

# The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## Chapter 201

“You saw your father?!”

Michael looked down, ashamed of himself, heat flooding his cheeks, and I moved **behind him and**

squeezed his shoulder in support.

“We all do what we have to to protect the ones we love.” I responded, shutting down **any more** questions from Maizie or anyone else. “Anyways, let’s get back to the point **of** that information. I think we should use it to our advantage, set it up as a trap. A part of me hesitates with **saying that** because what if they send kids again? But I think it’s an opportunity that we have to **exploit**. We’re at war, and we won’t get very many opportunities like that to control our narrative. **It will be on our**

turf, and that’s something we need to take advantage of.”

I turned to face my mate. He had a look of mortal terror and awe on his face, and I **smiled at him. I**

could feel his pride through the bond, and I appreciated his support. I appreciated him always.

“And you know this how? Was that a planned mission?” Heather asked with a frown, dragging **my** attention back to the group.

“Something like that,” Rhys answered with a frown playing on his lips. “The next one will be more

calculated.”

I reached for our bond. I could feel that he was in pain. I might have healed the cut, but it wasn't perfect, I was worried that the knife had sliced through muscle. I wanted him to get looked at as

soon as possible.

“Look, that's a bit of time away, the ceremony I mean, but we need to be smart about how we go from here. It's going to be journey, not a race. We have a million different directions to look in, and that's their plan. They want us to be spread too

thin. We have the program. We have the Red Blood pack as a whole. We have the random envelopes. We have –”

“What envelopes?” Maizie asked, her eyes narrowing at us.

I hadn’t thought that those were a secret, but maybe I messed up, but saying something about them. I looked at Rhys with wide eyes, worried I had just given away classified information.

“One problem at a time.” Rhys responded tiredly. “The envelopes are a tomorrow **discussion**. **They** aren’t classified; they’re just disturbing which is why we hadn’t really brought them up **y’ve just** been dropped at our front door, no witnesses, no nothing. We don’t know where they come **from, but** again that’s a tomorrow problem. I think we end for today. I think we need time to process what

happened today.”

“Do you think their expecting retaliation?” Heather questioned.

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“I’m sure they are,” **Rhys** answered, “**Anybody in** their right **mind would expect** it from the Res

pack when **they** tried to pull something like this. But If that was **not actually the Alpha** of the Colder pack, then we could be doing the dirty work of **the Red Blood pack**. **I think** if we did **anything** now **we'd** be walking into a trap, and I'm not willing to risk our people on a potential **trap**.

“What are doing about the prisoners?” She pressed a little too eagerly for **my** liking as everyone stood up and started gathering their things.

“We want to see what they know. And maybe they don't know anything. But one **way or another I**

will get some answers.”

“Can I do the initial interrogation?” Heather asked as Maizie and Michael lingered in **the doorway so** they wouldn't miss anything.

“Are you sure you want to? You stepped away from this because **you** didn't like **that** side of yourself...”

“If they are working with the pack that stole my husband, I want to be the **first to know.**” **Heather** answered with determination and a coldness that I didn't want to be on the wrong side of.

Rhys pondered with it for a moment. I could nearly read his racing thoughts before he said anything. He didn't want her to lose herself, but also, she needed this.

"Yes. But I want them alive till I get to talk to them." He finally conceded.

She nodded, and left, leaving Sawyer, Rhys and I left in the room, as she ushered out Michael and

Maizie.

"Do you guys need anything before I turn in for the night?" Sawyer asked.

"Yes actually," I cut off Rhys as he said, "No, we're good."

"What can I do for you, Grace?"

"I need you to look at his arm. I'm worried the knife cut through the muscle. I healed the incision, but he's in pain even if he won't admit it."

“Gracie...” Rhys whined. “I’m fine.”

“You’re in pain. I can feel it. Let’s go get you checked out. Now.”

Sawyer had a small smile on his face as Rhys pleaded for me to let it go the whole walk **to the clinic**. Sawyer wanted an x-ray and maybe more depending on what he **saw or didn’t** see. **Rhys on the other** hand, wanted nothing to do with any of it. He kept claiming that he **was** fine. **But he had brought me** here for less, so I just ignored him, pulling him slightly behind me **with every step**

“Please Grace,” He begged. “I’m really okay.”

“It will make me feel better to have you fully checked out.” I told him as he sat down on the exam table while Sawyer ran off to get some things set up.

I cupped his face in my hands, and stared into his eyes, begging for him to understand my point of

view.

“But it doesn’t even hurt that bad.” He argued. “I really just want to go to bed.”

“And we will. But right now, it’s my turn to make sure you’re taken care of. You’ve always made sure I was alright when I was malnourished and being affected by the old mate bond. You brought me here and made sure I was alright, even during the times I was okay. It’s my turn now to care for

you.”

He leaned in and kissed my lips soft and slow. I knew what he really wanted, and I knew it would make him feel better. But it would have to wait till I was sure he was okay. And as long as he was, everything else was fair game later.

### Chapter **Comments**

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“See? I’m fine, Gracie.” I said after Sawyer came back and said everything looked **good**.

“Good.” She answered, pecking my lips. “I don’t want you to be broken.”

I smiled against her lips. She was cute when she was worried. Her terror of the situation **had faded** fairly quickly, but I had a feeling she would have dreams about it tonight. Everything was **so messy** that I didn’t even know where to begin with anything. Allies were supposed to be **trustworthy**. **They** weren’t supposed to be double-cresors. Yet,

we couldn’t trust anyone for any reason. **We could**

barely trust ourselves.

“Are you tired?” I asked as I grabbed her hand, and we started making our **way** out of the clinic.

She nodded, and I knew she was pretty talked out from the day. I was proud at how **far** she **had** come, but I also knew that she still needed to go at her own pace, and not what me or anyone **else**

wanted.

We were passing the office floor when something caught my eye, and I stopped and backtracked.

“Michael?” I called out in confusion.

The kid was standing outside my office looking nervous as hell, holding something in his hands, which he quickly hid behind his back as he turned to face us.

“Alpha King,” He responded, sounded slightly panicked. “Grace, I thought you were still in the **office**, I was trying to get the courage to knock...” He confessed.

