

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 221

I stared at Arlo, my heart pounding. He had said it so casually... So sure of his answer. And the picture... I stared at the picture, urging it to be different. Begging for it to be something else, anything else. But even when I blinked, it was stiff the same. It was the Moon Goddess just as we had seen her in a patch of wildflowers, the woods behind her glowing with what looked like moonlight, looking much different than we had seen it today, but yet, still very much the same. I would recognize it anywhere.

“Why the hell would the God of Death be hunting us?” Rhys demanded as I jumped off the desk to look at the picture even closer.

“That’s him, isn’t it?” I asked quietly, pointing to a shadowy figure that seemed to be hiding in the trees, watching her.

Arlo nodded solemnly after glancing where I was pointing.

“The Moon Goddess and the God of Death used to be friends... Maybe more, it depends what mythology you look at. But at the very least, they were written in many texts as good friends. The Moon Goddess felt it was necessary to have a good relationship with the God who would eventually claim her creatures. But around 200 years or so ago, the God of Death stopped appearing in texts with her. Before

people perhaps worshipped the two of them together, but my assumption is they stopped. The God of Death has shadow creatures. From what it sounds like, that's what you ran into. The meadow in

the picture was the neutral area between her land and his, they were neighbors, but based on what you mentioned, it seems he is targeting her for some reason."

I frowned. Okay, sure, that made some sense... But it left more questions than answers. Were we facing a war on two different fronts? Gods and Lycans? Or were they working together? But that wouldn't make sense since we were both made

by the Moon Goddess... Unless...

"He's pining us against each other, so we wipe each other out..." I whispered my thoughts out loud.

"That's my thoughts..." Arlo agreed.

"But why? What the hell happened that he would have to do that?" Rhys questioned angrily. "Why bring her creations into

it?"

“Because he’s trying to make his more powerful...” Sawyer answered slowly, and everyone turned to look at him. “He is who the vampire’s worship... And from what we’ve heard... They are now a part of the project... He’s trying to make his people stronger...”

I felt sick. The Moon Goddess had warned me... Us. That something was coming. Was this what she was talking about? Was this the danger we didn’t know was coming? Or were we really fighting two different wars on two different fronts?

“Is there anything else we should know?” Rhys asked, his voice tight, but in control.

“I don’t know where exactly Grace fits in here... Why they want her so bad... But I’ll keep digging.”

“Oh that part is easy,” Maizie spoke up, her eyes dark with emotion. “The God of Death has been biding his time... The Lycans were already corrupt... Giving the God of Death the perfect opportunity to strike. Grace is clearly favo Moon Goddess... She was sent to Earth to save her people... She’s important to the cause and the Moon Godd after her is kind of a no-brainer.”

V the

Going

“But I’m nothing special,” I protested.

Maizie rolled her eyes before looking directly into mine, “Grace, you have more abilities than anyone I know. Even for a

Lycan of Alpha blood. I’m sure that the Moon Goddess created you on purpose, and my assumption is that it’s to save us

all.”

“No pressure.” I muttered under my breath. There was no way she was right though. I wasn’t in the Moon Goddess’s favor I had never even prayed to her. I probably cursed her more than I had ever said anything good in her name. There was no way that she’d choose me as her special mission to save my people. I wasn’t even a true Alpha. I was a bastard child. No. She couldn’t be right.

Rhys ran his hand over his face tiredly. “So, we aren’t just fighting corrupt Lycans, but we’re pawns to a God war?” He asked.

“It would appear so,” Arlo answered with a nod.

We spent the next two hours going over all the things that Arlo knew about the Gods and the Land of the Gods. We grabbed a new giant whiteboard and began to map out all the different relationships that were known between them. Who might help. Who would side with the God of Death. And who we should go to first for help. And how we were going to get Leon and Caleb out of their hands as quickly as we could.

My mind was all but spinning by the time we decided to call it a night. This was exhausting.

“Maizie, Michael, Grace, stay for a moment.” Rhys said as everyone started to disperse for the night. Everyone was feeling the exhaustion, but we had decided that it was probably safe to sleep. No one thought that the Moon Goddess would try to pull us into her realm again, at least not again **so** soon. But some of our research was going to **go** toward how to escape the realm if we ever got trapped there again.

“Are we in trouble?” Michael asked hesitantly when it was just us in the room.

“No, not at all.” Rhys answered. “Give me two minutes, I just have to grab something.”

Both Maizie and Michael looked to me, but I just shrugged, I knew as much as they did, which was nothing. I closed my eyes and leaned back against the desk. I honestly think it was holding me up I was so tired. No one really said anything, so I knew we were all in the same boat.

“Sorry to keep you waiting, I just wanted to give these to you before you guys went to bed.”

I opened my eyes to see him holding three new phones in his hand as he began to pass them out.

“Is this for real?” Maizie asked in awe, flipping it around in her hands.

“Yes. I already had them put in some important numbers, mine, each of yours, Leon’s, Heather’s, Sawyer’s. These are yours though. I know you guys can’t mindlink, so I needed to make sure you guys had a way to contact each other, especially in an emergency.”

“Thank you!” Maizie cried out, throwing her arms around Rhys.

“You’re welcome,” Rhys chuckled, patting her back awkwardly.

Both Michael and Maizie took off with their new phones, and Rhys stepped in front of me, his eyes sca.

g over me.

“Thank you,” I told him earnestly. “I’ll have to learn how to use this.”

“I’m sure it will take no time at all.” He responded, his voice husky.

I stood on my tiptoes and kissed his lips gently. We were both too tired for much more, but somehow **it was** enough. Somehow with him, everything was.

## **Chapter** Comments

### The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## **Chapter 222**

The week passed quickly. Every day was jam packed with things. Every morning, I spent time at the school. I went to all three training sessions. And then every evening I spent with the crew in Rhys’ office. We were slowly building a plan. We needed more manpower to get Leon and Caleb back. The Alpha King pack was strong, but we needed to be smart too. We had limited resources. We couldn’t be everywhere. That was what they wanted. Or were hoping we would do. We had to find a way to protect the city and the other packs. Rhys had an idea for where to go first, but I had a hard time trusting anyone who wasn’t Rhys. But we needed to start taking chances. Leon and Caleb were in danger, enduring who knows what,

we needed to get them back in a way that wasn't a suicide mission, and we were close to figuring it out. But tonight, tonight was not the night for it.

