

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

I stared at my mate in shock. Seriously? Now she was going to bring up getting married when that box literally just called her the chosen one? What the fuck did that even mean? How could she just brush it off like it was nothing? Yet the earnest look in her eyes made me want to listen to anything and everything she'd ever say again. I could still feel the magic that had rushed out of the box when she had touched it.

“What the hell was that?” Maizie demanded, finding her voice first.

“Are you hurt, dear?” My mother asked looking at

Grace looked at her, the surprise of everything written she needed right now.

She shook her head slowly, and that was my cue to reach

with a worried look that I was sure I was mirroring.

“Should I touch it again?” She asked hesitantly as she just

over her face, and it took all I had not to go wrap her up in my arms. But I knew that wasn't what

the small box that now laid quietly on the floor.

I picked it up, but it didn't talk this time. I then passed it to Sawyer who was the closest to me. He touched it, and again nothing happened. He then passed it to Maizie, and the process continued all the way through Alana, who held it out to Grace hesitantly.

The truth was, I wasn't sure I really wanted my mate to be touching it again. We had no idea what the Chosen One meant or if it was even safe for her to touch it. What if its job was to kill her? What if this wasn't witch magic, but God magic? We seemed to be trapped by the gods in some weird war they were having. I didn't understand it, but maybe it wasn't for me to understand. And I couldn't hinder my mate from reaching her potential.

I nodded for her to go ahead and take it, and I held my breath. As soon as it touched her fingers, it began to shout.

**“CHOSEN ONE. CHOSEN ONE. THE ONE WE’VE BEEN WAITING FOR. ONLY YOU HAVE THE POWER TO UNITE THE SPECIES AND LEAD THEM INTO PEACE. WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU. THE WITCHES OF THE NORTH COVEN ARE ON YOUR SIDE. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CALL THEM.”**

It started to repeat, and after listening to it three more times to be sure there were no more messages, she gently put the square down on the desk, and folded her hands gently into her lap. Her face was pale, and I knew she was really feeling the pressures of everything.

“Was that your plan?” Mom bit out before anyone else could say anything. “To rope my poor son into some hidden agenda?”

Grace looked at my mom, horror written all over her face with the accusation.

“I- I would nev-” Grace started, but I cut her off.

“Get. Out.” I growled.

“Rhys, darling, you cannot be serious. She’s clearly using your position as a way to gain power. I’ve never heard anything about a chosen one before.”

“I think that’s what they were trying to recreate...” Maizie answered, her eyes wide as her mind looked to be reeling as she rolled into a sitting position. Man, that girl could not sit still.

“What?” Leon questioned, but I immediately saw her line of thinking.

“Grace is the true leader. She is here to unite the people as one under the Moon Goddess... The God of Death isn’t mad at the Moon Goddess for something trivial.... He’s mad his people have fallen under control of the Lycan’s hunt for power. It all makes sense! The same for who the witches worship probably... t don’t remember who they fall under.”

tion... Give people a safe to strike them down, and

The excitement in her voice made it hard not to be hopeful about this. And I think she was right. It did make sense, If we could stop the Red Blood pack... Take away their ability to experiment on kids and anyone. If we could stop the forceful changes... If we could take down the place to heal and grow. The gods would stop fighting. And Sandra gave us the best chance we’d had thus far. We knew exact it was all thanks to that tiny little box sitting just inches from my mate’s hands.

Grace took a deep breath, and I knew she was trying to gain the courage to say something. I was learning my mate’s cues and feelings, and they were becoming obvious to me now. I was glad that she was comfortable enough to say her thoughts, even if it was in front of my rude ass mothet.

“I think I might know how to find the Pyxis,” She said after a long moment. “But you aren’t going to like it.”

Maizie gasped, and both Iris and Michael were both looking at her with their full attention, eyes wide.

“Are you serious?” Maizie asked her, and for the first time in this conversation I felt completely lost with a sinking feeling in my stomach

Grace’s head bobbed in seriousness, and I didn’t like where this was going.

“Grace, if your plan involves my mate, you can think again,” Sawyer warned with a low growl.

“It doesn’t,” She put her hands in the air in her defense. “Nothing crazy anyways.”

“Then what does it include?” I asked hesitantly, absolutely sure that I would hate it by the way she wasn’t just coming right out and saying it.

She ran her fingers nervously through her hair.

“We plan our wedding, but instead of a total trap... I’m a runaway bride. I go back to them, say I want their sanctuary, ask what they need from rue, pretend I’m willing. And find the Pyxis, so we know what to attack to diminish their power supply.”

I growled. She had to be out of her mind if she actually thought I would agree to that. “Over my dead body.”

“I told you, you wouldn’t like it, Rhys.”

## Chapter Comments

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The Unwanted Daughter’s Alpha King

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Over the next week, we planned a wedding for the ages. We may not be actually getting married, but no expense was being spared, and that wasn’t part of the Lung Ceremony or Wedding planning, I was with Rhys’ mother, Kerris, learning how to present myself with so joined us. She didn’t participate, but she would laugh at what Kerris was putting us through. She wasn’t there as often though, the seines

overwhelmed. I was actually really beginning to worry about her. I kept telling her to relax, but she took her job very seriously, and freighted much stress by asking her and Maizie to be bridesmaids. I couldn't choose between them to be a maid of honor, but they were both my family that! was grateful.

Now, we were just a day away, and my heart couldn't be any fuller, even if it was all a setup. I was excited because if we all survived this, this would be test And I couldn't wait for that moment.

"Are you okay, Grace?" Sawyer asked gently.

I hadn't heard him approach, but I was glad he was here.

"Sorry, I was lost in my head. I'm okay."

"Are you sure you want to go through with all of this?" He questioned, a mischievous look on his face.

I nodded, giving him a curious look. "Even though this isn't for real yet, I can't wait to marry your brother. And as soon as all of this is over, I will be demanding a real wedding. But we have to survive first."

“Your idea sounds like a suicide mission.” He stated, and I didn’t miss the worry in his voice.

