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Shilah was stunned:- couldn't make a move. What? What's the King talking about?

She stood speechlessly, waiting for the King to probably repeat himself and say the right thing because she didn't want to believe she'd heard him correctly. "What's wrong, Shilah? Do I have to repeat myself?" He asked again and that was the kind she confirmed it wasn't a dream, or neither was he joking.

Okay..... have breakfast with the King?? Was that for real? Goodness!

She gulped hard and turned towards him, her heart beating so heavily. Why would the King want her to have breakfast with him? She couldn't comprehend it ... She walked slowly and nervously to the table and took the seat on the other end, which was facing the King. "1 Thank you, My King" she struttered, eyes on the table. She fiddled with her nails on her legs and was so glad the King couldn't notice since they were under the table. Although, she's been having breakfast with him at the family dinnette; but this – having breakfast with him, alone in his room, was something she didn't see coming. Dakota finished uncovering the plates and pushed one of the plates of anfu-ham to her, while he settled for a plate of nettle stew. Shilah wasn't a fan of anfu-ham – not at all. But she was scared of rejecting it since it was the first thing the King was giving to her. She didn't want to get him upset. "Thank you, My King" she poured out her gratitude again before drawing the plate closer and scooping a spoon in. Ouch! She's never liked the taste. She eyed the King as he scooped in some of his own stew and wished that was what she had instead. For some minutes, silence descended on them both. "Why do you think you were born without a wolf, Shilah?" Dakota suddenly asked, his head bent towards his plate as he scooped in another spoon.

He sat upright afterwards, and drank some water.

".... I honestly don't know, My King" she answered briefly. Although, she had more to say, but she didn't know if the King wanted her to. The tension in her heart was just too heavy.

But, when King Dakota said nothing, she decided to proceed. "B...But, I read some books and... discovered there were people like me in the past. People who were born without a wolf. But years later, they got to develop one" she spoke carefully, not wanting to upset the King in anyway. King Dakota arched a brow. "You can read?" He asked, and that was when Shilah noticed the slight mistake she had just made. In their world, only the very high privileged could have the opportunity to learn how to read and write, and Shilah's family didn't fall under the category. Even her "siblings" – or who she thought were her siblings – couldn't read or write. But she ... she just grew up with that natural ability to read and write. Although, her

mother was there to support her as well. It was believed that only royalties could have such privileges. And the witches. Yes – witches were born with a natural ability to read and write as well – so she heard.

“Y.... yes, *My King*” she replied. “I can read. And ... and write too”.

She felt there was no need lying to him since it was so obvious already. King Dakota was amused and couldn't stop it from reflecting on his face. “How did you learn?” He asked. He was sure her family wasn't among the high privileged. Even his Queens – only Chaska could read and write a little. She wasn't too good. “I um I just had the passion for it. And growing up, my mother also supported me” Shilah replied, hoping she doesn't raise any form of suspicions from the King. “I see” Dakota mumbled, scooped a spoon of stew and gulped some water. It was strange – really strange.

“Does it ever bother you? The fact that you don't have a wolf and seem so powerless?” He asked after a while when Shilah was trying to force some of the anfu-ham down her throat. 2 She had to pause and gulp down some water before replying the King. “Of.... Of course, it does, *My King*” she replied.. “I mean, growing up, I suffered intimidation from my family, neighbours. Everyone laughed at me and didn't want to associate with me. They all felt I was ... useless” her countenance dropped as the memories came flying in and somehow, they twitched Dakota's cold heart.

He gave her a minute to get over it. “And..... have you done anything to get your wolf?” He asked, scooping another spoon afterwards. “Not really. Except... praying to the spirits to give me one. I'd really love to have my wolf” she answered wistfully, but Dakota had gotten something strange ...

“The spirits?” He arched a brow. “You pray to the spirits?” Oh, no; another mistake. Shilah bit her inner cheeks. “Y...Yes, *My King*”. “And why would you pray to the spirits?” Dakota scoffed. “Mountain lions pray to the goddess; not the spirits”. “I.... I know. It's just that.... growing up, I've always felt more comfortable praying to the spirits. But, if you ask me, *My King*, I think the goddess and spirits are the same. Whichever anyone choses to pray to, doesn't really matter as long as it comes from the heart”. She answered. Shilah didn't realize the tension in her heart was dying gradually and wasn't as heavy as it had been a while ago. Dakota scoffed and drank some water, but he wasn't convinced – not at all. Wolves and Vampires prayed to Selene, while the witches were known for the spirits. This lady.... there was definitely something about her. “So ... the spirits answers your prayers all the time?’ Can you give me some instances?” He asked and Shilah

seemed more excited on that question. She always loved praising the spirits or mentioning the things they've done for her. “Well... they've answered me a lot” She began. “There was a time my mother had been really sick, and I knelt in front of her and prayed to the spirits for healing. And after a couple of hours, she was healed. 2 “There was a day, I needed to get to the market to buy some urgent things. The sky was threatening like it wanted to rain and if I didn't get those things, I'd get punished by my family. So.... I prayed to the spirits to hold the rain, and they did. And the moment I returned home from the market, it rained heavily” she paused and chuckled. “I know it might sound funny, but it really did happen. The spirits – they've done so much for me, *My King*; including your tea. I

always pray to them to make you sleep after taking them, and it works” she sounded so excited. But, as for Dakota, he was more amused. How can someone from the Wolf lineage feel so free and interact with the Spirits this much? It was confusing. “Do you also pray for the spirits to make me hungry after intercourse with you?” He asked, staring at her face. “No. Not at all, My King. It’s actually a surprise it happens this way”. Shilah replied. Dakota continued eating – in silence – and she decided to force a spoon down her throat. “You don’t like the meal, do you?” Dakota suddenly asked, making Shilah look at him. What?? “I’ve noticed you’ve been struggling to eat it” he added and Shilah gulped hard. Oh, no. She had no idea the King was observing. “It’s.... it’s not what you think, My King....” “You need to learn how to be outspoken, Shilah” Dakota cut her off. “You should stop enduring pains and learn to speak up. If you don’t like something that’s happening to you, you complain and see if it can be changed”. He took the meal from her and replaced it with another plate of nettle stew and some potatoes. Shilah could feel her cheeks hitting so bad. Goodness! She felt so ashamed of herself; but for sure, she just learnt a lesson from the King. “Thank you, My King” she muttered timidly and began eating her potatoes and stews

