seize that opportunity, Nivea. Do you understand?" 1

"Yes. Definitely, My Queen. I'll get it done". Nivea bowed in delight.

And just then, they bumped into Prince Raksha. 2 Nosheba's bright smile was quickly seized as she didn't like the fact that she had finally met with the same person she's been trying so hard to avoid for the past four days. What an ill-luck on a good day like that. " Making an attempt, she tried to ignore him by walking away, but of course, he blocked her path. Afterall, they were the only ones on the corridor.

"You're just going to walk by without saying a word?" He scoffed as he stood in front of her. "Good morning, My Prince" Nivea genuflected, but Raksha ignored her and had his whole gaze focused on Nosheba. "My mistake, Raksha" Nosheba smiled. "Good morning. Is that what you're so eager to hear? Can I go now?" But Raksha huffed.

"I still find it so hard to believe that you, Nosheba, could ever think of betraying me".

"And I equally wish I had a zilch of what you talking about" she replied.

"Can't you see that I'm doing all these for our sake?"

"Oh! Please" he cut her off. "You're only doing this for your selfishness, Nosheba, and believe me when I say it's never going to end well".

"Then,let me be the one to dance to the drums when it's time and stop ranting like a woman" she rasped and walked pass him. 3 "Don't forget you have my seed growing inside of you" Raksha said from behind, making her halt but didn't turn to look at him. "It's a secret that can take your life". And with a smirk, Nosheba turned to look at him.

"And it's a secret that can equally take yours" she added and finally walked away, not wanting him to ruin her joy for the day. 3

In the cold dimmed – light chambers. King Dakota tried taking down the herbal drink Pishan had brought for him to aid him getting hungry. Tasting sour, the saddened King tried to force it down even if he knew it wouldn't work. He couldn't count the cups of herbal drinks he had taken in total just to fight his

curse, but neither of them was working Over the years, just one person had been able to achieve that. But unfortunately, she wasn't there anymore.

Pishan stood by the door like a watch-keeper, keenly staring at the King as he gulped down the bitter liquid. His whole life, he's never seen the King that sad and angry like he's been for the past days. Anyone getting in his bad books at that moment was simply joking with his life. Done with the drink, King Dakota exhaled deeply and took up a book from his table which he commenced reading. First time he was getting to read since the incidence occurred.

"The banquet is in a very short time from now, My King" Pishan said.

"I should get your dress ready".

He bowed, took the empty cup from the table and turned to leave.

"Any word from Dagger?" King Dakota's cold voice stopped him and stopping a little nervously, he turned to face the King. 6

"Y... Yes; but it's all the same" he gave a two seconds pause.

"He said he still can't have a trace of her as she's not in her father's house". He added 6

King Dakota's had never left the book in his hand, but of course, Pishan could notice the change in their expression. Was it strange that the King had been trying to know Shilah's location for some days now? He

thought. 7 With the wave of the hand, he dismissed him and Pishan bobbed his head and left.

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Chapter 142 The Royal Banquet

The party drums had begun rolling

The various drinks and delicacies were already being dressed in the banquet hall. 2 The Alphas and other VampLords were taking their places already. And Queen Nosheba, seated in front of the mirror like a top Queen, was probably the most joyous woman in the Wind Walker Park. As the skilled servants dressed her face and hair, she felt so beautiful and honored. Of course, she could see it all from the mirror in front of her. 2 She couldn't wait to get to the banquet hall, walking beside the King who would probably hold her hands.

She couldn't wait to feel so important right in front of the other Queens and Mistresses. She just couldn't wait for it! 4 Definitely, when the party's over, she'd become the famous and most-talked about Queen and that was just what she had always wanted. She worked so hard for it, and now she was finally getting the reward, she couldn't be more proud of herself. Yes; she worked for it – made a lot of sacrifices – and she was never going to let anyone ruin that for her. No one at all. 6

Almost done with her primping, one of the maids came in to inform her that a certain woman was there to see her – Etta.

Nosheba was surprised. Wasn't that her step mother? Why would she be there to see her just when the party's about to commence?.

"Where is she?" She asked the messenger.

"She's just outside the door, My Queen" the lady replied and with a huff, Nosheba paused the ladies working on her face and stood up. 1 Still dressed casually and wanting her party gown to be the last thing she'd wear, she walked out of the room and indeed, found the young woman standing close to the wall, having a little box with her. Nosheba's brows arched for a second. And when the woman saw her, she looked relief and budged towards her. "Nosheba" she called with a bright smile. "What are you doing here?" Nosheba asked hoarsely, giving her a head-to-toe glance. 1 She looked greatly dressed – she noted. Mrs Etta, taken abacked by her harsh hospitality, had to reconstruct her lines.

