

Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder #Chapter 1006: Chapter 56 : Family Dinner - Read Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1006: Chapter 56 : Family Dinner

Sasha

I was a lot more tired than I thought. On the remaining boat ride to Winter Forest, I stayed in the cabin resting. I had a lot to think about, so I didn't mind the solitude.

Lucas came to see me a lot, bringing me food and talking to me. I was too exhausted to hold a conversation for long and I didn't expect him to sit around watching me nap all day.

When I was awake and Lucas wasn't around, I thought about everything The Immortal said about my powers and the darkness in me.

Lucas hadn't said anything but I could tell he was worried, and not just because I was so tired. He'd seen something the night he rescued me and it worried him.

Was it my display of power? I hadn't had a chance to talk to him about it yet.

The power inside of me didn't feel evil or dark, but I couldn't deny that it was strong and dangerous. I needed to know more about it and learn how to control it.

By the second day, I realized that my exhaustion wasn't just from the power I used. It was because of what The Immortal said. Staying in bed under the covers was a way I could hide from the truth.

I didn't want to be dangerous, especially to the people I cared about. How could I prove him wrong?

"How are you feeling today?" Lucas asked, bringing me breakfast.

I yawned and stretched my arms in the air. "Better. I'm just a little confused about what happened."

Lucas sat on the edge of the bed and took my hand. "You don't need to worry about that now. Hopefully, my mom will have some answers."

"Lucas, were you afraid of me?"

He creased his brow. "Why would you think that?"

"Because... you looked scared when you first got to me in the dining hall."

“I didn't know what to think. I've never seen power like that, and I was scared for you.”

I quickly told Lucas about what The Immortal said about me and my power.

“And I'm wondering, is he going to keep coming after me? Is he going to try and convince others to kill me?”

Lucas wrapped his arms around me and hugged me to his chest.

“Shh, Sasha. You know I won't let anything happen to you. He could send a thousand minions after you to end you and I would stop them all.”

I sniffled and nodded. “Only a thousand? If he sent one more, would that be too many?”

Lucas chuckled and slipped his fingers through my hair. He kissed my forehead and held me across his lap.

“I don't believe what he said. I've known plenty of evil people in my life and you, my love, are not one of them, okay?”

“O-okay....”

The ship docked that afternoon and we went right to Lucas's mom's house.

Oliver and his men tagged along as well. Lucas told me that his mother, Maeve, was planning a big family dinner since he hadn't been home in a while.

“She wants to meet you first, before throwing you to the wolves.”

I chuckled nervously as I followed him inside.

Lucas's childhood home was large. It had four bedrooms and three bathrooms. The floors were hardwood and it had many nice decorations and features, nothing too gaudy.

He led me through the foyer, the pristinely clean kitchen, and out the back double doors to a deck.

There was a woman in the back garden. I thought she was gardening at first because she was hunched over. When she stood up, I saw she had several fresh blossoms in her hand.

She held an arm up, waving to us, and tossed the flowers in a basket over her arm.

“Lucas, my boy!” she hurried to the deck, pulling her gardening gloves off.

Maeve pulled Lucas to her in a tight hug.

He glanced at me, his cheeks reddening slightly.

“Hi, Mom.”

“I was just picking some fresh flowers to brighten up the dinner table tonight. Oliver is going to be there, so is Matt.”

“Matt!?” Lucas pulled away from his mom.

I caught the surprised tone in his voice.

“Is that a problem?”

Maeve's voice changed too. She wasn't the loving, devoted mother; suddenly, she was an authoritative voice, daring Lucas to challenge her.

Lucas shook his head. “I'm sure it is fine. Anyway, Mom, this is Sasha, my mate.”

He grabbed my hand and pulled me closer.

I got the feeling that Lucas and his family weren't as tight-knit as I thought.

“Oh, Sasha, you are beautiful.” Maeve came over and cupped my cheeks. “How did my son ever get so lucky?”

I felt a blush rise on my cheeks and I glanced sideways at Lucas.

“Honestly, most days, I feel like I'm the lucky one.” I squeezed his hand.

Maeve dropped her hands from my face. “Huh.” She sighed and picked up her basket of flowers. “Dinner will be ready in an hour. You two should change out of your travel clothes.”

She disappeared inside.

I looked down at my outfit. We changed just before getting off the boat.

“Um... I thought we had changed out of our travel clothes.”

Lucas rolled his eyes. “Some things, you just have to roll with.”

We headed to the room Maeve assigned to us. I washed up for dinner and changed into something a little nicer.

As well-decorated as the house was, it didn't feel like a home. It felt like a showroom. Everything was stiff, perfect, and sterilized. I didn't get the vibe that a happy family lived here, the kind that sat around

the living room playing games together or sharing stories.

The outward appearance was stunning but it was all surface. Underneath it was completely different.

Oliver, Maeve, and another man, presumably Matt, were already at the table when Lucas and I arrived.

I recognized Matt's name and his eyes seemed familiar, too. He must have been around when I was a kid. Someone that was part of Lucas's friend group and no one I would spend any real time with.

I caught Lucas's eyes as they locked on Matt. A muscle in his jaw jumped and I guessed he was gritting his teeth.

Something had happened between them.

Brady and Phoebe sat together on the opposite end of the table to Maeve. Brady shot me a wink and Phoebe smiled at me. At least there were a couple of familiar faces around.

Automatically, Lucas held my chair out for me. I smiled gratefully and sat down.

Maeve watched me closely. I felt like I was under a magnifying glass as she seized me up to see if I was good enough for her son.

"It is so nice to have everyone here for dinner. I miss having you all around."

"Right," Lucas muttered.

I saw him flick his eyes toward Matt again. Anger blazing in his eyes.

Oliver hadn't spoken a word. He sat next to Matt but appeared tense and ready to spring. I wondered how long it would take for Lucas to lose it launch over the table and punch Matt.

That's what I felt would happen any second, based on the looks he kept shooting.

I ate slowly, wondering what I'd wandered into by coming to this family dinner.

"How are things going in the Dark Realm?" Maeve asked.

Lucas continued to stare at Matt but he replied to his mom.

"I have a new job I'm working on. The library project I was assigned had to be postponed due to... unforeseen circumstances. Archeologists are working on the new discovery now."

"New discovery, that sounds intriguing," Maeve said. She raised an eyebrow.

“It really was. You should have seen what was hiding under the library,” Brady chimed in.

I was grateful he was there, helping to lighten the mood.

“Are you working on that project as well?” Maeve asked.

Brady shook his head. “No, but Lucas dragged me into it, as usual.”

Lucas grinned at Brady, but I could see how tense and strained it was.

“Brady, are you and Phoebe staying long?”

“No. We've got to get back to Egoren. There's a lot of planning to do.”

Phoebe absently played with the engagement ring on her finger.

Silence descended again and the atmosphere got heavy.

I felt so awkward. The tension in the room was palpable, not just between Matt and Lucas but the rest of the room was stiff too.

Maeve was making conversation but it wasn't genuine. It all felt scripted or obligatory.

I started to put the pieces together. Something horrible had happened between Matt and Lucas and that created a wedge between the rest of them.

Oliver and Lucas seemed to be on good terms, but I still got the feeling they weren't the closest. What could have happened to be this big of an elephant in the room for this family after so many years?

□

About Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder - Chapter 1006: Chapter 56 : Family Dinner

Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder is the best current series of the author Alice Knightsky. With the below content will make us lost in the world of love and hatred interchangeably, despite all the tricks to achieve the goal without any concern for the other half, and then regret. late. Please read chapter Chapter 1006: Chapter 56 : Family Dinner and update the next chapters of this series at novelebook.com

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“Broke up?” Quinn gasped. “What are you talking about? We just celebrated our anniversary last night.”

She reached for her necklace and touched the golden chain with the bird pendant on it. Had I given that to her in this reality?

I put my hands on the sides of my head and shook it. What was going on? Every time Seshe vanished things were strange for a day, but nothing like this had ever happened.

