

# The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## Chapter 101

“**YOU** COULD HAVE KILLED HER?” Rhys’ volée cut through the nothingness.

“**I** saved her life!” Sawyer argued back. “If I hadn’t of taken initiative, she would be dead Rhys! Don’t you get it! She would be dead!\*

“But you had no way of knowing it would work!”

“And if **I** didn’t have it, I would have never even had a chance at saving her!”

Ugh, they were so loud. Why were they being so loud? Didn’t they know that I was tired? I just wanted sleep. Was it me that they were **talking** about? Was I the one who almost died or was it someone else? It would explain why I felt so weird, but I had no idea what had happened leading up to this

moment.

“And you didn’t think that maybe the witch wanted to do more pack?”

harm?”

“That she might have seen this as a chance to take down the whole

“Rhys, if I needed the potion, the harm would have already been done.”

“Guys,” Ethan interrupted. “If you want to argue, go in the hallway, but Grace doesn’t

ed

hear this.”

I knew Rhys **was** seething even though I couldn’t see him. But knowing that Ethan was here made **my** heart happy. He cared enough to stay with me even though I wasn’t even awake or conscious. Well, maybe **I was** kind of conscious. I couldn’t move, but my thoughts felt like mine, and I could hear everything going on. So, **I was** whatever this was.

“It’s true,” I heard Arlo say nervously. “A lot of times people in a coma can hear what’s going on. I guess it depends on how much damage was done **to** her brain.”

Damage to my brain? Yikes. That didn’t sound good. A coma made **sense** though for **my** sort **of** consciousness, but I couldn’t remember what had happened.

I decided I should test it. Despite wanting them to, my eyes wouldn’t open. Hm. Okay. I next tried to open my mouth and tell them that **I** was okay, but again, I couldn’t seem to move anything. Brain damage seemed to be looking quite **possible**. I was **so** fucked up **I** couldn’t even do the basics... Maybe though, I could move my hand, show them that I can hear them at least...

My whole hand didn’t move, but I felt my finger twitch and **I** could **feel Rhys’s** excitement through the bond. He grabbed **my hand** and began to talk to me.

“Grace? Grace, can **you** hear me?” He sounded odd for him to me, like he was almost desperate. “**I** saw **you** move your finger. Can you do it again? Can you open those pretty little blue eyes for me?”

“Rhys... It might have just been reflex,” I heard Sawyer say gently, a completely different tone than he **was** using a few minutes ago.

“No, she moved it. I can feel her through our bond,” Rhys told him before turning his attention back to me. “Come on, Grace, everyone is here for you. We just need to know if you’re okay. Please wake up.”

I wanted to tell him that I tried, but my voice wasn't there. I could **feel** his disappointment and **defeat** flooding our bond, **so I** decided to try again. I couldn't bear to disappoint him...

My eyes were **heavy**, but this **time I** was able to get them to move. **However**, I immediately **regretted** it and closed them again **because** the lights **were so** bright.

"Quick, Arlo the lights," Sawyer commanded.

When I heard the light switch go off, I tried to open them again, and

it

was much

better.

"There's my girl," Rhys whispered, the relief in his voice evident. "How are you

feeling?”

I opened **my** mouth, but no sound came out and I frowned..

“**Give yourself time** Grace,” Sawyer said, putting **a glass of** water to my **lips**. “**You’ve** had a rough night. **Take** some baby **sips**.”

## Chapter 101

I did as he **said**, and **the** I looked at Rhys in relief. **A part** of me had **thought** I was never going to see him again, and I was glad that part o

What **happened?**” I asked. My **voice** was still kind of scratchy, but at least it made noite this time.

“You were poisoned, baby,” Rhys said. In a low tone. “I was so scared you weren’t going to make it?”

**I** reached up and pulled him into a hug. I knew he would never cry with some many people around, but I could feel how strong his emotions were,

“How did I get poisoned?” I asked when he finally let go and sat down in the chair next to me.

“Allison... But she’s dead now, so you never have to worry about her again.” Rhys told me. “Lucky for us, Sawyer had the antidote.”

“Yea, I heard that part,” I admitted, “You need to be nicer to your brother, he was just trying to help.”

**Rhys** smiled slightly; his face still so full of emotions. “I’m sorry.” He whispered.

“Don’t apologize to me, apologize to your brother.”

Sawyer laughed as he began to check my vitals and looked at his brother expectantly.

“I’m sorry Sawyer for being so hard on you, and I’m sorry Grace you had to hear it,” **He** said dryly.

Sawyer laughed, “I accept your apology, but your delivery needs work.”

I giggled slightly, before turning back to Rhys.

“Did anything else happen while I was incapacitated?” I asked.

“Well, unfortunately, yes,” Rhys stated uneasily. “Unfortunately, we learned that the city **is** currently in chaos and Adrian and Kinsley are currently mass- creating more Lycans, likely to threaten other **packs** or even ourselves...”

were suddenly gone, and the reality of the life **we** lived **was** overwhelming. If **they were** A sinking feeling filled **my** stomach. The joys **of** being awake again mass-creating Lycans, then how the hell were **we ever** going to be able to compete with them?

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## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

#### Chapter 102

Mass **Lycan** creations? **How** could **they be so evil? Those** poor people who were just trying to **live** their lives, suddenly thrust into the darkness of beluga. **Lycan... They** had no idea what they were suddenly in for, but they probably at the very least knew it wasn't good...

“Grace” **Rhys** brought my attention back to him. He always seemed to know when I was drifting too far. “Adrian and Kinsley have malice intention, Whet they are doing has nothing to do with being a **Lycan**. And everything to do with them being shitty humans.”

**I smiled slightly** at his direct words. He knew exactly where my head had gone, and knew what I needed to hear, even if I didn't quite believe it **yet**. I mean, maybe I could, Ethan didn't seem like a bad guy, and he was Lycan... That meant not everyone could be bad like Rhys kept telling me....

“There’s that smile I love,” Rhys smiled down at me. I know there more people in the room, but it really felt like it **was** just us for a moment. “**I promise to** protect you, and I will make sure we capture Adrian and Kinsley, putting an end to their reign of terror.”

