

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 251

Little by little we packed the caravan up with everything and everyone we could possibly need. Guns were technically not allowed to be in **the** hands of shifters, but I knew that Red Blood pack wasn't playing by the rules, so I wouldn't be either. And technically, they **weren't** all guns that kill, some were tranquilizers, a special invention by Arlo and his team of smart people made several years ago for a moment like this.

I checked my watch again, as the snow fell heavily around us, covering everything in a white blanket. Grace had given us a small ass window **to** be successful, but successful we would be. We had a lot to figure out in such a short time. I felt a little bad pulling people **away** from their families the day before Thanksgiving, but it would all be worth it soon. It had to be. I wouldn't accept any other answer.

“Rhys...” Heather said as she walked up behind me to watch everyone scurry around in a rush, so we could leave within the hour. “You know I will always support you, I always have, but I need to know... Are you sure about this?”

“I am.” I answered firmly. If it had been anyone else, I probably would have snapped at them, but Heather was just as desperate to see her husband as I was to see Grace. I understood that she didn't want to give her heart hope just to have it ripped away from her. “We will have them back to us in less than 48 hours, Heather. I'm sure of it.”

“I trust you, Rhys,” She answered softly.

I nodded, but didn't say anything. There was nothing left to be said. Maizie and Sawyer might be hesitant, but they also trusted me. They would question my decision, but in the end, they would both follow. Sawyer was putting his bag in the **car**, and Maizie was right there next to him with her backpack still on.

Kate would go lead a distraction. A giant game of whack-a-mole, really, where they would be the moles hoping not to actually **get** whacked. And hopefully, that would leave Grace more room to escape out the other way... As long as the plan didn't go to shit. **If Grace** was followed, **we** didn't have the power to protect her... At least not all on our own... But that's where the Golden pack came in. After a quick meeting this morning with Alpha George, everything was figured out, and we had a deal. This would give me the chance to also see what **was truly** going on in his pack and give suggestions or help if I saw fit.

“We are ready to move out, sir,” Kate's called out as she approached.

“Good.” I glanced down at my watch; we were right on time. “You know the plan? We don't want an outright battle right now. But keep them engaged and looking at you guys.”

“Yes Sir,” She saluted.

I nodded and she got in her car and signaled to her warriors to move out.

That left the small group of my people left. I thought about sending Sawyer with Heather, or even leaving him here, but I had no idea how Grace was going to return to me, so selfishly and unwisely, I **was** bringing him with me.

“Are we ready?” I asked when the last car of Kate’s **caravan** passed **us**?

Michael nodded with Sammy in his arms. She had barely let him go since the night that **Grace** got taken. He has been such a good **sport** about it, but I fear he’s doing it because he feels guilty. It was his father, It was him who ran after Sammy. But he also saved Sammy, so that had to count for something, but in his young mind, I’m not sure it did.

“I can hold her if you want,” I offered to him once everyone nodded, and started to disperse to their cars. Our caravan would only have 10 cars compared to the 30 that had just left. “That’s okay. I’m fine.” He answered, but I knew it was the guilt that made him say that.

I wanted to tell them both that it was all going to be fine, but I knew better than that. Getting Grace and Caleb back was not a for sure thing, and until they were both within arm’s reach, I would keep my damn mouth **shut**.

We all climbed into our car silently. Sawyer took the driver's seat, and I glared at him for it. It **wasn't** that I didn't **trust** him to **drive, it's just** that he didn't trust me to drive which was unfair and rude.

Despite Michael's protests, **I** took Sammy and placed her on my lap. I didn't like that I was bringing her into a potential **warzone, but I couldn't** not bring her. Not after everything she had been through. She deserved to be able to **see** Caleb and **Grace** first **just like the rest of us. She**

1/2

deserved to be **reunited** with her dad **as** quickly as I could make it happen.

The car ride was surprisingly smooth. I kept finding myself staring out the window, waiting for someone to have gotten word on our plan. Waiting on **an** attack that never came. Every few hours, we stopped to use the restroom in a supposed ally territory and switched drivers. It felt **excruciatingly** long, and the closer I got, the worse I felt. What if Grace's plan didn't work? She had contingencies, I was sure of it, but what if something completely unexpected happened? What if she chose to save everyone but herself? What if none of his people made it **all** and he just had a bunch of prisoners on his hands and no idea what their crimes were?

There were so many things to go wrong. So many ways for this all to fail, but as the **car** pulled in past the Golden **pack** checkpoint, **I** couldn't help but feel that

glimmer of hope that by this time tomorrow, Grace would be in my arms again, and all would be right again.

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 252

Alpha **George** had given us access to a small house on the border, at least for the 6 of us. The rest of **my** warriors that had come would **be** stationed in the barracks with their own warriors. This would help them acclimate quicker and be able to spot any flaws in their systems. **The** house we were in was not usually meant for visitors, but it was at this time unoccupied due to the unrest, making it the perfect spot for us to set up shop.

Everyone had gone inside to get some rest a little while ago. I had several warriors on patrol on the border where the Red Blood pack met the Golden pack, and I just stood at the edge staring out. I hadn't moved in hours. My eyes were bleary, but I'll be damned **if** I missed the first glimpse of my mate. I would be here when she needed me. I had no true idea about what she had been through, but I would be here for her, through whatever she needed to deal with.

"Alpha King?" Someone asked from behind me.

"Yes?" I grumbled, annoyed at this person for interrupting my watch.

*Kate reported in that the first part of the plan has officially be enacted. They have successfully drawn attention to their border.”

My heart skipped a beat. If Kate was in position, then Grace wouldn't be far behind. There was a **very small** window for this to work, and it had to work. Or else I'd be going in after Grace and potentially getting stuck in whatever trap they had laid. We **still** hardly knew what we were up against, but it was becoming clearer that we really didn't have a clue at all and were more outmatched **than** we originally thought. But we would figure it out, there was no other choice but to succeed.

“I can keep watch, sir, if you want to get some rest.” The messenger commented after I nodded.

“No, but thank you.” I could sleep when Grace was in my arms again or I was dead. “Just keep me updated **if** you hear anything else from Kate.”