We had all agreed to take the evening off. We were all working our minds and bodies to the max. Training had picked up a level or 5. I was so sore in places I didn't even know could be sore. And maybe I didn't have to go to all three sessions, but it seemed necessary, and it made me feel like I was actually doing something. Tonight though, I wasn't staying for the last two. I had one more thing to do before I could relax. We might have cancelled our meeting, but that didn't mean there wasn't anything left to do.

"Ready?" I asked Michael as he walked out of the school and toward where I was standing waiting for him.

"I don't think you should come with me, Grace." Michael said for the hundredth time.

"You aren't going alone." I repeated the same thing I had been saying since he received his father's summons.

"But-

"No." I cut him off. "Maizie and I will stay hidden. He won't know we're there, just like last time. You remember the plan?"

“Yea. Rhys and I went over it last night after everyone went to bed. Does he know you’re coming with me?”

I gave Michael a small smile. He really was trying his best to talk me out of coming, but my mind was made up. “Rhys knows that I would never let a child face a mission like this alone. Even if I can’t be super helpful, I can give moral support. I know this isn’t easy for you.”

“Ready?” Maizie called out as she and Sawyer approached. This was the group that was agreed on to go protect Michael when he had received the message from his dad. There was definitely some level of magic that was used, but how we

weren’t quite sure. The letter was for visible for Michael’s eyes only, which was cool, but it made it hard to know if Michael was telling the whole truth or not. It’s not that I necessarily think he is lying, but desperate people do desperate

things, and if he didn’t think we could save his siblings, then he would still play right into his father’s hands.

I nodded. Kate had extra eyes on the meeting area. She had setup cameras which were supposed to be practically invisible,

and they were supposed to be all over the pack, just in case someone did notice them, they wouldn't think it was just the meeting spot. And Rhys, Heather and Arlo would be watching the cameras from their tech room, which was really the

conference room on the office floor. He, of course, wasn't thrilled that I would be in the field, but we had come to an

understanding. My phone would be on me, and I would text him every 5 minutes as well as be in the view of a camera.

Michael swallowed hard as we entered the woods. I knew that he was terrified of getting caught, and I didn't blame him. We were all going to give him and his dad a wide berth. I knew that I would probably not be able to hear anything going on from my spot, but I would be able to keep an eye on things, and that was enough for now to help

heart.

my anxious

We each dispersed in different directions as we entered the woods. That way if anyone got caught, we could claim plausible deniability. That we were just out on a run, or that I was worried about Michael or something. Or on patrol. We each had a role, and Michael had a keyword to use if he needed us to get him out of there. We were not just going to feed

a child to the wolves. That was not the plan.

My heart raced as I crawled into my hiding place. The waiting would be the worst part. Michael's dad wasn't due to show up for another hour or so. I wasn't sure if he would be early or not.

"In position." I texted Rhys.

"Be careful." He replied immediately, and then a second text bubble popped up. "And don't do anything stupid."

I smiled at his texts. I wasn't planning on doing anything stupid, but I guess no one ever plans to do anything stupid, they just plan to do something, and it tends to end up being stupid.

I wasn't waiting very long before Heather sent a text in our group message.

"Target is in sight. Stay vigilant."

I wasn't sure if he was near or not, but I immediately felt myself stiffen. He was definitely early. I wondered if he had hidden for a while too, or if he truly just waltzed on in whenever he wanted.

I tried to look toward where I knew Michael was, but the brush was **so** thick in this area, it was hard to make out much more than his body shape. He appeared to be plucking at grass, and I assumed he didn't know his dad was close, he looked too relaxed for that, at least, in my opinion.

I knew the moment that Michael's father had arrived when he stiffened in only the way you ever did when you had something to fear. I trusted Michael. He had gone over the plan with Rhys. He had been lying to his dad for even longer than we knew, now it was just controlled. At least, as controlled as it could be.

I didn't so much as breathe until Michael was on his way out of the woods with a new manilla folder. The plan had gone flawlessly as far as I could tell, and we were hopeful that we with the help of the cameras would be able to figure out exactly how this man was getting in. But that was not a today problem. Today, we were done, and it was time to have some

fun.

Chapter Comments

POST COMMENT NOW

LIKE

< SHARE

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 223

I climbed the steps to the Alpha floor tiredly. I swear, every day I thought I couldn't feel more exhausted, and every **day**, I was proven wrong by that statement. Maizie and Michael were chatting casually behind me. Maizie was **going** on **and** on about how cool it was that Michael got a mission like that and how great he did not to not show his dad **any** fear. Her position had been closer to them, so she could intervene if needed. She was from their pack and closer to his have been easier to lie that way. But it hadn't been needed.

age, **it would**

I punched in the code to the floor, and had no sooner walked in when a small body threw herself at me barely giving me a

chance to catch her.

“Aunt Grace!” Sammy screeched happily. So happily, that it hurt my ears.

“Sam-Sam!” I swung her in my arms effortlessly. She was my girl, and I was glad to have her.

“Are we really going to have fun tonight?” She asked.

“Yes ma’am, we are,” I answered, setting her back down on her feet, but she still clung to me as if she was afraid to let go. “I just have to go shower first, and get cleaned up, and then we’ll join the pack for some fun.”

Sammy’s eyes lit up, and I couldn’t imagine ever telling the little girl no. Sammy had been begging for us to do something fun all week. The Alpha floor had slowly been emptying out as kids were being placed pretty much daily into foster homes. It was a slow process, but it seemed to be working. Sammy though, was bored out of her mind since Jack had moved out two days ago, and I swear if she spent one more day playing quietly with her new dolls in the corner of the office, she was going to lose it. Which is why with Alana’s help, despite our very limited time, I had planned a pack picnic for tonight.

