

# The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## Chapter 191

Grace's mouth met mine with a hunger I wasn't used to. She needed this as much as I did. It wasn't like we **hadn't** seen each other, but we hadn't had a moment like this since the cave. I was desperate for her touch. 2

I tugged at her towel, but this time she dropped it with no resistance. She immediately reached for the hem of **my shirt**, and I let her all but rip it from my body. She then tugged at my sweats and I watched her drop with them. I sucked in a breath. My goddess, she was beautiful. I couldn't believe the moon goddess matched me with such a woman. **She was** amazing, and she was all mine.

She stood slowly, and I watched her every mo

She was stunning. I couldn't wait to take her. I reached over to the counter and turned on a little music to help hide any noise that we might make and then pulled my girl back **into the**

shower.

She gasped in surprise, but didn't fight it. She

gently began to lay kisses on my shoulders, and I shuddered at her **touch**. She made me feel things I had never felt with anyone else. She was my person. I let her keep kissing my torso, and I traced my hands down her body until I reached her slit. She gasped as I found her clit and began to add pressure.

I loved every noise she made. I loved that I could make her make those sounds. Her body was mine, and she gave me full control. Her kisses on my neck and shoulders became more and more frantic the closer she got. Her kisses stopped and her knees started to press into my arm in a frugal attempt to stop me, but there would be no stopping. I lessened my pressure

and she cried out in frustration.

“Please, Rhys.” She begged.

And I flicked her a few times with a smirk before adding the pressure in again. She was **so** close. And fuck, so **was** I and

she wasn't even touching me there. I felt like a fucking teenager again, but that was the thing about Grace. She made me

lose control in a way I never had before.

Her arms looped around my neck as she tried to keep her balance on the slippery floor. The water pounded on us adding an extra sensory experience and she rested her head on my shoulder, biting her tongue as she climaxed.

Her body was shaking **as** she came down, but I hardly gave her a chance to catch her breath. I flipped her around and positioned her so her hands were on the wall for stabilization and bent her over a bit before I immediately inserted my

member, unable to wait any longer.

red as

I picked up speed, Grace's body jiggling against mine **as** I thrust as deep as I could.

"I want to put a baby in you." I told her.

"Okay." She gasped.

ever

It probably should have been more of a conversation. We had only ever talked about children as a bargaining chip a **while** ago for her to be my bride and stay and then again recently when she said she didn't know what she wanted. And then **we** had invited Michael and his siblings into our family even though we hadn't met them yet. But right now, none of it

mattered. I didn't even think about it.

**I covered** her mouth with my hand. As much as I loved **every** sound that came from her, Sammy **was asleep in the other** room, and her control seemed to lacking as much as mine. I had an urgency in me that seemed **to surprise us both a little**. Oh goddess, I had needed her more than **either** of us realized. I grunted as her **pussy began to squeeze around my member**. **She** was there. **Her little** 'ah.' had told **me** so. I pounded into her **as her** shaking body **threatened to crumble underneath** me, but I **held** her steady, as my one hand still teased her tits, but it didn't take **long for my resolve to last as long as I could to falter**, and my load **shot** into her **as** we both fought **to catch** our breath.

"Are you **okay?**" I asked when I finally felt myself come down a little.

**She** nodded, still seemingly lost in the moment. I pulled out of her and grabbed the washcloth as **she** turned **toward** me. **She kissed** my lips, soft and sweet this time, and I began to clean us both up. There was a part of **me that glad we** were in **the** shower because there was less of a mess to clean-up.

When I felt that we were both good, I turned off the water, but instead of getting out, we both just stood there, staring at

did I get so lucky? She was **mine**. each other. I didn't know what she was thinking, but I knew what I was. How

“Your hair turns almost brown when it's wet.” I said a I brushed it out of her face.

“Yea,” She whispered. “It does. I didn't know it did that until I moved here.”

“What?”

“I wasn't allowed to shower often, and for a large part of my life, I lived in the dungeon, even when I **wasn't** a prisoner. There were no mirrors down there, so I just never saw it. The first time I saw it here, it surprised me a bit since **my blonde** is usually so bright.”

I nodded unsure what to say to that. She had lived such a different life than I had. Would she ever be able **to fully get** past it or was the right thing to embrace it instead?

“Aunt Grace?” Sammy’s small voice called out in a panic **as** she knocked frantically on the door. “Are you in **there?**”

“I’m here, Sammy,” Grace called back to her, her voice contorted with a bit of worry.

“You’ve been in there a while... Are you okay?” The young girl asked.

“Yes, Sammy, I’m okay. I was **just** having a slow morning

I’ll be out in a few minutes, okay?”

“Okay!”

We listened for her little footsteps to walk away, and Grace breathed a sigh of relief.

“Well, moment over,” She said as she handed me my towel, and wrapped herself in her own.

“No. Moment forever.” I answered before kissing her lips again. And I really did wish this moment could have lasted forever, and if I had any **say**, it really would.

## Chapter Comments

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The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## Chapter 192

“What are we going to do today?” Sammy asked as we made the usual walk to the school. I was tired from being up late doing the movie night, and then from my special time with Rhys. Goddess, I loved that man. I never even dreamed that this life was possible. I felt in awe every day.

“Well, we’re on our way to school, aren’t we?” I asked.

“Yes, but it’s Friday. We should do something fun.”

“We did something fun yesterday,” I told her. “We had a movie night.”

Sammy rolled her eyes in exasperation. “That was yesterday, Aunt Grace. I’m talking about today!”

“Well, what do you like to do for fun?” I asked.

When I was a kid, all I did was chores. I had a single doll at one point, but I have no idea how it even came in my possession. I remember cuddling it at night, but not really playing with it. What did little girls even like? Did Sammy **even** know what she liked? I mean, how long had she been stuck in the program like the others? Maizie seemed to focus a lot on physical training, and the kids tended to stick to cards and physical games.

“I don’t know.” Sammy shrugged. “But last night was fun!”

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“Well, unfortunately, I think you’ll have to make fun with the other kids tonight. I think Uncle Rhys and I have to work.”

“But you work every day!” She pouted.

