

Sold as the Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 18

I could try again.. She said it could still happen... "How many more times..." I knew my voice could barely be heard, but I still asked. Then I regretted my question immediately. How could she possibly answer that question? The memories of his touch flooded my mind, and the idea he would touch me again made my heart race.

Estrella hesitated for a moment. "Well... It depends. But, as many as it takes."

The past few minutes had been like riding on a roller coaster. I was heartbroken and scared one moment, and was filled with hope the next.

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Then... the thought of him bedding me again... I had tried not to think about that night, but found myself more than once late at night wanting to touch myself to the memories he and I had created. I felt torn between the emptiness of not being pregnant and the desire to be with him again. "May I go back to my room?" I had a lot to think about, and one thing for sure was that I couldn't give up. I had to remain hopeful that I could fulfill this for him — and for myself. Both Estrella and Talon were quiet for a moment before Estrella nodded. "Of course."

Sliding from the table, I steadied myself as I waited for Talon.

He held the door open and led me out of the room, back toward the packhouse. He didn't say a word, but I knew this wasn't the greatest news for him. "Sorry..." I said, keeping my eyes lowered to the floor, unable to look at him. "I'm sorry that you have to deliver the bad news to the Alpha. I didn't mean to be such a burden..." He stopped in front of me, and his voice was calm. "Miss Rosalie, this wasn't your fault." He paused for a moment, then added, "just follow Estrella's order and do your best. Please excuse me now — I need to return to the training field." I looked at him with appreciation in my eyes, nodding my head. As he closed the door of my room, I seemed to hear a very light sigh from him, one that I couldn't quite understand.

It was a sigh of relief.

**Talon's POV

I stood in front of Rosalie's closed door and took a deep breath. A sigh left my lips as I looked up to the ceiling trying to clear my head. Now I had to go see Ethan — and I hated to deliver bad news. Turning from Rosalie's room, I made my way down the stairs towards

the main floor of the packhouse where his office was. I knew Ethan had had meetings all morning, because I had been within them as well.

I knocked on the door and waited for him to answer,

“Come in.”

A New Plans

at me.

stepped forward and handed him the paper

for a second before his brows narrowed. “She isn’t pregnant?”

One second, two seconds...

roared in anger, tossing the paper aside. “What the

was one

darted towards

beta?” he growled, and I know calling him by his name in this situation pissed him off. But he was overreacting. This

a glass

do the act during the best time to conceive. They had to wait till after the first time to get a sense of when she would be ready. That was her first—ever heat, and it wasn’t one she naturally went through. They medicated her to put her into heat — don’t look at me, I’m just telling you what the doctor said.” I watched as he slowly paced back and forth behind his desk as if he was thinking. A long sigh left him as he pinched the bridge of his

is pregnant.”

what I said perked him up slightly, but I

needed to worry about on top of everything else,

at least now we have a better timeframe,” I replied, trying

less angry about the

as Ethan took a seat in his chair and stared

window

he actually asking how Rosalie handled it? I cleared my throat and tried to make myself not look surprised. "She was broken about it, and cried. She looked so defeated, and asked to go to her room." And apologized for something that wasn't her fault. I watched Ethan closely after telling him the news, I wasn't sure why Ethan had wanted to know what Rosalie's reaction was, but I had known him for

Then came the second outburst.

"What the F*CK! I BOUGHT her, she couldn't conceive, so now I am the bad guy?!" Ethan's snide and angry remark caught me off guard. I knew I shouldn't, but for some reason, I almost chuckled.

Did he realize that he was worried about what Rosalie thought of him?

"No," I needed to clarify the situation as soon as I could, "I think you've misunderstood. She was upset because she wanted to be pregnant... she wanted to be carrying your child, Ethan."

Ethan's eyes glanced towards me again, and, this time, I could tell the anger in his eyes had faded quickly. His expression was unreadable, and I didn't like that fact I wasn't able to tell what he was thinking about.

There was a reason I was Ethan's beta. It wasn't just because I was the strongest of the warriors. I knew my friend better than anyone, and I was able to read his every moment. Which helped in time of war.

"Then have Estrella send me over the time frames," he said, "and I will see that it's done." Nodding my head, I turned to leave, but hesitated once more. "May I ask something?" Turning slightly, Ethan gestured impatiently for me to speak. "Once she conceives, may she be allowed to at least venture into the gardens? Chaperoned, of course. Estrella says she needs the sunlight and fresh air."

Ethan hesitated for a moment, staring at me with a dark intense gaze. Then he said, "Very well." I knew better than to stay longer than I needed to. I took his reply as a "yes" without further questioning. I wasn't going to allow Ethan the time to rethink his answer and change his mind. Rosalie needed the fresh air – and she needed time that wasn't enclosed in four walls. The gardens at the back of the packhouse off the sunroom hadn't been properly tended to in a few months. I remembered how they had looked once upon a time. Making my way from Ethan's office, I found myself on a mission.

Rosalie needed something that was hers – and I knew that, if Ethan were in a better mind frame, he would have done this himself. Once upon a time, he was a different man, but he had changed... and

not for the best reasons.

“Manuel!” I called out. A dark skinned– man came from a green shed jogging towards me. “Yes, beta,” he said quickly, bowing his head, “how can I be of service?” Manuel was once one of many gardeners we had on the estate, but with so many wolves being drafted into fighting, he had taken on more and more jobs. I knew that the gardens going to shame wasn’t his fault, but I wanted to help get them back in shape. “You know the private gardens at the back of the packhouse?” I asked slowly.

His brows furrowed in confusion. “Yes, beta... I know which ones you mean...” “Good. I would like to see that they are cleaned up and restored. Can you make this a priority over the next few weeks?” “Of course, beta.” Turning away from him, I set off to find my sister. She was Rosalie’s main support, and I needed to fill her in. Not just about the pregnancy issue, but also about Georgia

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