

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 51

so, it didn't go the way you want it, 1 take it?" He questioned,

"Well would you want **your** mate in say that to you?"

*Well, I'm mateless," Sawyer smiled, "But no, I cain't invagine I would."

I nodded absently, staring at the family picture on the wall in his office. It was one of the few we had of Mom and Dad, me, Caleb and Sawyer, and the one in here was nove of my favorites.

"So, what happened?" He prodded.

"Well, I laid it **all** out like you and Leon both told me to. I told her about her probable brother. I told her about being bound and probably a Lycan if Ethan **isn't** lying. And I told her that I think she's my mate, And she got really scared **and** insecure about everything. No matter what I said it didn't seem to matter. She even asked if I told all my brides that I think they're my mate, **like** it's some kind of pick-up line. But again, she's the one who wanted to stay.

she **asked** if she could leave **then** came up with a plan to stay. I don't understand. She should be happy that I'm her mate, that we get forever."

Sawyer sighed and gave me a serious look. "I know what **she offered** you, Rhys, and **I** know how **you** took it. But did you ever think the might not have been looking for a mate? I mean, she bared the mark of another man and didn't even know. The idea of a mate might actually be terrifying for her.

I felt my frown deepened. He was right. My wolf was right. I was kid this about me, but it might have absolutely nothing to truly do with me.

"Thanks Sawyer, I'll let you get **back** to work."

He nodded, and I showed myself out. I didn't go straight back to her room. I wanted to honor her request for space. So, I went for a run first, and before finally feeling like the time was right to go talk to **her** again

I knocked on her door before opening it. She was sitting on the bed, baging a pillow. She looked up at me with those crystal blue eyes, and I took that as my permission to come in.

"Look Grace," I said **as I sat** next to her on the bed. "I'm sorry for dumping everything on you like that. Especially the mate part. I've debated telling you a while, but I didn't want **you** to feel forced into something you weren't ready for or didn't want."

She grabbed the whiteboard, and I could tell she was trying to **act** confident, but **her** nerves were still show

*I accept you as my mate." She wrote, and a huge weight lifted off my chest.

"This is wonderful, **Grace!**" I tried to contain my happiness, but I couldn't help but smile broadly.

She turned her board back toward her and began writing

ing again.

"**But** I need you to think about me and my needs and try to" She wrote, and then there was an arrow pointed down and a person. I took me a minute to figure out the last word. She was asking me to understand her position. Her thoughts. Her everything.

"Yes. Yes, of course, Gracie," I assured her. "I will always do everything in my power to support you. To give you whatever you need."

She gave me a small smile, and started to write **again**. When she turned the board around, I **was** not prepared for the two little words on it.

“Mark me

The Unwanted Daughter’s Alpha King

Chapter 52

I don’t know where the stage to ask him came from, but I had done it. And none of us stared at Alpha King Rhys’s face as he read what I wrote, and watched it morph into shock, but there was also more than a hint of desire in it.

“Brave, honey.” He shattered

ed slightly, the cool, calm and collected Alpha was failed, and I started to think I had read everything wrong. “I want to mark you. I very, very much want to, and I need you to understand that. But “

I knew there was a but coming, but I was so I wanted to know the why. If I was really his mate, he would mark me, no hesitation. I had been right; this was just a ploy to keep me as his bride

“Pot you are still bring someone else’s mark, which could severely harm you, like what happened after or kis last time. I have been so careful not to go too far. I won’t ask **you**, CT.”

I froze. He was worried about me after what happened last time? There had been a distance since then while also a new closeness until this moment. He had been trying to protect me.

“Please.” I tried again. “I want you to mark me.”

“No, Grace. Not till we get rid of that other mark on your neck.” He told me again. “I won’t **do** that to you. We ran wait. I’ve waited this long, I can wait

“No.” I panicked a little. I needed him to do this. I need him to prove **how** much he wasted me. I needed him to make this real. To prove it wasn’t all going to just fade away like an illusion.

“Gracie, just because I’m not marking you, doesn’t mean my feelings for **you** change at all.” He tried, I think he noticed the panic in me because **he** moved closer, so our knees were touching, “Why does it matter so much to you?” He asked brushing my hair out of my face.

“You promised.” I **tried** bringing **up** what he had said 5 minutes ago about meeting my needs. “This is a need.” Then I drew the down arrow again and a person standing.

“But I **don’t understand**,” He frowned. “I promised to protect you and take care of you, not harm you, and that’s what I would be doing ”

I thought for a moment. I **didn’t** know how to explain to him my thoughts, I considered talking out loud for the first time in a long time, but I thought against it. I didn’t know how to spell many things, so communicating beyond the basics was getting harder. No one had ever cared this much about my thoughts before. Was I being gullible? That’s why I needed him to mark me. So, I knew the truth. I needed to know the truth. That he was serious about us

“Your mark will no more his mark. You’re the Alpha King.” I wrote after a long moment.

“But we don’t know that for sure.” He

e argued.

“It will I can take the pain.” I insisted, scribbling my response before he was even done.

“But I **don’t** want you to take the pain!” He raised his voice in frustration.

“It will take away the old mark. You are powerful. Most powerful. I can do this. Trust me!”

He was silent for a long moment. I could see his want and longing trying to persuade the **logical side** of his brain that was telling him this was a bad **idea** He wanted this, and that **was** almost enough for me, Almost. But I need the illogical side to win. Because I would either **die** of **pain and** filled with false promises that I believed, or **question** everything, never fully believing my mate. If that’s what he really was.

“It will hurt, Grace. It will hurt a lot.” He said after a long moment **as** if that would change my mind.

