

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King #My Son 31 - Read The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King My Son 31

Chapter 31

The Alpha King had mention that I should go to dinner, but after the whole showdown with his brother on the third flong, I found myself not hungry in the slightest. I had walked on them fighting and the fear I had felt in that moment had been too much. I was used to physical violence being used on me, but to see it and not be a part of it was just as scary. I had found myself so terrified that the Alpha King would turn on me, but also that he would get hurt.

I was so lost in my head; I paid no attention to where I was going. My newfound freedom seemed to be getting the best of me, and I had found myself near the medical bay that was on the first floor even though I had never been to this one

before.

I immediately noticed Dr. Sawyer organizing supplies. Whatever he was doing seemed to be repetitive, and probably a little soothing but the sadness on his face was undeniable, and it looked like he was carrying the weight of the world on his

shoulders.

I slowly approached him from the side, so I wouldn't startle him, but it didn't seem to quite work the way I had hoped it would.

"Hey Grace, I didn't see you come in." He said tiredly.

I gave him a small smile and wrote on my chalkboard. "You ok?"

"No really," He answered sadly.

I nodded in understanding. I gestured to the outside, hoping he would get what I meant.

"Why didn't I go say goodbye?" He asked, clarifying what I was asking.

I nodded, **yes**.

"My brother, Caleb, has made choices for a long time that I haven't agreed with. He was his own downfall. It didn't matter how many chances he got, no matter how many times we tried to save him from himself, he was always going to self-destruct. It just makes me sad. I was closer with him than he was with Sawyer. But my wolf and I mindlinked him our goodbyes. I just didn't want to see him. It would make me sadder."

I frowned. I understood why it would make him sadder, but it was weird to think about both Dr. Sonnett and his wolf both occupying his brain and body. I had never had a wolf to connect with and I wondered how it worked. I also had never heard the word mindlinked. I know Sawyer had mentioned it before and so had the Alpha King, but what they meant, I had no idea what they meant.

“Wolf talks?” I finally asked with my chalkboard.

Sawyer looked at me in surprise.

“Yea, my wolf talks all the time. He rarely shuts up in my head. Sawyer answered, but there was confusion in his voice.

“To you?” I wrote out again.

“Yes, but not only me, he can also mindlink others.” Sawyer answered, stopping what he was doing to now give me his full

attention.

“Oh.” I didn’t know how to ask any more questions. I couldn’t spell anything I wanted to say. It didn’t feel worthy of being

speech worthy. And I didn’t know how to gesture it to make any sense.

“I know you don’t have a connection to a wolf,” Sawyer seemed to be picking his word choice cautiously. “But didn’t your old pack ever talk about their own wolves around you?”

I shook my head. “No.” I wrote on my board before adding. “Bu no talk.”

“What?” Sawyer frowned and reread my board several times before he seemed to get what I was saying.

“I mean, yea, even if they didn’t really talk to you, I would have expected you to know how wolves communicate, both with their human’s and through mindlink. It’s like a vital part of werewolf culture. I have never even been to a pack where they didn’t mindlink or where wolves talking to their human wasn’t like common knowledge.”

“They hated me.” I responded on my chalkboard uneasily.

“Still. When you were working there was never like talk about the things people’s wolves were saying? Or their wolves complaining about not wanting to work?”

I frowned and thought about it for a minute before shaking my head, no. I had never heard anybody talk about their wolves the way Sawyer was. Was that wrong?

“When they needed someone in the packhouse, did they send you or did they use silent communication? Because silent communication is sort of what mindlinking is. We don’t have to speak but we still can talk to each other through our wolf’s ability.”

The way he described the mindlink made sense, but I didn’t think my old pack had used it. I thought back to the day the monster thing had terrorized the pack, and how just before it Alpha King Rhys’ eyes had sort of glazed over sort of becoming unfocused. My old pack had never done anything like that. I couldn’t even remember ever seeing anyone so much as shift. I had never really thought about it before, but now it had me questioning everything.

