

Alpha's Virgin Wife Chapter 85 by Baby Charlene

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Shilah couldn't believe her eyes as she stared blankly at the King. What?? A date?

She scoffed and shook her head. That wasn't what she meant! "B...But, My King" she took a step closer. "I didn't mean it that way. I just.... I meant it was something you should do alone...." "Well, I chose not to be alone, Shilah" King Dakota turned some water from the jar and drank from it.

"Don't worry about it. You can ...see it as an invite from me. By evening, you get ready. We'll ride out to a cave outside the palace and that's where we get to change to commoners. After which, we proceed to the village. I trust that'll be fine..."

As the King spoke, all Shilah could think about was going out with him. She still couldn't believe it! She was going out on a date with him??

Blessed Spirits! How possible??? She'd really be going on a date with the Alpha King?? She never imagined this! 1 "Thank you so much, My King" she bowed, when he was done talking. "I'm... I'm really grateful. Thank you so much". Dakota bopped his head as he took in a potato slice. "Don't be late" he added and Shilah nodded with a smile before turning towards the door. "Shilah" she suddenly heard him call, just when she was about opening the door. And turning to look at him, she found him wiping his lips with the napkin.

"Thank you for being selfless".

Her heart skipped heavily when he said those words. Oh; the flattery.... Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment at the King's flutters. Indeed. "T.... Thank you too, My King" she bowed, opened the door and finally left.

Shilah was hardly herself the whole day as the idea of going out with the King kept playing in her head. How was she even going to cope? Walking side by side with the King, eating, drinking... Goodness! She never thought of this. She had told Dyani about it and Dyani acted both happy and surprised.

She told Shilah that would be the first time the King would be going out with one of his wives – not to a meeting, but on a date. It had never happened! It made Shilah more nervous as she sincerely hoped his other wives wouldn't get mad and think negatively of her. Oh! She really wouldn't want any problems.

"B...But, you're not angry, right?" She asked Dyani as they sat together in the room. "Oh, Shilah" Dyani chuckled. "I've told you this before: I don't have a problem with the King, as long as he shelters me and my child. Although.... I only wanted wished he paid more attention to my daughter, although I understand he needed a male child and not a third daughter"

She sighed and held Shilah's hand, making Shilah see the reflection of pain in her eyes. "From the depth of my heart, I wish when you get pregnant for the King, you'll carry a son", her words made Shilah shiver.

Pregnant? She gasped lightly. Oh, mercies! She'd never thought of getting pregnant! But, thinking about it .. she's been having unprotected sex for weeks now, with the King. Could it be possible....?

Her eyes drooped. She's never thought of this! What if she really gets pregnant???

Oh, no.... She'd have a child of her own, and not just any child, but the King's as well! She'd become a mother! Her hand was tempted to touch her tummy, but couldn't since Dyani was holding them. What if she really gets pregnant?

Oh! Dear Spirits, she sincerely hoped it would be a boy. But, was she ready to become a mother? Have a child and responsibility... someone that would look up to her?

Dyani noticed how deep in thoughts she was and guessed it had to do with her last statement. "You'll be fine, Shilah" she assured her with a soft touch on her palm.

In the Vampires Community Lord Ryder's clutch

Lord Ryder could be seen, pacing about angrily in the room

Three of his trusted followers were standing in front of him and made sure they were quiet enough not to say anything upsetting, especially in his angry state. His hands were fisted against each other, angry and frustrated.

"Why wasn't it strong enough?" He grumbled, his canine teeth had grown into fangs and looked deadly.

"Why wasn't it strong enough to cause a war with the witches?"

One of the men in front of him – Lucan – glanced at the others.

"It's still of great shock to me, My Lord" he said, eyes to the floor.

"The King Dakota we all know, would've definitely started a war with the witches after we made it seem like they attacked one of his own. And to think he actually rode to their palace without touching them....it just doesn't make any sense".

It created more anger in Lord Ryder's heart as his pacing footsteps increased. "It really makes no sense!" He gritted. "He should've started a war with them – did what I wanted!" He paused to exhale deeply.

To think he had actually gone through a lot in getting the witches' blood, made the poison and plotted an attack against one of Dakota's wives, it was so frustrating to know he didn't get what he wanted!

He wanted a war! Wanted to cause a misunderstanding so the two parties can go into a war. And while the disaster would be going on, him, Ryder, would find a way to take the King's place.

"Urgh!" He grunted and kicked the table in front of him, making it crash to the floor. It had been such a perfect plan! So perfect! "We'll strike again" he finally said, looking at the faces of his men "We'll get more blood from the witch, make another poison and strike again. Let's see how the Alpha King would let it slide this time around".

Lady Cami flinched as she listened from the door, her heart beating heavily.

Wait; Lord Ryder was the one responsible for the attack on King Dakota's wife??? He was trying to create a war between them and the witches?

Goodness! She couldn't believe this!

DAKOTA'S PALACE

"Come on, Shilah; you can do it" Dyani crooned. "It's just for one evening and besides, it's an invite. The King is also human, you know?" "I know...but" she paused and sighed, staring into the mirror. "I just feel nervous. I'll be alone with the King!"

"Didn't you tell me he wouldn't be going as the King, but as a peasant?" Dyani got Shilah tongue-tied.

"So, you see? You just need to stop over reacting, lady and go meet the King before he gets upset. He sent for you about an hour ago!" Dyani queried and Shilah tried taking deep breaths to calm herself. Okay; fine. He's doing as a peasant, not the King. Yes, a peasant. "Okay, Okay! I'll go" She breathed heavily. "I'll just go". She left the mirror and lifted her bag from the bed – the bag that contained the causal dress they were to change into.

"Goodluck" Dyani hugged her, beaming with all smiles.

"Yes. I actually need all the luck" Shilah chuckled and finally left the room.

"I'm telling you, Pishan; there's no need for that" King Dakota gruffed as he walked away from the window. He's been having this argument for half an hour already and it was beginning to affect his head. "Please, don't say that, My King" Pishan said respectfully. "I perfectly understand that you're going on a date; but leaving you all by yourself?" he paused and scoffed. "It's completely impossible". "It's not impossible. I can take care of myself, Pishan. I can defend myself and you know it". Dakota leaned on the table.

"No doubt, you can, My King. But I still can't watch you go out alone – never. First, you have to dress like a peasant which sounds really comic to me, and now, you don't want any form of protection. You really think I'd let you go out to the village alone? Oh! please, My King. Let's just save the argument and let me do this".

Pishan said and King Dakota turned to look at his only friend and Gamma. "Okay; How about....we follow from a distance?" Pishan rose his hands like he was surrendering. "I make sure, I and the rest of the guards will be far away and also dressed causally. I bet you, no one will notice".

"Pishan..."

"Please, the plan is so perfect!" The gamma grunted. "Let's just do it this way. Please...."