“I don’t think they’ll kill me. They would have done it a million times if they could. I don’t quite understand it. I’m the daughter of an affair. A bastard kid. But they need me for something. So, I have to pretend to play into their hands. That’s the only way we’ll find out anything.”

Sawyer nodded, and I knew he understood. He was one of my closest friends. I was glad he would be my family in the end. I was glad he was Maizie’s mate, and I was glad that he was here.

“Are you ready to do what we talked about?” He asked after a while.

“Yea,” I swallowed nervously.

“It’s to keep you safe...” He responded, reading my nerves.

“I know.” I told him. But knowing and wanting something are two completely different things. I knew that this part of the plan was non-negotiable to Rhys. I also knew it would protect me if I got myself in too deep. But I didn’t have to like it. It was experimental at best, and for it to be going into my body should be making everyone nervous.

But I just swallowed my pride and followed Sawyer to the clinic. This was the last phase in the plan that needed to happen tonight, and it was a safety net.

“Take a seat.” Sawyer gestured at the empty exam table.

I shivered. As much as I loved Sawyer, I hated the clinic. I knew nothing bad was going to happen to me, but I still hated it here. I trusted Sawyer.

“Okay,” He said as he turned back to me. “This is going to sting a bit.”

I nodded my acknowledgement and closed my eyes, I didn’t want to see the insertion device any longer. It was a silver metal that looked scarier than it probably was, but I still didn’t want to have to look at it.

“One, two, three,” Sawyer counted down. I appreciated his warning, but it didn’t help me brace myself too well. It so much worse than I thought it would. I bit down to avoid making a sound, and then it was over.

I felt a little pathetic for how I had reacted. I had been beaten within inches of my life, and yet this small metal device was going to be the death of me.

“Are you okay?” Sawyer asked, his worry evident on his face...

“Yea,” I answered shakily. “I can barely feel it now.”

Sawyer smiled. “Good, I designed it so you wouldn’t, but I had never tested it before, so I won’t me it was young to ang dekor

“What all can it do again?” I asked as I stared at my arm, surprised to the redness already shrinking to a nearly unnoticeable disc

“It will do a whole bunch of things.” Sawyer responded proudly. “It will mostly track your vitals, so we’ll know if you are alive and in diabetes track your movements, so we’ll know your exact location at all times. If you want to pin your location at any time, all you have to do is 100 we talked about. So, anywhere you think you might be in danger or if you find the Pyxis. Five taps opens a communication line with they sho not expect it to be super clear, but it will hopefully be clear enough. I wouldn’t suggest trying to talk to him on it, but if you want Bindis tē m going on, then that’s when I would use it.”

“And we’re sure it works?” I stared at my arm like it was something foreign to me.

“Come on, let’s test it.” Sawyer responded, gesturing me to follow him to the computer. He typed a few things into it, and clicked a completing them all. the sudden a little box started pulsing loudly. Sawyer immediately scrambled to turn it down, but I smiled. It worked. That was try heartrate

The only other person who could access this information was Rhys, and he could drop in at any time to hear surrounding noises. We tested all the features just to be sure they worked, and when Sawyer was satisfied, I left the clinic with the promise that as soon as my mission was finished. He would take it per

for me.

But I wasn't worried about that. I was getting married tomorrow. Well, I was going to my wedding tomorrow. Tonight though, I was going to climb like a tree. Because tomorrow might be a suicide mission, but tonight, I was madly in love and getting married tomorrow. And everything else could we

Chapter Comments

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## Chapter 283

Today is the day. The day I was going to maybe marry my mate or run the risk of losing her. And based on how good of a night we **had** had that night, I pretty sure it was the latter. I had tried to talk her out of her plan, but she was having none of it. She just kept saying that she needed **to** do this and to the eyes, it was the only way. And if I was being completely honest... we did need an inside man. All of my attempts to catch the Red Blood pack by outprisoning failed. Our biggest informants were kids who had been in a Program that had tortured them, and my mate that had literally never left the prison.

I also wasn't convinced that as soon as Grace would cross their border, she wouldn't just be thrown in the prison again. I mean, she had orchestrated an entire prison breakout the last time she was there. We were just hoping that Adrian's infatuation with her was enough to keep her from harm's way. Especially if she played into it, like our plan stated.

We were both a little uncomfortable with the idea, but we also knew where we both stood with it too. It was a necessary evil. We needed the in. We **needed** to end this whole thing, once and for all. And we would be ready to strike as soon as Grace found the Pyxis.

In the meantime, we'd need to act as naturally as possible. I had put a pause on all official training for the time being. We had decided to even lessen **the** guards at the border. Instead of relying on manpower, we were going to be using technology to be our eyes. The idea made me a little nervous, but I needed it to look like we were letting our guard down. We were not weak. Not anymore. But I needed us to appear so, I was just hoping that Adrian was **impatient** enough to actually jump on it before things got too dangerous. I assumed as soon as Grace was in his hands, he would attack. I just hoped I was right, so **we** wouldn't be prolonging the inevitable.

“Ready for your big day?” Sawyer practically bounced all the way into the room, his suit in his hands.

“It’s not my big day,” I grumbled.

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“Chin up, Alpha King.” Sawyer replied cheerily. “She might not be marrying you today, but she will eventually. And the Groom can’t look sulky when we go out there for photos. This is supposed to be the best day of your life, so **act** like it.”

“Do you think they will send someone to the ceremony?” I asked.

“If I was them, I would.” Sawyer answered a little bit more seriously, moving to the corner of my office to get ready.

He could tease me all he wanted about smiling, but I was at least ready... I had been for hours now, and my mind wouldn’t let me work. **All** I could think about was broken Grace when she had first gotten here. I couldn’t stand to see her like that again.

“How many?” I asked.

“We made it public but didn’t send the invites like we had talked about. So, my guess is only **spies**, not enough for a fight, just enough to know exactly **what** is going on.”

“I fear we’re wrong on that.” I told him as I poured a small amount of **scotch** into my glass. I **wasn’t** going to my wedding drunk, but I needed a little something to take off the edge.

“Alpha King?” Alana’s gentle voice called out. “We’re ready for you.”

