

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

#My Son 10 - Read The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King My Son 10

Chapter 10

One minute we were fighting, the next his lips were on mine. My first kiss. Something I had dreamed about from the time I was old enough to know about kisses. It was nothing and everything like how I had imagined. It was rough but tender. Demanding, but gentle. It made my insides twist and heat in a way I had never experienced before. And I wanted

more.

Wait. No. No. No. I should not be kissing Rhys. I mean, the Alpha. I mean, the Alpha King. What was I doing? This was crazy. No. No. I can't be doing this.

I pulled away and pushed him back slightly. I instantly missed his warmth, and the frustrated look on his face made me unsure if I had made the right decision. I was to be his bride after all, if he was serious about that. Did he expect me to just give him

everything whenever he asked? Was that what I was supposed to do?

I felt my body begin to tremble with fear again. What if he decided this was the last straw

and now, he was going to kill me? I looked away, hoping to make myself disappear. Oh god what have I done?

But after a long moment of silence, I slowly raised my eyes to his and noticed he was still

just staring at me.

"You know, many people have sought my kiss. I have had strangers throw themselves at me. Random people write me letters of marriage proposals, and my own bride pushes me away. Tell me what am I supposed to make of that?"

I looked away again, feeling awkward. What did he want me to say? I had nothing to say. Nothing to give. Did he want me to kiss him again?

“You know, a lot of people would kill for a kiss like that.” He continued when I didn’t say a word, but his voice was sultrier more than demanding now. “And you have kissed the Alpha King, Grace. But you still look so unhappy. I don’t think I’ve ever even seen you smile. Like a real, happy smile. Tell me, Grace, if you aren’t trying to steal my throne and aren’t part of some crazy conspiracy, tell me what do you want, Grace?”

I frowned. What did I want? I didn’t know. Nobody had ever asked such a question before. My own father hadn’t even cared about what I wanted. He kept me locked in a prison on nothing but the words of Kinsley. He hated that I ruined his image of a perfect family. I

was hated by everyone. I was left by the only people I had ever loved, my mother and my stepmother. There was little of the world that I even knew of. I didn’t know what there even was to want out there. I had been trapped my whole life whether physically or societally. I had no idea what to want...

I grabbed the chalkboard from where he had thrown it onto the bed earlier. The only thing I really wanted was to be free. I didn’t want to be a slave anymore. I didn’t want to be constantly looking over my shoulder. I didn’t want the fear of making a mistake, no matter how small. I didn’t want to feel what I felt. I didn’t want to be stuck in my own

head. I just wanted to be free.

I drew a little bird to convey everything I wanted and showed him. I wanted to be able to go where I wanted, when I wanted. I didn’t want to have to ask permission about anything. I just wanted to be free.

His gaze lingered on the board for a long time. I didn’t know if he understood what I was trying to convey, but I didn’t have a better way to put it. There was nothing in this world that I wanted more than that. He stared at the picture for so long that I was convinced he

had no idea what it meant.

But then, he placed it gently on the side table, and pulled down the covers on the bed again, and gestured for me to climb it. I nodded my thanks and crawled in tiredly.

He started to walk to the door, and I panicked slightly. I might not have thought I should kiss him, but that didn’t mean I wanted him to leave.

But to my surprise, he stopped when he got to the other side of the bed, and began to undress, taking off the button up and the dress pants so he was just in his boxers. Then, he got into bed on the other side and pulled me into his lap.

“Gracie,” He cooed.

I looked up at him wondering what he wanted now.

“I don’t think I could handle it, if you’re lying to me about who you are and your part in everything. You already have such a hold on me. Promise me you’ll never lie to me... If you don’t know or don’t remember something, then okay but promise me you’ll never lie to me.”

I searched his eyes as he searched mine. I didn’t know what he meant by all that, but I

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knew by that look I wanted to do anything he ever asked of me, so I nodded, slowly.

“Good. And tomorrow, I think it’s best if we start sharing a room. I want you to have your own space, and we can pick a place for that, but I don’t want to sleep another night without you. How do you have such a hold on me already, Gracie?”

My heart fluttered. Did he mean it? I had never had a hold on anyone. I had never really had my own space. I had never really mattered enough for that. But the way he spoke made me feel like I mattered to him, and that thought was both unsettling and thrilling all at once. He was the Alpha King. My Alpha King.

The last thought I had as I drifted off to sleep was, when did he become my Alpha King?