

Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

Chapter 197

[/ Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene](#)
Chapter 197 Shilah's Memories

Seated next to her daughter's bed with her head resting on the edge, Chaska was trying to get some sleep when she suddenly heard some whimpering. The whimpering was strange, but the voice sounded familiar. She lifted her head and gasped when she found her daughter awake. "Urika!" She gasped with a shaky tone. "By the goddess; you're awake!" Her heart was beating for joy, but a part of it ached when she noticed how much her daughter was struggling. Her neck was bent and so were her lips that had spit running out of it. "Oh! My dear child" She wavered. "I'm so happy you've finally regained consciousness. How do you feel, dear?" The little girl said nothing, and the next thing that came to Chaska's mind was going to call the Physician. She stood up and was about running out when she heard the wavering voice: "I feel... pains, mother" Urika struggled to speak. "Please, help me..." @ Those were the words that broke Chaska's heart. She turned to look at the daughter she could barely recognize. Her beautiful princess was now an imbecile? She held her hand and wept and just then, the door went opened from behind. "Oh, my! Urika is awake!" Gina exclaimed from behind as she rushed in. "My Queen...!" "I'm giving up, Gina" Chaska stood up and faced her, her eyes holding bittered tears. "I'm tired of trying to be strong while I watch my daughter die. I just lost Mavy five days ago; Oh! Gina, I wouldn't know what to do if I lost Urika too. She's all I have left. All I have". For the first time, Gina saw regrets in the Queen's eyes. For the first time, she could sense the Queen was about doing something she was not used to – apologize. . "I'm ready to go to Shilah and confess, Gina" She broke down. "I'm ready to say the truth and ask for forgiveness so she could lift this curse off my poor daughter. I'm ready to do it, Gina; I don't care what the consequences might be, I don't even care if I lose my life. I just want my daughter to get well. Please" 10 Gina's breath got suspended, her eyes unable to leave the Queen's face. She was finally making the right decision but at a very wrong time. How does she tell her? "Where do you think she would be, Gina? Her room? Or the King's?" Chaska wiped her face and tried leaving, but Gina's words halted her. "I'm afraid it's too late, My Queen" Gina said with a slight shiver, and when Chaska turned to look at her, she could see the perplexity on her. Chaska said nothing, but her eyes held a lot of questions. "Shilah left a while ago" She whimpered. "She left the Palace with a letter stating she won't be back until she finds her son. I do not know when she would return, My Queen".

Shilah didn't stop riding until she had gotten out of the mountain. She wanted to cover as much ground as possible to a particular village so she could begin her search, but it became impossible when nightfall caught up with her, and not jacob's a torch with her, she had to look for a place to camp so her horse doesn't get hurt. Alone in the forest, she gathered up woods and making use of dry stones, she lit up a fire in front of her. Afterwards, she sat down in front of it. It was just her in the woods, alone and less – afraid. If it had been any other day, she would have been so scared and in tears; but that very day, she felt no fear. What else was she to be afraid of when she had experienced terrible things? She grew up in a family that hated her, only to discover years later that they were not even her family. She was framed in the Palace and nearly got killed by the man she

loved. She got sent out of the Palace while pregnant and was nearly raped by the son of the man who helped her. She gave birth but lost her son few hours later and received all the blame from the King. What else was she to be afraid of? What other cruelty does life have to offer? • She was on the verge of tears, but recalling her promise at the Palace never to cry again, she sniffed it in. So many thoughts ran through her head – especially as she stared at the burning flames. She thought of the King and all the good memories they shared – how she first met him in the woods on the day of the Lockdown. She recounted how scared she had been, staring into those red Alpha of his and the moment he snatched her. She recalled how coldly his words had sounded when he told her he was going to make her his fourth wife as a means of punishment. She recalled their first night of intimacy and how scared she had been. Tho, the King had been very rude and grumpy, she started loving him from the very first day she met him in the woods. Yes; she loved him but was only scared of his harsh personality. Goodness! She had so many beautiful memories with him – like the day they had gone on their first date. She recalled how causally the King had dressed just so he wouldn't be recognized by anyone, but it was futile as his Kingly personality wasn't too loud to be hidden. That very day had been the first day she experienced real happiness in her life. The way the people had made it so fun – played drums for them, took them to several restaurants and taverns and organized games. The picture of the happiness on the King's face could never be replaced in her head; it was so genuine, so pure. She recalled all the nights she slept in his arms and all the times they had crazy intercourse – like the day in the cave. Pishan and the guards had been waiting outside and right there in the cave, the King had fucked her from behind while telling her not to moan. It had been crazy...so

crazy Dear Spirits! She missed him already. She missed the man she fell in love with; missed the man she planned a future with. Lifting her head, she looked up to the dark soy and prayed to the Spirits to help her find her son. They've always listened to her; they've always helped her. Why wouldn't they do same at such important request? © She prayed to them to lead her to her son. Even if he was dead, she needed to see his corpse. Was that too much to ask?

