

King Breeder 141

### Chapter 141 Seeking Forgiveness

Through the darkness I wore I heard Roantie's wvertolon

and hated me for what I'd done. That's why she ran away, and

Myself I knew it'd be my foolish hope she was afraid of me #he had every right to

When #I ever saw her again, I was going to make it up to her

I didn't know how long #it took

\*Soren... The sound of my name calling me again pulled me from the darkness,

Slowly opening my eyes, I saw a white ceiling. Since I was no longer in the woods, that probably meant that I was alive after all

I noticed that someone was sitting next to me and I was hoping to see the angel who appeared so many times in my dream

However, when I turned my head, I was disappointed that she wasn't the woman I had been longing to see. Regardless,

this was still someone I knew,

I managed to smile at my ex-subordinate. "It's been a while, Seraphine."

But she didn't seem to be too happy to see me. "What are you doing this far north, Soren?" she asked coldly. The heavy concern was clear in her words,

"As you can see, running for my life," I answered honestly as I looked around. "Where am I?"

"You're in our territory, the Winter Forest pack." She looked down at me. "But you do not belong here."

I smiled bitterly. "Believe or not, I didn't intentionally come here, Seraphine. How did you find me?"

I could tell that Seraphine wasn't happy with my reply, but she answered my question. "We found Thomas, and he pleaded with us to help you."

Thomas! He didn't go back to the island?! That bastard didn't listen to me!

"Where is he? Is he okay?"

Seraphine replied flatly, "He's fine. When we found him, he was injured severely, but he is alive. He's with others who are wounded."

I let out a deep breath of relief,

To make the conversation easier, I tried to pull myself up, however, it wasn't easy. Seraphine sat there and watched, but she didn't offer me help. Obviously, she was trying to keep her distance.

When I was finally able to pull myself to a sitting position, I was out of breath.

Turning to face the woman I had once relied on heavily for Rosalie's care, I smirked, "Seraphine, you know, I was quite hurt when I found out you betrayed me..."

"I didn't betray you, Soren," she interrupted. "It was you who didn't tell me all the truth."

I shook my head. "No, let me finish. I meant to say, right now I am really glad that you did what you did."

"You know, I find that hard to believe, given past circumstances. Now, tell me what you want from Rosalie?"

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#### Chapter 141: Seeking Forgiveness

My heart skipped a beat hearing Rosalie's name. If Seraphine was this alert and was so protective.. the only explanation was that Rosalie was nearby!

I took a few moments to comprehend my situation, then I tilted my head and smiled. "If you are so sure that I am up to no good, then why didn't you leave me in the forest to die? Why bring me back here to Rosalie?"

As expected, she didn't deny that Rosalie was around. Taking a deep breath, she sighed, shaking her head, "Because regardless of what you have done, she would never be able to watch you die."

Oh, my dear sweet Rosalie.... The thought of her brought me light and hope. I never knew someone could ever make me feel this way.

"How has she been?" I finally asked after a moment of silence.

Seraphine's expression softened when she talked about Rosalie. "She couldn't be better-without you." chuckled bitterly. "Seraphine, you know, sometimes words can really hurt."

"Soren, be honest with yourself. You tricked her, and you abused her trust. After finding out about her bloodline, you even stole her blood! Yet, when you were injured, she used her own blood to save you without a blink of an eye. She didn't owe you anything, and you brought nothing but trouble to her."

"She... she saved me? And she knew I took her blood on purpose? You told her?"

I didn't need to. She figured it out on her own after knowing what her blood could do." She looked me in the eye and warned me, "She is our queen."

It took me a few moments to digest the information. Rosalie became the queen! I gasped, but at the same time, I wasn't that surprised. I already knew about her bloodline, and she indeed was the lost princess....

Seraphine continued, "Everyone here loves her and will protect her with our lives. If you ever try to do anything to hurt her again..."

She didn't need to complete her sentence. I knew what she meant.

I'm not here to hurt her." I recollected my thoughts. "I promise! I just... want to apologize and make it up to her."

Seraphine retorted, "Why would I believe you? You've been trying to use her and our prince to help you win the war..."

I let out a bitter smile and provided my explanation. "Because the wolves that tried to kill me were Kal's men and because the West Kingdom has lost the war. I am no longer useful to Kal, nor do I have a place to go. Now," I asked, "when do you think I can see her?"

Seraphine still didn't give in. "I wish never. The best thing you could do is to leave her alone."

"Come on, Seraphine. That was a bit too harsh."

She sighed, and concluded, "However, it's not up to me to decide whether she forgives you or not."

She stood up and left the room. However, soon, Seraphine returned. She didn't seem to be happy, but I didn't mind. I was simply happy to be alive and knowing that Rosalie was within my reach....

I smiled at Seraphine. "Hello again, I thought you'd nev-"

I couldn't finish my sentence because I saw the person following Seraphine into the room.

Beautiful red hair, gentle gaze, and mild smile. She was my angel.

I grinned ear to ear. "So glad to see you again, Rosalie!"

Her name leaving my lips was a welcoming feeling. I didn't realize how much I had missed it until she was gone.

Seraphine accompanied Rosalie back. The midwife certainly did not trust me to be alone with Rosalie.

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Chapter 141 Seeking Hergiveness

"Hey, you," Rosalie replied softly, looking at my body. "It seems you got into some trouble. Glad you are awake."

\*Not any more. Thank you for saving me,' a small chuckle left me. "You know.. Once upon a time, I was saving you in this state. And now it is you who has saved me."

She paused for a moment, thinking over what I said before she smiled. However, her words were quite blunt. "Except, I wasn't the one who caused you to be beaten up to begin with."

She had every right to say that, it was just that I did not expect a blunt response like that from her. All I could say was, "Rosalie, I want to apologize to you for everything I did in the past. Please allow me to stay and make it up to you."

She didn't comment further, I was apprehended because I couldn't tell what her attitude towards me was at all.

It had been only a month since I last saw her, yet, I couldn't read her like I used to any more.

She said slowly. "Soren, whatever that happened was in the past. I don't think it's necessary for us to see each other again. I am glad to see you are safe, but you may leave now."

I shook my head. "Rosalie.. I don't have a place to go. My uncle and his people wanted me dead."

"I'm sorry to hear about it, 1—" she replied calmly, but before she could finish her sentence, Seraphine jumped in. "We don't have an obligation to provide you a place to stay here, Soren! We've already saved you, and we are even now!" She then turned to Rosalie, "Your Majesty, he is too dangerous to keep around!"

"Your Majesty?" I leaned back, trying to get used to Rosalie's title, looking at her, appreciating her beauty, "I have a crucial piece of information to exchange for my stay. This is about your safety."

I didn't expect to earn Rosalie's forgiveness that easily. It would take time, but I first needed to figure out a way to stay close to her.

Rosalie shook her head. "Soren, I appreciated everything you've done for me in the past, regardless of your motivation. However I don't know whether I can trust you again..."

But this time, Seraphine was immediately nervous and questioned, "What do you mean?" Then she lowered her head to Rosalie, "Your Majesty, please allow him to finish."

I smiled, but I didn't answer Seraphine. My eyes were still on Rosalie, "Your Majesty, do we have a deal? May I stay?"

Seraphine hesitant. Rosalie glanced over her, and she looked at me.

I was ready for her to nod her head, but her words took me by surprise. "Soren, you asked for my forgiveness, but I really didn't feel your sincerity right now. You really haven't changed."

I watched as she was about to leave.

"Rosalie, don't leave!" The whispered plea that left my lips caused her to pause. I couldn't tell what the emotion was in her eyes, or there wasn't much emotion at all. That made me even more nervous.

I'd rather she be really upset and hate me than such a plain reaction... as if she just didn't care. It felt like she was simply treating me as a stranger who she randomly encountered and happened to save.

Suddenly, I wasn't confident that she would really forgive me any more. I only knew that I didn't want her to walk away from me, and I had a feeling if I let her go this time, I would forever lose the opportunity to win her back.

"Okay, I'm sorry! I shouldn't have talked to you like that... I shouldn't have tried to manipulate you again! I'm sorry!"

I swallowed hard, and my brow was furrowed. "Please, just give me five minutes, Rosalie. I do care about you. Let me finish this, and I promise I won't stay if you don't want me to!" I reached out to her hand, but she pulled it away before I could touch her. I stared into her eyes, this time, eagerly searching for the forgiveness that I craved.

She stopped in her tracks. I knew she was willing to listen.

I let out a sigh. "I'm sure you already knew we, I mean, the West Kingdom, has lost the war."

She nodded.

You heard that Ethan was banished and disappeared?”

She lowered her gaze and remained silent. I took it as a “yes.” As the queen of the far north, she must be up to date on the major news out there.

“However, do you know the reason why James banished him and wanted to turn him to Kal?”

This time Rosalie frowned and she said, “Because King Kal was seeking revenge for your father, and handing over Ethan would end the war.’

It seemed that she didn’t want to continue the topic of Ethan, and she questioned, “What does it have to do with me?”

I managed to lift my hand and waggled my finger. “Yes and no. The true reason was because the Luna Queen is with child now, and she could conceive because of you!”

“My blood?”

I smiled. “Bingo! So Rosalie, sooner or later, they will figure out the source of your blood, and your identity will put you in danger! I know you don’t want to see me right now, but please, let me stay. I know some rogues. I still have my source of intel. I could be helpful.”

This time I didn’t lie. Every word I said was from my heart.

She stood there for a moment, but it felt like it lasted for hours.

Finally, she said, “Thank you for letting me know. Seraphine, please tell everyone that Soren is my guest, and he can stay here while he recovers.”

Seeing her continue to walk towards the door, I shouted before she had the chance to walk away, “Rosalie! Do you hate me?”

Her body froze mid-step, and I watched as she exhaled slowly before her eyes turned back to mine. “Hate is a strong word to use, Soren. No, I don’t.”

I laughed at myself bitterly.

She didn’t hate me for what I did to her. That was probably because she’d never loved me.

## **Chapter 142 The White Queen**

### **#Ethan’s POV**

“Great evil awaits you in the land of icy winters where the moose run thick and the queen has slept these many years. Do not proceed down your chosen path, Alpha Ethan Gray. If you do, the ground will be coated in crimson, and you shall see the world through orbs of the same shade!”

The seer’s words echoed in my mind.

I looked up. Blood had coated the ground from the constant battles. We’d fought our way here, and the war had ravaged this land. Crimson soaked into the earth, staining the soil, the rocks, the land itself.

And my eyes were now the same shade.

I saw Rosalie holding my child. Her smile was so gentle on him, and the sight of them melted my heart. I smiled and walked closer to her.

But then she saw me. Her gentle smile was replaced by terror, and she screamed. "Who are you?! Don't come over, you monster!"