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Breakfast with the King was so enjoyable for Shilah and she felt really glad and grateful that she was given such privilege. When she was done – after a long time – she left his chambers and returned to hers for a cold bath and change of clothes. She had wanted to rest and get some sleep, but recalling the tea leaves had finished and she’d be needing some for evening time, she decided to go get them first before returning to get enough sleep. She knew exactly where to get them, but it’d be outside the palace. On her way out, she met with Dyani who seemed to be coming towards her room. “Greetings, My.... Dyani” Shilah corrected herself, recalling the Queen had asked her to address her with her name. “Shilah. Are you going out?” Dyani asked, having a warm smile on. “Um ..Yes. Just briefly. I need to get some tea leaves – for the King” Shilah replied. . Dyani got close and the two ladies were standing in front of each other. “I see. Where are you getting them from?” Dyani asked. “Somewhere outside the palace; but not too far away”. Shilah replied. “Okay, can I come along? I could get a guard to ride us there”. Come along? That would be great – Shilah thought. “Of....Of course, My Queen. I’d so love that” she answered and chuckling, the two ladies walked down the hallway. They got out to the horse stables and carriage park and Dyani asked one of the guards she had seen around, to ride them out of the palace. Of course, he agreed. Shilah just stood and watched in amusement, noting she wouldn’t be able to ask for such if she had been in Dyani’s shoes. She just couldn’t see herself ordering people around.

They both got into the carriage while the driver sat in front to control the horse. And in no time, they were riding out of the palace gates.

Queen Chaska stood in front of her window of her room, watching the carriage as it rode out of the gates. “Where do you think they’re going?” She asked, referring

to Gina who was behind her. "I have no idea, My Queen. Do you want me to find out?" Gina answered enthusiastically.

She was ever ready to please her Queen.

"Don't bother. Her whereabouts is not worth my time" Chaska declined.

Shilah and Dyani stepped out of the carriage when it stopped moving at the spot they wanted it to. "I had come earlier to your room to call you for breakfast; but you weren't in" Dyani said as she followed Shilah to where the plant was.

It was in a bushy area, a broken cliff by their left. Trees of scanty branches were found, but it made the place look so light and beautiful. "Yes. I um.... I was with the King" Shilah replied. "The King?" Dyani scoffed. "The King seems to be enjoying your presence lately" . "It's not what you think. It's um.... actually a long story". Shilah squatted in front of the plant and started plucking some of the leaves. "You just need to be very careful around the King, Shilah's" Dyani said, crossing her hands across her chest. "You should try never to upset him or get on his bad side because... the King can be very very dangerous when he's hurt". 1 Shilah was stunned. For real?

She turned slightly to Dyani and looked like she wanted to say something but suddenly got muted when something sharp pierced into her skin, right beside her tummy. Her eyes widened in shock as the leaves weakly left her hands, dropping to the ground. And slowly, her eyes trailed to the spot where the pain was coming from. It was an arrow. She was shot! "Shilah!!" Dyani screamed in fright as her back hit the ground

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"Shilah!!" Dyani screamed in fright as she watched her back hit the ground. She also lowered herself to the floor to avoid being hit and looking around, she spotted someone by the cliff, dressed in a black robe, running away. Oh, no .. She darted her eyes to Shilah and noticed she had already passed out, the arrow stuck beside her tummy. O "Shilah! Shilah!" She ran to her and jolted her, but she didn't respond.

"Guard!"

The guard from the carriage was already running towards them.

"Please! We need to take her home! Hurry!"

Chaska waited for the guard to inform the King she was there to see him and when the guard returned and informed her she could go in, she did. King Dakota could be seen on his usual table, writing and probably replying to messages and didn't even lift a brow to look at Chaska as she walked in. "Greetings, My King" she stood in front of him and bowed. "How're you doing, Chaska?" He asked, his eyes still focused on the script he was writing on. "I guess I'm fine". She walked closer to see if she could get a closer look at what he was doing. "You wanted to see me" he suddenly said. "I'm a little...." "Please, can you not say you're busy and want me to leave?" Chaska cut in, calmly, and Dakota stopped writing.

"I've missed us, *My King*" she sighed, going to stand behind him.

"I've missed the caring you. Sometimes, I almost forget I'm married". "It's not my fault, Chaska. What do you intend I do?" Dakota gruffed.

Chaska lifted her hands to his shoulders and started giving them a soft massage.

"I understand you might be busy, *My King*, but it doesn't mean you should neglect your first wife; your first choice". Her hands were moving gently on his shoulders.

"Don't forget how we started...."

"Chaska..." "Going on a walk later in the evening shouldn't hurt; we...." "I'm a very busy man Chaska. How do you expect me to find time to go for a walk?" Chaska went mute. Then, she continued. "I've just missed us, *My King*. I miss us so bad'. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door, one that sounded desperate.

"Who's it?" Dakota looked at the door and asked.

Damn that person – Chaska jibed. Who dare to interrupt this moment?

