

# Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

## Chapter 201

[/ Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene](#)  
Chapter 201 The Mother Of A Tribrid

NOTE: Guys, I noticed a lot of you were wondering how Sukie was able to recognize Shilah's face as the King's wife. Do not forget – during the banquet in celebration of Shilah's pregnancy, a lot of influential people had been in attendance. The King had also gotten some artists to draw Shilah's face. Now, do not forget Sukie and Pishan had been meeting a lot during the skipped seven months part of the story. So, I do not think it should be difficult for someone like Sukie to know her face. And do not forget she was the one that recognized Shilah's face, not the other witches.

Let's Read..

LORD RYDER'S CLUTCH A "Have you gone mad, Ryder?" Lord Sobek suddenly snapped. Sitting up from his chair. "What in the first place is putting such idea in your head?" Ryder's eyes glinted. "Sobek..." "We have been living peacefully with the wolves for centuries, and now you want to create a division? What are you even thinking?" "And who's talking about creating a diversion?!" He snapped. "Can't you see my point?? All I want is for us to be on top. Are we too little to enjoy leadership?" "But, Ryder" Ramses cleared his throat and leaned forward. "You know we have rules. Before power can be passed from the Wolves to us, certain things needs to happen. First, the King dies without leaving a son behind. Secondly, he..." "AND THAT IS EXACTLY MY POINT!" Ryder gritted, some cracked veins coming up beneath his eyes. "We're always meant to follow their rules! Their rules! Their rules!" @ "Those rules weren't just created by the Wolves! They were decided and deliberated upon by our past Lords as well" Sobek slammed the table. "And you really think our Lords had willingly made such rules? Oh, please" He hissed. "No father would make a decision that would subject his son to eternal slavery! It's possible those wolves had been conniving and..." "We weren't there, Ryder; we can't just assume". "Oh! Yes, I can assume – because that is what it is!" He kicked his leg against the table, making some of the blood spill.

It created a deep silence for sometime. "Why do you think the centuries refused to join the alliance centuries ago?" He continued, his voice sounding more creepy. "Is it because they do not want peace? No. It's because they also didn't want to be ruled! They didn't want to be ruled by a different specie and have to obey to them. So, they accepted all the consequences and went away. Even weak females were smarter than

us!"

None of the VampLords said a word and it made Ryder believe he was getting their understanding. "I'm not asking for too much – I'm not asking to be divided by the Wolves. All I want is for power to be handed over to us" "There is a time for that, Ryder; and that time is not now!" Sobek stated raucously. "Well, I want it

now!!!” Ryder roared. “But Ryder,” Lord Moises shook his head. “Even if we want to buy this idea, you know it’s impossible. The Alpha King would never hand over power willingly when he knows it’s still his time”. @ “Then, we challenge him”. “What?? Challenge King Dakota?” “Yes! According to the misery rules, if the Vampires wanted to seize power forcefully, a VampLord is to challenge the Alpha King to a fight in the presence of everyone. And whoever wins the fight takes over the leadership”. 2 “And which of us is powerful enough to fight someone like Dakota? Are you forgetting who he is?” Ryder grinned and went round to stand in front of his seat. “This is the reason we need to do this. We’ve been thought of being weaker and subjects to the Mountain Lions; it’s so bad the thoughts has messed even without our heads! Don’t you see? We are losing our values! A Wolf would walk into a crowd and everyone would bow for him; but a Vampire would walk and have to watch his back! We’re losing our value and I must be the one to save us all! So, I, Lord Ryder, will write to King Dakota and challenge him to the fight! We shall fight to the death!” “This is insane. Ryder is trying to cause a war!” Sobek shook his head dreadfully. “What has come over you, Ryder? Why do you suddenly want to destroy this peace that exists between us? Our past Lords were not fools when they made those decisions. They agreed to be under the Wolf’s leadership and every negative thing you just said doesn’t make sense. The wolves do not treat us like slaves. And perhaps, the reason we have to watch our backs when walking in the midst of humans is because they’re more scared of us than they are to Wolves! They’re more scared because they know we feast on their blood! We feast on them to survive! Stop trying to poison our minds!” “Why are you being against us, Sobek?” Ryder moved closer to him and gritted. “Why are you trying to be the antagonist?” “Of course, I am not! I am only trying to stop this madness of yours! What if you end up fighting the King and lose? Do you realize what would happen to the rest of us? The wolves has done absolutely nothing to us! They do not stop us from feasting on blood, they do not stop us from having families, throwing parties and sleeping with as many women as we want! So, what exactly is your problem?” Ryder scoffed. “So, what happens if you win?” Sobek went on. “You automatically become the new Leader, right? You become the new King? Really? And we all still stay under you! Why don’t you just admit it? All you want is power for your selfish reasons!” Immediately, Ryder punched him in the face, creating an uproar. But before Sobek would reciprocate, the rest of the VampLords had interfered. “I am not doing this for myself, but for us all!” Ryder pointed an angry finger at him while being refrained by Osric and Moises. “If I am the King, the power would belong to all of us! We’re all going to be the winners in the end!” “That’s not true...!”

“I think Ryder is right!” Moises finally said, his voice loud and bold. It made everyone go silent as they all looked at him.

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IN THE CAVE...

“Are you very sure, Sukie?” The voice of the witch sounded faintly. “Of course. I wouldn’t say so if I wasn’t. She’s the Alpha King’s wife” Sukie replied. “But, how is it possible she’s a wolf and a witch? If she’s indeed yita’s daughter, she’d rather be a Vampire” Another sister muttered. “I... I don’t know. I keep thinking of something” “What is it, Sukie?” “It might sound insane, but... what if she’s not a wolf? I heard... she’s never shifted and never displayed any signs of being a wolf.

In the Mountain, she's being referred to as powerless". "Oh...So, you think somehow, she must've gotten into the Wolves Mountain and got raised by a family of wolves?" "Exactly! Maybe... that explains it all. And on the night of the last full moon, it had rained heavily – which was very strange. But that night was the same night she gave birth to her son". "Really? You... think it happened because..." "Yes – because her son was a tribrid – the very first of it's kind". "Hehehe; this is getting more interesting. So, we have the daughter of the fallen witch, who is now the mother of a tribrid" The witch cackled.

Kylie finally spoke up. "All these stories – I do not care. All I know is she's the daughter of Ayita and as soon as the rain stops falling, we'll continue our ride to the Palace and that's where we kill her". "Kill her?" Sukie asked worriedly. "Are we still... killing her?" "What sort of question is that, Sukie?" Kylie threw her a glare. "That lady and her mother were sentenced to death before her mother killed the Queen! And being the new Queen, I am bound to carry out that judgement!" & "But... don't you think the Alpha King would be mad at us? I heard he loves her very much". "I have no business with the Alpha King. This is a matter of witches; he shouldn't interfere". 3 "But... how do you even know this much about them, Sukie?" Remata asked. "You talk like you've been living with them". Sukie narrowed her eyes to the floor. "I travel a lot, Remata, more than you do. So, it shouldn't be difficult getting such news..." The conversations sounded faintly in Shilah's ears as she squirmed from side to side on the ground. She felt so hot like she was in a bad dream and finally, her eyes fluttered open. Kylie, who had been watching her face the whole, was the first to notice. "She's awake!" She grinned as she stood up from where she was seated and took some steps towards Shilah. Shilah – her head still feeling muzzy and heavy – was trying to comprehend what was going on. She could tell she was in a cave and with the heavy sounds from outside, it seemed to be raining. The witches were in front of her, seated like they were having a meeting while her hands and legs were tied. Then, she suddenly recalled what had happened a while ago. "Why am I here?" She questioned. "... I have done nothing wrong". Her heart skipped when the pretty lady crouched in front of her. Her red cloak was longer than the others and no doubt, she looked like their Superior. "I hope you enjoyed your nap? Because it would be the last one you'll have" Kylie stated detestfully and that very instance, Shilah felt that familiar rush down her veins – the one she had felt while leaving the Palace. She had to lower her head and grunt, not wanting the witches to notice; but of course, Kylie did. "What is wrong with you...daughter of Ayita?" Kylie cocked her head and the moment Shilah heard that name, she whipped her dazed eyes to look at her. What? What did she ... just say? •

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### Chapter 202

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Chapter 202 Her Identity

LORD RYDER'S CLUTCH

"I think Ryder is right!" Moises finally said, his voice loud and bold. It made everyone go silent as they all looked at him. "Why don't we think about in the

perspective he's coming from? Why should the Wolves be the ones to rule us for so long? Are they any better than us?"

