

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

THE UNWANTED DAUGHTER'S ALPHA KING

My Son 34

The Alpha King gave me his and is 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 h 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.

2

"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
much as 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

POST COMMENT

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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Chapter 35

I grabbed Luna Kinsley by the **throat** and slammed her **into the wall**, I watched fear cloud her **eyes as she** squirmed **beneath** me, but I didn't lose my grip. There would be hell to pay for messing with me and what's mine!

"WHAT DID YOU DO?" I demanded, showing my teeth and letting my aura slip a little.

"Nothing!" Kinsley exclaimed.

"Do. Not. Lie. To. Me." I growled, tightening my grip.

Real tears fell freely from Kinsley's eyes, unlike her usual fake tears, but she stood by her story. "I- I- didn't do **anything!** Please believe me! It's her! She's framing me!"

"So does that mean that you were trying to poison Grace or me?" I asked, but the idea of her trying to harm Grace right in front of me just made me angrier.

"Please let me go! My husband won't appreciate your hands on me!"

"Your husband is lucky I didn't kill you for trying to POISON ME!" I roared.

"Tell me why **you** tried to poison us! Does it have anything to do with the mark on her neck?!"

"What?" Kinsley's face visibly paled, but the confusion on her face looked real.

"Who from this awful pack had the nerve to forcibly mark this girl?!"

The longer this went on, the angrier I was getting. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Grace reach out to a shaky hand toward me, just as the door to the room swung open, revealing a very angry Adrian. Grace's hand **recoiled** immediately.

"Get your hands off her!" He shouted, shoving me back. His shove was weak and had no impact on me, but I moved away slightly so I could shield Grace more.

"Well, well, well, look who finally showed up." I jeered, clapping my hands slowly.

"Just because I'm not here means that you have the right to touch my mate?" Adrian seethed.

"Your mate tried to poison us!"

I watched Adrian take a small breath in an attempt to calm himself, but there was still anger burning in his eyes, and something else, that looked something like lust every time he looked at Grace, making me want to hide her anywhere but here, so he would never be able to see her again. I wanted her to be anywhere but here...

"Please, let's just all calm down here. This is all just a big misunderstanding." Adrián tried.

"How is poisoning me and my mate a misunderstanding?" I asked through gritted teeth.

I could see a blush rise to Grace's face at the word mate. It was clear she still wasn't used to such words.

"Your mate?" Adrian stuttered.

"Yes. And that leads me to my next question since you are her old pack Alpha, who the hell marked her without her consent? Because she sure as hell wasn't living a good, mated life when I took her with me on my **last** visit."

Chapter 35

I watched the worry on Adrian's face grow as he just as quickly led to mask it. He seemed to realize much quicker than I expected that he was in a **lesing** battle, but I was **curious** what their next **move** would be **since** they **always** seemed to be a step ahead.

Lien, Alpha King Rhys, my mate meant you no harm. She saw her **sister**, who as you know has had a very troubled past **as** I'm sure you have noticed in your home as well... And she panicked. It was all in self-defense."

"First of all, Grace has a name. Second, she has caused no trouble in my home which is leading me to question your **leadership** skills, and your failure to protect those under you. Third, Grace hasn't done a damn thing since was **got** here. **She** hasn't spoken, she has hardly moved, she has sat here calmly and politely, and protected me from your poison, so **I'd** like to know more about her time here, and why the hell she was marked without her consent?"

"It was my Beta, your majesty. Grace had led him on and he lost control of himself."

"Do you let everyone in this god forsaken place just do as they please?" I growled. "Bring him to me! There will be hell to pay for touching what is mine."

"Of course, yes, Kinsley, go retrieve Beta Quinton."

Kinsley nodded, but it wasn't hard to miss the fear on her **face as** she slipped out of the room and made eye **contact** with

1. me.

"Grace?"

She looked up at me with her wide blue eyes of hers that showed her fear so openly.

"You are being **so** brave. I will make them pay for what they have done to you, my love. You are so much more than they say."

She looked hesitant, but she nodded, nonetheless.

"Now, should we talk about our alliance now, Alpha King Rhys? Adrian asked, trying to pull the attention off of Grace, almost as if he was afraid she would say something.

"Alpha Adrian, I think you must be delusional if you think our alliance **is** still intact, after a poisoning attempt and the mistreatment of my mate."

