

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

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I didn't move, and he didn't say anything for a long while. Eventually I felt his hand on my head, and he began running his fingers through my hair. If I hadn't been so worried about my death, I probably would have found it peaceful or maybe even noticed his brooding mood, but I was too wrapped in my head to notice much.

"I know you're awake, I can hear your heartbeat," The Alpha King said finally after about 30 minutes. "I came to ask about how your doctor's visit went."

For a moment, I thought about continuing to pretend he didn't exist. But before I could stop myself, I reached out and grabbed the medications and rolled over toward him to show him all the things I really didn't understand, nor could I find the motivation to even try to.

The Alpha King looks at the medication and then at me, and my stomach does a little flip. He then handed me the chalkboard he left me the day before. I wasn't sure exactly what to do with it, and I'm not exactly sure what he expected. I was raised on nothing, nothing about me screamed literate. I knew a few words, but I had no idea how to spell what he wanted me to. But I used to like to draw, at least before my stepmother had died, and I had a little more freedom.

It was dark, and I couldn't see well, but I decided to give it a try. First, I drew the general shape of the medication and a question mark. Then I drew the salve the best I could and added a question mark to that as well, hoping he would know what I meant.

He looked at my drawings in the dark. I knew he could see better than I could with his werewolf eyes. They had stronger senses than humans.

I watched his face frown as he looked at my drawings before he abruptly got up and walked to the bathroom. I froze, was I supposed to follow him? I apparently didn't because he came back out seconds later with a glass of water and stood in front of me.

"This one, you swallow." He told me. "Put the pill on your tongue and then take a sip of water and that will be that. He's probably worried about infection if he gave you that."

I frowned but did as he said. The pill had a funny taste, but it went down pretty smoothly.

"And the other stuff, it goes on your back to help them heal faster." He explained gently. "Can I help you put it on?"

I hesitated for a second, but relented since I didn't have a better way to put it on.

The Alpha King, Rhys, looked me in the eyes as he put the salve on his fingers, and a chill ran through my body.

"Shhh." He whispered. "This might sting, but it will help I promise."

I closed my eyes as he began to trace my open wounds. He was right it did hurt, but the cooling sensation and his gentle touch made it bearable, and my heart fluttered nearly out of my chest. But then his hands started to trace the old wounds. The ugly marks I bared because of my awful half-sister. Reminders of the place I had only just left and could go back to at any time... Or worse.

My body immediately betrayed me and began to tremble. I met his eyes with a pleading look in mine, begging him to stop, but it seemed to have the opposite effect on him. His face morphed into disappointment right before my eyes.

"Do you always put on this pitiful act for everyone or just me?" He demanded as he moved away from me.

I couldn't push away the hurt that immediately consumed my chest at his words. Confusion filled me without a chance for me to even get my bearings. Pitiful? Act? Did he believe Kinsley's story after all? Was it now my time to disappear?

My heart was racing a mile a minute at the thoughts as I tried to not let it show. I was going to die; I could at least die brave despite the tears filling my eyes.

"I sent people to your little pack," He continued. "I wanted to know more about how could be littered in so many marks. I wanted to hear their why and decided if I believed them or not. But do you know what I found, Gracie?" I hated the way he said my name just then. I hated the anger in his voice. It only made my fear worse.

"It was completely and utterly emptied. There was not a soul to be found, anywhere. They deserted. Do you want to tell me why they would have deserted like that, Grace?"

I panicked. I had no idea where they would have gone or why. I had never been allowed to leave the house, and it's not like they told me secrets. I was hated. I was worse than an enemy; I was a traitor.

His hand gripped my chin forcing me to look him in the eyes. "Now tell me Grace, are you a part of a conspiracy? A plot to overthrow the kingdom?"

I shook my head back and forth. No. Of course not. I had never been a part of anything of the sort. That would have meant I mattered. I did not matter.

“What is your role in this?” He tried to demand. “I need to know, Grace.” The way he said my name again sent shivers down my spine again, but not in the good way. This was the Alpha King, and he would dispose of me without a second thought. I hadn’t proved anything to him.

I had no role, but it wouldn’t matter. He would never believe me. I was nothing. I was worse than nothing. I was a traitor. I was wolfless. I had never mattered to anyone before. But a small voice in my head begged for him to believe me. I wanted him to believe me.

I shook my head slowly. No. I did not have anything to do with my pack. And I hoped that this time, he would hear all my unsaid words.

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