

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 71

Ethan frowned, his face held a similar expression that I think mirrored my own confusion. “Why would witches interact with Grace?” He asked but there was something off in his question that I couldn’t quite put my finger on, but it made me a hesitant to listen to anything else he had to say.

“I was hoping you would tell me,” Rhys prodded.

“I don’t understand.”

“I want to know if you know of any witches, or anything about witches interacting with

Grace.”

“No.” Ethan answered, but there was a little bit of panic in his voice that he was trying to hide. “No. The Blood Moon pack kept business very close to them. They really didn’t reach out to other packs. I mean, even you the Alpha King didn’t know

that they were Lycans. I had to fight tooth and nail to get every piece of information I could.”

“And that information was always about Grace?” Rhys tried.

“Usually.” Ethan was looking everywhere but at us. In fact, he was staring straight ahead at the leg of my chair, almost like he was lost in his memories. “I mean, I took any information I could get. So, sometimes it was pack related. Sometimes, it was Grace specific, but my informant could never get too close. They would never let him or anyone else to my knowledge get anywhere near Grace.”

“Why?” Rhys inquired; his voice held just enough curiosity to keep the tone light.

“Well, I assume it was because they didn’t want people asking questions about Grace. Kinsley was considered the legitimate heir, and Grace was Grace. As a child she was kind and gentle, and people generally liked her even though they rarely saw her. She was always helping with chores or just hidden away from sight. Kinsley was a lowkey monster from the beginning. She was demanding and entitled, especially as she got older it became more noticeable, so the only real option was to make Grace unavailable, logically

speaking.”

“But your informant didn’t tell you that,” Rhys stated. “You came up with your **own** conclusions on that?”

“Yes. My confidant was a teacher at the school, and he never saw Grace attend, but Kinsley did. And Kinsley often bragged that she was smarter than her sister. That her sister couldn’t even talk anymore, she was ‘that stupid’, let alone read or write. A lot of my information came from Kinsley herself whether the confidant heard her say it, or it was a rumor she started. She was the only reason any information about Grace ever got

out.”

He knew I couldn’t read or write? He knew I didn’t speak? He hadn’t seemed surprised when I talked to him in the office last week... Had he? Was I overthinking this or was this not adding up? He knew more about me than I knew about myself, and I hated it. He knew so much about me, but I couldn’t even formulate a single memory with him... I had no recollection of anybody else growing up with me. It made me uncomfortable, and I had to fight the urge to bolt.

“And who was this informant?” Rhys pressed.

“His name was Bryan Reed.” Ethan answered easily.

“And where is he now? Has he been in contact since Grace left Blood Moon?”

“As I told you before,” Ethan answered sharply, “He was executed shortly after the Luna

died.”

Bryan Reed... I knew that name, didn't I? I had heard some of the gossip about him when I was younger. His name was taboo now in the pack, wasn't it? He had been a young man, who all the girls had fawned over till his execution. I had rarely ever seen the man though... I had always been locked away if there were visitors or sent somewhere in the opposite direction. If it was the same man, anyway.

“Why would he have told you about me?” I asked, my voice was meek, but it was still my

voice.

Ethan's eyes flickered up to mine, and it was like I was looking at my father again, but with less hostility.

“He was a friend of the man who sort of raised me.” Ethan answered, his gaze

unwavering.

I nodded, but I felt nauseous. I couldn't quite put my finger on why, but this conversation wasn't sitting well with me.

pm

“Okay,” Rhys said, standing up, and putting his hand out again for me to take. “I think we’re done now. Thank you for your time.”

I could feel the emotions rolling off of Rhys as we exited the cell and headed back to the house. I couldn't quite place exactly what he was feeling, but it all felt conflicting and frustrating. I wished I could read him the same way he could read me, but I couldn't, and his face and body language were just as unreadable.

penny for your thoughts?” I asked after a while when I couldn't take the silence

hore.

just- I don't trust him.” Rhys answered after a long moment.

“I can't say I do either,” I confessed before asking. “But why don't you?”

“Partial truths do not equate to the whole truth, and his stories are too accurate at times for me to believe he knows as a little and as much as he says he does.” Rhys answered after carefully choosing his words.

I nodded, that made total sense to me. I had felt that my supposed brother knew far too much about me and yet very little about anything important. It didn't quite add up, but I also knew that I had been skeptical from the beginning and thought I might be too hard on him. Just because my memory of my life was weird didn't mean other people had the same problem.

“That makes sense,” I said after a moment. “But why are you so tense about it?”

“I'm not tense,” Rhys answered, but they were reflex words, rushed out and not thought

about at all.

“Do not lie to me, Alpha King Rhys,” I stopped in my tracks, forcing him to stop in his, and look at me, surprised by my boldness. In truth, I was surprised to. “I may not be literate, but I am not dumb. Are you keeping something from me?”

Chapter Comments

EJ

POST COMMENT

Why does Ethan keep referring to the man that took care of him as That man? It's like he's hiding something. Also, he mentioned earlier that Grace should've rightfully inherited the pack...

[View 1 Comment >](#)

2

LIKE

[The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King](#)

Chapter 72

A look of confliction crossed Rhys' face as I stared at him intensely, but I refused to back down. We were mates now officially. He had marked me. There were to be no more secrets between the two of us. I didn't want that. I knew that he always had reasons for what he did, but I didn't care. This was important. If it involved me, I deserved to know. I refused to be kept in the dark about my own self anymore. If anyone deserved to know anything,

it was me.

"Why don't we go back to the office and talk about it?" He asked reluctantly.

Fine."

