

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 111

I stared at my brother, completely dumbfounded. When he said he had something to show me, I didn't think he meant a human, let alone a **child**, the fut girl appeared to be about 7, no more than 8. She had long dark hair, and she clung to my brother like he was her lifeline, clearly terrified.

"This is what you had to show me?" I frowned, sneaking a glance at Grace to see my own confusion mirrored on her face. "A child."

Caleb swallowed hard and nodded once before saying, "Rhys, meet your niece."

"I don't understand..." I rubbed my face tiredly, sitting on the arm of Grace's chair, so I could hold her closer to me.

"This is my daughter, Sammy... When I got banished, I went pretty much directly to the Red Blood pack. I know they were technically an alliance, but based on how they treated Grace, I didn't really think they would have an issue with me being there, and I was right. They loved that they could have an Alpha Prince to help them with their plans, especially because you banished me, and they thought they could use me and I could get my revenge. A fair trade... He took a deep breath before continuing, "And for a bit, I was on their side... I probably would have continued to be if I hadn't run into my mate..."

I frowned. “Your mate?”

The look of shame that crossed Caleb’s face was concerning.

“Yes, I met my mate 8 years ago... Her name was Katherine... But she went by Kate. Her and I had a **one-night stand**, and I selfishly rejected her and all but kicked her out of the pack... I **wasn’t ready** for a mate. I didn’t want a mate. But I also didn’t want to **see my** mate with anyone else. I know. I didn’t deserve a mate then, nor do I now. I **was** horrible.”

“Okay...” I said slowly. I could connect the dots from here, but I wanted to hear it from him.

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“When I ran into Kate again, she was in bad shape. She worked for Luna Kinsley, however, she was not **well**-liked by her. When I **saw** her, I didn’t know what to think. The bond wasn’t really in place anymore, but she begged me for help, and that’s when I found **out** about Sammy... **They** had this plan **to** send the kids here in their attack to help recover Luna **Grace**. I had to sneak Sammy out of the ranks and hide **her** until **the** situation was under control. **We** know **we** probably can’t stay here, but we came to ask for sanctuary at least for a little while.”

I ran my hand tiredly over my **face**. Did he have any right to be asking for sanctuary? No. He knew that. I knew that. **Grace knew that**. But he was **also my** brother, and I had never seen my brother like this before. He wasn't playing around or thinking he **was** getting away with something. He was **humble** and honest, and I found myself worried about him for the first time in a long time.

“**Sweetie**, where **is** your mom now?” I asked, addressing the small girl who was clinging to **Caleb** in fear.

“She’s dead, sir.” She answered quietly.

My eyes flickered to Caleb’s, and I could see the heartbreak in them/**clear as** day. He may not have loved her, but she was his mate, and that was **enough**.

“I’m sorry to hear that.” I responded uneasily. “That isn’t easy.”

“But why come here?” Grace chimed in. “If you knew there **was** going to be an **attack** and you **were** trying to protect Sammy, why **come** to where the action was happening?”

She brought up a good point. Why would anyone willing walk into danger like that?

“It was the only way out,” Caleb answered with a hard swallow. “The Red Blood pack is under lockdown currently. Unless you are assigned a mission, you are not leaving. It’s impossible. I had to prove my rank and loyalty to get in...”

I could **see** that my brother **was** changed. Whatever had happened in his time **away** from us had clearly made him rethink everything.

“I am willing to accept life in prison if it **means** get to keep my daughter near **me**.”

My heart broke a little. Between nearly losing Grace today, and everything else that seemed to be piling on, I **couldn’t** imagine sending **my** brother to **the** dungeons. I felt myself growing softer the more time I spent with Grace. Before I would have accepted that **deal** as fair, but now I **didn’t want** to **hurt** that little girl more than she had already been.

A quick look at Grace though showed that she didn’t share **my** sentiment. In **fact**, the glare on her **face** took **me by surprise**.

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“Grace?” I prodded.

“What if he’s plotting just like Ethan **was?”** She demanded angrily. “This would be another surefire way to get in.”

“Sweetheart,” Caleb said coldly, “If I wanted to turn you into Adrian and Kinsley, I would have already done so. However, I do not believe that **would** be in the best interest for my daughter or myself. As I told you, they were using children to attack.”

Grace turned toward me, her **face** reflecting the horror that I felt flooding our bond.

“They actually used kids to attack us?”

“Yes.” I told her.

“Lycan kids?” She asked.

“Yes.”

“Did you kill them?” There **was** a nervousness in her **voice** that **told me** she **was more** than a little **bit afraid of** what **I was** going to **say**.

“They are being corralled into the empty ballroom.” I told her, my eyes meeting hers.

“You didn’t kill them on spot?” She asked in surprise.

“They are not monsters, Gracie.” I told her, brushing a loose strand of hair out of her face. “Just like **you are not a monster. They had to choose to survive or die, same as you.**”

She looked like she was starting to believe me, but then her eyes fell on Sammy, who tucked herself slightly behind **Sammy** for safety as if to **protect herself** from the question.”

“And Sammy, are you Lycan as well?” Grace breathed, waiting for the response with bated breath.

“Yes.”

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The poor poor girl. **My** heart hurt for her. She would never understand the full weight of what that meant. How heavy **it** would be to carry for the rest of her **life**. **She** didn't know yet, but she would. She might not now, but that would change, and it would destroy her, just as it had destroyed **everyone before her**

“Stop that.” Rhys growled from his spot next to me.

“What?” I asked in surprise.

“That line of thinking is not helpful to you or anyone else, so it needs to cease.”

I frowned. I knew he could feel things through our bond, but I didn't realize how exact he could be at times. I hated that he seemed to **know me** even better than I knew myself. I was nothing short of a mess.

I rubbed the sleepiness from my eyes. I knew that when sleep finally took over, I would be forced to face what I have done, but that was a **later** problem. Rhys needed me to be productive, not him having to carry me through the situation as he had so often done since I had arrived here. I needed to **table** my feelings for later and focus.

