

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

I watched as Grace walked away. **She** turned to look back at us several times **but** never stopped. My **heart** pounded like **crazy in my chest**. **She had** and that **she wouldn't** tell **Rhys about** what had happened earlier, but could she really keep something like that from **him? All** I knew is that **there wasn't** time to be sure... **My bag** was packed just in case, but there **was** no way Rhys would let me go this time. He would kill me for hurting his mate... Would Sawyer take care **of Sammy** for **me?** Would Alana help me escape? Do I take Sammy with me? It isn't **safe** here... But out there... who knows **what it's** like out there. It's dangerous **as hell and** no place for a child. Is there any place that's good for a child now?

No. **She** would **have** to stay here **for** now. My brother wouldn't take his anger out on an **innocent**. I was fairly sure about that.

"How may I help you, Alpha Prince?" Alana asked nervously, bringing me back to the present.

"You know, you can drop the title, Alana," I said as gently as I could. "I don't believe I've earned it back."

She **looked** at me like I had grown two heads, and maybe I had. I was not the same idiot who had wandered these halls not that long ago. **I had been as** selfish prick back then. I didn't care about anything or anyone. But I have a daughter now. I've lost my mate. I have broken and rebuilt **myself in** ways **that I never** dreamed to be possible. Now, I just had to prove it.

“Seriously,” I told her, cupping her cheek in my hand even though I had no right to ever touch her again. “It’s **just** Caleb to **you**... **It** has always **been** joat **Caleb** to you.”

Her sharp intake of breath made me scan her face, wondering if I **was** misjudging **everything**.

“Can **we** go talk in my room?” I asked her when she didn’t **say** anything.

“Why can’t **we** talk here?” She questioned with a little frown that made my heart pound.

“Because there **are** little **ears** around here,” I told her and gestured toward the part of the hallway that opened up into the living **area** where **Sammy’s** dark hair stuck **out** from behind the wall, and her best friend, Jack’s, giggle could be heard from somewhere nearby.

“Fine.” She agreed, and I ran my hand down her face, her neck, her arm, to her hand which I engulfed into mine.

“That was unnecessary.” She said, not looking at me as I pulled her along past all the kids who **were** lounging around the family room.

I smirked. Alana was still my Alana **even** after all this time, and I appreciated that.

“You know, it’s improper for me to be in here with you if I’m not cleaning...” She said as I closed my door.

“And who’s going to tell?” I asked.

“I’m just saying...” She mumbled.

“Are you worried I’m going to get you in trouble?” I questioned.

“It wouldn’t be the first time,” She said boldly, looking up to look me in **the** eye.

I looked **away**, the guilt eating my soul a little bit. “I’m sorry about that. I didn’t **always treat you the best.**”

She raised her brows at me. I could tell she didn’t accept my apology, but to her **I was still** the Alpha Prince. She wouldn’t outright challenge **me**. Not anymore. Not like she used to.

“You feel it too, don’t you?” I asked, changing the subject.

“Feel what?” She frowned, looking at me like I had lost my mind.

If she didn’t feel it starting, then I didn’t want to tell her **yet**... Fate **wasn’t** going to **grant** me a **second-chance mate** so easily, but I had no doubt **that if it did**, Alana would be it for me. The way I felt about her grew **every** day. There were no tingles **yet**, but I knew **there** would be **if I gave** it more **time**. I couldn’t explain it, but she consumed my thoughts, my heart, my everything. But I had **just** lost my mate who I had treated terribly. I **knew the** moon **goddess** didn’t forget those things that easily. Even if I had been a good mate in the end.

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“Never mind,” I said as I sat down on my bed, and ran a hand **tiredly through my hair**. “**How are you feeling?**” I asked remembering how out of it she looked when she and Grace had walked onto the Alpha floor.

“I’m okay. She assured me as she sat down in the chair in the corner, feeling too far away from me. “I just I was scared for Grace **with everything** that **been going on** lately... **You didn’t** see her face **when** Maizie mentioned Luna Ava. It was like her heart had just been **ripped** out of her chest... But I do think **that’s** why **you** called **me** in here **and** needed it to be a private **conversation**.”

I took a deep **breath**. She **was right, and** straight to the point **as always, it was** my turn to be **the** same. “Look, I need your help, **Alana**

She **straightened up** and **gave me** a hard look.

“I won’t **help you** commit **treason.**” She **said** with a certainty that made **my** gut-clench.

“I- I **don’t** think it’s **treason,**” I said softly, **and** her **face** softened **slightly**.

“**You** don’t **think?**”

“**No.**” I answered. “I just need **you** to help me escape before Rhys finds out what I did **to Grace** earlier, and he kills me for it.”

Alana closed **her eyes,** taking in my request.

“Grace said she **wouldn’t** tell.” **Alana** said finally. “I don’t think she’d betray you like that... From what Maizie’s told me, **she’s been advocating for you.**”

“Until I shoved **her** into a wall.” I muttered in frustration.

“Caleb.” Alana saying my name did something to my heart. How often I had longed to hear her call for me again and it was **even** better than **I** had **imagined** it.

I looked up at her expectantly, and she met my eyes, staring straight into my soul. Whatever she was looking for, she found because she stood up **with** a confidence, and said the words, “Come with me.”

And in that moment, I swore, I would follow her anywhere.

Chapter Comments

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I **stared** at the door instead of working for longer than I cared to admit. Sawyer was plopped in the chair in the corner, and Maizie and Michael were sprawled out near the printer with a laptop between them. I had knocked on Leon's door several times, but he wasn't there, and I was **beginning** to worry bit, but I knew he was tired. He deserved some time off.

The familiar sound of Grace's gentle knock made me smile **as** she slipped into the room. I scanned her from head to toe, but she looked no worse for wear. She just looked a little tired, and her hair was a little messy.

"Sorry," She apologized. "That took longer than I expected."

Maizie, who was now laying on her back with the laptop on her chest, gave her a wave, but no one else responded to her, and I waved her **over**.

"Give us 5 more minutes, and we'll be ready to present." Maizie called out as Gracie made her way over to me.

"Same." Sawyer responded, irritation in his voice for some reason. He hadn't said anything, but the way he sounded, made me wonder if he was mad **at** Grace too.

“Present what?” Grace asked looking back and forth between me, Maizie and Sawyer.

“You’ll see in a minute. How’s Alana?”

Grace hesitated a moment as I pulled her onto my lap as if trying to **see** how much to tell me.

“She’s okay.” She answered finally. “She **was** really shaken. I didn’t know my choices would affect her so much.”

