

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 231

“Grace?” I tried again.

She hadn’t responded in the last several hours. Well, honestly, I wasn’t really sure how much time had passed since she had arrived. She had been thrown in the cell next to mine. She was so close, but I couldn’t reach her. I couldn’t protect

her.

Her pale face stood out against the darkness. How she had gotten here, how my brother had let her get taken was beyond me. And I guess, honestly, it didn’t matter anymore. She was here. She was in this hell hole with us. The place that had given her all her scars. The place she had escaped. The place she had been promised that she’d never have to return to. She was now here with us. And my heart broke for her. For my brother, who I knew was hurting and desperate to get her back. I would do whatever I could to protect her. Leon and I both would.

“Is she healing?” Leon asked quietly. We didn’t want to draw the guard’s attention toward us. They were playing a game

down the hall at the entrance.

“I’m not sure.” I answered. “It’s hard to tell in the dark.”

“She didn’t even look like herself when she came in.” Leon responded nervously. “They bound her wolf before, do you think they did it again?”

“I don’t think they’ve had time for that yet,” I said honestly. “Bu

get a witch to come now.”

“You two are being so loud.” Grace mumbled.

ouldn’t doubt that they are in **the process of trying t**

Her eyes were still closed, but she was trying to move her body into a more comfortable position.

“We’re whispering.” I told her, a little surprised at her comment,

“Really? It sounds like you’re yelling.” She answered, her eyes finally popping open to look at me.

I shook my head, but I was unsure if she could see **me** in the dim light. I wasn’t sure if she had her Lycan or if Lycan’s could even see well in the dark for it to matter.

“How do you feel?” Leon asked.

“Like I was hit by a truck.” She laughed nervously and groaned as she pulled herself into a sitting position. “But I’ve had

worse.”

“You’ve had worse than this?” I asked a little too loudly, and the guard down the hall made his way toward us.

We all pretended it wasn’t us. The cells around us were full of people too, it wasn’t ideal by any stretch, **but** it helped **in** moments like these when we got a little too rambunctious. We could pretend we were sleeping on something, and **more** often than not, the guards would fall for it and leave us alone.

Grace knew this trick too, She didn't move either. She just closed her eyes and pretended to still **be unconscious**. **The** guard rattled our cells, but thankfully, that was it. We didn't try to talk for a while. Time lost all meaning again. I felt myself drifting in and out of sleep, but **every** time I woke up, my first thought was to check on Grace. Grace **who shouldn't**

be here. Leon who shouldn't be here. I fucking shouldn't be here. I had escaped this place **with barely** my life **and my** daughter's. It wasn't fair to now be rotting in a prison, getting tortured **every** day. If I **had wanted this life**, I would **have**

**1/3**

continued my old patterns. But I had changed... For my daughter. And now I feared, I would never get to see her again. I would never actually get the chance to start over.

The door down the hall opened, and a pair of heels clicked along the floor. Normally, I wouldn't give the time of day to visitors, but this one piqued my interest. I angled myself ever so slightly, so no matter what direction she went, I would be

able to see.

And I wasn't even slightly surprised when the woman stopped directly in front of Grace's cell.

"Well, well, well, look what the cat dragged in," The woman sneered, squatting down to be **eye** level with her.

Grace's jaw clenched, but she didn't respond.

"Is that anyway greet your dear sister?" The woman asked in a pouty **voice**, and I realized that she **must** be Luna Kinsley. It was hard to really see her features in this lighting, but I didn't know how I hadn't guessed it in the first place.

Grace bit down harder, but I could see that she wanted to say something. All that time in safety was getting to her. All that time being able to speak freely had made her more sarcastic, and I could see the words on the tip of **her** tongue, even if she didn't plan to say them.

The door to Grace's cell opened, and I stiffened. Grace already looked like shit. She had hardly healed at all.

1. ey. Getting between him and his son like that. How "I heard you shifted out there and really gave Kyle a run for his fucking noble. And do you know what we do to people who interfere with pack business?"

I hated how she was talking to Grace. I hated it, but I knew the game. If I spoke up, it would only make things worse for

her.

“You beat them?” Grace supplied, even though Kinsley wasn’t looking for an answer.

The door slammed shut behind Kinsley as she inched her way closer to Grace, but she ignored Grace’s words.

“My husband showed a special interest in you being back, would you happen to know anything about that?”

Grace’s body reacted this time. She stiffened, and Kinsley knew she had struck a nerve.

“Sorry you can’t keep your husband satisfied.” I blurted out before I could stop myself.

Kinsley spun toward me and banged on the cell with a ferocity that was unmatched to the comment.

“How cute, Grace, you’re just going after the whole damn Alpha family now, aren’t you? Let’s show them what a pathetic piece of shit you really are.”

Kinsley slapped **Grace** right **across** the face, and I knew that was only the beginning of what was to come.

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 232

Rhys stared at the manilla envelope in front of him, looking like he had seen a ghost. He didn’t say anything, **which made** me a little nervous. His dark eyes scanned the room in an almost panic before he ripped open the envelope.

For a moment, I debated leaving and giving him his privacy, but he made a choking noise, and I couldn’t help myself. I needed to see what had him so worked up.

It was a single picture, but it was gruesome. My stomach churned at the sight. Her blonde hair was matted and coated in blood. It didn’t even look blonde anymore. She didn’t even look like her anymore. Her eyes were both swollen. Her shirt was practically in shreds. Her knee was clearly dislocated. Her arm could potentially be broken. She was covered from head-to-toe with various cuts and bruises. Hardly any of her skin looked untouched. I did not envy her in the slightest.

“Oh my god.” I whispered, forcing my empty stomach not to betray me.

I had lived in the program long enough to have seen some shit. Torture was one of their favorite means to keep kids in line, especially when we first entered the program. I had learned quickly how to say the right things, but not everyone learns that fast. Some feel a sense of power when they fight back, and I had had to clean **up** some **real messes**. But none **of** them were **as** bad as Grace looked.

“Maybe it’s like AI or something.” I tried, but we both knew that wasn’t true. “Do you **feel your** mate bond?”

