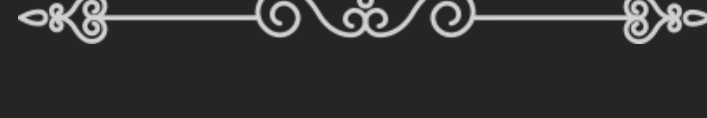


Sold as the Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 204



Chapter 204 Tell Me the Truth, Ethan

He stood with his arms folded across his chest.

For no reason, I felt like I had done something really wrong, like I had cheated on him, even though I didn't have even a tiny little bit of romantic feelings toward Alex, nor would I ever treat him as more than a friend.

Before I could answer Ethan, Alex came back with a plate of food. A small portion of juicy turkey was presented in the center, with a hot sweet potato next to it and some fresh raspberries circling the protein and the starch.

It indeed was irresistible. I hadn't gotten the chance to eat since I had gotten up that morning. The delicious smell of food made my stomach rumble, and I flushed.

"My queen, please take a break and eat something. Your health is of utmost importance to your people, for you bear the burden of our freedom." Alex set the plate down to the table, and urged me to eat.

Ethan's brow knitted even tighter and he narrowed his eyes. I watched the two of them facing each other, feeling quite awkward. All I wanted was for both of them to leave so that I could enjoy my meal, yet with the two of them both staring at each other, I felt I probably should say something so that they didn't end up fighting each other.

Finally, Ethan looked at me and nodded. "Rosalie, you should eat."

Alex immediately followed. "Indeed, Your Majesty! Please enjoy your meal."

I pressed my temples, really hoping that they could sort out their problems outside of my tent.

Then Alex bowed his head and offered Ethan his hand. "It is a pleasure to meet the former Rogue King, Alpha Ethan," he said with a very polite tone.

Ethan didn't shake his hand, so Alex withdrew it.

"Who are you?" Ethan asked.

"I am the son of Alpha Dallas," he explained, and I am the most devoted follower of Queen Rosalie, the White Queen. I shall do anything for my Queen."

Ethan raised an eyebrow at me, but all I could do was shrug. In the few days since Ethan had been gone, I'd grown accustomed to having Alex around. He was a great conversationalist. He would tell stories to keep me entertained, especially when tending to wounded soldiers, and it made it easier to lift their spirits.

It was a totally different experience from working with Ethan, who was always quiet and withdrawn and kept to himself.

Also, Rowan really liked Alex. My new friend always knew how to make my baby laugh. It was great to see Rowan sitting on Alex's lap, laughing and clapping his little hands.

Ethan's face fell even more, and I could almost see veins popping out of his forehead a bit.

If I hadn't known better, I would have said that Ethan was jealous, but in reality, he might have just found it annoying to have to deal with Alex's chattiness.

Finally, I couldn't handle those two anymore, so I asked them, "Hey Alex, do you mind helping me with some supplies? And Ethan, Landon said he wanted to catch you up on something when you are back. Do you mind going to see him?"

"Of course, Your Majesty," Alex responded cheerfully.

"I'll be right back." Ethan also turned around.

Thank the Moon Goddess, I could finally eat!

For the next couple of days, Ethan basically ignored Alex, letting him follow me around and even attend the meetings we needed to have in order to talk about strategy.

Alex normally just sat quietly and listened, though from time to time, he'd give us his opinion. Ethan usually just pretended like Alex hadn't spoken, but I would sometimes incorporate Alex's good ideas into our plan.

Really, the only time that Alex wasn't with me was while I was feeding Rowan. I didn't need an audience for that.

On the fourth day since Ethan returned from leading his war effort, I was in my tent feeding Rowan when I heard a heated conversation outside.

"I love Miss Rosalie, and I will marry her and claim her for my own," Alex was saying, his voice getting a bit louder with every word.

"Yeah, I really don't think you will," Ethan said. "Rosalie doesn't like you that way."

"Given time, I will bring Miss Rosalie's heart around to find mine," Alex said. "You're jealous, Alpha Ethan, because you don't know how to show her love and consideration the way I do."

"That's bullshit," Ethan declared. "You don't know what the hell you're talking about, boy."

"I know that my love for Rosalie is undying, and I shall prove to her that I am the better man when it comes to giving her the love and attention that she deserves." Alex was getting so loud now that I thought he had to be drawing a crowd.

"What's going on?" That was Georgia.

"Nothing," Ethan said. "Alex here is delusional."

"Why do you say that?" Ethan's sister wanted to know.

"Because he thinks he has a chance with Rosalie," Ethan replied.

"You are jealous and recognize that I am now your competition!" Alex declared.

"Okay, Alex, why don't you go see if you can find something for Rosalie to eat?" Georgia suggested. I heard Alex leave, and then she said to Ethan, "You know, it's about time you let Rosalie know how you feel, brother."

It was really embarrassing listening to their discussion about me, but Rowan was still eating, so I couldn't get up to go make them stop talking. However, Georgia's words drew my attention.

"It's about time you learned to keep your nose out of my business," he said snidely.

She laughed. "This is my business. I'm just trying to help."

Stay out of it, Georgia," he said, and then he walked away, too, and I couldn't help but wonder how did Ethan really feel about me?