The door went open with a guard rushing in. That was the guard that had rode Shilah and Dyani to get the

herbs.

"*My King!* Queen Shilah was shot and is unconscious. She's losing her breath" he informed and watched the swift glint in the King's eyes.

What?

Dakota sprang on his feet immediately, not minding the fact that he pushed Chaska's hands off his back in a rough manner. "What're you talking about? How did this happen?" He asked the guard, that authoritative tone of his coming out deeply.

"She was with Queen Dyani. They asked me to ride them to a place where they could get some leaves which was outside the palace. And while they were

plucking them, an arrow came from nowhere and shot at The Queen". He explained.

Dakota couldn't believe it. Despite his coldness, the anger was evident in his eyes. "Where is she? Take me to her" he ordered and the guard bowed and led the way.

Chaska stood and watched as the King left the room, not even sparing her a glance. Shilah was shot? By who? She wondered. Hurriedly, she also left the room.

King Dakota followed the guard who led him to Shilah's room and getting there, he discovered the Physician was already there and working on her. His son was there as well, assisting him, and so was Queen Dyani. His eyes drooped when he saw Shilah's face going so pale and white with tiny veins showing up on her neck. The arrow was still stuck in her. "Manchalla" he called frostily. "What's going on?" His voice sounded so impatient. "I'm trying to... pull out the arrow, My King. And trying to be careful so we don't leave any particles in it" the old man replied and turned to his twenty-six year old son, signalling him to get him some oil.

Chaska had come into the room as well and stood close to the door. Shilah was looking pretty bad. Who could've done this?

"You" Dakota suddenly turned to Dyani who was looking so scared and nervous.

"You were with her. What happened??"

Dyani shook a little due to the vibration in his voice. "..... I didn't do anything, My King; I swear! She said she wanted to get some leaves for your tea and I decided to accompany her. We were just...she was squatting in front of the plant and plucking out the leaves when an arrow suddenly flew and hit her on the tummy. I looked around and.... and saw someone – someone in black, running away". She answered shakily. "Male or female?" Dakota gritted and Dyani stared down at the floor for a second, trying to recall.

".... I don't know, My King. The person was dressed in black from head to toe and all I saw was the back running away. I'm sorry" She whimpered, her hand on her chest. Dakota turned back to Shilah, his cold heart twitching. Who did this. Who dare to do this? Manchalla was working really hard on pulling out the arrow. He applied the hem oil on the exposed part of the arrow, applied it on his palms as well and slowly, started pulling out the arrow – so meticulously. King Dakota watched Shilah's face as the arrow was being pulled out of her. There was no reaction at all; she was completely unconscious and her face kept getting whiter and pale. To think this happened because she had actually gone out to get some leaves for his tea.... Finally, the arrow was pulled out of her and Dyani let out a light gasp. Manchalla held out the arrow which had over half of it covered in her blood. But there was something else, the blood wasn't pure red but had a greenish color. It should be the poison. "Manchalla, will she be fine?" Dakota asked and Manchalla turned slightly to look at him, the arrow still in his hand. "The arrow was poisoned, My King; but I'll try my best. I'll try my best". He turned back to Shilah.

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Queen Nosheba was in her room, dressing her baby up when her maid rushed in, looking uneasy. "My queen" she bowed when she stood in front of Nosheba who just stared curiously at her. "There's news going round the palace. They say Queen Shilah was shot and is unconscious". What? Nosheba's brows arched. "Are....Are you sure? How was she shot?" She asked, looking more curious than worried. "I don't know; but I hear she was with Queen Dyani when it happened. Also heard she's currently receiving treatment" Nivea enthused.

Nosheba shook her head and stared away. Poor thing. Who could've shot her? (This novel will be daily updaed at)Well, that should be none of her business. Weather she lives or not, it should all depend on her – she thought care-freely.

It had been long already.

King Dakota was still in the room, watching as they attended to Shilah. Obviously, she seemed to be getting better with the way the whiteness on her face had reduced. The part of her dress around her tummy had been torn so Manchalla could work properly on it. He had been given a chair to sit while Queen Dyani was standing behind and leaning on the wall, hands crossed. Chaska had left already. Although, Dakota had been advised to go to his room and await feedback, he wouldn't listen and insisted on staying. It was strange. Well, Dyani couldn't leave because she somewhat felt guilty. She had been with Shilah when it happened and couldn't stop blaming herself for it. Perhaps, she would've done something to save her. Oh! Please; what could she had possibly done?

Either ways, she wouldn't stop blaming herself.

After what seemed like forever, Manchalla finally rounded up as he turned away from Shilah. "How's she Manchalla?" Was the first thing he asked, his cold eager eyes focused on the old man. Manchalla wiped off a drop of sweat from his forehead before proceeding. "I've been able to stabilize her and she'll be fine, My King. Thankfully, the poison was deadly. In a couple of days or so, she should regain full consciounes" he said. "Couple of days?" Dakota scoffed. "You mean she won't be awake for two days?" (This novel will be daily updaed at)"Yes, My King. And actually, I think we should be thankful she's able to come awake and didn't end up dead. It'd have been more terrible". King Dakota said nothing, his eyes just pinned on the sleeping Shilah. "What was contained in the poison?" He suddenly asked and Manchalla took up the arrow, holding onto the unstained end of it.

"I can't tell for now. But I'll run up some tests immediately and get back to you with the results". He replied, staring observantly at the arrow.

He could tell the greenish color looked familiar..... “You can retire to your chambers now, *My King*” he continued, moving his gaze to Dakota. “I’ll need to go arrange some more herbs and while I’m away, my son would stay back with the Queen just incase there’s an emergency. You have nothing to worry about”.

