

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

- Chapter 9: Chapter 9: Rhys

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I sat in my office brooding over my day with a nice glass of whiskey, but it didn't go down as smoothly as it usually did. The day just didn't make any sense, and my lack of sleep wasn't helping. I had spent half the night pacing outside of Grace's door to make sure she was okay and was fine. Everything about her situation didn't sit well with me. How could a girl, that injured, go so long under everybody's radar? It didn't make any sense.

So around 4am, I gave up on sleeping and stopped pacing when I knew for a fact she was peacefully sleeping and made my way to my office to pull every record I had on her pack. I knew it was a conjoined pack, Alpha Adrian had been an Alpha in his own right of the Red Night pack, and Kinsley had been the heir of her pack, Blood Moon. When Alpha Andrew died, they had combined the packs, renaming themselves the Red Blood pack. But other than the fact the pack grew by 60%, there was nothing that screamed PROBLEM.

I pinched the bridge of my nose in frustration, and mindlinked Leon to send a scout team to Red Blood pack. They wouldn't be expecting anyone, so it was sure to catch them off guard, and I carried on with my day, eventually taking Grace to the doctor.

However, it didn't catch them off guard. In fact, the whole pack was empty. Not a single person anywhere around, and I still had people looking, even now at this late hour. I couldn't believe it. Had I fallen for another woman's trick? I had done enough of that in my past, and I thought she was different. My anger could barely be contained. Everyone always had an agenda. How could I have not realized that Grace would too?

My wolf argued with me. He kept saying that I didn't know Grace's side of things, and even for power, it didn't make sense why she was so broken. She was mute for crying outloud, and I largely suspected it was from her trauma... But a small part of me wondered if it was so she wouldn't give up her secrets.

I got up after a while and found myself outside her door. I opened it slowly, but I could tell she was still awake based on how fast her heart rate increased when the door opened. I didn't say a word though, I just sat on the edge of the bed near the door for a while.

I couldn't help but reach out and start stroking her hair. The desire to mark and mate her was getting stronger the longer I was around her, but my wolf never screamed Mate, he just was really protective of her.

““I know you're awake, I can hear your heartbeat,” I said after about 30 minutes. “I came to ask about how your doctor’s visit went.”

To my surprise, she only hesitated for a moment before she grabbed two things off the side table and thrust them in my direction.

I raised my brows in surprise and handed her the chalkboard. I wanted more information than that.

She took the chalkboard hesitantly, and I was surprised to see the frown that appeared on her face but eventually she started to write.

It was my turn to frown when she showed me the clipboard. It wasn’t words, but just simply a couple of poorly drawn pictures and question marks. Could she not write?

It took me a few long moments to realize she had no idea what to do with the medications. Did my brother do anything right?

I got up from the bed and grabbed her a cup of water.

“This one, you swallow.” I informed her. “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.”

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

She sat on the edge of the bed and took her shirt off, careful not to move too much. It was obvious that the movement hurt.

“Shhh.” I whispered. “This might sting, but it will help I promise.”

I started with all the fresh open wounds. My finger barely touched her, knowing it hurt. But when I was done, I couldn’t help but linger on some of the older scars, my fingers tracing them with more pressure.

She immediately tensed. I could feel her tremble beneath me, and she turned toward me with pleading eyes. Instead of softening me as they had before, they infuriated me. Had she done this to herself? Is that why she didn’t want me to touch them? What conspiracy was she a part of?

I started yelling at her about what I knew, but she didn’t waver. The fear in her eyes was something I never wanted to see again, but I couldn’t stop. I was too angry at her, for everything that was going on.

She grabbed her chalkboard, and her hand moved frantically across it. I knew I was too angry and I didn't want to play charades, so I started to move away. We both clearly needed space right then.

But as I turned to leave, her small hand gripped my shirt forcing me to stay put despite the weak grip she had. She gestured at the chalkboard, and I sighed, taking it from her.

It wasn't pictures this time. It was a few... words? Yes, words. They were hard to make out.

"No go out?" I read back to her, squinting at the board.

She gestured to herself for clarification. "You never went out?" I asked.

She nodded, and I could see the tears in her eyes.

"Like out on the town or out of the house?"

She held up two fingers. She never left the house...

I squinted at the next part. The word no was clear, then there was a stick person and word talk with an X on it.

"Nobody talked to you?" I asked after a long minute of trying to decipher.

A look of excitement crossed her face, letting me know I got it right.

And the last sentence. "Not sure out, but will tell and help. Please no kill."

My stomach dropped. Did she really think I would kill her? Did the thought even cross my mind?

She was standing before him. Her shirt back on, but she was so small. So weak. So desperate. Her one hand still clutched at my shirt, and the other she had wrapped around herself trying to make herself look small or comforted.

I stopped fighting it. I pulled her up, and my lips crashed into hers. A moment I had been waiting for since the moment I had seen her.

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