We'd been talking to one another. Although most of our conversations were focused on either war or Rowan and nothing romantic, I enjoyed Ethan's company regardless.

However, in the back of my mind, I always heard his words about never loving me.

But... maybe Georgia had a point. Maybe he could have feelings for me.

Georgia came into my tent. "Sorry to interrupt," she said.

"It's okay," Rowan finished nursing, and I moved him to my shoulder, covering up. "What's up?" I decided to pretend like I hadn't overheard.

Georgia sat down on the end of my cot. "I think my brother needs a kick in the pants."

I tried not to laugh. "You always have an interesting way of starting a conversation. What do you mean?"

"Rosalie, it's obvious to everyone else that he has feelings for you. He's just too afraid of what might happen if he admits it."

I froze, and whispered, "I don't know about that..."

"Well, I do," she said. "And I know him pretty f*cking well. Seriously, the two of you need to stop skirting around this and just talk about it already."

I gave her a small smile. "Thanks, Georgia," I said. I appreciated her trying to help. "I just don't know. I'm afraid he'll tell me he doesn't love me."

"If he does tell you that he's a liar," she concluded before getting up and walking outside.

For the rest of the day, I considered her words. I observed Ethan closely, trying to figure out if there was a chance she was right.

Later that evening, Ethan and I were to meet to discuss strategies in his tent. Alex followed me over, and as I walked in, Ethan stepped in front of him.

"Why are you here?" Ethan asked him. "We don't need you to discuss strategy. You can go."

"I must stay," Alex declared. "For it is my duty to stand and protect Queen Rosalie—to death!"

Ethan chuckled under his breath. "Protect her from what? Me? She's fine."

"No, I shall not let you run me off!" Alex said with a flourish of his hand.

I could tell Ethan was reaching his tolerance limit, but I didn't stop them this time because I found it kind of funny.

Perhaps Georgia was right.

"Fine," Ethan said, "but here's the deal. The attack Rosalie and I will discuss right now is to m going to assume that it happened because our information was leaked. And since you will be the only other person in the tent— if the battle doesn't go exactly as planned, I will have to have you killed."

Ethan spoke as if it would pain him greatly to have to order Alex's death.

Alex looked at me. I felt it would be better if I cooperated with Ethan, so I nodded.

His eyes were wide with consternation. "I would never put Her Majesty in harm's way," he reminded Ethan.

"Then, it's probably best for you to leave," Ethan recommended.

"Is

is he bluffing?" Alex asked me.

"I don't know," I said. "He's been known to kill people for lesser transgressions." I knew, of course, that Ethan was not serious. He just wanted Alex to go away. I kind of wanted Alex to go away for a bit, too.

Alex looked from Ethan to me and back again before he finally said, "Fine. I shall wait out here."

"Good—"

Ethan was cut off as Alex said, "But Your Majesty, should you need anything at all, please call my name, and I shall be by your side posthaste!"

"Thank you," I said, giving him a wave.

Ethan closed the tent door and turned to face me, wide-eyed. "Do you want him in here?"

All I could do was giggle. "Not particularly. He's harmless, though."

Ethan shook his head, and we set about talking over the strategy. I had hoped the fact that we were alone would make him open up to me a bit, but if anything, he was colder and more distant than usual.

I wanted to believe what Georgia had told me, but I was still so scared of being rejected.

The problem was, I was getting to a point where I could hardly stand not being with Ethan. I longed to touch him, to kiss him, to love him, as we had in the past.

After we were done talking about work, I noticed Ethan was quieter than usual. In the glow of the lantern light, he looked so sexy. I was having trouble peeling my eyes off him.

We were all alone, and though Alex was outside somewhere, I felt like we were the only people in the world.

Ethan was sitting in a chair behind a makeshift table, a map spread out in front of him. We'd already hashed out our next move, and he was just making sure it was the best decision.

Georgia's words came back to me, and with all of the longing that I felt for him, I could no longer hold myself back.

Moving around the table, I scooted it out of the way as he looked up at me. "Rosalie? What are you doing?" His voice was husky, and I felt like perhaps he wouldn't mind me being a little proactive?

I bit down my lips. It was now or never.

I gathered all of my courage and sat down on his lap. His eyes widened as he dropped the report he was holding on the ground.

"I think it's time we stopped all of this nonsense, Ethan," I told him.

"What nonsense?" he whispered, his hot breath fanning my face.

"This dance we keep doing with one another," I explained. "It's getting tiresome. I'm ready to be done with all of it and just be honest with one another." I dragged my hand along his cheek.

"Honest about what?" he asked me, but I could tell by the way he wrapped his arms around me, the way he was looking at me, that he knew exactly what I meant.

I leaned in, pressing my lips to his, and waited for him to respond. He parted his lips, and I slid my tongue inside, moving my hand up to the back of his head to hold him close to me as I explored his mouth with mine.

Pulling away, I left him holding his breath. "Tell me the truth, Ethan," I begged him. "Tell me... do you love me?"

His answer this time was exactly the opposite of what he'd told me before—and exactly what I wanted to hear him say. "Yes." Bright light lit in his eyes, and I heard the most beautiful music in the world. With all my heart."