Kylie halted her horse and so did the rest of the sisters behind her. With their torches on, they could clearly see through the woods and ride safely. Kylie brought out the magical map, opened it and observed the red light. "Where is she now?" Sukie asked as she drew closer to have a peek. "She's no longer in the Wind Walker Mountain? She's in..." "The forest just before the Azalea Village" Kylie completed and looked up. "She has stopped moving and is probably camping for the night". "We're still very far from Azalea Village" Remata commented from behind. "Are you sure we can catch up with her?" "Of course, we will because while she's resting, we'll be riding all night" Kylie folded the map and kept it back into her bag. "We won't stop or rest until we've found that lady. Let's go". And with an urge, she got her horse moving while the rest of the sisters followed.

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Chapter 198

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Chapter 198 The Tribid – The First Of It's Kind

NEXT MORNING

Shilah who had slept on the ground, was awakened by unusual sounds around her. Swiftly opening her eyes, she flinched on seeing strange men around her, trying to take her things. One was picking her bag, the other trying to pull off the necklace from her neck and the third one just standing and watching., "Ooz! She's finally awake" The third man chuckled in a croaked voice. Shilah gasped and sat up while the two other men stepped back. Her woods had burnt out and were only producing some fading flames. And the young men in front of her, looked like one of the bad guys. "What do you think you're doing?" She furrowed her brows. "And what does it look like we're doing, beautiful lady?" The same man smirked. "What's a damsel like you doing out here alone, anyways? Did you get kicked out of home?" \$ Shilah gulped hard and looked at the one holding her bag, she was still seated on the ground. "Please, I don't want any trouble. Just hand me my bag and I'll be leaving". 3 "Oops! All I wanted to do was take your things and leave quietly, but since you're already awake, I do not think that can happen anymore". Summoning enough courage, Shilah stood up and attempted snatching the bag from the man, but was pushed back. "Come near me again and I'll slit your throat" He brought out a knife and spoke with dreadful eyes. Shilah couldn't let them take the bag from her as that would warrant her losing her valuables – things she needed for her journey. "Please, I beg of you; I really don't want any trouble. I just want to be on my way" She stated forlornly. "Fine. Since you don't want any trouble, I'll just change my mind and walk away. But your bag is gone" He winked at her and signalling the rest of his boys, they began walking away. Shilah's heart beat loudly in her chest as she watched them did. She couldn't let them get away. "I said give it back!" She yelled as she ran after them and tried snatching it again, but it was futile. "You fool! You really don't value your life, do you?" He held her cheeks roughly while pushing her backwards. "Mmmh!! Let me go!" Shilah muffled and yelped when her back hit the ground. "Stubborn ladies like you do not deserve to go unpunished. It's obvious you need someone to warm you a bit". And with Shilah on the floor, he unhooked his belt and dropped on his knees in front of her. "No!! Don't touch me! Get away from me!" Yelled Shilah as she struggled helplessly. The two men from behind simply sniggered and relaxed to watch the show. "Stay still, will you?" The man slapped her across the face, making her whimper. "You animal!! Let me go!!!" She screamed and hit his chest and strangely, fire emanated from her palms and stuck to his chest. "Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!" He cried out and quickly withdrew from her, but the farther he withdrew from her, the farther the fire came from her palms, still burning his chest. "What the hell?????!! Damen?!" His partner's eyes dilated in shock as they watched unbelievably. Even Shilah was frightened and foxed, her eyes were glowing like the sun. "STOP IT! STOP IT!" The hurting man continued screaming as the fire expanded to the remaining parts of his body. Fearfully, his friends flinched and ran away. And the fire seized when he dropped dead on the floor – burnt beyond recognition. For some minutes, Shilah was unable to move – transfixed with fear. Her eyes wouldn't blink, her breaths were coming in short and heavy, and her hands were shaking.