"Uhm.... How are you doing? You are looking good, by the way" she beamed as she stared at her face. "I know I'm looking good and I need to finish it up. So, what brings you here because I actually don't have time to waste". Nosheba snapped, not wanting to watch her tone at all.

Mrs Etta sighed deeply and stared down at the box in her hand.

"Well...." She began.

"Your father and I are actually here for the perry. And while he's waiting out there, I decided to steal

out some time to come see you.

"I know what happens in the Palace, and I know having this male child like you just did is more than a blessing to you. And....it also dawned on me that I was yet to congratulate you. That's the reason I'm here, Nosheba, to tell you a big congrats for your conception. I pray...the baby arrives safely and becomes really great.

"And in addition, I brought this little gift for you" she proffered the small box to her, but Nosheba only stared at it without touching.

"Nosheba", Etta continued, still holding the box with her. "I want you to know you'll always be like a daughter to me. Even if ...you still hate me after so many

years, I want you to know I still love you and will never stop praying for you” she concluded. Nosheba stared at her for a long time without saying a word, then let out a scoff. “Are you done?” She asked grimly, making Etta’s heart skip a beat. 1 “You know I used to like you, Etta. But not until I discovered the truth about you being my mother’s bestfriend and getting married to my father just few days after she died. It was more like... you had been waiting for her to get out of the way so you could have him, and because of you, my father hated me”. 1 “T. .. That’s not true” Etta shook her head. “I ... I never made your father hate you, Nosheba. You know... your father and mother were having issues before her death. At some point, when she was pregnant, your father believed the baby was not for him and kept trying so hard to send her out of the house. But she wouldn’t leave. “Unfortunately, she died during childbirth and coupled with everything that had happened, it only made your father hate you and never wanting to take responsibility for you”. She paused to notice the drastic change in Nosheba’s expression.

She felt so bittered and hated recalling the story.

“The reason I married your father, Nosheba, was mainly because of you’ she went on.

“The truth is, I had liked your father before he had gotten married to your mother. Even your mother was aware of it. But the moon would bear me witness that I never tried to wreck their home for once as I was nothing but a family friend to them.

“Wh.... When your mother died, your father had asked me to be his wife and considering how he hated you and didn’t care for you, I decided to take the offer so I could be a mother to you. That’s the truth, Nosheba; I never meant any harm” she stated conclusively. 1 Nosheba had to take in a deep breath to calm herself as she could feel her chest nearly panting already. This shouldn’t ruin her day – not at all.

“You can say whatever you want, Etta; it’s none of my business. Right now, my only focus is achieving all the goals I’ve set out. And you can keep your little gift, by the way” she answered brusquely and with that, returned back to her room.

Shilah’s hands were wrapped around her shoulders as she walked in the wintry weather, shivering with cold and worn out with hunger, fear and tiredness; not to mention her nauseous feeling that had gotten worst Her temperature was running so high, her head wouldn’t stop banging and her legs were so weak – she could hardly walk with them. Exhausting the little energy she had left in her, she sought for a place to stay as she had been under the cold weather for an unadvisably long time. Having nowhere to go in the dark, she had to sleep under the rain. But waking up the next morning was so different for her as she had gotten very sick. Now, she needed some treatment but had no money for that. She had thrown up twice on her way, her mouth tasting so sour and her system getting emptier. At some point, she felt she might not make it.

But after a long walk, her eyes finally spotted the cave ahead of her and that was the only consolation she could get as she let out a deep breath and continued dragging her legs along. The cave – she thought. That very cave. Her heart grew

weaker as she approached it. Of course, the memories weren't easy for her to take in, but she had no choice as that was the only shelter she could think of at the moment.

She got to the dark entrance and walked through it; recalling how she had walked in with the King some weeks ago. Her head spun badly, trying so hard to shut out the memories, but it was as impossible as hiding the

sun.

Looking ahead, her eyes found the spot where she had intercourse with the King – right before changing into their causal wears. Oh! How could she forget such memories? Such precious memories?! A rueful chuckle left her lips as she finally lowered herself to the dusty ground with her back leaning against the walls of the cave. She felt better. Or, was she just wishing she felt better? A tear slipped her left eye but got wiped off immediately as she whimpered and tried relaxing there on the floor.

She couldn't concentrate; couldn't relax.

The voices were echoing; the moans... *Take off your clothes, Shilah* She couldn't forget his hard but loveable voice.