“I know.” I wrote back. “But I can do it.” I had dured **so** much in my life. A little more pain for something that could be amazing seemed worth something. This pain seemed worth something,

“**Okay.**” He **finally** relented. “I **know** you keep saying that the pain will be okay, **but** you also need to know that when we both bare each other’s marks, you will go into the heat. **And** I’m not sure anye **has** ower told you about the **heat** since you know very little about wall culture. But it will cause a strong desite for sexual activity.”

I hesitated for a moment. Was I ready for that? What would it be **like**? Would I lose complete control over myself? Despite my inner turmoil over this new

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Korace, Henry.” He stuttered slightly, the cool, rates and entered Alpha was founded, and I named it dish that reat everything

test a play to keep me as his bride

me, na tentation. I had been right, die wet

celer’s mark, which could reverely harm you, the shat happened after nin

- Kier for time. I har han in cornful not to gen

1 Trope. He was worried about me after what happened last time? There had been a distance since then alala also a new closeness that I hadert understand until this moment. He had been trying to protect me

“Piece” Itrial again. “I want you to mai

“No, Grace. Not till we get rid of that other mark on your neck.” He told me again.
“I won’t do that to you We can we waited thing I wan

gwhile langer.”

“No.” I panicked a little I needed him to do this, I need him to prove how much he
sted me. I needed him to make this real. To prove in

- Te just fade away like an illusion.

“Gracie, sest because I’m not masking you, doesn’t mean my feelings for you
change at all.” He tried, I think he noticed the closes, so out knees were tooching.
“Why does it matter so much to you?” He asked brushing my hair out of my face.

patic in me bet

because he noted

You promised. I tried bringing up what he had said 5 minutes ago about meeting
my needs. “This is a need.” Then I drew the down are again and person Manding

But I don't understand." He frowned. "I promised to protect you and take care of you, not harm you, and that's what I would be doing."

I thought for a moment. I didn't know how to explain to him my thoughts. I considered talking out loud for the first time in a long time, but I thought against it. I didn't know how to spell many things, **to** communicating beyond the **basics** was getting harder. **No** one had ever cared this much about my thoughts before. Was I bring gailable? That's why I needed him to mark me. So, I knew the truth. I needed to know the truth. That he was serious about **un**.

"Your mark will no more hat mark. You're the Alpha King." I wrote alján a long moment..

"But we don't know that for sure." He argued

"It will. I can take the pain." I insisted, scribbling my **response** before he was even

raised his voire in

"But I don't want you to take the pain?" He n

bis suire in frustration,

done.

will take away the old mark. You are powerful, Most powerful. I can do this. Trust me!”

He was silent for a long moment. I could see his want and longing trying to persuade the logical **side** of his **brain** that was telling him this was a bad idea. He wanted this, and that was almost enough for me. Aleost. But I need the illogical side to win. Because I would either die of pain and filled with **false**

I believed, or question everything, never fully believing my mate. If that’s what he really was

“it will hurt, Grace. It will hurt a lot.” He said after a long moment as it that would change my

mind

“I know” I wrote back. “But I can do it.” I had endured so much in my life. A little more pain for something that could be amazing, seemed worth something. This pain seemed worth something

“Okay” He finally oriented. “I know you saying that the pairs will be okay, but you also need to **know** that when we both **bare** each other’s marks, you go into the heat. And I’m not sure anyone has ever told you about the heat since you know very little about wolf culture. But it will cause a strong desire for sexual activity.

I hesitated for a moment. Was I ready for that? What would it be like? Would I lose complete control over myself? This spate my inner turmoil over

this **new**

relation, I nodded, telling him I understand.

*I will be with you the entire time, there.” And for the first time, I realized how my heat affected my mind. The way he rated his tongue in such a simple manner, but only he said it that way. Like I was

in

alone, again.”

I smiled at him, and he touched my face gently, I laid back on the bed, propped up a little knees on each side, resting my head to my hips.

He rolled over and he climbed on top of me. He placed me on his

“Are you ready for this baby?” He asked his voice hoarse with desire, and I could see his pupils change with desire, his will coming forward

I nodded and lifted my chin, to be'd have better myess.

“Then let's do this,” He smiled one of those really rare Rhys smiles.

He leaned in, his canine teeth coming forward, but I didn't want to look at them, I tried not to move as they sunk them into my skin. I immediately began to feel pain, but I wasn't sure if it was from his teeth, the mark or something completely different and writhed in agony as it intensified

Alpha King Rhys must have **noticed** because he started to pull away, but I grabbed his head and pulled him deeper into me. I cried out in pain, unable to help it anymore, but I kept Rhys firmly in place. My vision began to blur and my arms dropped to their side on their own accord. Rhys pulled away from my neck immediately. His hands frantically reached for my **face**, and I could see his lips moving, calling my name maybe, but I heard nothing in I slipped right into the darkness.

Chapter Comments

Visitor

our girl is growing, go on Gracie

[View 1 Comment >](#)

LIKE

[< SHARE](#)

POST COMMENT

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 53

-The diskerit was shuthing. That was nothing there. No pain. No feelings of any kind, fost tothing. There was a peacefulness that I had before. Everything seemed to be okay, but there was a voice that started calling for me. It was anh, deep, and crem with a bit of worry roking is back to the light, bbich Twain't met I wanted to „but something was podling me there. Mayla fare was and.

- 1 Maked my mas sloch). The rim was a greyish robo which told.

the sun mest he chose to setting or just dining, and I turned my bred to set kin

paese met mine slowly, and he breathed a sigh of relief, which made me smile slightly

“Hi beautiful,” the whispered, bis vier hunky with emotion. “Tar er glad you’re awake. was qu morried. Here are pros feeling? Are you in pain?”

I shook my hrad no and gave him a thumbs up with my other hand, 1 felt ford for just waking up, but the peaceful feeling from the nothingness seemed to have followed me to the real world, and I couldn’t possibly complain about that.