This wasn’t me reliving some day that Quinn and I shared when we were together. It was a completely different life.

Sighing, I forced myself to calm down. I just needed to get through the day. Seshe would come back and everything would go back to normal.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t sleep well I guess... bad dreams.”

Quinn sniffled and hugged her knees to her chest. “You really scared me, you know. I know you’re not really the commitment type, but after two years, I thought we were passed all that.”

“Two years....”

“Who is Seshe, by the way?” Quinn swallowed her tears and her eyes glowed with jealousy.

“Who?” I had to play dumb. In this reality, Seshe probably didn’t exist, just like before.

“You called out to her a lot in your sleep. And then you freak out at me. Should I be worried?”

I sighed heavily. As much as I wanted to shove Quinn out the door and tell her it was over all over again, I didn’t want to spend this day dealing with her drama. It would go a lot faster if I could just go to work and forget about time. All I cared about was getting through the day and getting Seshe back.

“Look, I’ve got to get to work. We can talk about this tonight, I promise.”

Quinn got off the bed, still wrapped in the sheet, and headed into the bathroom. She slammed the door.

I winced. Oh yeah, this was fun. Demmit! I wish we'd found that second orb.

I got dressed and headed to the kitchen for breakfast.

"Yo, you and Quinn having the little lover's quarrel?" Bredy asked, grinning at me.

"What?"

"I heard the two of you snipping at each other. You know, if you don't take care of her, she'll make your life a living hell."

I scoffed and laughed humorlessly at his unintentional irony. "You have no idea."

"You should be nicer to her. Treat the women right, and she'll love you all her life. Isn't that right, baby?" Bredy winked at Phoebe, who sat across from him at the kitchen table.

She was enjoying the large breakfast, but Bredy appeared to be abstaining.

"I don't know how the two of you do it. Last night it was all kisses, passion, and eternal bliss. This morning... bicker, bicker, bicker," Phoebe said.

I cringed, thinking about what they might have heard the night before. I also didn't like thinking about treating Quinn, or any woman other than Seshe, as the one I wanted to spend my life with.

I knew it wasn't me, not really, but that didn't help.

Ironically, the constant ups and downs were why I broke up with Quinn in the first place. I never loved her enough to work through things or try to sort through our differences.

"If that's all, I'm going to take my coffee and get to work." I grabbed the mug and poured fresh coffee into it.

"Oh, I'm sure we will have more for you later."

Bredy and Phoebe giggled, staring lovingly into each other's eyes.

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Ignoring the two of them, I headed off to the work site. It was all I could do. If I stayed at home, I'd obsess all day long.

There was a part of me that wanted to run around looking for Seshe like I did last time, but in all reality, I wouldn't find her again.

In this reality, my work site was still the library. I went into my trailer office and looked over the plans, trying to get myself up to speed so no one would think I was off.

"Mr. Bleck, we're just about to break ground. We need your final approval before we turn on the machines."

A man wearing a "foreman" badge stuck his head in.

"I'll be right there."

The workers had set up a perimeter where they planned to break ground. I did a quick sweep over it and gave them approval.

The jackhammers came on, thundering and chattering as they dug into the hardened earth.

I stepped back and looked at the blueprints again.

Was this the same reality I'd fallen into before? It didn't feel like it. In that one, Quinn and I weren't together, and I'd already stopped work at the library.

How many realities were there? Were they even real, or was it something created by magic to temporarily fill the time gap while Seshe was missing?

"Sir!"

"Mr. Bleck! You've got to take a look at this."

The jackhammers stopped and everyone started to shout at me. I groaned and rolled up the blueprints, handing them off to a male intern standing nearby.

This was too similar to how things started the last time I dug up the library.

"What did you find?" I crossed the perimeter line and joined my workers at the hole they dug. Just underneath, I saw the outer well of the temple. Last time, the well crumbled and...

"Everyone, get back!" I ordered.

We jumped out of the way, just in time for the well to give and the level ground we'd been standing on got sucked into the void.

"What the hell is going on?" the foreman shouted.

“Wellk it off, everyone. This is e minor setback. I went you to tepe off this eree end cell it for the dey. Don’t let anyone on thet topsoil until we get en archeological teem here. I doubt the topsoil is steble.”

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Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder #Chapter 1007: Chapter 64 : Gone For Good - Read Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1007: Chapter 64 : Gone For Good

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“Well it off, everyone. This is a minor setback. I want you to tape off this area and call it for the day. Don’t let anyone on that topsoil until we get an archaeological team here. I doubt the topsoil is stable.”

They quickly jumped to action at my orders.

Once the area was sealed off, I sent the workers home. I called up the archaeological team and reported the incident to King Xander, just like I was supposed to.

By the time I got home, I was just as exhausted as I had been the first time I experienced this. Only tonight, I was even more worn out because I knew Quinn would be waiting for me for an explanation I didn’t have.

I checked my watch for the time and sighed with relief. Good, any second now, Seshe would return and our timeline and reality would be corrected.

I stopped outside the door and took a deep breath.

Three.

Two.

One.

Pushing the door open, I went inside. My relief faded instantly when I saw Quinn, pissed, standing in the living room.

“You’re late!”

I looked at my watch again, creasing my brow. I’d timed it all perfectly. Why hadn’t Seshe come back? Why was I still in this “wrong” world?

My heart sank. Did this mean, Seshe wasn’t coming back?

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Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder #Chapter 1008: Chapter 65 : Another Life - Read Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1008: Chapter 65 : Another Life

Lucas

Pacing around the living room, I maniacally checked my watch every five seconds.

What was happening? This was the longest Sasha had ever been gone and the panic set in.

Everything had gone horribly wrong....

Quinn was upstairs crying because I refused to talk to her. Her presence in this alternate world was not something I was concerned about. I didn't even care about her feelings in my reality.

Of course, she'd made a big scene when I got home. It helped that I felt no emotional ties to her and could easily tell myself this wasn't my life and this wasn't real.

Unfortunately, that didn't make her balling and wailing any less irritating as it grated on my ears.

She was so obnoxious that Brady and Phoebe made some excuse to go out together at 10:00 p.m. on a weeknight.

When I realized that Sasha wasn't coming back, I reached out to a few resources that might help. It wasn't much, but if they could give me anything to help sort this out, I could stop pacing a hole in my floor.

I heard a knock and I paused, glancing at the front door. Who would come by for a visit this late at night? I went to the door and snuck a look out the window beside the door. Two women stood on my porch. One was about my age, the other older with streaks of grey in her hair.

They looked harmless enough.

I pulled the door open. "Can I help you?"

"Lucas, you need to get to Sasha," the older woman said.

I narrowed my eyes at her. "Do I know you?"

"And you claim I'm the rude one," the younger woman said, shaking her head. "My name is Jennie and this is my mother Rochel."

I brightened. Sasha had told me about these two. They were powerful witches, good witches by Sasha's account. She told me the older one, Rochel, was very perceptive and in sync with magical energies.

"Sasha told me about the two of you. Can you help me find her?"

Rochel sighed, and I noticed that she leaned against Jennie.

"Why don't the two of you come in and sit down?" I stepped aside and motioned to the living room.

"Do you have any tea?" Rochel asked as they crossed my threshold.

"Uh..."

"Mom, let it go." Jennie gave me an apologetic look as the two of them headed to the living room.

"Okay, what can you tell me about Sasha?" I sat across from the two witches and clasped my hands together.

"She's not where she's supposed to be," Rochel said.

I creased my brow. "No offense, ma'am, but what the hell does that mean?"

"We met with Sasha a while back, and my mother got a really good read on her energy. She's able to sense things about Sasha, even when she's far away. And from what my mother says, she's very, very far away."

I leaned back in my chair. "I believe it," I grumbled.

"You need to find her, Lucas, and set this right," Rochel insisted.

"I don't suppose you can tell me where she is that she's not supposed to be?"