I sighed and poured another glass, swallowing it in a quick swig. I could do this. I could act natural. I could dote on my mate. This wedding might be **fake**. But we would have a real one day, and I couldn’t wait for more days like last night,

I couldn’t help but smile at the memory. Grace had been wild. Her innocence had made no appearance, Pleasure had taken over both *of* us more times **than I** could count. She had taken things completely into her hands. And I couldn’t help but think it was her version of goodbye.

**but**

Sawyer continued to get **ready** in my office, but I made my way downstairs to the ballroom. I knew Grace would have preferred **to get** married the winter weather wouldn't be fair to force guests to sit in. The snow was falling heavily today, and I worried about Grace **getting to the Red** Blood pack. But if we guessed right, Adrian would either be at the wedding, or lurking just outside the pack, hoping to find a way to ruin it.

I felt her before I saw her. Her hair was twisted in a half up half down style. Her white dress made my heart stutter. It had slightly puffy sheer sleeves **that** cuffed at her wrists, and the lacy gown hugged her in all the right places before hanging loosely at her waist. She **was** stunning.

**She** smiled at me, and for the millionth time I couldn't believe **she** was made for me. **The** prophecy **sang** in my ear **but** ignored it. **She** would **come first**. Nothing would change that. I couldn't survive in this world without her. Not anymore.

We took wedding photos as per my mother's requirements. And then she disappeared again for the ceremony

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## Chapter 283

If I had thought she had looked beautiful during photos, she looked even more beautiful walking toward me. Every seat was filled. Every eye wat an Neissthe

closer she got, the more nervous she looked. It was as if she remembered why we were here.

Sawyer was our officiant. A man of so many traits, began the ceremony. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw him walk in. Bold to etose into my territory without an invite, but I couldn't say we were surprised.

“Do you Rhys, take Grace, to have and to hold, to love and protect, through sickness and in health till death do you part?”

“I do.”

“And do you Grace, take Rhys, to have and to hold, to love and protect, through

“I do.” She whispered, and I could feel the longing in her soul for this

ess and in health, till death do you part?”

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“Does anyone object to the union of these fine people?”

And in complete predictability, he stood up looking far braver than he should have, and shouted, “I OBJECT.”

## Chapter **Comments**

### The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

#### **Chapter 284**

I took a deep breath as Rhys squeezed my hand gently, and Adrian’s voice met my ears. We had known this would happen, or at least, hoped it would make my exit easier, but it didn’t mean I actually wanted to go with him.

“I just have to pretend for a little while,” I told myself. There was a scoff in the back of my head, and I knew that was my Lycan self, **calling** me out on my bullshit.

The guests all gasped. I knew there were more than a few girls in attendance who had considered doing the same thing as a last chance attempt to steal Rhys away from me, but no one had actually had the courage to do what Adrian had.

“State your case,” Sawyer stated, unable to keep the low growl out of his voice. I knew that every piece of him wanted to go **tear** Adriari apart, limb for **limb** for his direct and indirect treatment of Maizie. I knew because Rhys was having the same struggle. But we had a plan, and for it to work, **they** couldn’t interfere. Not the way they wanted to anyway.

“Grace is from the Red Blood pack. She is special. She needs to come home to find out just how special she really is.”

That was... honest. If I didn’t know his game, I might have believed him. I mean, old Grace would have in a heartbeat. She wouldn’t have thought twice about if he was lying to me or not. But I knew my worth, and I knew better than to believe a word out of his mouth. I was not the same Grace that **had** left Red Blood Pack.

Rhys growled at his statement, but I just squeezed his hand before letting go.

“What could you possibly have to offer her that I can’t?” Rhys demanded, and I knew the hurt on his face was real,

“You might be the Alpha King, but I am King of the Lycans.” He then shifted, causing the audience to gasp. They had never seen a Lycan in form before. Based on Rhys’ declarations, they knew they existed, but not what they looked like.

Adrian's demonstration made my skin crawl. He had just let out a century old secret in an attempt to woo me, and that felt risky to me, **even** for him. I couldn't figure out my role with them, but it was clear he would do anything to get my attention, so I forced myself to look **at** him with **awe instead** of disgust.

He shifted back to his human form, and a pair of shorts were thrown at him from somewhere I couldn't pinpoint.

"What about Kinsley?" Rhys tried desperately. I knew he knew I'd be walking away from him in just moments, but he was trying...

"Kinsley was always just **a** means to an end," Adrian brushed the idea of my sister **off** like she **was** nothing to him, **and** she probably was. "**Grace** is the real prize. She was born to be Queen."

I don't know where he was getting his information, but it was wrong. I was the child **of** an affair. My mother had been a maid and died shortly after giving birth to me. I had been worse than dirt to the family for years. I had suffered at their hands. I was meant to be Queen with Rhys perhaps, but never **of** my own species.

"Come Grace, I can help you step into your true power."

I looked at Rhys hesitantly. He was silently begging me not to go through with this. To just let him kill Adrian. But that wasn't a choice. We needed to know where the **Pyxis** was, so we could destroy it, so we could destroy them. There was no other way around it, and this **was** the easiest way for us to do it,

"I'm sorry," I whispered loudly to Rhys.

Another **gasp** shot through the crowd as I turned and rushed toward Adrian.

"I knew you loved me!" Adrian whispered in awe. He caressed my cheek, and I wanted to vomit, but this was the plan, and I was going to stick to it.

"Grace!" Rhys shouted, taking several steps toward us. "Grace, please! I love you!"

My heart broke at the desperation in his voice. I wanted nothing more than to turn back around and run into his arms, **but** I forced myself to **follow Adrian** from the hall.

"I love you," I mindlinked him.

"I love you." He answered, pain still in his voice. I snuck a glance back as Sawyer attempted to comfort his brother, but there would be no lontan for h Not till we were back together, which I hoped would be very soon.

Adrian got in the car, and I followed. He didn't hold open a door for me. He didn't say get in. He just expected me to do what I had always **done** for the be submissive. And even though I was no longer that girl, I could play that part. It still came easily to me, but it also took more effort than it used to, time now I had had a taste of freedom.