"I guess I shouldn't be surprised you've joined his team. You two have always been so foolish!" Sobek groaned and tried attacking him but was restrained by Ramses. • "Please! Please! That's enough!" Osric chipped in. "We shouldn't be fighting ourselves! We are not enemies!" "And... I think I'm also in support of Ryder's theory" Ramses equally said, raising his arms in defense. "If we look properly, it'd also be nice having power on our side for sometime". Ryder was already having that victorious smirk on his face. "Really?" Sobek scoffed. "I can't believe everyone of you is falling for his tricks! To say I am disappointed is a big lie, gentlemen. I'm ashamed!" "There's nothing you can do about it, Sobek" Ryder freed himself from the restrains of Moises and Osric. "Majority carries the vote. I'm sure even Lord Otto from the sixth clutch would be in support. Join us, or get ready to be kicked out when we finally win". Sobek, in extreme anger, pushed Ramses who had been holding him. His eyes wrinkled with his face swollen and adjusting his dress, he stepped away. "You'll regret this – all of you" And with a huff, he walked away. 6

## IN THE CAVE

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Shilah felt her head spin when she heard that name – Daughter of Ayita? She held her breath, staring into Kylie's face and wondering what she meant. "You know", Kylie sighed. "I never imagined you to be this grown-up. I mean, since you went missing when you were a baby, I always thought I'd find you still as a baby" She paused and chuckled – grimly. "I know it sounds funny; but I'm just joking anyway". Shilah shook her head, trying to wave the confusion aside. "What are you... talking about?" She arched her brows, her words coming out faintly. "Oh! Looks like you have no idea. Kylie turned and glanced at her sisters. "Well, I thought so". "Please..." Shilah gulped. "... I think you have the wrong person. Whoever you're looking for, it's definitely not me. I'm only out here because I'm looking for my son. And that's what I want to achieve. So please, let me go". Her forehead was beginning to get sweaty due to how nervous she was. Sitting in front of witches was never something she had imagined. She looked at the rest of the witches who were seated and staring at her. "Shilah" Kylie called venomously. "Let me be the one to tell you your story". Kylie lifted her eyes to her as she stood up, her extra length cloak touching her legs. 1 "You were born out of an abomination" Kylie began, turning her back at her. "Your father was a VampLord and your mother, a witch. As a matter of fact, she was a very good friend to my mother". That very instance, Shilah was beginning to feel herself go dumb – for real. 2 Gently, Kylie turned to look at her, pleased with the perplexed look she had on her face. "Your father is Lord Achlys, and your mother – Ayita". Shilah caught her breath in a startled gasp, the vein in the middle of her forehead beginning to throb. "Your mother couldn't control her sexual desires and had to foolishly sleep with your father which got her pregnant. She actually told your father about it, but he shamefully denied her and kicked her out. And when the news of her forbidden act became known to the rest of the witches, my mother – who was the then Queen – sentenced her to death". "No..." Shilah shook her head, disbelieving tears building up in her eyes as the story sounded so familiar – it was the same story the King had narrated to her some months ago. a "It's... it's not true; it's not me" her voice cracked and Kylie chortled and crouched in

front of her. "I'd never cook up stories, Shilah; not for someone like you" she glared. "Your mother managed to escape from our dungeon and went into hiding where she gave birth to you. But eventually, she was found by my mother and guess what she did?" She paused and leaned closer. "Your treacherous mother killed mine" as she said the last line, her eyes sparkled with renewed malign. "She killed my mother because of you. I do not know where your mother is, Shilah; but I sincerely hope she's dead. And as for you, I'll be more than glad to carry out the death sentence on your head. Oh! Believe me, I want nothing more than to do it here, but I'll respect tradition and endure till we get to the Palace". "No" Shilah muttered faint-heartedly. "I... I do not believe you. It's not true". The tears she had promised never to shed again, came rolling effortlessly. She had no control over them; couldn't stop it. Kylie scoffed and walked away to where her bag was and she returned shortly with the map. "Look at this" she opened and showed it to Shilah. "The map locates new witches and this right here, is you. This is the cave we are in and this is you" She pointed to the light and next, yanked Shilah's hair aggressively. "Do you now believe me?" She gritted into her face. Shilah groaned and wanted to free her hair from Kylie but couldn't due to her hands that were tied and covered in gloves. "No...it can't be true" Shilah whimpered still, ignoring the pains that came from her hair. "I don't want to believe it, please. I am a wolf and not the daughter of a witch. I don't know what you're talking about. Please..." "Really? A Wolf that has never turned?" Kylie scoffed and stood up. "I don't care if you believe it or not, Shilah. The most important thing is carrying out that death sentence" She glowered at her and left, going to stand at the entrance of the cave. Shilah bent her head and wept profusely – unseen daggers piercing her heart; daggers that came from her emotions. She felt racking pains, the entire story being too heavy to be believed by her. She was Ayita's daughter? The daughter of the fallen witch? How was that possible? The same woman she had heard in a story was her mother? No; it couldn't be true. "Accept it, girl! You're an hybrid – A witch and a Vampire" The woman's words from the village came replaying in her head. "I know you don't want to accept the truth; but you've never belonged to the Mountain Lions, child. You have the blood of a Vampire and a Witch running through your veins." "No..." Shilah sobbed, the memories of the words hurting her. Was this what it all meant? Was this the reason she had been producing fire of recent? Was this the reason she communicated well with the Spirits and not the goddess? Was this it? Because she was the daughter of a VampLord and a fallen witch? She was the daughter of a man who rejected her existence? She was the daughter of a woman who probably died trying to protect her? From birth, she had already caused the death of her own mother? Then, how could anyone call her great? She was not greatness – she was a curse. She cried with so much pain in her heart; she cried for she was broken. Sukie watched her from where she sat – feelings so terrible. Why does she have to be the missing witch? From what Pishan had told her, it wouldn't go well with the King if he discovered she was killed. It might tear him apart even more. She stood up to go meet her, probably to console or talk with her – she hadn't even decided yet. She just wanted to go to her. Approaching her, she noticed how she cried, her head bent on her knees, and it equally hurt Sukie. "Shilah" She called softly, but got no reply. She turned and looked at Kylie who was still facing the cave, then turned back to Shilah. "Hey, can you hear me?" She squatted in front of her and touched her legs. "Don't touch me" Shilah whimpered painfully, her head still bent downwards. Sukie glanced at her hands which were still tied and gloved. The gloves were to ensure she didn't use her powers. "I'm not here to harm you, okay? I just want us to talk" She cooed and touched her shoulder and swiftly, Shilah lifted her head to look at her. "WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!" She yelled, making Sukie startled. Sukie wasn't startled because she yelled; she was startled as a result of the look in her eyes.