What just.... happened to her? The fire didn't come from her, did it? No; it's not possible. It's just not possible. She finally stood up, her eyes dwindling. The fear she had been so courageous not to feel all through the night, came gushing through her at that very instance. The fear she felt, was like nothing she had ever felt before. Her chest rose and fell heavily, her head banged deeply. How did it

happen? How did she produce so much fire that burnt a man? How did she do it? With shaky legs, she strolled towards the body and noticed how black it was. Oh, no! He was dead! He was dead! She just killed The First of It's kind someone! How?? Why?? How could this happen? She covered her mouth with her palm, trying not to let the tears out. What in the name of the Spirits happened to her?? Had she become cursed as well?? Swiftly, she picked up her bag from the floor and ran away.

DAKOTA'S PALACE

King Dakota glared at the seer as he walked into the room, having his cross bag. Dressed in his usual ragged cloth, he bowed as he stood in front of her King.

"Greetings, My..." "I do not think I need your greetings, Thaddeus" Dakota cut him off, his tone so harsh. Gently, the seer lifted his head. "I called for you four days ago and you think it's okay to come when you please?" "Forgive me, King Dakota; but it was only right for me to come now". "Right?" Dakota sprang on his feet. "It was only right for you to come when my son and wife are missing? Really?" He glared into the seer's eyes. "I need them back, Thaddeus. Months ago, you told me my son would be fine. But the moment he was delivered, I lost him! I didn't even have the chance to touch him, Thaddeus; I didn't have the chance to hold my son!" There was a brief pause. "I thought the Spirits never failed? You also told me they'd protect him; so, what happened??" The Seer looked into the King's eyes, purposely saying nothing as he didn't want to drag words with him. He was angry and perhaps, needed to vent it out. "King Dakota" He finally called in a sigh when the King said nothing again. "I am deeply sorry got your loss, but you need to understand that I do not hold the future in my hands. The Spirits only wants me to see what they want; it doesn't mean I decide the future". "Well, the Spirits had also told you my son would be fine, Thaddeus!" Dakota sneered. 'You told me they'd protect him!' "And they're doing just that" The Seer replied, making Dakota's eyes dim. "What are you talking about?" He scoffed. "Your son is still fine, King Dakota; he needed to go missing for a purpose". There was a brief silence with the King staring confusedly at him. "What in the name of the moon is going on, Thaddeus? What damn reason would the Spirits have for taking my son away and making my wife go after him? What reason would they have to ruin my family?" Levelly, The Seer walked to the window. "There are certain things you do not know, King Dakota" He sibilated. "Your son is a special one – since the start of the world, no one like him has been born". King Dakota's heart ached. "I need you to be more specific. What are you talking about??" He marched closer to him. "He is a tribrid" Thaddeus enthused. "The very first of it's kind". Dakota's words got seized as he felt his heart beat rhythmically in it's chest. "He possesses the powers of the three species – Wolf, Vampire, and Wizard". \$ "What?" Dakota managed to scoff. "Th... Thaddeus? I don't..." "I know you're confused, but it's the truth" The Seer cut in gently. "He possesses all three powers in him – the very first of it's kind. Why do you think it rained on the last full moon? The emotions were just much on that night, if you could remember. It had seemed... different. That was the night he was born, and it rained because a rare one was being given birth to. It rained because a generational leader – the one who would bring about the existence of hybrids was being delivered. Your son, King Dakota, is a very special one and he'll be found in a very short time from now".

AZALEA VILLAGE

Shilah kept her head bowed as she walked into the market, her bag on her shoulder. She felt so insecure, but was hungry and needed something to eat. someone! How?? Why?? How could this happen? She covered her mouth with her palm, trying not to let the tears out. What in the name of the Spirits happened to her?? Had she become cursed as well?? Swiftly, she picked up her bag from the floor and ran away.

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AZALEA VILLAGE

Shilah kept her head bowed as she walked into the market, her bag on her shoulder. She felt so insecure, but was hungry and needed something to eat. Kina After what happened in the woods, she didn't stop running until she had gotten to the Azalea Village. She suddenly felt fear – the same fear she had been trying to fight all through the night. She feared what she had done – the life she had taken. How was she able to produce such fire that killed a man? How did she commit murder? Oh! Dear Spirits; what were they turning her into? First, her son went missing, and now, she was turning into a lunatic? What was happening to her?

