

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

I gently brushed my thumb along her cheek bone. Her blonde hair was pulled out of her face into a braided ponytail, but I langed to run my **fingers** throug

1. **it.**

“What if I change into something you don’t like?” She asked.

“Well, I already marked you, love, you’re stuck with me forever,” I told her in my best sultry voice. “But in all honesty, Grace, there is nothing **you** could change into that I wouldn’t love. You could go on a murdering spree, and I wouldn’t even bat an eye, love.”

Her eyes bulged. “You don’t think I would do that, do you?”

“No, Grace, I don’t,” I leaned over, and brushed her lips with my own. “But I would still love you if you did.”

I leaned in again, and kissed her lips again before pulling away again, I wanted to make her want this...

She made a noise of disappointment, and I smiled against her mouth, before doing it again.

“Rhys-” She whined.

“Don’t you want to eat dinner, Gracie?” I asked, only a few inches from her **face**.

“I think I’m ready for dessert.” She answered before taking

completely by surprise and straddling my lap.

I don’t know where her sudden confidence **was** coming from but button by button she undid **my** shirt. She rocked her **hips** ever so slightly against my member, and I groaned. She was undoing me with only a few simple touches. She then grabbed at the hem of my undershirt **and** pulled it over **my** head. before pushing me back against the cushion.

Her mouth began to devour mine as I ran my hands up and down her sides. This was my woman, and **there was** nothing hotter than how **she was** unravelling me with her touch.

She pulled away from my lips and began to suck at my neck as her fingers fumbled with my belt and pants buttons. As soon as they **were undone**, she jumped off of

me, and I missed her warmth, and shimmied out of my pants and underwear **as** she stepped out of her dress, giving me a little show as she took off her bra and panties that were very clearly wet. She was ready for me.

Without missing a beat, she shoved me back down and began sucking me off. In our endeavors before, she had never done much more than **accept what !** gave her, but now, she was trying to please me in a way she had never done before. Her lips wrapped around me and she began moving. The small gagging sounds she made me want her more, and it was taking all I had not to take control back. But this was her moment, and I wanted her to shine. **Right when I** was close, she stopped.

I looked at her in confusion as I wanted to chase that high, but she just smirked **as** she straddled me again. She lined herself up, and I groaned as she lowered herself slowly onto me before beginning to pick up speed. I ran my hands everywhere that I could reach, before settling on entangling my fingers in her hair, pulling her head back.

“Ah,” She cried out, but she didn’t stop.

We **were** both so close. I needed to hold on just a little longer. A little longer.

“Rhys!” She screamed. I felt her walls clench *aro* onto my chest.

me,

and that was all I could take. I grunted **as** her nails dug into my **arms** before she collapsed forward

“Wow.” I said when we both were able to catch our breath, and I pushed a loose sweaty **piece** of hair out of her face.

“Wow.” She repeated with a dazed smile.

We laid there in silence both lost in the bliss of our orgasms before I flipped us, so I was on top now.

“Are you ready for round two?” I asked.

And her smile told me everything I needed to know.

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Chapter 132

I woke up to my body aching in the worst ways. Last night had been incredible. I was engaged. My mate loved me. He loved me enough to take use an vacation and on dates. He loved me enough to want to see me grow. He wanted me to grow alongside him... He loved me. And that was enough for ine to think the pain was worth it.

“Good morning,” Rhys’ husky voice greeted me.

I was tucked tightly in his arms, pulled tightly against his chest. We hadn’t moved very far from where we had started last night, having fallen asleep on the cushions after the most amazing night of my life.

I really wasn’t sure what had come over me, but Rhys had been so kind. So understanding. So everything that I needed, I had wanted to give back some of what he had given me. And it was the most incredible experience. For the first time I think ever, I had felt free. I wasn’t worried that he was going to **judge** me. I wasn’t worried that he was going to leave me for doing something wrong. He was mine, and nothing I could do would chase him away, and that was something I never thought I’d ever experience.

I mean, I was still sort of on the edge. I didn’t necessarily trust myself in all of this, but Rhys had a lot of faith in me. And for now, that would be enough.

“Sleep well?” He asked.

I nodded against him. I didn't want to talk yet. I just wanted to soak in this moment, and Rhys seemed to realize that, and let me have it... At least for a few more minutes.

After about 10 minutes, I could feel through the bond that Rhys was beginning to feel impatient, **so** I rolled to face him, my eyes meeting his beautiful green

ones.

"Are you ready to talk now?" He asked with a slight smirk.

"**If** I must," I answered playfully.

Hoved the banter that now seemed to exist for us and had for the last **few** weeks. I had **never** been in love before, but my god I loved him, and it only seemed to grow every day.