“So what now?” I asked with a sigh.

“Now, **we go** and handle the kids. We make sure the area **is** secure, but also that needs are met. **I** assume that Adrian is expecting **that** they are all dead?” Rhys asked his brother.

“He expected them to die. He didn’t expect you to **catch** on that they **weren’t** trained soldiers. They **were** there **to just** pose as a distraction. He was using them as collateral.”

“Why would anyone use kids as collateral? They’re kids.”

“Right,” Caleb nodded, his face somber. “But they can’t fight in the end, at least not as well as adults. They kept some of the older **teens back**, but anyone whose parents had given them issues or who they deemed as weak got sent off. The youngest on the list was **6.**”

“6?” I gasped. “Did the child even know what they were supposed to be doing?”

“They **were** told to be shifted in the trees, and once one dropped out, they all were supposed to.” **Caleb** grimaced at his **own** words.

6 years old? That was crazy. I knew that Adrian and Kinsley didn’t care about anyone but themselves, **but** even that seemed cruel for **them**.

“That’s horrible.” I said finally.

Caleb nodded, and I could feel the tension growing in Rhys the more **we** talked.

“Go rest in your old quarters, Caleb. You and Sammy can stay until we figure **things out**.”

Caleb looked surprised, but nodded, and lifted Sammy into his arms. She immediately nuzzled into his neck, and I knew that the day that had had **was** horrific, but they had managed to get out mostly unscathed, I had never imagined any **of** the guys in my life with kids, even though **I** knew **Leon** had some, but seeing Caleb with a daughter, really threw me off.

“What are **we** going to do?” **I** asked Rhys and Leon when the door shut behind Caleb. Leon had been unusually quiet throughout **the** whole exchange.

“About which part?” Rhys asked.

“Well, **we** need to start somewhere, **so I guess** what are **we** going to do about **the** kids.”

“I already answered that question, **Grace.**” Rhys said firmly, but his **voice** patient as he could manage.

“No, I mean, are they going to stay indefinitely? Who will take **care** of **them**? Are they safe to **keep**? Is this **another way to infiltrate our home**?”

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Rhys ran and tired hand **over** his **face**, and Leon stiffened from his **spot** at the door.

“I don’t know the **answer to** any of those, but I **think** it would be cruel no matter what their intentions **are** to turn kids out to **die.**” **Rhys said** after a long

moment.

“**Are you worried** that they **are** Lycan?” I asked, my voice small.

“The only thing I am truly worried about is that your skin is still ice cold, and your thoughts have turned awfully negative.” Rhys responded

“Leon?” I asked, changing the subject.

“Yes, Luna?” He responded **as** he took a step closer to us.

“Is **your** family **okay**?”

A hint **of** a smile crossed his **face at** my question, and he nodded. “**My** wife is downstairs helping with the kids, and my kids **are** with another packmate. Thank you for asking.”

I nodded and leaned into Rhys, feeling exhausted already, but our work was **just** getting started. I looked around for the first time realizing someone was missing from **our** little group.

“Where’s Sawyer?” I asked.

“He was hurt in the **attack**.” Rhys answered uneasily. “He’s at clinic currently being **taken** care of. I know he’s in good hands, but I do want **to** see him as soon as we attend to all other matters and check in with everything else. Especially **because** I don’t want the news of his brother being back to come from anyone but me.”

“How did you even run into him?” I asked, realizing I didn’t know, or if I had been told, I had been too out **of it to realize**.

“He saved my life. He tipped me off that it **was** Adrian, and then **once we** realized they **were** here for you, he **helped me get to you**.”

“How many other injuries were there?”

16 dead, **23** injured.” Leon answered. Clearly, he had been mindlinking with people this whole time.

My heart hurt at the news. I was the reason Sawyer was hurt. I was the one who had caused all of these injuries and deaths. It **was me**.

“Leon, go check things over for us, we won’t be long behind, we just need to have a little chat.”

The way he said chat made my heart flutter. I looked up at him, but his face was as unreadable **as** ever. And how he could want to be alone with a **monster** like me, I didn’t understand at all. For all he knew, he could be next.

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As soon as the door behind Leon shut, Rhys picked me up out of my cozy chair and sat me on top of his desk. My eyes met his in **surprise**, **wandering** why the abrupt change in seats..

“Rhys? What are you doing?” I asked hesitantly.

He didn’t answer though as he pulled my hoodie off, and his mouth met my neck. I immediately shifted to give him better access, but I still **didn’t** fully understand what was going on.

“Rhys?” His name came out breathlessly, but my confusion was clear. “You shouldn’t be touching me like this.”

His hands began to run down the sides of my body, and I hated how I craved his touch.

“Why?” He asked in between kisses. “Your skin is still ice cold; I’m just helping you warm up a little.”

I moaned slightly as he began to kiss lower, and lower, sending tingles throughout my lower belly, making me want more. No. Need more.

I snapped out of my stupor nearly as quickly as I had fallen for his trap.

“But we have things to do. You shouldn’t touch me like this,” I repeated as my body shuttered slightly.

“And why is that, Gracie?” He asked, pushing me back so I was laying on the desk now as he proceeded to wiggle my pants off, so I **was** on full display for him.

“Because I am a monster,” I told him, trying not to be affected by the things he was doing to my body, but it was getting harder and harder **as** his tongue flicked at my clit.

He tsked at me, and the look on his face didn’t show any **piece** of the resentment, anger or disgust that I **expected**.

“Gracie, look at me,” He said sternly, stopping whatever he had just been doing to my body, making me mis it already.

I reluctantly met his eyes with mine, unsure of what the point of all this was. I mean, there **were** people who I was sure were awaiting his orders, and **we** were doing this.