"Hah!" She flinched and stood up immediately, bewildered at the wrinkles and red glowing look in Shilah's eyes. • "What's happening to her?!" One of the witches shrieked as they could clearly see it. "Is she becoming a vampire?!" > The noise attracted Kylie from the cave who quickly turned to find what she didn't expect, That strange force became so strong in Shilah – she felt her palms getting so hot. "Arrrrrghhhhhh!!!" She lifted her head and screamed when uncontrolled fire burnt through her gloves and went out from her palms. 2 "STOP HER!!!" Kylie yelled distraughtly as the rest of the witches got into confusion.

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Chapter 203 Bounty Hunters

The fire was different and uncontrolled, it spread carelessly from Shilah's palms to the air, making some of the witches take cover. But Kylie and a few others stood by to fight her off. @ Using their own powers, they tried to block off and seize Shilah's fire, but it was totally impossible and wasn't working. And Shilah was still seated on the ground, confused at what was happening to her palms. "It's not working?! What do we do??" Remata inquired, worriedly. "Then, we burn her too!!" Kylie yelled and angrily released fire from her both palms; but the moment it got to Shilah, it reverted and came back to her, hitting her heavily on the chest. \$ "Arghhhhh!!!" She screamed as she bounced hard on the floor, making the rest of the sisters run to her for support. Shilah stood up in confusion and feeling so scared of herself. The fire wouldn't stop – they just kept coming out carelessly as much as her hands were opened. It hit right at the walls of the cave, burnt some bags and nearly burnt the dresses of some of the witches. Kylie groaned on the ground, her back aching from the painful fall. She reverted her eyes and flinched when she found her bag burning. "NOOOO!!!" She screamed aggressively, forced herself up and ran to it. & "No! No! The Map!!!" She cried out as the fire from the bag burnt blue. Shilah, seeing all the confusion she was creating and realizing she had enough time to save herself, started running out of the cave. The rest of the witches were confused – contemplating if they were to go after her, or go to Kylie who was going insane from the burning map. But somehow, trying to stop Shilah would've been impossible as the fire still came from her palms. 3 So, Shilah ran out of the cave without being stopped; she ran out of the cave still emitting fire. "Please! Please! Don't go!" Kylie wavered as she struggled to put out the blue fire, and when she finally did, she discovered the map was destroyed. "NO!!!" She lifted her head and cried out, holding the burnt remains of the map to her chest. "NO! IT'S GONE! IT'S GONE!!" "Supreme Sister" Sukie called tenderly and placed a hand on her shoulder. "NO! I want that lady dead! I want her dead!!" With tears in her eyes, she stood up and turned to where she thought Shilah would be. But, when she couldn't find her there, she figured she must've escaped. Her eyes turned darker. "We're going after her!!!" She roared and ran out of the cave with the rest of the sisters. But getting outside to where their horses were tied, she discovered all their legs has been burnt and crippled. "What?? She burnt their legs?" One of the sisters asked, benumbed. "And one of them is missing. She must've taken that with her" Another noted. "Oh, no. There's no way we can catch up with her on foot while she's on a horse. It's impossible". "So... does it mean we've lost her?" Kylie stood there, apoplectic with rage as the drizzling of the rain fell on her. The anger and

hate she had previously felt, multiplied and all she could think of at that moment was having Shilah killed. Killing her and nothing else. She fisted her hands as she held the remains of the destroyed map; and that alone pierced her heart.

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Shilah's tears got mixed with the rain as she rode as fastly as she could on the horse, her palms fisted. She had to fist them 'cause that was the only way to control the fire. She had to fist them 'cause she was tired of being destructive. She didn't stop riding, not until she was sure she had gotten far enough, and finally, she pulled to a halt and bursted into more tears there in the rain. She wept like her life was about to come to an end; she wept like she had lost everything good in the world. How did she become this way? Few weeks ago, she was a Powerless wolf who was married to the Alpha King and about birthing a son for him; But now, she was an hybrid who was emitting uncontrolled fire from her palms. How and why did it come to this? How did she become the daughter of Ayita and Achlys? How did she become what she was? She lifted her head to the rainy clouds and stared into it – wishing she could get answers. But, all she got were rain drops falling into her eyes. She lowered her head and sniffed; and gathering up enough strength, she continued riding.

## DAEKRAHM VILLAGE

Ora crooned a lullaby as she tried feeding some milk to the baby crying, but it was difficult since the baby wouldn't take any. She massaged his back, played with his hair and did everything she could to stop the cries, but none was working. 3 "What's the problem, sweetheart? What do you want me to do for you?" She cooed worriedly as she tried spilling some water on his head "I think I know what the problem is" she paused when she heard a familiar voice scoff from behind. Cocking her head, she found Zinnia by the door "Zinnia? What are you..." "Please mother, stop pretending like it hasn't occurred to you why the baby has been crying non-stop for three days" she left the door, taking some steps closer to Ora. "You know it – that child needs his mother". Ora sighed and returned her gaze to the child. "Go and find something to do, Zinnia". "Why? Because all of a sudden, I'm saying the truth? How would you feel if this was happening to your child?" "Will you just keep shut? Why would my child go missing in the first place? I believe whatever reason this child went missing was because the Guardians wanted me to find him". "The Guardians? Will you just stop defending yourself with that? The Guardians wouldn't let another woman carry a child for nine months, go through the pains of delivering him, only to make him go missing just so you could find him. The Guardians are not as selfish as you are". "Watch your tongue, Zinnia!" Ora stood up with the baby, her eyes glinting with anger as she faced her step – daughter. "What do you think you know? You're just thirteen. So, don't stand there and give me motherly advice. Now, go out and find something to do". Instantly, Raviv walked in and finding the two females in that state, he figured something was wrong. "Hey; what's going on?" He asked with his palms apart, but the two females didn't look at him as they kept their gazes on each other. "It's not anybody's fault that you're barren" Zinnia uttered, looking directly into her eyes. "You didn't feel the pains this child's mother felt; and while you're here, petting him, she's probably out there crying day and night. You have no right to claim a child you didn't conceive" Unexpectedly, Ora slapped her – hard. "How dare you?" She gruffed, her eyes getting filled with so much rage. "Ora! Zinnia! Will both of you stop it?!" Raviv flinched and held Ora while Zinnia touched her hurting cheek. "Hey, Zinnia; Go outside. Now!" He ordered, but Zinnia didn't leave immediately. "I hope someday", She said to Ora's face. "you

get to lose something important and believe the Guardians wanted it to happen. Stepmother”, and with that said, she walked away. “I can’t believe that daughter of yours. How dare she talk to me like that?” Ora gritted, trying so hard to fight back her tears. “Ora...”

