

Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

Chapter 26

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Chapter 26

Shilah was invisibly shaking as she stood in front of the King who didn't make a move for a long time. Why was he so fond of doing this, huh? Imbuing so much fear with his silence?

She fiddled with the tip of her nails and shook a little when she noticed him close his book.

"Shilah" he called, his voice echoing with some venom. He dropped the book and went for another.

"M.... My King. Greetings My King", she stuttered.

That was when it dawned on her that she didn't greet him in time.

A short silence, then "Why are you powerless?" He asked, bringing out a new book from the heap.

The question stroke hard at Shilah. What? She wasn't expecting such question.

She lowered her gaze to the floor and it had to take her sometime before she was able to find the right words to say.

"I was.... born this way, My King" she replied, feeling so pained and ashamed of herself. (This novel will be daily updated at)
She wouldn't say she was surprised the King could tell she was powerless; that's just the way it has been; everyone that comes close to her could sense she was powerless. How pathetic.

"You were born this way?" Dakota repeated, sounding surprised.

That would actually be the first powerless mountain lion he was getting to meet.

"Y... Yes, My King. I have no idea why" she answered.

King Dakota nodded slightly as he regained his position and opened the new book in his hand.

He said nothing immediately, but started reading.

"You can leave" he finally said, getting Shilah relieved. So... That was all he wanted to know?

"Thank you, My King" she bowed and turned towards the door.

"Don't forget you have two more nights" King Dakota suddenly said, making her heart skip a beat.

Oh, no....

She halted at the door and glanced at him. And saying nothing, she turned around and left.

It was almost dark.

Queen Chaska walked towards the King's chambers with the small tray in her hand; the tray containing the King's tea.

Her long dress swept the floor behind her and the jewelries round her hair fitted for a crown, tho there wasn't any yet. Only the Luna could wear a crown.

She arrived at the King's door and received a bow from the guards.

"Is the King in? I wish to see him" she demanded, voice strict and authoritative.

"I'll let him know" one of the guards said, then went in and returned shortly. "You can go in, My Queen" he stepped out of the way, and Chaska walked in, gloriously. King Dakota was writing on some scrolls in front of his table. Oh! That's the only thing he knows how to do in his chambers; it was either he was reading, or writing. Poor powerful King.

"Greetings, My King" she greeted with a sweet smile. "Chaska" Dakota gruffed. "How 're you doing?"

"I'm doing awesome, My King" She set the tea down beside him. (This novel will be daily updtaed at)
"Made you your tea..."

"I'm not interested, Chaska. It's useless taking that" Dakota cut in, not minding if it'd get her hurt.

"Have faith, My King" Chaska placed her hand on his shoulder and said. "Have faith and believe it'll work".

Dakota sighed and shurgged. "Fine". He muttered and continued writing. Then, Chaska went round to stand behind him and started massaging his shoulders.

"My King" she cooed. "I want to apologize for my indulging in an argument with you yesterday. It wasn't intentional, My King, you should understand that as a

woman, I'm bound to have flip of emotions. I want you to know I'll always support everything you do; every decision you make".

"I have no problem with you, Chaska. If I did, you wouldn't be standing behind me" Dakota said angrily, making Chaska twitch a little.

She smiled and turned round to stand in front of him.

"Maybe.... There's something I can do to please you... My King?" Her smile was so seductive, eyes so luring, she lowered herself to her knees. Dakota's hands stopped moving on the scroll.

Chaska felt pleased with herself, knowing she had been able to get his attention. She smiled more as she unhooked his belt and pulled down the fabric until the big flesh came bouncing out. Hm... it had become so hard so quickly.

She wrapped her fingers around it, pulling out the full size completely from it's sheath; Dakota could feel himself getting filled with pleasure.

Chaska stroke the hard flesh gently, before lowering her lips to it and engulfing it in her tiny mouth; it made her cheeks shoot out.

"Mmmm" she hummed hard, going deep and pulling out to the tip afterwards.

"I like how you taste, My King" she gave one of his balls a tiny bite.(This novel will be daily updaed at)

Dakota grunted in immeasurable pleasure, gripping her hair tight and pushing her downwards so she swallows him down.

Chaska loved the King's response as it indicated she was doing a great job. She was the only one that could do it best; the only one that could please him this way. No one, and absolutely no one can ever take her place. I

To be continued:

FROM THE AUTHOR: Do you think Queen Chaska is right about that? No one can ever please the king like she does?