"We have so much to talk about, Grace."

"Why did you come back for me?" I asked. I was done waiting on answers.

Surprise crossed his face for a split second before his mask of affection took back over.

"As I said in there, you are very special, Grace."

"And I wasn't special what I lived in your pack before?" I asked, doing my best to keep the bitterness from my voice, but apparently not doing a very good job at it.

"Why did you come if you were worried?" He questioned suspiciously.

I let my nerves take over for a moment. I knew it would actually be in my favor if my feelings **were** in my voice even **if I** was lying about everything else.

“Rhys only wanted me for my powers.” I admitted falsely. “He knew what I was, and he was using me for his benefit. Plus, Red Blood pack is my home... I don’t know. The opportunity to come back scares me, but I didn’t know what else to do.” **My** voice was shaking, and I let the tears I felt from leaving **Rhys and the** other behind, fill my eyes.

Adrian grabbed my hand, and for a moment I was in my room in the dungeon again, and he was on top of me. Angry for me discouraging his advances. Then I was in a hospital room, and he was doing the exact same fucking thing. I couldn’t believe it was him this whole time, and I had willingly just gone with him. I felt the color drain from my face at the revelation, and I had to fight back the nausea that threatened to overtake **me**.

“I have always wanted you, Grace,” He confided. “And this time, I promise will be nothing like it was before. You will be worshipped.”

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 285

Playing the part of a devastated Alpha King wasn’t hard, but I hated the rumors about Grace that were popping up everywhere. Everywhere I **went** I heard whispers about how she was using me this whole time, like every other bride I had

ever had. No one had an answer for what was happening, but my **little** group of friends never divulged our secrets.

We met every day in the office for meetings about what was next. We met with Kate and Arlo to make sure we were ready to go at any **time**. **We** moved citizens to a safer location, and we decided that since the City and so many other smaller packs were between us and the Red Blood Pack, we agreed to open our borders in exchange for help from their warriors. Queen Margaret and Princess Elara had gotten in contact with their warriors who were still loyal, and **they** would be helping escort whoever wanted to join. We were a little nervous about what prince Elijah would do when he found out we were **smuggling** away his people and resources, but Queen Maragret had the loyalty of her people, and they would follow her anywhere.

Unfortunately, my pack wasn't built for Vampires, other than a few rooms in the packhouse, so half my day was spent building small houses that would protect the Vampires as best as I could. As well as giving the Humans safe spaces, and witches if they needed it. Anybody who needed a safe place to **stay** right now was invited, even if they couldn't offer us anything in return. It's what Grace would have wanted.

We were building everything in a small circle of space. There would be 6 levels of security protecting the inside, and then there would be runners who would be there to help stragglers or kids we rescued from the Program. At least that was the hope. We ran small simulations in the gym, but they were very small, and it was really only so everyone knew their exact roles. I knew during the real thing it wasn't going to be perfect, but if everyone could understand their roles, then maybe it would go better than I thought it would.

We were also taking a page out of the Red Blood pack's book and creating an underground **safe space** for everyone to disappear to. **And** the

Omega's **in the** kitchen were preparing as much food that could be preserved as possible.

"Rhys?"

I jumped as Grace mindlinked me. She sounded far away and distant, but I could hear her.

"I'm here," I answered back.

"It's so good to hear your voice." She exclaimed, and I could hear the relief in her voice. "I wasn't sure it would work. You sound far away, but **I can** hear you."

"I didn't think we'd be able to do it either..." I admitted. "I didn't even consider that we would actually be able to talk."

"Well, I haven't been given any wolfsbane or anything since I arrived, so as long as I'm able to avoid that, then we should be able to talk at least a little. I'm not alone very often."

"I'll take what I can get." I responded. There was no way to possibly explain how relieved I was to be able to talk to her at all. "Have they hurt you at all?"

“No.” She answered a little uneasily. “No. I’ve actually hardly seen anyone. I’m currently in his office. Waiting for him to come back. I want to go through his things, but I think this is a test.”

I frowned as Sawyer knocked on the door and disrupted my conversation with Grace.

“What?” I demanded of him as he walked in.

“What do you mean what?” Sawyer shot back in confusion. “We **were** supposed to meet here 10 minutes ago. Sorry I’m late, but why are you so mad?”

My frown deepened. “I was talking to Grace.” I told him.

“You were talking to Grace? How? She called your **cell?**”

“No. Through the mindlink.” I replied.

“Mindlink? I thought Lycan’s couldn’t mindlink.” It was Sawyer’s turn to frown.

“Ever since **we’ve** both been marked, we’ve been able to.” I admitted, I didn’t realize I had been keeping our mindlink a secret. I had thought **we** had been fairly obvious about everything if I was being honest, but everyone also had a lot going on, so maybe we weren’t as obvious **as we had** thought **we** were.

“Maybe Maizie will agree to mark each other if she finds out **we** can mindlink,” **Sawyer** half-joked.

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I knew him and Maizie had really struggled with the ideas of completing the mating bond. They had been worried that **because** Grace and I hadn’t complet. it immediately that we were worried about the different species aspect, but in reality, it was because we were moving at Grace’s pace. She had **fourth** marked once, which still angered the hell out of me. And I had marked her with her permission, but the idea of being mated to someone had teen tonifying for her. It took us a while to reach a place where we were each other’s safe place, And I wanted that.

I was saved from saying anything else on the subject because Leon and Caleb knocked on the door. The day was nearly over, but we had a little marn mor to do. There was always a little more work to do. We might have been exhausted, but it didn’t matter. War didn’t wait for anyone, and as soon as Grace sounded the signal, we needed to be ready.

And that's how the next few days passed. We worked until we couldn't anymore. Everyone had a project they were heading, and we all made sure the everyone had everything they needed. The influx of people began, and I impatiently waited for Grace to check in to tell me she had found the **Pyxis**. Die pist knowing she was alive was enough for now. But it wouldn't be for much longer.