“I know you’ll try.” I answered and he pecked my

promise too.

a

“Can

**1**

examine the Luna to make sure she’s okay or no?”

“So, love birds,” Sawyer cut in,

interrupting our littl

Rhys let out a forced chuckle and smiled and blushed slight at being but now it was kinda true. I was in fact his mate now.

Luna for one of the first times. I couldn't remember if anyone had said **it** before,

“You have the worst timing,” Rhys grumbled.

I swatted at Rhys playfully. “He has to check me for brain damage.”

“How do you know that?” Rhys asked in shock.

“I heard you guys talking about it,” I admitted.

“Well, the fact that your memory **seems** to be intact, you can talk and tease my brother, I'm not **very** worried at this point, but I do **want** to do an official work-up and make sure there's nothing we should **be** worried about.”

Rhys kicked everyone out of the room, **so Sawyer** could run his tests. **He** showed me shape **flash** cards, asking me name things. He made me touch my finger to my nose, and stand on one foot. I felt ridiculous each and every time he asked me to do something, but I was **glad** it was him and not **a stranger** watching me be ridiculous because I was not sure I could have handled that.

“Well, I don’t **see** anything that truly concerns me.” Sawyer said as he wrote down my **test** results. “I **just** want to run some blood work and make **sure** all the poison is out **of** your system and not making your numbers do funny things, but otherwise, I **see** no reason to **keep** you here, you are good to go once **I** draw your labs.”

I smiled at Rhys. It **was so easy** to smile at him these **days**. I remembered the **days** when it **was** hard to even look at him, I was **so** scared. Everything was different now.

“**Yay,**” I said quietly.

“**Yay,**” Rhys repeated back in the same quiet tone. “Is there anything you want us to look out for, **Sawyer?**”

“Fever, unusual behavior, anything really in that realm, and we’ll do a check-up in a couple of **days**. But **even** though I’m saying you can go home **Grace,** I really want you to continue **to rest,** okay?”

“I promise I’ll **rest**, but **can I get** some clothes to wear out of here? I really don’t want to walk out of here in a hospital gown, but **I will if I have to.**”

“Your clothes **were** covered in blood,” Rhys said slowly, “But I had Arlo grab you some that will probably fit.”

“Why **were** they covered in blood?” I asked as I **accepted** the new ones and Sawyer left the room.

“Your nose, eyes, and mouth were all bleeding.” Rhys **answered** uneasily.

“From a poison? **Ew gross.**”

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**Chapter 102 €**

It **was** a little gross,” **Rhys** confined, “You’re **always** beautiful, **but** that wasn’t your **best** look –

I **laughed as I** untucked the part **of** the dress that got stuck and put **my shoes on**.

**When he** noticed I was ready, **Rhys** swept me **off** my feet, taking me by surprise.

**“Rhys, what are you doing?”** I asked in surprise as he

tried

me out of the room to where Ethan and Atlo were waiting.

**“Taking you home.”** He answered easily.

**“I can walk.”**

**“No.”**

**“Seriously, Rhys, please put me down, I want to walk.”**

Both Arlo and Ethan stood awkwardly as fought, but I didn't care. I did not need to be babied. I was fine now.

"But I can keep you safe in my arms." Rhys pouted.

"And now you can keep me safe by your side, put me down **please.**"

Rhys sighed, but this time he did what I asked. Ethan immediately moved to my side, and I knew they **were** both worried **we** would encounter danger again. **I** mean, the last time it happened right in front of them, and they didn't catch it, **so** now they were borderline paranoid, but **I** appreciated of their effort.

Not only did I have Rhys' physical comfort from his arm draped **over my** shoulder, **I** also had him in my head. I could tell he was sending calming words and vibes even if I couldn't hear them **exactly**. But his intention **was** clear, what happened with his **ex-bride**, **was never** going to happen again if **he** could **help it**.

"No one **is** ever going to hurt you like that again," Rhys whispered into my ear.

Ethan must have heard it though **because** he then muttered, "**Yea**, you'll feed them to the wolves if they do."

It took everything in me not to freeze.

“What do you mean?” I asked hesitantly, my heart beginning to pound a little bit. He couldn’t possibly mean literally, could he?

“Oh, **you** didn’t know?” Ethan looked at me dumbly. “He literally fed **Allison** to the wolves.”

I wanted to vomit. No. **He** couldn’t be that cruel, could he? I turned toward Rhys, looking for an **answer**, but he **looked** unbothered by the **questions of what** happened **to** Allison.

“I didn’t feed her to the wolves,” Rhys answered calmly,

I did let them **chase** her down and not intervene.

“They ate her?” I asked.

“More or less,” He shrugged.

I hated how **casual** he was being... How could he admit to **it as** if he didn't allow something horrible happen to that **girl**? That **girl was crazy**, but did she really **deserve** that? Is that how he had killed all **of** his other brides before me? **Was I next?!**

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## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter **103**

**“I didn’t** become the **Alpha King by** being weak,” I replied to Ethan’s side comment as Grace began to spiral again. “Bomatimes; pompte, nedelja 1, **of** who’s in charge and who’s hot to be messed with.”

I knew **my** words wouldn't ease Grace's fear, but there was truth in my words. I wanted her to accept me for everything I was the good the hall and the i I **was** the Alpha King I was known for being cruel, and Grace knew this. And one day, I hoped she'd grow to accept me,

Grace was quiet the rest of the way home, and I let her sit with her thoughts. As much as I wanted to talk to her, Ethan was annoying me. So, the quicker we could get away from him, the better. It's not like he had even really done anything, but his existence was enough.

"I have some work to finish when we get to the packhouse, do you want to come with me?" I asked Grace

I immediately felt her panic at thought of being separated, and it made me feel slightly better. It was nice to know that even if she was slightly afraid of who I really was, being separated from me was worse.

"I'll go where you go." She said softly.

"I can stay with you, if you want to get some rest, I mean," Ethan offered.

Grace stiffened slightly and shrunk into me slightly. I pulled her into me tighter as she told Ethan, "No thank you, I just want to be with Rhys right now."