“I know.” I told her gently. “But we have a lot to figure out. Being an adult isn’t always fun.”

“I never want to grow up!” She declared. “I want to be a kid forever and ever and ever.”

“Well, growing up isn’t a bad thing.” I told her. “But I want you to be a kid for as long as you can.”

“Do you ever wish you were a kid again?” She asked.

I thought about it for a moment. My immediate response was no... I hated being a child. I hated everything about my childhood. My now was so much better than I could have ever even dreamed as a kid. But the more I thought about it, the more I realized, I just didn’t want my childhood again. But to be a child? To be young and naive? To believe in a world that I didn’t yet realize didn’t believe in me? That might be nice... If I had grown up here and not there, I might have been a completely different person. And that too sounded nice. I think I would have liked it here.

“I don’t know,” I answered honestly. “I think my path led me to be exactly where I’m supposed to be.”

She took a moment to ponder my answer before nodding to herself accepting my answer and changing the subject. “Do we have to go to training today?”

“Why?” I asked, taken aback by the sudden topic change and the question combined.

“Because I don’t like training. It’s not fun.”

“Well, do you know why we go to training?” I asked, hoping to spark her own thoughts on the subject.

“No.” She answered, looking up at me with her sweet, dark eyes.

“We do it for your Daddy.” I said gently. “He ran into trouble trying to protect his people. We don’t want others to have his same fate, so we train everyone so if the bad guys come, you have a fighting chance.”

“Then we won’t miss training.” She replied seriously. “I’ll be ready the next time the bad guys come.”

“I’m sure you will be.” I smiled at her. “The grown-ups in your life don’t want you to have to face that, and that’s why me and Uncle Rhys work so hard, but if it comes down to it, we want you to be ready. Now, go put your stuff away, I’ll wait right here for you.”

She ran over to her little cubby and began to take off all her winter gear that seemed to be more necessary by the day. We had ordered a ton of stuff for the kids, but with a new season coming in, they were going to need thicker coats and stuff. I hoped some of them would have homes to help with that soon, but I added it to my mental list to ask Alana to help me

with.

“You’re really good with her, no wonder she’s so taken to you. They’re all so taken to you.”

I turned to see Leon’s wife Heather standing just a few feet behind me and I wondered how much she had overheard. But that was quickly forgotten as I was surprised to see how frail she looked. She seemed like she had aged several years in the last few weeks, and she looked so worn I didn’t know how she was possibly even standing here, let alone **how** she had walked her kids to school.

“Oh.” I said, unsure of what I was supposed to say to that. “Uh thanks.”

“I mean it Grace, you don’t even know it, but you’re fundamentally changing this place.” She said tiredly. “You don’t understand how dark it was here before. Rhys has always been a kind and fair leader, but you make him better.”

“You’re giving her too much credit,” A familiar voice cut in, taking me completely off guard.

My heart started to pound. I hadn’t seen him since the day we had fought at his house over everything. Was he here to harass the kids and have the fight that he wanted with Maizie?

“She’s good, but Rhys has worked hard too.” He continued.

My mind raced through all the possibilities. He looked calm. Really, no different at all than the last time I saw him. He trimmed his hair a bit, and his beard had grown out a bit, but he still looked like himself. Rhys had discontinued his services, and I hadn’t seen him since. I only had one rational thought in all of the racing ones... What the hell was he doing here?

## **Chapter Comments**

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The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

“Arlo,” I sighed, mustering up the politest voice I could, but even I could hear the tightness in my voice.

Heather gave me a curious look. Even in her exhaustion, she could see right through me... Future me had to do better at

that.

“Hi Arlo, what brings you here?” Heather asked trying to ease the tension.

“I was invited to help discuss some mythology with an older class today. I wasn’t aware that you Beta Heather or Luna

Grace would be here.”

“It’s Luna Queen Grace,” Heather responded sharply, immediately defending me.

“Yes, yes,” Arlo waved her off with a smile. “Of course, I meant no disrespect.”

It took all I had not to just roll my eyes. He did mean disrespect. It was clear he was still mad from the last time we had spoken. But I wasn't trying to burn bridges.

"What class are you teaching?" I asked.

"The sophomores and seniors." He answered, his eyes narrowing a bit in response.

"Mind if I sit in?" I asked trying to keep my voice as innocently as I could. I didn't know if he knew that there were kids from Red Blood pack here or not, but I was not going to let them face him alone.

"No problem at all, Luna Queen Grace," Arlo answered through gritted teeth.

I gave him a tight smile, but my heart was pounding. What would happen when he saw the kids in the class? Would he even realize? I wished that I could mindlink with Rhys the way the others could... I needed him to know that we were potentially in trouble.

"Aunt Grace!" Sammy ran up on us and wrapped her little arms around my waist.  
"Are you coming?!"

“Go on without me,” I told her gently. “I’ll be in in a little bit. I’m going to go to another class for a little bit.”

Sammy looked up at me with her big dark eyes. She really did look so much like Caleb, it kind of hurt my heart a little.

“You will come back this time, won’t you?”

“Yes,” I promised. “I’ll be in a bit.”

Arlo stared at the little girl, but she only had eyes for me. She gave me another squeeze and took off toward her classroom. His face paled as he stared after her.

“Who was that?” He asked, his voice shaking a bit.

It wasn’t a question I wanted to answer. I couldn’t. How could I tell him that she was the Alpha Prince’s daughter, and he was unbanished and missing? No... I couldn’t. What if he took it out on her like he wanted to on Maizie?

“What’s the topic that you’re teaching again?” Heather asked, sensing that I didn’t want to talk about Sammy and changing the topic.

“It’s a mythology lesson,” Arlo responded, still staring in the direction that Sammy had disappeared to.

“I think I’ll join too. I love mythology.” Heather said with a small smile.

Arlo gave us both a curious look, but Heather just smiled sweetly at him, and I tried to do the same. I didn’t feel as convincing as Heather seemed to be, but I needed to be. The kid’s safety was at risk, and I was not willing to risk them.

We walked down the long hallway to where the older kids’ classrooms were. I spent much less time in these classes, but I still had learned most of the kid’s names and I knew all of the teachers.

