

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King #My Son 41 - Read The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King My Son 41

Chapter 41

I felt panic immediately incite in me, but I also felt angry and frustrated and worried for her. Whatever I said in **the next** few minutes would set our course for the whole rest of our lives I had to play it cool despite the emotions raging inside me, but I must not have answered fast enough because she immediately began to write on the board again. She wrote the word or and then drew an arrow on a road and a picture of a gl with her head chopped off.

I held in the horror that I felt. I knew she had trauma, but after everything she still thought I would just kill her. And maybe the answer was, yes. She could be one of those creatures Could I just let one of those things into my pack? Even if that thing was Grace? Was Grace using me as a way to infiltrate my pack and weaken me? Grace who was seemingly consuming my every thought?

She pushed the board toward me a little more, bringing my attention back to the her that was right in front of me.

I grabbed the shirt I had gotten for it and slid it over her head before handing her the shorts and underwear and turning around to give her some privacy, even though it was the last thing I really wanted to do.

"Although the deal is void now," I said carefully. "I would never harm an innocent woman. And Grace, you are an innocent woman." I took a breath before continuing. "If you wish to leave, I will personally make sure you have everything you need and everything you want, and I will ensure you have a safe place to go. You are free to go anywhere you please in or out of the packs control..."

My wolf howled in displeasure.

"She should have the option to go if she wishes." I tell my wolf "I will not keep her prisoner like her old pack."

My wolf huffs back at me before reminding me that she could be our mate, and we should tell her.

"She might be," I conceded. "But now isn't the time. I don't think she gets it yet."

I turned back around to see Grace sitting back on the counter, lost in thought, brushing her hair.

I took the brush without much resistance and began to gently comb through her knots. But the stretch of silence only grew longer, and I grew more anxious by the moment. There were a million things I wished to say, but none of them felt right in this moment and I couldn't pressure her to stay no matter how bad I wanted to.

"Grace," I said when I couldn't take it anymore, and placed the brush back in her hair. "I have some matters to attend to, I'll be back later, okay?"

A small frown graced her face, but she just nodded. I didn't wait for more; I knew she would never me to stay, even if I did think she might have wanted me to.

I made my way slowly to the dungeons. I took the long way, lost in my thoughts. I was so distracted. I had no idea how to approach anything that was going on. For the first time ever, I was up against an unknown that was actually a threat to my people. How much danger were we really in?

I nodded to the guards at the top of the stairs as I walked by them and made my way down to the musty dungeons. Cells lined the hall. We didn't have a need for so many, but there was always a need for a few. Betrayal always runs high when

you're at the top, and I was at the top.

A few prisoners looked up curiously as I passed. They all looked fairly clean in their basic clothes, but there was an odor down here that said things may not be exactly what they seemed. The further back I walked, the worse it got. These **were** always the worst of **the** worst criminals back here. They weren't treated with as much dignity, and the light was **so dim**

it

1/2

was a wonder anyone could see anything even with improved werewolf vision.

I finally reached the cell I was looking for to find Sawyer sitting in a chair just inside the bars facing our newest prisoner. The monster was now back in his human form, dressed in a pair of shorts and t-shirt. He was sitting on the ground with his knees up to his chest, chained to the wall at all four ligaments. The cuffs were so tight that they looked like they were cutting him slightly, but the chains were fairly long so he could at least adjust how he was able to sit.

The cell had a cot and a toilet, and currently Sawyer and a chair but other than that it was empty. There was only a singular blanket on the cot too despite the chill of the dungeon.

"You know, this would be a lot easier, if you would just talk." Sawyer prodded.

I really hadn't expected him to be down here, but I knew he couldn't help himself once Leon had told him.

"Are you

part of the Red Blood Pack?"

Silence.

"How do you shift like that? Are you a werewolf or something else?" Sawyer tried, but huffed in frustration when he was once again met with silence.

I studied the guy in front of us. He had dirty blonde hair and sharp blue eyes. He looked to be no older than Grace, but I remembered when he was pulled out of the car, he had been covered in blood and mud.

"Are you hurt?" I tried, now entering the cell too.

The guy didn't look up, but I could sense he was a little fearful now that there were two of us in her.

"What's your name, kid?" I tried again. "The more you cooperate the easier this will go."

He didn't so much as move a muscle.

"Alright, this is not productive." I sighed. "I'm going to check on Grace."

The second Grace's name left my lips, the kid's eyes flickered to me filled with worry...

"Grace... You're worried about Grace?" I asked, no longer interested in leaving.

"She's my twin." The guy said finally. "We're both Lycan."

s Alpha King

I stared at the kid in disbelief

Grace doesn't have a brother." I said dumbly. "Let alone a twin. She was the unwanted daughter of the last Alpha. Her only family is Luna Kinsley."

But the more I stared at him, the more I saw how similar he looked to Grace. His skin was a bronze color, and his hair was a bit darker, but they had the same striking blue eyes and the same facial shape. I also realized that I had compared him to Grace multiple times without even realizing it.

"Luna Kinsley is only her half-sibling." The said brother told us.

“Okay, let’s back this up a moment. I’ve never heard of a Lycan. So, what exactly is it??” Sawyer asked as I got lost in my thoughts for a moment.

“It’s like half–man, half wolf.” The guy explained.

“That’s a werewolf.” Sawyer answered dumbly.

“No. A werewolf is a man and a wolf sharing the same space, a Lycan is half wolf and half man, one in the same, that’s why I can stand on two legs. I don’t fully become a wolf.”

I stared again. What kind of nonsense was this? I had never heard of a Lycan before. But here I

was facing one. I had seen it with my own eyes. I knew what he was capable of. I had seen him grow his limbs, fur and claws.

“That’s... interesting.” Sawyer said slowly.

“The whole Red Blood pack is Lycan, not that they act like they should.” He muttered the last part under his breath.

“So do you follow the Moon Goddess or do you have your own beliefs?” Sawyer asked, looking fully fascinated by what was being revealed to us, and I should have known that his science brain would be intrigued by all of this.

“Well, yes, but also –”

“Seriously?” I rolled my eyes. “That is not what is important right now.”