“Hey, don’t go feeling guilty,” I told her brushing the loose strands of hair out of her face. “You **were** just doing what **you** thought **you** needed to.”

“No, it’s not that.” She explained, taking a deep breath before continuing. “I mean, I do feel guilty for worrying everyone, and running, but no. I **meant** that, I didn’t know what I meant to her. Like I’m not used to people actually caring about me and **my well**-being. I didn’t know it would hurt anyone if I left.”

“I think you have a bigger impact than you think on those around you.” I answered finally. I hated that she felt that way. I hated that I couldn’t make **her** see how loved she was and how much more loved she would be in time as she let people get to know her **as** she had allowed those in this room.

“Yea,” She whispered with a slight smile. “Yea, I’m starting to see that.”

I pecked her lips and pulled her closer to me.

“Should we be working on something?” She asked after a moment of reveling in my embrace.

“No. They said they were almost done.” I answered as I looked at my computer screen which was black from my lack of work, even though there **was so** much to be done.

“Okay!” Maizie exclaimed as she stood up and shook her body out. “We are ready. **Sawyer?**“

“Let me finish this sentence.” **Sawyer** responded as he typed away on his laptop.

We all sat in silence as we waited for Sawyer to finish. **Sawyer** looked up when he was done to us all staring at him and rolled his **eyes**. “**Jeez**, what’s **a guy gotta** do to work in **peace** around here? **Don’t** you people have anything better to do than **stare** at me?” He grumbled.

“Not at this moment, no,” Maizie answered, her sass causing me to stifle chuckle and Grace to pretend not to laugh by burying her head in **my chest**.

“Okay, someone tell me what’s going on, please,” **Grace** said when she had composed herself.

“I’ll go first.” Maizie said, sticking her tongue out at Sawyer, and bringing a bin **of** small cards **over** to the desk.

Michael **didn’t** move, but he was watching Maizie’s **every** movement.

“Whatcha got?” I asked.

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There’s are profile cards **for** each **of** the kids from the Red Blood **pack** that are here. **They can be** passed **out or** organized in a way for peopl **the kids that are coming into** this pack. We have a few young ones, and in most cases, the younger **kids** tend **to** get adopted first. Michael and f **to the** best of our knowledge **if** parents were alive and wanting them, alive and dangerous, or dead. Kids have **been put** in our **program** cailler not everyone remembers **their** parents, but I did what I could. I also added in if they have siblings **in the program** because as **much** as we are gratelin **anyone who** will willingly take us in, we want our siblings with us if possible. We figured we’d do

this in phases, and the **cards are organized** in the **first group we're** looking to send out are mostly younger kids with only a few teenagers **in the mix.**"

"Do you have **family** back in the program?" Grace asked gently, her attention stuck on that portion of the conversation.

"I have **a sister... They** were threatening to kill her if I didn't do this mission." Maizie said softly.

"Michael?"

"I have 2 brothers and a sister in the program." He mumbled.

"I never thought about you guys having family there." Grace said softly. "I'm so sorry We'll figure this out."

Maizie gave her a small smile, and I appreciated my mate's kind heart. Taking down the Red Blood pack was all that mattered. The problem was we **had to** do it in a way that didn't just wipe out the pack... We could do that no problem. But help free the innocent. The ones who didn't **want** their lives **to be** changed. We needed to do this right or not do it at all.

"Sawyer, what do you have?" I asked, putting the meeting back on track.

“I created a list **of** families who have fostered before. I sent an email out to anyone who has previously fostered asking if **there was any interest**, and **I will be** sending a pack-wide email as well. Hopefully, this will help us identify at least **a few** different places **for** kids **to** go, and the pressures **won’t** be on the older kids and Caleb, quite **as** much.”

Grace nodded; her **face** thoughtful.

“Great start everyone, I hope-”

My words **were** cut off by an unfamiliar knock at the door.

“Who is it?” **I** called out.

“It’s Alana and Caleb!” A small voice responded.

Grace and I exchanged a look, and I couldn’t help but wonder what nonsense was this and why now?”

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“**Come in,**” Grace called out when I didn’t say anything. Why would Alana and my twin be here? And honestly, why were they together like **this?**

Alana walked in looking a little a little frazzled. She looked better than she had earlier, so whatever Grace had done seemed to have worked to some degree, **She** was in pretending to be confident, but the smile on her face was forced. My brother looked like he wanted to be anywhere in the world but here, **and** wore a **grimace** on his face.

“Hi Grace, Alpha King,” Alana greeted nervously.

“Hi Alana!” Grace smiled. “I’m glad you could join us.”

Ah. Okay. My fiancé had invited her, but that still didn’t explain why Caleb was here.

“We are actually here on business,” Alana said nervously, and honestly, Caleb looked nervous too, which in turn made me nervous, but I **kept my** face stoic.

“Okay. Go for it.” I replied, and **Grace** gave my arm a squeeze as if to say, be nice, which was funny because I was always nice... Except when I wasn’t.

“Caleb, **here**, is worried that you are just going to throw him out at any mistake, so **we** need to know what the parameters are so he can stop living in fear or he can just **leave** now before he makes one.” Alana said after a little glance at Caleb, who looked like he wanted to be anywhere but here.

I narrowed my eyes at my brother. “What did you do?”

Caleb didn’t say anything, and I watched him carefully. His **eyes** flickered to Grace, which **just** made **me** more **suspicious**.

“What. Did. You. Do?” I enunciated each word, trying to keep my anger in check **as** Sawyer stood up from his chair in the corner.

“Rhys,” Grace’s gentle voice brought me down a little, and I turned to look at her. “Just **because he’s** asking these questions, **doesn’t** mean he did anything, and the fact that he’s coming to you **is** a big deal. Don’t jump to conclusions.”

“That’s optimistic.” I grumbled.

“It’s truth.”

I didn’t miss the way that Grace nodded. to him and he gave a small nod back. Was there something that I missed between the two of them? This looked like they had at the very least had a conversation without me and I did not like that....

“Why would you worry about this?” I asked, uneasily.

“Because I have a daughter... I’ve been banished from this pack before. She already lost her mother... I can’t let her lose her father **too...**” Caleb choked up a little, surprising the hell out of me, but took a deep breath to compose himself. “Look I know I did a lot of unspeakable things before. I **was** a selfish manwhore who didn’t give a damn about anyone but myself. But I’m not that guy anymore. At least, I’m really trying not to **be**. And I’m terrified to make any sort of mistake, but that’s not realistic. And I don’t know –” He stopped his rambling midsentence, seemingly at a loss of **where to go** from here.

