

Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 THE WOLF-LESS WOLF

"Be fast with it, Shilah! You're so slow" Ina rasped from the table where she sat.

"She walks like a snail...."

The 23 years old Shilah said nothing as she climbed down the creaky stairs to the archaic dining where the rest of her family sat comfortably, some already eating. Dressed in drabs of grey, she almost felt like an outsider to the family as her sisters were looking much better than she was.

Round white eyes with grey balls were her unique features which complimented her round shaped face and longer hair. Despite how tired and weary she looked, anyone could see the underlying beauty in it all. .

"I hope you added enough sauce to it?" The other asked, but the naive Shilah said nothing, still.

Her eyes were lowered to the floor as she walked towards the dining which was surrounded by 6 people – her father, mother, three step sisters and just one step brother.

"Sorry I took long. Had to heat it up" Shilah said as she finally stood in front of the dining and Ina – who'd requested for the sauce – snatched it roughly from her.

"You should be sorry" Ina cut her eyes heaven ward and started eating, a bristle of her hair flopping over her left eye.

There were about seven seats in all round the table, just 6 were occupied, but Shilah knew the 7th seat wasn't for her.

"I think that is all. You can leave". Her step mother suddenly said, signalling Shilah to leave. And with humility, she bowed and started walking away.

"Why doesn't she just join us? At least, for today?" Vanessa – her second sister – asked and Shilah stopped walking, waiting to hear a response.

Eating with them... that would have been nice.

"What is wrong with you, Vanessa? Why would she eat with us? This is a table meant for Mountain Lions – not an empty lady, posing as one" Ina snapped in, her words tearing Shilah's heart apart.

“Ina....!”

“What?” She scoffed. “I didn’t tell a lie, did I? It’s the popular bitter truth. Shilah’s the only WOLF who hasn’t shifted. She’s the only WOLF who doesn’t have a single ability. She’s just dumb – like a mere human. If it isn’t for the fact that father claims she’s the daughter of his first wife, I’d have sworn she’s not from this family – not from the lineage of the wolves!”

“That’s enough, Ina”. Their father chipped in and turned to Shilah who was now looking pale.

“You should leave”.

And with a tight gulp, she turned around and resumed walking away.

Vanessa’s mood had gone ruined as she lowered her head to the floor. She couldn’t understand why her family’s been treating Shilah that way ever since her mother died. She didn’t deserve such hatred from them; she should be treated as a member of the family.

Shilah’s heart was so heavy; her eyes glistened with tears she wasn’t ready to let out. She had to walk carefully for fear of tripping. It wasn’t the first time she was getting bullied by her family, it wasn’t the first time she was getting insulted, but each time, they hurt differently.

“What’s wrong with you, Pia? You’ve been looking uneasy” she heard her step mother say from behind.

She didn’t bother turning to look at them as she could still hear them clearly.

“I.... I think I’ll be fine. I just feel a little sick”. Pia answered dazily.

That was the youngest daughter of the house.

The staircase was a little far from where she was, but she didn’t bother hearing any of their conversations until she’d finally gotten to the staircase and took it fraily.

She headed for the kitchen first, took her meal and proceeded to her snug, lonely room.

It wasn’t like the usual kind of room where you’d see a cool bed, a closet, some arranged chairs and a bed. Hell no. The only good thing Shilah had in her room was her bed.

Her appetite had completely gone cold. So, she dropped the wooden plate of meal on the table and went to the bed to sit.

One good thing she loved about her bed, it was so close to the window and gave her the privilege to enjoy some cool air from it.

She stared out the window for sometime, wishing her worries could just blow along with the wind, but sadly they couldn't.

Alas, she only had one friend – just one person she could talk to.

She turned away from the window to the bed, taking up the doll lying await.

Yeah, that was the only friend she had – a doll; a toy.

She smiled as she stroke it's yellow scanty hair. It's fake eyes were staring at her. Well, maybe not at her, but she wanted to believe it was staring at her.

"They wouldn't let me eat with them at the dining today – as usual" she continued.

"Vanessa had tried convincing them....but they wouldn't listen."

She paused and exhaled deeply.

"Why am I so unfortunate?" She asked, her voice cracking a little.