## Chapter Comments

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### Chapter 286

I had barely left my room. And by my room, I meant the super small closet that was 7 feet by 6 feet. Big enough to hold a twin bed, and literally nothing else. **The** same room that I had lived in for the first 14 years of my life. The only room that had ever been mine. It was pretty much exactly the same as I **had** left it all those years ago. I had felt so lucky. Luna Ava had let me pick out the sheets for my 10th birthday. And there was a bear **that I had had** for as long as I could remember. I was told it was given to me by my mother, but I had a sneaky suspicion that it was really from Luna Ava. My mother didn't really seem like the nurturing type. I mean, anyone who just hands their child to the maid, couldn't have cared that much, right? I hadn't wanted to **believe** it, but the more I looked at all the facts, the more I didn't believe that anybody in this house had ever cared for me at all. Even Luna Ava's care **had had it's**

limits.

A knock at my door drew me out of my thoughts, and I was grateful for the distraction..

I opened the door and was surprised to see Adrian standing there in a full suit.

“Hi.” I said a little nervously.

“Grace,” Adrian replied, wrinkling his nose as he looked over my shoulder at my room. He had never seen my room before. I had lived in the prison cell when he had come into Kinsley’s life. At least that’s how I remembered it.

“Did you need something?” I asked when he didn’t say anything else.

“I wanted to **see** how you were fairing.” He said, but I didn’t really believe it. There was something **else** on his mind..

“I mean, the accommodations are a little small, but they’ll do.” I answered simply, but the truth was, I didn’t mind the room, I just didn’t **want** to be stuck

in it.

“It is... small.” Adrian said after a long moment.

“I was wondering... I mean, I know there isn’t much, but I was wondering if I could come out for a little while today, and maybe see the special **stuff you** were talking about?” I sounded timid, weak even. But that’s how I needed him to see me. When the time came, I would kill him myself. I would kill him for marking me against my will. For trying to force himself on me on multiple occasions. And for never protecting me from Kinsley. He could have come into the pack and questioned everything, but he didn’t, and I saw that now.

He smiled at me, and I saw the malice behind it. “I would love to show you.”

I nodded at him and tried to show my gratitude. My nerves were on fire. I knew I could still shift if I needed to, but I was surrounded by other Lycan. I didn’t want to have to rely on that because regardless of how strong I’ve become, I didn’t like those odds.

“What would you like to know?” He asked.

**to**

“I don’t know.” I answered semi honestly. I didn’t want to ask anything too detailed make him suspicious of me, even if I was fairly sure his ego would never let him think it was anything more than I was into him. “The Alpha Pack knew nothing about Lycan’s. And when I lived here, I knew nothing about them either. I thought we were all werewolves.” I confessed.

“Well, that is what most people in this pack think,” Adrian answered as **we** walked through the halls. “**We** don’t share otherwise unless there’s good reason to. It’s safer that way.”

“So other packs don’t know Lycan’s exist?” I asked curiously.

“Exactly.” Adrian smiled at me as if I was doing **exactly** what he wanted me to do. I was being curious, but not too curious. And that was exactly **the** place

wanted to be.

I nodded and followed Adrian’s lead. I didn’t know exactly where **we** were going, but I was surprised when he led me out of the packhouse. I **could** hear Kinsley yelling at some poor servant in the kitchen as the door closed behind us. He clicked a button and the door to **the car** opened. I **climbed into the** passenger seat and kept quiet. I didn’t want to seem too eager or nervous because **the truth was, I** was both.

The **idea of** going **with** Adrian **anywhere was** sickening, but I would have my revenge soon enough.

“**So, you say, Rhys was** using you?” Adrian prodded. We had been driving for a little while now, but neither of us had said **anything**.

I knew this was my chance to make Adrian think my loyalty lied with him, but I hated the idea of talking **bad** about **Rhys**.

He **definitely** had **his** flaws, **but he was** kind and loyal, and to say anything else hurt my heart a bit.

“Oh, it was horrible,” I lied. My time alone in my room had given me plenty of time to come up with stories to tell. The best free **hosta a tittle** bit of truth i them, so I had to really dig deep in them. “He forced me to unbind my wolf. I know when I learned my Lycan was bound it had to be for good natur au made me go through the horrendous unbinding, so 1 could be of use to him. He made me train and practice my powers. He **wanted to** defeat **the** tes pinot pack. He thinks you guys are moving against him. He was going to use me to do it. But this place is my home. My family. I know To never had a good relationship, but I had always hoped we could have what I’ve seen so many others have

The words fell out of my mouth so quickly. The rehearsed story I had come up with in my head now laid out there for everyone to see.

“What if I told you we did have a plan to move against the Alpha King?” Adrian asked, and I knew

reaction.

Kindle **and** 1

by the look on his face that he was trying to **gauge**

“Then I’d say, I hope he gets what he deserves.” I answered.

As much as he wanted it to be, it wasn’t new information to me. We had figured out months ago that he was trying to move against the Alpha **King with** fake treaties and lies of what they were trying to do right under his nose. But that’s where Adrian was clueless. He would never bring Kinsley into **his** business discussions, he thought Rhys would be same way, and that was to our benefit.

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My answer seemed to satisfy Adrian, and it took all I had not to show the relief I felt on my face ne fit any of my features really I **felt** like I was walking tog field **of** land mines, **and** everything would blow up with one wrong step. And honestly, there was a lot of truth to the metaphor now. There was MN 100M **VITO**

“**Why** did you stay with him?” Adrian asked. “He brought you back once, and then we brought you back, but you ran **back** to him. **Why?**”

A truth within the lie. “Honestly? I was stared. Red Blood Pack was my home... But it wasn’t always the best experience. I had to choose between my home and a man who pretended to care for me, but only wanted to use me. It took me a while to see clearly.”

“Nice lie. I hope it was a lie anyway.”

I startled slightly at the intrusion of Rhys' voice in my head,

"Are you alright?" Adrian asked with fake concern in his voice.

"1-uh- I'm not really used to traveling by car yet. There wasn't much of a reason to in the Alpha King pack. And when I lived in Red Blood I had no time for travel. Sometimes, seeing the world fly by like this still startles me a little."