Ethan seemed slightly put off, but **he** smiled at her **anyway**.

get

it, **just** let me **know if you** change your mind.”

She nodded as we entered the house. Ethan headed to his own room, and **Grace** and I headed up to the office.

It was early in the morning, and I was exhausted, but I did have a little bit of work to do. **Grace** and I could rest all day if I finished **what** I needed **to**, I wouldn't have to **stress or** rush back.

When **we** got to the office, Grace immediately curled up in one of the **larger** chairs I kept in the corners. I went to the closet **and** pulled **out a** blanket for her, tucking it around her. I started to work, but despite what I thought would happen, she did not fall asleep.

“**Are** you are alright?” I asked when I noticed **she** was **just** staring at the wall.

“I’m fine,” She answered a little too quickly, and then refused to look at me.

“Grace,” I dragged her name out, “Tell me what’s wrong.”

She hesitated, but finally reluctantly told me, “My stomach hurts. It just feels tight, but it’s nothing to worry about.”

I frowned. “Point to where it hurts?” I asked.

Gracie pointed lower abdomen, which I thought was weird for stomach pain. I quickly mindlinked **Sawyer** asking if lower abdomen pain was something I was supposed to be worried about. But then I smelt it, she was bleeding ever **so** slightly, and I felt really dumb, and told Sawyer not to **worry** about it.

“Oh babe,” I said as I pulled her onto my lap. “Did you start your period?”

Her face immediately flushed. “I don’t know.” She stuttered. “I just don’t **really** feel well.”

She didn’t know? Had she never had a period before? I mean, it made sense, I guess. She had never been properly cared for or had **proper** nourishment. **She** had been severely underweight when she had arrived here, and I knew all of these things tended to have an **effect** on the body.

It was also possible **that the** wolf poison and her heart stopping could have had some weird sort of **effect** on her **causing** it to randomly start. She had been getting healthier until this most recent skirt with death...

I immediately called Alana to bring so painkillers to our bedroom and I helped **Grace** up and back to our room. I immediately started the shower, **so I could** help her clean up. When **we were** done, I guided her back to the bed before dimming the lights and turning on some calming music. She **took the** pain **meds** that Alana had left on the side table for her, and I climbed into bed and began to massage her abdomen.

“Oh that **feels** nice.”

**Good Don't worry about** anything baby, **I'm going to** take **good** fate of you

I **could feel her** pain **through the bond**, slowly **start** to diminish. And even though I **was** exhausted, I found myself slowly Marring was de **that, i wanted to give** hor more

I raised her shirt carefully **and on top** rubbing her tummy, I began to pepper it with kisses. I **left** a trail of them right up to her bra, and then and the **thing**, stopping just above her shorts line.

“**Oh.** Grace said in surprise at the gentle teasing.

“Do you want me to stop?” I asked her.

“No,” She breathed.

I tugged her boob out of her bra and nipped at her nipple before peppering her with kisses again before doing the same thing to the other side, I started to make my **way** back down again, but when I started to try and remove her shorts, she stopped me.

“What’s wrong?” I asked, not stopping my assault of kisses.

“I’m dirty down there,” She whispers.

I moved so I was raised above her, but looking her in the **eyes**. “**You are** a wonderful woman who has been given nature’s gift today, there is nothing dirty about that. You are beautiful, and I want **you**.”

“You’re **sure**?” She asked.

I didn't bother with a response; I just simply began to remove her pants. Today was **not** about me. I **would** make her feel wonderful. I kissed the inside of her thighs and I could tell she **was** as horny **as I** was and ready for me. I lined **myself up at** her entrance and began **to thrust**.

“Oh.” She moaned. “Oh, yes, Rhys.”

I increased my **pace** and I made sure **I was** giving her clit **as** much stimulation **as I** could. I **was so close**, but I **needed to** hang on **a** little longer for her. She began matching my thrusts, and I could tell she **was** close too.

## Chapter Comments

DeliliaLayla

And no one is wondering where leon is or what happened to him?

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## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 104

Everything faded when Rhys sent me over the edge. There was no more pain. No more feelings, just absolute pure bliss. I had had very few moments in **my life** that had made me feel this way, but Rhys was giving me more and more.

“How are you feeling, babe?” Rhys asked, his hand running up and down my side.

“I don’t think the word perfect even begins to describe how I feel,” I told him honestly. “I felt kind of weird when I woke up, and then I don’t know. I think I’ve gone through every emotion in the book today, but right now I feel perfect. Like I’m exactly where I’m supposed to be.”

“I’m glad you feel that way.” Rhys answered with a kiss. “Because I also feel like I am exactly where I need to be.”

I smiled at him as he brushed some my escaped strands **of** hair from my **face**.

“I told Alana to stock the fridge on our floor with all your **favorite** snacks.” Rhys said, “She told **me** that **it’s** all there, and she stocked your favorite drinks **as** well. I also had her deliver us a blanket warmer, so if you **are** looking to be more **cozy you can be**.”

I frowned. All that sounded nice, but I didn’t like the one part **he wasn’t** saying...

“Are you going somewhere?” I asked after a long moment.

“Unfortunately, yes,” He answered with a sad look. “We planned the pack hunt for tonight **to celebrate** our mateship. I don’t **want**-it to look like anything **is** wrong, so I have **to** go.”

“But Rhys, **you** never **stay**.... Plus, don’t you think it will look weird that I don’t attend?” I asked. “I mean **since** the **ceremony is** supposed to be about the two of **us??**”

“Maybe a little, but they know you’re bound, **so** you wouldn’t have necessarily been able to participate in the pack hunt, so I’m **not sure** what to expect if I’m being honest. You would only have been able to participate in the party **aspect** of it.” **He** explained.

“I can go.” I told him. I wanted to **go**. This **was** supposed to be for **us** both...

“You heard Sawyer,” Rhys argued **as** he got up. “You are supposed to **be** resting.”

“I don’t think Sawyer would have approved of sex then,” I pouted.