Rochel shook her head, gray wisps of hair drifting in front of her face. "I can't see where she is. I just know it isn't where she's supposed to be."

It wasn't the most helpful information, but at least it confirmed that Sasha existed in this other world. It was a starting point.

"I'll find her."

Sasha

Wedding catalogs took up nearly the entire surface area of my kitchen table. I sipped my coffee and looked through one dedicated to flower arrangements.

I was getting close to narrowing down my dress, I'd picked out the place settings. Now, I just needed to settle on flowers.

Everyone had an opinion about what I should choose. Everyone... except the groom to be. Donovan was so resistant to helping me. All he ever did was tell me that I could do whatever I wanted.

He kept telling me that it was my day and it should be perfect for me.

Sighing, I stared at the flowers on the glossy magazine page.

I didn't want it to be perfect for me. I wanted it to be perfect for us.

"Good morning, my love." Donovan came into the kitchen after his morning run for smoothies and grabbed a fresh scone off the plate on the counter.

"Morning." I peeked at him over the top of the magazine.

"So, have you decided on flower arrangements?" He handed me a smoothie and sat across from me at the table.

"I kind of like these and these." I pointed to the two pages. "They'd have to be modified to match our color scheme, but I think they are beautiful. What do you think?"

Donovan polished off his scone and licked sugar crystals off his fingers.

"I think you should pick whichever one you want. They are both nice."

"Right." I sighed and closed the magazine. "This would go a lot faster if you helped me plan the wedding and if you showed some interest."

"What do you mean?" Donovan frowned.

“I want this to be ‘our’ wedding, not ‘my’ wedding. You haven’t helped at all,” I explained, sipping the smoothie.

Donovan sighed. I noticed his eyes flick to the clock on the wall.

“Oh, shoot, I’m running late. We’ll talk about flower arrangements tonight, I promise.”

He hopped up, kissed me quickly on the cheek, and was out the door before I could say anything.

That’s how all these conversations ended. Donovan would make some excuse to run off, and I was left with the planning.

Sometimes, I wondered what it was I loved about him.

I finished my coffee and washed the dishes, still thinking about flower arrangements. Since I didn’t

have to work that day, I decided to head to a nearby florist and see if I could make up my mind when looking at the flowers in person.

Donovan never came on these excursions with me. I brought Chelsea with me to the cake tasting and she was the one that helped me pick out a cake. Donovan had a scheduling conflict.

It didn’t even seem like he wanted to get married half the time.

I shook my head at myself. Of course, he wanted to get married. He was the one who proposed. I hadn’t been expecting it at all.

It was so romantic and surprising. There was no way I could resist that.

But since then, he seemed distant. It was like he thought now that I was “locked in,” he didn’t have to put in the effort anymore.

Despite how romantic and kind he’d been in the beginning, the reality was, I ate most of my dinners alone now, and I couldn’t remember the last time we spent real, quality time together that wasn’t late at night when we were both in bed.

Sighing, I slung my purse on my shoulder and headed down the sidewalk. The sun was out and it was a warm day. The perfect day to look at flower arrangements.

The flower shop was only a few blocks away. I walked through my neighborhood, smiling at neighbors and watching children play in their front yards.

A smile tugged at my lips and unconsciously, I touched my stomach.

“What?” I whispered to myself.

What was I even doing? Donovan and I weren't thinking about kids yet. The reaction was automatic, almost like my body knew something my mind didn't.

"No, no, you're just going crazy, Sasha," I muttered.

In the back of my mind, something stirred. Suddenly, I felt like this was all wrong.

This wasn't my life.

I shook my head and forced those thoughts away. It was probably just cold feet in light of the upcoming wedding.

"What can I help you with today?" the woman at the flower shop asked.

"Well, I'm having trouble deciding on flower arrangements for my wedding." I walked to the counter and pulled a folded sheet from my purse. "These are our color arrangements."

"Oh, what a nice color palette. You have a good eye. Tell me, are you looking for something extravagant and over-the-top, or something a little simpler?"

I glanced around the shop. There were so many sample arrangements on the shelves.

"I'm hoping for something elegant. I don't want it to be too flashy," I explained.

The woman nodded and headed into the back. I heard her muttering to herself. When she returned, she had a large binder.

"These are all the flowers I either grow in the nursery or can get my hands on. Next to each species, there is a list of the colors available as well. Pictures of all the flowers are included. I think it is best we start with choosing the flowers you want before settling on an arrangement."

She walked around the counter and brought the large binder to a picnic table in the shop. There were several plastic pots and shears scattered over the table. The woman pushed them aside and slammed the binder down.

"If you'd like, we can wait for your fiancé."

I shook my head. "No. He won't be joining us."

"Oh." she pursed her lips and opened the binder.

I could tell there was something she wanted to say.

"Is that a problem?"

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The woman gripped her pointed chin between a bony thumb and forefinger. Behind her spectacles, her eyes narrowed ever so slightly.

“I’ve worked many weddings in the past. When a bride comes in without her groom... well, there are

certain patterns that result from that kind of dynamic. Oh, these would be lovely in your color scheme.”

She quickly changed the subject, pointing to a flower I’d never seen before.

It wasn’t like she was wrong. The more Donovan resisted helping with the wedding, the more I wondered if I should even be marrying him.

It wasn’t just that. Ever since I’d woken up that morning, the feeling was getting stronger and stronger. I almost felt like there was someone else I was supposed to be looking for or spending my life with.

How silly was that?

Donovan and I had been together for years. There was no one else I wanted to be with, and no one else I had been with.

It took all afternoon, but I finally picked out my flowers. The woman at the shop told me she’d make several sample arrangements with those flowers and send me the pictures.

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I dug around in my purse as I walked, searching for my actual checklist. I pulled the little notebook out and checked off “flowers.” The list on my notepad was still long, but there were now more items with check marks than without.

“Progress,” I whispered.

As I tucked the notepad away, I flicked my eyes to the storefront window I stopped in front of.

My eyes immediately landed on an emerald pendant and I froze.

My heart jumped into my throat and I couldn’t pull my eyes away. I was completely mesmerized by the gemstone.

Absently, I put my hands on the shop window glass, pressing my forehead into it.

“Wow....”

I was completely transfixed, mesmerized by the deep green facets and the light refracting off the millions of gemstone eyes.

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Lucas

It was a relief to know that Sasha existed somewhere in this new reality, I had to find her. Maybe I could snap us out of it if we could reconnect. As far as I knew, she was looking for me too.

At first, I thought she just didn't exist, and that was why my life was so different. It occurred to me in the middle of the night while Quinn's on-and-off sobs kept me awake that maybe she had never come to this college in this reality.

Determined to find her, I used all the school's resources to track down her mom.

When I saw Sasha's mom's name and address in black and white, my heart lifted.

If Sasha's mom existed, there was a good chance that Sasha did too.

That night, while everyone else in the house was asleep, I left. I needed to track down Sasha, starting with her mom.

I took a flight to the Light Realm and arrived at her mom's door ready to knock, but I paused.

In my own reality, her mom remembered me as someone that bullied Sasha and she hadn't been happy to see me. If she recognized me again, she might refuse to help.

Sighing, I knocked. I had to take the chance.

My knuckles wrapped on the wood door and echoed through the house beyond.

"Just a minute."

I heard footsteps getting closer to the door and when it opened, Sasha's mom blinked at me, her smile fading.

"You're not selling something, are you?"

I creased my brow. “Um... no....”

“Good. Because I really can’t help you if you are.”

“Actually, I’m here because I’m looking for someone and I think she used to live here.”

“Well, you look too young to be looking for me and I’ve lived here a long time. Just me and my daughter, Sasha.”

Relief swept through me, and I couldn’t stop the smile that spread across my face.

“I thought you were Sasha’s mother, but I wasn’t sure.”

She tilted her head to the side, giving me a slightly suspicious look.

“You know my daughter?”