And that moment when he had penetrated into her from behind, his hands holding her waist while his thighs slammed against hers. They both didn't care if the guards were listening or not as the ecstasy was unexplainable. That had been the first time she felt intercourse with a partner, and not just a man that married her for his bed alone. Yes; she felt it.

And now, sitting on the cold floor and staring at the empty spaces only made her realize just how doomed she was. She had fallen for the King; his hard but cute face, grumpy voice, silent words, and words that were always final. She had fallen for him!

But it was so unfortunate they were never going to be together again.

Slowly, her strength began to leave her body as she closed her eyes in sleep. 5

AT THE PALACE A

All eyes were on the entrance of the banquet hall as King Dakota and Nosheba walked in, hand in hand.

The red decorations complimented Nosheba's red dazzling dress that flowed behind her as she wore a huge smile – a smile that was bright enough to cover up the King's gloomy face. To her, it didn't matter. Of course, she wasn't ready to

get her day ruined by anything – not even the King’s unwelcoming attitude. It also didn’t matter to her that the King didn’t make an attempt to meet any of the guests that had arrived the previous day. Even when they had requested to meet with him, his door – guards wouldn’t let any and kept telling them the King didn’t want to be disturbed. Well, the most important thing to Nosheba was the fact that the party was taking place with the King beside her. Everything else didn’t possibly matter. 4 Walking down with him, Nosheba could see the envy in the eyes of some other Queens. Of course, who wouldn’t want to be in the arms of someone like the King? The Ultimate Alpha King? Even Chaska was there, and she noticed she couldn’t even stare at them as her eyes were fixed to the floor.

She could see so many familiar faces – her father, Step mother... Her heart gladdened some more, realizing her father would get to watch this moment.

Prince Raksha was spotted as well with his mother, but Nosheba was quick to take her eyes away – not wanting any form of distraction.

The entire hall was silent as everyone stood respectfully and watched the arrival with just the smiles on the faces of the guests being loud enough.

It was glorious, the hall filled with dignitaries and men of Importance – all staring at her.

My name will reign forever! Nosheba thought grimly. 3

And at last, she got to her table with the King and stood in front of it. And that was when the applause came in. 1

“Oh! Please!” The Party-crier began.

“Let’s honor our King’s arrival with a toast!”

And quickly, the maids decanted some wine into several cups being held by the guests.

Nosheba and Dakota were served as well. And in no time, everyone was ready for the toast. She couldn’t wait for it! The party was just about to begin. “And ... A toast! To the great conception! ?” He announced and the party drums rolled. The guests lowered the cups to their lips; some had taken theirs already. But suddenly, there was an interruption.

“STOP!!”

The voice echoed with so much anger, it put many in shock as they darted their eyes to the entrance to see who the intruder was.

And to everyone’s awe, it was the seer – Thaddeus.

Nosheba had already taken a sip from her cup, but quickly took it down as her eyes had nearly bulged out of it’s sockets.

The seer? What was he doing there?

King Dakota was equally surprised. "And who is he?" Alpha Frosty asked from his table. He wasn't from the Wind Walker Mountain and had no idea who Ahiga was. To him, it was just a wretched – looking man trying to disrupt an important event. 1 "My identity should not matter to you" Thaddeus began, further walking into the hall with those reddened of his. – — The anger.... they held so much anger. "For I am not here for myself, but for the woman who has been a green snake". There was a loud gasp. "Thaddeus", King Dakota quickly called. "Don't you think we should talk about this in private?" & He felt he wanted to talk more on Shilah. "No! King, Dakota. For the truth needs to be revealed here in PUBLIC!" He said out. 1 "This is the purpose for this gathering. So everyone can witness what has never been heard in all history!" "This is madness!" Nosheba sprout, dropping her cup aggressively on the table. "You can't just barge in here and try to ruin my party! If you have anything to say, you should meet the King and..." 1 "Oh! SHYT, UP! You heatless demon!" He cut her off, arousing another gasp from the crowd. 2 Nosheba could feel her heart slowing down in beats. 1 Angrier, Thaddeus walked towards her. "How do you even sleep at night?" He asked, staring directly into her eyes. "How do you sleep at night, knowing a pregnant woman is out there in the cold, freezing to death because of you?" 1 A flinch from the guests. "How do you sleep at night, knowing you carry another man's child in your womb while you set up the faithful wife to get her killed by the King when she carries his heir?" 16 The hall was already shaking. 4 "Just tell me. How?"

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Chapter 143 Exposed

The peace and serenity in the hall had already been tampered with as everyone became mumbling, finding the whole thing dramatic.