I teached my neck, wonder te **sup**

if the mark stock, if it was real or if I had imagined it. I grabbed the chalkboard that was sitting next to the bed and started

“Whoa, easy there, my love,” Rhys’s arm wrapped around my waist and helped me into a sitting position. “You only kont

I rolled my eyes. He was being dramatic, and I wasn’t used to that.

“Tell me what happ “I didn’t know how to spell happened, but I hoped he understood what I was meant.

“You don’t remember?” He frowned,

I stared scribbling on my board again, stopping him from mindlinking Sawyer to come take a look at me.

“I want to hear it from you.” I told him.

He smiled softly, sitting directly in front of me now, and brushed some **loose** strands of hair out of my face.

“You **asked** me to mark you, and I did, but then you passed out, and have been passed out for the last 36 hours. I was so worried. But it was shorter than **last** time, and no fever, or anything of that nature, and my mark now is imprinted on your neck, and you’re awake. And here. He paused for a moment before asking again, “Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Perfect.” I answered on my chalkboard.

He smiled a real smile, and his hand capped my face gently

“I’m sorry I did that.” He apologized. “We should have found another way to remove

I wanted to say it was **okay**. I was a willing participant, and wanted it, badly, but I had no idea how to spell participant.

“You don’t have to write it,” Rhys touches the hand with the chalk in it. “I know you were a willing participant, but that doesn’t mean I wanted to do that to

What the heck? I hadn't said anything out loud, had I? How did he know what I was going to write?

you should be **able** to hear and feel mine. It

"It's the mate bond," Rhys answered, my again unspoken questions. "I can feel and hear your thoughts, i

3. **and** you sh might not be super strong yet because you don't **have** your Lycan, but I think you should still be able to.

And he was right. I **hadn't** noticed at first, but I could feel his ecstasy, he was barely containing it

He jumped off the bed before grabbing me and swi it from him was even better.

me around, and I squealed in delight. I had never seen Rhys this happy ever, **and** to personally feel

*I always knew you were my mate," He said as he put me **down**, but **didn't release** me. "From that first **day**, Gracie where **you** slipped into that **room**, thinking you were alone. So broken and alone. I was drawn to

you. I knew I **needed** to get you away from there, I knew **you** belonged with me. I just **didn't**,

1/2

quite know **how or** why, I just know you

2) have waited so long for **this**, dare. So long for you. He one else ever felt right. Has one else even compared to me?" she married:

bank my teeth into you and released my will's venoms into you, my goddess with a sense of awe. "And when was the most exquisite moment of my life. I almost couldn't stop myself."

Lured at the way he was talking. No one had ever said such magnificent things

my approval. He leaned in, just pecking my forehead, which was not what I meant -- His eyes nickered to my lips, and mine flickered to his, giving

ked up at him curiously, wondering what exactly he was doing, anticipation building in me expecting. Then he kissed my left eye and then my cheek, and then as he then kissed my cheek, soft and slow before moving to the other side before finally meeting my lips with his

It was just a kiss, but I felt like I was on cloud as he pulled away for moment.

“Have you ever fantasized about us before, Grace?” He teased, and I flashed back to the training center the other day, my face heating at the memory.

“Because let me tell you,” He said each word as he peppered me with kisses, “I have fantasized about this moment for a long time. And now it’s here?, Feeling brave, I lifted his chin and palled him back to my **face**. I needed his lips on mine, I needed to taste him the way he kept tasting me.

His hands pulled at the hem of my dress, **and** I lifted my arms so he could pull it over my head, his body moving in sync with mine. As soon as my drest hit the floor, I grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it **over** his head. I needed to be closer, **and** he seemed to know it as he yanked his jears and underwear off, standing there in front of me in all his glory. And for the first time, I felt **like** I could stare at his body, and it wouldn’t be weird. And I would take my sweet time exploring every single inch of it...

Chapter Comments

EJ

I am going to scream if this is another one of her dreams!

[View All 2 Comments >](#)

LIKE

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

||practically

Despation. There was no fear this time, only true remet desc

ached for

war, he stopped me “Let me.” He praded

nih kines as he went. 1

Trepped out of them, wing to my clit. I startled slightly as he

id he knelt before me, slowly removing

but continuing

Like that, Gracie?” He breathed

against the bed,

Body

Semen were long and drawn up and some were fant hand began ta roh my clit. I had niner feh ur good, and we

wem being littered among my vide, and his hand didat cace Theirinha muito proud than this moment right here, right:

trašen. i didn't know what to expect, I had never gone

mai large, but slowly be got drepet, and I suppressed every

1/72

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 54

I turned around, so he could unhook my bra for me, and I was practically shaking with anticipation. There was no fear this time, nely rep

His hands gently removed my ha, and when I reached for my underwear, he stopped me.

“Let me He pleaded.

I nodded, and he knelt before me, slowly removing my underwent, and peppering my legs with kistes as he went. I stepped out of them, uding him for balance, but then he didn't stand *up* after, Instead, once again, peppering my legs with kisses all the way up to my clit. I started slightly as he flicked it a couple times with his tongur, but continuing up my body with a slew of kisses. Some were long and drawn up and some were just little pecks, but 5 jer se turned on it was hard not to

squirm. As his mouth returned to mind, his hand began to rub my clit, I had never felt so good, and we were only just beginning.

Do you like that, Gracie?” He breathed against my lips, and I suppressed a moan, but nodded my head slightly.

He pushed me back against the bed, and I allowed myself to plop onto it as he climbed over me.

“You’re so wet for me, my **Gracie**, **What** a good girl.” He **said** in between kisses that were being littered among my side, and his hand didn’t stop loving over my clit. “Your body is **so** responsive because we were made for each other, **Grace**. There is no more proof than this moment right here, right

His dick was pressing into my leg, and he began to adjust himself to line up to my entrance. I didn’t know what to expect, I **had** never gone this far. I had never even really touched myself. This was new territory, and he was huge.