“Yeah. It’s been a while, but I grew up nearby. We lost touch over the years, but I wanted to track her down.”

“I suppose that makes sense. Mostly, when a young man shows up at my door, it is to sell me something. Would you like to come in?”

“Sure.”

I followed Sasha’s mother to the living room. It was almost exactly as I remembered it from when Sasha and I visited her mother. The only difference was that the pictures of Sasha on the walls were different.

I went up to one of the pictures and studied it. Instead of catching butterflies, like in the real picture, she was sitting on a bike.

“What did you say your name was?”

“Lucas.” I glanced over my shoulder.

“If you’re trying to track her down, I assume that means you’re trying to find out more about the wedding.”

“The wedding!?” I gaped at her mother.

When did a wedding happen? Was Sasha getting married?

That had to stop right the f**k now....

“I can tell you where the venue is, but if you haven’t gotten an invitation, then I’m afraid you won’t be welcome.”

“If you could please give me the venue address...” I ground each word out carefully between gritted teeth.

“I have it here somewhere.”

Her mother went to a nearby desk and started sifting through papers. I wished I could enjoy how kind she was to me. Hearing that Sasha was getting married was almost enough to send me over the edge.

“Ah, here it is.” Her mother turned around and handed me the venue information.

It was a save-the-date notice. I saw Sasha’s name embossed in gold. My heart nearly stopped when I saw the name of the groom.

Donavan.

“Thank you for this. I need to get going.”

I made several excuses to leave and took off as fast as I could. There was no way I was letting Sasha marry that buffoon in this reality or any other.

According to the save-the-date invite, the wedding was going to be held in Elmorn.

I’d be there... to steal the bride.

Elmorn wasn’t a hop, skip, and a jump away.

I got a car that drove me through Midnight Sun territory. The driver insisted we stop in Crimson Village for the night. I didn’t want to, but it was late and we still had a ways to go.

Eliza Crimson was there and I decided to drop in and see her. I had a feeling she’d know more about all this alternate timeline nonsense than me, and she might be able to answer some of my questions.

“It is a little late for house calls,” she chastised when she opened the mansion door and saw me.

“My apologies, Eliza.” I bowed my head respectfully.

She smiled and shook her head. “I’m only teasing, Lucas, get in here.”

I stepped into her home. She hugged me tightly.

“If you’re looking for Jared, I’m sorry, but he’s away.”

“Oh, that’s okay, I’m just passing through. I know to send word ahead of time if I want to see my busy cousin.”

“What can I help you with? I know you’re not the type to come all the way from the capital for a social visit.”

We headed to the kitchen, where Eliza warmed up some herbal tea for us.

I sat at her kitchen island, hands cupped around the warm mug.

“I’m on my way to Elmorn to get Sasha and save her from the worst mistake of her life.”

Eliza frowned. “What mistake would that be?”

“Marrying that slimy, oaf, player of a douche, Donovan.”

Eliza chuckled and shook her head. “That’s a little over dramatic, isn’t it? Besides, Sasha is happy with Donovan.”

“But he’s not her mate, I am.” I blurted it out before I could even think. Quickly, I clamped a hand over my mouth.

Eliza studied me closely for a moment. I could see the gears turning in her head.

As far as I knew, Eliza didn’t have any major powers, other than some minor psychic abilities. But she was smart, and she knew a lot about magic and that kind of thing.

“Sasha is your mate?”

“I didn’t mean to blurt that out. But now you see, I can’t let her marry Donovan.”

“Lucas, Sasha can make her own decisions. If she’s in love with someone else, mate or not, that is her choice.”

I shook my head. “She doesn’t know what kind of guy Donovan is. He told me once that he was only interested in playing the long game with her, and once he got what he wanted, they’d be done.”

“That doesn’t sound like Donovan. Besides, the ‘long game’ could mean being together forever.”

Bowing my head, I sighed. Why did I think anyone in this reality would be helpful? They only knew the Sasha, Donovan, and Lucas from this world.

“I still don’t trust him. She deserves better than someone that will take advantage of her.”

“If you’re so sure that you’re better for her than him, why wait until they are about to get married?” Eliza arched an eyebrow at me.

“Well... that’s complicated. I’m not sure I can answer that question.”

She sighed and rolled her eyes to the ceiling. “Does this have anything to do with that orb you were worried about before?”

“The what?” I chewed the inside of my cheek and shifted my eyes back and forth. Talking about the orb wasn’t something I did regularly. How did Eliza know about it?

Had the Lucas from this world been on the same track as me?

“It was a few weeks ago. You were looking for Sasha, then, too. Though, the timeline was different, and I didn’t remember her in the strictest sense.”

“I did...”

“You don’t remember telling me about the orb and how it changes the timeline temporarily? You don’t remember us talking about the priestess?”

I shook my head in disbelief. “I had that conversation with you..?”

Eliza leaned across the island, staring deep into my eyes. She squinted slightly.

I leaned away from her, uneasy about the way she was looking at me.

“What?”

“That’s odd. It seems unlikely you’d forget. You came by the house and we had a long chat about that orb and Sasha and how it changed the timeline.”

“Eliza, I was here before with you in this reality? But that time Sasha came back and everything was normal again. What changed?”

“I couldn’t say. But, I’m still trying to determine if you’re a completely insane nut job or....”

I held my breath but she didn’t continue.

“Or... what?” I asked, still holding my breath.

“Or, if you really aren’t from this reality, again.”

My eyes bugged out of my head and I stared at Eliza. The last thing I expected to come out of her

mouth was something about alternate realities.

“It’s not just another timeline, but a different reality.”

“Lucas, if that really is the case, then don’t be an i****t trying to change things!” Eliza snapped and she stood up. “You can’t just come to this world and think you can mess things up here. Changing things here won’t change things in your own reality. It only changes them here. Your emotions, your relationships from your reality... they don’t apply here. You could end up ruining fate for this world’s Sasha and Lucas.”

“So, you’re saying I need to just live out my life as the Lucas of this reality and forget about my mate and the woman I love? I have to let her marry some loser scum bucket?”

Eliza gave me a look. “You’ve made your feelings about Donovan perfectly clear. The problem is, when you deviate from this world’s Lucas, it creates a ripple effect. It changes aspects of this world.”

“I don’t understand.”

Eliza’s understanding of realities seemed to be a lot more complex than mine.

“Of course, you don’t. You probably didn’t even realize this was an alternate reality until recently.”

“I didn’t know they existed or that I could travel to them until recently.”

“Like I thought. What do you hope to accomplish by getting to Sasha and stopping her wedding to a man she really loves in this world?”

I shrugged. “I can’t watch her marry someone else. Usually, I get shifted back to my reality in twenty- four hours. That didn’t happen this time. I think Sasha is trapped here with me. If I can get to her, we can both go home and leave your world the way it is. If I can’t... Well, I’m still not going to watch her marry that guy!”

Eliza groaned. She set her hands on her hips and glared at me. Obviously, she was losing patience. But I firmly stood my ground.

“Have you considered what is actually different in this reality than in yours?”

“What do you mean?”

“You must have noticed things are different. Your relationship with Sasha, for one. There are other differences, too.”

“Yes, I’ve noticed how disturbingly different things are here.”

I thought back to Quinn, naked in bed with me, and I shuddered.

“Then consider this. The Sasha in this world might not even be your mate. Do you really have a right to ruin her happiness?”

About Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder - Chapter 1009: Chapter 66 : What Gives You the Right

Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder is the best current series of the author Alice Knightsky. With the below content will make us lost in the world of love and hatred interchangeably, despite all the tricks to achieve the goal without any concern for the other half, and then regret. late. Please read chapter Chapter 1009: Chapter 66 : What Gives You the Right and update the next chapters of this series at novelebook.com

Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder #Chapter 1008: Chapter 65 : Another Life - Read Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1008: Chapter 65 : Another Life

Lucas

Pacing around the living room, I maniacally checked my watch every five seconds.