“I know she’s not dead if that’s what you’re asking... But that’s the only thing I can feel. Every time **I** reach for her, I hit a

brick wall.”

“I’m sorry,” I whispered before something dawned on me. “You seemed to know what was in the envelope before you even opened it, have you received this sort of thing before?”

Rhys nodded, but his eyes were still glued to the picture in front of **us**.

“Where?” I asked. I didn’t want to look at them, but something inside me told me too.

Rhys pointed to a stack on the little end table in the corner, and I wondered how it was I had never noticed them. Well, actually, I had noticed them. I just hadn’t paid any attention to them. Rhys had never made them seem important before. And perhaps they hadn’t been, but I found that hard to believe.

I grabbed them up off the table and took them to my **usual** location on the floor. I didn’t waste any more time. My heart pounded as **I** ripped open the one on top. This one had more than one picture. Almost all of them were of dead bodies that I didn’t recognize, but I wasn’t sure if it was because of the brutality **of** it all or if I actually didn’t know them. I was again grateful that my stomach was empty as I went through each picture. The last picture though was different than **the**

rest.

s

It was a child. An alive child. My heart pounded. At least, she looked alive. She was maybe 8. Definitely not **much** than that. She was not nearly as mutilated, but she definitely **was** not in the best of conditions. Her **pictures were the most** sinister. My heart hurt for her. My heart hurt knowing **I** couldn’t protect her. I couldn’t protect any of them back **in that** awful place.

I put her picture **to** the side and tore open the next envelope. Rhys hadn't touched this one **either**. It **was very much the** same as the **previous** one. Gross, gruesome pictures **of** what I could only assume were dead bodies **from the city based on** what I could see, which really wasn't much. And then the **last** picture, smaller than **the rest**, was **of a boy. He was maybe** 15. Again, he looked alive, but in terrible condition. There was something familiar about **him, maybe I had known him in** the program. Maybe my imagination **was** running away from me.

I grabbed the next one, full well knowing the pattern now. **6-8** photos of dead, mutilated bodies, and one alive **child. Why** would this pattern **exist**? This envelope was open, but I pulled them out anyway. There was something here that we weren't getting. It was clear this was supposed to be a message, and I assumed it wasn't just to scare us. **There has to be** more. There was no way there wasn't.

I flipped through the envelope almost numb to what I was seeing until the last photo. It was a kid with blond hair cut short the way **they** usually kept it at the program. The poor kid was 12 at most, bruises littering his whole body, **and I** could see some medical tool in the background that they weren't really trying to hide. It took my brain a **moment to** process to know what and who I was looking at.

My gasp ripped through the silence of the room like a hurricane. Rhys looked at me with relative **alarm** before **noticing** was going through the envelopes.

"Those are hard to look at," He admitted. "You don't have to -."

“It’s Michael.” I cut him off, looking up at him with a lack of restraint on my emotions.

“What?” He frowned and immediately stood up, moving to where I **was** on the floor.

I handed him the picture. The picture of my best friend. The picture of the boy who had done everything **in his power to** protect his siblings time and time again. Who couldn’t enjoy being here because he knew that he couldn’t **protect them** here, not that he ever could there. But he tried. He had taken every treatment they could give. He took his siblings punishments. He did everything he could, so they wouldn’t have to. And yet, it still wasn’t enough. It never had been. And this was just one picture of him in his most vulnerable state.

I tore through the next envelope. I skipped over the dead bodies entirely this time, skipping right to where I knew a smaller picture of a child would be.

I knew exactly what I was looking at right now. It was Carly’s brother, he was 17. We had entered the program at nearly the same time.

Oh goddess.

The door to the office opened and in walked Michael and Sawyer.

“Hey, what’s up?” Michael asked.

But before Rhys or I could say anything, Sawyer said the one word I had been hoping to hear since I met, but his timing was terrible.

“Mate.”

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 233

The dungeon was exactly as I remembered it. I had spent so much time here as a teenager, there was a weird part of me that felt like home here, I knew that wasn’t a good thing, but the familiarity was too hard to ignore. I couldn’t say that **f** missed it here because I didn’t. It just was something I couldn’t quite explain. Everything was so different and yet, very much the same.

I moved gingerly. My whole body ached, but I wasn’t sure if it was from the beatings or the poison **they** kept forcing down my throat, so I wouldn’t shift. Probably both, honestly, but it wasn’t enough. I might not be able to shift, but I was **still** able to feel the Lycan part of me. She was me and I was her, and it wasn’t until now that I truly understood that. They had yet to find a witch that was willing to bind me again, so I wasn’t complaining. I knew if they did, it wouldn’t be the **end** of the world, but I really didn’t want to have to go through that process again. It was bad enough once. I **didn’t** need to do it

twice.

I looked at Caleb through the cell bars. He was resting, but it was clear he was in pain. Even in his sleep, he was grimacing. I knew Leon was awake because I could hear his chains move every few minutes as he tried to find a **position** that was comfortable. Time really had no meaning here. It reminded me of the days after the Luna had died. I had **rarely** had visitors then. Of course, back in those days, I hadn't been physically abused quite **as** much. That **didn't amp up until** after my father had died. I had had chores then too. Now, I just had to lay here and let my Lycan heal me. Well, **actually, I** wasn't allowing my Lycan to heal me too much. I didn't want them to know that I was **still connected** to her even with their poison concoctions, so I just let her ease some of the pain. And if I had the energy, **I** tried to do it for **Caleb and Leon**. I didn't know if it worked or not... I had always touched people to heal them, and there was no way to really **ask** without giving myself away, so I just kept it to myself and hoped that I was doing something to sort of protect them. Though, I did have to admit this was the most intense any punishments I had ever taken from them had ever been.

"Grace?" Leon whispered from the cell across from Caleb.

"Hi." I whispered back.

"Are you doing okay?" He asked.

"I should be asking you that." I answered. Despite the dark, my vision was fairly good. I could see his pale face, and how

broken he looked. I felt for him. I was sure he was longing for Heather in the same way I was longing for Rhys. And when I had been taken, we had still been working on a plan. I had no doubt that Rhys was losing his mind back home, but he needed a good plan. “You look like shit.”