“You are no more of a monster than I am. And if I am a monster, then I am glad to be a monster alongside you. You are kind, and caring, and a **product** of circumstance. You are not what has happened to you. You are so much more than

the blood on your hands, or the things others have said to **you or** about you. You don't even realize the power you hold over me. How I cannot breathe when you are not around. How you consume my **every thought**. How **you** have taken over the reins of my life and I never want them back. Without you, there is no me. And I almost lost you tonight. I **keep** saying that I'll protect you, and then I let you down, time and time again. But this self-hatred, monster talk stops here. You are my Queen Luna. You deserve love **and** care and protection. My pack is my pack, but you are the most important thing in the world to me. And I will stop time any time you need like I am now. You **deserve** my everything. Let me give you my everything."

He didn't wait for me to respond, and honestly, I'm not **sure I** could have even if I wanted to. He **lowered** his own pants and lined himself at my entrance, finding a steady beat. I gripped at Rhys' hair, pulling it slightly as I arched up to meet his mouth whenever he slowed down. He teased my body, twisting **my** nipples, and changing his rhythm whenever he felt like **it**.

"Rhys, please," I begged, no longer able to take his teasing.

The satisfaction he felt from having me beg filled the bond, but my senses were too overwhelmed to care. He found the **sweet** spot, ready to send me over the edge. I was almost there, **I** could feel it building.

"Look at me." He demanded, and my **eyes** found his a little hesitantly. "You are mine, Gracie. Now and forever. The Alpha King's mate, and **refer to** yourself as anything less, I will have to punish you. This moment **we're** in? It's so you know that no matter what happens, you are wanted by the Alpha **King**. And you will always have your place amongst the Alpha King. You, my love, you **are** the Alpha fucking Queen."

His words hit hard and then my orgasm hit harder. My body shook **as ecstasy** crashed through me as he **kept** pounding me, chasing his **own**. I knew the moment he reached his **as** he all but froze on top of me.

Neither of us moved for a long few moments, both of us breathing heavily from our little moment **of bliss**. **As I stared** into his **eyes**, I knew he believed **every** single word he had said. And a large part of me did too as he brushed the hair out of my **face**.

“**Look** at that,” He breathed, with a smirk. “It seems that my ice queen has finally warmed up a little.”

I let out a breathy laugh, unsure of what to say to him, knowing he meant it both in the way that I was no longer cold and **in** the way that **he** has broken through my cold thoughts about myself and melted them away. He had a way of doing that with me.

“We should get dressed,” I whispered. “Everyone is probably waiting on us.”

“Let them wait,” He answered, but pulled away, and pulled me up into a sitting position with him. “You are the most important person in the **world** to me. and we will not jump into anything till you are ready.”

“I’m ready.” I breathed.

Rhys raised his brows at me in question.

“I took enough resources today and it nearly cost us everything. For some it did cost them everything... I’m okay enough. I’m rattled, **I’m** scared, and I’m exhausted, but I’m alive. And I am your Luna Queen, and in that means **I** need to lock it all away for little bit, and be what they need, what you need.”

Pride shown in Rhys’ eyes, and I felt myself blush. **I was** terrified of who **I was inside, but** Rhys was **right**. I needed to do good. I could make that choice for myself. I would not let myself become what they had. **I would do better; I would** be better. After **all**, there was no choice. This was my path, and I **had** to take it. But I had no idea where it would lead me, all I knew was that **I was going**, and for now, that was enough.

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Rhys and I made our way to the large ballroom that has been blocked off **to** contain the kids. The packhouse was chaos. There was a med station set up **in** opening of the clinic lobby, and the kitchen had a buffet setup for everyone as they came in. Everyone's faces showed the same weariness **that I felt**, and honestly probably showed. Rhys and I had gotten changed into some clean clothes and I had scrubbed the blood off of my skin to the best **of my ability** without taking the time to shower. I felt gross, but I knew that I would have time later to clean up. This was more important.

"Oh thank god!" A relieved voice called out, and I felt myself relax as Alana wrapped her arms around me. I didn't realize that I had been nervous to know the state of my friend. The thought that maybe she had been one of the ones that Rhys had left here to help protect me had crossed **my** mind. But she was here, **and she was** safe.

"Are you alright? Are you hur

I was

so scared for you!" She blubbered, pulling away

slightly

to look me up and down.

“I should be the one asking you that!” I exclaimed, doing the same thing. She was the

same

to me. No new marks. No blood. No visible injuries **at all**.

She pulled me into her again, and I returned her tight squeeze. I was grateful that after everything, she still wanted to be my friend.

“Do you want to come with me, or do you want to stay and chat with your friend?” Rhys whispered in my ear when we finally broke apart. There was **no** malice in his voice, but I felt my cheeks flush with embarrassment. I was lucky. The people I loved were here, and they were safe. But not everyone had been so lucky.

“I’m sorry, Alana,” I told her earnestly, “The Alpha King and I are on a mission right now, can we catch up later?”

“Of course!” She replied, waving her hand and

Wwwmilng like it was nothing. “**Is** there anything I can do to help, your majesty?”

If Rhys was surprised, he didn’t show it. “**As** a matter of fact,” He told her, but he was looking anywhere **else**, “We were just going to check **on** the children who were forced to fight us. Would you mind tagging along? Once **we** decide what to do, **we’re** probably going to need extra hands.”

If that statement made Alana nervous, she didn’t show it. She **just** eagerly replied that she **was** happy to help and that she loved children. I **don’t know** if she truly processed that these kids were trained to kill, but it didn’t seem to bother her at all. She **just** linked her **arm with** mine and **off** we **went** toward the unknown **chaos**.

I honestly had no idea what to expect when **we** opened the door, and we asked Alana to wait there for further instructions, but I did **not expect** to **see so** many guards at each door and in the hallway, or the glares from **the** older kids that we received when we crossed the threshold.

The room was empty except for about 50 kids. Despite them all being supposedly from my old pack, I didn’t **recognize** a single **face**. They were all divided into 6

different groups. Each group seemed to have an older teenager, anywhere from 15-18 years old, who positioned themselves **between** us and **their** charges. The rest of the kids in each group ranged from 5-13. **The** younger kids were clinging to some of the older ones, but there were two **groups** led by girls, and 4 by guys, all trying to look tough and fearless, even though it was obvious they **were** scared to death.