My eyes snapped open and I realized I had dozed off with my back against a tree trunk in a sitting position.

I stared up at the stars, my mind returned to the words the seer, Gayla, had told me in the village around the time that my baby was born

Many things had changed since then, and I had no choice but to head north.

Because that's where Rosalie was, and I could also feel the pull from my baby urging me to hurry to where they were.

However, my decision to continue my path to the north had come with a price, and the words the seer had foretold came to pass.

My eye color started to alter.

The differences were subtle at first. I noticed a slight change in tinge from blue to lavender, and then to purple. Now... even though no one said anything, from the worried looks of Talon and Vicky, I knew my eyes had started to reflect the color of blood.

A sign of my soul being taken by darkness.

James had banished me. I was a wolf without a home. The others had come out of loyalty to me. They hadn't been made to leave or been displaced from their country the way that I had been.

None of them were officially rogues.

But I was. A man without a home; a wolf without a pack.

I was turning into a true rogue.

I didn't regret my choice. However, I couldn't help but be apprehensive.

While I could accept it for myself, what would Rosalie or my child think when they see me?

Would they think I was an enemy? Would they label me as some sort of a monster?

I had no way of knowing, but I certainly hoped to find out soon because all of this time spent traveling to find them was tearing me apart. However, Rosalie seemed to have just disappeared, and all I could do was keep searching for her.

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Chapter 142 The White Queen

Thinking back to what my life had been like before, when my biggest worry was having an heir and figuring out a way to get out of marrying Madalynn, I realized that my life had not been *complex* or *difficult* at all.

I had always thought I could handle everything in my life my pack, my country, my enemies-until I met Rosalie. I finally understood that there were things I could never control. Just like now, I simply wanted to be with my love and my child, but I had no way of knowing when this search would end.

Vicky came over and sat down next to me. She seemed worried at first, but soon, she *managed* to put a small smile on her face. Even though I preferred not to speak, it didn't keep her from trying to talk to me. "How are you doing?" she asked me, leaning against the same wide tree trunk I was resting against.

I grunted a bit, not wanting to converse. Perhaps I was becoming an animal....

"I can't wait to see her," Vicky said, looking out into the distance, like if she *strained hard enough*, Rosalie might come into focus. "You know? I think it will be soon. It's like I can feel it inside of me, that she's nearby." She smiled and wrapped her arms around her knees.

I said nothing. I agreed with her, though. I also felt like Rosalie and the baby *were* nearby. *Sometimes* I felt the pull stronger than normal, but I just couldn't tell exactly where they were.

She placed her hand on my leg. "Alpha, I know it'll be difficult, but Talon and I will help her to see the truth, that you had gone to the islands for her, and that Soren was lying. Don't worry."

A nod was all she would get out of me.

Vicky wasn't one for giving up, but she stopped talking, just sitting with me for a few minutes until we heard a bit of a commotion. We both got up to go see what was going on.

'Alpha,' Richard's voice sounded in my mind. *I've come across a group of nine rogues.'*

'You need reinforcements?' I responded right away. A group of nine wasn't big, but I'd rather play it safe for my guys.

However, Richard's reply was not what I expected. 'No, Alpha. In fact, their leader would like to speak to you.'

'About what?

'About our operations here, sir,' Richard replied.

There were only nine of them, so even if they weren't trustworthy, we would be able to handle them.

"Bring them in,' I told him.

A few moments later, Richard walked into camp with a rag-tag mix of people, most of them men, though there were a couple of women. All of them were in tattered clothing, and many my age or older. One looked like he was barely old enough to shift, but the rest appeared to be seasoned enough to put up a good fight.

The man in the lead was short and stocky, but pure muscle. What stood out most was that he was missing his left eye, but rather than using a glass eye or cover it with a patch, he simply had a gaping hole in his head.

I heard Vicky take a long breath at the sight of him. She tried her best to act normal, but I could tell she was somewhat disturbed

I met them on the edge of the camp so that they wouldn't get too much information about our operations here.

You are new here," the leader said, extending a dirty hand in my direction. "Everyone's been talking about you. Ever since you came, you haven't lost a fight. Impressive."

I narrowed my eyes and ignored his hand. I didn't care whether a rogue would find me offensive or not.

"I'm not here to make friends. What do you need?"

He shrugged and pulled his hand back, introducing himself. "They call me Single Eye."

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Chapter 149 The White Queen

A fitting name, I thought.

"We are here to join you, if you will have us." He got right to the point, not beating around the bush any more,

"Why is that?" I folded my arms across my chest. I didn't need anyone joining my ranks that I couldn't completely trust.

He took a deep breath and put his hands on his hips. "Honestly, there are way too many f\*cking groups of rogues in this area, some quite small, others thousands strong. We have been working with a group for a few years, but the leader is too f\*cking weak compared to you. We don't think that we will be any match for that f\*cking b\*tch the White Queen as it is right now."

"The White Queen?" I repeated his words, the word queen sticking out to me. The Seer's words came back to me.

"The queen has slept these many years..."

Before or after the war, none of my intel in the past had mentioned any unidentified power in the north. It sounded to me that she was new to her reign.

Interesting

"Yes, that's right," he nodded. I pushed my thoughts away for now so that I could listen to what he had to say.

"She's leading an army from the far north. They're not rogues. They're a pack that seems to have come out of nowhere, but those motherf\*ckers can fight! Many groups have tried to attack them but ended



up losing to those sons of b\*tches! If that bitch gets here, we might be chased out of this area. We need a new leader.”

“I have no interest.”

I frowned. For some reason, I didn't like how he spoke about her. However, I tried to focus on what he had said. A pack in the north?

“Hear me out here,” he knew he wasn't going to convince me so easily. “I don't know what you came here for, but it seems like you want your operations to stay here for a while. Sooner or later, you will have to deal with the rest of the rogues as well as the White Queen. But you don't have a large group. Let alone there are now some crazy \*ss guys out there besides you.”

This time, I didn't comment. He had a point. I knew nothing of the White Queen. I would have to take his word for it that she had tough fighters in her forces. My curiosity about her would have to be sated later.

“The situation in this area has been much the same for many, many years. But now that she's here... things are changing, and not for the best. Not for us anyway.” Single Eye slowly shook his head as if lamenting the old days. “We just want to be a part of the one rogue force that has a good chance at defeating her, or at the very least escaping her clutches.”

“Alpha, what he is saying makes sense,” Talon said through mindlink.

While I agreed with him, I was leery of adding anyone to my group that I didn't know.

“How do I know I can trust you?” I asked Single Eye.

“We'll make a pledge to you, of course,” their leader replied. All of us are seasoned fighters. Even the kid back there.” He gestured at the younger boy. “We can give you our word that we'll stay loyal and fight alongside you.”

“No offense.” Talon said to him, “but I'm not sure the word of a rogue is that meaningful. Especially since you just betrayed your current leader.”

Then split us up. It'll be harder for us to organize against you if we're in different details. We just want an opportunity to join a group that can stand a chance to survive. That's all.”

I surveyed the group. All of them looked tired. Like they'd been on the run for quite some time and could use a break.

“Fine,” I said. “Paul, take these new recruits and split them among the details. I don't want any two of them together.”

were good fighters but we could use some help for patrolling. Also, it sounded like the White Queen could be trouble for me and I needed to be prepared.

Pau, who had become quite loyal to me since his arrival, jumped to attention and immediately went about doing exactly as I had asked

Once they had disseminated Talon came over to me. "Alpha, I'll keep an eye on them." I nodded, walking over to Richard he was talking to some of the other warriors, "Richard, go back out and finish scouting. If you hear anything about this white Queen I want to know about it

Yes se Richard said respectfully Samuel is still out there. He went in the other direction. Hopefully, we will have some good intel for you before nightfall."

## **Chapter 143 The Rogue King**

\*\*Rosalie's POV

Soren was healing steadily, but the pack wasn't too happy about his stay

"Your Majesty!" Cerina knocked at my open office door.

"Cerina," I looked up from the piles of documentation and studying materials and greeted her.

"Where's the prince?" The prince was my baby boy.

"He's with Seraphine. Do you need me for something?"

Cerina breathed in deeply through her nostrils, held it for a moment, and then let it go. "Yes, Your Majesty."

I stood up from my desk and gestured for her to take the seat at the sofa with me.

"Is this about Soren?"

She nodded. It was obvious she wasn't pleased with his presence, and I could hardly blame her.

I started, "I know that it's difficult for anyone to understand why I haven't simply locked him up or had him executed. But our relationship is a complex one. He helped me when I was in

**need of assistance**, and I would like to do the same for him."

"My understanding is that he helped you when you were in need of assistance because he had ordered some men to beat you, isn't that so, Your Majesty?" Cerina might be respectful, but she also didn't have any problem speaking her mind.

"Yes, to an extent," I said. "There's more to it than that. Anyway, he did take me in. He gave me a job and cared for me while I needed it most."

"He held you hostage so that he could use you and the prince as bartering chips. That's how I see it," Cerina replied, folding her arms. "Forgive me, Your Majesty, but I believe you may be more trusting than is good for you."

"I'm sure you're probably right about that," I admitted. "I do tend to forgive easily and think the best of people."

“And in many ways, we admire you for that. But in this case... he is a dangerous man. He needs to be dealt with accordingly. He should be seen as a prisoner of war, not a friend visiting from out of town for an unforeseen amount of time or a political refugee.”

I considered her words and realized she was right: “Very well,” I said. “Toward that end, I’d like to give him someplace to stay. It should be somewhere that he will be comfortable but also **where we can** make sure he is watched at all times.”

“We’ll take manpower away from the cause for that,” she

**reminded me.**

“And if we can win him over as an ally, he may be very valuable. Not to mention, he is a bargaining chip now,” || **stated.**

“He’s had a falling out with his uncle. It’s not as if we can ransom him back,” Cerina said with a shrug.

“No, but Soren knows about both the West and East kingdoms much better than us. I do believe that his resources and intel could help us. After All, we need to know what King James and King Kal are up to.”

Cerina didn’t seem to be too convinced, so I added, “It’s better to have a friend than a potential enemy. Worst case, even if he is a foe, wouldn’t it be better to keep him under our watch than letting him run free?”

That seemed to be more acceptable to her. She sighed and finally gave in.

“There’s a small cottage on the edge of the palace grounds near the highest part of the wall. There’s no gate there, so it would be difficult for him to escape, and it’s frequently patrolled.”

“That sounds perfect, Cerina. Thank you.”

A few hours later, I personally walked Soren to the cottage Cerina arranged for him. I’d already been there to inspect it. “It’

s not as nice as the one you put me in, but I think it will work,” || told him.

“I really appreciate your hospitality, Rosalie... I mean... Your Majesty. Sorry. Old habits die hard.” He laughed and looked a bit sheepish.

