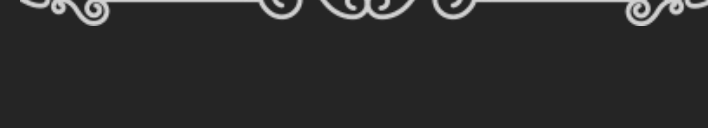


Sold as the Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 215



Chapter 215 Bonus (E&R) – Would She Say Yes? (Part 1)

**Ethan's POV

"Rogues are under control," Landon reported, "We've enhanced the watch stations and provided basic military training for the civilians that had been bothered by the rogues."

"From the islands, Damian turned in the military supplies from the islands as a token of his loyalty to Queen Rosalie," Samuel reported

"All good news. Great. That concludes today's meeting," Talon announced, "Let's regroup tomorrow."

I nodded my head, But as everyone stood to leave, I requested, "Georgia, you stay."

She exchanged a worried look with Talon. As soon as everyone exited the room, she rushed to my side, and lowered her voice, "Ethan, I can tell something is bothering you... what's going on?"

I didn't reply but sighed.

Seeing my hesitation, Georgia was nervous, "I don't like that look on your face. Is it something bad?"

"Um..." I started

"Is it James? Madalynn? or Romero?"

"No, it's Rosalie."

She grabbed my hand. "Rosalie?! What happened to her... I need to go check on her!"

"Wait!" My brows knitted together. "Not her, exactly."

"So what is it?! Just spit it out already!"

"All right... As you know, Rosalie is very important to m--"

"Yes, you love her; you are willing to die for her; she is the most important person in your life. I get it. What on earth do you want to say?! Come on, brother!"

"I want to marry her but I'm not sure what she thinks about it. What do you think?" I blurted out. Things were much easier when I was the one giving orders. The problem was, I couldn't just "order" Rosalie to marry me.

Georgia paused for a moment. Then she stared at me without saying a word, like I was some insane person.

What was Georgia's problem? What was wrong with me wanting to marry the woman that meant the whole world to me?

"What?" i frowned, quite displeased by her reaction.

She rested her hand on my shoulder, shook her head, and let out a sigh. "Brother," she said, "please allow me to explain what normal people would do in this situation."

I removed her hand from my shoulder.

"It's called-PROPOSE, you idiot!!"

"Alpha, is everything okay?" Talon rushed in, and Paul followed.

I lifted my chin slightly to gesture to them to sit down. They hesitantly took their seats, waiting for me to start.

"So, I have a... mission," I started, and although it was hard to ask for help, I knew I couldn't do it on my own, and I need... your services."

Both of them straightened their backs. I didn't want them to think I was sending them to a suicidal military task, so I went straight to the topic, "I'm going to propose to Rosalie."

Both of them froze, then were relieved, and then confused, "Okay." they said, as if they were questioning me why this had anything to do with them.

I pinched the bridge of my nose "I need to prepare for the proposal,"

They gave me an, "Ahhh, we got it," look.

"Alpha, just let us know your requirements, and we'll get it done," Paul assured me.

"Requirements

Paul replied, "Yes, requirements. Like, date and time, location, color theme, flower arrangement, music preference..."

I frowned even more.

His voice trailed off as he noticed the blank expression on my face. Talon gave him a nudge on his back, and I cleared my throat. What do you guys think?" I said,

*Alpha... " Paul's voice was almost trembling in...excitement? I lifted my gaze, looking back at him-confused. What was he so excited about?

"...Are you actually consulting us?!" Paul looked at Talon in disbelief and continued, "The Alpha King Ethan Gray is actually consulting us?!"

Talon smacked the back of Paul's head and gave him a warning look, and then he said in his usual, leveled, professional voice, "Alpha, if you do not already have something set in mind, then, like any of our past operations, I believe it would be best that we come up with an executable plan."

I nodded to him, appreciative that finally someone took this as seriously as I did.

Paul jumped in, "That's right! I recommend starting with something she likes."

Talon also agreed with Paul, so I said, "Go on."

"Okay." Paul began, "what places does she like to visit or wants to visit?"

"You don't know? That's okay, then what color does she like?"

"White?" I answered.

"Are you sure?"

"No."

"Well, let's park this. How about her favorite flower?"

"She likes them all equally."

Paul seemed a bit hesitant to ask his next question. "Her jewelry style?"

"She seems to only have one necklace." That was the one I had got her, and that was the one she had been wearing.

"..." It was Paul's turn to fall into silence this time, and I felt I almost used up all my patience.

Talon's brow knitted as Paul whispered to him, "Beta, you sure Alpha is ready to propose?"

Talon gave him a glare and cleared his throat. He took a couple seconds to make his analysis. "Based on the current situation," my Beta pulled out a pen and some paper, "Alpha, I believe we have three major tasks."

I let out a sigh of relief. I knew I could count on Talon for a reason.

Talon asked me, "First, are you able to talk to the queen and get a sense of what she likes? Take her out for a walk, have casual conversations, something like that?"

I nodded. "I can do that."

"Secondly, we'll task Vicky to figure out what type of ring she would like. We need to know the exact shape, size, and color, etc."

Chapter 215 Bonus E&R) – Would She Say Yes (Part 1)

*it sounds complicated to pick out jewelry," I commented, then I noticed that both of them were looking at me like I was crazy-ignorant.

"Very important. You can mess these things up," Paul explained, "What happens if you choose the wrong cut? If instead of a princess cut, you choose a square cut? Or if she prefers a colorless diamond, and you choose a pink one? Man.. it wouldn't turn out pretty, trust me."