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“My name is Alpha King Rhys. Today, **you guys** attacked my pack in an attempt to help Alpha Adrian gain **access to my mate.**”

Rhys' words hung heavily in the air, and a small **voice** from one of the groups asked, “**Is** Alpha Adrian here **for us?**”

I

The small child was immediately shushed, but I couldn't tell from their **tone** if they wanted to go back to him or if **they** were afraid to.

“I assume, there **is** someone among you who is in charge, and I would like to talk to them.” Rhys continued as if the child hadn't **spoken.**

“That would be me, sir.”

I hated how my mind was surprised to know that it was a girl who had spoken up. She was tall for a girl, **maybe** 5'8 to 5'10, and she couldn't be **older** than **17**. Her dark brown hair was messy, but pulled into two dutch braids down that stopped about halfway down her back. **Her lip** was split, and **she** had a dark purple bruise that covered a large portion of her upper arm. However, she did not look even slightly put off that she was the one who was going **to be** dealing with the Alpha King, But looks could **be** deceiving, and I wondered what it was she actually **felt**.

"And you are?" Rhys asked, **keeping** all interest off his **face**, **even** though I felt it pique through our bond.

"Maizie, **sir**," She answered strongly. "I **was** voted by the kids to speak for us."

Rhys raised his brows, but I knew he was impressed that they had organized in this way. I knew I **was**.

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Do you have a second **in** command that **you** would like to join in our conversation? **Rhys asked,**

“That **would** be Michael, **sir,**” She answered, gesturing toward the guy in front of the group closest **to** her. It was clear that they **had** set themselves up n to each other for convenience purposes. Michael had short blond hair and stood at about 6’3. He had the most menacing look, but a 6-year-old boy wat **clinging** to the back of his shirt with a fear that made me feel horrible for pulling Michael away from him.

One of the guards placed a table in the corner, near one of the exits for us to meet with the children. Rhys pulled my chair out for me, and I sat down, and **Rhys** took the seat next to me, as the two leaders made their way over to us, and whatever they were going to say, I was sure we were not going to be ready for it.

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I folded my hands in my lap, so no one could **see** me fidget with them. I could do this. I could be brave and handle **this** fanta responsibility. I alt
dide **believe that I** deserved to be Laina, let alone Queen lama, but I didn’t want to

embarrass Rhys or **give** anyone else a reason to hate me, to las volle myself I could do this. I could do this for these poor kids.

The **guy**, Michael, dislodged himself from the young kid's grip and handed him off to the next oldest of his group who seemed to **be only** about 13.

Godess. What kind of cruel person sent kids to fight their battle? Were they brainwashed? Scared? Should Rhys and I be worried about our safety? Should be worried about any of their injuries? I mean, I could see bruises sticking out like sore thumbs on almost every kid here.

Maizie and Michael moved together across the room to our makeshift table and directed all the other kids to wait on the other side of the room. **Marzie** looked calm and composed, but I didn't like the look on Michael's face. He was masking fear, and fear at that level was dangerous.

Once **they** were book seated, Rhys started. He casually reached over, placing his hand over mine, and it instantly made me feel a little more comfortable

"Thank you for agreeing to meet with us." Rhys said, even though we all knew there really was no choice.

”

Maizie nodded, but Michael didn't say anything. His arms were crossed, and his glare

was still firmly **in** place.

"We want to know what you guys know." Rhys continued. "Why did you attack? Who was responsible for this?"

"I think you know the answer to those questions already." Maizie said calmly, but I could **see** her nerves **in the** way **she** was drumming her fingers **lightly** on the table.

"And we want to hear it from you." Rhys retorted.

"Alpha Adrian sent us to **be** slaughtered by you in an attempt to gain **access** to your mate." Maizie **answered**, repeating and confirming what we had learned from Caleb just a little bit ago. "He didn't expect you to kidnap us instead."

"I wouldn't call this kidnapping," Rhys responded coolly. "I saved your lives. At **least** most of them anyway, how many casualties did you **guys** have?"

Maizie's face hardened, and her eyes narrowed at **us**. "Two." She said finally

“How old were **they?**” I asked, speaking up for the first time.

“Sammy **was** 7, and Luke was **13.**”

“Sammy is safe. She is with **her** dad right now.” Rhys told **her**. “But to lose anyone **so** young **is** a tragedy. **We** will do what **we** can to commemorate his memory for you all once the dust settles around here.”

“Why would you do that?” Michael demanded. Maizie shot him a look that screamed to shut up, but he didn’t seem to be the least bit bothered.

“Because **we are** on the same side here,” Rhys replied bluntly. “I’m assuming you didn’t come here by your own volition. I’m hoping that I am not wrong in thinking that **you** didn’t want to attack us. And that leads **us to** the same enemy,

“You’re just going to use **us as** pawns, same **as** he did.” Michael bit out angrily. “Don’t think we don’t know your reputation. **You’re crueler than he is.**”

is **his** way of

I don't know if it was **the** lack of **sleep**, but my body tensed, and it took all I had not to yell at this kid that **he** had no *idea* **what** he was taking **about**. *Rhys* gently squeezed my hand, and a quick look at him told me he was unbothered by what the kid **was** saying. The kid was just **afraid, and** dealing with it.

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Maizie kicked Michael under the table, and she sent him a warning look before turning back to Rhys and **L**

"I **apologize** for his rudeness." **She** said carefully, "He didn't mean to offend you, sir."

Rhys surprised us eli but letting out a slight chuckle. "I've heard worse. And he's right to be **weary**. I have a reputation, and I do not hide behind felt pretenses. My mate here has made me softer, I'm afraid, however, even at my worst, I would never use or harm children, and I certainly **wouldn't** force them to fight in a war that they did not ask to be a part of."