Should we just wait for Shilah's night and see?

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Chaska"s moans filled the room as the King pounced into her, in and out; roughly.

"Oh! My King. My King!" Her breath hitched. Legs wrapped around his waist, her hands wrapped around his shoulders, her head was thrown back on the pillow as she screamed and moaned in ecstasy. She knows the King too well; he could be a monster in bed most times, and she couldn't tell if it was the doing of his wolf, or him, himself.

The hard dick was slamming in and out of her, not minding if he was bruising the walls of her vagina already. The moans wouldn't stop escaping Chaska's lips, and at some point, she'd scream. The bed rustled heavily, unable to bear their violent possession, and with Dakota's hands gripping the sheets right above Chaska's head, he was never going to get tired.

The thrusts persisted, Chaska's echoing moans and cries continued, until finally, King Dakota reached his climax and pulled out of her.

"Hah!" She let out a sharp gasp, breathing out in relief as she was finally free from the King's brutal obsession. The hard feel of his huge manhood sliding out of her made her feel like her vagina has been imprisoned for a very long time. While she laid there on the bed, trying to catch her breath and strength, King Dakota was already putting on his clothes.

"You should leave, Chaska" his hard voice came, as he fixed his belt and Chaska was stunned. Was he chasing her out?

Well, the King was never the type to make use of appropriate words.

She reached for her clothes and put them on, then stood up afterwards and went to meet him. No doubt, her hair was a mess. And her pelvic had a burning pain.

"My King...." She cooed, her hands going over his shoulders. "Did I please you?" (This novel will be daily updated at)
"Of course you did, Chaska" he mumbled and moved away from her, going over to his table. One more task....

"My King" Chaska drawled. "Can I spend the night with you? At least for today?"
"I don't want that, Chaska. You should leave" came the grumpy reply. Oh, no....

"But..."

Chaska please" he cut her off. "I need sometime alone".

Chaska's face wore a frown immediately as she felt bittered by his words. Why does he always prefer sleeping alone? Why wouldn't he let her grace his bed, like a wife should?

She sighed deeply. "Goodnight... My King" she mumbled and left, wanting him to know she was upset. Of course, she knew that would never get him to change his mind.

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King Dakota spared her a glance from the edges of his book as she left. 3 Spend a night with him – the words resounded in his head. Who wouldn't a woman on his bed? A woman beside him, to hug and cuddle him while he sleeps? A woman he could get intimate at any time of the night? Who wouldn't want that? 2

But, unfortunately it couldn't be possible for someone like him as he was doomed; The curse doomed him! What if he wolf gets awakened later in the night, and hurts her? What if he gets uncontrollable?

Why did he have to be such an unfortunate King?

The frown was glued to Chaska's face as she walked out of the King's chambers. Why wouldn't he let her spend the night with him? She's always wanted to do that; know what it's gonna feel like sleeping beside him with her head placed on his broad chest. Why does he have to keep restricting her all the time, huh?

Anyways, it was a good thing it wasn't just her alone; but his other wives as well.(This novel will be daily updaed at)
Yes; neither of the wives has ever spent the night in his room.

Lifting her gaze from the floor, they ran into Queen Nosheba who was coming ahead of her. Oh....

Chaska quickly got rid of the frown on her face and replaced it with a triumphant smile instead. She held her shoulders high and was greatful her hair was a bit rough. At least, they'd serve as some evidence.

Nosheba, on the other hand, was surprised and disappointed, seeing Chaska walking down the hallway leading to the King's chambers. Could it mean she had gone to see the King?

"Hello, Nosheba" Chaska grinned when she got to where she was, and they stopped walking. – Nosheba was one pretty woman, tho, but had a very mean face.

"Oh! Don't tell me you're going to see the King?" Chaska continued. "Actually, I think that's a bad timing as I'm so sure the king would be very exhausted by now. You know, I just finished.... pleasuring him, and that's the reason you see my hair so ruffled". She paused and chuckled, loving the rage on Nosheba's face.

"I didn't ask for an explanation, Chaska" Nosheba glared. "You shouldn't had gone through the stress".

"Oh! I know, I just feel like giving you a heads-up anyways. Have a nice time, Nosheba" she winked at her and walked away.