What was happening? This was the longest Sasha had ever been gone and the panic set in.

Everything had gone horribly wrong....

Quinn was upstairs crying because I refused to talk to her. Her presence in this alternate world was not something I was concerned about. I didn't even care about her feelings in my reality.

Of course, she'd made a big scene when I got home. It helped that I felt no emotional ties to her and could easily tell myself this wasn't my life and this wasn't real.

Unfortunately, that didn't make her balling and wailing any less irritating as it grated on my ears.

She was so obnoxious that Brady and Phoebe made some excuse to go out together at 10:00 p.m. on a weeknight.

When I realized that Sasha wasn't coming back, I reached out to a few resources that might help. It wasn't much, but if they could give me anything to help sort this out, I could stop pacing a hole in my floor.

I heard a knock and I paused, glancing at the front door. Who would come by for a visit this late at night? I went to the door and snuck a look out the window beside the door. Two women stood on my porch. One was about my age, the other older with streaks of grey in her hair.

They looked harmless enough.

I pulled the door open. "Can I help you?"

"Lucas, you need to get to Sasha," the older woman said.

I narrowed my eyes at her. "Do I know you?"

"And you claim I'm the rude one," the younger woman said, shaking her head. "My name is Jennie and this is my mother Rochel."

I brightened. Sasha had told me about these two. They were powerful witches, good witches by Sasha's account. She told me the older one, Rochel, was very perceptive and in sync with magical energies.

"Sasha told me about the two of you. Can you help me find her?"

Rochel sighed, and I noticed that she leaned against Jennie.

"Why don't the two of you come in and sit down?" I stepped aside and motioned to the living room.

"Do you have any tea?" Rochel asked as they crossed my threshold.

"Uh..."

"Mom, let it go." Jennie gave me an apologetic look as the two of them headed to the living room.

"Okay, what can you tell me about Sasha?" I sat across from the two witches and clasped my hands together.

"She's not where she's supposed to be," Rochel said.

I creased my brow. “No offense, ma’am, but what the hell does that mean?”

“We met with Sasha a while back, and my mother got a really good read on her energy. She’s able to sense things about Sasha, even when she’s far away. And from what my mother says, she’s very, very far away.”

I leaned back in my chair. “I believe it,” I grumbled.

“You need to find her, Lucas, and set this right,” Rochel insisted.

“I don’t suppose you can tell me where she is that she’s not supposed to be?”

Rochel shook her head, gray wisps of hair drifting in front of her face. “I can’t see where she is. I just know it isn’t where she’s supposed to be.”

It wasn’t the most helpful information, but at least it confirmed that Sasha existed in this other world. It was a starting point.

“I’ll find her.”

Sasha

Wedding catalogs took up nearly the entire surface area of my kitchen table. I sipped my coffee and looked through one dedicated to flower arrangements.

I was getting close to narrowing down my dress, I’d picked out the place settings. Now, I just needed to settle on flowers.

Everyone had an opinion about what I should choose. Everyone... except the groom to be. Donovan was so resistant to helping me. All he ever did was tell me that I could do whatever I wanted.

He kept telling me that it was my day and it should be perfect for me.

Sighing, I stared at the flowers on the glossy magazine page.

I didn’t want it to be perfect for me. I wanted it to be perfect for us.

“Good morning, my love.” Donovan came into the kitchen after his morning run for smoothies and grabbed a fresh scone off the plate on the counter.

“Morning.” I peeked at him over the top of the magazine.

“So, have you decided on flower arrangements?” He handed me a smoothie and sat across from me at the table.

“I kind of like these and these.” I pointed to the two pages. “They’d have to be modified to match our color scheme, but I think they are beautiful. What do you think?”

Donavan polished off his scone and licked sugar crystals off his fingers.

“I think you should pick whichever one you want. They are both nice.”

“Right.” I sighed and closed the magazine. “This would go a lot faster if you helped me plan the wedding and if you showed some interest.”

“What do you mean?” Donavan frowned.

“I want this to be ‘our’ wedding, not ‘my’ wedding. You haven’t helped at all,” I explained, sipping the smoothie.

Donovan sighed. I noticed his eyes flick to the clock on the wall.

“Oh, shoot, I’m running late. We’ll talk about flower arrangements tonight, I promise.”

He hopped up, kissed me quickly on the cheek, and was out the door before I could say anything.

That’s how all these conversations ended. Donavan would make some excuse to run off, and I was left with the planning.

Sometimes, I wondered what it was I loved about him.

I finished my coffee and washed the dishes, still thinking about flower arrangements. Since I didn’t

have to work that day, I decided to head to a nearby florist and see if I could make up my mind when looking at the flowers in person.

Donavan never came on these excursions with me. I brought Chelsea with me to the cake tasting and she was the one that helped me pick out a cake. Donavan had a scheduling conflict.

It didn't even seem like he wanted to get married half the time.

I shook my head at myself. Of course, he wanted to get married. He was the one who proposed. I hadn't been expecting it at all.

It was so romantic and surprising. There was no way I could resist that.

But since then, he seemed distant. It was like he thought now that I was "locked in," he didn't have to put in the effort anymore.

Despite how romantic and kind he'd been in the beginning, the reality was, I ate most of my dinners alone now, and I couldn't remember the last time we spent real, quality time together that wasn't late at night when we were both in bed.

Sighing, I slung my purse on my shoulder and headed down the sidewalk. The sun was out and it was a warm day. The perfect day to look at flower arrangements.

The flower shop was only a few blocks away. I walked through my neighborhood, smiling at neighbors and watching children play in their front yards.

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I sat at her kitchen island, hands cupped around the warm mug.

"I'm on my way to Elmorn to get Sasha and save her from the worst mistake of her life."

Eliza frowned. "What mistake would that be?"

“Marrying that slimy, oaf, player of a douche, Donovan.”

Eliza chuckled and shook her head. “That’s a little over dramatic, isn’t it? Besides, Sasha is happy with Donovan.”

“But he’s not her mate, I am.” I blurted it out before I could even think. Quickly, I clamped a hand over my mouth.

Eliza studied me closely for a moment. I could see the gears turning in her head.

As far as I knew, Eliza didn’t have any major powers, other than some minor psychic abilities. But she was smart, and she knew a lot about magic and that kind of thing.

“Sasha is your mate?”

“I didn’t mean to blurt that out. But now you see, I can’t let her marry Donovan.”

“Lucas, Sasha can make her own decisions. If she’s in love with someone else, mate or not, that is her choice.”

I shook my head. “She doesn’t know what kind of guy Donovan is. He told me once that he was only interested in playing the long game with her, and once he got what he wanted, they’d be done.”

“That doesn’t sound like Donovan. Besides, the ‘long game’ could mean being together forever.”

Bowing my head, I sighed. Why did I think anyone in this reality would be helpful? They only knew the Sasha, Donovan, and Lucas from this world.

“I still don’t trust him. She deserves better than someone that will take advantage of her.”

“If you’re so sure that you’re better for her than him, why wait until they are about to get married?” Eliza arched an eyebrow at me.

“Well... that’s complicated. I’m not sure I can answer that question.”

She sighed and rolled her eyes to the ceiling. “Does this have anything to do with that orb you were worried about before?”

“The what?” I chewed the inside of my cheek and shifted my eyes back and forth. Talking about the orb wasn’t something I did regularly. How did Eliza know about it?

Had the Lucas from this world been on the same track as me?

“It was a few weeks ago. You were looking for Sasha, then, too. Though, the timeline was different, and I didn’t remember her in the strictest sense.”

“I did....”

“You don’t remember telling me about the orb and how it changes the timeline temporarily? You don’t remember us talking about the priestess?”

I shook my head in disbelief. “I had that conversation with you..?”

Eliza leaned across the island, staring deep into my eyes. She squinted slightly.

I leaned away from her, uneasy about the way she was looking at me.

“What?”

“That’s odd. It seems unlikely you’d forget. You came by the house and we had a long chat about that orb and Sasha and how it changed the timeline.”