I studied him carefully. Whatever had happened to my brother while he was gone, had really done a number on him. The man I knew before had been more child than adult despite his age. This guy was thinking things through, something I wasn’t used to in **the** slightest. He was scared for his daughter, and he was scared for himself, and rightfully so.

“I don’t plan to banish you again.” I told him.

“Would you kill me next time?” He asked uncertainly. “Because **if** you plan to kill **me**, I’ll leave now. I **just** ask that you take **care of** Sammy like she’s your own... I don’t want her going through what Grace did.”

“You would **leave** Sammy here?” **Sawyer** interjected with a frown.

“I can’t take her with me... It’s **not** safe out there. And **as chaotic as** it is here, I trust you guys to make **sure she’s as** safe as she can be given the circumstances.”

“I don’t plan on killing you either,” I interrupted before it could **get** too off course.

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“What **if I** did something really bad?”

I narrowed my eyes at him. “**Like what?**”

His **eyes** widened when he heard the accusation.

“Maizie, Michael, Alana,” Grace cut in, “I’m sorry, but this feels like a family matter that we need to discuss. Why don’t you all go on ahead **to** dinner and we’ll meet you there shortly.”

Maizie looked bummed to be missing the drama, but Michael fled the room so fast, **I** wondered if there was something about this **that** hit home **for him**. Alana looked hesitantly between me and Caleb, torn between following directions and staying to support the person she had brought **to** me.

“Alana?” Grace questioned, also seeing the indecision in her friend.

“It’s okay, Alana.” Caleb said gently. I had almost never heard him talk like that before. “You were right. If I don’t want to live in fear, I have to face **it**. **I** have to lay it all out on the table, and be honest, or else I’m always going to wonder.”

Alana looked close to tears, but she nodded and exited the room behind the others.

As soon as the door shut, Sawyer moved his chair closer, and Caleb took another deep breath.

“I don’t want to **live** like this.” He said nervously, “And the only **way I** can think of knowing exactly where **I** stand is **to** tell **you** everything **I** have done, and let you decide if I’m still worthy of staying. I’ve done some bad things in my life. And I

think I **have** started to grow from them, but I'm not **perfect**. I just don't want things thrown back in my face when I'm not that person anymore. But **I** also want **you** to hear things from **me**, and **not** from others."

"I don't expect perfect, Caleb," I told my twin, but my gut twisted knowing that until **he** cleared his conscience, he would continue **to** spiral, and I **didn't** want that for him. Even if I really didn't want to know everything he did, he needed this. "But okay. Let's hear it."

"Well let's start with the easy... This is my first big mistake I've made since **I** came back, but just a couple of hours **ago** I had an altercation with **Grace**... Grace, I'm sorry."

I stiffened. Grace had only been out of my sight for a short time. How on earth had I let this happen?

Grace though, waved him off. "I told you, no big deal. You were worried about your friend. I get it. Water under the bridge."

"What did you do?" I growled.

Grace turned to face me, "Water under the bridge." She told me with a warning in her tone. "Continue please." **She** said as she turned back **around**.

“Uh, okay, I guess that’s the only thing recently. But you might hate **me** for this one...”

“Spit it out.” I said, still annoyed by his last one, trying to keep myself from beating **the** shit out of him.

“I’m the reason that Dad died that night...”

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His words hung heavily in the air. I felt like the air was being sucked out of my lungs. What the fuck did he **mean?**

Grace gripped my thigh tightly, and I looked at her to see her staring hard at Caleb as if trying to read him in the same way she normally read me. And Sawyer looked as betrayed as I was, his face mirroring my own horror.

*I’m going to need more information than that.” I said finally after a long moment.

Caleb took another deep breath, his eyes closing for a moment.

“I was feeding information to the Red Blood pack... Or at least that’s who I think I was dealing with. I was mad that Dad chose you to be Alpha, after we were raised to do it together as the first twins. I thought I was just telling rogues things that didn’t matter. There was a rogue girl I was interested in. I wasn’t quite honest before... She was actually my first mate... I didn’t tell anyone because she was a rogue, and I liked having something that was mine. I was honestly afraid we would share a mate... We were and are so different, and we were told it was a possibility our whole lives, even if it was unlikely, so I kept her to myself. I would meet her every night just across the border, and I would rant to her about everything going on, how mad I was. I didn’t really realize what I was doing until the day they attacked, and the girl tried to kill me... She offered me to be their Rogue King, and I turned it down, it **felt** like a constellation prize, and I didn’t want that. I wanted the real thing with her by my side. And when they got in, it was because I had been complaining about how you set up the guard schedule... I had given away so many secrets because I was mad at Dad and you, and she just set me up. I didn’t know till recently, but there were a lot of Rogues who were working for the Blood Moon pack at the time under Alpha Andrew... I believe it was him who actually fully orchestrated the attack with them, promising Lycan powers if they completed the job. Obviously, they didn’t, but Alpha Andrew did allow some into his **pack**. When Adrian and Kinsley took over, they cut ties with the rogues, angering a lot of them, especially those who had been as loyal as a Rogue can be...”

He stopped talking and we all just stared at him. I didn’t have words for how horrible everything he had said was. He had met his mate, and didn’t tell **me** twice? Was he worried the second time two? Is that why he always tried to sleep with my brides to be? Dad was dead because he trusted his mate, was I

next?

“What happened to your mate?” Grace asked after a long moment, when neither Sawyer or I spoke up.

She died. His voice broke. “She was killed in the fight. I tried to save her, but she tried to kill me, and I **chose to save myself.**”

I felt like my heart was being torn out of my chest. He had gone through all of this alone? He hadn’t trusted me enough to tell me any of this, **and I didn’t**

blame him. I hadn’t been a good brother. Hell, I’m not even sure with everything happening under my **nose** that I was a good king.

“That must have been so hard,” Grace sympathized.

“I was not a good person, Grace,” Caleb responded with tears in his eyes. “I’m not sure I’m a good person now. I just know I **can’t** live like I was. My brothers deserved to know the truth.”

He looked from Sawyer to me, but what was I supposed to say? I understand why you did it. I get why you **were** an asshole. It was also my fault that Dad died? I couldn’t protect him either... Does understanding equal forgiveness?

“Why didn’t

you

tell us?” Sawyer asked, finding his voice first, but it sounded broken too. “Or me at least?”

Him and Sawyer had always been closer than him and I... Sawyer had worshipped the ground that Caleb had walked on as kids. I had been so invested in training that a little brother was more bothersome to me, but Caleb had chosen to be just a kid... Which was fair. Wouldn't I want my child to be just a kid and not go through the rigors **of** training like I had? It had been torturous at times caring as much as I had about power. I just hadn't truly realized it till Grace came into my life.