1. n. So, he was keeping secrets. Great. When would he realize that I was not been through hell, yet he was still treating me like I would break. I would Never again would I let anyone treat me like I was inferior to them, especially fucking mate.

"Gracie..." He tried.

"No." I snapped at him. "I don't like that you're keeping things from me."

He nodded, an apologetic look crossing his features. It was sort of funny to me because it was very obvious to me that he didn't like that I was angry at him at all, but I wasn't ready to just forgive him because he agreed to tell me and looked apologetic. I needed more than that. Like the actual truth.

His thumb traced over my hand in attempt to defuse my anger, but it was a weak attempt.

We made the rest of the walk back to the house and up the millions of stairs to his office

in silence.

“I was thinking **we** could add your own desk in here,” He tried as he took his usual seat

and I took the one across from him, much to his distaste.

“Sure,” I answered, tapping my fingers against my chair to let him know that I was waiting. For the first time in my life, I felt like I had some power, and it felt freaking thrilling.

“I believe I told you I met with a witch a couple of weeks ago,” He started nervously.

“You did.”

“And I believe I told you that she wasn’t much help.” He fidgeted with the pen on his desk. It was odd to see the Alpha King so unsettled, but a part of me was thriving off of it.

“Well, when your heat ended, and you finally were able to sleep, I got up for a little while, unable to sleep anymore, and I was told by Leon that the witch was here in his office, and he wasn’t sure what to do.” He paused for a moment. “I obviously, have been trying to track her down since she had disappeared so suddenly before, but I had had no luck and then just as suddenly she was in my pack, in my own fucking house.”

“Okay...” I said slowly, remembering how Rhys had just asked Ethan about witches just a few minutes ago. I felt bad for losing my temper. It seemed this information had only been discovered a few hours ago, and I had been asleep. He might have been just waiting for a good time to tell me, and I hadn’t really given him the chance. “And what did she say?”

“She said a lot... So, the witch who I met with is one of the people who bound you... She says she did it twice at your mother, Louanne’s, discretion. She was told that you were able to shift since birth, and that it was to protect you, since you couldn’t hold your head up, let alone control your shifts. I’ve never heard of anyone ever being able to shift from birth. I’ve never heard of anyone under the age of 5 ever being able to shift. And I thought maybe this was common among Lycans, but since it frightened your mom enough to call a witch, I’m leaning toward that it is not common...”

I leaned away from Rhys, and back into my chair. My own mother was the reason I had been bound? She didn't trust her own kid to figure it out eventually? Was I that horrible of a child? Was that why I couldn't remember much?

“The witch, Sandra, believes that you have powerful alpha energy that far surpasses that of your sister, Kinsley. Most of the time, if you are going to bind someone like that, it only ever takes once. However, you needed a second binding almost immediately after the first was placed. She said you had started breaking out of it, so she bound you again.” Rhys took a deep breath, his eyes never leaving mine before continuing. “She claimed she wasn't exactly sure when, but she was called upon again. And she said that time she refused to be a part of it. The excuse that you were too young, seemed to have worn its purpose, and was no longer good enough. She also said it was someone different asking this time, not your mom because she had passed by that time, but she didn't know who was requesting it. Sandra also says she knows they reached out to other witches when she

5:18 pm G

refused, and she claims she only knows of one of other binding that you had, but there

potentially could have been more...”

I sucked in a sharp breath, trying to stop the rage that was coursing through my soul at

these revelations.

“Did I ever hurt anyone when I shifted?” I asked, hoping the answer was yes so that I could understand why they did it.

ot to my knowledge, love,” Rhys responded gently.

Then why would they do that to me? My own mother...”

“I think your energy is more powerful than Kinsley’s and it worried people. Your mother wasn’t alive for all those bindings, so I’d like to think the first time, she might have really

done it to protect you. But my guess is that once certain people realized your power, they did everything they could to contain it by any means necessary.”

“And that’s probably why they all hurt me too.” I said sadly. I couldn’t shake the hurt I

felt. I mean, my own freaking mother. How could she hurt her baby like that? Didn’t she

love me? Her own daughter? Didn't anyone care how much damage this would all cause?

"I would assume they were afraid of your power, and therefore made you a target, yes."

Rhys answered hesitantly.

Anger surged through me again, overriding the sadness again. How dare they?! I was just

a child, and they took advantage of my abilities and made me weak! They didn't care who they destroyed if it gave them power!

I stood up and slammed my fists into Rhys' desk. "I want to take them all down!
And I

hope they all die miserable deaths in the near future!"

Chapter Comments

EJ

POST COMMENT

I hope I'm wrong about this but, I think maybe her brother just wanted to find Grace so he could use her power to take over the pack.

View 1 Comment >

LIKE

<SHARE

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 73

I looked at Grace in surprise. I had never seen her this angry before... In fact, I don't think I had ever seen her angry at all. If I had it was nothing compared to

this. Her blue eyes didn't hide her emotions at all, the rage burning in them both worried and excited me. It was almost thrilling to see Grace in such a different light.

"Don't worry, my love." I told her as I moved to crouch in front of her, my hand caressing her face gently. "I will make them pay. We will make them pay for ever daring to mess with you."

"I'm serious, Rhys," She stated, pushing me away a little. "It's not fair. They ruined my life. Everything could have been different. I could have been different. They didn't have to treat me like they did. I didn't deserve that."

"I know, love." I tried again, pulling her into me this time. "That's why we're going to get you unbound, and we are going to keep biding our time till we have all our pieces together, and then we are going to go on the attack and anyone who has ever messed with you mentally or physically, they are going to pay. I promise."