She sniffed as she stood in front of a woman's table – one selling fruits. "How much does your apple cost?" She murmured as she took one from the table and took an hungry bite. "It's just two potin, dear" The seller replied as she sprinkled water on the rest of the fruits. Shilah dipped her hand and brought out four potin from her bag, handing it to the woman. "I'll be taking two". "Oh! Thank you so much, dear" the seller beamed and picked the best for her. Still chewing from the first one, Shilah was about walking away when it suddenly dawned on her to commence her mission already. "Uhm... can I ask you a question?" She turned back to the seller. "Of course, dear. What is it?" She hesitated and moved closer to her. "Do you... know anyone that suddenly got a child? I mean, someone who wasn't pregnant but is suddenly having a child currently?" The woman looked at her with a puzzled look and scoffed. "I must admit that is one funny question, lady. Why are you even asking?" "Because I'm looking for my son" she answered plainly. "I gave birth six days ago, but he was stolen from me. I'm here because I'm looking for him". "Oh..." The woman gave a head – to-toe stare at her. "Well, I'm sorry but I totally have no idea about that. I haven't seen anyone with a strange child recently". Shilah felt that streak of pain in her chest; she closed her eyes for a few seconds and walked away. She chewed on her apple slowly as she dawdled in the market, feeling so empty and weak. "It's you" She suddenly heard a frail voice say from behind. "It's surely you – the one I've been seeing in my dreams". Shilah turned swiftly to behold the face of a strange old woman with a walking stick, staring at her. Huh? "Who are you?" She asked with arched brows after a thorough stare. "I am the one the Spirits sent you out to look for, dear child. I am the key to what you're meant to become".

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Chapter 199

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Chapter 199 Shilah And The Witches

LONG CHAPTER

"You heard me right, dear" The woman spoke to Shilah's muddled face as she moved closer. "I am the one you're looking for". "What are you talking about? I know the reason I am out here and it's definitely not to look for an old woman"

Shilah glowered suspiciously at her and tried walking away. She was grateful the people at the market weren't noticing them. "I know you're looking for your son" The woman's words halted her. "But trust me, dear; what you came out to look for is different from what the Spirits sent you out to look for". @ The swiftness at which Shilah had turned to look at the woman was second to none. Her eyes dimmed and gushed with curiosity. "What do you know about my son? Do you know where he is?" She asked huskily, retreating her steps back to the woman. "I... I could help you find him – if you come home with me"the woman shrugged. "I do not have time for games. If you know where he is, please, just tell me already. I beg you". "I believe I can help, dear. Just come with me". Shilah paused and gave her a head – to – toe stare. "And you expect me to trust you? For all I know, you might actually be lying". "Yes – I expect you to trust me because the Spirits has revealed everything to me – like the fact that you're married to the Alpha King and lost his only son on the night he was delivered which was on the night of the full moon. I also know the King blames you for the loss of his son and that's the reason you're out here. And I also know you burnt a man to death just a while ago". The last part made Shilah gasp. She looked around to be sure no one was listening. "Stop saying that" she whispered huskily. "Please". "Oh! Dear, I mean no harm to you. Moreover, you look hungry. So, why don't you just come home with me and scoop some soup?"

DAKOTA'S PALACE

Chaska knocked desperately on the door, but got no reply. She didn't give up and continued knocking repeatedly, thinking he was snobbing her. "Damn it, Raksha! Open the door" she gritted, but there was no reply still. And not wanting more people to pass by and find her there, she decided to leave. She was about walking away when turning around, she found Raksha approaching her. Oh...So, he wasn't in the room afterall? She stepped away from the door and swallowed hard, beginning to feel nervous already. The look on his face... he seemed like he wasn't in a good mood. He kept his brows creased and eyes fixed on her as he walked upto where she was which was in front of the door. The duo exchanged glances at each other and without uttering a word, he opened the door and walked in. Chaska sighed and followed. "I've been knocking for a while, Raksha. I had no idea you weren't in" She grouse, but he said nothing nor look at her as he walked over to the table and began pouring himself some wine. "Okay; I don't know if I've become invisible or you're just ignoring me; but we need to talk, Raksha". "Say what you have to say and her out of my room, woman" He grunted laconically and took a swig from his cup. "Woman?" Chaska scoffed. How much she's lost her respect. She took in a deep breath and decided to ignore it. "The boy... Shilah's son – where did you say you say kept him?" Raksha snorted as he turned to look at her. "Really? After all that's happening, you're still concerned about that little boy?" "Just answer the question, Raksha. Y...you told me you didn't kill him. Where is he?" Raksha shook his head and drank directly from his bottle. "You're unbelievable" He muttered. "Why are you even asking, huh? You want to go find him and finish the work? You want to kill him?"

