

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

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It didn't take long to knock the guards out and hide their bodies in my room. We relocked the door from the outside, so even if Adrian or someone else checked, they would be comforted by the lock at least for a little while. The hallways were completely empty and that made my stomach twist uncomfortably.

We passed several rooms that had kids in them that we could see through the glass windows. I couldn't help but think of what Adrian had said before he had dropped me in my room.

"Everything will change tonight, Grace. You just have to trust me, and everything will be alright."

It was clear that he had drawn a lot of his forces from this place, and I worried that he had taken kids with him, but that wasn't my concern. At least, not yet. We had to shut the Pyxis down. Rhys would defend our home. Maizie would get the kids out. And then we would deal with it all, head on. However, I felt increasingly uncomfortable as we passed the glass windows, kids stood up to watch me. I felt a little unsettled as they stared at me. The power inside me pulsated in a way that I had never felt before. For the first time... I felt like it was calling to me. It felt like it was right.

I smiled at some. Waved to others. Made silent promises to protect them to best of my abilities. Maizie and Sawyer might have hit some trouble, but they would figure it out. They would get these kids out.

We were meant to be inconspicuous. I'm sure that some people would have the same feelings as Iris and would tell that we were here at the first chance they got, but maybe they wouldn't know either. Maybe since some had seen me with Adrian the other day, they would think I'm just trying to get my bearings.

When we got to the hall we needed to go down, I stopped. I couldn't see any guards, but that didn't mean there weren't any there. I didn't think the room had been guarded before, but I would be surprised if there wasn't some sort of protection around it. We still didn't know how to close or

destroy the Pyxis, but I was hopeful that it would become clearer, once we got in there and could really explore it.

Adrian had said that they designed it to be powered by the child in the chair. It had made me sick. I didn't know exactly how that worked, but if we could disrupt the power, we would be able to disrupt the Pyxis.

I took a deep breath and walked through the door. I didn't need glory, but I didn't want the child to

be afraid of me. Or any of the children to be afraid of me for that matter.

I felt the magic before I saw it. Colors swirled around the far side of the room in a rhythmic pattern. The same little girl from the other day laid strapped to the chair, hooked up to more machines than

I knew what to do with. Her little face was so pale, and her red hair was falling slightly into her face.

I could see the fear she felt when she saw us enter.

The guys stood near the door, but I walked right over to the little girl, and brushed the hair out of her face.

“Hi sweetie,” I said gently, stroking her hair. “We’re here to help you.”

She shook her head, and tears streamed from her eyes. I felt for her. I knew she knew she had seen me the other day with Adrian, and I knew I wouldn’t trust me either if I was in her shoes. That was okay though. She didn’t need to like me or believe me. We were going to protect her.

“Holy shit, Grace, you could have prepped us by telling us there was a child involved.” Caleb grumbled.

I shrugged and began looking at all the wires, trying to decide where to start. “There hasn’t been a ton of time for debriefing.” I hissed at them.

“You could have told Rhys, who would have told us.”

I chuckled slightly, “I honestly, didn’t think of that.” I answered honestly. “It’s been a little crazy.”

“Did we get lucky that you were in your room?” Leon asked, turning from the door for moment.

“Actually, yea,” I responded, unhooking the tube that seemed to be pulling at the little girl’s magic. “Adrian wanted me to see the whole facility and watch some of their methods. I had to keep saying I was okay with the process, but it was awful. Nobody should have to go through what these kids have been through. We need to bring in some therapists for everyone once this is over and things are settled.”

“That’s a good idea,” Leon commented. “I’ll ask Heather to make arrangements.”

I gave him a small smile as slowly but surely, I began to free the little girl. I figured there was more to destroying the Pyxis than just freeing her, but it was a start. And who knew how much time we would have.

Once she was free, I turned my back to her, and stared at the magic that was still swirling around the back room.

“Thank you for trying,” The little girl whispered. She really couldn’t be older than ten.

“Do you know how to close this?” I asked. “So they can’t hide anymore?”

She shook her head, but I didn’t believe her. She did know, but if she wasn’t going to share, then it didn’t matter. She was just a child, and I refused to be like them.

“I wonder...” I started before the door was thrown open, and I spun around to face the new person.

“Look at little Grace trying to play hero. How sweet.” Kinsley’s familiar voice sneered at me.

I threw my body in front of the little girl, and stared at my sister. She might have bullied me my whole life, but she was NOT going to win this time.

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I stared at my old friend trying to wrap my mind around what was happening. This **didn't make** sense. There had to be a good reason that he was going through my stuff. I had trusted **him** as **one** of my most trusted advisors for so long... At least until I had brought Grace back... He had always treated her with respect up until we agreed to keep the Lycan kids... Then things had started **to** change between us, but I didn't think there was any reason not to trust him... I just thought he was scared. He had been burned before, so I had given him grace, but now I was questioning everything.

“What are you doing here, Arlo?” I asked after what felt like an eternity of just staring at each other in surprise and horror.

“I was looking for you,” He stuttered uneasily, stepping away from my desk.

“Funny because when you saw me, you said, ‘you’re not supposed to be here’,” I retorted in irritation. I hated liars, and I had been surrounded by too many of them lately.

“Rhys? You okay?” Grace’s mindlink called out to me. It was so faint I could barely hear her, but it was nice to know she was paying a bit of attention to me.

“Yea, why?” I asked as Heather entered into the room to see what was going on.

“I just felt your anger.” She replied.

“I’m just dealing with something right now. I’ll mindlink you in a bit, okay?”

“Okay.”

And then I turned my full attention back to Arlo.

“I-”

“Don’t bother lying to me.” I cut him off. “I don’t want a lie. I want to know what the hell you are doing in my office, going through my things, and it’s clear that you’ve ripped up quite a bit of our research too, I see. You’re working for Adrian, aren’t you?”

“You have to understand...” Arlo stammered, putting his arms in the air as I stepped closer to him

and he cowered in the corner.

“I didn’t have a choice! Hé would have killed me!”