He kissed my forehead gently, and I closed my eyes at the intimacy, realizing that there were many different layers to it.

"What's the plan today?" I asked, hoping **we** could have a bit of a repeat **of** yesterday evening, though I **was sure** nothing could ever top it.

“Well,” He answered, pulling away a little so he could look me in the eye a little more comfortably. “This **isn’t** just a vacation... We do have a purpose.”

“I figured,” I told him honestly. He was so predictable in this sense. “And what exactly is our purpose today?”

He hesitated for a moment before deciding to be honest with me. “I want to free your Lycan.”

“You want to what?” I asked, feeling completely flabbergasted.

“I want to free your Lycan. And I want to try it from the most natural ways first, and then if **we** can’t, the witch, Sandra, will **meet** with us, **and** we’ll try a different method.

“That’s ludicrous.” I said bluntly. “You want to free my beast?”

“Yes, in a controlled, people free, no pressure environment.” **He answered** as if **it** was the easiest thing in the world.

“There’s no such thing,” I muttered under my breath.

He just lifted my chin and pecked my lips.

“Do you think Maizie or Michael or any of the kids are monsters?”

“Of course not,” I answered a little fiercer than I intended.

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“**Well** then, what makes you different, Grace? You can’t keep running from this. And I think you will be safer if you can shift to protect yourself. Your **defense** has gotten much better, but in a fight with a Lycan or a hybrid, it won’t help you, and you know this.”

I rolled my eyes, but he was right. However, that Lycan inside scared me. The one and only time I had ever truly felt it was when she yelled at me to after **She** had been out for blood, and perhaps, it had been called for. Perhaps she had been protecting me. But I could still see my full-shifted arms reaching into his chest and squeezing his heart with my claws. I could still see the blood dripping off my fur, and the way it wouldn’t shift back until Caleb had walked me through my half shift back.

The worst part about the whole thing had been the anger. I knew I wasn't angry enough about the things that had happened to me. But that piece of me? !! was angry. It was angry and ready to seek revenge no matter what the cost, and I wasn't sure I was ready for that yet. I might have accepted a lot of **changes** in the last few weeks, but I don't think I would ever be ready to be a blood thirsty monster.

"Grace," Rhys pulled my attention back to him. I could feel him just at the edge of our bond. "You are whatever you decide to be. If you want to be a blood thirsty monster, I support you, but only if that's what you want."

"I don't want to be a blood thirsty monster!" The words tumbled out of my mouth before he had even finished his sentence.

"Then don't be." He said simply.

"It's not that simple, Rhys."

"Why not?"

"Because I know nothing about this part of me! What if I have no control over it?"

"Did you see any of the kids lose control of their Lycan yet?" He **asked gently**.

“Well, no.”

“So why would you?”

“Because I don’t know...” The words came out barely a whisper.

“I understand you’re scared, Gracie, and I get it, especially after what happened **last** time, but you have been working **so** hard to **become** better, this is the next step for you. Don’t give up on yourself now.”

He sounded like he genuinely believed what he was saying, and his eyes shined with belief in me, that I found myself agreeing to try. I just didn’t have **the** same belief in myself that he did...

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I was standing outside in the cold with Rhys. It was warmer out than yesterday evening, but the wind was cutting **straight** therapie am bestial ma like I had on nothing. We had gotten ready slowly. Rhys had worshipped my body, massaging a good portion of the Finks out of as fire the tre de 1 had gotten yesterday.

Rhys was convinced that if I made myself one with nature, my Lycan would be more inclined to break through. I wasn't sure if the belte felt in on the was my Lycan or just anxiety about what we were trying to do, but it was something.

"So what exactly do you want me to do here?" I asked, wrapping my arms around myself, trying to stave off the cold.

"Well how is your Lycan feeling?" Rhys asked a little uncertainly. It seemed he was just as lost as I was with this even if he was taking confidenth

"I feel cold." I told him sarcastically.

"No, not you, your Lycan. Does she like being out in nature?"

"Rhys, I have no idea."

"Well, let's go for a run. Maybe that will help bring her out."

“If she’s bound, I don’t think **she’s** going to **just come** out because we’re **in** nature.” I argued.

“But she started to break free when Ethan tried to take you, which makes **me** think she’s breaking out of her bonds.”

“And before you told me that would be bad if she did that.”

“Well, that was then, and this is now. We’ll face the consequences of her breaking free when it happens, **but you** have to allow her to take over Grace.

r.” I responded.

“I don’t feel anything to take over.”