"I wish.... I wish someone could explain it to me; explain why I'm the only one without my wolf abilities – why I'm a wolf, yet don't feel like one. Am I cursed or something?"

She paused and sniffed.

"I wish mother was alive; maybe I wouldn't have to go through these....".

The door suddenly went open with Ina barging in.

Shilah was taken abacked. Why the sudden entrance? Was she done eating already?

Ina had a scrawl on her face as she glared at Shilah who was still holding the doll in her hand.

"Is there a... problem?" Shilah decided to ask.

"Even if there were a problem, you can never be my problem" Ina scoffed.

"Anyway, just came over to tell you to get ready because you'll be accompanying me to the market to get some food stuff since the Alpha King has declared a *No Movement Day* tomorrow. Don't keep me waiting".

And with that, she turned around and left.

The Alpha King – Shilah thought while staring down at her doll.

The All Superior Alpha – the one every breathing soul around the mountain fears.

She wondered what was going on the following day and why the Alpha was declaring a “No – Movement Day* A day everyone would stay in doors without stepping out completely.

IN THE PALACE 

Queen Chaska moved restlessly in the room, her long mantua sweeping the floor as she walked with her both hands at akimbo.

“Come on, come on” she mumbled impatiently to herself.

What was taking her so long?

Her hard shoes were making a clip-clopping sound as they met roughly with the floor and if it wasn't for the noisy sound of the guards training outside, she was pretty sure her deep pants would've been heard already.

She was so nervous; couldn't have rest.

Nosheba. Has she given birth already? What was the sex of the child? Could it be a female? Or a male like she had bragged about?

She fisted her hands together, recalling how she'd rubbed it in her face that she was definitely going to give birth to the King's heir this time around.

Chaska was the first Queen and senior wife, while Nosheba, the second and her greatest rival.

She, Chaska, had been unable to give the King a male child, hence he had to marry two more wives. And when Queen Nosheba had gotten pregnant, she wouldn't let the entire palace have peace.

She kept bragging with the fact that she was going to give birth to a male child – especially to Queen Chaska. She kept bragging and enlisting all the things that would happen when she finally becomes the mother of the King's heir, and Queen Chaska – being

the kind of prideful person she was – couldn't help but feel scared and threatened.

She was the senior wife and wasn't ready to trade her position or respect for anyone or anything. She wanted to be the mother of the King's heir, wanted to be the only one to bear that position, so when it's time for the King to finally pick his Luna, she would have more grounds and points.

Her heart raced faster as she recalled Nosheba's words to her:

You better start getting ready, Queen Chaska, to welcome my son in a few days from now. Don't worry, when he's finally out and the King makes me his favorite, I'll make sure you still get to see the King once in every 4 moon

A scornful laugh had come with the words.

"No!" Chaska gritted.

Never was she going to let anyone ridicule her. Never.

She was the one closest to the King and was ready to do anything to make sure it stayed that way.

She continued pacing about and suddenly, her personal maid ran in. Hah...! She let out a light gasp.

"My Queen" the maid bowed in front of her, her palms clasped together.

Chaska's curiosity couldn't help but swell up.

"What's happening, Gina?" She asked with eyes wide open.

"My Queen, Queen Nosheba has put to bed" she answered with her head still bowed and that was when Chaska felt her heart stop beating.

She suddenly became scared asking the next question.

"Talk to me, Gina. You know what I want" she said.

The maid hesitated a little before looking up at her and answering with a smile:

"It's a female".

Instantly, it felt more like some sea water had been poured on Chaska. For the first few seconds, she was stiff and didn't even blink an eye.

"What... did you just say?" She asked, this time around, picking her words.

"You heard me right, My Queen. She gave birth to a female" the maid answered again and that was the moment Chaska's worried look got melted into smiles.

"Oh..." She scoffed and looked the opposite direction, her small pretty lips stretching in a smile.

Her breath rose and fell heavily as she released the breath she'd been holding for a long time.

So... it's a girl after all?

She turned back to face the maid.

"Are you....sure about this?"