“We went to the clinic, is everything okay?” Grace asked gently.

“Oh, are you hurt?” He asked in panic, looking her up and down.

“No, no,” I answered, waving him. “Grace just wanted Sawyer to check my arm. She healed me earlier, and my wolf is working on finishing the job, she just wanted to make sure there wasn’t more damage done than we thought.”

The kid breathed a sigh of relief. He had really been scared that something had

opened to **Grace**,

but I couldn’t blame him, Grace was wonderful in every sense of the word. I was less **of a** concern, but he wasn’t wishing me harm, at least, I didn’t think so anyway.

“Is there something we can help you with?” I asked, when he didn’t say anything else.

His eyes darted around the hallway, looking for anywhere to run before he finally **nodded, brushing** his blond hair out of his face.

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“I **have a confession.**” He looked to my office door and then **back to** where Grace and I too **we not** talk out here? I don’t want.”

“Of course,” Grace said gently, cutting him off as she moved **straight for the office door as if** she knew what he was going to ask before he did. “Please, sit wherever **is most comfortable.**”

He immediately went to his usual spot on the floor but hesitated when he **got there.**

“We can join you on the floor, or you can sit in a chair, it’s okay whatever **you prefer.**” Grace **told him** kindly.

She was meant to be a mother. She was such a caring and kind person. She had no **idea what** Michael was going to ‘confess’, but she still wanted to make sure he was comfortable. She **was still taking** care of him even if it whatever he was going to say wasn’t going to be good.

Michael lowered himself to the floor, never taking his eyes of Grace, as if silently seeking her

approval.

Grace tugged on my hand and led me to spot a few feet away from Michael and plopped **down**. I lowered myself to the ground a little more carefully. I was a fairly tall guy, so getting on the **floor on** a good day wasn't the easiest, and even though my fight with Alpha Raymond had ended rather quickly, I was still a little sore. Which I did find a little odd because I had had way worse injuries in my life than this scratch, yet it seemed to be getting the best of me.

Once we were all settled, Michael reached behind him and pulled out a vanilla envelope and handed it to me with shaky hands.

"I've been the one putting them on the front steps," He confessed. "My dad has been giving them **to** me whenever I meet him in the woods. He said they were important, but I've never seen their contents. You said they were disturbing... Can I see what's inside?"

It all came out like word vomit. He didn't take a pause to breathe, he didn't seem like he could. He laid it all out there in the only way he could manage, and I understood that, even if I never had the luxury myself.

"Why did you do it?" I asked, trying to keep my voice calm.

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"Because it was what I was told to do. I was scared... I am scared. I know that **Grace** understands how the Red Blood/pack works, **but** the program is a whole different **level** of **crazy**. I was trying **to** keep my siblings out of it, at least

my youngest sister anyways. Two **of my snags** were **added to the** program when I got sent here on a suicide mission. They needed to **replace** their **losses**. But Claire... He promised he wouldn't let her go if I did what he asked. She's not strong like the others..." **He** took a deep breath collecting/himself for a moment, "Anyways, I thought the **envelopes of all things** were harmless. I thought they would just have vague threats **or** something."

"They have a lot more than vague threats in them, son," **I** told him.

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"Oh." **He** looked crestfallen. Like he had been hoping for the best and not letting himself think about the worst. "I'm sorry. You saw what he was like, Grace, I don't know what I was supposed to do..."

I raised my brows. Grace saw what he was like? But neither of them were paying attention to me.

"Hey," Grace said, leaning forward on her knees, and lifting his chin, so he was forced to look at her. "It's not your fault. You were put in a bad situation, and you were doing the best you could with what you had. But you have us now. And we may not get everything right, but we do it together from now on, okay?"

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Michael nodded, and Grace pulled him into a hug. It looked so natural, like they weren't **two kids** who had lacked love and attention growing up. It was like they needed each other **In** some **weird** way, they just didn't know it until recently.

"We'll look at these tomorrow," I said once she pulled away. "I want to sleep tonight **and opening** that folder won't let me do that, so another tomorrow problem."

“Yes sir,” Michael said as he began to stand up.

“And tomorrow, you and I will be having that conversation about what you’ve told your **dad**. **You are** not in trouble; we just need to make sure we cover all our bases in our plans moving forward. **And** we can figure out what you’ll tell him in our next meeting, as long as you’re comfortable **with it**. **We** will get your siblings out, Michael. I promise.”

He gave me a serious look and nodded. “I’ll hold you to it. I’ve had enough broken promises **to last a lifetime**.”

I gave him a small smile as I moved to my desk and placed the manila envelope in the drawer.

“Get some sleep, okay?” Grace told him as she gently pushed the hair out of his face.

He nodded and closed the door behind him, leaving just Grace and I to handle whatever fight we were about to get in, she just didn’t know it yet.

“Well, at least he was honest with **us**,” Grace said as she plopped down in her usual chair.

“He was,” I agreed. “But have you been with me?”

She straightened in her chair, her eyes bugging out a little at my question. “What do you mean?” She

asked hesitantly, telling me that I wasn’t crazy, she was hiding something from me.

“How did you find out again that Michael was seeing his father?” I questioned.

“He told me.” She answered a little too quickly.

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“So, what did he mean when he said that ‘you saw what he’s like?’” I challenged.

She sighed, closing her eyes, knowing she was caught.

“Okay, fine.” She said, raising her hands in defeat. “I wasn’t trying to lie to you, it, st I knew you’d

be mad and say what I did was dumb.”

“Why would I think that if it wasn’t dumb?” I responded with a fake **sweetness** that **she saw right** through.

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“**Because it was kind of dumb, but it was also the right thing to do, so I don’t** want to hear it

“Why don’t you let me decide that for myself?”

“Ugh fine.” She relented. “I was at the school in Sammy’s class, when I saw what **I thought was** Michael, heading into the woods. I panicked, and I went and checked his classroom, **and** I was **told** he went to the bathroom and would be back in a minute. I knew that was a lie because **I had just** seen him sneaking into the woods, so I went after him. I saw him meeting with some **guy, and I** watched the whole thing. It wasn’t till Michael was almost out of the woods did I tell **him I was** there, and he explained what was going on. I then told him we had to tell you. And to **be even** more honest, I saw him with a manila envelope, I just didn’t put two and two together.”