Rhys sighed in frustration, but I did **as** he said. We went for a long run that warmed me right up but had **no effect** on my Lycan. We then **tried** meditating **by** the fire, but again, all I felt **was** a slight inkling that I wasn’t alone, a bristle of something **else** inside of me, but nothing more. I didn’t even **want** to tell Rhys that I felt anything because I knew he would feel hopeful, and I didn’t feel hopeful at all when **I** could be imagining **the** whole thing.

After both of those failed attempts, Rhys decided we needed to eat, and he made nearly raw steaks for us. I knew that was another attempt at trying to **draw** my Lycan out, but again it failed.

After we spent half the morning and most of the afternoon trying to pull my locked away Lycan out, **we** settled in from a movie. Rhys said it was vacation, but so far it felt like a lot of work.

On the third day, Leon had set up a little art studio for us to take our minds off **the** failed hypnosis we had tried late that night. I hated that I was letting Rhys down. With each failed idea, he became a little more dejected. I **knew** how bad he wanted this to work, but had known that this was **exactly** how **it** was going to go. I wasn't new to **the** game,”

Rhys and I painted our canvases, looking out over the snow-covered landscape out our back door. We both knew it would be prettier if we actually went outside and looked at the view *he* had proposed over, but **neither** of us wanted to actually go outside anymore.

A knock at our door drew both of our attention away from our painting.

“Were **we** expecting someone?” I asked with a frown

“Not this early, but yes.” Rhys answered **cryptically**.

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1 furrowed my brow, but didn’t opening the door.

anything **as** Rhys walked over to the door. His eyes glazed over, and I knew he was talking to someone before finally

To my surprise, Leon stood there with what looked like a young girl, who looked to be no more than 12. And my confusion only grew.

“Grace,” Rhys called me over to him, “*Thi*

is Sandra. She is a witch, and she says she's ready to unbind your Lycan."

A swallowed hard. He really wasn't giving up on this issue. I hadn't thought that he was being serious either when he said that he was bringing in the witch

he had been telling me about, but clearly, I was wrong.

"So how does that work?" I asked

I hated the inkling of anxiety that was growing in me. What if she rebounded my Lycan instead? What if all of the progress I had made, if you could call it that, was suddenly wasted because trusted the wrong person?

"It's a ritual to the Moon Goddess. If she favors you, it will be simple. **If** you are not in her favor, it is **still** possible, but much harder on **the** mind and You will lay on those cushions, and I can begin." She said **simply**, brushing off my concern like it was nothing.

"Yea... I need to talk to my mate for a second, excuse **us**." I smiled politely place, the bathroom.

at

Sandra and dragged my mate to the only blocked off space in the whole damn

“What’s wrong?” Rhys asked, his **eyes** scanning my **face** for something, but what **I wasn’t sure**.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” I asked bluntly.

“Well, I don’t have another solution. I’m back to fearing if you break out **yourself**, you might do **damage to yourself** since nothing is working like I hoped it would. And I’ve worked with Sandra on occasion before. This situation is **just the** first time **I** had ever needed her in person...”

“And how much do we trust that she isn’t working for Red Blood again?” I asked, unable to contain my fear.

“She said before she hadn’t worked with them since binding you all those years ago.” Rhys said dumbly.

“And you trust that?” I pressed.

“Grace, what is this really about?” Rhys asked running his hand tiredly over his **face**, the way I had seen him do **so** many **times** before.

“How much are you paying her to do this?” I ignored his **question**.

This caught his attention. “What?”

“How much are you paying her to do this?” I repeated.

“More than I **care** to admit,” He answered uneasily. “Her price is high.”

“Double it.”

“Grace, I don’t understand what’s wrong right now...” He said in

an

exasperated tone, which was only emphasized by our harsh **whispers**.

“I am not risking being bound again.” I told him flatly. “I don’t

want her to act like an alliance while **they are** paying **her** more to do her dirty **work.**”

“I thought we **discussed** that they need you. I don’t think they would do that.”

“I don’t care.” I answered firmly. “We don’t know why they need me. It could just be to subdue **me** again. I’m **not doing it** again, **Rhys. So, double whatever** you are paying her to make it harder for her to double-cross us.”

“But if they already paid her our money **isn’t** going to do shi

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“Then **offer** her something that isn’t money. I told him firmly. “But I’m not doing it unless **we** offer her something to **planinter** the lin (hele tat **me** again.”

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I looked at Grace hard. Our whispered conversation in the bathroom seemed to be one we needed to have before I had ever asked Sandra to **come. But it hadn't** and Sandra was here and ready to help. I didn't get why Grace was being difficult about this. This was for her safety. Sandra **knew** better than **to** double cross me. Everyone in our world knew not to cross me, including the humans. Just because we were at war, didn't mean anything had really **changed in** that regard. I was still the most feared in the world, even if I hadn't been on a killing spree in a while.