“**No**, he probably wouldn’t have for a variety of reasons,” Rhys agreed, much to my disdain. “But we did it, and now you’re tired, and I have **to** go.”

He pecked my lips **as** I pouted, and I wanted to deepen it, but he pulled away too quickly, leaving me wanting more.

“I have guards arranged to protect you and if you need anything at all, just call for one of them, but **keep** the door locked otherwise. I will **see** you later,” Rhys smiled, and then he shut the door, and he was gone.

I closed my **eyes**. Rhys **was** right. I **was** exhausted. Everything inside **me was** exhausted, and I found myself drifting **off** into an uneasy **sleep**.

**Around** midnight though I woke up from the weirdest dream. It was already fading from my memory, but it had been so vivid. So real. So terri **reached** for Rhys, but he was still gone. I **was** getting really sick of waking up in an empty bed every time I fell asleep. I also was beginning to think that Rhys just never slept. He ran on only a few hours if any for as long **as I've** known him. It couldn't possibly be healthy, but yet I'm the one who gets **lectured**,

My mind shifted again to being poisoned, my own unease about being alone right now growing. I thought about going to **wake Sawyer or** Alana, **but then I** realized they **were** probably at the pack run celebration. I also thought about going to find a **guard** and having them tell Rhys **to** come **home, but I didn't...**

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Chapter **105**

I turned on the light by my bed as I tossed and turned in the bed. For whatever reason, I could not get my heartbeat to calm down. I got **up and began to** pace the room. Was this a part of what getting your period felt like? Increased anxiety and weird dreams? Because if this was it, I wanted absolutely no par in it every month for nearly the rest of my fucking life.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

I jumped at the sound. Who in their right mind would be knocking at this hour? Sawyer should have been the only one able to **get up here...** **Or maybe it** was Alana, **just** checking on me since Rhys had told her I was unwell.

I moved hesitantly toward the door as the person began to knock again with a little more urgency. I opened the door slowly, surprised to see Ethan standing there looking disheveled and tense.

“Ethan? What are you doing here?” I questioned in surprise, inviting him into my room despite the late hour.

“You are in danger, Grace, intruders **have** taken advantage **of Rhys** and a most of the guards being away **on** the hunt. They’ve kill **almost** all **of the** guards. They’re here for you; **we** have to move you **to** safety.”

I nodded as fear flooded my system. I grabbed **my** nearest hoodie and threw it on before following Ethan into the hall.

“Where **are we** going?” I whispered as we began to creep into the hall.

“Somewhere safe,” Ethan answered calmly. “I’m going to shift, it will help mask your scent, giving you an extra layer of protection, **and if we run into** anyone, I can fight them.”

It kinda made sense, but I **was** so filled with fear, I wasn’t in a place where I could question anything. **Were** they here for me? And if they **were hear for** me, were they here to kill me, or take me back to Adrian and Kinsley, or was there a 3rd unknown threat? My thoughts **were** racing **as I** followed Ethan without a second thought as we made our way up to the rooftop. I had never been up there before, but after seeing the hallway and stairs littered with **dead** bodies, I would go anywhere Ethan told me was safe. And lucky for us, we didn’t see any signs **of** the enemy other than the dead bodies I could not identify as human, wolf or Lycan. Had they died trying to protect me? Or were they **the** enemies’ bodies? Ethan didn’t say a word **as we** moved past them. His **calm was** almost eerie. He didn’t look scared at all. Just determined, as **I was** shaking like a leaf, struggling to now grip the ladder leading up to the roof.

\*Come on, Grace, we don’t have all day,” He encouraged, but even then his words seemed to **lack** urgency. He just stood at the bottom of the ladder, almost looking bored, but I knew he must just be trying to play it cool for my sake. I mean, there was no other reason to be so non-chalant, right? It made sense... Everything made sense. It was all crumbling down in the exact way I expected it to.

My heart pounded as I climbed. My body trembled whether from fear or the chill of the air, **I wasn’t sure**. But I wished with my whole heart that Rhys was here. However, I knew whatever was chasing **us**, I would have to **face** alone with my brother. **I could do this**. I had no choice. I had to do this.

## Chapter Comments

DeliliaLayla

**really** don't trust him....

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The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## Chapter 106

The wind howled around us as the cold air

gave me goose bumps. I hated how dark it was, how cold it was, how quiet it was... I didn't like it all.

“What are we doing up here?” I asked, wrapping my arms around myself trying to keep the chill from seeping into my bones. “There's no escape if they come up here looking for me.”

Ethan shifted back into his human form and grabbed clothes from a bag I hadn't even seen him bring, quickly changing, before throwing some slightly warmer clothes at me.

"Put these on." He demanded.

My teeth were chattering from the chill, so I didn't hesitate to put the long pants on and a pair of socks and shoes.

"Where's Rhys?" I asked, trying to get some or any information I could. "Is he still out at the pack hunt or is he one of the dead bodies on the stairs? Did they kill everybody they could or just the guards?"

"Rhys told me if there was ever an emergency that put you in danger, we were to come up here and wait," Ethan said calmly, or more like complete devoid of emotion... I wondered if he actually felt calm or if he had learned how to shut it down.

"But why here?" I asked again. "There's nowhere to hide... We're just out in the open."

“Have you ever been up here before Grace?” Ethan snapped at me “Because I really don’t think many people have since you have to climb that little ladder we took and pulled it up after us.”

He had been calm and then snapped.... He almost seemed too calm about everything. Like **maybe** he wanted to **get caught** or something....

I don’t know how long we were up there, but eventually Ethan started to **pace**, near the edge, looking out as if he was waiting **for** something. I asked several times if he saw Rhys yet, but he had stopped answering my questions a while ago, and the ones he did answer, he picked and chose.

“That woman ruined everything!” Ethan muttered to himself. He kept going on and on about something under his breath, but I couldn’t hear anything else until he said, “poisoning her was not a part of the plan!” And then again, a bunch of nothing I could hear.

“What woman?” I asked curiously because whoever she **was**, he **was** cursing her every thirty seconds. “**Are** you saying that Kinsley **was** partially responsible for me being poisoned? And what plan?”