It was strange, hearing him talk to me that way. “You can still call me Ro or Rosalie when there’s no one else around.” I did have my guard with me, as I always did, but they were in the distance, and they weren’t listening that closely to our discussion.

Pushing open the front door, I said, “Here we are,” and gestured for Soren to walk in. “It’s just a small living room, kitchen, one bedroom, and a bathroom, but-”

“It’s wonderful,” Soren said, looking around. “It’s perfect.”

My eyes traced over the old, dingy furniture. The walls were a light yellow and in need of a fresh coat of paint. The kitchen cupboards were old, and one was falling off of the hinges. I knew the other two rooms were not much better.

This was a man who owned an island and lived in a mansion...

"I've had some clothes hung in the closet for you. The toiletries are in the bathroom, and there's food in the kitchen."

"Wow, I've always wanted to learn cooking! Maybe one day, you'd be willing to come over and let me cook you a meal?" he

asked pleasantly, and didn't seem to be bothered by the outdated internal decoration at all.

I almost said yes, but reminded myself that I shouldn't do that. Seraphine and Cerina had already made their compromise, and I did think it was a good idea to keep my distance with Soren.

I shook my head, and turned his offer down. "I'm afraid I'll be quite busy for a while. Sorry."

"Please do say so, Queen Rosalie," Soren said. He wrapped his arm around me and pulled me close. For a moment, it was like I was hugging my old friend. "Thank you so much. I can't tell you how much I appreciate your hospitality. Even if you can never forgive me,"

"Soren," I pushed away so that I could look him in the eye. "Please give me some time. However, regardless of what I think, you should understand that my people will be much slower to accept you. That means, in the meantime, you must stay here and be my hostage. I can't treat you the same way you treated me."

He nodded. "I understand. Thank you."

"You're welcome." I wanted to say more, but before I could get anything out, one of the guards knocked on the open door. I turned my head to give him my attention.

"Pardon me, Your Majesty," he said, "but we just received a **message** that you're needed in the war room."

That was never a good summons to receive. "Thank you," I told him and then turned back to Soren.

He chuckled. "Our roles really have changed. Gosh, I hope I'm not going to have a baby." He put his hand over his abdomen the way I used to do.

I bit back a laugh at his silliness. "Please behave and don't do anything silly," I warned him.

"Got it," he promised me.

"Good. I'll see you later." I smiled at him and then left.

The guards escorted me to the war room where one of the commanders who had been at the front was standing. Fresh from the battlefield, he was dirty, with sweat and blood caked to his face. He didn't appear to be injured himself, but he had surely inflicted some wounds.

"Commander Landon," I said with a nod. "What is it that you have to report?"

He bowed to me and said, "Your Majesty, we've been receiving word recently from our scouts and many villagers that there have been sightings of a new threat."

"A new threat?" I asked. I tried not to sigh. *We were still managing the old ones.*

"That's right," Landon told me. He was a middle-aged man with dark hair, graying at the temples, and when he spoke, it was with great authority. "They are calling him the Rogue King, and though it's unclear as to his intentions, we've heard his forces are infiltrating our territories."

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I stared at his face for a moment, trying to make sure I was clear on what he was telling me. It didn't seem like a lot of information at the moment. "A Rogue King?" I repeated. "Do we know where he's come from?"

"No, Your Majesty, only that he seems to be coming from the south, moving northward."

"And... how many rogues does he have with him exactly?" |

asked.

Landon shook his head. "That is also uncertain, Your Majesty, but we've heard reports as small as two dozen to as many as two hundred."

"That seems like a relatively small force," one of the other leaders, Katherine, said, tapping her nails on the table in front of her.

"It's not a large force compared to the others we have encountered, but he is said to be a fierce warrior himself, possibly stronger than twenty wolves combined." Landon's expression told me he believed this could be true, though it sounded far fetched.

"What do you suppose we should do?" | asked Landon.

"I believe it would be smart for us to move our forces here," he said, pointing to a spot on the map that was a bit south of the castle. "If we can meet him there, we can potentially prevent him from invading our territory at all."

"What about the other rogues?" Katherine asked. "We can't just forget about them."

"No, we won't leave them unattended," Landon agreed. "We can use a smaller force against the Rogue King and still keep our other forces in reserve against the other threats."

I considered Landon's plan. *We needed to be careful not to stretch ourselves too thin.*

"Very well," I told him. "Let's move forward with your plan. *We'll need to do our best to keep our forces as centrally located as possible so that they can go where they are most needed. But we can't allow this Rogue King to simply walk into our territory without confronting him. Whoever he is and whatever he wants, if he is coming into our territory, he will need to show that he is not a threat.*"

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"And if he is a threat?" Landon asked, raising an eyebrow.

My answer was simple. "Then we eliminate him."

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## Chapter 144 The Rogue King' Choice

\*\*Ethan's POV

'Alpha, we saw a large pack of rogues nearby,' Richard used the mind-link to tell me what was happening.

He had returned from patrol and was still in his wolf form as he came to a stop in the middle of camp, breathing heavily. 'They're headed in this direction.'

Immediately, I snapped to attention. "How many?" | asked.

He shook his head. 'At least one hundred, maybe more.'

"Almost the same size as us," Talon said, his eyebrows furrowed.

Rogues, they seemed to be everywhere, and there were so many different packs of them. They could show up at any moment, and we'd be forced to defend ourselves.

The further north we went, the more cautious we had to be, and the more concerned I grew for Rosalie. How would she be able to navigate amongst those ruthless monsters with a baby all by herself?

The only thing that was comforting was that I could still feel the pull of my child, and I prayed to the Moon Goddess every

day to keep them safe.

When we were within twenty miles of the border of the northern territory, I sent Samuel and Richard out to scout the area. I didn't want to move without making sure that we had done a thorough check of where we were going.

Not because I was afraid, but because I had other priorities, and I didn't want to waste time and energy.

Samuel, who returned with Richard in his wolf form, jumped in. 'But these are no ordinary rogues. They're savages. We saw them rip their preys' bodies to shreds after killing them for no reason. I mean, rogues are rogues, but those are the worst I'd ever seen.'

'Their leader is a she-wolf,' Richard continued. 'We got a good look at her. She looks... deranged, like some sort of a lunatic. She beat up one of her own wolves just because he killed that victim too soon. Afterwards, she tore the victim's dead body open and dragged his organs and intestines out... they all came over to lap up his blood. It was... it was gross.'

I could only stare at them for a moment, trying to understand what we were dealing with. It sounded like a pack that wouldn't fight fair or follow the usual rules of battle- even rogue rules.

"You said they were coming our way?"

"That's right. I don't know why, but it seems to me that she's looking for something. That's why they are working their way

village by village."

"I thought the White Queen was looking after those villages?"

“Alpha,” Richard shifted back to his human form. He was a tough warrior, but from his look, I could tell he didn’t even want to talk about what he had seen. “There were no survivors in those villages. Women, children, even animals. None.”

Vicky gasped and covered her mouth with her hand. Paul immediately wrapped his arm around her shoulder and pulled her close to him.

“Alpha, there are two more villages behind us. Shall we...” Vicky murmured.

I knew what she wanted to ask. Shall we stay and fight off the rogues? Talon and Paul both looked at me, waiting for my decision.

“Talon, ask everyone to shift and get ready to fight. Be prepared for anything. Vicky, be careful.”

“Vicky will stay with me!” Paul tightened his grip on Vicky. Talon patted Paul on the shoulder. He knew Paul could protect her with his life. However, that didn’t mean he wasn’t still concerned for his younger sister, especially against these **savage** wolves.

“Yes, Alpha. We have over a hundred and twenty now, we should be able to hold them off!” Talon replied.

Ever since Single Eye joined me, in the past few weeks, more groups came to me. Those who challenged me, I put to their eternal death, and they were no longer my concern. The rest volunteered to regard me as their leader.

They called me the Rogue King.

It didn’t matter to me what they called me, especially when that made it easier for me to navigate in the northern territories,

However, soon after the order was given, I heard Single Eye protested against Talon, “What the f\*ck?! Why do we need to fight with them? Just let them pass, man! Why do we need this trouble?”

“Because if you don’t fight them, you’ll need to fight me!” | growled.

Single Eye stared at me, and as I stared back, he shrank and backed away.

“Fine!” he muttered. He was obviously not happy about my decision, but he dared not argue further.

Within minutes, we all got our belongings ready to go in case we needed to move out quickly before we stripped and shifted. Then, I got my battlelines ready, and we stepped further into the forest in the direction Samuel and Richard had said the rogues were spotted in.

Within a few minutes, red glowing orbs began to appear **between** the trees. They were here.

It didn’t appear to be the entire pack, though. Perhaps they were just feeling us out. Either that or they had split and were going to attack from two sides.

**1**

‘Watch your flank! I told everyone.

The rogues came barreling through the trees, their lips pulled back in snarls as their tongues flopped between their sharp teeth, saliva hanging from their jowls. Their fur was dirty and matted, and many of them had blood streaked across their faces or down their chests.

The wild looks in their eyes told me that Richard and Samuel had been correct-these rogues were not your typical fighting force. They were brutal and would be difficult to contain.

As they came running at us, my warriors prepared for impact, getting low and slipping into battle positions. I was in front, and a large male wolf with light gray fur was headed right for

1. **me.**

“Let him come,” I thought to myself.

We collided hard, and I was able to run my right shoulder into his chest. It knocked him backward onto the ground, his head hitting hard. The wind was knocked from his lungs, and he was left dazed.

Hesitating would only get me into trouble. Quickly, I leaped on top of him, sinking my teeth into his neck. He was strong, though. As blood began to fill my mouth, he used his back legs to push me backward, trying to get me off of him.

Thung on with my teeth, and when I went backward, he came with me, both of us landing on the ground, me on the bottom now. I couldn't stay that way, so I rolled him over, my claws ripping into his back.

He yelped, and I knew I was beginning to get to him now. Again, I went for his neck, using my back legs to hold his out of the way this time. He tried to fight me off, but the previous damage was too much for him, and I was able to slide my teeth between his shoulder and neck.

The second bite was a fatal one.

Spitting bloody fur from my mouth, I looked around to see who needed my help.

Across the way, I saw Vicky and Paul. He was doing his best against two wolves while Vicky was trying to help, but the rogues were so large and menacing, she was losing her stand.

I took off in a sprint, running as fast as I could, dodging others as I honed in on my target. Just as the large female wolf was about to clamp down on Vicky's shoulder, I plowed into her, knocking her several feet into the air. She landed on her bottom and slid along the ground, leaves and debris flying in the air.

I went after her, pouncing on her again. This had to be the leader the scouts had spoken of. Blood coated her mouth and dripped down her front. The blood was so thick, it was all I could smell.