She closed her eyes, but her tension didn't ease. She still felt stiff in my arms, and I didn't like it, nor did I really know how to help her.

"It's just not fair..." She sighed, deflating.

"I know. You didn't deserve anything that's happened to you." I ran my fingers through her hair combed through it as gently as I could. I pecked her forehead just as a knock at the door startled both of us apart.

I pulled her back to me and called out to the knocker to come in.

“Hey, am I interrupting?” Sawyer asked, looking hesitantly between myself and Grace.

“No, we were just talking,” I answered. “Why? What’s up?”

“Arlo and I were heading to the city for supplies, and we were wondering if Grace would like to join us?” Sawyer asked, hesitantly, his eyes flickering to mine, just for a moment.

I forced myself not to tense. This was a big moment for Grace, and I needed to respect that.

5:19 pm **G**

“I don’t know...” A little frown graced her face, and I pecked her forehead again. “I’ve hardly been outside... I can’t remember ever going to a city before.”

“Well, this would be a good opportunity then,” I encouraged even though I didn’t love the idea. “Arlo and Sawyer will both be there and will be able to protect you if anything Goddess forbids happened.”

“What’s the city like?” She asked, her voice small as she contemplated my words.

“Well, it’s busy,” Sawyer answered easily, leaning back against the doorframe. I had to fight to not to roll my eyes at his attempt to look casual. “And a little chaotic, but it’s nothing crazy. There are just more cars and more people everywhere, and everything is just a little bit bigger.”

She nodded, thoughtfully, before turning back toward me. Her big blue eyes met mine, but I could see the worry in them.

“What do you think? Is it safe to go to?” She asked.

I smiled at her and brushed a loose strand of hair from her face, I couldn’t help it. I had already answered both of those questions, but she had been too surprised to really hear

them.

“It’s neutral territory, about as safe as you can be outside the pack, and Sawyer and Arlo will both be there if anything was to happen.” I repeated my earlier answer. “But I can’t make the decision for you, love.”

“It’ll be fun,” Sawyer coaxed, “And if you want to leave at any time because you feel uncomfortable, we will leave, no questions asked.”

“Are you sure it’s okay for me to go?” She asked me again and my heart clenched a little, but I did my best to still smile. I didn’t want her out of my sight for even a second these days, but that wasn’t sustainable or necessary. She had spent her whole life cooped up. I couldn’t do the same just because it made me feel better, and as much as I wanted to go

with her, I had work to do still.

“I’m sure.” I told her. “Go and have fun. I want to hear all about it when you get back.”

She beamed at me as she stood up. To my surprise, she pecked my lips before turning back toward Sawyer and off to places she had never been before. I knew Sawyer and Arlo

19 pm Ga

would take care of her, but I worried.

I tried to get some work done for a good half hour after my door shut behind them, but all I did was stare at my computer screen. The next thing I knew I was mindlinking Leon to come to my office. I knew I wouldn't be able to get anything done until I put my mind at ease over letting her go without me.

"You called?" Leon smirked as he entered my office.

"Shut up." I growled at him.

"Rumor has it that you let Arlo and Sawyer take Grace to the city." Leon cut straight to the chase, telling me that he had already guess why I had called him.

"Tell me I didn't make a mistake in letting her out of my sight." I said, getting up to pour

us both a glass of whiskey.

"This was the perfect opportunity for her to get some new experiences in a controlled way. If she is going to be Luna, she cannot be in awe over everything every time. This will help her grow more independent, and get some basic experiences with the public in a way that doesn't really matter."

“But she’s a Lycan.” I argued. “Ethan says they can sense each other. What if her old pack senses her out of my territory and thinks she’s fair game? What if she doesn’t know to look both ways before crossing a street? We’ve never talked about safety things!”

Leon sighed. “Do you want me to catch up to them and keep an eye of things?”

I sucked in a breath. Yes. That was exactly what I wanted. Was it dishonorable on my end to not trust my mate and my Gamma, my own brother? Was I being overreactive?

I knew the answer even as the words left my mouth, but I said them anyway. “Yes but be discreet. Don’t let them see you, and I want updates every few minutes. I want to know where they are at all times and if you sense any trouble, you tell me and you get her out

of there.”

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 74

I left the office with Sawyer and headed straight back to my room. I wanted to change into one of my cuter outfits and do something with my hair if I was going to go out into the real world. I knew it didn't really matter how I looked, but I was the Alpha King's mate now. I didn't want to unintentionally embarrass him on my first real outing.

Sawyer patiently waited till I was ready and then we headed down to meet Arlo by the car. The car still scared me a bit, but I wasn't going anywhere that was a threat to me. Rhys wouldn't have allowed that, so I tried to breathe as I stepped into it. However, I couldn't stop myself from bouncing with anxiety and excitement as we neared the city. The only time I could remember going to anything that even resembled a city was when I was probably about 8 when my dad took me for ice cream. It was my only real memory of anything and even it was blurry.

"Are you excited?" Arlo asked as the streets began to get more crowded and the building quintupled in size, forcing me to look up if I wanted to see them in full.

"I don't know." I answered nervously. I had a feeling in the pit of my stomach that I shouldn't have come, but I knew that was just my anxiety talking.

"The city is one of my favorite places," Arlo told me with a smile as he met my eyes through the rearview mirror. "I grew up not far from here, so I came all the time."

"Why?" I asked with a frown. There were so many people and so many streets and so many things, I couldn't really understand why anyone would want to come here.

“It was something to do.” Arlo laughed as we pulled into a parking garage. “The city was big and exciting and as a young pup there was so much to do here and so much to see, and me and my friends found all sorts of trouble in the area.”

