

# **Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder #Sold As The Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 91 - Read Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Sold As The Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 91 - 100**

Chapter 91: Do Not Doubt Me, My Love

\*\*Ethan's POV

I looked her in the eye, and repeated myself firmly. "I can't, not anymore."

I glanced at the bump on her belly, and gestured at the swing hanging between the flower bushes. "Can we sit down somewhere?" I was sure she would get tired.

She nodded. The two of us went over to the swing, and I held it still for her to sit down.

I kept my feet flat on the ground as I leaned forward towards her.

It took me some time to get myself ready for a conversation like this. I wasn't good at sharing my thoughts, but I knew I had to.

Rosalie was right next to me. She looked like some breathtaking being from a fairytale. Under the moonlight, she was even more pure and beautiful.

That caused so much suffering for her, perhaps more than anyone else— yet she was still willing to sit with me and hear me out.

A long time ago, terrible things had happened in my life that were difficult to get through.

That built a huge wall around my heart. I'd had no choice. If I hadn't, I probably wouldn't have survived all of the pain.

I glanced up at her. She was just quietly sitting there, not rushing me.

"Rosalie," I started slowly, "For a long time, my heart has become nothing but a stone sitting in my chest."

I looked into the distance. Talking about myself was hard, especially to her.

“I told myself that was a good thing, and I truly believed so.” It didn’t need to feel pain, and it was safe.

She nodded, showing that she was listening to me.

“I needed an heir, so I went to seek a…” I didn’t want to say that word again. Rosalie was not my breeder. She was so much more.

However, she said it for me. “A breeder. And then?”

I felt like I’d been stabbed in the heart, but I continued, ‘Then I met you…’

My eyes locked on her.

I remembered the first time we met. She was trembling under my touch. She was afraid of me.

But now, she was sitting here calmly. She didn’t know that a simple sentence of hers could send me to heaven– or sentence me to hell.

I couldn’t move my eyes away from her.

“You’re the kindest, sweetest and gentlest person I’ve ever met.”

Her doe eyes widened, and her cheeks turned a little pink.

I wanted to tell her that she was an incredible person in so many ways, that, when I was with her, it was as if all of that pain from my early life finally departed from me, and the wall I’d built around my heart was not

needed anymore.

I wanted to tell her that, suddenly, I could feel again.

However. I didn’t know how to explain all those things to her, so I said, “You make me feel something I’d never felt before. Something peaceful and hopeful.”

“But you decided to… decided to get rid of me?” Her tone was a little cold, and harsh– but that was what I deserved.

I couldn't deny it. Whatever excuse I tried to find wouldn't change the fact that I had made an unbelievably stupid mistake, which I had then fought with everyone else around me to stick with.

"I was a coward," I admitted bitterly. "I was afraid."

When she was with me, I was so happy. I was so focused on her that I didn't even realize how different my life was— but deep down, I was afraid.

I was afraid that it was just an illusion masking something else that would destroy me. And I thought! I would kill it off before the beautiful dream turned into a nightmare.

"Are you afraid now?" she asked..

I took a deep breath, and nodded. "Yes. A million times more than before."

She seemed a little puzzled.

"When you were... missing—"

I couldn't bring myself to use the word "gone." I looked at her again.

"—a split second's memory of you was enough to make my heart ache all night."

The wall around my heart was gone by then; Rosalie had torn it down. I had been able to feel every bit of pain from losing her, and it had been excruciating. Even to this day, the thought of those times still caused me physical pain.

I grimaced. "And that was a million times more painful than anything I'd ever experienced."

I knew I must've looked so pitiful in her eyes. She leaned closer to me, but she refrained from touching me.

She sighed. "You might have changed, but I needed to be sure. I can't make this decision lightly."

I looked at her sadly. "I know I've treated you badly, Rosalie. I don't deserve another chance from you. I was a fool, and you should tell me to go to hell and that you never want to see me again."

I felt like that was exactly what she had been telling me for the last few days, but she let me continue— and I wouldn't let go of any chance.

I reached for her hand, and she didn't pull it away. Immediately, I felt sparks of electricity shoot up my arm as warmth radiated throughout my body.

What's more, I could also feel the baby— the pull that had been summoning me all the way here!

I tried to calm my racing heart.

"You have every right to tell me to get out of here. If that's what you want, then I'll go."

She seemed to be processing what I said, so I took the advantage of the silence and continued, "but Rosalie, just know, I'll spend every day for the rest of my life in constant torment, unable to think of anything but you."

clouds floated away to reveal a bright white beam of moonlight that illuminated her beautiful face,

couldn't help but reach up and touch her cheek.

I pulled her into my arms and vowed to her and the Moon Goddess, "Rosalie, I'll do whatever it takes to be with you and our baby. Please, just give me one more chance to show you that I've changed, and I promise you, I'll never, ever take you for granted again."

\*\*Rosalie's POV

Was this a dream? Was I sleeping? How long had I wished in vain to hear those words from Ethan's lips?

And now, here he was— sitting next to me, telling me that he loved me and that he wanted to be together, to raise our baby as a family.

It was almost too good to be true.

My head was nodding up and down before I could even formulate words. Tears sprung up in my eyes as I saw Ethan's eyes widen, a look of shock on his face.

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“Is that a yes?” he asked me. I almost could swear that I saw his eyes turn moist. “Are you saying... you’ll give me another chance?” he asked again, unsure.

“I’m saying... I want to take it slowly,” I began, trying not to get too far ahead of myself.

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I still needed to be cautious. I had to think of what was best for my baby, after all, and having a mother that was alive was top on that list of priorities, right after making sure that they were safe.

“Whatever pace you want, Rosalie. It’s totally up to you.” He couldn’t hide the tremble in his voice.

I nodded.

“And what about Madalynn?” I asked, taking a deep breath. I hated to even say her name.

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He shook his head. “I told you, I’ll take care of it.”

“But the King=

“James will learn to live with it.”

He caressed my cheek with his thumb, and I smiled at him, knowing he could handle anyone, even the king.

I looked up at him. I couldn’t remember when I’d ever seen that sort of genuine smile on his face, but now, he was grinning.

He was even more handsome than before, and I felt my heart beating faster just seeing how happy he was.

It was so unfair! I protested to myself. How could I turn him down?!

I wasn’t sure what to say next. At length, I raised my hand to my neck. “I feel like I’m missing something here...”

One corner of his mouth went up in a crooked grin. "I have just the thing."

Ethan pulled my necklace out of his pocket. I was so happy to see it, tears filled my eyes.

He tried to reach around me to hook it, but it was awkward, and I had to turn a bit for him to get it on.

"Sorry," I mumbled, "I've gained some weight."

"You are beautiful, Rosalie."

My hand went to clasp the pendant I had been missing for all these weeks. Feeling the weight of my necklace back where it belonged made me feel a bit like being home after a long journey. I pivoted back around to face him.

"You're carrying our child," he continued, "and that makes you more beautiful than ever."

I couldn't believe this sweet talk. It was so different from what I was used to from him, but I liked it.

I liked it a lot

There was one other thing I needed to know, though. "Did you really come all the way over to the islands just to see if I was here?"

The Ethan I knew would never run away from his responsibilities and leave his people unprotected for h

He looked right into my eyes and shook his head. "No, not exactly. I needed to gather intel for the war. I would've come anyway in the future, but this worked out even better."

At least he was honest...

"But how did you know I was here?" I asked. "You were supposed to think that I was dead."

His smile couldn't be hidden. Then his hand gently covered my belly.

"It was our child who told me," he whispered in my ear.

My eyes widened. "What do you mean?"

"I feel the pull with our baby, Rosalie, fate has bonded us.

I was disappointed... "After all, you didn't come here for me..." I murmured. I knew I must have sounded so whiny, but I couldn't help it. He chuckled in my ear, and his scent was surroundin against my eardrum.

"What are you laughing at?!" I bursted out, annoyed.

He released me from his arm and looked at me.

"Rosalie." He put my hand on his left chest, hooked a finger under my chin and gently lifted my face to lo

He called me "my love"...

His deep voice and gaze made my face burn, and my heart melted.

"L.I'm not!" I stuttered, "Okay, okay, I believe you!"

Unfair! So, so unfair!

Just a few words from him made me want to forget everything that had happened in the past.

"Shall we start again?" he asked.

All I could do was nod my head.

He smiled at me and leaned forward.

At first, I thought he was going to kiss my lips, But instead, he pressed his warm mouth to my neck. I tipped my face up to the heavens and concentrated on the feel of his breath on my skin, the scent of him so clo

to me, his touch on my cheek....

I closed my eyes and prayed to the Moon Goddess that I had made the right choice.

Read Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Sold As The Alpha King's Breeder  
Chapter 91

Novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder has been updated Sold As The Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 91 with many climactic developments What makes this series so special is the names of the characters ^^. If you are a fan of the author Alice Knightsky, you will love reading it! I'm sure you won't be disappointed when you read. Let's read the novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Sold As The Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 91 now [HERE](#).

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Chapter 92: Finally With Her

**\*\*Soren's POV**

The sound of Rosalie's piano playing drifted into the foyer as I stood near the door, listening in.

My hand was on the parlor door, my head leaning in, and my eyes closed, taking in the lovely sound of music that filled my home and made it seem alive with joy in a way it hadn't in years.

She was so much more than I'd given her credit for when this plan had come to mind.

Opening my eyes, I entered the parlor to see her sitting there. She was wearing a flowing white gown, her reddish-brown hair pinned up off of her elegant neck as her fingers masterfully flew over the keys.

I observed her from afar for a moment until she looked over her shoulder and saw me, a bright smile greeting me.

Warmth filled my heart, and I wanted to go to her; but I also didn't want to interrupt her music.

"Sing for me, angel," I said, and she obliged.

Her melodic voice intertwined with the soft tones of the keys. I went to a large, cushiony chair near the piano and sat down, kicking my shoes off and making myself comfortable.

In a few moments, my eyelids grew tired, and I began to drift off. I wanted so badly to stay awake and enjoy the show that she was presenting just for me, but I wasn't able to keep my eyes open, and eventually, I let the lullaby send me into a state of relaxation.

A few moments later, I realized that the music had stopped. I looked up to see Rosalie standing over me, a thin, blue blanket in her hands.

The way she was standing, leaning over me, I could see down the front of her white gown. Her breasts were so round, and the way they peeked over the top of her dress made me want to move the straps down over her arms and pull her to my lips.

I ran my tongue along my bottom lip and kept my hands on the arms of my chair.

I had managed to stay just friends with her for so long, but now, with her hovering over me, the light illuminating her from behind, I didn't know how much longer I could hold back.

"I thought you were asleep," she said, her voice a sultry whisper as her lip twisted between her teeth.

She was looking at me differently, her hooded eyes giving me the idea that perhaps she was also having thoughts that now was the time to move our friendship beyond what it has been before.

I moved forward in the chair, feeling myself harden just looking at her.