He gave me a small smile. “I can’t really see you, but I’m pretty sure you’re no better after what I heard earlier.” He responded. “Is this how you lived before?”

“Yes and no. When the Luna died, this was the cell I was given, I wasn’t chained up back then, **so** I had **access** to the small

cot, and that was my bed for years. It was quiet and lonely back then. Kinsley and Adrian would come down sometimes, but it was less frequent. Sometimes they’d pay guards to do their bidding. But when my dad died, that’s when the physical stuff really amped up, and I was allowed out of my **cell**, but only really for chores. At night, I still slept here because I wasn’t deserving of a real room, according to them. I didn’t **sleep** much. The chores they gave me were usually impossible to finish in a day. I worked from early morning to late in the night, only ever sleeping a couple of hours. It was endless. I never even allowed myself to dream of a different life. I honestly didn’t even know another life existed. This was **all** I **knew**

for so long...”

“Is it hard to be back?” He **asked**.

“Not as hard as I thought it would be. I used to think I would rather die than come back here... But the truth is, I know Rhys will **save** us. We had a plan, I just hope he sticks to it and doesn't do **go** rogue or anything. He has to maintain

control.”

**1/2**

“**When it** comes to you, he has no control.” Leon answered quietly, and I felt the **weight** of **his** words.

Everything was a mess. Our plan already went to shit. It was over before it had even begun. Rhys would be coming, **I** had no doubt. But they would be waiting for him. Expecting him. It would be a trap... The truth was, to save Rhys, **we had to** get ourselves out of there.,

“**Is** it true that Grace is back?” A small voice asked from a few cells down.

Llooked toward the guards, but they were dozing off. **I** could hear their snore from here.

“I am.” I replied softly. “It’s me.”

“Like the Grace who used to feed us extra when they were trying to starve **us?**” Someone else asked a little louder.

“Yes, that was me,” I whispered, a blush rising **my**

cheeks.

“Grace who tended to our wounds?” Another voice asked.

“Yea,” Caleb answered them. “Grace **is** the Luna Queen. She got out of here, and by the wildest **chance** in **hell**, she got dragged back here.”

“I thought she was dead...”

“No, she’s alive.” Caleb said gently.

“She shouldn’t be here...” Someone said with some urgency. “They’ll kill her.”

“Well, do you have any ideas?” Leon asked bitterly.

And I understood why. Of course **I** shouldn’t be here. None of **us** should... But we were and there was nothing we could do about it.

“I do.” Someone answered so softly that they sounded like a child. “Give me a few hours.”

My friends and I exchanged a look, and I felt my uncertainty rise. If they had a plan, why the hell hadn’t they done it already?

### **Chapter Comments**

**POST COMMENT NOW**

**LIKE**

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

“Mate.”

I looked at Sawyer, alarm bells going off in my head. His timing was impeccable. This was not the time for lovey dovey mate shit. There was no time for lovey-dovey mate shit. Would he understand? Would he hate me for it?

I was surrounded by pictures of dead bodies and tortured children, but I still whispered the word I knew he was so desperate to hear. “Mate.”

“Maiz? Are you okay?” Michael asked, the worry on his face reminded me that I still had to be me.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Rhys shift Sammy in his arms and rub the bridge of his nose tiredly.

“It’s your birthday?” Rhys asked, clearly already knowing the answer.

“Yes,” I whispered.

“And we’re spending your birthday looking at dead bodies?”

Sawyer frowned, but I tried not to pay attention to him. My birthday for as long as I could remember were nothing special, and I planned to keep it that way. Especially with Grace gone? No. No thank you. Nope not dealing with this right now.

As much as I found Sawyer to be perfect, it didn't matter. He could be perfect later. We could deal with our mate bond later. Now, I wanted to keep going through the other 5 envelopes sitting there calling my name, so I could **see** if there **was**

anybody else I knew.

"And alive ones," I answered Rhys' question, but my voice came out shakier than I intended.

"What?" Rhys looked at me in surprise as I continued to ignore Sawyer's stare.

"In each envelope except the Grace one, there a single, small photo of a kid." I answered, handing him my smaller pile.

"I don't recognize these two kids, but the one I gave you before they walked in is Michael, and this one is Carly's brother. We entered the program together."

Michael and Sawyer both approached, looking at the pictures I had on the floor.

“These are from the envelopes?” Michael asked, looking up at Rhys, his eyes begging for something that I didn’t

understand.

“Yes,” Rhys said gently, and I was surprised that he seemed to understand whatever Michael had been asking him.

Michael’s face paled, and I frowned. I realized that I really didn’t understand, but a quick glance at Sawyer told me he didn’t either. His lips were pursed into a thin line and his brow was slightly furrowed.

‘Stop staring at him, Maizie!’ I scolded myself. ‘We can stare at him later. Now is not the time!’

“Are there more?” Michael asked.

Rhys looked at me for an answer, and I nodded. “Those were only the one I had opened. There’s still **these.**” I gestured toward the 6 **or so** ones still unopened.

1/3

## Chapter 234

Michael sat down next to me and grabbed one from the stack, ripping **it** open with a vengeance **that I didn't** understand

“You said there was one about Grace?” Sawyer questioned. He was looking between Rhys and me, unsure **what to do** about me barely acknowledging him as my mate.

Rhys gave him a sad smile, but I knew he understood both sides of it. He felt sorry for his brother, but also, **he** knew **that** I couldn't just drop this project. Especially not when it was so close to home for me.

Rhys showed him the picture that made me feel sick, as Michael stared at the dismembered bodies. I had **forgotten to truly** warn him that there weren't just little pictures in these big manilla envelopes. There were these terrible **images** of dead people that I would never be able to get out of my head.

Michael swallowed hard, and I knew he was trying not to throw up. He wasn't squeamish normally. I had seen **him** deal with his fair share of blood and vomit from the other kids. He had helped me many times **patch** them

up, **at least until he** got caught, and they started truly using his siblings against him. But this was different. This was their kill **count in the**

worst ways.