Whoever thinks the King wasn't going to be hers, was definitely a big joker. The King would forever be hers, and hers alone.

2 DAYS LATER

Pishan – the King's gamma stood in front of the window with a smile on his face as he read the letter Sukie had sent to him:

I received your letter, Pishan, and want you to know I've forgiven you. You just learn to watch your tongue next time. And oh; don't worry; I actually smiled after reading your letter.

He chuckled, reading it over and over again.

Oh, Sukie – a young pretty lady. How nice it would've been to spend more time with her.

He exhaled deeply and fixed the paper into one of his belongings, then walked out of the room.

He felt this unexplained joy in his heart as he walked towards the King's chambers. Sukie -(This novel will be daily updaed at) he couldn't tell why he felt so much ease, each time he thinks of her. She's the only female that has made him feel this way, actually.

He tried shrugging the thoughts off as he approached the King's chambers and knocked on the hard door.

"Enter" King Dakota's voice replied, and Pishan opened the door and went in immediately. Dakota was standing in front of his closet, seemingly searching for something. "Pishan" he called, sparing him a glance. "Is there a problem?"

"Of course, not. Greetings, My King". Pishan bowed in obeisance. Dakota said nothing as he continued riffling through his clothes, and that moment, Pishan took out time to look at him.

Oh, Dakota; the King he has so much pity for. The most powerful, yet cursed King. He was feared and respected by all, yet, was dying slowly. Dying of son-lees-ness, dying of loneliness, sleeplessness, and probably hunger.

Despite the fact he never shows it, Pishan was very much aware the King was hungry most times, but was mostly unable to eat. He wondered how he was still able to maintain his broad shoulders. Well, despite the fact he still had his broad

shoulders on and all, a sensitive person could tell he wasn't as healthy and plumpy as he should be. And to think the next full moon was just around the corner, he couldn't help but feel more terrible – recalling what it does to him.

Dakota finally found what he was looking for in his wardrobe -(This novel will be daily updaed at)
his head scarf- and as he tied it round his head, he headed back to his table.

“Shilah will be on your bed tonight, right?” Pishan asked.

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Yeah, he knew about it. If there *was* anyone who knew Dakota’s deepest secrets, it was Pishan.

“Yes” he replied, taking his seat.

“Why did you have to make her your wife, Dakota?” He asked. “I mean, she’s powerless. Don’t you think it’s not really nice for your reputation?”

“You shouldn’t worry about that, Pishan; It’s not like she’d be serving any purpose here, anyway” he paused and took up a sheet from the table.

“Here” he handed it to Pishan. “these are the tasks I want you and my brother, Raksha, to carry out. Work hand in hand with him and get them done”.

Pishan glanced through the list.

“As you wish, My King. I’ll meet up with him soon” Pishan said, then halted. “*My King*”, he continued. “The general meeting coming up in three days time, which of your wives would be accompanying you?” 6

The meeting between the Alphas of every wolf pack, and the Lord of every Vampire clutch. It was originally scheduled to take place the following day, but due to some circumstances, had to be postponed to three more days. It was a very special meeting that only happens once in every three full moon, and each Alpha was expected to come with his Queen.

“I don’t know yet, Pishan. Will figure that out” Dakota answered casually, taking an empty scroll and drawing his inked feather closer.

Pishan realized he wanted to get busy, and decided to give him some privacy. 1

“I’ll take my leave now” he bowed and left the room.

Shilah stood in front of the window, her heart beating so heavily in her chest. (This novel will be daily updated at)
The sun had already gone down, and she knew in no time, darkness would take over.

Her hands wouldn't stop sweating.

You have three nights the King's words kept replaying in her head.

Three nights. And those three nights were finally over; they were finally here. Tonight, she was going to be in the King's bed, no excuses. She was going to lose her virginity to him; the virginity she's kept all her life. Did it really had to boil down to this?

She suddenly felt thirsty and looked around, but discovered there was no water. Oh! And there was no maid around either.

She walked out of the room, going to get some water. She was so nervous and wasn't thinking straight.

Walking down the hallway she came across two maids who bowed and greeted her. Well, only one did. (This novel will be daily updated at)
The other just stared blankly at her. Anyway, she wouldn't blame them for disrespecting her, she didn't even have a proper marriage with the King; wasn't properly announced. As far as she was concerned, she was only there to be punished. And that was probably the same way every other person looks at her.