But then Michael's words came back to me from our meeting the other day. They are trying to create hybrids. Witches are a part of that program... **Was** Sandra one of the ones still helping them? She claimed she had refused to continue binding Grace as a child, so she had morals then... **At least kind** of. Would she be involved in the children's program. And Grace was an adult now... Would that change how Sandra would treat her?

To **me,**

the benefit outweighed the risk. Grace needed to be freed.

“So, what do you suggest?” I asked reluctantly.

This was already costing me an arm and a leg, but if it made Grace feel better, then it made it worth something to me. She needed her Lycan. **It** wasn't safe for her to be so unprotected. I had a strong army. But it took multiple of my wolves to take on one creature and they were growing their army even **if** we couldn't see it. She needed to be able to fight for herself, and I would do anything for that.

“I don't know.” She answered, her insecurities arising again. I could feel her fear and it was the only thing that kept me from forcing her to do the **ritual**.

“Grace... Help me help you...” I tried, lifting her chin so she'd look at me again.

“Do we have anything of value to witches? Something that she couldn't get or at least not have **easy access** to?”

I sighed. I had an idea, but I honestly didn't like it or want to **say** it. **If** she knew we had it, **she** would demand it, but **if she** didn't, I didn't **want her to**

know.

“Let’s ask her her price,” I suggested. “She had already agreed to what we set, but **if you** think we need to add to it, then we will.*

She looked at me thoughtfully for a moment before nodding, and I breathed a sigh of relief. She **was giving** me control back, but **a** part of me felt **off** about it. Like maybe I didn’t want to be in control of everything anymore.

I took her hand in mine, and we started to make our way out, but Grace stopped **us as I** reached to open the door.

“What?” I asked, surprised because **I** thought we had settled this.

Her **voice was** so low that I almost didn’t hear her, but her words sent a chill down my spine.

“Rhys... We don’t just need to be sure she won’t double **cross us**, we need her absolutely loyalty.”

I looked at her curiously but just simply nodded before heading out to where Sandra was sitting on the arm of the couch staring at us curiously and Leon stood at the door with a scowl on his **face..**

I knew that Leon had probably heard everything we had just talked about due to his werewolf hearing, but I wasn't sure if witches **had** enhanced hearing or spells for that sort of thing. But whether Sandra heard everything or not, she didn't give anything away.

“So, are we doing this or not?” Sandra asked, her arms crossed, and power radiating from her in a way I had never noticed before.

“What's your price?” I questioned.

“My price? Alpha King Rhys, I believe **the** money has already been transferred to my account, **so I** don't see the reason for the hold **up.**”

“It has.” I agreed. “But this is my mate we **are** talking about, and she is concerned about being double crossed. So, we **just want to** make **sure you** are compensated **for your** efforts **appropriately.**”

Sandra pointed her finger at Grace, and **a smile** widened on her **young-**looking **face.**

“Smart girl.” Sandra nodded in approval. “I don't need any more money **though.** I am set for the **next century.**”

“**No** one said it had to be money,” Grace said quietly, looking at Sandra with an intensity that I had rarely seen from her,

Sandra smirked.

“I want **access** to your wild lands.” Sandra said not **missing** a beat.

“Done.”

“Why?”

Grace and I said at the **same** time. I couldn’t believe she had just agreed to something without knowing the reason.

Sandra smirked, and I didn’t like where this was going.

“It has herbs that are **very** rare and that don’t grow **as** well elsewhere. **They are** stronger when they **are** kept on **the** land that feeds them. Even if I were **to** take them home, **they** would not do **as** well or become **as** strong as they do in the wild.”

“What would you do with these herbs?” **Grace** asked a little hesitantly, and I wondered why she would **care**. They **were** just herbs.

“That’s for me to know.” Sandra snapped at her. “I’m a witch. It would make my life easier. That’s all you need to know.”

I sighed. “Is this something that you would say is invaluable to you?”

Sandra narrowed her eyes at me, but I didn’t **waver**. I needed her to unbind **Grace**. How it happened, I didn’t **really care**, anymore, **and** this was taking far longer than I anticipated.

“If I can live there, then **yes**.” Sandra said after a moment.

“Done.” I agreed. “But I am not providing lodging. That is up to you.”

“Do you trust her?” Leon mindlinked me.

“I don’t know. She hasn’t led us astray yet.” I told him honestly.

“But **Grace is** worried, so I’m trying to be **a** good mate. Do you trust **her?**”

Leon's eyes met mine, telling me he understood, but his answer **was the** one word I really didn't want to hear.

"No."

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Grace let go of my hand and slowly made her way to the cushions that Sandra had set up on the floor and sat down. She was no longer **just a little anxious**.

she was outright terrified and for the first time I really hesitated. Was I really doing the right thing if this was how **she was reacting?**

I studied her face carefully, but she was giving nothing away. If it wasn't for the bond, I would have had no idea.