“Arlo!” Michael’s teacher, Tate cried out happily. “Luna Queen Grace, Beta Heather, what brings you two to my classroom today?”

“We just thought we would sit in on Arlo’s lesson,” Heather smiled with a fake happiness I tried to mirror. “I hope that won’t be a problem?”

“Of course not,” Tate smiled uncertainly, looking back and forth between the three of us, trying to get a read on the situation. “Come on in.”

I held my head high as I walked into the classroom uncertainly. Every kid turned to look at us. They knew I had been volunteering in the school, and after yesterday's outburst when I busted in here looking for Michael, I didn't want to make it worse for him by acknowledging him. I was just here as a level of protection that shouldn't have been needed.

"Class, we have a couple of visitors today. Please be on our best behavior for Luna Queen Grace and Beta Heather they will be sitting in on our lesson today which will be led by Mr. Arlo Sinclair."

Whispers filled the class, and my stomach tightened as Arlo approached the front of the room. I couldn't get a read on if the kids liked him or not, and maybe that's because the kids didn't know whether to like him or not either.

"You okay?" Heather whispered from the seat next to me that she had claimed.

I nodded, but my eyes didn't leave Arlo.

"I notice that there are some new faces since the last time I came in for a lesson. It is very exciting to know that the Royal pack is growing so much in such a short time. An older man like me, well, I don't get out of my house very much."

I frowned at his statement. He wasn't an old man by any stretch. He was middle-aged, sure. But old and not leaving the house seemed to be a bit of a stretch. He had fought battles with Rhys. He was just mad at Rhys and I and using it as an excuse to be an unproductive member of the pack. I just wasn't sure if he knew that these were the kids who had attacked our pack or if he actually thought we had an influx of pack members.

I was completely lost in thought as he started his lesson. I normally paid attention to the lessons when I could. I liked learning and being in the school gave me the natural chance to do it, but my mind was too wired.

“Lycans were thought to be mythological until very recently. They are aggressive creatures who from what we've seen have no morals, at least not in the same way Werewolves do.”

Michael's hand slammed into the table angrily, and Arlo gave a small smirk. “Is there a problem, son?” Arlo asked.

But instead of answering, Michael just stood up and for a split-second I thought he was going to fight Arlo, but instead, he just turned around and bolted.

My heart was pounding as I stood up to follow.

“Do you want me to come too?” Heather asked with worry in her voice.

“No. Stay here and end this lesson.” I told her, and I took off in the direction I had seen him leave, just hoping when I came back, there would be no more damage done...

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The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King.

My heart was pounding. Where the hell did he go? I had checked all the bathrooms, the locker rooms, the closets, and skimmed every classroom. Where was he?

I stopped for a second. Think Grace, think! Then it hit me. Something Ethan had told me what felt like a lifetime ago. Lycans couldn't talk to each other in the same way werewolves could, but they could sense each other. Would my Lycan be able to sense him?

I closed my eyes and tried to focus. I had absolutely no idea what I was doing, but I was at a loss, I needed to try something.

"Grace?" Maizie's familiar voice called out, right when I was about to start following my instinct or at least, that's what I hoped it was.

"Shouldn't you be in class?" I asked her, trying to rein in my panic.

"I was going to the bathroom, and I saw you standing out here. **Is** everything okay?"

I sighed and debated how much to tell her. She raised her brows in question, challenging me to try lying.

“Michael ran out of class, and I’m trying to find him.” I finally conceded.

“He ran out of class?” She frowned, worry lines creasing her forehead.

“Yes.”

“What happened?”

One word would say it all, and I didn’t know if she would truly get it, but I said it anyways, “Arlo.”

The feeling in my gut got stronger, and I didn’t wait for her to ask any more questions. I wasn’t sure what Michael would do while upset, but I did know I didn’t want him to be alone.

I hurried out the backdoor and scanned the area. He wasn't at the playground or at the basketball court, but I kept pulling a bit on that invisible string feeling that seemed to be guiding me somewhere, even if my Lycan wasn't going to help.

"I am helping!" She snapped and I nearly jumped out of my skin. I wasn't sure I would ever get used to hearing her voice in my head. But maybe she really was tracking Michael for me.

"Where are we going?" Maizie asked, hot on my heels.

"Wherever my Lycan takes me, I guess." I told her, increasing my speed to nearly a run.

We were approaching the woods, now, and my heart was hammering in my chest. No, he wouldn't go back to his dad, would he? I was beginning to doubt my everything when my eyes finally landed on him.

His blonde hair covered his **face**, and his head was resting on his knees. He looked so young and so broken. For a split second, my mind told me I had

seen this before, but that was crazy. Michael had rarely shown vulnerability with anyone. At least, not with me.

“Michael?” Maizie called out hesitantly, she seemed unsure of how to handle this too, which weirdly made me feel a little

better.

“Go away.”

“No.” Maizie said gently as she sat down beside him.

“Maiz- I don’t want to talk.” He snapped and turned to face the other way.

“That’s okay.” She told him, “You don’t have to talk right now. We’re here for you.”

Michael's head whipped around, and he groaned when his eyes landed on me.

"I'm sorry, Grace. I'm so sorry."

"What?" I approached him slowly and sat next to him. "You have nothing to be sorry about."

"I embarrassed you in front of our guest speaker."

"No." I corrected, holding my hand out to stop him. "I embarrassed you with our guest speaker. I don't know if you remember, or if you even saw, but Arlo had a strong reaction when Sawyer got hurt when **you** guys attacked our pack. He wanted to fight Maizie. I said I would fight him if he wanted to fight, and he backed down. He's taken everything personally since then. He didn't agree with our decision to let you kids live, and not only that, but let you live freely. He was targeting you because of me."

Michael looked up at me in surprise.

“He’s not the only one who hates us.”

“No, he’s not.” I said sadly. “But people are always going to judge without knowing. And not everybody **is** going to like you. That’s a lesson I’m learning. And that it doesn’t matter who you are, you will never be everybody’s cup of tea. And that’s okay. The only person who has to like you is you.”

“How do you handle it?” Maizie asked. It was rare for her to show vulnerability like that either, but in this moment, they were both allowing themselves to be what they really were: kids.