My brow furrowed much more. "I'm sure Rosalie will be happy regardless of the cut," I tried to say

They both kept their silence and lowered their heads to concentrate on the plan notes. All right, I understood. Even though they didn't openly disagree with me, their actions were clear that they had different opinions than mine

"Okay, yes, let's get the jewelry right. Vicky will gather intel for that," I said.

Talon seemed to be relieved. Then he continued, "Third, as for the flowers, Georgia will take care of it as soon as you have an idea about Rosalie's favorite."

The clock in the office showed it was 7:00. I pushed myself up from the desk. "Guys, I am supposed to meet with Rosalie now. I gotta go."

Talon replied, "Great timing! Take advantage of it, Alpha. Paul and I will stay to hash out the details."

I nodded to him, grabbed my coat, and walked out the door.

I was frustrated with myself. How could I be so ignorant about Rosalie?! I claimed that I loved her, yet, looking back at the time we'd spent together, it was rare that I even considered asking her what she preferred.

I was such a jack*ss!

F*cking fool! I cursed at myself. Hopefully, it wasn't too late for me to get started.

We were supposed to meet at the garden. There was a whole pathway designed by the gardeners that wound past all of the most beautiful flowers and fruit trees. The path was designed in such a way that the walkers could lose themselves among the walkways without being disturbed in order to enjoy the scenery to the fullest because of the high walls of hedges all around.

Rosalie's eyes lit up as soon as she saw me. I wanted to believe it was a good sign and that it was still not too late for me to learn more about her.

"You look beautiful today," I gave her a kiss, noticing the smile that crept up her lips at my words.

"Thank you," she whispered.

Theld out one of the roses I had found along the way. A perfect red rose with vivid color. She took it in her hand and brought it close to her face to smell it.

Soren had told me she loved flowers, and she sure did.

We began to walk in silence. Although night had fallen, small lanterns illuminated the path. We got lost on one of the paths that descended down a hill as we slowly talked.

We often tried to take a walk together at the end of the day, but most of the time, we just enjoyed the peaceful quietness without speaking. However, today, I did have a task... I was never a small-talk person, so I didn't know... how should I bring the subject up?

"Um... Rosalie?" I broke the silence.

"Yes?" She seemed to be quite surprised that I was speaking, but I could tell, she didn't mind me talking at all.

"I played here a few times when I came to Mirage to visit when I was young." I was not a great storyteller, but I had to start somewhere. "And I caused a few disasters in these gardens. Once, playing with fireworks I had stolen from a celebration, I almost set the place on fire. It took the gardeners months to get the bushes to bloom again."

Rosalie giggled at my confession. "Poor flowers," she said, "Luckily, they all seem to have grown back."

Her gaze landed on the horizon. As if she recalled some fond memories, she smiled, "We didn't have huge gardens like this, but my mother loved flowers. She grew the most beautiful orchids,"

"That must have been nice to see," I said, making a mental note that she liked orchids, although I wasn't sure if they

were her favorite flowers.

"When I was little, my mother built a secret garden for the two of us, just me and her. It was at the end of a meadow, hidden in the copse, among the thorny bushes. She made a secret entrance to the garden. We would sneak in there to harvest all kinds of flowers and some herbs. It was beautiful."

"Did you like it there very much?"

*I loved it." Her eyes sparkled when she said it. "I used to lay in the shade of the tallest trees and read while my mother transported the flowers. She always hummed the sweetest melodies."

"That's the song you always play on the piano," I said. She nodded.

"Mother always sang it for me. It was she who taught me to play it."

"What kind of flowers did you grow in your secret garden?"

"Oh, a little bit of everything." Rosalie had a warm smile on her face. "Mom surrounded our garden with bushes of wild roses so no one would find it, Inside, there were peonies, and lilies too, and lavender..." Her voice trailed off. She was lost in her thoughts, as if she were there again.

"Which ones were your favorites?" I ask gently.

"Dandelions," she answered immediately.

"Why?" I was curious.

"Because I loved the way the seed pods rose to the sky when you blew on them. Mom never called them weeds. She would sit with me in the grass and encourage me to make wishes. When I blew on the dandelion seeds, she'd say our prayers would go up high to the clouds, and the Moon Goddess could hear them."

The longing was evident in her voice when she spoke.

"You must miss her very much." I looped my arm around her waist to pull her close to me. She nodded, and her fingers played absently with the roses as we walked by.

"After she passed away, nothing was ever the same. I hadn't gone back there, but I knew the garden would die out. Some of the flowers wouldn't survive the natural climate there without additional care."

Her tone of voice made it clear that it wasn't that she didn't want to go back there, but simply that something prevented her from doing so. "In fact, I couldn't do many of the things that used to make me happy. After her death, that part of my life was erased."

I clenched my fists. She had suffered, and I wasn't there for her. Not that I would have known her at that point, but it made me angry knowing she suffered regardless.

"I'm sorry to hear that." I stopped and pulled her head against my chest and embraced her.

"It's alright now. At that time, I dreamed a lot about meeting you."

"Me?" I raised an eyebrow, and she laughed at my expression.

"Yes, my mate. I dreamed that my mate would save me," she added with a playful smile.

"I wished I could have met you sooner. Then..."

"Then my garden might be burned by fireworks," she teased.

I let out a chuckle while she continued, "Those were not easy times, but in them, the hope of meeting my mate kept me sane. I dreamed of meeting you and that you would save me from my torment."

My lips approached her. I kissed her crown as my arms encircled her.

She stayed snuggled against my chest and breathed in slowly. I felt the rise and fall of her body as she did.

"It's alright now," I promised.

"I know," she agreed, convinced that it was.

Silently, we stayed like that for a moment. With my arms around her body, Rosalie seemed to feel safe. The past and its painful memories could not reach here. I wouldn't allow that.

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