“So what happens now?” I asked, clearing my throat.

“Now, we begin.” Sandra answered. “Lay back.”

I knew she knew what I had meant and had specifically not answered my question which I found to be incredibly annoying.

Grace, however, did what she was told as Sandra reached into a bag and began setting things up on the small table Leon had brought in earlier.

“How long does this process tend to take?” Grace asked in a small voice, and I immediately sat on the ground next to the cushions, so I could hold her **hand**.

I wanted to alleviate her fear, I wanted her to be comfortable in our home away from home.

“I’ve never had to undo a bind before,” Sandra said, waving off her concern. “But I expect it to take at least 4 hours.

“4 hours?!” Grace gasped.

“At least,” Sandra said, still **busy** with setting up her stuff to even look at Grace. “But don’t **worry, you’ll** probably pass out after the first hour, so you really don’t need to worry too much.”

Grace sat up immediately, and I had to hand it to Sandra, she really wasn’t selling this for either of us.

“Why will I pass out?” Grace asked.

“Because unbinding a wolf is an incredibly invasive and painful process, and in this case, Lycan, I haven’t bound anyone since I bound you, all those **years** ago, and I have only ever seen an unbinding once before, so it might be a little trial and error till we figure it out. But based on everything your **body has to** go through for this, I fully expect you to pass out within an hour.”

“Are you sure you can do this?” I asked, settling **Grace** back into a laying down position.

“Alpha King Rhys,” Sandra gave me a severe look. “I don’t think you have any other options at this time, but if you do, please go ahead and consult them, and do not waste my time. I have done my research, and I have studied for many hours on how to help **your precious** mate. Do not insult me.”

I met her eyes and gave her a curt nod. She was right. She was the only person right now who could even potentially help **Grace**. She was one of the very best in the business, and there was a reason I had **sought** after her whenever I needed to

involve **myself** with witches. I knew that even though she only looked 12, she was much older, and had more **experience** in these sorts of things than I **could** even **dream** of. She was our only choice, and that had to be enough...

“Close your eyes,” Sandra told her. “Your brother is on hand, correct?”

I nodded, and **Grace** peeked her eyes open in surprise. I hadn't told her that Sawyer had been brought to the mount s morning. I knew what she would think after the other day when he showed he **wasn't** quite ready for normalcy. But **we** were losing time and were absolutely no closer to **any** answers than **we** had been 3 weeks ago. **Sawyer** might still need more time, but he **wasn't** going to get the luxury **of** having it. He **was** needed, and **he was** here, simple as

that.

“Close your **eyes,**” Sandra demanded, noticing that Grace had opened them to give me a look.

Grace did as she was told, but the squeeze she gave my hand told **me** that she **was** only tabling the conversation for a later **time**.

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Sandra grabbed the first jar off the table. It looked like purple paint, but I wasn't sure what it really was. I had never seen anything like it before **as she** scooped some on to two of her fingers.

"If my eyes are closed, you better be talking me through this process," Grace snapped, causing Sandra to freeze about an inch from Grace's **face**,

She hesitated for a moment, no doubt deciding if it was worth anything to her to share or not.

"This is Icklebach." Sandra told her as she put a purple line on Grace's forehead. "This is just a preparation for the body to sort of draw the Lycan cart. It starts the opening process. I will place a line on your forehead, one on each cheek, and one on each wrist."

“It feels warm.” Grace commented.

Sandra didn’t say anything. She just grabbed the next jar on the table. This one was a royal blue.

“Leon, document everything she says,” I mindlinked

my beta.

Leon gave me a simple nod but didn’t mindlink back. His eyes never left Grace, and the worry on his face for her concerned me a little.

“This is Ashlala. It goes on your feet.”

Grace jumped slightly, but she didn’t say anything. Half an hour passed of Sandra painting **Grace’s** body, and telling us what she was doing, every now and again, reciting things in a language I didn’t know.

She then stood above Grace, her hands picking at the air as she seemingly unwove a **web** that surrounded Grace. Grace began to squeeze my hand **a little** tighter, surprising me. I wasn’t sure if what Sandra was doing was painful or if the silence that Sandra had asked us to hold was unsettling to her.

“Sir,” Leon’s mindlink cut through. “Are you sure this **is** a good idea?”

I looked at him startled. I had been so entranced with Sandra’s movements, I hadn’t noticed how pale Grace’s face had turned or the beads **of sweat** that had formed on her forehead.

“Grace?” I asked.

But the only response I got was a slight squeeze of my hand, and Sandra shushing me.