The pack was clearly in need of some fun, and it was easy to set up. Everyone was bringing something, ho

ide or not,

it didn't matter. All that mattered was that everyone deserved a break, and we were going to give them one. it didn't matter that it was mid-November. The weather was beautiful. We had lucked out in that regard. Long sleeves, jeans and maybe a sweater was all that would be needed, plus, we were in a pack of werewolves. They tended to be less affected by the temperature than Lycans, and Rhys had made sure there were outdoor heaters placed all around for us, odd ones out.

“Sammy, you have to let you go of her, so we can get ready.” Rhys' deep husky voice met my ears all of two seconds before his arms wrapped around my waist, and I all but melted into him.

“How do I know you are actually going to **get** ready?” Sammy asked, narrowing her eyes at us in accusation.

“Pinky promise, we'll be fast,” Rhys offered, reaching his hand out toward her. “We have to be there by 5:15, so we only

have about 20 minutes to get ready.”

“Okay!” Sammy yelled as she ran off to follow and annoy Maizie in the meantime.

“We have more than 20 min-” I started before Rhys clamped his hand over my mouth, and pulled me toward our room.

“She doesn’t need to know that.” Rhys hissed in my ear when **he** was sure **she** was out **of** earshot.

I **turned** toward my husband **as** he opened our door and rolled **my eyes** at that silly **little** smirk **on his face**.

“You **are** something else, **you** know that?”

“**I’m** yours,” He whispered, leaning in and kissing **my lips**.

Goddess. Everything else melted away with that kiss. He was everything I ever wanted, even before **I knew that I could** want anything. **He** was mine. His lips. His touch. His words. His comfort. **He** was mine, and mine **alone**. With **him**, everything was simple. He was my mate. He was more than my mate. He was my fate. With him, there was **no** war **brewing** outside our door. In this moment, we weren’t caught in a battle of the gods. Time didn’t exist when **his body felt** this **good** against **his** skin.

He sucked that sweet spot on my neck, and I couldn't help the moan of desire that escaped **my lips**. Goddess, **he** was **good** at that. My underwear was already soaked and we had literally just started. There were too many layers between us. **I**

wanted more.

I immediately began to rip at the buttons on his shirt, and I felt his chest rumble **as** he chuckled.

“So eager.” He teased.

Goddess, I couldn't take his teasing much longer. I wanted him. No. Needed him. I pushed him toward the bed, **but** he

stood firm.

I looked up at him, sure I looked like a sad little puppy, confused about why he didn't move.

“We're supposed to be showering,” He muttered, brushing the loose strands of hair from my **face**. “The **picnic**.”

“Fuck the picnic,” I growled.

His chest rumbled again with his laugh, and he cupped my face in a way that only he could. Oh thank goddess he **was** mine. He felt like home.

“You have leaves in your hair, baby, come on, let’s shower.”

I sighed, and let Rhys pull me into the bathroom. He then began to take off my clothes at a tortuously slow pace. So slow that I tried to brush him off and do it myself, but he caught my wrists in hand and pinned them high above me **as** he worked off my clothes with.

“You know it was kind of hot to see you in the field today,” He breathed as he ran his fingers up and down my sides.

“Yea?” I gasped as he touched a particularly sensitive spot.

“Oh yea.”

“And what are you going to do about it?” I asked, my breath hitching as he stripped right in front of me.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” He teased, and he pulled me into the shower, leaving nothing left to **the** imagination.

## Chapter Comments

LIKE

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 224

Rhys gently wrapped me up in a towel after my shower and kissed my forehead. That had been incredible, especially for a quickie like that. Every time I thought I couldn’t be more wowed by him, I was. After devouring me in the best way possible, he had massaged the soap into my skin and the shampoo into my hair, and I had done the same to him. It was heavenly. He was heavenly. Goddess, I love this man. And he was still taking care of me by grabbing clean clothes for me, so I didn’t have to leave the warm bathroom. I also wasn’t going to complain. He was walking around with nothing but a towel around his waist, which might be too much coverage, but it was still sexy. And I loved to see the little water droplets

on his skin; it was even hotter. I loved that he was mine.

“Uncle Rhys and Aunt Grace!” I could hear Sammy pounding on our bedroom door. “**It’s** time to go!”

“We’re still getting ready, Sammy!” Rhys called back to her, freezing at the door.

“Well, what have you been doing this whole time?!” She demanded, not giving up.

“We’re just slow. Sorry, Sam-Sam. 5 more minutes, please?” He tried to bargain with her.

“Maizie, set a timer.” I heard the little girl command, slightly muffled now.

I could all but see Maizie’s reaction. She was probably out there, rolling her eyes at Sammy’s dramatics, well aware of why we took so long. We didn’t get much alone time these days with war brewing, trying to save our friends, and Sammy

sleeping in our bed most nights. There was little time for extra-curriculars. There was little time for anything. But we were making time for this damn picnic. It was a good thing to keep our minds off of things for a while. We needed this, even if

we couldn't really admit that we needed this.

"I told you not to bother them!" I heard Maizie yell back to Sammy from farther away

"Never a moment's peace, huh?" Rhys said as he handed me my clothes, a long sleeve sweater and a pair of black leggings.

"Where's the underwear?" I asked when I saw him smirk.

"You don't need them." He told me as he placed his hands on either side of me on the counter where I was sitting, and leaned in to kiss my lips.

"Yes, I do." I answered when he pulled away and pointed toward the other room,

He shamelessly pulled them out of his pocket, and I giggled. He was ridiculous. "What were you going to do? Go to the picnic with them?" I asked

"Yes." He admitted, planting another kiss on my lips before pulling away to get dressed himself.

“I will be wearing those, thank you very much.” I told him unable to keep the laugh out of my voice.

“You are no fun.” He smirked.

“You weren’t thinking that 5 minutes ago in the shower.” I teased.

He shuddered at the memory. Our bodies working as one to create the most spectacular pleasure in the rawest form. **Just** us and nothing else. His hands on my body, my hands on his. And fun is only one of the words that I would **use to describe** the experience.

**1/3**

He groaned and I looked down and saw the tent I had helped create just moments ago with my comment.

“You are evil.” He teased.

I flipped my hair dramatically in the way I had seen many girls do it when flirting with the guys in the pack. “You’re the one who’s mated me.” I shot back.

“Best decision I ever made.” He said as he leaned in to peck my lips again.