I glanced over my shoulder and the guy nodded before turning back toward the barracks. I probably should have **known** his name, I had been on multiple missions with him, but I couldn't make myself care as **I** stared at the endless field in front of **us** at the tree line that I could only assume they would eventually come out of on the other side of the border.

I have no idea how long I was out there, but I was bleary eyed by the time someone else came out to check on me.

“Any sign of them?” Heather’s familiar voice pulled my attention away from the trees.

“Not yet.” I sighed. “I just want to run that direction and go meet them. I thought they’d be here already. That we would barely get here before they did.”

Heather sighed too, placing her hand on my shoulder, comforting me in a way that only someone who truly understood this feeling could. She had made the difficult decision to leave her kids at home. It was dangerous both places at the moment, we were spread a little too thin with our resources, but this could be considered the frontlines, And she didn’t want her kids to have to deal with that and the possibility of their father not coming home and get their hopes up. I highly doubted Grace would leave Leon behind. That wouldn’t be like her, but if it came down to saving herself or saving Leon, I hoped she’d pick herself... Even if that meant I’d lose my best friend, but I also really didn’t want that for Heather...

“They’ll make it.” She said just as much for herself as for me. “They have to.”

I gave her a small smile, and returned to staring at the tree line, hoping to catch a glimpse of movement, and I did. I almost don’t trust **my** eyes. It was almost as if Heather had spoken it into existence. I couldn’t see well enough to know who was running toward **us**. Another body tumbled out of the tree line at a full-on sprint/and then another.

Oh gods, **she** had actually been **successful**.

I stood up and motioned for them to run this way. That we'd keep them safe. Then one person stumbled, and I mindlinked Sawyer to **get his ass** out here immediately.

Another 3 or 4 people stumbled out of the woods. I couldn't see **well** enough to know if any of them **were Grace, and it took everything I had in** me not to **cross** the border and meet them where they were **as** someone lifted the fallen person off **the ground**.

Chapter 252

My eyes found their **way** back to the tree line as mindlinks came in about preparing for battle, but I timed them out. **They** didn't need ma least not yet. At the edge of the trees, I saw someone almost guiding people, and **my heart** stumbled. I couldn't be sure, but the way he was directing runners, made me realize it was probably Caleb or Leon.

The first man crossed the bordet, and stopped immediately, gasping for air like he had never breathed before. A warrior, helped him up, and began to ask the essential basic questions... What's your name? Where are you from? Are your hurt?

We had had so little time to prepare for this, I wasn't exactly sure what we were to do with the other prisoners once they got here. We had gone over a basic protocol of what to ask, but after that, it was just simply, get them food, water, a blanket, and into someshare warm, which right now was the house that the 6 of us were in.

“There are more people running out a few miles south of where you are, Alpha King,” A cadet mindlinked.

I shook my head. That was weird, but it was entirely possible they split to keep from being followed.

“Come on, Grace.” I muttered to myself, but I had no idea where she would be coming out as more and more prisoners crossed the border **into**

our space.

The man at the tree line was the last in the group to make his way toward us as **a** single young lady ran just in front of him. But as they got closer, my heart sunk a little. The man was Caleb, but the young lady **wasn't Grace**.

Chapter **Comments**

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 253

I shoved a young girl along, just past the tree line and scanned my surroundings. There had been no sign of Leon or Grace, and I debated whether I circled back to find them or not. But every single person from that prison, all 32 people, had been freed and had made it. I could see Rhys' people supporting them as they ran. Many of them couldn't shift to keep warm, at least not right now. They were too weak, and they hadn't been able to afford not eating a few meals, and that sucked. They had chosen to move together at least as best as they could. I had often raced ahead, marked a spot, and then back tracked to make sure every single person made it to that mark, just to do it all over again.

The journey itself hadn't been too terrible all things considering. A couple of people threw up due to overexertion and fatigue, but they had all made it, and there was something to be said for that, even if the group did not include Grace.

With one final glance around, I decided I needed to cross the border to my brother. He might not understand the choices we made, but it **was** better he killed me than anyone else. That's part of why I was glad Leon had chosen to go after Grace. I had sins to atone for. If Rhys killed me for not bringing back his wife, then I understood. I just hoped I'd get to hug my daughter one more time. Gods, I couldn't wait to go home, if I got the chance to, so I could just lay eyes on my daughter. Gods, I missed her. She was the only reason that I did hate this plan, at least a little. She was my everything, but one day she would understand the choices I've made as a grown adult. She would know my mistakes, and hopefully, she would learn from them. I wanted her to be brave like her mother, not a coward like me.

The run had taken everything out of me. My exhaustion as I reached the border, teetered on dangerous, but I had no choice but to keep going, my mind wandering back to whether Grace and Leon had made it or not.

I stumbled as a different type of magic hit me as I reached the Golden pack and let myself fall to my knees. I just gasped for air, and a medic approached, standing right in front of me.

“I’m okay,” I gasped. The medic dropped a blanket on my shoulders, the winter chill finally slipping into my bones, but I didn’t care. I might not live through Rhys’ wrath, but I did it. All of these people were safe, in large because of me, and that was something to be proud of.

A new pair of boots entered my vision, but I was too tired to look up and see who they belonged to.

The person dropped to their knees in front of me, and before I had any time to process, two arms reached around me, **and** pulled me to him. I tried not to flinch, but it hurt, even though Grace had managed to heal a lot of my injuries, I still was sore. I wrapped my arms around my brother when he didn’t let go, and for a moment let myself feel his embrace, knowing it might be the very last one I got before he killed me.

Finally, he let me go, and I did my best to stow away all my emotions, my longing for my daughter and the life I would never get to live.

“Are you okay?” Rhys asked, surprising me by meeting my eye.

It wasn't the cold glare I had been expecting. It was worry and fear that I saw swirling in his dark eyes that made me feel even worse.

I nodded. "Sore, but alive." I answered after a long moment.

Rhys nodded, pushing his emotions back in a way that I had never quite mastered like he had.

"I'm glad to have you back, brother," He said, still searching for something before hesitantly asking, "Do- do you know if Grace is still out

there?"