She's spent the past 2 days minding her business, always being indoors and staring through the window each time she needed some air, or needed to have a view of the people moving about. That has been the kind of boring life she's had.

The thought of escaping usually dawns on her, but she thought about what would happen if she eventually gets caught. The King had connections everywhere and there was absolutely no place she would run to, that would prevent him from finding her. So, she didn't want to add to the mess she was already in.

Getting to the end of the hallway, she found Queen Nosheba walking towards her direction, and her nervousness increased. Oh! She really didn't want to have anything to do with any of them.

She made sure her gaze was well glued to the floor as she approached her; her maid was right behind her.

"Greetings, My Queen" she greeted with a bow when they got caught up. 6

"And what makes you think I accept greetings from unfortunate commoners?" Nosheba asked with a scoff as she stopped walking. Shilah also turned to look at her.

"You should know your class, you powerless thing. Simply because you're in the palace, doesn't mean you're a Queen. And I'd advise you; stay far away from me. Try to match up with my standards before you talk to me". She huffed and walked away, having a glare on.

Shilah stood and stared at her as she walked away, her heart breaking apart at the words she said to her.

She felt some sobs trying to rack her throat, but quickly gulped it down.

"I told you to always mind your business" she heard a voice and quickly turned to see Queen Dyani walking towards her from a corner.

She sniffed and blinked back the tear that was trying to make it down her lids. (This novel will be daily updated at)

"I told you; that's the only way I've managed to survive in here – by always minding my business" Dyani added. "I know. I... I just didn't want her to think me disrespectful by not greeting her" Shilah stuttered, trying to stop her voice from wavering. And Dyani smiled and placed her hand on her shoulder.

"It's Okay. Where were you headed anyways?" She asked calmly.

"To um... get some water. Was just thirsty" Shilah sniffed.

"Oh! Come with me; I can give you some in my room". They turned around and were about walking away when they suddenly heard someone call:

"Queen Shilah!"

Shilah turned immediately and discovered it was a guard. Oh, no....

The armed guard marched towards them, and stopped when he stood in front of Shilah.

"Greetings, My Queen" he bowed to Dyani.

"Greetings to you too", Dyani replied with a wave.

Then, he turned to Shilah and said: "The King wants you in his chambers".

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Shilah's eyes were nearly bulging out of it's sockets. No; it can't be. Was it time already?

She swallowed hard and looked at Dyani, like she could do anything to help. And Dyani, on the other hand, was a bit confused.

"Queen Shilah" the guard called, wondering why there was no response from her yet.

"Uh.... I need to take soak water first. Please" her eyes were dancing on the floor.

"Yes please, you can come with her; I only want to give her some water" Dyani chipped in, and the reasonable guard agreed. And with that, they all headed for Dyani's room.

Dyani could notice how extremely nervous Shilah was and wondered what the problem could be. Why was she so scared, going to the King's room?

They got to her chambers and while the guard waited outside, Shilah and Dyani walked in.

Shilah's mood was too ruined, but she was still able to notice how beautiful the room was -(This novel will be daily updtaed at) big, refurbished, comfy, colorful. It was way prettier than hers.

"Here" Dyani said as she lifted the cup of water and handed it to Shilah, and Shilah muttered a *thanks* before collecting and drinking from it. Her breath was hitching, and she took the water in hard deep gulps.

"Are you alright?" Dyani asked calmly, staring observantly at her face. 3 But Shilah said nothing. She couldn't tell lies.....

"Why are you always scared of going to the King's room, dear? You should be used to it already". Dyani said, touching her arm, and Shilah looked her in the eyes.

"It's.... it's going to be my first time" she said, her eyes depicting so much fear and pain. What??? Dyani was muddled.

"You..... You mean, since you got married to the King, he hasn't touched you?" She asked with furrowed brows and Shilah nodded ruefully.

"Oh...." Dyani muttered. She was silent for a few seconds. "You shouldn't be afraid, dear. You'll be fine. Okay?" "Okay" Shilah answered faintly, and headed for the door afterwards.

Her hands were holding the edges of her dress as she walked behind the guard who led her to

the King's chambers. Her fears wouldn't seize; thinking of how huge and cold the King was. What does it feel like? Will it be extremely painful?