“Well, it might be...” Sawyer mumbled. “We should know about them.”

“He drops that he is Grace’s brother, and you think I care about what they are and who they worship?” I growled back. “I want to know why this random thing thinks he’s Grace’s brother”

“Listen this is fun,” The kid said trying to feign bravery. “But I just need to know if Grace is okay, and I’m not talking till I know.”

“Grace is fine.” I said after a long moment, staring him down and to my surprise, he met my eyes and didn’t back down. “She had a bit of a rough day, but she’s tough, and she’s just resting right now.”

“Why did you take her back there?” The guy asked with worry in his voice.

"It was a necessary part of the plan." I said after a long moment, trying to decide if I should give him any more information, but figured he would be more likely to divulge information if I gave him some scraps, especially about Grace.

Chapter 42

"Should I be worried about them coming to track you down?"

The guy had the nerve to laugh.

No There was laughter still in his voice. "They think I'm dead"

"I'm sorry?" Sawyer asked in surprise.

"I'm Grace's twin, but I didn't grow up with her. She doesn't even know I exist."

"What's your name?" I asked with a frown.

"Ethan." The kid answered.

"And why didn't you grow up with Grace?" I asked.

"I'm not exactly sure where to start... Kinsley grew up as the 'legitimate' daughter of our father, and she is really our half- sister. My dad and had an affair though and ended up with Grace and I. I was the Alpha's only son, and even though I was illegitimate, I still posed a threat to Kinsley and her mother, so they got rid of me shortly after I was born. I was rejected from the pack and declared a rogue. Now, obviously, I don't really remember this, but I did once have a friend in the pack who tried to keep me safe then and continued to keep me updated on Grace until he was killed by Alpha Adrian a little while ago." He paused for a moment and tried to contain his grief. "I was left outside the pack lines for death, but I got lucky. Not all rogues are bad, and I was lucky I was found by one of the good ones."

I growled a little at he 'not all rogues are bad, but I let him continue.

"The man who raised me had once been a part of the Wolf's den pack, but he been known to do business with the Red Blood pack. He heard rumors and with the help of the ally in the pack, we were able to piece everything together."

"Why didn't you get Grace out?" I demanded.

"I knew things were bad... I just didn't know they were that bad. Also, where would I have taken her? I was a rogue, was that really better than what she was experiencing? I might have had some help, but it was still hard, and I had to protect myself. I couldn't protect her too."

“And why were you in Red Blood pack that day?” I asked still skeptical.

“I knew you were taking her back there, and I didn’t know why. I wasn’t going to let her go back to them help it. I couldn’t save her back then, but I could now. I had to try at least.”

“Well, I wasn’t returning her. She is safe and out their control. But Sawyer, come on, we need to go.”

if I could

Ethan looked faintly discouraged by my abrupt decision to leave, but I didn’t care. It was like everything I thought I knew didn’t matter anymore. I knew nothing at all.

Sawyer followed me out of the cell, locking it behind us.

“Do you think he’s telling the truth?” I asked Sawyer once we were out of the dungeon and back in the house.

“I don’t know.” Sawyer answered, his face thoughtful. “But he does share a lot of Grace’s features, and they have the same eyes. And the Lycan thing makes a lot, if not total sense. Grace said that she didn’t think they could mindlink or that she had never heard anyone talk to their wolf and them being one in the same would make that make sense, but I think we

need more information.”

I nodded, accepting his answer.

“Get some sleep, and tomorrow you and Leon can interrogate him. But no violence! If he is Grace’s brother, he’s been wronged just as much as her, and I don’t want to add to it.”

Sawyer headed off to bed, but I made my way to the office. My rain was too wired to *sleep* even though it was getting

late.

I opened my office door surprised to see Grace in my chair, writing.

“Hi,” I said slowly.

She looked up, her face determined.

Written on her board were the words, “Can I stay if I give you an heir?”

Chapter 43

"You want to give me an heir" The Alpha King frowned as he read my board.

nodded at him, fidgeting under his scrutiny. The intensity of His gaze was enough to **let** anyone squirm.

"You want a baby?" He asked again.

This time I hesitated, but shrugged. No, not really, but what choice did I have? I needed **to** secure my place here, and the only way I could think of was to have the Alpha King's baby. No one besides the child would be more valuable than the mother.

"That's a wild offer, Gracie, for someone who doesn't actually want a baby." He said finally, reading **me** like **a** book. "Where is this coming from?"

I had no idea how to explain to him why I needed this. He didn't seem happy about the proposition either. There was surprise, guilt and anger all in his expression which he was trying to mask and failing miserably at.

I grabbed my board again trying to put my thoughts into words and pictures even though I had no idea how **to** convey them. Every single piece of me wanted to stay. But I didn't know my purpose here. The Red Blood pack had been **cruel**, but I knew what to expect. I knew not to make a mistake, or I'd pay for it. I knew that beatings were a regular thing, and one day I was probably going to die by their hands. But nothing prepared me for quiet days. Living with Alpha King Rhys was unpredictable at best. I had no idea what to expect. I kept waiting for everyone to turn on me, but **yet**, I was in Alpha King Rhys' office without explicit permission, and he hadn't been angry to **see**

me here.

"I want to stay, and you need an heir." I wrote on the board finally, knowing that I couldn't convey anything else that was racing through my mind.

"Grace, honey, you do not need to prostitute yourself out in order to stay." Alpha King Rhys said after a long moment, staring straight through to my soul.

"No?" I wrote and frowned in confusion.

"No."

"Need to earn my keep." I wrote out.

The Alpha King thought for a long moment. I wanted to run my hand through his chocolate brown hair, but I pushed that urge back down, waiting for his answer.

“Gracie,” He asked finally. “Are you looking for a way to ensure that I can’t just kick you out when you think I am bored and tired of you?”

I nodded slowly. That was exactly what I was afraid of. And I would have no place to go if that happened.