“You better talk to her, Raviv. Talk to her not to do anything stupid else, I’ll forget the fact that I call her my daughter”. Bitterly, she returned to her seat while Raviv shook his head and walked out. \*\*\*\*\*

Shilah walked into the market with her horse – her hands still fisted even as she held onto the horse’s reins. The rain had made the ground wet and muddy, but none of that was a concern to Shilah as she walked coldly with her head. Her heart was shattered; her legs nearly too heavy to carry her. At that moment, all she wanted to do was find a place to lock herself up and sleep all day. She wanted to have a deep sleep so by the time she wakes up, she’d be in the King’s bed and realize everything had been a nightmare. With heavy eyes, she found what she wanted and stopped in front of the woman’s table. “Hello, dear. What do you want?” The advanced woman asked – dressed in a heavy coat and rubbing her palms against each others. “Gloves” Came Shilah’s mumbled reply. She had her gaze to the floor and acted so weak. “Oh... You must be so cold, right? It’s no wonder – the rain was quite heavy” the woman chuckled and quickly, reached for the best she had. “It’s just two coins”. “I don’t have money” Shilah stated blankly. “I lost everything a while ago”. “What?” The woman cringed. “Uh... Well, I’m sorry; but it’s for sale”. “Please...” Finally, Shilah lifted her dazed eyes to look at her. “I wouldn’t be here if it wasn’t important. Help me with it, and someday, you’ll be rewarded”. The woman looked down, confused. “Fine; you can have it”. She sighed and gently, wore them on Shilah’s hands. “Just take care of yourself, okay? You don’t look too well”. “Thank you” She muttered feebly and began walking away. She stared at her hands which were fisted in the gloves and stretched them. Thankfully, it didn’t bring out any fire. She suddenly stopped walking and returned to the woman who had been staring at her the whole time. “Uh...do you need something else?” She asked, leaning forward. And in that unusually calm tone of hers, Shilah reverted: “Yes. Do you know someone that can buy my horse?”

## IN THE CAVE

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Kylie and eight of the sisters sat in the cave as they awaited the two sisters that had left to find some help – a means of getting some horses.

The eight sisters kept talking amongst themselves – still awed and perplexed at what had happened a while ago. They had never seen a thing like it – they said – and wouldn’t stop talking about. “I still cannot believe our powers couldn’t penetrate her” One of the witches – Corinne – said in amusement. “Same here. We were like ... five or what? Yet, we couldn’t even seize it” Another commented. “That lady is indeed, very powerful. She disobeyed us by running away and I can’t wait for us to find her again”. The whole time, Kylie was quiet and just stared into space. But, when they started making emphases on how powerful Shilah was, she couldn’t take it anymore. 9 “SILENCE!” She roared, making their lips go shut. Her eyes which had gotten red from anger, stared onto blank space. “You all failed me” she growled. “We should have all been together to fight her, but some of

you hid like fools!" She stood up irately, turning her back to the Sisters who were already bowing their heads in shame. "Eleven witches" She hissed. "Eleven witches, yet we couldn't fight one enemy. How do we go back and tell our people that just one witch escaped from eleven of us and even burnt our magical map to ashes?!" . Fiercely, she turned to glower at them. "That map has been in existence for centuries; but today, the daughter of that fallen witch DESTROYED IT! That, on it's own, is an offense punishable by death!" She sighed heavily and turned away again, giving them her back. "I will not rest until I've found that lady. With the map destroyed, we cannot track her anymore and it would take months to create a new one – or years! "We must find that lady. Corinne" She cocked her head and called. "Supreme Sister!" The lady stood up swiftly and ran to her. 3 "You have a photogenic memory. You still remember her face, right? Can you draw it?" "Y... Yes, Supreme Sister I think I can" she bowed. "Stop thinking, Corinne; be sure!" "Yes. I'm... I'm sure".

"Good. Now, I need you to draw a picture of her. Make sure it looks exactly like her, Corinne. You wouldn't want me to vent my anger on you". "Uhm..." Sukie stood up. "What do you want to do with her picture?" And with a smirk, Kylie responded: "I'm trying to get help, Sukie, in looking for her. As soon as Corrine is done with the picture, we'll duplicate it, as much as we can and send them flying to every part of the world. Our aim is to attract bounty hunters and make them help us with the search. We'd place a very appetizing prize for whoever finds and brings her to me alive. Such a person would be rewarded beyond imagination".

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#### Chapter 204 King Dakota and The Queen Of Witches

FIVE DAYS LATER A For the second time, the pot – belly man knocked on the door. With an unnoticed beer stain on his moustache, he stood grumpily and wondered why the young lady was not opening up. Or was she thinking the knock was coming from another door since there were about six rooms on the row. . He knocked again, this time around, harder and finally, the door was opened. "At last. Were you asleep?" He asked gruffly, trying not to get distracted by her beautifully tired face. Dressed in a black toe-length dress, Shilah held the door opened as she stared at the hotel manager, wondering why he was pestering her rest. "Is something wrong?" She asked, her voice coming out frosty. "Uhm..." The guilty-looking man lowered his head. "Actually, I'd say yes. I'm... I'm really sorry, young lady, but I think you need to leave". a Her brows furrowed. "I don't understand. I paid for a week". The man reached for his pockets and pulled out some coins. "This is the balance for the remaining days. I'm truly sorry, but you really need to leave. Please". & Hesitantly, Shilah collected the coins. "What is going on?" She looked at him and asked, gently. "I...I can't explain, okay? But, you need to leave. I wouldn't want my hotel getting stained with blood. Please... I know you're a good person, and that's the reason I'm trying not to fall for the temptation as well. So, just leave already". And with that said, the plump man bent his head and left. Shilah continued watching him as he walked away until his back couldn't be seen anymore. She sighed and returned to the room. Taking a deep breath, she looked around the place she had called a home for the past five

days; the place she had stayed indoors, just sleeping and grieving. She had locked herself and didn't go out for anything. The whole time, she'd lay on the floor, recollecting every bitter truth she had discovered about her mother. She was beginning to accept them – her parents being Lord Achlys and Ayita; but she was accepting them as a curse. Of course, she was a curse. Her formation ruined her mother's life; it got her mother killed and made even her death an eternal enemy to the witches. Even in death, her mother was still called names. Of course, she was a curse. For the past five days, she had soaked herself in thoughts, thinking of all she had been through and what her future would look like. Would she continue being with the King? The Wolves and Witches were forbidden from being together, yet, she already had a son for the Alpha King. Where would she go from there? Was she to return to the King? But, how would she return without their son? And how would she go to the Mountain Lions, knowing fully well she's not one of them? What if the truth spreads and they get to know she's a witch? What if it makes the King dislike him? Or was she to go to the witches? Of course, that was totally impossible as they would only kill her. Or ..was she to go the Vampires? But, would they accept her knowing she was also a witch who was meant to be their enemy? She was an enemy to her own people. Why did her life have to be so confusing and complicated? Now, those were the things Shilah thought about for the past five days; the confusing thoughts. Standing there in the room, she looked at the gloves that had been her hands' protectors for the past five days. Thankfully, they had been able to prevent her from releasing more fire. She had tried taking them off the previous day, but it emitted fire that nearly burnt down the curtains. Good thing she was quick enough to fix it back and put out the fire. Thus, she concluded her hands were meant to be gloved for as long as possible. Heeding to the manager's words, she went into the bathroom for a quick bath, dressed up and packed up the tiny bag she had, ready to leave. Tho, she could sense something was wrong for the Manager to ask her to leave, but she didn't want to stay to find out what it was. So, she left.

She took slothful steps down the hall, her backpack behind her. And finally getting to the reception which was more like a tavern, she mumbled uncomfortably at the men she found on different tables, drinking. All eyes turned on her the moment she stepped

She walked to the manager at his desk and dropped the key, and only giving him a warm stare, she headed for the door. As she did, she could hear the men behind her whispering amongst themselves and somehow, she could feel it was about her. She felt insecure. But, she ignored them and walked out the door.