“Eliza, I was here before with you in this reality? But that time Sasha came back and everything was normal again. What changed?”

“I couldn’t say. But, I’m still trying to determine if you’re a completely insane nut job or....”

I held my breath but she didn’t continue.

“Or... what?” I asked, still holding my breath.

“Or, if you really aren’t from this reality, again.”

My eyes bugged out of my head and I stared at Eliza. The last thing I expected to come out of her

mouth was something about alternate realities.

“It’s not just another timeline, but a different reality.”

“Lucas, if that really is the case, then don’t be an i***t trying to change things!” Eliza snapped and she stood up. “You can’t just come to this world and think you can mess things up here. Changing things here won’t change things in your own reality. It only changes them here. Your emotions, your relationships from your reality... they don’t apply here. You could end up ruining fate for this world’s Sasha and Lucas.”

“So, you’re saying I need to just live out my life as the Lucas of this reality and forget about my mate and the woman I love? I have to let her marry some loser scum bucket?”

Eliza gave me a look. “You’ve made your feelings about Donovan perfectly clear. The problem is, when you deviate from this world’s Lucas, it creates a ripple effect. It changes aspects of this world.”

“I don’t understand.”

Eliza’s understanding of realities seemed to be a lot more complex than mine.

“Of course, you don’t. You probably didn’t even realize this was an alternate reality until recently.”

“I didn’t know they existed or that I could travel to them until recently.”

“Like I thought. What do you hope to accomplish by getting to Sasha and stopping her wedding to a man she really loves in this world?”

I shrugged. “I can’t watch her marry someone else. Usually, I get shifted back to my reality in twenty- four hours. That didn’t happen this time. I think Sasha is trapped here with me. If I can get to her, we can both go home and leave your world the way it is. If I can’t... Well, I’m still not going to watch her marry that guy!”

Eliza groaned. She set her hands on her hips and glared at me. Obviously, she was losing patience. But I firmly stood my ground.

“Have you considered what is actually different in this reality than in yours?”

“What do you mean?”

“You must have noticed things are different. Your relationship with Sasha, for one. There are other differences, too.”

“Yes, I’ve noticed how disturbingly different things are here.”

I thought back to Quinn, naked in bed with me, and I shuddered.

“Then consider this. The Sasha in this world might not even be your mate. Do you really have a right to ruin her happiness?”

About Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder - Chapter 1009: Chapter 66 : What Gives You the Right

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Inside Elmorn, I left the car and went on foot. The wedding was a few days off. I still had the “Save the Date” notice Sasha’s mother gave me folded neatly in my pocket. I had some time to kill and I planned to find Sasha before the wedding could happen.

Even though it was a few days away, the venue was nearby and getting set up. I figured I’d check it out and see what it looked like before tracking her down.

My plan wasn’t exactly to walk through the front door. I knew I’d have to be sneaky and creative.

“And where do you think you’re going?”

I froze as the familiar voice of the crazy priestess echoed around me.

Stiff as a board, I forced myself to turn toward the sound.

Morianne stood behind me, her priestess cloak billowing around her in the wind. She looked a little crazier than I remember her looking the last time we met. Her eyes were wilder, her hair unbrushed. When I saw her, I instantly

thought of an animal caught in a trap, the kind that gnaws its own leg off to escape.

“What do you want?”

She smirked, her dried lips cracking as they pulled apart. “I know that you’re not the Lucas Black of this reality, that you don’t belong here.”

I crossed my arms. “Yeah, I know that too.”

“Well, you should leave as soon as possible. There’s no place for you here.”

“I am trying,” I scoffed. “But I’m not leaving without my mate!”

“Your mate? You mean... the dream dancer?”

I hesitated to respond. In my reality, Morianne couldn’t be trusted. Since she knew I didn’t belong here, she was tuned into other realities and it was unlikely that I could trust her here as well, despite Eliza’s previous comment about not burning bridges with her yet.

I didn’t have to rush in headlong to destroy this relationship, though. If she didn’t know about what happened in my reality, she might be helpful in this one.

“Yes, Sasha is my mate and a dream dancer.”

“She is very powerful. You should know that.”

“I already know. I’ve seen what she can do.”

Morianne scoffed and tossed a dismissive wave at me. “You only think you know.”

“Are you warning me about her powers?”

“Oh, no, on the contrary—” Morianne grinned and wagged her finger back and forth. “I’m here to tell you that you’ll need her powers.”

I creased my brow. “Need them for what?”

The priestess tossed her mangy hair over her shoulder. Even though she looked a little off-kilter, she didn't seem insane or impulsive. She was rational, logical, and composed.

It was hard for me to get a good read on her.

In the distance, I heard the chatter of workers at the wedding venue. I assumed they were still setting things up to prepare for the big day. My stomach twisted just thinking about it.

"Your little dream dancer is special. You'll need my help to face what you're going to find and if you're going to get to her in time."

"Umm... could you be a little more cryptic?"

"All in good time, Lucas. Just know that Sasha is the key and that her power is the answer."

"That's... about as helpful as your last statement." I shook my head. Why did everything we came across have to be riddles and mystery? "You seem awfully interested in Sasha and her future."

"Well, of course I am." Morianne laughed and tossed her head back.

Her laugh was light and playful, not what I was expecting from a dark witch or dark priestess, whatever she was.

"Sasha is linked to an ancient power, and I've always been a servant of the Dark Lord, Lycaon."

A shiver ran down my spine and I shuddered. I felt like my blood turned to ice.

Since her mother and the immortal shifter warned us about her dark powers, Sasha had been confused. I kept telling her she could use her powers for good.

Was that still true if the Dark Lord was involved in all of this?

I wanted to keep Sasha safe, but what was I even protecting her from?

Carefully, I studied Morianne. She wasn't acting evil and malicious. If anything, she seemed like she wanted me to stay with Sasha and help her

discover her powers or something. But did she want what was best for Sasha or was she only interested in the darkness within her power?

I assumed that she must know about the darkness we were warned about.

“So, you want to help me crash the wedding and save Sasha?”

Morianne shrugged casually. “You’d be incredibly naive to think someone in this reality isn’t expecting you to crash the wedding.”

“How do I know I can trust you?” I narrowed my eyes at her.

“Trust me, don’t trust me, that’s your choice. I’m only offering my help.”

But at what price, I wondered to myself. I doubted Morianne was the type to drop by and offer her assistance without expecting something in return.

She could demand that Sasha use her powers for her or even take Sasha as some kind of twisted payment. That was a bit extreme, but I had to consider the worst-case scenarios before throwing in my lot with Morianne.

“Look, I appreciate the offer, but so far, I’ve managed on my own.”

“Are you turning me down?!” Morianne’s eyes flared suddenly.

I took a half step back, glancing around and locating the nearest pathway. It led straight into the wedding venue.

When I looked back, Morianne smiled sweetly, showing me her old, yellowing teeth. It was like I had imagined her outburst.

“As I said, I appreciate the offer. I’d like to find Sasha on my own. She’s been through a lot, and I think the fewer people involved, the less confused she will be.”

Before she could get mad again, I turned to the path.

“Wait, Lucas. You shouldn’t do this alone.”

Long nailed fingers curled around my arm with surprising strength.

Growling, I let my wolf enter my eyes and I pulled my lips back over my teeth.

Morianne immediately let go and I hurried to the path without looking back. I didn't have time to play

games with her. I wanted to get Sasha and get the hell out of here. I was done being stuck in this alternate reality.

I raced up the path, if only to get away from Morianne faster. I doubted she'd try anything in a crowded place. Around a stone wall, I found the wedding venue. Workers were setting up chairs for the guests.

It looked like there were going to be a lot of guests, maybe as many as three hundred. I didn't think Sasha knew that many people in our reality.

I took a quick look around and shook my head. There was a place set up for live music. They'd probably have a string quartet playing on the special day. Gaudy bouquets of brightly colored flowers were being arranged and sprayed with something, probably to help them stay fresh until the wedding.