“Well first off,” He started in a matter-of-fact tone, “I would never do that. Second, I understand, that this is scary for you. However, you do not have to sell your body and give me a baby to stay. I also understand that you are in need of something to make you feel more comfortable about staying. And **as** I told you before, I am interested in you being my mate. I told you before we left for your old pack, you were my chosen mate. And I would still **be** interested in that if you are. For a year, **we** can live as companions, partners, chosen mates, whatever you want to call it. And after the year, **if we** have decided to choose each other, then you can bear my heir.

1/2

“What if you find your mate?” I

went on **the** board.

A look of amusement crossed his face. “Look, I have not found my mate in 10 years, Grace. Trust **me**, I’ve looked. And **I’ve** tried to have other women, and I’ve tried to get married before but none of them have even compared to you, Gracie. I’m interested in you staying.”

I hesitated. Everything he was saying sounded wonderful. I wanted that life he was offering to give **me**. But could I actually be that person for Alpha King Rhys? Was I brave enough to jump right in? Was I even good enough to be considered for this? Alpha King Rhys took my silence as a sign that I needed more convincing, so he started talking **again**.

“I promise in this year, Grace, that I will make sure you are well taken care of. That your needs are always met, **even** if I was to meet my mate or if you wanted to end things between us for whatever reason. I promise to protect you and teach you self-defense, so you don’t have to live in a constant state of fear. And **we’ll** continue searching for the one who marked you to break the bond. And I vow to make sure you get a real education and teach you to read and write. I know that you are so smart and have so much potential. The way you communicate is amazing, and you’ve come so **far** in it, but you can do so much more Grace, and I want to help you get there. I want to give you the life you deserve.”

It all sounded amazing. I wanted to believe in this. Was it worth the fallout if none of **it** came true? I mean, I had learned a lot already... He had made sure that I was with people who could help me... And he hadn’t let me down yet, and I had been here for a

while now. He could have easily left me in enemy territory, but he didn't. He **was**. here. Standing in front of me. Not even mad that I was sitting in his seat.

I nodded at him slowly.

"So, you'll stay?" He asked, his voice hopeful, which surprised me a little.

I nodded again, feeling slightly uncertain.

"And you agree with our terms? Is it what you want?"

I nodded again, giving him a slight smile.

He smiled at me, and I didn't have any idea why he seemed so satisfied with himself, but I was more than just a little happy that I was able to stay now.

No data found.

Chapter 44

I woke up feeling rested and at peace. Alpha King Rhys had walked me to my room after our conversation in the office. **He** had sat in the chair till I fell asleep. I don't know when he left, but I still felt his presence lingering in **my** room. I closed my eyes and breathed it all in. I was safe here. No one was going to come grab me from my bed. No one was going to beat me for sleeping. I didn't know what I'd done to deserve this, and a part of me didn't think I did, but I'd enjoy it for as long as I could.

I untangled myself from the blankets, and slowly got out of bed Alpha King Rhys had told me we would be training today, but to sleep as long as I'd like. He would work in the office until I was ready.

I grabbed a pair of leggings and a tank top and made my way to the bathroom. There was no point in showering if I was just going to work out, so I just changed my clothes and ran a brush through my hair, pulling it to the base of my neck in a low ponytail. I pulled my shoes on and I was all ready to go when I noticed the breakfast tray just sitting on the dresser. With a moment's hesitation, I realized that I was in fact quite hungry. I grabbed the bowl of fruit and gobbled it down. I didn't want to eat a ton before working out, but I also knew my body needed energy.

Finally, I made my way to Alpha King Rhys' office. I knocked once and heard his now familiar voice call out **to** come in.

"Hi Grace," He smiled slightly. "Ready to go?"

I nodded, feeling uneasy now that I was here with him, making it real. I had never trained before. I had never exercised in the slightest. I would have died if I had tried. I know my sister would have never allowed it. She wanted me as

weak as she could keep me. But I wouldn't be that girl anymore. I was becoming the real me more and more every day.

He stood up and stretched. His shi

lifted slightly, and I caught a glimpse of his perfect abs. Abs. Just abs. Not perfect. Come on, Grace. You can't think of him like that.

He reached his hand out to me, and I hesitantly took it. I couldn't help but admit that I wanted to never let go. My hand was **so** small in his, but it made me feel safe. Like maybe, just maybe, I belonged here, in this moment, with him.

The training center was intimidating. There were people everywhere. Noticing my sudden apprehension, Alpha King Rhys shouted, "CLEAR THE ROOM." Everyone scattered. No one even bothered to grab their things, they just took off.

I looked at Alpha King Rhys in awe, and I could tell he was trying to suppress a smirk. I rolled my eyes at him as he lead me to the gym mat in the middle of the floor.

"Let's go over a couple of ways to safely break out of grabs." He stated, but I didn't miss the once over he did of my body before grabbing me from behind.

I froze. His grip was tight, but I knew he wouldn't harm me. But there was something else. Something more. I wanted his hands, everywhere. I wanted to be locked in his embrace. I wanted his lips on mine.

"Trust your instincts," He said, his voice so sultry that I could barely function. "Get out of the grab."

With his arms around me, I couldn't focus. I could barely breathe. I y

"Come on, Gracie, get out of the grab." He prodded.

But I couldn't. I couldn't do this. Not with him.

was stuck.

Eventually he let go of me, and I immediately made my way to **the** bathroom without a word. I had to get out of here. I couldn't do this. This was not me. This was definitely not me.

Oh god what have I gotten myself into by agreeing to stay to be his companion, his partner? **I**

couldn't stop my thoughts. I wanted more than he could give. He didn't want me like that. I was just an obligation. But my god, did his touch feel right. And that warm feeling in my belly, I needed it to go away.

"Grace?" I heard him as he knocked on the bathroom door. "Are you okay?"

No. No. No, I was not okay. Not even a little. How could I possibly explain to the freaking Alpha King that he couldn't touch me or I was going to lose my mind?

He opened the door a smidge and peeped in making eye contact with me. He did a once over my body again to make sure physically okay.

"Grace, hunny, it's okay. I can help you release your emotional needs if you want." He said gently, but there was something else there, a longing, maybe.

I didn't say anything. I was so embarrassed and ashamed of how I was feeling. I shouldn't feel like this. I was losing my mind. But a part of me, a large part of me, wanted to take him up on his offer even though I felt crazy by it.