Her hair moved in the cold breeze as she walked down the lonely path, having so many thoughts in her head. She had barely gone far when she noticed she was being followed. "Hello, pretty lady" Her thoughts were confirmed when she heard the croaky voice and turning swiftly, she found four men in front of her – four rough looking men from the tavern. First of all, the manager's words came flashing into her head; secondly, she wondered what he had meant. "Do you want some company?" One of them asked, taking some steps closer to her. "Stay away from me; I don't want any trouble" She lowered her gaze and mumbled. "We're sorry, lady, but we can't do that. You need to come with us". Shilah decided to ignore them and continue walking away, but in a few seconds, she felt a hand pull her back. "Do you think we're joking?" One of them asked grumpily as he pushed her to the ground, making her grunt. "You are coming with us – willingly, or forcefully". Laying on the ground, she glanced at her gloves and imagined what would happen what would happen if she took them off. But, she didn't want to

lose control again. "Don't make me do what I hate. Just let me go" she stated lowly while the men sniggered. 9 "Really? Why don't you show us what you have, then?" Another scoffed and pulled out a knife. The three others did same, giving Shilah a fright. What if they she up using the knife on her? She couldn't fight them off physically, and she didn't want to use her uncontrolled powers yet. Just then, the closest man in front of her groaned and fell on his knees, and looking quickly, Shilah discovered he had been shot by an arrow. What? Another one flew from nowhere and hit the leg of the second one, then the third and the fourth on his arm. Shilah was flabbergasted and wondered what was going on. "Come on, Shilah! Hurry!" She suddenly heard a familiar voice, and whipping her head to the direction, she found Nosheba standing behind a tree with a bow and arrow.

King Dakota was losing his patience as he sat in the hall, staring at the empty seat across the table before him which was meant to have been occupied already. a Pishan and Draco were standing behind him. Tho, he had wanted to get Raksha to come along, but he claimed he was sick. The hall was quiet but breezy and only occupied with the short table and chairs, ready for the meeting. King Dakota was indeed, losing his patience. It's been so long already yet, the witches weren't there yet. Two days ago, he had been in his chambers when Pishan and showed him a picture of Shilah being hunted. She was being hunted by the witches who had places a bounty on her head. It was confusing and troubling for him. Thus, he had to ride all the way to hold a meeting with their Queen and know what was happening. He felt angry that the witches had the nerves to hunt his woman, and he equally felt curious to know why. Finally, he heard the door whack open and turned to the entrance to see five witches walking in – with Kylie in front. He took in a deep breath, feeling his anger build up as they approached him. Sukie was trying as much as possible to avoid Pishan's gaze as she followed Kylie behind. 2 "I am not jobless, Kylie. You kept me waiting" Dakota gruffed as she took the seat in front of him, her red cloak touching the floor. "I apologize for that, King Dakota; but you need to understand that I have really important things to do". She replied. 3 For the next few seconds, the hall was silent with just the both of them staring into each other's faces. Then, the King stretched out his hand to Pishan who placed the picture on it. "Explain this, Kylie" he thwacked the picture on the table. "I need an answer". Kylie gave it sometime before gently reaching for the picture and looking into it. "This is not so difficult to understand, is it, King Dakota?" Her grim eyes looked at him. "It simply means we're looking for the lady in the picture. Her name is Shilah". a "Don't play games with me, Kylie! You know she's my wife. What do you want with her?" He snapped, but Kylie said nothing. 2 "I thought we were over this?" He leaned forward and continued. "Ten months ago, you swore you didn't have a hand in the poisoned arrow; but today, you're hunting my wife. Are you forgetting the law? Why are you interfering?" "With all due respect, King Dakota, you and your people are the ones interfering in our business" She rose her brows at him, and when she caught the puzzled look on his face, she smirked. "I know this might not sound good to your ears, Dear King, but the lady you call your wife, never belonged to you" She broke the shell, but the King's expression was blank. "Your dear wife is in no way related to your people. She is a hybrid – the famous daughter of Lord Achlys and the fallen Witch, Ayita".

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### Chapter 205

King Dakota's expression remained blank as everything Kylie said in front of him sounded false. Shilah was the daughter of Lord Achlys and Ayita? How possible? He stayed silent, not saying a word; stayed silent just staring at her. 3 "You don't believe me, do you?" Kylie scoffed. "I wouldn't put in so much energy looking for one lady for fun, King Dakota". 6 "And do I look dumb to you?" Dakota snapped. "How do you expect me to believe every nonsense you just spilled? Shilah is my wife and a Wolf as far as I'm concerned". "She is an abomination!" Kylie slammed her hand on the table. "That lady should've been killed twenty-three years ago. And as long as I am the Queen, I am bound to carry out that judgement" "I dare you to touch a strand of hair on her head" Dakota leaned closer and gritted. "The only reason she's out there is because she's looking for our son and I'd very much want her to return in one piece. But if I hear you did anything stupid, trust me – it'd be war between me and you. For now, she's a wolf and as such, you have no right to touch her". • "Your threats are empty, Dear King. It's none of my business whether you believe it or not. Shilah is an abomination and will be killed the moment we lay our hands on her. Why do you think she has never turned, not even on the heaviest full moon? Why do you think she believed more in the Spirits than the goddess? Why do you think she knows how to read and write despite coming from a poor background? And why do you think it rained heavily on the night she had given birth to your tribrid son?" Her words hit Dakota so hard – it made him freeze. "Open your eyes to the truth, King Dakota. She is not a wolf. Now, I'd warn you for the last time – stay away from our business". Pulling her chair backwards, she stood up and began walking away. "Don't touch her, Kylie" She halted when she heard the King's voice. "Don't touch her". And with a smirk, she turned to look at him: "let's wait till we find her, then" she huffed and continued on her way. & Finally, Sukie shot Pishan a stare as she followed behind Kylie. He had also been looking at her hence, their eyes got interlocked for a second. It made their hearts skip; made them realize they had so much to say to each other. Badly, Pishan wanted to run to her and pull her in a hug, he wanted to feel the warmth of her body against his skin and take her lips into his; but the circumstances were preventing him. So, helplessly, he watched her leave. 1 For a long time after they left, King Dakota was still in shock as Kylie's words kept replaying in his head. Shilah was an hybrid? How possible? His mind reflected at the Seer's words few days about his son: "He is a tribrid – the very first of it's kind." "He possesses the powers of the three species – Wolf, Vampire, and Wizard". He shook his head and scoffed. Now, it was all making sense. So, Shilah was truly an hybrid? But, why? Why did it have to be her of all people? He stood up with his hands clenched. "Alpha, what do we do?" Pishan asked, concerned. "We need to find Shilah before they do" Replied the King. "I'm putting you in charge of the job, Pishan. Duplicate enough pictures of her and make it go viral. Make it known that whoever finds her first and brings her to me alive would be rewarded with anything he asks for. We need to beat the witches to their game".

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## IN THE VILLAGE

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Nosheba? Shilah thought wearily. Was she beginning to imagine things or that was really Nosheba standing in front of her – heavily pregnant? “Come on, Shilah! They’d be up at any moment. We need to go now!” Nosheba urged and taking a look at the men, Shilah noticed one of them was already trying to pull out his arrow. So, without further hesitation, she stood up, running to Nosheba, and together, they both ran out of the scene.