Landing on top of her, I sank my claws into her front legs, but she was stronger than she looked, and she was able to use her back legs to push me off. She glared at me, and there was something so familiar about her eyes.

I found myself distracted by her for a moment, trying to place her, but soon enough, I snapped back. I wanted to bring her down, hoping that it would end this rogue force.



Rather than waiting for me to attack her again or coming after me, though. She turned and ran in the other direction, heading into the woods. I chased after her for several feet, but then I realized she was luring me away, and I stopped.

Thad no interest in knowing what might be out there waiting for me.

MT

Quickly, I turned around and ran back the few feet beyond the perimeter of the battlefield I'd gone. Looking around, I saw that many of the rogues were leaving now. They'd come to inflict as much harm as possible and to see how many of us there were. It felt more like a scrimmage than a real battle.

I knew they'd be back, though.

Talon finished off a black male wolf that he'd been fighting by ripping out his throat. That was the last one. The others had either left the battlefield or were lying still on the ground.

I counted eight dead rogues-four of my men down, three wounded.

"Sh\*t," I said, noting who we'd lost. There were some good men there, my men. Not the rogues who had joined me recently.

'Where did they go?' Talon asked me.

I shook my head. I'm not sure.'

'Should we go after them? Talon asked, clearly eager to finish the fight.

'Yes,' I told him. 'But they're cunning. Ask Samuel to track them down, but do not attack. Wait for my order.'

'Why is that?' my Beta asked me.

Taking a deep breath I told him, 'I don't know. I just had a bad feeling...'

"Alpha!" Paul's voice sounded concerned, and immediately drew my attention. 'I found something... I mean someone. Could you come over?'

Talon and Vicky had been there already, and they both looked very worried.

"Alpha," Paul swallowed, and pointed to a dead wolf, "I knew this guy. He was one of King James's secret agents."

## **Chapter 145 James Was After Rosalie**

\*\*Soren POV

I had never thought I'd enjoy my days doing nothing, but staying in the cabin that Rosalie provided me, knowing I was in her territory and she'd come by once in a while to visit was a welcomed change in my life.

Looking around the cabin she had given me to use, I noticed a few details that could use some improvements. Since I had so much free time, I decided I'd take on several small home improvement projects to make this place my own.

There still were many things I needed to figure out and many people I would need to face eventually, like my uncle, like Ethan, but for now, I was happy with staying in a forgotten corner in the far north.

When I first walked in, I was in shock over the disarray, but I could see she was trying to give me something of my own.

Moving around the cabin, I slid off my jacket, and laid it on the small sofa. I'd asked for some paint with more contemporary colors. If I was going to stay here for a while, then I would see to it that this place was fixed up, and changing the color theme was step one.

'Boss, are you around?' Thomas' voice rang through my mind, startling me for a moment.

'Thomas, you b\*stard!' I scolded him. I had wanted to do so, but he was rarely awake ever since Rosalie brought him back here. According to Rosalie and Seraphine, Thomas was wounded way worse than me.

I had checked on him a few times, but he wasn't conscious. The doctor said it would take time. I knew he had disobeyed my orders so that he could save me, I appreciated that, so I couldn't really be angry at him. After all, he didn't want to run away on his own.

'How are you feeling?' I asked.

'I'm fine now. Whatever they used on me was really effective. Most of my external wounds are healed. It just took me a bit to wake up,' he told me, his voice sounding strong despite his recent injuries.

'Then go back to sleep, you idiot!' I chided. I couldn't imagine he had anything important to tell me since he'd been completely unconscious for so long.

'Boss, I've been awake and up and about for a couple days now. However, I heard about your situation and figured I'd better not act recklessly. That's why I didn't mindlink you. It seems like you're in a fairly good mood though?' he asked me. Was he being sarcastic? Did I seem like I was in a good mood?

'Shut up. If you didn't need me for two days, what do you need me for now?' I rolled my eyes, even though he couldn't see it.

'Come on, boss. Just because I guessed right, you don't need to dismiss me. I assume you don't need me to get you out of where you are?'

'No, I don't need rescuing,' I chuckled internally. 'What's up?' || asked him in a firm tone.

Actually, I do have news for you. I heard from Damian that the queen miscarried her baby.

I let that sink in for a moment and tried to figure out why he was telling me this. The queen losing the child didn't come as a shock to me. I had planned that from the very beginning.

Based on my intel, the queen was poisoned many years back. When they finally figured out that it was the poison that caused her to lose her fertility, she had been looking frantically for the antidote through the years.

When Damian told me that, I happened to have just found out about Rosalie's bloodline. I was able to obtain some of her blood and sent it over to Damian. Her blood had such healing power that it did work as an antidote, and the queen was able to conceive.

However, both the king and the queen were no longer young. It was highly unlikely that they would actually be able to produce a healthy heir any more. Especially since the queen suffered from the poison for so many years; her body was no longer suitable for carrying babies.

That meant... if they were to try again, they would continuously need Rosalie's blood to strengthen the queen's physical condition in order to sustain the entire pregnancy. However, I never revealed to anyone where the blood came from. As far as I knew, even Damian didn't know the true source of the blood.

I smirked, 'What does that have to do with me?' He couldn't be telling me this just because he expected me to feel sorry for the royals.

'Boss, it doesn't have anything to do with you. But you may want to warn Rosalie because James seemed to have figured out the source of the blood.'

My eyes widened, and my heart stopped beating for a moment. I knew sooner or later, this would no longer be a secret, and that was what I had told Rosalie earlier, however, I didn't expect it to be so soon!

'F\*ck! How much time do we have?' I asked, frantically. The implications of this situation could be astronomical.

'Not much. That's why I reached out. McGinty was the one who informed me. They've spotted James's secret agents around the northern borders. They are coming for her! Thomas explained, making my breath catch in my throat.

If James was going to get her, they would need her alive, but there was no telling what James probably had going through his mind right now after losing that child. Even if they took her and planned to keep her as a prisoner and use her blood, that would be a hopeless situation for Rosalie. I couldn't let that happen.

But James was a desperate man, and oftentimes, desperate men went to great lengths to get what they wanted.

'I will deal with it. You stay safe and lie low,' I ordered. 'Thanks, man.'

'Don't mention it. You have no idea how much I'd rather hand her over. But the war is over, and I don't like owing a lady the favor of saving my \*ss.'

I let out a chuckle at Thomas's ridiculous statement, but the situation was quite serious, and I needed to act right away.

Severing the mind link, I ran towards the front door of the cabin and burst out of it. My movements were not going unnoticed by the guards who shouted at me to stop before I found myself surrounded.

"Where do you think you are going?" one warrior growled, his eyes firmly upon me as if he wanted to rip out my throat.

"I need to see Her Majesty. It's an emergency," I replied, trying to make them see reason. They were wasting time, and we'd already lost too much of it.

"You don't deserve to be anywhere near our queen. You should have been executed the moment we found you, but the queen's kindness is the only thing that saved you," the other guard, a man at least a foot taller than me with a good twenty more pounds of muscle, gritted out.

Irritation filled me at hearing the man's words. Perhaps he was right, but at this point in time, I didn't have time to deal with his crap. I had to find Rosalie before it was too late.

"Move or I will remove you," I growled in frustration, narrowing my eyes at them and mentally preparing to shift.

"Enough!" a woman's voice called out, and as the men looked back, I saw a woman in white-robed walking towards me with an irritated glint in her eyes. "Leave us," she ordered, and I watched as the guards bowed and walked away.

I knew her. The high priestess Cerina.

Closing the distance between us, I said, "I have to find Rosalie. It's important."

"No, you don't get to make demands, Soren," she replied, causing me to roll my eyes. She stopped in front of me and folded her arms, a determined look on her face.

"She is in danger," I snapped.

Cerina stared at me for a moment with suspicion, as if she wasn't sure I was telling the truth. Finally, she said, "She isn't here. She just left a short while ago for the front."

Fear crawled through me upon hearing her words. If Rosalie was out there, that meant she was falling prey into a trap that was set for her. She was in more danger than she could possibly imagine.

"We have to call her back!" I yelled, running a hand through my hair in frustration.

"What makes you think she is in danger?" Cerina asked, narrowing her eyes.

"King James's queen lost her baby," I frantically explained. "He is out searching for Rosalie now, intending to use all of her blood to cure his wife."

Her eyes widened in shock as her lips parted. "Oh, my goodness. D\*mn it Soren. What have you done?!"

I didn't have time to stand there while she chastised me. "We have to get to her before they do."

"How do we know you're telling us the truth, and you aren't working with James?"

I changed my tone, becoming more apologetic. "Look, I'm not trying to cause problems. I know I messed up with Rosalie before, but I am trying to fix that honestly. I am not trying to deceive anyone. I just want her to be safe." The confession left my lips, and as I let it sink in, my heart swelled.

I was finally doing something that was for someone else. I realized what was important, and it actually felt... good.

“If you won’t help me protect your queen, then I will do it myself. Let me pass.” I lifted my chin in defiance and awaited their decision.

She stared at me for a moment before looking at her guards. “I’ll send men to confirm, but Soren, you’d better stay.”

“There’s no f\*cking time. Do you not understand?!” | raised my voice, and seeing that there was no way I could persuade her peacefully, I went ahead and shifted. She was taken a little aback at first, but the warriors immediately shifted as well, about to subdue me by force.

“Ooohoooo!” I howled, readying myself for the fight.

However, Cerina raised her hand to stop the warriors. “Let him go, but follow him,” she said. “Soren, please do not let her down again.”

I nodded my wolf head, and the woman gestured for the guards to allow me to leave the grounds.

If Rosalie got hurt because of my foolishness, I would never be able to forgive myself.

## **Chapter 146 The Baby Was In Danger!**

### **\*\*Rosalie’s POV**

“Commander Landon, how is it?” I stood up from my chair as soon as he walked in. The rest of the leaders also stopped talking, and everyone was looking at him.

The look on his face told me everything. The usual stoic commander had tears glistening in his downcast eyes as he slowly shook his head. His jaw was set in anger as he began to answer my question.

“The losses have been astronomical, Your Majesty,” he began, his tone laced with despair. “Five of our villages were attacked, every man, woman, and child slaughtered. Not a soul left alive in any of them.”

I stood there, staring at him for a long moment, trying to comprehend what he was saying. “How is this possible?” | muttered.

He shook his head. “We cleared out the rogues in those areas recently, and everything seemed to be back in place. We assumed that those territories were safe and we only sent patrols to check in periodically. But this particular pack of rogues is ruthless like none we’ve ever seen before. We had no way of knowing what had happened with no survivors. It wasn’t until our patrols went back in that they discovered the devastating aftermath.”

Visions of what that must’ve looked like came to mind, but I had to push them away so as not to become physically ill.