I rarely heard my brother ever sound hesitant, and I sucked in a sharp breath. I didn't want to be this person. I didn't want that I didn't know. I didn't want to be the person that broke his heart. But that's why I took this assignment, but now, I the right choice.

have to tell him

sure if it was

“I haven’t seen her in a couple of days,” I admitted sadly. “She was taken from the cells after she tried to heal everyone on too little food, water and sleep. She was unwell. We followed her plan; we knew the timeframe and discussed it at length before she had been taken. We modified the plan. I led the group out of the cells, and Leon went after Grace. I waited as long as I could for them, but I had to save the people

I had.”

He took a deep breath, and I knew my twin well enough to know he was trying to stow his emotions away before he talked.

“She was unwell?” He asked.

1/2

“Yes.” I breathed.

“Thank you. Go inside. You look like shit.”

I bristled at the dismissal. He didn't care? He wasn't going to kill me for leaving her behind? I mean, we made a choice... I did everything i could to make sure she'd have a chance, but I still had expected him to kill me for it.

I walked inside still lost in my thoughts. The warmth of the house hit me so hard, I hadn't

even realized how cold I was. Only that I was alive.

“DAD!” A small voice shouted happily and lunged from her seat into my arms which I barely opened in time to catch her.

Oh goddess, this couldn't be real. She was here. My sweet, sweet, Sammy who I was so sure I would never see again, was here. Not only here, but in my arms. Holy fuck. My mind couldn't quite believe that any of this was real. Maybe I really had died in **that** stupid prison, and this, **this** was my heaven.

“Oh Sammy, I'm so sorry I left like that. I missed you so much, sweet girl.” I murmured as I soaked her in. She had definitely grown in the last few weeks or however long I had spent in that hell hole.

“Is Aunt Grace back too?” She asked eagerly, lifting her head up slightly to look around, and in the background, I saw Heather looking at me expectantly, wondering the same thing about her husband.

“No sweetie, she’s not.” I said loud enough for the both of them to hear, and I felt my heart break all over again.

Chapter **Comments**

Drivers Education Training School

Is this the last chapter? I swiped and it went to another book.

View 1 Comment >

2

<SHARE

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 254

I couldn't breathe, but I didn't stop. I could hear the pounding of guard's footsteps as we ran. Leon kept pace with me, but I knew he could run faster if he wanted to. I questioned why the guards didn't shift, but I wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth. We were far enough away from them now that I couldn't see them, but not safe enough to think that we lost them.

I fought to steady my breathing as I forced myself to put one foot in front of the other. Could I shift if I had to? How long had we been running? Were we close to the border? I didn't know. I didn't even know if we were going the right. All I knew was that we couldn't stop.

"Grace!" Kinsley's sing-song crazy voice came from somewhere in the distance. "I have something that I think you want!"

I forced myself to keep moving but shot Leon a look in fear.

"Keep going." He grunted. "It's a trap."

I gave him a single nod and forced myself to keep going. Goddess, I couldn't freaking breathe, but there was no choice but to keep going.

At least until screams began to fill the air. It might be a trap, but they had someone, and they were torturing them.

I slowed my pace, and Leon gave me a warning glance, but when I didn't speed up again, he shoved me into the nearest, thickest brush he could find as we both fought for air.

“Graceeee!” Kinsley’s crazy-ass voice rang through the forest again. “Come out, come out wherever you are! You wouldn’t let this poor girl die for you, would you?”

I hated that pout. How often in my life had she used that same tone with me growing up, telling me that I ‘wouldn’t want dad to know about all the trouble I was getting into, now would we?’ My heart leapt at the memory. I didn’t want to be that girl anymore. I didn’t want **to** crumble at Kinsley’s words, but I felt like I was drowning all over again.

“Grace.” Leon hissed, his eyes locking with mine. “Pull it together.”

I took a steadying breath and knew that he was right.

“I can’t let whoever that is die for me.” I told him once I finally could breathe without gasping.

“I know.” He muttered, running a hand over his face. “So, what do you want to do?”

“I-” But I didn’t have an answer. It wasn’t fair. I was supposed to have an answer if I was going to **do** something like that and drag Leon into it

with me.

“Come on, Grace, I’m not going in blind. Give me a plan **we** can work with.” Leon growled as footsteps started to close in on us and our hiding

spot.

I racked my brain, forcing myself to calm down to a manageable level. Fear **was** reasonable. I had **every** reason to be terrified, but it was unproductive. My brain was my best asset, and I needed to use it.

“We need to split up.” I said after a long moment, as I waiting for warriors to pass our hiding spot.

“Grace.” He hissed again in irritation.

“No, I’m serious. I’ll give myself up, and while I’m the distraction, you’ll help whoever they’re torturing.”

“And then what? I go back to Rhys empty handed? Not happening. **Try** again.

“You wouldn’t be empty handed.” I mumbled, earning an eye roll from Leon.

“Give **me** something real.” He demanded, “Or else I pick you up, and I **carry** you out of this godforsaken territory against your will, and **I will** not look back.”

“We don’t know what **we’re** walking into.” I answered uncertainly.

“And you’re still not 100% and neither am I.” He admitted, and I suddenly felt terrible for keeping him from crossing into a safe territory.

“You go from the front, and I’ll put myself as bait. But I won’t get close enough for them to grab me... While eyes are on me, you **grab** whoever it is, and then we run.”

“That’s not a real plan, Grace.” He grumbled.

“Perhaps not, but they aren’t shifting either. And I don’t know why, but it doesn’t matter right now. It levels the playing field.”

“What if most of them can’t shift, but some can?” Leon questioned.

“That’s a risk I have to take, but you don’t.” I answered quietly.

He rolled his eyes again, and I knew he was in. It wasn’t a plan. He was right about that. It was more of a hope than anything. A dream if **you** will, but if I could protect whoever they were using against me, then I would. And maybe that would be my downfall. Our **downfall**, but **it** would be worth something. The bigger problem would be that multiple warriors had already passed us. Unless Kinsley was **dumb** enough to **recall** them all back to her when we showed up, then we’d have to get past them to get to Rhys... The distance was huge; there **was no** way they could successfully cover it all, but we also wouldn’t know where they were until we crossed them. But **I wasn’t afraid** anymore. There **was no** room for fear, and I had to shut it off. **I** could feel it when we made it out of this alive.

Alive. That was my only goal.