I took the dead bodies from Michael's hand and shifted our focus to the smallest photo as the brothers talked over **the** Grace photo. Like all the other envelopes, it was a child who looked to be about 7, and I hated that they **could** be so heartless to do this to such a small child.

"That's Jack's twin," Sammy's small voice said as she looked at the terrible picture that Michael **was** holding **as** she stood at his shoulder.

My first instinct was to hide the pictures from her, but I stopped myself as everyone in the room **turned** to look at **her**. Rhys looked surprised that she was no longer in his arms, but she was like that. She had lived in the program too, even if it was for only a short time. She had seen the brutality in person. She had lived it. And as much as I wanted to shield her from this part of life, I couldn't.

"You don't have to look at these photos Sammy," Michael told her gently. "They're hard to look at."

She took a deep breath and shook her head at us. "It's okay, are there more? I can help."

One by one, she named everyone in the small photos. Michael tore through the envelopes to get more. When we showed her Michael's photo, her eyes welled with tears, but she didn't **cry**, she just wrapped her arms around him, and he held her close.

The pattern was obvious though.

"Maizie?" Sawyer tried as Sammy announced the last picture was of my sister in the worst condition I had **ever** seen her in. "We can take a break, love. It's okay."

I shook my head, my heart breaking for everyone I had left behind in that god forsaken **place**. The photos **were** meant **to** scare us, and it was working.

"The kids' photos are all related to every program child now living in the Alpha King pack. I **announced now that my** theory was proven true with Sammy's help.

I looked Rhys dead in the eye before continuing, "We have to get them out before it's too **late**."

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

“We have to get them out before it’s too late.” My words hung in the air for the longest moment. My fear **for my** friends, for the people who had saved me was undeniable, but my fear for the kids we left behind terrified me more.

Rhys nodded at me, but I was too lost in my own head to really notice.

I had only taken on the mission in order to protect my sister. My sister who wasn’t in these pictures, but that I was sure **they** were taking their anger at me out on her. Every single alive and tortured kid was related to someone here. Had I made a mistake in choosing to stay here? Oh goddess.

“Maizie?” Michael looked at me with wide eyes.

I stood up and took a step back. My vision was closing in and I gasped, “I- I- can’t breathe.”

But I didn’t stay, I bolted out of the room. The panic consuming me. Those kids. Those poor poor kids. I had let them down. I had let everyone down. It was my fault. Everything was my fault.

My back hit the wall, and I let myself slide down it. The sound of a door closing met my ears, and a pair of boots entered my vision before the person crouched down in front of me.

“Maiz,” The voice tried, but I couldn’t force myself to look up and meet his eyes. “Maizie, my girl, breathe. Breathe.”

I shook my head. Every breath was shallow and fast. I couldn’t slow it down. I couldn’t do anything right. Not even

breathing. How the fuck would I ever be able to save them?

His hands cupped my face, forcing me to look into his eyes. His beautiful dark eyes that were so mesmerizing, yet also so tortured. I was torturing him, and I didn’t want to do that.

“I can’t,” I whispered.

“You can.” He answered calmly. “Come on, follow my lead.”

He thumbed at my tears, wiping them away, and I tried to follow his **deep** breaths. This was not how today was supposed to go. Nothing that had happened was how this day/was supposed to go.

“What happened baby?” He asked gently, when he decided I was calm enough.

“It’s all my fault.” The words fell out of my mouth before I could stop them. I wasn’t sure I really wanted to admit that even to my mate. My mate who I had barely even acknowledged.

He frowned, but didn’t back away like I thought he would. “Why you think that?” He asked finally.

“Those kids.” A small sob escaped my lips. “They’re being tortured because I chose to stay here and not die. It’s all my

fault.”

Sawyer sucked in a sharp breath, and averted my **eyes**. I couldn’t look at him. I couldn’t bear to see the disappointment in his **eyes** that I knew would follow my statement. He was my mate, sure, but that wouldn’t be enough when I had hurt **so**

many people.

“Maiz,” **He** said gently, forcing me to look back at him. “It’s not your fault.”

“No, you don’t understand!” I exclaimed.

“Yes, I do.” He answered. “I saw Grace when she first came here. I saw you that first **day**. Grace was beaten **up** so **bad that 1** didn’t **really** know how she was functioning. You were nothing but skin and bones. I have no doubt **that** they were torturing you and everyone else for any reason at all. Calling it punishments for anything and **everything**. **They** might have picked those kids as messages. But they would have done it anyway. And you know that.”

“But I could have protected them!” I argued.

“No.” Sawyer said softly. “No, you couldn’t have. You would have tried. You probably would have taken **their punishments** for them when you could. But there is no protecting in a, place like that. Besides, if you had chosen to protect them, **you** wouldn’t have been able to protect the ones here. And they are safe because of you.”

“It’s not enough,” I whispered.

“It’s more than enough,” Sawyer whispered back. “You can’t save everyone, Maizie. **As much as we want to**. As hard **as we** try, we can’t. But we do the best we can with what we have. We protect those we can. We do the best **we can**. **And for those** kids that now get to live in a home with a family who can love and care for them? That’s everything.”

I took a shaky breath and nodded. I still felt guilty, but he **was** right. I couldn't save everybody, but that **didn't mean I** stopped fighting for them either. And I couldn't do that while I was sitting out here crying.

I knew that Sawyer believed every word that he had told me. And I might not be quite there yet, but there was still work **to** be done. We needed to get Grace, and we needed to get those kids out and stop whatever horrible thing they had planned

next.

I wiped the last of my tears away and stood up with Sawyer following my lead. Before **I** could talk myself out of it, I walked right into him and wrapped my arms around him. If he wanted me, then he could have me... **Just** not right now. **We** had work to do, but for a moment, I could enjoy the comforts of his embrace. His arms immediately engulfed **me**, and for the first time in my life, I felt like I was home.

I pulled away first, but not before he kissed my forehead, I almost melted. I couldn't wait to find out what else those lips could do. But now wasn't the time. So, I grabbed his hand and marched right back into the office. Failure wasn't an option. We had no choice but to succeed. Now, it was time to truly **set** our plan into action, and I was lucky because I got to do it with my mate by my side.