I sank back down to my chair, and tried to digest the horrible news.

Five villages, not a single survivor.

“We need to take them out! The sooner, the better!”

I couldn’t express my sadness and rage at the moment.

Those villages had just been rebuilt a month ago... I remembered going there with patrols and receiving flowers and freshly made baked goods from the kids.

Now, all of them, all of them... were gone.

What kind of heartless monsters could do that?

Everyone in the room was as heartbroken as me.

"They were spotted thirty miles south of here." Commander Landon was pointing at a valley on the map. "Your Majesty, there are two small towns not too far away from there, and we need to stop them."

I nodded without hesitation. "Send eighty percent of the force out there."

Everyone gasped. General Vandough disagreed. "Your Majesty, it would be too much! That means we will either have to pull from the force that is keeping an eye on the Rogue King or from our capital city."

"Then pull the force from the Rogue King side. So far, he hasn't posed an immediate threat to us. However, those savages' heinous crimes are not tolerable, and I want us to end them right now. Once and for all, every single one of them!"

The leaders looked at each other. I waited for them to say something.

I heard a whistle from the corner of the tent. "I'm with you, Rosalie!" Georgia was the first to say she was on my side. I smiled at her to show my appreciation for her support.

Then Commander Landon voiced his opinion. "I agree with the queen too. Let's take care of one problem at a time."

Murmuring in the room went on for a little while, and finally, General Vandough was also convinced. "Okay, as you wish, Your Majesty!"

I looked around the room. "Thank you, everyone. Let's all get ready."

"Your Majesty, all get ready? You...?"

"I am going with you."

"Your Majesty! You haven't even gotten your wolf yet!"

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Chapter 146 The Baby Was In Danger

someone shouted out.

This time, even Georgia gave me a disapproving look.

I shook my head, and my decision was already made. "Please listen to me," I reasoned with them. "I won't be fighting on the frontline, but I need to be there for moral support and to help out in the hospital if needed."

I glanced around the room and announced, "I'm your queen, and I need to be there for my people!"

\*\*†

Riding along in an all-terrain vehicle, I sat next to Jace. Everyone else could run quickly across the land to get where they needed to be, but it was faster for me to go this way than to slow someone down by riding on their back.

He was taking me to an observation area back from the lines. We had a lookout in a tall tree that had been constructed to help keep an eye on the movement of the rogues. It was still behind our lines, so it would be safe.

However, if the battle broke out, I'd be evacuated further back to the town hospital to help with the wounded.

It was difficult to climb up to the lookout station, but my training had helped me to get into better shape, and I managed.

From up there, we could see for miles around.

The battle hadn't started yet, but I was able to see both sides.

In the distance, the rogue forces come together. My own warriors were also getting into formation. We were outnumbered. That was clear from even a glance. And from the looks of things, these weren't your typical rogue forces.

Even from a great distance, I could tell there was something off about them. They seemed... wild. Bloodthirsty. Maybe even a little... deranged.

As I watched, I saw a person in the center of their line.

A she-wolf, and she looked familiar.

I stared for a few seconds, a chill running down my spine.

"Do you have any binoculars?" I asked him. Our wolf eyes were sharp, but I needed to see more clearly since I hadn't shifted yet.

I needed to see for sure.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small pair of binoculars and handed them to me.

"How is it possible..." I muttered. The hairs on my arms stood on end as I looked at her familiar face. I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

"What is it?" Jace asked.

"That woman... the rogue leader. I know her," I told him. I stared through the lenses at that face.

Once beautiful, she now looked like a heinous monster. She'd gone from always having perfect makeup and just the right outfit, being adorned in jewels, and sleeping in the king's castle—to this.

Now, her long hair was cut short. Her skin was dark and caked in dirt. Her clothing was rags. And... her eyes were red. Madalynn! Who is she?"

I could barely get the words out of my mouth. "She's Alpha Romero's daughter."

He gasped. "The banished one?"

"I have no idea," I admitted to him. I realized that I might have intentionally ignored any news about Ethan and Madalynn. "But that's her."

As we spoke, the battle broke out.

I put down the binoculars. "All right. I'm going to go check on the status of the hospital." If anyone becomes critically wounded, I will be able to help, so I need to be prepared for that."

Quickly, he ushered me to the hospital. This time, it was faster

for me to ride on his back. Walking inside, I saw Seraphine already setting up and jumped in to help her and the other women get everything ready.

The sun started to set, and I knew the battle would continue into the night

"Seraphine, is the baby okay?"

"Yes, he is doing well, but he definitely is missing you!" She smiled. As soon as her words ended, Anna, the new nanny, brought my boy in and bowed to me, "Your Majesty, His Highness is awake and asking for you."

I took them to a private room reserved for me next to the main hall. Then, lifting my angel out of Anna's arms, I kissed his chubby cheek. "Be a sweet boy for Mama, okay?" I told him.

He cooed and tugged at my hair.

I kissed him again. "I love you so much."

Turning to Anna, I handed him over and said, "You're sure you have everything you need?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," she said, setting him on her hip. "And we're not far away from you."

"All right. Just... be careful." I had a bad feeling, but I thought it was probably just my nerves. I wasn't used to being this close to the front in a rogue war.

I returned to the main hall and started getting messages from the front from dispatchers..

"We're holding our line for now," one of the messengers said. "But they are attacking relentlessly:"

Although I wanted to go and fight myself, I couldn't do that without a wolf. Besides, the wounded began to pour in quickly, and I had to make myself busy helping them.

Many of them were in their wolf forms when they were brought in. We tended to their wounds, sewing them up and giving them pain medication. The humans were easier to bandage than the wolves, so we had them shift if they were strong enough to do so.



A few people were critically wounded, and I gave them some of my blood to help them. I had to be careful not to make myself dizzy or lightheaded. I needed to keep my faculties about me.

The sounds of howling and growls were getting closer. Seraphine went to stick her head out of the door.

She looked wary when she returned. Jace followed her in.

“What happened?” I was concerned.

“We checked in with Landon again, and he said that the rogues were pushing our force back,” Seraphine said. “However, he said we should be able to hold the line, though.”

I nodded. If my commanders were confident, then I’d have faith in their words.

More and more wounded came in, and their injuries were vicious. It was clear this pack of rogues was fighting dirty.

I was bandaging up a warrior when all of a sudden, I heard loud noises from next door.

My heart started thumping. My baby!

“Your Majesty!” Jace burst to the hall, and his voice was filled with panic.

“What happened?!”

““His Highness... and Anna, I can’t find them anywhere!”

The bandages and cleaning supplies fell from my hand, and I ran to the private room desperately. I felt my world was falling apart

The window was broken from outside and the room was terrifyingly empty. Without thinking, I grabbed a nearby scalpel, and climbed out of the window, and Jace shifted immediately, following me out to the back yard.

“Can you smell them, Jace?” My voice was trembling.

He couldn’t answer, but he sniffed and nodded his head. I said nothing more, and jumped on his back.

We started running toward one direction and my whole being was trembling in fear. Please, Moon Goddess, please do not let anything happen to him!

Seraphine had also caught up to us. After running for five minutes, we realized that we’d left the town center.

A clear baby boy cry pierced through the night. I flew off Jace’s back and saw two figures lying on the ground in the dark.

My baby-he was next to Anna’s lifeless body. The young nanny’s arms were still wrapped around him. She was protecting him until the last second of her life.

I picked my son up with quivering hands, and could no longer hold back my tears. “Anna-!”

“Oohooo!” Howls echoed through the woods.

Wolves—they were surrounding us.

And they weren't ours.

In the darkness, I spotted red orbs.

Rogues. They'd been waiting for me.

I realized that this was a trap, and they had lured me out.

She lured me out Madalynn!

### **Chapter 147: Ethan To The Rescue**

An ugly gray wolf stalked out from the dark woods, followed by another and another.

Jace and Seraphine each took a side of me, ready to fight.

When the rogues moved forward, it was in a rush, all of them coming at us in unison. Jace and Seraphine both lunged at the wolves closest to me, trying to protect me, but there were so many of them and only the three of us.

Jace grabbed a large black wolf by the neck and bit down, shaking it until it stopped moving. But as soon as he had dealt with that one, two more were on top of him. I watched in horror as they bit into his muscular back, trying to get to his neck. He continued to fight, but soon he was under a pile of rogue wolves.

Seraphine was fast for an older woman, and she managed to take out two of the smaller female wolves, biting into their necks and pulling until they went down, but she wasn't a warrior.

A larger male came at her, and as I saw him knock her to the ground, leaping on top of her, tears filled my eyes.

Would these two give their lives trying to protect me and my son?

They had done their best to fight them off. However, there were too many of the enemies.

Holding my boy tightly against my chest, I wielded the scalpel. It was no match for the giant gray wolf that snarled as it came at me. With its powerful snout, it hit my arm, knocking the makeshift weapon away.

"Get away from me!" I screamed. How I wished I could shift!

I tried to kick the wolf in the head, but it grabbed my leg and bit down, yanking me off of my feet. I sheltered my baby to protect him from the fall, but his cries echoed in my ears as pain radiated up my calf to my knee.

Another wolf bit into my side. I felt my bones crunch and smelled blood in the air.

I couldn't believe this was how I was going to die—and my baby? Would they at least spare my child?

My elbow flew out, striking the wolf in the face, but it did nothing as it continued to bite down on my side, the other still gnawing on my leg.

The pain was so intense, I couldn't breathe. My head was swimming. It felt like my insides were being ripped out.

Just when I felt myself starting to fade away, the wolf next to me yelped and let go. The one on my leg fell limply on top of me, like it was dead.

I tried to turn my head to see what was happening. Was it Jace or Seraphine who had fought through, or had some of my guards arrived?

However, when I looked up at the newcomer, all I could see above me were glowing red eyes and a wolf with a vaguely familiar fur color.

"No—!!"

I screamed desperately and used my entire body to shield the little life in my arms with the last of my consciousness.

Then ... the world went black.

—

**\*\*Ethan's POV**

When I saw them, my heart was thumping like it didn't belong to me, and my whole body shook in the absolute terror that chilled me to the bone.

Rosalie, my beautiful girl, lying on the ground in a pool of her own blood, with the two wolves who were still clamping down on her.

In her arms was a wiggling, screaming child.

Immediately, with all of the rage coursing through my veins at the moment, I ripped them both to shreds. They didn't even get a chance to scream before I tore their throats out,

I tossed them away from Rosalie and saw her turn toward me.

Time had stopped for me at that moment as all the emotions flooded through my body at the sight of her.

My angel, my love, my life.

I carefully moved close to the mother and child I loved so dearly, and my vision was blurred by warm liquid filling my eyes.

I despised myself for not getting to her sooner.

I couldn't even dare to imagine what would happen if I was even a second late.