Dakota didn’t give a response immediately. Oh...If only he could just know the demon behind this act. If only he could have any idea ... Finally, he sighed and stood up. “If you make any new findings, make sure I’m the first to know, *Manchalla*” he said to the Physician. “Of course; of course. I’ll make sure of that, *My King*” the old man replied and Dakota nodded and left the room. Getting out, he ordered his guards to stay back and guard the Queen’s room, and of course, they did. Well, you could say the King was acting caring and all; but one thing was for sure – Dakota hated being messed with

Dyani sighed when she was the only one left in the room with Shilah – and just the Physician’s son-Rancho. She decided to go use the empty seat that had been occupied by the King and sat, facing Shilah. “Do you think she’ll be fine?” She asked worriedly, staring at the Physician’s son. (This novel will be daily updtaed at)Rancho was a young looking boy, tall and handsome. “Well, if my father says she’ll be fine, I believe she’ll be fine. Besides, the poison on the arrow wasn’t deadly” he replied, as politely as possible. Dyani heaved a deep sigh of relief. “But I wonder who could’ve done this in the first place. Why would anyone want to hurt someone as innocent as she is? I mean, Shilah barely knows anyone” she lamented, but to that, the Physician’s son could give no reply.

Manchalla sat in his stuffy room, studying the blood from the arrow.

His microscope was on with several big books opened in front of him. This blood.... greenish color; it was indeed familiar. He flipped through so many pages, comparing and contrasting and it went on for a very long time until he was beginning to feel tired.

But just at that last point, that frustrated point, he finally found something. Not something, but the answer he’s been looking for.

His tired eyes beamed immediately as he drew closer for a clearer view. What??? His head was pounding. How was this possible? The poison.. He crosschecked it – repeatedly. But there was no mistake. It was real! The poison was made from.... Immediately, he sprang on his feet and rushed out of the room with the arrow in his hand. His steps were fast and hurried as he headed for the King’s chambers – so eager to tell him his findings. This has never happened in centuries.... With how fast he walked, it didn’t take him long to arrive at the King’s chambers and when he finally did, the guards let him in with immediate effect – knowing Manchalla never visits the King’s chambers unless it was extremely important.

King Dakota was standing in front of his closet, fixing his belt when Manchalla walked in, Old man looked nervous. “My King...” “What’s the problem, Manchalla?” He asked, walking away from the closet. He noticed the arrow in his hand. “I’m done with my analysis, My King, and I’ve gotten to know where the

poison came from” he was panting a little heavily when he stood in front of the King. King Dakota’s eyes gushed with curiosity. “The poison....it was made from the blood of a witch”. (This novel will be daily updaed at)There was a loud pause. Then slowly, a flinch crept onto Dakota’s face. “What’re you talking about?” His voice was calmer than violent. It just sounded unreal. “It’s accurate, My King. The poison was made from the blood of a witch. I am so sure about it”. Manchalla replied. Dakota scoffed and collected the arrow from him. The witches? The witches tried to attack one of his own? “You mean the witches are behind this?” He asked the Physician, staring coldly at the arrow. “Yes, My King. I also can’t believe they’d start an attack. It’s uncalled for” Manchalla queried. For a long time, Dakota was silent, just staring down at the arrow. And bit by bit, the anger crept into him. “Darci!” He called out and the door opened with his guard coming in. “My King...!” “Find Pishan; and tell him to get the guards and horses ready. *We’re riding to the Witches Palace*”.

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Queen Chaska was in her room when she heard the news of the King wanting to ride to the witches palace.

“Whaaaat??!” She flinched, turning to look at Gina who had delivered the news.

“Are you sure about this?!” “Of course, My Queen. You should know I always get my news from the right sources”. Gina bowed.

Chaska left the bed where she had been sitting and started pacing round the room.

Why Shilah? Why that ingrate?

Although, she knows the King too well; he wasn’t doing this simply because it’s Shilah-he’s doing it because that was who he was. King Dakota hated being messed with; he hates when his rules are touched. Even if this had happened to a guard, he still would’ve acted same way. If the witches are meant to stay away, he expects them stay away and not attack one of his own. But, why would the witches attack them at a time like this? Like; it was something that’s never happened for centuries since the enforcement of the alliances came into effect. Why would they suddenly bring up an attack? It was so so confusing.... Were they really think trying to start a war?

“I wish that Shilah would just die” she gritted beneath her breath, but to Gina’s hearing.

“Why was the poison not deadly anyway? She should just close her eyes and die”. She stamped her feet angrily on the floor.

Pishan was standing with the rest of the pack warriors, each guard standing beside his horse. Raksha was there as well and they were all awaiting the King to arrive. Hearing what had happened, that the witches were behind Shilah's attack, he couldn't help but feel a little shaken. Why would the witches carry such an act, knowing fully well it would affect someone like Dakota? Why would they do such foolish act? Dakota was so angry and he couldn't even find a perfect time to talk to him. Now, he had no idea what Dakota really had in mind – if he was going for war or for something else.

Sukie; he couldn't stop thinking about her. If Dakota decides to take a drastic decision on the witches, it was definitely going to attack her as well and he didn't want that to happen. He didn't want her getting hurt in anyway. Oh, damn it! But were they really behind this? "The King is coming" one of the guards announced, breaking into his thoughts and he turned to see Dakota walking towards them, his steps looking like he was actually marching with heavy angry steps.

He was fully armoured, looking more of a warrior than a king at that moment – an angry warrior. Everyone knows Dakota; he was different from his fathers that had ruled before him. You don't play with his rules, you don't betray him. He could become really dangerous when Dakota doesn't know how to handle betrayal; he just takes drastic decisions. And that was why Pishan couldn't understand why the witches would carry out such heinous act? It just doesn't make sense.