Dakota stared blankly at him and just then, a knock was heard on the door.

"Who's it?" "My King... Queen Shilah's waiting with the horses already" came the warm reply and Dakota returned his gaze to Pishan. "Fine. But, you must make sure you're a thousand metres away from me. If I see you or the guards get close in a way I don't like...."

"We'll be as far as the Sun is from the earth. It's a deal" Pishan inclined his head in agreement and the King had to concede. "Where's the bag?" He asked.

"Oh! Right here" Pishan pointed out. It was the bag containing the causal clothes he was to change into. Really... he didn't like the idea. But, to think the King was going on a date for the first time... it was something worth accepting. King Dakota started towards the door, and Pishan picked up the bag and followed him.

Shilah was so nervous as she watched the King walking towards her direction. She lowered her head and tried not to stare at him. "Greetings, Queen" Pishan bowed when he got close enough.

"Uhm... Greetings to you too.

Greetings, My King" she turned to Dakota.

“And you too, Shilah. Are you set?” The King asked and watched Shilah bob her head.

Two more guards were there with them.

“I guess you’ll have to ride with me again” Pishan smiled as he walked towards his horse.

“No. She rides with me”. The King suddenly said, getting everyone shocked. 3

What?

Chaska was standing in front of the her window and watched as the King rode out of the Palace with..... Shilah sitting on the same horse with him??! 1 No!!!!

She panicked, eyes dilating. “Gina!!!” She yelled the name and her maid came running into the room immediately.,

“My Queen...!”

“Where the hell is the King going with Shilah at this time of the evening??!” She demanded, her eyes so bright like sunlight. And Gina, on the other hand, was shocked when she found the King towards the gate with Shilah sitting in front of him it wasn’t just him, but Pishan and two other guards were following them behind.

It would be dark in a short time from now; where could they be going? “I....I have no idea, My Queen” Gina answered fearfully Tears streaked Chaska’s cheeks immediately as she watched the disheartening sight. The King was now sharing a horse with her? “No!!” She yelled both tearfully and angrily and fell on the bed.

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It wasn’t too long before Shilah and the King arrived at the cave, together with his guards. Thankfully, the day was still brigh – just a little tho as it’d be getting dark soon enough. “Let me have the bag” The King stretched out his hand to Pishan who handed the bag of clothes to him immediately “Don’t you need some help?” Pishan asked when he noticed the King wanted to go in alone.

“No. Shilah, come with me”. He gruffed and walked in.

Shilah was confused. Go in with him? She thought he wanted to dress up and had planned on waiting for him before going in. Why would he want her to go in at the same time with him? 6

“Come on, Shilah; this isn’t a time to be nervous” she thought to herself, took her own bag of clothes and went after the King.

Caves were always dark and damp, but thankfully, Shilah could still see the King as she walked behind him.

Few metres away from the entrance and they both stopped walking. Okay... There were no hiding corners. So, was the King expecting them to change right in front of each other? 2 Her heart skipped when the King turned to look at her. “Turn around, Shilah” he said, muddling her some more.!

The cave was small and echoed – the King’s words echoed.

She was confused, staring at him in the face. But, not wanting him to repeat himself, she obeyed and backed him.

“Go to the wall” another echoing command came and Shilah obeyed. Okay; What’s he doing? The King walked towards her afterwards, with calm predatory steps. And when he got close enough, he collected her bag from her and dropped it on the floor.

“This won’t take long” he whispered softly against her neck, brushed his hands down her waist and lifted her dress from her thighs. 3

Shilah shivered, and when she did, she noticed it echoed.

Oh, no....If the King wanted to have sex with her, then she wouldn’t have to moan else, it’d echo and be heard by the people outside. But, how could she possibly control her moans?

King Dakota gave a satisfying grunt when her thighs became exposed, and her vagina as well.

Holding her waist, he positioned her properly as he bent her towards the wall and Shilah had to place her hands on the wall for support.

Now, she understood.... The King wanted to wake his hunger so he could eat during the date.

King Dakota stripped his pants and when the erected rod came bouncing out, it looked really hard,

He studied her honeypot and noticed she was wet – already.

He drew his organ closer to her, teased her clitoris with it and finally pushed half of it’s length into her.

"Mmmh...!" Shilah gave a muffled moan as she felt the King's penetration from behind. Even with the muffle, it still echoed. But thankfully, it wasn't too loud. King Dakota didn't pull out, but continued going deep until his phallús had hit her cervix and Shilah had to bit her inner cheeks to prevent her from screaming. Her hands shook against the wall, trying so hard not to let go of them. How could he be this big – she pondered.

King Dakota pulled back to half the length, then slammed fully into her again, the strange pleasure overwhelming and squeezing him tight. Urgh! He liked how tight and slimmy she was – the walls of her vágina being warm and enclosing his organ inside of her. It felt just so good, he'd want to stay buried in her for a long time. He pulled out to half length and slammed into her again, going harder due to how hard he was getting. "Oh....!" The shivering moan left her lips as her eyes were closed in both pain and ecstasy.

King Dakota trailed his hand to her vágina and rubbed her clitoris as he began thrusting in and out of her. Shilah's head was spinning terribly, her body shaking from the pleasure she couldn't contend. Oh, goodness....! What was he doing to her? He kept rolling the clitoris while banging in and out of her, and the sound of his thighs slamming hard on her echoed round the cave; it was inevitable.

Shilah's soft whimpers came with tiny cracks as her breath was hitching due to the force the King used on her – making her entire move back and forth. The feeling was just too much, her boobs bounced hard on her chest due to her movement and it got to a point, she took one of her hands from the wall and held the King's hand.

"Oh, Alpha...." She winced, holding his hand; but her touch didn't stop him from rolling her clitoris.

She stretched her neck, eyes still closed, grunting out what she felt from the King slamming into her. "Oh, please...." She whimpered softly. King Dakota finally left her clitoris and caught one of her bouncing breasts instead, and for the first time, a grunt escaped his throat. His pace increased as he got closer to climax, and Shilah, unable to keep to the law of the echoing cave anymore, started moaning out,

Her crackled moans filled the cave and even Pishan and the guards from outside, could clearly hear them.

Pishan had turned and glanced at the guards who were no doubt, having the thoughts in mind.

Back in the cave, Shilah's uncontrollable moans rhymed with the King's hard breath as he drilled her harder, while squeezing her big breast in his palm. His hand couldn't wrap it completely. "Oh...! My King, please!" Shilah screamed out when she felt him rubbing her nipple. That was driving her insane!!!

Her both hands left the wall and touched his thighs instead.

Deep, fast thrusts; and finally, the King felt that sensation that gripped his manhood tight, squeezed and raptured the organ until he was milked dry right inside of her. 4

“Oh, sweet mercies!” His voice was rough and muttered, his head being lifted up to the top as he emptied himself inside of her.