## Chapter Comments

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 236

Hours. Hours and hours we spent in my office preparing. We had contacted every Alpha that we thought **might** still have loyalty. I was not going to beg for help, but I was giving bigger rewards than I ever had in the past. I needed her back. **Every few** minutes, my eyes would find that terrible picture of her, and my heart would start to race again. I needed her back yesterday. I would not fail. I couldn't. If I lost her forever, **I** wouldn't make it. I knew that much.

We had a fairly solid plan now. Maizie and Michael had been able to make a map for us where **they** assumed **the pack was**. They said there had been drills growing up on what to do if they were invaded. Lycan's were **told** from an **early age that** the world could not know about them. It made me wonder if there were other 'werewolf' **packs that** were really hidden Lycans, but Maizie had said quite firmly that they had been hunted a long time ago. That's why they were **told they had to** be hidden anyways. Hunted by who though I wondered. We hadn't been able to even find them in history books... **Unless** they had been hunted by another supernatural creature... Maybe the ones who had written the history books....

"Holy fuck." I whispered.

"What?" Maizie asked, looking at me like I had lost my damn mind.

“Why were you guys told that you needed to hide?” I asked.

“Just that it would be dangerous if anyone know **we** existed still...” Michael answered hesitantly.

“Except witches.”

“I don’t understand...” Michael said slowly, sitting up and looking at me with a weird look on his **face**.

“Witches knew. And vampires too since they’re working with Adrian on experiments.” I responded and looked to Sawyer **to** see if he was following, but he just stared at me as lost as the others.

“Yea...” Maizie answered slowly. “I never thought about it, but that is weird...”

“There’s something here that we’re missing.” I stated, absolutely sure of it. “And as soon as get Grace back, and Leon, and Caleb, we are going to find out exactly what the hell is going on. Because they are the reason we don’t know shit.”

“That’s a big allegation, Rhys,” Sawyer said hesitantly, and I didn’t miss the way he and Heather exchanged glances before

he spoke.

“It’s not an allegation if it’s true.” I responded.

“But we can’t just go to other species and accuse them of tampering with history.”

“But we can **accuse** them of doing things to harm our pack.” I argued.

“No.” Sawyer answered, shaking his head at me. “At least not yet. We need more evidence. We also can’t **be** split into a million different directions. We need to be focused on one problem at a time.”

“But every single problem is interconnected!”

“I agree with Sawyer,” Maizie said softly.

I was a little worried about her. She had hardly reacted happily to Sawyer being her mate. She had hardly **reacted at all**. Did she not like Sawyer? I mean, we had been looking at dead and tortured bodies, and **that** is a turn off, but mate, **in my**

## Chapter 236

head at least, outranked that. And then, she had run **off** crying, which was **very** unlike her. **But I was** not worried enough. about her to stop myself from what was about to come out of my mouth.

“**Of** course you would agree with him.” I snapped.

“Because he’s right.” She shot back. “You just aren’t being smart right now.”

But Maizie was **Maizie**. **And there** was I bit my tongue. If anyone else spoke to me like this, they would have been dead. something in her bluntness that always appreciated. Plus, it’s her birthday, as upset as I was, I couldn’t be **cruel to her on** this day.

“If you were anyone else,” I growled.

“Yea, yea,” She waved me off. “I would have been dead like **30** times **over**, but you aren’t you going **to kill me, Rhys, so just** shut up. And let’s keep planning on how we are going to get back your mate.”

I glared at her, but didn't respond, and a knock on the door saved me from having to.

"Kate?" I said in surprise as Michael opened the door, and the warrior woman walked in. "**Everything okay?**"

"Yea," she answered hesitantly. "Heather told me to come here."

I looked at Heather in confusion. We hadn't discussed talking to Kate at all.

"We need to know if this plan is even plausible." Heather shrugged. "Kate **is** the one who **is** going to be able to **help us** with that."

I nodded, and we began to go over the plan in tedious detail by tedious detail. There was no amount of information too small to go over. We had to discuss it all. Kate told us what would work and what wouldn't, but also how to potentially make it work.

After what felt like an eternity, Kate left, leaving **just** the usual group left. Sammy clung to me tiredly, and a quick **glance** at my watch made me realize how late it was. My body, and mind did not seem to be on the same page of fatigue. I **was** tired of sitting. Tired of being stuck in this room, but my mind wasn't even a little tired. The idea of going to sleep when we were finally making progress seemed like a daunting mistake.

Everyone was packing up for the night though, and I couldn't find it in me to stop them. It was almost 11pm at night, and we had been going since early this morning. **Just** because I couldn't sleep, didn't mean that I had to force them **into a** sleepless night too.

A knock at the door startled all of **us**, and Alana looked at me hesitantly as she moved to open it.

A young girl, who usually worked downstairs appeared looking a little rattled.

“Sir, I'm sorry to disturb your meeting, but you have a visitor.”

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 237

I groaned as I took another hit. Any sound made it worse, but that was their game, wasn't it? They wanted me to scream They wanted me to make any sound. They didn't need a reason to punish me, but they wanted one. Maybe **it** helped them sleep at night. I didn't know, but I also didn't care.

It all blurred together. Time lost all meaning. These were Kinsley's goons. These were people who only knew violence. They had been trained for this, and my faster healing had not gone unnoticed even if I really wasn't able to fully feel **het**. But she was me, and I was alive, so that was good enough. It just meant that every time I healed, they could do more damage. And seeing Kinsley's eyes light up when she realized it, made me regret ever allowing myself to be taken back here.

I tried to focus on good things. I liked to daydream about Rhys. He was the one thing that kept me grounded **in** these moments. He was the only reason I wanted to be alive. I couldn't find it in myself to stay alive for myself, but **I** would fight for Rhys. I would do anything for Rhys.

"Well, well, well," Kinsley's voice entered the torture room. "Don't you have those grown men wrapped around your **ugly** little finger."