"Sir, please, let's leave the past in the past. We have so much to offer you." Alpha Adrian continued to plead his case.

"I'm aware of what you have to offer." I forced my voice to remain calm even though all I wanted was to rip them all

apart.

Alpha Adrian misunderstood what I meant by my statement, **and** immediately began to go into great detail about the things he thought would benefit my rule. But there was something off. Something he wasn't saying.

Grace touched my arm gently. She seemed to notice the shift in my mood, and her face looked worried. I took her hand in mine, reassuring her that I wasn't actually going back on my promises to her. I was just letting Adrian talk... Hoping he would talk enough to give us a clue to what exactly **we** were missing when it came **to** them. And when he finally did, there would be hell to pay. And I couldn't wait for the opportunity to have revenge, because I would be getting my revenge.

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King #My Son 36 - Read The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King My Son 36

Chapter 36

I **felt like** the room was spinning. Beta Quinton marked me? I hardly ever interacted with the man. **Adrian always made sure** I never really interacted with any males in the pack. Beta Quinton was one of the usual tormentors, and he **would** help with punishments and things of that nature, but to be given the chance to mark me? Something about that felt off... But then again, I really didn't remember that night well. It was all a blur. It could have very well been him, but I **wasn't** sure I'd be able to say for sure.

The door to the room opened slowly. Kinsley walked in with the Beta just behind her. Her mascara was no longer smudged and running down her face, so I knew she had taken a moment to clean herself up and get her composure,

but there was little she could do about the handprints from the Alpha King **on** her neck.

“Alpha Adrian, Alpha King Rhys, I was told you wanted to see me?” The Beta asked, but there was obvious confusion on his face. I might not have been involved with much that revolved around the pack, but I did know that Beta Quinton was almost never involved in things of this nature.

“The gig is up,” Adrian said coldly. “The Alpha King is most displeased with your decision to mark the girl. But if you beg for his forgiveness, and accept your punishment, I’m sure he will go easy on you.”

“Marked her?” The Beta’s voice shook. “I didn-”

“Enough lies!” Alpha King Rhys snarled. “I want my mate. She is mine, and I DO NOT SHARE!” He paused for a moment, and I knew it was his way of trying to contain his rage, and he was barely hanging on. “You will accept Grace’s rejection, are we understood?”

Beta Quinton nods, but the fear in his eyes was so palpable, I started to feel my own nerves set in. Beta Quinton was not a good man, I knew that, but was he really the one who forced his mark on me? I mean, he could barely look at me in the past. Was that because he regretted marking me or was there more to it that I just didn’t understand. He didn’t have the same lustful look in his eyes as so many of the other men in the pack.

“Grace, prepare yourself to reject him.” The Alpha King prompted coldly.

I nodded, but my palms were clammy, and my heart started to race. Oh god, I would have to say the words out loud. I hadn’t even thought of that till now. I hadn’t said a word aloud since I was a child! It only ever got me in trouble and what if this only got me in more trouble?! Oh god, oh god, oh god.

“Grace, come on, do what we discussed, reject him.” The Alpha King demanded.

I knew he was trying to keep his calm for my sake, but he was reading my hesitation like a book. I was not the girl he wanted me to be. No matter how much he said it, I was sure I wasn’t his mate. His mate had to be strong and beautiful. And I couldn’t even speak, even when my life seemingly depended on it. If I wanted to stay with the Alpha King, I had to

do this, and I couldn’t. I couldn’t make myself form the words.

“How typical of Grace,

” Adrian sneered. “Can’t ever just follow simple directions.”

I felt my face flush and tears began to flood my eyes. I was useless. I had always been nothing but useless.

“Shut up, Alpha Adrian,” The Alpha King growled. “Don’t talk about things that you can’t even begin to understand.”

“I’m just saying, this is just a taste of how she was in our household. Always so disobedient. It’s a wonder that anyone

would want to mark her at all.”

“Yes, one time I asked her to use the blue dishes at a party and she couldn’t even do that!” Kinsley added in. “She put out

a mix of colors, using the cream dishes and the blue. Oh goodness, it was so distasteful.”

The Alpha King rolled his eyes and looked at me expectantly. I made eye contact with Beta Quinton who was trying so hard not to show his panic, but his eyes were wide with fear and his whole body was shaking.