“This is going to hurt.” Sandra said after a while, grabbing something from off the table.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa,” I reached out, stopping Sandra from moving/any closer to my mate. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?” I demanded letting **my** alpha aura slip a bit.

“This is a moonstone blade,” Sandra said simply. “It does not cut like a normal knife unless I chose to use it that way. This knife has been blessed by the Moon goddess herself. It is to be used to draw runes on her body. Most people have usually passed out at this point, according to my studies, but she **is** still holding on. This is going to be excruciating. You might need to help me subdue her and

hold her down. Or else this might get ugly. But do not be afraid. Her Lycan is almost free. I can feel it's energy, just on the brink of escaping. She is a strong one. But she must tolerate **these** last **2** hours."

I looked at my little mate, sweaty, and already in pain. I could feel it on a low level. I knew it was only a portion of what she was feeling. It was almost like she was trying to block me from it.

"Gracie, I will let you decide. If you want to stop, I won't be mad. We can stop." I whispered, resting my forehead on hers.

"We're almost there," She answered through gritted teeth. "Let's just get this over with."

"Okay," Sandra replied, shooting me a glare, I assume for stopping her process. "Let's continde. And Grace?"

Grace peaked her **eyes** open to look at the other woman, who now looked slightly frazzled, and a good bit older.

"I'm sorry, but it's going to hurt like hell. Just **try** to relax, and it'll be over soon."

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Minutes passed, and every muscle in Grace's body was tense. She never made a sound, but her nails were digging into **my** skin,

Sandra was chanting something as she 'drew' on Grace with the moonstone knife. True to her word though, it didn't cut her skin, **it only** drew **shapes** on her. skin that nearly immediately faded. We were now well over the two-hour mark, and Grace was still holding on, even if it was just barely, I could **feel that** she was on the brink of unconsciousness, but still, she fought it with nearly everything in her being, and luckily, I didn't have to hold her **down** because I **wasn't** (sure I'd be able to go through with it if I did).

Sandra ripped at Grace's dress, exposing her chest and began to draw, Grace squirmed, but I sent calming energy down **our** bond, and that **was** enough, but small noises of pain escaped her lips.

"Shh, it's okay, you're doing great, hang in there, my love, hang in there." I tried to soothe, but I knew there was no way **my** words meant **anything** to her right now. She was locked in a battle that I really knew nothing about.

Suddenly her scream pierced the air, and I looked up frantically as Sandra's chanting grew louder. I wrapped my arms around her **head**, trying my best to comfort her to the best of my ability, but there was nothing I could do to make it better.

And just as quick as her screams and Sandra's chanting had filled the air, both ceased. Grace laid limply on the cushions, and Sandra stood breathless few feet from us and had aged at least 20 years. Her hair was no longer a pale blonde, but now a soft brown with streaks of grey, and her face, **while** still looking young, had age lines, that she just couldn't hide.

"Gracie?" I tried, even though I knew it was hopeless. I had known from the beginning that she would probably pass out, but now—3 and a half **hours** later, **I was** having serious reservations about this whole thing.

"Should I get Sawyer?" Leon asked anxiously.

"No," Sandra answered, still trying to fully catch her breath. "There is nothing he **can** do for her **at this** time. It is all a part of the process. **We** are onto **the** last step."

Leon looked at me to see if I accepted her answer. I looked down at Grace and brushed the flyaways from her forehead. **She** was **practically grey and** very sweaty, but she seemed to be in less pain than before. "Not **yet**." I said finally.

I hadn't exactly told Sawyer why **we** needed him to be around, and I didn't think he would think too kindly about what we were doing here. He **worried** about Grace being unbound and the process of it, especially **when we** first found out. But the truth was, she was lot stronger **than** either of us ever gave **her** credit for. She was slowly gaining weight and putting on some muscle the more she worked with Maizie. She had **grown so** much in **such** a short time. I mean, she would have fought me if I had tried to free her Lycan three weeks ago, but here **we** were, and the only thing she had really been worried about **was** that Sandra was going to double-cross **us**. And honestly, seeing her lay there, completely helpless, I understood the fear. But **we** were here, and she had agreed to it, so we would see it out. When the process **was** done, **Sawyer** could check her out.

"This is the last step." Sandra stated as she began to fill two different syringes **with** a variety of things.

"What are those?" I asked.

"The **first** one she will get is wolfsbane, mixed with a **very** small amount **of silver** and holly

"What?" I interrupted. "That will kill her!"

"That's what this one is for," She held up the other syringe. "This **is** the antidote. **We** need to kill off what's **left of** the bonds. **It** will get **kind of intense, but** this is the only way."