“Me.” I wrote. “Sent me. Or other serv-” I had no idea how to spell servant.

“But you don’t talk?” Sawyer questioned. “How did you tell them?”

“Got trouble.” I wrote.

Sawyer nodded in understanding. “Well sending other servants I guess makes sense if they didn’t mindlink.” He said tiredly. “You should go tell Rhys everything you just told me though. It might help with our investigation.”

“I trouble?” I wrote out, not sure if I was even spelling trouble correctly.

“No Grace,” Sawyer said gently. “This is just a very odd thing that doesn’t make any sense. Rhys just needs to know. Would you like me to come with you?”

I hesitated for a moment and then nodded. My nerves were on fire, and I could feel the butterflies in my tummy. The Alpha King had just banished his own brother, it would take way less for him to banish me. So despite Sawyer’s words, I was scared to death to tell the Alpha King what we had just learned, and maybe, just maybe, Sawyer would be able to help me explain what we had just uncovered about my old pack...

Chapter 32

I **walked** with Sawyer in silence back to the main area of the house, and up the million stairs toward the **Alpha King’s office**. My mind was racing. How was I going to ex

plain what Sawyer and I had been talking about? I was only able **to talk** with him because he asked questions and could

ild follow my

my line of thinking. How was I to explain what we just talked **about** from the beginning without the leading questions? How was I to know what was important? I had spent t most of **my** life. alone. I had never had a friend before. I had never been someone they even held simple conversations near as if I would poison their thoughts or something. I

had no idea what matter or even what was different from this pack because I **had** barely even been in this pack. My anxiety was borderline out of control, and I tried to take a steadying breath. I didn't

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even have a wolf, how was I supposed to know how any of this worked???

My steps faltered as I felt a faint and subtle reaction within me when I had thought about not having a wolf. What the hell was that? I didn't even have words for how that felt or how unsettling it was. It wasn't my reaction. How could it not be my reaction? I was losing it.

We reached the Alpha King's door and I reached out and knocked gently before I could back out.

"Enter." The Alpha King called out.

Sawyer opened the door and ushered me through it and further into the office till I was standing at the Alpha King's desk.

"What brings you two here?" The Alpha King's gaze was tired and cold, which in turn made me even more nervous. "Come to tell me you want Grace for yourself, Sawyer? That you plan to sleep with her too?"

I felt my cheeks flush, and I watched Sawyer's face morph into rage.

"That was uncalled for, and you know it. Apologize. Because we aren't the ones you are mad at."

The Alpha King looked surprised for a moment before his **face**

softened to grief. "You're right. I'm sorry. Now, why are you

here?"

I looked to Sawyer, not knowing where to begin. I had no idea what I was supposed to say.

"My pack," I wrote slowly on my chalkboard when Sawyer was no help. "did not to spell mindlink, it hadn't been in any of the books Alana and had gone over.

"

I froze and realized I had no idea how

This time, I fully turned to Sawyer and signed the word help then wrote an M on the board so he could see what I was

talking about.

“Oh!” He said in surprise when he realized what I was talking about, “Mindlink. M–I–N–D–L–I– N–K”

“What’s this about mindlinking?” Alpha King Rhys demanded angrily as I scribbled the letters that Sawyer had just told

1. me.

Fear surged through me as I flashed him the board. He was going to banish me, just like he did his brother. Or worse... Maybe he’d torture me so I’d remember my place. My old place was really where I seemed to belong.

“Your old pack doesn’t mindlink?” He asked, his voice cold and not inquisitive at all, and all hope I had that he would

understand faded.

I shook my head, fearing his wrath that I had seen in full force earlier this afternoon.

Chapter 32

“**What kind of sick** game are **you** playing, Grace?” He shouted, making me cower back slightly behind **Sawyer** as **the Alpha King grabbed** my chalkboard out of **my**

hands. “What Is it that you are hiding? You’re just like the fucking rest **of** them.”

water bottle on his desk and before I could I looked around trying to figure out how to convey what I needed to. I saw back out, I quickly cleared all important looking documents off his desk **as** another “what the hell” escaped his lips.