“I gave you safety. I unbound your wolf! I would have protected you if you had only come **to me.**”

“You don’t understand!” Arlo cried out again. “**He** has more power! He has been building **his army** for years! Like years and years. Alpha Andrew wanted to be able to take your spot as **King. He said he**

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was the more powerful species. **His** father wanted it for him. And **then he had two** daughters, one a bastard. He watched his mistress die. And because of that Luna Ava never wanted **to have any more** kids. So, he brought in Adrian. Adrian was only a werewolf, but Andrew knew how **to change him** to Lycan. Adrian used Andrew's trust to start building an army of Lycan's. Some changes **didn't go so** well, and Andrew wanted to stop... But Adrian, he was too power hungry. He would never **stop. He** hid his plans. Keeping Andrew in the dark. He conspired with Kinsley, and they **claimed to be fated** mates, but a lot of people doubted that. Andrew suddenly fell ill, and it was speculated **that** Kinsley and Adrian had something to do with it. But fear had always been the way the Red Blood pack **had** been run, even before Adrian got involved, so no one said anything. But his army grew **with his** experiments. He started running out of people to try and make the perfect species, so he started bringing in Witches and Vampires and Humans. His army is bigger than yours, Rhys. You **can't** protect me. You never could."

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"You have lost your right to call me, Rhys." I growled, my wolf fighting me, wanting to **just rip** him to shreds.

All those months of not having a fucking clue about what was going on, and here Arlo was knowing exactly what was going on. Knowing exactly who the fuck Grace was. Knowing everything that we didn't.

"Who bound your wolf then? Was it them?" I demanded.

“I-I didn’t lie a-about that.” He stammered. “I did get it taken away from me for gambling and debts. It’s just I was in Adrian’s army. They decided to use me as bait. They thought you’d take me in. They said you were the kindest king there was...”

I heard the insult. Kindness was a weakness to most of the world, but to me, it had always been the thing I held onto. I might have done some terrible things at times, but I also knew that I had tried to balance it with mercy and grace where I could. Kindness to those who joined me. But maybe he was right. Maybe I had taken it all a little too far.

“So, you’ve been spying on me ever since? Reporting back to the Red Blood pack all these years?”

“Well... Yea... But it got hard to do once Grace got here. They tried to use me to bring her in and keep my spot... But every attempt at that failed. And then those stupid Lycan kids got involved and you trusted them more than you trusted me. It wasn’t fair!”

“Those Lycan kids have proven to be more trustworthy than you’ve ever been,” I snarled, and I could

feel Heather’s anger radiating off of her as soon as he had started to talk about the kids. I knew she had mindlinked for support and just outside the door was help for whenever I needed it.

“Michael betrayed you to his father!” He tried to throw the poor kid’s mistakes back at my face.

“Because he’s a scared kid trying to protect his siblings.” I said calmly, even though I didn’t **feel**

calm.

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“**They** ruined **everything!**” He shouted and lunged at **me**.

I had known it was coming. Despite coming from the Red Blood pack, he was **only a** werewolf. We were on equal playing fields with that one, and I was stronger and smarter than **him, even if he** had pulled this over on me **for** years. I had made a mistake in trusting him. It was him **who had nearly** gotten Grace taken or killed at the bookstore all those months ago. Grace had been **right not to trust** him around the Lycan kids. I should have trusted her judgement more. But this **would** make **me a** better king now. He had been a man in need at the time, I didn’t regret saving him. But **I did regret** ever trusting him.

I easily predicted his movements and pinned him against the desk. I then handed him over **to the** guards, and said “Throw him in the prison cells, and let him rot there **till** his dying **days!**”

Before heading upstairs to make sure the kids in my care were okay.

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It didn't take long at all for our plan to go to shit. It wasn't unknown that I had lived **here**. They had trained me. They had made me into the monster that they wanted me to be. But **I wasn't her**. I channeled my panic into something useful. I was powerful as hell, and they would **not control** me

again.

Sawyer and I were surrounded, but that would work to our advantage. If there was **anything that I**

had learned from this godforsaken place it was to be creative. They might have messed **with my** ability to shift, but they made sure I knew how to use my powers. I was an energy manipulator. **And**

they taught me how to destroy.

“Stay close to me.” I mindlinked Sawyer, who was in the process of shifting.

I could feel my Lycan closer than I had felt it in a long time. I knew it was a part of me, but it **hadn't**

been easy to feel it since we had left Red Blood Pack on our mission. They had changed us in **ways**

that I couldn't even begin to explain. But feeling my Lycan so close to the surface gave me **a** little hope. If I could shift, we might actually have a chance. But even if I can't still, my power **would** be

enough. I had a plan, and I just needed my Lycan's power, not its form.

“Do you have a plan?” Sawyer asked.

“Yes.” I responded, my heart pounded, but I was fully in control.

“Then I trust you,” He answered, and I could hear that trust in his voice.

We both knew no matter what the plan was, it could fail. Our original plan had already gone to shit.

But to know he trusted me enough to not question me, was something else entirely, giving me feelings that I didn't know what to do with./

I closed my eyes and reached for my power. They were closing in on us. But I kept my calm. I was trained as warrior. I knew how they would react. I knew their general plan, and I was banking on it.

“Get closer,” I thought to myself.

But they were looking at us curiously. We were surrounded, but they had stopped closing in. They were just staring at us curiously. I didn't know what they were thinking, but I did know that they were throwing off my plan by not acting.

"Maizie?" A voice called out from among the soldiers.

I felt myself stiffen. I didn't know who was calling my name, but I wasn't expecting friends here. **My** plan rode on no friends.

The man stepped out. Captain Winters. My heart pounded. He had been in charge **of** my training. He

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had made sure that I was prepared. I didn't **have anything** against **him**, necessarily. **Of all the** people here, he wasn't the worst. I knew he cared about the kids. It was hard **in a place** like this. There wasn't room for care. He had covered for kids **in** small ways, but in the end, **he** was still a **captain**,

and he was still responsible.

"Maizie, you don't have to do this," He said.

His hands were in the air as an attempt to tell me that we didn't have to have problems. That I could come back. But he was wrong. There was no other choice. I did have to do this.

"Let us in then." I tried. I knew that they wouldn't. But it was worth a try. Maybe these **people** were all under Captain Winters.