I smiled, imagining a younger Arlo running down the streets of the city with his friends. It must have been nice to have a normal life, a normal childhood.

“So why are we here?” I asked.

“Well, the pack needs some supplies,” Sawyer answered, getting out of the car and opening my door for me. “We like to be self-sufficient the best we can, so we own several businesses in the area which we will check in on, and I need some medical stuff that I can

only pick up here.”

I nodded feeling immediately overwhelmed. The cars around us were all parked, and if I

felt this terrified in a parking garage, then I was not looking forward to how terrifying the

street was going to be.

“Just stay close,” Sawyer said as he offered me his arm which I took gratefully.
“The city is

as safe as a city can be, but it does still have dangers. If you want to leave at any time,

just say the word and we’ll go. But if you see anything you want, feel free to grab it. This is Rhys’ card,” He handed me a little black card that I had never seen before. I had never

had money before. “It will buy you literally whatever you want, and there is no spending

limit.”

“No limit?”

“No limit.” Sawyer smiled. “So, whatever you want to get, it’s yours.”

“That’s sweet, but I can’t spend Rhys’ money.” I argued.

“It’s your money now too,” Sawyer laughed as we made our way to the street.

Chapter Comments

LIKE

POST COMMENT NOW

<SHARE

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 75

I nodded, but knew I wasn’t going to spend a dime of his money, especially without him here to know it. It was too much for our brand–new relationship which felt rocky and

stable all at once.

“First thoughts?” Arlo asked as we started down the street.

“Busy,” I said immediately, curling myself a little more into Sawyer. “And smells funny.”

“That is the smell of business,” Arlo laughed.

“And fun,” Sawyer added as we turned and entered into one of the big buildings.

But I didn't see the fun part, and that feeling only intensified as we entered what I assumed to be a mall even though I had never been to one before. I could see entrances to stores lining the hallway for as far as I could see, and people just pushed their way past us without a second thought. I curled my fingers into Sawyer's shirt. I did not want to get separated from him and Arlo. I would never find my way back.

We entered a store a little ways down the hallway, and I immediately saw a little bit of everything. There were clothes to my left, toys to my right, and anything else I could imagine further down. Arlo grabbed a cart, and with my free hand I held onto it for dear

life.

Arlo gave me a reassuring smile, but I felt overwhelmed. Even though the store was slightly less crowded than the corridor, it was still busy. Why would anyone find this fun?

We didn't really shop in the store though, instead, we went straight to the back and picked up several large packages and loaded them to the cart. We then moved on to the next store and did much of the same thing, though this time, we browsed what was in the store a little more and any time the guys saw my eyes linger on anything, they asked me if I wanted it and I'd have to politely decline.

"You're not having very much fun, are you?" Arlo asked after a while.

"I'm fine," I squeaked out.

"Come on, I know a spot," Arlo said, passing the cart off to Sawyer and taking my arm the way Sawyer had.

I followed him out of the store, and then out of the building. We took a side street to a much less crowded area, and he led me into a beautiful bookstore that was filled top to bottom with books and next to no people. I breathed a sigh of relief.

“Go on,” Arlo smiled as he let go of my arm. “Go explore. I’ll be here.”

I nodded and gave him a smile. I knew my reading was limited, but the books were all so beautiful. I hoped to find some books that would help me better my skills. I casually browsed the shelves before finding myself in the non-fiction section. There was a book with a dragon on it, and I wondered if it was about mythical creatures.

I turned to ask Arlo about it, but he was no longer in my line of sight.

“Arlo?” I called out as panic began to set in and I raced among the shelves. No Arlo, no Arlo, no Arlo. I was nearly to the end of the shelves when I began to feel abandoned. Had he trapped me?

I rounded the last corner when I saw him face down on the ground, unmoving, with Kinsley standing over him with the biggest smirk on her face.

“Well, hello, sister,” She smirked, and I couldn’t help but scream.

Chapter Comments

LIKE

POST COMMENT NOW

< SHARE

5:19 pm **G**

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King.

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 76

I stared at Kinsley in shock. A large part of me wanted to run, but a part of me knew it would be fruitless. If Kinsley was here, then there were probably others, and she was almost positively faster than me. Plus, I couldn't leave Arlo. I didn't know him very well, but I felt the strong need to protect him, at least in whatever way I could. It probably wouldn't be much, but I got him into this mess... The least I could do was not abandon

him...

“Miss me?” Kinsley flashed me her sadistic smile as she stepped over Arlo toward me. “There really is no reason to scream. No one is coming to save you.”

“What are you doing here, Kinsley?” I asked, fighting to keep my voice from shaking.

“Uh uh,” She shook her finger at me, and I took a step back. “It’s Luna Kinsley to you, bitch, now that you’re speaking again. I did not miss the sound of your annoying ass

voice.”

“Respectfully, I am not a part of your pack anymore,” I answered as I took a step back.

Kinsley laughed coldly. “You will always be a part of our pack, Grace. We’ve missed you.” She was so insincere it almost hurt. “Alpha Adrian can’t for your return.”

A chill ran down my spine at the mention of Alpha Adrian. I would rather die here this

afternoon than return to what I had lived with for all those years ago before. I didn't want

to be the punching bag of the pack again. I couldn't go back to that.

I looked around for a weapon of any sort. We were surrounded by paperback books, but

they wouldn't do much damage they, they would only buy 'time, and I was too weak to be able to break apart a shelf quick enough to make it a weapon. I wish I had spent more time training with Rhys! Maybe then I would know how to get out of here!