"It's your animal instincts causing you to feel this way, and if you keep ignoring it and pushing it away, you'll continue to feel more and more distressed and maybe even a little angry." Alpha King Rhys rationalized.

But I felt even worse about my reaction. I didn't want to be **so** out of control. I couldn't do this. I tried to close the door on him, but he stuck his foot out, stopping me. I slowly backed **away**.

"Grace, it's okay. It's all natural. I know your underwear is soaked, and you have this driving desire for me to touch you. I know how bad you want it."

I kept backing away slowly as he stalked toward me. Why was I running away from something I wanted so badly? Because he is the Alpha King! I reminded myself. But my god, the way he was walking toward me, I wanted him. And I wanted him now!

Chapter Comments

Michele Gremillion

POST COMMENT

she needs to not be afraid of her feelings I hope Rhys can help her in that area of need.

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King #My Son 45 - Read The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King My Son 45

Chapter 45

CIS Alpha King

I knew I was in for it when his back hit the wall. His hands pinned me against it, and I felt my breath hitch with excitement and anticipation. I needed this. I needed him. I needed this, even though I knew I shouldn't. Even though it was a bad idea. A really bad idea.

His lips met mine anyways. A gentle kiss that I couldn't help but return. But it didn't stay gentle. He deepened the kiss, and the urgency between us increased. I reached up, and pulled him even closer to me, entangling my fingers in his hair. There was no such thing as close enough. I needed him closer. His hands ran up and down my sides, sending shivers down my spine. There was nothing I wouldn't give this man right then and there.

Then we were moving. He pulled me to the shower area, and turned it on, while only breaking our contact slightly, not that I let him go far before pulling him back to me. I pulled the hem of his shirt up and over him, revealing his glorious body underneath, and shuttered with anticipation. He took the opportunity of me being distracted to grow his claws and shred my tank top off of me. Under normal circumstances, I think I would have been scared, but in this moment, I found it hot as hell. I climbed immediately out of my leggings not wanting him to destroy those too and stood before the man in just my bra and underwear. I knew Alpha King Rhys probably liked a confident woman, but that was not me, and I didn't know what to do next, so I took off my bra, slower this time and then he stopped me, pulling me into the now warm shower with him and lowered my underwear, all while never breaking eye contact with me.

3

His hands scaled my body, and I didn't know how even breathe anymore. I was on sensory overload but in a good way for once. He spread my legs and kissed up them, alternating which one he was giving love to until he reached my private areas. No one had ever kissed me down there, but I thought I might pass out from the amazing feeling. His tongue glided over my clit, teasing me for what I wanted. And just when I thought I couldn't take it anymore, he started to **suck** it in **the** most fabulous way. I was so close. Oh my god, this must be what heaven feels like!

"Grace?"

I startled and looked around. I was still in the training room, and Alpha King Rhys was still holding me. None of it had been real... All a sick creation of my mind.

1

"Are you alright?" He asked, I could only assume, again.

I nodded, my face flushing with embarrassment.

"Then why aren't you moving?" He questioned.

or which meant I

I sighed but started to actually try now. The quicker I

could move past that glorious fantasy, the better it would be for me. It wasn't real even though it felt so freaking real. I was training so that I could protect myself needed to be focused.

After not being able to break out of the hold, Alpha King Rhys directed me to what I should do. Twist my arms and find the small gap of fingers and pull down as hard as I can. If I only being held by one arm, use it to help.

After an hour and a half, of breaking out of holds, and different sorts of binds, I was exhausted.

"Alright," Alpha King Rhys sighed with just a little bit of sweat on his brow, unlike the very large amount of sweat dripping from mine. "I think that's enough for today."

The second the words were out of his mouth, I bolted out of there. I couldn't be around him right now. Not after such a vivid fantasy. No, I needed to be alone right now.

I threw open the door to the top level of the packhouse, not slowing down. I refused. Not till I **was** safely in my room.

1/3

"Hey **Grace**, *whe*

the fire?" Sawyer teased as I ran by him.

But I didn't acknowledge him. I couldn't. No. I needed a shower Wait, no I couldn't shower. Not after all the dirty **things** I had imagined in the shower. o. I needed a bath. Yea, a nice hot bath to soothe my racing thoughts.

"Grace?" He called out this time in concern, but I was already to my room.

My bath was enough to help settle me down, but Alpha King Rhys was in the room waiting for me when I walked out. I was glad I had brought clothes into the bathroom because I wasn't sure what I would have done otherwise.

"You know Grace, I know you were aroused' at the gym, I could smell it. It's nothing to fear. You probably reacted so strongly because you've never really experienced intimacy before." He said calmly, not really looking up from whatever he was doing.

My cheeks heated again immediately, and I had no response for that. What was I to say? I was daydreaming of you touching me in all the ways you never will? Goddess, this was mortifying.

“Now, I respect your wishes, Gracie.” He said sternly, “But I don’t want anyone else to touch you for the next year. Are we

clear

I nodded, solemnly, afraid he would annul our agreement if I didn’t.

“Good. Now I have some work to do. I’ll be in the office if you need anything.”

I nodded again, unsure what to do with my new free time. I ate lunch by myself with the pack, and did some studying with Alana in between her chores, and suddenly day became night, and I had been lost to time.

I said goodbye to Alana and made my way back upstairs with my dinner plate. After the bit of a crazy day, I didn’t feel like being around a lot of the pack. I just wanted to be alone.

However, to my surprise, Sawyer had the same idea and came up with his plate about 5 minutes later.

“Are you okay, Grace?” He asked after we had been sitting in silence for about 10 minutes.

I nodded and tried to act as normal as possible, even though my mind was reeling.

“You look troubled... Is my brother giving you a hard time?” He asked.

I shook my head no, but stood up, aware of my abruptness. I rinsed my dish in the sink, and qui before disappearing to my room.

signed goodnight,

I crawled into bed with aching muscles and a racing mind. I was nearly asleep when Alpha King Rhys came in and crawled in bed beside me, tugging me close to him.

“I only want you, Grace.” He whispered as he gently stroked my hair and kissed my cheek. “And I hope I’m the only one you want too.”