“Thank you for your understanding our position,” Maizie stated in a clear voice. “But I must be honest, I don’t understand **if you** are not going to use as **what** was **the** point of saving **us?**”

“You **are** kids, you deserve to be kids and treated as kids.” I answered this time, my voice soft. “The Alpha King rescued me from the Red Blood **pack some** time ago, and I **have** learned so much from coming here. Here, we will work together to protect you and educate you, **and** let you be the children you **are**. **No** catches. No forced fights. Nothing expected in return except respect.”

“Are you serious?” Maizie’s voice was soft. For the first time **since** I had laid **eyes** on her when I walked in the room, she looked vulnerable. I **knew the offer seemed** too good to be true, but **we** were giving it. I didn’t need to talk to Rhys to know that this was the right thing to do. They needed this, and we could do it for them. “You’re not going to send us back to Adrian? Or kill **us** for all the damage **we’ve** done?”

“**We’re** serious.” Rhys answered.

Maizie looked like she could **cry**. She blinked her eyes rapidly but **recovered** when Michael elbowed her.

“Do you have any more questions for **us?**” She asked when she had her **composure** back.

“I do.” I said, surprising Rhys, “I grew up in Red Blood pack, I don’t remember seeing any **of your faces** before...”

Maizie looked uncomfortable with the question but answered anyway. “I grew up in Red Blood pack. I was trained to be a warrior. My whole life, both Michael and I were trained under Alpha Adrian. About half the kids here were taken from their families within the pack **and** placed in his training **program**. The other half are recent turns. Their families have either just been turned or their families didn’t agree with what Alpha Adrian **was** doing **and** were taken as a punishment into the ranks. There’s about a 100 more back home still in the program.”.

I felt Rhys suck in a sharp breath next to me, and it **was** my turn to try and comfort him by leaning into him move.

“Thank you for sharing. I’m sure you are all hungry, so we will have food, and toiletries brought in. There **is** no catch, but we need to be **sure we can trust** you and protect you before you leave the area. Everything you need will be brought here for the time being. Alana is going to be in charge of it, **and** if you have any problems, you tell her, and she will tell me, okay?”

Maizie nodded, but her eyes flickered between Rhys and I as **we** stood up to **leave**.

“Sir,” She asked, standing herself. “I know I don’t deserve this information, but **is the** guy I hurt alright?”

She looked so nervous and sick, but I had no idea what she was talking **about, but** Rhys' **face** hardened then softened all in a matter of moments **before** he said, "I don't know but I'll let **you** know when I do."

Chapter Comments

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The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Their leader was the girl who had attacked **Sawyer...** My wolf howled in my head, wanting to tip her head off. However, I needed to be logical. She was for a **child. She** had been doing what she **was** told. She was a child.

Grace gave my arm a squeeze and we started back out the room.

"Gracie?" I whispered when we were far enough away. "Is it bad that I wanted to kill her?"

Grace looked at me slightly blankly before asking, "Who did she hurt?"

Guilt washed over me in a flood. I hadn't told her. I hadn't even mentioned that anything had happened to Sawyer. She was going to be so mad **at** me... I could already sense her unease.

"Alpha King," Someone interrupted. "You are being requested in the medical wing"

Well, so much for getting out of the conversation... I nodded at the pack member and took Grace's hand in mine. It was okay if she was mad at me... It felt **like** there were a million things to talk about, but not nearly enough hours in the day for it. She would understand that I hadn't mentioned Sawyer, right?

"I forgot to tell you something." I told her, feeling nervous all the sudden. I wasn't even that nervous to see him. I knew he would understand. But would she? Would she be mad it wasn't the first thing out of my mouth once I knew she was **safe? I** mean, that was part of being Royal... Putting every single person's needs above your own. But to not tell her he had been hurt? One of her only friends?

She narrowed her eyes at me in a way that I knew she meant to be slightly intimidating but really made her **just** look hot. She could glare **at me** any day.

"And what was that?" She asked. And I loved that she was feeling bold with me instead of shrinking into herself **the** way she usually did with things like this.

“Sawyer was injured in the fight by that girl that we just negotiated with.” I answered.

We were surrounded by people, but Grace froze. She didn’t even seem to notice the commotion she caused. She didn’t seem to notice the disgruntled noises by everyone around, or that I shielded her from being jostled. She was just staring off into **space**, seeing something that I couldn’t **see**.

“Grace?” I coaxed, lifting her chin so she’d be forced to look at me, but her **eyes still** didn’t meet mine.

“He got hurt because of me?”

I closed my eyes and wrapped my body around hers. Everything about being with her felt natural. Even now when everything felt out of touch, and I felt **like** everything was out of control, she was grounding to me. She kept me in this moment from losing total control. But she was also the **reason** behind everything, not that I blamed her. She was special. And they wanted to abuse her power. I would not let them. Starting today, **we were** going on the offense. I may not have started this war, but I also have never lost one either, and I would be damned if I started to now.

When Grace didn’t respond, I picked her up, receiving only a small **gasp** of acknowledgement **that** she even knew where she **was** in **space** in **time**. She could be lost, but we **were** going to be lost in **space** that allowed us to be, and not in one where everyone was watching **us... very** closely.

“Oh Alpha King, is the Luna alright?” Someone rushed **over to ask as we** entered into the clinic.

I had ravished her body only a couple hours ago. I knew she **wasn't** injured. But **was she** alright? Only time would tell.

“We are actually here to **see** my brother,” I answered, “The Luna **was** just being... difficult.” I teased.

The comment earned me **a** small pinch, but at **least** it showed that she was responsive again. I didn't know what to do when she **got lost in her head** like

that.

The young nurse **led** us to Sawyer's room. Grace attempted to demand me to put her down, but I just ignored her **struggles. I was in cont**

to remember that.