Shilah ran for sometime and stopped when Nosheba stopped in front of a horse. Her hand on her heavy tummy, she panted deeply. “What are you doing here, Nosheba?” Shilah suddenly snapped, shooting a glare at her. She would confess the pregnant Nosheba wasn’t looking too good. Although, she hadn’t seen that face for over seven months, she could tell a lot had changed about her. The pompous Queen that was always walking with her shoulders high and a blush on her face was finally looking like a farmer’s wife. Her cheeks that were always full had become thin; her eyes that were always sparkling were dwindling and her look in general seemed really pathetic. No one would actually believe she was once the wife of the Alpha King. “I... I came to get some herbs, Shilah. I was picking some nearby when I saw you and the men and decided to help” She said in deep breaths as she ran her fingers through her dirty hair. “And... you were able to effortlessly take down those men?” Shilah asked with jaundiced eyes. She maintained a reasonable distance away from her. “Of course, Shilah. Are you forgetting we used to go hunting with the King?” She smiled and shrugged. Shilah’s eyes winked as her mind boggled around it. Staring at Nosheba, all she felt was bitterness especially as she recalled her last incidence with her. ‘She had also wanted my son dead’ she thought spitefully and started walking away. . “H... Hold on; where are you going, Shilah?” Nosheba asked from behind. “And why should that be any of your business?” Shilah snapped to look at her. “Maybe I should say thank you for your help, but I need to go now”. “It won’t be easy for you on foot. Do you know who those men were? They’re bounty hunters, Shilah, and there are a lot of them out there, hunting for you”. Her words creased Shilah’s brows. “What are you talking about?” She scoffed, her tensed expression explaining how confused she was. “I can’t believe you’re not aware of it” Nosheba shook her head and reaching for the bag on her horse, she pulled out one of the pictures and handed it to Shilah. Shilah’s heart gave a mighty leap on seeing the bounty on her head. What? She was being hunted? “For four days now, the witches have been looking for you” Nosheba enthused. “Of course, I am overly curious as to what their reasons are, but then, I guess I have no right to ask. I just want to help, Shilah. We can ride on my horse”. “So you can take me directly to them and get the bounty yourself?” Shilah lifted her gaze from the picture. “Are you being serious, Shilah? I am a wolf; it’s forbidden to have anything to do with the witches” “Yes – a Wolf that was banished”. “I was only banished from the Wind Walker Mountain; not the entire seven”. “And why would you want to help the same lady you wanted dead?” The question struck hard at Nosheba, making her freeze. She had to lower her eyes to the floor and take in several deep breaths. “That very lady... died the day she was banished, and the lady you’re seeing in front of you, Shilah has been seeking redemption for the past seven months” she stated penitently and climbed onto the horse. 2 “I just want to help; that’s all” She added wistfully, receiving the irresolute stares Shilah threw at her. And after what seemed like forever, Shilah joined her behind. .

# Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

## Chapter 206

/ Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene  
Chapter 206 Embracing The Truth

WIND WALKER MOUNTAIN

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Dyani kept watching her back as she walked down the lonely path leading to the cliff. For over three years of getting married to the King, that was actually the first time she felt she was doing something wrong – something guilty. She had dressed as simple as possible and continued looking around to be sure she wasn't being watched or followed. And finally, she got to the cliff. "Where is he?" She mumbled in a mutter, taking her eyes around. She didn't have the patience to stand there for up to a minute with the rate at which her heart was thumping heavily. Besides, she wasn't so sure she'd find him there anyway since it was five days ago they were meant to meet. She scoured her eyes angrily, and just when she was about giving up, she heard his voice: "I knew you would come". The voice had come from above and darting her eyes to that direction, she found him relaxed on the tree in front of her. Oh .. He was eating an apple and with a smile, he jumped down. "Hello, Dyani" He beamed. "So, you were up there the whole time and just watched me looking for you?" She asked with a scold. "And you were supposed to be here five days ago, Dyani. I actually knew you'd come, and that's the reason I didn't stop coming to wait for you". His words made her go mousy as she lowered her eyes to the floor. "I...I can't stay here for long, Griffin. What did you want to discuss with me?" "I had no plans of keeping you here, actually. Come on" tilting his head, he began walking away and Dyani followed.

Walking behind him, Dyani kept observing how better he looked – better than the last time she had known him years ago. Unlike her who had gotten touched by motherhood, Griffin was still looking so young and fresh; and of course, handsome. Staring at him brought back so many memories – memories she didn't want to keep. • Shortly, they arrived at a little house which Griffin opened and went in while Dyani followed. Getting in, she noticed it was well arranged and beautiful. Well, Griffin had always been a man of taste. "You live here?" She asked as she danced her eyes around while standing still. "Yes. Please, take a seat" Griffin pulled out a seat in front of the table and she took it. "So. What can I get you?" "What are you doing here, Griffin?" She asked instead. "I... I thought you traveled? How come you're here?" "You're right. I traveled right after you had gotten married to the Alpha King. You know it wasn't easy on me; I... just needed to clear my head and make more money". Dyani stared down at the table bashfully. "So, why didn't you just return to the Fire Wing Mountain? Why are you here of all places? Worst, you even have a house?" "I just came in here less than two weeks ago. And I wouldn't deny it – I really wanted to see you 'cause I.. missed you" . "Griffin!" She quickly looked at him and gasped. "Please, you can't be saying that to me. I'm actually here because I respect you and still want to know why you're really here". "Seriously, Dyani? Stop acting like I'm meant to be heartless. We both, we shared something big together! We were childhood friends and grew up to be lovers! We had dreams, Dyani. Have you forgotten all

the nights we'd lie on the field, gazing at the stars and thinking of how beautiful our children would be? Have you forgotten the names we picked for all of them? Cara was among, and that was what you named your daughter with the Alpha King!" Dyani had lowered her gaze to the table again, her heart thumping very fast. "I loved you dearly, Dyani. I couldn't see myself being with anyone else but you. We both – we were just perfect together; but not until the Alpha King set his eyes on you and told your father he wanted to marry you. He married you away from me, yet he doesn't treat you the way you deserve!" ~ "How can you say that, Griffin?" She snapped, but her tone was weak. "The... The Alpha King has been very nice to me. He's a good father to my daughter". "Really? Do not fool me, Dyani. Badnews travels faster". Silence dropped next – one that nearly stretched for close to a minute. "I'm sorry Griffin. I...I know you did love me, but things do not always go as we plan. I am a married woman now and would really want it to remain that way". "I have no plans of ruining it, either" Griffin sighed. "I just want us to be friends, Dyani. At least, we were from before we became lovers. And... since we can't be lovers anymore, at least we should be friends. I'm not asking for too much, am I? Or . have you decided to make me your enemy because you're married to the Alpha King?" Dyani said nothing. "All I want is to be friends" He continued. "You visit me, we have lunch and probably take some walks at times. You should be okay with that. Right?" @ "I'm sorry, but ... I don't think I can do that, Griffin" She shook her head. "I know your intentions may be pure but someone else might have the wrong interpretation if they see us together and I wouldn't want that to happen. The Alpha King may not be really nice to me, but I am his wife and should be faithful to him. So, I'm sorry, but this would be the last time we'd see each other" She drew her chair backwards and stood up. 4 "And just so you know, I do value the memories we shared and I sincerely wish you find someone better. Goodbye, Griffin" And with that said, she walked out of the house while Griffin watched feebly. \$ \*\*\*\*\*