"Maizie..." He tried, and there was a tiredness in his voice.

I knew I really couldn't ask him to do what I was. It wasn't fair to him. It wasn't fair **to** anyone

really. But I had to try.

"Enough of this." Another guard snapped, stepping out of the formation. He was **young**. Barely **older** than me, but his eyes had that same cold look that so many people in this pack had. Cruelty **ran** through his blood. I hated him. We had grown up together. Of course I knew him.

"Grey." Captain Winter's snarled. "Be patient."

“No!” Grey shouted. “No. She doesn’t get to waltz back here and make demands like she’s some big fucking hotshot. She’s not one. She might be working for the Alpha King, but she ranks the same as the rest of them. She’s scum.” He spit at my shoes, and Sawyer growled, but I didn’t flinch.

If I had stayed, if I had chosen to keep fighting for them, I would be like him. But I had Grace who gave me more than that. Who kept her softness, even in darkness. She would cry today when it was all said and done, but I would stand tall. There were some things in this life worth getting your hands dirty for. There were things that were worth fighting for, and I was proud of the part I would get to play, no matter the outcome, they would know my name.

The other soldiers and guards seemed to agree with Grey and inched forward.

“Any time now, dear,” Sawyer whispered in my ear.

I smirked, letting them get closer, I needed them closer.

“Come on,” I said to myself. “A little bit more.”

The timing had to be perfect. I held out my hands. They might think we were ready weren’t going to. They were walking right into my trap.

“You are going to regret ever coming back here.” Grey sneered.

ight, but **we**

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He was only **a** few steps away from us. We were surrounded. **And I smiled, kneeling to the** ground, Sawyer at my side, embracing the side of me that he had never seen before.

“And you’re going to regret getting too close to me.” I retorted.

And I struck. I pulled energy from all around us, specifically from them themselves, **and threw it** back at them in a fierce strike. Their eyes widened for a split second before they were thrown backwards. Bodies hit the ground with a chorus of thuds.

And once again, silence filled the air. There wasn’t time to appreciate it. There wasn’t **time to even** think about what was going to come next. We had to move. We had kids to save.

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Sawyer and I didn't hesitate. Sawyer quickly shifted back, threw on his shorts and I stole a key **card and** found **the** exact entrance that Grace had marked. We hadn't really expected we would be able to **get** in the exact entrance she had marked. We had only hoped to find another one somewhere in this **vicinity**. We were lucky.

I didn't remember climbing a ladder like that when I had exited the Program or when I entered it, but it didn't matter. We were here, and to my surprise there were no guards stationed in the atrium. I had a feeling if they had been, we would have never made it down the ladder. But I ignored the weird feeling in my stomach. If they were taking Grey out on missions, even if it was just to patrol the area, staffing couldn't be all that great right now.

“Can you check in on the others?” I asked Sawyer.

“They’re okay.” He answered smoothly. I knew he was trying really hard to keep the worry from his

voice. “They’ve just found Grace.”

I breathed a little sigh of relief. I wasn’t sure why, but it made me feel a little bit better that the three of them were together. More people would make it easier to get caught, but it also made it

safer in a totally different way.

I scanned the atrium trying to figure out exactly where I was. There were 4 different hallways, all of them looking like a similar variation of the next. I wasn’t exactly sure where I was but when a door opened down one hallway, I yanked Sawyer with me down the one adjacent to it. We had just escaped one attempt to stop us, it was only a matter of time before they tried again. We just didn’t need it so soon after the first attempt.

It didn’t take long before all the memories started to rush back to me. I had walked these hallways a million times. I had never even known that the exit had been **so** close. I froze at a familiar door. I couldn’t believe I had just led Sawyer here. I had almost walked in like it was still mine... But it wasn’t. A little girl, no older than 8 was standing at the glass door staring at me curiously. I didn’t have the words to explain why we were there. I didn’t know this girl. She must have

been new to the program. Her eyes still had hope in them. I wanted her to know I was going to save her, but I

couldn't tell her that. Not yet.

"Maiz?" Sawyer asked gently.

"Come on, this way." I turned on my heels, refusing to let my emotions get the best of me.

"That was your old room... Wasn't it?" He questioned, keeping just a single pace behind me.

I nodded. The words wouldn't come. This place made me feel small. But it was here that I **was** in charge of so much. Never trusted. Built to follow orders. Made to do exactly what **they** wanted. And

because of that I made the walk I had made hundreds of times.

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This time, **I didn't** hesitate. I threw open the door to **the** old training **room**. **They all locked from the outside**. I didn't question why the halls were so empty or why no one was watching **them**, or even

him for that matter.

My **eyes** fell on him as soon as I entered, and Sawyer stood watch in the doorway. He looked exactly the same as I remembered.

Bentley and I had never been friends. We were just two kids who were forced to train together. He

would make a portal, and I would shut it down. We would drain each other just to fill the other back up again. We were more like rivals. Striving to be the best here. We didn't know any different. But now, everything was different.

He put the weight he was lifting down and turned toward me. His dark eyes meeting mine in

confusion.

“Maizie? What are you doing here?” He questioned, standing up, letting the weights clamor to the

floor.

There was no time for a preamble. We were wasting time. “I need your help.” I told him seriously. I knew if I couldn’t get him to agree, our plan once again would be blown to pieces. This was our best chance. I just hoped he would understand...

“What is it?” He asked with a frown. The girl he had known before would have never asked for help.

“I need you to help me get every kid out of here.”

He sucked in a breath. I knew the thought of escaping here had haunted his dreams for as long as he’d been here, but dreams were different than reality.

“How?” It was a single word. He fought to keep his voice steady, but I could hear the slight tremble. The little bit of hope that was tucked away in a place we never talked about.

“I need you to open a portal to the Alpha King pack.”

He looked at me startled. “What? They’ll kill us!”

“No. They won’t. This is the Alpha King’s sanctioned project. I wish I could tell you more, and I promise I will, but right now, we need to move if this is going to work.”

He looked me over seriously, searching for something I wasn’t sure I could answer.

“This isn’t a test, is it? Because if it is, I’m failing it.”

I smiled slightly. “No.” I answered. “No, not a test. Just something good to be a part of for once.”