“You said all that quite aggressively,” I commented.

“Rhys, I know it wasn’t necessarily smart. But I had to make sure he **was** okay. It **was the right thing** to do. Now, I’m tired, can we please go to bed?”

I shook my head and gestured for her to come over to me with one finger. She rolled her eyes **at** me, and said, “Rhys, Sammy is probably waiting on us, she hasn’t seen me since school. She’s **probably** freaking out.”

“Sammy is fine. Nobody has come to get us or mindlinked that she’s having a meltdown.”

That’s because she’s with people not in your pack.” She shot back in irritation.

“And if it was bad enough, Maizie would have brought her down to us or found another way to contact us. Now, come here, Grace, I won’t ask again.”

She stood up hesitantly. She had known she would be in trouble when she snuck off to the woods today, but now, knowing that she had snuck out not just today, but also yesterday. And add to it that she had lied to me about it, I was going to have no mercy. It would be fun of course, At least I hoped it would be, but she needed to understand that she couldn’t just disappear like that. We were living in dangerous times, and she was mine. I would not stand to lose what was mine because she decided on a whim to be a hero.

She stood about a foot in front of me. Her blonde hair was pulled into two dutch braids that were now quite messy, and she her blue floral dress really brought out her defiant eyes in a way that I couldn't quite explain.

“Strip.” I told her.

**over** her head, **so** She looked at me in surprise and reached for the hem of her dress and pulled it she stood in front of me in just her bra and panties. Goddess, she was stunning. **My eyes raked over** her body, and I couldn't help but be turned on. But this wasn't about me. **This was about my** little mate and her secrets as well intentioned as they were.

She hesitated to take off her bra and undies, but when I didn't waver, she reluctantly took them off

too.

In one swift motion, I pulled her over my lap, so she was bent over top of me, her cute little butt sticking up in the air.

“What do you think is about to happen, Gracie?” I asked.

“I- I don't know.” She answered breathlessly.

I reached for the bond to be sure I wasn't truly scaring her, but I was just met with desire, and I knew I was making the right choice. My girl was going to hate and enjoy her punishment.

## **Chapter Comments**

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## **The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King**

### **Chapter 204**

I flinched. Rhys slapped my ass. Hard. I didn't know what to expect, but this wasn't it. Again. The slap reverberated off the walls, and for a second, I was back in that dungeon. Back to the dark. Back to starving. Back to pain. Except it wasn't actually dark, I just had to open my eyes. I was with Rhys. And though my ass stung, it didn't really hurt. Rhys would never actually hurt me, and with that

realization, I relaxed a little.

He smacked it again and again and again, forming a sort of rhythm now. I had never been spanked as I child, that would have required my father to be in close proximity to me, but I didn't think it normally went like this. I let out a little cry as he hit it a little harder, and his fingers traced my labia in a tantalizing way.

“Good girls, get to cum, Gracie,” He teased, “Are you a good girl?”

“I try to be!” I sounded a little desperate, why did I sound a little desperate.

“Good girls don't sneak out into the woods and then lie about it.” He was using his sultry voice. Goddess, why was I so turned on? What was he doing to me? “Good girls don't keep secrets from

their mate, Gracie.”

“I'm sorry.” I answered as I tried to remind myself that I had to breathe.

“You were a bad girl, Gracie. And all you can say is, ‘I'm sorry?’”

“Yes!” I let out a little squeal as he spanked me particularly hard, and his fingers entered my folds,

immediately finding my clit.

“But you were oh so naughty.” He teased my clit in a way that told me he knew exactly what he was doing. “And naughty girls get punished. Naughty girls deserve punishment. But you like this, don’t you, Grace? You’re so wet for me, Gracie. You like being punished.”

I squirmed under Rhys’ firm hand. My ass was on fire, but I was also humiliatingly turned-on, and he knew it. He kept flicking and tweaking my clit, and all I could think was that I wanted more. If this was punishment, then I wanted to go to hell. I wanted my mate more and more with each passing more. I could feel myself building toward an orgasm. Oh goddess, yes.

Rhys stopped spanking me and inserted two fingers into my pussy. I gasped at the sudden intrusion, but that was almost enough to send me over the edge. I was so close. So so close.

And just when I was about to get there, Rhys withdrew both hands, and I cried out in desperation.

“Bad girls don’t get to cum.” He repeated.

“Rhys...” I whined, but he ignored me. He was good at ignoring me.

He waited till I was no longer on edge to begin the whole process wa This great out thos times, but I fost count. I was so disoriented, so testitive, it que ses se www tame couldn't think straight.

By the time he withdrew his hands the final time, I was exhausted, and my body was sore from bring bent over like this for so long

Rhys pulled me up, so I could stand straight again, and I much as I wanted to stretch out my body. 1 stood still, unsure if my punishment was over yet.

“Are you ready to be a good girl now, Gracie?” He asked.

“Yes.” It came out as barely a whisper, and worry flickered across Rhys' face for a split second, before he laid me down on his desk and went to work with **his** mouth.

It didn't take long. He didn't deny me **this** time. He swirled **his** tongue and sucked in a way that was mind-boggling. I was right on edge again.

“Rhys!” I pleaded, begging for the release.

And this time, he granted it. All the teasing, the pain, everything, disappeared from **my** mind. The only thought I had was that I always wanted to be a good girl **if this** was what I got.

“Rhys!” I screamed as my walls started to convulse.

My whole body was shaking as Rhys helped me to ride it out. For a second, I might have blacked out too. I don’t know. Time lost all meaning. I focused on trying to catch **my** breath as Rhys peppered

my body with little kisses.

“How do you feel, Gracie?” Rhys asked when his kisses finally made their way to my lips.

“Exhausted.” I answered. But in truth, I felt more than just exhausted. I was on sensory overload. The idea of having to put my clothes back on was sending anxiety through my very soul. The punishment had been punishment, but I think the end made it worth it, but what did that make me? Was I a whore? A slut? Was I supposed to enjoy sex that much?

Rhys smirked. “You have no idea how hot you are when you orgasm.”

