

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

## **- Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Grace**

### **Chapter 6: Grace**

I stepped away from the Alpha King in shock, but he grabbed my hand pulling me back to him, just leaving a little bit of distance.

Why would he want me? I was nothing. I was worse than nothing. I was mute. I was a criminal. I was undeserving of any good thing ever. So why? Did he truly not believe Kinsley's story? Or was there more at play here? Was this a cruel joke and this wasn't the Alpha King at all?

I was sure Alpha King Rhys could sense my turmoil. I was not fit to be anyone's bride, let alone the Alpha King's, but he didn't say anything. He just led me on, up the steps and through another glorious hallway to a door. He held his hand up to a small pad on the door, and it made a buzzing of acknowledgment as the door opened by itself.

I jumped back in surprise, but the Alpha King kept a firm grip on my hand and pulled me through the doorway.

To my surprise, 2 servants followed us into the room. They bowed at the Alpha King, and I realized I probably should have been doing that too every time I saw him.

"These are your personal servants, Alana and Cam," He started, not looking at anyone in particular. "They will take care of your every need. They have come to help you bathe and turn down your sheets for the night."

I pulled my hand from him, knowing that I could not keep the look of alarm off my face. I shook my head back and forth trying to convey the message that I did not want anyone to get near me. I was capable. I was fine. No. No. No. This couldn't be happening.

"Relax, Grace." The Alpha King tried. "This is a good thing."

He attempted to grab my hand again and I twisted away from him. He froze. His face paled, and I knew what I had just shown.

"Are you bleeding?" He demands, his eyes never leaving my back even as I twist further away from him.

I shake my head, trying to hide my injuries. This couldn't be happening.

"Let me see it Grace," His voice as hard, and I couldn't help but cower away from him. I shook my head again. I had no intention of showing my scars in front of everyone.

Sensing that I had no intention of showing anybody anything, he ordered everyone else to get out with his Alpha aura, and I dropped to my knees to submit.

When the door closed behind them, he dropped in front of me, kneeling so we were eye level.

"I'm sorry." He whispered, brushing a stray strand of my very messy hair out of my face. "I didn't mean to use my Alpha Aura on you. At your pace, I just want to see your injuries, so I can help. You're going to be my bride, remember?"

His hand cradled my face, and I couldn't help but lean into his touch before I realized what I was doing. No. I can't be doing that. He might say that he wants me now, but he won't want me once he sees my scars.

"It's okay. You're safe here." He said so gently I was starting to believe it.

We sat like that for a few minutes, my breathing slowing down despite myself. Once I was calmer, he pulled me to my feet. I felt his hand move my hair out of his way, and he turned me, so my back was facing him. His hand lingered at my neckline but waited for my permission. I knew I couldn't escape this, so I slowly nodded, just once, but that was all it took.

I felt him slowly unzip my first layer, and then my second, before finally undoing my last defense. He had only pulled each about halfway down, but I could tell he was surprised by the layers, however he didn't say a word about them. I knew the moment he saw my skin. The grip he had on my dress increased, and he grabbed me with his other arm.

I knew what he was seeing. The many scars and bruises from the past. The fresh whip marks from today; the sudden air on them made them sting.

"You lied to me." He growled.

Suddenly, his hands were ripping at the rest of my dresses, all but shredding them off me. I couldn't yell. He had been so gentle, and then to just lose it like that. How could he? How could I have trusted him? I was so sure he was going to ruin me too.

"Who?" He demanded. "Who did this to you?"

I just stood there and cried, practically naked in front of him. All my cuts, bruises and scars on display. I was hiding nothing anymore. All I wanted was to curl up, but I couldn't force myself to move.

The Alpha King lifted my chin, so I was looking at him. His eyes looked remorseful as he grabbed a soft blanket from the bed and wrapped it around me as I sunk to the floor.

"I'm sorry for scaring you." He said gently, taking the spot next to me on the ground. "But those aren't just one-time wounds, Gracie. Those are a lifetime of hurt. Was it your sister, Luna Kinsley and Alpha Adrian?"

I started to hyperventilate. No. Telling would just get me in trouble.

"Shhh." He soothed, running his hand through my super tangled hair. I couldn't breathe. This wasn't happening he was going to send me back.

However, he didn't say that. He sat with me till I was all cried out. His thumb running circles on my arms, and I felt so tired again.

"I don't know for sure who hurt you, Grace, but I promise you, you are safe here. I know I scared you, and I invaded your privacy. But you are safe here. I will never hurt you."

I didn't say anything. What was there to say? No one had ever promised me safety before, how could I possibly believe it after tonight?

"I'm going to go." The Alpha King said after a while. "But the maids are going to run you a bath and get you fresh clothes, and we will deal with your wounds in the morning as they've stopped bleeding for now, and I don't want to make this worse." He looked hesitant at the last part, but he didn't do anything to show me he was thinking anything different.

He stood up and stretched, and I marveled at his body before I realized what I was doing. He smirked though, which gave me the impression that he knew exactly what I was doing. However, he didn't comment. He just moved across the room and grabbed something before heading back toward me.

"Here."

I took the small chalkboard hesitantly and looked at him in confusion.

"Write whatever you need or want on this board. I will check it and update it daily."

I gaped at him, but he didn't wait for my response. He just turned and walked out, leaving me alone for the first time in this new house. A servant from earlier, peeped in, but didn't say a word to me. She just ran my bath and left me alone with my thoughts, and I didn't know how to feel about that.

Once I was sure no one else was coming in, I climbed into the bath, the water cold from how long I had waited to get in. My new injuries stung in the water, and I just sat there for a while as memories of 'home' flashed through my mind. I forced myself to get out when I started to shiver. I crawled into my bed, grateful to still have it. And the last thing I remember before I fell asleep was that I felt like I was laying on a cloud.

[Previous Chapter](#)  
[Next Chapter](#)