He gave me small smile back. I could see the fear he was burying, but I didn’t blame him. I was

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scared too. There was **no true** guarantee that **we could protect the kids once we got to the Alpha pack,** but **it** was worth it to say **we tried.** And **we weren't going to be taken down so** easily. If we wer **going down,** we were going down swinging.

I showed him the picture of the Alpha Pack. It was **the** exact place he was supposed **to portal the** kids to. From there, they would be taken to a secure location depending on if the fighting **had**

started yet.

and I I knew it was easier for Bentley to hold open the portal than open and close **it,** so **Sawyer** would bring the kids in one by one. We had a lot of ground to cover, while avoiding any patrols. Bentley also couldn't get caught holding the portal open. So we had to move and we had to move now. The fate of our mission depended on it.

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The process went smoother than I could ever imagine. It helped that I even though I didn't have **the** guards schedule memorized anymore, Bentley did. It was wild how quickly things came back to me be back here, Walking the same halls

that had **once** ed me, I felt a power I had never felt before as I dismantled them from the inside out. The **way** the

familiar faces of

kids I had once been in charge of looked at me with both terror and hope, The way they let me lead them to safety without asking any questions.

Bentley was great. Despite our old rivalry, he didn't seem to hold a grudge. Sawyer and I alternated who stayed with him as a just in case. But now it was really just Sawyer. He didn't know his way around this place **the** way I did. I knew where to hide. I knew how to stay out of sight. This was my past, and I was facing it head on in a way I never thought I could.

At least, I thought I was. Until I was standing outside her door. This door that I had never been allowed in when I lived here. This door that I had to day in and day out ignore, to walk right by without ever giving a second glance. The door that made me hesitate more than anything when Rhys offered us sanctuary, and I thought what about her? I thought maybe I had been making a mistake, but I had to make a choice, and have been playing the long game ever since.

I took a deep breath, and slowly turned the handle. She wasn't someone who stared at the window, waiting for rescue. She had lost hope a long time ago of ever making it out of the program.

When I finally got the courage to open the door, I sucked in a breath. My heart plummeted. She looked so different. Her body was covered in wounds that hadn't had a chance to heal. Bruises of various ages colored her skin. I could **see** the burn marks everywhere.

"Maiz?" Sawyer's voice rang through. "Are you okay?"

"I need you to get here, now." I told him, barely keeping my voice steady.

"What's wrong?"

"I found my sister." I bit back a sob as I approached her unconscious form.

This was not the moment I had dreamed of. This was a nightmare in reality. The good of what I thought I was doing no longer mattered.

“Blaire?” I whispered, rushing over to her, unconscious body.

I knew Sawyer was on his way even though he didn’t say anything. I also knew that Blaire’s most recent beating had to have been just hours ago, just based on her body. Someone had been kind enough to place her on her bed at least, but that

was only a small courtesy.

Her eyes popped open as I sat down on the edge of her bed.

“Maizie?” She whispered in surprise. She was only a few years younger than me, but it was enough. I had always been her protector, and I couldn’t help the overwhelming feeling of failure.

“I’m here,” I told her, combing my fingers gently through her hair.

“What are you doing here?” She questioned earnestly. “They said you were gone.”

“We’re going to get you out of here,” I murmured.

Malz, I can’t **move**. **She** responded, **her** voice **shaking**

I **knew if it** came down to **it**, I could fireman carry her. **It** wouldn’t be pretty, but I could **get** her **to** safety. But **I wasn’t about** to **be alone**. I had Sawyer. He would help, and I would protect him.

I heard footsteps coming down the hall. I forgot how loud **every** step echoed. I immediately threw myself **into the corner, closest to the** door, and got as low as I could. I knew by the feeling in my gut that it wasn’t Sawyer.

“**Pass**. Pass. Pass.” I mumbled to myself. I knew the routine. The guard would stare into the room from the window. **If it was** time, he would drag her off to her next session of whatever they decided. Based on the way she looked **now, she wasn’t** due for **a** session.

“Guards,” I warned Sawyer with a single word.

“I know.” He answered. “Are you safe?”

“Um, kinda?” I answered when I heard the footsteps pass.

“I think their watching this hall.” Sawyer responded uneasily.

“They knew I would come for her...” I could feel my heartbreaking. I could feel everything inside of me faltering. Whatever confidence I had was wavering in a way I couldn’t control.

“Are you

“Yes.”

with Blaire?”

“Okay. Hold on. I’ll create a distraction.” He said, and before I could stop him, I could hear the commotion.

Fuck. I fought the tears that threatened to fall in my panic, and chanced a look at the window. I could do this. I could save my sister and everyone else in this godforsaken hell hole. All it took was a thought to cross my mind. Michael’s brothers. I hadn’t seen them yet... Aaron had once had a room just a few doors down... He could help me.

When I was sure the coast was clear, I ran out to Mark's room. He had always had a soft spot for my sister. Not that we ever really got the chance to bond with the other kids of this program, but there were times where you tended to have the same sessions or meals on occasion. We were generally kept away from our siblings, but Michael had gotten a little lucky. They had brought in each sibling at different times, and when separating Aaron and Iris, they had lowkey forgot about Michael. And at this moment, I was forever grateful.

I ran out of Blaire's room like a hurricane. Kids stared out at me from their glass windows, but I didn't stop until I reached his door. I threw it open without a care in the world, and he jumped up from his bed. He was a little beaten up too, but he was better off than Blaire.

"Maizie?" He frowned, his confusion evident. "What the hell?"

I looked him dead in the eye, knowing we didn't have time anymore. If we wanted to rescue everyone, this **wasn't** a choice

anymore.

"Hey, I need you're help."

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“Kinsley,” I responded, forcing myself to keep my voice calm as two of her gooney’s walked in behind her, and both Leon and Caleb flanked me.

“It’s so cute that you thought you could play hero,” She smiled coldly.