“**There** you guys are!” Arlo's voice rang out, the worry in it evident. “**Grace**, are you hurt?”

d she needed

She glared at me **as** I finally put her back on her **feet**, and then she **gave** Arlo a polite smile. "I'm alright. **How's Sawyer?**"

Chapter 117

Arlo gave a little shrug. He's still unconscious. **It's** like something zapped his **energy** out **there**, **so** his healing to slow, **bait** Di Lele **din alright. He just needs rest.**"

I see Grace's face drain of color, and I feel myself straining to stay calm. His energy was zapped? No, he was attacked, **and injured**, but nothing die wetia, **happened.**

The doctor mistook our silence as understanding, but I didn't really want to say anything in front of him anyway. This was our battle. We would deal onth it as it came and not give away how little we seemed to know.

As soon as the door shut, Arlo was looking at us expectantly, and I sighed, running a hand over my face **tiredly.** "What, Arlo?"

“Sir, tell me that the person who did this is dead now?” Arlo growled.

“**You** saw the girl, Arlo,” I answered simply. “She’s a child.”

“A child?” Arlo sneered causing Grace to take a step back,

so **she**

“And I’ve spoken to her and every other child that they sent failure. **They were** just doing what they were told.”

Sh against me. “She nearly killed him!”

on

mission. I will not punish children when the adults in their lives **set them up for**

“That girl **was** old enough to make her own choices!” Arlo seethed.

“She is a child.” I repeated firmly, not falling into the bait he was laying.

“You. Are. Becoming. Soft.”

“Go cool down before you **say** something you regret.” I growled at him, wrapping my arms around Grace. I wanted **to** throw **her behind me**, but I **didn’t** believe that Arlo would attack. And I wasn’t willing to throw my trust **away** on a moment of anger from a longtime **friend**.

Arlo glared at us, but he took my advice, slamming the door behind him, leaving us to deal with what **he** left in **his** wake...

Chapter Comments

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 118

I **felt Rhys** turn us slightly **as** Arlo marched past us, slamming the door to Sawyer’s room. He knew better than **to** let **anyone** he at his back a **grateful**.

It **didn't** matter that he trusted Atlo. Arlo was mad, and that was dangerous, **especially** when you were the Alpha **King I** couldn't hate but about Rhys.

Rhys sighed and ran a hand over **his** face tiredly. I turned in his **arms** and looked up at him, no longer feeling locked in my **head**.

"Are you okay?" I asked him, my voice barely above a whisper.

He let out a forced chuckle. "I don't know." He answered honestly, his voice shaking ever so slightly. "Why do you ask?"

"You look tired," I told him, lifting my hand to his

cheek and tracing my thumb down his jaw.

"I am." He answered, surprising me a little with his honesty.

"When can we go take a nap?" I asked. I could feel my own exhaustion deep in my bones, and I had the start of a headache to prove it.

“I don’t know.” He answered tiredly. “I kinda just wanted to be with my brother for a little while. But we can go back to our room if your too **tired**. **But E** figured we could lay low here and just be here with him.”

I shook my head, no, and led Rhys over to the small recliner chair that he would barely fit in next to the bed and pushed him into it.

He let out another tired sigh as **I** snapped the feet up for him. I then moved **to** take the small regular chair, but his hand wrapped around my arm, **his eyes**. already closed.

“Stay.”

I bit my lip, hesitating for just a moment before giving into my desire **to** sit with him. The **chair** was **for sure too** small for the two **of** us, but it didn’t matter. We were together. Rhys wanted me. Whether I was a monster or not. He didn’t care. And for the first time **since** finding out **I** was **Lycan**, **I** let myself believe that maybe it was what we did with power that made us the monsters.

I woke up completely disoriented. There was all sorts **of** noise around and a busyness that **scared** me a bit. I curled my fingers into **Rhys’ shirt**, steadying myself with his heartbeat. He was here and I was safe.

Rhys ran his fingers through my knotted hair, and I looked up at him. **I** wasn’t sure if **I** had woken him or if the amount **of people** in **the** room had, but I was glad he **was** awake just the same.

“Are you okay?” He asked just loud enough for me to hear, his **voice**/slightly husky **with sleep**.

I nodded against him and noticed there were two nurses **next** to Sawyer’s bed, and my heart **raced**.

“Is he okay?” I asked nervously, sitting up a little to **see**.

“He’s just very weak right now.” The nurse said with a tight smile. “We haven’t **seen** this before.”

This got Rhys’ attention. “What haven’t you seen before exactly?” **He** questioned, sitting us up straighter and lowering our feet.

“His healing is slowed. We’ve never seen anyone drained or zapped this way before.”

There was that word again... Zapped. What did they mean by that?

“Rhys...” I breathed, my anxiety skyrocketing.

“Go **get** the girl, and bring her to me, now,” Rhys growled.

I nodded and took off toward the room where **we were** keeping all of the children. The **halls were** all still so crowded, but I **weaved my way through**. I **wasn't** completely sure that Rhys had given the order to me, but I'd be damned if I let anyone talk to that girl before I did. **Especially the way Arlo had talked**

about her earlier.

Chapter 118

I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A LAZY GROUP OF KIDS BEFORE, IN MY LIFE I heard someone bellow, **and** (Increased my weed. **Thôn I'd be damned if someone** was going to treat them **on my watch the way I had been** as a kid,

“**Sir, they** have been **up** for days. Everything **has** just settled down, please...” Alana's **calm** but shaky **voice responded**.

I could see them now. Alana had her arms full **of** blankets, and I knew she was the right person to have been entrusted with the **job**. I ako RSI (SUPMAN

grily past the guards at the kids. to find Arlo in the middle of the commotion

“Tell me which one of these brats is the

one who hurt Prince Sawyer?” He demanded.

made me pause for a moment, but someone had to protect these kids... “**Arlo!** You cannot go

“Arlo,” I tried to intervene but the glare he leveled picking fights with children!”

“Someone has to pay!”

I could already **see** both Maizie and Michael were awake, but both were sitting on guard, and I knew they knew exactly **what was** going on, **and they were ready** to fight for their lives, which scared me more. They shouldn't have to.