It was the simple moments like these that I loved the most. All we were doing now was getting dressed and chatting and yet it was just as magical as the thing we had just done 10 minutes ago. It was mundane and perfect, and I loved every moment of it.

I pulled the sweater over my head and started the process of blow drying my hair. I wouldn’t have time to fully dry **it**, but I could at least get it to be only a little damp.

We finished getting ready in a comfortable silence. I was lacing up my combat boots when Sammy started knocking again.

“Oh!” Sammy exclaimed as Rhys opened the door, since we were both fully dressed now.

“Did you need something, Sammy?” Rhys asked sweetly.

“We’re late!” She exclaimed anxiously.

I glanced at the clock. It was 5:17, a little later than we wanted to be.

“Sorry, kiddo,” Rhys told her as he ruffled her hair affectionately. “We did our best.”

“You guys took forever!” She complained.

“I know it felt like that,” I told her as she plopped herself onto my lap and I began to braid her hair.

“Can we go pleaseeee?” She begged when I finally finished.

“I’m ready,” I answered, looking to my mate who had a mischievous glint in his eyes. “Are you ready, Rhys?”

“Not quite, I have to do my hair,” Rhys teased.

Sammy burst out laughing at her uncle’s antics. “Uncle Rhys!” She exclaimed still laughing. “Your hair is perfect!”

He really didn't have much hair to work with, and she was right, his hair was perfect. He was perfect.

"Are you sure?" He asked her, still teasing,

"Yes!" She giggled as he reached down to pick her up off my lap.

"Phew," He answered as she clung to him like a monkey. "I wouldn't want to go out there looking ridiculous!"

I laughed at the two of them. If this was the kind of thing our future held, then I couldn't wait. Whether it be **with just** Michael and his siblings, or we add our kids into the mix, it didn't matter. As long as we were all happy, **healthy**, and together we would be just fine, and the future couldn't come fast enough.

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

The picnic was in full swing by the time we arrived. Maizie and Michael walked in with us, and their faces were so cute as all three kids watched everything in awe. Alana had come during the mission to set everything up with one of her friends, which I was grateful for. There were blankets laid out all over the field for people to sit on, as well as a couple of picnic tables that had been found. There were folding tables with cute plaid table clothes for everyone to put food on, and it was

already almost full. The parking lot was also almost full already which I found to be amazing.

“Tell me there’s ice cream.” Michael said in awe.

“There is definitely ice cream.” I laughed. “We had to get a special freezer thing to keep it cold.”

“This is the best day ever!” He exclaimed, the tension that had been weighing on him earlier long gone.

“You are too easy.” Maizie teased as we made our way through the crowd. “All it takes is ice cream? You’d be lured **away** every kidnapping story ever.”

“And there’s pizza?!” He exclaimed, ignoring her comment, and suddenly he was gone, racing off toward the food as if it would disappear if he didn’t get any right this second.

“Wait for me! You can’t just leave me!” Maizie called out, a split second before taking off after him.

“Jack!” Sammy squealed from Rhys’ arms.

He immediately put her down, and she took off running toward her friend

“And then they were two,” Rhys muttered with a little chuckle.

“Don’t go too far!” I called after her, ignoring his comment

“Don’t worry, love,” Rhys said gently. “The pack will look after her.”

“I always worry about them.” I admitted.

“I know.” Rhys kissed my temple. “It’s what makes you amazing. Now come on, let me introduce you to some people.”

I nodded and let him lead me toward a group of what looked like well-off werewolves to start, but we made our way around to as many groups **as** we could. This was an opportunity for me to really get to know the pack. It was incredibly overwhelming, but it was also very needed. Most of the people we chatted with were really nice. Some were older, some had kids who had told them about me, and some were just curious. Rhys had done this sort of thing years ago on the regular. He had learned it was good for pack morale, but with each bride-to-be it had gotten harder and harder to do. Almost everyone was glad to be doing these things again, but I caught some girls around my age giving me jealous **and** nasty looks. It was obvious that I would have to be careful around them, but I wasn’t

here to make any more enemies. I had enough of them. I was here to make sure the pack felt loved and appreciated even in these hard times.

I was over at **the** food table getting a plate of food, when movement caught my eye near **the** tree line.

“**Hi!** You must be Grace!” A woman who looked to be about my age approached drawing **my** attention **back** to **the moment**. I could tell by the way she had said my name that **she** was not one of the good ones. **She had been** shooting **me dirty looks** all evening.

“**Yes, and you are?**” I asked politely, even though I didn’t really care **to** entertain **her**

**in**

“My name is Luna.” She answered. “As in I will be the next Luna of the Alpha pack.”

A small chuckle escaped my lips. “You sound very sure of that.” I answered, unsure of what else I was supposed to say.

“He’ll get bored of you eventually,” She replied, looking down at her nails as if this conversation bored her, even though she was the one who started it. “And he’ll send you right back where you came from.”

“Sounds good,” I answered, brushing her off, no longer listening to a word she

he was spewing. There was a familiar figure disappearing into the tree line, and whatever the reason was, I knew it couldn’t be good. “If you’ll excuse me.”

I pushed past her, and rushed toward where I had just seen Michael disappear to. My heart was pounding, and my head was jumping to all sorts of conclusions.

Voices caught my attention before I saw them, and I stopped.

“Sammy, what are you doing in here?!” Michael demanded, but there was also relief in his voice. He must have **seen** her sneak in, and in a panic went after her.

“What do you mean? We were playing hide and seek, and the woods **are** a great place to hide!” She asked innocently.

“The woods aren’t safe, Sammy. You’ll have to find another place to hide.”

Sammy whined but complied.

“Where do you think you’re both going?” Another voice demanded, and my blood ran cold.

Both Sammy and Michael froze before Michael shoved Sammy behind him.

“Dad.” Michael bit out, but his fear was palpable.

“Come on, don’t keep me waiting. We’re leaving. You’re coming with me for that dirty little trick you played on me

earlier.”

“No.” Michael shook his head, but his voice shook in fear. “I didn’t do anything.”

The man took a step closer and raised his arm against his own son. I jumped out of my spot and put myself between Michael and his father. His hand hitting my face instead.