She's read about intercourse in a certain book and from that little, (This novel will be daily updated at) she could tell it was painful. It was noted the lady would actually end up bleeding from her private organs and Shilah wondered if she'd be hurt that much to even cause an injury.

She was almost panting, and finally, they got to the door post.

There was just one guard on post, and Shilah figured the one that led her would be the second. He knocked on the door, and when the King's voice ushered him in, he went in with Shilah.

"You can leave, Marcos" Dakota said to the guard who bowed and left immediately, leaving Just Shilah and she King in the room. If fear was a person...it would've been Shilah at that moment.

"Greetings, My K... King" her voice cracked up, but Dakota said nothing. King Dakota was writing on some scrolls as usual, didn't even raise a brow to spare Shilah a stare. Shilah felt so scared, staring at that cold face of his; cold and hard-unemotional. She couldn't help but wonder if such a man has ever had a single liking for anyone.

"Take off your clothes and get on the bed, Shilah" he ordered icily and that was the moment Shilah's heart stopped functioning. Oh, no....

She looked at him, but he wasn't even looking at her. And something in her guts told her he wasn't going to listen to any of her pleas, definitely not anymore.

She swallowed hard and walked pass him to the bed which was far behind from where he sat. Her legs was shaking; her hands sweating. She sure wasn't ready for this.

She got so close to the bed and knew she was meant to take off her clothes before laying down, but the fear just wouldn't let her. So, she remained standing and holding onto the hem of her dress.

She stayed that way for a long time, still standing.

"I don't want to believe you're trying to disobey me, Shilah" Dakota said, even without turning to spare her a glance.

Oh, blessed Selene..!

She sought for words, but couldn't find any excuse. And Dakota stood up afterwards.

NO....

Shilah couldn't tell if it were just her eyes or the king was actually looking huger as he stood 00. His shoulders were so broad, and he looked a little beastly. And with his hands behind his back, he turned and walked towards Shilah.

Shilah felt more like a beast was marching towards her, and as she tried going backwards, her legs unfortunately hit something hard and it dawned on her it was the bed. There was no escaping.

"Take off your clothes, Shilah" Dakota said gruffly, his cold blue eyes staring into hers. (This novel will be daily updaed at)
"If I have to say it again, it'd be with a whip on your back".

He was standing so close to her, and imbued her with so much fear.

"M... My King.... I'm a virgin x she didn't realize when the words left her mouth. How dumb.

"And you're my wife. Don't forget; I own you now, forever. And can chose to put an end to your life at will. Now, for the last time, take off your clothes". Dakota scoffed. Shilah sniffed and stared down at the floor, then tried proceeding to taking off the clothes, but something suddenly dawned on her.

This..... the words....it was the exact dream she had three nights ago. Oh!! It was just the exact dream!?! How could her dream be so accurate???

She glanced up at the King's eyes, then lowered hers to the floor immediately and started taking off her clothes. Her hands were sweaty and shaking, and even Dakota could notice.

She loosened the ropes of her dress, and took it down until she was left in just her underthings. And that was the point she couldn't take off; she'd be exposing her entire body to him!

She shook her head and whimpered, and unexpectedly, felt the King's strong hand on hers. What??

In one swift move, he tore down the fabric from her chest, making Shilah wince.

"No...." She moved back, but only ended up falling on the bed.

"Don't fight it, Shilah, and you won't get hurt. But, if you do, I'll definitely make you leave with some scars". Dakota was raw and plain. "Now, lie on the bed".

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Shilah could tell this man was capable of causing more hard to her if she really tries to fight him; Who would even think of fighting with the King?

Holding the remains of her underwear, she turned slowly and laid on the bed, lying downwards. She couldn't afford to look the King in the eyes when he.... She sobbed on the pillows.

She was blanked out for some seconds, until she started hearing the ruffles of clothes, and sound of belt pulling off. No doubt, it was the king, taking off his clothes. She could feel her blood getting cold, her hands getting cold. And shortly, she felt a heavy weight coming up behind her. The King....!

Dakota got on top of her and tore off the remains of her dress, covering up the space; and she became bare and completely and naked. She had fine pointed butts, and he could spot the enclosed vagina, being so tight and well covered. No doubt, she was a virgin.

He positioned himself properly, taking his erected dick towards the hole.

Shilah stiffened when she felt the big head touch her opening; What was that?