I gave him a small smile, and he helped me into a sitting position. My body and I couldn't believe how easily he had rendered me useless.

like fucking jello,

He unbuttoned his shirt and held it out for me to slide into, and I did without hesitation. Even though this was a dress shirt, it was his, and it would hang loosely on my overly sensitive skin. As I buttoned it, a look of lust crossed his face. He hadn't pleased himself, during that whole thing, he had to be on edge, but I didn't have it in me to do anything else with him right now. I was too exhausted to actually care. He had chosen this as punishment anyways, he could live with the

consequences, just like I could.

"Thank you." I whispered, as he wrapped me in a blanket and picked me up bridal style.

"I love you, Gracie."

"I love you too."

And we ascended up the stairs to our room, but I was already drifting off before we even made it to

our room.

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## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 205

I stared at my mate as she slept. She had barely stirred in the last 5 hours. We **had** gotten back to the room, and she hadn't so much as opened her eyes since I laid her down **in our bed**. I **had** showered, and cleaned her up, but she was sound asleep. I don't think I had ever seen her sleep so well. She was normally a fairly light sleeper. I worried that maybe I had pushed her **too far**. **Maybe** my punishment had been too much. She hadn't asked me to **stop**, but would she? **If it was too much** would she have asked? Would I have listened?

I shook my head. Of course I would have listened. But I hadn't been thinking about **her** trauma. I had only thought about how much fun I would have making her body react to me. I loved **the way** her body reacted to me. But maybe I went too far...

I gently ran my fingers down her hairline, and she smiled slightly in her sleep. Goddess, I **could** watch her sleep forever. She looked so at ease and peaceful. I wished that I could bring that **same** sort of peace to her reality... I would work toward it till I could. She deserved a life of peace. **Even if** that meant I stepped away from being Alpha King. At the moment, she seemed to be the only **way to** keep her safe in any regard, and if it came down to it, I would walk away from it all.

I closed my eyes pulled her closer to me. As much as I loved watching her sleep, morning was already fast approaching as if it was going to be anything like the last few days, I needed **my rest**. **At** best I was only going to get a few hours of sleep, but I was having trouble not worrying about my precious mate.

Every thought I had revolved around her. Everything happening in our lives, also revolved around her. The whole Lycan pack at war with us because we have Grace, though I think they were trying to overthrow me, even before I took Grace from them. Maybe they even had a plan of how to use **Grace** against me. I wondered if they actually would have. They feared her power. So far, I knew she could throw people off of her and heal others. Did she have more hidden superpowers? Would her Lycan eventually make an appearance? Or would her Lycan just continue to stay dormant, just granting her powers when she needed them?

I remembered the children's story that Leon had found.

### The Alpha's Choice

Once upon a time there was an Alpha, whose mate was special.

She had magic in her veins, and they all feared her.

She could rain blood on them and turn the sky dark with only a flick of her har

She was kind, but the world made her cruel.

The Alpha had to choose whether to save her or his pack.

## Chapter 205

The prophecies told of greatness in their reign,

But the Alpha broke her instead,

And the Alpha's choice was made.

I had memorized it. I had read it so many times now, I kept hoping it would change. **But It never did.** Was this actually a warning or was I reading too much into it? I was determined **to not be the reason** my Grace broke, but I wasn't sure it was that easy. This poem could be about anyone... **And I had yet** to see Grace rain blood or turn the sky dark with a flick of her hand, but she was still **powerful...** **She** was kind too and had every reason to be cruel. As far as I knew, there were no prophecies **about us**, but maybe... Maybe I was looking in the wrong places. I had to be smarter.

Think Rhys. Think.

I closed my eyes and forced myself to relax. I

sn't getting anywhere like this. I needed **to sleep so**

I would be at my best for Grace. I would not let her down like the prophecy **said** I would.

I fell into a fitful sleep, still thinking about how I wouldn't betray Grace. She was in my **dreams**. **To** be fair though, she was always in my dreams.

I was standing in the tree line as she waltzed through the meadow. She was stunning. Her blonde hair was pulled into a long braid down her back. I couldn't see her face, but she was practically glowing. The light made her look golden. She was wearing a simple dress that was knee length with spaghetti straps. It was blue. Blue was definitely her color. And her scars, they stood out more than usual, but they only added to her beauty. This was the healthiest I had ever seen her. My heart fluttered at the sight of her. She was perfect in every way.

Another woman approached her, seemingly out of nowhere. I looked around to see if there was anyone else lurking around, but there was nothing... Grace didn't show fear, but I inched my **way** closer to them, sticking to the shadows when I could but the meadow had little protection. The woman was older, but still very beautiful. She had dirty blonde hair that was braided in a crown around her head. She wore a long white dress that flowed in the gentle breeze, and she was tall for

the average woman.

“Hello, my dear,” The woman said.

I couldn't see Grace's face still, but I could feel her curiosity. Interesting. I had never felt the bond in a dream before.

“You're her, aren't you?” Grace asked.

“I am.” The woman smiled gently at Grace. Her smile may have been gentle, but power oozed **off her**. “Welcome to the land of the Gods.”

I held in a gasp. I wasn't ready to make myself known yet. This was weird. It felt... real.

But that was crazy. It was just a super vivid dream, right? It had to be. There was no way **that this is** real. But it felt real... I could feel the sun on my skin and the wind in my hair.

The woman looked past Grace with a smile and made direct eye contact with me. I froze. A part of me felt like I wasn't supposed to be here.

“Well, come on then, don’t waste the little time we have,” The woman gestured for me **to** come closer, and Grace turned to look, her eyes meeting mine. Her little gasp making my world spin a

little.

Her face displayed her confusion for the world to see, and when she finally found her voice she asked, “What are you doing here, Rhys?”

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**Chapter 206**

I stared at my mate, my mouth hanging open. I was dreaming, wasn't I? I mean, I guess **it wasn't** that weird that he was here. My mind knew he was important to me. But this dream **felt** different. Everything felt ultra vivid, almost like I had a new perception. Even the colors looked **different, like they** were more vibrant or there were more of them or something.

