

Alpha's Virgin Wife by Baby Charlene

Chapter 8

Chapter 8 Pleasuring the Alpha

Queen Nosheba sat angrily on the bed with the whining baby in her arms. Her cheeks were red and swollen with rage as she tried breastfeeding the baby to stop it from

crying, but it wouldn't suckle. 2

"For Selene's sake!" She grouse, wrapping her breast back into her dress. "What exactly do you want, huh?? What??? You wouldn't feed, and wouldn't stop crying either. Are you just bent on frustrating me??" Her heart was boiling at the sight of the baby, still whining in her arms. She wouldn't go still for a minute.

"You unwanted child! You wouldn't come as boy, yet won't stop stressing me. Ni vea!

Her personal maid came running into the room immediately, dressed in some shaggy uniforms with her head bowed.

"My Queen..."

"Take this thing out of my side and know what she wants" she stated with bitterness and without hesu, the maid took the baby from her abd left the room. 1

Nosheba stood up from the bed afterwards and started pacing round the room, tho and fro, rancorously. All she felt was bitterness; nothing but bitterness.

She felt rejected and neglected. The King; he wouldn't even see her. Since she put to bed, he hadn't come to pay her a visit or know how she's fairing. Why? Because she gave birth to a female?? Was it her fault and enough reason for him not to care?? Was it????

More anger built up in her as she walked to the window and faced it; an angry tear rolling down her cheek. She's been ridiculed a lot already; insulted enough. Definitely; she was going to get back on her feet and have her revenge. Those who laughed at her, would definitely pay.

And as for the King, whether the moon goddess likes it or not, she was going to be the mother of his heir.

King Dakota walked into his refurbished chambers, his head down in disappointment and his gold belt in the other. For a mighty Alpha like him, it was wrong to get broken,

but at that moment, he couldn't help it. His entire joy has been drawn away from him.

Getting to the edge of the bed, he sat weakly on it and buried his head in his palms.

The curse. Will it ever be broken? Will he ever be ridden of it? Why was it being so difficult? Why was it making him an unhappy King?

He grunted in his palms, recalling all the miserable things the curse does to him – the sleepless nights, the swift shifting – he could shift into his wolf form at any time of the day, and his wolf form was too destructive.

The curse was making him go through so much, including not having a male child. And earlier that day, he'd been so hopeful, thinking he'd be able to get rid of it. But, it was seeming so impossible.

The story behind the curse; he could remember it vividly...

A knock came on the door immediately, disrupting his thoughts.

"I said I don't want to be disturbed!" His voice was so loud and rancorous, whoever was knocking could definitely hear him.

"I'm Sorry, My King. I only wanted to know if you're ready to eat". It was a female voice and Dakota knew it was the chief cook. Ready to eat. How can he possibly eat?

"Leave my door" he replied and the cook took that as a No and walked away.

Well, they all knew him. King Dakota was always finding it hard to eat and as a result, the maids always have to inquire from him before bringing his meal over. His lack of appetite was alarming. He remained there on the bed for a long time, his head buried in his palms. The lady in the woods...he suddenly thought. The one who had seen him in his wolf form. Who could she be? And? Of course, he'd marked her scent and was definitely going for her the following day. But there was something about her.... when he'd been so close to her in the woods, there was something that had limited him from killing her like he should.

She seemed powerless, yet strong; seemed helpless, yet mighty; seemed innocent, yet deadly

His wolf was very strong and sensitive and it had been able to dictate all these from her. Who was she?

Well, he was going to find out the next day. On Tired of thinking, he decided to take a shower.

Hours Later, He was sitting in front of his table, reading some books of old when a knock came on

his door.

"Who's it?" This time around, he was calm, his eyes still buried in his book.

"It's Chaska, My King" the soft voice replied and Dakota's eyes paused on his book.

"Come in, Chaska" he said after a while and the door opened levelly with the pretty Queen holding a small tray of cup.

She smiled as she walked in, her eyes beaming.

"Greetings, My beloved King, The Almighty Dakota; the Alpha of every other Alphas. The one whose name brings fear to his enemies. The one who the witches and blood suckers dread; the one whose greater than his father.

Your reign will never end, My King". A smile was on her lips as she said the charming words and for the first time since he began reading, King Dakota had to take his eyes off the book. His first wife has always been too good with words.

"How're you doing, Chaska?" He asked warmly, noticing the hex cup she held in the tray. Something told him it was his tea.

"I'm better now, My King, since I've seen you". She walked towards him, the hem of her Mantua sweeping the floor.

"I made you your tea; hope it works this time around" she held it out to him.

"You should know this is a waste of time, Chaska. It doesn't do a thing..."

"Don't be too quick to judge, my King. I added something new into it this time around and I'm pretty sure it should make a difference. Just take a sip and you should feel yourself becoming so relaxed, you'd want to sleep the whole day". Chaska said and convinced, Dakota took the cup from her hand and took some gulps. 1

Chaska's heard beamed as she watched the King drink the tea she made. Oh! It has always been of great pleasure to her each time he appreciates the things she does. She loves it!

"Thank you, Chaska" he muttered when he was done and handed the cup to her.

"You don't need to thank me, My King. Watching you take what's mine is more than a pleasure for me" she answered and Dakota said nothing as he took up his book and resumed reading. Then, Chaska, dropping the empty cup on his table, went

t round to stand behind him. "Let me help your muscles relax, My King" she cooed and started massaging his shoulders, carefully. Indeed, it made Dakota feel relaxed. As he read, she massaged him and he seemed to feel relaxed. But he could tell it wasn't from the King. .

When Chaska was done with the massage, she went round to kneel in front of him. "I'm done massaging your shoulders, My King. And I think I need to massage one more place": she smiled seductively as she went closer to his thighs and got hold of his gold belt.

King Dakota, of course, knew what she was upto and he let her. And Chaska had a huge smile on her face as she pulled down his trouser and made the long erected rod. Oh.....!! Her heart glow in delight.

She's been with other men before, but she's never seen anyone as huge as the King! He was just too perfect. Although.... sometimes when he's angry, he could use it as a means of punishment.

With her eyes pinned on his, she lowered her lips to the dick and licked the phallus up. Dakota's muscles got tensed a little, but he was hardly the type to ever moan or grunt, not even at the climax of sex.

He just kept his eyes fixed on Chaska as she did the work perfectly.

She took him in, deep and passionately, until it hit the back of her throat and she had to let out a deep grunt.

"Urgh!" She pulled out to the tip immediately, her mouth already filled with little drops of his semen.

Dakota yanked her hair and forced her mouth down the erected dick again, making sure she took the full size in. Chaska's eyes dilated as she lost her ability to breathe. With Dakota's hand pinning her head down, she had no option but to hold her breath and try to sustain the size in her throat. Her both hands were on his thighs and he finally pulled her head up and she ended up coughing. Dakota watched and let her cough until she'd gotten a grip of herself.

"Get on, Chaska" his voice was rasped. And understanding the signal, Chaska stood up, undressed herself and climbed onto his thighs for a ride.