Dakota teased the hole for some seconds, trying to prep and get it wet for penetration. It continued the process, and Shilah could feel some sensation arousing in her. What was he doing?

Finally, he pushed the head of the phallús in, and her eyes dilated in shock at the unexpected penetration. O

"Argh!!" She shrieked, and tried turning away, but couldn't. What was he doing to her?? How does she feel so full?

Dakota pushed it in bit by bit, enjoying the tightness" the warm enclose-ness. It's been so long he tasted someone this tight.....

He forced his way in, not wanting to consider her scream and struggling. She couldn't even move an inch, because his possession was too strong. 1

Her warm tight sheath welcomed him as he found his way in, it gave him ephemeral pleasures he hadn't received in a while now.

In as much as he wanted to bury himself deep into her, he knew he couldn't(This novel will be daily updtaed at) , because he'd definitely end up hurting her, she wouldn't be able to walk back to her room.

She was still very tight, and his full size would be too dangerous for it.

"Oh.... Please" Shilah sobbed with her face buried on the bed. It hurt ...so bad, as she felt her tight hole bring opened forcefully. And unfortunately, Dakota wasn't the type to be gentle. Tho, he was 'trying to try'.

He pulled out to the tip, then went right in again, this time around, the hole being more welcoming. He pulled out again and went in, then started thrusting in and out.

The sensation was wild; he felt like exploding.

Shilah could hear his hard breaths as he moved in and out of her, and she really couldn't believe it was getting done; She had finally lost it to the King. Oh....

She sobbed more, her sobs getting cracked up due to the forth and back movement.

King Dakota continued thrusting in and out of her, the sensations growing up to his chest. He knows very well, that first times shouldn't be so long, but he was finding it a bit hard to let go of this woman.

His grip tightened round above her head, his beastly grunts escaping his mouth. (This novel will be daily updaed at)
It got to that point of climax and he gritted slightly as he released fully inside of her and pulled out.

"Argh..." Shilah let out a gasp, feeling the hard organ pull out of her and releasing her freedom. It was done! It was done..!

Dakota felt so much heat, a growl in his system as he took his clothes from the floor and put them on. It was nothing like he's ever felt before. The tightness, the sliminess...

"Go to youe room" he spoke icily and walked away, going into his bathroom.

Shilah had some tears on her face as she forcefully left the bed and took her dress from the floor, putting it on. Her pelvic felt so hot, and pained.

Her underwears had already been torn, so she took the remains from the floor, held them to herself and walked out of the room.

Considering the guards, she tried not to leap or act like her legs were hurt; but she felt so much bitterness. She couldn't believe it...she lost it already. And it was just as painful as she had feared.

She continued sniffing all the way to her room and as soon as she got in, she fell weakly on the bed.

**

AN HOUR LATER.

And King Dakota could be seen as usual, sitting and reading with a lamplight.

But this time around, it was different as he felt so uncomfortable.

He turned restlessly on his seat and tried to concentrate, but it's just wasn't working out; he couldn't tell why.

The hunger.... it was extreme. He's never felt that way before.

He stood up with a grunt and walked to the door, opening it to find his guards right there.

"My King.." the both turned to him and bowed, awaiting orders.

"Go tell a maid to get me some food" King Dakota instructed and returned to the room, shutting the door.

He couldn't even sit anymore but just paced around with his hands on his back.(This novel will be daily updtaed at)
What could be happening to him?

Although, he's usually hungry most times, but it has never been this uncontrollable. It just....it just felt so hot, so wild.

He continued pacing in the room, glancing through the window, until he heard a knock on the door.

"Come in" he said, and the door opened swiftly with a maid walking in with a tray.

"Greetings, My King" she bowed.

"Set the food on the table and leave" Dakota ordered, and she did just that.

Alone in the room, he walked over to the table and took his seat, uncovering the plates.

So many food, Dakota; but you know you won't be able to eat a voice rang in his head; a voice he wouldn't doubt.

Of course, he's never been able the eat, but the hunger he felt ...

He took up a spoon and scooped some of the soup into his mouth; it tasted good, and welcoming.

He scooped in more, adding some sauced vegetables. He ate with so much speed, just like the hunger demanded.

He continued devouring the meal, trying to fill in the empty spaces in his tummy as it was more like he hadn't eaten in ages.

And suddenly, it dawned on him – that was the first time he was having appetite to eat. 5