“Grace!” Michael screamed, as my head turned with the slap.

I ignored him. My ears were ringing, and my heart was pounding, but these were my kids. They were my responsibility, and there was no way hell this man was ever going to touch them again.

“Come on, Sammy,” The man tried to lure the little girl.

“I remember you...” Sammy said, taking a step back. “You’re a bad man.”

“I guess

we’ll be doing this the hard way,” The man smirked, and started to shift.

“Michael, **get** Sammy the hell out of here and go find Rhys.” I said through gritted teeth.

“What about you?” **He** asked.

“Go.”

The man now in Lycan form lunged for Michael as he grabbed Sammy and took off running, but I dove in front of **him**, knocking him off balance, clinging to his legs. He kicked me off of himself like I was nothing. And I groaned in pain.

But then that little voice in my head came back... The one I wasn't sure if it was me or something else, but all I heard was, “It's time to play.”

And my body immediately began to shift for the first time. Fully this time. No more partial. My bones stretched and cracked all in a matter of seconds. Hair grew out in all directions. My body snapped and cracked into something new entirely, but it felt like me. I was no longer an ant in comparison of the Lycan. Fear showed on his **face** for a brief moment, and then we were ripping at each other, knowing that no one was coming to save either one of **us**.

Chapter Comments

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## Chapter 226

“Excuse me, I’ll be right back. I’m just going to get something to eat.” Grace excused herself.

I watched her go as the group hardly even noticed her departure. I wondered for a moment if I should follow her, but I

realized she probably just needed a moment to breathe. We had been more social than we had been the entire time she had been in my pack, and Grace really wasn’t the social type.

Luna almost immediately approached her, and I frowned. A large part of me wanted to go rescue Grace from whatever Luna was going to say, but I stayed where I was. Grace was a big girl. She could handle petty.

My attention was brought back to the conversation as they began to ask about the safety of the city, since I had **limited** our access to it for only supply runs for now by military personnel. Anybody who worked in the city was to work from home, and we had come up with different solutions to still be accommodating to other packs that still needed our services.

I assured the group that these were all just short-term solutions, and we were in the process of building a plan that allowed everyone to go back to living their lives normally. Obviously, those plans would take time, but we were working around

the clock to make it all happen sooner rather than later. There was so much that they didn't know, and yet, I also

believed in honesty. It was a hard line to walk sometimes.

When I glanced back up, Grace was no longer at the food table. I glanced around looking for her. Maizie was talking with Carly and a couple other kids, I was glad she was having fun, but I was surprised Michael wasn't with her. I scanned the crowd for him and noticed he was slipping into the woods. I frowned. That was a little odd. Maybe he just needed space. The picnic was loud and fun, but if you weren't used to this sort of thing, you might **feel** the need to escape. Or maybe he was sneaking off with a girl... They were too young for that, but I would understand. It was odd, but I didn't have much of a chance to wonder about it before someone was asking another question.

Time slipped away from me, but I was having a wonderful time. It was so rare to have the pack be so comfortable like this.

It was **so** rare to not have to worry

Dout anything.

"Rhys!" Someone screamed my name from somewhere in the distance. "RHYS!"

“Excuse me,” I told the group with a polite smile, and walked toward the screaming.

“WHERE’S RHYS? I NEED RHYS!”

“Slow down, child!” An elderly man yelled as Micheal almost barreled right into him. “You should show him respect! He’s the Alpha King.”

47

That was unimportant on any day, but the fear in Michael’s voice made it even less.

“I’m here,” I answered, finally catching sight of him.

He was carrying a screaming Sammy, and his eyes were wild with pure terror.

“Michael???” Maizie called out, finding him as soon as I did. “Are you hurt? What’s wrong?”

“It’s **Grace!** She needs

help!” He shouted. “My dad, he’s in the woods. He shifted. She’s all alone!”

I reached **for** our bond, but I hit a hard ass wall. How long had she even been gone? It couldn’t have been **that long, right?** I took **off** toward the woods, mindlinking the warriors on duty to scour woods.

“Which way?!” I demanded, already taking off at a run. He tried to put Sammy down, but she was screaming in protest.

“I have to help them find her!” Michael tried attempting to hand her off to Maizie.

“NO! NO!” She shrieked at each effort.

I took off in the direction that Michael pointed, Maizie hot on my heels. She didn’t technically have her Lycan yet, but maybe she could sense Grace. I didn’t know if it was a liability to have her with me, or a blessing. She kept pace though as I raced through the trees. I pulled out my phone and pulled up Grace’s location, wondering why I didn’t think that first.

“Why did you stop?” Maizie asked.

“I’m trying to track her.” I answered.

“You can do that?!”

“Not exactly. But I can track her phone’s last known location.”

And that was it, we were off again in the direction of where her phone was. I frantically mindlinked everyone the general direction, and which ways to block the perimeter. It didn’t take long for us to reach an area that made me believe they had

been there.

“My god, Rhys, look, there’s blood.” Maizie exclaimed, but I had already seen it. There were patches of blood all over the area as if there had been a fight. Goddess, please protect Grace. She couldn’t take on a Lycan. Not alone. Yes, she had been training, but this was different. This was real.

“Come on, we have to follow it!” But I didn’t have to say that, Maizie was already on the move, but she paused.

Grace's phone laid in a pile of shredded clothes.

Maizie looked at me with wild eyes. "Did she shift?"

"I- I don't know." I answered. "But come on, we have to go."

The woods were now flooded with warriors. The picnic still going on in full swing in the distance. I could hear the music, but I knew they were all safer together, and there were warriors stationed in all the areas surrounding them.

I followed the small trail of blood, until it stopped. Right at the border. There was nothing left. No path to follow. No trace

of her. Nothing.

My heart screamed in agony. She was gone. She was gone and there was nothing I could do about it. We would search for her for as long as it took, I would scour **the** whole earth for her. But right now, I felt like I had lost it all, and it took everything I had not to shatter on the spot

**Chapter Comments**

LIKE

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 227

I awoke slowly. My hands were bound in silver chains, and the gag in my mouth seemed to be some sort of old t-shirt. It had originally tasted like sweat, but now I tasted nothing. Michael's dad, Kyle, was not someone I had known before, but I hated him. He dragged me through the mud. I had no idea where I was. I reached for my bond with Rhys, but I felt nothing. I couldn't even find the small voice that had been with me each time I had shifted, and sometimes just in everyday life. I only felt pain.