"I was dozing off," I admitted. "But... I sensed you coming near me."

"I didn't mean to wake you," she said. But she was still leaning over me, her hands resting near mine on the armrests, her ample breasts spilling out of the fabric of her dress and calling to me.

"I'm glad you did," I admitted, and she smiled at me.

That was it for me. When she flashed that seductive grin in my direction, I could no longer control myself.

I hooped my arm around her hips and pulled her close to me, slowly at first, waiting to see how she would react.

Her eyes widened, but she didn't refuse me. So I pulled her closer. Rosalie let out a small sigh of surprise. but she pulled her dress up high enough that she could place one knee on either side of me.

When I settled my hands on her waist and stared up at those luscious lips I'd been longing to taste for so long, I could tell she wanted me just as badly as I wanted her.

I ran my hands up her sides, stopping just short of her breasts. I stretched up to meet her as she leaned down, and our mouths finally connected.

Her warm breath fanned across my skin as my tongue ran along her bottom lip. I probed between her teeth, urging her to open, which she did. Our tongues danced together, like old familiar partners that had been longing to be together again for so long.

She tasted of strawberries and mint, and I wanted more. I pulled her closer to me with one hand as the other ran up her body, sliding over the side of her breast, my thumb searching for her hardened peak beneath her gown.

Her fingers slid up my chest, and then she began to unbutton my shirt. I wanted her hands on my skin, but I also wanted to get her gown off of her as quickly as possible. I had been patient long enough.

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My fingers traced her arm as I reached up and pulled down the strap of her gown, freeing one breast and nearly freeing

the other. Immediately, my hand moved to work over the hardened surface, my palm rubbing against her most sensitive area as she moaned into my mouth.

Pulling away, Rosalie said, "Oh, Soren. Oh, goddess," and began to grind against me.

We were wearing too many clothes.

I reached around and yanked her zipper down as she finished unbuttoning my shirt and moved on to my pants. With her dress unzipped, she stood and stepped out of the gown, her mouth only leaving mine for a moment, her

shoes falling away when she came back to me, only her thin, silky panties between us.

I knew they were soaking wet with her want, but I needed to touch them, so I slid my hand between her thighs and rubbed her through the fabric until she bucked against my hand.

I needed my pants out of the way.

Rosalie grabbed hold of my waistband and yanked my pants and boxers down, freeing me. When her hand

gripped my length, I gasped in pure pleasure.

Cupping her a\*\*, I pulled her back to me, sliding her panties down and taking her in.

She was every bit as beautiful as I had imagined she would be. She was biting her bottom lip as she looked down at me, her hands on my shoulders.

I couldn't believe we were finally going to be together after all of this time,

Rosalie straddled me again and positioned herself so that she could lower straight down onto me and take me inside of her.....

With Rosalie poised on top of me, I suddenly smelled a strange scent— that same skunky wolf scent I had been noticing lately,

My eyes turned toward the window, and I saw a familiar face staring at me from outside.

I couldn't believe my eyes.

Was that... Ethan? What the h\*ll was he doing here?

“Soren?” Rosalie asked, wanting to continue with our lovemaking,

But how could I continue with Ethan standing there, watching us?

“Soren!”

She was shaking my shoulders violently now, but my c\*ck still wasn't inside of her, and I didn't know what was going on

“Soren! Soren!”

I opened my eyes and realized I was in my bed at home.

Rosalie was not in my room.

It was Thomas.

Thankfully... he was dressed.

I pulled my blanket over my head.

“What the h+ll do you want?” I asked.

“You told me to wake you up at nine, and it’s nine.”

Silently cursing his name, I told Thomas, “Thank you. Now, get the h\*ll out of my room,” and waited for him to shut the door before I even moved.

Thad an enormous h\*\*d—on, and I wasn’t getting out of that bed for a few minutes until it went away.

“It was just a dream,” I muttered to myself. “Just a f\*cking dream.”

It had seemed so real, though.

Had I wanted it to be real?

I really didn’t have to ask that question. Of course, I had wanted it to be real. Rosalie was a beautiful wo wouldn’t want her?

In my dream, I hadn’t paid any attention to her pregnant belly, but in real life, it would be difficult to mane that. If I was honest with myself, though, I would probably find a way given the opportunity.

That didn’t mean I had feelings for her, though. That just meant I wanted to f\*ck her.

So what?

And why was Ethan in my dream?

That was another important question. In my dream, I had associated him with that smell I'd been noticing lately. Was that just my subconscious attac

Or was my mind trying to tell me something?

Thinking about Ethan made my anatomical problem go away, and I got up, got dressed, and went down

Straightening my cufflinks, I sat down at the conference table and started going through our normal everyday business. When we were through all of the usual business we had to discuss, I asked

"What about Ethan?" The question hung in the air for a moment. "Is there any news of his activities?"

Jonathan, the man I'd put in charge of gathering information about Ethan's activities, cleared his throat and said, "There's little to report, sir. Our latest information tel received Ethan s insignia ring. We suppose that means they will be moving forward with the wedding. O

"I know about the ring," I said, trying not to lose my temper that my subordinate was reporting something sure there's nothing else?"

I wanted to know how Ethan was handling the war. Or how he was handling Rosalie's... disappearance.

"No, nothing." Jonathan replied.

Turning to Thomas, I asked another question. "What about the security of the island here?"

Thomas's eyebrows raised. "What about it, sir?"

"You're sure this island is as secure as possible? We have no reason to believe that it has been... breac

"No, sir. Everything is operating as usual here. Is there a reason that you are asking?" I cleared my throat, thinking about that smell I'd been noticing around Rosalie's cottage and my dream.

"No, no reason," I said.

But I wasn't sure.

## Read Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Sold As The Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 92 TODAY

The novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder has been updated Sold As The Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 92 with many unexpected details, removing many love knots for the male and female lead. In addition, the author Alice Knightsky is very talented in making the situation extremely different. Let's follow the Sold As The Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 92 of the Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder [HERE](#). Keywords are searched: Novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Sold As The Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 92 Novel Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder by Alice Knightsky

### Chapter 93: Like A Brother

**\*\*Rosalie's POV**

My necklace was beautiful, I couldn't help but stand and stare at it in the mirror. While I'd every reason in the world to pawn it the way that I had and try to get Ethan out of my life forever— after the confession her had made to me the night before, I knew the necklace was back where it belonged.

The only problem was, I couldn't let anyone else see it.

Seraphine had been there when I'd pawned it, so she'd want to know how it had curiously gotten back around my neck, and Lola had probably found out that I'd sold it as well. If I tried to lie to them and tell them I'd gone back and bought it back, they wouldn't believe me.

So... I'd have to hide it. But for now... I could stand here and admire its beauty and think about the handsome man who had given it to me— again.

I still couldn't believe all of the things that Ethan had said to me the night before in the garden, how he'd poured his soul out to me and told me how he'd felt when I'd left.

How he'd talked about his pain, and how he'd told me that he'd thought he'd never be capable of feeling anything again until he'd met me.

He'd said that he loved me....

"I believe she's in her room," I heard Lola say, and I realized that the other set of footsteps I heard echoing in the hallway belonged to Soren. Quickly, I

took my necklace off. As much as I wanted to keep it on always, as I used to, I couldn't take the risk.

Once it was off, I slid it into the top drawer of my dresser under some clothing and pretended to be brushing my hair. "There she is, my beautiful flower," he said, extending a bouquet of pale yellow jasmine to me.

"Oh, those are so lovely!" I said, the scent of the flowers filling the room.  
"Thank you!"

I met him halfway across the room, and he kissed my cheek as I wrapped one arm around him and took the flowers with the other.

It seemed a bit strange hugging Soren now. Not that I'd ever considered him anything more than a friend, but with Ethan back in my life, hugging him seemed... misleading.

It just felt wrong

When Soren gave me a kiss on my face— which I was used to and which he probably didn't mean as anything more than a kiss for a dear friend— I just felt like I was doing something wrong to Ethan,

"I'll just take these into the other room to put them in a vase," I said, and he followed me,

I noticed that the window in the living room was open, and it made me smile.

"You look so beautiful today," he said. "There's something.. different about you."

"Thank you," I replied as I reached the kitchen and opened a cabinet to get a vase out. "I got a lot of sleep last night."

I wasn't lying. I had actually gotten much better sleep for the first time in days. Thinking about Ethan and wondering when I might see him again made me feel happy and safe.

I found a spot for the flowers near the kitchen window. I had been keeping all of the flowers that Ethan gave me hidden in my room because I didn't want anyone else to see them and realize they didn't come from here.

"What are your plans for the day?" he asked me.

We talked about how I was hoping to finish the blanket I'd been working on, get some crocheting done, and maybe work in the garden. He said that he had a few meetings and phone calls he had to make. It all sounded painfully boring to me, but I knew he had so much responsibility as the leader of the island.

We moved into the living room, and sat down.

"It sounds like you have a lot to do," I commented as Lola brought us some lemonade.

"I do," he said with a sigh. "I can't stay long, but I wanted to come and see you."

I noticed he had bags beneath his eyes, and his clothing was wrinkled a bit and not as well-pressed as it usually was. It was odd for Soren to ever look out of sorts and not completely put together.

I was beginning to feel a bit worried about him.

"Are you all right?" I asked him, my brow furrowing as I studied him more carefully. "Have you been sleeping enough?"

He chuckled under his breath. "Funny you should ask about how I've been sleeping," he murmured.

Confused, I asked, "What's that?"

"Nothing," he said. "Never mind."

But I really wanted to know. "Why wouldn't I ask about how you've been sleeping, Soren? I'm concerned about you. Ever since that first day I arrived here, when I got beaten up and you found me, you've treated me with nothing but kindness. I'm worried that you're not feeling well."

"I'm feeling fine, Ro, thank you. Believe me, you don't need to worry about me. I've been sleeping well. There's just a lot going on with the business right now. That's all."

His eyes met mine. "And of course I was going to take care of you. We've been over this."

"I know," I said, not wanting to hash it all out again. "It's just..."

"It's nothing, Ro," he said, waving his hand to brush me off as he took a drink of his lemonade.

"It's just, you're like a family to me now, and I also feel the need to take care of you," I finished.

He turned to look at me, but his gaze made me a bit uneasy.

In a rush, I tried to explain, "you know, like a brother..."

He sputtered, the lemonade coming back up a bit as he choked.

I tried to get up off of the couch and go to him to help him, but being so pregnant and having sunk into the cushions, I couldn't quite get up.

Lola got there first. "Are you all right, Mr. Soren?" she asked.

By then, Soren had coughed a few times but had regained his composure. He put his glass down.

"Yes, yes, I'm fine," he said. "I just... choked on an ice cube."

I wondered if it was something I had said that had gotten that reaction out of him.

Should I have not told him he was like a brother to me? Did he not appreciate that? I nag meant it to be a kind remark.