All heads bowed as he got close and walked to his horse. Holding onto the collar rope, he climbed onto it and got set. And the rest of the guards did same. "Let's go!" He gave the command, started his own horse and with him in front, they all rode out of the palace. His two wives – Chaska and Nosheba – were both standing at the balcony from different angles, watching. Chaska was praying a war wouldn't happen so he'd be safe. And Nosheba... Well, her thoughts were just blank. But either ways, she needed the two men back – The King and Raksha. 3

Hours Passed, and Shilah was still unconscious. Although, the Physician said she'll be fine since the arrow had been pulled out of her already and the poison removed. Dyani had been in the room with her the whole time, even when the Physician's son left to get somethings done. She just couldn't leave her sight as she fiend want anything bad to happen to her. 1 But later in the night, she had to leave to check up on her child and also get something to eat. But she didn't stay long at all as she left her daughter in the care of her maid and quickly returned to Shilah's room. She spent the entire night there. &

NEXT MORNING

Dyani had woken up and decided to check up on her daughter again, and also freshen up. She found something to eat and quickly returned to Shilah's room. It's been over twenty four hours already. She hasn't even eaten. Wouldn't it affect her or something?

Oh! Blessed Selene! If only she could just get better. She really needed her to get better.... The door went open and Dyani felt it was the Physician or his son. But when she turned around, she was surprised to see it was Queen Chaska. 3

What? What was she doing there?

Chaska was adorned in her heavy clothings, but her hair was simply done. Face had no makeup on but had that usual stern look on it. Her eyes found Shilah on the bed, sleeping like some breathing corpse. Then, she looked at Dyani. "It looks like you've forgotten how to give respect" she said with a scowl and Dyani lowered her gaze to the floor. O "Greeting, Queen Chaska" she said. "I was just wondering if there was a problem". "What problem are you talking about?" She scoffed. "Is it wrong to come see my co-wife?" "Of... Of course, not. It's just not like you". Chaska shut her a glare, then rolled her eyes and walked towards Shilah's bed. Annoying thing – she jibed in her thoughts.

It angered her to see how beautiful she was even when she was unconscious. Why wouldn't she just die, huh? Why?? She hissed. She was trying so hard to get the King on her side, but not until the tiny witch arrived and becomes another contender. But, no matter what happens, the King will always be hers. Always. And she's sure to be the next Luna. 6

Sukie was in the room with The Queen, helping her fix her hair. Kylie was sitting in front of the mirror while Sukie stood behind her and brushed the hair.

One of the minions would've done it for her, but that morning, Kylie just wanted Sukie to do it herself. "I'm not being too hard, am I?" Sukie asked. "Of course, not. You've always been as calm as a bird". Kylie smiled. She watched Sukie from the mirror as she worked meticulously on the hair, looking so devoted. "You're so beautiful, Sukie" Kylie cooed. "I wish our daughter would have your lips". Sukie paused and glanced at her, her heart skipping for a second. Their daughter? Just incase you're wondering, witches do reproduce. For instance, someone like Kylie who was a Queen. She needed an heiress, but since she didn't have a male lover and didn't want to have one, she could easily get a sperm product from a man – a common villager who wasn't a wolf it a vampire – fix into her genitals and use her powers to make sure it goes deep. Eventually, it'd get her pregnant. That was the same way her mother had given birth to her. Till date, Kylie doesn't know her father because she proly didn't have a *father" since her mother never had direct sex to conceive her. But, it was obvious Kylie wanted to do something different. She wanted to be the man in her relationship with Sukie and wanted Sukie to be the one to undergo that process and get pregnant so the child would become theirs. 3 Sukie was just surprised because she had no idea Kylie would want to take their relationship to "eternity". She had no idea Kylie was even thinking of such... "I can imagine how perfectly we'd train her" Kylie continued, noticing how anxiousness from the mirror. "You'll be the mother, and I'll be the father. And I'll make sure she becomes as powerful as we are and become a better Queen". Sukie lowered her gaze to her hair and resumed brushing it – slowly. "Wouldn't you love that, Sukie?" Kylie asked, touching her hand on her shoulder. "Of....Of course. It'd be nice" She muttered with a smile. 2 "How do you want me to style the hair, Supreme Sister?" Unexpectedly, the door whacked open and Kylie and Sukie turned in a haste to see who was barging in. The hell???

Nobody barges into the Queen's room! Unless.... "Supreme Sister! Supreme Sister" she panted. Kylie had turned on her seat and was staring keenly at her. "There's a big problem! King Dakota and his men .. they're riding towards the palace gates as we speak...!"

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What?

Kylie sprang on her feet immediately, her eyes blazing and the hem of her big dress flopping along with her. "What're you talking about?" She demanded, her eyes jarring at the sister that had delivered the news. "What do you mean King Dakota is riding to the gates?" "I'm as shocked as you are, Supreme Sister. They're...." Before she could get the rest of the words out of her mouth, Kylie walked past her and stormed out of the room, not minding her halfly – done hair. Sukie followed immediately, together with the other sister.

King Dakota and his men had been riding for hours, non stop – even through the night. He had been so determined to get to the Witches Palace and he finally did. Their fast horses racing towards the gate, he saw the witches coming out their Queen in front of them. They were all dressed in red garments, their hoodies all over their heads, but Kylie's garments being the longest and swept the floor. Kylie was in awe. Since the enforcement of the restriction law centuries ago, no Mountain Lion or blood sucker has ever stepped foot in the witches territory. Of course, they had no reason to and didn't want to get killed. It was part of the law;- every man to his territory. But now, seeing King Dakota riding towards them, she just couldn't understand what was going on. What was he doing there??? Sukie, on the other hand, was shocked. She was standing beside Kylie and could spot Pishan on his horse, her heart racing heavily. What could be going on? Why were they riding to the palace? Was he there to expose her?