It was hard to believe we were really sisters. When we were younger, I used to want to be her friend. I wanted to be like real siblings. And Luna Ava did try to include me in those early days. But as we got older, everything got progressively worse. I don’t think Luna Ava ever truly saw the truth about her daughter. She didn’t see that she was a bully to everyone who she deemed below her. It wasn’t a secret, but it wasn’t out yet either. My dad never even tried to act like I was his. I think he felt guilty about having the affair. I always wondered if he had ever really had feelings for my mother at all. If maybe when he looked at me, she was what he saw, and it was too painful. But maybe Maizie had been right. Maybe I had been an experiment. I would

never know, and at this point it really didn’t matter. The only thing that mattered was my

future. And I would not let Kinsley take that from me too.

“It’s not playing if I actually am the hero.” I retorted.

For the first time in my life, I wasn't afraid of my sister. She had done so many horrible

in our time together, but I didn't have to live like that anymore.

"You?" She scoffed. "You are nothing."

"No." I smiled slightly, letting my Lycan aura come through a little. "I'm so much more than you ever gave me credit for. And I am done hiding, Kinsley. Why do you hate me so much?"

To my surprise, Kinsley laughed. The coldness in it's tone took me by surprise.

"Hate you?" She finally managed, the laughter still in her tone, but her voice rising with her anger. "You get fucking everything!"

I frowned. "What are you talking about?"

"As if you don't already know," She huffed. "You had the family. The life that was meant for me."

and MY mother.”

“Look, I’m sorry,” I responded, still feeling confused. “But I didn’t have a say to come into this world or not. I never tried to take anything away from you.”

“And you didn’t.” She replied coldly, and I could see the coldness in her eyes. **She was ready to** end this, the same way I was. “You never even suspected it. You never **realized the truth that**

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was right in front of you. I made sure you never doubted your place. I don’t hate **you. But** I would never let you take what was rightfully mine.”

I frowned. “I don’t understand... You had the perfect family. You were the legitimate daughter. You didn’t need to do all that...”

“I did.” She answered with a slight smirk. “Because if I hadn’t you would have felt the connection with them, and I couldn’t have that. And now, it’s time for you to meet your dear old mummy and dad who were just as easy to trick.”

I froze.

“I thought you needed me.” I told her, but my mind was reeling. What did she mean she tricked

my parents?

“Adrian needed you. But he’s not here now, is he? And I just don’t care anymore. They’ll just

have to learn how to respond to me.”

“I don’t understand.” I said softer than I intended, but she wasn’t making sense...

“You’re slower than your dear old parents.” She laughed manically.

“What did you do to them?” I demanded.

“To them, to you,” She was so casual about it as if nothing ever mattered. “Oh Grace, I didn’t do it, but once I knew, I made sure no one would ever think about

you again. You might have belonged to Ava and Andrew, but I made sure they never thought about you.”

I reeled back as if she had actually hit me. I belonged to Luna Ava and Alpha Andrew? Did they know? I doubted they did based on how things had gone... Luna Ava had always been kind even if it was an afterthought. She always tried.

“How?” I finally managed.

“The maid? Kathy, who ‘raised’ you, was my mom, Louanne’s best friend. She helped my mom switch us when we were just itty bitty babies. You came early. So you were tiny. When I was born, we were practically

e same size. The switch was easy. We both sort of resembled dear old dad. And newborns, it’s hard to really tell a difference anyway. Nobody noticed. My mom was smart and the second you started to showing your Lycan side, she had you bound. She didn’t hesitate. She did what she had to do to give me the best life.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. This was crazy. There was no way this **was all true... But** a part of me knew it was. It made sense. Kinsley was always trying to **be something she wasn’t**.

It’s why she had made my life so miserable. She couldn’t let me rise into my true power.

Anger surged through me, my power rising to just below the surface. But I refused to lose control like I had with Ethan. No matter what she said.

“Next your going to tell me that you killed my mother,” I retorted bitterly.

“I did.” She admitted to my surprise. “She was doting on you too much. She was considering letting you go to the same school as me. So, I poisoned her. It was so easy. It was my word against yours, and no one even batted an eye. It was two for one really, you got imprisoned, and the Luna was gone. She wasn’t my mom, but she was going to give me her title.”

I didn’t respond. There were no words for how cruel and insane the things she admitted to doing were, and she didn’t even seem like she cared at all. There was no remorse. And I honestly didn’t care anymore about what she had to do.

I had practiced my powers. Not extensively. Not nearly as much as I would have liked, but the Lycan part of me knew exactly what to do. Leon and Caleb could handle her goons, but she was

mine.

I twisted my hand, and the air in the room began to swirl again. There was ..o hesitati end. I understood what Rhys meant. Sometimes the ends justified the

means. My wind Kinsley back against the wall as chaos broke out around me, but I didn't lose my focus. I threw Kinsley into the wall with everything I had. Her body hit the ground with a sickening thud. But I didn't stop there. I knew I had to be sure she was dead.

I took my knife, and slit her throat. This was personal. She would never hurt another person for as long as I lived, and it was hard to hurt someone when your dead.

Chapter Comments

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The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter **297**

Everything was in chaos. There were so many people who didn't belong here. I didn't understand where they had all come from or why they were here. I had never seen them here before. The guards were running toward something, but no one paid me or Mark any attention as we carried kid after kid to the portal. It wasn't hard to see that Bentley's strength was waning, but I had to be sure no one was left behind. I checked every room that I knew existed, We would have to send people back when this was all over, to just make sure we weren't missing anything, but I was fairly confident that every child had been saved.

"Sawyer?" I mindlinked my mate.

"Hi babe, a little busy right now." He responded and I could hear the strain in his voice.

"Where are you?" I asked, uncertainly. I didn't like that my mate was in danger. I had risked

him enough today, the least I could do was help.

"Go. Find. Grace." The sentence was choppy, and my worry grew. A part of me wanted to ignore his plea, but if I wanted to help him, we would be stronger all together

I hated that I couldn't mindlink Grace in the same way I could Sawyer. It was so **much** more convenient especially in moments like this.

I pulled my phone out and searched for the dot that represented Grace. I had been all over this damn building but I hadn't found her or Claire. I didn't know how I was going to have to tell Michael that she was gone, but I didn't have time to think about that right now.

One problem at a time.

Once I found Grace, I started to make my way out of the training room Bentley was in.

"Wait!" Mark called after me. "Where are you going now? We got all the kids."