For Selene’s sake! This was too good....too different.

He pulled fully out of her and she released the long breath she had been holding, sweats dripping from her forehead.

She left the wall and turned to face the King, but quickly lowered her gaze to the floor, not wanting to get

a glimpse... King Dakota felt so fresh and relived – and happy. Now, he was really ready for the date. 2 Beamfully, he reached for his bag of clothes on the floor and took them out. And while he dressed, Shilah also did same – trying to ignore the soreness between her legs. The intercourse they just had....it felt so different.

And if it wasn’t for the date, Shilah would’ve preferred sleeping. 7 But the date was more important anyway. With both of them being done at last, they turned to face each other and saw unfamiliar statues. Well, Shilah’s look was actually familiar as that was the same way the King had first met her.

But, for the King’s looks, Shilah was stunned. He was dressed in a hunter’s trouser and shirt – with it’s sleeves being rolled up to his elbow – and also had a net hat on. Was it just her eyes, or he looked soooo young and extremely charming? Goodness! So, his royal clothes and all had been making him look that grumpy and different, when in reality, he was a fine, young man. Indeed, this was Dakota, and not King Dakota.

“You can leave the old clothes here” He told her and started walking out of the cave. And as Shilah followed him behind, she could still see that air of royalty, clung tight around him. It could be discerned from his footsteps, his hands crossed at his back and his broad shoulders and chest.

Pishan and the rest of the guards were patiently waiting and as soon as the King was out, amusement covered their faces with his strange appearance. “Wow” Pishan scoffed. “You’re looking good, My King. No wonder it took you so long to dress up” his head was respectfully bowed, but the sarcasm in his voice was too loud.

King Dakota ignored, anyway and just then, Shilah walked out. Her looks didn’t baffle Pishan at all. “Do not forget your place, Pishan” The King reminded. “I want you and the guards as far away as possible”. “Of course; Of course” Pishan bowed and brought out the wrapped bundle of coins. “Here is the money”.

Shilah arched her brows. Wasn’t that too much? “Good” The King mumbled as he collected the coin from him and placed it in his pocket. Then, turning to Shilah, he

said: "Let's go". And with a smile on Pishan's face, he watched the disguised king and his wife, walking away.

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The news was flying across the palace already – The King and his new wife riding out of the palace on one horse. It went round with so many rumours as that was the first time the King was ever riding out of the palace at that time of the evening with any of his wives, and on the same horse as well. It was totally strange!

Queen Nosheba sat in the room, filing her nails when the door opened with Prince Raksha walking in. She stopped what she was doing and watched him as he walked in. Goodness! She was always so nervous each time he was coming around. 2 "Hey, beauty" he crooned as he took steady steps towards her, and getting close enough, he pecked her cheek.

"Raksha. Good evening" she smiled back. "Yes. Hope you're having a wonderful evening? And... where's my adorable?" He took his eyes around, noting she wasn't on the bed. "Oh! Nivea took her out a bath".

"I see" Raksha sat next to her on the bed.

And taking a look at her nails, could notice she had been working on them. "Please, let me help you with that" he collected the file gently from her, and getting hold of her left palm, started working on it. "Would you happen to know where the King and Shilah are being headed?" Nosheba suddenly asked after a few seconds of silence, with that luring voice of hers. 3 "I wish I did" Raksha shrugged. "You should know my brother never involves me in any of his business".

Nosheba could discern the pain in his voice.

Silence descended between them again and Raksha decided to say some more. "But, I don't think he has any schedule, or any meetings. Maybe it's just something personal".

"Personal?" Nosheba scoffed.

"To think he can actually ride on the same horse with her...."

"That shouldn't bother you, my love" Raksha touched her arm. "As a matter of fact, I think we should be doing something else, instead of worrying over the King's affairs". *My*

Nosheba felt so bittered.

“Something like what?” She looked head-to-toe at him. And with that mischievous smile, he pushed her gently to fall back on the bed. 9

The evening was so cold.

The distant voices of the villagers could be heard along with the rattling of the birds above the heads of King Dakota and Shilah, as they walked down the quiet road. For long, since they left the cave, they hadn't said a word to each other and that was really building Shilah's tension. But on a clearer side, she felt more relaxed walking beside him, probably because he wasn't dressed as a King,

They came across the first person on the path – a young woman holding a basket to her waist. She wrapped a scarf on her head and approaching the couple, she smiled at them.

“Greetings to you”. “Greetings to you too” Shilah genuflected and the woman walked away. Slowly, the King turned to spare her a glance as she left, before turning properly. “Feels good to know my people still have respect for commoners” he muttered, making Shilah smile – nervously tho.

“Tell me, Shilah; how do you feel?” He asked after a few seconds and Shilah snapped her head to look at him.

Huh?

“How do you feel, walking beside me as a commoner?”

Oh...

“Uhm....” She itched her nape. “I... actually feel it's nice, My King. I mean, I like the fact that you get to see your people for who they really are, and you also get to enjoy some of the things you've not been able to enjoy for a long time”. The King bobbed his head, hands crossed at his back, he still walked like a King. “What gave you this idea?” He asked again. “This idea of.... making me do this? I gave you a rare opportunity, yet you used it on me. Why?” The question struck Shilah's heart – but only for a second tho. She bit her bottom lip as she stared down at the floor.

“Actually....It was Queen Dyani, My King” she said, and the King arched a brow

“The Queen told me she felt sad for you because ... you barely have time for yourself. So, when you gave me that opportunity, I decided to make it happen”. More amusement filled the King as he bobbed his head again. They had gotten to the end of the path and bursted out to the main entrance of the makert.

The King and Shilah stopped walking immediately as they stood and took a clear view of the lively market – the men and women moving about, some grilling beef, some fishes, women walking around with their kids, people buying and walking around... Just so many activities But generally, the market was looking lively and beautiful.

“Guess we’re here finally” Dakota sighed.

“Are you ready for this?” He looked at Shilah and asked, and she simply inclined her head.

And with that, they walked into the market.

“What do you think we should get first? Some meat? Or... Sweets?” The King asked, taking his eyes around as they ambled in.

“You should be more familiar with the market, Shilah. So, I think you should be of help”. a A short silence. “Well...” Shilah looked around. “I think we should get some beef first, My King...” “You should mind how you call me that” He cut in calmly. “Don’t forget I’m in disguise. Oh! That was so true. “O... Okay, My... Uhm, Sorry” She corrected herself, and the King gave a light chuckle. “Greetings to you two” A woman greeted warmly as she passed by. “Greetings to you too” Shilah genuflected, but she noticed something – the woman stared keenly at the King beside her.

The King said nothing and it wasn’t surprising tho. They came across more people, kids, who just greeted them in a hurry and walked away. And finally, Shilah and the King got to a man grilling some sauced beef. “You do the talking” The King said whisperingly to Shilah, and of course, Shilah could understand that the King was always a reserved man.