I split from Leon, forcing myself to double back toward the screaming. No fear. No fear. I chanted in my head as I made my way back to the hell I had just escaped. I just hoped Leon and I would time this right. Everything would fail if we didn’t. It was a half-ass plan at best, but **it** would be fine. It had to be... At least that’s what I kept telling myself.

However, when I finally made my way back to stand in front of my sister, I couldn't hide the surprise on my face as I took note of her prisoner. She looked so much like her brother, my heart felt like it was being squeezed out of my chest. She wore the same look of indignation and fight that he had so often in our time together. I missed him so much, and with that I realized this mission got a whole lot harder.

Chapter Comments

LIKE

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 255

Darkness had overtaken the camp as I stared out over the empty field that laid out in front of me as I contemplated for the **millionth** time on whether I crossed that line and went looking for my mate. It had been hours since Caleb and the others had come back, and I stayed **dutifully** at my post. She had to make it. She had to. But with every passing minute, my wolf was getting more and more desperate. Gods, **this** fucking sucked.

“Any sign of them?” Heather asked a little too eagerly.

“Do you really think I would be sitting here if there was?” I asked, and I could hear the coldness in my voice.

She sighed, but didn’t take offense like others would have. It’s part of how we had been friends for so long.

“You should go inside for a while,” She said gently. “You might be a werewolf, but eventually you will still freeze to death.*

I looked at her for the first time since she had come out this time. The house had been a bustle of chaos since people had started **arriving**. I had blocked out the noise and focused on the woods, but Heather had chosen to make herself useful, teriding to the others. I couldn’t **tell** you a single thing that had happened in that house since they had arrived, but I knew they had been in good hands with her. But looking at her, I saw her cheeks flushed and her eyes filled with exhaustion and worry.

“I’m okay,” I told her, but I knew it didn’t do anything to ease her worry. “I can’t, not until I **know** for sure she isn’t coming.”

Heather’s expression was serious as she searched my eyes for something. “**Are** you still in pain?”

“No.” I answered, but my hand ran over my stomach where I had felt the pain this morning. The pain that I had known was intentional **and** connected to the mate bond. It wasn’t as bad **as** it could have been, she bore my mark, but I didn’t bear

hers. It was **a** good thing that **I** was no longer feeling those pains because it meant whatever she had been experiencing was over. And that meant that **she** was at least **not** in the hands of someone trying to weaken both of **us**... At least not yet.

Heather took the spot next to me, but didn't say anything else. Both of our hearts were too fragile to **say** too much **as** we faced the very real possibility that our people might have saved everyone else but couldn't save themselves.

I was starting to give up, when shouting met my ears from somewhere in the distance. I glanced at Heather for a moment, wondering if **I was** losing it from being out here all day, but she was intensely scanning the tree line, and my heart began to pound. We were either in for a fight. or something just across the border was happening. It was too far away to make out exactly what was happening, but I felt hope take hold of my heart again. I reached for the bond I had grabbed for so many times since she had been ripped **away** from me, and this time, there **was a** shimmer. She was close. I could feel her now. My mate. My life. My everything. She was near.

I jumped to my mate, trying to track which direction the commotion was coming from. Heather was hot on my heels, **and** we raced down the border to get as close to it as possible.

“Has anyone seen anything emerge from the woods?” I mindlinked Kate.

I knew she had to be tired, I knew I was, but she was used to these long days. She would have stayed in position until there was no hope left.

“No **sir**, but it’s getting closer.” She answered.

‘t know if this **was** Heather and I took off in that direction, and I forced myself to remain calm. I couldn’t let hope hold me, not yet. V them or if this was them retaliating, and we really couldn’t afford a retaliation right now. Not with our resources spread so thin.

I caught a glimpse of movement at the edge of the **tree** line.

“Good movement or bad?” I muttered under my breath to Heather as we both stared at the **spot** where we had just **seen** it.

“I don’t know.” She whispered back, and we both waited with bated breath trying to find where the movement **had gone**.

Two wolves shot out of **the** tree line, and Heather **gasped** as they tumbled forward at full speed. **My** heart **lurched**. **There was no mistaking that**

wolf, **even** in the dark and distance. I had fought by his side for so much of my

life.

I went to step across the border, when Heather yanked me back toward her with a frantic “NO!” Before continuing, “If you cross the **border**. **they** will kill you. They have to make it across on their own merit.”

The words were familiar in my mind. Ones she had said before. And I hated that I knew she was right. Two figures moved toward as from the opposite direction, and even though I couldn't see her clearly, I knew from my head to my toes one of them was Grace. One figure was **leaning** heavily on the other, but they were keeping low.

“Be on the ready!” I mindlinked the soldiers that were stationed here at the border. “We would love to assume **that they** will honor the laws of the border, but if they do not, kill them. No hesitation. No second guesses. **I** will not lose my mate. Set a distraction a mile south please. Draw attention that way.”

Leon was still battling, but he seemed to be serving as a distraction for the other two, who were quietly sneaking toward our camp. They were only a few hundred feet away, but I forced myself to keep my **eyes** trained on Leon. I knew if I kept watch on them, someone on the wrong **side** could follow my gaze to them. I tried to use a mirror to watch though. She **was so** close, I could see her disheveled look from here. She **looked** tired and thinner, but relatively okay. I was **so** sure she was going to cross the line, but she turned around for a moment before diving over **the** other girl she was with.

“NO!” I screamed as they disappeared into the long **grass**, out of my sight. “GRACE!”

Leon's wolf perked his head up at my scream. He stopped messing around and killed his sparring mate **before** taking off toward where Grace had disappeared in the grass. I tried to move to get to her, but someone tried to keep me in place.

"Rhys, you can't!" Someone rationalized, but I barely heard them.

"Do something!" Someone else shouted.

"I'm so sorry," Someone said just **as I** was about to **cross** the border, and the next thing I knew everything was fading to black.

Chapter Comments

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 256

Pain shot through me in a way that I had never felt before and I screamed. I couldn't form a single coherent thought. We had been so close to the border. I had thought we were home free, but the pain was blinding. I couldn't breathe.

"Are you okay?" A small voice from under me asked.

Oh goddess. I was on top of someone. Well, this sucked.