“I thought you'd hate me.” Caleb whispered. “I hated myself. I couldn't face your hate too.”

“I could never hate you.” Sawyer answered with a solemn look on his **face**.

“Me either.” I said finally finding my voice. “I might hate the things you've done. And I'm the Alpha King. The choices I've had to make for the good of this Kingdom have been hard at times. It's not your fault Dad died. It's all of ours. **If** you had trusted us, me, not to steal your mate. If **we** had had a more **open** relationship maybe things would have been different. Maybe **your** mate would have always turned us in. We'll never know for sure... But **we** also wouldn't have known then either. I'm sorry you felt that you needed to **keep** it all to yourself. It won't be held against you in anyway.”

Sawyer and Caleb breathed a sigh of **relief**, and **Grace** gave my leg a gentle squeeze telling me I did the right thing. I closed my eyes, feeling the **exhaustion** and the heavy emotions from the day catching up with me.

“**Is** there anything else that we need to know?” I asked.

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“I don’t know.” He answered. “That was the worst, I think.”

“**Then** you have no need to worry about being banished.” I told him. “But please, no sleeping around. Especially with mated women. **I’ve** seen how **you’ve helped** take care of the kids, and honestly, Grace and I are really appreciative of that. We know it isn’t **easy**, and that we have not been in **the right mind to** handle things lately. We would like to formally invite you to our daily report meetings and research, and we will set up a time and date for **you to be** formally accepted back into the pack and have your title restored.”

“**And my** daughter?” He asked hesitantly, looking up from the ground he had been staring at.

“**She** will receive the same. But Caleb, no more secrets, okay?”

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I stood up tiredly. They were expected at dinner. They had been expected at dinner 30 minutes ago, but I had decided to tell Rhys and Sawyer every transgression I had ever made after we officially agreed on no secrets. It was a lot. Many of them were petty and stupid, but some were serious. I thought he would need to know them before he actually gave me back my title and allowed me back into the pack. He had already agreed, but I thought he should know everything. Which honestly, I was glad for because him giving back my title wasn't going to be as easy as he had hoped. I had screwed up a lot in my past. He said he wouldn't hold it against me now, but we would have some patching up to do... A lot

of patching up.

“Are you going to join us for dinner tonight?” Sawyer asked hesitantly as we all started to move toward the door.

I hesitated. Just because my brother forgave me, didn't mean that I was welcome in every part of their life now. As much as I hated politics, I had been banished. He couldn't just let me back in without a good reason.

Rhys gave me a hard look before giving me a slight nod, telling me it was okay for me to join. Grace turned toward him and whispered something in his ear, but I turned away. He had what I wanted. Even if I had had it twice. I had blown it twice.

Sawyer swung the door open, and standing across the hall was Alana, a bag in her hand, looking terrified.

I smiled at her. This had been her idea. She had thought that talking to Rhys was the answer, and she had been right. But clearly, she had doubted herself as she held a heavy looking duffel bag in her hand.

“Alana!” Sawyer exclaimed. “What are you doing here?”

“I uh, I just wanted to make sure everything was okay.” She answered hesitantly.

“We’re good, Alana,” Grace said gently with a small smile.

Grace looked exhausted. I felt bad that I had kept her from her dinner for so long. She was strong, but it also wasn’t hard to see that she was also fragile these days. When I met her, I had known she was something special, but I had never imagined half the things she had been through before I had left.

Alana didn't look much better. Her face was paler than usual, and the fatigue on her face was obvious. She looked to me for confirmation that everything was okay, and I gave her a small nod. She had risked a lot to be here. She wasn't really supposed to be on this floor unless she was cleaning. The offices were soundproof, but attempting to eavesdrop was frowned upon and a punishable offense.

"Oh, good." She responded nervously. She knew the rules as well as I did.

"Are you joining us for dinner?" Rhys asked, breaking the awkward tension.

"Oh uh, yea," She stuttered uneasily. "Let me just..."

"Here, let me," I said, grabbing the bag from her. "We'll meet you downstairs, I want to bring Sammy, if that's okay..."

"I think it would be good for your image." Rhys responded with a nod, his hand finding Grace's.

I nodded back, and Alana and I headed up the stairs back to the Alpha floor. I couldn't believe she had prepped for me to leave like I was listening to my fears earlier.

e really had been

“I’m sorry.” She said as soon as the others were out of earshot.

“What for?” I asked, stopping right outside the locked door to the Alpha floor.

“For putting you through that. I thought that they’d be understanding, and that you would feel better, but when we were kicked out, I realized that I had put a lot of faith in Alpha King Rhys to do the right thing. He is known for his fairness, but also his cruelty. I wondered if it was too much, and I had messed up, so I grabbed your **pack** and filled it with what I could.” She blubbered, close to tears.

“Alana,” I said gently, reaching out and caressing her face. “You did the right thing. You were right. I told Rhys and Sawyer everything. From mistakes I made as a kid, to mistakes I made as an adult. I told them everything. And Rhys has agreed to not threaten to banish me, unless I break the law. He stated that it would not be a little mistake, it would have to be a law. So, I don’t have to live in fear... At least, not like I have been. I know I’m not perfect, and he knows that. He also knows I’m trying to change. It was probably the most real conversation that I’ve had with my brother since I **was a child.**”

Alana gave me a small smile, but I could tell she still felt uneasy with everything.

“Do you feel better?” She asked earnestly, her eyes searching my face for something.

“I do. Thank you for dragging me there and making me talk to them. I’m sorry I scared you.”

“I just thought it was the right thing to do.” She mumbled.

“**It** was.” I assured her. I wasn’t quite sure exactly what was next for me, but I did know, if I hadn’t talked to my brother, I would have spent my time constantly worrying.

I withdrew my hand from her face and punched in the code to the Alpha floor. I didn’t feel the need to hide the code because Alana had access to this floor for cleaning purposes. She was also Grace’s personal maid, not that Grace truly understood that.

However, when we opened the door, we were met with utter chaos. Some kids **were** playing tag, which was normal around here. But in the background, I could hear two different kids crying, and then suddenly, Sammy’s small body plowed into me.

“Sammy?”

However, it wasn't her, who answered as we entered further into the room.

"Thank god your here!"

And I looked up to see Maizie standing in the kitchen, her hands covered in blood.

Chapter Comments

DeliliaLayla

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Everything that had happened in the last few hours was pushed from my head as I made my way across the living room to the kitchen.