“Pl—please Grace, j—just get i—it over with. Re—reject me.” The Beta pleaded.

But as I stared at him, I couldn’t help but think he was an innocent man. At least in this specific regard. The way Adrian had ‘known’ it was him just really didn’t make sense to me. I suppose the Beta could have confessed it to him, but the Beta didn’t seem to be the kind of man to do that, so there was something here that we were missing.

“Grace?” The Alpha King’s impatient voice drew my attention back to him.

I looked at him this time, begging that he’d understand what I was trying to convey. The only thing he seemed to get though was that I couldn’t go through with it. I couldn’t convince myself that I should speak. I didn’t know what would happen if I did, but I knew that I couldn’t.

“See?” Adrian spoke up again. “She wanted to bear his mark. Such silly talk about how she was forced into it, now seems so silly. Clearly, she still wants him, and she be moved back to the pack immediately.”

Beta Quinton stood up and bolted for the door, he knew that he was being setup and he knew the price he would end up paying. He was one of the smarter ones in the pack, but the panic in his movements was obvious and uncoordinated. “I won’t die for her!” He exclaimed in terror.

Even in his panic he was fast, but Alpha King Rhys was faster. He shifted his right hand into his wolf’s paw, which I didn’t know he could do. His claws were long and sharp as

slashed Beta Quinton's throat from behind, catching up to him in on two steps, killing him instantly.

Chapter 37

Chaos erupted around us. Kiley and the servants around screamed, but the Beta hadn't even had the chance **to** scream. I gasped **as** blood poured from his very open throat as he dropped to the floor, a pool of blood now surrounding him. I looked at the Alpha King, worried that maybe I was next since couldn't utter the words of rejection. Would he hate **me** now? Was I **next**?

"Why did you do that?!" Kinsley shrieked. "He was our Beta!"

"I wanted the bond severed. I had to be sure." The Alpha King shrugged, but he wasn't even trying to hide the smirk on his face.

I looked to Adrian whose mouth was set in a small frown, but his eyes were wide. He didn't say a word, which honestly surprised me.

"You have no idea who you are messing with!" Kinsley screeched, snapping Adrian out **of** his shock. "There are things going on that even you, Alpha King Rhys are unaware of! We could have helped you!" Adrian grabbed her, and started to drag her out of the room, but she kept yelling. "You will regret this!"

I tuned her out as I watched the Alpha King's eyes glaze over. I knew now that meant he was mindlinking someone, and if I had any guesses, it was probably to tell Beta Leon to follow them.

He then turned his attention to me, and I felt my nerves flutter. He wasn't looking at me with hate, but I could see the confusion on his face.

"You aren't in pain?" He asked, gently touching my face.

I shook my head slowly. I didn't feel any different at all.

"Did you want to be marked?" He asked calmly, but there was tension in his voice like he wasn't sure he wanted to know the answer.

I shook my head quicker this time and wished that I had my chalkboard. I wasn't sure how to convey to him that I wasn't sure it was the Beta who had marked me.

I thought for a moment, which was kinda hard to do under the Alpha's King's scrutiny, but then I had an idea.

I pointed to the crumpled body on the floor.

"The Beta?" He clarified.

I nodded, and then pointed to the mark on my neck and then made an X with my arms, hoping that he would understand what I was talking about.

"You don't-" He started, but was cut off as the door swung open with a bang causing me to flinch.

A

"That was dramatic, Leon." Alpha King Rhys teased with a slight smirk. I was **so** confused at how he could be so light in a moment like this.

"My apologies, my King," Leon said breathlessly. "But they're gone."

All sense of teasing disappeared, and the Alpha King face twisted into fury.

"**What did you just say?**" He asked, forcing a calm I know **he didn't** feel.

"**Alpha Adrian**, Luna Kinsley and their ENTIRE pack have disappeared. We've looked everywhere. It's just like **before**. **They must** have **a** secret hiding place, but I checked all the usual placements for one and I have found no trace **of** them or a _____ **hiding** spot."

The Alpha King slammed his hand onto **the** coffee table, channeling all of **his** rage into that hit effectively causing **the** coffee table to snap in half, and the

to appear slightly calmer.

Alpha Kina

"We have been deceived. Do you see Grace's neck?" The Alpha King growled.