“They are children!” I reminded him firmly, and I could see Michael and Maizie both moving to their feet slowly.

“I challenge the culprit!” Arlo shouted.

“No.”

“You can’t tell me no, **Grace,**” Arlo looked at me with a sickening **smile**. “It is well within **my rights to** challenge a prisoner for their freedom, and **you** are not Queen Luna yet. You are nothing. So. Get. Out. **Of**. My. Way.”

I felt fear flood through me, and I reached for my bond with Rhys, but he was distracted **by something**, so I **knew I was on my own**.

“They are not prisoners,” I said slowly. “Nor will I allow **you** to fight a child, so if you need to fight someone, I volunteer in **their place**.”

“No!” I heard Maizie gasp from somewhere behind me, but I ignored it. She might **be** fully trained, **but** I would not let her **go** against a fully **grown** man, even if she had taken out Sawyer earlier.

Arlo’s **face** paled, but he didn’t back down. “Get out of my way, **Grace**. You don’t want to challenge me.”

“You’re right.” I answered him, feeling a confidence I had never felt in my **life** before. “I don’t want to fight **you**, but I also will not allow **you** to **attack** children.” I took a deep breath, “So. Take. Your. Pick. Which will it **be**? Are you going to walk away or are **you** challenging me?”

Chapter Comments

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

I paced the small room waiting anxiously for Grace to come back with Maizie. What was taking so long? We needed to know what was going on with Sawyer. **The** Doctors kept saying he was zapped and drained and that they had never seen if, but they didn’t even think to ask us if we knew anything about it. The girl was lycan so that meant anything could be the cause of this. I didn’t know what they were capable of, and I hated it. I wanted to hate the whole species, but that would mean hating Grace. And I could never hate Grace.

“Rhys?” Sawyer’s voice brought me out of my head. It was so weak, so hoarse. It terrified me.

“Hey buddy,” I pushed a doctor out of the way, moving closer to my brother.

“The girl, did you hurt her?” Sawyer asked.

I stepped back in surprise. What? Why was he worried about someone he didn't know? I hadn't hurt her, but I didn't understand, but was saved by the bell, when the door opened, and Maizie walked in followed by, not Grace but Alana.

I furrowed my brow and stared at them. I didn't understand.

"Where's Grace?" I asked.

"She's asked me to bring her," Alana answered, but she was refusing to meet my eyes. Was she hiding something?

"Sir, you asked to see me?" Maizie asked, her nerves evident

on her face.

"Yes," I answered, and Alana backed herself out of the room, slowly. "You aren't in trouble, but I wanted to know what you did to my brother?"

"I'm sorry?"

“He was ‘drained’ or ‘zapped’. We’ve never seen it before. Do you know what happened?”

Maizie paled. Her eyes widened in fear, and it was the first time her tough girl **act** seemed to slip a little. She was a child. I had to remember that. **She was** sent here to die. That was traumatic enough.

“Rhys,” Sawyer said with a warning in his tone.

“I-” Maizie hesitated, “I don’t know exactly. I’ve never channeled before.”

“Channeled?”

“Yea, I don’t know if it’s every Lycan, but everyone in the program I was in channeled... I guess another way to explain it would be that every Lycan had abilities that usually show around 18... My birthday isn’t for a few more weeks, so I’ve never channeled, but I’ve been training for it... If I did something, I’m sorry, I don’t know how I did it.”

“Every Lycan can do it?” I asked.

“I don’t know. I didn’t interact with many people outside of my program.” She answered uneasily.

“Do you know what your ability will be before you get it?” I asked, ignoring Sawyer’s confusion as I fished for any sort of information.

I didn’t think her face could go any paler, but it did, and I felt bad... But this was important. We needed to know what we were up against. We needed to know everything.

“Yes.” She said, her voice barely above a whisper. “I mean, they can influence it kind of. I don’t know exactly how it works. Maybe there are signs ahead of time, but I really don’t know. There are three groups that I know of: Energy Manipulators, Physical Attributes, and Mentality Readers, who are quite rare, at least as far as I can tell.”

“And you were trained as an Energy Manipulator?” I asked, my heart sinking a bit with this new information that really was leading to a whole lot of new questions.

“Yes,” She breathed. “I’m so sorry. I wasn’t trying to use my abilities!”

“I know, Maizie,” I answered tiredly. “I just I needed to know what happened. Did you shock him or drain him or what **do** you think happened?”

“I probably stole his energy.” She was fighting back tears now. She knew my reputation and she was growing more confused by the moment **that** I haven’t

killed her yet. But the truth was, I was cruel, but I was fair. She was placed in a bad situation, and now we were all paying the price.

“You stole my energy?” Sawyer croaked out.

“I can give it back? She cried out, lunging for him, but I wrapped my arm around her waist holding her back, causing Sawyer to growl at me

“Just wait!” I used my Alpha voice to stop everything, causing Maizie to all but collapse in my arms with a whimper.

“Rhys!” Sawyer growled angrily.

“Just wait.” I bit it out. “Do you even know how to use your abilities? Because I don’t want you touching my brother if you don’t.”

“I mean, no, I’ve never done it before, but I was trained to know. It can’t be that hard if I did it on accident before. I’m sure I can figure it out.”

That was the most teenage thing I had ever heard.

“You were running on adrenaline and fear before, and they can make you do crazy things. You are not touching him right now. We will have to find a new way to test things out for you.”

“But I know I can do it if I just try-” She pleaded, begging me to understand something that I didn’t.

Sawyer didn’t look good. His face was pale with little beads of sweat on his forehead, and I felt sure that he was going to pass out again any minute now, but I wasn’t risking him for anything.

“No.”

“Rhys... Let her.” Sawyer tried,

“No. Just rest, and I’m sure when you wake up again you will feel better.”

“Rhys.” He said again. “Let her.”

I rolled my eyes but released Maizie. If he wanted it that bad, then he was the one to deal with consequences when the terrified kid messed up or realized

she couldn't do it.