"Get out of my head." I mindlinked Rhys back. I knew he had to be listening through the little bug Sawyer had implanted in my arm before my escape. "I'm busy."

"My bad," Rhys laughed slightly, and it took all I had not to roll my eyes at his comment.

As hard of a time as I was giving him though, I didn't mind him being there. The bond between us made sure we both knew that neither of us were actually! mad at the other. It was nice to not stress about something so trivial.

Adrian made a little grunt at my comment, and I swallowed hard and cleared my throat before saying, "So, where are we going?"

“I know the little brats that you guys‘ stole have already told you.” Adrian responded bitterly. “But if you’re going to be a part of our pack, you need to understand it. This is a big part of our plan, and it would be good if you could get behind it.”

I nodded, “Of course,” I answered and swallowed hard.

I really didn’t want to be a part of this project. I didn’t want my name attached to it. I didn’t want to hurt anyone, especially kids. But this was the plan, I reminded myself. I would be able to mark the location. This was to help them, and hopefully, one day they could forgive me for any part I’d have to play the bad guy.

I turned toward the window. There was nothing around. No houses. No trees. Just vast amounts of land for **as** far as the eye could **see**. Even the road became non-existent. If there was a path Adrian was following, I couldn’t **see** it.

I hadn’t realized that his territory was so big, but maybe that was naive of me to think. I mean, he had combined the two packs... Wait... We had combined the two packs... But they weren’t neighboring packs... Did we even bother to check the old territory of the Red Night pack?

Eventually, a beeping noise came from the car, and Adrian pulled it over and got out. I followed after him quickly, a little concerned that maybe he brought me out here to kill me or something, but honestly, that didn’t really make sense. If he wanted to kill me, he would **have** had no resistance doing it in front of everyone at

the packhouse. They had never been kind to me before. They had never had an issue with hurting me, **so** my death in front of them wouldn't have been a stretch.

“Where are we?” I asked, a little nervously.

“I liked it better when you didn't talk.” Adrian snapped at me.

I immediately shut up. The fear of what he could do to me took over. I didn't want to cross that line that I kept talking about, but I also didn't want to be that girl who had lived in fear her whole life.

“Ugh.” He sighed as he knelt down on the ground and pulled at something I couldn't see. “I didn't mean to make you upset.”

It wasn't an apology. He had felt the energy shift, and it was an inconvenience to him.

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partes fine. **I answered, but we both knew we were working on a fragile trust, and trust being a completely relative tetin” ”**

**Come on, I want to show you this.”**

It **was only** then that I realized there was a trap door in the ground that he was holding open. I tapped my tracker gently as I Inched closer to là l’embi co **a long** ladder descending into **its** depths, but the ground was nowhere in sight.

I took a deep breath and took my first step down. It was honestly terrifying, and I gripped the ladder so tight, my knuckles turned so white I could see them in the dark.

When my feet finally hit the ground, a light flashed on, and Adrian hurried down the ladder himself, not trusting me to be alone in here for more **than** a few

moments.

He **led me** through the first tunnel, and it was then that I realized how big this place was. My heart was pounding as I looked in room after room **with** glass walls. This is the mess hall. This is a training room. This is the medical quarters. This is the hole where we keep naughty kids.

“Pretty cool, right?” Adrian asked as we made our toward the final room he wanted to show me.

I wanted to vomit. Nothing about this was cool, but I nodded, using his earlier comment as an excuse not to speak my true thoughts.

“This is the coolest part. This room, controls everything.”

I tapped my bracelet as soon as I walked in. There was a small child restrained to a chair, and magic **swirled** around the room in a similar way **it** had at Sandra’s house. There were waves of colors weaving in and out in a ball-like shape.

“Rhys?” I mindlinked uneasily. “I found the Pyxis.”

## Chapter **Comments**

1

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

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In the hours that followed after Grace's mindlink we got everything in order. The surveillance cameras seemed to be catching extra movement around our borders. So, Grace finding the Pyxis and this extra movement that we couldn't see couldn't be a coincidence. Which meant that Grace was in some serious danger. I didn't know what Adrian and Kinsley were planning, but enough was enough. We had been pawns in their game for long enough. We had our own plan, and it was time that we took them out.

"Hey, the SUVs are packed." Maizie popped her head in to tell me.

"Are you okay, Maiz?" I asked, noticing her pale face and tired eyes. "Do you need to stay behind?"

"No." She snapped at me. "Everyone needs to stop asking me that!"

I raised my arms in surrender. "I'm sorry." I told her. "I was just trying to care for you."

Maizie rolled her eyes at me as I got up and grabbed the bag I had been keeping at my desk at the ready in case we had to leave at a mom

"Toughen up, Alpha King." Maizie told me, there was a slight bit of teasing in her voice, but her warning was serious. "We're going into there is no room for caring about others."

“That’s dark, Maiz,” I said hesitantly.

“I don’t care.” She answered tiredly, holding the door open for me to follow her. “You can’t forget your mission while we’re there. Grace can handle herself just like all those hours we talked about it. Grace shuts down the Pyxis. We get those kids out. We kill their leaders. Anything else is a side quest that we can’t afford. We can’t save that pack, Rhys. You can’t save me, or Sawyer or Caleb or Leon. And most definitely not Grace. If someone runs into a problem on their assigned mission, then we plan B it. Just like we talked about.”

“But-” I tried, but she cut me off, and I knew it was because she cared that she was giving me this little spiel.

“Trust us to all do our jobs, Rhys, the same way we are trusting you to do yours.”

“You aren’t really expecting me to stay behind, are you?” I demanded with a frown.

“You know that you are needed here.” Maizie replied simply. “**Now**, give me that bag, I’ll take it for Grace. But there is no other choice. This is your pack.”

“Sawyer, I’ve changed my mind, you stay back, and I’ll go.” I tried as soon as my brother came into my line of sight.

“No. We’ve been over this.” He answered with a sad smile.