I didn’t have a response, but the moment was ours. It felt right. Like we had laid in this bed, just like this, a million times before. And I drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

Chapter 46

Alpha King

I stroked her hair gently as she relaxed in my arms. The world felt right, but I worried about the way she had reacted in

the training center. She had clearly been aroused from me just barely touching. What would she have been like if someone Aldi have as much restraint as I did?

"I couldn't stand it if any other guy got to touch you. Only I can touch you like this, Grace. Nobody else gets to touch you." I reminded her that she was mine.

She stiffened a little, and didn't acknowledge me and my words

"Grace?" I tried as I leaned over to see her face.

Her eyes were closed, but her heartrate was a little erratic, so, I knew she wasn't asleep.

"Grace?" I tried again.

She didn't answer. I didn't understand. What had I said that had upset her so much she wouldn't even talk to me? I mean, she never really spoke, but she always acknowledged me before and to pretend to be asleep just felt like a really low blow. I thought we were having a moment. I mean, hell, after the gym today, I thought our relationship was truly developing into more. And she's the one who had wanted to stay. She had proposed having MY baby before I came up with our current arrangement.

I pulled away from her in irritation. I didn't understand what was going on anymore at all. With one last glance at her, I walked out of the room and made my way down to my office. To my surprise, the light in Sawyer's office was still on, so I made a detour there instead.

I didn't bother to knock, I just walked straight in.

"Well, come on in then," Sawyer remarked sarcastically **as** I plopped down in the chair **across** from him at the desk.

"What are you working on?" I asked, leaning over to see if it was anything interesting.

"Just studying up on a new stiches method." He answered, closing his notebook, and looking at me with mild interest. "Did you do something to Grace?"

"Do something to Grace?" I frowned. "What does that even mean?"

asked her if she was

“Well, she seemed upset at dinner tonight, we ate alone upstairs, which she doesn’t usually do.. okay because she seemed off. Then I asked if you did something to upset her, and she just excused herself, and went to bed, and now you’re here, in my office and not your bedroom, which makes me think something has happened with Grace.” Sawyer said, laying it all out there.

“I mean, no, not really. We were talking, and then I said something to her about not letting other men touch her, and she got all weird, and even pretended to be asleep. I don’t understand what happened, at all.”

“Seriously?” Sawyer looked at me with disbelief. “You have no idea what went wrong?”

“What? It’s not an unreasonable request. She proposed the deal. She was fantasizing in the gym earlier, I just want to be **very** clear with her that I don’t want her to go around throwing herself at other guys.”

“First off,” Sawyer sighed. “She is not the kind of girl to throw herself at other guys. She would be mortified for you even

thinking that about her. Second, you are imposing very partner like demands on her, probably pushing her farther **away**.”

“But she’s probably my mate!” I protested like a child.

And she doesn’t know that,” Sawyer answered flatly. “She has no idea who she probably is to you. In her mind, she’s “probably still thinking that this is all just a business deal. A safety net because a guy like you would never like her. And unlike you, she seems to live in a constant fear and anxiety. She’s incredibly sensitive and hyperaware of everything and nothing all at once, which can easily lead her to overthink everything.”

“But I’m trying to make her feel wanted!” I argued.

“And how that’s great.” Sawyer answered patiently. “But she might not be ready to jump into this kind of commitment. It’s a lot. You have to remember that she’s been through hell.”

“But she’s the one who proposed the deal!” I pouted.

“Say it with me,” Sawyer said, with a hint of laughter in his voice, “She’s scared.”

I rolled my eyes. “Okay, okay, I get it. I’m being too pushy. I guess, I’ll go fix it.”

“Isn’t she sleeping?” Sawyer asked.

“She was faking when I left, so I doubt it.” I shrugged as I got up.

I pondered over all the things Sawyer had said as I walked absently through the hallway and up the stairs. Was I being too pushy? I couldn't tolerate even the idea of another man touching her in any way at all, but **was** that unreasonable? Goddess, no other woman had ever had me in this much of a tizzy.

I opened the door as quietly as I could, but it didn't matter, she wasn't in the bed.

"Grace?" I called out looking around, but there was no response I could see the light on in the bathroom, so I decided to

check there, and breathed a sigh of relief when I saw her.

She looked so small in the large tub. Her body bared all the scars of her past, which made me feel something, but she was still so beautiful. I knew if she was awake, she would never just let me just stare at her like this. She didn't even always like it when I stared and she had clothes on. I quickly pulled the drain in the tub, and grabbed a towel to wrap her up. She must have been tired because she didn't flinch. She didn't move at all other than to curl into me. I wanted to keep holding her, but I laid her on the bed, and grabbed one of the bigger t-shirts I could find to put on her. As I pulled the t-shirt over her head, the undeniable urge to mark her, hit me like a truck. I leaned in, smelling her deliciou at. She smelled like fall. I breathed her in, knowing that it would have to do. I didn't want her to suffer, and that's what marking her would do.

She couldn't take that.

2

I leaned over, brushed her hair out of her face before kissing her forehead.

"Stay." She whispered in her half-asleep state.

I smiled slightly. I laid down beside her till she fell asleep, but kept distance between us. However, my mind was too busy

to sleep, so finally I got up and headed downstairs, to my best friend's and Beta's suite.

"Hey," Leon answered, his daughter Lacey on his him and his seven-year-old, Sarah at his side.

I nodded back at him, but didn't say anything. It was rare he go time to truly hang with his kids. I didn't want to interrupt that, but here I was.

"Hey girls, go find Mommy, I'll be there in a moment."

The girls looked at me and took off running back to their suite And we stood there in silence for a long moment.

Before Leon said, “Are we just going to stand here or are you going to tell me what happened?”

Chapter Comments

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Chapter 47

Leon shouted to his wife that I’m here, and then we head to his in-suite office. I took a seat in the large chair **across from** his and he grabbed a bottle of whiskey and poured us each a drink. I took it gratefully, swallowing it in **one go**, and he rented it without me even asking. He had been my best friend for longer than I could remember, and he tended to know exactly what I needed every time.