Ethan laughed. He literally laughed at me, and I began to not just **feel** scared, terrified...

“No, of course I am not talking about Kinsley!” Ethan laughed. “That girl is dumber than a **box of rocks**.”

“So Allison poisoned me, but what plan did she ruin? Surely, you did not intend to sit with me on the roof during an attack now did you?”

“Of course it **was** Allison!” Ethan’s **face** darkened with the exclamation. “Your sister **is** too foolish for such things, I only work for Adrain!”

I felt my stomach drop. No, no, no. This could not be happening. He worked **for** Adrian, and I **was** stuck on a roof with him? I thought he hated Adrian and Kinsley... My own family betraying me again...

“Why are you doing this?” I ask, my **voice** shaking as I sunk to the ground, suddenly understanding why he had seemed so calm and devoid of emotion... He **was** the one who had done it. He didn’t give a damn **at** all...

“You didn’t really think I was your brother, did you?” **He** sneered. “I’m only someone who looks similar to you.”

“Why did you lie?” I asked, my voice breaking with the question.

“So, you would trust me, obviously.” Ethan laughed. “It was all a part of the plan, sweet cheeks. I planned to get caught. Adrian and I had come **up** with a whole little backstory that you all bought so easily. Though, I must admit, you kept me in

that prison a lot longer than I expected. But it **doesn't** matter now. We **are just** minutes away from our destiny.”

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“You used me.” It was barely a whisper.

## Chapter 106

“**Yep.**” He popped the p in **yep**. He had no remorse at all. “And soon I will deliver you back to Adrian and I will rise **within** the **ranks**”

At first, I thought I would die from a broken heart. I had been used all along. I had fallen for the family trap all over again. I had allowed him to take **me** to a secluded place and if Rhys was to come looking for me, this would be like the last place he looked. But he might not even know about the bloodbath that happened in his own home yet. But I didn't want him to come home to a dead or missing mate.

**My** anger and feelings of betrayal surged. I hated him. I hated that I had let this man claim to be my brother. I hated that this man had tried to take everything good in my life again.

“Enjoy your last moments of freedom, Grace,” He said snidely. “Your taste of luxury

over.”

**1**

A feeling of power began to surge with all my feelings. I hated them. I hated Ethan. I was NOT going back to the Blood Moon Pack. I would die before I went back there again.

“Attack!” A feminine voice in my head screamed, and I didn’t even have a chance to process that it wasn’t mine.

My body then began to change. **My** arm elongated, and fur grew before finally, **my** claws came out. For the first time in my life, I felt powerful.

I had never truly sought revenge before, but my anger was too strong for anyone to have **even** attempted to calm me down. I would win any battle I was placed in.

Ethan stared at me in shock at my sudden partial shift., but I didn’t hesitate. If he didn’t want to act like he had a heart, then I could help him with that... I clawed my way into his chest, his face frozen in pure terror. I then **to**re his heart out with

no hesitation, blood dripping down my arm as I squeezed **it in** anger before shoving him off the roof and chucking the heart after him. Nobody **was** ever going to **use** me again. Nothing would **stand in my way**. Revenge tasted **sweet**.

## Chapter Comments

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what 5hehell. isthere any books that have endings? I'm very unhappy with this. if it happens one more time I'm canceling my subscription!!!! ans payment

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The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King.

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 107

As soon as I closed the door behind me, I hesitated. My gut was screaming at me not to leave Grace, but I was expected at the hunt. I mean, it was in honor of Grace. I knew I was just being overprotective after everything she had been through lately. I mean, she had literally been poisoned under my watch. Literally right in front of me. I couldn't keep her safe. This was the first time in my life that I seemed unable to protect someone. And it wouldn't be late for her if I kept her glued to my side forever. I think that would only remind her of her past. I couldn't trap her even if it was for her own good... And I had been at her side and still let her get poisoned... I was failing her.

"Are you okay?" Ethan asked as I walked mindlessly into the kitchen.

"I'm just hesitant to leave Grace, but I'm needed at the hunt." I confided.

"Yea, Leon told me that's where you all were headed. I thought you were there already, honestly," Ethan confessed as he made himself a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. There was something about the casualness of his freedom that bothered me. It was almost as if he had always expected Grace to forgive him.. He hadn't cared that he was caught... Only that Grace was near.

“Would you mind keeping an extra ear out for her while I’m gone?” I asked. I had already set up guards to stay behind, but Grace seemed to trust him, so I figured I should try to too.

“Of course.” Ethan answered before mumbling under his breath, “Probably better than you can.”

It took all I had not to comment on his unnecessary jabs. He was lucky that I hadn’t killed him yet. He was lucky my mate was fond of him. But if these jabs didn’t stop, I wasn’t so sure I’d be able to keep my promise **of** not harming him. Sooner or later, if I was going to need to **teach** him a lesson.

“Alpha, everyone is waiting on you.” Leon mindlinked.

“I’m coming.” I responded, walking out of the kitchen and **not** saying another word to Ethan **so** I wouldn’t **bite his** head off.

Any time I ever gathered my pack in this manner, **I** was always amazed to see everyone gathered together. It would have been amazing to have Grace as **my** Luna at my side, so that I could prove to everyone **that** she was harmless, but I also knew that her staying home **was what was** best **for her**.

The crowd howled as I climbed the stage. I kept my **face** neutral, putting on the mask I had worn for so many years before I had met Grace. I had **gone** a little soft since meeting Grace.

“Tonight, we celebrate!” I shouted into the crowd.

Cheers met my ears. This **was** the power of being an Alpha King. I am the Alpha King.

“My people, let’s shift!”

We immediately began to shift and with one final howl at the moon, we were on the run. In the past, the new Luna would be hidden in the woods, and it would be up to the Alpha to find her first or forfeit her. Obviously, that was an outdated practice, and now, the Alpha and his pack would just run through the woods. Some would hunt smaller animals, but it was more about the gathering and **the** togetherness than anything else.

You could hear wolves howl in every direction as we ran through the woods. There was something **so** freeing about running at top speed. Leon and Sawyer were the only two who could even remotely keep up with me, but that was okay.