I quickly started trying to draw with the water. I drew the Alpha King and a wolf I and then I drew the **Alpha King and a** wolf = 2 before stepping back and looking at him expectantly. knew it wasn’t super clear, but I was hoping **it** was enough to at least start him asking questions.

“What does this mean?” The Alpha King grumbled.

Sawyer moved to see it better and it took him minute before he said, “Ahhh. Okay I get it. She’s saying she thought that the wolf part of us was just our consciousness in different forms. She didn’t know until we were talking that the wolf part of us is

independent in a sense. She didn't realize we talked to our wolves or that they had their own thoughts that are separate from ours. Right, Grace?"

I nodded confirming exactly that.

Alpha King Rhys looked up at him in surprise and frustration. "How did you get that?"

Sawyer shrugged. "She drew the same image with a one and a two. And she was surprised downstairs when I said our wolves talk to **us**. It made sense."

I nodded and began to gesture again. I pointed to myself, then gestured all around me, signed no, before pointing to my eye and finger spelled wolf.

"Your pack didn't show their wolf side?" Sawyer asked.

I shook my head no.

The Alpha King ran his hand through his hair exhaustedly, and surprise

Was etched on his face.

"Rhys, you okay?" Sawyer asked when he didn't say anything.

"This is bizarre." Alpha King Rhys said after a long moment. "It doesn't make any sense. There has to be something we are missing."

"I asked Grace to tell you because I thought it might help the investigation." Sawyer said hesitantly, and I realized then that he was closer to my age than Alpha King Rhys was.

"Well, it leads me to far more questions, that's for sure. It's gotta be a part of a larger conspiracy. Thank you for sharing, Grace. I'm sorry I snatched this in anger, that was not right of me. You were just trying to help." He handed me back my chalkboard.

"Tomorrow we will return to the Red Blood pack to uncover the truth. A surprise raid seems necessary. We will leave first thing in the morning to hopefully arrive by nightfall.

Sawyer nodded, but I felt fear. If this backfired, it would backfire specifically on me, and I had no idea what to expect.

But there was something in the Alpha King's voice when he said, "Tonight we plan, tomorrow we get the **answers we've** been waiting for!" And I realized if he asked, I would probably follow him anywhere.

Chapter 33

Daughter's Alpha King

I stood at the window of our room and stared out into the pack land. I could see Alpha King Rhys helping **load cars and** organize warriors for the raid. He had been at it for hours and the sun was just starting to come up. I knew he was gathering the best warriors we had and preparing for a potential conflict, but I wasn't sure we were ready for it. I mean, I knew I certainly wasn't, but that didn't mean I could sit this one out.

The Alpha King, Beta Leon, Gamma Sawyer, Delta Damion and myself had sat in the Alpha King's office for several hours after the Alpha King had declared that they would be raiding the Red Blood pack. Sawyer had helped me loop everyone in on what we had discovered while talking, and I could still hear Delta Damion's voice saying that none of this was making sense. That was the point though, none of it was making sense hence why we were now invading.

The plans were all drawn up. Who would be going, and where they would be stationed. Damion would stay behind, watching for any attack that they may counter—with, and ready call for reinforcements if needed. Beta Leon would stay just beyond the Red Blood pack's border, so as not to lead them on to this being a direct attack. He could also be on the lookout for strange things. He could intervene if we needed him or he could go home and help if they were under attack. He was our middleman. And, that left me, Sawyer and the Alpha King to enter their pack. And yes, I was included in these plans. The Alpha King hadn't given me a choice, which had left me stunned and insanely anxious. The Alpha King promised that I wouldn't have to face anyone alone though, and I had begged him not to leave me there no matter what they found. He then touched my face, and looked me in the eye and promised that no matter what happened, he would not be leaving me behind, and we were going to do this, together.