I cracked my eyes open, but I didn't dare move. The man had left me alone a couple hours ago, but I didn't trust that I actually was. He had said that we needed to rest, that we would continue on when the heat died down. I wasn't sure how much time had truly passed, but the longer I was here, the more danger I was in. It terrified me.

The scene played in my mind over and over. I had shifted. I had shifted for the first time in the middle of a fight to protect the kids that I loved so much. And I had battled. I might not have been a trained fighter, but my Lycan knew exactly what to do. It was second nature... Until he stabbed me with some sort of injection, and I was forced to shift back, and I had practically passed out.

He had thrown a shirt on me a while ago, but that was all I had on, and I was freezing. I honestly wasn't sure how Kyle wasn't, but that wasn't my problem. I might have been freezing, but I didn't dare move. Through the little bit I was willing to open my eyes, I could see a cave entrance where Kyle seemed to be stationed. I could feel the cold stone beneath me. We hadn't travelled for very long, at least not while I was semi-conscious. I didn't think we could possibly be very far. For a while I could hear shouts from a distance, but they had tapered off. I wasn't sure how much time had passed but eventually Kyle turned toward me, and noticed I was awake.

“Finally, you're awake.” He growled, getting up and moving toward m

I didn't answer. My instincts took over and told me that talking would be a danger to me again. As much as I didn't want to go back to that life, I had no choice right now, and I was lowkey grateful for all the years of practice.

“You, girl, have caused me an awful lot of trouble, but the boss man will be happy to have you back. Maybe even enough so to put me back in his good graces!”

Again, I didn't respond, I didn't so much as flinch as he yanked me into a sitting position. The last thing I wanted to do was go anywhere with this man, let alone back to Red/Blood, but I feared I would have no choice. I couldn't fight him. Not without being able to reach my Lycan. I just had to hope that Rhys would find me... And fast.

“Come on, we’re leaving,” He growled as he again yanked on the chains around me.

I followed as best as I could. The chains tightened around my wrists as he pulled me along behind him. They burned a little, but not in the same way I knew silver affected werewolves. I was more aggravated by the way they were digging into my skin, rubbing it raw. I had gotten used to not being injured, pain felt different now that it wasn’t my everyday experience.

The darkness of the night met my eyes as fresh air hit my face. I had thought the cave was cold, but being out in the open was worse. The only light we had was the moonlight, which wasn’t much. I could barely see two feet in front of me, but apparently Kyle had no trouble as we began to weave in and out of trees as silently as possible. It took me a while to realize that we were still in the Alpha King Pack.

Wait... Why were we still in the Alpha King pack? It didn’t make any sense. I know I had been unconscious, but I would have thought that Kyle would have crossed the border at the first chance he could... It was dangerous to be in **this pack** with a kidnapped soon-to-be Luna, but maybe he had assumed the border wouldn’t matter... Maybe he knew Rhys would cross the world for me... At least, I hoped he would.

“Walk quieter.” Kyle hissed, forcing me to drop low and hide behind a tree.

I wondered what it was that he saw, but I stayed quiet. Minutes passed like hours, and my body ached from the day it **was** having, but I didn’t dare move. I clenched my teeth when a light was shined in our direction, and I was pushed **even** deeper into the ground and tree.

Even more to my surprise, I could hear people calling out my name in search of me. Kyle must have thought that the search was over by now or maybe that there weren't so many people looking for me because the anger on his **face** was palpable. A part of me wanted to yell back to them that I was here. That I was right here. That their search was over. But Kyle was still close to me, and he would probably end me before anyone could get close enough to do anything.

I tugged on my bond with Rhys again, but it was almost like it wasn't even there. Like it had never even been there. **I** just wanted to tell him that I was alright. That I would be alright. I knew he wouldn't be handling this **well**, but **I couldn't** reach him. **I** couldn't even let him feel my emotions.

"Let's go." Kyle demanded when the lights were all going in a different direction and there **were no** more. And **off** we **went** again toward a place I never wanted to ever go again.

## Chapter Comments

LIKE

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 228

I slammed the door to my office. 48 hours. 48 fucking hours, and there was no sign of Grace. I had immediately stormed her old pack, only to find it fucking empty again. No sign of literally anybody in the area. This time though, it had looked truly abandoned. Like people hadn't been there in a month.

I set up multiple groups of warriors to search throughout the pack. I was done sitting back. I would not let them play their game any longer. We would not tolerate the disrespect of them taking our Luna Queen. My Luna Queen. They would regret ever touching her. They would regret ever crossing me. I will destroy them.

I sat down in my chair and began to type furiously. I would not beg for help but demand it from **my** subjects. Other Alphas would either step up or pay the price. I wasn't willing to accept anything else. I was the fucking Alpha King. And they would remember why I of all people held that title.

I leaned back tiredly as I hit send. I didn't have time to wait for answers; I would do it myself if I have to. I **tugged on** the bond between us, and I felt it shimmer slightly. That was the closest I had felt to her in 48 hours, and it was next to nothing. But at least she was alive, and that would be enough for me for now. It had to be.

I stood up, throwing my chair back. I didn't have time to be sitting around. I needed to **go** back out there. My mate. My best friend. My brother. Were all missing. How the hell had it come to this?

I pushed my exhaustion away, and threw open the door, where Heather was standing, looking like she had been about to

knock.

“Heather,” I said shortly.

“Rhys.” She responded, not taking my shit for even a moment,

“What do you want?” I asked.

“Sammy is asking for you.” She answered. “She hasn’t stopped crying. She won’t sleep. She needs you right now.”

“She needs Grace,” I corrected. “She needs her dad. She needs the people who aren’t here. I can’t help her.”

“You’re right. She needs them. But as you said, they aren’t here. You are. And you are responsible for them. Just because Grace is gone, doesn’t mean you stopped being responsible for them. Michael is blaming himself. Sammy is crying, and you’re self-destructing. So go be with the kids for a minute. Settle things down. **Get** some sleep. And trust your team to find a lead. Give the Alpha’s of other

packs a chance to respond, and we come up with a more specific plan that will actually work instead of just anything you can think of in a sporadic nature.”