“So, what’s going on?” Leon asked, sitting down in his chair.

I sighed. I had just explained everything to, Sawyer, now I had to tell Leon, and I already knew he would side with Sawyer. I also knew Sawyer was probably right about a lot of things, but that didn’t mean I didn’t want someone to tell me **a** different answer.

“Well, according to Sawyer, I’m pushing Gracie away, and I dont know how to navigate this without coming on too strong.”

“How so?”

“Well, I was holding her, and I was telling her how much I wanted her, and then I said something about not letting other guys touch her, and she literally faked being asleep.”

“Uh–huh.” Leon replied. “And what did Sawyer say?”

“That I’m imposing partner like expectations, and she’s confused by them.” I mimicked Sawyer’s voice bitterly.

“Well, that’s probably true. So, when are you going to tell her that she’s probably your mate?” He asked.

I looked at him in disbelief. “Why would I do that?”

“Because it’s unfair to keep it a secret.”

“I’m not going to tell her. Everything’s too complicated. What if she can’t handle it?” I protested.

“You have all the information laid out for you, at least more of it anyway. She’s blind in this. You keeping it from her **is** only going to hurt both of you. She deserves to know

why you act the way you do. Just because you haven't found who marked her, doesn't mean that she shouldn't know about her very possible future reality."

I sucked in a breath, processing what he was saying. No, I couldn't be honest with her. She had enough change to deal with in the last few weeks. Adding anything else seemed cruel.

"No. She can't handle it." I told him.

"You mean, you think she'll leave you." Leon stated, not budging.

I didn't want to admit that was what I was worried about, but that was exactly what I was worried about. She'd hear all the things I'd kept from her, and she'd leave, never looking back, never trusting me again.

"Have you been down to see Ethan?" I asked, changing the subject.

"Yea," Leon answered, sounding a little more hesitant than he had been a moment ago. "He still won't talk. Both Sawyer and I have taken turns down there, but neither of us have had any luck getting him to talk. Especially since you won't let us use violence." He mumbled the last part under his breath.

1/3

"Why won't he talk to you guys?" I questioned out loud, knowing that **Leon** probably didn't have an answer to **that** anymore than I do.

"Truthfully I think it's because we aren't you." Leon surprised me. "Sawyer and I both have far less Grace information, and ever **if** we did, we aren't privy to share it, and he knows it. He knows the only way he can get any information **is from**

you.

I nodded, thinking about what he said as I looked around. Leon's office was a lot more homey than mine. He had pictures of his family everywhere. His wedding, birthdays, us growing up his kids. Every piece of Leon's life hung somewhere in this room, and I wanted that. I wanted a life that I could hang

pictures on a wall.

"Let's go see Ethan." I said after a long moment. "Maybe he'll talk if I'm there.."

"Sure," Leon answered uneasily as we headed to the door. "But please think of telling Grace, sooner rather than later. Secrets are no good in a relationship.

I acknowledged him with a wave, and we made our way to the dungeons in silence. Part of why I was so close with Leon

was because he knew when to stop pushing me. He knew I was done talking about Grace, and he just backed off before it

became a whole thing and I got angrier.

I approached the cell, unlocked the door, and took the seat Sawyer had occupied the day before.

"I didn't think you'd come back." Ethan said as he studied me. He was still in the same position he had been in yesterday,

sitting on the floor with his knees to his chest.

"You know nothing about my habits." I answered coldly.

The kid just shrugged. He wasn't bothered by much it seemed.

"How did you know Grace was here?" I demanded. "How did you find my pack?"

"Lycans have a natural ability to track each other," Ethan answered simply. "I just followed my gut, and it brought me here. I also always keep close tabs on all things Grace. Trouble tends to follow her."

"You haven't told her about her true identity yet, have you?" He asked.

"I ask the questions." I growled.

Ethan let out a forced chuckle. "It scares you to be in love with a monster like her, doesn't it?",

I scoff. "I'm not afraid or in love."

"Sure." Ethan smirked. "Whatever you say."

"What else do I need to know about Lycans?" I interrogated, ignoring his insinuations.

"Well, maybe not about Lycans directly. But you should probably know that my half-sister, Kinsley, for unknown reasons, is not a Lycan. I assume you are still searching for their pack, and that might be helpful for your search. My Alpha father and his Luna were both Lycans, but Kinsley is not, and Grace and I are, so that's kinda weird."

"Is that why she targeted you guys?" Leon asked.

“That’s one of my guesses,” Ethan answered with a shrug. “She couldn’t inherit the throne perfectly with us around.”

2/3

I locked the cell door behind us, it was nearly 2 in the morning and I finally made my way to *bed*.

I pondered over Ethan’s answers. There was so much we didn’t understand about the Blood Moon pack, but more and more

things were being pieced together. Whether Ethan was lying or not, he never seemed to say anything without a purpose. I just wished I was completely privy to everything he was saying.

And Leon is right, Grace needs to know the truth.

I woke up after a fairly restless night of **sleep** in confusion. I didn’t remember ever actually going to bed. I remembered laying with Rhys, and then he got all weird, asking me not to be touched by other men, and I hadn’t known what that was about, so I just pretended to be asleep. Did he think I was a slut because I offered to have his baby? Did he think I’d always just throw myself at men for safety? I mean, I might, honestly, but I had no reason to not believe that Alpha King Rhys wasn’t going to take care of me, so I had no reason to do that. And once I pretended to be asleep, he just left. He didn’t stay, he didn’t say anything, he just disappeared. Then I hid there for a bit, but I knew I wouldn’t **be** able to sleep, so I took a bath. But I couldn’t remember getting out of the bath or why I only put on a shirt.

I got out of bed slowly and stretched my stiff body. I grabbed a simple dress from my closet and got **myself** ready for the day. I didn’t know what **was** expected of me for the day, which made it a little hard to get always change if I had to.

ddy, but I figured I could

I started to descend the stairs to breakfast when Alpha King Rhys popped out of the hall on his office floor and into **my** path.

“Hi Grace,” He said tiredly, and he looked tired. “How did you sleep?”