“How much for these, sire?” She asked politely, pointing to the set on the left. “Oh! That would be just four coins” the middle-aged man answered. King Dakota reached for the wrap of coins and handed the whole thing to Shilah who removed four pieces from it.

But trying to hand over the coins to the man, she noticed he was staring keenly at the King’s face. Okay.... There’s no way anyone would know it was the King, right? Of course, not! Besides, he was putting on a hat. 5 “Uhm.... Thank you” he finally collected the coins from her and handed the sticks of beef in return.

“Thank you, Sire” Shilah bowed and left with the King, taking some steps away.

“Why do you think he was staring that way?” The King asked as soon as they were away from the man. “I.... I really have no idea”. She handed one of the sticks to him and took one for herself. “I actually can’t recall the last time I ate this” Dakota spoke in a reminiscing tone, staring at the stick in his hand.

Shilah smiled and looked around, and surprisingly, found the previous man whispering into the ears of another, while pointing at the King. Okay.... There

wasn't a problem, was there? She looked at the King but noticed he was carried away as he took a bite from his stick. "Hmm" he hummed, tossing his head.

Shilah noticed two ladies that walked pass also stared keenly at him. Was something wrong?

"I think this tastes better than the last time I did" The King remarked and took another bite. \$

"Uhm... My King, I think we need to move forward" Shilah suddenly said for the first time, and that was when his attention left the beef to look at her.

"Is there something wrong?" He asked and just then, a deep voice was heard from one of the sellers: 1 "It's the King!"

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"It's the King!" Shilah's heart leaped heavily the moment she heard those words. Oh, no...! . She turned swiftly to have a look and discovered it was the same man they had gotten beef from. And the entire market had gone stunned silent with the 'strong words from him.

Shock and confusion ran across the faces of everyone as they all stopped walking immediately, and turned towards the direction. And Dakota himself, was speechless. "The King?" Another voice suddenly came. "That is not possible!"

"I've served in the King's Palace before" another man beside the first man said. "And even if he do may not know me, the King is too precious not to be recognized, even in shreds". Shilah's heart was beating really fast. Her eyes got to the entrance of the market and there she found Pishan and the two other guards, walking in.

But they didn't look like guards as they were causally dressed as well and their eyes were on the King. Fear glinted in Shilah's eyes. Everything! Everything she's tried to work hard for was all going to be a waste! Just a waste! "But, why would the King be dressed this way?"

A woman murmured. Despite the King's vulnerable appearance, they were still too scared to speak out to him as they had all formed a distant circle around him. "Why wouldn't the King be at the market?" Another murmured. "The Alpha King can never look this way". "The Alpha King would never come to the market when he has hundreds of guards and maids".

The murmurs were beginning to upgrade into a noisy environment and Shilah turned quickly to look at the King. Pishan wasn't really surprised as he had a feeling right from the time, that the plan wasn't really going to work out. And the only problem he had at that moment was getting to know if he was to attack or not.

"The King...." "It's really him...." "What could he be upto...." "Do you think there's something wrong...." "Do you think...." "SILENCE!!!" A deep roar was suddenly heard – one that was bigger than the voices of hundreds; one that commanded respect, irrespective of the appearance. Like a rapid speed in volume, the lips of the marketers sealed shut as they felt their hearts pound heavily in their chest.

Even Shilah was curious and wondered what the King was going to do. How does he get out of this? Well, the only way possible was by walking away, and that wasn't something she had wanted. King Dakota, always being the way he had been, took a long time before deciding to speak up, and the entire time he was silent, the marketers dare not make a sound. King-ly, he took a step forward, and took off his hat. Light gasp was heard.

"I am indeed the King" he began, voice not stressed but could be heard by everyone.

"And I am here today, not because there's something wrong, or because I was forced to look this way. But it's all because I wanted to be here; to know what it feels like, being like this. I knew there was no way I could come as the King you all know and buy the things I need without being feared.

So, I just wanted to have my simple life tonight, by appearing to be one of you. And I still want to have that night. So, right here and now, I'm not here as King Dakota, but I'm here as a Man who wants to have so much fun, for just a few hours"(This novel will be daily updated at). 1 Silence – for the next few seconds, that was the only thing that was heard. Shilah was staring nervously at the floor, unable to believe the King's words. But...the marketers, would it really have an effect on them?

The marketers turned slowly, and glanced at each other's faces – shock and guilt reflecting on them. And finally, the first step was made when one of them hit his knees on the floor. "Oh! By the name of the goddess, we do not deserve you,Alpha King!" He cried out, his palms clasped in a plea.

"We do not deserve to have you here in this poor uncondusive environment of ours. The floor of the market is too dirty to touch your feet, the air is too bad to reach your nostrils, our eyes are not worthy enough to see you at our own will. Aside the moon goddess, you're more like a god to us, Alpha. We do not deserve you here".

Shilah's eyes grew heavy with tears. What? Another marketer joined the first one his knees, then two more, and five more, women, more men.... Until finally, just the King and Shilah were the only ones standing in the circle. Everyone else had gone on their knees, heads bowed. King Dakota looked around, not finding the

sight expecting. The honor...it was different from the one he was used to – getting daily from the Palace.

This honor and respect right here from his people, was something he never thought he could see. An icy part of his heart cracked a bit. 1 “I am no god” he spoke out, after a minute. “I am human like you, a wolf like you; The only difference is – I have the special authority to lead you.

So, telling me you don’t deserve me is never something you should say. Because right now, I just want to have fun. On your feet, People of the Wind Walker Pack”. Another silence descended with the people still on their knees. And finally, one of them stood up. “Uhm...Al...Alpha King” he bowed.

“If you really want to have this fun, then I think it’s in our obligation to make it happen”.

He paused and sniffed.

“I.... I have some nice grilled fish for sale, and I’m sure you and your woman would like it. Please, you don’t have to give me a penny for it. It’s just.... from my heart”. He concluded with a bow and another stood up immediately. “Al... Alpha King, I also have some nice sebastian soup in my store over there and I’m so sure you’d want to have a taste of it”.

Another stood up:

“Alpha King, I have some really fresh wine you’d want to taste. Trust me, Alpha King, it’s not like the regular kind of wine you’ve tasted”.

Then, another: “My tavern is just over there, Alpha and I have so many drinks and games you’d want to try out....” (This novel will be daily updated at)”Yes! You and your woman could play a game... together!”

Another stood up, then another, and soon, the marketers were all clamouring to say something. It brought a tear from Shilah’s eye, seeing how the whole thing had turned out. And she smiled happily and wiped it away. Even Dakota himself, was stunned. “Get the Party drums ready!!!!” A louder voice suddenly roared from the crowd. “Today, we make the King’s night fun!!” u

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AT THE VAMPIRES’ COMMUNITY LORD RYDER’S CLUTCH

Lady Cami was so restless in her room, hearing what she had heard. Her both hands were on her waist as she paced to and fro, almost panting. And after a while, she plonked herself on the bed with her hands going over her face.