"I'm not going back." I told her firmly.

"You say that like you have a choice."

"I do." I said boldly. "And I'm telling you that I am not going back."

Kinsley rolled her eyes and took another step toward me. "Letting you go with the Alpha King has made you forget your place," She said coldly. "You have become bold after all

this time, but don't worry, we'll fix that right up."

I stared into her blue eyes that looked so much like mine, refusing to back down. If I was going down, I was going to go down swinging. The longer I stared into her eyes though, the more I saw Ethan in them. The more I saw my father. Kinsley had never really looked like either of her parents except for her eyes. The eyes that all three of us kids seemed to share. The difference was her eyes were the coldest, and I hated staring into them.

"Good girl," She patted my cheek when I didn't respond, and she took my silence as a victory. "Now we are going to walk out of this store and get into the red car down the

street without a whole scene."

No. No. I wouldn't be going with her. In here, I was at least alone with her. At least it didn't feel like there were any other people in the bookstore. Out there though, I didn't

know who would be waiting for me, and I didn't really want to find out.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Arlo start to stir. I wondered if she had managed to

drug him or if she had caught him completely off guard in a fight. Both weren't good options, but maybe one was better than the other. If he was stirring, then maybe he would

be able to help. I just had to buy some time. I also tried to send my emotions to Rhys. I

didn't quite know how to do it or if it would work this far away, but it was worth a try... I

had never wanted to mindlink anyone as bad I wanted to right now.

"Kinsley," I tried, "If you do anything to me, I am the Alpha King's mate. He will retaliate

against you."

“You are no one’s mate!” Kinsley shrieked before trying to calm herself, and saying in a calmer voice, “The Alpha King has had a whole slew of mates before you, he moved on

from them the same way he will move on from you.”

“He marked me, Kinsley,” I told her, but my voice was small, and my confidence was waning. What if Arlo didn’t wake up in time? “I’m different than those other girls. He will

care.”

“You ruin everything!” Kinsley screeched. “You will pay for everything you have done, and I can promise you that you will wish you had never been born!”

Everything then happened so fast, I barely had time to process any of it. Kinsley lunged at me as I stumbled backward into a shelf. Arlo was on his feet, his arms wrapping Kinsley’s neck. And someone jumped in front of me, shielding me from whatever Kinsley had been

planning to do.

“You might want to cooperate if you want to live a little longer,” A familiar voice called out, immediately putting me at ease.

“Who are you?” She asked breathlessly, struggling uselessly against Arlo’s grip.

Arlo looked a little pale, but otherwise unharmed, which I was glad to see.

“Beta Leon from the Alpha King’s pack.” Leon answered, looking over his shoulder at me to make sure I was okay. I gave him a small nod; grateful he arrived when he did. “And you will be coming back with us for questioning.”

“I was only chatting with my dear sister,” Kinsley tried to play the innocent card, but neither Arlo or Leon were falling for it.

“Yea, tell me all about it when we get to the dungeon,” Leon brushed her off.

“Do you even know who I am?!” Kinsley argued even though she was in no position to. “My husband, Alpha Adrian of the Blood Moon pack will not stand for this! You are messing with the wrong pack!”

“Go ahead,” Leon smirked. “Show us why we shouldn’t mess with you, break out of his hold. Shift into the monster you think you are!”

Chapter Comments

EJ

POST COMMENT

Had me worried there for a minute. I was kinda hoping she would get mad enough and shift. lol

[View All 2 Comments >](#)

LIKE

S

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

5:19 pm **G**

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Kinsley seemed to hesitate, and I felt myself waver slightly. If she was Lycan, she could have shifted and destroyed the three of us without us even having a chance. But instead, her eyes kept flickering to mine. She couldn't shift without revealing that she wasn't Lycan or revealing that she was and either way it was lose-lose for her. And the way her eyes kept flickering to me, I realized it was probably the former.

"Come on, Grace," She pleaded. "Tell them it was all in just good fun. I didn't mean any

harm."

I shook my head no, my mind reeling. Ethan had said that we were twins. Ethan looked like Dad. Ethan was abandoned. I was bound. Kinsley wasn't Lycan. Ethan and I supposedly were Lycan. Blood Moon pack was Lycan. Something wasn't adding up, and I felt stuck, but whatever it was, Kinsley seemed to have known it this whole time. I felt

sick to my stomach.

“Grace, I’m your sister!” Kinsley shouted. “Tell these buffoons that this was a misunderstanding and have them let me go.”

“I told you already, I’m not going back.” I said steadily, my nails pressing so deep into my own skin I was sure it was going to leave marks.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Kinsley tried to sneer at me, but it honestly just looked pathetic since Arlo had such a tight grip on her. “As if anyone would want you.”

“Watch you your mouth, girl,” Arlo warned, squeezing her a little tighter, her face paling a little. “Just because your pack didn’t value Grace, doesn’t mean our pack doesn’t. And if

you continue to antagonize her, I won’t hesitate to do some damage before we ever even

get to the dungeons.”

Kinsley whimpered, and Arlo began to drag her toward the entrance showing that he was

ready to go.

“Are you okay?” Leon asked, looking me over, letting us hang back a minute.

I nodded, not trusting my voice now that I was safe.

“Stay close to me, okay? I’ve already mindlinked Rhys what’s going on, and we’re going to get you out of here safely. But whatever happens, do not leave my side or my sight, got

it?”

I nodded again; grateful he was taking this security issue seriously. It did little to ease my fear, but it was nice to have support in this moment unlike what would have happened in

the past.

“Guys, you might want to see this.” Arlo called out from the other side of the store.