I rolled off of the younger girl with a grunt, and forced the nausea that was threatening to overtake me back down. We were so close to the border. So close to safety. And now there were multiple wolves chasing us down.

“You have to go.” I bit out.

“You’re bleeding!” The girl exclaimed in horror.

I ignored her. I didn’t need her to tell me that. I could feel it dripping. I didn’t need to see the **arrow** to know it was sticking out of me like a sore thumb.

“Stay low.” I hissed at her. “And keep your voice down.”

“Do you want me to take it out?” She asked, still unmoving.

I shook my head as a wave of dizziness hit me. No. It would have to wait. I just had to hope it wasn’t poisoned.

“Move.” I growled.

This time the girl moved. Not fast because she was also hurting too from twisting her ankle and her torture earlier, but we crawled. Inch by inch. Moment by moment.

And when we finally crossed the border, nobody even noticed. I laid at the edge of safety, panting. That had been too much. I hardly had -anything left to give.

A wolf came barreling across the line that separated Red Blood from the Golden pack. I froze in fear before realizing it was Leon, and the wolves that had been following him for so long, were honoring the border, just like I had prayed they would.

Their menacing growls didn't stop though as they paced it frantically, trying to draw us out. I could **see** other wolves in the distance, searching still for me and the young girl who was with me as **we were** still low laying on the ground.

“LEON!” Heather screamed, leaving whatever commotion was happening on the other side of him.

Leon had barely shifted back into his human form when Heather threw herself at him in the most dramatic fashion. I was happy for them. If anyone deserved a

happy ending in this life, it was them. I wouldn't have been able to get here without Leon.

ay I never

ad I would

I let myself fall back against the ground, happy to have made it out of everything alive, but disappointment flooded my system truly expected. I had thought that when I crossed the border, I would have a moment like Leon was. I would jump into Rhys' ar kiss that man like my life depended on it. In every scenario, I had ever considered, I crossed the border, and went straight to Rhys, who had seen me in the distance, and just known it was me. But instead, it wasn't like that at all. I was lying face down in the grass, utterly exhausted, and now disappointed.

I'm not sure anyone would have noticed me if the girl hadn't prodded at **the** arrow embedded in my shoulder blade causing me to **cry** out in pain.

Leon and Heather broke apart and turned in surprise **toward** me and who I only could assume **was** Michael's sister.

"Grace?" Leon gasped.

“**Hey,**” I answered through gritted teeth. “We made it.”

They were both in front of me before I could even blink, and their gasps at the arrow weren’t as quiet as I knew they had been trying to **be,**

“How’s your Lycan?” Leon asked.

“I still can’t shift, but I think I can heal myself. Can you get it out of me?”

Leon frowned, and started to say we should wait for Sawyer, but Heather didn’t hesitate. She just placed two of her fingers on either side of it and pulled until it came out. I felt myself sag in relief when it came out, and she grabbed something from her pocket, immediately covering **the** gaping hole in my back.

(like when

“Where’s Rhys?” I asked when I finally felt like I could breathe again.

Heather looked over her shoulder in the direction that the chaos had been when we had crossed the invisible line to safety.

“There was an incident.” She answered nervously.

I sat up straighter, my eyes immediately narrowing in the direction she had just looked. “What happened?”

Heather held her arms up to tell me slow down, but if Rhys was in trouble, I needed to know, and judging by Leon’s tense posture **and** crossed arms, he was thinking the same thing.

“He saw you coming, and he saw you get hit with the arrow... At least **I** assume that’s what he saw... **I was** respectively watching Leon...” A blush covered her cheeks before she coughed slightly and continued, “Anyways, he tried to cross the border to get to you, Sawyer **was** trying to hold him back, but Sawyer is- well, you know, Sawyer, and didn’t stand a chance at that, and then Maizie used her power on him, **and** he passed

out...”

My eyes widened, and I pushed myself to my feet.

“You really shouldn’t-” Heather protested, reaching out, and pushing me back her eyes falling to my wound. “It’s almost completely healed!”

“I know.” I grumbled, testing out the new mobility of my arm. It still stung, and I would be totally lying if I said that my body **wasn’t** sore because it was, but it wasn’t the worst it had been. Not by a long shot.

“That’s impossible.” Heather muttered, her fingers grazing my back.

“No,” Leon answered with a sigh. “That’s just **Grace**.”

I could hear the howls of the wolves on the other side of the border, but I couldn’t see them, at least not from where I was. But it didn’t matter. I was safe here. I **was** safe.

“Now that that’s taken **care of**, take me to my mate.” I demanded. “Or I will **go** find him myself.”

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 257

Heather sighed and offered me a hand, which I accepted, letting her pull me to my feet. I took note that though she still looked tired, she didn’t look much worse for wear than she had been since the last time I had seen her. She had dark circles under her eyes, telling me that sleep still hadn’t come easy for her, but otherwise, she was okay, and that was good to see.

I followed her to where the crowd had grown, and Sawyer was leaning over his brother, his face full of worry.

“Maiz, what did you do?!” He demanded.

“I- I don’t know!” Maizie exclaimed, looking completely frazzled. “You said do something! I did something!”

“Well, undo it!”

“I don’t know how!”

Their shouts filled my ears as more warriors lined up at the border just in front of **us**. I barely heard them though. Rhys. He was here. He **had** been willing to cross the border to get to me, even if that had meant a near certain death for him. He had found me worthy of crossing that line. He had chosen me, and that made me love him even more.

I heard the gasps as I forced my way through the crowd. For the first time, since I had met her, or **at least** that I could remember, Maizie looked like she was going to cry, but I couldn’t help her right now. I just brushed past her. I then stood behind Sawyer for a moment **as** Maizie gasped, realizing who had just walked

right past her. I placed my hand on his shoulder, and he turned to yell **at** me, but the words died on his **lips as** his eyes met mine.

He slowly rose to his feet as one word finally made its **way** out of his mouth, but it was **so** unsure, I **wasn't sure** it counted. He seemed **to** think I was a trick of the light or something in that moment.

“Grace?”

I didn't respond though. I just straddled my mate, placing a knee next to each of his hips. I placed my hands on his chest, and gently traced **a** scar the peaked out from his collar. If this was anything like what Maizie had accidentally done to Sawyer all those months ago, I was fairly certain I could fix it.