"What happened?" I demanded using my newfound dad voice.

Carly and Logan were both sitting at the countertop, Michael was standing next to Carly whispering something to her as he held a cloth just above her eye that was soaked in blood. And Logan was holding his arm in what looked like an unnatural position, and the blood on his face looked dry, telling me that he was already healing.

“I- ff-fell into t-the coffee table,” Carly sobbed.

“They were training.” Maizie explained, her voice shaking slightly, which surprised me. “But there isn’t a lot of space in here, and they lost where they were in space and smashed into the coffee table. Logan was taken off guard and fell. I think he dislocated his shoulder. But Carly caught her face, on the edge and there’s glass all imbedded in her arm, and for whatever reason, she isn’t healing.”

I immediately reached out for Sawyer, but I was no longer a part of the pack. I couldn’t just mindlink them when I wanted to... At least **not** yet.

“Alana, go get Sawyer.” I said calmly as I looked at the young girl’s bleeding arm. “Michael, go get all the other kids into a different space. I know there isn’t a lot, and this literally is where many of them sleep, but literally, get them out of here.” Michael nodded and handed me the cloth to hold pressure to Carly’s head.

“Maizie, my girl, pull it together.” I whispered as Sammy held onto my legs, clearly scared. “Did the table get cleaned up?”

“Yea, Taylor was working on it.” Maizie answered, taking a steadying breath.

“Okay, good,” I said calmly as the door slammed telling me Alana was on her way.

“Do you have any idea why she isn’t healing?”

“Not officially, no.” Maizie answered, worry clearly in her voice as she was handed a pair of tweezers from a 14 or so year old that I couldn’t remember the name of in the moment.

“What are you doing?” I asked in surprise.

“The glass.” She answered trying to steady herself. “Her healing might just be delayed... I don’t want the glass to get trapped in her **skin.**”

I took the tweezers from her, trading her the cloth.

“I’ll do it. You just hold pressure.” I told her.

She nodded and started talking to the younger kids. Both were about 13, and it was clear that they were both in pain and scared. But Maizie did her best to distract them. She had been in charge of these kids for longer than anyone had expected. She didn’t seem to mind most of the time, but she was a kid herself. As tough as she pretended to be, she was human, and more than that she was still a child.

The door flew open as Michael was corralling the last of the kids to another space. I was surprised at his efficiency, and I wondered what he had told them to accomplish that.

“What happened?” Sawyer questioned as he approached, his eyes scanning the situation to the best of his ability. “Are you hurt?” He asked Maizie directly.

“No, no, not my blood.” She answered, her voice shaking a little before she quickly **gave** the rundown of what happened, but I tuned it out. The cloth in Maizie’s hand was soaked completely through, and Carly was looking paler by the second.

“Alana, go get my bag from my room.” Sawyer directed before evaluating. “Logan, you appear to be healing fairly quickly, let’s put your arm back into place before it heals wrong,”

Sawyer gave me a look as he positioned Logan to put his arm into place. One knew a little too well. Carly was losing a lot of blood. He was only doing Logan first because he could do it quickly. Carly would take longer, and he wasn’t sure there was anything else he could do.

With all the kids now elsewhere, Michael came over to help.

“This is going to hurt,” Sawyer warned Logan, but that was the only warning he got. His scream ripped through the apartment with a vengeance. Michael tried to

comfort the boy as Maizie looked away. It was clear that this situation was more than a little triggering for her.

I kept my focus, pulling out every little piece of glass I could find, but it was hard. The blood was making it hard. I worried about wiping it off and accidentally pushing it into her skin more. Her sobs were weaker now, but I knew it wasn't because she was in less pain.

“Do you normally heal quickly, Carly?” Sawyer asked her.

“Yes, well, I used to.” She cried. “But not since they –”

“Oh god,” Maizie gasped, a look of horror crossing her face.

“What?” Both Sawyer and I asked.

She grabbed us both and pulled us a little further away as to not scare Carly more.

“They were experimenting on us in the program. That's why they picked Carly for this mission. They messed her up, and she was no longer useful to them... She probably won't heal from her Lycan. They damaged her.”

“Do you know what they did to her?” Sawyer asked quietly, peaking over his shoulder to look at the poor kid.

“No. I just know they were mixing different supernatural’s blood.” Maizie responded in a hushed whisper.

Sawyer nodded and put his doctor face on as he turned back to Carly. Michael **was** comforting her, and he looked uneasy letting us anywhere near her, but he moved away so Sawyer could do his job. Sawyer quickly patched the girl’s head up first. A few stitches to stop the bleeding. Then it was the hard part. I had gotten a lot of the glass out, but there was still a lot in her, and the bleeding didn’t appear to be slowing down.

Sawyer rummaged through his bag and pulled out a little vial. He handed me the tweezers and told me to keep working. I didn’t know where Alana had disappeared to, nor did I know how long we had been at it. I’d remove glass, and Sawyer would drop whatever was in the vial into the hole.

“Can we help?” Grace’s calm gentle voice asked.

I had been so focused; I hadn’t even noticed her, or Rhys come in.

“No.” Sawyer answered through gritted teeth. “No, we’re almost done.”

“You’re so brave, Carly,” Grace commended.

Carly sniffled and gave Grace a small smile. This was the calmest Carly had been all night. Grace came over and gently touched the girl’s face.

“A nice-looking battle scar,” Grace smiled at her. “Wear them proudly.”

But to both Sawyer, and my surprise suddenly all of the cuts on Carly’s arm started to heal.

“What the fuck?” Sawyer muttered, backing away.

“What?” Grace asked, removing her hand to look at us.

Sawyer looked at me, then Grace, then back to Carly’s arm which had started to heal, before demanding, “How the hell did you do that?!”

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“How the hell did you do that?” Sawyer demanded, his eyes narrowing in my direction.

“**What** are you talking about?” Rhys found his voice first. He had been in the background since we had come up.

“Grace touched her, and she started to heal!” Sawyer, raised his voice in exasperation, and I took a step back from Carly. “That’s literally crazy!”

“I- I don’t know.” I told them honestly, holding my hands up in surprise for everyone to see.

Maizie frowned, clearly, not understanding either. I had thrown her off of me with this weird power just this afternoon, and now it could heal people? It didn’t make sense. None of this was making any sense. No, I was just losing it. I had to be. I couldn’t throw or heal people. I couldn’t do anything like that. I mean, I never had before. It was just a coincidence. It was all just a coincidence.

“Well,” Sawyer responded bitterly, rolling his eyes. “Might as well finish the job that we’ve spent the last hour trying to do. Let me just get these last few pieces of glass out.”