Lord Ryder....Why would he want to cause a war between the Wolves and witches? Why would he ever think of something like that?? Because he wanted to take the Alpha King's position?? For real? 2

And to think he was still having another plot...

She paused and sighed heavily. No; she needed to warn the Wolves. Even if it meant betraying him, she still needed to warn them about it. What Lord Ryder was trying to do was something that could cost a really big disaster – an outburst! And she couldn't just sit back and watch it happen.

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She turned her head and glanced at the window. It was dark already and too late to send a message. So, first thing in the morning, unfailingly, she'd write to her sister. Yes, she'd write a letter to her, telling her about it so she can inform the King. That was exactly what she'd do. 3 She took in a deep breath, liking the fact that she had come up with a positive plan. And suddenly, a knock was heard on her door. She looked up immediately, her eyes reflecting fear and angst. Uh-uh. Was he calling for her? She really didn't want to see him at the moment?

She tried calming herself, but before she could even do that, the door went open with Lord Ryder himself, coming in; her heart skipped heavily, eyes grew heavier. What? She felt so much heat on her forehead as he paused at the door and leered at her. Oh,no... Why was he there at that moment?

She had actually thought it'd be one of his boys... Would she be able to hide her nervousness? Lord Ryder held the door open and stared quietly at her for a long time, probably studying her face. "Is there a problem?" He finally asked, voice so cunning and deadly, and the fearful Cami shook her head negatively. "Are you sure?" Ryder asked, taking a walk closer to her. "Y... Yes. Just feel a little dizzy, but I'll be fine" she gulped hard and reduced her gaze to the floor, feeling his presence getting close.

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Lord Ryder's steps were leveled as he walked round and stood behind her, then placed both hands on her shoulders.

"But, you look tensed, *My lady*. Why?" His voice was a whisper, as he massaged her shoulders tenderly. 2

"Are you sure there isn't something you'd like to share with me?"

"No; No. Not at all" Cami shook her head again.

"I'm totally fine, My Lord. T... Thank you for the concern". Lord Ryder continued massaging her for a few seconds, but not until he moved his hand up to her neck and gripped it tight. What???

"Urgh!" Cami gasped and lifted her hand to touch his, but couldn't take it off her neck.

What's he doing??

"Do you really think I'm that stupid?" He growled into her ears, still holding her neck tight and choking her. "Huh? Do you really think so???" Cami was confused and couldn't say a word even if she wanted to. "How dare you?" He continued. "How dare you spy and eavesdrop on my conversation?" What???? How did he know?

"Ry.... Ryder, ple...ase" she choked on the words, realizing her breath was getting short.

But Ryder didn't stop – not immediately. At last, he let go of the neck and pushed her roughly to the floor where she gasped for quick breaths. "Now, you listen to me, Cami" he warned. "I have my plans, and no matter what I'm going to carry them out. So, don't even think of stopping me 'cause I'd make sure that'd be the last thing you ever get to do in life. If a word about this, gets to anyone, I promise you, Cami; I'll drive a stake right into your heart, and watch you burn. Do you understand?

Tears were streaming down her cheeks as she sobbed and stared at him in disbelief.

"I said, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!" He roared and she bobbed her head tearfully. •

And with a curse word, Lord Ryder marched out of the room.

THE WIND-WALKER MOUNTAIN

The loud sound of sticks hitting the party drums, and the villagers cheering and dancing, had filled the air. Yes, Villagers; not just marketers. In less than a few minutes, the news of the King being at the market had flown out and attracted lots of attention as everyone wanted to witness the "Simple" King.

Pishan and the guards were still far away, but close enough to run into rescue if need be..

And while the villagers drum, party and jubilated, they were careful enough not to choke the King and his woman, and maintained a reasonable distance from them, despite the fact they were being circled.

Shilah had a huge smile on her face as one of the men led them to his tavern. To think this night had turned out like this, was one of the greatest blessings she could ever ask for.

The villagers kept drumming and dancing around them as they walked to the tavern, and finally getting in, only a few were permitted to go in with them, while the rest remained outside and continued drumming

"Please, over here, My King" the man pointed to a table, rounded with seats. And with a nod, the King took a seat, while Shilah took hers on the same table, facing him. The tavern had been empty, but the moment they entered with the few villagers it became lively. The man ran speedily and returned shortly with a jar and two cups. "I make my drinks myself, Alpha King" he beamed, decanting from the jar into the cups.

"And I can assure you, you'll like it". King Dakota watched with scrutiny as the drink foamed in the cups. "And what is this called?" He asked, taking a close look at it. "Oh! I call it bourbon!" The man laughed and pushed the cups closer to them. "Please... give me some minutes to get the soup ready, My King.

"I'll be right back" he added and ran off, signalling the villagers around to keep their protective eyes on him. "You've ever tasted this before?" The King asked Shilah, as he held up his own cup. "Not at all, My King. I've never tasted... alcohol" she shook her head and the King scoffed.

"Well.... I guess it's time to do something new" he shrugged and drank from his own cup. Shilah watched his face observantly as he lowered the cup down from his lips, and the moment he did, she couldn't cloak her laughter. She covered her face with her palms and snorted with laughter, and the King was amused.

"Okay...Is there a problem?" He asked, beady eyed. "No...Not at all, My King" Shilah was amidst laughters as she uncovered her face and looked at him. "Uhm... It's just that, you look really funny". "Funny? How?" Dakota asked, finding it amusing st how red her cheeks had become. But, goodness! She looked so cute with the laughter's.

That was actually the first time he was seeing her laugh. "The... the drink" she pointed out to his lips, and that was when the King realized the drink had left it's foams round his moustache.

Oh.... "This has to be a joke" he clicked his tongue as he wiped it off with the back of his palm. "And to think you were laughing at me... you really have to be punished. Now, drink yours without stopping" . . Whaaaat??? "My.... My King!" Her eyes dilated in surprise, her face still radiating with bemusement. "Go on, Shilah; drink up!" He lifted her own cup and forced it to her lips.

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Queen Chaska was in her room, sitting and leaning her back against the wall with so many thoughts running through her mind.

Thinking of how frustrated her life had been.... being kicked out by the King and ridiculed by others. She could remember how she felt when the news of getting married to the Alpha King had gotten to her ears. She really loved him, and he loved her too. Yes, he did. But not until she couldn't give him a male child and had to choke on having a co-wife.

Since Nosheba arrived, she's been trying so hard to fight her off and make sure she doesn't steal the King's attention. Then, Dyani arrived, and now Shilah. And in the process of fighting all these, she unfortunately earned the King's hatred. She sniffed and touched her head. What has she done to deserve such life, huh? All she wanted was to be the winner – nothing but the winner. 2

There was a knock on the door, and feebly, she ushered the knocker in and Gina walked in afterwards.