I leaned down and kissed his lips **as soft as I** could. There would be a time for more, but it **wasn't** right now. He just needed a little taste of **my** power. A little spark to bring him back to me, and he had no choice but to come back to me. I hadn't fought like hell to escape **just for** him to leave me like that.

“What's she doing?” The girl I had rescued asked.

I would have retorted, but Heather's shushed her for me, and I deepened the **kiss** just a little before pulling away.

“**Grace?**” Rhys breathed, and I fell forward in relief and exhaustion, practically laying on him, my head resting on his **chest**.

“**Yes,**” I whispered **as** tears filled my eyes. “Yes, I’m here.”

“I- I don’t- when did you get here?”

I smiled at him gently, raising myself **up** a little **so** I could look at him. He looked tired, and a little pale, **but** he was **him**. **I ran my hand** through his hair, and with a little laugh, I answered, “Not long ago.”

“You **were** late.” He told me, his **eyes** searching mine for **the same** things I had just searched his for.

“Sorry, we had some setbacks, but we made it home.”

“Leon’s here too?” His **eyes** lit up a little more, and I couldn’t help it, **I** chuckled as I kissed his **lips again**.

“**Yes, Alpha** King, Leon is here too.” I responded when we both came up for air.

Rhys sat up, and I had no choice but to follow, and **I swiped my** happy tears away.

“Good to see ya, Buddy,” Rhys told his best friend.

“You too, Alpha King,” Leon smiled, **his** arm wrapped around Heather tightly, but she had both arms around him, and I wasn’t **sure** she **was** ever going to let him go.

I stood up and pulled Rhys to his feet. He then in turn pulled me back into his arms. I didn’t know how much I really needed his embrace until I **was** in it. He was mine, and that was all that mattered.

When he finally let go, and turned to the crowd, I wouldn’t wish that glower on anybody.

“Who, Maizie,” He narrowed his eyes at her, “ruined my reuniting with my mate?”

“It was me, sir,” She squeaked, her eyes red with tears.

“She was trying to protect you,” I told him, playfully slapping him as a way to tell him to knock it off.

The conversation didn't go much further. I mean it couldn't because a body slammed into me, engulfing me completely. It took me a moment

to realize who it was.

"I'm so sorry, Grace. I didn't mean for any of this to happen. I totally understand if you want to disown me or whatever you have to. I **can** take whatever punishment you want."

I held him back. I swear he had grown 3 inches in the time I was gone, but it didn't matter. I was glad to be back with him.

"It's not your fault," I told him seriously. "None of this **was** your fault."

He sobbed into my shoulder, and I just held him there, Rhys' hand resting on my shoulder. I knew he would have to be nearly touching me at all times for a while before he felt comfortable again.

Eventually, his sobs started to slow, and I thought now would be as good of a time as any to tell him my news.

“I have a surprise for you.” I whispered in his ear.

He pulled away from me, looking up in surprise. “What? Could you possibly have for me?” He asked,

I turned him, so I was facing where Leon was, and I saw the girl staring **at us** from just a little ways away and gestured toward her.

“**Iris?**” Michael breathed in awe and surprise.

He stepped forward toward her, but instead of the hug I fully expected, she punched him square **in** the nose.

Chapter Comments

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 258

I immediately yanked Michael back toward me. I couldn't believe that she would do that. She hadn't been **the** sweetest person **I had** ever met but I definitely didn't expect her to punch her brother in the face when they reunited.

“Are you okay?” I asked Michael, skimming my eyes over him, but it didn’t look like any damage had been done.

“Yes.” He answered, his own hand rubbing where she had hit him, just below his eye. “She’s not the strongest...”

“What is the meaning of this?” Rhys demanded, his aura coming out in a terrifying fashion as he stepped in between us and **Michael’s** sister Iris. I was glad that I was not on the wrong side of him.

“Why are you looking at me like I did something wrong?” Iris argued, not intimidated by his aura at all. “He betrayed me. He betrayed **his** whole family. He deserves to die for the crimes he’s committed against me! And that lady, well she took me from my home!”

“You were being tortured!” I shot back, completely aghast by her words.

“So?! It wasn’t a big deal!”

“They were going to kill you, Iris,” I snapped at her. I knew that she was young and trying to process everything that had happened **to** her, **but** her attitude was not something **I** expected. Sure, Michael had had an attitude, but his had been

more **silent** anger **and** broody, not **outright** anger. And he definitely did not yell at the Alpha King.

“So? It would be better than being a traitor!” She exclaimed.

Rhys let out a low growl, and I gently placed my hand on his arm.

“Rhys,” I started. “This is Iris, Michael’s younger sister. She was being tortured by Kinsley **as** a trap to get me, so there’s a little resentment there. She’s a little whiny, but she’s had a hard life. She just needs time to adjust.”

“I don’t want to adjust!” She shouted like a little kid, and I felt a pang of sympathy for her. She didn’t know anything other than the life she had been thrust into as a young child. She was scared, and right or wrong, this was her way of dealing with it.

“Iris.” Maizie snapped at the younger girl, and the way Iris stood up straighter told me everything I needed to know about Maizie’s relationship with the younger girl.

“You’re the reason our family has been torn apart.” Iris hissed

“No. I’m not.” Maizie answered calmly, stepping in between all of **us**. “Now apologize to everyone you were just rude to, and I’ll show you where you can sleep off this anger.”

“I can’t just sleep it off!” Iris protested. “I have **every** right to be angry!”

“You do. The same way they have the right to not put up with your disrespect. Now, apologize.”

“I’m sorry.” Iris mumbled, but the sad look on Michael’s face told me it wasn’t enough.

“Now, come on.” Maizie barked and guided the younger girl **away** from the crowd.

I pulled Michael back into a hug, unable **to** take the crestfallen look on his face any longer.

“I’m sorry,” I told him. “I didn’t know it was going to **go** like that.”

“It’s okay,” He answered, pulling away, slightly. “She’s always been a bit... opinionated. **She’ll** learn. It’s **scary coming here, safety feels like an** illusion when you aren’t used to it.”