"You're wrong, Raksha! That isn't the reason I'm asking!" She yelled and exhaled deeply in the end, pinning her gaze on the floor. Raksha looked at her, discerning the desperation on her face. "I'm asking because I need to find him – not because I want to kill him, but because I want to hand him back to his mother". Raksha's

eyes dimmed. For some seconds, he only stared silently at her. "What are you talking about, Chaska?" "This whole thing..." She lifted her gaze from the floor to look at him. "...was a mistake. It...it was all a mistake; we never should've taken that boy away". Slowly, Raksha dropped his bottle on the table and moved closer to her. "You better start talking to me, Chaska. What is going on?" "N... Nothing. I just... feel bad for Shilah and the..." "ONE MORE LIE FROM YOU AND I SWEAR, I'LL STRANGLE YOU TO DEATH!" Raksha yelled, making her shudder with fear. She couldn't even look him in the face anymore. "Shilah cursed me!" She cried out. "The day the baby went missing, she cursed everyone that caused her pain and that very day, I lost my little girl." She paused and whimpered. "Right now, Urika has a broken spine and has been crying of pains. I'm... I'm afraid I might lose her too. So please, Raksha, if you know anything about the baby, just let me know" That moment, reality dawned on Raksha. It was almost like a bucket of cold water had been poured on him as he felt himself freezing *She cursed everyone that caused her pain", those words rang in his head. His eyes drooped as he turned away and held onto the table for support. Shilah cursed them? That was the reason Chaska's daughter died? And that was the reason her first daughter was currently sick? His heart skipped at the thought of the predicament he's been facing since that same day – his inability to erect. Could it be possible? "Raksha, please say something" Chaska sniffed, but got no reply. "Raksha?" She went ahead to touch him, but was answered with a hard slap on her cheek. "GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU WITCH!" He snarled as she staggered backwards, her hand on her slapped cheek. Her eyes dilated in shock and furthermore, he moved closer and grabbed her neck. "You did this to me!" He yelled into her face. "You hear me? You did this to me!!!" Chaska could say nothing as she choked and struggled to free his grasp from her neck which was impossible. His eyes tore up as he gripped her tight and breaking down, he pushed her roughly to the floor "I hate you! I hate the day my brother got married to you! I hate the day I ever set my eyes on you! Do you have any idea what you've done to me?! Do you?!" He growled, ignoring how she coughed on the floor. Angrily, he dragged her up and pushed her out of the room.

Dyani was trying to get her daughter to eat when a knock came on the door. Stroking her hair, she stood up afterwards to check it, and opening the door, she discovered it was a maid. "Greetings, Queen Dyani" the lady bowed courteously. "Greetings to you too, Sara. Is there a problem?" She answered tiredly. She's had more than enough problems already. "Not really, My Queen. There's just someone here to see you. He's waiting in the garden". "Someone?" Dyani thought. "What's his name?" "He wouldn't say. But he assured me he was a friend". Dyani glanced back at her daughter in the room. "Uhm... Cara, I'll be right back, okay? Just wait here". She cooed and when the little girl bobbed her head, she left with the maid.

She kept wondering who the unexpected visitor would be as she walked all the way to the garden. She was going through a lot already and wasn't ready to face any more problems. The maid led the way and finally, they got to the Palace garden which was at a calmer place. "There he is" the maid pointed out, and scouring her eyes round the big space, Dyani gasped when she saw who it was. •

AZALEA VILLAGE

Shilah looked at the roof, narrowed her eyes to the walls and down to the floor as she walked into the spacious room. For a woman as old as she was, the house was actually looking better than she had expected. Well, it wasn't like she looked too old, but her walking stick made it so. "Please dear, take a seat" The woman spoke calmly as she walked in behind Shilah who was still running her eyes around the house. Finally, she took a seat at the dining spot, feeling a little relaxed. She had to admit – the woman's home was quite beautiful – especially the various flowers on the table that added more colors to it. "I'll get the soup now" She cooed and left, going through a different door in the room. It didn't take long for the woman to return, bringing along the soup and placing it in front of Shilah. "I'll go get water" She left again and briefly, returned with the water. Staring at the steaming soup, Shilah agreed it was appetizing. But, how was she to trust her? "For two years, the Spirits kept showing you to me" The woman said as she took a seat facing Shilah. "In my dreams. "They kept telling me you were important and would be here soon. And... they kept telling me I am meant to groom you into becoming what you're meant to be" She paused when she noticed Shilah was simply staring at her, but wasn't eating. With a smile, she took the spoon and scooped three from it. "Can you trust me now?" Shilah furrowed her brows; and after a little hesitant, took the spoon and began eating. Hm. She had been so sick, she had nearly forgotten what a good meal tasted like. For the next few minutes, there was silence as the woman watched Shilah eat. "You live here alone?" She finally asked, wiping off a stain with the back of her palm. "Not really. I stay with my daughter" The woman smiled. Shilah was tempted to ask more about her daughter but ignored it. That wasn't the reason she was there.