Leo put his arm around me protectively, and we began to move quickly through the

shelves.

“What’s wrong?” Leon asked, his **voice** clear and strong as we approached.

“The bitch killed the store clerk, there’s blood everywhere.” Arlo grumbled, but he was looking a little pale and sick. I wasn’t sure if he was feeling everything or if the sight of a

dead body had him looking sick.

“Here, give me the girl, you go and check the store. Make sure there are no other

casualties, or injuries.”

Leon released me, but didn’t leave my line of sight as he approached to switch out Arlo. I could tell he wasn’t taking any chances with Kinsley, and Arlo was looking more and more unsteady, so I knew he was just giving Arlo the out. There had been no one in the store when we had come in. Leon grabbed Kinsley by the wrists, pinning them behind her back. He kept as much distance as he could between himself and her while still keeping her

secure as if she disgusted him.

Arlo did a quick sweep of the inside of the store before giving the all clear, and we headed

to toward the front door.

“Arlo, you’re going to stay and make sure this place is cleaned up and explain what’s going on when the clean-up crew gets here, and I am going to take Grace and Kinsley back to the pack, but where the hell is Sawyer?”

“He was going to continue his –” Suddenly Arlo’s words were cut off and he was pulled out

of our sight as the door slammed behind him and a rush of wind hit us.

“Fuck.” Leon muttered and grabbed Kinsley with just one hand and me with the other. He was taking no chances of us getting separated, which I appreciated.

We stepped out into the wind, and my eyes immediately landed on Arlo who was laying on the ground looking like he was going to throw up, and Alpha Adrian was standing behind him, one foot on Arlo and one on solid ground with a smug look on his face.

Leon stopped and secured both hands on Kinsley, but not before making me grab his shirt.

“What exactly is your plan here?” Leon demanded, his voice cold.

“It’s simple.” Adrian sneered. “You are going to give me Kinsley or Grace, and I will let your friend go.”

tightened my grip on Leon’s shirt and closed my eyes. If they wanted information from Kinsley, I would have to offer myself up. I couldn’t let Arlo go with them, no matter how scared I was. This was an opportunity, and I could see that Leon was hesitating. I had to do this. I had to.

I slowly unclenched my fingers from Leon’s shirt and straightened myself out. I could do this...

Leon’s hand immediately shot out for me when he noticed I let go and I looked up at him with wide eyes. Leon shook his head no, ever so slightly, and reestablished my grip onto

his shirt.

“No tricks.” Leon growled, and I saw Sawyer in the distance, pushing a large cart.

“Of course,” Adrian answered, pulling Arlo up to his feet.

Suddenly Arlo was shoved toward Leon and I and Kinsley was released, and I felt a tug on my arm, and I wasn’t sure who was reaching for me, but I was glad I had Leon’s shirt to hold me in place.

Sawyer sprinted toward us when he saw what was going on, but it was over. Adrian and Kinsley were already halfway down the street.

“Arlo?” Leon prodded him, but he was unconscious again, Leon was holding him up.

“What the hell happened?” Sawyer demanded, his face showing his surprise.

“We will talk about it later. I can’t believe you split up from them,” Leon growled angrily.

“Take Arlo and Grace home, I will clean up this mess.”

I fought the tears that threatened. It was all my fault that this had happened. I sat in silence the whole car ride back to the pack. I knew Sawyer kept trying to talk to me, but I couldn't hear him. I felt numb. How close had I been to losing everything again?

I had managed to keep myself in check, but as soon as we pulled into the checkpoint and I saw Rhys standing at the edge of the border, I threw open the car door and sprinted into his arms and completely lost it...

Chapter Comments

LIKE

POST COMMENT NOW

<SHARE

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

I paced the border anxiously. I hadn't heard from Leon in a while, but I also knew he was staying behind to clean up the mess and Sawyer was the one travelling

back. I was trying not to be angry until I had the full story, and only they could tell me it, but I wanted to murder my brother for ever letting Grace out of his sight. This was supposed to have been a safe trip for Grace. She had enough trauma to last a lifetime, and now, I worried our fragile trust might be broken.

I felt her near before I saw the car at the checkpoint. I had to fight every instinct to not rush to her. I didn't want to overwhelm her or make everything a bigger deal than it was and scar her more. The car was barely stopped when the door was thrown open and she barreled out of it right into my arms.

I lifted her into my arms and breathed easily for the first time since she had left my sight

all those hours ago.

"It's okay," I stroked her hair, and tried to calm my own racing heart. "It's okay, I'm here. I'm here. You're safe now."

Her sobs raked through her body, and I did my best to soothe her. I couldn't imagine what she was feeling right now. What was coming through our bond, I didn't want to feel. It was all so overwhelming. I knew I couldn't make it better, all I could do was hold her and tell her that she was safe now. It wasn't enough, but nothing ever would be in moments

like this.

Her sobs eventually started to subside, and I knew she was beginning to calm.

“Are you hurt at all?” I asked, pulling back a little so I could actually look at her.

She shook her head no and closed the distance between us, but the question seemed to spark her back to reality a little.

“Arlo,” It was barely a whisper, but I knew what she wanted.

“Is he hurt?” I asked.

“Yes,” She paused before saying, “Well I don’t know, maybe drugged, maybe hurt, I

couldn’t tell...”

5:19 pm GE

“Can we go check?” I asked, glad she had felt safe enough to want to come to me, but upset that if Arlo was hurt, we had delayed his treatment.

She nodded, and I helped her back to her feet, and away from the tree we had taken refuge under.