She sounded so sure of herself, but I wasn't in the slightest. I was spiraling. What had I agreed to when I allowed this witch **to touch my mate? Why hadn't** asked more questions? Why hadn't I cared what the **process** was like Grace **had**? She had trusted me, and I had just let her down **when all I was trying to do** was make her better.

Sandra didn't hesitate even a little. She **just** stabbed the needle into Grace with no hesitation. Fuck. Fuck. **Fuck. This couldn't be happening I could not los** her because I had my head too far up my **ass** to see the bigger picture.

"Hold it together, Rhys," Leon growled through **the** bond.
"She's **going** to **need** you if **this goes south, so pull it together**

We all sat in silence **as we** waited.
I **didn't take my eyes off Grace for any** reason. **Her body was writhing in pain,** and I couldn't feel any of **connection was** completely dead due to **the** wolfsbane, and that really scared **me**.

"How **long** do we **wait**?" I asked, Sandra after about a half an hour.

"Till her heart slows." Sandra responded casually.

"**I'm** sorry, what?!" I exclaimed angrily.

“We are inside, Alpha King Rhys, please keep your voice down,” She scolded **as** she continued to clean up all of the things she gotten out **for** the ritual. The timing of **the next** dose has to be perfect, and we aren’t there yet. Her heartrate has to get down to 25 beats a minute, and **then** we will administer the antidote.”

“Won’t that be too late?!”

“No.” Sandra seemed completely unbothered by my anger. “**She** needs to kill it off. After the **next** dose, **it’s** all up **to** her on whether or not she survives **it**. She will wake up after when she is ready to, or not at all.”

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Chapter 139

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 139

“Get Sawyer here now.” I seethed.

Leon didn't hesitate. His eyes glazed over, and I knew it would be only a matter of minutes till my youngest brother arrived. How could I **have** done this **to** Grace? She had been content not having her Lycan. She hadn't cared that she was blocked from it or bound. She had never known any different. She had finally started to truly trust me, and now I feared she never would again. I mean, why would she? She had already been put through hell, she didn't need me putting her through more.

The worst part to me was that she had seemed to know that this wasn't a good idea. I had been so sure that she was strong enough for this now, that I hadn't even considered her fate being anything but fine!

“Grace,” I pleaded, as I placed my forehead on hers again. “I'm sorry, please come back to me. I need you to fight, my love, please fight and come back to

me.”

“She’s not dying,” Sandra rolled her eyes at me. “She’ll be fine. You just have to give her time.”

“She’s in pain!” I argued. “She doesn’t have time.”

“She has until 25 heartbeats a minute,” Sandra shot back. “Now, stop insulting me, it’s getting old. I do not wish to help you stupid werewolves again after this.”

“Does that mean you don’t want to live in the wilds?” I asked coldly.

“I can deal with werewolves,” She clarified, “I just no longer wish to help your kind. This has been excruciating.”

“My fiancé mate is lying here in excruciating pain, and you want to complain?” I felt my temper rise, and there was no **Grace** right **now** to calm me down.

“She will be free because of me!” Sandra shot back angrily, slamming down one of the jars she had.

“She has to be freed because of you!” I shouted.

“I will just take my leave then, Mr. Alpha King. I do not care to continue to be insulted. **I** gave more than you did today. What you paid me, does not even begin to cover what today cost me. So good day, and maybe the Moon goddess will grant you a second chance mate after this one perishes!”

Her words hit me like a truck, so hard that I actually stumbled backward like I had been hit.

“Rhys...” Leon let out a warning.

This witch had disappeared on us before. We searched for her everywhere I could send scouts, but it wasn't until she came looking for us, that we had found her. Goddess, if she left, Grace wouldn't survive. And I wouldn't survive losing Grace. I knew that. And we had people counting on us.

“Wait!” I called after her. “I'm sorry. I shouldn't have lost my temper. **It's** just hard to see the one **you** love in such a vulnerable spot.”

“Then you should have thought twice about insulting the woman who was helping her.” Sandra snapped, and then poof, **she** was gone again.

No, no, no, no! This couldn't be happening! I ran to the door, but she hadn't **left** through it.

“Find that witch!” I bellowed at the guards who were standing **just** outside.

They frantically scurried off, mindlinking everyone to look for Sandra.

“**Hey**, what’s going **on?**” Sawyer asked as he came running up the path with a slight limp.

“**Get** inside and help,” I begged him.

“Okay...” He frowned but did as I said.

I slammed the door behind us and ran back to **Grace’s** side. In just those couple of minutes, her breathing had become raspier, and **she** was taking shorter, shallow breaths.

“What happened?” Sawyer asked, immediately opening his medical bag, and kneeling next to Leon who had guarded Grace **in** my moment **of absence**.