They **were** my **crew** through everything, and even they were a couple **steps**

behind.

Eventually the sound of paws behind us became quieter and quieter. Everyone had split off into groups **of** similar speeds and wolves that they wanted to spend time

with. And I was glad. **As** much as I loved **the** support of my **people**, I did not want to be surrounded for an extended period **of time**.

“Do you hear that?” Leon mindlinked, suddenly coming to a halt.

“Hear what?” I asked, stopping myself, looking around. All I could hear **was** silence. Everything was still. Nothing was moving.

“The breathing.” Leon responded. His mindlink/**was** quiet **as** if he thought **someone** would hear us even though it was impossible.

“Sawyer?” I turned toward him trying to see/where he stood with this.

“I think **we** should head back.” Sawyer answered uneasily.

Suddenly, **a** Lycan monster jumped out of the tree, landed on Sawyer, and sent them both rolling.

**Sawyer** howled in pain. He had never been a very good fighter, but this creature was over twice his size. He was never meant to succeed.

Leon and I immediately got to work, teaming up to help Sawyer, who was trying everything in his power to get the Lycan off of his back. I immediately went for the Lycan's upper body and Leon went for the lower body just as the creature attempted to break Sawyer's neck.

The long claws of the creature tore at Sawyer's skin as we knocked him off, and Sawyer let out a yelp in pain as his body twisted in a weird way. However, now that **Sawyer** was free, Leon and I would show no mercy. I snapped my jaws at the larger-than-life creature before it started to shift right before our **eyes**, surprising us enough to pause a moment.

"Please!" A young girl stood naked in front of us. She couldn't have been any more than 15. "Please! I don't want to die! He made me do it! He said I had to

"**You're a child.**" Leon shifted so he could communicate, even if I thought it was dumb. Child or not, she attacked Sawyer. She knew what she was doing.

"**Yes, yes,**" She cried, blood streaming down her arm.

"Who sent you?" Leon demanded.

"Alpha Adrian. He would kill my sister if I didn't!" She sobbed.

“Are there more of you?” Leon demanded as **I** scanned the trees.

“Yes, but not super close to here.” She answered. “I was the one given this sector. Please. I have to help **my sister**. **I can’t die** today!”

“I don’t understand,” Leon frowned, giving me a look, but still keeping his eyes on the girl **as Arlo** approached us with one of **our** lead warriors, **Kate**.

No one else in the pack was screaming out that they were being attacked... She had only attacked once we had stopped. It didn’t make **any sense**.

“Alpha King!” Eli mindlinked.

And my heart stopped. Eli was at the packhouse and I realized why they would be in **sectors**. They were a distraction from the real problem. **They** were **here** for one thing and one thing only: Grace.

## Chapter Comments

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# The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## Chapter 108

**My** heart pounded in my chest. Grace. Grace. Grace. I had left her there. I tried to reach out to her through our connection, but all I could feel was fear pulsing through our bond. How could I have missed that during our run?

The girl was cowering in front of me, but I didn't care. She had wasted my time. She was a part of the problem, and she stood in my **way**.

I barred my teeth at her, and my wolf took over, jumping over her as if she was nothing. She was standing between Grace and me. I heard her scream, **and Sawyer** howled, but I didn't look back over my shoulder as **I** sprinted through the forest and back toward **my** mate. My mate, who I couldn't protect.

I frantically mindlinked all of the guards I had left behind, but nobody responded as I forced myself to go even faster.

Another Lycan fell from a tree, hindering my progress, but I just threw it off of me like it was a bug. I heard the sound of another set of paws pounding behind me, but a quick glance back told me it was just Leon trying to keep up with me. He couldn't, of course, but I appreciated his effort nonetheless. Kate could be trusted, she would keep the girl.

“YOUR LUNA IS UNDER ATTACK!” I shouted through the mindlink. “PROTECT HER **AT ALL COSTS.**”

There was confusion from the pack at first. They hadn't been under attack. No one had tried to hurt any of them. But then the Lycan's began to **jump** out of trees. They weren't trying to fight from what I could tell, not really, **just** corral us, but I would not be stopped so easily. They were weak. Every single one that passed were smaller than Ethan and the other one we had killed.

“Alpha!” Someone called out through the mindlink. “I think they are all kids!”

“FUCK!” I roared. “Don't kill them if you can help it.”

I shut off the link and forced myself to keep running. I wished I could mindlink Grace or even Ethan to tell them to hide, find a **weapon**, anything, but nobody who was supposed to be there was answering and they were Lycan. They couldn't mindlink even if they wanted to. I just hoped I **wasn't** going **to be** too late.

I reached out in the bond again toward **Grace**, but all I felt was her undeniable furry. Emotions **were** running through her like water. Why was she **angry**? Was she angry at me? Was she mad that I had left her behind? Did she think I set her **up**? She had to know that I would **never** do that.

Suddenly, another wolf tackled me to the ground, taking me by surprise. We both went rolling, and I heard him **cry** out in pain. I forced **my way** on top to go for the kill shot when the familiar scent filled my nose.

It was enough to give me pause as my brother shifted into his human form right before my **eyes**.

“Calm down brother,” He hissed as Leon growled from somewhere near.

I shifted too. What the fuck was he doing here? He was supposed to be banished.

“Calm down?!” I demanded. “Calm down?! Get out of my way before I kill you from keeping me from my mate.”

“Look, I know.” Caleb said slightly desperately. “I know, but if you barge in right **now**, you’re going to **get** yourself killed. And that would **not** help Grace at all.”

“What are you talking about?” I growled.

“It’s a part of their plan.” Caleb bit out.

“Who’s plan?”

“Adrian’s. **He** wants you to **go** after **Grace**, **so** he can kill you.”

“I don’t care. I’ll win.”

7

“Just wait a moment, please,” Caleb pleaded, helplessly since **I** had him pinned.

“Why?”

## Chapter 108

“Because we **have** to have a plan. We can’t just barge in, tell everyone to remain calm and vigilant, but stop making a scene, tell be too many lot them to escape that way. Now send your warriors to your weakest guard points but do it casually. We don’t want to tip them **off** that we know their plan- cate whispered.