It wasn't as if he had ever given me any reason to believe that he wanted something more from our relationship. If he had ever thought about wanting more from me, he had hidden it very well.

Well I should probably get back home," Soren said, pushing up from the chair. "I have a meeting soon, and I need to go over my notes."

"Oh, okay." I said

I hoped I hadn't offended him, but I couldn't take it back now, and going back and trying to apologize would seem odd. It took me a moment to pull myself up off of the couch to walk him out. "It's too bad you couldn't stay longer."

"I know," Soren said as we walked toward the door. "But... there's so much for me to do."

He didn't sound like that was really the case. He sounded like he was making excuses.

"Will you be back for dinner?" I asked him.

"Uh... I don't know," he said. "Probably not. You know, there's just... so much to do."

"Right," I said, shaking my head.

That messed up.

I needed to be more careful about what I said. Soren had been so kind to me, and until I figured out exactly what Ethan had planned for me, I didn't

want to make him mad.

Soren pulled the door open, but before he turned to tell me goodbye, his nose wrinkled up, and he made

'What the h\*ll is that smell?" he asked.

He hardly ever cursed in front of me, so I knew that it really had to be bothering him. And I knew what he

Not that I was going to provide an answer for him.

"That skunky smell is awful," he continued, sniffing the air. "It reminds me of something I smelled in a dream."

"In a dream?" I repeated. "What are you talking about?"

Soren stood there for a moment with the door still open, but he didn't answer my question. He only peer in the distance with his hands buried deep in his pockets.

"Listen, Ro, there's a lot going on right now in the world. The war is heating up, and it's not safe. I want y especially at night. All right?"

It wasn't all right. I didn't agree with what he was saying at all..

But I couldn't tell him that, so I found myself saying, "Okay."

“And I’ll be sending over another detail of guards to make sure you’re safe.”

My eyes bulged, “I don’t think that’s necessary, Soren. I’ll be just fine with the men that I have.”

“I insist, Ro. Your safety and the safety of the baby are extremely important to me. I’ll do whatever it takes to protect you.”

### Chapter 93: Like A Brother

I took a deep breath and nodded, knowing there was nothing I could do to dissuade him. “Okay. Thank you.”

“I’ll see you later.”

I told him goodbye and closed the door, leaning against it for a moment.

It was already difficult enough for me to see Ethan with just the few guards Thad. Now, there were going to be even more out there for us to avoid.

How would Ethan be able to get in?

I didn’t know, but there was no way for me to get a message to him... unless....

I went over to the living room and closed the window.

I wasn’t if it would work or not, but I had to do whatever I could to try and prevent Ethan from showing up and getting himself in trouble.

Not to mention, I had clearly hurt Soren with my careless remark.

He had been nothing but kind to me.

Update Sold As The Alpha King’s Breeder Chapter 93 of Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder

Announcement Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder has updated Sold As The Alpha King’s Breeder Chapter 93 with many amazing and unexpected details. In fluent writing, In simple but sincere text, sometimes the calm romance of the author Alice Knight sky in Sold As The Alpha King’s Breeder Chapter 93 takes us to a new horizon. Let's read the Sold As The Alpha King’s Breeder

Chapter 93 Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder series here. Search keys: Sold AS The alpha King's Breeder Sold As The Alpha King's Breeder Chapter 93

## Chapter 94: They Lived Happily Ever After

Later that afternoon, I was sitting in the nursery, finishing up the baby blanket I'd been working on, when I heard a bit of a commotion outside.

Even though it sounded like it was coming from the garden out by the living room, I could hear it in the back of the cottage, in the nursery. But then, the cottage wasn't that big.'

My first thought was that Ethan had come to see me, and Soren and his guards had showed up and caught him. My heart began to pound in my chest at the idea.

I pushed up from my chair, laying the blanket carefully aside, and headed into the other room to investigate.

When I reached the living room, I saw Lola and Seraphine looking out the window. There were a lot of people in the yard, though I couldn't tell exactly what they were doing.

Seraphine turned and looked at me. "Mr. Soren called a bit earlier," she explained. "He said to tell you he was sorry for all of the noise, but the flower bushes he had ordered came in, and he asked the gardeners to come and put them in right away."

"Flower bushes?" I repeated.

Then I remembered the other night when he'd made those comments about how badly it stunk out in the garden, when Ethan had been there the first time. Soren had said that we needed more flowers in the garden.

I didn't think he was serious, but clearly, he was.

"Do you want to go outside and sit on the porch to watch them put them in?" Seraphine asked, "We could get some fresh air."

"Sure," I told her. "That sounds like a good idea."

I hadn't been outside all day because Soren told me to stay inside, but it had to be safe with all of these men in the yard.

Out on the porch, we had a clear view of what the gardeners were doing. Several large bushes were sitting in pots, waiting for their holes to be dug so they could be dropped into the earth near the other bushes.

It wasn't necessary at all, but they were beautiful, and I didn't mind.

ecess

They were not going to help with the smell if Ethan kept coming back, though.

"Would you like to sit for a little while?" Seraphine asked, gesturing to the wide porch steps.

"Sure." I said, "You might have to help me up, though."

We both giggled, and I lowered myself down onto the top step of the porch, and Seraphine sat next to me.

I wanted to bring up what I had been thinking about all day, my dilemma. Seraphine always had such good advice, and I thought she could help me decide whether I had been too quick to let Ethan back into my life... whether or not I was making the right decision.

When Ethan wasn't here to influence the logical part of me, and I just thought about his behavior in the past, I truly wondered whether we could even make this work.

"Is there something on your mind, Ro?" Seraphine asked me. "You look lost in thought."

"I was just thinking... you know a lot of the people on this island, right?"

She raised her eyebrows, obviously surprised at my question. "Yes, I know a lot of them."

I nodded. "Do you happen to know anyone who... went on to be happy in their marriage... after the husband did something awful?"

Seraphine stared at my face for a really long time before she asked, "Are you thinking of going back to whoever it was that hurt you, Ro?"

I shook my head. "No, of course not," I said, laughing a little like that was a really silly question. "It's just... I was just thinking... you know..."

hypothetically. That's all." She pursed her lips together and stared at me for a second, and then said, "Oh, then, uh... honestly?"

I nodded. "Of course, please. Tell me the truth."

"Well, if I'm completely honest with you, Ro, I've never met anyone who's been happy in their marriage after something bad happened between the couple."

"Really?" I asked, not able to keep the disappointment out of my voice, even though I tried to hide it. "No one?"

"No, no one, dear. I know plenty of people who have tried. There were the Normans, a couple who were married for about five years before the husband had an affair. When the wife found out, she was devastated. He said he was so sorry, and he'd never do it again. She believed him, and they tried again. But within six months, she caught him with his secretary in their own bedroom— the same room where I'd help her deliver three children."

"That's terrible," I said, thinking about poor Mrs. Norman.

Seraphine nodded. "And then there were the Wilsons. Mr. Wilson had a drinking problem, and he got angry and slapped his wife one time. He apologized profusely, said he'd never drink again. That didn't even last a week. He hit her again a few months later, only this time, he hit her so hard, he broke her jaw. She ended up in the hospital. When she got home, I tended to her for three weeks. She could hardly even swallow."

I stared at her for a long moment. I knew what that was like, to be hit that hard.

"How horrible..."

Seraphine shook her head. "It was, but that wasn't even the worst part." She paused as if she didn't want to talk about it to scare me, but then finished, "After that, she had a miscarriage and lost her baby."

Seraphine's voice was filled with sorrow. My heart broke for Mrs. Wilson. I couldn't imagine anything happening to my baby...

Seraphine sighed. "That's the thing about most men, Ro. I would say... ninety-nine percent of them— they don't change. Their nature is set the way

that it is, and no matter what they say or promise that they are going to do, they simply cannot. The way that they are is so ingrained into their heads, they just can't be any other way. Even if they really, really want to change.

I listened closely to everything that she had to say.

Part of me wanted to disagree with her and tell her she was wrong, that she didn't know Ethan— or the man that I was referring to— but most of my mind knew that she was right.

Ethan had been the way that he was for so long. The chances that he could just change now were not very good.

My mind was clouded, and I was beginning to fill with so much negativity that I felt sick to my stomach.

My arms went around my midsection, instinctively covering my baby, like I always did when I was feeling

apprehensive. "Ro? Are you all right?" Seraphine asked, placing a hand on my arm. "You look troubled. That's not good for the baby. Maybe we shouldn't talk about anything else like this if it's making you anxious. I don't want to upset you."

"I'm okay," I said. "But are you sure... there's not even one case of a man who changed his ways and became kind to his wife after he realized he was about to lose her?"

Seraphine stared at me for a moment.

Then she said, "You know, now that you mention it... there is one story I can think of."

Even hearing her say those few words made me feel better. "Really? Can you tell me that story? That might make me feel better. I hate to think that the world is such a dark, sad place."

"Of course," she said with a smile. "One time, there was a man named... Soraby... Soraby, and he had done some things to his... wife... that weren't so great.

My forehead crinkled as I wondered if she was talking about Soren. Soraby?

But he hadn't been married before—had he?

'What did he do?' I asked.

"Well, he had done some things behind her back, told some lies, been a little sneaky. Just a lot of under handed things."

"What was his wife's name?" I asked.

"Her name was.. Jo-sephine,"

I nodded, but I was beginning to wonder. Was Seraphine basing this story on Soren and me? We were n't married, obviously, but that didn't mean this wasn't a true story starring us.

Soren hadn't done anything underhanded though. So maybe she was just having trouble changing the people's real names, and ours were what popped to mind.

"And what did Josephine think when she found out? ...Did she find out?"

"Of course, she found out. And she was angry, naturally. But Soraby was very apologetic and explained that he was just trying to take care of some... business... and Josephine finally understood and forgave him. They lived happily ever after together and raised many children, which I delivered. The couple grew old with one another, and died within a few weeks of each other."

I couldn't help but chuckle at her. "Did you just make that up?"

"No!" She seemed slightly offended at first, but then she laughed. "I don't know why you'd think that!"

I only shook my head. She hadn't really made me feel any better with this story because I was pretty sure

she had made it up, but I did appreciate her trying.

I appreciated her.

"You're such a good friend, Seraphine." "Do you feel better?" she asked me, smiling. "I don't want you thinking of anything bad or negative right now. It's bad for the baby."

"I do feel better, thank you," I told her.

But I was still conflicted.

That such good friends here, such a good life. And that was what made my predicament so difficult.

I felt like I was right back to where I had been before Ethan had spoken to me the night before. Perhaps I had been too quick to accept his gift and say I would give him another chance.

Had I acted too impulsively? Had I let Ethan's allegedly heartfelt apology cloud my judgment?

"As much as I enjoy sitting with you, I do have more work to do," Seraphine said, patting my knee.

"All right," I said. "Thank you for humoring me with your stories, though."