## IN THE WOODS

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Shilah and Nosheba didn't stop riding until it was nightfall. They had to tie the horse and camp for the night. Seated in front of the burning woods, Shilah felt her eyes glistening and her throat burning with so much hunger. Nosheba had given her something to eat, so she couldn't understand why she was still feeling that way. It was actually a different kind of hunger – a craving she couldn't understand and it got worst each time she looked at Nosheba. Thus, she had to sit in such a way she couldn't see her face. She stared into the burning flames, imagining everything she had been through and what her future would prolly look like. Who would have thought that the same powerless Shilah that was always being bullied was actually like an hybrid? Who would've thought she'd become so used in travelling and camping in the woods? How much a lot can change... "What are you going to Azalea to do?" Nosheba suddenly asked, snapping into her thoughts. Shilah had actually told her her destination was Azalea village after asking her to give her a ride there and of course, Nosheba agreed. "Personal reasons" she muttered. "I see. I'm sorry about your son, Shilah. But, I believe he'll be found soon" Nosheba added, making Shilah throw a backward glance at her "What changed you, Nosheba?" Shilah asked after a while. "What happened to the evil in you?" The question struck hard at Nosheba, but she smiled as she caressed her tummy. "A lot of things" She shrugged. "After I got banished, I struggled to survive on my own. One day, I tried stealing from some travelers, but I got caught and discovered they were hunters. They

captured me and took me to their camp where I got locked up beside a certain woman. This woman...she was so nice to me and told me stories of herself. She made me understand I could be something bigger and better. "The Hunters had wanted to sell me out, but on the way, a young wolf saved me. He fought off the Hunters, but by the time he was done, he already had a poisonous arrow to his chest. He died because of me and that very instance, I realized how foolish and selfish I had been. This life I'm living, Shilah, is a second chance and I intend to use it properly. My previous life took my fame, title and children away from me; but this new life" She paused and touched her big tummy with a warm smile. "I plan on making it a great one. Although, it has not really been easy on me. I get to pick herbs and sell to herbal. Sometimes, I do house jobs for people and get paid in return". Shilah glanced at her again, feeling that intense hunger that made her look away. 1 "Who is the father of your child?" She asked without looking at her. "Doesn't it bother you? In a week or so, you should be giving birth to a child that would grow up without a father?" Nosheba's eyes fluttered as the question made her a little nervous. "The father of this child isn't important anymore, Shilah. I made a mistake, but I'm willing to embrace it now". Silence dropped next. "I think I'm feeling sleepy already. Goodnight". Nosheba murmured, but Shilah said nothing and only listened to the rustling sound of leaves

NEXT DAY

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Shilah and Nosheba rode for hours until finally, they got to Azalea village where Shilah got off the horse. "Are you sure you want to stop here, Shilah? I could take you further" Nosheba proposed, seated comfortably on the horse. "No; I'm fine here" Shilah objected. "Thank you for your help so far". Adjusting her bag, she began walking away. "Shilah!" she stopped when she heard her name and turned to face Nosheba. "Thank you for trusting me", Nosheba had a light smile on her face as she made the statement. But Shilah, having too many thoughts running through her mind didn't even know what a smile on her lips felt like anymore. So, she simply nodded and continued on her way. 2

She walked all the way to the same house she never thought she'd be returning to in such short while; to the same house the mother in her didn't want to be. 2 Unwanted tears built up in her eyes and as she approached the door, the elderly woman stepped out. She had her walking stick, of course, and gave a cranky look at Shilah as she got closer. Shortly,, they stood in front of each other with silence speaking first. "I'm ready" Shilah finally said. "I'm ready to learn the truth, become stronger and do what the Spirits wants of me". The old woman's lips stretched in a smile as she muttered: "I knew you'd be back".

## Alpha' s Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

### Chapter 207

[/ Alpha' s Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene](#)  
Chapter 207 Shilah and Bastet

Shilah sat quietly at the dining as she overheard the heated conversation which was loud enough to be heard. "Didn't you say she was the Alpha King's wife? So, what is she doing here?" Shilah overheard Bastet's daughter ask. → "And what problem do you have with she being the Alpha King's wife, Jael? I don't understand" The old woman replied. \* They had both been in the second room and had been arguing for sometime. Now, Shilah knew the second room was quite far from where she was seated, thus, it made her more curious as to why she could clearly hear their conversations from such distance. It was strange. "I do not want it, mother; I do not want her here! You always do things without even consulting me!" She heard the lady snap. "And how do you expect me to consult you when you're always locked up in your room? For years, you've been acting like a prisoner in toy is house, Jael!" "That ... That is not the point here. My point is, I do not want that lady around me! I do not want to have anything to do with the Alpha King!!" 5 "Why?! What connection do you have with him? Why would you hate the King so much?" 3 "Stop asking me questions, Mother, and just send her away! Do it now!" "That is not happening. She is here to stay for a couple of weeks and of you know that would be uncomfortable for you, I'd advise you find somewhere else to stay for the meantime". 2 Next thing Shilah heard were footsteps and shortly, Bastet showed up, holding her walking aid. Then, Shilah heard the whimpers of her daughter. But „why would she hate the King that much? Bastet faked a smile as she approached Shilah. "Hope I didn't keep you waiting, dear?" "Your daughter doesn't like me" Shilah said instead, making Bastet halt. Her brows crinkled in confusion as she glanced back at the room, then smiled genuinely as she looked at Shilah. "I see. Your vampire powers are awakening" she chuckled, making Shilah's brows the next to go crinkled. Her powers were already awakening? Goodness! It still felt like a dream to her. "I guess you must be hungry, then. Do not worry, I'll be getting some fresh blood supply soon enough". \*Blood!\* Shilah's eyes dilated the moment she heard the name from Bastet. She felt herself salivating and her nostrils picking the scent. That was exactly what her hunger had been all about; the same hunger she felt with Nosheba, the same one she had been feeling even at the dining. She hadn't been hungry for food, but blood! "Come with me, dear" Bastet started towards the door, while Shilah followed. With Shilah behind, they both walked in the open compound "Your daughter not liking me, wouldn't it be a problem?" Shilah asked, wondering where the woman was taking her. "Please, do not mind Jael. I honestly don't know what has come over her. Ten years ago, she took a journey to see her relatives, but when she returned, she became a totally different person" Bastet explained with an echo of bitterness in her voice. "Different in what way?" Shilah inquired. "Well... she just changed – started being indoors everyday, hardly talks to me, hardly eats. She almost became like a stranger to me and each time I looked at her, I miss the daughter she used to be".

Shilah was overwhelmed. "Her dislike for the Alpha King, do you think it has anything to do with it?" "I don't even know; I really don't know. For years, I've tried to get to her, to know what happened, but she wouldn't open up to me and I'm just so tired already, Shilah. Even the Spirits wouldn't reveal what happened to me. But .. it's fine; I'm getting used to

it already. Perhaps, someday, the truth would be revealed"

They finally got to a small hut which was built separately from the main house. "What is this place?" Shilah asked as she stared keenly at it. "It's where I commune with the Spirits. Come on" Cocking her head, Bastet walked in and of course, Shilah followed. She was welcomed by an unexpected sight the moment

she walked into the hut. It was dark and had the potted images of some of the Spirits, including some ancient beads and cowries. The moment she stepped in, she could feel a strange and heavy aura around, making the room seem too sanctuated. Bastet walked over and lit some candles, giving the room a little brightness. "Take off your gloves, Shilah" She instructed. "Why? If...if I do, I'd...". "You should start having control over your powers, dear. You own them, they don't own you" Bastet interrupted her, and meekly, she looked down at her gloved hands. "How do I do it?" She muttered. "I don't want to end up burning down the entire place". > "You won't. Just .." Bastet sighed and moved closer to her. "Just think of one reason you wouldn't want to use your powers yet. Who would be in front of you right now that you wouldn't want to hurt? Just imagine that person standing right in front of you while you take off those gloves. You own your powers, they don't own you. You should be able to decide when and who not to use them on". a Her words were like whispers to Shilah's ears; they dived right through into the depth of her soul and triggered her. Her eyes glistened with tears as she thought of her son. She recalled the relief she had felt when he popped out of her; and the unexplainable joy she had felt when she held him in her arms. His cries had been like music to her ears and his innocent face a view she would want to have for as long as possible. Of course, she would never want to hurt him. Thinking about it with a rueful stretch on her lips, she took off the gloves and instantly felt the rush of power pulling through her, but as the face of her son replayed in her head, the rush seized.