“Most of the time I try not to worry about it.” I told them honestly. “I have lived most of my life being hated by the people who were supposed to love me. The darkness of that was a lot, and there is very little anyone else can say or do that could be worse than what I’ve already faced. I just try to be a good person, and control what I can. I won’t ever please everyone, especially in my position. But if I tried to, I’d burn myself out. So I control what I can, and I try to be a good person that I can be proud of.”

“I hate school, I never want to go back.” Michael grumbled.

“I know. But school is important. You’ll thank me one day for making you go.” I told him confidently.

“I doubt it.”

“Yea, me too,” Maizie mumbled in agreeance.

I chuckled at both of them. I was enjoying this moment in the woods with them, but we would be missed, and I would have to explain to Rhys and the principal that Arlo was not to be near the school until he could accept the kids and what they were. I wasn’t looking forward to that conversation, but it was necessary. Arlo hadn’t just taken shots at me, he took shots at the kids, and I would not stand for that.

“Grace?!” A familiar voice called out, echoing through the woods.

And in that moment, I knew I was in trouble.

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## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

I sat in the office, skimming the newest contract that had been presented from a smaller pack in my reign. They were asking for a spot in a human city closer to them. The one near us wasn't close enough for them to be practical, I rubbed my forehead tiredly. The city he wanted was right on the border of my control. Was that city in danger too? It was out of the way of Red Blood, but would that actually be a deterrent for them? I should go check out the other cities in my realm, There had been very little in the reports from the city we had been focusing on for the last several weeks, maybe they had

moved on.

“Alpha King,” A mindlink broke through my racing thoughts.

“Yes?” I responded back, matching their intensity.

“We have a visitor at the border.”

“Who’s the visitor?” I demanded.

“Alpha Raymond of the Golden pack.”

“How many soldiers are with him?”

“Only 5 people are with him. His wife, the Luna included.”

I frowned. Of all the things I expected my guard to say, that wasn’t something I expected. Was it a trap? Or a call for help? I had to be ready for anything. We had an alliance, putting him under my rule, but I didn’t trust that. Not after everything that had happened since I met Grace.

Shit. Grace. I would meet with the man, but my mate would be by my side. There would be no diversion to try and get to her, I would not fall for that.

“Escort the group to my office on the first floor. I will meet them there as soon as I am able.” I answered shortly.

So much for solving the city problem today. I stood up and stretched my body. I swear my muscles were tighter by the day. Maybe it was all that extra training I was adding to my day, but I couldn't remember ever being this tight in my life.

I grabbed my phone and considered calling the school to send Grace back home, but I stopped myself. If I was interrupting Grace's routine, I needed to do it in person. She would understand. She always did, but it didn't feel right to just call over and demand her presence. I could make the short walk over to the school. I couldn't let this Alpha think I was too eager to meet him or that I wasn't a busy guy. If I had thought I could focus on other things, I probably would have made him wait till the school day ended, but I knew myself better than that.

“Sawyer?” I mindlinked, but it didn't reach him. He must have been in the middle of a procedure or something. He rarely blocked the mindlink unless it was something medical related, and he had been in the clinic all morning. I would send someone over for when he was done for him to join us.

The front office just smiled at me as I entered, and I nodded to each of the ladies.

“What's that noise down the hall?” I asked, noticing it sounded like yelling.

Both secretaries looked up in alarm. They hadn't heard the yelling. I reached for my bond with Grace but immediately hit a wall. Was she in danger and blocking me out?

I raced down the hall, but didn't see any immediate danger.

"I was asked to be here!" Arlo's familiar angry voice floated my way from one of the classrooms.

"That does not give you the right to degrade children!" Heather's shouts met my ear, sending confusion through my very

core.

"I simply made a statement!" Arlo shouted back.

"An untrue statement and you know it!"

"They attacked OUR pack!"

“They are CHILDREN who were following orders on a Suicide mission! The key words being children and orders!”

“THAT’S ENOUGH!” I bellowed as I entered the classroom that the screaming match was taking place.

Both Heather and Arlo looked as though they had more to say, but they both shut their mouths.

“Alpha King!” Mr. Tate exclaimed, when I entered. “I’m so sorry for

I held my hand out, stopping him from any further explanation. I didn’t care. It didn’t matter. What mattered was that this spectacle was taking place in front of kids who had no business being brought into adult matters.

I gestured for Arlo and Heather to follow me out into the hallway with a single finger. I would not tolerate this form of a disruption in my schools. This was a safe place for the kids to be, and as long as I was in charge, that would not change.

“What is the meaning of this?” I demanded as soon as we were out of earshot of the kids.

“I was teaching a lesson.” Arlo answered through gritted teeth.

“You were signaling out kids.” Heather snapped at him.

I held my hand up to stop them from going any further. We would get nowhere if they just kept bickering.

“Heather, explain. Arlo, keep your mouth shut until she’s done.”

Arlo shot me a glare, but kept his mouth shut.

“He was teaching a mythology lesson, and he started insulting the Lycan kids.” Heather answered angrily. “He told the class that Lycans were aggressive creatures who have no morals.”

Arlo’s cheeks flushed at being called out with Heather’s accusation. I narrowed my eyes at him. It seems that no matter how many times we have this conversation, it didn’t seem to stick.

“Lycans are a part of our pack now. We will protect them, and those who wish to join when they are able to make that sort of decision, they will be welcomed with open arms. You need to get it through your head that they are here to stay. And if you do not like it, you can leave.”

“I don’t have to take this bullshit.” Arlo huffed before storming off.

Heather and I watched him go. I could feel Heather still seething next to me, trying to calm herself down.

“Isn’t Grace here?” I asked after a moment. “Why didn’t you go get her when things started to go south?”

Heather’s face paled as I turned to look at her.

“She was with me...” Heather said slowly. “It was her idea to sit in on the class...”

“What happened?” I asked my voice tight. “Where the hell is my mate?!”

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### Chapter 196

“What happened? Where the hell is my mate?”