"She's still marked? I thought you killed the guy who marked her?" Leon frowned, looking over to the dead body **that still** laid between us and the doorway.

"Clearly, he died because his Alpha framed him." The Alpha King sneered. "He probably would have died in the end anyway, but it's a pity that we didn't get more answers from him. This pack is full of lies and deceit and I want to know **all** of it. Leon, I want us to go over our contracts with them again to see if what they were asking for from us has any further relevance. I want a search party left here, and nobody from it leaves till they are found. We will not let a random pack cause this much disruption without severe consequences."

"Yes sir."

“Tell Gwen that she is in charge here, and that we are leaving.” He said shortly, before ‘sneaking’ a glance at me and softening a bit. “We’ve tortured Grace enough here today.”

I looked at him in surprise and felt incredibly vulnerable. Did he really care about how I was feeling? Could he really tell that I was beginning to feel the anxiety eating me alive? That flashes of my life here kept flashing before my eyes? Did he really see me?

He reached his hand out to me, and I took it without a second thought. He wasn’t mad at me for not being able to speak in front of everyone. He didn’t hate me. At least I didn’t think so.

We made the walk to the car in silence. Both of **us** looking around as if they would attack us for the stunt Alpha King Rhys had pulled earlier, but it was eerily silent. There was nothing except the sound of the wind, which sounded like it was howling in the silence.

The Alpha King opened the door for me and I climbed in tiredly suddenly exhausted from the day. The Alpha King climbed in on the other side and pulled me into him. I immediately **felt** comforted and laid my head on his lap, laying across the back seats.

“Grace? Are you alright?” He asked with worry in his voice.

I shrugged. I could barely hear him. All I could see was my past. That night in the dungeon, the mysterious attacker who had had no fear in marking me. Who had been furious I wouldn’t go further with him. How I barely escaped with my life. How bad my body had hurt in that time.

“You can talk to me Grace,” He tried, and there was a bit of a plea in his voice. “I’ll listen. I know today had to have been hard for you. But you did so good.”

I nodded absently as **the** scene from that night replayed over and over in my head. The way he grabbed me, the way it was all blurry. As much as I wanted to tell the Alpha King where my head was, I couldn’t. There was nothing to say. The anxiety had melted away. All I felt was nothing.

Chapter 38

I absently stroked her hair, wishing that I could understand an ounce of what was going on inside her incredibly seductive Head. She had stared at the seat in front of us for a long time before she finally began silently crying. For the first time ever, I felt helpless. I couldn’t make her feel better. I knew today was going to be a lot, I just... I didn’t realize how hard it was going to be on her. I could practically see the memories flashing before her, and I couldn’t seem to pull her out of them. She eventually cried herself to sleep, and I watched her witch now dreaming of the things she was afraid of. All I could do was

pull her close. All I wanted was to make it better. But she still bore another man's mark, and **until that** was gone, this was all I could give.

The car came to a gentle stop, but she didn't so much as stir. I carefully lifted her into my arms and carried her out of the car and straight up to her room. It wasn't terribly late since we had left so early this morning, but the emotions of the day seemed to have drained everything she had in her. I hoped she would sleep better now that she was in a familiar space, but I wasn't sure if that mattered or not. God, I had never cared about a girl like this literally ever. It was driving me mad!

I wrapped her tightly in the blankets and sat in the chair next to the bed. I could watch her all day. If the Beta wasn't her mate, her pack could just literally disappear, and nothing was making any sense, how the hell was I ever going to figure out the truth?

"Rhys?" Leon mindlinked with urgency.

"Yes?"

"Can you come outside please?" There was a pause. "And don't bring Grace."

I gave Grace a longing look, and headed out the door once again.

"Hey, I didn't realize you were back." Sawyer called out as I passed him.

"Hey," I answered briefly before circling back to him. "I have to go deal with something; can you just keep an eye on Grace in case she needs something? Today has been a lot."

Sawyer nodded, and I took off down the stairs as Leon's sense of urgency lingered just on the brink of my mind.

I stepped outside, and I could see all of my men near a car and Leon was in the center of everyone.

"Leon?" I questioned.

He didn't answer me, but he reached into the car and pulled out a man in chains. The man looked normal by all accounts, other than he was naked, bound and covered in blood and mud. He looked fairly young but looks could be deceiving. He was not one of my men though, so I looked to my Beta for clarification.