She waited for ten seconds before chuckling and turning to Bastet. "I.... I did it I did it!" She laughed with her eyes glistening with tears – tears that didn't spill. "Good. Next, we'd be learning when and how to use it. But for now, let's work on the truth". With a slight struggle, she dropped her stick and sat down on the floor. "Sit beside me, Shilah" She instructed, and after a little reluctance, Shilah did. "What are we doing?" She inquired curiously. "I want to give you access to my thoughts; access to see everything the Spirits wants you to see. Yours a witch, but I am a seer. So, I need to be the vessel between you and the Spirits".

Shilah's eyes dimmed. "You.... you think I can do that?" @

And with a smirk: "You really have no idea what you can do, Shilah" she replied. Shilah's heart fluttered as she stared down at the floor. Was she truly ready for all these? "Close your eyes" Bastet instructed. "Place your hand on my shoulder and let the current flow". . Shilah did just that. Bastet, on the other hand, equally closed her eyes and muttering some words, she provided the access she needed. Shilah gasped as she felt a strange surge through her. A heavy wind blew all around them and briefly, she found herself in an entirely different place.

## Alpha' s Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

### Chapter 208

[/ Alpha' s Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene](#)  
Chapter 208 Three Lessons

She found herself in an entirely different place – one that looked so cloudy and made her feel she was in the sky. She became a little scared; looked around but couldn't find anyone or anything. There were no trees, no land, just clouds.

Where could this be? "Go further, Shilah" She suddenly heard a faint whisper, and with the urge, she budged forward. Even as she walked, she felt herself walking only on clouds, Her heart raced heavily as she walked further and stopped when she finally found someone. It was a man on the ground, groaning in pains as a stake was stuck to his chest. He seemed to be in need of help, and shortly, a young lady rushed to him. "Hey, are you Okay? Who did this to you?" The lady asked worriedly as she tried pulling out the stake. Shilah felt some kind of connection when she stared at the lady. She noticed she looked so much like her. The scene vanished, and the next scene that showed up was the same man and lady, but this time, they were in a different way. They were both playing and laughing with the lady running around while the man tried catching her. He finally did and they giggled as they rolled on the ground. "I love you, Ayita" He cooed, stroking her hair. "I love you too, Achlys". Shilah gasped immediately; What? Those were her parents! Her breath got suspended as she watched them kiss and vanished afterwards. "Go further, Shilah" She heard the whisper again. Her legs had become too cold and heavy, but she forced herself to move them and stopped when she found another scene of the same man and lady. But this time around, it was different. "Please Achlys, you can't possibly do this to me" The lady was in tears. "This is our first child; how can you tell me to get rid of her?"

"Ayita" The man cooed and held her cheeks. "You should know I love you so much and would want nothing more than to start a family with you. But this is not the right time! If anyone actually finds out about this, we'd both be dead! Are you forgetting it's an abomination?" 2 "I know, but ... how can I bring myself to kill my own child? I do not want to, Achlys. Please, don't force me". They vanished and taking a few steps further, Shilah saw another scene that looked more problematic. There were a lot of witches and vampires – her parents inclusive. "How can you look me in the eye and deny me, Achlys? It is you who got me pregnant!" Her mother whimpered with her hands chained. "Seriously? I do not even know your name, young witch. How can you accuse me of such?" Her father replied.

The scene vanished and the next scene she saw was her mother kneeling in front of the witches. "As the Queen of the Oceanic Witches of the West, I hereby sentence you, Ayita, and your unborn child to death!" A tear slipped Shilah's eye as she watched the heartbreaking sight. It vanished and taking a few dreadful steps forward, she saw her mother in a dark room, screaming in labour. Shilah's heart skipped some beats when she saw her mother doing to alone! What?? She had given birth all by herself?? How possible? 2 Another tear slipped her eye when another scene appeared and showed her mother crooning and breastfeeding her. She called her 'Aradia' and that brought a rueful smile on Shilah's lips, realizing she had actually experienced such love from the beginning. The scene vanished and the next one that appeared was her mother being chased in the woods, looking so terrified. She fell to the ground and the Queen of Witches came up in front of her. "Lura, please... My child has nothing to do with this. Please, don't hurt her" Her mother pleaded on the ground. Queen Lura tried eliminating her with her powers, but her mother blocked the attack and used hers instead. It was so huge; it swung back the witch and everyone chasing her, but it also made her weak as she had passed out immediately. It appeared the powers her mother used were too heavy for her as she looked dead. The scene vanished and the next one that appeared was Her late mother – the woman she had grown up with – coming into the woods and seeing the little her in her mother's arms. She had been crying and quickly, her foster mother picked her up

and quickly went into hiding as she heard footsteps. Some strange people appeared and took her biological mother away. What?? Who were those people and where did they take her? Was she even alive? Shilah thought. Now she understood everything Now she understood why she had grown up in the hands of those cruel people. Her foster mother had saved her and taken her home to a cruel family. Now it was all clear. More tears streaked Shilah's cheeks as she blamed herself for Ayita's death. It was all her fault her mother died. From birth, she had caused nothing but pains. Another scene appeared, revealing her father getting stabbed in a room. What?? He was being stabbed by Lord Ryder!! She gasped. Lord Ryder stabbed him??? How? Why?? Her eyes widened in shock as she watched him put him in a coffin. Oh, no! Could her vision be false? Or could it really be possible Lord Ryder was behind her father's disappearance?? How could he?? 1 She felt a hand touch her back and in a brisk, she snapped out of her vision. It was so quick, it jerked her and nearly made her lose consciousness. "Shilah! Shilah! Are you alright?" Bastet had to hold her for support. "No! No, I'm not! I'm not okay!" She shook her head and bawled. "Hey, dear...." "It's all my fault! It's my fault my mother died; it's my fault she went through so much pains. I never should've been born! I shouldn't have!" "Hey, come here..." Bastet cooed as she pulled her into a hug.

#### HOURS LATER

It took Shilah some time to clear her head and keep calm. Seated at the back of the house, she had her jaw in her hand as she looked like one who was still. Her eyes were swollen with her head banging real hard. Bastet arrived shortly with the cup of water. "Here. Hope I didn't take too long" She uttered calmly as she handed the cup to Shilah who said nothing but simply collected it and swigged it down. "Thank you" She muttered afterwards, wiping her lips with the back of her palm as she dropped the cup on the ground. 3 "How do you feel now, dear? Better?" Bastet asked. The woman was still standing with the aid of her stick "I don't. I just want to do what I have to do and get out of here. I want to find my son" Shilah answered bluntly, her tone coming out grumpily. "And I've told you dear, your son would be found as soon as you're done with your training. The Spirits revealed it to me". Those words lightened the last candle of hope in Shilah as she looked up at the woman. "And how long do I have to train?" 3 "If you put in much effort, in a month time". "Then, let's begin" Shilah sniffed and stood up. "I'm ready to learn everything, bring out the best in me. But ... who'll be my trainer? Don't you think you're a little too old to do that?" Bastet gave a cranky smile and looked down at the ground. "Your training has began, Shilah" She said. "And right now, I'll be giving you three lessons at a time. Lesson number one – When you need to make yourself look pathetic so your enemies think you're defenseless and when they least expect, you strike". Before

h her next breath, she felt a stick hitting her hard on the legs, swinging her off her feet to the ground where she fell roughly with a scream. She flinched and shook her head, trying to comprehend what had just happened. She looked at Bastet and was shocked to find the old woman standing up straight without her stick. Whaaaaaat???? She looked so strong like one ready for a fight. 3 "Lesson number two, Shilah – Always be prepared for the biggest surprises. And lesson number three", she paused and let out a smirk. "Never fall for the pitiful looks on the faces of others. Some are chameleons and only carried it on 'cause they needed it".