“Fine, thank you.” I signed, unsure we stood exactly or if he understood ASL at all, but I had forgotten my chalkboard in my room.

“Do you want to come to my office? I think we have a lot to discuss.” He asked, there was a nervousness in his voice that I didn’t expect.

I nodded and followed him to his study. I took the seat across from his and eyed the breakfast tray he had on his desk.

"Please, eat," He encouraged, gesturing at the tray.

I grabbed the toast from the tray, suddenly feeling nervous about being asked to come in here. Did he want to annul our agreement already? Or was this about something **else** completely?

"So, I'm not exactly sure where to start, Grace, but the first thing I think I should tell you is that we currently have a prisoner in our dungeon who claims to be your brother."

I frowned as Alpha King Rhys handed me a new white board, since I had left my chalkboard upstairs in my room by

accident. I took it from him, and thought hard about what I could write.

"No brother." I finally wrote. "Sister."

"I know this is kind of a bomb shell, Gracie. But according to him, Kinsley is your half-sister, and he is your twin. You guys were split up when you were very young."

My frowned deepened. A twin? I didn't remember anybody in my life from a young age other than Kinsley and even she was sort of a vague memory.

"I wish I could say that's the only thing I've been keeping from you, but I would be lying if I told you that, I also found out that you have been bound twice." **He** fidgeted in his seat, but his eyes never left mine.

"Bound?" I asked on my board, hoping I had spelled it right. It **was** not a word I was very familiar **with**.

"Usually, people only bound others when they are afraid of their power." **The Alpha King explained**

. **"It effectively makes**

you unable to reach your wolf, which would explain why you've your wolf or in your case, Lycan."

"What?" I wrote. I knew I couldn't spell Lycan, but I had no idea

"The guy claiming to be your brother, your twin, is not a wolf. H

"What's that?" I asked, not liking the turn that this was taking.

“Do you remember that day I ran out of your room, and you wat

I immediately felt like someone had dumped a cold bucket of w saying, but I nodded anyway.

“That creature was a Lycan. If you were to shift, that’s what you We have been working to remove the bindings holding yours in

promise we will figure out a way to completely restore your abil

“No.” I wrote.

“No?” Alpha King Rhys asked in surprise.

My hands were shaking now as I flashed him my board again wi

“I don’t understand.” Alpha King Rhys said slowly. “You don’t w

“I’m not a monster. I don’t want to be a monster.” I wrote, my

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“But Grace,” Alpha Rhys tried. “It will help you be able to prote And you must be powerful because they didn’t just bind you on

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“No.” I wrote as panic filled me at full force. I couldn’t underst first place. I would be a monster. His chosen mate couldn’t be a was that. So, I wrote in all caps, “I WON’T BECOME THAT! I W

you unable to reach your wolf, which would explain why you’ve never shifted and don’t seemingly have a connection with your wolf or

your case, Lycan.”

“What?” I wrote. I knew I couldn’t spell Lycan, but I had no idea what the Alpha King was going on about now.

The guy claiming to be your brother, your twin, is not a wolf. He’s a Lycan.” He explained carefully.

“What’s that?” I asked, not liking the turn that this was taking.

“Do you remember that day I ran out of your room, and you watched from your bedroom that creature attack the **pack?**”

I immediately felt like someone had dumped a cold bucket of water on me. He could not be saying what I think he was saying, but I nodded anyway.

“That creature was a Lycan. If you were to shift, that’s what you would turn into if your said brother is telling the truth. We have been working to remove the bindings holding yours in place. We met with a witch who wasn’t much help, but I promise we will figure out a way to completely restore your abilities.”

“No.” I wrote.

“No?” Alpha King Rhys asked in surprise.

My hands were shaking now as I flashed him my board again with the no on it.

“I don’t understand.” Alpha King Rhys said slowly. “You don’t want to be unbound?”

“I’m not a monster. I don’t want to be a monster.” I wrote, my lip quivering with fear.

This couldn’t be happening. I couldn’t be one of them. That monster had hurt the wolves. I didn’t want I didn’t want to change into something so terrifying. I won’t do it.

nurt the wolves.

“But Grace,” Alpha Rhys tried. “It will help you be able to protect yourself. You wouldn’t need to be so scared all the time And you must be powerful because they didn’t just bind you once, they bound you twice.”

“No.” I wrote again.

“But Grace...” Alpha Rhys tried again, but I was scribbling on my board as he spoke, cutting him off.

“No.” I wrote as panic filled me at full force. I couldn’t understand why he was pushing this, trying to unbind me in the first place. I would be a monster. His chosen mate couldn’t be a monster, it would look bad. He would never keep me if T was that. So, I wrote in all **caps**, “I WON’T BECOME THAT! I WON’T! I’M NOT A MONSTER!”

Chapter 49

Grace’s tears streamed down her face, and I almost regretted telling her the truth. Her blue eyes showcased her fears in all the ways I’m sure she didn’t want. A part of me wanted to yell at Leon and Sawyer, so I did through the mindlink.

“She’s crying.” I growled at them.

“Well, it’s a lot to take in.” Sawyer justified.

“It would have been worse if you kept everything from her any longer.” Leon answered, a hint of a laugh in his tone.

“What do I do?” I asked.

“Just be there, man,” Leon answered, and cut off the link. I felt annoyed at them, but I knew I had to do this on my **own**, like a man.

“Grace, no matter what your shift into, it doesn’t change anything between us. And your brother, he doesn’t seem like a monster at all,” I said gently, kneeling in front of her, wiping **the** tears from her face with my thumb.

“Yea right.” I wrote.

“It’s true,” I told her softly. “He seems to just want to protect you. That’s why he’s here.”

“He hasn’t done a good job.” She scribbled with a sob, making my heart hurt. “And you probably hurt him.”

“I did not, nor did allow any of my men to hurt your brother once he told us who he **was**. I wouldn’t do that to you,” I told her seriously, not liking the negative way she was thinking of me.

“Why?” She asked. The W was wobbly on the board, and I knew this was probably going to be my chance to tell her. Leon was right. I needed to tell her.

