

# **The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King**

## **- Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Grace**

### **Chapter 2: Grace**

Kinsley marched over to where I was at the sink, causing everyone to look at her but me. I didn't move. I couldn't move. I forced my body not to show her that I was scared. I was 20 years old, but I still felt like I was a child. Why couldn't she just for one day leave me alone?

I felt the sting of the whip as it shredded through my shirt with ease. I stood unmoving. Kinsley would not see me break. She had done enough damage to last a lifetime, but I would not let her see.

I braced myself against the counter as the whip swished again. This was her favorite form of torture. My back was covered in old scars and new marks alike and there wasn't an ounce of it that didn't have some sort of mark. I think she liked the whip so much because she could carry it around and pull it out whenever she saw me. Sometimes it was a quick 1, 2, and other times she prolonged it so she could have her fun. This was the worst of it though, this was Kinsley angry, and angry Kinsley was the worst.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?!" Kinsley shouted. "You are supposed to be upstairs cleaning, not in the fucking kitchen! What the hell is wrong with you?!"

I didn't say anything as I dropped to my knees as she continued to crack the whip.

"We. Have. An. Important. Guest. Coming. And you. Are supposed to. Be. Out. Of. Sight. You pathetic excuse of a person! And not to mention you bled on the freaking apples!"

Kinsley was breathless as she spewed her words out like the venom they were. I hated her. I hated who she had made me become. I hated the shadow that I lived under because of her. But I kept myself upright with that hate making no noise.

I couldn't breathe as I was fighting to remain conscious. The whip stopped, but I felt her grab my hair, forcing me to look up at her.

"You will go clean upstairs and if I so much as see you before our guests leave, then it will be a night in the dungeons, and I will let the guards do what they want with you." She hissed in my ear, just loud enough for me to hear.

Tears filled my eyes as the pain intensified. I attempted to nod, but her grip was so firm in my hair that I could barely move.

"Will you behave?" Kinsley sneered.

I nodded again. Talking out loud only ever got me in trouble.

"Get out of my sight."

Kinsley released me, and I struggled not to fall forward and smash my face into the counters edge. I took a deep breath and worked to stabilize myself. I'm fine. I'm fine. I'm fine. My mantra repeated in my head as I stumbled to my feet. The lack of food now combined with the pain had my head spinning.

"You are getting blood all over my floor." Kinsley said in disgust.

I nodded, grabbing the mop from the corner of the room, doing my best not to move too slowly and gingerly so she would not have an excuse to come at me again... not that she really needed one.

I mopped up the mess I had made in the kitchen, and then went to closet that held uniforms and cleaning supplies. I put on a new shirt and a dress over top of the two I was wearing. I had learned a long time ago that if I did this, the shirts would sort of act like a bandage. I used to be afraid that Kinsley would be angry about me ruining so many outfits, but she seemed to love that she could make me bleed through my layers. It was like a challenge or something to her.

Once everything was in place and as secure as I could make it, I grabbed the cleaning supplies I needed and headed upstairs. The stairs were much worse than I imagined them to be, and I was panting by the time I reached the top, my eyes filling with tears that I couldn't fight anymore.

I ducked into the first room on the right, it was a sitting area that was rarely used, but sometimes if we had guests it was available to them, so I figured I would start there. I let the large mahogany door shut behind me, and I immediately gave into my need to make myself as small as possible. The pain was excruciating, and my head was spinning, and for just a moment I wanted to just let myself feel it, to let myself cry.

I had only been crouched for a moment when I heard movement on the other side of the room. My panic immediately ensued, realizing I had walked in on someone utilizing this space, not the empty room I had assumed it to be.

I heard a glass get set on the side table, but didn't move. Terror filled me more.

"Well, stand up," A voice I didn't recognize called out from across the room. "And tell me who you are."

My eyes widened as I looked up at him. He had chocolate brown hair and a light tan and sharp green eyes. He was young, maybe in his early to mid 20's. I struggled to

bring my breathing back to normal. He was the most handsome man I had ever seen, and all I could think was that I wanted to run my fingers through his hair. I forced myself to stand and wiped away my tears. This man didn't know me. He didn't need to see my troubles. I would be in so much trouble if anyone found out I had crossed his path. I could only guess he was with the visitors I was told to stay away from.

The door behind me opened. Alpha Adrian was smiling, looking at the man now standing before us both, but his face fell the second his eyes landed on me, shock and disgust filling his gaze.

"Alpha King Rhys." Adrian attempted to mask his disgust. "I must apologize. This foolish servant didn't realize we would be meeting here."

I nodded meekly. This was the Alpha King. Nothing good could come from me stumbling through here.

Adrian grabbed me roughly by the shoulders and started to move. "She will be going now."

"She can speak for herself." The Alpha King's aura made us both freeze. "What's your name girl?"

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)