Nosheba wasn't herself anymore; she was clearly feeling her heart beating loudly in her chest – so

loud

*Thaddeus?" Dakota called, wearing a muddled look.

"What are you talking about?"

"This woman, King Dakota" he pointed at Nosheba.

"Has been the green snake i told you about". Another gasp from the hall. "I'd want her to explain everything herself. Explain her evil plot and to bring Shilah down just when she had discovered she was pregnant for you. Shilah is a naive lady and didn't even know she was pregnant and Nosheba being the first to notice, plotted to take her down as she feared she might birth a son since she's

been fond of fighting your curse” he paused and took some steps around, proly giving them a little time to digest the little he had just said.

Nosheba was already looking unsettled. And so was Raksha and his mother.

“The last time I came visiting and told you one of your wives had concepted your son”, Thaddeus continued

“The Spirits had intentionally hidden her identity from me for they wanted this to happen. They wanted the unfaithful wife to expose herself through her own evil plots. That was the reason I instructed you to call a meeting and tell everyone of them about it. Because, as soon as that meeting was over, Nosheba had become restless, knowing Shilah was pregnant. She feared Shilah was the one pregnant with your son which was true. And carrying out her first plot, she found a way to manipulate the test results and made Shilah’s own come out negative. But unknown to her, she was equally pregnant at that time. And when the test results was released, hers was positive. But know this and know peace, King Dakota – that baby in her womb never belonged to you”.

A wilder outburst from the gasp. King Dakota’s face was stunned silent.

“In a quest to provide a male child, Nosheba had to sleep with another. Her second daughter which was birthed few months ago was never for you. And the current one in her womb, does not belong to you either”. 1

“NO!!” Nosheba cried out.

“This is MADNESS!!” 4

She tried running out of her table but was held back by Pishan. And sparing her a glance, Thaddeus continued

“When she was announced pregnant and thought to be the one with the son, Nosheba decided to take Shilah out as soon as possible before her own pregnancy gets exposed. She tried to poison her, but it didn’t work out. And knowing she had to act quick, decided to set her up so you could kill her.

“Yes; the plan had been to kill her. That very day, when you had been at the field with Shilah and she ended up throwing up, Nosheba was so disturbed and that was the very day she came up with the evil

plan. Using help from an old friend, the guard’s family – Arin – was abducted and used in threatening him to set Shilah up. The guard had no option but to comply. “He knocked on her door so late in the night, telling her the King was calling for her. And when she opened up, he sedated her and made her lay naked beside him. “Nosheba had expected you to kill Shilah just like you did to the guard. But either ways, she was still thankful she had been kicked out of the Palace. So, she had all the time to herself” he stated in inference.

“This is a Conspiracy!” Nosheba cried out from where she was being held by Pishan. “Do not listen to him! It is a Conspiracy!! Who knows?? Maybe the

shameless Shilah had gone to him, offered her cheap body to him just so he could say all these!! It is a Conspiracy!!" She was yelling at the top of her shaky voice. "May I struck dead if this is anywhere close to a conspiracy" Thaddeus replied, staring intently at her.

"You know your evil deeds, Nosheba. There is no point fighting it because it's over for you".

"It is you who is over!" She pointed her index finger at him. "It is you who is over for ruining my party and saying such nonsense about me". She turned to the King

"Please, you don't have to believe a word from this hypocrite. He is lying. You should know I'd never....."

"Can you swear by the moon that all I just said are lies, Nosheba?" Thaddeus cut her off. "If you're ready, you can swear it right now. But just know you'll be smitten dead the second you swear it for you are guilty. So, are you ready?" All eyes darted to Nosheba's frightened face. Swearing by the moon wasn't something anyone was meant to take lightly.

"Yes! She should swear it if she's innocent" one of the Alpha's wives said from her table. 4

"I agree to that. She should swear it!" Another seconded. Klllllkkkkllllk
Likklllkk1111

"I'm in support".

Klllllkk

"Shut UP!! ALL OF YOU!" She roared at them. Lllllll

"I do not have to swear to prove my innocence to you all cause you don't matter! You do not matter!!"

And the next thing that followed was a hard slap on her cheek; one that pushed her off balance as she fell on the floor.

What? It was the King?!

Her heart splitted as he glared at her with those hurting disbelieving eyes. It was nothing like she had

ever seen.

"How could you?" His voice was icy.

"How could you do this?"

"The unfaithful wife can be punished later. But for now, you need to go find Shilah as she needs your help. She doesn't have much strength left" Thaddeus chipped in.

And heavy – heatedly, King turned to face him.