My job was to stay out of sight for the foreseeable future. I could go as far as the outpost we had setup discreetly in the Wildlands, but that was it. I **would** be here to protect my people for the almost certain attack. Adrian would come here. It was only a matter of time. Everyone would assume that I went after my mate. But this was a game of chess, not checkers. I would be here. Keeping everyone connected, I was trusting Sawyer and Maizie to get the kids out. Leon and Caleb to help Grace with the Pyxis. And Heather and I would be here. Protecting our people. And as much as I hated the plan, I **knew it** was the

right one.

I nodded at Caleb **and** Leon as they came out. Caleb put his hand on my shoulder and **gave** it a gentle squeeze. And I completely understood, I was asking

him to **take** care of my Grace, but he was asking me to take care of his Sammy. Despite everything that had happened between **us**, we were both trusting the other to take **care** of the people who mattered most to us.

They all got in the car while Heather and I stood by helplessly, watching them drive away into the distance.

“Grace?” I reached out to her.

“Yes?” She answered, but the strain she seemed to be under, took me by surprise.

“The cavalry is on the way... Is everything okay?”

“A little busy right now She answered Despite the fact that she **wasn’t** using her actual voice to talk, I could tell **she was out** of breath, **Paniz** inmeshately shot through me.

I made a mistake, I can’t be here. **1** told Heather.

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“Go inside and check the tracker.” Heather said calmly. “Let her do her job. We need to do ours, and we still have a lot to do \*

I let her lead me inside. I knew she was worried for her husband, and that fussing over my ‘obsession’ with my mate gave her something to focus on, but something was wrong with Grace, and I was sure of it. But Heather was right, the only way to get any more information was to go back upstairs to dry laptop where I could listen in on her experience, and make sure she was as safe as possible.

I took the steps two at a time, not bothering to acknowledge anyone on my path. Grace might not be able to talk to me right now, but I could feel her building panic, and that was enough to keep me focused on my mission. How had I not felt it before? I should have noticed before I had even left the office with Maizic, but I had been so focused on what was about to happen, I hadn't been paying enough attention to my Grace.

I threw open the office door and came to an immediate halt, causing Heather to run into me and stumble back. A shadow had moved from **near** my desk. For a split second, I thought it was Michael, but the man behind my desk was much older. The man looked up at me with wild eyes, and for the

truly regretted ever helping someone. The anger I felt was insurmountable. I had trusted this man and proving that I never should have

“You aren't supposed to be here.” The familiar voice stuttered dropping everything he had in his hands.

“Neither are you, Arlo.”

## **Chapter** Comments

LIKE

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 289

The car ride was both too short and too long. My anxiety for returning to my former pack on my own **freewill** was a bit more than I wanted. Sawyer, Michael and I had been up nearly all night talking about whether or not **it was** safe for me to come. The answer was no, but I needed to do this. I needed to do it for all those kids I had left behind when I chose to protect the kids I had been forced on the mission with me. It didn't matter how much time had passed, it would always be too soon to come back. I would be happier never having to have stepped **foot** in this pack again, but we were here.

"Okay, we're on foot from here," Sawyer stated, he was staring at me so hard that I almost thought he could tell what was going on.

The breakfast I had managed to get down was threatening to come back up, but I could ignore that. I was good at pushing through the feeling of nerves.

"There's something you aren't telling me," Sawyer said in a low voice for just me to hear.

“I will tell you, when this mission is over, and we’re safe.” I told him.

He frowned. I knew he wanted to know now, but I needed time to process. Also, there was *no* way in hell he would have let me come if he knew what was actually going on, and there was no way I wasn’t coming. Everything that would come after this final stand, felt distant and far away. It didn’t feel real, and I needed to make sure I got the

chance to feel that real.

“We’re wasting time,” I told him when h

move.

We were tracking the second target that Grace had sent. Leon and Caleb were tracking Grace and had veered away from us a while ago. We were tracking where she said the kids were located, and I guess the Pyxis, though that wasn’t our job. We were here for the kids. To get them out safely, and hopefully quietly, though I wasn’t actually sure that was possible. But I knew of one kid who could open portals... I just hoped he wasn’t in as tight security as I feared he would be. His abilities had just been tapped into when we had been chosen for our mission against the Alpha King. He was too valuable for them to lose...

“I don’t like that you’re keeping secrets, Maiz.” Sawyer told me seriously.

“Can we not do this right now?” I asked in frustration. I loved my mate, but he was a little pushy at times, and there were things that I wasn’t ready to address, and I needed him to be okay with that. Especially when I was still trying to figure out my own feelings on it.

I touched the mark on my neck before I even realized what I was doing. I had finally relented a days ago because Grace had mentioned that her and Rhys could mindlink after they completed the markings and mating. I had thought that would be pretty convenient for war, and I did want my mate in all the ways. I knew he would never leave me or hurt me in anyway. He was the best person I knew. He’s my forever. But nothing prepared me for how intensely we’d be able to feel each other.

And right now, I could feel his bitterness and frustration.

We walked in silence for a while, following a little dot on his phone that was leading us to a GPS coordinate that Grace had marked as an entrance. It was a lot farther north than any of us had expected though. It wasn’t even in

1/3

Red Blood pack, which didn’t make sense to the of Phake me feel confident about anything.

me

“Does any of this look familiar?” Sawyer asked after a while, when it felt like we were surrounded by withering but tall grass.

“No.” I told him. “Last time I was moved from here, I was on our way to ambush you, and I was blindfolded and thrown in the back of a truck. We didn’t eat for a day or two, and then we were given our mission. Each of us had a section of your land. We were told to kill anyone that crossed into it.\*

“Why didn’t you?” Sawyer asked.

“I tried, didn’t I?” The memory of the time I had hurt him flashed before my eyes, and I hated myself for it.

“You tried to maim me, not kill me.” Sawyer corrected.

“What?” I turned to him in complete surprise, wondering where he got that idea.

“Maizie, you are one of the toughest women I know. You could have killed me. You didn’t go for the kill shot. *You* pulled up. I felt it. You didn’t mean to drain my energy. You panicked. I know what happened that day. You didn’t want to be a killer, even if that’s what they trained you to be.”

“I didn’t know you knew that...” I whispered.