"I'm worried about you, Ro. You're asking me such strange questions." ;

"It's just... the pregnancy," I smiled. "You know that. All of these hormones. I'm so emotional these days. be fine in a bit."

"I do know that hormones can do that, but I'm not sure that's the case right now. I sure hope so," Seraphine said, standing. "Because if you truly are thinking about going back to wherever you came from, Ro, please... don't do it. It's a really bad idea."

She took my hands and pulled me to my feet.

"And I would miss you so very much. And so would Mr. Soren."

She had a good point. Why was I passing up someone I already knew was so good and loving for someone who had treated me so badly

"I know," I said with a nod. "I'm going to lay down for a while."

"Good," she said. "Have some other patients to tend to, but I'll be back. See you later, Ro."

"Goodbye, Seraphine. Thanks again for the advice."

When she was a few steps from the porch, she turned and said, “Oh, and don’t forget... stay inside, especially at night. Mr. Soren has added more guards, but we need you to be safe.” |

| stared at her for a moment, and then nodded.

I walked back up the stairs, but paused on the porch to look out over the garden. With so many guards around, I knew that it would be hard for me to meet Ethan that night.

But I also knew I had to try.

I needed to speak to him.

I needed to see him.

I went inside and laid down for a bit before I went about all of the tasks I needed to get done that day.

Soren wasn’t joining me for dinner because he had a business meeting. I ate with Lola and Seraphine when she came back, and then, when dinner was over, they helped me with the dishes and w

I was a nervous wreck as I contemplated what to do. What if I went out to speak to Ethan and things went badly?

Or what if he was taken by the guards?

I didn’t know what might happen, but I did know I needed to speak to him.

It was dark outside, and the moon was bright in the night sky.

With my heart in my throat, I walked out onto the porch, praying to the Moon Goddess that I made the right decision and that everything would go well.

I walked over toward the new bushes, but I only made it a few steps when my head suddenly felt very light, and a wave of dizziness overcame me.

Was it my anxiety about seeing Ethan, or something else?

I didn’t know, but I felt like I needed to lie down right then and there.

I turned back toward the house as my head grew fuzzy, and the next thing I knew, my vision was cloudy field of stars..

Then the world went black.

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Chapter 95 Ready To Move In With Ethan

Whispered voices in the distance caught my attention. The fog was thick within my mind, but as the black abyss slowly lifted, light began once again to fill my vision.

The last thing I remembered was being in the garden... and then there was nothing.

Glancing around, I allowed my eyes to absorb my surroundings.

The sun glowed through the open window, revealing dust particles dancing in the filtered light. A deep sense of emptiness filled my mind as my brows knitted together, trying to remember what had happened.

I moved my body slowly with my hand on my head, groaning in protest. As I did, I heard scurrying feet moving quickly towards my bed.

"No, miss," I heard Seraphine say. "Please, you must lie down. Let me go get the doctor."

I nodded my head, and a soft cry left my lips at the pain that radiated through me.

"What happened?" I mumbled softly.

"You had a fainting spell." She replied, "I will be right back. The doctor is just in the hallway."

As quickly as the words left her lips, she exited my room and disappeared from sight.

Fainting? I couldn't recall the last time I had fainted.

On goddess, was the baby okay?

My hands quickly went to the protruding belly that lay beneath my sundress.

I rubbed circles, wrinkling my brow and biting my bottom lip. "It's okay, little one. We're okay."

The soft words that left my lips were met with the sounds of approaching footsteps and the sudden opening of my bedroom door.

"Oh, good, you're awake." The doctor said with a smile as he entered my room. "How are you feeling?"

It was the same doctor I had met once before— and if he was here, it meant there was a significant cause for concern.

"I'm okay. My mind is fuzzy at the moment." I replied, trying to recall what had happened.

He smiled, shaking his head. "Don't worry, Ro. You simply had a fainting spell outside. The new flowers that they're planting around the grounds are probably not good for you."

Frowning, I moved to sit up and found Seraphine quickly at my side, helping me into a more comfortable position

"So, an allergic reaction? Is the baby okay?"

"Yes, the baby is okay," he replied, moving toward me to take my vitals,

"I don't understand how I could have had such a strong reaction."

"It seems," the doctor continued, "that during this final stage of your pregnancy, you have developed an acute sensitivity to some pollens. I would guess it's the new flowers outside, under the circumstances,

although the variety of flowers you have in your home probably don't help."

My eyes shot to Seraphine's, "so I can't go outside?"

Slowly, she shook her head, giving me a weak smile. She knew how much I loved the garden and spending my free time outdoors.

This news caused my chest to tighten.

"Don't worry," the doctor said with a smile. "It should disappear eventually, and then you will be able to enjoy your time outside once again."

The doctor's words caused my ears to perk up. "So you're saying this is just from the pregnancy? That once I have the baby, things should get better?"

"Yes. I am sure that, once your little one is here, you'll be fine." He chuckled.

"Oh, thank goodness." I replied, giving a shaky laugh. "Then I just have to stay indoors until then."

The room became quiet as the doctor and Seraphine both glanced at each other and then at me. I wasn't sure what the matter was, but something in their gaze told me there were more issues than they were saying.

"Ro, unfortunately, with your allergies, it just isn't wise to risk even that. Plus, the allergy medication isn't safe for the baby..."

"So I have to leave my home?" I asked, panic making my voice rise in pitch. I had not meant to cut the doctor off, but the waves of worry washing over me were unbearable.

"I'm sorry, Ro." Seraphine quickly replied, taking my hand gently. "I know how much having the baby here meant to you."

I tried to process the new information. "It's okay. I'll make it work."

"Yes, and Mr. Soren will be there," she replied. "I let him know the details of what happened. I'm sure he is on his way here now."

It wasn't Soren that I was worried about.

Leaving meant that I wouldn't be able to see Ethan as I had been.

Giving a hesitant nod, I let my eyes slowly move toward the open window as my thoughts wandered to Ethan once more.

And then, as if the Goddess heard my desires, his face appeared in the tree line, his dark and brooding eyes staring right back at me.

Ethan...

My breath almost stopped upon seeing him.

'I want to come in.' He mouthed slowly, making sure I could understand.

His request made my heart lurch with anticipation.

Sun was about to set, but it was still bright outside. What if he got caught?

Biting my bottom lip, I glanced back toward the doctor and Seraphine, who were quietly discussing arrangements for transporting me. I gave myself a moment to think, and then smiled.

"Why do I feel so tired?" I asked softly as a yawn escaped my lips.

The doctor and Seraphine turned toward me,

"It's to be expected, Miss Ro," the doctor said. "The allergy medication I gave you will make you drowsy. Why don't you get some rest?"

I smiled and nodded. "Yes, perhaps I should close my eyes. When Soren gets here, will you let him know I'm sleeping? I would hate for him to worry."

"Of course, Ro." Seraphine replied happily, "Sleep well. I will check on you later this evening."

As soon as the door closed, I got up and locked it behind me. I turned toward Ethan and nodded. He disappeared from the treeline in a blink of an eye, but I knew he was waiting for the safe opportunity to come to me..

A few moments later, he reappeared from nowhere, crossed the yard with unprecedented speed and entered through the open window.

"Rosalie..." Hearing my name leave his lips sent warmth through my soul.

Ethan cleared the space between us and wrapped his arms around me.

"Are you both okay?"

“Yes,” I replied breathlessly, “we’re okay. I just had an allergic reaction to the pollen and fainted.”

“I know.” He remarked with irritation. “I saw you collapse outside... and was beside myself. I wanted to run to you, but the guards were already moving. I’m so sorry I wasn’t there.”

Ethan gave a long sigh, his eyes still gazing down at me with a look that told me regret and guilt was sw

“It’s okay.” I replied, giving him a reassuring smile. I found it sweet that Ethan had wanted to go to me w otherwise, they would have caught you.”

There was a moment of silence between us. Then, he asked, “What do they plan to do now?”

“They said I can’t stay here. That I have to be moved until I have the baby.”

“They’re right, Rosalie.” Ethan replied, his eyes looking down at me with concern. “You can’t stay here. I with the additional detail you have on you right now.”

I knew what Ethan said to be true. Soren had made sure to put extra guards around the home for my safety, and with so many forces working around the clock to protect me, Ethan and I could no longer meet as we wanted.

I sighed. “There isn’t much I can do. Soren was kind enough to allow me to stay in this place.” I looked a

My eyes cast down toward the blanket across my lap. I wanted more than anything to be somewhere wh

A grin spread across Ethan’s lips as he said, “Not necessarily.”

“What do you mean?”

“My men have a few secluded houses on the island. I’ll put them on the market. I’m sure he... your friend would ask for your opinion.”

My eyes lit up,

Thad saved enough money to pay for my own rent. It might not be as beautiful as here, but it would be a space that really belonged to me.

I smiled at him. "I think that would work!"

Ethan smiled. "It has secret tunnels below. We could use them to see each other. None of the guards would ever know."

His fingers brushed over my chin as he raised my eyes to meet his once more. "Don't you worry yourself about anything. I will make sure you get it— if that is what you want, of course."

Ethan really had changed for the better since finding me, and I wanted to believe him.

"Okay. Let's do it." If this was the way for me to see Ethan again without worrying, then I would take it.

Soren's voice sounded from down the hall. "Ethan, you need to leave now!" I urged him.

"I don't want to leave you, though," he whispered, looking into my eyes.

His words melted my heart. But as much as I didn't want him to leave either, he had to.

"You'll find a way to see me again. I'm sure of it." I whispered back. "Now, please... you must go." Ethan tightened his fists. His eyes turned back to me once more, but he smiled and said, "Of course, I will always find you."

Then he turned, jumped back out of the window, and disappeared into the treeline.

I wasn't sure how everything was going to work out fully yet, but something in his words made me feel sa

Thad no doubt he would find me, no matter how far I traveled.

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Chapter 95

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## Chapter 96 The New Luna Suite

After Ethan dashed off out the window, I listened to Soren as he was in the other room, speaking to Seraphine. I could tell by his tone that he was very concerned, and she was assuring him that I was going to be fine, but it was imperative that we find a new place for me to live as soon as possible.

I was nervous that he might smell Ethan in the room when he entered, but when he came into the room, his eyes were on me, and I could tell that he wasn't thinking about anything else.

Soren sat down in a chair next to my bed. His brow was wrinkled, and he interlaced his fingers as he leaned toward me in his chair, clearly worried about me and the baby.

"How are you, Ro?" he asked. "I came as quickly as I could. I'm sorry it took a few hours for me to get home. Are you feeling better now?"

I was grateful that so many people were concerned about me. "I'm fine, Soren, but thank you so much for rushing home just to see if I was okay."

"Of course." He leaned back in the chair. "They told me that it was just an allergic reaction to the pollen, and you're all right, but until I saw you for myself, I was going to be worried to death."

He paused for a second, and added, "Ro, you're extremely important to me. So is the baby. I'm still not completely at ease, but at least you seem to be pretty much your old self."