"Greetings, My Queen" she bowed, but Chaska gave no reply, just wanting her to go on. "There's a rumor flying around, My Queen, and it's moving so fast. They said the King and Shilah are in the market place".

Now, that was something to prick Chaska's attention

She furrowed her brows and looked quickly at her. What?

"Yes, My Queen" Gina nodded.

"And according to them, the King seems to be on a date with her. They said...he had come as a peasant, but the marketers had eventually gotten to know it was him and he had to reveal himself. He told them he was only there to have fun and didn't want anything to stop it. And.... the villagers had to comply. Right now, it's more like they're having a festival as the villagers are all drumming and dancing while the King and Shilah goes round to have fun".

"What nonsense are you talking about, Gina?" Chaska suddenly chipped in her heart becoming too heavy to hold everything.

But instead of sounding angry, she sounded pained and betrayed.

"How can you come to my presence and lie to me?"

"Lie?" Gina gasped and lowered her head.

"May Selene forbid that I ever lie to you, My Queen. I've been your maid for years now, and you know I've never brought false information to you. I can't lie to you, My Queen".

Chaska's heart was pounding heavily in her chest. Slowly, she stood up.

"This is not possible" she muttered, shaking her head.

"Don't tell me...it has gotten to this".

The imaginary images played in her head – envisioning how the King would move around with Shilah. How.... How did it ever get to this? "I'm sorry, My Queen" Gina added sadly, feeling her pain. And a long time passed with Chaska saying nothing but just sniffing.

"I'm going to the market" she finally said as she walked towards the door. "What? My Queen...."

"You can come with me or stay back, Gina; but I need to see for myself – see how these is happening" she

got to the door, opened it and stepped out of the room. And Gina having no option, had to follow. 3

The villagers around laughed as they watched the King force the cup to his woman's lips.

"Mmmh!" Shilah mumbled, but wasn't fast enough to stop it as the King had managed to push some of the drink into her mouth, leaving some foam around her moustache. i

Oh, no....

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"My King...!" She cried out, wiping it off with the back of her palm and King Dakota managed a chuckle. "Don't feel bad, Shilah. It actually looks good on you" he stated teasingly. And at that moment, Shilah had completely forgotten it was the King involved.

She watched him take up his cup and swigged more from it and she decided to do same. But, what if she gets drunk – she throught. She was proly going to limit the quantity, then.

She took several gulps from her cup along with the King, and few minutes later, the tavern keeper returned with a big bowl, steaming and emitting an irresistible aroma. Shilah's eyes were already staring hungrily as he placed between them on the table and that was when she confirmed the hot soup in it, containing so much meat.

"Sorry if I took long, Alpha King" the tavern keeper said enthusiastically as he rubbed his palms. "I hope you like it". "Hm. This looks really nice" the King noted calmly with a nod.

"I hope its taste doesn't disappoint". He took up a spoon and scooped a little quantity into his mouth.

"What do you think, Alpha King?" The tavern keeper asked curiously.

"Did I do well?"

The King said nothing, but scooped in another spoon before looking at him.

"I never thought a man could be such a great cook" he commended and the happiness on the man's face – was priceless.

"This is the best remark I'd ever gotten, Alpha King" he beamed.

"Thank you so much; thank you".

Shilah smiled and also scooped in a soup and indeed, the soup tasted really nice.

"Maybe, getting soups from this tavern daily wouldn't be a bad idea,Alpha King" she suggested.

"Hm. Sounds like a good idea. Perhaps, I could give it a thought".The King acceded and earned another grateful expression from the man.

They spent some time in the tavern, eating and drinking, but they tried not to get their selves too full as they had other villagers to attend to.

Before the King left, he signaled Shilah to give him some money, but the tavern keeper refused when she tried to. "Please, Please,Alpha King" he shook his head strongly. "I really want to do this from my heart, please".

Shilah had the coins in her hands already. "And I insist as well" Dakota's calm reply came. "I do appreciate your love, but do take the coin from me". The keeper was confused, and while he contemplated, Shilah quickly forced the coin into his hands. "Thank you so much,sire" She bowed to him.

"Oh! Thank you so much, My Queen. Thank you, Alpha King. Stepping into my tavern is more than an honor" the keeper said with his hands clasped. And with the King touching his shoulder, he finally left with Shilah.

The villagers cheered and increased the sound of the drums as they watched the King step out of the tavern. "He's back! He's back!" They screamed.

The men who seemed to be the leader of the crowd, ran upto the King immediately. "Come on, Alpha King. We have some games ready for you..." One

of them said. "This way...." A game? Shilah thought. What game could it possibly be? And as they walked their way through the crowd, she was shocked when the King held her hand.

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Cold shivers ran through her spine as the King's cold hand held hers. What? She flinched and looked at him, but he was too engrossed in the crowd to notice. He was actually.... holding her hand! Blessed Spirits!

Anxiety ran through her immediately, and to think he proly didn't notice...it still meant a lot to her.

Chaska could feel her heart in her throat as she hustled her way through the crowd with Gina behind her. Causally dressed and having a scarf covering her hair down to her neck, she was sure she wouldn't be recognized by anyone.

Well, that wasn't even her problem as her entire attention was being fixed on the King and Shilah who were walking in front. 2 The place was too noisy and uncomfortable for her and she badly wanted to believe that was the reason she was seeing things wrongly. Yes; because she just couldn't believe that was the King, really holding Shilah's hand.

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No; there was noway it could be possible! "Careful, My Queen" Gina said in a whisper as she held her hand and prevented her from falling when she had missed a step.

But Chaska was too distraught to even notice and just followed the crowd.

Shilah and the King walked at a levelled pace with the crowd until they had gotten to an open field where a table and two chairs were set. Huh? The villagers actually did these in such a short period of time? "Over here, Alpha King!" One of the men pointed out and with all smiles, Shilah and the King took their seats, facing each other.

Six men who seemed to be the leader of the crowd stood closer to the table, while the rest of the villagers surrounded and watched from a reasonable distance. Chaska was among. "Get the drinks, Maputo! Hurry!" The most senior clapped his hands, and the one being referred to ran off immediately and returned shortly with a jar and two smaller cups.

"More drinks?" Dakota clicked his tongue. "I'm not so sure I want more of that". "Oh! Don't worry, Alpha King. It's part of the game" the man grinned widely, his long beards complimenting how cranky he wanted to look at that moment.

Part of the game – Shilah thought. She really couldn't wait to see what the game was all about.

Her nervousness had died down and even the crowd wasn't mattering to her anymore. At that moment, she was with a young handsome man, and not that fearful King she knows back there at the palace. The party drums had stopped, but the crowd were still murmuring and all couldn't wait to watch the game between the King and his woman. Few minutes later, and a bunch of cards were brought to the table. "Cards?" Shilah shrieked.

