

Alpha's Virgin Wife - Chapter 217

Chapter 217 The Rider In Black

RYDER'S CLUTCH

Lord Ryder had a smirk on his face as he collected the little wrapped substance from Draco.

“Are you sure about this? You should know the slightest mistake would cost my life” He looked up at Draco and asked.

“Of course, My Lord. It's been tested and trusted. Before you go out for the fight, you're to spray a little on your palms, and when you face the King, you're to clap your hands like one wiping off dust. Wolves are allergic to it and the Alpha King would instantly, become drowsy and lose his strength”.

Draco assured, earning a smile from Ryder.

“Dakota must be a fool to think I'd fight him innocently. Of course, I know he's more powerful than I am and can defeat me within the blink of an eye; everybody knows that. So, I wonder why he thinks I wouldn't come up with an extra plan” Ryder chuckled and went round to face the window.

“He won't know what hits him, Draco, and that's exactly what I want. Get the carriage ready, we need to start riding out to the venue already”.

“As you wish, My Lord” Draco bowed and left.

NEXT DAY

The venue – Marlik Village – was filled and busier than it had been in a long time. The fight between the Alpha King and Lord Ryder was flying from the lips of everyone and going into the ears of even the mere humans who initially had no idea.

Since it was a fight between a wolf and a vampire, a neutral ground had to be used and Marlik Village had to be the lucky one. Yes, lucky.

It was one of a kind, and every living soul aware of it wanted to be a witness. Every Alpha, VampLord and elders were present, a lot of wolves from each pack, Vampires from each clutch and mere humans from various villages that'd heard of the fight were equally present. Nobody wanted to miss it. No one at all.

Thus, the Marlik Village had been hell of a busy since the previous day as uncountable numbers of people kept trooping in. Their hotels were filled to the brim – some men actually had to put up their houses to make urgent money. The women at the market were making so much money, even the wives of some wealthy men had to drop their pride and sell some goods. Taverns were lacking spaces, whores were having enough clients, and some single ladies were getting good hook-ups.

The Marlik Village was like none.

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King Dakota could clearly hear the voices of the people cheering from the amphitheater while he dressed in the room. Without having a look, he could imagine the crowd and just how much they would be.

Pishan was there with him, just watching as the rest of the guards fixed his armour and also scouring his eyes to be sure nothing was left out.

He wondered how the King wasn't looking bothered. Anyone in his position should feel nervous and all, but with Dakota, it seemed different. Instead, he looked angry and vengeful -like one that couldn't wait to kill his opponent.

The guards fixed him correctly and fully done, Dakota turned to see the minor.

"Been long I looked this way" He commented as he stared at his image. Armored up, he looked just like a King going for war.

Pishan said nothing.

"Are you okay?" Dakota asked, realizing how unusually silent he had been.

But Pishan lowered his head and sighed.

"I..." He looked up at the King.

"I think I need to talk to you -in private".

Now, that was new. The King's brows knitted in surprise as that was the first time Pishan would be requesting a private conversation with him. Sure, it was something serious.

"Leave us" he ordered the guards immediately, and without hesitation, they all left.

Now, it was just Pishan and his King in the room.

“What is it, Pishan?” Dakota budged closer and asked, having that concern for the first time towards his gamma. And Pishan looked like he was trying to get his grip as he danced his gaze at the floor for some time.

No, His gamma wasn't known for diffidence -Dakota thought. Something was obviously wrong.

“Talk to me” his tone sounded more demanding.

“What is going on?” And getting enough grip, Pishan looked up at him:

“I don't know what would happen during or after the fight, Although, I strongly believe you'd win.

But...” He sighed.

“I feel I should tell you this, just incase”.

Dakota's ears were eager.

“What I'm about saying would definitely come with some consequences and anyone in my shoes would've swallowed it down.

But... I've decided to live up to my truth since I consider you not just a King, but a friend...and maybe a brother.

“The letter you had gotten from the witches about one of them being pregnant...I am responsible for it”.

Dakota's eyes dimmed.

“Yes, her name is Sukie and I am indeed, the father of the child she was pregnant with” He added and lowered his head afterwards, awaiting all the reprimand that would follow.

For a long time, not a word was heard from Dakota as the King tried absorbing the heaviness of the shock. It was too big to believe, too impossible to be real.

“Pishan?” He scoffed. “I want to believe this is a joke”.

“I also wish it was, but it isn’t” Pishan muttered.

“And how is that possible?!” Dakota sparked.

“How can .. you be responsible for it, Pishan? You of all people? If there’s anyone that knows the law too well, it is you, Pishan – my right hand man!”

Pishan said nothing. His gaze pinned to the floor.

“How did this even happen in the first place? How was it possible?”

“Sukie...” Pishan looked up at him.

“Is the same witch that had tried helping you a year ago during the lockdown”.

The realization hit hard at the King.

“So ...? I thought everything ended there at the river bank? Explain more to me, Pishan!” The King rasped, although his roars were something Pishan was already used to.

“We kept in touch” He shook his head. “It’s a long and complicated story, but...in the end, I just found myself falling deeply for her. Her smiles, her kind heartedness. We started meeting secretly and one of those times, we got intimate”. The King covered his hand on his forehead and turned away.

“I know what I did was completely wrong, My King, and that’s the reason I’m opening up to you. I just... found myself falling so deeply for this lady; I couldn’t control it”.

“This is insane”.

“I know. And I’m sorry”.

There was a long silence.

“So, where is she? And the baby?” The King asked, still backing him.

“She’s safe for now, but we lost the child” Pishan replied and swiftly, the King whipped around to look at him. A little bit of softness flashed through his eyes.