Her eyes flickered open for just a moment.

I couldn't speak to her in my wolf form, but I looked down at her, trying to get closer to her.

Was she still upset with me? Would she forgive me?

If she reached out to me, even just a gentle touch from her would make my heart fill with joy and contentment.

I hoped to see some sort of recognition in her expression, but that's not what I saw at all.

Her eyes widened slightly, her pupils dilated. Her pink lips parted, and all I heard was a desperate cry.

"No—!!"

And then she used her whole body to cover our boy before passing out completely.

In that split second that she was looking at me, though, what I saw wasn't love or hope.

It was fear.

My dear sweet Rosalie, she was afraid of me.

As heartbroken as I was, I snapped out and moved quickly next to her to support her upperbody, making sure she didn't hit the hard ground as she collapsed.

The moment I felt her body against mine, I could no longer hold back my howl.

"Oohoooo—!"

My guys had caught up, and took care of the rest of the rogues. It seemed like the two wolves protecting Rosalie were still alive.

After taking a moment to let the situation settle in, I gently nuzzled my angel.

While she was unconscious, I thanked the Moon Goddess that I could still feel her warm breath and hear her heartbeat

And then, I saw him.

My child, he was still crying, but he had wiggled free of his mother's arms and was lying next to her, looking up at me with his face scrunched up and red from all of his crying.

All I wanted to do was to hold him.

But I didn't know if it was safe enough for me to shift just yet. If there were more rogues outside on the way, I might need to fight again.

"Get away from her!" I heard a voice shouting,

I saw a young he-wolf, panting as he laid on the ground. I recognized he was one of the two wolves. He was severely wounded, but was still trying to do something for Rosalie,

I could only snarl at him.

“Rosalie!”

The voice I heard next was Vicky’s. She was in her human form now, dressed in shorts and a T-shirt.

The guy on the ground was surprised, and he was less wary towards Vicky than me. Then I realized one thing –|| was the only one with the rogue’s eyes.

“I’m going to help her,” Vicky explained. “She’s my friend.”

“It’s all right, Jace,” I heard another voice, a woman, say. “These are... friends of the White Queen. Thank you for helping us.”

The speaker was that older woman from the island. I recognized her, but I wasn’t sure how she knew it was me.

However, the White Queen?

Was she talking about Rosalie?!

I looked at Talon and Vicky, who were as surprised as me.

How had Rosalie become the White Queen?

‘Alpha,’ Richard’s voice rang in my head, ‘A battle is raging between the same savage rogues that we encountered a week ago and what appeared to be an organized army. I had to assume that they were under the command of the mysterious White Queen. What should we do?’

‘Help the White Queen and take down the rogues.’ I replied concisely.

Yes, sir!’

“And if anyone doesn’t want to fight on the field, tell them I’ll make them regret that decision. They’ll have to fight me

afterwards.’ I knew most of the rogues that joined me lately didn’t want to deal with the savages, but they probably didn’t want to deal with my wrath more.

Yes, Alpha!

Not long after that, I saw a large force of wolves coming in from the west and recognized that they were Rosalie’s <forces.

Amongst the wolves, I saw a familiar face. Georgia—riding on the back of one of the wolves looking like a fearless warrior.

I couldn’t use the mindlink with her because she didn’t have her wolf yet, so I had to run over to get her attention.

At first, she was confused and thought I was a threat, but then, as she slowed the wolf she was riding and leaped off, she said, “Ethan? Brother? Is that you?” Her eyes were wide with amazement, and I knew it was both at seeing me there and also at my change in appearance.

I could only nod and gesture for her to follow me back to the hospital. She understood and we ran together.

Once we were there, Georgia went inside, and I heard a happy, though quick, reunion between her and Vicky as I shifted and got dressed outside. I decided that the others had the battle under control now. It was time for me to take my commander hat off and focus on Rosalie and the baby.

“How is she?” I asked, stepping back into the medical facility.

The midwife said, “She’s much better now. It will take a few days, but she’ll recover.”

I felt a wave of relief wash over me.

Then I turned my attention to my child.

Georgia was holding him, and a pang of jealousy hit me that she’d gotten to hold him before I did. He wasn’t crying anymore, though. That was something.

“Isn’t he adorable?” Georgia asked.

I studied his face and could see how he looked like his mother and like me. He had her cheeks but my nose and eyes-well, what my eyes used to look like, anyway.

Thinking he might be scared of me, I kept my distance at first, but then, his chubby hand darted out for me, and he was reaching, trying to get to me.

I wondered if the pull was causing him to react that way. This whole time that I’d been searching for him, had he been looking for me as well?

Georgia handed him to me, and I took him in my arms, holding him against my chest. I wasn’t sure what to say to him, but when he reached up and touched my face, I could feel tears stinging my eyes.

“He knows,” Georgia said, her own eyes also filled with tears. “He can sense that you’re his father.”

I nodded. My sister had no idea just how strong our bond was already.

The color was starting to come back into Rosalie’s cheeks. I knew I would have to do something to make sure that she stayed with me forever. I was never giving up my baby or his mother again.

Not for anything.

## **Chapter 148 When The White Queen Met The Rogue King...**

Rosalie’s POV

The pain I’d been feeling right before I passed out was gone; I knew that before I even opened my eyes.

But that wasn’t the only thing that was different.

I tried to remember exactly what had been happening, and when visions of those rogue wolves, with their sharp teeth and red eyes, entered my mind, I sat up, my eyes flying open.

I wasn’t where I expected to be.

In fact, I didn't have any idea where I was at all.

It was dark, and I was lying on a cot.

My eyes flickered around the space. I was in a tent, and the scent of the forest let me know I was somewhere deep in the woods.

My boy!

My arms frantically reached out for him, but I didn't feel my baby anywhere.

My heart was pounding with fear.

What happened to him? Had he been taken by the rogues? Was he... was he still alive?

I pushed the blanket that was covering my legs off of me and swung my feet around to the ground. There was a bit of an ache in my side, but it wasn't too strong, and my leg didn't hurt at all.

I must've healed myself pretty quickly. Still... the pain in my heart was unbearable.

All I could think about was my child. Where was he?!

As I got to my feet, the tent door opened, and a large form walked in.

It was then another memory came back to me—right before I lost consciousness, I'd seen a rogue with red eyes....

Now, here he was. The large wolf was standing in front of me.

It seemed that I was his prisoner.

I sat back on the cot, not wanting to deal with him. My mind started to calculate the best way to find my baby and to escape.

To my surprise though, the wolf left the room without making any sounds.

A short moment after that, the door opened again, and in came the person that I thought I'd never meet again in my life.

It was him... even in the dark, I could tell by his footsteps and his musky scent.

My heart skipped a beat, and I held my breath.

Though I told myself so many times that whatever happened in the past had passed and that I had moved on, the moment I was with him, my heart ached uncontrollably again.

I couldn't see him right now due to the lack of light, but sooner or later, I knew I would have to face him. He wasn't going away.

It was quiet in the tent. Finally, Ethan turned on a small lantern which bathed the tent in just enough light for me to

Chapter 148 *When The White Queen Met The Rogue King*

see

I watched him walk towards me and crouched down, so that his eyes were at the same level as mine.

He was as strikingly handsome as before, and his gaze was.... soft and gentle.

I almost reached for him as his scent wafted to me in the small space and threatened to intoxicate me. However, I was snapped awake when I met his pair of crimson eyes.

I remembered now... he was banished by King James, and he was a rogue now.

What exactly had he gone through? Why was he here?

Did he save me?

I had a lot of questions, but then I pushed all of them away. Why would I care?

"You're awake." It wasn't a question.

I nodded. To try to distract myself from him, I asked "Where is he? Where's my child?"

"He is safe with Georgia," he said, staring at me.

I got to my feet, but he stopped me.

"Sit, Rosalie," he said, putting one hand on me and guiding me back down. "You're still weak. You need rest."

"I'm fine. I need my baby." I didn't want to spend any more time alone with him.

"In a minute," he said. He pulled his hand back from me, but the way he was looking at me made me think he wanted to touch me more.

However, I hardened my heart and told myself I wasn't falling for that again.

"You're the White Queen?" he asked, a tone of disbelief in his voice.

I smirked at myself. Of course he was right down to the business. Why would I think he cared about me?

"That's right," I told him. "And you're the Rogue King? So... is this your kingdom?" I had a feeling we were technically still in my territory, but I didn't know where. Wouldn't my people be searching for me?

He smiled bitterly at me. "I have no kingdom now, Rosalie. I have nothing. I brought you here for your recovery."

I took a moment to comprehend the situation before I replied.

First, I'd show my gratitude. "Ethan," I said, "I thank you for saving me."

"I sensed there is a 'but?'" He raised his eyebrow.

I was a bit annoyed, but then I made my request as he expected, "But I could do that back at my home—in the palace."

"It's not safe out there. That's why you were attacked in the first place," he said flatly.



"We wouldn't make the same mistake again now that we know." I retorted.

"Rosalie, just let me help you," he frowned.

"I don't need your help, Ethan!" I raised my voice.

He only looked at me for a long moment before he said, "Yes, you do. I will have Georgia bring the baby for you to nurse him, but then, you will go back to sleep."

My eyes widened in shock, and I felt fury start to fill me.

Who was he to tell me what to do? This was my land! I was the rightful ruler here, and he thought he could just come in here and boss me around again?

Chapter 148 When The White Quran MM The Respue King

I was about to jump up and tell him what was going to happen when my head started to swim.

Maybe he was right. I was awfully lightheaded. I must've lost too much blood.

Without another word, Ethan turned around and walked out of the tent, leaving me alone again with my own thoughts.

It didn't take too long for him to return with Georgia, who was carrying my child.

With the desperate longing I was feeling for my baby, my arms reached for him.

He saw me and nearly leaped out of Georgia's grasp to get to me. She handed him to me, and I held him close for a moment, breathing him in and kissing his head. He grabbed hold of my hair and squealed with delight at being back in my arms.

"Thank you, Georgia," I said, ignoring Ethan, who was still standing next to me watching me and the baby. His eyes didn't even blink.

The little one puckered his tiny lips, and I knew he was hungry.

I was about to nurse him, but then... I looked up and met Ethan's eyes. I stared at him for a few seconds, hoping he would get the cue to leave the room.

But he didn't seem to understand my silent request at all.

Any gentleman should've left without me asking! I gritted my teeth, "Excuse me, but may I have some privacy, please?"

He stared into my eyes for a couple of seconds and parted his lips. However, his reply was not at all what I expected. "Why?"

"Because...because..." For a moment, I found myself unable to speak.

"Ptssss!" Georgia burst into laughter, and my face was bright red. This was not how it was supposed to be!

Finally, Georgia straightened her body from laughing and pushed Ethan out of the door, "Come on, brother. Do you want your son to starve?"