Oh! Of course, not he wouldn't. He promised her! Only the sound of the horses' hooves could be heard as they dug through the ground and rode, and finally, were pulled to halts by their riders when they got close enough.

Together with over fifteen of his men present with him, King Dakota climbed down from his horse, his sword in his sheath beside him as he walked towards the witches, his eyes specifically on Kylie. Sernity dwelt amongst the sisters; not even a word was heard from one of them. Due to the law, that was the first time Kylie was meeting Dakota face to face. Although, she's seen artistic images of him, heard so much about him and also heard he was a calm handsome man, she just never thought he'd look this violent like the man coming in front of her with those deep blue eyes. . "King Dakota" her voice was finally heard when he stopped working, standing so close to her with his men behind him. "I never thought I'd see you here in my palace, especially when it's forbidden". "There'd

be no need for the courtesy, Kylie, because if I had my way, I wouldn't want to be here" he gruffed. Kylie was stunned.

That was disrespectful! He just called her by her name! Pishan was standing closest to the King while Raksha stood next. And as he stood there, his eyes ran into the nervous Sukie who had also been staring at him. That face ... he never thought he'd be seeing it soon. He really hoped Dakota wouldn't do anything to hurt them/hurt her.

"I see'. Kylie continued.

"Well, I wouldn't call it a pleasure seeing you either. And I hope you don't mind me asking what you're doing on my land. Right now. I have every right to kill you and your men".

"And I have every right to kill you and your sisters for trying to kill one of my own!" Dakota chipped in as soon as she was done and watched as Kylie's face crumpled up. "You and your sisters" he continued, his voice sounding more hoarse. "You broke the law already and attacked one of my own". "What're you talking about?" Kylie scoffed. "You and your sisters, made a poison, applied it on an arrow and shot one of my wives with it! How dare you?" Kylie was looking evidently confused. She scoffed again and glanced at the sister beside her, before turning back at Dakota. "I must say I'm the most confused person on earth right now because I don't have a zilch on what you're talking about" she said, her eyes blaring at the angry Dakota. "Why would my sisters and I attack your people, Dakota? That has never been heard of for centuries. If this a stunt, King Dakota, I'd suggest you call it off cause it's not funny". She was sounding a little angry as well. King Dakota stretched out his palm to Pishan who handed the arrow to him. "Then, how do you explain this?" He threw it at Kylie who was fast enough to catch it. She stared at the greenish blood on the arrow and flinched. The poison! It was indeed made from the blood of a witch. She didn't even need to study it as it was obvious already. She was very familiar with the poison and knew the resources used in making them of which a witch's blood was the most important. And it couldn't just be taken unconsciously from a witch, it had to be given voluntarily because it required a reasonable potion. Someone....A witch did this!. 3 King Dakota watched as the confidence depreciated from Kylie's face. She didn't even have the guts to look him in the face anymore. "You and your sisters are the ones playing a stunt here, Kylie' Dakota continued. "A stunt that isn't funny". "I swear on the laws, King Dakota, I don't know anything about this" Kylie looked up at him and said. "So, who made the poison?" Dakota scoffed. "I don't know! I never authorized this; I'd never do so! Our elders fought so hard to keep the law. Why would I jeopardize it at my own time?" "Well, that is your business because one or some of your sisters here are responsible for this. And for the sake of kindness, I'm giving you one last warning. I'll leave here without harming anyone, but it something like this repeats itself, mark my words, Kylie; I'll be back. And when I'm back, you should be ready for a war!" Anger crept onto Kylie's face. And after a long glare, King Dakota turned around and marched towards his horse. His men followed, Pishan giving a silent stare at Sukie before turning around as well. And with ruffled sounds, they all got onto their horses, turned them around and started riding away. The sisters remained silent, just watching the men aa they rode away. Kylie lowered her gaze to the arrow in her palm s, stared keenly at it and finally, threw it angrily on the ground. "Sukie!" She called aloud, her eyes on the ground. "Supreme Sister" Sukie who was already beside

her, bowed. "Assemble all the sisters in the hall. Sister Elphaba!" The elder came running out immediately. They could all tell Kylie was dangerously angry and could do anything at that moment. "Supreme Sister" the woman bowed in front of her. "Take me to the location room. I need to see the map". 2

Kylie was breathing so hard as she walked into the dark room with the Elder. Her hair had already become ruffled due to the cold breeze from outside, but that didn't matter to her. & The room was sacred and needed to be dark. So, Sister Elphaba lit a candle at the door which helped them get to the wall where the huge map was pinned. It was known as the magical map – helped in telling and locating a new witch or any witch at all, outside of their palace. 5 But staring at the map, all the lights were pointed at the palace which meant every breathing witch was in the palace. If there had been a witch elsewhere, the dotted light would have pointed out the location on the map. But since there was no light elsewhere, it meant there no witch elsewhere. And whoever made that poison, came from the palace.

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"There's no witch outside the palace, Supreme Sister" Sister Elphaba confirmed her thoughts, staring keenly at the map. "But which of our sisters would do such despicable act? It's so unbelievable". Kylie was already burning with rage, her hands fisted on the table. Not saying a word, she turned around and stormed out of the room, and the other sister followed. She walked straight to the hall where the rest of the witches were gathered, everyone making a path for her to walk through

The angry Kylie walked through, her red garment sweeping the floor until she had gotten to the front row and stood to face the witches. "THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE!" Her voice was a deep roar. Kylie was just like her mother – dangerous when angry. "Who made that poison and attacked one of the wind walkers?" Her blazing eyes were going around, scouring through the eyes of the others and trying to see if she could get any truth from them. "I just checked the map and confirmed no other witch exists outside these walls. So, whoever made that poison, came from here and is probably staring at me right now!!" She paced tho and fro. "Few weeks ago, a witch here, broke the law and helped the Alpha King. And today, a witch broke another law and tried to cause a war. WHO IS IT?" The thunderous echo in her voice swept a table off it's balance, and few of the sisters flinched.