The aisle was a sparkling white rug that looked like it was supposed to mimic freshly fallen snow. The whole thing was so... anti-Sasha.

Wrinkling my nose, I lifted one of the satin, oversized bows that hung on the back of one of the chairs. There was tacky, and then there was this.

I had to find her and save her from this horrendous setup....

Before leaving the venue, I asked around a bit and I heard that there was a bachelorette party in town at a local bar. It was definitely Sasha's party. How many weddings could there be in Elmorn?

I headed to the bar where the party was happening. Sasha and the others hadn't arrived yet. I got myself a beer and sat at the bar, waiting for Sasha and her party to arrive.

The bar started to fill up. There were a lot of young women that seemed to be getting drunk very fast. It was a weekend, after all. I casually looked around, hoping to see someone I recognized who might be part of Sasha's wedding party.

"Oh, my Goddess, oh my Goddess!!" a familiar voice shouted from a corner.

I gulped down the rest of my beer and left the bar, heading toward the group of girls. Sasha was standing in the middle of the group.

All her bridesmaids were circled around her, gushing about the upcoming wedding.

Yeah, right, like I was going to let the wedding happen. There was no way.

Sasha had a bright smile on her face. My heart swelled when I saw her, seeing that she really did exist. She was part of this reality.

I could tell that she was happy to be with her friends. Did that mean she was happy to be getting married? I couldn't imagine anyone being happy to marry Donovan, least of all my Sasha. Not to mention, Morianne had warned me that something was waiting for me, something that would stop me from getting her.

Honestly, I didn't care. I was just happy to see her alive and well.

I headed toward her and as if she sensed me, her eyes snapped to mine. Immediately, her brow creased and she bit her lower lip. It was obvious that she didn't recognize me. Frowning slightly, Sasha looked around and then looked back at me.

She seemed confused, maybe a little disoriented. I hoped my presence was helping her memories come back.

"Come dance with us, Sasha," one of her bridesmaids begged, grabbing her hand.

Sasha cleared her throat. "I'll be right there. Go on without me."

The girls moaned a little but they grabbed their margaritas and headed onto the crowded dance floor. Sasha looked at me again, her eyes wide and full of questions. I could practically see the gears turning in her mind as she thought deeply.

Maybe she did recognize me in some way.

Slowly, I took a step toward her. She tensed but she didn't back away. She really had no idea who I was. My heart ached with that knowledge, but I

wasn't going to give up on her. She was my mate, and that meant I'd always stand up for her and always help her, even if she didn't know why.

Sasha's eyes shifted back and forth. She took a half-step back and something on her neck glinted. My eyes narrowed in on the little gem around her neck.

It was an emerald. I recognized the pendant instantly. It was an emerald that I'd given her. Absently, Sasha touched the pendant as she brought her eyes to mine again. I smiled and held a hand out to her.

"Sasha."

Update of Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder by Alice Knightsky

With the author's famous Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder series authorName that makes readers fall in love with every word, go to chapter Chapter 1010: Chapter 67 : Stealing the Bride readers Immerse yourself in love anecdotes, mixed with plot demons. Will the next chapters of the Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder series are available today. Key: Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Chapter 1010: Chapter 67 : Stealing the Bride

[SOLD AS THE ALPHA KING'S BREEDER](#)

Chapter 1009: Chapter 66 : What Gives You the Right



Lucas

It was a relief to know that Sasha existed somewhere in this new reality, I had to find her. Maybe I could snap us out of it if we could reconnect. As far as I knew, she was looking for me too.

At first, I thought she just didn't exist, and that was why my life was so different. It occurred to me in the middle of the night while Quinn's on-and-off sobs kept me awake that maybe she had never come to this college in this reality.

Determined to find her, I used all the school's resources to track down her mom.

When I saw Sasha's mom's name and address in black and white, my heart lifted.

If Sasha's mom existed, there was a good chance that Sasha did too.

That night, while everyone else in the house was asleep, I left. I needed to track down Sasha, starting with her mom.

I took a flight to the Light Realm and arrived at her mom's door ready to knock, but I paused.

In my own reality, her mom remembered me as someone that bullied Sasha and she hadn't been happy to see me. If she recognized me again, she might refuse to help.

Sighing, I knocked. I had to take the chance.

My knuckles wrapped on the wood door and echoed through the house beyond.

"Just a minute."

I heard footsteps getting closer to the door and when it opened, Sasha's mom blinked at me, her smile fading.

"You're not selling something, are you?"

I creased my brow. "Um... no...."

"Good. Because I really can't help you if you are."

"Actually, I'm here because I'm looking for someone and I think she used to live here."

“Well, you look too young to be looking for me and I’ve lived here a long time. Just me and my daughter, Sasha.”

Relief swept through me, and I couldn’t stop the smile that spread across my face.

“I thought you were Sasha’s mother, but I wasn’t sure.”

She tilted her head to the side, giving me a slightly suspicious look.

“You know my daughter?”

“Yeah. It’s been a while, but I grew up nearby. We lost touch over the years, but I wanted to track her down.”

“I suppose that makes sense. Mostly, when a young man shows up at my door, it is to sell me something. Would you like to come in?”

“Sure.”

I followed Sasha’s mother to the living room. It was almost exactly as I remembered it from when Sasha and I visited her mother. The only difference was that the pictures of Sasha on the walls were different.

I went up to one of the pictures and studied it. Instead of catching butterflies, like in the real picture, she was sitting on a bike.

“What did you say your name was?”

“Lucas.” I glanced over my shoulder.

“If you’re trying to track her down, I assume that means you’re trying to find out more about the wedding.”

“The wedding!?” I gaped at her mother.

When did a wedding happen? Was Sasha getting married?

That had to stop right the f**k now....

“I can tell you where the venue is, but if you haven’t gotten an invitation, then I’m afraid you won’t be welcome.”

“If you could please give me the venue address....” I ground each word out carefully between gritted teeth.

“I have it here somewhere.”

Her mother went to a nearby desk and started sifting through papers. I wished I could enjoy how kind she was to me. Hearing that Sasha was getting married was almost enough to send me over the edge.

“Ah, here it is.” Her mother turned around and handed me the venue information.

It was a save-the-date notice. I saw Sasha’s name embossed in gold. My heart nearly stopped when I saw the name of the groom.

Donavan.

“Thank you for this. I need to get going.”

I made several excuses to leave and took off as fast as I could. There was no way I was letting Sasha marry that buffoon in this reality or any other.

According to the save-the-date invite, the wedding was going to be held in Elmorn.

I’d be there... to steal the bride.

Elmorn wasn’t a hop, skip, and a jump away.

I got a car that drove me through Midnight Sun territory. The driver insisted we stop in Crimson Village for the night. I didn’t want to, but it was late and we still had a ways to go.

Eliza Crimson was there and I decided to drop in and see her. I had a feeling she'd know more about all this alternate timeline nonsense than me, and she might be able to answer some of my questions.

"It is a little late for house calls," she chastised when she opened the mansion door and saw me.

"My apologies, Eliza." I bowed my head respectfully.

She smiled and shook her head. "I'm only teasing, Lucas, get in here."

I stepped into her home. She hugged me tightly.

"If you're looking for Jared, I'm sorry, but he's away."

"Oh, that's okay, I'm just passing through. I know to send word ahead of time if I want to see my busy cousin."

"What can I help you with? I know you're not the type to come all the way from the capital for a social visit."

We headed to the kitchen, where Eliza warmed up some herbal tea for us.

I sat at her kitchen island, hands cupped around the warm mug.

"I'm on my way to Elmorn to get Sasha and save her from the worst mistake of her life."

Eliza frowned. "What mistake would that be?"

"Marrying that slimy, oaf, player of a douche, Donovan."

Eliza chuckled and shook her head. "That's a little over dramatic, isn't it? Besides, Sasha is happy with Donovan."