“I have to get her back!” My voice broke a little giving me away and if it was anyone but Heather, I might have been embarrassed, but Heather had seen me through every walk of life so far.

“I know.” She said softly. “I know. But not like this Rhys. Not like this.”

“Then how?” I asked.

“The way we’ve been handling everything lately. Together. As a team. We lean on each **other**. We all **lost Grace**. We all **lost Leon**, and Caleb. We all are trying not to fall. So we take it one step at a time. We **hope** someone will give **us something useful**. We’ll figure it out, but Grace does not want you to lose yourself, Not for her. Not for anyone.

“How did you do it?” I questioned. “How did you not break?”

“I did.” She admitted. “I just did it behind closed doors. I only allowed myself a couple hours a day to **break**, the rest of the time, I had to be a mom, and a Beta. Just like right now, you have to be a Dad or Uncle and an Alpha King.”

“An Alpha King gets his people back in a timely manner.”

“The Alpha King has been doing everything he can for weeks now while dealing with every other problem that has come up since. We have a plan. We are going to follow our plan, and we will be successful. You aren’t leaving them high and dry. You aren’t going on a suicide mission. We will get them back.”

“How do you know?” I wanted to have her faith. I wanted to know that I would succeed in the end. I wanted to believe

that I wasn’t a failure of a mate for letting this happen. But the doubt and self-hate kept creeping into my mind telling m

that it wasn’t enough. It never was.

“Because I have known you nearly my whole life, Rhys. You do not fail. Right now, **we** have to trust that Grace, and Leon, and Caleb are strong enough to hold on, and they are going to trust that we can get them out without burning the world down. At least not at first. Not till we try everything else first.”

“They shouldn’t have to be though... And that if they decide to kill them?” I challenged. That was my worst fear. That they would decide that they no longer had a use for the three of them, and just kill them.

“They probably will if we are too hasty and not calculated.” She responded truthfully. “But they won’t kill Grace. They need her for some reason, even if there are a million possibilities of why.”

“That’s not reassuring.” I muttered. “They’re probably torturing her ”

“I know.” Heather gave me a small smile, but it wasn’t real, and we both knew it.

I knew she meant well. And unfortunately, I knew she was right. It didn’t make me feel better. But it didn’t make me feel worse either. There was something about knowing exactly where we stood that I wouldn’t call comforting, but it was

calming.

“Get some sleep,” Heather told me, placing her hand on my shoulder. “Come on, let’s go see those kids, and tell them that you haven’t forgotten about them. Their waiting on you,”

## **Chapter Comments**

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

The darkness had become familiar. I liked it better when it was dark. Darkness meant that we were alone, except for the guards at the end of the hallway. The chains on my wrist burned like hell, and the cold dampness was something I was sure I would never get used to. This place sucked the life out of me. This pack had a heavy feeling as a whole, I didn't know how anyone ever thrived here. Maybe they didn't.

The door opened down the hall, and I felt myself stiffen. But no one moved toward my cell or Caleb's. But I still held my breath.

"They're bringing her in now. She'll be brought down in a couple of **hours.**" The new guard relayed the message in a hushed tone to the ones who were stationed by the door.

"I can't believe he managed to grab her. Even Alpha Adrian couldn't manage that." One of them hissed.

My stomach sunk. Who did they grab? Whoever it was, they clearly had wanted her badly. I felt for the girl. Whoever she was, it wasn't going to be good when she was brought here.

Their whispers continued, and I strained to hear them, but they were being quieter now. I couldn't hear anything but the occasional word or two. I looked across to Caleb's cell, but he looked like he was sleeping. He had had a rough night **last** night. They had tortured him again for information, but he hadn't said a word. I knew he had to be exhausted, and I made sure to check every couple of hours that he was still breathing. I could feel my wolf, but I couldn't communicate with him,

double time through all the drugs to heal him, and I figured that Caleb was in the same. His wolf was probably wor

and it probably still wouldn't be enough. There was nothing I could do to protect him.

Selfishly though, I was glad it was him here, and not Heather. I had been in and out of conscious when they had found me. I knew that he was the reason that Heather didn't march across that border. That she was home with our girls. My heart longed for her, but no piece of me wanted her to risk herself for me. I knew better than to believe that would actually stop her, but I hoped that Rhys was keeping her in check. That wouldn't be easy, but I was sure he would manage. He wouldn't let her go off the deep end. At least not completely.

There was another part of me that struggled with being here with Caleb. He had known that Heather was my mate. He had read the signs long before Heather and I got our wolves. Yet, he had still slept with her. It was years ago. It was years ago, and she hadn't told me... She hadn't trusted me not to leave her. Didn't she know that she was the love of my life? Didn't she know that even though it hurt like hell, I would never do that? That everything I had ever done is for **her**? Clearly, not. But I wished I had fixed things with her completely before this all had happened. I wished that I had been a better mate. Maybe she saw this as freeing... Maybe she didn't even care that I had been taken... That thought hurt more than all the torture sessions I had been through since I had gotten here.

The doors opened again. Time was a strange thing in this place, it felt like no time had passed since the last guard had come in to whisper his secret message. But yet, it dragged on too.

A food tray was placed in the cell, but I hadn't even touched my breakfast. The pain made it so I wasn't really hungry. I also really didn't trust them not to put poison **in** our food. I mean, I knew **it** probably wasn't poison. If anything, **it** was just something to weaken and disconnect me from my wolf, **but** I tried to **stay** away from it the best I could unless I was starving.

"Eat up. You're going to need your strength," The **guard** sneered looking at my untouched breakfast or lunch **tray to my**

dinner tray.

I clenched my jaw, but didn't say anything. I never answered. I took a page out of Grace's book and chose not **to talk to** these people, except for the occasional, 'Fuck you', which usually did add more punishment. Sometimes it was **worth** it. Sometimes, it **wasn't**.

"You really should eat something," Caleb whispered when the guard walked away.