**The** words hung in the air between us as I stared at Heather as she fidgeted nervously next to **me**.

“As I said, it was her idea to sit in the class. I think she knew that Arlo would try something. **She got** kinda weird when she saw him. I didn’t think he would go that far, but her reaction was not expected, so I joined. The lesson went fine until he got to talking about Lycans... He started targeting Michael, and Grace jumped in. Michael took off, and Grace went after him. I don’t know where they went... I’m sorry.”

My heart was pounding. She went after Michael? What if he led her right into a **trap?!**

“And you just let her go?!”

“I- She asked me to protect the others, so I stayed.” Heather answered uneasily. “I’m not sure where they went, but I’m sure they’re fine. Michael was just upset.”

I nodded, but I wasn’t so sure. I immediately mindlinked my guards. O

“Has anyone seen the Luna Queen?”

“She and Maizie both entered the woods about 5 minutes ago.” Someone answered.

Maizie? She hadn’t been involved in either Arlo or Heather’s stories.

“And has anyone laid eyes on Michael recently?” I questioned.

“He ran into the woods just before them.”

“Does anyone still have eyes on them now?”

“I do, sir.” A woman’s voice came through. “I can see them. Would you like me to engage?”

“No. **Just** tell me where to find them.”

The woman described where they were, and I frowned. Why the hell is that where they would go

I immediately started to make my way that direction. It didn't sit well with me to have Grace in the woods when we had unwanted visitors showing up to our doorstep. The last thing we needed was for her to **be** spotted out in the open like that in such a vulnerable way.

I heard their voices before **I** saw them. I couldn't quite make out what they were saying, but **Grace's** awkward chuckle met my ear.

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## Chapter 196

I stared at the unsuspecting group for a minute. They were vulnerable like this. **But** in this **moment**, **they** seemed to feel safe, and I felt whatever they felt. There was something special **about their bond to** each other. Maizic and Grace had been close practically from the first **time they met**. But Michael **was** new to this, but it was clear he had total trust in them. I wish I had had the **same**.

“Grace?” I called out.

Her head whipped toward me in a panic, like she had been caught red-handed.

“Rhys!” She exclaimed. “Hi, what are you doing here?”

I frowned. That was a loaded question, but in essence it was an easy answer. “I’m here **because** you’re here.”

She gave me a tight smile. “How did you know I was here?” She asked. “Did you stop by the school? Are the kids okay?”

“The kids are fine,” I soothed, wrapping my arms around her. “I heard about what happened. Michael, are you okay?”

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The young kid nodded, his face looking a bit pale, but otherwise unharmed.

“I heard you ran into the woods, and I got nervous.” I told my mate.

She gave me an annoyed look, and I raised my brows at her.

“What? I’m not allowed to worry about my mate?” I asked her.

She rolled her eyes, and I smiled. Her personality had come out so much in the last few months, and though I could do without the attitude, I loved it.

“Come on, we have a meeting we’ve been asked to attend.” I told her. “And you kids need to go back. to school.”

“Can we come to the meeting?” Maizie asked.

Alpha She never hesitated to ask for what she wanted, and as always, I was impressed by it. She wanted to be involved in everything that I would allow. This meeting though? I wasn’t sure how would truly feel about how Lycan’s and I didn’t want to expose her to that right that right now especially after what had already happened today with Michael.

“It’s an alpha from another pack,” I told her honestly. “I don’t know how he feels about Lycans, and I don’t want to subject you to more of that.”

“I don’t care,” Maizie protested.

2/3

“I do.” I responded. “Let me see what he wants first. Though with him this close, let’s shorten training, and I want all Lycan kids upstairs where it’s safe today, unless otherwise placed.”

“So, we’re on lockdown?” Maizie grumbled.

“Yes, I just want you to be safe.”

“He’s right. Until we know why he’s here, we need to be hypervigilant.”

“I thought the whole point of living here was so we didn’t have to be so vigilant.”

“That’s the end goal,” Grace smiled slightly at her as we walked. “Right now, we’re at war, and anything goes.”

The rest of the walk back to school was made in silence. I knew that Michael, who was lagging further and further behind, didn’t want to go back at all. Grace dropped back to talk to him, but what they were saying, I had no idea, and their pace was too slow for me keep.

did. He was worried about what the other kids would I understood why he didn’t want to go back. I think, not only about what Arlo said but also because he ran out. But avoiding it would only make it

worse.

After a couple minutes of hushed conversation paused right outside the school, Michael agreed to **go** in, and Maizie promised to keep an eye on things and report any comments she heard. Most of the Lycan kids had made friends with the Werewolf kids, but there were still a few hesitations in general.

“Oh Michael!” The front desk lady exclaimed. “We were so worried. I’m **so** sorry about what happened. Are you okay?”

Michael blushed at the attention, nodded, and walked straight through to where his classroom was.

“I’m going to just tell Sammy what’s going on, so she doesn’t worry,” Grace stated.

“That’s fine. I’d like to have a word with the front desk anyway.”

Grace gave me a look, but hurried off in the direction of what I presumed was Sammy’s classroom. And I turned to my two front desk ladies, ready to battle for the Lycan kid’s safety.

## **Chapter Comments**

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The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## **Chapter 197**

“Is there a problem Alpha King?” The secretary on the left asked nervously. She had on a nametag

that read Susie,

“I want to know why the yelling was allowed to continue even after a child ran out of **this school**, and I want to know it now.”

“A child ran out of the school?” The other lady frowned, her name was Linda.

“We had no idea it was happening, Sir,” Susie said at the same time.

“We didn’t hear anything until you came in...”

I glared at them. “I would like to set up a meeting with the principal. This sort of thing is unacceptable. These kids come here to have a safe space to learn, and if that cannot be provided, then I will have no choice but to make some changes. And Arlo Sinclair is not to step into this school until he has my approval. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes sir,” They both whispered.

“Good.”

“Are you ready?” Grace’s voice flitted back to me.

“Ready.” I answered tersely, taking her hand, not really wanting to leave the school after what I knew had happened.

“Is everything okay?” Grace asked when we exited the school.

“Yes,” I answered before stopping myself from lying to her. “I’m just worried about the kids, and I

have no idea why this Alpha is here. I want you to stay close to me and stay vigilant. I don’t know

what he might be trying to pull, but we need to be ready for anything.”