"Pretty much?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Well, you seem a bit more tired than usual, but who can blame you for that after you passed out? I'm so glad my guards were there to help you."

"Me, too." I thought about how awful it might've been if they weren't.

"You know, I did mention that you shouldn't be outside right now, especially at night," he gave me a scolding look, and I felt a bit like a child.

“I know you did, and I wouldn’t have gone out at all. It was just... I was having trouble breathing inside, and I thought some fresh air would help. I didn’t know it was the pollen.”

Soren’s gaze was still locked on me, and he said, “Um...really?”

My eyes met his, and I held my breath. Was he suspicious of my excuse?

Luckily, he smiled, and persuaded himself, “I think that makes sense.”

I let out a sigh of relief silently.

“You can always move to my house until the baby is born. You’ll be safe there, and I can find you a room to stay in,” Soren said with a simple shrug of his shoulders as if that settled it.

I shook my head. “Thank you, Soren,” I told him. “As kind of that is for you to offer, I couldn’t bring myself to be a burden to you again. You are single, and you need your life and your privacy. Also, I don’t think your business partners would appreciate seeing a pregnant woman just hanging out in your house when they come for business meetings.”

He laughed a bit and shrugged as if I were right.

“It would be best for me and the baby to relocate to a new house, someplace away from all of these towers where it’s peaceful and quiet. I have plenty of money saved up now, so I could find my own place to rent. I don’t want to trouble you—”

## Chapter 96 The New Luna Suite

“No, that’s not necessary, Ro. I’ll help you find a place,” Soren said. “I care a lot about you. I don’t want you to feel like you’re on your own now.”

“Thank you, Soren. That’s so kind of you. But really, I don’t mind making my own way now.”

He was shaking his head before I even finished the sentence. “I’ve been looking for a new property to purchase anyway, R o, as an investment property. You could live there and still manage it. We could have the same agreement as we have here, just in a new location.”

That worked perfectly with Ethan's suggestion, so I found myself agreeing with Soren half jokingly. "I'll be more than happy to work for my generous employer again, but –"

Soren raised a brow. "When did my Ro learn to negotiate?" I smiled back, "I always knew how to negotiate. I was just too poor to do so. Anyway, I'll be more than happy to work for you, but you'll have to let me pay you rent."

"Please, I insist. That would make me feel so much better."

He thought for a second and gave me a big grin. "Deal! I'll have my staff put together a list of properties that are for sale over the next few days. Yo

u can look it over and see which one you like best. We can go visit a few if you like, Whichever one you like best will be your new home. We'll get you moved in and settled before the baby gets here."

What he was describing sounded like a lot of work, but I knew I could just choose one of the houses Ethan mentioned

"In the meantime, I'll have the gardeners cut the flowers back away from the house, and we'll do what we can to help with the pollen."

"Thank you," I said again. I was saying a lot of that, and I wished one day I could repay everything that Sören had done for me. Since the day I met him, he had done nothing but be helpful to me.

Soren squeezed my hand and told me goodbye.

I leaned back on my pillows and tried to go to sleep, but I was having trouble dozing off.

I didn't mean to hide my relationship with Ethan from Soren, but Ethan was here for a military operation, and I had to protect his identity.

I kept thinking about the house that Ethan mentioned. Would he be able to get it up for sale in time? Would it be included in the list that Soren would bring to me?

Then I realized a problem. A very big problem.

Even if the house was put on the market in time, Ethan never told me any details about the houses. So how would I know which one to pick?

Later that week, Soren was back with a list of houses that were for sale on the island.

He sat down next to me with several pieces of paper in his hands. “All right,” he said with a wide smile on his face. “Are you ready to look through this stack of available homes and pick the best one?”

I couldn’t help but smile back at him. I never thought I’d have the chance to pick out a home for myself and my child.

Soren and I began to look through the houses. There weren’t many because the island wasn’t that big. The first one had stairs, and I didn’t think that would be good for the baby. “This one is a no,” Soren said,

setting it aside.

The second one had a big garden in the back. I looked at him, and we both shook our heads.

“Sorry,” Soren said, “I thought my people screened these better.” He tossed that one onto the floor.

We went through a few more, but they were vetoed by either Soren or myself.

It was the sixth one that stood out to me, the moment I saw it, I knew it had to be from Ethan.

.

The beautiful bedroom featured a canopy bed and a fireplace. I couldn’t have been more familiar with the layout of the room— it was the same as the Luna Suite back at the Drogomor pack. Ethan was right. He did make sure that I would get it.

All of a sudden, the time I had spent with Ethan in the Luna Suite flooded back to my mind. I remembered the first days I lay with Ethan in that bed, and he had ravished me and made me into a woman...

“Are you all right, Ro?” Soren asked me, looking at me with his eyebrows raised.

“Yes, yes!” Embarrassed, I snapped out from my thoughts, and focused back on the pictures.

As similar as it was to the Luna Suite, this house wasn't exactly the same. The Luna Suite was huge and had darker furniture and bedding, which made the room luxurious but solemn.

This house, on the other hand, was much smaller and primarily decorated with elegant creamy white beddings and curtains. It was gorgeous, but more cozy and welcoming.

Even without seeing the house in person, I could tell that everything in the house was exactly what would make me happy, just as he had said. I should've known he would get me everything I wanted.

I could see myself reading a book to my child next to the warm fireplace, waiting for Ethan to come home... It brought a smile to my face.

"It's only been available for a couple of hours," Soren frowned, seemingly not too happy about it. "The new seller seems highly motivated, um, too motivated..."

"But I like it a lot," I told Soren.

"Well... there are a few more to consider." He changed to the next house, but my mind was already made up.

Seeing that I had no further interest to check out more, he put aside the rest of the list and looked at me. "Do you

I shook my head. "I'm happy with it. But Soren, this is ultimately your money, if you want to go look at it,"

Soren interrupted me, "Ro, if you believe it's good, then it's good. I trust your judgment."

He leaned in and kissed my cheek, and instantly I felt awful. I was keeping secrets from him, and he had been nothing but

"Soren—" I called out his name.

"Yes, Ro?"

I was probably overthinking, but I wanted to be sure, "Um... why are you buying a new property right now?"

He raised a brow, "Because it makes business sense to invest right now. Anything wrong?"

I had a little unsettling feeling, "No, nothing's wrong. I just... I was just wondering whether your business has anything to do with the war?"

Soren stared at me for a second, and then he smiled again, "Of course not!" He stood up. "Let me take care of this first."

Then, he pulled his phone out of his pocket and went into the other room to call.

I let out a sigh of relief.

A few minutes later, Soren came back into the room. "Well, that was easy," he said. "They said I can com away."

I couldn't believe it. That was simple enough. "That's amazing! Thank you so much, Soren!"

"Whatever makes you happy makes me happy," he replied. He came over and gave me a big hug, and out of politeness, I squeezed him back.

But he wasn't letting go. We stood there for several moments, and I thought I heard him take a deep breath as if he was taking in the scent of my hair.

It was getting a little awkward, and I didn't know if I should say something or just continue to stand there

Finally, I said, 'Thanks again, Soren.'

He murmured, "I just wish... you didn't have to go."

"Well, I'll still be on your property," I reminded him with a smile, and tried to break myself away from his h

Under his breath, he muttered, "It's just not the same," and then he finally let me go.

He didn't meet my eyes as he stepped away. He was acting a bit strange today.

But I pushed those thoughts aside. Soren was a kind person, and he thought of me as a good friend. He just knew he would miss me. That's all.

In the back of my mind, though, I couldn't help but think about how awful it was that I was keeping secre

myself that it would all be worth it when I saw Ethan again... and in the end, Soren would be happy for me anyway, wouldn't he?

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Chapter 97 The Lady With White Hair

"Ro, all the boxes were unloaded, come in and check it out!" Seraphine led me to the house, and I was so excited to finally have my own home!

I couldn't believe that I had a place to live, independent of anyone else— It didn't belong to my father, it wasn't in Ethan's pack or James's castle, and it wasn't right next to Soren's house.

This was mine.... I had worked hard, and I'd earned it! Granted that it was purchased by Soren, but nevertheless, I was able to at least cover the rent

Ethan had made it beautiful already. On top of that, I had so much fun decorating the nursery with Seraphine.

We continued to take items out of boxes and put them on the shelves for my baby.

"This lamp is pretty," Seraphine said. "Did you pick it up when you were shopping with Mr. Soren?"

"I did," I said as I took it from her. It was a bright yellow boat that I thought would look nice for a boy or a girl.

"Speaking of Mr. Soren, he said he would be over tomorrow afternoon." Seraphine informed me.

I knew Soren must be busy with work. He was already helpful enough to have his men move everything for me. "Sounds good. That'll give me time to prepare a celebration dinner!" I smiled, "But first of all, let's get the nursery ready."

Walking in the house, every room I was in, my mind went to Ethan. I was excited, not only because this was my space, but also because Ethan would be here.

I went to the closet to finish hanging the baby's clothes up. Picking up a tiny outfit and putting it on a hanger made me think about the closet in my bedroom. I thought to myself, "When Ethan is here, I'll have to make room for all of his things." The closet in my bedroom was large, so all of our clothes should fit together.

I could imagine what it would be like to walk into the closet and see his suits hanging there. Would it smell like him in there? If I closed my eyes, I could smell him, that strong, masculine, musky scent that reminded me of the forest.

I wouldn't mind if my clothes smelled a little like his.

"This baby sure has a lot of belongings already for someone who hasn't been born yet," Seraphine said with a chuckle. She was straightening some toys on a shelf,

"I know. That's because this baby is so well-loved," I replied, wrapping my hands around my belly.

Finishing hanging the clothes in the closet I looked around the room. As I worked through the pile of tiny clothing, I imagined myself folding Ethan's clothing and putting them in a drawer. I'd match his socks and fold his briefs. That brought a blush to my face, and I had to glance over my shoulder to see if Seraphine was looking,

Thankfully, she wasn't. She was still playing with the toys, putting them on the shelf.

I imagined Ethan playing with the baby, sitting on the floor. driving those trains and cars around. If the baby was a girl, maybe he would even play dolls with her.

I smiled, stifling a giggle so that Seraphine wouldn't ask me any questions, and moved on.

I moved to a stack of children's books that were sitting on the floor. They just needed to be picked up and put on the shelf, something Seraphine had been doing earlier, but she'd gotten distracted for some reason.

I lowered myself down to the ground and started shelving the books, but then I thought about what sort of books Ethan might want in the house. Did he bring any with him? Would we need a bookshelf in the living room for our books in the living room? The idea of having Ethan's books in the house brought a smile to my lips. I just wanted him here.

As I sat there, listening to Seraphine hum a cheerful song, I thought about Ethan. Would I be able to meet him later?

We could live here, on the island, together, in this house, but would he leave King James and all of his responsibilities behind for me?