"Definitely, My Queen. I heard it directly from the guard. He actually said, the King had almost strangulated the mid wife who brought the news to him, to death. He called the child bad news" she answered and Chaska's eyes went wide with amusement.

"Woah...." She chuckled and blinked rapidly.

She shrugged her shoulders and suddenly bursted into an hysterical laughter. It sounded so loud and echoed with disdain.

"Badnews?" She repeated, laughing some more.

"Now, that's news and should be so pathetic. Oh..! Poor Nosheba, I wonder how she must be feeling now; having her child being called Badnews by her father for the first time. Must be so heart wrenching" she paused and laughed again.

"I actually feel bad for her; after all the confidence. How does she walk around after this?"

"Hmm. So, after all, we're still the same" she sauntered to the window.

"Tell you what, I think I should get her some fruits so she can eat and be refreshed by the time she wakes up" her laughters had deduced to broad smiles.

"Go and get a carriage ready, Gina. I need to leave for the market".

The maid was confused.

"My... My Queen, why don't I just go get the fruits for you? You don't have to..."

"Oh, Gina. Don't worry" Chaska cut in with a smile.

"I'm in such a good mood today and wish to do it myself. So, hurry up" .

And the maid bowed and left.

Shilah stood outside with the empty basket as she awaited Ina to come out of the house so they could leave for the married together.

She's been waiting for there so long and was already getting tired. Well, that's the way it's always been – she gets to wait for them, but never dares to keep them waiting.

She was already used to it anyways.

She continued waiting, the tiny insects perking at her legs. The sun was already setting in a few hours time,, it'd be nightfall. Why was Ina taking so much time?

She continued waiting, holding the basket to the side of her waist and finally, she saw Ina walking out of the two – storey house.

She was putting on a dazzling gown and had about three expensive bangles on her wrist. Why was she looking so good – Shilah thought.

“And what're you staring at?” Ina suddenly snapped as she got closer to Shilah who lowered her gaze to the floor immediately.

Ina rolled her eyes and continued walking away, while Shilah followed behind with the basket in her arms.

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Shilah has always thought herself unlucky due to the pathetic story she had.

She was the only child of her mother, just before she died – 7 years ago. And since then, life had been really unfair to Shilah. Even when her mother was alive, life was still unfair but it totally became worst when her mother died.

Her step family had been so cruel to her, including her father and she wondered why. Was it because she was powerless? But it wasn't her fault, right? She didn't chose to be the only powerless wolf in the entire Wind Walker pack. She didn't chose it. So, why does she have to be treated with so much disdain?

Sometimes, she wondered how her life would turn out. When would she ever get to live a better life? Perhaps, if only she could turn and posses her wolf powers, it'd be different. So, maybe she'll just need to keep praying to the Spirits.

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The walk to the market was quite long from the house and the population was so alarming. Obviously, it was due to the fact there'd be no buying and selling the following day.

Shilah wondered how it would look like – the entire mountain being quiet and empty with every single person being indoors. But why would the Alpha give such orders in the first place? What was going to take place the following day that would warrant everyone staying indoors?

“Will you walk faster?” Ina turned snappily to look at her and Shilah tried to hasten her footsteps. Can she ever get to please this sister of hers? She wondered.

She followed Ina like a puppet to the various places in the market where she picked the things she wanted. While she picked and paid for them, Shilah took the responsibility of carrying them in the basket.

It wasn't easy shopping with Ina as she was always very picky and wanted the best. They went round and round the big busy market until something Shilah wouldn't dream of, unfortunately happened.

She had been walking with Ina in front when a moving carriage suddenly splashed mud water on Ina.

Ina stopped walking immediately as she gasped and stared down at her dress in shock.

“What?”

Shilah was also shocked. Oh, no. Her dazzling dress. Who could this be?

She looked up at the carriage and noticed it'd stopped moving and before she could comprehend what was going on, Ina marched towards it.

“Hey..!” Ina growled as she got closer to it, attacking the rider on the horse.

She didn't even mind the fact it was looking like a royal carriage.

“Are you blind??? You spilled mud water on me!!” She yelled at the top of her voice, drawing attention to herself. And just then, the curtain slid open with a young lady stepping out of it.

... it was the Queen...!

Queen Chaska!