“You idiot brother was trying to free Grace’s Lycan and then offended the witch who was helping us.” Leon said through gritted teeth.

It was rare that he ever got mad at me, but I could tell he was fuming. But whatever he was feeling, I knew I was feeling 10 times worse.

Sawyer swung around and stared me, his mouth wide open in shock. “You did what?!”

“Yes, I know. I know. I did bad. And we can talk about it later, but right now, you have to save her!”

“**Save** her how?!” Sawyer asked in exasperation. “I don’t even know what happened!”

“She **was** given a dose of wolfsbane, silver and holly.” Leon filled him in all while **still** glaring at me.

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“What? That’s lethal!” Sawyer exclaimed, and my stomach sank.

Damn Grace. How did I get us into this much trouble when all I was trying to do was help?

“There was an antidote, but I think she took it. But her bag spilled everywhere as she disappeared, so maybe it’s still here?” Leon said, but he didn’t serand hopeful.

If she was that mad at me that she left, she would have made sure of all the things she left, the antidote wouldn’t have **been** one of them.

“Do you remember what it looks like?” Sawyer asked as he listened to Grace’s heart. “Or did she tell you what was in it?”

“Both,” Leon answered, and I couldn’t help but deepen my frown. I knew she had told us what was in the poison, but I didn’t remember anything being said about the antidote. “It was mint extract, gulli seed sap, and maven.”

“Maven?” Sawyer muttered under his breath. “Find that syringe or go find me those things, we don’t have a lot of time.”

Leon immediately began to scour the cabin for the missing antidote, and I pressed a kiss to Grace’s forehead.

“Go help him.” Sawyer demanded angrily as he began to dig through his bag and pulling random things out.

I hadn’t even noticed, but Leon hadn’t been kidding when he said her bag had spilled everywhere. All over the cabin there were shattered jars of unknown substances. Glass was everywhere. Leon had grabbed a trash bag and begun to pick things up one at a time, and I did the same on the other side of the room. God, how could this have gotten **so** out of hand?

“Fuck!” Sawyer growled from the other side of the room. I have mint extract and gulli seed sap, but I don’t have **maven!**”

I could hear Grace’s shallow breaths from across the room. We were running out of time.

“Where do I get it?” I asked, abandoning my search for a vial that we probably didn’t even have. “I’ll go, but you have to tell me **where.**”

“No need!” Leon called out, immediately getting up off the floor and striding over toward Sawyer. “She had maven in her bag.”

He placed the small broken container on the table next to Sawyer. The jar was dented, surprisingly not broken, and the lid was chipped, but all in all it was

fine.

“Can you work with this?” I asked, well, more like begged. I wasn’t kidding I couldn’t **live** without her.

“I don’t know the dosing or the proportions of anything.” **Sawyer** answered. “But I’ll try my best.”

Sawyer grabbed a book and immediately began doing some calculations as I sat back down next to Grace.

“I’m sorry, Gracie,” I whispered. “I’m so fucking sorry.”

“Okay, I think **I** got it!” Sawyer exclaimed after what felt like an eternity, and he immediately began filling his syringe with what he needed.

“Wait,” Leon stopped him right when he was about to **give** it.

Sawyer and I both looked up at him in surprise.

“What?” Sawyer asked, his hand hovering **just** above **Grace’s** arm.

“The witch said to wait till her heart dropped to 25 beats per minute.”

“**Seriously?**” Sawyer growled “She’s dying! We don’t **even** know if this will work! And you want me to wait???”

“What’s her heart rate **at?**” I asked, unable to **keep** my voice from shaking.

“**38.**” Sawyer answered tersely.

“Then waiting for it to drop 7 more beats, isn’t going to be long.” Leon argued.

“The witch said it had to be 25 heats a minute exactly. She said the timing was

important. We don't even know if **it** will work, but we have to at least try to follow instructions or else it will have all been for nothing*

I looked at Leon and nodded slowly. It probably wasn't going to take long for her heart rate to drop. And we were so close, we **might** as well try **to do** it right."

Sawyer put the shot down and grabbed his stethoscope again with a glare, and mumbled, "If she dies, this is not on me."

I knew that. I knew that because if she died, it was on me. I would have killed her. I would have killed us all.

"**It's 25** now," Sawyer said after the longest 5 minutes of my life.

He grabbed the shot and injected it into her arm, and I felt my own pulse rush. This had to work. In my anger, I hadn't even thought to ask the witch how long it would take her to recover if it worked, I just hoped it wouldn't be long because now **all** we could do was wait....

A pop above us all caught our attention, and a little piece of paper fell slowly down toward us. I grabbed the parchment, confused at where it had come from, but I understood as soon as I opened it and read the 5 neatly written words.

Congratulations. You figured it out.

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