“Watch your tone,” Rhys warned, but Sawyer didn’t say anything else. He was clearly annoyed that he had worked so hard, and I had just waltzed right in and done what he couldn’t.

“I don’t know what I did.” I said nervously as they all stared at me. “I just touched her.”

Maizie stepped in front of both Caleb and Sawyer and looked at me tiredly. It had been a long day for her today too. So long that it felt like an eternity had passed since our time in the woods training. An eternity from the cave. An eternity in general.

“Pull on your Lycan’s energy.” Maizie guided my hand to Carly’s face. “You just wanted her to feel better, and your Lycan took over. Let her take over again.”

The idea of my Lycan taking over scared the hell out of me. I didn’t want to be out of control even for a moment. But **if** my Lycan could do good? **Was it** worth it? I had never thought of myself as being good...

I closed my eyes and reached for the power that had been bubbling just below the surface since this afternoon during training before everything had spiraled.

“You and your Lycan are one and the same,” Maizie guided, making me feel a little more comfortable with everything. “She’ll help you.”

I wasn't sure that I trusted myself, but I did trust Maizie. I had no choice, Maizie knew more about me than I did.

"Whoa," Carly gasped in excitement, causing Logan to look up. "I didn't know you were a Lycan, Grace!"

"It's a rather new development," I told her uneasily.

"Were you changed?" Carly asked, obviously intrigued by this new development.

"Not exactly," I told her before asking, "Can all Lycans heal people?"

"It's relatively rare. I only know of like 2 people who can do it. Carly, Logan, are you guys good now?" Maizie asked, checking in on the younger ones.

and "I'm okay." Logan answered. It was clear he was still hurting, but time was really the only thing that could really help him now. He was going to be sore, me healing him, didn't seem dire at this point.

"Me too. Thanks to Grace." Carly beamed up at me./

I gave them each a small **smile as** Maizie ushered them off to get themselves and the others ready for bed.

“How many gifts do you have, Grace?” Maizie asked once the kids were out of earshot.

“What?” I asked in total confusion.

“How many gifts do you have? Most Lycans only have one... You were able to practically throw me earlier, making me think that you either **have** strength or air manipulation or both, and then you healed Carly. How many do you have?” It was almost an accusation... Almost. But **I** also **knew** she **was** tired.

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I looked at her like she had grown 3 heads. I was nothing special. My family had made sure of that. Everyone made sure of **that**,

“What’s your gift?” **Sawyer** asked Maizie a little nervously.

“I don’t have one yet. When I turn 18, my Lycan will grant me one if she deems me worthy.” Maizie answered uneasily.

“But you guys can shift already?” Sawyer pressed.

“Yea, most people shift between age 5 and 8.” Maizie replied in confusion. “Then the Lycan part of us decides if we’re worthy of gifts or not.”

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Rhys nodding, but I didn’t understand why.

“So, shifting at birth is unlikely?” Sawyer continued, and Caleb gave him a curious glance too.

“I’ve never heard of anyone shifting at birth. Kinsley used to say that she did, but nobody **ever** saw her shift in general, so I doubt it.”

Rhys let out a forced chuckle. “She even tried to steal your birth story, Grace.” He said darkly.

“You shifted at birth?” Maizie asked in surprise.

“Rumor has it.” I answered. “The witch said she bound me when I was a baby because **of** my “uncontrolled” shifts. I had to be bound multiple times to keep my Lycan at bay. But... Why would Kinsley know that? We were born within days **of** each other.”

Maizie sighed tiredly, and I felt bad. She was still just a kid, and the last few weeks were wearing on her.

“I have theories.” She yawned. “In my head, there’s only two answers. 1. They experimented on you in Utero, which logically makes sense. Your mom was **a** normal werewolf, you were the perfect subject to try and change. It would be how the **Program** started.”

“And your other theory?” I asked uneasily, sneaking a glance at Rhys, who caught my gaze and moved closer, wrapping his **arms** around my waist.

Maizie looked around the small group, going from person to person. Her eyes locking on Michaels for a moment before they landed on me. **And** then she said it in the way only Maizie could.

“The person they said is your mom, isn’t your mom.”

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We all stared at Maizie for a long moment, the silence hanging heavily between us. Could that be truth? I never knew my mother.... | I hardly know my father. Had I been lied to my whole life?

“Well, what do you think?” Rhys asked, breaking the silence, looking directly at Maizie.

The younger girl shrugged looking nonchalant as ever. I wish I could just not care about life as much as she did.

“I don’t know. But I would guess in utero experiences since experiments seem to be a thing with them, but your story doesn’t add up. Like I don’t know what exactly about your story doesn’t add up, but something doesn’t.”

I nodded. I was beginning to believe that I knew nothing at all.

“Well, that’s a tomorrow problem.” Rhys said when I didn’t say anything. “Go to bed everyone. Tomorrow will give us enough grief. We don’t need to deal with this tonight. Tomorrow we dive into whatever this theory is.”

Everyone nodded and slowly dispersed, but Rhys and I didn't move, I placed my hands on the counter and leaned on it for support. I was exhausted. Every bone in my body was tired. How could all of what had happened, happened in a matter of 24 hours? It was like every time I got my feet under me, the ground shook again.

"Talk to me, Grace," Rhys pleaded once everyone had left.

"What am I supposed to **say**?" I asked tiredly.

He reached out and ran his thumb over my cheek.

"Whatever your head is telling you." He answered gently.

"My head is telling me to go to sleep. And truly make this a tomorrow problem." I told him uncertainly before whispering. "I'm so tired, Rhys.

"I know, love," He whispered, wrapping his arms around me in a protective and comforting embrace. "I know."

"Can we go to bed?" I asked quietly.

“We can do anything you want,” He answered, kissing my cheek.

I sighed and let him guide me away. There really wasn't anything to say right now. Talking had **never** been an option for me before. My go to was always silence. It wasn't personal, it's just that old habits die hard. But right now, it wasn't that either. Or maybe it was. I don't know. There **was** nothing in my head. No thoughts. I was running on empty.

When we got to our room, Rhys guided me right to the bed and forced me to sit down, but then he walked away for a moment. **He** came back holding something, then knelt in front of me.

I gave him a questioning look. I really wasn't in the mood for anything sexual tonight. I **just** didn't have it in me to care. But Rhys surprised me, **gently** just taking my shoes off.

“What are you doing?” I asked as he then tugged at my pant legs.

“Getting you ready for bed.” He answered simply,

“I'm really not in the mood -

“Gracie-”

“Rhys, really... I’m not-”

“Gracie,” He interrupted. “I know, love. **I** know. This is **just** getting ready for bed.”