“I want to be inside you as you experience your first orgasm,” He **said**, kissing my face everywhere, to be **your** cause. Are you ready?”

but my lips. “Call me selfish, but I want to feel it. I want

I didn't hesitate this time. I wasn't nervous. I just wanted this feeling to continue forever. I felt his member press into me a little at a time. I knew he was trying to be gentle, since it was my first time, despite the fact that he was feeling impatient. He was large, but slowly he put deeper, and I suppressed every sound that tried to escape me.

He started to move in a faster rhythm as his mouth teased my nipples. I bit my tongue to stop myself from calling out, something that did not go unnoticed by my mate.

"It's okay, mate," He said slightly breathless. "Make all the noises you want, Stop biting that tongue and let it out. It's all natural."

I didn't know if L

I could do that, but the more

more he pounded into me, the less self-control I seemed to have.

An "Ah," Escaped my lips before I could stop it, and I swear if Rhys could have been any happier, he might have exploded.

out. I know you aren't a true faute. You're safe here, and I want you screaming my name as we orgasm together for the

"That's right, my sweet, Gracie, let it out. 1 first time."

"Ohh." Another one escaped, **god**, I really was losing all forms of self-control

1, baby," **Rhys** coaxed, "So close."

"That's it.

my lower abdomen building and I wasn't sure **how much** more I could take when it happened

I felt the pressure in my

"Rhys!" I screamed, my first real word in nearly a decade.

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

#That's II, baby! Com for me!"

I was like nothing I had ever felt. The high I felt as hys stepped thrusting and we both post thed in restory for a what frike forever. His fingertale digging into my thighs, we hands, pulling at his hair.

Rhys' hand chiesed my face, and I closed my eyes for a moment, trying to catch my breath, as th

"My mate," He whispered after a long moment,

"My mate." I whispered back.

"I like **the** sound of your voice." He told me as he leaned domen and kissed my lips again,

did the same.

I smiled, this was the polar opposite of what would have happened in my old pack if I had chosen to speak. I liked this option sorry better.

Rhys pulled eat of my slowly, and then helped pulled me up.

“Come on, Grace, let’s get cleaned up in the bath.” He said gently. “How do you feel?”

“Perfect” I whispered, still a little afraid to speak any louder than that.

He smiled at me as he climbed in the tub gracefully with me in his arms. He gently took the washcloth and began lathering up my whole body. There was nothing sexual in this moment like there had been just minutes ago, it was just comfortable,

He was just about done, when I started to feel different. My ears started to ring, and I felt dizzy. And there **was** this amazing smell, that I couldn’t figure out where it was coming from. It was like spring. I just assumed this was **an** after **sex**, but Rhys seemed to notice my sudden onset of symptoms, **and a** worried look appeared on his **face**.

“What’s wrong. Grace?” He asked, **his** voice **laced** with worry.

“Nothing,” I said not **wanting** to cause trouble.

“You can’t lie to me, Gracie,” He said seriously, “I can literally feel you. I’m taking you to Sawyer. He stood up out of the bath and grabbed us both towels. and clothes. He seemed **to** need to do something, so I let him dress me like a doll, and I didn’t even complain when he carried me to the clinic, because the last thing I needed was to **pass** out and worry him even more.

“What’s going on?” Sawyer asked, ushering us into an exam room when **he** saw **us** from his office.

“She’s dizzy and there’s this awful ringing in her ears, and some sort of weird smell.” Rhys explained my symptoms before I even had the chance. This knowing each other’s thoughts thing was a little creepy at times.

“You marked her?” He asked in **surprise**.

Rhys nodded and Sawyer began his work up. But **as** I sort of suspected, there was nothing truly wrong.

“I **think** it was just part of the bond breaking with the person who initially marked her.” **Sawyer said** after making sure I wasn’t dying or anything. “And the weird smell is probably her just scenting you for the first time, your personal **mate** smell now that you’ve marked her.”

I nodded and **looked** at Khys. I might talk in front of him, but that didn't mean I was ready to talk in front of others quite yet.

"And the bond is definitely **broken** with the other person?" Rhys **asked**, uncertainly

"It appears that **way**."

"How do you feel Grace?"

"I'm okay now." I answered in my head.

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

I watched Grace's reaction closely. I didn't want her to mendo it, especially since de jon scared the life not of me. I had thought it was a dele to breaking the bond, or maybe the bound wasn't broken, but Sawyer themed partly see that it was jen the side affects of me marking her. Her le seemed to be more pit, and he didn't think it was anything in be worried about at al

The best kept looking back and forth at the ten of us as if he could figure out exactly what had happened there. I left his clinic ten days ago. When Trane had been passed out, I had minded him several times, and he had even come in to take her vitals several times, but we didn't talk about going down, and I definitely didn't tell him he was right even though he and Leon had been

In truth, I wasn't this was a good idea after the day Trane had had, but I didn't want there to be any more big secrets or things between us. We needed to start our relationship off on a good note, and this was an important part of it.

She clung on to my arm as I approached her. I was thrilled to finally be able to touch her now that Seger had finished his job. Honestly, I was just happy to be able to touch her at all. A few days ago, I wouldn't have dreamed this was possible.

I longed to hear her voice again. I waited for her answer, but I wouldn't rush anything. The fact that she had even said anything was a miracle, but then she

"Why?" She asked, her voice soft, and my heart fluttered. I smirked at the shock on Sawyer's face. I hadn't told anyone that she was starting to speak again, but I figured it would be slow going, but she was already far farther along than I expected.

"Because I don't think he's listening," I told her honestly, rubbing her hand with my thumb. "I think it will help you to embrace your identity and power once we finally break through the bond."