“How do you know their plan?” Leon demanded.

“It’s a long story...”

“You went there for refuge, didn’t you?”

Caleb looked slightly ashamed even in the darkness but nodded anyway. Of course, the Red Blood pack wouldn’t have cared if he was a traitor

“I know I haven’t done much to earn your trust. You both have no real reason to trust me, but I need you to trust me now. Come on.”

I could feel his earnestness through our twin bond. I had never felt him feel that way in all our lives that I almost didn’t even believe that he was **my** brother.

\*Grace...”

“I know... I know how to get to her, but **we** have to move.”

Slowly, I got off of him, and then we were moving again through **the** forest at top speed. As soon as we broke out of the tree line and I could see **the pack** house, I felt like **I was** going to die. We raced forward, but stuck low to the ground **so we** wouldn't be **seen**, but **my** heart nearly stopped when I saw at least two figures on the roof fighting. Grace's blonde hair stood out in the night, and Caleb pointed at the helicopter off in the distance. Fuck, we had to move And we had to move now. We had a plan for this, but no one was in a spot to **execute** it.

A scream suddenly echoed through the air, so full of rage, and then I saw it. We were less than 100 feet from the **house** as a body fell from the roof. **I had to** force my wolf not to stop. Don't **be** Grace. Don't be Grace. I pleaded in **my** head over and over again. Please, not **my** Grace.

I didn't approach the body. Leon seemed to know that I couldn't yet, not till I knew and did it for me.

"Ethan." Leon confirmed, as he turned Ethan's head toward **me**.

"Crap. Come on."

And I raced into the house, **Grace was** still in danger, and her brother **was** dead...

**Chapter Comments**

DeliliaLayla

Please keep writing i wanna know the end please

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 109

**Bodies** littered the halls of my house. The stench of death was overwhelming. My **people**... The **very** people I had sworn **to** be protect, but none of **them** mattered right now... Grace,

I **raced** up the stairs paying no mind to anyone. Some of the bodies were still moving slightly, but others were definitely dead. I hadn't seen a massacre this bad **since** the night my parents had died. But none of it mattered.

I let my wolf track Grace. I could feel Leon's surprise when I raced past my floor and stopped at the rickety ladder. I shifted back to my human form again and grabbed a pair of shorts from the stashed bag and made my way up the ladder. There was no time to explain how I knew **that** Grace was on the roof, Ethan **was** dead. All I knew that we all knew was that Grace was in an unknown amount of danger still. Her brother had died protecting her, at **least, that's** what I hoped had happened.

The cool air of the night hit my face, but I used it to sober me up. There was no huge fight up here like I sort of expected. In fact, I saw nothing. I scanned the roof again, wondering if I was too late... If Grace had been kidnapped. If everything had been for nothing. How could I have **been** so wrong?

But then I saw her. Crouched on the very corner of the roof, trying to hide her body from the wind, staring down at something so intensely, she hadn't **even** noticed me or Caleb or Leon's appearance. As I **got** closer, I could see her shaking violently, and what she was staring at, had **me staring** too. Her arm was stuck in a partial morph. Her hands were claws and they were covered in blood, and for a split second in time I wondered **if** I had once again chosen the wrong mate... If she had somehow lost control and killed **everyone...**

"Grace?" I whispered.

Her wide blue eyes were wild as she looked up at me finally noticing my presence, and **my heart leaped** out of **my** chest.

"I killed him." She whispered, looking back down at the blood on her paw.

"You killed who?" I asked, nervously, afraid to know the answer.

“I killed him.” She started frantically muttering, completely lost to her own thought. “I killed him.”

I just stood there. Like an idiot, unsure what to do. I didn’t know who she killed or **if** she was going to do it again. But to **my surprise, Caleb stepped** forward, his eyes locked on her, as he knelt down in front of her like **she** was a scared animal.

“You’re okay, Grace,” He said gently. “You’re safe.”

She looked at him wildly, like she wanted to run.

“Do you remember me?” He asked gently as she began frantically picking at her fur. “I’m Rhys’ twin.”

She didn’t acknowledge him, but he gently took her hand and paw in his, forcing her to stop picking at it,

“I killed him,” She whispered again.

“Who did you kill, Grace?” I had never heard him be that gentle before. It **was** a **total** 180.

“Ethan.” She breathed.

In the distance, I could hear the helicopter approaching and the wind picked up because **of** it. I could also **see** my **members** of my army, **my pack**, begin to engage with it. Hopefully enough to deter it from coming any closer.

“You killed Ethan?” Caleb asked, his voice completely level.

I couldn’t hide my surprise, My Grace? My **sweet**/kind, gentle Grace, killed her own brother?

“What happened?” Caleb asked.

“He was using me,” A sob raked through her and the waterworks then started, **and** my heart **hurt** for **her**. I had let **myself for a moment believe that she** could be a monster, but she **was Grace**, and she was **scared**. No. Scared **wasn’t strong** enough of a word **to describe** what **she** was **feeling**. She **was terrified**. “He **wasn’t** re-really my brother.”

**Chapter 109.**

“I know.” Caleb answered gently.

I felt myself unfreeze and I crouched next to my brother. For the first time in a long time it seemed like we were on the same team, **but** I wasn't sure i

again put my mate in danger.

I trust him. Especially if what she said was true. We had been duked, and I had once...

Wait... How did Caleb know?

“Are you hurt?” He asked, his eyes scanning her over, and I did the same.

What the fuck... I **was** the Alpha King. I should be taking lead on my own mate's care, but I couldn't get **myself** to speak.

“No.” She whispered, shaking her head.

“Good.” Caleb answered, glancing up at the helicopter that was getting closer, despite the fact that my pack can tell us exactly what happened, okay?”

wax

now shooting at it. “Let’s go inside, and **your**

“NO!” She screamed taking me off guard, and I immediately pulled her into my arms, no longer able to let my brother keep taking the lead.

“Shhh. It’s okay. I’m here baby, it’s okay.”