Grace nodded and gave my hand a little squeeze. “We’ll figure it out together.” She promised.

I gave her a small smile. “Is Michael okay?”

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“He will be. The poor kid just wants to be normal and fit in, but he doesn’t, and ‘s okay. He just doesn’t see it yet. But Arlo didn’t help anything.”

“Did you know you were blocking me out again?” I asked her.

She looked at me in surprise. “No, I didn’t. I’m sorry.”

I stopped us both and turned her to **face** me. I caressed her face gently, and my wolf begged me **to**

**1/4**

**Chapter 197**

**kiss** her, but I restrained myself.

“You can put up you walls so quickly, I don’t even know how you do it.”

She gave me a small smile. “I don’t know how I do it either,” She answered. “It just sort of **happens.**”

“Well, I like when you let me in.” I kissed her forehead.

“I know.” She whispered. “I’ll try to do better.”

“I know you aren’t doing it on purpose. I just like being able to feel you.” I confided.

“Me too.” She whispered.

“Come on. We need to change for this meeting.”

Grace frowned. “Why?”

“Because we need to dress to impress.” I answered as we entered the packhouse. “I don’t know what he wants, but I sure as hell am going to make sure my power is known.”

Grace giggled slightly, but I didn't know why.

"What?" I questioned as we climbed the stairs.

"It's just you are the most intimidating man I know." She laughed. "What you wear doesn't matter."

I smiled at her words. There was something empowering about your mate finding you powerful.

"I don't know if you meant it as a compliment, but I'm taking it as one." I told her.

She giggled, and I was pretty sure that was my favorite sound in the world.

The Alpha King suite was empty, which I always found a little weird. For weeks there had been kids underfoot every time we had entered. It was always loud and chaotic, and it had become our normal. The quiet that occurred while kids were at school was actually a bit unnerving, and Grace seemed to be thinking the same thing.

I opened the door to our room and breathed in the familiar scent of Grace and myself pleasantly mixed together. There was nothing better than this room feeling like home.

“What should I wear?” Grace asked.

“Whatever you feel comfortable in.” I told her as I pulled out a suit.

I often wore button up shirts and khakis, but a suit was the power move. At least, it was right now.

## Chapter 197

Grace followed me into the closet and skimmed through her dresses before finally **landing** on a sky **blue one** with a floral print. I wasn't well versed in types of dresses, but I believe the **style she** picked **was** called a maxi dress. She stripped **off** her sweater and pulled down her pants, **and I** just stared **at** her.

She was stunning in every way. Her back was to me, and I could make out every **scar** that **she usually** attempted to keep covered. I hated that someone had done that to her. I hated that **she** was reminded of her past life every time she looked at her body. I hated that she had **had to go through** what she did. But they were a part of her, and they made her even more beautiful to me. They showed her strength and will to live, and there was nothing more beautiful to me than that. Flawless skin had nothing on my sweet mate.

I couldn't help myself. I went over to her and began to kiss the scars on her shoulder.

"Rhys," She groaned.

"Yes beautiful?" I asked, not stopping.

"We're supposed to be getting ready."

"This is me getting ready." I answered.

"It is not." She answered, turning around to face me. "You are supposed to be getting dressed to

impress.'

"Well, I'd rather get undressed." I said simply. "Because you look too good to wear clothes."

“Well, I can wear just this to meet the other Alpha,” She teased.

“No. You’re mine!” I growled, my wolf fighting me for control.

She smirked, looking rather pleased with herself.

“Well then, Alpha King, I think I need to put my dress on, so we can be done with this meeting and maybe have some fun after.”

I groaned. There was only one thing that I knew for sure, this woman was going to be the death of

1. me.

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

**King**

**Chapter 198**

“**You** know, **I** think you’re keeping secrets, my love. **I** think I might **just have to** punish you for li 334 face heated as **I** remembered the words that Rhys had whispered in my **ear** just before we had walked out the door to this meeting that I didn’t really want to be in. In fact, all I wanted **to do** was strip **Rhys** down and take him right here, right now. But that wasn’t an option. Alpha **Raymond** of **the** Golden pack was sitting on the other side of the desk, watching us intently. Rhys had staked **his** claim over me by placing me on his lap, even though there was a perfectly good **chair right next** to him, and it was not helping me regulate my body temperature.

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“As **I** was saying, we are facing rogue attacks daily now. We do not know why they are **targeting our** pack or if it is happening to other packs at this time too. We were wondering if you could **help us as** we are at a loss and one of the smaller packs under your rule.”

I looked at the man curiously. There was something about him that seemed off. He **was a bit older** than Rhys, but not by much. There was something familiar about him that made my skin prickle **a bit**. It was like he was trying to sound humble, but it just came out cocky. And not for the first time, did I wish that Rhys and I could share thoughts the way he could with others. I wanted to know **if he**

was reading things the same way I was.

“What exactly are you asking of **us?**” Rhys asked as Raymond’s eyes raked my body, **and** not for the

first time.

“Warriors, strategies, help in finding answers to why us, is it because we are smaller or **is** it something... more.”

The lightbulb went off in my head. This man wasn't here to get help. I wasn't even **sure** he was actually the Alpha of the Golden pack. He just wanted information. To weaken the Royal pack by taking our numbers away for a fake problem

I casually reached for a pen and paper on Rhys' desk.

“I'm just going to write down what you're asking for,” I told him. “I think it's best if we keep meeting notes, don't you? We wouldn't want anything to get mixed up, would you?.” I asked sweetly.

“Why yes, Luna Queen, that is very kind of you.” He answered looking at me like I was the 7th wonder of the world.

I smiled and began writing, but it wasn't his list. Being mute for years taught me **to communicate** in different ways. My voice was my control. But that didn't mean I lost those skills when **I started** talking again. This note was for Rhys, and Rhys alone. I just hoped he understood what without giving it away.

as doing

DON'T TRUST HIM.

## Chapter 198

**“Now, what have you tried to do about your rogue problem?”**

I **questioned, curious** if he had don anything at all.