“Til go, but I still don’t want to undo the binds. She argued as we started walking out the door and back to the packhouse.

I asked, not quite understanding what she was so afraid of

“Well, unbinding will hurt. Probably even more than marking. I don’t understand why you are trying so hard to turn me into a monster?” There was a bit of **hysteria** in her voice now, and I felt a little bad for pushing.

“Gracie, honey, just because you’re different, doesn’t make you a monster. That I would feel this way about you even if you were a monster.”

She didn’t say anything, but her grip on my hand tightened.

“Grace?” I tried again, but she didn’t respond, so I continued. “Your feelings are valid, and I understand that **you** are scared, but I’m **proud** of you for doing this.”

Once we got to my office, and I pulled her chair over next to mine, I mindlinked Leon to bring them to my office. Grace and I sat in silence until the familiar **knock** that meant Leon was here disturbed us

I hesitated halfway across the room and wondered again if this was the right choice. I looked back at Grace, who motioned for me to go open the door, but her face **was** masked with a look of perfect indifference.

“Thank you for meeting with **us.**” I **said**, not opening the **door** all the way yet. I wanted to know what Ethan thought exactly. I had told Leon not to tell him anything

“As if I had **a** choice,” Ethan buffed **as** I opened the **door** fully, revealing Grace.

“Grace,” He whispered in surprise too lose fer her to **hear**

|

In this moment, I could see bits of Grace in his mannerisms, **and** her in bis. 1 hadn't quite realized how similar they both were, but now they were both and both nervous, and it was obvious that they were related.

1 gestured for him to come fully into the office and he took the seat across from her, **his** fingers digging into his skin **as** if he was trying to convince himself this was real, similarly to the way Grace was digging into the arms of her chair

“Grace, my love,” I **said as** I placed my hands on her shoulders **for comfort** as I **stood** behind her. “This is Ethan, Ethan, this is Grace.”

“It’s so good to finally meet you, Grace, Ethan gushed.

Grace nodded her acknowledgment, but didn’t say anything. I emild teét through níu bónd that the way feeling intruhaimed by dit that, but bet i

“You **don’t** remember me, do you?” He asked, studying her. This was the most alive I had seen the guy. It was like he was a firide Bath of energy. And pr

Grner shook her bead no, and was saddened to know she was resorting to not talking again.

*1 didn’t really expect you to I than told her exmestly. “We were separated long before we started creating conscious memories. I probably sheld be dead. but the person who cast me out, teck pity on me, and secretly made sure I didn’t get killed by other roques. I got lucky and the man who raised me along pretty quickly and protected me. It took a while for us to piece everything togeiler, but eventually be realized who I wn, and I found not about your Ever since I found out. I have done my best to keep an eye on you?”

“How did you find me?”

7a Grace asked quietly after a long moment, finally gaining the courage to speak.

रदमी वि+ १०२

“Lycans can sense each other.” Ethan confirmed as though it was common sense. “And because you and I are twins, I can feel you pretty strongly, **and** to prove it, I know you were just newly marked by Alpha King Rhys,”

com

Grace immediately shifted my hand on her shoulder to try and subtly cover her mask. I tapped into our bond and realized that she felt exposed and anions

how much Ethan seemed to know about her.

“You don’t need to hide it, Grace,” Ethan teased, not missing what had just happened. “I already know.”

“That’s enough,” Leon intervened before I had even thought about it. “You are here to answer the Luna’s questions and that is it. Another peep out of you that ain’t relevant, I will take you straight back to the dungeons!”

Chapter **Comments**

LIKE

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

“I was just trying to.

(sister,” Ethan protested; cooling into his

a time, the same way Cirace

“That in the line for funding, we haven’t decided what to do with you yet.” Eraid conly. “You were benight

never heard of Lycans until one attacked my pack a couple weeks ago, and then we found you. There’s next to information our there. I can’t find a single book that mention them, so I want to know exactly what we want and then we might spare y Me, though it truthfully isn’t my decision

Ethan's face fell even more, but he shrugged, trying in vain like he didn't care that much

"What do you want to know?" I could

he was trying to keep his head in the sand

"Start with where they came from." I commanded. "And what they are."

Ethan nodded, and I could tell he was trying to decide where to start with his story. He had mentioned several things in the dungeon, but I wanted to know if his story stayed the same or if he changed anything. This was for a reason, but it was also a test on my end

"Well, Lycans, like werewolves, are children of the Moon Goddess." He answered after some thought. "They are half werewolf, half human, hence the different form. We were created by werewolves and humans mating each other during the full moon."

"Is that why your form is bipedal?" I **asked**, wondering why I had never even heard a legend about Lycans if they came from werewolves

“Yes, I believe so.” Ethan answered. “Honestly, there’s a lot of lore about how we get mut form, but to me, that makes the most sense

“if you lived with

rogues,” Grace asked, drawing out her thoughts. “How did you learn about Lycans?”

“Years aren’t rarer common,” Ethan answered easily, “But they aren’t **super** rare either. Most Lycan packs try to live a normal life in the human world or pass themselves off as werewolves for safety purposes.”

It made sense. Kind of. They were half-breeds, stuck not really fitting into either world quite perfectly.

“Is that better or worse than what the werewolves do?” **Grace asked**, and I **could** tell she was feeling a bit more comfortable with the situation.

“I don’t think you can compare the two. Lycans were hunted a long time ago because people saw us **as** mutts. We got the best of humans and werewolves in my opinion, but not **everyone** saw it that way. They thought we **shouldn’t exist**, that were causing, “Cham among the **humans**’ and **it caused** all sorts of problem for Lycans **causing** almost every **pack** to change in one way or another to protect themselves”

“So, they in **packs** like werewolves?”