“How’s Arlo?” I asked my brother as we got into the car to take us back to the packhouse.

“He’s healing, but slowly. He should be fine in a few hours. I want to take him back to the clinic just to be sure. And maybe run a few tests.”

I nodded, and I felt Grace relax a little against me as Sawyer climbed back into the front seat and began to drive.

“Have you heard from Leon?” I asked, trying to keep my voice light for Grace.

“Yes. He said that our people had arrived, and he was waiting on security footage, but the clean-up is pretty much done.”

I nodded my approval and began to make plans for next steps over mindlink with several other pack members as Grace continued to silently try and pull herself together.

When the car finally came to a stop, several wolves came with a gurney to take Arlo to the clinic with Sawyer, and Grace and I made our way up to my office where we would be able to talk freely. My office was as protected as it came, and I didn't think we needed eavesdropping wolves when it came to such a sensitive topic.

Grace sat in her usual chair, and I sat in mine, but it felt too far now.

"I'm never going to the city ever again!" Grace exclaimed now that it was just us, her eyes still red-rimmed from the tears.

"Can you tell me what happened, my love?" I prompted.

"It was so busy and chaotic, I hated it from the beginning. But we were there because the pack needed stuff, so I was trying to just give myself time to adjust, but it never got better. So, Arlo eventually sensed I wasn't having a good time, so he told me he knew a place that I would like, and we went to a bookstore, while Sawyer finished the shopping. And I did like the bookstore better, but then all the sudden, Arlo was gone and when I went to find him, Kinsley was there and he was unconscious..." She looked like she was

going to cry again, so I moved so I was right in front of her as I leaned on my desk. I could feel the guilt she was feeling rolling off of her in waves, and I hated it.

“Then what happened?” I asked.

And she told me everything she remembered. How she was glad Leon showed up and how they found the clerk and how when they went to leave, Arlo took the brunt of everything again.

“It’s not your fault.” I told her gently.

“My sister said that they couldn’t wait to see me again, especially Adrian, and that makes me sure that this is my fault, though I’m not sure what she meant by that. Also, I think she proved Ethan right a bit because she refused to shift, and if she was a monster like she was supposed to be, she would have been able to get out of that situation with no trouble. I also think she’s known the whole time; she just didn’t seem to want me to

know.” She confessed all in one breath, telling me that she was starting to really process

the events that had occurred.

I nodded, thinking about what she was saying. Some things were really starting to add up

while others seemed to just leave me feeling more confused. Was Grace really the legitimate daughter of the last Alpha of the Blood Moon Pack?

“Did you have any premonitions or feelings that your sister would show up? Like did you feel any different?”

She frowned slightly as she thought about it, before finally saying, “No, I was just anxious as I had been the whole trip. The whole time I felt like something bad was going to

happen, but I just thought I was being crazy.”

My mind was reeling, and a frightening thought crossed my mind as I remembered

something Ethan had said before. Could Grace have unconsciously been linking with the

Lycans? Ethan had said they could sense each other, and even though hers was still

bound, maybe they could sense her...

Finally, after debating with myself for a bit, I decided to ask her the question that was weighing heavily on my mind. I carefully crafted my question. “Do you remember how Ethan said Lycans can sense each other? And do you think maybe that’s how they found

you?”

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 79

Grace’s face immediately paled as she pondered my questions, and I watched her squirm in her chair a bit as she fought whatever battle was occurring in her head.

“I don’t know,” She answered finally, her voice shaking. “I didn’t feel anything, but I don’t know how else they would have known I was there.”

The guilt she had been feeling intensified, and I almost immediately regretted asking my

question.

“Even if they did ‘track’ you, it’s not your fault.” I told her seriously, moving to hold her as tears threatened her big blue eyes again.

“I just –” She couldn’t stop the tears that came, and I immediately moved, pulling her into my lap and running my fingers through her hair in an attempt to soothe her.

“You just what?” I asked her to continue when she didn’t.

“I just, I don’t know very much about the Lycan things. I never imagined myself even having a wolf, let alone a monster inside of me, yet that possibility seems more and more

likely.”

“Why are you so afraid of turning into your true self?” I asked, not fully understanding

her fear.

“I don’t want to be a monster,” She sobbed, clutching at my shirt. “I don’t want to be the reason innocent people get hurt or die!”

“Gracie, just because you are a Lycan, doesn’t mean people will think you a monster,” I tried, regretting that I asked any of my recent questions since they just seemed to just

make her more and more upset.

“No **one** will love a monster. You’re the Alpha King, you can’t be mated to a Lycan.’ She

argued.

I regretted asking my questions. I hadn’t meant for her to spiral like this, or question our relationship again. I reached over, and held her face gently, so she was looking right at me before saying, “Gracie, I don’t care if you are Lycan or werewolf. I don’t care if you are the Alpha and Luna’s daughter or the Mistress’s. The only thing I care about is who you

are as a person. And you are strong and kind, and smart. And that is all I care about.”

She looked like she wanted to believe me, but then she shut down again. “You say that now, but if we unbound me, I fear your answer will change.”

“It won’t,” I kissed her forehead attempting to reassure her, “But I guess I’ll just have to prove it to you over and over again that I will love you for forever. I chose you, Grace. In this lifetime and every one after.”

She giggled slightly into my chest, and I breathed her in. I was so incredibly grateful that she was safe and unharmed.

“Come on,” I encouraged lightly, “You’ve had a crazy day. Why don’t you go rest?”

She hesitated and I realized that she probably thought I was pushing her away again. The walk to our room was made in silence, but once we got there, I laid down next to her and began to just talk about my day till all the scary stuff happened. I wanted her to know the mundane of my life and I wanted to know hers.

