

Sold as the Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 205



Chapter 205 I Need Him. Now.

Ethan leaned over and found my lips, and I thought this must be what a person who's been wandering in the desert for years feels like the moment the first drops of water quench their thirst.

It had been too long since he kissed me, not the Rogue King, but the real Ethan-my Ethan.

His hands began to explore my body as I felt him stiffen beneath me. I ran my hand up the side of his cheek, his five o'clock shadow stinging my palm as I tangled my fingers in his hair.

He whispered as he released my lips. "This's one last chance you have to be free from me..."

I could hardly breathe as I looked into his eyes. "Ethan, do you not want me?"

He seemed to have used all of his strength to control his desire. The fire in his blue eyes was about to devour me. "Rosalie, don't do this to me unless you..."

"Unless what? That I love you?" I smiled, tears filled my eyes. Through my blurred vision, I looked him in the eye.

"Yes, I love you, Ethan Gray, ever since the first time I saw you!"

He inhaled sharply, and his entire body trembled.

I blew into his ear, "What are you waiting for, my Alpha?"

I needed him. Now.

"P*ck it! You asked for it,"

I smiled at him again and commanded, "Take me."

Without another word, he stood, and I wrapped my legs around his waist, my tongue plunging into his mouth. In two quick strides, he was across the room, and we were tumbling onto the cot.

My mind went wild as he wasted no time ripping my clothes off of me. I clawed at the waistband of his shorts, but my hands were trembling with excitement, and Ethan ended up tugging those off as well.

My eyes raked over his body as he spread my legs and positioned himself between them. My hands reached for his muscular hips so I could hold on as I was certain this was going to be earth-shattering.

We didn't need to spend any time exploring each other's bodies or working our way into it. I had been ready for him for ages, and it was clear by the way his thick cock probed against my entrance that he was just as ready as I was.

Ethan dipped his head to take one of my erect nipples between his lips as he pushed inside of me. My head fell backward and a moan of pleasure filled the air. He felt so good, I thought I might cry.

It had been way too long.

He continued to caress my breasts as his thrusting established a rhythm, and I lifted my hips to meet him, our pace quickening. I did my best to keep quiet, knowing the walls of the tent were thin and people could be listening.

For a moment, Alex's face flashed before my eyes, and I found myself blushing. I was certain he hadn't gone far.

Still, when Ethan began to make a grinding motion against my most sensitive area with each thrust, I came undone. I bit down on my bottom lip as he lifted his face from my breasts to look at me.

"Cry out for me, Rosalie," he whispered.

I shook my head, and he laughed.

"Do it. Let everyone know that you want me, Rosalie."

My mouth fell open, but I still fought the urge to scream. As Ethan withdrew slightly, taking a different angle that didn't feel as good, I looked back into his face and knew he was teasing me.

"Please," I whispered.

"Please what?" he asked me.

I grunted. Was he really going to make me beg?

"Please, Ethan, please...."

"Please what, Rosalie?" he asked me, a teasing lilt to his voice.

"Please, Ethan.. give it to me, please?" My cries were so loud, I was afraid people in a nearby village might hear them.

But then, as he did as I asked and began to drive into my nub again, I shouted even louder, my ethereal moans filling the night air.

When I came, it was hard. I felt my body tighten up and go into full spasm, my muscles gripping his shaft and quivering around him. It didn't take long for him to join me, and then his warm seed filled me up, and both of us lay panting in each other's arms.

"F*ck," Ethan whispered, collapsing against my shoulder. "How I've missed you!"

I couldn't speak, but I ran a hand through his hair and moved to kiss him softly on the lips.

I nodded and managed, "Me, too."

"I love you, Rosalie. I hope you know that's the truth." He leaned up and gently stroked my cheek, massaging it with his thumb.

"I know," I whispered, still so glad to hear him say those words.

"I think it's time to let the world know that we are in love." He smiled at me, and I felt my heart near bursting at his words.

I remembered the frightened little girl I used to be, hidden in the castle, wondering if he would ever admit he had feelings for me.

Now, he was the one who wanted to tell the world.

But I didn't see the point in that. "Let's... just let them figure it out," I suggested.

His eyebrows knitted together. "You don't want to tell them?"

"It could be more fun this way. Seeing who figures it out first."

In reality, I simply didn't want to make a big deal out of it. I was afraid he might get embarrassed-of me—and try to put some distance between us again.

"Okay," he said, but I thought my request had bothered him.

"We should get some rest," I told him. "We have a capital to take back."