“Yes, usually, but it’s not as big of a deal as it is for full blo

for full blood werewolves.”

“Can you fully shift into a wolf, or **can** you only do that other thing?” She asked.

“That thing is called a Lycan, but it’s really just an extension of ourselves if that makes sense. Werewolves are two separate beings in one, while Lycan’s can change, but it’s still just us. Have you had your first shift yet?” He asked.

“Really?” Ethan said in surprise. “Well, we should probably work on that. The first time in a little painful, but now I can do it without feeling anything **at all**. Have you ever just wanted to shit?”

“Shifting is complicated.” I interjected before more could **be said** about **Grace** not being able to shift... “No more questions about her.”

“Sorry.” Ethan raised **his hands as** a prayer offering, “Would you like me to show you a shift?”

“No, thank you.” Grace replied **simply, and** I knew it was because the thing terrified her, even if her brother didn’t anymore..

“Okay” He looked like he didn’t **know** what to talk about next.

“And are our abilities the same at werewolves?” Grace asked.

1/2

“Some **are,**” Ethan answered easily. I could tell this was the first question all that that he could talk about firmly

of sight, scent and hearing. We also have the ability to fully feel our mate, unlike humans. But Lycan x can’t mindlink the way werewolves can. Mates traditionally share an ability similar to mindlink, where they can share thoughts and feel feelings, both within the pack as a whole.

breath, Lycan’s can serve each other, which is human I have always found you over the years, werewolves can’t do that..

“You said you kept tabs on me.” Ghace stated, seemingly changing the subjects.

“Yes” Ethan looked nervous by this declaration.

“Did you

kn

know things were bad?” she asked.

“I didn’t and don’t know the extent of anything.” Ethan told her nervously, and I watched determined to tell her the truth. However, I did hear hers sometimes.”

“Why didn’t you come save

me?” she asked, a vulnerable look crossing her face

alchard him fidget in him

thin thair with his cuffs, but he alin seemed

“I was just a **kid**. Grace... I wanted to come get you and drag you back to the nowhere lines, especially after the Lana passed, but there was a lot there. I was just going to be taking you from somewhere unsafe **to** somewhere the unsafe. I’m sorry I couldn’t protect you.” His voice broke a bit, but he tried to hide it.

“It was my fault she died,” Grace mumbled, and I could feel her grief like it was my ow

“No, it wasn’t.” Ethan said adamantly, looking surprised. “Why would you **think** that?”

“I was thrown in the dungeon for years because of it. Grace **answered** looking aghast at his declaration.

“I think you were a scapegoat, Grace.” He responded, his voice softening in an attempt **to** reach her. “There were lots of rumors after it happened, last because our father didn’t take the time to look at the facts, doesn’t mean that others didn’t. I don’t believe you’ve ever killed anyone. I don’t think you have a mean bone in your body”

“You don’t know me.” Grace whispered.

“No. Not officially.” Ethan agreed. “But I do know that you would have made a far better Lana than Kinsley. You are a Lycan, **Grace**, and the faster you accept your identity, the quicker you will realize that you will realize what **was** always meant for you. That you should have inherited the **pack**, not Kinsley.”

Chapter Comments

LIKE

POST COMMENT NOW

<SHA

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

prodded. “Don’t you think it’s weird has everything in that pack munded? the

a trat er bierally am change at all to uncover the buth? Don’t you wait

what happened and get

“That’s enough!” My mate cut him off angrily. “You are not here to orgain control of a park you don’t even remember living in. You are set here to inflacher bet. You are here ONLY in answer questions, and not here to push your man

I felt uncomfortable still, but I stared at my on called brother Eremembered the day the Luma died. It was one The word days of my life, and it was engrained in my brain se vlrath I hadn’t even teen the ti • that day before being dragend away, thrown in the dungeon, and arrised of murder by any own father. I was so confined at what was going on, but Ellum was sort of tight. It hadn’t made any sense then, and it didn’t make any sense porx. Everything: leht out of control and confusing I C) know what to think. What to believe

“Sorry.” Ethan responded, shrinking back a little, “I just wanted ”

“I don’t care what you wanted,” Bhyf cut him off, anger dripping from his voice. “I would have done everything I could to get my sister out of i instead of gathering ‘bits and pieces’ of information as it was convenient,*

“Well, that’s easy to say when you have all the resources you do,” Ethan hit **back** angrily. “You forget that I was also only 14 when the Lana died. I was a rogor **kid**, and yes, I **had a** little help, but I **was** not in a good place either,”

“SHE WASN’T SAFE THERE!” Rhys bellowed.

I touched his hand with my own in an attempt to calm him, the way he kept attempting to calm me

“AND SHE WOULDN’T HAVE BEEN SAFE IF I TOOK HER AWAY!” give than props, Rhys aura was strong right now, and he wasn’t **backing** down. “I told you already. I did what I could. I did have an informant in the pack. He attempted to get in contact with Grace several times and was never **successful**. Then he was killed shortly after the Luna. I also did try to approach Grace, several times, and every time I was unsuccessful. When she was younger, she played outside a lot, and I **was** 7 the first time I tried. However, once the Luna died, it **was** impossible. She never left the house, and despite multiple attempts, I could never get in.”

He had tried to get to me? I wasn’t sure whether I was happy to know he tried or creeped out, but be it was nice to know either way he tried.

“Okay, we are getting nowhere,” Rhya **shook** his head in exasperation. “He’s annoying me. Leon, take him back to the dungeon. Now, please.”

Ethan looked saddened by the news, but I **was** grateful, I didn’t know how to feel about everything, **and** I had no real reason to believe the stranger in **front** of me, even if a part of me wanted to. A part of me wanted to believe that without me knowing, somebody cared about me, and tried, even if it didn’t work

The door shut, and I turned my chair around to look at my mate who hadn't moved from behind me. It was crazy that he went from being The Alpha King my bead **to** just Rhys. He was **just** my Rhys, and I was glad he was here.