Now, everybody had their assignments, and I stared out the window feeling uneasy. I would be okay with never going **back**, but that wasn't a choice. The Alpha King had told the maids to dress me like a true princess,

and I felt severely out of place, even though I was in a palace. The dress was the finest **piece** of clothing I had ever even dreamed of seeing. It was a deep v pale blue lace dress that hugged my waist and puffed out. I hated that it showed my scars, but part of was **proud** of myself was being brave enough to show them off to the people who gave them to me.

"Come on, Grace," The Alpha King's voice pulled me out of my thoughts. His hand was held out to me, and I wondered how long he had been waiting on me.

"Sorry." I signed.

"No need to apologize." He soothed, as he guided me out of the room.

He also looked handsome. His dark hair was combed off to the side, and he had recently shaved. He was wearing the same coat he had worn the first time he had come to my pack.

“How are you doing, Gracie?” He asked once we were in the car and it was just us again.

I shrugged. I didn’t even know how to begin to explain how I felt. I felt like a mess. I felt like I could just explode with anxiety and grief and everything in between. Did that make me okay? Would I ever be okay?”

“Remember love,” He said gently, and my heart fluttered at the new nickname. “I am not sending you back to these people. I will not be leaving you behind. This mission to provoke your old pack and make them give us answers. I am not giving you back to them or giving you to anyone ever again. You are mine, okay? You are my bride. My future. My chosen mate. My maybe fated mate. We go together, and we leave together. Are we clear?”

nodded, my heart racing at his words. That was probably the most romantic thing I had ever heard in my life, and it was directed at me. I wondered if he had had me dressed like a doll to make a statement. If this was his way of telling my old pack, “Fuck you, I made it.” I touched my hair subconsciously. Alana had put it into a fancy braid bun, but was it enough to claim practically princess?

Chapter 33

“**You look** beautiful.” The Alpha King said, pulling my hand away from my hair.

I **blushed** at his words. Was this what it really felt like to **be** treated like a human? To have someone even sort of like **you**?

We fell into a fairly comfortable silence for the rest of the drive **The** Alpha King closed his eyes for a while, *but I* knew **he**

envision whatever we were going to run into and how to plan for *it*. I, on **the** wasn’t sleeping. I’m sure he was trying to

to get answers from my pack, no one **had been** other hand, stared out the window. The last time the Alpha King had there. Would they try to do the same thing again? Would we find anything at all?

Soon, the buildings began to take shape, and I recognized the houses as a smaller version of the convoy passed through. Everything looked the same but felt different. I saw familiar faces. Several people stopped to stare at the convoy, and I had to fight the feelings that threatened to come out. They had bullied me. They had done nothing to protect *me*. I had just been a child when everything had started, and nobody had stepped up to help me until a stranger showed up on a random Tuesday. The pain I felt with that threatened to consume me, but to my surprise, so did the desire for revenge... *I* wondered which feeling would win as my sister and the packhouse came into view, and a part of me hoped *it* was revenge.

The Alpha King gave me his and as we stepped out of the car and Kinsley was right there to greet us. I wondered **if she** Had been mindlinked or if she had been informed of our arrival another way.

Kinsley looked very much the same as I had left her. She was dressed to the nines. Her dress was just below **knee** length, and it hugged her figure in all the right places. Her hair that I almost forgot I was dressed beautifully too. I was not the girl who had left here, and being this close to **Kinsley** sent hair was in an updo, held in with a claw clip. She looked so stunning a weird sensation through me that I didn't know what to do with.

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"My dear Alpha King and Grace," Kinsley should have bowed, but she remained righted much to Alpha King Rhy's dismay.

"To what do we owe this unexpected visit? I am so excited to see you both. Grace, you have been missed."

The Alpha King's hand tightened around in G

and I had

to

made my life a living hell for all those years. She meant that they missed abusing me, and I would not be granting that

remind myself that I would not shrink around the people who any of my conscious thought.