He grabbed my hand, and for a moment it was just us. “I am not afraid of you, Maiz or of what you can do. I knew what I saw and felt that day. I know you can hold your own. But I do worry about you because your mine. And that mission is dangerous. If you don’t want to go, I will not make you. I will not unnecessarily put you in danger.”

I smiled slightly. Goddess. Have I mentioned that I love this man?

“I need to be here, Sawyer.” I told him. “No matter my feelings. No matter what. I have to help them. And you need me to help you get around.”

“There is more than one way help them.” Sawyer told me, honestly.

“I know.” I touched his face gently. “But I have to do this.”

A slow clap met my ears, and I spun around to see a man smiling cynically at us.

“How touching,” He sneered.

Just like that we had let our guards down for just a few moments, and now we were surrounded. And all I could think was... fuckkkk...

## The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

### Chapter 290

I hated everything about this mission. All I could think was that all of us were going to **end up in the** Red Blood pack’s prison again, and this time they wouldn’t bother keeping us alive. Whatever they wanted Grace for, they wouldn’t use us to get to her again, and if they thought Rhys would come for us, they were sadly mistaken. We would make our own way out of this or we wouldn’t at all.

“She’s tracking to right here,” Leon said gruffly.

I knew he still had a lot of feelings about me, and I didn’t blame him. They were all fair. He didn’t like being on this mission any more than I did. And that was why it was me and not Heather here. Whether home was safer or not, I wasn’t sure, but at least the kids were with her. She really had the working mom balance down better than the rest of us. She also had always had a good relationship with my mom, so I knew she would be able to help keep her out of trouble in the way I had been lately. It was clear mom was hurting, but we had all been so blind to it. I

hoped once everything was over, I'd be able to give her a real relationship with Sammy, and maybe we could give her a little more love than she'd be getting lately.

I snapped my attention back to Leon as he began searching for something, but what I wasn't sure.

"Are you sure?" I asked. "There's nothing here."

"Rhys mentioned that Grace said they were underground. We must be right on top of her. We need to find a way in."

"Isn't that the spot Maizie and Sawyer were going to?"

Leon nodded. He had always been quiet, but he was smarter than anyone I knew.

"Why didn't we go there?" I asked.

"Because I'm sure that entrance is under watch. I'm sure everything around us is." He paused for a moment, and I could see the gears in his head turning. "How deep do you think it is?"

“Their base? I would assume pretty deep.”

“Do you think they’re that smart?” He answered. “Cuz I bet the ceiling is only a foot or **so** underground. At least level one anyway.”

“Don’t tell me you want to dig it up...” I groaned.

“That’s exactly what I’m saying.” He told me with a slight smile as he swung **his** backpack **around**.

I raised my brow. “And you brought a shovel for this exact occasion?”

## Chapter 290

“**Technically it’s a** multi tool, **not** just a shovel, but yes.” He **smirked**.

I rolled my **eyes** but held **my** hand out for it. I could at the very least do some **of the heavy work if his** idea about level one being on a few feet underground.

“So **uh**, say it is only a couple of feet down, how exactly are we going to get in? **It’s** not like **we’re** going to happen to dig in exact place of a trap door.”

This time he smiled a **real** smile, and I knew he was thrilled with whatever his plan **was**. He **started** rummaging through his backpack again before pulling out a tiny device that looked **very similar to a**

cat laser toy.

“Let me guess, that’s one of Sawyer’s inventions, isn’t it?”

My younger brother was smarter than Rhys and I combined. He had graduated high school early. Flew through med school, had become a whole motherfucking doctor, and still his brain wasn’t capped there. He was always tinkering with things, I just hadn’t realized he had whole ass inventions now, though it had been a few years since I had really spent any time with him. I used to sit with him as he worked on things a lot when we were younger, but my life decisions had driven a bit **of a** wedge between us.

“Yep.” Leon confirmed still smiling like a goober. “It can cut through anything, theoretically.”

“And it’s been tested?”

“Tested is relative.” He responded, a little less confidently.

“Great.” I sighed, putting my back into shoveling.

To Leon’s credit, it didn’t take long before I heard my shovel clink against a metal surface. I immediately began to widen the hole, and Leon used Sawyer’s experimental laser cutter to try and get to the other side. With any luck, we would find Grace, and the Pyxis in the next few minutes.

I was soaked in sweat, but the whole was wide enough for us to get through, and the laser had successfully cut through three sides. Carefully, we pulled up the metal roof, folding it backward **so** we could pull it down later. I lowered myself down first, landing with a soft thump in front an amused Grace.

“What? Doors are overrated?” She asked as Leon followed suit.

“Had to make sure we could get to you.” I responded. “Where are **we** exactly?”

“We are in my locked room in the Program.” She answered.

I nodded and went over to look at the **door as** Leon **mindlinked Rhys to tell him we had found Grace.**

I took off my backpack and immediately began to search for my lock pick. Sawyer's device would get us out in a pickle, but I didn't want to leave lasting damage. At least not yet.

"Are you hurt or anything?" Leon asked Grace, looking over her in a big brother, protective **way. The** way I always should have.

"No. I'm okay." She answered softly.

I wasn't sure why I felt like she was lying, but I didn't smell blood or any poison, so I didn't push *it*. If she was *lying*, we could deal with it later, once the *Pyxis* was *destroyed*.

I turned back to the *lock* and heard the familiar click of it unlocking with ease.

"How many guards are *out* there for your room?" I asked.

"Two," She *whispered*.

“Okay. Leon and *I will* shift. Then *we’ll need to* get to the *Pyxis*. *Do you* know how to get there, or ould we *give you the GPS?*”

The answered *confidently*.

*fare went blank, and that’s when I* knew we were ready.

*We were just about to leave when Sawyer’s*

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"Okay, Leon and I will shift. Then we'll need to get to the Pyxis. Do you know how to get there, or should we give you the GPS?"

"I can get us there." She answered confidently.

She squared her shoulders back, and her face went blank, and that's when I knew we were ready. Whatever was out there, we'd figure it out, together. We were just about to leave when Sawyer's frantic mindlink came in.

"They know we're here. Better get moving."