The man who was nearest to me grabbed my arm and held it out to Kinsley. I **was too** weak to fight it, **and** she smirked **as** she dislocated my finger and snapped it like a twig. Dizziness and nausea hit me like a **truck as I** tried to breathe **through** the pain. In my past, she had never been brave enough to break bones, even ones as little as a finger, but that had clearly

changed.

"They offered to take your place in here." She continued as she gripped another one. "They begged and pleaded for **it to** be them instead of you, but that just wouldn't be the same, now would it?"

She gave me a little pout, before yanking on the next finger, ripping it out of place the same way she just had a moment ago. This was child's play to her. It really didn't matter that they begged. In **fact**, it probably actually made things **worse** for me, not that I would ever tell them that. She hated that anyone would ever care about me. She didn't think anyone should. Hell, she probably thought nobody ever would. She had convinced my own father that I was worthless. If she hadn't been a literal infant, I probably would have blamed her for my mother's death. I wouldn't be surprised if she **was** the reason for my father's death either...

The realization coupled with the pain made it impossible to ignore the dizziness and nausea. I leaned slightly out of the chair I was chained to and threw up. I hadn't eaten/much, so it was really just bile.

"EW!" Kinsley squealed in disgust. "You are disgusting!"

She slapped me straight across the **face**, but I hardly felt it. There was nothing about her that screamed strength, especially compared to her goons. But I guess that's why she had them. She didn't need to be much. Not with them doing her bidding or anything.

The man put my arm back down and handed Kinsley her new favorite toy. It about the size of a forehead thermometer, **but** it was far more powerful. Instead of reading your temperature, it gave a little shock, that burned the skin in a **perfectly**

gical **game as well** round circle. It was anxiety inducing. She liked to place it on my skin and then wait, so it was a **ps**

**as** physical. And I hated it more than anything.

“I don’t know how you brainwashed those stupid idiots out there,” She hissed, pressing the thing deeper **into my skin so** not only would it shock and burn me, but also probably bruise it, “But don’t think it means anything. **You’re still just a weak** bitch. Lycan or not, you will never amount to anything.”

“How come I’m a Lycan and you’re not?” I asked before I could stop myself.

The rage on her face was palpable, and I instantly regretted asking **as** she grabbed my hair **and** yanked my **head back**

“You think you know everything now that you live with a hotshot Alpha King. But you know nothing. He cannot save **you**, Grace, **he** isn’t even trying to. You best get used to your life as nothing again because he will be dead in only **a couple** of days.”

I swallowed hard. It wasn’t that I believed her that he wasn’t trying, but I did fully believe that she **thought he would be** dead in the next couple of days, and that was a tough pill to swallow.

“Kinsley,” Adrian called out as he entered the room. “You are needed upstairs; I’ll finish this up.”

Kinsley gave him an odd look, but I was in too much pain to care. I heard her heels click across the floor, **and then** he approached once the door shut.

“Poor little Grace, what have they been doing to your pretty little **face?**”

He reached out and cupped my face gently, but it was still painful. **His** touch made me want **to cringe**, but I knew showing any reaction would not end well for me. That’s why I was **so** surprised I had taunted Kinsley the way I had.

He leaned in and kissed my lips. I was **so** shocked that I didn’t move. How dare he? **How** fucking dare **he?** But **I was** in no position to fight back.

He finally pulled away, but there wasn’t enough distance for me to be comfortable.

“It will be better when you no longer taste like blood.” He told me, before his eyes fell **to** my mark.

“Don’t worry, Gracie,” He said as his wolf fought him for control. “We’ll fix that little mistake soon enough, and your mate will know that you weren’t faithful to him now. There’s no way he’ll come **for** you now. And if he does, then we’ll be ready.”

He turned toward Kinsley’s goons and motioned for them to grab me.

“Take her back to her cell, **so** she can think about all the mistakes she has made.”

The dizziness was overpowering as they grabbed at my badly beaten body. I was barely holding onto consciousness, but all I could think was that I needed to get ahead of Rhys before it was too late.

## **Chapter Comments**

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## **Chapter 238**

“Sir, I’m sorry to disturb your meeting, but you have a visitor.”

I looked at the servant girl dumbly and then at my watch again. “Who on earth is visiting at this hour?” I asked **with a** frown as Sammy rubbed her head sleepily against my chest.

“It’s Alpha George, sir. Of the Golden Pack.”

Alarm bells immediately sounded in my head. The Alpha of the Golden pack had tried to kill me. But his **name hadn’t** been George... My heart pounded in my chest, but I nodded.

“I will meet him in the office downstairs.” I stated.

**As** soon as the door shut, everyone’s eyes were on me. We had hardly talked about the attack from **the Golden Pack** on me and Grace. It wasn’t something we had honestly done much to follow up on, or anything, but it was **still** very **fresh** in **my** mind.

“Michael, Maizie, you take Sammy upstairs, and you lock yourselves in the Alpha floor. Heather, take **your** kids **up there** too. It’s a little more secure, though not as much as I would like it to be. Sawyer, you’re with me.”

“With all due respect, sir,” Maizie glared at me as Michael took Sammy from me. “Where my mate goes, I go.”

“Maizie, it’s your birthday for only like another hour, we didn’t even get to celebrate you at all. But **just because** you are

technically no longer a child, does not mean you get to waltz right into a meeting where the attendee is probably going to try and kill us. That’s just crazy. And not even slightly a good birthday present.”

“What’s crazy is that you think I’m not going to attend, especially if my mate is going,” She shot **back**. “You need me.”

“You haven’t even shifted yet.” I argued.

“But I know I can. I just didn’t want to yet with everything going on.”

I rolled my eyes as Michael tried to reason with her, but I knew there was no reasoning with her. She was going to do what

she wanted and there would be no stopping her.

Michael gave me a ‘welp I tried’ look, and I nodded at him. I appreciated him trying, and I knew he really wanted to come, but he also knew that someone had to stay with Sammy. She might be around in our meetings, and she did help

identify the people in some of the photos, but she was a young child. She didn't **need** to be in a meeting where attempted murder was a likely outcome.

Sawyer looked at me with wild eyes. He didn't want his mate anywhere near this meeting, but I understood her desire to

be there, and I really didn't have a good argument to keep her out of it.