I smiled slightly as he pulled away. “I know **the** feeling.” I admitted. “But at least she’s safe now. **2 down, 2 to go.**”

A **real** smile crossed his **face**, and I smiled back.

“Did you see **any** of the others while you were there?” He asked.

My smile fell, and I shook my head as Rhys wrapped his arm around me, tucking me safely into his side.

“I’m **sorry.**” It came out as barely a whisper.

His eyes widened. “No, no, don’t apologize. You saved me. It **was** my fault you were taken. It’s a good thing that **they** weren’t in the prison **with** you. It means their still in the program... The safest place they can right now, which is terrifying, but we’ll get them out. I know **we** will.”

“We will.” Rhys agreed. “We are going to make sure nobody hurts those kids again. The fact that your sister **wasn’t** fazed by **them** torturing her worries me. But now that I have my mate back, **we** can start moving forward with all of our plans. We will save everyone we **can.**”

It sounded like a promise, and I believed with my whole heart that we would try to adhere to it. **It also** sounded like Rhys **had a** plan, and I loved a man with a plan. Well, I loved this man anyways.

Michael ran off in the direction that Maizie had went with Iris, and Sawyer finally made his way over to **us**. I was **glad** to see **him** doing **well**, and his hug was one that I missed even if Rhys growled when it 'lasted too long:-

“Are you hurt?” He asked, his eyes raking over my body for injuries.

I shook my head. “I’ll heal. My Lycan is starting to fully come back, and when she does, I’ll be okay.”

“Are you sure?” He asked, his worry evident.

I nodded, leaning into Rhys, my adrenaline wearing off a little. I was exhausted, and everything did hurt. I just wanted to **crawl** into bed with Rhys and sleep for a hundred years.

“Come on.” Rhys said, noticing that I was crashing. “Let’s go get you cleaned up and into bed.”

To my surprise, Sawyer laughed and pushed past Rhys. “You don’t know where you’re going, Alpha King. Come on, I’ll show you to your room.”

Rhys didn’t say anything, but he did roll his eyes. But now that I was looking at him, he really looked like shit, His face was pale and drawn. His eyes had dark circles, and he even looked thinner than I remembered.

“Tell me you’ve slept since you’ve been here...”

“No. Why would I have slept?” He asked in surprise. “I **was** waiting for you.”

It was my turn to roll my **eyes**. He was unbelievable, but I didn’t blame him at all. If I had been in his position, I probably would have done **the** same. But we were together again, and that was all that mattered.

Chapter Comments

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Grace took a long hot shower, and I fought every instinct to just join her, but there would be time for that later. The room was smaller than **I was** used to, and the bathroom too. There was no way we both would have been comfortable in it. I found it surprising **that** these **were the** accommodations that the Golden pack were offering, but they would do for the time being. There were definitely worse places we could be staying. I mean, at least we weren't camping.

When Grace finally emerged out of the bathroom, I gave her a good once over. Her eyes held dark circles, and her face was pale. Her arms held new scars that still looked slightly painful, and there were so many bruises. Too many to count. I felt sick looking at her.

"It's okay." She whispered, coming over and straddling my lap. "I'm okay."

"You're not." I answered, fighting the nausea to stay down.

"Rhys," She cupped my face gently, and I nearly melted at her touch. "It was awful, and I never want to go **back**, but I'm here now. **I'm** here, and I'm safe."

"You aren't safe," I grumbled. I had no idea how to protect her. She had been taken from the very **place** that she was supposed to be safe. She was a rare Lycan. She was able to talk directly with the Moon Goddess. It was **so** much bigger than just **us**, and I couldn't protect her from that.

“I’m with you, Rhys.” She answered simply. “That’s all I need.”

My heart fluttered in a way I was unfamiliar with. She made me feel things that I had never felt before. She had an **effect** on me that I **couldn’t** explain, and honestly, I didn’t want to. She was mine.

She leaned in and kissed my lips. It was soft and slow. There was no desperation or **rush**, it just simply was, **and** that’s **exactly** what **we** both needed. I deepened the kiss, and I felt her hands begin to roam my body. She was here. She was safe for this moment. She **was** mine. **She was** everything. She was perfect for me. Her body and mine were flesh against each other, and it didn’t take too long before the clothes on our bodies to become a hinderance.

I reached for the hem of her shirt, and she lifted her arms to help me. She then returned the favor, and I peppered every bit of skin I could see with little kisses. Her eyes darkened with desire as she shifted to give me better access. I pushed her backwards, so she was standing up, again, and I carefully tugged at her shorts, pulling them off of her with little resistance, then she did the same to mine. Everything we did was slow and deliberate. She was mine, and we had all the time in the world

I kissed her lips as I pulled her back onto the bed. Her hands roamed my body like she needed to feel every piece of me, and I needed it just as much. She real, and she was here, and that’s all I could focus on.

I didn’t need her to say anything; I just gently made my way inside her. She moaned, gripping at my hair in a way that I didn’t know I needed, but turned me on even more. She fit around me perfectly, and I was grateful the moon goddess

made her for me. I slowly created a rhythm as I kissed her lips, her neck, every piece of her that I could reach. She arched her **back as I** hit her sweet spot, and I **was** so in love as we both let go at the same time.

Despite our fatigue, **we** went for round two and round three.

We were still entangled in each other when she whispered, “I want to mark you.”

“What?” I asked, sure I didn’t hear her right.

“I want to mark you,” She repeated.

“Gracie, I want that too, but I don’t want you to do something just because you feel like you **have** to.”

“I don’t.” She answered, flipping so she was on top of me. “**I** want our connection to **be** stronger. I **never** want to be without you **again, Rhys**. I never expected to love anyone, and yet I am so in love with you, it **scares me**. When they told me that they were using **me as bait for** you, I would have rather died. You saved me from a life that I thought **I was** destined for, but this is the life **I was destined for. To** be your **mate. To** walk by your side. And I want to mark you, if you’ll have me...”

“Of course, **I** want you!” I exclaimed. “I want you. I want your mark. If you’re ready, then I am all yours. I am always and forever all yours.

She smiled at me with her big blue eyes. They were the most dazzling thing I had ever seen. I couldn’t get over the fact **that** she was here with me again. I had missed her more than words could ever say.