"I'm sorry, Gracie." He let out an exasperated sigh. "I thought he would help empower you, **and reassure** you, and he did **was** make it worse and make you feel guilty."

I gave him a small inik.

"He **looks** like my father a bit," I told him thinking back on everyth

I remembered, "Especially his eyes, but I don't remember him at all. And nobody ever

mentioned to me that I had a brother, a twin, **but** I guess that doesn't mean **much** because they really didn't talk to **me** anyway."

"When I saw him," Rhys touched my face gently, "I thought his eyes looked like yours, so it's funny that you mention your father. But I think yours are far

prettier.

“I don’t know what to believe,” I confessed

“That’s okay.” **Rhys** told me. “You don’t have to **make** any choices right now. I just thought you **should** meet him, but I’m not **sure** that was the right choice based on how that went ”

I could feel the guilt rolling off him. “It should have been worse.” I shrugged as I stood up

He let out a little chuckle taking me by surprise and then pulled me into him. “You never cease to amaze me, Grace. He said in awe. “I promise that I

Chapter 58

hunt down every single person who has ever hurt you. They will pay for what they’ve

His finger thaved my stiles **as** I looked i

at bam, making me shiver, I didn

Alpha King Rhys here had changed everything for me. And I couldn't help but feel comforted just simply by being able to confide in my brother.

My eyes flicked to his lips, and knowing exactly what I wanted, he leaned in. His springtime scent filled my senses. His lips met mine. I deepened the kiss. His tongue asked for entrance into my mouth, and I made way for it. I might not know exactly where I was supposed to be.

Chapter Comments

POST COMMENT NOW

<SHARE

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 59

Rhys pushed me gently, backing me up until my butt hit the desk. In one fluid motion, he lifted me so I was sitting on it, without ever even breaking the kiss. I felt a flash of heat flood through me as I reached for his shirt.

An abrupt,reful knocking startled us both, and Rhys jumped back, pulling his shirt back into place. He glared at the door, but the knocking didn't stop. He ran a frustrated hand through his hair as he gave me an apologetic look and walked to the door.

***What** do you want?" He growled when he opened the door.

"Sorry to interrupt whatever work was clearly being done here," Sawyer said breathlessly with a slight smirk before turning serious again. "But there's someone here to see you."

"Tell them to go away." Rhys snapped at him.

"I don't think that's going to work, **Rhys**," Sawyer betoned, and I wondered what exactly was going on. "It's Allison."

"Allison?" I couldn't see Rhys' face, but I could hear the bewilderment and anger in his tone. "What is she doing here?"

"I don't know, but she won't leave till she sees you, She's downstairs in the meeting room. At least that's where I left her." Sawyer answered.

“I don’t understand,” I interrupted, jumping off the **desk**. “Who is Allison?”

I watched Rhys take a deep breath, **and** I could feel the amount of effort it **was** taking for him to keep **his** voice calm to talk to me.

he is one of my ex-fiancés. He answered, not meeting my eyes, okay?”

myself upset with that. “I have to go deal with this, I’ll see you in a bit,

I felt my face fall, but I tried to hide it. “Oh, uh **yea** sure,” I responded, but he didn’t wait for my reply, he was already gone.

y, Grace?” Sawyer asked when I didn’t move after a few moments.

“Are you okay,

I **nodded**, but didn’t say anything or move, I felt frozen **inside**. My brand-new mate was going off to see some other girl who **was** more than just a girl, she was an ex. An ex he apparently cared about.

“Come on, let’s go upstairs, and eat lunch in our suite?” He suggested, looking uncomfortable a

I **nodded**, and followed him out, but it felt like I was moving in slow motion. When we entered the suite, I sat down on one of the bar stools **as** Sawyer stared at what we had in the fridge

“Grilled Cheese?” He asked, and I **didn’t** as the pity in his eyes.

I nodded again. I didn’t really feel like talking much. The betrayal I felt at the moment was a little too great. We had literally been in the middle of something, and he chose to go to her instead.

Before I knew it there was a plate in front of me with a grilled cheese sandwich, grapes, and sour cream and onion chips, but I really wasn’t that hungry.

“Do you have any questions?” **Sawyer** asked, giving me the opportunity to talk about what was on my mind.

“Tell me about her,” I **said** after several beats of silence.

“As you heard **downstairs**, she is one of Rhys ex-lances, and her name is Allison. She was accepted into our pack **a** few years **ago**. **She** fell in love with **1** almost immediately and began doing crazy things for him. She betrayed her family and killed **her** own mate to **prove** her love. Not that it mattered though, Rhys never fell for her, never marked her or anything like that. He just let her live, which personally I **think** was a mistake that **is** coming back to bite it in

the butt 2

I smiled slightly at Sawyer’s last comment, but then a thought crossed my mind, and I needed to know if I was being crazy or if I **had** a reason to think the things that were running through my head,

“Why in she back?” I asked, my voice far more vulnerable **than** I would have **liked** to show,

Sawye sitbed, turning serious again. “I’m not sure.” The answered uneasily. “But my guess is that she feard about you-

“Great. I wasn’t being crotty.

“So, she’s trying to win back the Alpha King?” I asked, trying to sound casual, but Alpha King didn’t sound right anymore. However, I needed drun between us. If he **was** going to leave me, then I needed to start preparing myself, I knew who marked me this time, and this time, I **won’t** fo out alive if he decided he t want me in more ways than one.

“That would be my guess.” Sawyer answered with a frown as he stared at me. “But that’s not what she said when she showed up. But don’t worry, Rhys will

-handle it.”