Then something on the floor caught my attention. I picked it out from the pile of the children's books and realized that it was a half-opened necklace locket.

"Seraphine," I called her name, recognizing that she normally wore it. No wonder she seemed distracted. She must have been looking for it. As I was about to hand it over to her, the corner of my eye caught a glimpse of what was inside.

It was a regal woman with long, white hair wearing a crown.

"Oh, you found it for me, Ro. Thank you!" Seraphine walked over, and she seemed relieved.

"Ro?" Seraphine's voice jarred me back to reality.

I blinked a few times. "Yes, Seraphine. Oh, here you go."

"You seem lost in thought." Seraphine took it over. "Are you okay?"

“Uh... yes, don't worry.” I didn't know what to say.

She looked at the locket and asked softly, “Dear, was there something wrong with the locket?”

I shook my head and smiled at her, “No, nothing's wrong. Just the lady in your locket reminds me of my mother.”

Seraphine kneeled down next to me. Her tone was a little rushed. “How so?”

There was an unusual thrill in her voice.

I think probably because the one in the locket had significant meaning to her, but I didn't want to pry.

I explained, “My mother also had beautiful white hair.”

Seraphine seemed surprised. However, she nodded in understanding and didn't ask further questions. She knew I lost my mother when I was young, and therefore being as considerate as she always was, she wouldn't continue to stay on the topic.

She put the locket necklace back on and helped me stand up, saying, “Those who have passed will be there to guide us and protect us. Don't be sad, dear.”

I smiled at her with appreciation, “Thank you, Seraphine.”

The afternoon flew away before we knew it.

“You must be exhausted,” Seraphine said after the last of the boxes were unpacked. She was a huge help and fun, but it was tiring regardless,

I smiled at her. My body was also telling me that I was weary and probably needed to rest, but the

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anticipation of seeing Ethan soon had me on pins and needles.

just knew he would have to come and see me on the first day at my new house.

“Thank you so much for coming and helping me move,” I told Seraphine, ushering her to the front door.

“Of course, I had lots of fun too. I’ll come back tomorrow to check on you. We shall have a good celebration tomorrow.” She smiled and left with a quick goodnight.

I watched her leave and then headed back to my room.

Because I insisted that I didn’t need that many guards around me, Soren only left two guards with me. They never came into my house without getting my permission ahead of time. That would allow me enough privacy to see Ethan undetected. I felt butterflies stirring in my stomach.

I decided to take a nice warm shower. My limbs were a little sore, but I wasn’t ready to lie down yet.

As the water rolled off my skin, I remembered how I had felt the first time I was waiting for Ethan to enter the Luna suite, back at his home. Only back then, I was merely a breeder to Ethan.

Now, I was the woman he cared for, at least that was what he tried to persuade me to believe.

Thinking about him had my heart beating fast and my abdomen clenching in ways it hadn’t in months.

I needed to be with him. My body was calling out for him. I hoped it wouldn’t take long for him to get here,

Of course, I simply wanted to see him, to speak to him, to wrap my arms around him. However, by the time I put on a slinky little dress and a lacy bra and panties, I was so embarrassed that my face was burning. I didn’t even know why I did that. Maybe it had been far too long since Ethan and I had been together. I longed for his touch....

Taking a deep breath, I walked around the new house, wondering how he would get here. Only a couple of ... guards were hanging around out front, but it still made me nervous. I knew there was a tunnel somewhere in the house, but as we were moving in, I hadn’t seen any traces of it.

An hour went by. The night grew darker. I became more restless.

I decided to open the window in the living room. It was our old signal, the one I'd used to let him know I was expecting him.

Was he waiting for that?

I had no idea, but it was worth the try.

Standing there for a few moments, I breathed in the salty ocean air and let it wash over my skin, hoping it would cool me. But I still felt the heated thoughts of Ethan ignited in me.

Another hour went by, and the night wore on.

I decided I needed to go lie down. He had gifted me with such a beautiful space. I may as well use it.

With a deep breath, I turned around to walk into the bedroom and was greeted by a hulky shadow filling up most of the doorway from the dining room into the hall that led to the bedrooms.

At first I was a bit startled, but then, I caught his scent and knew for certain it was Ethan without even ha

He moved toward me, and a beam of moonlight illuminated his features, highlighting his strong jaw and

“Ethan...” I whispered, moving quickly across the room to him,

He spread his arms wide for me, and his strong grip enveloped me,

I'd never felt safer in my life.

I'd never felt more at home.

“You're late,” I whispered into his muscular chest. I knew I must sound whiny.

He chuckled, “Sorry, my love.”

My love... I heard my heart thumping.

He caressed my cheek, and I looked up at him.

He smiled at me, his thumb stroking my face for a moment before he lowered his head, and his warm mouth met mine. He tasted of mint, and as his tongue danced along with mine, I reached up to thread my fingers through his hair, stretching up on my tiptoes to press my mouth against his.

Ethan continued to kiss me, deeply at first, but then slowly, carefully, as if he was savoring every moment of being in my presence. It had been so tender, so sweet.

I wanted more of him. I wanted all of him.

But he stopped, and I was so disappointed. "I'm sorry... I told you I would give you time. I just couldn't help it." He took a deep breath, and I could tell he was fighting back his desire.

My face was still burning from the kiss, and I really wanted to tell him that he didn't need to....

We both grew silent for a moment. Then I cleared my throat, "Um... would you like to see what I've done

Ethan smiled at me. "I'm sure that everything you've done is lovely."

I was excited to show Ethan the place I'd come to call home.

I led him into the nursery. "This is the baby's room," I told him.

"It looks great!" His eyes traveled over the fine cherry wood furniture I'd picked out for our child, as well as the decorations on the walls and all of the books on the shelves. Then, he looked at the baby blanket I'd made that was draped over the side of the crib. "You made this, didn't you?"

I felt a little shy about my handiwork. "I wanted the baby to have something from its mother."

Ethan smiled at me and pulled me close. "He or she is the luckiest baby in the whole world to have you as the mother."

I looked at him wide eyed, "He or she?"

Ethan looked at me, all I could tell was tenderness in his eyes. "He or she, it doesn't matter."

Ethan said it didn't matter whether the baby was a boy or girl...he didn't care! I was so happy.

My heart melted and tears welled up.

His smooth palm caressed my cheek, and his warm, minty breath fanned across my face. Tingles of electricity prickled up my spine as I stared into his crystal clear eyes. I was totally lost in his gaze, and without even heard myself ask, "Would you like me to show you the bedroom?"

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Chapter 98 So Eager, My Love

When I realized what I had asked, I felt my face light on fire.

I wish I could just dig a hole to hide myself from the embarrassment.

What was wrong with me? I never knew I could be this... needy!

Ethan's eyes landed on me with a bright glow in them. He was a little surprised, but then a smile spread across his thin lips.

He leaned down. "I would love to," but he didn't fully release me from his hug to walk away. "However, I have something to show you before that," he said.

His face was right next to mine. It was so close, and even seeing it so many times with my eyes and in my

dreams, I still could not get over how perfect it was.

"What is it?" I asked, biting my bottom lip as I eagerly awaited his answer.

"It's a surprise," he shook his head. "You have to wait and see."

I couldn't imagine the old Ethan putting together a surprise for anyone, much less just me.

"A surprise..." I said, "for me?"

He nodded, "Only for you."

He took a step back and offered me his hand, and I took it.

He led me through the house to the study where I noticed the closet door was open. We hadn't quite unpacked all of this room, so several boxes were sitting around.

Stepping around them, we went to the closet, and that's when I saw that some of the floorboards were moved aside.

A ladder disappeared beneath the house.

"The tunnel," I whispered.

Ethan nodded. "This is it. Do you think you can safely make it down in your condition? It's not far."

"Yes," I said, not wanting to miss out on whatever Ethan had prepared for me.

Ethan went down the ladder first, and I followed, careful to hold on tight and watching my footing. It wasn't easy, but I was determined.

The floor of the tunnel was only about seven feet below the house. Ethan almost had to duck.

The tunnel was quite long. I couldn't see the end as it disappeared off in the distance. It smelled musty, and the floor was damp. Whether it was concrete or packed dirt, I wasn't sure, but I didn't particularly like this place.

"Walk this way," he said. He took my hand, and we walked a bit, and then the tunnel opened up, and it wasn't so tight, the ceiling rising higher above our heads. "We have to go a little ways. I think it would be faster if

shifted. You can get on my back."

I nodded and gave him some privacy to shift. Not that I'd never seen him naked. I just didn't want to get myself overly excited if Ethan's mind wasn't in

the same place that mine was. Therefore, I tried to focus my mind on picturing his wolf in my mind.

oney

Awet. My nuzzle alerted me that Ethan had shifted. I turned to see his large wolf behind me. I couldn't help but smile. I had seen his wolf from far away a few times when we were back at the Drogomor pack. But it never struck me that he was such a majestic-looking creature.

I decided to be helpful and picked up his clothing off of the ground, keeping them with me. He crouched down so that I could get up. Once I was on, I kept one hand on his stuff, and the other buried in his fur as he took off at a fast-paced trot.

Thank goodness he wasn't sprinting. As fast as he went, I was amazed how smooth he managed to make the ride to be.

It didn't take too long at that pace to reach the end of the tunnel. It came out in the midst of a thick woods. I had to get off of Ethan's back for us to exit out of what looked like a tube disguised as a fallen log in the forest.

As I walked out of the tunnel, he put his pants back on, though I noticed that was all he put on, even carrying his shoes. His feet were tough enough that he didn't mind walking barefoot over the forest floor.

I thought it was amazing how different this part of the island was from the beach. Here, there were thick evergreen trees, as well as towering deciduous trees that had deposited piles of leaves on the ground in a myriad of colors.

"This is lovely," I told him as Ethan took my hand.

"We're not there yet. Just wait," he told me with a smile.

We walked down a forest path just a little ways until we came into a clearing, and I stopped in my tracks, a

gasp escaping my lips as I couldn't believe what I was looking at.

It was like something out of a wondrous dream.

The trees were a vivid green, illuminated by the silvery moonlight that streamed down from above us, dancing off of the foliage and shimmering in

the starlight. The grass was a soft velvet that glistened with a sprinkle of dew. In the center, Ethan had laid out a plush pile of blankets for us to lay upon. I could tell they were soft and satiny just from looking at them. The plush pile invited me to come and make myself comfortable.

Ole,

But that wasn't the most dazzling feature of my surprise.

All around us, the trees, the sky, the grass, everywhere I looked was twinkling and flashing with a thousand lights in shades from bright yellow to soft white. Fireflies— thousands of them—fluttered around us.

I stood there, staring at the magical sight, trying to take it all in and remember to breathe.

“Do you like it?” Ethan whispered.

“I love it,” I said, “How did you—”

“This is a special place for them,” he explained. “And now, it's a special place for us.”