"Explain, Leon."

"Look at him closer." Leon stated, his voice all business, telling me this wasn't some kind of joke.

I frowned and did as **he** said, and the young man immediately began to transform. Fur began to grow, and he began to grow in size. My men immediately tightened the chains around him, trying to keep control of whatever was happening in front of me.

The young man didn't fully turn wolf. Instead, he stood on two feet and was far larger than I had originally given the kid credit for. He fought my men with everything he had, trying to break free of the hold they had on him.

"What the hell is this?" I demanded.

pter 38

Gwen found him. Her group was tracking Luna Kinsley and Alpha Adrian as well as trying to **find any trace of the pack like you** asked. The creature has no scent and is adept at

at hiding especially since as you can **see, he's standing on two legs.**

"What is he?" I asked, feeling disgusted looking at this unknown creature.

"I'm not sure, sir," Leon stated uneasily.

Ri

"And if he is so good at hiding, how the hell did Gwen find him?" I asked thinking out loud.

"We think he fell out of a tree, otherwise we wouldn't have found or even noticed him. We still have people in the pack, looking to see, but we don't have the same ability as they do to climb."

"Was he in this form when you found him?" I asked, looking at the others who were barely able to contain him.

"Yes. He's shifted between his two forms several times. He seems to not know which one to stay in right now. And I'm not sure if having more forms is a potential, but we should prepare for anything."

I stared at the creature for a long moment. Could he climb? Could they all be like this? Is that why we haven't found them yet? Could he have more than one form? Why hadn't I ever heard **so** much as a rumor about this creature in front of **us**?

I looked up at the window that I knew was Grace's as the creature **let** out a roar unlike anything I had ever heard before. I hoped it wouldn't wake her, but then I got a flash of a similar day.

The Deja vu was unreal. I had been spending time with Grace similar to today. Leon had mindlinked me, very similarly to today. And then I had come out and my men at the time had been in a full on battle with the creature. It had taken like 8 of my men if I was remembering correctly, and one had gotten pretty injured before I fully stepped in. The creature had been similar, but I hadn't really gotten the best of looks at it. Could the thing in front of me be the same sort of creature? I mean they both stood on two legs, and looked wolfish, but not fully wolf, and definitely bigger than my wolf, and my

1 wolf was large... They couldn't be the same... Could they?

Chapter Comments

POST COMMENT

Michele Gremillion

that's what I was thinking. why couldn't they even find any references to lycan's. isn't their species older than the werewolf species.

Visitor

wait, so lycans. and people don't know about them. odd

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LIKE

Chapter 39

I pulled Leon to **the** side, and he gave me a knowing look that

was thinking the same thing, but neither **of us wanted to**

say anything in front of everyone. There was no reason to incite panic. At least not yet.

"This could be the true form of the Red Blood pack." Leon said over the mindlink. Werewolf hearing was impeccable, **so** even though we moved away, we didn't want to chance speaking out loud.

"It could. Which could also mean that Grace is this... this beast. I answered.

“Don’t go there.” Leon warned. “Don’t get caught up in that thought. Just because you see this as a monster, doesn’t mean it is one. Humans would consider us monsters and we aren’t. So just stop that that.”

I glared at him, but I knew he was right. At least partially.

“So now to the important stuff,” Leon continued when he realized he had won. “What do you want to do with it?”

“We need to interrogate it. Maybe he’ll talk. He looked young, and he was dumb enough to get caught, he might be **dumb** enough to talk.” I answered.

Leon nodded in agreement, and we stepped back toward my men who were still fighting to maintain control of the beast.

“Take him to the dungeons!” I commanded my men. “I want him alive, and relatively unharmed.”

“Do you want to try and get information now?” Leon asked.

“No. I want him to sit with this for a while. Some silence will do him some good. Maybe he’ll want to talk more if we **just** leave him there. **Just** make sure he is secure.”

“You got it.” Leon saluted.

“And last thing, nobody is to talk about what we saw here today until we figure this out, nobody says anything, not about his appearance, not about the Red Blood Pack. Not their theories. Nothing. If I hear that this has gotten out, there will be hell to pay, especially if it’s even breathed in the direction of Grace. Understood?” I growled.