“Luna Queen, I don't mean to be rude, but this conversation **is** probably best **to be had just** me and the Alpha **King**. It's about things that you wouldn't understand.”

I raised my brows at his audacity, but didn't comment, gesturing for him **to continue** his conversation with my mate.

“Answer my mate's questions,” Rhys said coolly, glancing down at the **paper I** had slid **slightly closer**

to us.

“Well, I came here to ask for help.” Alpha Raymond answered completely **appalled that Rhys would**

ask that.

“While your pack was actively under attack?” Rhys probed.

“We don’t have the resources to handle it! What would you have had me do?”

“I would have had you fight for your pack, set up a guard for the perimeter, make sure **your people** are safe and then ask for help. Or requesting help from a closer pack.” Rhys responded with the **same**

cool tone.

I wasn’t sure what irritated him more, the guy’s clear lack of strategy or if it was the way he kept looking at me. I wished I had stayed in my sweater and leggings, I would have felt less exposed **than** I did now, and my dress wasn’t even revealing.

“Well, my neighbor packs aren’t interested in helping me.” The guy said in frustration.

“Why not?” I asked.

He shot me a glare, but answered my question instead of insulting me again, “I don’t know.”

“Yes, you do.” I answered confidently, standing up and leaning over the desk. I knew exactly what I was doing. I was teasing Rhys and taunting Raymond. “You know exactly why. You just don’t want us to know your answer. I’m going to go out on a limb and say that you at one point made a deal with Red Blood pack, and either backed out or are lying about why you are really here.”

“Are you going let her talk to me like that?” Raymond demanded, looking around **me to** Rhys.

“You should answer her questions.” Rhys responded coldly, also now standing, his ha my hip.

**resting on**

“I have nothing to hide!” Raymond tried. “You need to keep your mate in check!”

“And you need to be honest about what you’re doing here.” Rhys shot back.

“You are ruining everything!” Raymond shouted at me, reaching into his jacket, and pulling out a

knife.

Rhys immediately shoved me behind him, but for the first time in a situation like this, I wasn’t afraid. At least not as I afraid as I’ve been in the past... Those trainings were helpful. But Rhys took control of the situation as Raymond shoved the knife toward him. It was clear that he was an inexperienced fighter, and if he truly was the Alpha of the Golden pack, I understood why he might need help defending it.

The knife skimmed Rhys’ arm, slicing through his sleeve, blood immediately pooling out of it, but Rhys didn’t waver. He had the upper hand, and he twisted Raymond’s hand until the knife dropped to the ground. I knew Rhys could have won this fight with his eyes closed, but he was taking his time, torturing Raymond for what he tried. I also knew that several people would be losing their job because weapons should not have been allowed in this room. The ability to shift was bad enough, and what if it had been a gun and not a knife?

I had been so lost in my own thoughts that I almost didn’t notice the head on the floor that rolled toward me... And it took all I had not to scream.

## Chapter **Comments**

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## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### **Chapter 199**

I was breathing heavily, but the only person who mattered in this moment was Grace. I raced over to her, my hands cupping her face.

“Are you okay?” I asked, unable to keep my anxiety from my voice.

She looked up at me, her eyes wide with horror, but she nodded slowly as her eyes met mine. Her lip bleeding from her biting down on it so hard.

“Did he hurt you?”

She looked at me like I was crazy. “Did he hurt me?” She blubbered, her mouth opening and closing as she tried to find the right thing to say. “You’re bleeding!”

I looked down at my arm where my sleeve was cleanly sliced, and blood stained the material in a

horrific manner.

The door to the office swung open, and Sawyer’s frantic shout met my ringing ears as he rushed in

with two other warriors.

“What the hell happened?”

“He tried to attack Grace and I,” I answered not taking my eyes off Grace, gently swiping the trickle of blood from her lip with my thumb. “He brought people with him. Put them in the dungeon and get a team together to guard them. I don’t want them out of anyone’s sight for even a moment.

The guard to Sawyer’s right, Xander, nodded, and took off. I knew from my own orders that they were already under my guard’s watch, but this outcome changed everything.

“Tell Kate, I need extra guards on patrol and to be on the lookout for anything else unusual. We need to pack it in tonight and anyone in our pack outside of a 10-mile radius needs to move inward to make it easier to guard. We don’t need any more surprises today.”

I didn’t know the other guard, but he nodded and made his way to his assignment, and Sawyer stood there staring at the dead body on the floor.

“Are either of you hurt?” Sawyer asked finally.

“His arm,” Grace answered, her lip quivering as she fought against the tears that threatened.

Sawyer sighed and looked at it from his spot across the room. “I’ll go get my med kit, that will need stitches.”

“No need,” Grace whispered, her voice shaking.

## Chapter 199

She gently put two fingers from her two hands on opposite sides of the wound and closed her eyes. I watched as the wound began to close itself, and the blood slowed. Her little party trick would **never** not be impressive.

The wound completely closed, but she didn’t take remove her fingers or open her eyes for several more minutes.

“Does your healing work for illnesses too?” Sawyer questioned.

She looked completely taken aback by his question, and I wrapped her up in my arms to protect her from wherever her thoughts were taking her.

“I uh- I don’t know. I’ve never tried.”

“Well, if it does, you’ve rendered me completely useless.” He tried to joke, Sawyer but his face showed every bit of the tension he was feeling.

Grace just looked at the ground, not saying anything, and I shot my brother a glare.

He cleared his throat and tried to talk again. “Let’s uh go to the upstairs office where there isn’t a dead body and get the gang together to try and piece together what just happened exactly.”

Grace wasn’t staring just at the ground... She was staring at the severed head that looked like it was looking at her. How could I have been so thoughtless? She needed out of here and that was the first thing I should have done once the immediate danger had passed.

She nodded at Sawyer. Her face was paler than usual, and she looked like she was going to be sick. My heart hurt for her. She was used to pain, but killing was still new to her. She was lucky in that regard, but in our roles, she would have to get used to it eventually. But she never would if I kept traumatizing her with it.

I guided her gently around the mess, and mindlinked someone to come clean up the mess I had made. Today had been a mess in every sense of the word. How did everything keep spiraling out of control when all I wanted to do was fix everything?