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She sat next to him on the bed and placed her hands in his. She closed her eyes and began to focus on something. I probably wouldn't have believed anything was happening but there was a faint golden glow from where their hands were touching. Slowly, Sawyer's coloring began to improve, and I realized she did it. Then I noticed her own face paling.

"That's enough." I pulled her away from him.

"I wasn't done!" She argued, but she swayed where she stood, forcing me to steady her.

"You were going to drain your own self dry. No thank you." I retorted.

"He needs it." She answered,

"And the kids in that room need you functioning, so what's it going to be?"

The reminder that she was the elected leader of a bunch of kids brought her right back to reality. “I need to get back to them.” Shaid, panic suddenly in

her voice.

“You can rest for a bit, and then I’ll take you back.” I answered, waving her off. “They’ll be okay without you for a little while longer.”

“No.” She answered with an urgency that she hadn’t had a few minutes ago, already moving toward the door. “You don’t understand. I have to get back to them. Now.”

The unwanted Daughter’s Alpha King

Chapter 120

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 120

I followed Maisie who was practically running through the halls. She had been fine a few minutes ago and then it **had** seemed like something, and she panicked. I had half expected to see Alana waiting in the hall outside the door for us, but she wasn't there. And where had Grace gone? She had left to go find Maizie, but she had sent Alana instead. Did she **finally** acknowledge that she was tired? Or did something happen?

My heart rate quickened at the thought of something happening to her again, but I needed to make sure Maizie got back to the other kids safely. Then I would go on a hunt for Grace.

The guards parted at the door, and Maizie visibly relaxed as she scanned over the mostly sleeping kids, and Michael did the same as he scanned me for new injuries. I scanned the room and noticed all of the kids seemed to have sleeping bags or blankets now. Most were asleep, **and** the few that weren't sat in a way that surrounded the others in a protective circle. I smiled slightly at their choices. They didn't trust us, and we didn't **trust** them, and they knew it. They were smart, and I was glad to see it.

I sucked in a breath when I saw her. I don't know how I missed her before. She was seated directly next to Michael. Her blonde hair falling out of her attempt at keeping it out of her eyes. Exhaustion seeped from her, but she stared at the other door as if she was expecting someone to barrel **through it at** any time.

"Grace?" I called out as I walked toward her.

Her gaze snapped to me with a focus I had rarely seen on her before. “Rhys,” She breathed a sigh of relief, and I drank her in. Even in the lowlight, **and** with exhaustion etched all over her face, she was beautiful, and she was mine..

“What are you doing?” I asked, taking her hand in mine. “You never came **back.**”

“I didn’t want to leave them unattended.” She answered, not meeting my **eye**, immediately clueing me into something happened.

“Why? We placed guards at the door, so everyone would be safe, and you are sitting in here with no protection. What if **they** had attacked you?*

“They aren’t safe.” She said so softly that I barely heard her.

“What do you mean they aren’t safe?” I asked in confusion, pulling her further **away** from the kids **she** was supposedly protecting.

She hesitated before finally saying, “Arlo came straight here after he **expressed** his **concern about** Sawyer... He wanted to go after **Maizie**. He said it was well within his right to challenge a prisoner for their freedom... I told him I wouldn’t allow him to challenge a child, and he told me to step aside, I couldn’t **stop** him, so I challenged him in place of the kids, and he walked away, but I think others feel that **way** and I’m scared **for them.**” The words tumbled **out** of **her** mouth so quickly that I barely had time to process what she was saying.

Arlo had tried to challenge the kids? Arlo had tried to challenge Grace?

“Did he hurt you?” I asked, lifting her chin and forcing her to look at me.

“No. No,” She answered, “He didn’t touch me.”

“Good. Nobody has the right to touch you but me, let alone challenge you. You should have come and gotten me.” I said, as guilt filled my soul. She shouldn’t have had to face that alone.

“You **were busy** with Sawyer...” She answered. “And I didn’t trust anyone **else** to make sure they were safe.”

I knew where her fear was stemming from. She didn’t trust anyone to take **care** of her either. I had failed more times than I could even count, and these kids **came** from the same world she did.

I ran my hand tiredly over my face.

“Why don’t **we** move them up to our floor?” I said finally. I didn’t love the solution. It made me nervous for them to **have** such unabated access **to Grace**, but she looked so tired that I feared she would fall over if I was steadying her, and I knew her well enough to **know** that **she would not leave them** unattended.

“What?” She looked at me in confusion.

Chapter 120

“**If they are on our floor**, they **have** protection from the rest of the packhouse because **of** the security **precautions**. We don’t h **them**. **And** under **absolutely** no circumstances are they allowed in our **rooin**, **and** I will **get Leon** to add new **wearily** right noe **have to push** yourself or challenge people to protect them.”

“**You would** do that for me?” She looked at me in awe, like she had never seen me before.

“I would do anything for you, Gracie. And if this is what it’s going to take so

so you can get some rest, then I’ll do it.”

“I’m not the one who needs rest,” She shot me a pointed look, but the exhaustion her eyes said otherwise.

I rolled my **eyes**. I loved that she was **always** willing to say things to me that no one else would. But if I looked half as tired as she did, I knew **there** was some truth in her words.

“**Come** on, let’s wake them up and move them upstairs,

“Bed sounds nice,” She admitted.

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Wo

can go to bed.”

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I pulled at her hand and we talked to Maizie and Michael about our plan. I couldn’t tell if there was relief or more fear that they were being moved **to the** Alpha floor, but it didn’t matter if it made Grace feel better about things. She had dealt with enough in the past weeks that I would do **anything** to ease some of her **stress**.

My anger surfaced again **as** the thought of Arlo challenging her both in rank and physically. People were going to have their opinions, but my most **trusted** advisors didn't get that same luxury. I would do anything to protect **my** mate, and there might be very little I could do about **any** of it, but **I'd be damned if** I didn't do something. Arlo and everyone else who had those thoughts were going **to** think twice about crossing my mate again.

Chapter Comments

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