**My** mate of all things, looked out of place as he walked through the field of wildflowers. His **shirt** was white and flowy, like a pirate, and he wore a pair of jeans that fit him perfectly.

"What are you doing here, Rhys?" I asked forgetting about the woman for a moment.

"I was going to ask you the same thing," He said, rubbing the back of his neck subconsciously.

"I don't know." I answered. "I dream of this place sometimes."

"You're here because I called you here," The woman answered.

"You're the Moon Goddess, right?" Rhys asked.

I had already surmised that, but he needed it to be clearer.

The woman slighted her head slightly. "I needed to talk to her." The Moon Goddess gestured toward me. "You, I didn't invite, but her soul brought you along anyways. She seems to think you are a good

mate."

"I try to be," He answered with a frown. The Moon Goddess didn't think he was a good mate? **Isn't**

she the one who paired us together? Shouldn't she have a little more faith in him? Did my mate

have these same doubts? I loved my mate, but this conversation had me confused.

"You do," She agreed. "I'm just not sure it's enough."

"Why are you attacking Rhys?" I demanded. "He has been nothing but kind to me."

“He needs to be prepared.” She answered simply, completely unbothered by my outburst.

“For what?”

“There is so much that is happening that you don’t even know about. What you two are doing **is not**

enough. You need to work faster”

“Faster?!” I demanded. “Or you could just tell us what’s going on!”

“There is very little I am allowed to say,” The Moon Goddess answered sadly. “I am **already pushing** the rules by bringing you here. I can’t say too much.”

## Chapter 206

“Why are **we** here then?” Rhys asked, **wrapping** his **arm around my** waist **protectively**. **This** dream **was** getting weirder and weirder. I could feel **the** pressure **of** his arm like **he was** really **there**

“Because I need to tell you that something is coming, and you have **to be ready. Don’t let your** guards down. You have to be ready.”

“For what?” Rhys asked, his voice rising in frustration.

“It’s coming,” The Moon Goddess whispered, “It’s coming.”

And then she disappeared into thin air, leaving nothing in her wake.

The ground beneath us began to shake, and I looked at Rhys who had a bit of panic **in his eyes.**

“Have you been here before?” He asked with an urgency that I felt myself.

“I don’t know. I want to wake up.”

“I think we have to survive here before that’s a choice.” He answered, his hand skimming my hairline

in a gentle caress.

“But it’s just a dream!” I argued.

He gave me a funny look but nodded.

“Still don’t want to die in a dream,” He said quietly as the sky darkened.

“It’s just a dream.” I said again, but with less conviction this time. I wasn’t sure who I was trying to convince, him or myself.

“I think we should go into the woods. That’s where I came from.”

I frowned. Where he came from? We were in a dream... We didn’t come from anywhere. The Moon Goddess was just a figment of my imagination, showcasing my anxieties. Clearly, everything was proving to be just a little bit too much these days. We did need to be careful, but to think it was real was crazy. Dream Rhys was just that. A dream. But maybe because of that, he was right. Maybe we did need to go into the woods. Or maybe that was a trap. But as I just told Rhys, this was a dream, we couldn’t actually die in a dream.

The sky grew dark, and the vivid colors made my head hurt.

“What in the world?” I gasped as what looked like rainbows shot through the sky.

Rhys followed my gaze, and he clenched his jaw

“Gracie, let’s go.”

## Chapter 206

**He didn’t** give the chance to protest as a growl came from somewhere **in the field**. **Rhys just** grabbed my hand and took off running. I had been training, but I wasn’t as fast as **Rhys**. I wasn’t **sure even** if I trained my whole life if I would ever be able to match his **speed**, but **I** tried. He **kept a pace that I** could almost keep up with, though it did sort of feel like he was dragging me.

The growls kept getting closer as we were engulfed by the forest. We were **all** but **surrounded**. **It** wasn’t just one creature chasing us, there were multiple, and they were everywhere. **They must have** been lurking low in the wildflowers. Is that why the moon goddess left so quickly?

“Rhys?” I called out nervously.

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The creatures were only steps away. They were so close... We had to fight... We had **to take a stand**, or we would be at a further disadvantage than we already were.

He understood me in a way only he could. Or maybe it was just because he was a figment **of my** mind. He stopped and began to partially shift. I had never seen him do that, but he hadn't **hesitated**.

“False gods become real gods when people start believing in them.” A voice chanted from somewhere deeper in the forest. “Are you a false god or a real god?”

Something lunged at us from behind Rhys. I saw it coming a second before it happened. I threw myself at Rhys tackling him to the ground, and everything evaporated like we were never even there.

## **Chapter Comments**

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## Chapter 207

I woke from the dream gasping for air. My heart was pounding, I could hear the blood **rushing** through my ears. What the fuck was that? I couldn't process my thoughts. That was **intense**.

Rhys jumped up next to me, his own breathing hard. He straddled my waist, his eyes **scanning me up** and down in a frantic matter. What was his deal? Was something wrong?

My eyes flickered to his lips, and I licked mine. After all that had happened, is that really what I should be thinking about? It was just a nightmare after all. It wasn't like it was actually deadly. I could lust after my mate... I just should probably wait till we both weren't breathing so heavily.

"Grace? Are you alright?" Rhys demanded, pulling me back to reality; the fear in his voice **was**

undeniable. What had him so worked up? Did he have a bad dream too?

"Rhys, I'm fine, it was just a -" I answered but stopped myself mid-sentence **as** my eyes trailed his

body, and I noticed the claw marks. “You’re bleeding! What happened?”

Rhys followed my gaze down to his shoulder.

“I- I-” He stammered, a look of confusion crossed his face. “Are you hurt, Grace?”

My brows furrowed. Now, that he mentioned it, my body was sore. Maybe I had slept funny or been thrashing around in my sleep. The dream had felt so real, but it wasn’t, right?

But that thing, whatever it was had been circling me... And Rhys... In the dream, Rhys had been there. But that wasn’t real. It was a dream.

“I’m fine.” I told him, my heart still hammering uncontrollably in my chest, but was I okay? I wasn’t

sure. Everything hurt.

His hand caressed my face gently, like he wasn’t sure if I real or not. I needed him to be real in

the same way he needed me to be real.

