

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

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I took a deep breath, closed my eyes and tried to hide the fear and pain I felt as he touched me. Not a single part of me liked this. He was nice and all, but I couldn't go through that again. Anything but that...

"You tensed." The Alpha King commented.

I pulled away from him as he moved me off his lap. His eyes were staring intensely at me, and I couldn't help but cower away from him. I didn't want to show my fear, but I was exhausted, so my body was betraying me.

"Are you hurt?" The Alpha King demanded, his eyes narrowing at the thought.

I shook my head no, immediately. I knew how this would go. I would be in so much trouble if I was honest. I had been through this scenario before. Kinsley would ask me if I was hurt, and if I showed the pain, she'd say she'd give me something to cry about. Every time it was worse than whatever the first pain had been.

"Grace, you can tell me if something hurts, okay? I can help." The Alpha King tried again in a softer voice.

I shook my head again and turned toward the window. I couldn't remember the last time I had been in a car. I had been maybe seven or eight, and my stepmom, Luna Ava. It had been one of the rare occurrences she had talked my father into letting me out of the house. It had been my birthday, and we went and got ice cream, and I had been able to get a new book. It was one of my favorite memories.

This car though, moved faster than I remembered. Everything passed by my window in a blur, and it made my tummy turn. If there was anything in my stomach, I probably would have thrown up, but it had been a few days since I had had more than a few slices of bread to eat. I was glad that the Alpha King had stopped talking. It was one less thing that I had to focus on. As everything rushed by, exhaustion filled every piece of my soul, and I could feel it deep in my bones. I wasn't used to sitting still this long. My eyelids grew heavy, and I fought sleep with every ounce of my being. This was not the place to drift off. I didn't know these people. I didn't know where I was going. I couldn't just give in. Who knows what the punishment for such a thing would be, but I didn't want to find out.

My eyes fluttered open as a pair of strong arms wrapped around my knees and under my shoulders. I tried not to flinch in pain, but I couldn't help but gasp in surprise. The

Alpha King was carrying me! He didn't even seem to hesitate to pick up a lowly criminal such as myself. What kind of man was he? He wasn't at all like I had expected so far.

"You're awake." He stated the obvious.

I nodded, burying my face into his shirt before quickly stopping. I might have fallen asleep in his presence, and he might have decided to carry me, but that didn't mean things weren't going to go south real quick with one wrong move.

"Did you sleep well?" He asked.

I was surprised by his question, but I nodded again. I had slept better than I normally did. Normally, I had nightmares and woke up screaming, which then in turn would cause Kinsley or Adrian or one of their other minions to come and punish me for the commotion. I shuttered at the memory, however the Alpha King either didn't notice or pretended not to.

"Should I keep carrying you or would you like to walk?" He asked, his voice husky with something I didn't recognize.

I immediately showed him two fingers, meaning I wanted the second option, and I hoped he understood.

He frowned at first, but then complied with my wishes, gently setting me on my feet. The relief I felt was immediate now that there was less pressure on my back.

I sighed and looked around. I had forgotten the very presence I was in: The Alpha King's. And this wasn't just some random packhouse. This was a small castle. A mansion to the utmost degree. And it was stunning.

The exterior was a pale grey stone full of windows and covered in vines. We stood in the driveway, but on each side was lined with the most exquisite landscape. Bushes, trees and flowers, all shaped and perfectly positioned to be the most aesthetically pleasing. I had never seen something so beautiful in my life.

"Do you like it?" The Alpha King looked nervous as he ran his hand through his hair, his eyes meeting mine.

I gave him a small smile and nodded. I loved it. But then I frowned. It would be so hard to maintain though. I had no idea how to shape everything so nicely or which flowers would grow well here. And the house was huge. I couldn't possibly keep up with everything that needed to be done.

I took a shaky deep breath and tried to calm my nerves. Whatever was going to happen, will happen, and I would handle it the way I've always had.

The Alpha King frowned at me, but again, didn't comment. "Let me show you the inside," He tried.

I nodded but found myself not really paying attention to anything as we walked. Everything looked expensive, and I would ruin it all with one touch. This was the game, wasn't it? To see how much trouble I could get in on my first day in my new... could it even be called my home?

"Grace." A sharp voice drew me back to the present. We were back in the gorgeous, ginormous foyer that we started in that held a velvet couch and statues and what I could only assume to be very expensive art pieces.

I looked up at the Alpha King, his eyes softening a little as they met mine.

"I know this has been very overwhelming." The words seemed hard for him to say. "But here, you are not a servant or a slave. You are not a criminal. You are here to be my bride, Grace. We will be married, and I will mark you."

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