I waited till she fell asleep and headed off to see Arlo. He was the first one to have run into Kinsley and Adrian. He was the one who had gotten hurt both times. I knew it was probably unlikely, but what if he was in league with them and that’s how they were ambushed? I trusted Arlo... But what if that had been a mistake?

I sighed and made my way into the clinic. Sawyer was running around, clearly in the middle of something, but the receptionist was able to take me straight to Arlo, I didn’t even have to ask.

He was laying in the hospital bed, still looking pale, but was now alert and oriented compared to the car earlier.

“Hey Arlo, how ya feeling?” I asked, trying to keep my emotions in check.

“A lot better, thanks,” He answered. “Look, I know how it looks, but I swear to you that I had nothing to do with this. I took Grace to the bookstore because she was so overwhelmed by the crowds are the stuff, and everything around. I knew the bookstore would be less crowded; I go there quite frequently. Grace was in my line of sight the whole time, I was looking for some books to help her with her reading, but I also wanted her to explore and find her own interest. I was looking at a book, when I think it was Kinsley, but I didn’t see a face, stabbed something into my neck...” He took a breath

before continuing. “The next thing I remember is that Kinsley and Grace were talking, and I got up as soon as I could feel my body, and then Leon was there. Thank goddess because I’m not sure I could have gotten us out of there. I did a search of the store, and we headed out to leave, but that’s when Alpha Adrian ambushed me, and I fell unconscious again, and I don’t know what happened after that... The next thing I knew I was in the car and then I woke again here in the hospital.”

“Thanks.” I told him earnestly. His story matched Grace’s which made me feel better. “I

trust you. I'm just trying to figure out how they found her, especially so quickly. But take the rest of the day off and feel better."

Arlo nodded, and I felt a little better after talking to him, but then the uneasiness returned and I found myself walking the familiar steps to the dungeon.

"Ethan," I called out as I reached his cell. He was sitting on his cot with a book in his

hand looking well, but I didn't feel like entering the cell today.

"Hi, no Grace today?" He asked, closing the book.

"No. I have a question for you." I told him seriously, and his face immediately got serious.

"Okay..."

"Could Grace be consciously or unconsciously linking with her old pack?" I asked after a

long moment of me trying to figure out how to phrase the question.

“She’s still bound, right?” Ethan asked.

“Yes.”

“Then I would say no,” Ethan answered after a moment of thought. “That would be nearly

impossible, even for someone of her power.”

“Tell me Ethan, what exactly makes her so powerful? Why is she so unique that people

are literally seeking her out? What does she offer that they want so freaking bad?”

The Unwanted Daughter’s Alpha King

The Unwanted Daughter's Alpha King

Chapter 80

Ethan stared at me for a long moment. I knew that I wasn't hiding my frustration with everything well... Or at all. And to me he was the only one who could really give me any information, but he seemed about as lost as I was.

"Honestly," He started, but I could see the worry on his face with my question. I hadn't told him that Grace had had a run in with Kinsley, but I also knew with these questions, he was starting to piece things together and was worried like I was. "I don't know specifics. Everything I have gathered has been gathered second or third hand information, and a lot of digging, and through books and folklore. None of it is known to be for sure

true."

"But what do you know?" I tried pleading for anything that could help me protect my

Grace.

"Just that she must be extremely powerful for Kinsley and Adrian to go through so much trouble to neutralize her... They would have to be quite scared I think to go through such trouble to even maybe get their hands on her."

“But how did they know she was near?” I asked, running my hand through my hair frustratedly.

“She’s safe now, right?” Ethan asked, ignoring my question.

I debated giving him an answer, but decided that if I wanted his help, I thought it was only fair to give him some information if I expected him to help me.

“She’s resting right now. She was lucky to get out of there unharmed.”

“You know I’m trusting you to protect her... And you’re not doing such a good job...”

“I’m doing my best with the information I have.” I snapped at him. “And you are in no position to talk about protecting her considering you got caught and are in a prison cell.”

Ethan glared at me, but we both knew it was the truth. He had struggled to protect her for far longer than I had even known about her existence, let alone fallen in love with her. I had to give him some credit, he had kept decent tabs on her, and he had done what he could as a child. He had been right before, there was no way

he would have been able to get her out of there safely and then protected her from rogues. They seemed to keep too

5:19 pm

close of an eye on her and were going to much further lengths than I ever expected them to so they could get her back. I think the only reason they had let me take her out of their pack was because I am the Alpha King. They didn't see a choice and used her as leverage. They never thought I would keep her...

Wait... They never thought I would keep her. They probably still thought I didn't want to keep her. That I wouldn't care if they took her back. They still didn't see that she was so much more than whatever they were trying to keep hidden.

"I understand that Grace shouldn't be able to reach out with her Lycan since she's bound... But could they reach out and sense her?" I asked cautiously, unsure if I was ready for the answer.

Ethan pondered the question for a moment, before saying, "Theoretically, no. However, she is clearly a powerful Lycan. Even bound, they are terrified of her and what she can do... So, it would seem that some of her abilities might be, for lack of a better term, leaking through making it so they could sense her, but since she isn't necessarily connected to that piece of herself, she couldn't sense them. My guess though is that they would need to be nearby to sense her though."

Chapter Comments

EJ

POST COMMENT

He seems to have forgotten that he recently kicked his brother Caleb out and allowed his crazy ex back into the pack, a woman who basically said she would kill Grace. Also, why did Kinsley

[View All 2 Comments >](#)

LIKE

SHARE