

# His Purchased Wife Chapter 2

On the other hand

Ethan king took a long puff of his cigar and released the smoke. He was enjoying the painful screams of that Mexican spy who was crying, begging to stop the torture but he should have thought about it before stepping the foot in his territory.

You enter the Lion's den. You end up dead. Shredded into pieces but the man didn't think about it or he would not have dared to enter his streets.

The Mexicans had become a pain in the ass. They forgot what Ethan did to their boss two years ago. How brutally he was killed. It seems another reminder was needed. This time the man who will die would be Juan, the current boss of the Mexican cartel, Le Eme.

"He is ready to speak, boss," Thomas said, wiping his bloody hand with a white towel. Ethan eyed the man critically.

"Make sure the towels are black from the next time," he ordered his right-hand man.

White was the colour of innocence and righteousness and there was only one thing in his life which represented innocence and purity. His daughter and he would be damned if he would let anything which symbolises his daughter get tarnished.

He might be the dark king with a dark soul but his daughter was pure and innocent and he wanted her to remain that way. Pure like an Angel.

Ethan sat in front of the man, his face was bruised and beaten like a pulp. Blood dripped from every corner of his mouth. Blood and flesh.

Ethan fisted that man's hair in a painful grip. The cigar is still loosely hanging between his teeth.

"Speak." He ordered. The man spit near his shoe and earned a punch in his jaw from Ethan whose eyes turned hard and violent.

"Cut every part of his body, piece by piece, in the most painful way," Ethan ordered the two men standing behind the chair.

Ethan stared directly into his captive's bloody eyes. "No easy death will be granted to you." The man stiffened, Ethan king was truly the cruellest monster ruling in the mafia. He shrieked in pain as a knife pierced through his thigh and then the warehouse was once again filled with painful cries.

One thing people should be aware of was, Ethan King was the biggest monster among other monsters. Don't enter his territory because the moment you did, the papers of your demise were signed by Ethan Knight.

"Boss, Aurora called!" Thomas informed Ethan and his posture changed instantly. Instead of the monstrous mafia boss, now, he was a loving father.

"What did she say?" He asked Thomas who raised his brows, "what else except for your Jet? She wanted to go to Vancouver for some jewellery exhibition of his favourite designer with her friends."

Ethan sighed. His daughter was exactly like his wife. Naive and innocent.

"Make sure that guards were there, I want her protected all the time."

Thomas nodded. "As you say boss, I don't understand why she has to struggle so much to meet this so-called designer. Order me and he will be here, on his knees by tomorrow?"

Ethan shook his head before speaking. "You don't know that?" He questioned Thomas who was not only his Right-hand man but a friend too. A friend who has been with Ethan since he married his wife, Savannah.

Thomas fisted his hand. "She is like Savi." He chuckled when Savannah's face flashed in his memory. They grew up together, she was his godsister.

Thomas nodded, still missing her but what could be done now. She has been dead for the past twelve years. "Ethan, there is another thing you need to know about," he said as they both started walking towards Ethan's office in the warehouse.

Once settled on their particular seats Ethan spoke. "Yes," he gestured to Thomas to continue.

"Ryan's son, Liam asked for permission to sell his drugs in our territory, again."

Ethan leaned back in his chair, propping his elbow on the armrest of the chair, his hand loosely fisted. "Agreed to pay the money?" He asked.

Thomas shook his head. "No, they said they had this peace treaty..."

Ethan's lips pulled into a smile. "I had that treaty with his father, not him, Thomas. Deny access, that boy needed to learn how to show respect to the big bad Lion before taking up the throne from his father."

Thomas grinned. "You and your twisted ways to remind people of their place."

They both laughed while opening the bottle of their favourite whiskey.

Ethan took a sip of the amber liquid from his glass. "It's about teaching the young man that to rule the world you have to choose your enemies and friends cautiously. His father is a friend and I value our friendship but is Liam going to be one too."

"You want to assess him before he takes over the position of next mafioso in Vancouver?"

Ethan shrugged. "Let's see what he does next, friend or foe, his next step would define that..."

Liam Knight was in the plane, clenching and unclenching his hand. He should be focussing on Ethan right now, but no, there was one person who was distracting him with her curves.

Liam knight's thoughts were focused on Aurora, Ethan's daughter. He closed his eyes and her blue eyes flashed in his memory.

Liam knight has fallen in lust over the temptress known as Aurora Kings.

"F\*\*k!" He cursed and gulped down his scotch in one swig. He needed to focus on his meeting with Ethan. Liam closed his eyes and leaned back in the chair, trying to take his mind off the hardness between his legs.

But he couldn't, the throbbing was still there and getting wild with every passing second. Liam wanted to own Aurora.

Self-control had always been the issue for him but never had he lost control like that over a woman. The throbbing in his d\*\*k was the proof that he, for the first time lost it.

With no other option left he called his whore, Grace to suck him off or if the throbbing didn't calm he would f\*\*k her too, depending on her skill and Liam was aware of her skills but today he doubted them.

Exactly, after twenty minutes he was sitting calmly with his seatbelt on as the plane landed. The trip was shortly planned. It would be a surprise or shock, depending upon Ethan how to take it.

Friend or foe, Liam would soon get to know it.

The black Mercedes was waiting outside for him. The small packet of cocaine was stuffed in his pocket, he wanted to trade them to Victoria the only way to do that was through Yellowknife and the territory came under Ethan's control.

It was a matter of need not want and he needed Ethan at least for now.

On the other hand, Ethan raised his eyes to Thomas. "He came to my territory."

"Asked for a meeting with you, boss."

Ethan's eyebrows pulled together, "asked or demanded, Thomas?" Ethan enquired.

"It was voiced as a request with a clear hint towards a demand. So the right word would be, he wanted you to acknowledge him as the new boss of Montreal. As your counterpart, your equal."

Ethan King threw his head back and laughed. "Let's meet the boy!" He said and Thoman's eyes widened into a grin.

The night won't be a boring one, certainly. Oh, it would be fun, too much fun because Ethan was going to show Liam his place in Ethan's eyes.

But they were unaware of the fact that Liam Knight had his eyes settled on the Queen. His queen and Ethan's princess , Aurora.



