“Sukie lost it from an attack by Kylie. So, right now... it’s just her” Pishan added, making the King effortlessly see through his pain.

Dakota shook his head and turned around again.

“I have a fight to take care of, Pishan. Perhaps, when I’m done, we could talk better on this” Dakota shut him a stare, and saying nothing else, he walked out of the room.

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Stepping out, Dakota was interrupted by the presence of his step – mother who looked like she was on her way to his room- He stopped walking and bowed when she stood in front of him.

“Greetings, Mother”.

“Dakota” She called with a warm smile.

“How are you doing, son?”

“I’m just fine. And you?” He cocked his head.

“Oh! I’m nothing you should worry about” She chuckled.

Dakota looked at the Queen in front of him and all he could see was the face of the woman who was his mother’s greatest enemy. It’s funny how times had changed and made her humble.

“I can see you’re all set for the fight” She took her dazzling eyes round him. Queen Jadis was one pretty woman.

“And I just came here to wish you all the best of luck, dear. Remember, you’re not just fighting for yourself, but for the entire seven mountains. We cannot afford to lose this fight, you must remember”.

“I know, mother” Dakota nodded. “And I’ll definitely try my best”.

The door opened from behind with Pishan stepping out. Queen Jadis simply spared him a glance before looking back at Dakota.

“Once again, I’m sorry your beta couldn’t make it. You know he’s sick and has been going around, looking for remedies for sometime now” she said.

“It’s fine. I understand, mother” Dakota glanced at Pishan.

“I really need to go now; I’m running out of time”.

“Of course; bless you, dear”. And with a final bow, Dakota walked away.

“Greetings, Queen Jadis” Pishan bowed to the Queen before leaving as well. And the guards by the door followed them.

Dakota had thought he could imagine the number of people at the amphitheater, but he was wrong –
so wrong.

The number he had in mind, was nothing compared to what welcomed his eyes. For a minute, he
thought the entire world was there -every living soul!

He couldn't see an opening through the crowd as the entire seats were filled and covered to the brim
with people flooding over. It was a good thing the seatings were raised, else, there wouldn't had
been a space to walk in.

With his presence known, the noise and cheers from the audience multiplied as some jumped, some
howled and others did every other thing they felt like doing to contribute to the noise. It was loud and
crazy.

At that point, it would be impossible to hear a whisper from the next person beside you.

Dakota looked ahead and found Ryder there already, looking all warmed up. He wore a smirk when
their eyes spotted each other's, and that alone ate the King up.

“Goodluck” Pishan touched him from behind and said. And after which, Dakota proceeded the
fighting spot.

The noise increased, a weak-hearted person would fear the amphitheater would collapse.

King Dakota walked into the middle of the field, feeling like he was surrounded by flies as the
population was nothing he had seen before.

He stopped walking when he had gotten to a reasonable distance between himself and Ryder. He
felt taking a closer step might make him lose his cool and just slit his throat right away.

The elders, Alphas and VampLords from both parts were seated at the front row – watching. And so
were their various wives and mistresses.

The spokesman was already present and seeing the two fighters were ready, he stepped forward.

“SILENCE!!!” He roared. Being a wolf, it was loud enough to silence the lips of others.

At last, Dakota never thought the theater could be anything less of noise.

“This is the moment we’ve all been waiting for!” The spokesman went on, looking around.

“As we already know, the Vampires feel the wolves have ruled for too long and demand a handover;
but the wolves are riot ready to give into that. So, today, they shall be battling it with the Alpha King,
Dakota from the Wind Walker Mountain standing in for the Wolves. And Lord Ryder from the Fourth
Clutch, standing in for the Vampires”.

There was a little noise from the crowd.

“It’s a battle of swords and not of power; a fight to death! And the last man standing, becomes the
WINNER!!!”

Now, the uproar could no longer be restricted as the crowd resumed cheering in a harder way. The
spokesman hurried as the two fighters withdrew their swords from its sheath.

Dakota had so much hate in his eyes, while Ryder had a victorious grin.

He stepped back with his sword, his eyes pinned on the King’s. The enthusiasm from the crowd was
nothing to be ignored as the passion burnt like wild fire. Every wolf was craving to win, and so were
the Vampires.

Figuring it was time, Lord Ryder attempted to clap his hands – just like he was instructed – but it couldn't be done as something unusual interrupted him.

It happened so fast; his hands and legs went numb, the voices from the crowd seemed to seize in his head; the only thing he could feel was the weight of his body being lifted off his feet, swaying him in the air and landing him roughly on the ground.

“Urgh!!” He groaned in pains, shock and bewilderment battling inside his head as he tried comprehending what was happening.

He noticed the crowd had stopped cheering, the entire place had gone blur and quiet but distantly, he could hear the clatter of a horse's hoof, indicating someone was riding in.

The entire crowd – including Dakota – had gone gobsmacked over the strange act that'd just happened – Lord Ryder being swept by the wind. It was strange and looked like something had pulled him off.

Despite the heavy crowd at the entrance to the field, the people there hastily stepped away when they heard the deep clatter of a horse's hoof and turned to see a young woman on it.

She was dressed in a black cloak, her hair covered with it's hood and black boots over her legs. And as she rode in on a black horse, she looked so aggressive, vengeful and hateful.

Breaths were suspended as nearly a thousand eyes focused on the rider in black, dauntlessly riding into the field, her eyes painted in dark shades.

But as for Dakota, he turned taciturn.

His eyes on the rider, he felt his blood draining through his veins and his heart skipping several beats. He couldn't blink, couldn't catch his next breath either.

And with knitted brows, he pondered: Was that... Shilah?