We finished lunch in silence, and I was about to return to my room when Sawyer said, “Come on, let’s go for a walk,

it will do you good.”

I didn’t think it would change anything, but I agreed because my only other choice was to sit alone with my thoughts, which sounded less appealing than how much I was spiraling over someone who I had only just learned was my mate.

Sawyer was right though. The more I moved, the better I felt. The fresh air calmed my senses and allowed me to think clearer. I fell in love with gardens. I hadn’t realized they existed, but they did, and they were stunning.

“Sawyer! Grace!”

I turned at the sound of our names to see Beta Leon walking toward **us**.

“What’s wrong?” Sawyer questioned him immediately.

“I heard some rumors.” Leon started when he was close enough. “Do not let Allison anywhere near Grace. **Rhys** has marked her, making the situation even more precarious than it was before.”

At first, I didn’t realize what the mark had to do **with** anything, but as the Beta and Sawyer continued to talk, I realized what it meant. Since I was marked, she would have to kill me to get to Rhys. And **she** killed her own mate, **so** she would kill me without any hesitation. And I couldn’t even shift.

Chapter Comments

1

POST COMMENT NOW

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 60

I was turning as I made my way to the meeting room on the first floor, I should have known she would show up the second the

girl I was interested in. I was actually surprised that it took her this long time, since every other time she had been there within a few days of a petting. Tabouled have kiwi, hat I had been to caught up in Grace, that I had forgotten that I was the Alpha King, and I had to set like it

“Rhys!” Allison squealed as I walked through the apris doorway, and slammed the door shut. She was sitting on top of the desk with her feet on the chair like she owned the damn place. “I knew Sawyer was lying when he said you weren’t here. All you had to do was hear my name,

you’d come

nmning.”

She then proceeded to bare her unmarked neck at me, and I felt the anger inside rising.

“What are you doing here, Allison?” I growled

* came to see you, of **course**,” She giggled, and I noticed she was wearing a short black skirt and red top that her hoche practically bong of

“I have no interest in seeing you.” I responded in irritation. “I have no interest in being near you. I have no interest in you at all, Allison.

“But we were once **so** close... She pouted, sticking out her lip as if that would say my feelings. “I killed my mate for you, darling. Don’t you remember?” She asked as she slid off the desk, her already short skirt rising **as she** did so

“You did that for you, Allison. Not for me. Don’t confuse the two.” I stated coldly

It didn’t deter her though. She swayed her hips slightly as she moved toward me, trying to look sexy I would presume, but it only made me nauseous.

“Allison, I am not interested. I tried again, taking a step back..

She **was a** mere couple of feet away now

“Stop!” I let **my aura** come out a bit. “I have already marked another woman. I am not interested in you or

She froze in shock for a moment, but I knew that this information would only keep her at bay for so long.

your games. That is enough!”

“But you’ve never marked any of your fiances before. You always said you didn’t feel the need to.” Allison stammered. I knew she was shocked, but I also knew she was probably **already** trying to come up with her next move.

“This time was different.” I replied coolly, increasing the distance between us

“Well, it’s a mistake!” Allison shouted angrily, jealousy dripping from her voice. “You’ve made a big fucking **mistake.**”

“Think what you want.” I told her

She took a shaky breath before taking a step closer to me, and I frowned, that was not what I wanted to **happen,**

It's **okay**, baby." She said, **her** sultry voice back. "We can fix this. I can make this little problem you've created go away. Don't worry."

"There is nothing to fix, Allison. I am committed to my mate, and if you go anywhere near her, you will regret it. Am I clear?"

"But Rhys," She argued. "We **have** so much history. **You're** going to just throw it all away on a girl you just met? I saved you from my family, I killed my mate for you. I did everything to make you happy, and it doesn't mean anything to you?"

"No." I replied, irritation seeping through my voice that this wasn't over yet. "It's all ancient history. We didn't work out. It's over, **it's** been over. I let you **live**. Now leave, before your pestering gets on **my last** nerve, and you get a consequence you don't like."

"Where's Caleb?" She asked, looking around like he was just going to waltz right in here. "He'll **talk** some sense into you."

I turned to head **back** upstairs, ignoring her. She had no business in what was going on **between Caleb** and me. I needed to go find Grace to apologize for the rude interruption we had, and I would make it up to her, picking back up where we left off. After **taking** and seeing Allison **again**, I was so glad I never went through mating or marriage with her or any of the past women. None of them even compared to **Grace**. Grace was **made** for me, and it was obvious

Chapter 60

“Walti- Allbon **cried** out, grabbing my arm

forcing me to turn back.

I looked at her hand on **my** arm then back at her with a glare, and the

mediately let go

“**I** found a job in the **pack**, and you know how much I need me,” It wasn’t a question, but she was making it sound like me, and I knew the se helplessness, either hoping I’d tell her she didn’t have to work or that I’d tell her she could stay. “I intend to settle down now in the park. that.

“Are you?” **I** asked sarcastically.

“I am.” She answered, not recognizing it. “Please. I won’t bother your new mate. I just want to meet her and stay”

“No.” I answered flatly.

“What? Too afraid of what your people will think? Is she not presentable? Allison provoked. “Regretting your choices already?”

“Of course not.” I growled. “She is perfect..

n’t I meet her?” Allison prodded. “just one time, and I’ll go live my little life in the pack.”

“Then **why** can’t I

I rolled my eyes, but something about this felt off. Why on earth would she want to meet Grace? It didn’t needed to know what it was. The timing of her returning was **too** weird

“You can stay.” I found myself saying reluctantly.

“Oh, can she?”

any sense. She was up to something, and I

I whirled around to see Sawyer and Grace standing in the doorway, Leon not far behind them, looking absolutely horrified by what I had just agreed to

Chapter Comments



POST COMMENT NOW

<SHARE

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King