She leaned in and kissed and sucked on my neck. Her touch sent waves of desire through me again. Apparently, I hadn’t been satiated **with** three rounds of incredible lovemaking.

“Graceeee,” I groaned.

would really mean for us to be fully marked. Even Sawyer and Maizie hadn’t **gone** She smiled against my neck. We honestly had no idea what that far yet because there was a fear that Lycan’s and Werewolves were incompatible mates. I didn’t think that was true after my experience with the Moon Goddess, but I also didn’t know for sure..

I felt her teeth skim my skin before she bit down. I gasped **as** she held it before bliss hit. It was nothing like I had imagined, and better **in** every way. I couldn’t think. I couldn’t breathe. I just existed in that moment, thankful for **my** amazing mate.

Chapter Comments

LIKE

-

POST C

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 260

I woke up slowly. The bliss of the night before still fresh in my mind. I had slept better than I had in weeks. A comfy bed, a warm blanket, and more importantly, Rhys, keeping me tucked safely under his arms. I knew we weren't back in the Alpha King **Pack**, but it felt like home. **Which** is why even though I was awake, there was 0 chance I was moving any time soon.

"Good morning, beautiful," I heard Rhys' voice in my mind for the first time.

I jolted into a sitting position and turned to look at him. "We can mindlink?!" I asked aloud.

He smirked, but didn't say anything out loud. "Try it for yourself."

"Hi." I thought toward him.

His smile grew, and he looked genuinely happy, which in turn made me happy. I couldn't help the smile the spread across **my** face. I couldn't believe we could mindlink. Lycans didn't seem to have that ability, but maybe a Lycan and a werewolf together could share their abilities or something.

"What's going through that pretty little mind of yours?" Rhys asked, brushing a loose strand of hair from my face with his gentle fingers.

I frowned slightly. I didn't have a clue about what was going on in my head. It felt like a mess. I couldn't believe we had escaped. I couldn't believe the girl they had tried to use against me was Michael's sister. Had that **just** been a coincidence? I mean, **it** couldn't be... **They knew** as well as I did that Michael had chosen **us**, and they had taken a gamble that I would recognize her.

"I just want to stay in this moment forever," I admitted.

"I know." He replied tiredly. "I wish we could too."

“What are your plans for the day?”

“I would like to get away from their border,” Rhys confided. “I know we’re here and there’s an alliance and all, but. I don’t fully trust them. **And** we have work to do.”

I sighed, resting my head on his shoulder. I knew he was right, but I was still tired. I didn’t want to think about anything. I didn’t want to be in charge. I didn’t ask for any of this, but I could do it. As tired as I was, I was ready. If I didn’t protect those people in the Red Blood pack, who would? If I didn’t protect those kids, who would? Those kids we rescued were trusting us to protect not only them, but their siblings that they left behind. The ones who they had left to protect, who were probably facing retaliation like Claire and Iris, and probably Mark and Aaron, and Maizie’s sister, Blaire. I couldn’t know for sure, but I assumed.

“Can we just stay here for another 5 minutes?” I asked. “Before **we** go out and save the world?”

“We can do whatever you want, love.” He answered. “I’ll gladly let the world burn if that’s what would make you happy.”

I chuckled, leaning into him a little more. The peace I felt in this moment was worth everything that would come in a bit. It didn’t stop me from wanting this for forever. But if we did our jobs/right, this could be our forever. We just had work to do.

A loud clang of who knows what met our ears, shattering our momentary peace. Both Rhys and I immediate‘ shoving our limbs through whatever clothes **we** could find before rushing out of the room.

“Maizie?” A kind of familiar voice kept repeating. “Maizie?”

‘ed out of bed, and began

I rushed toward the voice. I really hadn’t been paying too much attention to the way **Sawyer** had brought **us** earlier, **but I** used **the voice** and the echoing silence **as** my guide. Worry filled me and hurried my pace.

I saw the woman first, she was standing next to a pulled chair staring at the ground. I followed her gaze and **found Maizie on the floor picking** up pieces broken breakfast plates.

“Maiz?” I whispered as I crouched down in front of her.

“Gr-Grace?” She stuttered, staring at me like she couldn’t believe I was real.

“Hi friend,” I said gently. “Are you okay?”

“I dropped all these breakfast plates and made a bit of a mess.” She laughed nervously, but at least sounded a little more like herself.

“I see that,” I answered. I would let her take the lead. She was so strong and brilliant, it was

re to ever see her so frazzled. “Let me help.

She gave me a small smile of gratitude. “Thanks,” She whispered. “I kinda got stuck in my head for a moment.”

“What happened?” I asked carefully. I knew what it was like to spiral like that, and I didn’t want to be the one to send her back into one.

“That woman,” She nodded at the woman who had been calling her name before I entered. “She’s my mother, and I have no idea what to say of how to act. I haven’t seen her in years, and when I saw her, I was that small child being ripped away from her all over again.”

“Did she send you to the program?” I questioned. It didn’t really matter. The only thing that mattered was how Maizle felt about the whole thing, but I wanted to

know if she gave her child up willingly or if she was just as desperate as so many others were, and was just following orders, not knowing what exactly she was sending her kids too.

“She wasn’t a great mother,” Maizie admitted, “But she did the best she could. I can still hear her screams when me and Blaire were taken from her. I promised her I would protect Blair, and now I don’t even know if Blaire is **still** alive.”

“Hey, that’s not your fault. It was never fair to ask of you. You did the best YOU could. You **were** sent on a fucking suicide mission, and you did it to protect her. Your mom will understand that.”

Maizie and I both stood up now that the mess was all cleaned up, the floor just needed vacuumed **and** mopped, since syrup was everywhere **and** we wanted to make sure there were no more little pieces of glass.

“Hi,” I said as we approached the woman. Looking at her now, I could see the resemblance. Her **eyes** were tired, and her hair was greyer, but her and Maizie shared the same nervous tick of touching their hair. “I’m Grace, and we sort of met in the cells, didn’t we? You helped us with the -plan to get out, right?”

The woman’s smile turned cold before she said, “I know exactly who you are, Grace Cairstairs.”

Chapter Comments

LIKE

POST COMMENT NOW

SHARE