“Grace, I know this might be scary to hear, but I’ve been keeping one more really big **secret** from you... The truth is, Grace I really think you’re my mate.”

y

Her face paled even more if possible, and the look of surprise was something I would never be able to get it out of my mind. It wasn’t the look of happiness that I had hoped for, but it also wasn’t a look of disgust that I had half expected so I took that as something.

“What?” She wrote.

“I am pretty sure you’re my mate, I’m your mate, Gracie,” I said again slowly.

Her hand immediately went to her neck where the mark she didn’t even know she had a few weeks ago was imprinted on her skin. I knew her fears before she wrote anything. She was worried that it affected everything, and it did, just not in the way she thought.

I pulled her hand down, engulfing it in mine.

“That mark, it’s one-sided. It has no effect on your true mate, Grace. You have a true mate. And I think it’s me. That mark has no real effect on your what is rightfully yours.”

“Not true.” She wrote, but I could feel her trembles in my hand.

“What’s not true?” I asked with a frown.

“Mate.” She wrote.

Jasure you that I am almost positive you are my mate, Grace I have never felt like this with anyone else. But I “understand your fears,” I told her, not sure if what I was about to do was dumb or smart, but I felt like I had no real

choice.

I got up and opened the door to the office. It was quiet in the hallway. I knew Sawyer was probably at the hospital, and I hoped Leon was in his office with door closed. No one else should be around, so if she wanted to escape there would be little in her way.

“I’m not telling you to go,” I told her seriously. “I am giving you the option to go if this is too much. I don’t want to force you into anything you don’t want. I don’t want to pressure you into talking about such big things that you aren’t ready to. I want to give you time to process everything you need to. So, **if** you need time to think, you have it, Gracie.”

I sat back down at my desk and opened my laptop, but I could see Gracie’s tears seemed to stop, and to my surprise, she didn’t bolt for the now open door.

“Is this because of our deal?” She asked after a while.

“Our deal?” I asked in surprise.

“Saying I’m your mate.”

“Um I’m not sure what you mean.” I frowned.

She frowned, and I knew she was trying to find a way to tell me what she was thinking, but I just wished she would speak to me. I wanted so badly to hear her voice, to know her every thought. I wanted to know exactly where I stood.

She picked up the marker and began scribbling again but looked up at me every couple seconds **as** I waited with bated breath for whatever she was about to tell me.

“You say that to every girl,” I read when she flipped the board, her brows raised in accusation.

I took a deep breath and tried not to be offended. "I do not say that to every girl, Gracie. Yes, there have been others before you," I told her honestly. "But none of them have ever mattered before. I have never wanted someone as much as I want you. I have never felt the way I feel when I'm with you. I chose you as chosen bride originally. That is true. But I have been drawn to you since the first day we met, and it has only gotten stronger the more time we spend together. You consume my every thought. I have to lay eyes on you every couple of hours because I need to know that you are okay. I have never worried so much about anyone in my entire life. And I think you feel that too." I took a breath before continuing, my eyes never leaving hers. "You feel the safety and comfort, and love. When we lay together at night, how natural it and right it feels. How you find comfort in holding my hand. How you fantasize about what our days and nights could look like. I know you feel it too, Gracie."

She looked betrayed that I seemed to know her deepest thoughts, but it was the truth. I knew she probably didn't believe me still, but there was nothing I wouldn't do to prove it to her. So, she could doubt it all she wanted, but I would spend the rest of my life proving to her that it was real. That we were real. And there was nothing I wouldn't do for the pretty blonde in front of me.

Chapter 50

Instead of saying anything to my declaration, Grace remained quiet, and her hand remained at her side. I could tell her mind was reeling, and I know I told her I would give her time to think, but that was proving to be harder than I thought.

I opened a file on my desk, and pretended to work, but my own mind was reeling too. Was she going to reject me for who she thought I was, and not who I am? She didn't know why the other brides had worked out. She had only ever heard stories of my ruthlessness. But I was a fair ruler. And I was madly into her. I wanted her to see who I could be, not who the world saw me as.

"Is that why you killed him?" She asked after what felt like a million years.

"Who?" I asked, uneasily, not loving where this was going again

"The Beta." She wrote. "Blood Moon Pack."

I sucked in a breath and decided to answer honestly. "Yes. I wanted to selfishly break the bond you have with whoever marked you. I wanted, want you to myself. I'm an Alpha King. I don't share."

However, instead of my answer soothing her, she looked insecure again.

"So, I'm not special," I read her board aloud, and I had to guess the last word because it was spelled wrong.

"What do you mean? You are special, Grace. Very special. Especially to me." I argued, not sure how she even came to that conclusion.

"I need time to think." She wrote, and I frowned but nodded.

She got up slowly as if afraid to move too fast and I would change my mind about giving her time, which apart of me wanted to. I had laid everything out on the line, and she still wouldn't open up to me. She seemed just as lost as she had been when we started the conversation, and I wasn't sure I had made any of the right choices.

"Let her go." My wolf told me, even though I could tell he hated watching her walk away from us.

"Why?" I argued with him, needing to vent my frustration a little even if it was only internally.

"Because we need her to like us." He answered.

I grunted in response to him. She was supposed to be happy I was her mate, not fearful and doubtful.

"Everyone told me to tell her. Tell her the truth. Stop hiding things. Secrets are no good in a relationship. She deserves to know. Blah blah blah." I mimicked all the things Leon and Sawyer had said to me. "But look where that fucking got us. She walked away!"

"You saw her face. You know how she thinks. You just dumped a ton of information on her. She needs to process. Let her process. You not only told her you're her mate, but you told her she's a Lycan, and she has a probable brother who you have in the dungeons," My wolf rationalized. "You are making this about you."

Knowing I wasn't going to get any more work done now, I went in search of Sawyer. I needed his soothing brother energy. Leon would tell me straight up what he was thinking, but I knew Sawyer would be more thoughtful in his responses, so I made my way to his clinic.

"Hey," Sawyer said in surprise when he saw me. The clinic was pretty full, but no one seemed to care that I was pulling Sawyer away from his work again. "I didn't think I would see you today." **He** said opening his office door for me.

"She said she needed some space and time to think." I told him honestly.