I made sure Ethan was gone before I pulled up my shirt,

The little one had already been a bit fussy due to his hunger, but he quieted down as soon as I started feeding him, which brought a smile to my face.

Georgia returned after a few minutes. She closed the door behind her.

“How are you feeling?” she asked me, sitting down on the floor next to the cot.

“Fine,” I told her as I stared down at my sweet boy. “I’m not in any pain anymore, but I’m a little dizzy. How did I get here?”

“The rogues pushed our forces from the field, and Ethan came in and fought them off. While our people were still regrouping, he told Seraphine he was taking you back to his camp to rest. She tried to argue with him, but he wouldn’t hear it. So... he moved you here.”

A sigh of frustration left my lips. “I don’t understand, Georgia. Why is he holding me here?”

“Rosalie, do you really not know? He cares about you, but he doesn’t know how to handle it other than keeping you close and safe. He has gone through a lot lately.”

I was sure she knew all about how Ethan had become a rogue and everything that had transpired with him over the past few months, but I didn’t want to hear it.

The last thing I needed was to find myself beginning to feel sorry for him again. I told myself that whatever had happened between him and James was probably something he deserved.

‘I just don’t understand why he can’t leave me alone,’ I told her, letting out a sigh. “I understand he might want to

Chapter 148 When The White Queen Met The Rogue King

see his son...”

“He loves you, Rosalie.” She reached up and patted my leg.

“Well, that’s too bad. Apparently, the situation with Madalynn didn’t work out for him,” I rolled my eyes, and Georgia laughed.

“No, things definitely didn’t work out between him and Madalynn, but he never wanted to *marry* her to begin with.”

“Then, he just needs to go find someone else.” As I said those words, it struck me, “Where’s his mate?” I asked, “Why doesn’t he go spend some time looking for his fated mate so that he can leave me alone?”

Georgia shook her head. “He can’t find his mate, Rosalie, because he wouldn’t be able to feel her.”

I frowned. I didn’t expect that, “Why is that?”

She let out a loud sigh and leaned against the cot. “When everything happened with our mother and my father, Ethan was so disheartened by what our mother had done, he vowed to the Moon Goddess to never have a mate, because he didn’t want to ever be in a situation where he would be blinded by love the way he felt his father had been.”

“Yes, I remember Talon told me that. I thought it was just the way that he chose to live his life.”

“No, not only that. I’m guessing the Moon Goddess must’ve listened, and she took away his matebond.” Georgia’s expression was serious. “He wouldn’t feel his mate even if she was right in front of him!”

I took a deep breath and held it. I couldn’t believe someone would do that. Slowly, I let it out. “Really?”

She nodded.

I looked down at my son, but my thoughts wandered.

I used to wish that I was his fated mate, that we could be with each other forever and raise our son together.... Now, I knew he’d never have that sort of happiness with anyone.

“Rosalie? Are you okay?” Georgia asked, patting my leg again.

“Yes, I’m fine,” I told her with a small smile. I glanced down at the baby and saw that he was asleep. I was afraid to move him, though, because Ethan had implied that he would take him when he was done eating.

Without a matebond, Ethan probably would never be able to love. So did he keep me here simply because he wanted his son, and he needed someone to feed the child?

“Everything’s going to be all right, Rosalie.” Georgia said.

I nodded and sighed.

A year ago, I would have never understood why Ethan or anyone would make that kind of an awful request.

However, now I did understand. Because the pain caused by someone I loved was so unbearable that I would never ever want to go through that again.

In fact, given the chance, I might make the same choice as him.

#### **Chapter 149: Rosalie Was About To Turn Twenty -One!**

Not long after our conversation about Ethan, he came into the tent

My arms tightened up around my baby.

“Is he done eating?” Ethan asked me, standing near the tent door.

I nodded. “Yes, but he’s asleep.”

With complete indifference in his voice, he said, “Give him to Georgia.”

“No,” I said, keeping my voice low. I didn’t want to wake the baby, but I was so upset that I was having to give my baby to someone else.

“Rosalie, you need to rest,” Ethan said. “And that will be easier if he’s not here. Georgia, take the baby.”

I looked at my friend with a pleading look in my eyes, begging her to take my side.

"I'm sorry, Rosalie, but he's right. You do need your rest. Don't worry about him. I'll take good care of my nephew while you're sleeping." She finished her sentence with a wink, which made

me break a smile.

I couldn't argue, so I let her have him, but I patted his head as his aunt pulled him away, carrying his sleeping form out of the tent.

I had to trust Georgia that she was doing what was best for both of us and that she'd make sure that I saw my child again.

Ethan didn't back out of the tent right away, so I took advantage of the situation and got to my feet. I was still a bit shaky, but I couldn't let him see that.

"I want to leave," I told him, keeping my tone strong.

Ethan shook his head. "That's out of the question."

I glared at him. "Ethan, you must realize that my people will be coming for me. They will fight you at all costs and free me. It wouldn't be good for either of our pack. You may as well let me go."

He simply shook his head. "No."

I wanted to punch him. How dare he try to keep me here?

I reminded him, "I'm not your prisoner! You can't just keep me here against my will!"

"Yes, I can. For your safety and until you recover."

"You... you are just such a tyrant!"

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Chapter 149: Rosalie Was About To Turn Twenty-One!

"Whatever you want to call me is fine."

"What you're doing... it's just plain wrong! You have to know that." I wanted to say more, to tell him that whatever it was he'd done to make James hate him, I believed he deserved it. But I held back my cruel words—for now.

"Rosalie, do not challenge me," he warned as he turned away.

"I'll be twenty-one tomorrow!" | yelled.

Yes, I would be turning twenty-one, and it would be my coronation. My people would be looking for me, and I could not let them down!

"I know," he paused for a second, and then continued to walk toward the exit of the tent, but I wasn't going to let him.

Grabbing his shoulder, I pulled him back around. Of course, I wasn't strong enough to make him move, but he turned because he wanted to face me.

"I need to leave!" | demanded.

He had to understand just how crucial my role was as a leader in the middle of a war.

His red eyes narrowed. "I suppose you're just in a hurry to get back to my brother, then?"

My mouth fell open, and I stared at him in disbelief. "What's that?" I asked him, wondering where he was going with this.

Did he dare to think he had any claim over me? That he could dictate who I spent my time with? After everything he'd done?

"Soren—the two of you have found one another again. My guys saw him near the front looking for you."

I couldn't process the information. Soren was looking for me? Anyway, why did it have anything to do with Ethan?

"It's none of your business!" I retorted.

"I thought that you'd left the islands because you finally realized that he was the one who was a danger to you and the baby. But then I heard that you were actually spending your time with him again, voluntarily." He shook his head as if I had done something wrong.

Unable to believe his words, I quickly thought through my options. All of a sudden, I felt resentment towards Ethan. Who did he think he was?! Scolding me for what I did with my own life?!

All I wanted to do was free myself from his grip on me, both emotionally and physically. That, and to strike back at him just as badly as he'd hurt me, if that was even possible.

"That's right," I told him, holding my chin up high. "I have been spending my time with Soren. By choice."

"After everything he's done to you?"

"Yes!"

"Are you losing your mind?!"

"No, I'm not! I chose to spend time with him because at least he came to apologize to me. I chose to spend time with him because he at least wanted to make it up to me! And I chose to spend time with him because at least he wasn't trying to boss me around like you!!"

He stepped back and stared at me. He took a few moments, seemingly trying to calm his own temper, then he said in a more leveled tone, "I can't let you go back to him."

"You have to!"

“No, I don’t.”

“You b\*stard, you let me go! You have to!”

“Why is that?”

“Because... because I love Soren!”

Ethan blanched, his head tipping back as if I’d struck a physical blow against him. “What... did you say?” he asked, his words dripping with contempt.

“That’s right. Soren is my... lover,” I lifted my head to look at him. Then I decided that whatever would get me out of here, I’d say. “I miss him desperately and long to be back in his arms.”

Ethan stepped away and turned his back to me. His fists

clenched so hard that I could see them shaking along with both of his arms.

I swallowed hard. Perhaps I had pushed too far.

When he turned back to look at me, his jaw was set, and his eyes were practically smoldering. Like two coals, his irises glowed, narrowing in on me.

I wanted to take a step back as well, to tell him I was lying, that I was just trying to make him angry. But I stood my ground, glaring right back at him.

“I can’t f\*cking believe you, Rosalie!” he spat. “Do you have any idea what you’re saying? He’s the one who tricked you and trapped you, and you’re in love with him?”

“So what?” I shot back, though I knew exactly what he was saying. “You did the same things to me and yet you are here acting like you didn’t do anything wrong!”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?” he asked me, stepping toward me as I retreated a bit. “You have no f\*cking idea what you’re talking about!”

“Oh, really? This from the man who was willing to use me to get to Soren while I was carrying your son!” There—I’d said it. One of the two horrible betrayals Ethan had committed against me.

I didn’t know if I’d have the strength to speak the other.

“That’s not what happened!” Ethan countered. “I went to the islands for you, Rosalie! He set that up so that you would think that I was there for him, but that wasn’t the case at all. He’s a sneaky, conniving, b\*stard, and if you seriously think that you’re in love with him, then you’re not the woman I thought you were!”

“Well, you’re definitely not the man I thought you were, now are you?” I asked, my hand jutting out to reference his red eyes. “What are you now, exactly, Ethan? A rogue? A wolf without a home? One that no one wants? Some kind of a monster?”

He stepped toward me then, and with the rage building up inside of him, I thought for sure he was going to strike me.

His fist was coiled, and his arm was at the ready. If it had been my father, Derrek, just about any other man I'd ever known, my nose would be bleeding from such a statement.

But Ethan didn't hit me. He stopped and took a deep breath and then released the tension in his arm. "You need to rest, Rosalie," he said, his voice sounding melancholy, as if he knew that what I'd just said was true.

I hadn't meant to hurt him, not really. I felt bad, seeing him react that way. I wanted to take it back, but at the same time, I couldn't. He'd hurt me far more than my words could ever injure him.

"I want to leave," I reminded him.

Saying nothing, Ethan turned and walked back out of the tent.

I didn't dare try to follow as I knew there were guards standing right outside. I could never get past them.

My throat constricted as tears filled my eyes. I melted down onto the cot, my head in my hands. At that moment, all I wanted was my son and my freedom.

I covered my face with the pillow and let my tears soak the soft linen. I couldn't tell how long I had been crying, until finally, I got up and kneeled on the ground, lifting my face to the heavens.

It was almost midnight and my birthday was coming.

Even though the tent had no windows, and I couldn't even see the moon, I began to pray. I prayed to the Moon Goddess to hear my wishes.