"Go on." I told him. "I have to find Grace. Michael and Iris will be excited to see you. I have to go find Grace."

Mark gave me a hard look but the idea of safety prevailed, thankfully.

"I'm coming with you." Bentley said, closing the portal he had created.

I wanted to argue, but the words wouldn't come, and if I was being honest, **I really didn't want** to go alone, so I gave him a single nod, and **we** were off again in the direction that I **knew** Grace to be.

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My heart pounded as a loud crash could be heard from a room that had **always been** off **limits** before. I hesitated for only a moment before throwing open the door to pure chaos. Grace was standing above Kinsley, who I couldn't tell if she was alive or dead. Leon and Caleb were both engaged in a fight, and for the first time, shifting came easily. There was no drug that forced me to. It was completely within my control, and my body changed before I even had time to think about it. Leon and Caleb were both outmatched. Bentley jumped in in his human form, and before anyone even realized we were there, they were dead.

Grace stood up slowly from where she had crouched next to Kinsley and gave me a tired smile as I shifted back, and Leon threw a pair of clothes at me from his backpack.

“Hey Maiz.”

“Hi.” I whispered before rushing over to hug her. I needed her to be real. Because if she was, then we were still in this. If she was, then I was a little less afraid, even if it didn't really make

sense.

I pulled away when I saw the little girl huddled in the corner. Her hair was the same blonde as Michael's, I knew immediately who she was.

"Claire?"

The little girl's eyes widened, but she nodded slightly.

"I'm a friend of Michael's," I told her. "We're here to get you to safety."

She looked like she wanted to argue, but she bit her tongue. I knew they must have been spreading terrible rumors about Michael, and all of us really, but I just hoped she'd one day realized how hard her brother had fought for her.

"Is this the Pyxis?" I asked Grace, changing the subject.

"I think so. Claire was fueling it, I think." She answered, turning back toward the wall where magic was swirling weakly.

“Oh shit.” The idea of a child being used for that was horrifying. “I think it must have disrupted it because there’s a whole bunch of people out there who don’t belong here.”

Grace nodded, staring at the magic as though if she stared at it long enough it would make sense to her.

“I don’t know how to fully shut it down.” She finally admitted. “It’s still getting **power.**”

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I frowned and stared at it too. I didn’t think shutting it down would be easy, but I had hoped it

would be.

“Maizie, I bet you could drain it’s power.” Bentley stepped up next to me.

For someone who had been my rival for as long as I could remember, he sure was being helpful... It made me slightly suspicious, but who we are and who this place made us, I knew were too different people.

I looked at Grace, who shrugged and said, “Worth a try?”

I reached out toward the magic and felt it come to me without hesitation. The magic flooded my system and I felt a surge, almost like an adrenaline rush that had no where to go. I nearly stumbled, but Grace immediately reached out to steady me.

As soon as her hands were on me, the surge felt more like a manageable pulse. Like she was grounding me or something.

Sawyer burst through the door, and I almost threw the magic at him in surprise, but I forced myself to stay focused. Slowly, the magic seemed to dim.

“Not to uh rush this, but we have to go.” Sawyer said after a minute or so.

“Bentley, open the portal,” Grace said, not turning or taking her hands off me. Sire seemed to be totally focused on something, but I wasn’t sure exactly what it was taking for her to ground me. I also don’t know how she knew Bentley or how she knew he opened portals, but it didn’t really matter.

A pounding on the door forced my attention away from the Pyxis, but Grace forced it back.

Bentley frowned, but attempted open the portal. Keyword, attempted. It didn't open. He was so tired, I could nearly feel it.

"We're trapped here, if you can't open it," Sawyer warned, throwing his body against the door to hold it closed.

Grace didn't hesitate though. She grabbed his hand, put it on me, and I felt the power flood through me and into him. Tired or not, he now had the energy to open the portal, and a soon as the Pyxis was drained, Grace through all her power at it in an earth shattering scream, it shattered to nothing, and we headed home to fight a fair fight.

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King.

Chapter 298

Michael, Iris, Sammy and I watched a movie together, just trying to pass the time. I heard my soldiers talking about how the Red Blood pack was getting closer and closer, but everything was in control. I tried my best to push the worry I felt about my mate away, and all of my closest friends and family. The only comfort I really felt was that Heather was here. She was trying to spend a little time with her kids before we locked them all in a special room in the basement that we had created

for all the kids and civilians alike. It was a large hall, with bunk beds, shelves of food, and a bathroom. The vampires had helped us design it. They would hunker down there as well until dark, when they would come help us in the upcoming battle.

The space was new, but I still worried someone like Arlo had told the Red Blood pack that we had built it. I mean we had built so much in a short period of time along with so many other structures, and done our best to keep it under wraps, but the truth was, I had trusted Arlo.

“Any update from Grace?” Michael asked when the movie ended. All three eyes looked at me with hopeful expressions. I might have been with them in the family room, but I had still been paying attention to what was happening in the Red Blood pack.

“Last I heard she was in the middle of something,” I told him honestly.

Kate’s urgent mindlink made me freeze. They had reached the outer level. It was time to move everyone to the shelters we had created. The idea of separating from the kids made me nervous, but it was for the best... The pack needed me to be the Alpha King, and the kids needed me to protect them with everything I have. And as much as I wanted to keep them in my sight, we needed to move.

“Go get your backpacks, guys,” I told them. “It’s about time.”

The girls immediately scrambled to their feet, and I smiled at them slightly. I grabbed Michael's arm and held him back for a moment.

He looked at me with curiosity and worry, and for a moment I felt bad for worrying him. But I needed to talk to him before things got too crazy,

"Is everything okay?" He asked once the girls were out of sight.

"Listen," I started, but stopped for a minute. I didn't know how to have this conversation. It wasn't one that I ever wanted to have with him at this age, but with everything so uncertain, I

knew I needed to.

"What is it?" He pressed as I tried to find the right words to say.

"First, I want you to look after the girls. There will be other adults down there, and they aren't your responsibility or anything, but keep your eye out for them, okay?"

Michael frowned slightly. "Okay..."