"I'm not hungry." I told him tiredly. Rhys better hurry the fuck up and figure out a way to get us out of here because **I was** growing weaker by the day. I wasn't sure how much longer my body or **Caleb's** could take this. And Caleb was definitely worse off than I was.

“You still need to eat. Keep your strength up.” He answered as he put what looked like a piece of dried burnt toast **in** his

mouth.

“What strength?” I laughed humorously.

Caleb gave me a sad smile, but didn’t push it. He was obviously still in pain. Even eating looked like it was painful for him.

A scream filled the air, and I felt my heart begin flutter with anxiety for the stranger. **I** guessed it **was** the **girl** that they had been talking about earlier. But I couldn’t quite figure out why they were targeting this girl. She had to be something special if they were going through the effort of torturing her. I mean, in our pack we only used torture as a means of getting information. But here, it seemed that information was less important. Torture **was** for fun. Sadistic fucking pricks.

The door to the end of the hallway opened, and in walked two guards, and between them was a girl dressed in oversized t- shirt that was ripped nearly to shreds and a pair of biker shorts.. Her blonde hair was matted and bloody, and her face was so swollen, it was hard to recognize. She was struggling to stay conscious, but her blue **eyes** met mine for a fraction of a moment, and I realized I knew her... The girl they were talking about was Grace.

Chapter Comments

LIKE

POST COMMENT NOW

<SHARE

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 230

Sammy was finally asleep after hours of crying. I swear she hadn't let go of me once, since I decided to go back up to the Alpha Floor. It was so much emptier than I was used to. More families had stepped up to offer foster homes since the picnic, and now it was just Maizie, Michael, and Sammy left. Maizie and Michael had been taking turns dealing with Sammy's crying, and when they weren't doing that, they were doing their best to come up with a plan to rescue **Grace**.

My heart hurt a little bit knowing that I had left them to deal with the loss on their own. Sawyer had been there, at least

more than I was, but I knew it wasn't the same. They needed me because I was closest to Grace. I was how they could feel

helpful.

I glanced over the side of the bed, and both Maizie and Michael were sound asleep on the floor. So much for the no kids in our room rule, I chuckled to myself slightly. Not that we had followed it since Caleb got taken, and Sammy had slept in our bed every night. And right now, the need for all of us to be together had been too much to ignore, even with an inconsolable Sammy.

My mind was wired, but I was also exhausted. I just wanted Grace. I would have given anything to have her back. I fell asleep wishing that I could meet Grace in a dream world again....

A scream dragged me from my sleep. I sat up, my mind already on high alert as I scanned the room.

"Shhh, it's okay, Sam," Maizie cooed, scooping Sammy right up out of bed. How she had woken up so quickly I had no idea, but it looked like second nature. I wondered how many times she had had to do this before. How many times she had comforted the children that she had kept track of for so long? How many times did she react before anyone else could. "It was just a dream, sweet girl. It was just another dream."

Maizie looked at me in surprise as I stood up and reached out to take Sammy from her. She had done enough lately. Yes, this was a team effort, but she was still a child. She might not be technically for much longer, but she was still too young to hold this much weight. Not if I could help it.

“I’m sorry, I should have noticed she was having a nightmare sooner,” Maizie apologized as she handed over Sammy

reluctantly.

“Don’t be. Does she have them often?” I asked, combing my fingers through the small girl’s hair.

“They were going away. She did better when Caleb was around. But she’s had them ever since she was thrown in the program. They started back a little when Caleb got taken, but they’re back at full force since Grace got taken too, especially since it happened right in front of her.”

I nodded taking in the full impact of her words. Sammy was so young still. This world was destroying her. We needed to make it better for her. For all the kids out there. For everyone.

“Did you get any sleep?” I asked, noticing the fatigue in her voice, and the dark circles under her eyes.

She shrugged, and I realized it wasn't just Sammy who was having bad dreams.

"You can lay down again if you want." I offered as Sammy clung to me, her tears soaking my shirt.

"I'm fine." She answered, her voice tight with unspoken emotion.

I nodded. She clearly wasn't okay, but it wasn't the battle to fight right now.

"Would you mind if I went to work in the office for a little while?" She asked, hesitantly. She usually just showed up at the office, so I was a little surprised that she felt the need to ask.

"Go ahead," I told her. I knew that look in her eye. She needed to get out of here. She needed to take whatever anxious energy she had and get to work. I was sure she would be vital in us finding Grace. She had lived through the program. She would be the key we needed for our success. Her and all the kids who had lived through it, now with us.

I paced around the room with Sammy until she finally settled down and fell asleep in my arms. My heart hurt for her. Her fear was real, and she had every reason to be afraid, but I would do everything I could to protect her. I had failed to protect

Grace. I hadn't even noticed her slip into the woods. But I would get her back, and I would protect Sammy with everything I had.

I laid Sammy back down in bed and began to get ready for the day. The sun was barely rising, but I knew better than to think there was any chance I could go back to sleep. The fact that I had even managed to get a few hours of sleep was more than I thought possible.

After a quick shower, Sammy was stirring again. I wasn't sure if it was another nightmare or not, so I picked her back up and took her down to my office with me. The girl might have nightmares, but she could sleep through anything.

"Hey, find anything interesting?" I asked Maizie as walked in.

She looked up at me from her usual spot on the floor. She looked like she was drawing something, but she closed it before

I could see.

"I'm just" Her words died on her lips. Her tired eyes looked back at the book she had just closed.

"Trying to find a solution?" I offered.

“Yea.” She nodded.

“There’s a manilla folder on your desk... Someone brought it up right after I came in.”

I froze. “What? Who brought it?”

“I don’t know.” She frowned. “I think they thought I was you when they saw the light on. But I didn’t recognize them.”

My mind started racing. Holy fuck. Either someone had snuck into the pack and got all the way to my office, or I had a mole, and honestly, both were equally plausible at this point.

“Why do you look like you’ve seen a ghost?” Maizie asked.

I didn’t answer though... I just grabbed the folder and opened it with one hand, pulling out the pictures I knew would inevitably be in there... But this time there was only one.

A girl, beaten nearly beyond recognition. Her blonde hair, matted with blood. But I would know her anywhere... It was

Grace.