"According to our alliance agreement, I am within my rights to visit the pack periodically to see project updates and see that things are running to my standards."

Kinsley wasn't looking at us as she walked beside me, leading the way to the pack house. But I saw her swallow and noticed her unease. I was surprised at how the same everything looked and yet it was **all** so different. This was no longer home.

"Of course, your majesty," Kinsley backtracked. "I just wish we could have had more time to prepare. We would have loved to supply you with a feast and had rooms drawn up for you and your men."

"And Grace." The Alpha King added coolly.

"Yes, of course Grace is included in that." Kinsley stammered. She wasn't used to being kind to me, and she had thought I would be useless to the Alpha King. She never expected that I would eventually be his bride. At least that's what he kept. telling me.

To my surprise, Alpha Adrian didn't come running to greet us, and I wondered where he could be. He would have never missed an opportunity to suck up to the Alpha King.

"Where is Alpha Adrian?" Alpha King Rhys asked coldly, seemingly noting the same thing I had. "I had unresolved issues and things to discuss with him, hence the visit."

I noticed Kinsley's eye twitched, and I knew that meant that she was trying to stay calm about something even though she wasn't.

"Come on," She forced a smile. "We can wait in the lounge for my husband and the Beta. They are out right now, but they should be home soon. I'm sure after such a long travel day you must be exhausted and a little hungry."

Being in the packhouse was even weirder than just being back in the pack. I had hardly spent any time on pack grounds, but I had spent nearly every moment of my entire life in this house. The memories of all the torment I had to endure came flashing back with every step. Kinsley once hit me with that umbrella by the door simply because it was raining, and I couldn't make it stop. I had my head bashed into that sink in the bathroom for having the nerve to pee during working hours. I had more burns and little knife marks covering my hands from every second I had to work in that kitchen. Kinsle and Adrian had thrown me down these steps more times than I could even count.

"Please, sit." She wasn't even directly addressing me, but the words still seemed difficult for her to even say.

The Alpha King led us to the couch he had been sitting on the last time we met. He gestured for me to sit first, **and then took his**

place next to me.

Kinsley grabbed a bell from the side table near the door and rang it loudly. A servant immediately appeared, and **Kinsley** ordered them to return with snacks and tea, stating again how hungry we must be after our long travels. The servant

didn't spare us a glance before bolting from the room to get what Kinsley had asked for.

"So, Luna Kinsley, where *is* your husband?" Alpha King Rhys asked once the servants had brought in the tea and snacks,

"Oh, he'll be back soon," Kinsley tried to play it off. "He's out of business right now. You know how it is. I can hardly keep up with my own schedule, let alone his."

I tried not to laugh because we both knew that Kinsley had no schedule to keep. She pawned everything off on others.

"I hope he'll be back soon; we have important business to discuss." Alpha King Rhys stated coolly.

"Please, while you wait, just enjoy the refreshments to ease your fatigue. I know how hard it is to travel so far."

I snuck a glance at the Alpha King. He appeared to be irritated, but he lifted the offered cup, and my unease only intensified as I stared at the cup. What the heck? I couldn't help the feeling. It was overwhelming. I almost couldn't breathe as I just stared at his cup. What was the deal with this cup? He started to raise it to his lips and before I even knew what I was doing, I knocked it out of his hand, startling everyone including myself, but especially Kinsley.

The Alpha King's eyes met mine in surprise, and I looked at him with pleading eyes, begging him to understand. I had no idea how to explain the feeling I had about the drink; I just knew he couldn't drink it.

He seemed to get what I was telling him because the next thing I knew, he stood up and grabbed Kinsley by the neck, lifting her off the ground.

A small gasp escaped my lips, and I tried to keep my emotions in check as fear threatened to take control.

"WHAT DID YOU DO?" He demanded.

Chapter Comments

Visitor

Good so far

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Michele Gremillion

I'm sry I read the sentence wrong I missed where he picked up Kingsley and not grace. he was angry at kinsley.

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