Silence descended afterwards as Kylie waited for someone to speak up; confess?

And finally, Remata did. "..... I think I might have an idea, Supreme Sister" she rose her left hand. > Kylie, who was too angry, said nothing as she awaited her to step out and speak. And she did. All eyes had automatically turned on Remata immediately, "I.... I just think it's sister Elphaba" she stuttered, creating a loud

gasp in the hall. 3 Kylie stood still, just staring silently at her. "I mean" she continued. "Sister Elphaba lost her both daughters to rogues from the wolves. They made her lonely and motherless. And the other day, when we were working on the garden, she cursed and lamented on how much she hated the wolves and wished there was a way she could wipe them off the face of the earth. So.... I'm thinking she made that poison to kill one of the King's own and hurt him...." "Remata, you're talking nonsense!" Sister Elphaba cut in, her face having a crumpled look on. "But, you know I'm not lying, Sister Elphaba. I respect you so much, but I have to say the truth" Remata said. "You can ask Sister Sukie. She was there in the garden with us". . And all eyes turned to Sukie; including Kylie. "Is this true?" Kylie asked.

Sukie searched for words. ".....it really did happen. I mean, back there in the garden, few weeks ago, Sister Elphaba was really bittered and talked about her losses in the past that came from the wolves. But, I don't think it's enough reason for her to create such an attack" Sukie said. "Stop being so defensive all the time, Sukie" Remata chipped in.

"You...." "Sister Elphaba!" Kylie called out. Few seconds later and the woman was standing in front of her. "I need you to tell me the truth; are the accusations true?" She asked.

Elphaba's head was bowed. "Supreme Sister" she began. "It's true that I lost my two daughters to the rogues some years ago. And it's also true I still feel bittered and pained about it and even talked about it in the garden. But carrying such despicable act; trying to cause a war between us and the Wolves, that is something I'd never do. Not even in death"

She paused and looked up at Kylie.

"I swear on my late daughters' corpse, I have no idea about this. I didn't do it" she said conclusively. Silence descended afterwards as Kylie starred directly into her eyes.

For a long time, not a sound was heard in the hall and at that time, sister Elphaba had already lowered her gaze to the floor. Was she telling the truth? Most people wondered. "For centuries" Kylie finally said, walking slowly away from Elphaba and taking her eyes round to the rest of the sisters in front of her. "Our past Elders made sure they did everything in their power to keep the laws. They made the laws, and they kept it. Yes, the Wolves and Vampires are our enemies, but rules are rules and I won't have anyone trying to jeopardize that!! We don't attract problems to ourselves, we only fight and kill our enemies when they attack

1.

"Now listen, I can forgive anything at all; but this – I'll never forgive it. And the moment I know who the culprit is, I'll burn you to death!!" Her voice echoed with anger.

And with that, she turned around and walked away.

NEXT DAY

Rancho – the Physician’s son – was the one in the room with Shilah. She was still sleeping and he was using some water and a napkin to wash her feet which hadn’t been touched since she became unconscious. Queen Dyani had left to freshen up and Rancho had to take care of her. Suddenly, there was a slight movement from her. He noticed it and quickly looked at her face to see her lids fluttering. What? Shilah felt warmth, calmness and weakness, all at the same time. She could feel some wetness on her feet and had this urge to come awake already. “Mm” she muttered some unclear words as she fluttered her eyes and finally pushed them open. For the first few seconds, all she could feel was calmness. Her eyes were just staring blankly at the familiar ceiling as she tried to recall where she was. Of course.... it was her room. The ceiling...it looked so familiar like that of her room. “You’re awake” she suddenly heard a strange voice say.

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“You’re awake” she suddenly heard a strange voice say. Slowly, she looked to her left and found a strange face, staring at her and a quick flashback suddenly occurred. She had been shot. Yes; she could remember. She was trying to get some leaves with Dyani when an arrow flew from nowhere and landed on her. 1 Suddenly, she flinched and looked at the boy beside her again. “Who are you?” She asked fearfully, feeling too weak to move. Rancho quickly noticed how scared she was. “Hey, calm down okay?(This novel will be daily updtaed at) I’m the Physician’s son and I was asked to watch over you. You’re at the palace and in safe hands” he dispelled her fearful thoughts. Shilah took her eyes around. Indeed, it did look like her room. She wouldn’t be in her room if she was in the wrong hands. She tried sitting up but groaned in pains as she noticed the side of her tummy was hurting a lot. “Hey, hey, don’t stress yourself okay? You need to stay still so the spot doesn’t open up. It’s still healing” Rancho ran to her and said, holding her down; and Shilah took on a deep br

and Shilah took on a deep breath, trying to relax herself. “T.... Thank you” she muttered afterwards. “You’re welcome” he smiled at her and went ahead to squeeze out water from the napkin to the bowl. “What... happened to me?” Shilah asked after a few seconds. Squeezing out the excess water, Rancho returned to massage her feet with it. (This novel will be daily updtaed at)”I don’t I don’t think there’s any need for this” she tried withdrawing her legs, but Rancho didn’t let her.

“Just calm down, will you?” He chuckled.

“This doesn’t belittle me in anyway. It’s part of my job as a Physician”.

