

Sold as the Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 5

"Alpha!" Talon greeted the man with respect.

The giant, gorgeous man acknowledged him with a simple nod, an aura radiating off of him that reeked of authority.

He looked towards Estrella, who immediately pulled out her report. "Alpha, Miss Rosasile is still quite weak, but with proper care, she should be much better in two weeks."

His expression didn't change, but he moved as she spoke.

He was coming towards me!

I had never seen such movement—graceful and swift, faster than any wolf I had ever encountered.

So fast that, in the blink of an eye, he was at my bedside.

The faint scent of musk surrounded me. The earthly aroma reminded me of the forest on a rainy day, and it replaced the smell of sterile chemicals in the ward. It was cold but almost psychedelic, just like him.

I couldn't help but lower my head. Through the gap in my hair, I saw his black leather shoes stop right next to my bed, with the toe of the shoe aimed in my direction.

He had to be staring at me! I didn't need to see to know that.

"Look up," he commanded.

His voice was deep, very deep. It struck me and sent shivers through my whole body. Pausing for a moment, I put myself together.

The cold reflection from his metal cufflinks came into my view. His hand had already stretched toward my face. His fingers were long, neither bulky nor too slim—just perfect, and full of power.

What was I thinking? Rosalie, stop focusing on the wrong things!

Within a second, his hand clamped down on my chin, his fingers strong and hot, pressing hard—forcing my head up.

He was clearly not a patient man.

grateful that my long, loose hair was still half

at me,”

my eyes to

dare refuse—no one dared to

white light of the ward cast a soft glow around him, and I couldn’t help but think that he looked like a prince—royal and

was frowning, as if he

eyes locked onto me, like a falcon honing in on its prey. I was that prey, trembling, wondering whether the next second he would just swoop

only sound I could hear was a rumbling caused by my blood

eyes, I saw his right arm moved. Almost instinctively, my body tensed and I half-flinched—I was expecting a slap to land on my face, as that was what my father would have done—but I stopped myself, because I still

disobey him. I just barely managed to

slap

his hand reached up brushing the hair away from my face. My hair tickled my cheeks, and I smelt the gentle scent of his musk again enveloping me like a

own, as if he

sea, ready to devour lives at any time. But now, when

I realize what a clear and beautiful pair of eyes

in his gaze. All the fear and anxiety faded away—only the pure blue in his eyes

in my backyard. I was seven at that time, and my mother’s laughter

all gone. Long

I gazed into his eyes though... I saw my own reflection—a helpless girl, sitting on a hospital bed, wearing a white dress that was gifted by her mother as a symbol of happiness, being forced to look up at her new master who had bought her

to cry,

again, I had to suppress the moan that wanted to escape from me. Never

something, he let go of my face, and took a step back before

back, the scent of his musk left me and pulled me back

“Alpha!”

him... Rosalie, I told myself, you

gathered all my courage and asked the question that might cost me my

me go once I work enough to pay back the money you gave my father?” I quickly stammered out.

that I was on my knees in the hospital bed, willing to

and turned around, raising his eyebrow. He seemed to be

I didn't need to look around to know that everyone was watching me like I lost my mind.

“Maid?” He repeated to himself.

He stared at me for a moment before crossing back. I felt the air shift between us before he sat down beside me.

The indentation from his weight on the mattress made me unintentionally slide slightly closer to him, and the closeness of his body made my body tremble... in fear and desire.

It was so strange—as the distance between us shortened, I wanted to be closer to him.

I wanted him to stay!

My heart was racing, and my breath was coming faster. Fear, attraction, uncertainty, desire... All these emotions mixed together clouded my mind.

“Didn't your father tell you?” he whispered. His voice was soothing, almost gentle.

However, gentle it might have sounded, though... my instinct told me that he wasn't pleased.

“Tell me what?” I asked hesitantly, not sure if I wanted to hear what he was going to say.

There was a feeling deep in my gut telling me that something was wrong.

Little did I know that what he would say next would take my last hope and dream away.

“The only job you have here is to bear a child,” he replied.

I found both my body and my emotions freezing over.

He stared at me, his fingers brushing the hair off of my cheeks again, exposing my entire face to him.

“You will be a breeder... my breeder.”

Breeder. The word rolled through my mind, and I tried to comprehend it.

Now I understood his gaze – the one that seemed to want to remember all the details of me. It wasn't out of desire or interest.

He was examining the goods he had just bought.

Rate this Chapter