“You’re lying,” He hissed angrily.

“And you’re bleeding!” I argued back, reached out and touched his shoulder.

He hissed in pain this time, and I/gently tried to focus my healing energy on him. **He grabbed** at my wrist and forced it back down to my side. I looked at him in confusion, Why the heck did he stop

me?

“Heal yourself first.” He growled.

“Rhys...” I tried, but he grabbed my other wrist and held it above my head.

**Goddess, is it** hot in here? It was not the time to be turned on, but holy hell **I was**. **Rhys** looked so domineering, and he was holding me in such a compromising position. I wanted so **badly to raise my** hips and rub myself against him. My panties were already damp at just the idea of **him, let alone** him being shirtless on top of me. His muscles and dick were just calling my name. Focus, Grace. Not everything is about sex but when staring at my mate that was hard to remember.

“Heal yourself first.” He repeated, bringing my attention back to him.

“I have nothing to heal!”

“I can feel your pain.” He argued.

“I’m just sore. I don’t know how to heal that. I’m not that good.” His blood dripped on to me, and I tried to fight against grip.

“Then we need to make you better. We’ve got to start training your powers.” He answered, not even breaking a sweat to hold me in place, even in his injured state.

“And I will but let me take care of you now. I’m okay, Rhys. I promise. Please, **if** you won’t let me do it, let me go get Sawyer. That’s the same shoulder you hurt the other day.”

“That was my arm, not my shoulder.” He shot back.

“Same difference.” I growled back a little more feisty than I met it. I could feel my Lycan just on the edge of my consciousness. She didn’t say anything, but her bite

was definitely there, and her power was surging through me in the same way the adrenaline was. Or maybe it was all just adrenaline, and I was making something out of nothing.

“Sawyer needs to look over you.” Rhys relented as he rolled off of me and stood up.

I rolled my eyes but took Rhys’ offered hand. I had no idea what had happened. My mind couldn’t process anything other than the fact that we both woke up injured. Did I claw him accidentally in my sleep? Is that why we were both so sore and he was bleeding? My dream must have made me lash out... It felt so real; my body must have been confused and started fighting back.

I stopped dead in my tracks, forcing Rhys to stop too.

“It’s all my fault.” I whispered.

“What’s your fault?” Rhys asked.

Despite the giant gashes in his arm, he looked hot. I wondered if this would be the final straw that would make him give up on me. No one attacked the Alpha King and got away with it. Not **even** his mate. Some of his previous fiancé’s had done less and gotten themselves killed, and I would be next.

“I don’t like where your thoughts just went.” Rhys said before I could **say** anything, the frown on his

face deepening.

My eyes filled with tears as I tried to gain the courage to tell him what I thought happened. He may say he loves me, but he didn’t sign up to be attacked in his sleep. That was something that could not

be ignored.

“Gracie, honey, what’s wrong? Does something hurt?” He coaxed.

Yes, my heart hurts, Rhys. My heart knows I can’t stay like this.

“No,” I tell him. It comes out weaker than I wanted it to. “No. I’m not hurt.”

“Then I don’t understand.” Rhys said as he caressed my face in a **way** I didn’t deserve. “Tell me what’s wrong.”

I took in his face. The way his messy hair made him look even more attractive. How even the blood dripping down his chest made him look hot in a way that made me slightly uncomfortable. Goddess, I loved this man, but it wouldn't matter. It wouldn't matter at all when I told him what happened.

"It's my fault you're hurt." I told him. "I was having a dream, and it felt so real. I must **have** partially shifted and clawed you in my sleep. I'm so sorry, Rhys."

Chapter Comments

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**Chapter 208**

Rhys stiffened at my words, but to my surprise, he didn't pull away. He actually moved closer, so we were facing each other. His fingers skimming my hair line in a longing way, his other hand still clutching my wrist.

“Gracie,” He tried to find the right words, but he couldn’t, so I took my opportunity to keep talking.

“I was having a dream I was in a field, meeting with the-”

“With the Moon Goddess.” Rhys finished my sentence.

I stumbled backwards, out of Rhys’ grip, my mouth hanging wide open before I found my voice again, “Ho-How do you know that?” I stammered, my heart beating thunderously. It was so loud I

could hear it in my ears.

The door to Sawyer’s room opened. I hadn’t realized how close we were to it. Rhys needed medical attention. That’s why we were here. But how did Rhys know what my dream was about? Did I say something in my sleep? Was that it or was something else going on? He didn’t look like he was going to kill me.... But would that change once we got more information?

“What’s going on?” Sawyer asked tiredly. He ran his hand over his face the same way that Rhys often did. “Why are you bleeding?”

“It’s a long story,” Rhys replied quickly before I could say anything else incriminating. Why was he protecting me? I didn’t understand what was going on at all. “Can you help? Grace needs looked at, and I’m starting to heal, but just need to make sure there’s nothing to be worried about.”

“I’m fine.” I argued. “Rhys, you aren’t listening to me.”

“I am.” He said gently as Sawyer ushered us both into his room, so we wouldn’t disturb any of the kids sleeping just a few feet away in the living room.

“No.” I stopped, not letting him push me through the door. “You’re not hearing me. This is all my

fault!”

“Grace,” He said as patiently as he could muster, which wasn’t much, honestly. “I hear what you think happened, but I don’t think that is what happened. Now, let’s go. We need to get you seen, and then we have to figure out what happened.”

“But Rhys, I know what happened!” I protested.

“I was in the dream too, Grace!” He snapped back before looking around the hallway and yanking me into Sawyer’s room, and slamming the door shut behind us.

“What do you mean, you were in the dream?” I asked, my voice shaking with the question. I wished that I could control my emotions the way he could, even if he didn’t just now.

“I don’t think it was a dream.” He answered, his tone dangerous and short. “I think we were actually pulled into the land of the Gods. I think we were actually attacked. And I think you got clawed worse than I did because you pushed me out of the way like an idiot.”

“You were there?” I whispered. “Like you were with me? It wasn’t just a dream?”

“The Moon Goddess gave us a warning, and the last thing she told us before disappearing into thin air was, ‘it’s coming’.”