She gulped down some water and continued eating. Silence stretched in the room until finally, she was done eating. "Thank you" she muttered as she drank more water and wiped her lips. "You're always welcome, dear. You sure you don't need more?" The woman replied but Shilah shook her head negatively. "I sincerely appreciate the hospitality, ma'am. To be honest, I really needed it. And with that done, I'll need us to go straight to business. What do you know about my son? How can I find him?" The woman smiled and rested her stick on the table. "I do not know where exactly your son is, dear, but I strongly believe if you do what needs to be done, you'll find him". Shilah chuckled and touched her hair. "At the market, "She pointed at the door. "You told me you could help me find my son; and that's the reason I came down here with you". "Listen to me dear" The woman held her hand on the table. "My name is Bastet, and I'm sure I do not need to tell you I'm a seer. The Spirits reveal things to me; They had revealed you'd be at the market today and that's the reason you found me there. For two years, they've been showing you in my dreams, telling me of how special you are and the things you're meant to achieve". "What special are you talking about? Special in what way?" "Your powers, dear – the powers you possess." Shilah scoffed and withdrew her hand from the woman's. "What powers? Are you trying to trick me?" "Trick you?" The woman crinkled her cheek. "Were you tricked into bringing out fire from your palms that burnt that man to death?" Shilah's lids fluttered nervously as she stared down at the table. "I... I don't know what happened back there. He ..he tried to rape me" she stuttered, the thought of it hurting her. Despite how mean they had been to her, she never wanted them dead. "Don't lie to yourself, dear – that wasn't the first time you produced fire from your palm. Remember the day you burnt your curtain?" The woman asked and Shilah lifted

her gaze to her. "If you can see this much, why don't you just tell me where to find my son?!" She slammed the table, but the woman didn't even bat an eye. "Everything happened for a reason, Shilah – your son going missing. It happened because the Spirits wanted you to be here to fulfill destiny. You need to learn how to control and cultivate the rest of your powers so you can..." "I do not have any powers! Stop making me look crazy". "Accept it, girl! You're an hybrid – A witch and a Vampire". s Those words hit Shilah so hard, she couldn't breathe for the next ten seconds. When she finally caught her breath, she dipped her fingers into her hair and stood up. "It's obvious this was all a mistake. I never should've come here with you because you're nothing but a distraction!" She angrily started towards the door.

"You can get all the answers you need – everything you need to know about your birth, your origin, your family..." "My family?" Shilah whipped around to face her with a scoff. "Did you say family? Just so you know, the only family I have right now is the one I have with the King but our missing son is trying to rip it apart! That's the reason I'm out here because I'm determined to do whatever I can to find him and take him home! That's the only family I have! That's the family I want! So, I'm sorry; but you can tell your Spirits I'm only interested in finding my son for now". She turned to the door again and opened it. "Your whole life, you've been treated like a slave" The woman's words halted her. "Even the Alpha King had married you for punishment. And now you're only acting arrogant and angry because you feel you've been good to others but always get paid with evil. This is not the right path, dear child. You're something powerful, the future helper and I'm telling you – this is the right place you need to train for that". Shilah kept backing her, her hand on the door and taking it she was calm, the woman went closer to her. "I know you don't want to accept the truth; but you've never belonged to the Mountain Lions, child. You have the blood of a Vampire and a Witch running through your veins. If only you'd consent, you can see everything for yourself – know the entire truth and train to be the leader that you're meant to be" she took more steps closer and placed her hand on her shoulder. 2 "Please dear; listen to me. Let me fulfill what the Spirits has always wanted me to. Let me bring out the greatness in you – the one who would bring an end to the war that is just about to begin". 2 Shilah was close to tears, but she wouldn't let it spill. Gently, she turned to the woman. "I'm sorry, but I can't believe you. And I need to find my son".she sniffed and finally, walked away. o

Shilah had so much going through her head as she walked down the lonely path. That moment, she felt scared and confused. The woman's words... she wouldn't deny she had left her house out of fear – not because she was doubting her. She had left because she had been so scared of the things she said. 2 How could she possibly call her an hybrid? How possible that someone as weak as she was, was a Vampire and a Witch? That was the funniest thing anyone had ever said about her.