Sobs racked through her body, but she didn’t pull

away to my relief.

“I can’t go back in there, Rhys,” She pleaded. “I

can't!"

"Why my love?" I asked.

"It's my fault their dead! He came for me! He killed them all to get to me!"

"Ethan killed all those people?" I asked for clarification.

"Y-yes."

"Impressive," Caleb muttered under his breath.

"Not. Helpful." I answered through gritted teeth.

The helicopter was now too close for comfort, but I didn't know what choice I had.

I nodded to Leon who went ahead to remove all the bodies we might **pass** from the ladder to my office, and then I scooped up Grace in one fluid motion. She might hate me for taking her back into the house of nightmares, but we were too **exposed** up here on the roof. She could hate **me** if she **needed** too, **but** I wasn't

taking any more chances when it came to her. She might hate me, but at least she would be alive.

## Chapter Comments

DeliliaLayla

New chapters!!!@eva

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The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## Chapter 110

I curled up into the chair in Rhys' office begging it to give me some comfort. I wanted to rip my own arm off for refusing to shift back to **my** normal self. but I knew that would only worry Rhys more, and he seemed to be in nearly as bad of a state as I was. As much as I wanted to, I couldn't force myself to meet his eyes. All I could do was stare at him and Caleb's shoes. A part of me knew that Caleb

shouldn't be here, but honestly, I was too damn tied to care anymore about literally anything.

**“Why** isn't her arm shifting back?” I heard Leon ask from his spot at the door that he was guarding.

“I would say it's probably because it was a traumatic shift. She's still technically bound, right?” Caleb asked.

Rhys answered yes, but I wanted to know how and why he knew so much about me. It didn't make any sense. Most of this had come up after he had been banished... How did he know so much about me?

“Why are you here?” I asked through my silent tears interrupting whatever they had been saying about me.

Caleb ran a nervous hand through his hair and down his face. He was blurry to me because of my tears, but I also knew who he was. He had hurt Rhys deeply with his betrayal. He had hurt Leon's family. But now, he was here, and different than he had been before.

“That's a long story,” He answered, looking nervously between Rhys and me.

“We have time.” Rhys answered through gritted teeth as he glared at his brother.

“I think the best way to explain it is for me to show you.”

The man before me seemed totally different. The old **Caleb** oozed confidence. He would have had some story that made it look like he did nothing wrong and somehow everything that had happened to him **was** someone else’s fault. He would have lazily and cockily explained whatever delusions he had **and** wouldn’t have cared if anyone believed him. Even though I had spent very little time with the guy, I knew this would have been an accurate description. But standing before us was someone who didn’t have a lick of confidence. There was something desperate in his need for **us to** understand.

“How are you going to do that?” Rhys frowned.

He inched closer to me, but if Caleb noticed, he didn’t show **it**, and I tried not to acknowledge it either.

“Give me 5 minutes, and I have to go get something.” Caleb stated, but he looked hesitant.

To my surprise, Rhys gestured for him to go but nodded to Leon to follow him. I looked at Rhys unsure of what game he was playing. Why did he **want** to be alone with me? I had killed a man. I had ripped his freaking heart out and pushed him off of a building. I was terrible. I was why they had **come**. I **was the** reason all those people were dead, not just my brother. I was a monster.

“Grace?” Rhys knelt in front of me, his hand caressing my face.

I looked away from him. I couldn’t meet his eyes. I already knew whatever horrible things he was thinking, I **was** already thinking about **myself**. I couldn’t handle the disgust and rejection I knew I would find in his eyes.

“Look at me,” He quietly demanded. He grabbed my jaw slightly and forced me to look at him.

I didn’t expect to see the warmth that he met me with.

“Breathe,” He said. “I know you’re scared right now but breathe. I’m here now. You’re safe. Our alliances have started to arrive, they will also help **keep** you safe, Grace.”

“I don’t deserve to be kept safe.” I whispered, fighting back the **tears** that were threatening to fall once again

“Gracie, whatever happened, it’s not your fault.” **He** said gently his **voice** so sincere.

I didn't say anything. He didn't understand yet. **It** was my fault. It **was** a 100% my fault. But he would once he started talking **to** people.

"Can I guess what happened?" He asked.

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I nodded, sure that he **wasn't** going to guess.

"**My** guess is that Ethan used the pack hunt to his advantage. He then killed all my guards and then lured you into **a** false sense of security. You followed him thinking you could trust him, and you 'hid' on the roof. However, you then realized that he was lying to you and was my guess **bringing** you **back to** Adrian and Kinsley, and you killed him for his betrayal."

I looked at him with wide **eyes**. I hadn't expected him to guess so on point.

"**They're** all dead because of me," I whispered.

"No. They're all dead because of Ethan and Adrian. You were just a product of circumstance, sadly. But don't worry, I'm not going anywhere. I will stand **by** you in this, and everything that comes after. We will figure this out, together."

“I can’t shift back.” I confided tiredly.

“Just breathe.” Rhys soothed. “You are human, Gracie. And not a monster. **You are** safe right now. **It’s** okay to just let go.”

I closed **my** eyes and tried to just breathe. I was okay. **I** wasn’t in a pack **that** hated me. **I** was with someone who actually seemed to care even when the world didn’t seem to. I was okay. Ethan couldn’t harm me anymore.

I felt the tingles on my arm, but I didn’t lose my focus. **I was** human. I was okay. **I was** safe.

When I opened my eyes, my arm was back to normal. There was no more fur or claws, and it was its **normal** size. **I was me again**, and I couldn’t help **but** breathe a sigh of relief.

Rhys grabbed a small towel from the closet and tried to get as much of the blood that he could off **of** me without water or scrubbing too hard. It **didn’t** really do much, but I appreciated the effort.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

I felt myself stiffen for a moment wondering if we were going to be attacked again. I didn't think I'd be able to handle anything else of that magnitude.

"Come in," Rhys answered.

Caleb nervously popped his head in before opening the door more and stepping in.

However, instead of Leon following him in, a little girl entered the room, her hand in his. And all I could think **was**, what the fuck was going **on?**

## **Chapter Comments**