“Oh Goddess, you were really there.” I whispered in horror. Oh Goddess, I had somehow drug him into my nightmares. He had been there, and I hadn’t even noticed he was the real Rhys. I thought he was a part of the dream!

“I know this is a lot to process,” He soothed, taking a gentler approach this time. “But please, let’s

let Sawyer take a look at you and I and then we can dive deeper into it.”

I nodded, unsure of what I could possibly say next. It was real. It was real. It was real.

“Check her back.” Rhys commanded Sawyer as he led me over to Sawyer’s bed.

I was about to protest, but then I realized that most of my pain was in my back. I assumed I had just pulled a muscle in it, but if what Rhys was saying was true, I probably had gotten clawed too.

Sawyer gently reached for the hem of my shirt but waited till I gave him permission to lift it, which I

did with a nod.

Sawyer sucked in a sharp breath as he raised my shirt, and I was grateful Rhys was sitting in front of me, unable to see whatever Sawyer saw.

“Well?” I asked with a nervous laugh as he ran his gloved fingers over my back.

“You were in fact clawed, but it’s already scarred over. Absolutely, remarkable. Are you in pain,

Grace?’

My eyes locked with Rhys’, and he gave me a look that dared me to lie, and I would not like what happens next.

“I’m sore.” I answered honestly. “I just feel like I’ve pushed myself to a limit or pulled a muscle or something.”

Sawyer said something to himself, but lowered my shirt, and turned me to look at him, so he could continue his once over of me.

“I’m fine,” I told him as he poked and prodded.

“I see that. What happened to you guys?” Sawyer asked as he moved on to examine his brother whose marks were now completely closed and there was just dried blood on his chest. “Why didn’t you call for help?”

“We were pulled into the land of Gods and Goddesses.” Rhys told him through clenched teeth.

“You were what?!” Rhys demanded, taking a step back so he could look at both of **us**.

“That’s the only way I can explain,” Rhys answered tiredly, pulling me close to him. “I thought I was dreaming at first... Grace looked so beautiful, the light made her look like she was glowing. But then, it was like it was ultra real. Everything was really bright. And then I saw who she was talking to... The Moon Goddess... And I realized it wasn’t a dream... At least, I didn’t think it was and I’m even more sure of it now.”

Sawyer stared at me, his mouth hanging wide open before exclaiming, “You met with the Moon Goddess?!”

## **Chapter Comments**

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# The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## Chapter 209

I stared at my brother and his mate. Was he actually serious? There was no way... Why would **the** Moon Goddess pull them into her realm just to attack them? It didn't make sense. Sure, there **had** been legends, but my own brother apart of them? Fuck. This wasn't good.

"You met with the Moon Goddess?!" I questioned just to be sure I heard him right.

"Yea." Rhys responded looking stricken as he pulled Grace even closer to him, looking down her shirt to see what I saw earlier. "We did."

"And she attacked you?" I asked in disbelief. That just didn't make any sense. Why would the Moon Goddess attack both of her children?

"No." Rhys answered, shaking his head, his jaw set. "No. There were these creatures... They were huge. They knew we weren't supposed to be there, or at least that's what it felt like. I never saw

them... Did you?"

Grace shook her head. It was clear that whatever had happened had really shaken her up.

“Can you guys walk me through exactly what happened?” I asked in frustration.

I wasn't mad at them. But ever since Grace had come into our lives everything had been made a mess. I was exhausted by the influx of new information that just kept coming. It was like an everyday occurrence now, and I was fucking over it.

“I think we need the whole crew. I don't want to be repeating the story a million times.”

I sighed. Another night of no sleep. This was also becoming a reoccurring habit that as a doctor, I absolutely hated. In order to function, humans needed sleep, and I was sick of not being able to, and my wolf being restless was not helping the situation.

“Can it wait till morning?” I asked as I stared at the bed they were both sitting on. I was dying to know what the hell had happened with the Moon Goddess, that was not an everyday thing, but I was

also tired as hell.

Grace deferred the question to Rhys by looking at him, and he thought about it for a moment. I knew whatever came out of his mouth next, he wouldn't be going back to sleep.

"Of course," He said after a long moment. "As long as Grace isn't hurt, we can wait till morning."

"Rhys-" I started tiredly.

"Is she hurt?" He demanded.

"No. I just-"

"You look tired. You should get some rest. Sorry to interrupt your evening." Rhys answered shortly.

Grace threw a look of confusion or sympathy over her shoulder as Rhys dragged her out of the room

and I stared after them.

“That was weird.” I muttered to myself as the door slammed shut behind them.

They both had strong healing powers, so why had they even bothered coming here? Rhys had to have known that. He had seen it with his own eyes on multiple occasions. So, what was the point, I didn’t understand. Unless whatever had happened had really scared him. My brother wasn’t a scare easy kinda guy, but maybe that’s what fear looked like on him?

I laid back down in my bed and tried to process what had happened. My **mind** was racing. Had they really been pulled into the Land of the Gods? Or was this just some weird sex **thing** they had tried and failed at? If they had been pulled into the land of the Gods, then what did that mean? Why had they been attacked? Were the creatures they mentioned the protectors of the realm or were they pets of another God who didn’t want us there. Oh Goddess, were there more Gods at play here? Like maybe a jealous god?

My heart pounded at the thought. I didn’t like even the idea of that, but perhaps it was something **to** consider... Maybe this was even bigger than everything going on here.

I rolled out of bed with a sigh. As much as I loved him, I really hated my brother sometimes. As tired as I was, I couldn’t sleep. Not with the bombshell that had just been dropped on me so casually. I know I was the one who asked if it could wait till morning, but I hadn’t actually expected him to.

I got dressed in the dark, not bothering to turn on the light. Today was going to be crazy enough. I was supposed to be at the clinic at 9am. Werewolves generally are healthy creatures, but when we get sick, we really get sick. And if someone comes with an injury, it's usually pretty severe.

I made my way out of my room to the little kitchen. Most of the Alpha floor was still asleep, but to my surprise Maizie was sitting at the counter with a cup of coffee already in her hands.

"Hey," I greeted her quietly as to not to wake the others that were sleeping in the living room just a

few feet away.