This seemed to surprise my men, but they all agreed. I had never had an issue with loyalty before. The creature shifted back into a man and my men were able to seize he more easily than they had earlier. It was clear that the man could shift at will, so I didn’t want my men to get too comfortable.

“Don’t call me unless it’s an emergency.” I told Leon seriously.

He nodded, his face solemn as he jumped in to help drag the man to the dungeons.

I turned back to the house, and made my way slowly back to where I knew Gracie was sleeping... hopefully peacefully. I ran my hand tiredly through my hair. I hated how much I was beginning to need Grace. I could hardly believe that I had walked away from that Monster’s interrogation because I needed to be closer to Grace. Okay, I mean, there were a lot of reasons I walked away, but Grace seemed to reign my mind. I couldn’t make sense of anything.

I was outside Grace's room when a voice called my name, and I turned to see Sawyer sitting on the ground across from Grace's door.

"What are you doing?" I asked with a frown.

1/2

Chapter 39

You told me to look

over Grace. **She** was sleeping, so I didn't want to disturb her, but I **didn't want** to go far **so alas** here **we are**." He answered, his eyes trained on his rubix cube.

"Who **says** alas?"

I heard a lot of commotion out there, **is** everything okay?" Sawyer asked, ignoring my question.

"Yea, get your update from Leon though. No one bother me unless it's an emergency, I'm beat." I answered honestly.

Sawyer gave me a long look and nodded as he stood

1. up.

Chapter Comments

Michele Gremillion

I wish she could tell Rhys what is hurting her so much.

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Chapter 40

I opened the door to Grace's tom and *just* breathed for a moment, resting up against the doorway. I already felt more at peace just being near her. I moved slowly into her room,

closing the door silently behind me. I plopped into the chair next to her bed and stared at her.

Everything became so complicated when she entered my life. Would any of this be happening if I had never met her? She seemed so innocent... But was she a monster just like that thing we saw earlier? Was that really her true form?

My eyes began to feel heavy, and my mind still raced but it became more and more discombobulated until I finally fell asleep, drifting off to a sleep where everything finally made sense again.

I don't know how long I slept but I woke up to the sound of the shower, and my eyes immediately fell to the empty bed. I didn't want to disturb her, but my wolf kept nagging me to go check on her. I knocked once, but she didn't answer with a knock back like she usually did. I knocked a few more times, before caving, knowing that my wolf wouldn't settle till we laid eyes on her.

"Grace?" I called out to her as I cracked the door open. I thought I'd feel better once I checked on her, but as soon as the door was cracked, I could hear her sobs, the ones she was trying to hide with the shower.

"Grace?" I tried again as I entered the bathroom slowly.

She was sitting on the shower floor, fully clothed. Her breathing was ragged as she tried to hide her tears from me. I immediately stripped off my jacket and opened the shower door. She barely acknowledged my presence, and my heartrate spiked with anxiety. I climbed in the shower with her and lowered myself to the ground before grabbing her and pulling her to me. Her sobbing only grew louder as I stroked her hair, unsure of how to comfort her any differently.

Slowly, she started to calm down. Her breaths became more **even** and her clutch on my wet shirt wasn't quite so tight.

I stood up with her still in my arms and turned off the water before climbing out of the shower. I set her on the counter and stared at the way her wet clothes clung tightly to her body. I couldn't help the overwhelming desire to undress her and take her right there. Her eyes were red and swollen, but her trembling lips were still totally kissable, and maybe she'd feel better if I could only...

I shook myself out of it as shivers began to rake her body. I quickly ran into the room to grab her clothes and returned before she had even attempted to move. I grabbed the sleeves of her fancy dress she had fallen asleep in and now probably ruined, not that I really cared, and began to shimmy them down her body. She wasn't crying anymore, but she still looked so far away.

The more I revealed her body, the more I had to remind myself to keep it cool right now. She wasn't

... vet.

She hopped off the counter and finished taking off the dress and reached for the new towel had for her. Then she really surprised me by suddenly reaching for her chalkboard and frantically began writing/drawing.

There was a picture of two groups of people and the word deal with an x over it, followed by a question mark,

"Yes. The deal is void." I answered, looking into her big blue eyes, trying to find her point.

She grabbed the board back and wrote one of the longest sentences I had ever seen her make.

"Am I free now?"

And my *heart* raced with anxiety.

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Aichele Gremillion

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