It could never be possible. For all she knew the woman was sent by her enemies to stall and prevent her from finding the Prince. That should be the only explanation. She ruffled her hair and continued walking, not even knowing where else to go; not knowing where next to look. Perhaps, she could go get her horse first before proceeding. * She was tired, frustrated and getting sick and her breasts were hurting as well. She needed her son; she needed her normal life. Why was everything being so difficult for her? She looked up to the sky and sniffed, and just then ,was alarmed by the several clatters of horses' hooves. Quickly, she lowered her gaze from the sky and looking in front of her, was

bewildered at the sight she saw – different ladies dressed in red cloaks, riding towards her. Her legs froze as she stared muddledly at them. If she wasn't mistaken – those were witches! Sisters from the red coven! 2 She gasped. That was actually her first time seeing not just a witch, but witches. Where were they headed? She her onto her bag, staring at them in both admiration and confusion as they rode eagerly on their horses; but when they halted in front of her, she began to wonder if there was something wrong. One of them who was in front, pulled out a big map and opened it. And after glancing into it, she looked at Shilah and grinned: "She's the one".

Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

Chapter 200

[/ Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene](#)
Chapter 200 The Meeting Of The VampLords

Kylie felt a rare kind of relief. Staring at the lady in front of her, she felt fulfilled knowing she had finally seen the daughter of her mother's killer. She felt fulfilled knowing she was going to rid the Seer's prophecy of her throne being challenged by the daughter of the Fallen witch. Finally, they would all be worries of the past. "She's the one we've been looking for?" Sister Remata asked from her horse, wearing a crumpled look. "But...this is the Alpha King's wife – Queen Shilah" Sukie added in confusion. Shilah remained standing with her hands supporting her backpack, being as perplexed as ever. The whole thing looked like a dream to her... everything. Possibly, the old woman had poisoned her meal to make her hallucinate. Else, why would so many witches be in front of her, talking about her? @ With a huff, Kylie climbed down from her horse and gently, walked towards Shilah – her long red cloak sweeping the ground behind her. Silence descended when she stood in front of her and voicelessly, they stared into each other's eyes for a long time. "So... it's really you" Kylie uttered, having those dark look in her eyes. Shilah was completely dumb as the whole thing seemed to had paralyzed her. To her, her dream was confusing. "But she's a wolf – married to the Wolf King! How is it possible she's the one we're looking for?" One of the witches from the horses asked, concerned. "I am as confused as well. How can she be a witch?" "I do not care!" Kylie rasped, not taking her eyes off Shilah's face. "The map never lies and if it says she's the one, then she is". Shilah gulped hard and at last, found her tongue. "Wh...wh...what are you... talking about?" She stammered, nervously. Her dream was beginning to look real. 2 "You heard me, daughter of a betrayer!" Kylie sneered. Get ready to meet your end. But first, let me treat you to a nice nap". And snapping her fingers, Shilah felt a strange wave of dizziness hit her as she fell to the ground and passed out a

DAKOTA'S PALACE

"Griffin?!" Dyani called in shock as she stared at the young man in front of her. For a while, she had gone blank but quickly pulled herself together. » "L... Leave us" she turned to the maid who bowed and left immediately. And now alone with her visitor, she let out all the feelings she wanted to. "Griffin, what in the name of Selene are you doing here?" She asked with a crumpled look as she hurried towards him. "Really? That's the first thing you can say to me after...so many years?" He scoffed, adjusting the fitting hat on his head. Dyani batted her lashes

and stared down at the floor. She acted confused – not knowing if she were to be happy or afraid. “I’m... I’m sorry, Griffin” She stuttered. “B...B...But I don’t even know what to say. I mean, you shouldn’t be here!” She forced herself to look at him. “Why? Atye you forbidden from accepting visitors?” “You know it’s not that! It’s just...” She sighed and looked around. “Please, you need to leave now; I wouldn’t want anyone to see us talking”: “Why? We are not doing anything wrong, Dyani. We’re just being... friends”. “Yes! But it might not look at way to others!” She paused and sighed – again. “I’m... I’m happy to see you, Griffin. I mean, I’m glad you’ve been fine. But please, you need to leave now”. “Really? You’re chasing me out? You don’t even care to know why I’m here or...” “Because we can’t talk here!” She rasped, her brows were already flaring. “Please, Griffin; don’t make me look rude. Just leave” She looked around. “Fine. Where else can we talk, then?” He shrugged, trying to seethe his disappointment. “I... I... I don’t know. I am a married woman, Griffin. I don’t just...” 1 “Yes – married to a man who’s currently mourning” He rolled his eyes. “Please Dyani, I’m not a bad person. Let’s just meet. Can you come to the cliff by.. tomorrow morning?” Dyani looked at him. “I don’t know. I don’t know if I’ll be chanced”. “Please...”

