

Sold as the Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 11

Talon's POV After the conversation I had with Ethan, I went to see Estrella the next day. She had made sure to put Rosalie on a strict diet and rest order to ensure she gained her strength back. A couple weeks had passed, and Rosalie had been improving steadily, both physically and mentally. Estrella convinced me that Rosalie needed to get out of the house. That way, she wouldn't feel like she was a prisoner within our walls – of course, she would always need to be accompanied. Usually, I watched Rosalie from a distance. My sister Vicky had taken over being Rosalie's caretaker when it came to venturing outside of the main house. The two of them got along quite well. I knew that Vicky's heart would break, though, when Ethan had Rosalie killed. Rosalie was a kind spirit that you couldn't hate even if you tried. She did no wrong, and I didn't understand how her family treated her the way they did. "Talon!"

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Vicky's voice filtered through the air, and I turned in the hallway to see her running towards me.

case.

wrong?" I frowned. She seemed frantic, and I didn't like seeing my sister

did

every day. I was always watching her to make sure she was safe, anyway. "Only this once." I tried to put on a stern face, but I knew it held no deterrent for her. "Great! Thank you so much!" she squealed with

excitement. She wrapped me in a hug before turning and scampering off. "The höll just happened..." I chuckled to myself as I made my way towards Rosalie's room. I knocked on the door and waited for her to open it. I

didn't want to intrude on anything she might be doing. Regardless of her status within our pack, she was still a lady, and should be treated as such. When the door opened, I came face to face with

her mesmerizing blue eyes. "Talon?" She said softly. I couldn't help but put on my polite smile. "Vicky had to go

a gift for doing my job – a job that would lead to her death. "No – please don't be embarrassed. I just wasn't sure why you would want to give me something. Here ... give it to me." I quickly took it

from her open hand and placed it around my neck. It definitely wasn't something I would ever personally choose to wear, but she had made it for me and given it to me as a gift.

So I wasn't going to be disrespectful. I had seen how quickly her mood changed when I questioned her. It was a shame she always seemed to

the warriors approached me. He was in charge

a few packs on the

few casualties, but there weren't too many involved in

Ethan and I knew that this day was coming.

This was why Ethan was so adamant about always preparing – about having an heir, eco

“Any ideas who was behind the attacks?” I

asked, trying to piece together more information to share with

Ethan. “We have some guesses, but no proof,” he replied. “Get me the list of the packs that were attacked and the details of the casualties. I'll need

it in thirty minutes.” “Yes, sir.” He disappeared in

a blink of an eye, just as he had arrived, but I did notice that his eyes settled on my scarf for a couple seconds. Good thing that he decided not to make any comment on it. In

the past few years, the packs along the edges of the country

had been bothered by rogue attacks here or there, usually every two or three years. Normally, it wasn't a huge problem, but it was starting to happen more often. This was the fifth

attack in the past three months. Something wasn't right. As soon as the warrior left, I saw Rosalie walking

towards me with flowers in her hand and a mysterious glint in her eyes. “Talon... Do you have a piano here?” she asked

out of the blue. I found myself a little taken back by her question. She read my face and

quickly added, “But don't worry about it if it's too much trouble. I was just curious.” I was about to tell

her no so that we could return to the pack house. I needed time to sort out the information and report to Ethan. But then I saw the scarf in the corner of my eye. All of

sudden, I felt bad lying to her. She rarely asked questions, let alone making any requests. It made it really hard to turn her down when she did. Especially since, after she gave birth, she would be .. terminated. The thought intensified my guilt. I understood sacrifice was necessary, but why did it have to be a girl like her? Before I could come up with any excuses, I found myself saying, “You know... I think we may.” Seeing her eyes light up, I could

not bring myself to disappoint her. “Would you like me to take you to the music room?” I asked. Rosalie's eyes lit up at the fact that we had such

a facility. “This way, please.” I gestured to her to follow along. She quickly caught up and walked side by

side with me. “I haven't played the piano since the day my mother died. Even when I could have, I'd feel alone most of the time, because she couldn't play with me.” “Why do you want to play now?” I asked, trying to converse politely, “Music brings me joy, Estrella said a good mood would help speed up my recovery.” Recovery, so that she could breed. She understood what was expected of her. You could tell there

was pain behind her eyes, but

Rosalie was doing everything she could to fulfill her role. She was brave. I sighed as we made a turn and arrived at the music room.

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