“...Really?”

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I thought he’d be mad, but he chuckled, **surprising** me. I promise, Grace. **This** is hist getting ready for bad –

I yawned, letting him move me around like a rag doll. I had nothing left to give, I wasn’t sure I’d ever **have** anything di Ban ever again.

I laid down and let the bed swallow me whole. Rhys moved to his side and stripped off his clothes, and I stared at his **fine** body. His alis had my whole attention. God, this man was handsome. And he was all mine. He climbed into bed and pulled the blanket up, wrapping me in it and his afig all in one

motion.

“Hi.” I whispered, turning into him.

“Hi.” He whispered back.

“Thanks for being here.” I told him. “Thanks for always being here.”

He gave me a little squeeze, entangling his fingers in my hair.

“I will always be here for you, Grace. Always.”

I closed my eyes, letting the exhaustion take over. But sleep didn't come easily... Rhys' steady breaths beside me told me that he **was** asleep. But I laid there for several hours, a voice in the back of my head nagging me a little, but about what I couldn't figure out.

Eventually I drifted off. My dreams weird and lacking any sense, but **also so** real. There was a lady in a grey dress who looked vaguely familiar to me. Her eyes were a dark brown and her hair **was** a chocolate **color**. She was dressed simply, but she was beautiful.

She **was** saying something to me, but I couldn't hear her. It was like my **ears** were ringing and she was speaking another language. There was no sound, but I got the feeling that she was telling me to run. I looked around in **the** dream, but I saw no danger. **We were** standing in a field of tall grass and **wildflowers**. There **was** nothing around us, and I felt safe, so I didn't understand.

I woke up from the dream, my heart racing. Rhys' steady breathing still beside **me**. The moon and **stars** could still be **seen** outside **our window**. I tried to steady my own breathing. It was just a dream after all. But there **was** also something about it that made me feel **uneasy**. I had some **version** of the dream three different times before I finally gave up on sleeping.

I placed my hand on Rhys' chest, using his heartbeat to steady myself. I had no reason to run. I was **as** safe here **as** I would be anywhere. Adrian and **his** people were coming for me, but I had people who loved me and wouldn't let them just take me back. I would be their Queen **Luna** one day. **Probably** sometime soon. There was so much to learn. So much to figure out. But I would do it. I was not a afraid of a little hard work.

A pounding on the door, pulled me out of my thoughts, and my heart started to pound again as Rhys stirred **next** me. Oh god, they've come for **me** already. I should have listened to the dream. This was just like what had happened the night I had killed Ethan, and that had me fucking spiraling.

Chapter Comments

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The pounding on the door pulled me out of some weird dreams. None of them seemed to make any sense. I still felt warn, I reached for Grace but, completely woke up when I realized she was no longer in bed with me.

“Grace?” I called out, sitting up and scanning the room, my eyes finally landing on her in the corner. “What **are** you doing?”

“There’s someone at the door,” She whispered, her voice shaking a bit as she pulled a hoodie over her head.

*I hear that.” I answered, rolling out of bed myself, and grabbing my sweats that were lying on the floor. “Are you okay?”

“Fine.” She answered, but it was obvious she wasn’t. Even from here, I could tell something was wrong, but we didn’t have time to address it, the pounding was just getting louder.

I grabbed at the t-shirt she threw at me and walked over to the door, still carrying it.

“Stay there.” I told her. I waited till she was hidden in the shadows of the close before I cracked the door open to see who it was but then threw it **all the way** open when I realized it was Heather.

“What’s wrong?” I asked. She never came up to the Alpha floor, not since **we** were kids.

“Where’s Leon?” She demanded.

“What do you mean?” I asked with a frown. “I haven’t seen him all day. I thought he **was** home.”

“He hasn’t been home all day. I thought he was on a mission or something and you didn’t tell me!”

My heart sank to my stomach. “No.” I replied, clenching my t-shirt in my hand. “No. I didn’t send him on a mission.”

“Then where the hell is he?!” Heather asked her voice rising hysterically.

“I don’t know, but we’ll find him.” I promised as Grace’s hand gently touched my **back** in a soothing manner that only **she could** provide, even though it could only do so much. “Give me five minutes and I’ll meet you in our kitchen to come up with a plan.”

Heather nodded, and I shut the door, still feeling tired.

“I have to go find Leon.” I told Grace who was walking back toward the closet.

“I know.” She answered.

“I’m sorry I have to leave you like this.” I apologized, following her in **so** I could grab what I needed.

“Oh, that’s where you’re mistaken, **you** are not leaving me behind.” She said sassily.

“What?” I couldn’t keep the surprise out of my voice, she couldn’t be serious. She was barely trained.

“I’m coming with you, Rhys. I’m not getting left behind. Not again. Leon is **my** friend too.”

“Which is why I **need** you to stay here…” I pleaded.

“No.” She said simply as she tugged on her black leggings that I knew were her training **ones**, made **specially so** that she could theoretically **shift** with **them**, but they had never been trialed on Lycans before.

“Grace…”

“I’m going.” She stated, her eyes meeting mine. “You’re always there for me, let me be there for you. Now get dressed and let’s go find Leon.”

I nodded slowly, accepting her help because I felt like I had **been** punched in the gut, and I couldn’t think of a single reason why I shouldn’t let **her** go. Bad things

happened when she was with me and when she was alone. At **least** I'd be able to **keep** my eye on her this **way**...

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She nodded **back at** me and maile her way into the bathroom. She looked tired still. I mean, a quick look at my phone told me it went à nèn: We hết thời lư a while, but not near long enough to have fully recovered from the day we had had yesterday, I was beginning to think se vêre never going to have pure **for as** long as we lived, and at this **rate**, that w

wash't going to be very long.

I finished getting dressed, and she walked out of the bathroom, her hair neatly braided she had on a black tank top and a lifack zip rp, and for the ferme time she truly looked like a warrior. She pulled on her thigh holster and placed several daggers from the top shelf into each dor.

“What are you staring at?” She asked, looking at me in confusion.

I didn't respond. I just shook my head and finished getting myself ready.

“You don't have to do this.” I told her

she

started to walk to the door, pulling her back toward me.

“Yes,” She answered. “I do.”

I didn’t quite understand her determination with this, but I was grateful for her nonetheless.

I intertwined my fingers with hers and let her lead me to the door. Going outside of our room felt terrifying, but I was the Alpha King. I couldn’t let fear get in my way. Especially not when it involved my Beta, my best friend.