He took my hand and led me over to the blankets and the two of us dropped down, intertwined in one

another's arms.

As much as I wanted to speak to him, to talk about the future, to tell him how much I loved him... at that moment, all I could do was surrender to the passion that had been burning deep inside of me all day.

Leaning in close, his fingers brushed a strand of my hair behind my ear as he stared deeply into my eyes. The same lust filled gaze I had seen so many times before caused my heart to race with anticipation.

The soft moonlight gave him a gentle glow, and the man in front of me was just so gorgeous that it seemed unreal.

My body was no stranger to the way he made me feel, and as his lips descended upon mine my soul lifted. and the ache in my core came to life.

Without hesitation, I reached out. My fingers brushing the nap of his neck pulling him closer. Our kiss deepened with a sense of urgency as he gently laid me down upon the blanket.

“May I?” he whispered softly against my lips.

My eyes widened... he was asking for my permission.

My eyes were moist, and I very, very slightly nodded my head.

Wasting no time, Ethan claimed my lips once more. His hands trailed down across my skin as he pulled the lace outfit I had been wearing off, letting my erect bud be crested by the cool evening air.

A rush of desire coursed through me at his touch. His mouth quickly captured my breast, causing my baby moan escaped my lips.

It was as if my chest was not close enough to him, I pressed myself further against him as my fingers wrapped within his hair. My body begged for more. “Ethan, please...”

A soft chuckle left his lips as his eyes looked up to me, a glint of amusement and lust mixing within his gaze. “So eager, my love.”

“Please...” I murmured, watching as he descended down my stomach before reaching my core.

The swirl of his tongue against my sensitive nub caused me to gasp as I felt his hunger come to life. Over and over again, he pushed me to the edge, but slowly stopped before I could peak over.

His tongue was doing dangerous things as I begged him for my release.

I begged him to fill me as he had done so many times before. I didn't just desire it, I needed it. Needed him

“Please... I can't take anymore.”

A growl of satisfaction left his mouth, as he came up and captured mine once more. The taste of my arousal against my tongue made me moan in delight as the feeling of his thick ere

A sudden thrust of his thick, rigid member caused me to cry out in pleasure. The fullness created between us on hyperdrive.

Thrust after thrust, I cried in pleasure, and my reaction seemed to make him even more wild.

“Goddess—” I cried, feeling the pressure building within me.

The swell of his knot pushed my walls to the max as he locked himself inside.

“You have no idea how much I love you,” he whispered, holding me tight against him. “I can’t hold on—” the whimper

“Cum for me, Rosalie,” he commanded as a rush of stars filled my eyes at the explosion of my organism

A roar of pleasure emitted from Ethan as his teeth grazed over my neck. I was shocked by the intimacy, but I knew he would

Locked together, he leaned back, holding me in his arms as he stared into my eyes,

“You have no idea how much I have missed you,” he whispered softly, kissing my lips.

His admission was something I had prayed for, for so long and never expected to get.

Ethan was the only man I could ever love.

No matter what the future held, being within his arms right now made me feel at home.

No one could ever replace him.

He was my Alpha, and that would never change.

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Chapter 99 To The North

\*\*Georgia's POV

Ethan had said little about what was going on in the north other than rogues were to blame.

As much as I trusted my brother, his long absence and slight secrecy made me skeptical. I knew my brother better than most. With the way he was acting, something else was at play.

Estrella had gone back to the pack, and Vicky was busy helping the displaced civilians. Talon could barely leave the war room. The only person who seemed to have all the time in the freaking world was Madalynn, who just didn't have the ability to stop talking about wedding preparations.

This was the perfect opportunity for me to get away from the castle. However, before that, I needed to figure something out.

"Excuse me." I called out to a young, petite scullery maid. "The man that was brought in from the north. Where is he?"

My brows furrowed as I stared over the text on the ancient red book sitting in my lap. Stroke marks and black ink decorated each delicate page. Although I couldn't understand all of the ancient language, it didn't change the fact that I found it fascinating.

"What're you reading, Miss Georgia?" Blake asked curiously.

"Nothing." Curling my hands around the book in my lap once more, I marked my place and pushed it back into my satchel. I tried to show the book to others before and failed, so I wasn't going to bother another person. "And just Georgia, please."

Blake had overheard a conversation I was having with the witness from the north and had taken it upon himself to offer to be my guide. Even though I

tried to explain I wasn't going north to throw off suspicion, he seemed to see through my facade.

"Why didn't you stay with Lily back in the castle?"

With a smile, he shrugged. "She is safe in the capital. However, I have to find our parents, and that is something Lily agrees about as well."

"This journey is risky," I sighed. "You do realize that you are taking a huge leap of faith when the chance of finding them is very slight?" "Yes, Miss Georgia. But if you are not afraid, I'm not either."

I gave up on trying to get Blake to omit the prefix. He insisted on showing respect to the royal families and the warriors, so there wasn't much I could do to change that.

A sigh escaped me as I shook my head, "It's not the same...."

I had been trained as a warrior since I was young like everyone else in our pack. I went off to the best boarding school when Ethan took over the pack and it didn't take me long before I pushed my way to the head of the class,

Blake, however, was just an ordinary villager... and not from the Drogomor pack.

"Don't worry about me, Miss Georgia. I know all the secret pathways in and out of the forest and village. I already escaped once from the rogues, I will be able to do it again if needed."

Realizing that there was no arguing with him, I nodded my head in understanding. It would be nice to have someone accompany me.

Rather than hiding behind the capitol walls, I believed I would be more useful in the north. I could find more survivors and help them get to shelters with Blake's help.

Had you told me earlier in the week I would be hiding in the transportation trucks with Blake on our way to the north to help with survivors... I probably would have said you're crazy.

Yet, with my brother's protocols, this was the only way out. So now I was hiding behind barrels of grain and medical supplies, with Blake praying that no

one saw us before we got there. However, unbeknownst to Blake, I was also looking for someone. Someone who could be behind the rogues.

I needed to find him and stop him.

The truck jolted to the side, its tires sliding across the icy terrain. "What was that?" I asked. We were both on high alert.

"I'm not sure. I think we may have blown a tire," Blake whispered.

We listened as the driver climbed out of the truck. His voice carried through the wind as he cursed the situation that had befallen him. But as quick as his words had come, they suddenly stilled.

An eerie quietness surrounded us, and with it came a sickness in my lower stomach that tried to tell me something wasn't right.

"Something is wrong," Blake replied as we both listened for any signs of movement. "Stay in here, and I will go check it out."

Grabbing his arm, I lowered my voice. "Be careful. I don't think this was a coincidence. We are close to the

occupied rogue territory, and with the supplies on this truck, it could have been an ambush."

Nodding his head, he climbed from the car slowly as I remained quiet and listened. A few moments later, he came back looking confused. "I didn't see the driver, not sure where he went."

The sky darkened outside as the sun made its descent behind the distant mountains. Mentally, I ran through the situation we were in. There was no way that we had blown a tire that easily on these roads.

As the thought escaped my mind, the approaching howls of wolves brought forth the suspicion that had been lingering.

"Sh\*t," I muttered.

My eyes searched the darkened shadows of the road and forest around. I put the satchel across my shoulders and grabbed my large blade. I wasn't afraid of fighting, but I needed to be smart about it.

“Blake, shift now, and take me to a spot close to the entrance of the secret pathway.”

He did what I asked immediately, and before I knew it, we were dashing through the woods. The thundering footsteps of wolves closing in on us as the rustling through the trees grew louder.

The rogues must have smelled us when we took off, and with the sound of how quickly they were approaching, it wasn't good for either of us. Once they identified their targets, they were unstoppable.

“Once we are there, you use the secret pathways to hide yourself and wait for the best time to attack while I distract them,” I whispered into his ear.

The whimper that escaped his muzzle showed his hesitation. “Do what I tell you. Whatever our goals are for this trip, we both need to survive first. Trust me, I know what I'm doing.”

Yes, I knew what I was doing, but it didn't mean I wasn't nervous.

I was well aware that since I couldn't shift, I wouldn't be able to fight fairly against the wolves. However, the good news was, they couldn't smell me either. That gave me an advantage to hide myself.

After about half an hour, Blake came to a complete stop allowing me to dismount from his back.

“Go, now!” I urged him to get away as quickly as possible.

There was clear hesitation within his eyes as he stood staring at me for a moment, before disappearing off into the darkness.

Moving quickly, I stepped out into the cold, dark evening air. Snow crunched beneath my boots as I wandered the area, computing my plan.

“Well, well...” a voice called from the treeline causing me to turn swiftly. “Looks like a little lamb lost her way.”

One of four wolves had shifted back to his man form. Dark swirling orbs stared back at me tinged with red, signifying the trademark of the rogues.

“You are trespassing, babe,” he smirked.

growled in frustration as my fingers tightened around the grip of my blade.

“How about we play a little game?” the dark, ugly stranger replied with a grin. “Come on, it will be fun.”

Too old for childish games, I settled my gaze upon the treeline as if I was searching for someone.

“Are you looking for someone?” the man stated, a sinister glint in his eyes.

A surge of anger coursed through me. “Where is my driver?!”

“Considering the amount of blood upon the snow under your boot... I would say dead.”

Letting out a gasp of disbelief, my eyes glanced towards the snow to see the trail of blood that stained a path way towards its source. “You killed him?”

The breathless remark took a toll on me as I tried to come up with ways to distract him more and draw him away from the rest of the three.

“Yes, I did.” The man snickered, “So about this game?”

“F\*ck your game!” | roared in fury as his eyes narrowed.

“You will watch your tongue,” he roared, not pleased with my reaction, but he seemed to be amused.

“I can’t even shift, yet, you asked me to go against four of you. I don’t see any fun in that.” I turned to glare at the rest of the wolves and smirked, “You guys really are listening to this coward?”

The rest of the wolves snarled.

“You are feisty, aren’t you?” the leader chuckled, baring his teeth. “Tell you what. I will give you a fifteen minute head start. Then, I will enjoy ripping you apart.”

He turned to his group and ordered, “Stay here. She’s mine.”

Dumb \*ss! I sneered silently and wasted no time in turning and sprinting into the treeline to put as much distance between him and me as possible.

The whipping wind brushed forcefully against my skin as I moved past broken branches and over tall

logs.

No matter the terrain, I pushed myself forward as hard as I could.

Hopefully, this would all work out.

The roque's howl sounded from not far away, signaling his eagerness to catch me, and let me fall prey to the blood lust that coursed through his veins.

The crumbling leaves beneath my feet did nothing to hide my location.

My body, worn out from the stamina I had demanded, caused my step to falter. The weight of gravity pul leg connected with a fallen log.

From the corner of my eye, I saw the gray pelt of a wolf charging quickly in my direction. Great, he had shifted again. That wasn't how I planned to have him pla

Well, I guess I shouldn't reason with rogues.

grasped at the earth, pushing myself to my feet once more only to have the wolf's form crash into me, sending me hurtling into a thicket nearb

A cry of pain escaped my lips on impact.