"I don't know a thing about cards, My King!" "Don't worry, Queen. It's the easy one" one of the men smiled as he happily arranged the cards on the table, placing them downwards so the front content is covered. Shilah and the King watched intently. And when the man was done arranging the cards, he clapped his hands and stepped away from the table.

"Okay! Like I said, we'll be making it the easy one. "The cards over here contains four major symbols – we have clubs, diamonds, hearts and spades. And these are going to be the rules of the game: If the King is to play first, he is expected to open one of the cards and let's say..the card he opens turns out to be a spade, you, Queen, will be expected to open another card which must be spade as well. If you open a wrong card, you'll take down a shot" he concluded by pouring out some drink from the jar into the smaller cups.

What? That was the game?? What if she keeps failing and ends up getting drunk? "This sounds really interesting" one of the villagers around commented and the others bobbed their heads in agreement. "So, let's begin! You go first, Alpha King!" The man announced and the villagers backed it up with some cheers.

"Are you ready for this?" King Dakota asked, staring at Shilah. "Well.... I don't think I'd want to disappoint the people now" she shrugged. King Dakota nodded and proceeded afterwards, opening the first card. And well, it turned out to be a diamond.

"Wow, wow wow. A diamond!" The man announced.

"Okay, Queen. Over to you now. You have to pick a random card and hope it turns out to be a diamond as well. Let's go!"

The crowd murmured happily and Shilah, taking a deep breath, opened one of the cards and.... "Oh! It's a spade!" The man announced, following a loud mumbling from the crowd. "What? Does it mean I have to take more of this?" Shilah shrieked and pointed to the drink. "Uhm....

Unfortunately, Yes Queen" the man nodded slowly and handed the small cup to her. King Dakota looked at her and let out a small smile – one that looked so cold and different. It was so obvious he wasn't used to smiles. "This is so not good"

Shilah lamented as she collected the cup forcefully and swilled it down her throat. "Urgh!" She grunted, wiping her lips with the back of her palm and not liking the sour taste that came with the drink.

"That was a good compliance, Queen. And now, it's your turn" the man announced and Shilah didn't hesitate as she quickly flipped over a random card. She badly wanted to get back at the King as well. "It's a club!" The man announced the symbol she had picked. "And now, Alpha King, over to you".

Dakota noticed the eager look on Shilah's face and didn't need anyone to tell him she was badly praying for him to fail as well so he could drink his own shot.

He looked at the covered cards on the table and following his instincts, flipped one over Whaaaat???

"Wow!! It's a club as well!" The man announced, trying to yell his voice amidst the crowd that were

cheering.

Someone had even played the drum for a few seconds.

"This is cheating!" Shilah pouted.

"How is he able to pick the same card?"

"It's the game, My Queen. The King was just lucky enough to pick the same card" the man explained with laughter. "So....he doesn't get to drink?" Shilah asked and fumed some more when the man shook his head negatively.

It was all for fun, anyways.

"It's not my fault, Shilah" King Dakota shrugged, his voice echoing with sarcasm which playfully hurt Shilah some more.

"Don't forget, the game is still on, Alpha King. There are more chances you could fail" she tucked her hair behind her ear and waited for the man to announce his turn.

"And now, Alpha King; it's your turn!"

King Dakota let out a cold smirk and flipped a card over.

"It's a heart!" The man announced and turned to Shilah. "Over to you, Queen".

Shilah gave a daring look at the King, but also anxious. She bit her lower lip and stared at the covered cards observingly before flipping one. "Oh! Not again!" The crowd moaned.

"You picked a spade, My Queen..."

"No, No. This is clearly cheating!" Shilah shook her head adamantly. "I won't agree to this! I'm being cheated!" The King just held his chin and watched her with a small smile on his lips. "I'm so sorry, Queen; but it's the rules...." The man spoke carefully as he decanted the drink and handed it to her.

And with a pout, she forcefully gulped it down.

The fun that night was intense as the King got to play so many games with Shilah. For the first game, he had only failed once hence, only drank the shot once.

Shilah had been so upset about it and wondered how the King was able to get so lucky.

They played two other games, visited some other shops and taverns and ate more things to their fill. It was a very long night for the King, and when he realized Shilah was already tipsy and might start acting funny at any moment, he decided to call it off. 2 "Words cannot express how happy I am today" he began, when the villagers had gone quiet.

He stood in the middle of the circle with Shilah, so many eyes staring at them. "Today, I got to learn how loved I am by my own people, even if they rarely see me. And for this, I promise never to disappoint" He paused and scoured his eyes round the crowd, as if searching for someone.

"Pishan!" He called out, and the crowd murmured a little. They knew that was his gamma; they just had no idea he was there as well. In less than a minute, Pishan showed up and walked into the circle. "My King...!" "First thing tomorrow, I want you to get some supplies and bring them over for the villagers.

Make sure it gets to every one of them, and everyone should have enough" King Dakota said, and immediately, the villagers went on their knees. "Alpha...!" "Oh! We don't deserve this..!" "May your reign be long!" "May the goddess grant every of your wish...!" "Thank you so much...!"

The place became noisy as everyone struggled to say something – heartfelt appreciation. Shilah's heart melted as she watched the scene. It was just too much. With a hand wave, the King started walking away, while Shilah and Pishan followed. The villagers didn't stop praising and thanking him, and as they left, Shilah thought: *What a long night it has been.

A long night to see the King happy and have so much fun. But, what happens after the night, when they return to the palace? Will he go back to being that grumpy King he's always been?

Will he remember this night and how special it had been for both of them, how they had played, laughed, and drank together? Will it make him treat her differently? Or he's just going to be the same King Dakota she's always known?

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Shilah held the steaming cup up in her hands and muttered her short prayer before taking it down and walking out of the kitchen.

The few maids she came across in the dark passage greeted her with so much respect and admiration, and of course, Shilah reciprocated the gesture. She felt so relieved and had smiles all over her face as she returned to the King's room. And getting to the door, the guards didn't bother informing the King about it but just let her in.

King Dakota was sitting on his usual spot and reading a book in the faint flame from the lantern. Well, he was already used to reading in very poor conditions.

Shilah walked in and noticed her heart gave a mighty leap the moment she saw him. Urgh! They've been together the whole evening... why was she feeling this anxious? "I'm done, Alpha King" she placed the cup of tea on the table beside him. And Dakota simply nodded with his gaze still focused on the book. Shilah bowed and turned towards the door. "Stay back, Shilah" she halted when she heard the King's voice

Oh...

She turned to face him and just stood patiently with her hands fiddling in front of her. Now, he was looking more of King Dakota and less of the man she had been with at the market place. When they returned, he had taken his bath and changed into a night outfit, while Shilah did same as well. And decided to make him his tea to put him to sleep.