Being convinced, although still uncomfortable, Shilah had to let him do his job. She watched him as he massaged her feet gently with the wet napkin. And for some reasons, it felt good. "You were shot with a poisonous arrow" Rancho said while working on her feet. "But luckily, the poison wasn't deadly and that's the reason you're still alive". 1 Shilah was confused. Deadly? But ... who on earth would want to poison her? Like... what has she done to deserve it? She was barely even known.

"My father discovered the poison was made from the blood of a witch" Rancho further said like he had read her thoughts.

Shilah didn't even know how to react to that. A witch?

"I don't.... think I understand" she shook her head.

"Yes, none of us does" Rancho shrugged.

"It's actually confusing because...the witches are not meant to break the laws. We just think they're trying to start up a war and that's the reason they attacked one of us. Unfortunately, you had to be the scapegoat". He left her feet and returned to the bowl to re-wash the napkin while Shilah went into deep thoughts. (This novel will be daily updaed at)The witches made an attack? But why? How? A slight pain hit at her head. Oh... She couldn't think too much. She felt so weak, hungry, tired.... Rancho heard the riding sounds of hooves and stood up immediately to go check it out. He rushed to the window and nodded in confirmation.

"The King is back". He said. Shilah turned her head to look at him. The King? "Where did he go?" She asked calmly. "Well... he actually rode to the witches palace two days ago to tackle the arrow and poison issue. It's a good thing he's back and safe" Rancho replied and Shilah's eyes widened in shock.. Whaaaat??? The King rode to the witches palace??? Was there a war?? He.... he rode all the way there because she was attacked? "Don't get all excited, Queen" Rancho suddenly chuckled from the window.(This novel will be daily updaed at) "King Dakota is a man who hates having his rules broken. He hates when his rules are broken, and hates being played or betrayed. That's the reason everyone is careful not to hurt the King's feelings, because he could be a beast when he's betrayed. Going out to confront the witches, he didn't just do that because it happened to one of his wives, he actually did that because they broke the rules and needed to be dealt with. He'd have done it for anyone...".

Shilah wasn't listening anymore as her mind had suddenly become drifted.

He didn't just do that because it happened to one of his wives; he did that because they broke the rules and needed to be dealt with. His words replayed in her head.

He could be a beast when he's betrayed. Shilah didn't even know which of the categories to focus on. The fact that he didn't go to confront the witches just because of her, or the fact that she was scared of hurting his feelings from now on.... But, what was she even expecting? (This novel will be daily updaed at)She

couldn't understand why the first category was getting her worked up. The King cares for no one...

King Dakota alighted from his horse; the horse trainers on standby and ready to take the various horses for cleaning.

He was exhausted....and hungry too.

Oh! Of course, he should be hungry. Shilah hadn't been there to make him eat, or sleep. And it was affecting him greatly.

Although, he's been managing that life for a long period of years, but suddenly having a taste of it for the past few days had spoilt him and made him feel like he wouldn't survive going through the old life again. As he made to leave the horse, Pishan rushed to him. "My King" he called, and Dakota turned towards him. "I just want to thank you for what you did back there at the Witches Palace. Thank you for not launching the

attack".

Dakota sighed.

"I did it for you, Pishan. But you should know that if such happens again, none of them would be spared". He said.

"Come with me. I need to check up on Shilah". And together, they walked away. Well yes, Pishan had actually been the one that pleaded with Dakota to have a change of mind. He reminded him of the fact that Sukie was there and had taken a risk for them some weeks ago. So, she probably needed that grace. And luckily, Dakota had listened.

They walked towards Shilah's room, every guard and maid they came across bowing as usual. King Dakota wasn't the type to let his feelings reflect facially. So, he looked strong and fearful in the eyes of others. He should be in his chambers, but he decided to check up on Shilah before heading there.(This novel will be daily updtaed at) Arriving at the guarded room, the guards over there bowed to him and opened the door for him immediately. Rancho had gone back to cleaning Shilah's feet and had no idea the King was even coming. So, when he heard the door opening, he felt it was Queen Dyani or a maid and didn't bother to look. But, the expression on Shilah's face made him think otherwise. And he turned around to see the King coming. "My King!" He stepped back immediately, head bowed. "Greetings, My King. Welcome". Shilah's eyes were dimming as she watched the King walk in, his gamma behind him. He looked so huge and warrior-like in the heavy armour he wore and his eyes icy were fixed on her as he walked further. He didn't know she had regained consciounes. And somehow, his cold heart cracked a bit, seeing those eyes open. "My... King" Shilah stuttered, forcing herself to look away from him. King Dakota walked pass Rancho and stood nearest to the bed. "You're awake" he said, his voice sounding frosty but a little exhausted. He turned slightly to Rancho. "When did she regain consciounes?" "Some... Some minutes ago". Rancho bowed. "Some minutes ago? And she's not eating yet!" Dakota asked, his voice sounding threatening. • Uh-uh. That wasn't something Rancho wanted to face.

"I'm...I'm so sorry, *My King*. I'll go get her some food right away" he bowed and left in a brisk. 2

Dakota sighed unnoticeably and turned band to Shilah. "How're you feeling?" "I'm feeling v... very fine, *My King*. Thank you" she replied, not feeling at ease with the fact that she couldn't bow.

And thinking about it, the Physician's son said the King had left the palace two days ago.(This novel will be daily updtaed at) Doesn't that mean... he's been unable to eat and sleep for over two days as well? Oh, no....

"You should take care of yourself, Shilah" his gruffy voice came.

"If you need anything, don't hesitate to let the guards know". 4 "O...Okay. Thank you so much, *My King*. I am most grateful". Shilah said. Dakota only gave a nod, turned around and walked out of the room.