That made him smile. "As long as we are together, Rosalie, I think we can conquer the entire world."

I leaned over and kissed him.

He was here, so I already had my entire world.

The closer we traveled to Mirage, the more powerful of an army we had, while our enemies got weaker.

After all, James and Kal were not best friends either. As Damian continued to wreak havoc for Kal's troops, we noticed that James' men took a breather and started to run back to fight for their own king.

In short, the combined forces of James and Kal were in disarray, and we decided to take care of one problem at a time. While Damian was causing trouble for Kal, we decided to take over Mirage before King James had the opportunity to re-establish a new army of his own.

A few minor skirmishes slowed us down on our way to the capital, but there was nothing major. We didn't lose a single warrior, and within a week of our planned assault on the capital, Ethan and I found ourselves camped within view of the castle turrets on the far side of the walls.

It was eerie to be back there. So many things had happened on the other side of the castle walls. I wondered what it would be like to return to the suite Ethan and I stayed in, climbing back into the bed we had shared... It seemed like all of that had happened in another lifetime.

"Are we ready to attack?" Talon asked early in the morning of the day we'd planned our assault on the capital.

But I was having reservations. "So many innocent citizens have taken shelter here," I reminded him and Ethan. "Perhaps we should try another tactic first."

"Another tactic?" Ethan asked, folding his arms across his chest. "What do you have in mind, my Queen?"

I smiled at him. It always made me feel giddy when he called me that, as if I truly belonged to him.

"Let's see if King James and the queen would consider a peaceful discussion," I suggested. "I believe that the people here have had enough bloodshed. Many of them may be confused as to who they should be loyal to." I thought of Marcus, the spy we'd caught, and how confused he was.

"What if King James won't agree to it?"

General Vandough answered for me, "Then at least we will have tried to take the capital back peacefully. We can attack knowing any bloodshed is on their hands, not ours."

Ethan studied my face for a moment, and I didn't waiver. He nodded. "Send a messenger," he told Talon.

A few hours later, we walked out from our battlelines under a white flag of truce to speak to King James and his wife.

When the king and queen walked out, they looked tired and sickly. Based on the agreement, a private meeting would be held for only the Kings and queens and a couple of their most trusted subordinates outside of the capital in a makeshift meeting room.

Talon began, making a slight bow with his head out of respect. "Thank you for meeting with us, Your Majesty."

"You gave us little choice," James said calmly. "If we had refused, you would've attacked and killed many innocent people."

"Your Majesty," Talon kept his polite appellation towards James, but his words were blunt. "Please allow me to remind you that the innocent blood that has been spilled in this war is not on the White Queen or Alpha Ethan's hands."

King James retorted, "Ethan was the cause of it all!"

"We all know that was just an excuse." Talon's voice was strong and he said to James, "You had an opportunity to end this war when King Kal approached the capital months ago. However, instead of letting Alpha Ethan take a force out to face off against our enemy, you betrayed your cousin and banished the most powerful defending leader of the country. As a result, this war has dragged and your people have continued to suffer! And now, you've also lost your kingdom!"

King James's jaw flexed and it was clear all of the fight wasn't out of him yet. Talon got to the point. "Please peacefully hand over the throne to Queen Rosalie and Alpha Ethan, or else the consequences will be dire."

King James' nostril flared and he pushed himself up. "No! Don't even—"

Then his body collapsed, and the queen supported his falling body to make sure that he didn't hit the ground hard. It was one of the queen's confidants who knocked King James unconscious.

Everything happened so fast that Talon, Ethan and I lost speech for a moment.

"Your Majesty..." Talon said to the queen, his brow knitted.

This wasn't how we envisioned the meeting would go.

The queen gazed down on her mate, and her voice was gentle, "James did everything for me and...our child, but he can be stubborn at times. I figured it would be better for him to keep his opinions to himself during the meeting."

I took another look at James and realized that he was just unconscious. He wasn't harmed.

The queen's confidants moved James to a stretcher and made sure that he was laying in a comfortable position.

Then she looked at Talon, and held her chin high like a proud queen would. Her voice was firm and decisive, "Yes, we will hand over the throne, but I have a condition."

Ethan finally spoke up. "You're in no position to bargain."

The queen pulled up a confident smile on her face.

She didn't reply to Ethan, instead, she turned to me.

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"I have news about Soren," she said, staring at me, "and I would like to exchange that news for me and my mate's lives."

I gasped.

She tilted her head and asked, "What do you say, Queen Rosalie?"