“The other thing is that Sawyer is my next in line... If something was to happen to me tonight, he would be who would take over my reign... However, if something was to happen to both him and I, as of today, if it’s okay with you, I’d like to officially, make you my heir... I have the official adoption papers here... Grace signed them too... We were originally going to wait until all of this was over, and we had all your siblings, but after everything we’ve been through, I thought it was a disservice to you to not know how highly we think of you, and how much you

mean to us.”

Michael blinked at me. At 16, he was fairly tall, but he was still a good few inches shorter than I was. His face was staring at me with his features carefully schooled.

“Are you serious?” He asked, and I could hear the emotion in his voice, but my heart still

pounded.

“I am.” I answered.

His arms wrapped around my waist, and hugged me so tightly, I actually thought he might break a rib, but I squeezed him back regardless. I knew the transition

from the Program to daily life had been hard for him, but I was so proud of how far he had come. He was growing

into a special young adult.

“Sorry.” He apologized as he pulled away.

I pulled him back against my chest, and I felt him relax a little. He may have taken on a lot of responsibility in his young life, but I never wanted him to apologize for being a kid or

emotional or anything at all.

“Everything okay?” Iris asked as she walked back into the room.

“Yea.” Michael answered as he pulled away. “We were just talking about something important. Do I need to sign something?”

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak. This would protect him in ways I physically couldn't. And I trusted my pack, and our world in his hands.

“Sammy, come on,” I called out as Michael scribbled his signature on the single empty line.

“Uh, Uncle Rhys?” She called out, and I could hear the panic in her voice.

I didn’t hesitate. I raced toward the room my twin had occupied for most of his life.

“What is it?” I demanded as I threw open the door, Michael and Iris hot on my heels.

“There’s a woman in my room.” She answered, slowly backing up toward the exit.

I immediately shoved Sammy behind me and stared at the woman in front of me. But it wasn’t the stranger I was expecting. I stared at the woman. She wasn’t real... That much was obvious. At least not in the physical sense. She was nothing but air. A ghost looking a little too real. But she looked just like her daughter. It was so obvious, it was like I was looking into my future.

“What are you doing here?” I asked when I finally found my voice.

“Protecting my daughter.”

Chapter Comments

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The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 299

“Protecting my daughter.” The ghostly figure answered.

I stared at her. Grace wasn't here. But it was clear that she was Grace's mother. They had the same blonde hair. The same nose.

“Grace isn't here,” I told her uneasily.

“I know,” The woman answered with a poise that I hadn't expected.

“Luna Ava?” Michael pushed past me and Sammy and stared at the ghostly figure in front of

“Hello Michael,” The woman, Luna Ava, smiled gently at him. “I’m sorry for all the things my husband got you into. I would like to say that he learned his lesson, but I do not want to lie to

you.”

“Wait, I thought, Grace’s mother was a mistress.”

Luna Ava sighed. “We have all been lied to.” She answered vaguely, sounding genuinely sad. “But there isn’t time for all these questions. My daughter knows the truth now and has handled it on her end. The Moon Goddess is only allowing us a few minutes before I must return. The children must get to the shelter as soon as possible. They are coming for you. The Pyxis Grace is closing, is connected to the Land of the Gods. That is how they were hiding. A lowly mischievous god had given them access, while pretending to be the God of Death. The true god of Death has been found, but he will have his work cut out for himself tonight. They still have access to that power and that space though until Grace destroys the Pyxis.”

“She’s working on that now.” I told her.

“I know. I know my daughter will figure out exactly how to stop it.”

“Then why are you here?” I questioned, not understanding what was happening on any level.

“I came here to tell you that she has it handled for now, but she will need you soon. You need to get moving to where she’s coming back.”

My anxiety spiked immediately, and Michael put his hand on my arm in effort to keep me from spiraling.

“You have to protect her.” Luna Ava continued. “She is the answer to everything.”

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“I’ll do my best,” I promised.

She nodded, but she was already dissipating, leaving me with more questions than answers.

“Come on, let me grab my bag, we need to go.” The young man prodded.

I let him pass but stared at the empty corner. Had Grace's family truly been tricked? Was Grace the true heir of the Lycan's? I mean it made sense... That's why they had wanted her bound. It was never about her safety. It was keeping her from who she really was.

"Rhys, she said Grace will need you. Let's go." Michael urged anxiously.

I appreciated him taking charge. Everything seemed to be spiraling.

"Alpha, the last of the children have crossed our border. And we have begun to engage with the trespassers. Interior warriors, hold your position."

I put my hand gently on Michael's shoulder, and we made our way to the basement. The halls were chaos. We had prepared for this, but there was nothing orderly in our dissent. I grabbed Sammy, and she clung to me for dear life as Michael and Iris moved steadily in front of us. I wished we had been able to run a practice run of this, but it would have given away the secret of it. Again though, all those preparations and secrets were for nothing. Arlo had been spying on us this whole time.

A sudden surge of panic filled my soul, and I knew I needed to get to Grace.

"Michael?" I called out.

The younger boy stopped, and people pushed past us without a second thought.

“Take Sammy, I have to-” I didn’t finish my sentence.

Michael had already grabbed Sammy from me. “Go.” He stated firmly, “I’ve got this.”

For a moment, I hesitated. Was it fair to leave him in charge of the younger kids? I wasn’t sure. But I couldn’t think about it. Luna Ava had said that Grace was going to need me. The prophecy said I would choose my pack over her. Michael was my pack, but I didn’t think that was what would stop me. As soon as I was outside, I shifted. My own small pack stuck to my wolf’s back, and I was grateful that Sawyer had figured out a way to shift and not break these bags. I had to hand it to my brother, he really was a genius.

I raced toward where I knew Grace would be portaling to. Everything in the interior levels were quiet. As I made my way to the mid-levels though, the sound of battle met my ears. The snarls.

The screams. The clangs. I hadn’t trusted Alpha Adrian to play fair. Kate and I had made sur

he was going to have weapons, we would have our own. We just wouldn’t use them unless they did, and clearly, they were.

I didn't engage in the battle even after I got there. I wasn't there to fight. Not yet, anyway. I was here for Grace, and her emotions were all over the place.

