

Chapter 29 : A Journey with Him

When Talon told me about going to the capital, I was worried.

At least within Ethan's pack I was safe, and I had gotten used to my routine schedule. I didn't have much of an idea what would happen in the capital, but I had a feeling I would need to interact with the Poldesse pack, which really made me nervous.

Sighing, I zipped up the third bag I'd been forced to pack and turned to face Vicky, who was still going through my closet.

"Is all this really necessary?" I asked her. "I mean, they aren't going to want me around. I'm no one."

I was once again being forced to do something I didn't want to do. I was a breeder... Not a tagalong s*x slave.

"Yes, Rosalie," She replied throwing more stuff into a duffle bag, "it's all necessary."

I sit on the bed, staring at the ceiling. "Maybe you can get him to change his mind. I don't want to go, Vicky. It isn't safe for me there."

"Rosalie, you were ordered to do something. I can't change his mind– and honestly, he hasn't been in the best temper lately, so I wouldn't want to upset him," Vicky mumbled.

I looked at her for a moment, and then we both let out a small laugh.

"When is he ever in a good mood?" I commented. "He has a permanent frown on his face."

"Well, when he's bedding you, I suppose." Vicky replied with a quick tongue.

I stared at her in disbelief, a blush spreading over my cheeks.

"Don't say it like that!" I suddenly laughed harder. "It sounds so bad when you say it like that."

There was a soft knock on the door, and Talon's head peeked around the corner, a smile on his face.

"Are you ready, Rosalie?" he asked.

Vicky scoffed. "Not going to ask about me?"

"Oh, I have no doubt that you are ready. You love the capital. You probably packed as soon as I told you yesterday," Talon chuckled, causing Vicky to roll her eyes.

"Yes, I think we are ready," I responded. "Although I don't know why I need so much."

Talon gestured for two warriors to enter. They grabbed the bags Vicky had been filling and carried them out of the room to go load them into the vehicles.

"Well, it's time to go. Vicky, you will ride with me– and Rosalie, the Alpha has requested that you ride with him."

This news left me slightly speechless, but then again, part of me almost expected it.

"Guess that means no conversation for the entire ride," I commented. "Better grab my book."

As I stood up, I saw Talon's shocked expression.

"Talon?" I said, confused.

"Was that sarcasm?" He laughed, still looking shocked.

"Yes, it was. She is coming out of her shell more." Vicky giggled.

Even I couldn't help but be surprised with myself. When did I start to feel so comfortable that I could make jokes with the members of the fearsome Drogomor pack?

We headed down to the main hall, where we saw Madalynn and her father's beta Damian standing at the bottom of the stairs, waiting. Her eyes darted towards me and a sneer spread across her face just as Ethan and Romero walked from Ethan's office.

"She's coming?" Madalynn quickly asked. "I had hoped to ride with you, Alpha Ethan."

Her whiney voice made me cringe, and I stopped with Vicky, turning to look at her before I let out a very subtle sigh.

Turning back toward the others, I saw Ethan's eyes upon me and his brow raised, and I knew I had been caught showcasing my irritation.

I lowered my head immediately, avoiding Ethan's gaze. Vicky struggled to hold a laugh back, quickly covering her mouth with her hand.

"If you want, Rosalie can ride with me, so you and Madalynn can get better acquainted." Romero quickly tossed out.

"I appreciate your offer, but Rosalie rides with me."

Ethan gusted for me to follow him, completely ignoring Madalynn's request. I stepped towards him, and he quickly took my hand, leading me out the front door.

He got in the car and took his seat. I was hesitant at first, but quickly followed after him into the car, sitting across from him.

As the door closed, I held my breath. His scent surrounded me, and my intoxicating desire to bare myself to him became something surreal.

I knew that wasn't going to happen, though, and I was ashamed of myself for even thinking about it.

Ethan didn't look happy about the current circumstances, and became cold and distant toward me as soon as the car started to move. He kept himself occupied, working through paperwork and going through his phone.

After one hour of trying to read in the car, I finally gave up. I just couldn't focus when he was so close.

"I've never been to the capital." I said to myself, looking out the window.

As expected, not a word came from him. He ignored me and continued what he was doing.

"Rosalie, what did you think would happen?" I chastised myself inwardly.

There was no doubt that I was helplessly attracted to him, no matter how much I tried to deny it. His every move, every word, and every look affected how I felt. But what was I to him?

Last night he was sleeping on top of me and having s*x with me, being overly passionate. And then now, today, he was as distant as usual.

I would never get what I dreamt of from him. After all, even if he was passionate and hot as fire last night– even if he acted differently when he was in bed with me– and even if I was more than a breeder to him... so what?

I was, at most, someone there to fill his physical need. When his mind was clear, he was again as cold as ice.

And honestly, the greater the contrast in his attitude, the more my heart ached.

"Alpha, the concierge at the capital called ahead to schedule a tour for your entourage," the driver said with a flat tone, no trace of happiness in his voice.

A sigh left Ethan's lips, and I looked up to see him pinch his brow. "No. This isn't a leisure trip."

"Yes, Alpha," the driver replied, not hesitating to follow his order.

Of course not, I thought to myself.

I sighed, not taking into consideration that Ethan could hear me.

A sudden groan drew my attention back to the irritable man across from me. Looking up, I met his cold gaze.

"Is there a problem?" he quickly asked.

I raised a brow and shook my head "no" without speaking a word.

"Good, because I have business, and the only reason I brought you with me was to make sure you didn't try to pull a fast one. I don't have time to entertain you."

His words cut me deep, and as quickly as he spoke, he went back to what he was doing.

Slowly picking up my book, I curled up in the soft confines of the leather, seat trying to hold back the tears and emotions I wanted to let spill. I had to learn to shut them off.

All the emotions I felt.

Looking out the window at the trees passing by, it was the sudden realization that I was nothing that killed me. I was what I was, and I had to learn to accept my position.

'Rosalie, you're just a breeder,' I told myself. 'Get it together.'

Time went by quickly when I finally was able to dive into my book, and before I knew it, the driver was letting Ethan know that we were close to the capital's gates.

"Alpha, ten more minutes before we get to downtown Mirage," the man said after what seemed like an eternity of being in close proximity to Ethan.

Sitting up, I decided to ignore anything else Ethan would possibly have to say. He made it clear where we stood with each other, and I needed to remind myself of my own place.

I closed my book and glanced out the window. A gasp left my lips.

A tall building of white stone towered like a mountain in the distance. The gold and marble accents on it highlighted just how powerful the king was.

Never in my life had I actually met him myself, but I had heard stories of how he was more ruthless than even Ethan was. With his power, he had managed to keep war at bay for so long.

All of that was now changing– and it was because he didn't have an heir.