As the briars sliced through my skin, a rip in my side caused a breathless gasp to leave my lips.

I grimaced at the idea of what it could look like, but the sensation of wetness pouring down my side did nothing to settle my imagination.

Moaning, I lifted my eyes up, only to face snarling teeth and dripping saliva. My body quickly froze as I w slowly stalking forward.

This wasn't how I planned to go out, and it wouldn't be.

The only weapon Thad possessed that might be able to save my life lay feet away, its location reflected by the moonlight glistening off the silver blade.

Knowing my life was on the line, I lurched forward and grasped at its handle as the wolf's jaws snapped

As I thrust the blade forward into his ribs, a howl of pain escaped the animal.

His body fell from mine as he tried to recoup from the damage I had inflicted. He was fierce, and his eagerness to rip me apart was obvious.

Forcing myself to my feet, I limped towards a grove of trees, searching for the sign of the entrance of the

Come on, Blake! I mentally yelled, searching the area for his wolf.

Now was the time I needed him, and as if the goddess heard me, a sign came.

A black wolf jumped from behind the rogue, mouth wide as its teeth sunk deeply into the back of its neck. The rogue struggled beneath Blake's grasp, but Blake refused to let go.

A fierce howl penetrated the dark sky around us, echoing through the treeline. The rogue was letting his followers know that he was not going to win this battle,

I gathered all of my strength and sent my blade into his exposed chest ending the rogue's life.

"Blake ... we... need to run..." I directed, feeling my life slipping away from me.

Having used all of my strength to help Blake kill the rogue, I was at a loss. My energy was depleted, and my body was slowly closing down,

Without hesitation, Blake threw me on his back and started running,

The sounds of rogues echoed behind us as we sprinted through the thick brush, searching for our escape.

"Go...north," I whispered with faint words as I slowly slipped into darkness.

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## Chapter 100 A Blade To My Throat

\*\*Soren's POV

Rosalie had moved out.

it was difficult to know that she had left the cottage behind my home, but at least she had moved into a house that I owned.

If she couldn't stay in my cottage anymore, at my home, at least she was still under my wing in a different way. The sale had been rushed, but it served my purpose, so it was good enough. As a bonus, the house was bought for a steal anyway.

I wasn't there for the move because I'd just returned from the north. I rubbed my temples, the supplies going to the north had been delivered as we expected. Everything else was arranged and under control. Why was I just having this feeling that something would go wrong?

"We're here," Thomas said. "Time to put on your smile."

"Just shut up." I rolled my eyes. "Is everything ready?"

"Of course." Thomas was competent, but it wouldn't hurt to double check.

tot

"Good evening, my beautiful Ro!" I smiled as usual. I had to admit that smiling around her had become easier and easier. Good or bad, most times, I did it without even realizing it.

"Soren, you're here! Welcome back!" Rosalie seemed to be happy to see me.

Thanded over the flowers to her and gave her a big hug. She giggled and ushered me in.

Immediately, I was welcomed by the delicious smell of food. I had to say, after a long trip, a nice home made meal was tempting. The money I spent on Rosalie was so worth it.

As she put the flowers in the vase, she said, "Food will be ready soon— but Soren, I cannot accept the piano."

I had my men pack up the things she needed to take with her. Since the new house was furnished, there wasn't too much, but I had sent the piano along.

"I insist," I sat down on the couch, "if you had left it there, it would be so lonely without being used. Are you really going to make the piano so sad?"

She chuckled but didn't seem to be convinced. "Soren, it's too expensive—"

I continued my reasoning. "Plus, how am I going to have my private concert if my musician doesn't have her instrument? Keep it, please, for me."

She finished putting the flowers in the vase, and looked towards me. "Soren, you are just too kind. You've done too much for me, thank you," she said.

I saw how grateful she was, and I liked it when she showed me her appreciation. That was the reaction wanted from her. Everything was going as planned.

However, her eyes were so innocent and gentle. Her smile was so genuine that I had to force myself to look

away.

Dimn it! Ever since that night, every time I was around her, I thought of that dream I'd had about her. Now, sitting in her living room, her sweet scent was surrounding me, and my fingers itched to reach over to her. I had to dig my nails into the couch to keep from touching her.

I cleared my throat and dragged my focus back to the conversation. "You're very welcome, Ro. I'm happy to have had the opportunity to help. I guess I'll just have to visit you here until I can convince you to move in with me again."

She gave me a curious look, and I realized what I had said. F\*ck..

I laughed, like I was joking, and said, "You know... to manage a different property... or something."

Rosalie smiled and teased me, "Soren, how many properties are you going to buy?"

I shrugged. "The more the merrier. Too bad I only have one Ro."

She shook her head, smiling at my joke, and walked into the kitchen to continue working on dinner. I wanted to reach up and pull her back to me. My eyes traced her curves, the roundness of her full breasts, her perfect bottom, those hips.

"Soren?" she asked, turning to look at me over her shoulder. "I asked if you could move to the dining room. The food is almost ready"

"Oh, right," I said. I hadn't heard her ask me anything. I'd been too busy staring at her body, imagining her straddling me.... "Yes, I'm coming."

F\*ck, how I wished that were true.... I'd been putting on a nice disguise for so long.

"It's so great that the floorplan is open, so I can see the baby playing in the living room while I'm cooking," she said.

"Yes, it is nice," I agreed, but my mind was somewhere else.

"Soup coming!" She bent over to put down the dish, and her body gently rubbed against me. I was already slightly hard from thinking about the dream earlier, and with her bent over right in front of me, my mind went to some very dirty places.

Rosalie straightened up and looked at me again. "Are you all right, Soren? You seem very distracted."

I wanted to tell her right then and there how badly I wanted her. I could bend her right back over the table, or maybe move to the couch, and listen to her shout my name as I finally had my way with her.

"Soren?"

I wiped my brow with the back of my hand. "I'm fine," I told her.

"Maybe the pollen was getting to you, too," Rosalie said and then giggled. "Just kidding. I'm sure you are tired from the trip."

I rubbed my temple as an agreement to her comment. "Probably...."

"Just one more minute, and we'll be all set!" She smiled and squeezed my arm. "Hang in there."

Taking a deep breath, I tried my best to not overthink her touch.

Then, I got an uneasy feeling, like something wasn't quite right, like something was happening that was out of my control. But I couldn't put my finger on it, and I pushed the thought out of my mind, chalking it up to being overly tired and maybe not pleased that Rosalie was moving out.

To celebrate moving into her new house, Rosalie decided to bake a lasagna. It was a fairly complicated dish, one she said she hadn't attempted in a while, and I had heard her in the kitchen, preparing everything,

including the soup, fresh bread and dessert, humming to herself the whole time.

"Okay!" Rosalie said, coming back into the room. "Seraphine helped me a bit, but I mostly did it myself."

That to rip my eyes off of her and focus on the food or else I might rip her clothes off instead. "Great, I'm starvina!" My stomach growled looking at the food, and I was able to get a bit of control over myself. For the moment.

"You have to let me bring the food to the table. You've done everything else." It was Lola walking out from the kitchen. She came here to help Rosalie settle in to the new house.

Seraphine set the table and agreed with Lola. "Indeed, Ro, you've been on your feet the entire afternoon."

"All right," Rosalie said, giving in.

She stopped working in the kitchen and went to light some candles.

The soft candle light gave her a warm glow. She wore a simple blue summer dress, but she looked just as beautiful as she was in some of her fancier dresses.

I had to tell her so, despite the distraction. "You look gorgeous," I said, pulling out her chair for her. Again, my

hands grazed her slightly as she came past me, and I inhaled her sweet floral scent. I found myself leaning toward her. She turned to smile at me, and her face was only an inch or so from my lips.

What would she do if I leaned in and kissed her?

“Thank you, Soren,” she said as she sat down and turned away from me.

I took a deep breath and pictured one of my enemies, letting my rage at that person counter my attraction to Rosalie. It was the only way I was going to get through dinner without sending Lola and Seraphine away, clearing the table and taking her right here.

Lola brought the rest of the food and served everyone before she sat down at the end of the table to join us as Rosalie insisted.

Lola, Seraphine, and I were all drinking champagne while Rosalie drank a nonalcoholic version to celebrate moving into the house without hurting the baby.

After just one bite, I couldn't help but tell her, “You've really outdone yourself!” I said. “I can't believe you made all of this from scratch!”

Her face turned red. “I'm so glad that you like it. I wanted to make something special for you for all of your help. Thank you for helping me move into this lovely home.”

I looked at her, and I watched her face flush an even deeper shade of red under the weight of my eyes. “I will always be here to help you, Ro. In every way that I can.” I reached over and put my hand on top of hers. Her smile was warm, and I had to

wonder if maybe there was something more than friendship there—or could there be? I let my hand linger on hers and wanted so much to move my hand further up her arm.

I managed to pull my hand away, knowing that the others were watching, and downed the rest of my champagne before pouring another glass.

We ate our lasagna and fresh bread and chatted, and then moved on to delicious chocolate cake. I was stuffed full and feeling a bit sleepy, thinking

that stuffing myself full of food might take my mind off of my attraction to Rosalie.

Still, I couldn't help but notice how her eyes twinkled in the candlelight, how her hair seemed to form a h

It seemed to take forever for the dinner to be done and for Seraphine and Lola to finish up cleaning and leave.

Once the house quieted down, she asked, "Why don't you take a break from your work while I play you a tune on the piano?"

I couldn't argue with that. "I love that idea," I told her.

It would be just like old times. I might be sleeping on her couch and not in her bed, but she would be close to me.

My guards were nearby, and I had a feeling everything was going to be just fine...

Rosalie disappeared into the other room for a few minutes and then came back with a blanket and some pillows.

I lay back on the couch and made myself comfortable as Rosalie sat down on the piano bench and bega

I might not be able to control myself. The wolf inside of me was already growling for her.

My eyes grew heavy, and before long, I felt myself growing quite tired. I was half-asleep when I heard Rosalie whisper something close to my ear and realized she had stopped playing t good night, Soren. Sleep well." Then everything went dark. She must've turned off the lights.

I lay down on the sofa, letting my thoughts claim me. I finally realized that all day, off and on, the reason had to be exhaustion bringing up problems from my past, right?

I must've dozed off. When I began to wake up again, I smelled that awful scent again, the one I knew wa

Not only that, but I had a feeling I was no longer on the couch in Rosalie's living room.

I felt something cold and hard pressed against my neck. The scent of mildew mingled with the wretched brother.

My eyes flew open, and I knew I wasn't dreaming. This was reality.

Wherever I was, it was dark. A tunnel perhaps?

The only thing I could make out were the whites of someone's eyes.

And I knew right away who it was.

Ethan

And he was holding a blade to my throat.

The blade was so sharp, if I moved just a little bit forward. it would kill me

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