The sun was setting by the time I made my way into the clearance. The dark would be our friend because it would mean that the vampires could help. And by the looks of things, we were severally outnumbered. It took 6 werewolves per Lycan. And as I expected, they had Werewolves, Vampires who walked in light, and Lycans on their side. I was glad that I had hidden away the humans and citizens, but I wasn't sure we could win this. It wasn't looking good, but I refused to let my mind go down that road. Our allies were on their way. We had planned for this, we would manage.

The only thing that truly worried me was that there was no sign of Grace.

"Grace? Where are you?" I reached out worriedly.

"Close." She answered, but she sounded breathless. I began to engage in the fight, but then I saw her.

Her blonde hair was in a messy braid, falling slightly into her face. Her eyes met mine, and I found myself asking a thousand questions. But they would all have to wait. She was carrying a small child, right into the middle of a battle.

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The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

My Son

Chapter 300

As soon as my feet hit the ground out of the portal, I was at a loss. Dead bodies littered the ground. Our people were outnumbered 5-1. The sun was going down, so we should have the advantage soon, but there was so much chaos, I wasn't sure anyone truly knew who the enemy was. I was worried if Maizie, Bentley or I shifted, we would be attacked too.

I didn't think about it too much. I scooped Claire up into my arms and started walking. I knew what I wanted to do, but I needed to find Adrian to do it. He was

their leader... But if Kinsley was telling the truth, I was the real heir. I could command his army to stand down. I could stop them from killing each other. But I needed to talk to Adrian first for confirmation.

“Grace? Love, what are you doing?” Rhys’ frantic voice mindlinked. I could hear the worry he was feeling, but I couldn’t deal with it right now.

“I need you to trust me.” I told him as Maizie and Bentley hurried after me.

“But what are you doing?” He pressed.

I felt bad. I didn’t know how to explain what I was about to do. It was either going to work, or it was going to fail, and honestly, I didn’t know which way it would go. I was shaking with fear or exhaustion, I wasn’t sure which, but I didn’t stop.

“Cover me.” I told Rhys, and I didn’t need to look to know that he had joined my posse.

The fighting that had been going on just moments ago, slowed to a near halt. Everyone was staring at us. Those from our side joined in behind me. I didn’t know how I felt about it, but I felt my heart swell at the realization. And those not on our side, just stared. No one attacked as everyone fell in line behind me. Me. Not Rhys. Me.

“Grace?” Adrian asked in surprise when the moment finally caught up to him. He hadn’t noticed that everyone had frozen or joined me. Not until I was right in front of him.

The sun was close to being set, but the witches seemed to make an appearance, and helped create a light rain and cloud coverage, so the Vampire Queen and her people were making their way slowly onto the still battlefield. Elara didn’t even look slightly surprised by what was happening, but I was.

“What is the meaning of this?” He demanded.

“You lied to me.” I stated simply, using my powers to amplify my voice. I had never tried to before, but something inside me knew I could, and when it worked, I wasn’t surprised, even if my mate was.

Adrian chuckled slightly. He still thought he had won. He thought that all of us in one place made for an easy target. And in one breath, he was right. But in another, he was wrong.

“About what?” He questioned, playing along, just like I wanted him to. I amplified his voice too; I wanted them all to hear whatever he was about to spew out in the ‘name of the pack’. I wanted them to hear his lies. To call him out on them. As much as I might have wanted the kill shot, I wouldn’t have to be the one to take it. When all was said and done, my actions and his would speak for themselves.

“Who I am.” I answered forcing my voice to be calm.

He reeled back like I had hit him. “What?”

“Kinsley wasn’t the heir to the Red Blood pack. I am. And you knew that. You kept me around for kicks and giggles. You used me.”

Adrian scoffed at my remark, but he didn’t deny it. “And how did I use you exactly?”

I took a deep breath. “I don’t think I could name all the ways you and you mate,” The word mate left a bad taste in my mouth, but I continued, “used me. But for starters. The army you built didn’t follow her like they were supposed to, did it? The army that was supposed to follow her without any doubts, didn’t. You kept me around. Made me feel small. Tried to break me. And then realized I was the key to your army. You thought I wouldn’t go against you. That I would be broken down too much to argue. But I’m not. And I stand before you, and ALL of the Red Blood pack, and denounce your right to the pack. Your right to lead. Your plan to be the ‘strongest’. Everyone here, whether you are a part of Rhys’ pack or the Red Blood pack, you fall under ME! I have the support of the Witches, the Vampires, the Werewolves, and the Lycans. I am the true heir, and you may not use me or any other children ever again to support your

agenda. There will be no more bloodshed!”

“You have no proof.” Adrian hissed. “You have nothing, I have vampires and witches on my

side too.”

“You did.” I agreed. “Until you took it too far. And I have no doubt that some will choose to die with you. But you’ve already lost, Adrian.” I told him.

“I don’t agree,” He answered, and somebody shot at me, but I threw up a forcefield, knocking the bullet away without even looking.

And then I played my final card. I knew that my claim to the throne‘ had unsettled a lot of Adrian’s followers. People were hesitating, which was exactly what I wanted. The voice inside my head told me to show them what he had done, so I closed my eyes, and reached deep into my mind. It felt clumsy, but I figured it out.

In the future, I would work on my abilities till I mastered them all, but for now, I just cuddled Claire closer to me and focused on showing my memories.

There was Adrian trying to take advantage of me. There was where the kids were kept. The bad conditions most of them had been in. The crowd gasped. I wasn’t just sharing my memories of the kids with the soldiers, but everyone in the Red Blood pack. I showed the experiments. I showed Michael’s meetings with his dad. I showed my own torture sessions with Kinsley. I showed her final words. Her truth. How easily she had spoken about me being switched pretty much from birth, and her admitting to killing Luna Ava over fucking school. I could tell who had been a part of the Blood Moon pack before the merger, and who still sort of sided with Adrian. I could feel it all.

I then pulled my final trick out. I was already in their minds as their leader, but being tied to Rhys had given me an ability now that I had my own pack.

“Now, you can choose to defend your leadership, or you can choose to be on the right side of history. The choice is up to you.” I closed my eyes and mindlinked my pack.

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