“I have to go now. I’m sorry, okay? Bye” And hurriedly, she left.

LORD RYDER’S CLUTCH

The four VampLords sat on the round table – speaking indistinctly amongst themselves as they waited for the fifth. In front of each VampLord was a cup of fresh blood and meatballs which they ate and drank blissfully. The blood – most times – was donated by willful humans who got paid in return. “Why’s Ryder taking so long to come?” One of them suddenly asked, having a little stain of blood on his lips. “He should be on his way already. I’m still wondering why he called for this meeting” Another added. They grunted and continued chatting indistinctly until finally, they saw him walking through the door. “Alas!” Lord Osric exclaimed. “The host is here”. Walking with long, gentle steps, Lord Ryder had a light smirk on his face as he approached the table, indeed, feeling like the host. “I hope I didn’t keep you waiting for too long, gentlemen?” He beamed. “Of course, you did. I was really hoping you’d keep to time” Lord Moises threw him a playful glare and he chuckled as he took his seat. Now, it was the five bad – looking VampLords in the hall – seated round the table with Ryder at the head. He leaned forward and placed both hands on the table. “I trust you all had a great time coming here?” He asked. “I sure did – especially when I passed the night at the hotel. The lady that warmed my bed was something else” Lord Sobek chortled, making the others follow. “I thought you were married, Sobek. I cannot believe you’re saying this” Lord Ramses shook his head. “Oh! Please, Ramses – spare me. My wife will always be my wife, but I need some new legs sometimes, you know?” “You’re crazy...” They laughed and drank blissfully while Ryder only watched with a smile. After a while and the laughters had died down, they decided to dive into business. “Okay, Ryder; we’re all ears” Lord Moises cleared his throat and leaned forward. “Why did you call for this meeting? It must be very important because... this is the first time in years you’re holding such”. Ryder nodded with a smile. “Thank you, Moises, for that awesome observation” He began. “First, I must thank you all for the respect you showed by honoring the meeting. I know we all have busy schedules, but you made it possible. And secondly, I’d love to thank you for the love and cooperation we all show towards each other. “You know, each time I see us this way, it gives me so much joy knowing we’re so united, and it makes me imagine what the future would look like. Thank you so much”. He sighed and stood up. “Now, to the main reason I

called this meeting” he stepped away from his seat – gently. “I did so because, we needed to talk – not as people under the Wolves, but as VampLords”. The Vampires were already beginning to have wrinkles up their brows. “We are powerful, gentlemen” Ryder intensified his tone, dawdling round the table. “Centuries ago, we were on our own and did so well before our past Lords bought the idea of becoming one with the Wolves. Now, I am in no position to question their decisions, but for how long do we continue being subject to the Mountain Lions? For how long do we continue abiding by their rules and letting them rule us? They are wolves, and we are Vampires. Why shouldn’t we live seperately?” 2 “Hold on, Ryder;” Lord Osrlic scoffed. “What exactly are you driving at?” Ryder swiftly turned to face him. “I’m driving at the fact that we’ve been slave to these people for too long”. “Slaves?” Sobek huffed risibly. “And how in the name of Absalom are we slaves?” “We do not need to be bound by chains and dragged on our feet to be called slaves; the action proves it! Can’t you see we abide to their rules? Each time we have a complaint, we must pass it on to their Alpha King for assessment. We can’t make our own decisions without consulting him, we can’t do ANYTHING WITHOUT CONSULTING HIM!” He yelled the last lines and pause to take in a deep breath. “That, my friend, is slavery”. 9 “So, what are you driving at, Ryder?” Ramses shook his head. “You want us to seperate from the Wolves?”

“Of course, not” Ryder laughed – croakily. “I never want us to seperate. All I want..is to make them be under us – same way we’ve been under them. I want us, my dear friends, to take over leadership and become the new power – holders! I want us to rule!”