

Sold as the Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 3

"This pure virgin body will soon be underneath the most ruthless of Alpha's. Do you honestly think he will take one look at you as a maid, and not want to f*ck you and make you scream? I already want that, and I don't know if I should let you go without trying you first."

Derek's words pulled me out of my memory.

He sniffed my hair and gave a slight moan. The tears again threatened to spill down my face.

"You can't," I said hoarsely. "You will get in trouble, and we don't need to bring that here."

I'd lost everything. I couldn't let him take my virtue, too.

"Trouble... I am not scared of him, Rosalie."

He laughed in a sadistic manner, but his behavior revealed his fear.

He stared at me before roughly shoving me away. "Now hurry up and pack your sh*t."

It wasn't like I had much to pack. The only clothing I had were the few work uniforms that had been given to me for my jobs, and then a pair of leggings I got from an old friend and a few band t-shirts. It wasn't even enough to fill my small suitcase.

"I am ready."

My words were barely audible, but Derek was watching me from the doorway, and I knew he understood me.

I had to find a way out of here. Derek was watching me too closely. I had to get away.

But Derek didn't bother to say anything more as he stepped aside and allowed me to move past him.

Picking up my bag I walked towards the stairs—but not before he took the opportunity to smack my backside.

I stilled in that moment, and started half running away from him.

"Why are you running? So eager to see your new master, you wh*re? Slow down."

Derek also picked up his pace, chasing after me.

He reached out his arm, trying to grab my shoulder. I tried to keep the distance and glanced from the corner of my eye.

“Derek... please don’t.”

He gave me a death stare that made my skin crawl.

He was going to hit me.

“You dare f*cking tell me what to do?!” he yelled.

I flinched in preparation for the blow, but it did not come.

Derek clenched his fists, yet with great effort, he held it back.

I was curious what made him stop when I noticed that our conversation had drawn the attention of the crowd downstairs in the foyer.

Within the shadows of the dimly lit foyer were my father, Isis, and a man that I couldn’t quite make out. He was very tall, and the feeling he gave off intimidated me. Next to him stood two others cloaked within the shadows. They didn’t move, and all I could see were the silhouettes of their figures.

As I took in the scene, I heard Isis’ lighthearted tune: “Doesn’t she look beautiful? She was taking her time making sure she was perfect for your arrival, Talon.”

The Beta in front of me didn’t seem to care what my step-mother had to say. His eyes did not leave mine from the moment I saw him.

“Do what she said.” The leader of the group directed his order toward Derek.

in the room heard him clearly, and I had the feeling that no one dared to disobey

on her?” Talon’s voice was deep, and set

the stairs earlier wearing those cute new heels,

gazed at Isis and my father and saw

apologies...” I stuttered, before looking back at

lie, I thought. Please

“Stairs?”

what we were saying, and, to be honest, I wouldn’t believe it if

stairs. Why don't we all take a
the conversation going, but from the look of the man in
discussion. We
for you and your accomplices. You must be starving from your
We will
nodded to me, gesturing for
growled from behind
my hardest not to cry, and felt frozen on the spot. But I knew I had
my rear end caused me to jump a little, and at the same time I lost sense of my balance
and went to tumble down the steps. I let
making such noises in front of the
never hit the floor, though. Instead, I found myself in the main guest's
I could process what had happened, he quickly set my feet upon the floor. He made
sure I regained my balance, gave me a nod, and released
He saved me?
managed to give
smile, but I could tell from his tone that he meant
Thud!
heard the cracking noise followed by Derek's
What just happened?
alluding figures was beating him, and it seemed like it would be to the death. Blood
covered the floor, and I heard another set of
Talon, please stop this!" she exclaimed, pleading with
Talon,
Beta of

after blow, Derek took the beating that was being given to him. He didn't stand a chance against this person. They were

Isis continued begging Talon in tears. No

was mortified. I did not like Derek, but if they continued, he might

not sure whether I

speak, Talon gave his order while he watched

"Stop."

but only to wait

"Take his hand."

him. He will never touch

not to hurt Derek further. He didn't

my father just stood there

to Derek, and blood pooled

back from Derek and make its way back to the its position next to the man who was supposed to be

one step away from

wasn't like the fear I had when it concerned my father or stepbrother.

My father, he couldn't

screaming. She then snapped

fault, you wh*re!! I'll kill

forward and blocked her way. However, she

you trying to

the man said slowly, his gaze turning to my

to the pack hospital," were the only

do something... Harland, you can't just let them treat him this

"ENOUGH!" My father cut her off. "Take him to the pack hospital. Do make me repeat it a third time."

I saw Isis's face turned from shocked to red, and then pale. She looked at my father with disbelief.

A few seconds later, she got up, picked up the unconscious Derek and his hand, and left the room with two of my father's warriors without saying any more words.

Her eyes as she passed me said it all, without words even leaving her lips.

She wanted me dead.

"I am terribly sorry for the trouble, Talon. It seems that my step-son needs to learn his place. I will make sure that is taken care of."

My father's voice was completely different now. He seemed lighthearted and yet authoritative.

"Rosalie!" He called my name. The focus of the crowd was pulled back on me.

I lowered my head and could not look him in the eye.

Was he really my father? I thought he didn't like me because I remind him of my mother, but what about Isis and Derek?

I heard my father continue, "As you can see, Talon, she is a beauty, and very compliant. She is such a joy to have around. It almost hurts to see my baby girl go, but she just wants this so much."

He lied! I bit my lips and clenched my fists.

"Very well. We need to be going. The payment will arrive in a few days, once the Alpha has seen her."

"My apologies... I thought we would receive it on your arrival?"

I looked at my father and could tell he was getting angry. But something in him was afraid, especially when Talon's annoyed gaze turned to him.

He was trying to remain polite towards Talon. I couldn't remember my Alpha father ever being polite.

"Yes, to my pack. Are you trying to renegotiate with the Alpha?" Talon said firmly.

My father quickly shook his head.

“No, of course not. Just a miscommunication. Trust me, I understand how it can be as an Alpha. Making sure the deal is worth it is always important.”

“Yes. Just a reminder, Hartland... She is Alpha Ethan’s property now. She no longer belongs to you, and never will again. She will never return here, ever. Alive or dead, she belongs to our pack.”

Alive or dead.

I looked at my father, and his eyes flickered to me with slight hesitation before he smiled.

“That’s fine.”

My father’s words took away my only hope.

“Good. We need to go, now.”

Talon turned towards me. “Do you need anything else? Is this all that you have to take with you?”

I knew I had no choice but to nod.

“Very well. Let’s go. We have a long drive ahead of us.”

Talon wasted no time before turning to walk towards the car. The two shadows next to him had moved to my sides.

One step, two steps...I moved towards their car, but every step I took, I became more scared and uncertain about my future.

Glancing back at the pack house from outside, I tried to save an image of a home my mother had once been a part of. She would be ashamed of my father.

“You will never return here,” Talon had said.

There was nothing for me to say, though. Nothing I could say would change anything, so what was the point? I stayed quiet and followed him to his car.

My life was no longer my own—nor would it ever be.

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