Startled, she looked up at me, but quickly masked whatever feelings she was h

1. ng.

"Morning," She returned the greeting, raising her cup in acknowledgement.

I glanced at the time on the oven. 4:00 am.

“Why are you up?” I asked as I poured my own cup of coffee and took the seat next to her.

She looked at me like it was a stupid question, and maybe it was. I didn’t think I was supposed **to** know the answer, but maybe I was.

“My brother woke you up too?” I tried.

She gave me a tired side-ways look but shook her head. “I just don’t sleep well.” She answered, and for the first time, I saw the fatigue on her.

“Why not?”

This time she sent me an incredulous look and I raised my hands in defense even though I still wasn’t following. She seemed to think I should know the answer though. Like it was obvious or something. Or maybe she had told me before, but I really didn’t get a lot of alone time with Maizie to ask her questions, no matter how much I wanted to.

“Why did your brother wake you?” She asked, changing the subject.

“That is a good question,” I answered, running my hand through my hair tiredly. “He wanted to wake everyone up actually. But I asked if we could wait till morning, and he agreed. However, he got to go back to bed, and I couldn’t sleep.”

“He’s not asleep.” Maizie corrected, sitting up a little straighter and looking more like the Maizie I knew, “They went down to the office about an hour ago.”

“What?”

Maizie stood up abruptly and pulled slightly on my sleeve, urging me to get up to. “Come on, I’ll wake Michael, and you wake Heather, and we’ll go join them.”

I wanted to tell her that it could wait... Nothing was going to change if we waited for a decent hour to arrive. That I was enjoying the quiet of this moment with her... But I knew that look in her eye, and I knew I had already lost the battle.

## **Chapter** Comments

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## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 210

After practically giving Heather a heart attack by showing up at her door, we were all piled in Rhys' office in our usual spots. It was kind of weird to see Heather in these meetings instead of Leon. She had never wanted this life. At least, not since she had kids anyway. I hadn't known her well as a child. Not like Rhys and Caleb had anyway. But I knew well enough that she was only in this to get Leon back, and I couldn't blame her for that.

put on a fresh cup of coffee and took my spot in the corner. I liked it there. I could see everything in the room. Everyone in the room. Heather took her usual spot across the room from me, closer to the door in one of the comfy green chairs. Rhys sat behind his desk in his usual spot, and Grace was curled up in the other green at the edge of Rhys' desk. She tended to like to be closer to everyone unless Rhys was in a particularly Alpha mood where he demanded her to be close. Then Alana had a kitchen chair that she kept near the door, in case she needed to make a quick escape. She was the newest member to the meetings other than Heather, so she still looked like she felt she didn't belong there. Then there was Michael. He sat in the middle of the floor with his knees drawn up to his chest. Michael never really contributed much to these meetings, so I often wondered why he even bothered to come most of the time, but something seemed to have changed in the last few days with him, and he seemed a little less dark, and a little more open.

And then there was Maizie. Maizie who was laying on her stomach, flipping through some papers that I couldn't see. Her dark hair was pulled into a long braid down her back. She always had this devil may care attitude, but yet she also always saw the angles the rest of us couldn't. I was always in awe of her, and I wished that our paths crossed more than they did right now. I usually only saw her in meetings and sometimes dinner, but she was such an intriguing individual it was hard not to want more. I was glad that she was close with Grace. Grace needed more friends, but I was glad she had a few people that she trusted now.

"Well, I guess, we should get started," Rhys said drawing my attention away from Maizie and back to him as he stood up to start the meeting, even though it was not necessary to be formal with this group at all. I missed the days where it was just him, me and Leon. Those meetings were always casual, and usually about business things, not how might we die today. "Thanks for coming, I know it's early. We were going to let everyone sleep, but I guess sleep is alluding all of us."

He was right. Every single person had said they were already awake, which was crazy. I mean, I hadn't been until Rhys and Grace had woken me up, but still. It was a weird energy that we all felt

but couldn't explain.

"Is everything okay?" Heather asked uneasily.

"I don't know." Rhys answered, surprising me a bit with his candid response. "Grace and I were sucked into the Land of the Gods last night while we were sleeping."

The words hung over everyone in a heavy silence. I mean, honestly, what the hell was anyone supposed to say to that? A quick look around the room told me that everyone's attention had

piqued. Maizie rolled herself into a sitting position, and was sitting looking much more alert. Much more like the Maizie I knew, not the Maizie I had seen sitting at the counter this morning.

"I assume there's more to this story than that?" Heather asked hesitantly. "Do you want to fill us in

on what happened?"

Rhys looked at Grace who gave him the nod to continue, which I found odd. I wondered what they had discussed when they were alone after leaving my room. If there was more that happened, and they had decided not to share everything or something.

Rhys quickly gave a rundown of what had happened. How he had 'entered' the dream and was able to see Grace talking to the Moon Goddess. How he was told that he wasn't invited there, but Grace's soul had brought him along. How she warned him that what he was doing might not be enough. And then said that we had no idea what was coming, but we needed to be more prepared. Then told them that it was coming, twice, and then disappeared into thin air.

I could tell he was trying to be as detailed as possible, which was hard for him. He was usually the one getting every detail, not relaying every detail. In fact, I had never really been in a situation like this where every detail mattered quite like this.

Then he stated how the air changed, and they were attacked. He said he tried to go to the same area he had 'entered' the dream/realm/thing in, thinking maybe it was a portal, but they just ended up deeper into the woods with the creatures they couldn't see closing in on them. Then they had come back bleeding and completely at a loss for what had happened.

"Did I miss anything, Gracie?" Rhys asked, there was an exhaustion in his voice that I wasn't used to, and it made my stomach clench a little.

Grace shook her head with the same exhaustion written all over her features. Worry filled me. Grace had been through so much. She had finally started to get her feet under her. I hadn't seen her this tired since she first got here. This dream and all the things leading up to it, seemed to be really weighing on both of them.

"So, what does literally any of that mean?" Michael asked, speaking up for the first time.

Maizie raised her head, and my heart stumbled. I knew before she said anything that she had reached the same conclusion as I had.

“They were either the protectors of the realm... or there are more Gods than we realized at play

here.”