We entered the kitchen, and I was surprised to Caleb standing there, talking to Heather. I wondered if he had taken the heat before because Heather didn’t look like she hated him at all.

“Hey,” Caleb said, taking a step away from her when he saw us. “What’s the plan?”

“Go wake up Sawyer, and I’m going to mindlink Kate, and **see if we** can get **some** more information.” I commanded.

Caleb went to do what I asked, and Grace and Heather both pulled out a chair at the counter and sat **down**.

I mindlinked Kate as I grabbed the orange juice out of

the

fridge and poured it into **5** glasses.

“Yes, Alpha?” Kate replied tiredly, but I **was** glad she was awake at least.

“Have you seen Beta Leon?” I questioned.

“Not since this afternoon.” She answered, her tone instantly more alert as **she** seemed to realize the severity of the situation.

“When did you see him?” I asked.

This time she answered a little more hesitantly. “When we **were** out looking for Luna Grace... He said he had to go check something while **we were** in the middle of our search, I didn’t realize he never came back...”

I closed my eyes and forced myself to breathe and remain calm. What on earth had he decided to go check?

“Leon?” I attempted to mindlink. I was sure that Heather had already tried that, and her mate bond with him would be the only thing that rivaled **my** Alpha bond, but I had to try.

However, the line was dead. Just like I expected it to be/yet it still hurt.

I reached for my phone and opened the tracking app had for his phone. I could hope that he had taken it with him, **even** if it **wasn’t** with him now, it would at **least** give us a starting point.

Bingo. His phone was in the woods, 5 miles south of here, in the woods.

I passed out **the** orange **juices** as Sawyer and Caleb walked into the kitchen tiredly.

“Okay,” I started. “Now, that **we** are all assembled. I have **a** starting point and a plan. So, let’s **get** started.”

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I **stumbled** through the woods attempting to keep up with the others. I regretted that I stopped working out with Maizie **during my** breakdoen. Now that we were moving through the brush, I was more than a little winded.

“Come on,” Rhys said as he fell into step beside me. We met up with about 6 warriors when we left the packhouse that Rhys had organized with his top warrior Kate. All 6 of them had shifted and surrounded us as we made our way through the overgrown paths.

“**I’m** trying.” I told him breathlessly.

Maybe I should have stayed behind. But the uneasiness in my soul told me I had to go. There was something about the way I had struggled to sleep, and maybe even a connection to my dreams. I wasn’t sure exactly. But I knew I couldn’t stay in that house and wait.

“I know, love.” He stated, looking down at the phone he was carrying before handing it off to Heather.

She looked at him in surprise and in confusion. “What are you

“Shifting.” He answered easily, and it was my turn to be confused.

“Why?” I asked, my voice slightly hoarse.

“It’ll be faster if you ride on me.”

My eyes widened as shock took over. I had rarely seen Rhys’ wolf. I trusted Rhys, but I **wasn’t sure** I trusted his wolf. **It** terrified me.

He didn’t give me a chance to answer though. He was already shifted. His wolf was beautiful. I stared at him for a long moment. He made a whining noise and threw his head back in a weird gesture for me to get on.

I sighed and started to move toward him. I ran my fingers through his fur but hesitated to get on.

“You’re wasting time, Grace.” Heather seethed from a few feet in front of us.

Rhys snapped his snout at her, but she just rolled her eyes. I had a feeling that in their younger days they had been closer friends. She seemed to just know how he worked, and I wondered if she had ever thought even for a moment that she might be the Luna Queen one day before being mated to the Beta.

I understood her though. I couldn’t imagine if Rhys was missing like that. I remembered that horrible night when Rhys had gone on the pack hunt, and I had worried like crazy for his safety before I realized that it was actually my safety I had to be worried about. Not that I was glad it was Leon it was Leon who was missing. I was just grateful Rhys was here with me, not missing, not out here without me, but here with me in this moment.

With a steadying breath, I climbed onto the big wolf that was Rhys. I knew nearly immediately that I had made the right decision. The groups **speed** immediately picked up even if the others were on foot. The brush didn’t seem to really bother the wolves in the **way** it had bothered me as a human. They were able to cut through smaller gaps than we had before and even the few still in human seemed more capable now. I felt bad for slowing them down in the first place.

I leaned down as low **as I** could on Rhys’ back. I was practically flat against him, and I used the time to rest a little. I **was** exhausted. It had been hard **work** to walk, and it was honestly hard to stay seated on Rhys, but it was for the moment a little easier than trying to keep up by walking.

Rhys slowed and let out a whine, looking back at Heather, and I assumed he was mindlinking them all something. I wondered if the day I marked him, if we would have that ability too. I didn't think I'd ever get the pack link like that, but I would like to be able to talk to Rhys in that **way**. **It** would make my life

easier.

"He was here." Heather whispered.

I sat up a little, trying to see what it was that they **were** looking at, but I didn't **see** anything. In **fact**, it looked exactly the same as it had for **the last twenty** minutes. I didn't **even see** any impressions in the **ground** to **say** that anyone had been here at all.

Rhys wiggled beneath me, and I knew he wanted me to get off of him. I jumped off, landing with both **feet** together, and Rhys immediately **shifted into** human form, kneeling down next to Heather

"He was here." Rhys confirmed, pulling at a single piece of cloth that looked like it had been ripped off of Leon's shirt.

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It was **so** small I hadn't even noticed it, but now that Rhys had pulled at it, it wasn't hard to see that the small piece of fabric was entered **i**

Fuck. Rhys shouted, running his hands through his hair.

I stared at him. His muscles tensed, and I could see every scar on his skin. It looked so good, his tan **skin** glowed in the little light that seeped through the trees. He looked totally in charge, and every bit the Alpha King I knew him to be with everyone staring at him to see whatever he led us **to** next.

Wait... He **was** standing here naked in front of everyone. In front of the other women. A possessive growl escaped my lips without my permission, **and I** placed **my hand** on his shoulder.

He turned toward me **with** a slight smirk on his face, and shock in his eyes.

"Yes, Grace?" He asked, drawing out my name.

I shot him a glare. He knew exactly what he was doing, and I felt my cheeks flush with embarrassment.

"Let's. Go." I said through gritted teeth.

“You heard the lady,” Rhys called out to our group. “Let’s keep moving toward the last known location of his phone!”

He shifted back into his wolf form, and I climbed on furiously. He was playing with me, but we had more **important** matters **at** hand. So, I pushed away those **feelings**, and **off we** rode **even** further into the woods, hoping that our next **stop** would lead us right to our missing **Beta**.

Chapter Comments