"Please, Moon Goddess," I whispered. "Hear my cries, just as you heard Ethan's so many years ago."

My breath stuttered in my throat. "Please, restore his matebond and let him find his fated mate. Take away the plea he made to you back when he was younger. Let him find her so that he can have the happiness everyone deserves—and so that he can let me be."

That's what I wanted, more than anything. I still loved him, and I still wanted him to be happy.

However, I also wanted to be free from him, to finally have the chains he'd placed around my heart broken so I could go on about my life without being held back by the man who'd done so much to hurt me.

But that wasn't enough. I began to feel the pull of the moon on me, like all shifters did, and I knew my wolf was about to

reveal herself. She needed her freedom as well, and there was only one way to ensure that I was never in this situation again.

So I made my second birthday wish to the Moon Goddess.

"Please, take away my matebond. I don't want to be in love with anyone ever again." Love wasn't what I'd thought it was going to be, back when I was younger and daydreamed about falling in love with a handsome, kind man. Love was difficult; love was pain.

When I'd first fallen in love with Ethan, all I could think about was how badly I wanted to be in his arms.

Every moment in his presence was pure bliss. But at the exact same time I was giving him my heart, he was planning my demise.

If that's what love was, I didn't want to have anything to do with it anymore. I couldn't risk my heart to be hurt and broken like that again.

After making the two birthday wishes, exhaustion washed over me, and I sank down onto the cot. If I couldn't have my

baby, and I couldn't have my freedom, I may as well sleep. At least in my sleep, no one could control me.

I closed my eyes and reached for the comfort of my dreams, hoping that Ethan would not appear in any of them.

## **Chapter 150 Ethan Found His Mate**

### **\*\*Ethan's POV**

Everything Rosalie said to me played through my mind. There was no way she honestly loved my brother, right? The thought of him being with her made my blood boil, and even thinking she would entertain the notion was appalling.

I had come all this way searching for her, yet her words broke my heart over and over again. When would I be able to make her see reason?

Part of me wanted to shake sense into her, but I knew I could never physically hurt her. Seeing her get hurt was a hundred times more painful than me getting hurt myself.

I returned to my tent, and my eyes fell onto the makeshift bed that Georgia had made for my son.

The little one was fast asleep. His little pink lips were slightly open, and his rhythmic breathing calmed my frustration. I wanted to pinch his chubby cheeks, but I stopped myself midair so as not to disturb his rest.

As I watched his peaceful sleeping form, I started to get more and more disappointed at myself. What had I done? I couldn't believe I missed out on so much of his life!

It seemed like he felt my emotion, the little guy flapped his limbs, and I gently rubbed his tiny body with my palm. As I was amused that my hand almost covered half of his body, he grabbed my thumb with both of his tiny hands and put it against his chest.

At that moment, a surge of warmth rushed into my eyes, and I could barely breathe.

"How is it I helped make someone so perfect as you, my son?" I whispered to him softly as I reached down, brushing my free hand across his face.

There was no way I would let another moment be missed.



“He is perfect, isn’t he?” Georgia’s voice rang softly behind me. She was leaning against the entrance to my tent with a smile on her face. “You have to make it right.”

It didn’t take a genius to figure out what she was referring to.

“That’s what I’m trying to do,” I replied in annoyance.

Couldn’t she see that?

All of a sudden, a pull tugged at my heart. My hand went instinctively to my chest, and I felt my face twist into a pained expression.

“Ethan? Are you okay?” Georgia asked, walking closer to me with an edge of concern in her face. “You need to sit down. Something’s wrong?”

My wolf howled in my mind as I gripped my head with one hand, trying to shake off the pain radiating through me, the excruciating change, plaguing every inch of my body.

“I have to get out of here,” I grunted, pushing past Georgia.

“Ethan, you need help!” She followed me out worriedly.

“Watch the baby!” I shouted through gritted teeth. Her eyes watched me with concern as she nodded with reluctance.

Something was happening. Something inside me was changing

As soon as I stepped from the tent and met the high moon in the sky, something inside me snapped and fell into place.

A sweet scent of jasmine and honey filled my nose, pulling me to seek out the source.

Never had I felt the need to seek out something so delicious in my life, but my wolf called to me to go forth and find it. Its ravenous hunger devoured me with each step I took until I found myself outside of Rosalie’s tent.

In confusion, I glanced through the small opening in the front of the tent. Rosalie was kneeling on the ground as if she was praying.

At the sight of her, the desire to run to her, to fold her into my arms and protect her, making her mine forever, was so overwhelmingly powerful that I couldn’t hold myself back.

I didn’t need anyone to tell me what was going on...

“She’s my mate...”

The soft words left my lips, and I was stunned in disbelief.

I had sworn off the matebond for so long, and in the heat of it all, I never even thought of the possibility of Rosalie being my mate.

How was this possible? Rosalie...had been my mate all this time?

The unbelievable amount of joy rushing through my body mixed with the shock of realization made me tremble uncontrollably.

For the first time ever, I felt my knees go so weak that I kneeled down to thank the Moon Goddess for taking mercy on me.

Then I looked up, watching her in the tent, hoping to see my angel, my goddess turn around and see me.

It was almost her twenty-first birthday, so would she feel the same pull as I did?

My entire being was quivering in pleasant nervousness and anticipation.

I couldn't wait to bond with her as lovers and as soul mates...

However, I didn't understand why she didn't seem to notice that her mate was standing right outside her tent. Why couldn't she feel me like I felt her?

As if on cue, she turned. Her eyes met mine as I slowly stepped into the tent. The desire to claim and mark her was more intense than anything I had ever felt before.

I was so eager to make her mine forever.

"Mate..." I called.

The desire sparked from my wolf as I stepped towards her. Her eyes were wide, and her body was frozen to the spot.

I could sense her wolf on the brink of breaking free. Her constant moving around must have been the edginess of her wolf wanting to come out, but she probably still needed

guidance to control her wolf.

"No... that's not possible," she murmured with wide eyes that held so much confusion and fear. Yet I could also see love and passion.

She was confused and had every right to be because I also had a million questions myself. However, all those questions would have to wait.

"You are my mate, Rosalie. I don't understand how this happened, but you are."

Had I known my mate was her, I'd never have vowed to give up

my matebond. And now, regardless of what happened that restored my matebond, I could not be more grateful.

The closer I got to Rosalie, the stronger my pull to her became.

"What are you doing?" she said, breathlessly, as I brushed my hand down the side of her face. The heat of her attraction caused her to stare at me with uncertainty.

"I want you, Rosalie," I whispered, ready to devour her. "You're my mate. We are destined to be together."

"That's not possible...we can't..." she stuttered, as she tried to back away from me.

"Tell me you don't want this, and I'll leave," I replied, leaning in close to her, her back coming into contact with the edge of a table.

I sniffed her scent and gently wrapped her in my arms.

She gasped, "Ethan..."

I leaned in, kissing just behind her ear on her neck. My lips brushed against her skin, causing a soft whimper to leave her lips that drove my wolf towards the edge.

As her eyes closed, I couldn't wait a single second.

Faster than comprehension, I grabbed her, pulling her close to me. My lips descended upon hers with feverish intent, which

she met. She responded with hesitation, but she did not push me away any further.

And that was it. There was no stopping us from there.

Letting my hands run slowly down her side, I gripped her rear end, lifting her up and carrying her to the cot she was laying down on before. My fingers pulled and tugged at her clothing as I let my fingers slip in between the delicious folds of her core.

Soft moans of pleasure left her as I brought her to the edge.

The sweet smell of her arousal filled the air as her back arched while she took my fingers inside of her, the fullness of them stretching her and preparing her for what was to come.

"Ethan..." she whispered, causing me to growl in satisfaction as I pulled out my fingers and quickly freed myself of the confined clothing I was wearing.

In one quick motion, I thrust into her, causing her to cry out in pleasure as I filled her to the brink. My movements were fast and relentless as I savored the sexual pleasure of her that I had craved for so long.

Rosalie was everything, and I would spend forever begging her for love.

"E... Ethan!" she screamed out coming undone, but it was only the first of many. I was going to have her screaming for me

over and over again until I claimed her.

"You're mine," I growled slowly as I took her lips once more. "My mate."

"I can't.... We can't," she moaned out, relishing in the way I was making her feel.

Feeling her close to coming undone again, I sped up, her hips matching mine with every thrust. "You will be mine forever," I claimed as I filled her with my desire, my passion, and my love.

My teeth bared as I prepared to mark her, but before I could, her hands shot up and she stopped me.

"No!" she screamed, causing me to pull back and look at her with shock and confusion.

Moving from me, she escaped from the cot. Her naked body was a glory to look at.

However, the sudden pain at her rejection crushed my entire being as I had been unprepared. It was as if I was stabbed in the heart, I stumbled backwards on the cot, barely able to keep myself sitting up straight.

She didn't want me to mark her?

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"No?" I asked in confusion. "You're my mate, Rosalie. You must've felt it too."

"Stop... just stop," she said, turning to face me as she pulled a robe around her body.

"I don't understand."

"Of course you don't, Ethan!" she yelled at me, throwing her hands in the air, "You never understand anything. You can't just come back here and mark me without my consent!"

Narrowing my brows, I stood to my feet pulling my pants back on. "Your consent. I didn't know I needed to beg my mate to accept the bond. This is what you wanted before. Why are you denying me? Don't you feel the bond?"

She stared at me blankly for a moment before shaking her head, "No... I do not."

This couldn't be... I stepped back and collapsed to sit on the cot.

"That isn't possible. The goddess blessed us to be together..." I murmured.

"You need to leave, Ethan," she said firmly. "Please leave."

"No, you're my mate. I'm not leaving you," I urged, staring at her.

Her rejection tore my heart.

"Fine!" she gritted at me before turning and running out of the tent.

My heart shattered in that moment, and my thoughts were all stirred and mingled together. I didn't know where to start sorting out everything that had occurred the entire night.

However, I pulled myself together and chased after her. Not just because my wolf howled at me to go mark her and make her ours, but also because no matter what our matebond situation was, she shouldn't be out alone.

It was too dangerous.

As I raced around a large pine tree, calling after her, I realized I needed to shift to catch her, so I shed my pants and sprang into my wolf form.

It only took me a moment to catch back up to her. However, in the distance, I saw Rosalie trip and fall hard onto the ground.

I used all of my strength to try to get to her, but I couldn't make it in time. My heart skipped a beat as I saw her falling

and about to hit the ground.

Then.... witnessed the most miraculous sight I'd ever seen in my whole life.

Her human form quickly changed shape, shifting and rearranging.

By the time she landed, I saw a magnificent snow white wolf standing there in the moonlight. Her fur glowed soft silver, and her existence outshined the stars in the night sky.

Of course, she was a white wolf, *my pure, kind, loving white wolf.*