"Where do I start from? Where can I find her?" He asked hastily. He's never been so troubled in his whole life. 2 "The cave" thaddeus replied with his gaze ahead. "You've been there before". King Dakota narrowed his eyes. And getting the realization, he rushed out of the hall with Pishan following behind him; while Nosheba was taken away by the guards, wailing. >

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Chapter 144 The pains of what he did

"You fools? Let me go!!! Let me go!!" Nosheba yelled at the top of her voice as two guards dragged her to the dungeon.

They held her by both hands, dragging her backwards and making her expensive dress sweep the

floor. 2

"I will make you pay for this! For this.... humiliation! When I get vindicated and become the Luna, I will make you PAY!!" Sounding just like an insane person, she attracted the eyes of others. 2

And finally, when they got to the dungeon, they threw her in like a bag of flour and locked the gate.

"No!" She crawled to the gate.

"I do not deserve to be treated this way!! Let me out! Let me out!!" She banged angrily on it but was ignored. s

The Palace had never been so disorganized the way it was that very day.

Maids could be seen in groups, talking and whispering about it; guards were doing same. And the noble guests were finding the whole situation so embarrassing.

Prince Raksha and his mother were so restless as they paced around the room, trying to find a way out of the problem they had fixed themselves. "This is not good, Mother" Raksha panicked.

"This is not good. We are going to get big mess soon enough. Maybe, we should run away while we still have the chance to".

"Stop chickening out, Raksha, and let's come up with a solution". Queen Jadis replied him, narrowing her eyes on the floor like one in deep thoughts. 4

"Chickening out?" Raksha scoffed. 2

"You call my reactions chickening out?? Nosheba has just been discovered, mother! And what makes you think she would want to go down alone?? Definitely, when Dakota is back and starts torturing her, she is sure to mention names. And ours is definitely going to be the first on her lips. We're doomed!" He yelled angrily, panting. And for the next few seconds, there was silence. "Queen Jadis never backs out" she suddenly said.

"You do not have to worry, Raksha, for I will take care of Nosheba and make sure she doesn't call names. And as for you, there is perhaps, one thing you should do".

Raksha had stopped walking as he paused to look at her.

"What do you plan on doing with Nosheba? And what do you want me to do?" He asked, beady-eyed.

5

"Leave Nosheba to me. And as for you, I need you to take care of Rancho. Remember he was the one who helped us with the test results. And now Nasheba has been exposed, he knows we're equally behind everything. So, we need to keep him shut – forever". Queen Jadis replied. 3 "Hold on, mother. Are you asking me to kill him?" Raksha scoffed. "Yes, Raksha! We have to kill everyone who needs to die in order to protect us. And we need to act

fast! Now, go! While a think of a way to handle Nosheba". She urged him 3 And reluctantly, Raksha left the room.

King Dakota's heart was twitching in it's bossom as he rode speedily to the cave, the thought of Shilah over-crowding his head. Pishan and two other guards were behind him; but no matter how hard they tried, they just couldn't meet up with his pace as he was riding extremely fast. How could he be so clueless – he thought regrettably. Shilah had been the one pregnant for him; carrying his heir. Yet, he chased her away! Sent her away in shame and rejection! How could he be so blind to the truth? To see how innocent she was?? And to think he had almost killed her?! 9 Oh! Even Selene knows he was never going to forgive himself if anything happens to her. He was

never going to survive it.

Getting to the cave was the most relieving thing for him as he jumped down his horse and ran in without glancing at Pishan and the guards who were closing up already. All that mattered to him was Shias oh and nothing more. He ran pass the

dark entrance and getting in, scoured his eyes around for her. Where was she? Finally, his eyes rested on a body, wet and cuddled up there on the floor like one that had no life. Tho, he couldn't see the face since it was hidden towards the floor, but it could tell it was her. It was his Shilah.

His heart cracked up as he ambled towards her, his bones growing weaker at the sight in front of him. She had been abandoned – he thought. She had no one to go to. Getting to where she was in his coral regalia, he dropped on his knees and slowly touched her hair. And that was when Pishan and the other guards arrived. She was asleep. No; not asleep, but unconscious . Her hair was wet and accumulated dirt, and so did her dress. How could he have done this to her? Let her pass through such pains and humiliation? Just how? 8 For the first time since the death of his mother, he had the urge to cry but forced himself not to. “My King, I can take her to the horse” Pishan proposed.

“No” The King exhaled. “I’ll do that myself”. And without further hesitancy, he lifted her from the floor, carried her in his arms and walked out of the cave, feeling the pains of everything he had just done.