The three of us made our way slowly down the steps. What the hell was the next Alpha of the G

Was he here for the same mission? Did he want answers?

on pack doing here?

However, as soon as I entered the office that the meeting was in, I **recognized** the Alpha. **He** was an **older** man. His hair was white as snow, and his face was wrinkled with time, but he was familiar. I had actually taken a potential **bride from his** pack way back in the day.

"Alpha George." **1** greeted, more uncertain than ever about this meeting.

1/2

## Chapter 238

“Alpha King.” The man bowed.

This man had always been respectful and loyal in the past, but that didn’t mean his allegiance hadn’t **changed**. He **was** older now, but I hoped he was wiser too.

“What brings you all the way

both sides.

“Alpha King pack?” I asked as I took my seat, and Sawyer and Maizie flanked me on

“Several reasons, actually,” The old man stated, his voice firm but tired.

I raised my brows, encouraging him to keep going.

him se my

“The first reason I have come is because my pack is under constant attack... I sent **my** son weeks ago to beg for help, **but** he never returned. I have lost half of my pack’s warriors, and they inch closer to where our residential areas are by **the** day. We can’t hold them back much longer.”

His words hit me like a truck... How many other packs were under attack? How many others had sent someone in an attempt to get help to only have received none? The Golden pack was near the outskirts of my reign. It **would** be **hard to** supply enough warriors to keep them and my own pack protected at this point.

“We met with someone a few weeks ago from Golden Pack.” I stated, forcing myself to **keep my** face blank. “A man who called himself, Alpha Raymond.”

Alpha George blinked back in surprise. “That would be my son... Though he isn’t an Alpha **yet...**” **His** voice trailed off slightly before saying, “If you knew of my pack’s problems, then why didn’t you send help? Why did my pack **continue** to suffer?”

“Ironically, Alpha George, he didn’t mention any of the things you did. He attempted to murder me and **my** mate.”

“No!” The man cried out in agony. I didn’t have to state what I had done to him. He knew well enough what a crime **like** that would result in. “No! There has to be some mistake. My son would never! Please Alpha King, you have to know that I would never condone such a thing! There must have been some sort of mistake!”

“You said your pack has been under constant attack?” Maizie asked, speaking up for the first time.

“Yes,” The man answered, but the distress in his voice was almost too much.

“Well then there are two options for what happened then,” Maizie answered, her voice calm. “He either was on the wrong side of things, playing you like a fiddle, bidding his time before attacking or he was caught on his way here and someone chose to steal his identity. Both stories end the same, but you can choose which scenario **is** the one you want to believe.”

## **Chapter Comments**

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

**Chapter 239**

“Well then there are two options for what happened then,” Maizie answered, her voice calm. “He either **was** on the wrong side of things, playing you like a fiddle, bidding his time before attacking or he was caught on his way here and someone chose to steal his identity. Both stories end the same, but you can choose which scenario is the one you want **to** believe.

Leave it to Maizie to see all the potential scenarios. It was one of the things she was very good **at**. She never said which one she thought it was. At least not at first. But she always saw all the angles. I had thought that maybe the guy was an imposter, but this made it real. This gave a how and a why for both potentials.

The Raymond guy who had been here, he had seemed confident, so I was pretty sure he hadn't been forced into the situation. But it could have not been Raymond. It could have easily been an imposter. Especially after the whole Ethan thing, we knew they were not above pretending. But I wasn't convinced. I didn't know Alpha George's son. He could have been a greedy dick who was trying to hurt his father and me all in one. To prove that his father's loyalties were wrongly placed. But his father was different than many other Alpha's. He hadn't been trying to gain my favor aggressively when **we** had met. He had even given me a semi decent bride. It was just unfortunate for her that I didn't feel anything for **her**, and she had slept with my brother when I 'neglected' her. I couldn't blame the girl for wanting more, but the disrespect of sleeping with my brother had irked me, and I was a lot less patient back then.

The poor man's grief was evident. No matter how, he had lost his **son**. The son that he had undoubtedly loved, who may or may not have betrayed him, and that had to hurt. However, we were tired, and I **was** sure the new mates wanted **some** alone time. Maybe to go for a run. Maybe for other things, that I didn't want to even think about. But the **hour** was late, and Grace needed me to sleep, so that I could find her.

“You said there were 2 reasons that you came here,” I stated bringing us back on track. “What **is** the second?”

The old man sighed, recomposing himself in a way that I knew all too well. He might only **be** the leader of a small pack, but he was a leader nonetheless.

“I heard your Luna Queen has been taken. I came to offer my support. There isn’t much I can offer since my pack is under attack, however, I think we have a common enemy in the Red Blood pack, and I here to happily offer my services in whatever way I can. And I have this map.”

It took all I had not to show my surprise at his words, I had expected him to try and kill me. He was an older man, and he wouldn’t be hard to take down, but he was here to offer the opposite. He was here to help. And I could barely believe it.

“Don’t trust too easily.” My wolf warned, and I knew he

was right, but if he could help, I wanted to hear him out.

Alpha George explained how he had gotten the map and what he thought it represented. An underground city that laid directly beneath the Red Blood pack. It’s entrances and exits. If this was real, we had how they had disappeared without a trace, as well as where they most likely were keeping Grace.

Despite my wolf's warning, I couldn't help the excitement that was building inside me. The hope that I finally had an answer of how to get to my mate.

Maizie studied the map closely next to me. I could tell her mind was reeling, but she wasn't go... to say anything in front of the man.

"I will accept this map as a gift, and I want to help you with your Red Blood pack problem. You will **be** even luckier **if** this actually helps me get my mate back." I told him. "For now, you will be given accommodations for the night, **and we can** discuss more in the morning."

The older Alpha bowed his thanks to me and exited the room. Immediately **Sawyer** searched the chair **the old man had**

## Chapter 239

been sitting in. He had been quiet all meeting, but that **wasn't** really **strange**. **He** had never **liked to do this** sort of thin. Leon used **to** be the one to accompany me to these sorts of meetings, but Sawyer had **stepped up when** I needed him, and I appreciated that.