Thinking of the fun time they both had at the market, it brought tears to her eyes and made her wish such moment never had to end. She smiled as she stood and waited patiently for the King to say whatever he wanted to say to her. But it took a really long time. And she was feeling so dizzy... Not just dizzy, but drunk as well. "Some men could be so selfish, hm" he suddenly said, but it was a comment on his book as his gaze was still fully on it.

"Had twelve sons, yet wanted more...."

The last statement pricked Shilah who wanted to know what it was all about. Well, she wasn't the one reading...

King Dakota finally bobbed his head and closed up the book. And heaving deeply, he took the cup of tea from the table and sipped from it.

Shilah stood and watched silently as he swigged down the tea and unexplainably, a small smile touched her lips.

Why was she even smiling? She thought.

Perhaps, because she was thinking of their time at the market place. Or... because she enjoyed watching him drink her tea.

King Dakota sipped from his tea again and still having half remaining in the cup, he stood up with it.

“Come with me, Shilah” the tea in his hand, he walked to the bed and sat on it.

Shilah was confused. Go with him? But, he still had his tea in his hand. Taking a hard gulp, she went over and slowly sat beside him on the bed. Not so close – she kept a reasonable distance between herself and the King.

Dakota swigged from his cup again and held it down when he was done. And for a long time, silence danced around them. But sitting next to the King, Shilah enjoyed it. The lantern on the table wasn't bright enough to shine through to the bed area. And for that fact, the place on which they sat was a little shadowy.

It was so dim and cold plus Shilah was crazily enjoying the King's scent. It smelt of power, royalty and a natural perfume. Why did he ask her to sit next to him by the way? “Tonight reminded me of a lot of things, you know?” Dakota finally broke the silence, taking another sip from his cup.

“It reminded me of the man I used to be, before I became this. This. This cursed King”.

Something struck Shilah's heart as her interest got crazily high. She turned and stared at him with rapt attention.

King Dakota paused and drank from his cup again.

“While my father was still King”, he continued, the shadow of the curtain above them reflecting on his

face.

“I used to be a happy prince. Always minding my business and being loved by my mother. My mother – Queen Nana – was all I had in the world, and the only one I called friend. I'd never let anyone hurt her and go free – not even my stepmother. That was the reason... Raksha and I were always at loggerheads back then. His mother and mine were always fighting, and I was always there to make sure my mother doesn't end up being the loser. No one messes with her and ever goes free.... because she was all I had.

“Growing up, she trained me to be the man I am. Knowing I'm the first son and my father's heir, she trained me so well in preparation for the future. She always told

me... I'll be a great King; and I always told her – I'd rule with her by my side". He paused and sighed, and somehow, Shilah could sense a tragic story already. "Day and night, when we have nothing to do, she'd read books to me and tell me books always have a lesson. She was all I had – was there for me when my father was too busy to care, was there for me when I needed a friend. She was my weakness....and they used her against me".

His cold voice was beginning to get melted.

"They used my weakness against me – my weakness of not being able to handle betrayal and accept heartbreak. They used it.... when they took her away from me". He paused, allowing some seconds and Shilah had to fill it in.

"T.... Took her away?" She stuttered, staring intensely at him.

"Yes. They killed her" the last line came in a whisper.

Shilah's jaws dropped at that. Oh, no... "My mother never died a natural death; she was taken....killed right in front of me". His eyes had gotten so sore. "I can remember vividly, holding her in my arms while she bled to death and I couldn't do anything. That very night, I died, Shilah. Everything in me died when my mother left me while I could do nothing. I died". He paused and took another deep breath. "I saw who killed her – saw the lady's face. She was dressed in black and covered her hair with a green fabric. Hair so long and dark, eyes white and glowing.... "She watched me holding my mother in my arms and ran away. And a while later, I stood up with my sword and ran after her.

"I wasn't thinking. wasn't Dakota. That night, I was a dead man, trying to avenge a death.

"I ran after her, into the dark woods and kept running until I'd arrived at what looked like a temple. And there I found her, kneeling and praying. She was dressed in black, hair long and dark, but I couldn't see her eyes because she was backing me.

"My anger increased, seeing the lady that killed my mother. And to think she even had the guts to pray..." He paused and scoffed.

"I ran to her with a yell and slashed my sword through her neck and with a swift gasp, she fell on the floor, heads up. And when she fell, that was when I realized I just made the worst mistake of my life. Because.... I looked into her face, and discovered she wasn't the lady I was running after. (This novel will be daily updated at)She wasn't the lady that killed my mother. Instead, it was a worshipper of the goddess.

"She was coincidentally dressed like the killer and I was too angry to even think. Whoever killed my mother, had set me up so I'd kill that worshipper. And.... that was how I became cursed".

"Oh, no.." Shilah gasped as she lifted her palm to her lips, covering it in shock.

A tear slipped her pale eye immediately. This isn't happening. "They killed my mother, and set me up" The King continued, the pain becoming so obvious in his voice.

"For killing Selene's sacred servant, I became cursed – never to sleep, never to eat, and never to have a male child. And from that day onwards, I never knew what happiness felt like again". "My King..!" Shilah's voice cracked, her heart bleeding heavily. "Oh! I'm so.... I'm so sorry".

Dakota huffed and drank the last of his tea.

"The scars on my chest.." he continued. "I got them when my father had ordered his powerful guards to whip me for killing the goddess' servant. He called me foolish for letting my anger get the better part of me. They whipped me mercilessly, and left me covered in blood. That day, was the worst day of my life.... and it happened on a full moon. I lost my mother, took an innocent life for the first time, got cursed by the goddess, and while I was still mourning, got whipped and scarred by my father. So many things made me this cold-hearted, Shilah. And that's the reason the full moon is always my greatest enemy. 3

"The lady that killed my mother.... i never got to see her again; but I'll never forget her face. And I swear on my mother's memories, I'll kill her. Even if I only get to see her in my next life, I'll make sure I kill her. It's

a promise". 6

He paused and sighed again.

For over fifteen years, I've been an unhappy soul – a King full of pains and regrets. But today, I got to taste what happiness felt like again. I got to have a glimpse of what I had enjoyed with my mother.... before she was taken from me. Thank you, Shilah" he turned to look at her and smiled when he found her in tears. The smile happened in the dark, Shilah couldn't notice.

"I'm so sorry" She whimpered, tears rolling down.

"You didn't deserve it; didn't deserve it at all".

Her heart was just too weak for it. To think he's been passing through such pains for over fifteen years? Who could've done this to him? 1 Dakota sighed and pulled her close, making her head rest on his chest. "It's fine, Shilah" he crooned. "You don't have to worry, I'll live pass this pain"(This novel will be daily updated at). His hand caressed her hair as she wept and sobbed like a child on him.