We climbed the stairs in silence. A part of me was glad though that I had decided to meet this Alpha on the first floor instead of my actual office. I didn't have classified stuff just laying around, but it could have been a security breach,/nonetheless.

there. Maizie When I opened the door to my office, Maizie, Michael, and Heather were all there. Maizie was sprawled out on the floor in her usual manner, and Michael sat next to her, his knees drawn up to his chest. My heart twitched uncomfortably when I saw Heather in Leon's usual spot. If you had asked me 10 years ago, I would have said that was what I expected. I thought that they both would be my Beta's, and we would all sit in this office working on stuff all the time. But Heather had chosen to step away from that life. She was now being forced into it because her husband was missing, if not worse, and that hurt to know. It hurt to know that she wasn't doing this because she

wanted to, but because she felt she had to.

I was grateful to have her on my side though. She had been one of my best friends for such a long time. We had let life get in the way of it, but I wouldn't make that same mistake again. I would be there for her like I had in the past. And I wouldn't force this life on her. If she wanted to be a part of it, she was welcome to, but I refused to be part of her problems.

"You guys look like hell," Maizie commented, sitting up and looking us up and down. "What happened?"

"It's a good thing we didn't let you in that meeting," I told her.

“Why?”

“Because he attacked us.”

Chapter **Comments**

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The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

**Chapter 200**

There was a collective gasp, and everyone stared at us. I was still trying to wrap my head around what had happened. It could have ended up so much worse than it did. We were lucky. I hadn't started to panic till there had been a head staring back at me. But now that I saw it, I couldn't unsee it. I was struggling to get my heartbeat under control.

“He was asking for us to send soldiers. He said his pack was under attack by rogues, when we asked him what he was doing, he said he came here. I don’t know if he was actually the Alpha of the Golden pack or if he was an imposter trying to draw us out. We need to look into it. The name was right, but I don’t often go into the Golden pack. They are supposed to report any changes in the chain of command, but until we actually start meeting with the packs.”

“Did he shift into a Lycan or a Werewolf?” Maizie asked, pondering what was said.

“He pulled a knife.” Rhys answered simply,

“He pulled a knife?” Heather repeated with a frown.

Rhys pulled the knife from his suit. It was still coated in blood, and it dripped slightly onto the floor. I hadn’t even seen Rhys grab the knife in the first place. But Heather was right, there was something obvious that we were missing

He didn’t shift. He used a knife. He didn’t shift. He used a knife. The words repeated in my head like a new mantra. Why would he use a knife if he could shift? Shifting would make him more dangerous. So why use a knife?

“He couldn’t shift.” I said slowly as the answer dawned on me.

“What?”

Everyone’s eyes were on me, and I had to fight my instincts not to run and hide, but I was right, and

I knew it.

“He couldn’t shift. I’m not sure why, but he couldn’t shift.”

“I didn’t sense anything off with his scent.” Rhys frowned.

“And there may be a reason for it.” I replied. “I can think of couple reasons.”

“He was either an experiment that failed or he was bound,” Maizie answered, clearly following my

train of fault.

“Exactly.” I nodded.

“And what was he doing here?” Sawyer asked, looking back and forth between me and Maizie.

“Scouting.” Maizie and I said at the same time.

She gestured for me to continue, so I did.

“The questions he asked could be in an effort to protect his pack, and they would be useful for that if he actually wanted the information for that. He could have just been tactless and had an anger issue. He might just prefer to use knives. But his attack was uncoordinated which makes me think his knife was only for desperation. He was probably told to get the information or kill us. The questions he asked were more about what we would do. He was trying to see how we protect ourselves. He wanted to weaken us by sending our warriors to his supposed pack. Probably to just kill them the second they are out of our pack.”

Rhys ran his hand tiredly through his hair as he leaned back in his chair. I wanted to go sit on his

lap again, but he didn't need that now. He had had me sit on him to stake his claim. Right now,

we were in focus mode. There was no need to claim me. Everyone in this room knew I was his. I leaned up against his desk. If I couldn't sit on his lap, I didn't want to sit at **all**.

“So, what does this mean exactly?” Heather asked, looking around and making eye contact with each

of us.

“That depends. But most likely? It means that we are war not just with Red Blood pack, but other packs are joining him, whether they want to or not.”

“Then we need to protect our alliances.” Heather stated firmly.

“It's not that easy. We don't know which packs are problem packs and will attempt to fake an alliance.”

“Well, that seems like a good place to start.” Heather stated, grabbing a notebook and a pen from beside her.

For the next hour we went through every pack that was under Rhys' rule and labelled them as true alliances, questionable, and likely enemies. The lists of questionable and likely enemies were longer than our true alliance list which

didn't put us at ease at all, but we wouldn't truly know until we started to visit the packs.

"Should we move up the ceremonies so that we can travel sooner?" I asked.

Neither my wedding or my Luna ceremony had been fully planned yet. I typical hour a day with Alana going over details, but we weren't nearly done. I didn't even have a dress yet. Oh my god, I didn't have a dress yet.

ent about an

"No." Rhys answered firmly, picking my hand up off the desk and kissing it gently. "No. We will not let them rush us. We will continue to play defense for now."

"Maybe we should have a private wedding ceremony sooner? Just in case they try something?" Maizie asked.

My stomach sank slightly as I remembered that Michael had given them a date for the Luna Ceremony, even if it was the wrong date. How long would it take for them to realize they had been tricked?

"Speaking of ceremonies, I know Alana is working right now and she's been sort of in charge of this, but I need an invitation for a fake date for the Luna Ceremony."

“What?” Rhys frowned.

I looked at Michael who gave me a slight nod. I wouldn't go on without his permission. It was his story, and I knew he would be telling Rhys everything soon, but we were on the topic, so I had to bring this piece up.

“When Michael met with his father, he gave him a fake date for my Luna Ceremony, February 5th, so not only do we need a fake invite, but we also need a plan.”

The look of horror on Maizie's face was palpable, telling me she hadn't heard anything else I said except the first part when she turned to Michael and shouted, “You saw your father?!”

## Chapter **Comments**

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