"Okay 2 questions before we disperse," I stated, looking at my brother, and my soon-to-be sister-**in-law**. "**Do** we trust him? And does the map have any validity?"

“Trust? Meh.” Maizie answered. “I don’t not trust him, but I also think he’s being tricked or lead by **something else**. Especially if **he** found this map. It’s a little old, and not quite accurate anymore, but it’s close **enough to what’s there**

now.”

“What about the underground city?” Sawyer asked.

“The program was underground.” Maizie said slowly. “It wouldn’t **surprise me** if it was **all interconnected** somehow.

“Okay,” I nodded, trying to slow my thoughts down to a more manageable **pace**. “That’s **enough** for tonight. **Go to bed. I’ll** station a couple extra guards at the packhouse tonight, and we’ll reconvene in the morning.”

Sawyer placed his hand on the small of Maizie’s back, and to my surprise she didn’t push him **away. I grabbed the map off** the desk and followed them out. I tried to give them some **privacy**, but I couldn’t help but **smile** when I heard **Maizie ask** if she could try shifting. They turned to go outside, and I continued my way up the stairs.

When I opened the door to my room, I wasn’t at all surprised to see Sammy curled up in my bed, and **Michael** sound asleep on my floor. I didn’t bother changing my

clothes, I was too tired for that. I just plopped myself into bed, and I drifted off to dreamland, hoping to see Grace. Even if it wasn't real, it would be enough for now.

## Chapter Comments

LIKE

POST COMMENT NOW

SHARE

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

## Chapter 240

I knew where I was before my feet even hit the ground. How the hell did I get here again? We had begged Arlo for research, but he hadn't told us if there was a way not to get sucked in. I froze. Last time I hadn't been invited here. Last time, Grace had been the one to pull me in, according to the moon goddess. Was Grace doing it now? Where was she?

The forest felt more overgrown than last time. Branches and brush stuck out in all directions. **If** what Arlo had said was true, this was not the area I wanted to be in. Because we hadn't seen what the creatures looked like, Arlo hadn't been able to give us a definite answer, but I think it had most likely been the God of Death's pets, since Arlo had told us that the protectors stick to the borders, and tend to be like literal Giants.

I reached for my bond with Grace, and for the first time since she had been ripped away from me, I felt it. I had to get to her. There was no other option. I pulled at the bond, and let it lead me toward wherever she was.

Relief flooded the bond, and I knew she felt I was close, even if physical distance seemed to be **a** problem. I fought **my way** through all the vines, trees, branches and bushes as quickly **as I** could. I had no tools. I had nothing but my own two hands and no idea how long we would be here this time. All I knew **is** that I had to get to Grace, wherever **she** was.

Maybe I could rescue her that way... Maybe she could just come home with me. Maybe she could find a way to bring Leon and Caleb with her. Yea, that was possible, right? I mean we had both been injured here, so we had been physically here, right? Isn't that how that worked? It had to be. That would be the easiest answer. We could bypass everything else. Maybe that's why we were here!

I pulled at the bond again, and I knew I was getting closer. She had to be nearby. The idea that she **could** come home with me, made me move with urgency. I couldn't wait to get my hands on her. To feel her touch again. To kiss her lips. I

couldn't wait.

I came out of the trees, and scanned wildflower field. The Moon Goddess was nowhere to be found, but just when I was

about to give up, when I found the one person I was looking for. Grace.

Her eyes met mine across the field. I breathed a sigh of relief and raced toward my mate. Goddess knows how fucking

much I've missed her.

As soon as she was in arms reach, I grabbed at her. She felt so small in my arms. She was smaller than the last time I had seen her. I could feel her ribs poking at me as she gripped at me desperately.

"I missed you." I whispered. "I missed you. I missed you. I missed you."

"I missed you too." She whispered. "And I don't think we have a lot of time."

She pulled away from me, much to my dismay, but it gave me the chance to look her over. My goddess... I had been **so** excited to see her, I hadn't noticed how terrible she looked. Her deep blue **eyes** were surrounded by bruises. Her face was pale. Her skin was littered with cuts and bruises and burns. There **was** no part of her that **wasn't** touched.

"Hey, hey it's okay." She whispered, as I fought for air.

"You're so broken." I sobbed.

"It looks worse than it is," She told me, but I didn't miss her slight grimace **as** she reached up to touch my face.

"Grace..." I wanted to touch her, but there didn't look to be **a** single spot that didn't look to **be** painful.

"I'm okay." She murmured, but we both knew she was anything but.

"How can I help?" I asked, my voice breaking.

"That's why we're here." She answered, looking around in a bit of a panic. "Come on, this way."

I followed her out of the field of wildflowers in a direction that I hadn't been yet, but she seemed to know. If **I was** remembering right, we were walking toward the Moon Goddess' territory. The trees looked and life forms looked like they had been set on fire, but yet they were still alive which sort of surprised me. Last time, I had been sure they were dying, and maybe they still were... Maybe they were just dying slowly.

"Where are we going?" I asked as she led me deeper into the Moon Goddess' territory.

"The Moon Goddess asked us not to talk anywhere but in a certain place." She said,

"Did you talk to the Moon Goddess?" I asked.

"Briefly." She answered shortly as a small clearing and cottage came into view with a little winding path leading **us to it**.

She reached for a frog statue as we approached the door and pulled out a key.

"How did you-"

“Shh.” She cut me off. “Come on.”

I stopped questioning her and allowed her to lead me inside. She grabbed a pot of tea off the stove like this was **her** house and brought it over to the small two-person table that sat by the window. I wondered why she chose the hard kitchen chairs over the comfy, velvet, couch just a few feet away, but I didn’t question it.

I pulled out a chair for her and then took my own, my fingers drumming anxiously on the table. I wanted nothing more than to just pull her onto my lap, but with how beaten she looked, I wouldn’t risk hurting her more, so instead I just reached for her hand, which she took with a bit of a grimace again.

“Now can we talk?” I asked hesitantly.

She looked around before giving me a single nod, and boy, did I have questions.

## **Chapter Comments**

LIKE

**POST COMMENT NOW**

<SHARE