"But he's not her mate, I am." I blurted it out before I could even think. Quickly, I clamped a hand over my mouth.

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"I didn't mean to blurt that out. But now you see, I can't let her marry Donovan."

"Lucas, Sasha can make her own decisions. If she's in love with someone else, mate or not, that is her choice."

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"I still don't trust him. She deserves better than someone that will take advantage of her."

"If you're so sure that you're better for her than him, why wait until they are about to get married?" Eliza arched an eyebrow at me.

"Well... that's complicated. I'm not sure I can answer that question."

She sighed and rolled her eyes to the ceiling. "Does this have anything to do with that orb you were worried about before?"

“The what?” I chewed the inside of my cheek and shifted my eyes back and forth. Talking about the orb wasn’t something I did regularly. How did Eliza know about it?

Had the Lucas from this world been on the same track as me?

“It was a few weeks ago. You were looking for Sasha, then, too. Though, the timeline was different, and I didn’t remember her in the strictest sense.”

“I did....”

“You don’t remember telling me about the orb and how it changes the timeline temporarily? You don’t remember us talking about the priestess?”

I shook my head in disbelief. “I had that conversation with you..?”

Eliza leaned across the island, staring deep into my eyes. She squinted slightly.

I leaned away from her, uneasy about the way she was looking at me.

“What?”

“That’s odd. It seems unlikely you’d forget. You came by the house and we had a long chat about that orb and Sasha and how it changed the timeline.”

“Eliza, I was here before with you in this reality? But that time Sasha came back and everything was normal again. What changed?”

“I couldn’t say. But, I’m still trying to determine if you’re a completely insane nut job or....”

I held my breath but she didn’t continue.

“Or... what?” I asked, still holding my breath.

“Or, if you really aren’t from this reality, again.”

My eyes bugged out of my head and I stared at Eliza. The last thing I expected to come out of her

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“Lucas, if that really is the case, then don’t be an i***t trying to change things!” Eliza snapped and she stood up. “You can’t just come to this world and think you can mess things up here. Changing things here won’t change things in your own reality. It only changes them here. Your emotions, your relationships from your reality... they don’t apply here. You could end up ruining fate for this world’s Sasha and Lucas.”

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"What do you mean?"

"You must have noticed things are different. Your relationship with Sasha, for one. There are other differences, too."

"Yes, I've noticed how disturbingly different things are here."

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"Then consider this. The Sasha in this world might not even be your mate. Do you really have a right to ruin her happiness?"

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I crossed my arms. “Yeah, I know that too.”

“Well, you should leave as soon as possible. There’s no place for you here.”

“I am trying,” I scoffed. “But I’m not leaving without my mate!”

“Your mate? You mean... the dream dancer?”

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Was that still true if the Dark Lord was involved in all of this?

I wanted to keep Sasha safe, but what was I even protecting her from?

Carefully, I studied Morianne. She wasn’t acting evil and malicious. If anything, she seemed like she wanted me to stay with Sasha and help her discover her powers or something. But did she want what was best for Sasha or was she only interested in the darkness within her power?

I assumed that she must know about the darkness we were warned about.

“So, you want to help me crash the wedding and save Sasha?”

Morianne shrugged casually. “You’d be incredibly naive to think someone in this reality isn’t expecting you to crash the wedding.”

“How do I know I can trust you?” I narrowed my eyes at her.

“Trust me, don’t trust me, that’s your choice. I’m only offering my help.”

But at what price, I wondered to myself. I doubted Morianne was the type to drop by and offer her assistance without expecting something in return.

She could demand that Sasha use her powers for her or even take Sasha as some kind of twisted payment. That was a bit extreme, but I had to consider the worst-case scenarios before throwing in my lot with Morianne.

“Look, I appreciate the offer, but so far, I’ve managed on my own.”

“Are you turning me down?!” Morianne’s eyes flared suddenly.

I took a half step back, glancing around and locating the nearest pathway. It led straight into the wedding venue.

When I looked back, Morianne smiled sweetly, showing me her old, yellowing teeth. It was like I had imagined her outburst.

“As I said, I appreciate the offer. I’d like to find Sasha on my own. She’s been through a lot, and I think the fewer people involved, the less confused she will be.”

Before she could get mad again, I turned to the path.

“Wait, Lucas. You shouldn’t do this alone.”

Long nailed fingers curled around my arm with surprising strength.

Growling, I let my wolf enter my eyes and I pulled my lips back over my teeth.

Morianne immediately let go and I hurried to the path without looking back. I didn’t have time to play

games with her. I wanted to get Sasha and get the hell out of here. I was done being stuck in this alternate reality.

I raced up the path, if only to get away from Morianne faster. I doubted she'd try anything in a crowded place. Around a stone wall, I found the wedding venue. Workers were setting up chairs for the guests.

It looked like there were going to be a lot of guests, maybe as many as three hundred. I didn't think Sasha knew that many people in our reality.

I took a quick look around and shook my head. There was a place set up for live music. They'd probably have a string quartet playing on the special day. Gaudy bouquets of brightly colored flowers were being arranged and sprayed with something, probably to help them stay fresh until the wedding.

The aisle was a sparkling white rug that looked like it was supposed to mimic freshly fallen snow. The whole thing was so... anti-Sasha.

Wrinkling my nose, I lifted one of the satin, oversized bows that hung on the back of one of the chairs. There was tacky, and then there was this.

I had to find her and save her from this horrendous setup....

Before leaving the venue, I asked around a bit and I heard that there was a bachelorette party in town at a local bar. It was definitely Sasha's party. How many weddings could there be in Elmorn?

I headed to the bar where the party was happening. Sasha and the others hadn't arrived yet. I got myself a beer and sat at the bar, waiting for Sasha and her party to arrive.

The bar started to fill up. There were a lot of young women that seemed to be getting drunk very fast. It was a weekend, after all. I casually looked around, hoping to see someone I recognized who might be part of Sasha's wedding party.

"Oh, my Goddess, oh my Goddess!!" a familiar voice shouted from a corner.

I gulped down the rest of my beer and left the bar, heading toward the group of girls. Sasha was standing in the middle of the group.

All her bridesmaids were circled around her, gushing about the upcoming wedding.

Yeah, right, like I was going to let the wedding happen. There was no way.

Sasha had a bright smile on her face. My heart swelled when I saw her, seeing that she really did exist. She was part of this reality.

I could tell that she was happy to be with her friends. Did that mean she was happy to be getting married? I couldn't imagine anyone being happy to marry Donovan, least of all my Sasha. Not to mention, Morianne had warned me that something was waiting for me, something that would stop me from getting her.

Honestly, I didn't care. I was just happy to see her alive and well.

I headed toward her and as if she sensed me, her eyes snapped to mine. Immediately, her brow creased and she bit her lower lip. It was obvious that she didn't recognize me. Frowning slightly, Sasha looked around and then looked back at me.

She seemed confused, maybe a little disoriented. I hoped my presence was helping her memories come back.

"Come dance with us, Sasha," one of her bridesmaids begged, grabbing her hand.

Sasha cleared her throat. "I'll be right there. Go on without me."

The girls moaned a little but they grabbed their margaritas and headed onto the crowded dance floor. Sasha looked at me again, her eyes wide and full of questions. I could practically see the gears turning in her mind as she thought deeply.

Maybe she did recognize me in some way.

Slowly, I took a step toward her. She tensed but she didn't back away. She really had no idea who I was. My heart ached with that knowledge, but I wasn't going to give up on her. She was my mate, and that meant I'd always stand up for her and always help her, even if she didn't know why.

Sasha's eyes shifted back and forth. She took a half-step back and something on her neck glinted. My eyes narrowed in on the little gem around her neck.

It was an emerald. I recognized the pendant instantly. It was an emerald that I'd given her. Absently, Sasha touched the pendant as she brought her eyes to mine again. I smiled and held a hand out to her.

"Sasha."

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